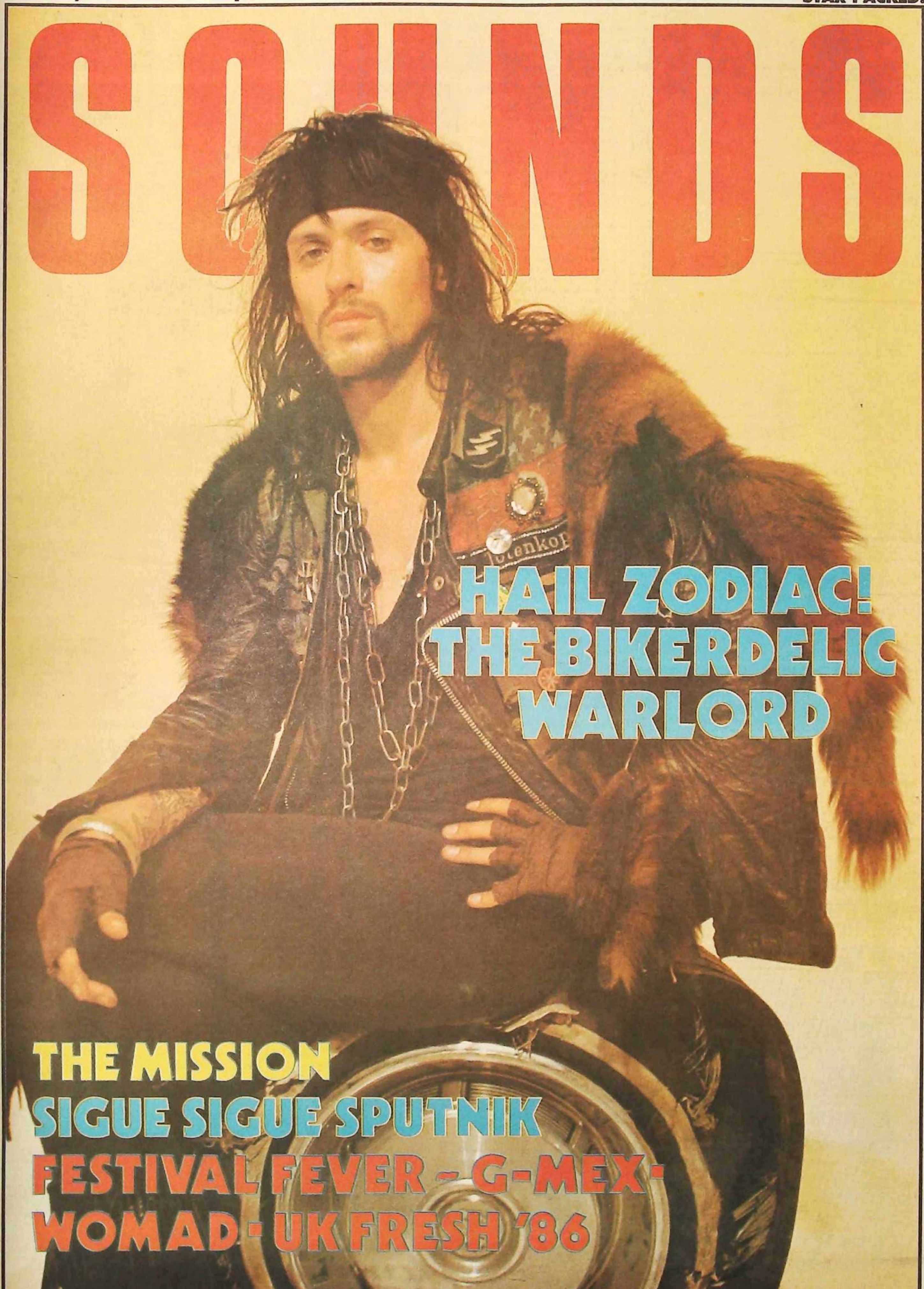


SOUNDS



**HAIL ZODIAC!
THE BIKERDELIC
WARLORD**

THE MISSION
SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK
FESTIVAL FEVER - G-MEX -
WOMAD - UK FRESH '86

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FEATURES

In search of **The Mission**, Mr Spencer takes his little cotton sock to Venice to chew the fat with **Wayne Hussey** and **Craig Adams**. Pages 12 & 13
Jane Simon goes pineapple with SSS. No, not Sci-Fi Sex Stars, but **Sigue Sigue Sputnik**. Who are they? Four million quid! Pah. Turn to pages 14 & 15 for the haircut of a lifetime. Who is that greasy looking bloke on the front cover? It's **Zodiac Mindbender**, sorry **Mindwarp**. That's not his real name, though. Pages 26 & 27 for more info.

JAWS

Morticia is up to her naughty naughty behaviour again but signs off as supreme witch kitten. Plus there's **Jegsy Dodd**, the battle of the **Roxannes** that never was, a look at poseurs' paradise **The Limelight** and the ride of a lifetime with **Sensible Shoes**. Big huge bites and lots more. Pages 8, 9 & 10

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Roger Holland reviews **Sid And Nancy** and gets the inside story from director **Alex Cox**. Page 16

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ALBUMS: James stutter, **Communards** flutter, **Bob Dylan** mutters and **UB40**... do you really need to ask what **UB40** sound like? Meanwhile, in the guest reviewer's corner, **The Mission's Wayne Hussey** (not again!) passes comment on **The Sisterhood**. Pages 22, 23 & 24
LIVES: It's a **WOMAD** mad mad mad world as festival fever strikes again. And if ethnic seaside fun doesn't move you, there's hip hop madness at UK Fresh '86 or Mancunian mayhem at G-MEX. Pages 17, 18 & 19

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UNITED MAGAZINES LTD

SPECIAL PROVISION should be made near Stonehenge for a festival site to prevent a recurrence of 1985 and 1986 conflicts, says the National Council For Civil Liberties.

In a 40-page booklet published last week, which closely examines the abortive attempts to stage a Stonehenge Festival over the last couple of years, the Council calls on the Government to "resolve this clash of interests through peaceful means rather than characterising it as a law and order issue".

It criticises the authorities for leaving the police to deal with the problems that arose because of their refusal to provide a festival site.

The report details several instances of police blocking the road in front of convoys en route to Stonehenge, and then arresting the travellers for obstruction. Detentions of up to 18 hours preceded appearances before a magistrates court, where wide-ranging bail conditions were imposed. In most cases the charges were subsequently dropped.

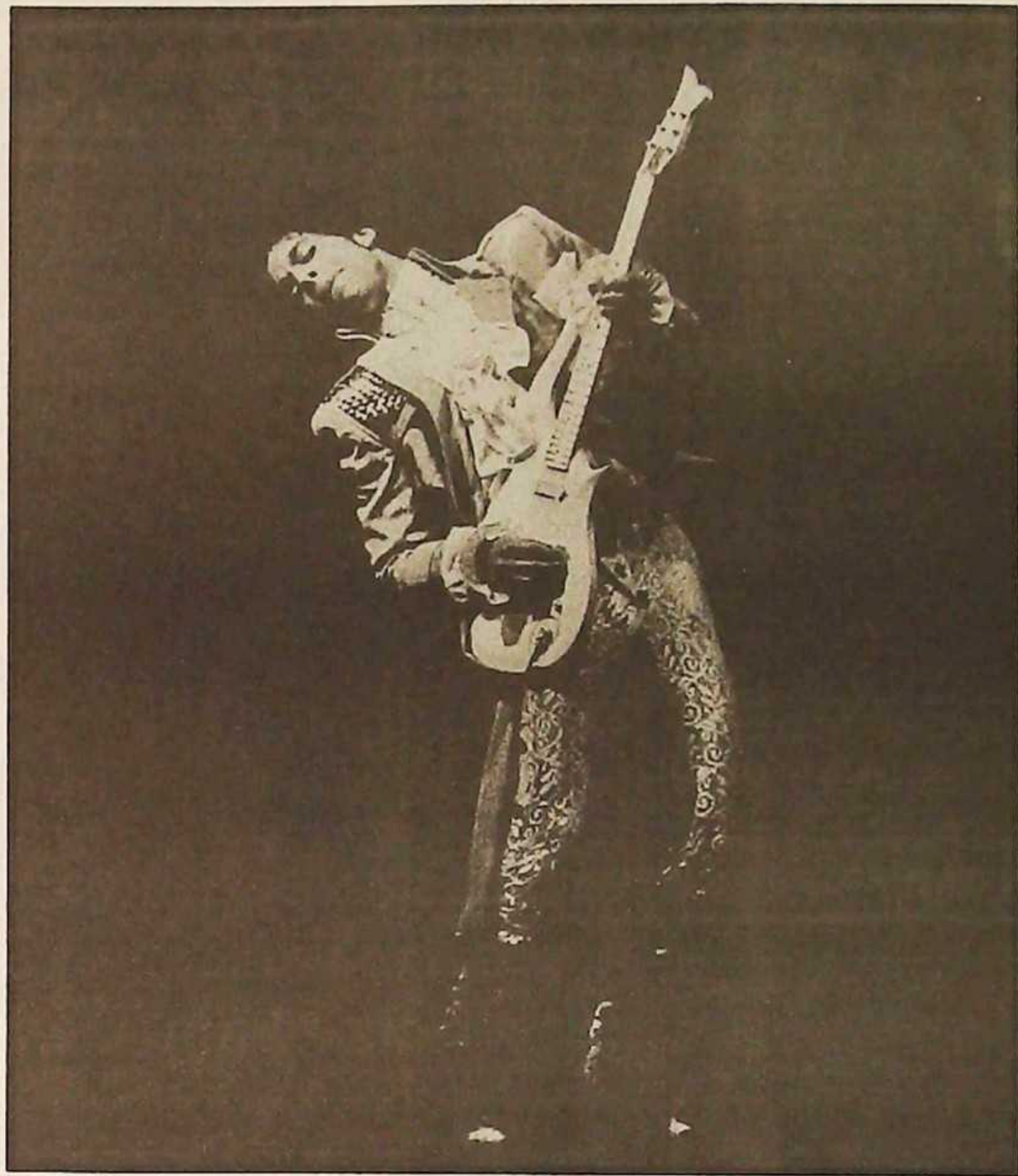
The council points out that local authorities have a duty to provide adequate sites for "people having a nomadic lifestyle" under the 1968 Caravan Sites Act, but very few have done so.

The NCCL also wants trespass actions made easier so that innocent people like Farmer Attwell, who suddenly found his farmland invaded by 300 travellers, are able to get them evicted.

And the police should be made fully accountable to elected representatives for their policing, priorities, policies and methods, recommends the report.

NAT AUGUSTIN, who left **Light Of The World** in 1984 for a solo career and has just signed to A&M, is Anita Baker's special guest at her Hammersmith Odeon concerts on July 26 and 27. His new single, 'Ego', is coming out on August 8.

PRINCE PLAYS



ZEB YEK, guitarist with **The Loved One**, was killed in a diving accident on July 15.

He was filming underwater sequences for his new video project when his breathing and communication equipment failed. Despite efforts to rescue him from the surface, he drowned.

His partner **Dryden Hawkins** intends to carry on without Yek.

THE BLUBBERY HELLBELLIES stock up on the calories at **Fulham Greyhound** July 23, **Swiss Cottage Rhythm Rooms** 31, **Hackney Lord Cecil** August 1, **Hammersmith Clarendon** 2.

TROUBLE IN STORE

Two new record superstores open in London's West End. And, as record companies put the squeeze on shops nationwide, retailers retaliate by stocking chart singles only

AS THE major record stores hot up their commercial rivalry to attract customers, they are locked in battle with the big record companies over tighter

restrictions on discounts and returns.

CBS led the way in abolishing settlement discounts and lowering the sale-or-return allowance last month. Polygram and EMI have already followed suit and the other major labels are expected to adopt the same terms shortly.

This has bitten into the chain stores' profit margins at a time when they can ill afford it. HMV have just unveiled plans to usurp the Virgin Megastore's "biggest record store in the world" claim with

an even bigger store only a hundred yards down the road in Oxford Walk, which will open in October.

And there's now an additional American challenge from Tower Records, who have just opened a massive store in Piccadilly Circus.

The first retaliation to the record companies' actions has come from the **Our Price** chain which is now only stocking Top 40 singles.

This could have serious implications on the charts if the retaliation spreads - and **Our**

Price is part of the **WH Smith/Music Mart** chain - as it will become increasingly difficult for record companies to break new bands if shops only stock chart singles.

But the independent shops could benefit as a result of the record companies' actions, which remove an advantage that the major stores previously enjoyed over them. Now the indie shops will be able to compete on hit album prices and attract more customers while continuing to promote indie bands.

SOUNDS

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JUDAS PRIEST

LIVE IN BRUSSELS, SATURDAY 18th OCTOBER

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STATUS QUO

LIVE IN PARIS. NOVEMBER 3rd

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OR LIVE IN BRUSSELS. NOVEMBER 7th

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ZZ TOP

LIVE IN COLOGNE. SUNDAY 21st SEPTEMBER

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IRON MAIDEN

LIVE IN BRUSSELS, NOVEMBER 28th

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EURYTHMICS

LIVE IN PARIS. NOVEMBER 25th

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£49 INCLUDES: Concert ticket, luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry, Depart eve Nov 20th. Return am Nov 22nd [EB]

Send £20.00 deposit per person plus £7.50 each personal and concert cancellation insurance, made payable to M.G.P. to secure a place. Please indicate in the correct box the number of places required.

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S156

WEMBLEY

Reliable sources state that next month will see Prince And The Revolution play in Britain, but dates have not yet been confirmed

PRINCE is scheduled to play three nights at Wembley Arena in mid-August.

The dates are those postponed from an earlier proposed European tour, which was cancelled because of threats against Americans by Libyan terrorists.

The diminutive Minneapolis wonderkid will kick off his latest round of shows with concerts in his home town and in New York, before moving on to Europe.

Unconfirmed dates for his British appearances are August 12, 13 and 14.

The announcement of the shows is believed to have been delayed for as long as possible because of Prince's previous history of UK cancellations. At least three proposed British visits have been cancelled since his only previous UK appearance – at London's Lyceum in spring, 1981. This is reportedly why his record label Warner Brothers had still not released the story at press time.

The Wembley shows will serve as an appetiser for Prince's second movie, *Under The Cherry Moon*, which will probably reach British cinemas in the autumn – around seven months after the release of the soundtrack album 'Parade'.

The film has just opened in New York to mixed reviews, and there were rumours that Warners were less than confident about its chances of repeating the success of *Purple Rain*.

Filmed in black and white in the South of France, it can best be described as a light romantic comedy of the kind made by Hollywood in the 1930s. It stars Prince and ex-Time sidekick Jerome Benton as a couple of adventurers in the lovable rogue mould, and sees them both competing for the affections of a young English heiress, against the wishes of her villainous daddy.

Though not a musical in the traditional sense, the movie does feature a couple of performances by Prince in the role of Christopher Tracy – one at the piano and the other on top of it – and a sort of heavenly finale-cum-promo-video with all of *The Revolution*, which takes place beneath the final credits after Chris has been shot and (presumably) gone to the big piano store in the sky.

Fans wanting tickets for Wembley should note that ticket details have not yet been announced. The Arena box office is not yet able to confirm the dates, but it has confirmed to *Sounds* that no other concerts have been arranged for the three nights in question.

TYNE TEES Television has broken ranks from the rest of the ITV companies and agreed to pay for videos used on its pop shows.

The BBC has already signed a £150,000 deal to screen videos over the next year, and Tyne Tees will be playing a proportional sum. But the rest of the ITV companies have so far refused to accept the principle of paying for rock videos previously supplied free by record companies.

It seems unlikely that they can ignore the principle for much longer, and several more companies are now thought to be in negotiation.

OWEN PAUL, who's found plenty of room in the Top Ten for his 'My Favourite Waste Of Time' single, has lined up his first British tour for November. By then he'll have his debut album out on Epic. There's also a new single coming next month called 'Pleased To Meet You'.

The gigs start at Dublin SFX November 4 and continue at Belfast Ulster Hall 5, Newcastle City Hall 9, Manchester Apollo 11, Birmingham Odeon 12, Leeds University 15, Bristol Studio 16, Portsmouth Guildhall 17, Hammersmith Odeon 19, Hammersmith Palais 20.

THE BILL BRUFORD QUARTET follow a Japanese tour with their first British concerts at the beginning of next month.

The quartet, made up of Loose Tubes sax players Iain Ballamy and Django Bates, together with Mick Hutton on double bass and Bill on electronic drums and percussion, play Milton Keynes Woughton Centre August 1 and London's Bloomsbury Theatre 3.

BROKEN BONES, the stalwart hardcore punks, head out on their first tour for two years this week, following the release of their new 12-inch on *Jungle*, 'Never Say Die'.

They have gigs lined up at Leeds Adam And Eves July 23, Manchester Cloud Nine 24, Fulham Greyhound 29, Norwich Gala Ballroom August 1, Coventry Hand And Heart 2, Stoke Shelleys 5, Nottingham Charley's Funhouse 6, Glasgow Heathery Bar 7, Leicester International 15.

The Fulham Greyhound date will be recorded and the band will be joined by The Urban Dogs and The Insane.

LOVE AND MONEY follow their 'Candybar Express' Top 50 success with a single called 'Dear John' on Mercury next weekend, and warm up for a bout of activity with three Scottish dates at Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie July 25, Aberdeen Venue 26, Dundee Dance Factory 27.

A Peacock's Tale...



ANNETTE PEACOCK, the self-styled "Outness Queen", unveils her new band, called I Belong To A World That's Destroying Itself, at London's Ronnie Scotts on August 17.

She will be drawing particular attention to her "highly acclaimed but little understood" recent album, 'I Have No Feelings', on Irony. But she will also be delving into earlier albums, including 'I'm The One' from 1971, which has just been re-released by RCA.



SECRET SPUTNIK!

Tony James explains why SSS have blown out their British tour

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK last week cancelled the remaining dates on their British tour.

Their only official British gig is now at London's Royal Albert Hall on October 13, although they will be playing a number of "secret" gigs over the next few weeks.

But leader Tony James defiantly denied to *Sounds* that poor advance ticket sales were to blame for the cancellation.

"Advance ticket sales for our last tour were no better and we still sold out," he declared. "And our agency told me we'd still sell out, but I decided that these were the wrong kind of shows for us to be doing."

"I'd had a bad feeling about the tour since it was first put to us by the record company and the agency," he explained. "They wanted us to promote the album and said that this tour was the next logical step."

"What brought it all to a head was an interview I was giving to an American journalist. He was asking us about our show and I was explaining that it's an event as much as a show. It's the freeform projection of our five personalities with a raw rock and roll that interacts with the audience."

"Then he asked about the tour and I suddenly realised that the tour was going back on everything I'd just been talking about. Everybody's been talking about how we've got to put on this big show with a special backdrop and all that kind of thing. But we don't make shows like that. We're not some heavy metal band with dungeons and dragons all over the stage."

"Finally, I started thinking that if I was a Ssigue Ssigue Sputnik fan, I wouldn't pay to sit down and watch them at Birmingham Odeon. So now I'm holding up my hands and saying, Yes, we made a mistake. This is not what Sputnik are about. And so we've done something about it."

"So now we'll be playing the Royal Albert Hall

and a major show in the Midlands, using a wall of digital screens so that we can show different videos simultaneously. It'll cost a fortune but that's what it has to be – we can't use some doxy old backdrop."

"But before that we'll be playing a series of secret gigs at smaller places where we can just play without needing any of the other paraphernalia. We'll be keeping them secret because it's more fun if it's under another name – it makes it a bit special. But all our fans will know it's us."

Tony James also admitted that stories in the tabloid press about the band had hurt them.

"All these stories about us splitting up and only miming on stage are complete fabrications. It's almost as if there's a vendetta against us. And it got to the point where we were starting to play their game. We pulled out of *The Tube* recently because although every other band was using tapes, we'd have got slagged for it."

But he did admit the band had deliberately set out to provoke extreme reactions. "I've always said that a group must be loved or hated. Indifference is nothing. It's just that the myth is in danger of turning into a Frankenstein."

Fans looking to check out the first "secret" show in London could start by following up an advertisement which appeared in *Sounds* last week.

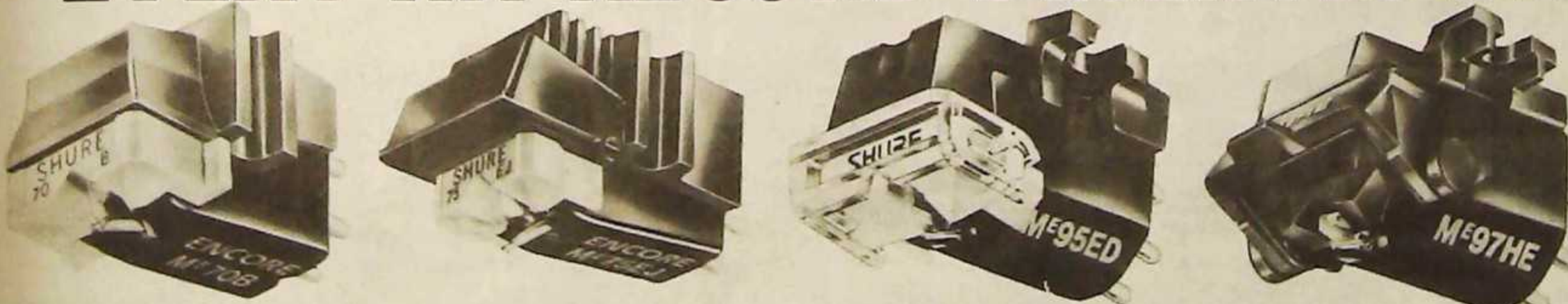
Illustrated with a picture of Jayne Mansfield in a bikini, it states that "Sci-Fi Sex Stars" will be playing Camden Palace on July 31.

Although it doesn't take an enormous IQ to work out the identity of the band from this ad, so-called "secret gigs" do have the important advantage that if they don't sell out, the "secrecy" of the event can always be blamed.

And there is a world of difference between selling out a ballroom, where promoters always expect a large "walk-up" on the night, and selling out a seated venue where most tickets are normally sold in advance.

● Sputnik exposed – pages 14 & 15

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CARTRIDGES

ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION, who release their six-track hymnal, 'High Priest Of Love', on Food this weekend, celebrate their last days of indie status before moving to Phonogram with gigs at Manchester Hacienda July 30, Tufnell Park Savoy 31, Bristol Bierkeller August 1, Birmingham Portland 3. (See pages 26 and 27 for the full lowdown on the Zodiac horror scope...)

THE FALL headline a free festival at Bolton Queens Park on July 26.

Organised by Fun Under Crisis, the festival will run from 2pm to 10pm and also includes spots from The Three Johns, The Membranes, Age Of Chance, Blyth Power and Culture Shock.

PASS IT ON, a Robin Hood-style campaign to con musicians out of equipment they didn't know they had any more and put it into the hands of eager young bands, is being launched at London's Hippodrome on August 6.

Organised by Ray Edwards of A Bigger Splash, Pass It On is aimed at successful musicians who have instruments or equipment stashed away which could be put to good use in youth clubs by bands.

At the Hippodrome, the first pop stars to have rummaged through their lofts will be donating some of the equipment they've unearthed.

The campaign will then concentrate on reminding musicians to search out those forgotten items and to contact The National Association Of Youth Clubs (0386-41550), The National Association Of Boys Clubs (01-359 9281), The London Association Of Youth Clubs (01-701 6366) or The London Federation Of Boys Clubs (01-735 7083) who will then come round and collect it.

BO DIDDLEY, John Martyn and Kate & Anna McGarrigle are among the acts lined up at this year's Cambridge Folk Festival from August 1-3.

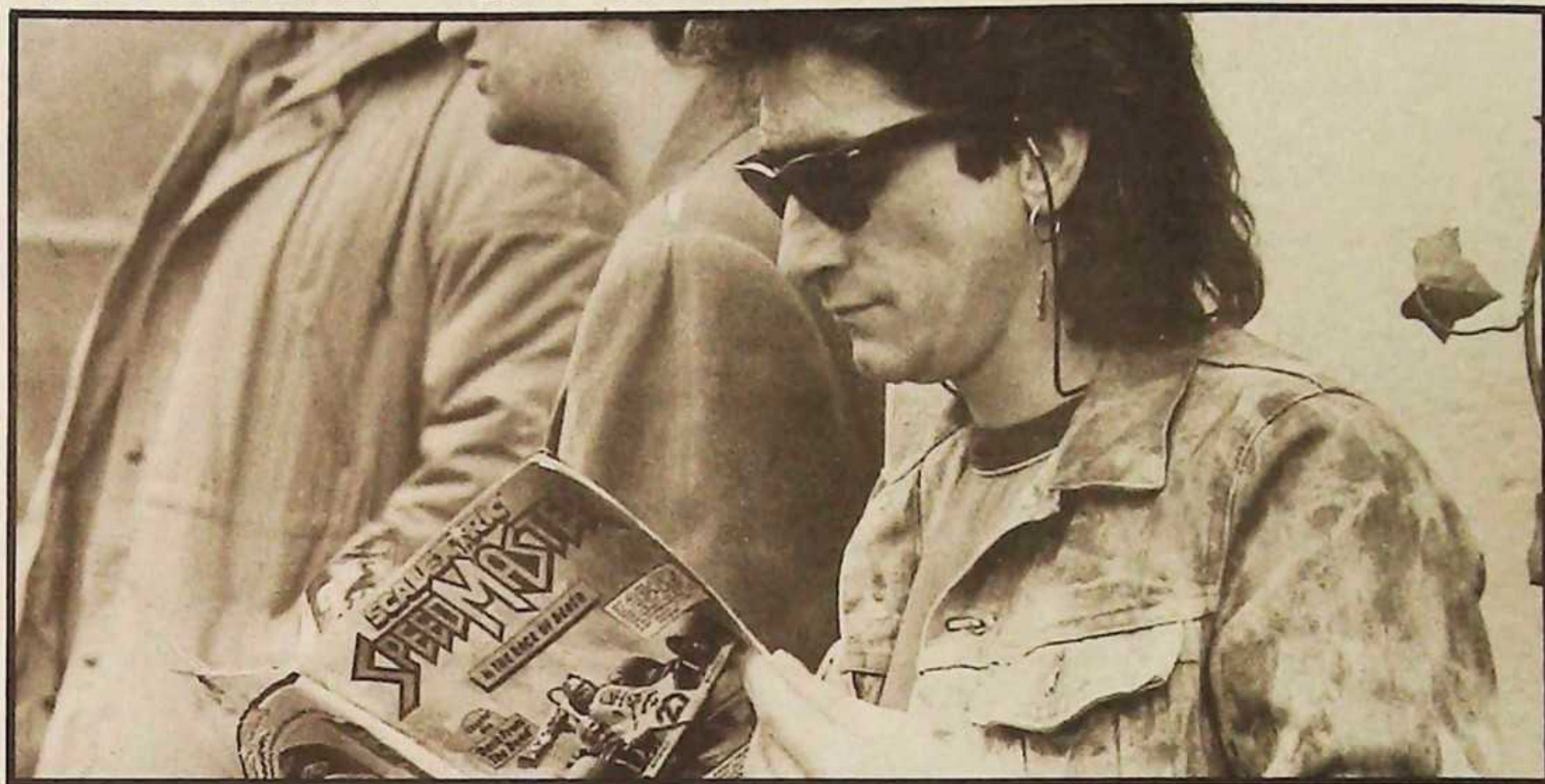
They are joined by De Danann, California "phenomenon" Jim Smith, Lindisfarne, Neil Innes, Home Service, The Men They Couldn't Hang, Martin Carthy, Flaco Jimenez And His Tex Mex Band and The Balham Alligators.

Martyn will be appearing with Danny Thompson and replaces Aussie protest songsters Redgum, who have gone walkabout.

Tickets for the festival, which takes place as usual at Cherry Hinton Hall, are £17 for the weekend or £10 each for Saturday or Sunday.

ROGUE MALE, whose second album, 'Animal Man', is out this weekend (see review on page 22), have more dates at Oldham Hurricane July 28, Nottingham Mardis Gras 29, Leeds Adam And Eves 30.

GARY'S LAST STAND



GARY HOLTON's final recording, a track called 'People In Love', is released as a single on Gaza (through PRT) next week.

All royalties from the single are being donated to the Double-O charity, which helps

to fund drug treatment clinics and rehabilitation centres such as the one run by Dr Meg Patterson.

Dr Patterson has successfully treated Eric Clapton and Pete Townshend and was treating Boy George before the police

intervened and arrested him.

The single has been released at the specific request of Holton's mother, who said last week: "This project is fulfilling a commitment made by Gary to release a record which would help a heroin addicts'

charity, and perhaps inspire anyone who is tempted to start taking drugs to think again."

There's also an album coming shortly, titled simply 'Gary Holton'.

TOUR NEWS

RAIDER, a Surrey glam rock quartet who were among Neil Perry's formative musical influences (1), have gigs at Gravesend Red Lion August 8, Colchester The Works 9, East Grinstead Nutley Shelley Arms 23.

DEMON headline a charity gig at Workington Red Football Ground on July 26 with seven local bands and then come south to play London's 100 Club on the 31st.

THE CAST, a "punchy, high production" trio from Egham, promote their 'Debut' cassette at Worcester The Shed July 23, London Marquee 24 and 26, Bristol King's Arms 28, Cardiff Arts Centre August 1, Nottingham Mardis Gras 4, Leeds Central 5, Blackburn The Club 7, Leicester International 9, Hastings Crypt 10, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 13, Fetcham Riverside 15, Wokingham Angies 16, Brighton Old Vic 17, Windsor Arts Centre 19, Bristol Old Profanity 20.

STEEL BILL AND THE BUFFALOS, "a subtle integration of jazz, acoustic beanpole musak and pre-Faraday Kraftwerk", play Fetcham Riverside July 25 and Woking Old School House 27.



HOW WE LIVE, a duo of Steve Hogart and Colin Moore who've worked with PiL and Matt Johnson, follow the release of their debut single on Portrait, called 'Working Town', with gigs at Greenwich Tunnel Club July 25, Covent Garden Rock Garden 28, Wokingham Angies August 2, Bath Moles 14, Wokingham Angies 28.

SAMURAI continue their "Weapon Master" tour at Nottingham Mardis Gras July 24, Malvern Hereford Hotel 25, Sutton-In-Ashfield Golden Diamond 26, Port Talbot Raffles 31, Maesteg Town Hall August 2, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 3, Peterborough Crown 7, Loughborough Morris' 8.

DEBBIE BONHAM, The Alliance, Arcana, The Red Lemon Electric Blues Band and The Renegades are among the bands appearing at Amnesty International's "Spirit Of Freedom" gig at Birmingham Portland August 23.

IT BITES, enjoying their first taste of chart life with their 'Calling All Heroes' single, have gigs at Tolworth Recreation Centre July 25, Stoke Shelleys 28, Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie 30, Aberdeen Ritzy 31, Glasgow Rooftops August 1.

HEAD HUNTERS, Natural Ites, Keati, The Dinosaurs, Fuel To The Fire, Howard, Prestige, Chester & Barry, Sirens Of The Mind Machine and Ssuraea are among the bands lined up to play at Nottingham's Rock And Reggae 1986 at the Goose Fair (Forest Recreation Ground) on July 26 and 27. The festival runs from midday to 9.30pm each day and admission is free.

HANG THE DANCE, a Leeds band who have a new single out on LIL at the end of this month called 'Horseflesh', play Hull Adelphi July 26, Dewsbury Squash Club 30, Leeds Coconut Grove August 2, Scarborough Salisbury Hotel 14, Leeds Phoenix Club 21, Liverpool Café Berlin 28.

SINS OF OMISSION try to make up for it at Crawley Apple Tree July 27, Brighton Zap Club 28, Brighton Heretics August 9.

DON'T FEED THE ANIMALS, a Salisbury band, interrupt recording sessions to play Winchester St John's Room July 22, Salisbury Royal George 24, Southampton The Angle 29.

THE WICKER MEN celebrate the release of their 'Ninevah' cassette at Chalk Farm Enterprise July 31, Westbourne Park Meanwhile Gardens August 16, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 25.

A STRANGE DESIRE, a "boisterous pop trio" from North London, play Kentish Town Bull And Gate July 29, Westbourne Park Meanwhile Gardens August 16.

CHASAR, who've been finishing off their second album for autumn release, have more Scottish gigs at Edinburgh Jailhouse August 12, Balloch Flamingo 15, Alloa Endrick Hotel 24, Peebles Cross Keys 29.

MAN JUMPING, a seven-piece instrumental band who released their first album last year and drew ecstatic acclaim from Brian Eno among others, play their first major London concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on August 13. They'll be previewing new material which they are about to record for their second album.

FULL MOON will be hawking a cassette of demos and live tracks at their gigs at Hackney Lord Cecil July 29, Deptford Crypt August 1, Kingsbury The Plough 2, Camden Dingwalls 3, Kingston Dolphin 8, Dunstable Wheatheaf 20.

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A THOROUGHBRED AMONGST BANKS.

BACKTRACKS

P J PROBY has his melodramatic '60s heritage parcelled up by *See For Miles* this month under the typically modest title of 'The Legendary P J Proby At His Very Best'. Several of his hits are missing, notably 'Hold Me', 'Together' and 'I Apologise', but the sleeve notes claim that this collection concentrates on his voice rather than his hits. The album includes three 1968 tracks on which he was backed by Led Zeppelin.

BE-BOP DELUXE have their finest album, 'Sunburst Finish', digitally re-mastered by Revolver (through EMI). It features the 'Ships In The Night' hit single and production is by John Leckie, who went on to work with Simple Minds, New Order and John Lennon. Revolver have also reissued Sammy Hagar's 'Street Machine' album for any Van Halen fans doing a bit of homework.

THE FOUR TOPS have their 1973 vintage 'Main Street People' album plucked from obscurity in the ABC/Dunhill vaults by Charly. The album followed their highly successful 'Keeper Of The Castle' hit single and album and features their 'Sweet Understanding Love' hit and 'Are You Man Enough' from the *Shaft In Africa* movie.

THE NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND have the first four years of their career gathered into a compilation called 'Early Dirt 1967-1970' on Decal via Charly. It starts with their "pop" hit single, 'Buy For Me The Rain', and weaves its way carefully through the first couple of albums - sticking mainly to the Jackson Browne songs and skipping the Temperance Seven imitations - before settling on the 'Uncle Charlie And His Dog Teddy' album which gave them hits with Mike Nesmith's 'Some Of Shelley's Blues', Jerry Jeff Walker's 'Mr Bojangles' and Kenny Loggins' 'House At Pooh Corner'.



SIMPLY RED, who've just come off European and American tours, have a remixed version of 'Open Up The Red Box' from their debut album released as a single by WEA next week. The 12-inch includes a live version of the Talking Heads' number 'Heaven - The Movie'. The Mancunian sextet are about to start work on their second album, which they plan to have out by the end of the year.



BOB DYLAN has a new album - his first studio effort for over a year - out on CBS this week. Called 'Knocked Out Loaded', it includes songs co-written with Tom Petty. Sam Shepard and Carol Bayer Sager, as well as a cover of Kris Kristofferson's 'They Killed Him'. Currently on an American tour with Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers, Dylan has no plans for British gigs. But he will be coming over here later in the year to appear in Richard Markquand's new film, *Hearts Of Fire*.

BON JOVI put out their first single in nearly a year this week on Vertigo.

It's called 'You Give Love A Bad Name', and is taken from an album due out next month, although there's an exclusive track, 'Borderline', on the 12-inch. The band are appearing at the German Monsters Of Rock festival in Mannheim on August 31 but there are no British gigs planned at present.

CHAKA KHAN's fourth solo album, 'Destiny', comes out on Warners next week, with the usual telephone directory of producers and writers guided by Arif Mardin. There's even the odd British presence in the list this time - Scritti Politti's 'Love Of A Lifetime' (Chaka's latest single) and 'The Other Side Of The World', written by Mike Rutherford and BA Robertson.

DEVICE, an American band featuring Holly Knight, who has already written hits for Pat Benatar, Tina Turner, Animotion and Rod Stewart, have their debut single out on Chrysalis this week called 'Hanging On A Heart Attack'.

BARBED WIRE, who've already had a couple of tracks on an Oil Records compilation, get an album of their own on Oil this month called 'The Age That Didn't Care'.

CASHFLOW follow their 'Mine All Mine' hit with a new single on Club this weekend called 'Can't Let Love Pass Us By'.

NEWS FROM BABEL, aided and abetted by Robert Wyatt, have an album called 'Letters Home' released by Recommended this month.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD, who are special guests at The Art Of Noise's Hammersmith Odeon gig on August 15, have their second single out on China next weekend, called 'Rhythm Method'.

RICK JAMES steps jauntily forth with a new album on Motown this week called 'The Flag' which includes his 'Sweet And Sexy Thing' single. Motown are also putting out the first self-titled solo album from El DeBarge and the third album from Rockwell titled 'The Genie'.

PHIL FEARON, who's been lying low for the past couple of years, returns with a new single on Ensign (through Chrysalis) this week called 'I Can Prove It'.

O'CHI BROWN, whose 'Whenever You Need Somebody' hit Number One in the US dance charts in the spring, has a new single out on Magnet this week called '100% Pure Pain'.

THE BEACH BOYS, who've just had six of their classic albums reissued by Capitol, have a new single out on Capitol this week called 'Rock 'N' Roll To The Rescue', which features Brian Wilson on lead vocals. The flip side is a live version of 'Good Vibrations' recorded in London in 1970.

MAHMOUD AHMED & THE ROHA BAND, Ethiopian superstars who, in their home continent, fill stadiums and sell hundreds of thousands of cassettes, have their first British release this month on Crammed Discs called 'Ere Mela Mela'.

MERCHANT, aka Trinidad poet and songwriter Dennis Williams, has his Calypso song, 'Rock It', which was a big hit in New York and the Caribbean last year, 'Rock It', released over here by Polydor this week.

JONATHAN GREGG, a Dublin singer-songwriter, releases his debut single on Tembo next weekend called 'I Don't Want To Be Alone Tonight'.

TOT TAYLOR, who wrote songs with Virna Lindt and for Mari Wilson, has written one for himself called 'Australia' which is released by London Popular Arts this week.

PIECES OF A DREAM, a Philadelphia jazz trio who've had three albums produced by Grover Washington Junior, switch to Lenny White to produce their new album on Manhattan this week called 'Joyride'.

MASCO, a London DJ who hails from Sierra Leone, has his debut single out on City 1 (through Priority and RCA) this week called 'African Love'.

GLASS TIGER, a Canadian quartet who've been going for four years, have their first British album released on Manhattan (through EMI) this month called 'The Thin Red Line'. Bryan Adams joins in on a couple of tracks.

THE REBECCA FRAME, a band led by former UK Sub Nicky Garratt, have a mini-album out on Revolver (through EMI) this month called 'Haystacks'.



BRUCE HORNSBY AND THE RANGE, an unknown American band, have a single called 'The Way It Is' rush-released by RCA this week after being picked up on by several Radio One DJs who heard an imported compact disc and gave it eight prime time plays in a week. The single is produced by Huey Lewis.

THE AVONS, who feature two former members of The Farmers Boys, release their first album on Letharge (through Red Rhino) called 'Music From Three Rivers Reach' this week.

CAR, SKID & CRASH, a Swedish combo who've been described as "Fairlight punks" and "digital perverts" by the Swedish press and who admit to being obsessed by modern recording technology, late night films and sex magazines, have their first mini-album called 'Young Guys Will Do Anything, They'll Lie, Cheat... Anything' out on Mekano (through Ediesta and Red Rhino) this month.

JAMES RAY AND THE PERFORMANCE, already known for their work with The Sisterhood, finally come into their own with a 12-inch single on Merciful Release this week called 'Mexico Sundown Blues'. Production is, not surprisingly, by Andrew Eldritch.

DENNIS BROWN has an album out on Blue Moon (through Magnum) this month called 'Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow' which contains eight new tracks.

JOHN EDDIE, a "true blue" rock and roll singer-songwriter from Philadelphia, has his first single out on CBS this week called 'Jungle Boy'.

SHIRLEY JONES, former lead singer of The Jones Girls, releases her first solo album on Philadelphia International this week called 'Always In The Mood'.

RIMBERT FRANCIS from France, Perry R Cook from America, Peter Post from Germany and Risa Tani from Japan are all featured on 'The Winners' Pieces', a cassette from Roland's Ninth International Synthesiser Tape Contest, which is available for £4.95 from Synsound (Dept STC), The Sound House, PO Box 37, East Moseley, Surrey KT8 9JB.

THE RIVER BOYS, a south coast rockabilly band, have signed to Eastbourne indie label Silicon and have their debut album, 'My Roof Comes Tumbling', released this month.

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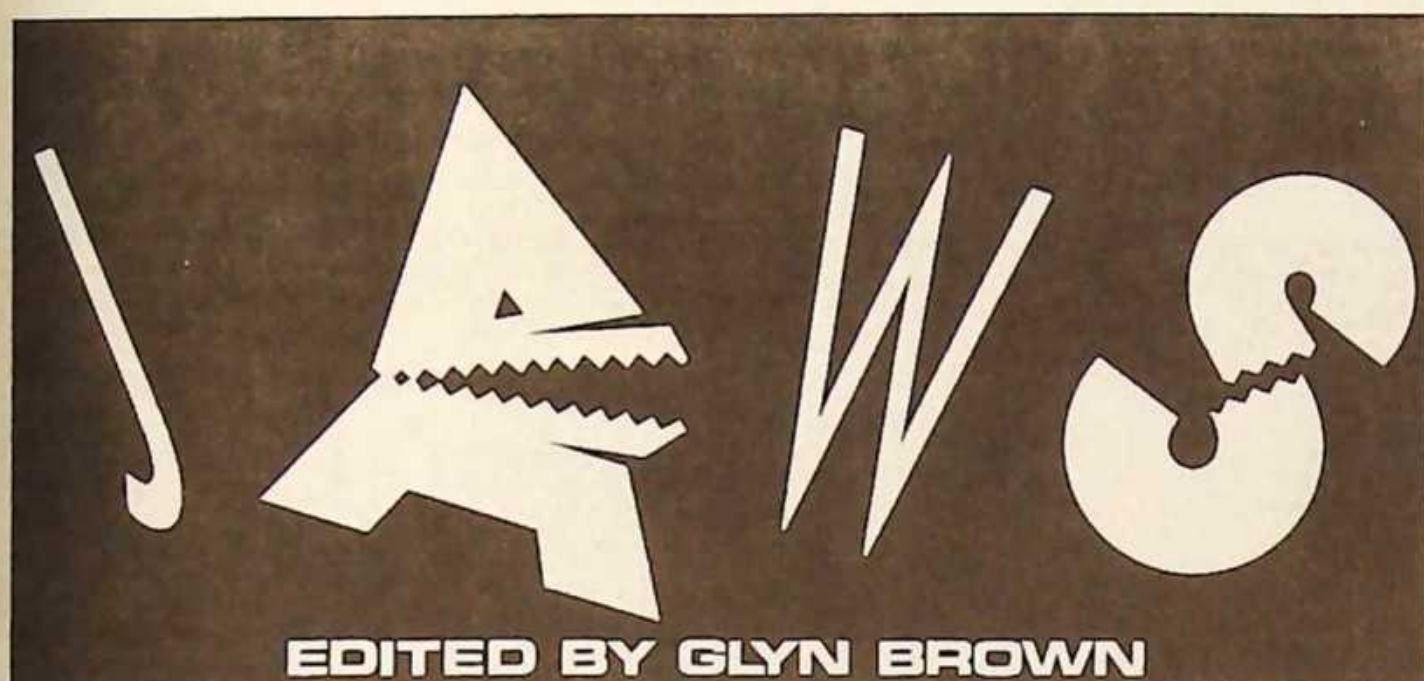
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Not Sensible

JEEZY-PEEZY, what you little horrors out there in the real world get up to, eh? I could find myself thinking you had nothing better to do than sit around all day making blooming pop records and then have the audacity to expect people to want to listen to them... and then to buy them!

Well, let me put you straight. There are in fact only five successful chart bands in this country and it is they who make all the records that get played on the radio.

I shan't name names, but they didn't get where they are today by riding around London on a blinking stagecoach to promote their latest waxing, and they're not about to let some young upstarts from Blackpool, who've been

doing just that in a desperate bid for publicity, come muscling in on their action.

I know they don't all look the same but it's amazing what you can do with video these days.

So, you Sensible Shoes lot, with your 'Build Me An Empire' record, no wonder Radio 1 won't put you on the playlist.

I mean, your pie-in-ear (or was that pioneer?) music doesn't even sound a bit like anything in the charts, so how do you expect old cloth-ears Reid or Bates to take any notice?

And just because your mate lets you have a loan of his wild west stagecoach and horses so you can

cause a right old traffic jam in London, don't count on The Big Five (that's the fattest record companies) stepping down just like that.

They spent years un-learning how to write interesting songs in institutes of blandness, perfecting the art of "giving the public what they want"; a long apprenticeship has been served, with many gold discs to prove their proficiency at the craft. And now you want to come along and have a hit, just like that.

And fancy thinking that just by cantering on up to Sounds Towers, we'd give you an interview. I mean, you didn't even have an appointment!

Well I'm sorry, but it just don't work that way in the music biz. I know because Steve Wright told me so, and he's a man who knows. He told me so.

STAXA WAX



DOBBS: "THIS is all very well, mate, but I'm a reggae man meself."

SCRATCH WHO WILL

"The whole thing



VIZ READER goes Incognito

AT LAST, the shocking truth can be revealed! That supposedly lovable lad Lofty from TV's *BackEnders* series is an avid reader of *Viz* comic - at least, he will be when he gets his copy home to look at.

We unearthed the lad inside CBS studios during a Reverb Brothers recording stunt.

There was Lofty, skulking around, smoking roll-ups and clutching his freshly purchased copy of the scandalous rag, one issue of which was rightly banned from the Virgin Megastore after a *Sunday Mirror* shock horror exposé of its corrupting "Too Young To Love" photo story.

He tried to hide the offending comic, but our eagle eyes were far too quick for the depraved youth and we leapt on the case immediately.

So, you're a *Viz* comic fan, eh?

"Oh... erm... actually, I've just bought it for the first time and haven't had a chance to read it yet."

And what yer reckon on this Reverb lot then? I haven't noticed you singing along yet like the record company want us all to?

"No comment."

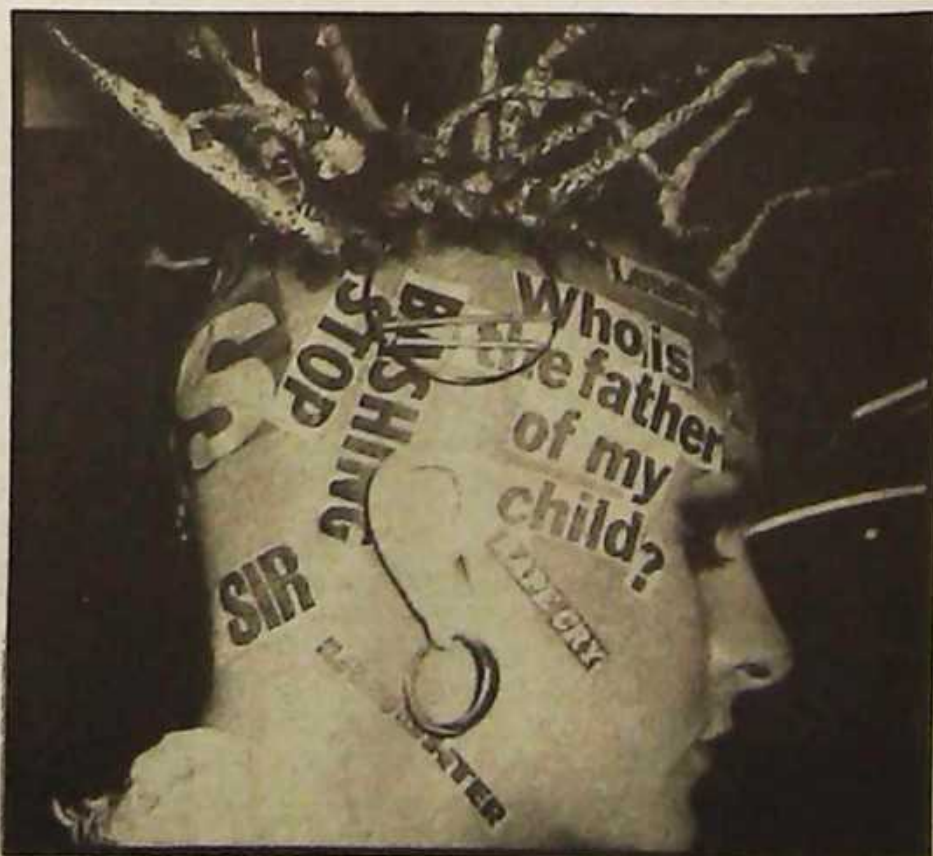
Still a professional at heart, I see.

STAXA WAX

OH, IT'S so dreadfully tiring, all this endless partygoing. Last week we had to toddle along to the opening of something called Tower Records in London's Piccadilly Circus. The bouncers have the frightful cheek to call it the greatest record store in the known world, or something, but I still think of it as the shop called Swann And Edgar where the mater used to get the hampers.

Didn't see too many of our usual set there, mind - mostly record biz johnnies, and they're about as welcome as village idiots at one of our garden parties. I do hope none of them get into The Wedding.

BASIL WAX-MONTAGUE



ABOVE, BASIL Wax-Montague's companion for tonight...

ATTACK! BUT TAKE THE RAP? bugs me!" squeals DJ

And, as the flight of the century gets poxed off, we send our man in the blond quiff to Wembley to see why Roxanne Shanté stood up the Real Roxanne and cheated a nation. Simon Cooper pictures the Rox with the last laugh



"THE MATCH is scratched," they said, and then off-loaded Shanté's flimsy excuse. Chicken pox! Oh yeah, very convenient, as it just so happens that there is no known cure for the disease (another true story, folks!) and it therefore falls under British Immigration quarantine restrictions.

But we know better. That arrogant little rap-head, Roxanne Shanté, pulled the master stroke in the week's grudge match and left the Real Roxanne both fuming and in the lurch at Wembley – along with the rest of us.

Forget the WBA, forget Bruno, this was supposed to be the big one. The world rapping association heavyweight fight of the year (female division) to be staged at UK Fresh 86. "And in the empty corner..."

Yeah, for the last week, the battle of the Roxannes had been built up by every gutter rag from *The Observer* to *Good Housekeeping*.

"I stay away from junk," said the Real Rox, referring to Shanté.

"Oh yes, she's a lady," retorted Shanté. "A lady of the night."

But it would appear that Ms Shanté was so supremely confident of a victory she couldn't even make the effort to dust down her microphone for the hazardous trip to terrorist-besieged Britain. So sure of herself (despite the Real Roxanne's top ten UK hit) she left her hated rival to stew.

"Poor little Weal Woxanne, beaten without a fight. She kicked da bucket before she began."

But the Weal... sorry, Real Roxanne was taking it very philosophically. (Well, you have to when you're beaten, don't you?)

"She says she's got chicken pox. It must be all that chicken shit she talks!"

STAXA WAX

Go Green At The Limelight

SACRI-MULTI-ligulous-blur is, quite frankly, the only way I can think of putting it. And a good way, too, I'm sure you'll agree.

It must have been all that drinking inside a church, and I don't mean communion wine, either, though I could have sworn I had an amiable little chat with a well-oiled God at some point. Yes sir, Robert Plant was certainly knocking them back.

London's new Limelight Club. It does have a nice ring to it, don't you agree?

Dingly-dong, Jaws calling.

"What do you want?"

"I've come about the club."

"What's the password?"

"Hedonism."

"OK, in you come."

And there I was, nicely installed as promised, inside The Limelight just as it was busy being born. And there were plenty of midwives on hand to help out, veterans of many a delivery, I'll be bound. The newest, swingiest place in town was filling up with seasoned liggers as fast as I was filling up with drink. There was only one solution – circulate.

Down the passage and along the corridors decorated with glittering mosaics and glittering stars I wandered. This old church is an irregular labyrinth. Just the place for Cliff Richard to preside.

Glide past Bananarama (never mind, girls) and crash into a shaven-headed Degville holding court with Mr Krusher of *Kerronki*. True allegiances revealed in moments of unguarded bliss. The stars danced before my very eyes.

Rod Stewart twinkled in and out in a blink, and a Jaws silver plated petrol can and a box of matches goes to

anyone who gets within ten foot of the man (bodyguards excluded).

A re-born Gary Kemp held a re-run Mel Smith in captive audience, until the splendid Angle of *BackEnders* whisked him away. Ian Dury grooved as only he can... and Jody Foster smiled at me.

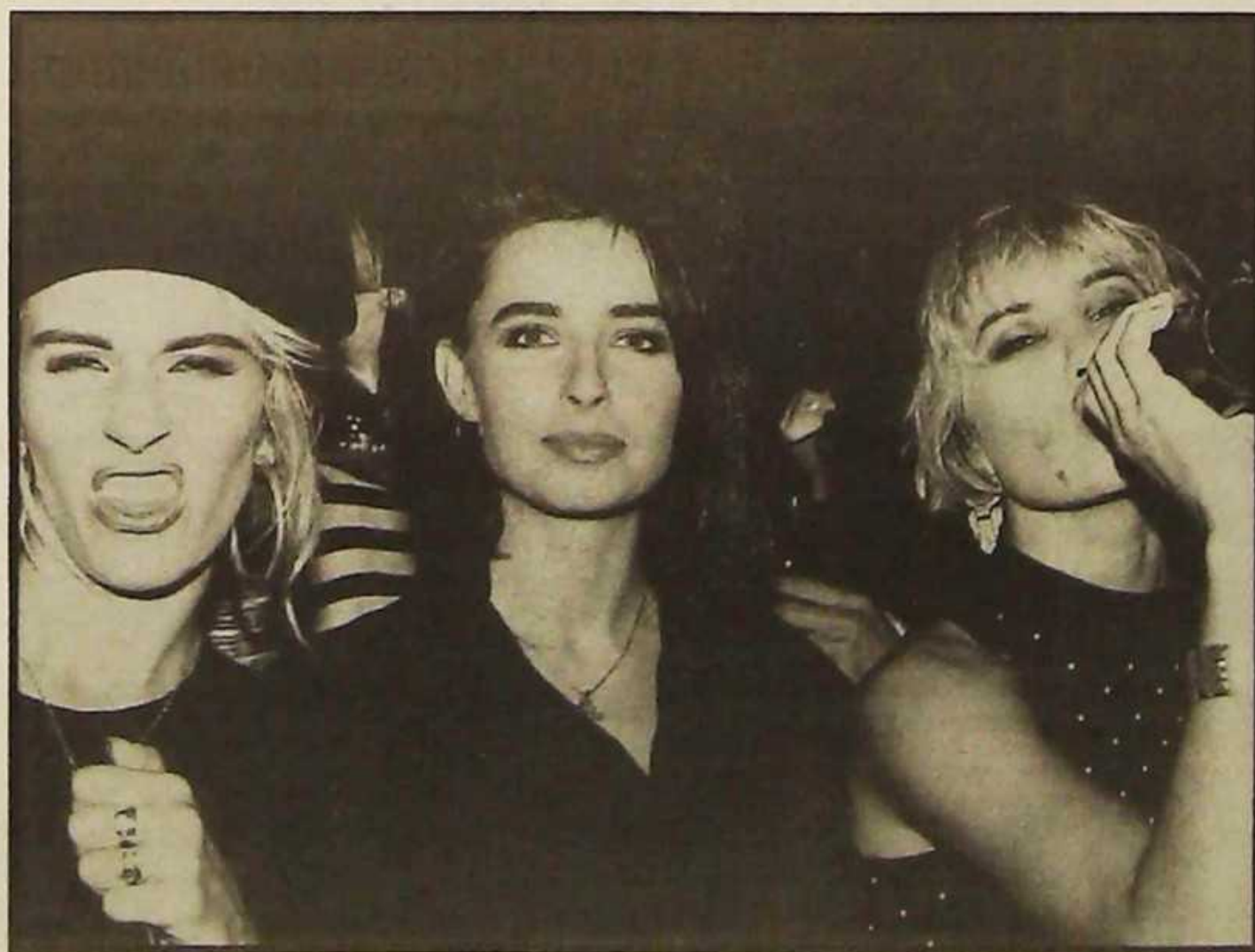
Over in the Journos' corner, Bruce Dessau of *City Limits* announced: "It's not punk enough." And you know what, he was right. Young whizz-kid owner type, Mr Peter Gatlen, declares that he wants a mixed crowd to fill this corner of Soho, therefore posing no competition to Mr Peter Stringfellow, he says.

The building itself is in a different class to the steel and chrome visual assault down the road, but we wait to see how the acid test goes. Electric kool or bloody fool? My face isn't turning purple but my gills are green.

Rave on.

RICKY KILDARE

BELOW, THE Bananarama bevy... still can't cut it, eh, girls? And, right, Rod Stewart's back... but you knew that, eh?



Pix: Steve Double



WELL RED (A Quarterly Pop And Politics Magazine From Red Wedge) 50p

SO HERE it is: the rather obviously titled print organ of the Wedgies, whose guiding philosophy is *The World Of Arts For A World Of Difference*. The idea of this glossy-fronted, cleanly laid out mag is not simply to deal with pop culture's relationship to the political process but to underscore that Red Wedge is "for but not of the Labour Party".

Personally I find this distinction to be so fine as to be virtually non-existent. In his editorial, which sets the tone for the publication, Red Reg says: "While we actively encourage people to vote Labour, we recognise the party's shortfalls and past mistakes, and we will do our bit to see that when elected, on youth issues at least, they will not be given the chance to repeat these errors."

This promise seems to me not only arrogant but totally unrealistic given the experience of those such as Tony Benn who've been battling for a more radical Labour Party for years. Still, these differences aside, *Well Red* is still worth a gander.

In it you will find an extremely shallow analysis of the history of political dance music (the '60s soul branch of America in Part 1), while Tony Fletcher, ex-editor of *Jamming*, offers a fairly astute article on the American bombing of Libya. Elsewhere Dr Robert, Karl out of Madness and SOGAT's Brenda Dean are interviewed while think pieces on nukes and Greenpeace and the role of women in the Labour Party feature strongly. (*The role of men next issue, eh?* – Section Ed.)

Aside from ideological differences, what lets the issue down for me is the lack of humour in *Well Red*. Still, when the biggest laugh around is the Labour Party itself, one wouldn't expect anything else.

To track down *Well Red*, contact the Wedgies at 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 (Tel: 01-708 1400).

JACK BARRON

HELLO, SWEETHEARTS, possums. What can I say? Loads, actually. God, you'll miss gossip like this.

The Babysitters – y'know, the ones who released 'Shout!' only to find Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers doing 'Shout!', Lulu re-recording 'Shout!' and Virgin releasing the original Lulu version of guess what – have met with further misery. Their colourful backdrop, an 18 foot long pair of underpants, has disappeared. It seems some person with a very big bum has callously half-inched 'em. Whatever you're doing with these things, the band need them. Contact the Rock And Roll Chicken Fan Club, 34 Walton Avenue, South Harrow, Middx and a suitable reward will be yours. I didn't ask.

I suppose you heard about Ian Botham at the Eurobore a couple of weeks back? After being prised from around Paula Yates's waist, he collared the Love Reaction's Evil Bastard and dribbled, "My wife really loves you guys. We think your version of 'Spirit In The Sky' is trippin'." And the same to you, Ian.

Right, this is all for now. And I mean all. I'm going home to my birthplace in the Transylvanian foothills for some time, but I'm leaving a little something around to keep an eye over the new dictator of Jaws. I can't divulge details, but beware, Billy Mann. Something's watching you.

MORTICIA WAX



ALWAYS THE BARD NEVER THE BARMMAID

"Scouse sewers inspired me" claim

The poetic Jegsy Dodd And The Sons Of Harry Cross explain the hidden delights of the Wirral, while keeping daggers drawn should they happen across a misplaced Jimmy Tarbuck or Cilla Black. Ronnie Randall, notebook and camera in hand, begs for Mersey

INSIDE EUROPE'S largest indoor fairground the Funhouse is wearing a sad face. The Superjet soars with its lone passenger while, over by the Wonder Waltzer, a ticket seller dozes off.

Along the promenade, the surface of Britain's biggest open-air pool lies undisturbed in the blazing June heatwave. A solitary chip paper blows zig-zag up the street. Who killed New Brighton? Jegsy Dodd And The Sons Of Harry Cross would like to know. 'Winebars And Werewolves' must be the most ignored brilliant album of recent times...

honest. A powerful boot up the backside of downtown Birkenhead that leaves an impression long after you've scuttled back over the ferry to romantic, if equally depressed, Liverpool. Great slabs of beat-bounced prose trample the theory that the Wirral is the posh side of Murky(sic)side.

Ken 'Hippy' Hancock knocks up the tunes, but Jegs is the man with the mouth that has plenty to say. Try stopping him. "Everyone mentions Liverpool, but not the Wirral, so I'm here to correct the imbalance.

Hillview Heights was in Morton - smack city - and everyone was on it; pub toilets were full of silver paper. The 'bizzles' did nothing for three years and then went bananas busting everyone.

"Now, Birkenhead is the end, it really is, the demise of the British way of life in a nutshell. There's the Tip People scurrying over the filth as the bin lorries are emptied, searching for pram wheels, old kettles, anything. It's like a third world country, scavenging.

"Local issues matter, but I try to weave biting comedy into serious concerns. 'Grab A Granny' is about mates who cop off with old tarts at singles nights - "come 'ome an' play a tune on me varlicose veins" - very sad. Then there's 'Always The Barmald, Never The Bride', about the 'pool."

"I've been accused of being directionless, puerile and lazy for varying the music too much. But I don't want the corporate sound of, say, the Bunnymen, ten reggae beats or ten punk thrashes. That's no



JEGSY DODD: eat yer heart out, Bleasdale!

challenge.

"Everything in the indie world revolves around John Peel. There's no one he endorses that doesn't make a splash in the indie chart pool. What he says is law. He says I've lost some edge by adding music to me poems, yet strangely enough it was during one of his sessions that it was first suggested to me.

"I hate professional Scousers like Jimmy Tarbuck and Cilla Black who go on about the place yet live in the Home Counties. The only match Tarby goes to is the Cup

Final. I go everywhere with Liverpool, five Euro finals and never even had a ticket. I always get in, though, and it's the same with me poetry - if you're determined enough, you succeed.

"Being likened to John Cooper-Clarke is a pain. Seeing him made me want to get up and do it better but he's gone to pieces, off his cake. I'm ambitious to develop - it's OK for people to say I'm novel and shouldn't change but, in the real world, £50 a week isn't living."

Jegsy Dodd. Scally - wag.

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EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

SLADE TO LOVE

More vinyl revelations of Slade

BEFORE COMPLETING the Slade listing, I'd like to give those credits which went missing last week. Particular thanks for tracking down a lot of detail go to **Rob Newman** of Halesowen, West Midlands, and **Ian Champney** of Poole, Dorset; for the bulk of what follows on the group this week, I'm also largely indebted to these two.

The singles listing in the last column wound up in mid-1980 with the six-track 12-inch of *Six Of The Best Records*. This, of course, was a one-off, and Slade re-emerged in the early autumn of that year in a new label deal with Cheapskate Records. Singles on the label were as follows:

CHEAP 5 'Slade Alive At Reading '80' (EP in pic sleeve). Tracks: 'When I'm Dancin' I Ain't Fightin'/'Born To Be Wild'/'Medley: Somethin' Else - Pistol Packin' Mama - Keep A-Rollin' Sept 1980

CHEAP 11 'Slade Xmas Ear Bender' (EP in pic sleeve). Tracks: 'Merry Xmas Everybody'/'Okey Cokey'/'Get Down And Get With It' (all recorded live at the Reading '80 Festival. 'Merry Xmas' also credits The Reading Choir!)

At the same time as the Cheapskate

EP, the Polydor 'Merry Xmas Everybody' single from 1973, which had never been deleted, was given a major re-promotion for the first time, keeping its original catalogue number but gaining a new pic sleeve. It was similarly repromoted (and re-charted) in 1981, '82, '83 and '84. The single also went over the one million UK sales mark in the early 1980s, making it easily Slade's all-time biggest seller.

CHEAP 16 'We'll Bring The House Down'/'Hold On To Your Hats' (pic sleeve) Jan 1981

CHEAP 21 'Wheels Ain't Coming Down'/'Not Tonight Josephine' (pic sleeve) Mar 1981

CHEAP 24 'Knuckle Sandwich Nancy'/'I'm Mad' (pic sleeve) May 1981
Another label change occurred in the middle of '81, with a shift from RCA-distributed Cheapskate onto the RCA label itself. With a couple of interruptions from other labels' reissued singles, Slade releases remain on RCA from this point up to the most recent issues:

RCA 124 'Lock Up Your Daughters'/'Sign Of The Times' Sept 1981
The first interruption came in

December 1981, when as well as repromoting 'Merry Xmas Everybody' (which reached 32 in the charts), Polydor issued a four-track 12-inch-only EP:

POSPX 399 'Cum On Feel The Noize'/'Cos I Luv You'/'Take Me Back 'Ome'/'Gudbye T'Jane' (pic sleeve) Dec 1981

This 12-inch EP was issued again at the end of 1983, but this time there was also a three-track 7-inch equivalent (**POSP 399**), omitting 'Cos I Luv You'. RCA singles continued:

RCA 191 'Ruby Red'/'Funk, Punk And Junk' (gatefold pic sleeve) Mar 1982

This was marketed as a double 7-inch pack, the other half of the gatefold containing a disc with live versions of 'Rock 'N' Roll Preacher' and 'Take Me Back 'Ome'.

RCA 291 '(And Now The Waltz) C'est La Vie'/'Merry Xmas Everybody (Live And Kickin)' (pic sleeve) Nov 1982

This live RCA version of 'Merry Xmas' was credited to **Slade & The Assorted Nutters Choir**. At this point, there was another interruption to the normal RCA release run, when a 7-inch picture disc

(only) appeared by Slade on the Speed label, operated by Jimmy Lea's brother Frank:

SPEED P 201 'Okey Cokey'/'Get Down And Get With It' Dec 1982. RCA singles continued:

RCA 373 'My Oh My'/'Keep Your Hands Off My Power Supply' (pic sleeve) Nov 1983

A limited 7-inch run of the above (presumably designed as a marketing tool for chart shops) also appeared with an additional track, the previous year's re-cut of 'Merry Xmas Everybody'. Catalogue number remained the same. There was also a 12-inch release (**RCAT 373**), which didn't have 'Xmas' but did carry the extra track 'Don't Tame A Hurricane'.

RCA 385 'Run Runaway'/'Two-Track Stereo, One-Track Mind' (pic sleeve) Jan 1984 (also on 12-inch as **RCAT 385**; same tracks).

RCA 455 'All Join Hands'/'Here's To...' (Pic sleeve) Nov 1984

The 12-inch version of this was **RCAT 455**, with the same tracks. However, once again a limited pressing was made to boost the record through chart shops; a 12-inch with the same catalogue

The 12-inch version of this was **RCAT 455**, with the same tracks. However, once again a limited pressing was made to boost the record through chart shops; a 12-inch with the same catalogue number, but two additional tracks, 'My Oh My' and yet again 'Merry Xmas Everybody (Live And Kickin)'.

TO BE CONTINUED



SLADE'S MAD Hatter Dave Hill

MEMORY BANK

Sunday July 27

1971 **George Harrison** announced details of the star-studded Concert For Bangladesh, the charity event which was the Live Aid of its day.

1976 **John Lennon** was finally granted his Green Card by the US immigration authorities, allowing him to move freely in and out of the country without fear of a re-entry ban.

1976 **Bruce Springsteen** sued former manager **Mike Appel** for fraud and breach of trust. The counter-suit and subsequent prolonged litigation was to prevent Springsteen from recording for the whole of the next year.

1982 **Sting**'s legal battle with Virgin Publishing, over the ownership of his early songs, was settled out of court.

1984 **Roger Taylor** of **Duran Duran** married **Giovanna Cantonne**, in Naples, Italy.

Monday July 28

1945 Birthday of **Rick Wright** of **Pink Floyd**, in London.

1948 Birthday of **Simon Kirke** of **Free**, in London.

1949 Birthday of **Steve Peregrine Took**, **Marc Bolan**'s original partner in **Tyrannosaurus Rex**, in London.

1957 **Jerry Lee Lewis** made his TV debut, playing 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On' on the US **Steve Allen Show**.

1970 The world premiere of the movie **Ned Kelly**, starring **Mick Jagger** as the Aussie outlaw, took place in Australia.

1973 The biggest-ever rock festival audience (over 600,000) gathered at Watkins Glen, New York, to watch **The Band**, **The Grateful Dead** and **The Allman Brothers Band**.

Tuesday July 29

1953 Birthday of **Geddy Lee** of **Rush**, in Toronto, Canada.

1959 Birthday of **John Sykes** of **Whitesnake**.

1965 **The Beatles**' second film, **Help**, had its world premiere in London, attended by **Princess Margaret** and **Lord Snowdon**.

1966 **Bob Dylan** crashed his Triumph motorbike while out riding in Woodstock, New York. His injuries included a broken neck, which put him out of action and into seclusion for more than a year.

1972 **Screaming Lord Sutch** was taken to court for 'insulting behaviour', after being arrested during a PR stunt in which he leapt off a bus with four naked women, outside 10 Downing Street.

1973 **Led Zeppelin** had \$180,000 mysteriously stolen from a deposit box at the Drake Hotel in New York while they were on tour. Money and culprit were never traced.

1974 Death of **Cass Elliot** (**Mama Cass** of the **Mamas & The Papas**), aged 32, from a heart attack while eating a meal, in London.

1982 **Andy Taylor** of **Duran Duran** married **Tracie Wilson** in Los Angeles.

Wednesday July 30

1956 Birthday of **Phil Fearon** of **Galaxy**, in Jamaica.

1957 Birthday of **Rat Scabies** (**Chris Miller**) of **The Damned**, in Kingston-On-Thames.

1958 Birthday of **Kate Bush**, in East Wickham, Kent.

1960 Birthday of **Paul 'Thwack' Leventhal** of **King Kurt**.

1976 Poor ticket sales caused a proposed gig at Wembley Stadium by **Santana** and **The Grateful Dead** to be cancelled.

1977 **The Beach Boys** abandoned plans for a UK concert at Wembley, instead merely playing a set at the CBS UK record company sales convention in London.

Thursday July 31

1964 Death of country music star **Jim Reeves**, aged 39, in a plane crash.

1967 **Mick Jagger** and **Keith Richard** both appealed successfully against their controversial drug possession sentences, and their prison sentences were quashed.

1971 The first night of the Concert For Bangladesh, in New York, guest-starring **Bob Dylan**.

1976 Irish group **The Miami Showband** were ambushed by terrorists in their van, and three members killed.

Friday August 1

1946 Birthday of **Bobby Krieger** of **The Doors**, in Los Angeles.

1960 Birthday of **Joe Elliot** of **Def Leppard**, in Birmingham.

1964 Death of 1950s rocker **Johnny Burnette**, aged 30. He drowned in a boating accident on Clear Lake, California.

1970 World premiere of the film **Performance**, starring **James Fox** as a gangster and **Mick Jagger** as a decadent rock star.

1981 **Motorhead**, **Ozzy Osbourne**, **Riot**, **Mahogany Rush** and others were on the bill of the Heavy Metal Holocaust, held at Port Vale football ground.

Saturday August 2

1937 Birthday of **Garth Hudson** of **The Band**, in London, Ontario.

1961 Birthday of **Pete Delfreitas** of **Echo & The Bunnymen**, in Liverpool.

1969 **Bob Dylan** unexpectedly attended the ten year reunion of his graduating class at Hibbing High School in Minnesota.

1977 **The Who** bought Shepperton Studios, at a cost of £350,000.

1983 **Bruce Springsteen** jammed onstage with **Jackson Browne** on 'Scay', 'Running On Empty' and 'Sweet Little Sixteen', at a Madison Square Garden concert.

motorhead

THE BAND

Orgasmatron

THE ALBUM

BUY IT!
JULY 28TH

THE ADVERT

VENICE IN PERIL



THE MISSION'S Craig, Simon, Wayne and Mick: just one Cornetto . . .

Deaf in Venice? Or just blind drunk? MR SPENCER discovers that nobody's safe when those party animals from THE MISSION hit the Chianti trail. MARTYN STRICKLAND grabs a pizza the action

A SATURDAY afternoon in Italy, and the sun beats down on a fast-moving van with a lump of wood where a back window should be.

We're on the road with The Mission — Wayne, Craig, Mick and Simon. It could get a bit wild, but that suits me just fine.

I feel different; reckless, grubby, carsick. The door is wide open, and we're living dangerously.

On the road with The Mission is an exercise in classic me! me! me! rock 'n' roll copy.

It's a tale of headwear and souvenir gondolas, a shameless exercise in self-indulgent I Was There pop scribbling, the traditional travelogue of crazy traffic pile-ups and all expenses paid mass murder.

Too good to be true.

The reason for my being here is clear enough: the band are playing all over

Europe, interest is high, and their achingly erotic, grandiose and happy sounding second single, 'Garden Of Delight', has just been released on Chapter 22 records.

And yes, The Mission have signed to a major label, Phonogram, a deal arriving hot on the heels of chart-topping indie success with their debut single, 'Serpent's Kiss'.

All this, and it's only a matter of months since all sorts of legal tussling erupted between Wayne and Craig and their ex-comrade from Sisters Of Mercy days, Andrew Eldritch. Eldritch is going to face quite a struggle when he eventually tries to steal back some of the thunder so cheekily whipped from underneath his nose by these Mission boys.

Tonight, the group are supposed to be performing at the Campo Sportivo football club in Mira, or possibly the Sportivo Mira football club in Campo, or possibly . . . well, really I haven't got a clue. You've never been there but, take it from me, it's miles away.

We arrive at the foreign-sounding soccer ground to find that both the stage and pitch have been rendered useless by a freak rainstorm.

Still, we raid the fridge and drive back to

the hotel, where Wayne and Craig put on a Jimi Hendrix tape and push the volume up high.

I consider expressing concern for the occupants of the adjoining rooms but decide against it, reasoning that to do so might seem a bit lame.

Wayne plonks his feet on the bed without taking his shoes off. Quite masterful. I crack open an iced drink and place the ring-pull on the carpet. I don't pick it up.

Outside, the rain is coming down in buckets.

"**I** HATE to admit it, but I think I'm mellowing," whispers the horizontal Wayne. "I mean, I still like to stay up at night, and I still love to drink, but I don't do some of the crazy things I used to get up to with the Sisters. I haven't trashed a room for a while — that is something I did enjoy."

Does the singer have to strike a fine balance between couldn't-give-a-toss drunkenness and cool, calculated business sense?

"The thing to do is to know *when* to be indulging in one or the other. It's like before we play live, there's a point I try to reach every night, and it's absolute joy, but beyond that I fall over. It's a very thin line."

Hours later, we hit the road again, to catch a glimpse of nearby Venice in all its glittering, after-dark splendour. At Piazza St Marco (this is what it says in my plastic 'clicker' camera), the band are studying the architecture when a bunch of chunky US marines lurch over in white socks and shorts, pointing and yelling, apparently taking the piss.

I think to myself, Blimey, we're all going to die. But, as it happens, a big ape with hairy legs bumbles over and shouts into my ear: "Hell, man! It's been so long since I last heard a good band jam. England's put out some great fun acts, The Pink Floyd, they're the best, but it's good to see this shit, it's great to see a band that says, *F*** it all!*"

Soon, Wayne and I (me! me! me!) will laugh about this over a toasted cheese sandwich. But first, we take in the sights, catch the water-bus to the van and drive back again.

Next morning, fun-loving Mick is sat in reception with a croissant and a nice cup of tea; tatty-jeaned Simon is enjoying a coffee. Wayne and Craig are already on the hard stuff.

We hear that the previous night's abandoned show had attracted people from all over Italy. Whether this should make us happy or sad is uncertain.

Just as a matter of interest, Wayne keeps on having trouble with his teeth, or one tooth in particular. Half of it fell out not long ago. He was biting into this Mars bar and he thought, This Mars bar's a bit hard.

But anyway, he hates injections, only brushes his teeth once every two days, and is not going to let major dental problems spoil his fun on the road with The Mission.

"It's great going to all these places and getting treated well," he enthuses. "All this free drink and food . . ."

We stroll outside into the now baking sunshine, sit down and consume yet more food and drink. Wayne selects a cool beer, while I go for something a touch fizzier.

IT'S FUNNY, actually, the way groups like Red Lorry Yellow Lorry (whence Mick originates) and The Mission — both of whom are reviled in their homeland — can actually be regarded as 'hip' and 'with it' and 'street cred' on the Continent.

"We're very much an '80s band," Wayne muses. "I mean, I'd like our records to be a mixture of Led Zeppelin, Madonna, Prince, the Sisters . . . everything that's ever been good in music, and not just in rock, but pop music too. That 'Like A Virgin' album, it's my most played record at the moment, it's just so happy; plus she's so filthy as well . . ."

Your kinda gal, right?

"Yeah. Actually, I went to see her in New York with Andrew last summer. It was just so tacky, it was great."

Wayne's current favourite pop single is Bananarama's 'Venus'. His fave Bananarama is Keren (it used to be Siobhan).

I wonder, does he admire the Italian lifestyle?

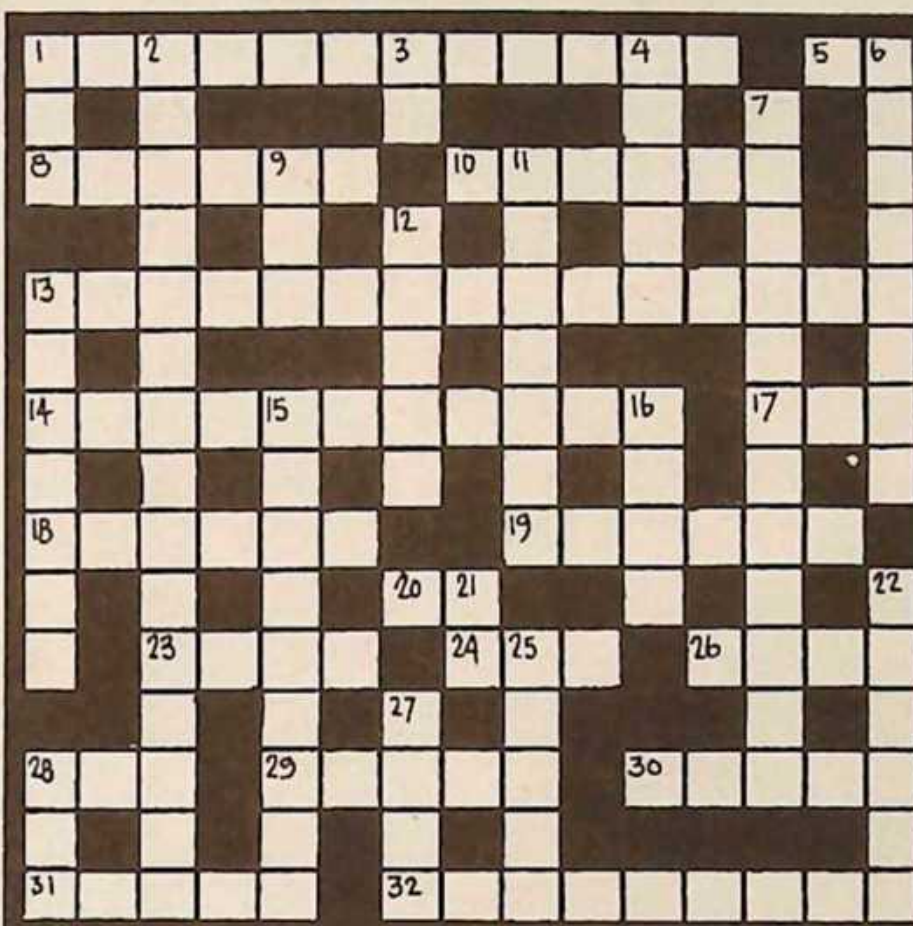
"What, sleeping in the afternoons?"

No, riding in formation on motor-scooters, stuff like that.

"Not on scooters. Motorbikes, maybe." Do you think scooters are poofy?

XWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. The moon looked down at laughed at 'em . . . tell Branson (6.6) 5. Medical man with spiritual sky (2) 8. Reggie burned one in the wind (6) 10. The in-city-dreamer (6) 13. A nocturnal request from Sting (5.2.3.5) 14. What Razorcuts eat on the subway (3.4.4) 17. Heath/Templeman (3) 18. The Clash burned it! (6) 19. . . . and Uriah Heep blamed these imps (6) 20. Jolson/Bowley/Capone/Jarreau (2) 23. 365 days for Stewart's cat (4) 24. Label out of the mixture (1.1.1) 26. Dave Lee sounds as if he could have grapes! (4) 28. Reversible, steady effort (3) 29. They've got lots of money (5) 30. Ginger . . . the tradesman (5) 31. Dave . . . the tradesman (5) 32. He followed fashion in a dedicated way . . . but isn't a tradesman! (3.6)

DOWN

1. Troublesome Godard gets on my chest! (3) 2. Why a constitutional jackal went to an aural specialist (7.2.2.4) 3. Arnold with a deep first cut (1.1) 4. Starman who walked 25 miles (5) 6. The lady Linda who asked what's new (8) 7. Does it have Queen written right through the middle? (9.4) 9. Robert had a big 'un (3) 11. They chased clouds across the moon (3.4) 12. David had a white one! (5) 13. Ruts burned it! (7) 15. . . . but Toto are out on their own . . . I'm not surprised really (9) 16. Saint whose fire fired ole Parr (4) 21. Title for Griffie band (2) 22. El favours green ones . . . but which are ole Nick's faves? (6) 25. Clint played it for me . . . but it's better in roots (5) 27. Tops/Sore Points/Most (4) 28. C'mon Alison, he's been telling you it's true for ages and ages (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Levi Stubbs 5. Brad 10. No Sense 12. Grace 13. Mel 14. Marquee Moon 16. Adrian Smith 18. Dusty 20. Ted 21. Aswad 22. Goodbye 25. Enough 27. New Rose 28. Ska 29. Oil 30. Low 31. May 32. Dog 33. Martin Stephenson 38. Fast Lane 39. It 40. Fanny

DOWN

1. Lonely At The Top 2. Send Me An Angel 3. Ure 4. Big Audio Dynamite 6. Ramones 7. Delaney 8. Page 9. Be Good To Yourself 11. So Tired 15. Ras 17. Highway 19. Try 23. Bread 24. Emergency 26. Orleans 28. Swan 34. Til 35. Pat 36. Sin 37. Of

"Why, do you own one?"

Wayne and myself are getting on like a house on fire, and once or twice he even refers to me by my first name. It's really great.

I find out why he prefers bikes to scooters. It's because they're bigger and faster, and with a scooter he thinks you might only hurt yourself severely in the event of an accident, whereas if you come off a motorbike you're more likely to kill yourself. He'd rather die than suffer a broken leg.

He reckons the best way to go would be while making love.

"I've often thought, the four minute warning, what I'd do — besides initially panicking — I think I'd grab the nearest girl to me, and I'm sure given the circumstances she'd be up for it. Just to be wrapped in somebody's arms, and then . . . no longer exist."

What did you make of Venice?

"It was really sweet, genuinely touching. It just made me think, God, this is nice, we're all being really mellow and it's like, unreal. Perhaps we should have a new band rule — seven days of bonking and a day of culture to follow."

Oh dear. Is there no room for romance in the tipsy-turvy world of The Mission?

"You'd be surprised. I mean our roadie, Grape, was knobbing some girl on a park bench the other day. It was five o'clock in the morning and the sun was coming up . . ."

Magical, magical . . .

"I'm a very romantic person. If I'm going to fornicate with somebody there has to be some kind of romance involved, and when you know it's only for one night, that to me is terribly romantic."

"You're unlikely to see this person ever again, yet you can be so passionate and intimate with them in one evening, more so than with somebody you've known for a year. I just think that's wonderful."

MEANWHILE, CRAIG is busy sampling various liquids — anything he can pour from a bottle into his mouth, and in the fridge in his room there's lots to choose from.

We catch him in the act so he invites us to join the party. How can we refuse?

"I couldn't be cool if I tried," admits Wayne, an inebriated twinkle in his eye as he unscrews the jet fuel.

Then he tells me he was brought up as a monk, but I can't tell whether he's joking. And then he claims he'd like very much to have children, the lunatic.

"I get on really well with kids, I suppose we have the same mentality. I actually would physically like to be pregnant, to carry a baby and give birth. They say that by the end of the decade it'll be possible."

But you haven't got a womb!

"No, but they implant something, and you have it by Caesarian. Don't you think that would be a wonderful experience? It must be one of the best feelings in the world, to give birth to another human being. I'd have to take 12 months off work, buy some smocks . . ."

If Wayne gives birth to a boy he'll call it Jesus; a girl he'll name Severina. Isn't that nice?

We stay up ridiculously late, until way past three in the morning. The drink and gossip continues to flow, I get to try on Wayne's hat, and eventually the big On The Road question is asked. Are The Mission . . . on . . . a mission?

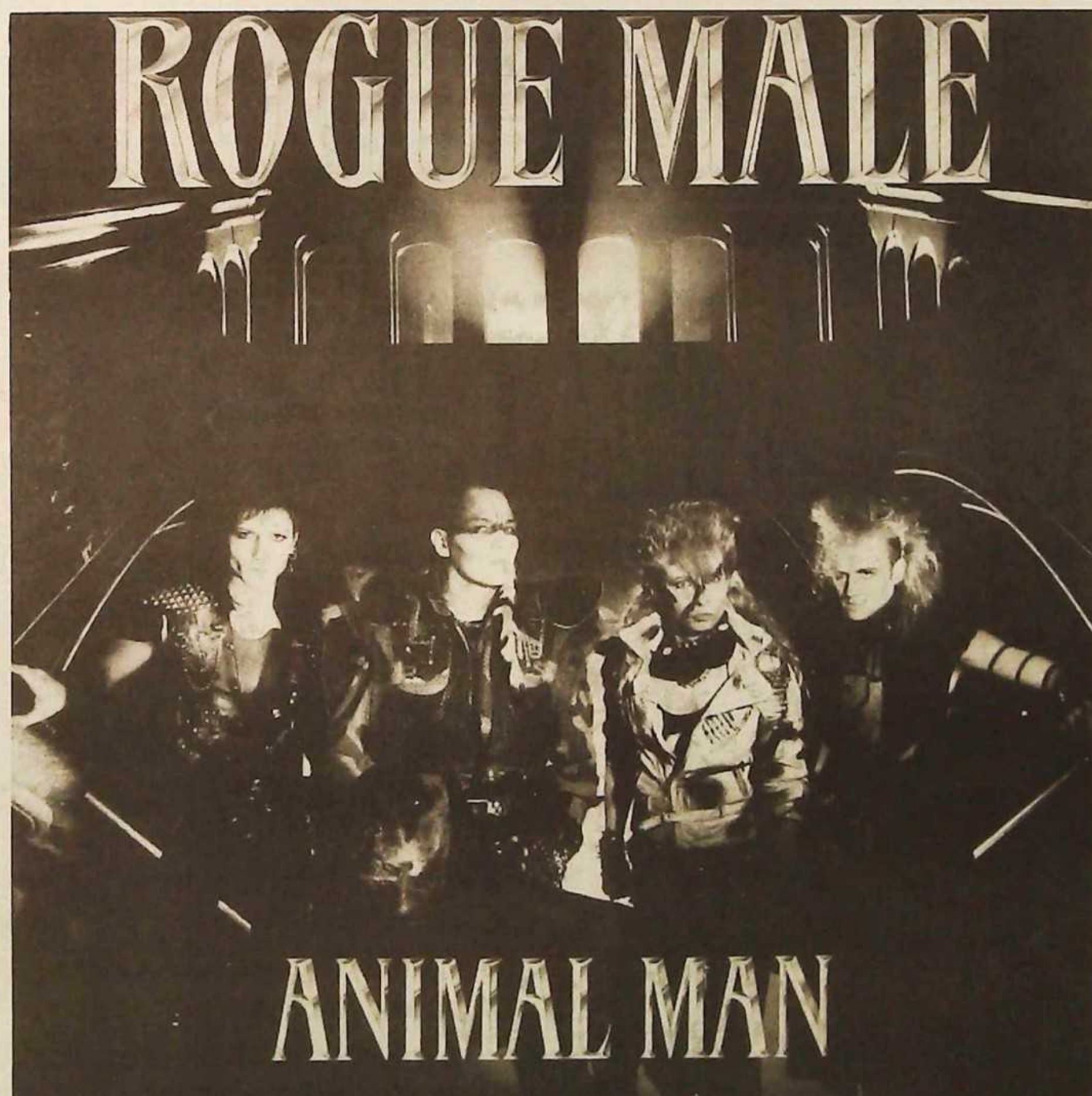
The drunken singer looks at me blankly, a light goes on above his head, and he replies, "Yeah! We're on a mission from God!"

Then almost immediately he wishes he hadn't.

Even rock 'n' rollers have to admit defeat in the end.

I clean my teeth before switching off the light.

"I get on really well with kids, I suppose we have the same mentality. I actually would physically like to be pregnant, to carry a baby and give birth."



THE ALBUM «ANIMAL MAN»

MFN 68

THE TOUR:

JULY 22ND — LONDON, THE MARQUEE
JULY 25TH — CARDIFF, BOGIES
JULY 26TH — BIRKENHEAD, STAIRWAYS
JULY 28TH — OLDHAM, HURRICANE
JULY 29TH — NOTTINGHAM, MARDI GRAS
JULY 30TH — LEEDS, ADAM AND EVE

THE 12" — «BELFAST»

12 KUT 122

OUT NOW ON
NMusic For
NATIONS

SSS

MARTIN DEGVILLE and Tony James: don't call us . . .



CREAMPLAY OR TORYBORED?

LIVE VIA satellite! The Sputniks are practising waving goodbye to 20 million people on Japanese TV.

There are some who would draw cruel analogies from this, but today I'm not one of them. I'm not in the mood today for writing obituaries for Sique Sique Sputnik. Today I'm just a director.

The Sputniks finish waving goodbye and file past me looking sheepish.

"If you print one word of this, I'll kill you!" says Ray Mayhew, and his face is frozen on my screen in extreme close-up.

Soundtrack: 'Shoot It Up'.

Superimpose SSS logo and the title: 'If It Moves, Flaunt It'.

FADE UP

1 Exterior. Daytime. A taxi is cruising through the East End. We follow its progress in medium long shot. The occupants of the car are unseen.

(Voice over.)

Magenta De Vine: "We've got that journalist's number, then."

Tony James: "We'll ring him at three o'clock every morning and say, 'Wouldn't it be a shame if your pretty wife fell into a vat of acid?'"

Magenta: "Mmm... Guess who's invited us to a party? Martin Townsend from *Today*."

Tony: "But he hates us."

Magenta: "Yeah, well..."

Tony: "Great. We can go round and wreck the place. Isn't it the opening of the Limelight this week? We haven't had our invitations yet."

Magenta: "We won't all be able to go. So it'll just be you and Janet, and me and Martin. The others will have to understand that they never invite seven people to a party... Hey, what's that?"

(Camera follows cab's point of view of large building.)

Magenta (reading sign): "The London Opera Centre. (Takes out notebook.) We must follow that up. Anyway, for this programme, they want you to pretend you've just come off stage and walk into a green room or whatever. It's about rip offs in the music business... *Darling*, they want you to talk about managing yourselves."

Tony: "I'll say don't manage yourselves."

Magenta: "It's good because it's like a current affairs, investigative programme. I like that sort of thing. They've got more credibility than pop shows. We could play the knife music from *Psycho* to start with. Also, they want to show all the press headlines..."

(Insert. Rapid edit close-ups of newspaper headlines: *Sputnik Launch! Sputniks Shot Down! Horror Of Sputnik Maniac! Sputnik Stitch-Up!*)

"...and you can explain that you're not really like that."

Tony: "And then we wreck the studio. I really think we're going to have to give Ray a drug problem or something to get on the front page of *The Sun*."

(Insert. Headline: *Marilyn On Heroin Rap*. Music:

Shoot it up, now, shoot it up...)

Sound effects. Car phone rings twice and is answered. Traffic noises drown out conversation.

Magenta (louder): "Jane, quick, give me a quote on the band's music, we need it for the biog... (Into phone) Oh, I've crossed music out, have I? How appropriate."

CUT TO

2 Archive footage of band rehearsing 'Be Bop A Lula'.

FADE TO

3 Exterior. Daytime. Car parked in East End as driver scours street map. Police officer appears at window. We see Tony James and Martin Degville exchange nervous glances in the back seat.

(Sound effect: Knock on window.)

Driver (winding down window): "Afternoon, officer."

Policeman: "Can you do us a favour and move it off the crossing?"

(Insert: *The Sun* headline: *Zig Zag Sputnik In Double Yellow Line Shocker!*)

(Voice over.)

Tony: "Band went on orgy of destruction!"

(Fade up soundtrack: "Shoot it up, shoot it up, shoot it up...")

CUT TO

4 Interior. Daytime. A photographer's studio. Tony, Martin and Magenta sit on the floor. A copy of *The Sun* is open at *101 Things You Never Knew About Sex*.

Tony (reading): "Men's bodies produce sperm at the rate of two million a day. An average Kleenex holds 40,000 million sperm."

Narrator (voice over): "I thought the singles reviews you did in *Smash Hits* were very funny."

Martin: "People can't believe we've got a sense of humour."

Voice over: "I suppose people can't see the funny side of making money."

Tony: "That's what's funny. People think we've got four million quid! If I had four million quid, I would not be here. I'd be in the Caribbean. That figure just inflated itself in the press. I never said we got four million. All I ever said was I can't remember. But I like that figure because it translates into six million dollars in America, and the six million dollar band has this ring of headline-ness about it."

"I love the myth of rock 'n' roll. I read all those books. I don't want to expose the absolute truth. We've been very careful. There are no pictures of this band walking down the street in daylight..."

FADE TO

5 Exterior. Daytime. Flashback. Tony and Martin, dressed for a *Sounds* spread, are walking across the road to photographer's studio, a riot of orange and purple against grey walls. Locals appear in doorways to stare.

Tony (voice over): "Because if you think of films like *Terminator* and *Blade Runner*, one's image of the future is night-time. Neon and smoke."

DISSOLVE TO

6 Exterior. Night-time. Outside The Hippodrome. There are police and barricades

holding back the crowds. Neal X whisks past in a long silver lurex jacket. Girls scream: "Neal! Neal!"

(Voice over.) "Recalling the golden age of Lig Lig Sputnik, it must be rather dull now that you're actually invited and don't have to gate-crash any more."

Martin (voice over): "We're not, actually. We were told for the Wham! party that we'd been 'filtered out'."

Tony (voice over): "Neal fought to get a ticket, but the rest of us wouldn't crawl."

DISSOLVE TO

7 Interior. Night-time. Queen party, Kensington. Sputniks out in force. Martin Degville is dressed in black, and is completely bald except for an extra exotic top knot. He is speaking to a journalist who is off camera.

Martin: "I've never seen Sique Sique Sputnik as just a six piece rock 'n' roll group - I always saw it as more of a multinational corporation."

FADE TO

8 Martin is on the dancefloor pumping his pelvis to 'Shout!'.

Tony (voice over): "People see Martin as some kind of idiot playing a game, but I don't think he is playing a game. I think he's the real thing. Martin has real rock 'n' roll-ness, this incredible instinct. He knows when things are right. I trust Martin's opinion 100 per cent. Also, he's so great because he knows no fear. He'll say anything - sometimes dumb things, which he shouldn't."

Martin (voice over): "If Sique Sique Sputnik were to finish, my life wouldn't come to an end or anything. You know what I mean?"

FADE TO

9 Interior. Daytime. Photographer's studio.

Tony: "When we played Kilburn, it was packed, sold out. Mick Jones was offered 50 quid for his ticket. And *The Mirror* review the next day said it was half empty and the touts couldn't give the tickets away. That was the start of the rot, where they'd make up stories just to slag us off. Like the story that Martin and I had a big row backstage at *Top Of The Pops* and the band had split up."

"If it were true we'd say, Yeah, it's a fair cop, but we ain't got nothing to hide. And that's what they can't stand - there ain't no dirt. They've rung all the old girlfriends and got nowhere. And stories that we were miming: what the f*** did this group spend five years rehearsing for if we were going to mime?"

CUT TO

10 Interior. Night. Newcastle. A phone booth in a hotel foyer. A Sputnik gig can be heard through closed doors.

News Of The World reporter (into phone): "A Mayfair employee told me comma quotation marks... they had come... to the end of their tape... and they couldn't rewind it quickly enough... stop... new sentence... that's why there was no encore... full stop end quote... That's it. Cheers mate, I'll ring you back in an hour or so... yeah, right... ha ha ha."

FADE TO

11 Interior. Night-time. Sique Sique Sputnik live on stage at Newcastle Mayfair.

Tony (voice over): "We'll sue 'em all for four million quid. It'll be great."

(Freeze frame on Tony's grinning face on stage. Superimpose SSS logo.)

Commercial break.

FADE UP

12 Interior. Daytime. Home of journalist. Messy. Journalist sits by the phone looking pissed off. Looks at watch. Phone rings. She answers. Hears through phone: "Jane, sorry we didn't call you back. There's been a fire."

FADE TO

13 Interior. Daytime. Sputnik HQ. Magenta and journalist are walking upstairs. Magenta opens the door to reveal a charred cooker.

Magenta: "It started in here. We said to each other, Can you smell burning? We came up here and opened the door and all this smoke just poured out. It doesn't look so bad now. Yana's cleaned a lot of it up."

Tony (unseen, from downstairs): "What are you doing now?"

Journalist: "I'm supposed to be meeting Neal for dinner."

Tony: "No, do me now, I've just done one interview and I'm all geared up for talking." (Insert: rapid edit of Sique Sique Sputnik front covers from around the world.)

FADE TO

14 Interior. Night-time. Close-up of framed front covers stacked in the corner of a room. Camera pulls back to reveal Tony and Magenta's living room. Magenta is holding up a bob watch.

Magenta: "Look what the invitations for the Limelight party came with. Isn't that nice?"

Tony, who has his hair tucked inside a baseball cap, slips a video into the machine and sits on the table facing the journalist, who is trying to fix her tape recorder. The TV screen will be in the background of all following shots, showing scenes of skylines, MTV and sexual intercourse in unusual circumstances.

Tony: "All this stuff that says we can't play, that we're nothing to do with music. Well, we always said that it's not about music. The music is just a soundtrack for the video. When the office nearly burned down today it all became very clear to me what this group is about. The reason it's exciting when we're at our best is because the music is a vehicle."

(Close-up of journalist's raised eyebrow.)

Tony: "You know how the music is free form and random and there's no arrangement to any of the songs? The way Neal fires stun guitar bursts into the audience - there ain't no arrangement. He fires it when it feels right. Martin singing randomly. It works totally spontaneously. Those gigs where there were almost fights with the crowds. There's that anger, that emotion back from the audience. Like the music galvanises this massive weapon..."

Journalist (interrupting as she searches for a cigarette): "Does this happen every night?"

Tony: "It don't always happen. Sometimes it ain't so great. I was talking to someone in America today and they said, Is it a great show? And I said, No, it ain't a great show. It's the real thing! That's the difference with us. It ain't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Here comes the satellite, spinning in a splatter of spiked studs to your very own video screen. See the record! Read the movie! SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK let JANE SIMON sift the rifts, while PETER ANDERSON catches boys on film

FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

ALEX COX and I have quite a lot in common. He went to a grammar school on the Wirral, I went to one just over the water. He took a rather poor degree in law, and so did I (and we both did it for exactly the same reason – we didn't know what else to do). He has just written and directed a film about Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen. And I've just been to see it.

This film is sort of called *Sid And Nancy* ("actually the film is still called *Love Kills*, but...") and it lasts for very nearly two hours. But these are two of the shortest hours I've ever spent in the pictures. For Alex Cox has contrived to shape a gripping piece of cinema.

But, nonetheless, this acutely involving film is the tale of two of the least attractive characters you could wish to avoid, Vicious Sid and Nauseating Nancy. Their deaths in New York, she at (presumably) his hands, he of an overdose, were as grisly as they were inevitable, and watching it has been one of the most soul-destroying experiences I've had since Manchester United last beat Liverpool.

So why on earth did Cox, whose only previous film was the highly successful *Repo Man*, decide to make it in the first place?

Apparently he had been attempting to write a screenplay about The Sex Pistols and that final American tour.

"And about halfway through writing that, I realised that the most interesting thing in it wasn't the singer or the guitarist or the drummer. It was the bassist and his girl. What became of them was ten times more interesting than what happened to the band. The pair of them, this incredible unit, very bad in many ways but still more than just two isolated, paranoid, lonely individuals.

"And I just wanted to make a film about Sid and Nancy because I felt that this was a really good love story. A real love story, as opposed to a *Flashdance*. They seemed like such great characters. Even though not everything about them was completely savoury, they were still an incredible pair."

Despite his evident fascination for the bond between the sorry couple, Cox is clearly not respectful of their persons. For *Sid And Nancy* is also a very funny film, and most of the humour is at the expense of an almost always unaware pair.

"If you see that interview with them in *DOA* (almost a punk documentary), with them in bed in their flat in Maida Vale... it's just the funniest thing. It's sad to see what they were becoming, but still you can't help laughing at them."

And Cox has no respect for drug addicts.

"They were junkies. And junkies are wankers, they are not admirable."

A sentiment which the film communicates quite strongly, on the whole. And perhaps one of the most telling scenes, in terms of the context of Sid and Nancy's self destruction, comes in a New York methadone clinic when a caseworker loses his patience with the pair. "You guys got no right to be strung out on this stuff. You could be selling healthy anarchy. But as long as you're addicts you'll be full of shit!"

Cox: "Drugs are an asset to governments because they keep the people down. They keep large chunks of a potentially discontented population in a stupor. As that guy in the methadone clinic tells Sid and Nancy. And he's absolutely right."

"Because it's a matter of public record that the CIA flew heroin out of South Vietnam at the behest of the Vietnamese warlords. And that it came back to the States where it was used to keep the populations of the inner cities smacked out. Just in the same way that we, the British, used opium against the Chinese. The Chinese weren't a bunch of addicts until we came along and gave them the stuff."

FREDDIE MERCURY
Video EP

(Picture Music International)
SO. OK. Which is the vid that was banned on this quartet of flashy fantasies? And, while we're at it, is that doll on *Spitting Image* supposed to be our Fred or Lord Lucan?

But let's not get too excited, let's watch the tape. I saw a

buttock, there were people in body stockings, boob tubes with oversized mammary bits made out of sheet iron and jackbooting stilettos. Shots in a nightclub, too.

This is for converts and worshippers only. There is no technical prowess here, the songs are mere shadows of Queen (as are the video ideas)

and the final clip, Dave Clark's 'Time', should go down in the annals of rock history as the night that Freddie flipped. Terrible song, lacklustre performance... a kind of ageing George Best trying to waddle inside Kenny Samson and merely tripping over his shoelace.

DAVE HENDERSON



GARY OLDMAN and Chloe Webb ride out as Sid and Nancy

ICE COLD 'N' ALEX

Roger Holland talks turkey with Sid And Nancy director Alex Cox



ALEX COX: a blooming talent

Although this line of thought might imply a modicum of sympathy for the poor addict kept smacked-out and stupid through government by omission, Cox is still vehement that he's "sick of people viewing junkies as victims. As poor victims of the evil pusher. They're not, they're victims of their own inclinations".

As were Sid and Nancy?

"Yes, but they have this additional quality which makes me like them, which is that they were terribly attached to each other."

This really is the central theme of Cox's case. You should be going to see his film, he feels, not because it's ten years since punk, or because Sid Vicious was a Sex Pistol. But because of the wonder of the bond, of the love between the two protagonists. And the only problem with this argument is that Cox's film simply does not convey the almost tangible affection between the two, which he asserts, and which I believe, did exist.

In conversation, Alex Cox can prove his case.

"When there was only enough money for one of them to get off, Sid would make sure that Nancy

was the one that did. And for a junkie to do that is nigh on incredible."

He hasn't transferred this onto film. *Sid And Nancy* is a compelling experience but it never communicates anything like the same understanding of the relationship between the two as Deborah Spungen (Nancy's mother) did in her book.

"I couldn't sleep. I just lay there in the darkness, thinking, groping toward some kind of grasp on Nancy's relationship with Sid, her only lasting relationship."

"They were two lost souls who had found each other. Their relationship came out of their inability to find what they wanted in the outside world. They were on the same wavelength. They fit each other's needs."

"Both had trouble getting along with most people. Both were troubled and angry. Sid had the capacity to lash out in anger at others. Nancy tended to direct her anger at herself. She needed to have everything her way. Sid needed to have somebody to tell him what to do. She was bright

and aggressive. He was, seemingly, withdrawn and not very verbal."

"They were dependent on each other. They cared for each other. To them, what they had together was genuine love. It was the only time for Nancy. Sid was the one great love of her life." (And I Don't Want To Live This Life – Debbie Spungen.)

It will also be said that this film somehow betrays the memory of The Sex Pistols, first in that there are some chronological and factual inaccuracies, and secondly – and this is an argument that even most intellectual featherweights will ignore – that some of the characters don't actually look too much like their counterparts in reality.

"Yeah, some people definitely will be offended by the fact that Perry Benson doesn't look like Paul Cook, or that Drew Schofield doesn't look like Johnny Rotten. But I don't think that matters. You have a choice when you make a film like this, between choosing people who are really close lookalikes or casting really good actors who are going to make your characters three dimensional beings."

"This is not *Beatlemania*! This film is a love story about Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen, and everybody else, including all the Pistols characters and the McLaren character, they are all peripheral. It was far more important to work with actors that I thought would be inspiring in their roles than with someone who looked like Johnny did back in 1978."

"I honestly can't understand her," David said as we drove home. "She's dying. She knows it. Why won't she stop herself?"

"She doesn't want to," Frank said sadly. "She wants to die. She has for a long time. It's been her goal."

"But why?" asked David.

"She hates being alive," I said. "She hates her pain. She hates herself. She wants to destroy herself."

"Isn't there anything you guys can do?" asked David.

"Yes," I said.

"What?"

"Watch her die."

(And I Don't Want To Live This Life)

Sid And Nancy all too vividly portrays Nancy Spungen's frightening death wish and her inability to handle life. And it gives new substance to two figures from punk folklore. A largely well-crafted and sympathetic movie, it is often very funny and yet 'ultimately' it's the most depressing film I can remember. Because it does not convince the viewer of the existence of any great bond between the two beyond the mutual dependency borne out of their desperate straits. And therefore there is none of the cathartic release which Alex Cox had intended.

That this love did exist will not be in doubt to anybody who has read Debbie Spungen's book, and in particular the letters which Sid sent to Nancy's mother after Nancy's death. That *Sid And Nancy* fails to match the depth of communication of that book is this most absorbing film's only important failing. However, if, like me, you are sufficiently moved by the film to seek out the book, then even this is not too killing a flaw.

"Nancy

You were my little baby girl

And I shared all your fears.

Such joy to hold you in my arms

And kiss away your tears.

But now you're gone there's only pain

And nothing I can do.

And I don't want to live this life

If I can't live for you."

– Sid Vicious



COMPETITION!

DO YOU SINCERELY
WANT TO BE A HIPPIY?

IF SO, then you could win one of the ten video crash courses in instant hippiedom that we've got on offer.

Answer the three simple questions on the right correctly, and you could be in line to win Jettisoundz' hot new Hawkwind video *The Chronicle Of The Black Sword*, filmed at Hammersmith Odeon last December and featuring Michael Moorcock, Tony Crerar and Kris Tait.

And, as a bonus, the first five of our ten winners will also receive *Been & Gone*, a visual record of the last concert by legendary acid-heads Here & Now, filmed at Dingwalls in January.

Every prize comes complete with instructions for growing your own video cassette recorder (ahem!). So don't be laidback, man – slope on down to your commune's nearest postbox and get your entry off today!



HOW TO ENTER

Answer the three questions on the coupon below (tick one answer per question), add your name, address and video format, and send to SOUNDS/HAWKWIND COMPETITION, Unit 5, Seager Buildings, Brookmill Road, London SE8 4JT, to arrive by Monday August 11.

Winners of the twin video packs will be the senders of the first five correct entries opened after that date. The next five correct entries will each win a Hawkwind video.

SOUNDS/HAWKWIND COMPETITION

- Which famous writer has a close association with Hawkwind?
a) Ray Bradbury ☐ b) Michael Moorcock ☐ c) John Wyndham ☐
- What is the full title of the *Elric* character?
a) The Enchanter ☐ b) The Enhancer ☐ c) The Enticer ☐
- Which famous metal band includes an ex-Hawkwind member?
a) Motorhead ☐ b) Black Sabbath ☐ c) Iron Maiden ☐

NAME.....

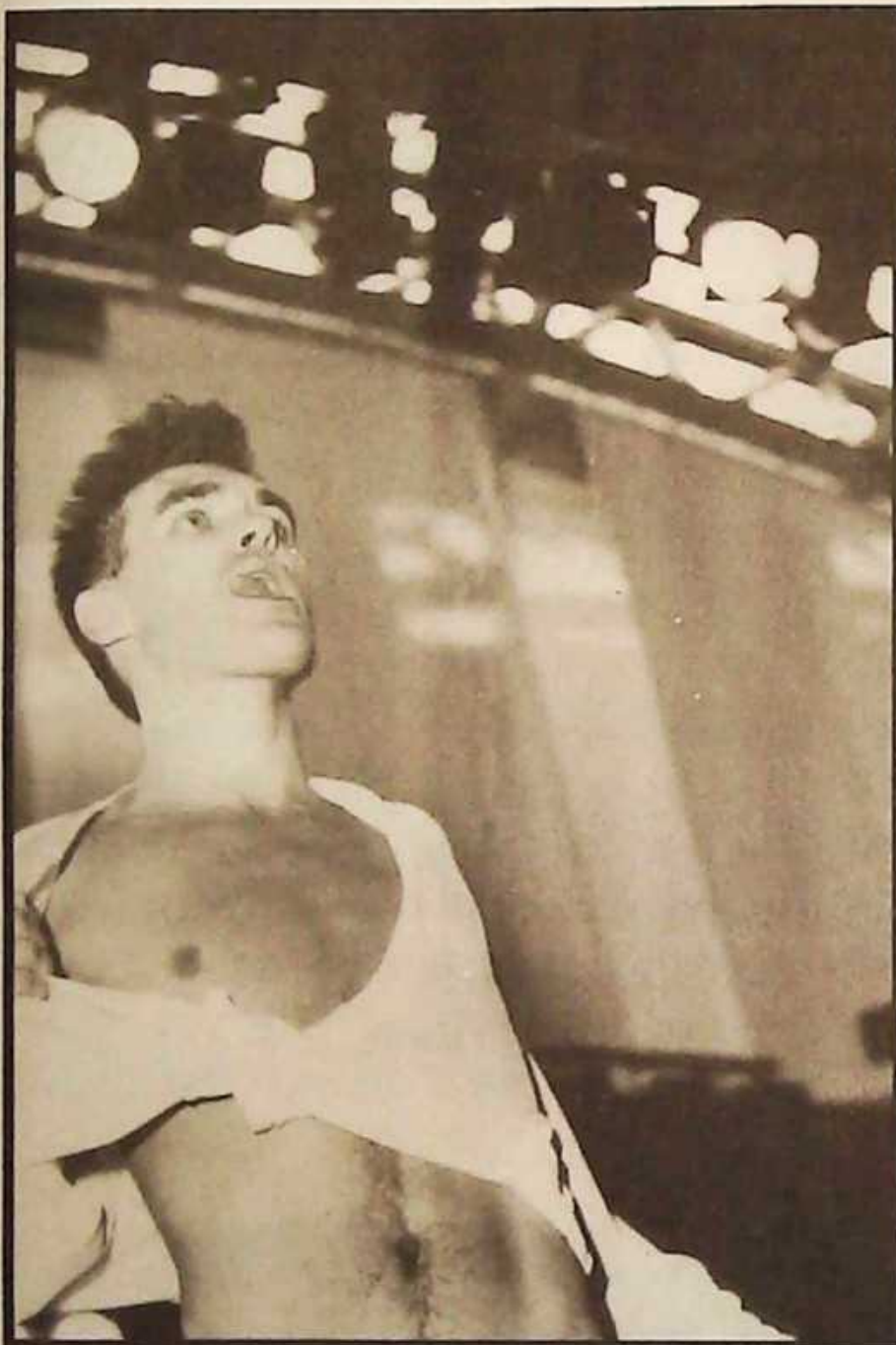
ADDRESS.....

VIDEO FORMAT

VHS ☐BETA ☐

L I V E S

DECADE ALIVE



MORRISSEY: "OK kids, who wants a lick?"

G-MEX: FESTIVAL OF THE TENTH SUMMER Manchester

THE TENTH Summer: a time for peace, remembrance, and mourning for those who fell at credibility's wayside and went and got famous. Eleven hours of silence, a thrilling little trip to the spunkiest museum of them all, some history. But first the bright and biting bits that made the day tingle, that proved it was more than a '76 to '86 pop smear test to see who was fit for dancing and who was headed for the knacker's yard.

Like Derek Hatton and Ken Livingstone joining **The Fall** for 'Pink Press Threat', **Ian McCulloch** taking the vocals on **New Order's** 'Ceremony', **The Smiths** encoring with Elvis's 'His Latest Flame'. Like Bill Grundy publically castigating Jonh Wilde and then attempting to crack **City Limits'** Bruce Dessau with his walking stick. Dessau retaliating by throwing a glass of whisky over the **NME's** Adrian Thrills. Like Derek Hatton's initial appearance which received a louder clash of jeers and cheers than any of the bands could have hoped for.

Like young James Brown sitting amidst all this, thinking it's good to be king, and wondering whether, ten years ago, the same sort of crumple-suited chaps were scoffing, gobbling and guzzling champagne and turkey to the sounds of 'Protex Blue' and 'Bingo Master's Breakout'? And coming to the conclusion that they probably did.

"Will you be joining Howard Devoto and Steve

So where can you find Ken Livingstone, Derek Hatton and Morrissey all together on one July evening? At G-MEX, of course, celebrating punk's tenth anniversary. **JAMES BROWN** delivers a barbed wire bouquet. **IAN TILTON** takes the party snaps

stumpy Amber Shamblers could ever be. That buzz and excitement that pounced from 'Enola Gay' and 'Electricity' didn't so much leave you sad as remind you just what a brilliant song sounds like.

"I had a run in with Boston Immigration/To my name they had an aversion/The cops are tops, welcome to the '80s '90s'..." The Fall's 'GB Grenadiers'

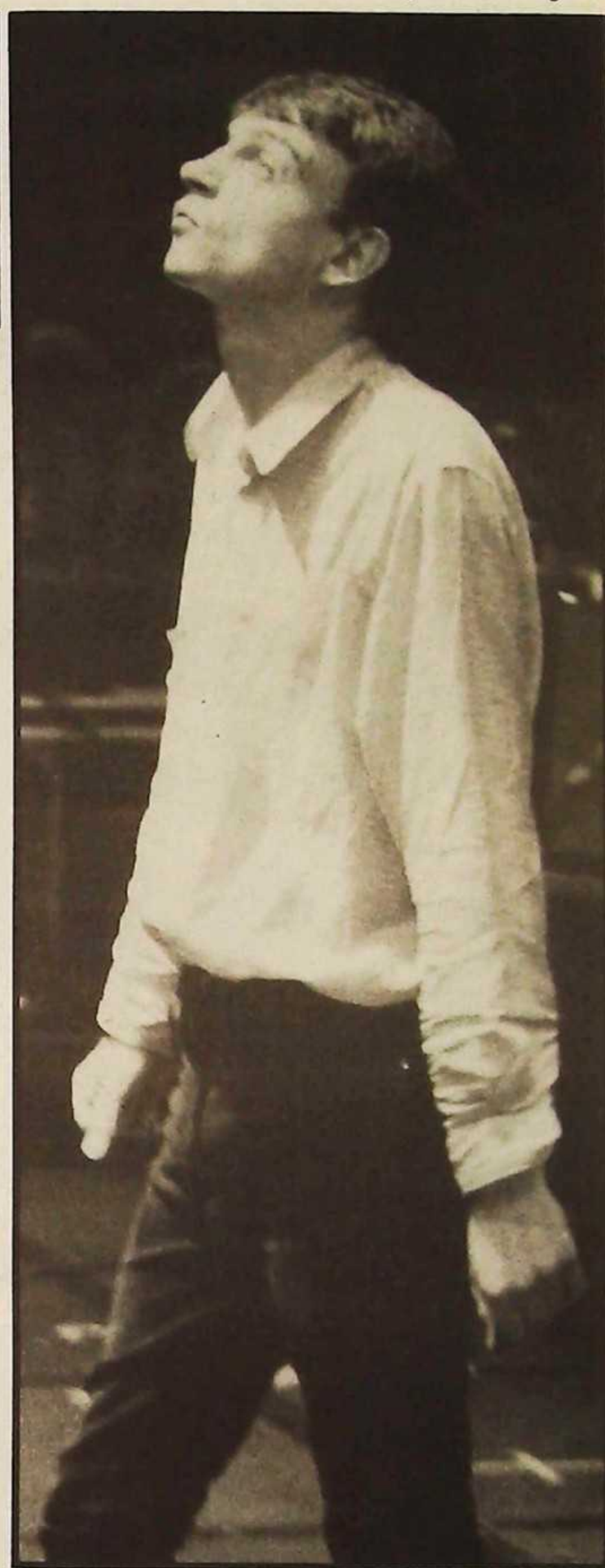
Boston's not alone in its aversion to Mark. Mortgage E Smith, that aristocratic speedbank prefect, silver stick stuck spiky kebab mouth, a vocally vicious little creep with riding boots to kick and bile to spit. Don'tcha just love The Fall? Marriage E Smith he may be but when it comes to playing live with his arrogance, his disregard, his band and their music, he

drips evil. And that's LIVE and not LOVE spelt backwards.

A hot afternoon bop to 'Cruiser's Creek', 'City Hobgoblins', 'Living Too Late' and 'GB Grenadiers'. Is 'Grenadiers' The Fall's swansong? Are they about to bow out minus a cantankerous old man's catarrh solo? Now, that would be polite.

The Fall are sparked with brilliance; not sacred in mine eyes, but I'll still follow them down.

Morrissey, that creamy clot of sexuality in an eggshell-white cardigan with a chest to match, twists his tongue and bod into every different song. Subtly easing his way into the kitchens of Albion, Steven has amassed the love of the nation and then ripped it into sharp confetti-sized pieces. His politics are personal and punchy, but politics all the same. 'Meat Is Murder',



MARK E: "It's my band and I'm not playing anymore, so boo sucks..."

'The Queen Is Dead'.

The Smiths rode through a set that dipped and dazzled that, at times, lay decidedly dull, and then finished with an image of this cranky nipple-flashing graduate whipping around and around. Brandishing a placard that read 'THE QUEEN IS DEAD'

Morrissey whirled and preened and punched his way out of his lambswool cardigan.

As he waved that sign, as he sang those lines, as Marr played those chords into the open ears and hearts of a RayBan-ed audience, as the whole of G-MEX rang with 'The Queen Is Dead', they were preparing a coffin at Windsor Castle. Such is the power of pop, that image of Morrissey with his banner and his band won't leave me.

I wasn't alone, the audience knitted their angst-battered brows to the music of this pre-holocaust terror-pop blip and knew it was something special.

As The Smiths were powerful, so New Order were bold... for about 15 minutes. The band said "hot", the music said not. By wrapping it in classically composed reams of synthetic noise, New Order drown the funk from their songs. They curse the beat when they should be racing it. New Order blurred when they should have purred. Fifteen minutes of 'Low-Life' and a Bunnyman singing 'Ceremony' and they had the audience, but that didn't happen until a dull hour had dragged by.

The family and I get down to the G-MEX music museum for a nice day out, and on Wednesday the Queen's son gets married to something called 'Fergie'. Happy anniversary punk rock.



IAN McCULLOCH joins New Order: "Eh Barney, what's this word 'ere'?"



YOUSSEU N'DOUR prepares for take-off



GERTRUDE SCHILLING pays WOMAD a quick visit



"ARE YOU sure this is the Funky Chicken?"

WOMAD NOMADS

WOMAD FESTIVAL Clevedon Kenn Pier Farm

FOOD, EVERYWHERE you looked there was food. A festival can't function on an empty stomach and WOMAD '86 was running on all four hotplates. You could eat Japanese, Indian or African, or just plain old hot dog with extra grease. You could dine at Desperate Dan's or perhaps The Yellow Banana. And hasn't the price of hash cookies rocketed?

WOMAD, Peter Gabriel's brainchild, is back once more, through thick and thin.

Clevedon was the lucky venue this year, a town where old people go to die. The gods were on our side - it was sunny - and if the local constabulary were ever-present, they kept their distance, perhaps knowing there would be no trouble. Not here.

Friday evening, and the air of expectancy was almost crushing - the world at our doorstep!

A slight traffic problem saw to it that we arrived just as *Misty In Roots* were winding up but there was just enough time to grab a beer before the Chakk attack commenced. This was the first of many times that the audience in the Stage Two marquee would, almost desperately, forget themselves and move.

Chakk were tighter than tight, but they've learned how to ease off since I last saw them, giving themselves and us the odd breather. They were wickedly danceable, one big electric groove.

Gil Scott-Heron was imminent on Stage One, and even the sunset was inspiring as shadows weaved through the candles and smoke and painted faces. Gil Scott-Heron was as smooth, as funky, as loving as he always is. "Hang on to your dreams..." he implored, and the glowing moon broke through the clouds. Resist that voice, that beat - and probably the best bass player in the known universe - and you're made of stone.

By Saturday, the site was hot and buzzing. It's the people that make or break a festival, and WOMAD-goers are prepared to give anything a chance.

After a light lunch of space cake and mushroom wine (a good year, was 1983), I joined the crush for Ivor Cutler, the bard of Glasgow. His inimitable whimsy and indispensable one-liners wowed the crowd.

"Load of rubbish!" bawled a spoilsport.

"I don't see any chains holding you down, sonny," replied Ivor, to a huge cheer, his near-OAP status making him seem like a wise old grand-dad.

Over on the main stage, rhythm master Arrow, filling in at a day's notice, washed us clean with shining, scintillating Caribbean fusion. It was fast fast fast, and the swaying, jostling mass lapped it up.

In that legendary place known as the backstage bar, Peter Gabriel strolled and supped, looking well pleased. Furniture had unexpectedly appeared that morning, so time to net a few floating opinions. "Brilliant!" was one. "Awful!" was another.

Likely lads The Housemartins took the stage, to the great delight of the many Housemartins fans. Their power-packed pop is not for me, but the songs are pure craftsmanship, and the smiles and energy saw out the afternoon in a blaze of happiness.

And while the bands played on, the little world in a field made the most of its time.

"Asss-id! Fresh melons! Cold lager! Haircuts!" went the background orchestra of voices, while bike engines revved and dogs growled, and the workers at The Samaritans tent looked slightly bewildered.

James were next in line; their songs were jarring and insolent like a nutter on a bus. They were disappointed, anonymous, almost cow-punk at times, but

confounded me by performing an invigorating encore. Distinctly British.

Back to the big stage, where Senegal's Youssou N'Dour lived up to all expectations, rumours and gossip. He was brilliant. Most recently heard on Gabriel's album 'So', Youssou N'Dour's voice is like a slippery snake, weaving and turning and coming up behind itself. His music was carried by the finest drumming of the whole weekend, intricate patterns, subtle and strong, that were talking to us.

His dedication before playing 'Nelson Mandela' brought tumultuous, frenzied applause, and probably a few tears as well, it was that sort of evening. Everyone had been telling everyone else that Gabriel would appear for the encore. He didn't.

What? Not another weekend of sun, sea and scratch-mixing? NEIL PERRY applies the acid test to WOMAD (pix: EYE AND EYE), while, opposite, ANDY HURT hops into FRESH gear for Wembley (pix: STEVE DOUBLE)



SIOUXSIE: such a jolly soul

A quick dash, via the queue at the bar for some life-saving liquid, resulted in catching the tail-end of **The Shop Assistants'** set. Full of nervous punky energy and delightfully noisy tunes, they are the galloping stallion to the Mary Chain's somnolent, stubborn mule, and I wish I'd seen more. Over on Stage Three, **The Blue Aeroplanes** had by all accounts excelled themselves. And then we waited...

Siouxsie And The Banshees were the only rock stars present, and it showed. Curses were muttered and killer glares dealt as the band and entourage froze out the whole backstage area. In contrast to the day's previous entertainment, the gap between band and audience was mammoth.

Flash guns did overtime as Siouxsie whirled and curled, looking magnificent in praying mantis head gear, but that's where my interest died. The whole concept was monstrously impersonal, and while several songs such as 'Christine', 'Nightshift' and 'Happy House' (golden oldies - get the idea?) had all of us up there, the majority of the material walked in a spiritual wilderness.

Reports of Banshees crew members wrenching the cameras from fans' hands filtered in and set the seal on the whole thing. As cold as the night air.

Almost as if in apology, Sunday provided the most magical moment of the festival. **Carriacou Big Drum**, hailing from Grenada, packed them in with a vital show of drums, voice and dance. Omnipresent, the beat was throbbing, hypnotic. For the last song, they picked up their drums, and jumped off the stage into the audience. Shock turned to joy, and after a few minutes, musicians and crowd were locked together, inseparable.

A near-naked female stepped methodically over inert bodies, clutching her tray of cookies, as **Courtney Pine** and his **Jazz Warriors** confronted a slowly but surely dwindling crowd. Looking faintly ridiculous in *Absolute Beginners* get-up, their busy, jazzy funk-blues more often than not came over as a muddy cacophony, the razor sharp back beat obscured by legions of battling horns. Uncomfortable.

The Daintees lived up to their name for a while, soothing tired and culture-drunk heads with quaint, countryfied ditties. Which made their sudden explosion into a fiery, impassioned, storming ballad all the more stunning.

They were closely followed by **The Bhundu Boys** from Zimbabwe, proudly proclaiming: "When in Rome, do as Romans! We eat fish and chips!"

The Bhundu Boys make scorching, electrified, African dance sounds, cleverly interwoven with some basic blues roots.

They can change the rhythm in a wink of an eye, chopping it up as the entire noise keeps itself together.

With a deadline to meet, we took one last look round, dodged a huge horse being ridden bare-back, and left...



AFRIKA BAMBAATAA: just look at the size of that assegai!

FRESH BREW!

UK FRESH '86

Wembley Arena

ELECTRO IN i-D is one thing; down the Wag, rubbing shoulders with models and occupants of the chart's lower reaches. This, however, is the *real* thing. Pimples have no respect for racial barriers, and the spotty youth of the world is united in a day-long celebration of acne, one nation under a zit. Half the audience wear trainers; 80 per cent are under 20, the larger proportion male.

It's fitting that at Wembley Arena - just a mortar bomb's lob away from the home of football - a fashion that has transformed the manufacture of referee's whistles into a growth industry should converge for its convention, the sporadic bursts of concerted tooting sounding like a plague of locusts.

The upping of the stage lights precipitates an ant-like swarm of those seated two kilometres away in the cheap seats towards the wider open spaces within sight of the performers. As a reward for their efforts, they are greeted by that absolutely

street-cred figure, Capital Radio's living fossil Mike Allan - for those of you outside the capital, imagine Bob Holness of *Blockbusters* as an MC and you'll have the vibe.

I settle for an unhampered ant's view but still manage to sit next to "a foxy lady" (Allan's phrase) who dances her bum on her plastic seat, setting off seismic vibrations along the row and making the next five hours resemble a bumpy bus ride.

First up, some dextrous digital diversion from the decks of DJ Cheese, then a spot of skeletal body popping and the day's first protracted yawn courtesy of Steady B. "Everybody say ho!" This is the first of many such exhortations, and although I've always considered this request rather inane, it is only now that I construe the real, deep meaning of the chant. It is a throwback to the '60s and they are singing about Ho Chi Minh. Aha! So how come they never shout "everybody say Mao"?

Despite the debatable excellence of DJ B (alias MC Boob), foxy and her bum are really rocking. My breakfast

is determined to make a reappearance and it becomes impossible to study *The Racing Post*.

Masquerade mime a number, to be followed on stage by Morgan Khan who introduces the UK's contenders for Fresh '87, the unconvincing Family Crest. The story the other papers got in a huff about - the clash of the two Roxannes - gets a brand new twist with the announcement that Roxanne Shanté is in bed with chicken pox; Captain Rock stands in with an energetic stint. By now I'm starving, but chips which look like they were pre-fried at Chernobyl? No ta! I opt for an Ethiopian hot dog and instantly regret it. Sir Mix A Lot does the regular stuff, then Dr Jeckyll And Mr Hyde add a touch of class and experience with a Tom Tom Club mix and customary "ho"s.

For the umpteenth time, Allan The Geek snivels about how unfortunate it is that the three headline acts can't all be on stage together. Apparently they've all drawn lots for the running order (although with all the gear to set up, it would be virtually impossible for Bambaataa to go on at any time other than last). Grandmaster Flash's five-strong vocal crew are low on "ho"s, but high on audience response, initiating a parrot-like bout of shouting and flapping arms that wouldn't have been out of place at a Nuremberg rally.

Allan is really rocking now. "STAR-SKI, STAR-SKI" hollers the old codger, a pathetic sight. One number and the green-jacketed Lovebug is off the stage as his backing tape takes a coffee break. He returns, momentum destroyed, with half the speakers blaring half the chant of 'House Rocker'.

Between sets, I stand on the wrong part of a flip-up seat and get my foot stuck for over a minute. This is a good way to feel very stupid.

And then real drums and 'Planet Rock', aka 'Trans-Europe Express', take us back to the neolithic era of electro, introducing the human tank that is Afrika Bambaataa.

On the Simple Simon Says front, he succeeds even better than Flash, inciting the front ranks with his assegai and bringing the first house to a fitting climax. "If you don't like South Africa, stand up." Emotional blackmail, eh? 'Sun City' has them rocking in the aisles.

A sneak backstage offers a comfy chair and some peculiar ham/pizza vol-au-vents, all in all a far more attractive proposition than a reprise by most of the lesser acts from the afternoon, a notable exception being DJ Cheese who proves that he is the most accomplished

scratching DJ on show today.

World Class Wreckin' Cru play instruments (unusual) and have some nifty quick-step choreography to show off, as well as some *serious* satin jackets. By now, "wave your hands in the air" and "yo, baby, yo" are emerging as pretenders to the throne of King Ho.

Towards the back of the hall, a succession of small circles are being formed to watch the displays of the local breakers. Suddenly, the floor clears with a rapidity that suggests tear gas, but the actual cause of this panic is the appearance on stage of two gangs of dancing kids whose spins and springs are judged by their peers by whistle blasts which act as hip hop clapometers. Wow!

Other than her ability to do a fair impersonation of the walk of Foghorn Leghorn, there seems little to get excited about regarding The Real Roxanne. Sure, she's OK, but the novelty of a foxy lady conducting the camp fire chanting seems to be her greatest asset. Her raps are a compilation of everybody else's but perhaps that's it - a Real Roxanne rap is like a greatest hits collection.

Whatever, she certainly gets everyone playing at umpires signalling a six, unlike the unfortunate Leroy Burgess, singer and token silver lamé jacket for the brothers Aleem. When he says "scream", no-one seems too bothered (with Roxanne however, lungs explode right, left and centre). They open with the classy 'Get Loose' and proceed to go down like a lead balloon, their funk all at sea on a sticky electro wicket.

"About f***** time," chirps MC Tee by means of an intro to himself and Mantronix. It's all academic by now, though. The beats merge into one continuous blur while, next door at the Stadium, the innocent is preparing for the slaughter. "Frank Bruno?" enquires Tee, "who's he?". It's been a long day.



LOVEBUG STARKI: man cannot live by tape alone



GRANDMASTER FLASH: always good for a bit of audience callisthenics

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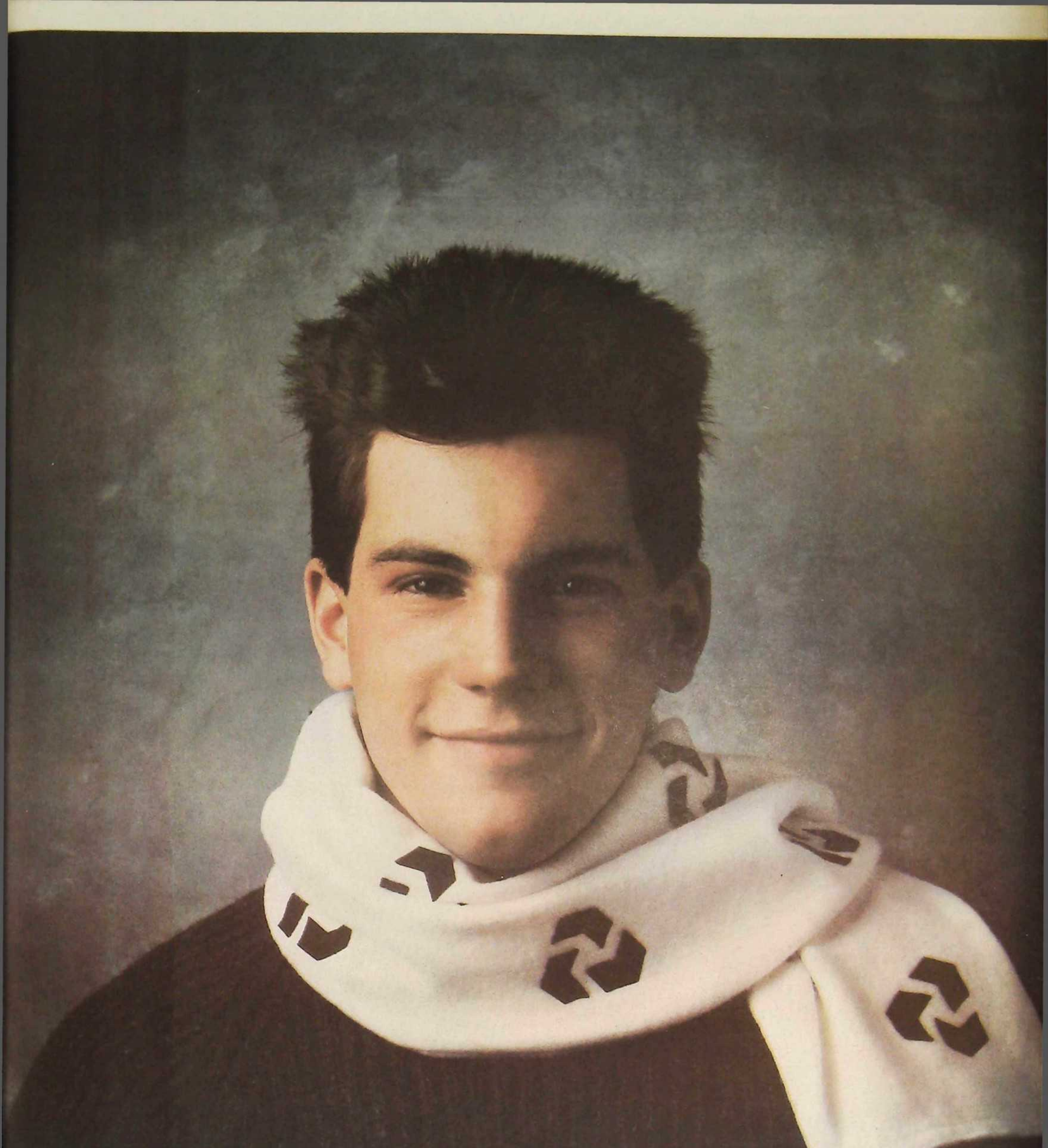
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ALBUMS

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



UB40: too many cooks?

Anton Corbijn

PEST CONTROL

UB40 'Rat In The Kitchen' (Dep International LP DEP 11)***1/2

MANY MUSIC scribblers, including friends of mine, stubbornly maintain that UB40 have only one song and that they don't even play or perform that very well. From Brum to dumb, this ragged reggae regiment are critically perceived as existing for the cause of lining their own pockets while propagating a hazy, hypocritical pop 'socialism'.

'Rat In The Kitchen' partly represents the band attempting to come to terms with the ironies of their journey, from 'Signing Off' the dole queue in 1980, to the enchanted chart life they lead today. The fascination is, this is a game they will never win: UB40 have had their cake, eaten it and are now choking on a loss of credibility, but the sound that comes out is so torridly tuneful it ensures this record will sell till hell turns to ice.

Full of self-doubt, sometimes mawkishly sentimental, occasionally downright embarrassing in its self-pitying, lyrical self-flagellation, 'Rat In The Kitchen' is UB40 stripping away the facade of stardom to reveal uncertainty. As Astro makes clear via the overlong title rap, this crew feel betrayed, and

their confusion and hurt is writ large, from Norman Hassan's parading of his born-again conscience on 'Looking Down At My Reflection' to 'All I Want To Do' where Ali aches, "My life is a joke, but to me it isn't funny".

I can already hear the typewriters rattling deprecatory gags about UB40 like Gatling guns, but in amongst the pristine agit-pop of the current anti-apartheid single, 'Sing Our Own Song', and the toasting promise of 'Tell It Like It Is', there is a streak of trenchant honesty which it would be churlish to deny.

The centrepiece illustrating the cleft stick UB40 find themselves beaten with is unearthed on 'Don't Blame Me', where Ali lets loose with his stratospheric blue voice: "Think it's fair to say, we welcome riches down our way... I want to be a millionaire... I'm scared to death of poverty... Don't blame me for wanting more... Even so I'm holding on thinking the world could live as one".

A case of poor little rich boys? No. This sometimes inarticulate record, which resonates with some very fine reggae, is the sound of UB40's growing pains.

JACK BARRON

ROGUE MALE 'Animal Man' (Music For Nations MFN 68)****

IT'S NOT a happy place, the world that Rogue Male inhabit, full of tension and bitterness, populated by psychotics...

I quickly forgot about Rogue Male after I saw them

at the Hammy Odeon last year, apart from the fact that they played at a painfully loud level. But 'Animal Man' could be the work of a different band. It is not always easy listening but it has an edge, not unlike Metallica's 'Master Of Puppets', because Rogue Male are changing the rules

of the game.

Take the opening track, 'Progress', nothing short of stunning fire and brimstone. It is almost up-tempo funk but, mangled and mutated by slashes of sheet metal noise, it charges along. By song number two, 'LUST', we begin to get the message: "Music is our lust..."

Rogue Male are out and out punks at heart, the lyrics sometimes reading like rejected ideas from the first Clash album. Jim Lyttle's voice owing more to the class of '76 than to his wailing contemporaries.

While the songs touch on the human condition — unemployment and the madness of advancing technology — all are played with the same intention: ram it down their throats. It may make them sick, but it's for their own good.

Rogue Male are breaking free from the mythical, closeted HM world while retaining utmost credibility in the heavy raw power stakes. Don't let the dog's dinner outfits put you off sampling one of the best metal albums of the year. Rogue Male are all dressed up with somewhere to go.

NEIL PERRY

AND ALSO THE TREES 'Virus Meadow' (Reflex LEX 6)****3/4

I DOUBT if anyone had to mortgage their house to finance this recording but the production team have done a fine job, avoiding flashy chartbound tat, preferring

instead to take their cue from the mighty Russ Abbott in opting for an atmosphere. Precisely what sort of atmosphere I'm not sure, but this is not a record to play a) during half-time at football matches, b) at a 21st birthday party, or c) during an Orange march.

If anything, I could envisage 'Virus Meadow' as a soundtrack to *Howl* hero Jack Hargreaves' long-running TV smash *Out Of Town*, the theme tune to which is uncannily like the Trees' 'Gone... Like The Swallows'. Whatever, the feel is maintained throughout, sometimes overshadowing individual songs.

The evocative (God, I swore I'd never use that word) gatefold sleeve indicates the importance placed by the band on the reproduced lyrics of Simon Huw Jones. I'm pathologically antipathetic towards self-proclaimed 'poets' in rock (I mean, *Jim Morrison*) but the Jones pen manages to translate bittersweet music into appropriate words. The essence of And Also The Trees, however, is the guitar of Simon's bro' Justin, more haunting than anything the *Ghostbusters* ever came up against. A very beautiful record.

ANDY HURT

BOB DYLAN 'Knocked Out Loaded' (CBS 86326) **

ALL THAT big stage fold-back sound is starting to clog up Dylan's ears. He's taken to writing readymade anthems for stadiums around the world to vibrate to.

You can almost see thousands of upraised arms swinging to 'Brownsville Girl' or 'Under Your Spell'. And Kris Kristofferson's 'They Killed Him' gets smeared with gospel goo and a children's choir — subtle it ain't.

Tracks like 'Driftin' Too Far From Shore', which would have been masterfully understated back on 'Blood On The Tracks', have turned into leaden rock songs. Only 'Got My Mind Made Up', a bottleneck boogie with Tom Petty, and Little Junior Parker's 'You Wanna Ramble' rise above the woolly-minded blight with a distinguishing sparkle.

You can argue that 'Knocked Out Loaded' is a welcome relief from the hellfire and brimstone Dylan was preaching a few albums back. But the muddled attempt to go back to early Dylan-rap on 'Brownstone Girl' with its half-hearted ambiguity is a bit sad.

Funny, that; his sleeve notes for the excellent 'Biograph' set at the end of last year seemed to indicate that he'd developed a shrewd sense of perspective.

HUGH FIELDER

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Live! For Life' (IRS MRF 1013)***

AN ODD little collection. In aid of the AMC Cancer Research Centre, this selection of IRS live out-takes by the label's most successful sons and daughters is both disjointed and rather understated.

It's a question of fans forking out for their heroes' rare live appearances only to find them rubbing shoulders with some of the shoddier IRS fare.

Of note, perhaps, are Sting's 'I Been Down So Long', in which he takes five to introduce the band and the burbling guitar of Jeff Beck, REM's 'Ages Of You', and The Bangles' harmonised 'Hero Takes A Fall'. Also-rans include Squeeze, who sound like Squeeze and... well,

that's about it.

The rest is pretty uninspiring stuff from Stewart Copeland and Derek Holt, The Alarm, Silent Movies, Oingo Bongo (what?) and The Go-Gos. What you have to do is weigh up whether you really want one of the tracks. It might be easier just to send your donation straight to the charity.

DAVE HENDERSON

TWELFTH NIGHT

'Twelfth Night' (Virgin CAS 1174)***3/4

THE MYSTERIES of Twelfth Night were explained to me in a would-be country pub recently: "They can all play but the singer can't reach one good note."

Well, the same could've been said of Van Halen before Diamond Dave split for good, and in those days VH were simply the best. They ain't so hot now, though, so maybe vocal shortcomings are, in the right context, a bonus.

Unfortunately, Twelfth Night appear to be having difficulty coping with them. Andy Sears, the man with the less than golden vocal chords, isn't all bad, especially when the tighter, single-orientated arrangements on side one condense his histrionics into a more acceptable form.

'Pressure' (Tears For Fears' 'Mothers Talk' comes to mind) and 'Jungle' (like a bouncy U2) get the best out of him.

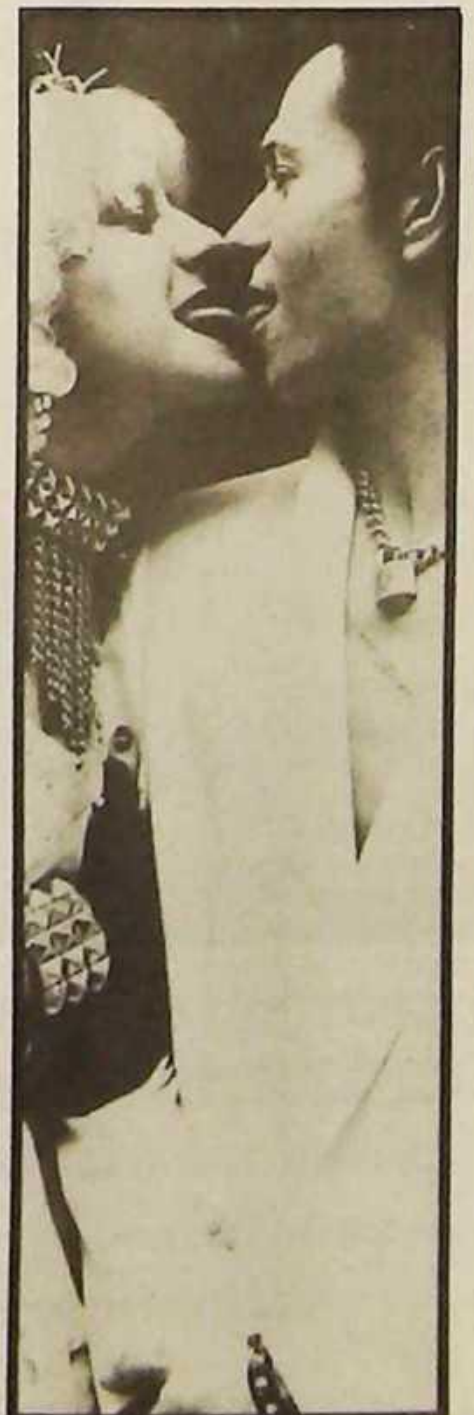
But leave him to carry a lengthier track, and you've got problems.

Ultimately it speaks volumes for the songs — and for Twelfth Night as a whole — that in spite of this they've still produced an encouraging and listenable album. Seeing as Sears is so obviously a part of the band, I can only hope that he'll stick around and make his efforts count for more next time.

PAUL ELLIOTT

REVOLTING COCKS 'Big Sexy Land' (Wax Trax! WAXUK 017)****

SUBCONSCIOUSLY WRENCHING apart the industrial funk blueprint once and for all, Revolting Cocks find a sure footing without making their violence pointless. Already having tensed muscles (theirs and ours) with the 'No Devotion'



NANCY 'N' SID: such romance!

HOT FOR TEACHER

VAN MORRISON 'No Guru, No Method, No Teacher' (Mercury MERH 94)*****

WHEN ONE considers that 1984's 'Live At The Grand Opera House Belfast' was Van's first burst of listlessness since 'Hard Nose The Highway' more than ten years before, his stature becomes more than impressive, more like unearthly. Last year's 'A Sense Of Wonder' almost brought Van back to his '70s high-water mark but lacked an overall coherence that his most devastating work possesses.

His most consummate record since 'Wavelength' and his most intriguingly involved since 'Astral Weeks', this is bursting to saturation point, Morrison at his most mystical, magical best.

Like 'Astral Weeks', it comes with a full-fledged scenic atmosphere, his own childhood fragments taking on supercharged lust. Always more fondly inclined towards his

more curvaceous soundscapes — especially when stretched across an entire album — 'No Guru' thrills me as it sways with eyes of blue and soul enchanted. Without flaws, it gently coaxes much gripping sublimity out of the softest of refrains, the lowest undercurrents of sound. At his most effective when understated, the crescendos here are never dampened by their subtle nature, and never fall short of blinding.

It's impossible to select a favourite moment here because this whole event aches with a uniform grief, a steady stream of sorrow. Morrison's ability to make desolation visibly moving has never been surpassed by anyone in any form; this is another astonishing peak amongst peaks.

Only the delicately jaunty 'Ivory Tower' single, the finale here, breaks a mood of solemn, sublime reflection. 'No Guru' simply enraptures, the best record of this year so far.

JONH WILDE

STUTTER~FINGERS!



JAMES: funny, but we didn't know Nik Kershaw was a photographer as well...

JAMES 'Stutter' (Sire JMLP 1)***

I AM trying to think of a group other than The Housemartins who look more boring than James. I am having big trouble in this quest. I am listening again to the long-awaited debut LP from these 'thoughtful Mancunians' and screwing my nose up at the word 'thoughtful'. They are shrieking about people who set themselves on fire. They want to be accurate poets and there is no such thing. They have never met Willie Colon.

But they're not stupid. I mean, you look at the cover — dutifully beautiful, truly unruly — and you release that. And you remember the dynamic delicacy of 'Hymn From A Village' and wonder why why why is this Lenny Kaye production such a... such a slight disappointment. Perhaps it's because you keep comparing it to 'Horses', which is like comparing this review to the complete works of Susan Sontag. (Oh, gee, thanks, that's really sweet of you.)

Commencing with 'Skulduggery', James mark out their territory. It's a rather uncommitted tale of insects eating brains. This they do by entering through the ear. James attempt similar. Here is the rocky bit which they do so well, with such composure. It's tinny. It's flat. It's one-dimensional. It's bound to improve...

But it doesn't, until the single 'So Many Ways' starts sucking its own thumbs and fingers. And even then they blow it by dramatising their own main weakness and folly. This they do by proclaiming "Seduction has to be wrong". With this one line they pinpoint the blindspot of their sensibility. If it didn't make you not love them, it'd make you love them.

Things get tougher, stronger, there's less whining on 'Johnny Yen' and the inventive, scurrying 'Summer Song'. Timothy John Booth's voice and James Lawrence Gott's guitar (Lord, those names!) start to show off a bit on 'Billy's Shorts' and 'Why So Close'. Mmm, come on, let's see some strut, some pride, some greatest love of all...

But no. Without the self-modelled pelvic biology of a Mac, the comic genius of a Morrissey, the uncontrived rush of The Wedding Present or Age Of Chance or the vaguest nuance of glamour, James here fall between about seven stools, the extremes of which are urban folk and Steve Hackett with short hair. "Need a wash, need a wash" is one of the closing refrains. It is glaringly obvious what James do need.

An interesting but club-footed student exercise. File under 'Raymonde'. What? Oh, I think they were once the most important pop group of all time as well...

CHRIS ROBERTS

EP earlier this year, here, in transports of cut-up excess, comes more of the same. 'Big Sexy Land' frets impatiently, cranking with extraordinary violence, complete with endless shock spasms and sudden, unexpected intrusions.

Not that this constant racket yearns for any soft oral darkness; Revolting Cocks sound forced but essentially lithe. Having verged on charred severity and dense frustration with their previous Ministry, they throw their shoulder-pads to the breeze and bring the chicken bone back to the throat of all this fraught funk.

Side one's 'We Shall Cleanse The World' and side

two's 'Union Carbide' wear big clomping shoes and stamp out insect rock in a buckled, bulldozer style. 'Big Sexy Land' is no doodling muse, finding these Belgians ready to reduce all their swaggering neurosis into one giant, compelling hunk of jagged chills. Unlike most of their similarly inclined cousins, Revolting Cocks make big beat alienation sound positively welcoming.

JONH WILDE

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Streetsounds 17'

(Streetsounds STSND 17)***1/2

FOR THOSE of you who have run out of fingers, we're up to number 17 already. As usual,

you can't question the value for money aspect of a Streetsounds album — ten extended club hits for around a fiver — but this collection seems unnecessarily bulked out by fillers.

Even so, Janet Jackson, hardly everybody's cup of tea, shows that a little plagiarism is more effective than total originality. To her credit, she manages to manipulate melodramatic beats and butchered pulses — obviously inspired by Run DMC — with her own special vampiric erotica. And alongside such pedestrian balderdash as Colours and Michael Jonzun, 'Nasty' seems worryingly fresh.

Sleeque, too, play rough... until they unleash a happy-go-lucky chorus that will no doubt have the girls jumping feverishly for positions in the wet T-shirt competition.

Zapp's 'Computer Love' is the track on the compilation, however. Mystically entrancing, eccentrically soulful and gently caressing, 'Computer Love' twitches with a barrel of tickling noises. Pulsating with sex, it squelches like two sweaty stomachs, dripping with a thick soulful syrup that glides through the humid summer night like a refreshing breeze. Monumental.

RON ROM

THE RUBY CHAIN

'Sharon's Smile' (Ruby Records RR01)****

I ONCE went out with a girl called Sharon. So did Andy Hurl. (Poor girl! — Ed.) Eventually, though, the lady in question decided that the fairer sex were more her desired platter. I was, I think, heartbroken.

If I'd been a crestfallen young Woody Allen type, I'd have burnt my Everything But The Girl T-shirt and introduced The Ruby Chain's LP to the turntable. While selecting a suitable razor blade and penning my epitaph, the strains of a Dutch (?) bunch of downers would have reduced my threshold of consciousness sufficiently for me to slip into a coma...

In the after life, maybe I'll come back as a vicious red-eared terrapin and bite Sharon's finger when she inadvertently slips it into my tank. Hopefully I'll have rabies, too.

DAVE HENDERSON

THE JANITORS

'Thunderhead' (In Tape IT 028)****1/4

ALBUM REVIEWS often give a thoroughly unbalanced impression of a band, as frequently the writer has not actually seen the object of his criticism in a live performance.

But I have seen The

Janitors live and it is quite clear that their perusal of that essential tome, Andy Hurl's book on *How To Succeed In The Music Business Without Really Having Any Talent Whatsoever* (as used by Bananarama) has not stretched as far as chapter eleven, *The Live Performance* (though, of course, this is not to suggest The Janitors are without talent — perish the thought!).

Once the boys get cracking on the visual side, they'll do full justice to a set of killer-diller material, as evidenced by the near-magnificent seven songs on

COMMUNARDS

'Communards' (London LONLP 18)***1/2

IF IT weren't for the way their roundabout gets wound up on 'Disenchanted' or 'Heavens Above', I'd give this nothing at all. During those few moments it's a capable white disco clip. Otherwise, this is a little sneeze of a record.

The songs Communards write are lovesick moans, blubbery bits of pathos, teardrops trickling into cups of tea: it's so sad, all this, but it's a sadness you can't draw any uplift or beauty from. On 'Reprise', a paltry little sob about life under Thatcher, it sounds like Jimmy's grazed his finger and wants to have a good cry about it. Boo-hoo.

Richard Coles might be the main culprit. The fellow's got no idea of what to do with the music, prattling away at his synthesiser ABC. All we get is bits of classical rhapsody at the lonely piano or Moroder sequencers dressed in frilly petticoats.

'La Dolarosa' is a weedy Brecht-Weill rip off. Drawing camp comparisons won't do them any favours, but the texture and bloom of a track like 'You Are My World' recalls Manilow and Streisand. The waters part for Jimmy to hit an operatic high note and the result is almost



COMMUNARDS: just carry on painting, lads

'ARD CHEESE

neurotically kitsch in effect.

Jimmy Somerville deserves better than these bubble bath surroundings but someone's got to figure out what to do with the bizarre thing that is his voice. Most of time he sounds like Michael Jackson singing 'Got To Be There' — a party turn, and we're tired of party turns. This shrill piping is the stuff of novelty pop, not pale loverboy music. The unrepeatably Bronski moment of 'Small-town Boy' set the voice in a

'Thunderhead'.

My fave is 'Nowhere', an uncharacteristic track due to the absence of slide on the guitar. But away with the shopping list and on with the compliments! Oh, why bother, it would only be going through the motions to rifle through Roget. Suffice to say, all the adjectives would be favourable. That's about it, really...

ANDY HURT

HEAD OF DAVID

'Dogbreath' (Blast First BFFP5)****

DAVID'S HEAD is sizzling in the microwave. Eyes bulging like ping-pong balls. Temples throbbing with fear. Mouth twisted like a razor scar. He's waiting for that split second when the ugly and the beautiful explode into a red smear. Living in Dudley can do strange things to a person.

HOD — far from labourers — are definitely onto something, judging by this debut mini-album which burns with scalp-crawling intensity. At least, that's the impression one gets from the guitar of Eric Jurenovski which sends Tony lomme shrieking off for a fight with Rowland Howard. Limbs fly in all directions; heavy metal floats like scum in comparison.

There really is something brutal about 'Dogbreath' — maybe Dave Cochran's bass, which bludgeons like a club, lifting HOD out of the mud of Birthday Party come-latelies and into another sphere altogether. Up at max volume, even the Swans-ish 'White Bastard' and the cover of Suicide's orbital 'Rocket USA', the two atypical cuts here, feel as though they are tearing the skin off your body.

Quite what singer Reuben Burroughs is trying to impale with the pointed stake of his voice I still haven't deciphered, though song titles such as 'Newly Shaven Saint' and 'I Will Fall At Your Feet' are intriguing enough to make me listen more closely. Their pain is my pleasure.

The first genuinely visceral British band since the Mary Chain but without the pop hooks. HOD blast first and ask questions later.

Deadly.

JACK BARRON

SID 'N' DEATH

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK 'Sid And Nancy (Love Kills)' (MCA MCG 6011)***

LOOKING LIKE a phoney epitaph to a sick fairy-tale loosely based on rock 'n' roll degeneration, suicide and murder, here's the *Sid And Nancy* soundtrack LP. And I wonder if this will be the final nail in Sid's coffin, the last dance of his creaking bones and spirited soul in these conformist '80s.

The mood on this obtrusively moody, schizophrenic record paints an odd picture, placing the film halfway between a Hollywood-style tragic love story — a gooey sentimentality surrounds punk's Romeo and Juliet — and an artistic, anarchic Hitchcock plot reliant on question marks that don't really exist.

Old Joe Strummer edges towards the Hitchcock theory with his title track 'Love Kills'. Joe always was one for melodramatic bellyaching, romancing topics that really were beyond romancing. His two contributions are bog-like dramas and corny with it.

The Pogues — sounding so unlike themselves that I had to check the track-listing to make sure it was them — firstly come across like Patti Smith with 'Haunted' and then, with 'Junk', like PIL. Both capture more than most the drugged emotions, paranoia and stark, chilling conclusion of Sid and Nancy's love affair, if, indeed, it really could be called a love affair.

Steve Jones — yes, the one who use to be in The Sex Pistols — here typifies today's worn punk elite, trying to earn an honest crust but burning the toast with some awful MOR. Steve's 'Pleasure And Pain' (the title really says it all) is an insult to his past. Surprisingly, it's left to The Circle Jerks to get it just raucously right with their throttling 'Love Kills' (no relation). It's so fresh, raw, menacing, ferocious and exciting that it captures Sid at his self-destructive best, a victim of his own press.

All this soundtrack really does is raise the question: is Alex Cox just flogging another dead horse, or merely riding with a handicap? I'll reserve my final verdict until I've seen the film.

RON ROM

S I N G L E S

Reviewed by
Billy Mann

LATIN QUARTER

'America For Beginners'

(Arista) Once again, Latin Quarter are so calm and chillingly calculating in their social commentary that you begin to wonder if they really have it in them to get angry. Will they ever shout, Get out of Central America, you dirty, filthy interventionist warmongering blighters! Well yes, they might. And indeed they may have on this record. The serenade put me to sleep so fast I could have missed it.

HINDU LOVE GODS 'Gonna Have A Good Time Tonight' (IRS Import)

When I was invited to the room of a select London hotel to hear some new demo material from Warren Zevon and heard some of the richest songwriting I'd ever heard, I was excited at the prospect of that talent teaming up with the sheer drive of REM.

But I'm disappointed. This single sounds like a piss-about jam session and the main narrative thrust is "Gonna have a good time tonight/Rock 'n' roll's gonna be alright". Ugh. A sad, opportunistic piece of work that does no credit to any of the artists involved.

DARYL HALL 'Dreamtime'

(RCA) To use the vernacular of our friends on *Kerrang!*, 'Dreamtime', with its big back-beat, mad pulse and theatrical ELO style wall of guitars and keys is "well rocky". And of course, Hall's voice - being what is surely one of the great white soul voices of my lifetime at least - carries the whole thing off in a blaze of rock glory. There's something missing, though. A black moustache, maybe?

TWENTY FLIGHT

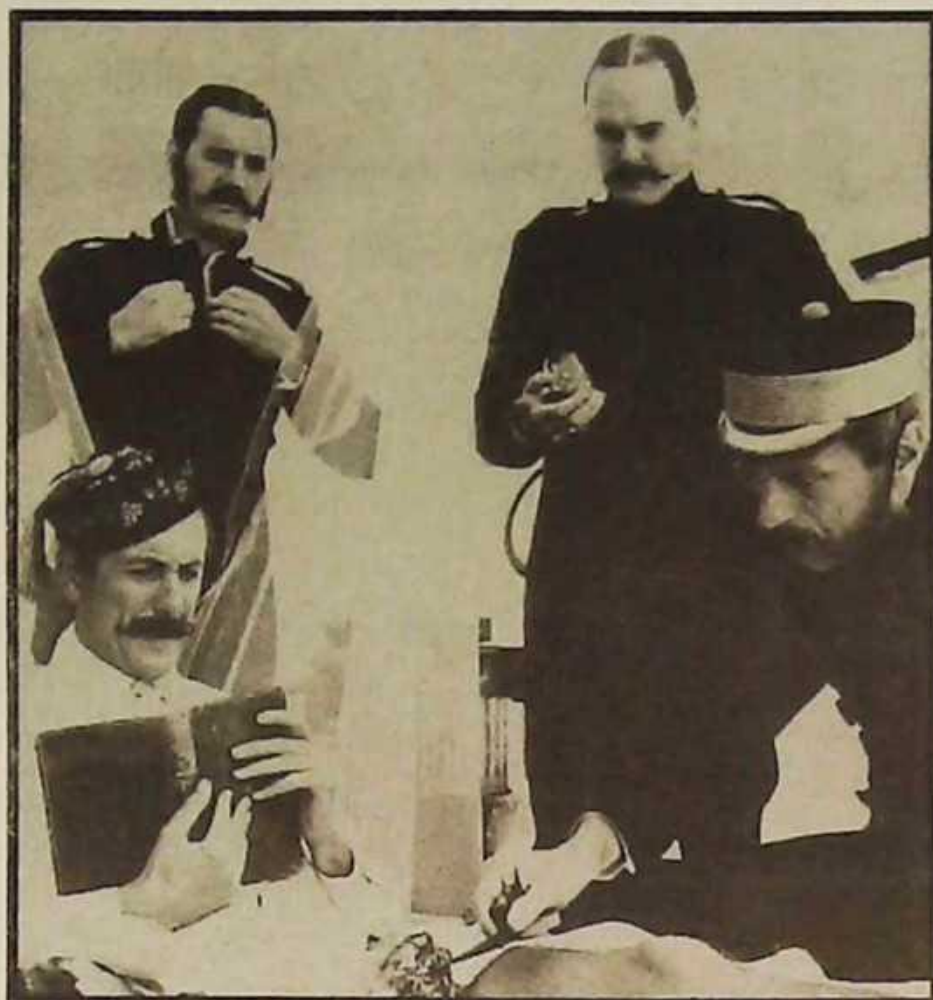
ROCKERS 'Johnny Seven'

(WEA) More big rock 'n' roll thunder from the man-beasts in leather 'n' studs who pick their guitars with the dexterity of somebody picking his nose. You either love it or you hate it, and the biggest compliment I can pay it is to say it stinks.

ZENO 'Love Will Live'

(EMI) Zeno, like Spelt Like This, are something of a laughing stock in the *Sounds* office. They're like the plague. Nobody admits to ever even *hearing* a Zeno record. And I was told that if I reviewed 'Love Will Live' I would become the lifelong friend of a certain EMI PR.

Dear Brian, I sympathise with you totally for having to try and plug a band like Zeno. They're muck. But keep trying, old bean, because where there's a will there's a way and somebody somewhere is actually waiting for Zeno to come along and make their lives full of lift and vitality. When you find them, call the hospital.



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE WALKING SEEDS 'Know Too Much' (Probe Plus) A while ago *Sounds* ran a fond obituary for a band from Liverpool called The Mel-O-Tones. It said that three members of the band would continue to kick seven types of shit all over the place while guitarist Martin Dempsey went off to find his real self.

The Walking Seeds are the shit-kickers. They have been joined by ex-Marshmallow Overcoat child-lunatic Barry 'Don't Call Me McCulloch' Sutton who, if anything, has made them sound even dirtier, smellier and heavier than before.

The Mel-O-Tonic rock 'n' roll speed and thrash has given way to an earthy splud, the overall result sounding more like primitive punk at its best. And when I say punk, I don't mean Punk. This music is thick, black and violently percussive. Frank Martin's voice is a man-eating animal that spits rusty nails straight into your eyeballs. It stamps on your knee-caps. The rhythm section from Bob 'The Slob' Parker and 'Rat Face' Jon Neesam gleefully pours liquid cement into your boots then dares you to dance.

'Know Too Much' is four tracks of rotting flesh. You can slam it down the throats of your enemies and make them gag to death.

Well, what can I say except that I find The Smiths' music the most sterile, conservative rubbish in the world? Morrissey sells his masturbation fantasies and people buy them. On this one he yelps "hang the DJ" over and over until you want to hang him (the stupid crybaby) by his little toes, from a great height.

A very short thrill at two minutes 19 seconds.

A TECHNICOLOR DREAM

'Don't Let Them Know' (Voices Of Wonder) "The complex mathematical functions shown on this cover are derived by Helga M Lebiko", it says. And the sound is the one you are supposed to hear when you finally realise death is nigh. The angels sing peacefully and your whole being undergoes a transcendence of the cosmic nature. A Hugh Fielder record.

SENSIBLE SHOES 'Build Me

An Empire' (Lamb To The Slaughter) A quasi-religious chant ceremony. Sounds like one of those new-fangled hymns the kids sing in school today. Give me 'Jerusalem' any day.

CLASS WAR 'Better Dead

Than Wed' (Mortarhate) A 'Dear Marie' type message to Sarah Ferguson from a collection of her closest friends; a variation on the singing/performing telegram. Hilarious. Some say in bad taste. Fergie will say "I obey".

THE CHICAGO BEARS

SHUFFLIN' CREW 'The Superbowl Shuffle' (Mercury) Flat, lifeless rap from The Bears, who include one William Perry whose neck is wider than his head. Laugh, I could have scored.

HOW WE LIVE 'Working

Town' (Portrait) Soft, bedroom melodrama; childlike reflections on the industrial community. A cross between the bleeding souls of Renaissance and Jim Diamond.

THE GLASS BEAT GAME

'Do You Remember' (Influx Records) There's something strange and fascinating about women in rubber, but I haven't quite worked out what it is yet. 'Do You Remember', however, is a lot less fascinating than its singer's clobber. It half pumps along with nowhere to hide beyond the smallest of small dancefloors.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD

'Rhythm Method' (China Records) As all good Catholics will tell you, it's the only way. Selling a song about it is a lot more difficult, though. Even if you use words like "head" and "penetration" and breathe heavily "rhy-thum me-thud oh, oh, ooh, ooh", nobody is going to believe you're talking about real sex when you sound so fagged out and limp. Put it away, please.

LOVEBUG STARKSKI 'House

Rocker' (Epic) And so, the man who is supposed to have invented the term 'hip hop' whilst pretending to be a frog in the bath releases the follow-up to his massively rocky 'Amityville (The House On The Hill)' and falls flat on his fanny.

The very very fashionable guitar/rap ingredients are still there, but the whole thing just lumbers around like a drunk elephant singing "Love-Bug Star-Ski". Thankfully, it only does it for three minutes 46 seconds.

PETE SHELLEY 'Blue Eyes'

(Mercury) I used to hate Pete Shelley's voice. He always seemed to be trying to wrap his vowels around your balls only to slit them with his consonants. These days, though, he's mellowed. He sounds wiser, softer, a more charming proposition entirely.

And yet he's lost none of his aggression, it's just less physical. At this rate, I could end up liking the old whingebag.

NU SHOOZ 'Point Of No

Return' (Atlantic) Another follow-up to previously acquired mega-action. The bassline itself will carry this one into the clubs from where it will slip and slide and act as a chaperone to a million passionate exchanges of the sweat-spilling variety. Spinework in motion.

SPANDAU BALLET 'Fight For Ourselves'

(Reformation/CBS) I've been sat here knowing this was in the pile but afraid to touch it.

To people down here in London, Spandau Ballet must have once seemed fairly glamorous. They became poseurs almost because they wanted to show the poseurs how to pose properly. Up north we thought they were plonkers of the first order. We hated the sneaky, snivelly looking Kemp brothers almost as much as we hated

people asking us what a 'butty' was.

But as the singles ticked by, I came to like them in a funny kind of way. That tall bloke couldn't half sing and, well, they sort of won me over. So when our News Editor told me they'd been involved in a lot of complicated legal stuff and changed labels I thought it would be interesting to see if, after so long, they could still pull it off.

They can't. As artists they are effectively in a coma. The pomposity that came to scar their original sense of fun and pleasure has, during their enforced absence, seeped through the entire Spandau body. They chant desperately (and repeatedly) "Everybody (boom boom) we gotta fight for ourselves", leaving you with the feeling that it won't be long before you see a plastic jar on the bar of your local saying Help The Spands. Pitiful.

PAUL MCCARTNEY 'Press'

(Parlophone) There's a school of thought that says artists like Paul McCartney constipate the musical community (whatever that is), blocking the way for new, exciting talent. Bullshit. Though I have personally found most of his recent work pretty floppy, so is most of this so-called new, exciting talent. So who is constipating who around here?

What's probably more significant is that McCartney in 'Press' seems to be constipating himself. He's stuffed the lot in here, forging it all together in some wreckless attempt to manufacture the perfect "pop orchestra". It doesn't work. Everything sounds phoney, manufactured and, dare I say it, unfinished. Schubert it's not.

STEVE WRIGHT INTRODUCES THE LEGENDARY PUB SINGER 'I Sing Them My Way'

(PRT) In which Steve Wright plays the noisy pisshead at the back of the last bus home.

And because of his ridiculously influential position the eight songs on this 7-inch medley will get a guaranteed rotation on primetime Radio One. I take back everything I said about constipation.

THATCHER ON ACID 'The Moondance' (All The

Madmen) The guitars drill in third gear. The beat sits high and pulls hard. The voice is spat out. The words fly then hang somewhere within the cloud of thick, vaporous noise. When it ends, it's like coming out of the dentist's.

BELOUIS SOME 'Jerusalem'

(Parlophone) It's a good job Edwin Pouncey is on holiday because if he heard me being even remotely complimentary about Belouis Some he'd put a spell on me, one that would involve an extremely painful death.

The remotely complimentary thing I have to say is that 'Jerusalem' has a good structure, a satisfying succession of verses and choruses. But apart from that it's terrifically lightweight. It bobs and weaves with the necessary technological make-up on but it doesn't get anywhere. Mr Some's voice is lazy. It refuses to lean over and pass the salt so it ultimately sounds like last week's dishwasher. Feeble.

FOSTER PILKINGTON

'Listening Land' (Arista) I recently had the great pleasure of attending a special gig during which assorted journalists could drink themselves silly provided they agreed to listen to Foster Pilkington's wacky, folksy, poppy little show. I drank as much as I could but I couldn't shake off the feeling that insects were crawling all over me. Whose round is it?

FRANK SIDEBOTTOM 'Oh

Supermum' (Regal Zonophone/EMI) In which the sleeve, complete with pictures of Frank ('me as Mr Spock... me as Dr Who') is

funnier than the record. My four year old daughter doesn't appreciate art, though. She likes the songs.

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL 'Come On Home'

(blanco y negro) Quite why EBTG have never really cracked it, I'm not sure. All the 'right-on' qualities are there. Earnest people; earnest, serious, *crafted* music. I know Tracey's voice drags a bit, leaving you with the impression that half of it is still back up her nose, but when will they get on Wogan? Will this record do it? Yes, I think it will. But that doesn't mean to say I like it. It's *expansive, orchestral, dramatic* and, er... dull.

THE WEDDING PRESENT 'This Boy Can Wait'

(Reception Records) The Weddos try to sing while they're running and it doesn't sound as bad as what, say, Cyril Smith would sound like doing the same thing. They're in a hurry, for some reason. The seats of their pants are on fire and they're furiously trying to extinguish the flames. They end up setting light to their feet as well.

POLY STYRENE 'Gods And

Goddesses EP' (Awesome Records) It says here that Poly Styrene left her mark on a whole generation of girls. Maybe she should give Tony Mitchell a ring. I also recall a previous release saying she had been away practising her Krishna beliefs, which is why we haven't heard from her in so long.

Well, she's back now and she still sings from the pit of her stomach. And 'Trick Of The Witch', the pacey, opening flight on this four-track EP, should pick up her musical career and pop its joints back into position.

THE SMITHS 'Panik'

(Rough Trade) Another one I'd been avoiding - frightened of burning my fingers, I suppose.

ODIAC ROAD WARRIORS RIDE AGAIN!

WARP FACTOR ONE

LISTEN CAREFULLY, and you may just be able to hear the cry: Zodiac! Zodiac! ZO-DEEE-AKK!

That little voice has been talking in a lot of people's heads lately, building up like a dam about to burst.

We're talking Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction here, real scene stealers, and the London club circuit has been the domain they've ruled for the past six months, the bikerdelic warlords stomping every also-ran into the beer-sodden boards.

On the strength of one single - Zodiac's autobiographical statement 'Wild Child', made with a band cobbled together from Brilliant for that track only - the Love Reaction have been gigging furiously and desperately, and fronting the whole freaking caboodle is this... this person called Zodiac Mindwarp.

The intention is clear. He wants your world.

The Love Reaction are the good guys in black, existing in a twilight zone of leather and metal, and they are offering not only their love, but their *luurve*. "Pretty baby, it's your lucky day - I bring you pleasure beyond all measure..."

Not so much lock up your daughters, more lock up the whole damn family.

And now the world waits as the first Love Reaction record proper, the mini-album 'High Priest Of Love', breaks its chains. Cobalt Stargazer, Slam Thunderhide, Kid Chaos and Mr Mindwarp would like you to leap on board the crazy train. Hold tight, for tonight we storm the gates of Heaven...

I meet up with the cosmic guitar gods at Peter Anderson's studio, where the band and their three faithful roadies, Smiffy, Gimpo and Evil Bastard, do their best to look utterly charming.

After the shoot, Zodiac, Evil and myself return to Zodiac's lived-in Clerkenwell flat, entrance to which involves someone scaling the wall to the first floor staircase, the key having been lost long ago.

A sense of the ridiculous creeps over me. I mean, Zodiac Mindwarp lives here... do his neighbours know what's happening on their doorstep?

WARP FACTOR TWO

WE POSITION ourselves among the piles of comics, guitars and general debris, Zodiac showing off his new Flying V, which has tiny red lights inlaid in the fretboard.

"The guy said, Do you want one that plays well or one that looks good? And I said, I'll have that one, man..."

Evil sits impassively in the corner. Zodiac, lithe and laid back, begins to talk.

"I managed to blag my way into the Wham! party. It was like being on TV or something, all these characters walking around staring at each other. They completely ignored me. There was all this fake snow in the doorway, that's what this stuff is on the floor. I brought some home in my pockets 'cos I liked it so much."

It has been said he's mad, you know. Stark staring bonkers. He throws off his jacket to reveal his many tattoos and I decide not to ask him if he is - not yet, anyway.

For me, the Mindwarp menace began earlier this year at Dingwalls, when about 50 people watched in horrified fascination as the fledgling Love Reaction howled and growled through 40 minutes of amplified lust. When did it begin for you, Zodiac?

"It just kind of... happened. It rolled along. I had this nutty idea one day, and then I just kept meeting people and it all began falling into place."

Almost like it was meant to...

"Ordained? Nah, it's my particular attitude where I take everything that happens and see the good side. The band, they just... turned up. Kid Chaos arrived and said, I am your bass player... almost like magic."

And with the recent signing to Phonogram, it's all falling into place very quickly. Just what is the secret?

"If I knew, I'd bottle it and sell it, set up an advice agency. It still hasn't sunk in. People say, Hey, everybody's talking about you, Zodiac! I do a show and come home, I don't see it."

"That's why it offends me when people say we're hyped. That couldn't be further from the truth."

"Time Out said we were a hype, which implies that we are cynical. Hype to me is synonymous with cynicism, it's a cancer that stifles people. Anyway, it's the antithesis of rock and roll, it's business, not emotion. Apparently, I've also got to get a producer, but I don't even know what they do."

"I really take things day to day, I never had a plan - I couldn't, I can't remember my mum's telephone number."

"Or where she lives," interjects Evil. "We were there for hours the other night, trying to find her house."

WARP FACTOR THREE

I WAS born in Leeds, in a hospital with a lot of other babies. But I came to London and got a job here. I was married once, you see, and my ex-wife was great, she was quite happy coming home with the money and she didn't mind me being a slob. But she had a mother... who forced me to get a job.

"I worked on *Flexi-Pop* and *Metal Fury*, doing cartoons and illustrations and stuff. *Flexi-Pop* was quite innovative, it got busted for obscenity."

It seems you have quite a tight little family now, roadies and all...

"Yeah, we all dig each other. I've known Evil Bastard for years. I met him in a pub in Bradford - he had a bald head then, and he looked even more evil."

"Mr Smith, Smiffy, he's a real professional, he's been all over the world with bands. He's very choosy, and he came up to me after a gig and said, I'll work for you for nothing. He was once in the Royal Marines, so you don't argue. He knows everybody - Simon Le Bon came up to me at *The Tube* and said, Zodiac, I didn't know you had Smiffy working for you! Like, what?"

"Gimpo was in the Falklands. These jets were flying over bombing them, and he ran out to take pictures of them. He thought it was just like a war film, until they started strafing him, so he got behind this big gun. He thought he was playing *Space Invaders*."

WARP FACTOR FOUR

ZODIAC OBVIOUSLY likes women. Do women like Zodiac?

"Oh yeah, I have no problems in that direction. I've had a recent change of attitude as far as women are concerned, actually. From now on, I shall never tell a lie to a woman, as long as I live."

What's made you come to this decision?

"When you lie to a woman, you end up in terrible shit, because they never forget what you say. You say, I'll love you forever, baby, and the terrible thing is that you do mean it at the time. But there's this voice in your head going, You lying bastard. What are you doing?! And I'm starting to listen to that guy now..."

Women and sex do inspire your songs, though, 99 per cent of the time.

"I try, I really do try to write songs about other things, but I can't do it. It'll go for a week or two and nothing happens, then all of a sudden this sensation starts fluctuating around my trouser area. It creeps up my spine and into the back of my head, whizzes down through my neck and down my arms and out of my pen."

"I haven't had sexism thrust at me in the press yet. I'm sure it'll come. But it's sexy, what we do. You've seen the girls down the front at a gig. They like it, it's sex."

WARP FACTOR FIVE

TAKE a deep breath. I understand you went through a rather heavy time a few years back?

"Yeah, and I never really got out of it, I just manage to cover it up well now. I know I'm not crazy - the whole f***** world is crazy, not me! I'm perfectly normal in my world."

"You see, I spent a long time out of my brain. I went through the whole love trip, how the way you perceive reality is the way you perceive human beings... and everything seems funny to me now. I do care, nuclear war and stuff, but, like, I'm really into reading about outer space, right? You learn about quasars, which is when there's the entire destruction of a galaxy, billions of f***** stars, and that can happen any moment! That makes a continent seem pretty small peanuts to me..."

When your real name is mentioned, it's as if you're talking about another person.

"It's all me, though. Maybe I am schizophrenic, but I don't go up to people in the street and go, Uuuhh! I admit, I do talk to myself. I have conversations where I say, Hey Mark, you're being a real asshole! Then I reply, F*** off, Zodiac!"

"With Zodiac, I guess he's my conscience, he just won't let me do things. He shouts at me, kicks me up the ass and says, You little asshole! Let me out of here! You f*****, I'll send you crazy again! But I don't mind, it's a sort of benevolent schizophrenia. He always makes the right decision. I think..."

WARP FACTOR SIX

WHY DO people like Zodiac Mindwarp?

"Because I like them. I like that audience, and perhaps they sense that. It's a two way thing, that's where the answer lies. I wouldn't like to analyse it too deeply, in case it stopped happening."

Do people look up to you?

"I've been called a dickhead for 15 years, and now people are saying, Zodiac, oh wow. Like, they called me a dickhead last year!"

"But anyway, I think perhaps I am a dickhead. What am I doing, shaking my dick on stage? Oh, f*** it, people seem to like it..."

WARP FACTOR SEVEN

YOU KNOW we did *The Tube*, right?

The best thing that happened to us was... you saw that kid who came on with The Smiths? Yeah, well he was in the hospitality room, which of course The Smiths never went in, and the kid was eyeing us up in our strange garments. He put Cobalt's jacket and shades on and then he said to Cobalt, I wish I was in your group instead of The Smiths! You got taste, kid! That was really brilliant..."

WARP FACTOR EIGHT

ZODIAC'S RAMSHACKLE room is lined with book-filled shelves. Zodiac thinks, therefore he is.

"I spend a lot of time in my head, working out where electricity comes from. I sit here and I plug in my amp and it buzzes, so I think, Where the f***'s that buzzing coming from? I follow the lead to the plug, and I think, That goes all through the walls and under the ground to a power station. And then it's, What powers the power station? It's coal, isn't it? Right, what's coal? It's fossilized trees, and maybe a dinosaur pissed on that tree. This buzzing in my room is the sound of a dinosaur pissing! Then it's, Oh, stop it, Zodiac!"

WARP FACTOR NINE

SO IS there a Zodiac philosophy, a code by which you live your life?

"I couldn't put it in a nutshell... well, I could, actually, it's be yourself and don't give a damn. To know what's right and wrong, and to know when you are wrong, that takes a lot."

"You start respecting age, respecting old people's wisdom. They've lived longer than you and they do know. But they're not going to tell you if you don't want to know."

For a moment, Zodiac Mindwarp looks very vulnerable, squatting on his mattress, asking if he can have another roll-up.

MAXIMUM WARP POWER - FULL SPEED AHEAD

HEY, IT'S like going to see a psychiatrist, doing an interview. We ought to do them on couches!"

In his own words, Zodiac Mindwarp is humble, modest and happy now that he's really found himself. In my words, the Love Reaction is the most exciting thing I've had the pleasure to witness in a long time.

And there's the realisation that, behind all the space-cadet verbals and the rampant press coverage, there is the music - it's the guts, not just a side-show - and the fact that even the sky is no limit for these people.

"If I get really rich, I'm going to buy a Space Harrier machine. It's this amazing video game, all mind blowing state-of-the-art graphics, where you actually sit in it, and get into this rocket ship. It throws you all over the place, and you fall out onto the floor of the amusement arcade, screaming and shouting... Aaaargh!"

I leave about now. Reluctantly.

■ I've been called a dickhead for 15 years, and now people are saying, Zodiac, oh wow! ■

THE MINDWARP mob, left to right: Smiffy, Cobalt Stargazer, Slam Thunderhide, Kid Chaos, Evil Bastard and Gimpo. You can recognise Zodiac — but guess who's got the biggest bike?



The smell of burning rubber, the scream of brake discs, the splatter of flying gravel — it can only be ZODIAC MINDWARP with his LOVE REACTION greasers. NEIL PERRY tries not to get on his knees, PETER ANDERSON shoots the wild bunch

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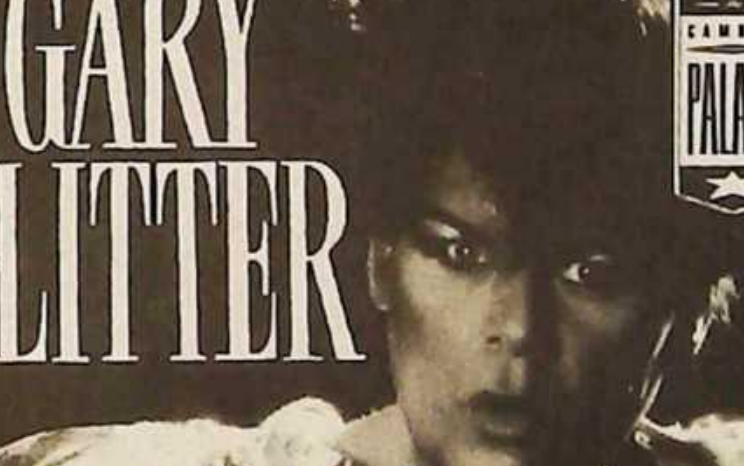
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30**

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EVERY FRIDAY

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**CLOCKWORK
ORANGE**
+ THE LIQUID
LAUGHTER

Friday 1st August
FULL MOON
+ DREAM
CLINIC

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Wednesday 30th July
ZIGGY ZIGGY STARDUST
9-2am £3.00

Thursday 31st July
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The Black Cats + BENNY PROFANE £3.00

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July 23 - **BROKEN BONES** + **THE DESECRATORS**
+ featuring Graham Butler + **English Dogs**
+ **Alternative Attack**

July 29 - **TWENTY FLIGHT ROCKERS**
+ **Chicken Ranch** + **LOVE IT TO DEATH**

July 30 - **ROGUE MALE** + **The Dead Vampires**

July 5 - **MISSION IMPOSSIBLE** + **THE VULTURES** + **THE FALCONS**
+ **THE MELAROOBY DADDIES**

July 6 - **CULTURE SHOCK** + **TIMEBOMB 3** + **STEVE L**
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July 26 = **Voodoo Child** + **Silence**

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Wed 23rd July	TOM INGRAMS RECORD HOP
Thu 24th July	PAZ
Fri 25th July	JOHN COOPER-CLARKE + Red Nite
Sat 26th July	RAY CAMPI + SUGAR RAY FORD & THE HOT SHOTS
Sun 27th July	MANIC DEPRESSIVE'S DISCO
Mon 28th July	IRISH MIST
Tues 29th July	CAPER CAIRIE
Wed 30th July	JIM PAIGE
Late bar every night till 12.30am (Ex Sun 10.30). No Admission after 11.00pm. Equipment repairs phone Frank at The Robbery.	

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ANGELS
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MC-EVIL BASTARD**

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31st JULY

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OF
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FRIDAY: 3-11pm

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Special Guests **DR. & THE MEDICS**
plus **THE MISSION · BALAAM AND THE ANGEL**
MARCH VIOLETS · THE BOLSHOI
TWENTY FLIGHT ROCKERS

SATURDAY: noon – 11pm

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Special Guests from the USA
JOHN WAITE & THE NO BRAKES BAND · THE OUTLAWS
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BUDDY CURTESS & THE GRASSHOPPERS · FM
IT BITES · OUTSIDE EDGE · SKAGARACK

SUNDAY : noon – 11pm

HAWKWIND

Special Guests **LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH**
and **NEW MODEL ARMY**

plus **CHIEFS OF RELIEF**
ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION
CHERRY BOMBZ THRASHING DOVES
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FRIDAY	£8.50
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NIGHT

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

The residents of Finsbury Park batten down the hatches this weekend as The Damned hold their tenth birthday celebrations. Guests for the party are Doctor & The Medics, Screaming Blue Messiahs and The March Violets (Saturday) and The Fall, New Model Army and Pete Shelley (Sunday).

The Fall also play Bolton's Queens Park (Saturday) along with The Three Johns, The Membranes, Age Of Chance and Blyth Power, while Stan Ridgway bolsters his entry into the charts with gigs at London's Town And Country Club (Thursday) and Croydon Underground (Friday).

The gathering of indie heroes continues at the ICA theatre this week, with appearances by Primal Scream, The Wedding Present and The Servants (Wednesday), Bogshed, Age Of Chance, Stump and The Mackenzies (Thursday) and The Mighty Lemon Drops, The Pastels and Mighty Mighty (Friday).

**MORE ADS ON
PAGES 28 & 29**

WEDNESDAY

23

ASH Lion Brewery Fine Line
BEDFORD International Club (46635) Click Click/The Aubergines
BRABOURNE Five Bells Killer Rabbits
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Living Daylights
BRIGHTON Old Vic (24744) Charmed Life
BURNHAM BEECHES Henry's Night Club (3227) Fair Exchange
CHATHAM Churchills The Turning World
COVENTRY Dog And Trumpet (21678) Ultimate Passion
DUNSTABLE High Street Wheatsheaf (62571) Gypsy's Kiss
EDINBURGH Jailhouse (031-557 3073) Breakfast Of Champions
GREATSTONE Seahorse The Phantoms
HUDDERSFIELD Multi-Storey Car Park Another Cuba
HULL Barham (797173) General Wolf
HULL Multi-Storey Car Park 3 Action/Swift Nick
LEEDS Adam And Eve (456724) Broken Bones/The Desecrators
LEEDS The Pub With No Name Out Of The Blue/The Parachute Men
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Rogue Male
LEICESTER Spread Eagle The Ludovic Kennedy Prix/Frank Strident/Pete Ramskill
LEWIS Stornaway Caberfeidh Hotel Heart Industry
LONDON Battersea Park Latchmere (01-924 3216) Blood Brothers
LONDON Brixton Ritzy Cinema John Cale/The Orchids
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) Living In Texas/
Violet Circuit/Tongue
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Bliss/The Feeling
LONDON Crocklewood Lane Production Village Hog's Grunt (01-450 8969) Antz Avenue
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Mega City One God Told Me To Do It
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) John Martyn/Danny Thompson
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) Stan Webb's Chicken Shack
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) The Blubbery Hellbellies
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) VitaRock/Light Brigade
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Manking Kerouacs (01-985 1973) Ozric Tentacles/The In-Stinks
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) Swinging The Blues
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Episode Four/Richard III
HARLESDEN Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Miller Family/Chokum Child/
Swimming In Sand
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Pete Jacobsen Trio/Dill Katz/Colin Dudman
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Balaam And The Angel/The Wild Flowers/The Fifteenth/This Big Emotion
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Icicle Works/The Bolshoi/Yamajak
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) Primal Scream/The Wedding Present/The Servants
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Shake Shake/Alice On The Roundabout
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Call A Doctor
LONDON Soho 50 Frith Street The Band Of Holy Joy

LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Corporal Henshaw (MENCAP charity gig)
MANCHESTER Multi-Storey Car Park The Membranes
MILTON KEYNES Wroughton Centre Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band
NORWICH Santanas Cave Decadent Herbs
NOTTINGHAM Multi-Storey Car Park Kilgore Trout
NOTTINGHAM Venue 53 The Dream
OXFORD St Paul's (53329) Freezing In Cannes/Passion Of Ice/Equinox
PORTSMOUTH Multi-Storey Car Park Doldrum
ROMFORD North Street Rezz (62491) Age Of Chance
SHEFFIELD Multi-Storey Car Park AC Temple/Midnight Choir
SOUTHAMPTON Joiners Arms (25612) Thee Act
SOUTHAMPTON Riverside Club (436840) The Len Bright Combo
SUNDERLAND Chester Road The Royalty Jim Sharpe
TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club (432068) Kooga/Sheer Khan
WANTAGE The Swan The Hamsters From Hell
WIGAN Cassenelli's Beyond The Shadow
WOLVERHAMPTON Multi-Storey Car Park Sticklebricks/Con Dom
WORTHING Inn On The Prom Outside View
YORK The Spotted Cow Haze

THURSDAY

24

ASHINGTON Bubbles After Midnight
BARROW The Bluebird (28481) Skeletal Family
BETHERSDEN Royal Standard Maroon Dogs
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) The Suicide Stars
BOURNEMOUTH Third Side Club The Great Garden/Body Politic
BRADFORD Queens Hall 1 In 12 Club (734519) The Skidmarks
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Steve Whalley
BRIGHTON King's Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Living In Texas/Turn Blue
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) Four Guns/Sweet Dragons/Touch Monkeys
DUDLEY JB's (53597) FBI
DURHAM Dunelm Ballroom Roots Rock Rebel/The Europeans/The Palm Receivers/Empire And Dance/Man In A Suitcase
GALASHIELS Digby's Days Of 29
GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) The Growbags
GLOUCESTER East Gate Street Brunels Wine Bar Charmed Life
GRAVESEND Prince Of Wales We The Accused
GUILDFORD Godalming Scratchers Outside View
HARLOW The Square (25594) Scream Release
HARTLEPOOL Hart Lane Nursery Rock Club (268994) Give The Boys A Holiday/The System
HAYES Royal Standard Antz Avenue
HENLEY ON THAMES Five Horseshoes (574881) Xcess
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head (21758) 300's/Animal Farm
HULL Adelphi (48216) No Tick
ISLE OF SKYE Broadford Hall Heart Industry
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Batfish Boys/Spikey Norman/Company For Henry
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) Trawler Boys
LONDON Brixton Road Old White Horse Run Riot
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) Rib Dot Delay
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Czechs
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4987) No Pearls ... No Passion

JLP presents

The Damned

invite you to their
10TH ANNIVERSARY TEA PARTY

Their guests will be

Saturday 26th July

Dr and the Medics
Restless
Electric Bluebirds

Sunday 27th July

The Fall
New Model Army
Pete Shelley

FINSBURY PARK

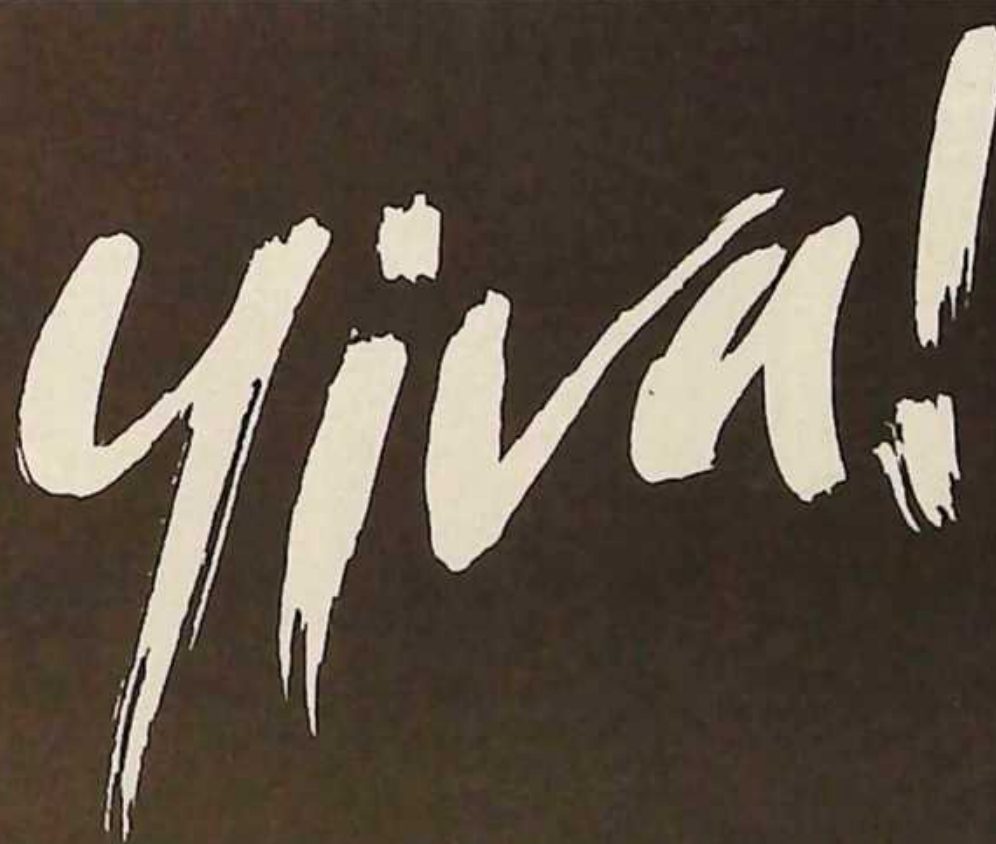
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 Finsbury Park  Finsbury Park
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introduced by

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Programme subject to change

YIVA

IN ASSOCIATION WITH
ARTISTS AGAINST APARTHEID

S H I F T

LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Electric Morning**
LONDON Dean Street Gossips **Ray Campi/Sugar Ray Ford And The Hot Shots**
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) **John Martyn/Danny Thompson**
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) **Howling Wilf And The Vee Jays**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Paz**
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) **Between The Sheets**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **The Wedding Present/Chris Ford And The Conversation**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **5 O'Clock High/Dreamtime**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Kit Packham And The Sudden Jump Band**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Ski Party/Split Personalities**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Andrew Caine/Bliss**
LONDON Holloway Road Victoria (01-603 1952) **Irish Mist**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Pat Crumley's Strata/Simon Purcell Trio**
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) **Stan Ridgway**
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 9988) **Mr Gone/Threeways**
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) **Bogshed/Age Of Chance/Stump/Mackenzies**
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) **Twenty Flight Rockers/The Boys Wonder**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **The Renegades**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) **Bite The Bullet**
LONDON Tottenham Broad Lane Prince Arthur Speakeasy (01-801 5984) **Swimming In Sand**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **The Jive Five**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Pendragon**
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) **The Jazz Defektors**
LONDON Wimbledon William Morris Club (01-542 8692) **Sex With Sharon/Maniac/NMBD**
LYTHAM In The Mood **The Turnpike Cruisers**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band**
MANCHESTER Corbierres (061-832 7132) **The State**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Niadems Ghost/The Brothers Kirk**
NORWICH Scotton Barn **Energy**
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) **The Len Bright Combo/Hard Road**
NUTLEY Shelley Arms (3121) **The Boogie Men**
RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (77003) **Pete Shelley/My Life Story**
ROMFORD North Street Rezz (62491) **Webcore**
ROMFORD Romford Road Pigeon (64016) **Another Roadside Attraction**
RUGBY Blitzes **The Venus Fly Trap**
RUNCORN Linnets Club **The Adams Family**
SELBY Ousegate Gaffers **The Mississippi Sheiks**
SURBITON The Southampton (01-399 6107) **Cry No More**
WAKEFIELD Henry Boons **Another Cuba**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **The DT's**
WHITSTABLE Harbour Lights **Geneva**

FRIDAY

25

BEXHILL Pavilion Firewater
BRADFORD Royal Standard (27898) **The Falcons/The Melaroonny Daddies**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Juvenesse**
BRENTWOOD Essex Arms (212846) **Beat Of The Beast/Playground**
BRIGHTON King's Road Arches Zap Club (775987) **Sudden Sway**
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) **The Stiffs/The Red**
CARDIFF Bogies (26168) **Rogue Male**
CARDIFF Neros (45987) **Demoted Are Go**
CHATHAM St George Hotel **Geneva/Parisienne Blonde/Talon/Arcana**
COVENTRY General Wolfe (688402) **Roy Harper**
CREWE Cheshire Cheese **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) **Stan Ridgway/Chapter II**
DERBY Duke Of York **Just Blue**
DUDLEY Hen And Chickens **The Curtis Littel Band**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Twenty Flight Rockers**
DURHAM Back Silver Street Fowlers Yard **The Restrictors**
ELLESMERE PORT Ellesmere Arms (051-339 3044) **The Suicide Stars**
FETCHAM Riverside Club (375713) **Steel Bill And The Buffalos/Phony American Accents**
GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) **Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band**
GUILDFORD The Plough **Outside View**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **Harold Beaver/The Ring**
HARROW Pinner Road Apollo **Antz Avenue**
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Sheer Khan**
HIGH WYCOMBE White Horse **Radio Activity**
KESSINGLAND Kings Head **Ten Angry Men**
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) **Slave Train/Fatal Gift/Red Shaft**
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) **Closer Than Comfort**
LIVERPOOL Munro (051-709 1638) **The Decemberists/The Jactars**
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) **The In-Stinks/Rover Girls**
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) **The Boogie Brothers Blues Band**
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Steve Waller**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Skeletal Family**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Doc K's Blues Band**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Bolivar**
LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt (01-960 8832) **The Clockwork Orange**
LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms **Midnight Warrior**
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) **Carriacou And Grenade Big Drum/Unfinished Business/Africa Oro Band**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **John Cooper Clarke/Rednite**
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Road (01-736 1413) **The Jackie Lynton Band**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Peter And The Test Tube Babies/Thirteen Days**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **How We Live**
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind Kerouacs (01-985 1973) **Pure Sex/The Dynamics (Anti-Apartheid Benefit)**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **K Khan Band**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Easterhouse/Stump/The Mighty Ballistics Hi-Power/Menticide**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Jake Burns And The Big Wheel/Splendid Boats**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **The Jazz Defektors**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Howling Wilf And The Vee Jays**
LONDON Lee Green Old Tiger's Head **Tearaway**
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) **The Mighty Lemon Drops/The Pastels/Mighty Mighty**
LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington (01-445 4710) **Little Sister**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Meantime**
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) **The Groundhogs**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) **Private Viewing**
LONDON Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre **Taxi Pata Pata**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Beki Bondage And The Bombshells/Lazy**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Pendragon**
LONDON West India Dock Road Buccaneer (01-515 2048) **The Reactors**
MALLAIG Mallaig Hall **Heart Industry**
MALVERN Hereford Hotel **Samurai**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Miaow/Dub Sex**
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) **Vera Cruz/Funeral Management**
MELBOURN Rock Club **Grim Reaper/Touched/Cold Turkey**
NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) **Full Moon**
NORTHAMPTON Roadmender Centre (21408) **Spacemen 3**
NORWICH Festival House (621769) **Hazo**

NORWICH Premises Arts Centre (660352) **Dance Naked**
TOLWORTH Recreation Centre **It Bites**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Goats Don't Shave**

SATURDAY

26

ABERDEEN The Venue (641931) **Love And Money/The Shamen**
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) **Rogue Male**
BIRMINGHAM Aston Triangle (021-359 3979) **The Trinidad All Stars**
BLACKBURN Witton Park **The Turnpike Cruisers**
BOLTON Queens Park **The Fall/The Three Johns/The Membranes/Age Of Chance/Blyth Power**
BOROBIDGE Yorkshire Rose **The Mississippi Sheiks**
BRADFORD Royal Standard **Voodoo Child/Silence**
BRENTWOOD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **The Boogie Brothers Blues Band**
BRIGHTON The Belvedere **Outside View**
BRIGHTON Pavilion Theatre (682127) **The Pastels/BMX Bandits/The Mile Sisters**
CARDIFF Bogies (26168) **The Stiffs**
COLNE Franks Club (863465) **Psycho Surgeons**
COVENTRY General Wolfe (688402) **John Otway**
CROSSKEYS Gladstone Street Insitute (270301) **Jinks**
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Zoot And The Roots/Rhythm Party**
ELLESMERE PORT Ellesmere Arms (051-339 3044) **Hydra**
FORT AUGUSTUS Fort Augustus Hall **Heart Industry**
GLASGOW Doune (041-221 1131) **Centurion**
GLASGOW The Pollock Inn **Origin Sins**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **Clampdown/Diamond Star Haloes**
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Mystic Revelation**
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head (21758) **Pride Of Passion/Knightshade**
HULL Adelphi (48216) **Hang The Dance**
ILFRACOMBE Clarences Wine Bar **Charmed Life**
KINGHORN Cuenzie Neuk Stripes
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) **Pete Shelley/Huge Big Massive**
LETCHEWORTH YC Haze
LEVENWORTH Nightriders CMC Firewater
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) **Bash Street**
LONDON Acton High Street George And Dragon (01-992 1932) **Irish Mist**
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) **Dance Exchange**
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Gambler**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Brett Marvin And The Thunderbolts**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Sugar Ray Ford And The Hot Shots (Lunch) Rent Party (Eve)**
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) **Living In Texas/The Fieldworkers**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **GB Blues Company**
LONDON Finsbury Park **The Damned/Doctor & The Medics/Screaming Blue Messiahs/March Violets (3pm start)**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Ray Campi/Sugar Ray Ford And The Hot Shots**
LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) **Periphery/Shattered**
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) **The Piranhas**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **The Duellists/Styletto Ranch**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **The Rhubarb Tarts/Collection**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Weather Prophets/The Servants/Happy Mondays/Taste The Good Times/The Dubious Brothers**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **Anita Baker/Mat Augustin**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Brush Shiels And Band**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **African Connexion/The Macassars**
LONDON Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall **The Malaika Band**
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) **The Lounge Lizards**
LONDON North Wembley East Lane The Flag (01-904 8199) **Grown Up Strange**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) **Hey Hey Roxy**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Hank Wangford/Les Bubb/The Company**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Pendragon**
LUTON Switch Club **The Fleshpuppets**
MAIDSTONE Kent Hall **The Shoes**
MAIDSTONE Week Street London Tavern **The Mosquitoes**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Biting Tongues**
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) **The Dave Howard Singers**
MATLOCK Hurst Farm Social Club **Just Blue**
NEW MILLS Queens Arms (42135) **Nothin' Doin'**
NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) **Magnolia Seige**
NOTTINGHAM Forest Recreation Ground Goose Fair Site **Headhunters/Naturalites/Fuel To The Fire/Howard/Sirens Of The Mind Machine/Box On/XV Triennial Fabrique/Turbo Black Arts/Glynis James/Henry Normal/Breakcrews (Midday start)**
PAISLEY Greenock Road Stringfellows **The Legal Matter/Wasp Factory**
READING Milestone Centre **Namoza/No-One/Nobody's Heroes**
SEVENOAKS Ide Hill Frog And Bucket **Swinging The Blues**
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) **Hula**
SOUTHEN Jeanettes **The Shakers (Lunch)**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **The Wedding Present**
ST NEOTS King's Head **Switch**
STRATFORD UPON AVON Pen And Parchment **Adventure Stories For Boys**
SUTTON IN ASHFIELD Golden Diamond **Samurai**
TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club (432068) **30 Seconds**
UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) **Kalahari**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Steve Gibbons Band**
WORKINGTON Borough Park Football Ground **Demon (2pm start)**

SUNDAY

27

BOGNOR REGIS Alexandra Theatre **Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band**
BOLSOVER Cromwells **Sam Severn**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars/Footloose (Lunch) The Scheme (Eve)**
CAMBRIDGE Arts Theatre (352000) **Harvey And The Wallbangers**
CRAWLEY Apple Tree **Torture Garden/Sins Of Omission**
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
DERBY Slick Chicks **Just Blue (Afternoon)**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **The DT's**
GLASGOW Bishopbriggs Briggs Bar **Trident**
GLASGOW Daddy Warbucks (041-332 9657) **The Soup Dragons**
GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) **Mexican Embassy/The Elvies From Hell**
HARROGATE Harrogate Arms **The Mississippi Sheiks**
HATFIELD Polytechnic Elephant House **Powerhouse Roadshow**
IVERNESS Murlton Motel **Heart Industry**
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) **Maurice Coleman (Lunch)**
LLANHRAN RFC (222209) **Red Line**
LONDON Brixton Academy **Edwin Starr/Sanko**
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Steve Waller (Lunch) English Rogues (Eve)**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **The Tommy Chase Quartet (Lunch) Swimming In Sand (Eve)**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Living Daylights**
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) **Miaow/The Enormous Room**

LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Terminal Twist**
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) **Tania Maria**
LONDON Finsbury Park **The Damned/The Fall/New Model Army/Pete Shelley (3pm start)**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Manic Depressive's Disco (Eve)**
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) **John Otway**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **The Doctor's Children/Great Outdoors**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Mark Ambler Trio (Lunch)**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **Anita Baker/Nat Augustin**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Shanty Dam (Lunch) Brush Shiels And Band (Eve)**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Stan Tracey Quartet**
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) **The Lounge Lizards**
LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington (01-445 4710) **GB Blues Company**
LONDON Putney High Street White Lion (01-785 3081) **The Right Stuff**
LONDON Soho Frith Street Ronnie Scotts (01-439 1804) **Ambience**
LUDLOW The Starline Club (890754) **The Red Lemon Electric Blues Band**
MAIDSTONE Week Street London Tavern **Arcana**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Beyond The Glass/Athens**
NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall **Airheart**
NOTTINGHAM Forest Recreation Ground Goose Fair Site **Keati/The Dinosaurs/Prestige/Chester And Barry/Ssuraea/Patrick Simpson/Prem Geet/Sonia Robinson/African Kalubash/Pete Ramskill/Breakcrews (Midday start)**
PETERBOROUGH Gladstone Arms **Breakcrews**
PETERBOROUGH Key Theatre Glasshouse (82437) **Next (Lunch)**
SCARBOROUGH Stephen Joseph Theatre In The Round (368463) **A Better Mousetrap/Golden Grove**
STAFFORD Bingley Hall **Yeah Jazz**
TWICKENHAM The Mulberry Tree (01-892 3294) **Cry No More**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Cairo**
WOKING Old School House **Steel Bill And The Buffalos/Lost Prophets**
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) **The Very Things**

MONDAY

28

ALTRINGHAM The Faulkners (061-928 0035) **Forty Thieves**
BELFAST Delta Ballroom (616204) **The Purple Hearts**
BRADFORD Braidys (737955) **Blues Bite**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Altar Ego**
BRIGHTON King's Road Arches Zap Club (775987) **Sins Of Omission/Benjamin Lampshade/Torture Garden**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Throw Bax/Lost Cause**
DUNSTABLE High Street Wheatstall (62571) **Out Of Time**
EDINBURGH Buster Browns (031-226 4224) **Ege Bam Yasi**
GATESHEAD Bensham Working Men's Club **Varukers/Hellbastard/Left For Dead**
HARROW The Roxborough **The Krewmen**
LIVERPOOL Wood Street Wilsons **The Adams Family**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Main Event/Bliss/Soul Castle**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers**
LONDON Dean Street Gossips **Alice In Wonderland The Magic Mushroom Band**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Irish Mist**
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Coup D'Etat**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Feud/Children Held Hostage**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **Grimm Facts**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Z-Zou-Zu/Dr Soul/The Crossing**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Funniest Joke In The World/The Conspiracy**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Entire Population Of China/Seivom**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **V-Sor X/Hybrid/Laughing Hyenas/Pathos/Locomotives**
LONDON Leytonstone High Road Plough And Harrow **Nitro Blue**
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) **The Lounge Lizards**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) **49 Scream**
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) **Slim Gaillard**
LONDON Woolwich Town Hall (Info 91067) **The Jets/Johnny Angel And The Nomads**
MILTON KEYNES Rayzels **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) **Just Blue**
OLDHAM Hurricane Club (061-626 5848) **Rogue Male**
PAISLEY Greenock Road Stringfellows **Skeletal Family/The Legal Matter**
STAFFORD Roosters **Dave Reeves plc**
STOKE Shelleys (322209) **It Bites**
WARRINGTON White Hart **Toy Bizarre**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **These Tender Virtues**
WORTHING Gatsby Bar **Outside View**

TUESDAY

29

ALDRESHOT Lion Brewery **Outside View**
BIRMINGHAM Burberries (021-643 1500) **The Weather Prophets/Vee VV**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Ivors Jivers**
DERBY Rosco's **Just Blue**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **QAX/Karan D'Ache**
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nags Head (21758) **Paul Linn**
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) **Twenty Flight Rockers/Chicken Ranch/Love It To Death**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Sylvain Sylvain**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Al Catraz And The Chain Gang**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **The Tears/The Gems**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Capercaillie**
LONDON Fulham Broadway (01-385 1840) **Snakebite**
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) **The Entire Population Of China**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Broken Bones/Urban Dogs**
LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre **Harvey And The Wallbangers**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **Fustlug/Volcanoes**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Run Riot/Full Moon**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **A Month Of Sundays/The Feeling**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Under Ice/The Missing/The Skells**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Bolo Bolo/Ajao Jazz**
LONDON Islington Upper Street Hare And Hounds (01-226 2992) **Aardvark And No Money**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Bliss/A Strange Desire/The Sandcastle/Flex-Able/Chance Of A Glance**
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) **The Lounge Lizards**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **The Fifteenth**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) **The Big Supreme**
LONDON South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall (01-928 3191) **Loose Tubes**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **VOK/Another Roadside Attraction**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **The Larks**
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) **Stone Angels**
MANCHESTER George Street China Gardens **The Adams Family**
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) **Rogue Male**
OSMOTHERLY Queen Catherine Arms **The Mississippi Sheiks**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **Felt/August Avenue**
STOKE Shelleys (322209) **The Exploited/Shattered Family**
WAKEFIELD Rooftop Gardens (382569) **Ghost Dance/Sex Kittens**

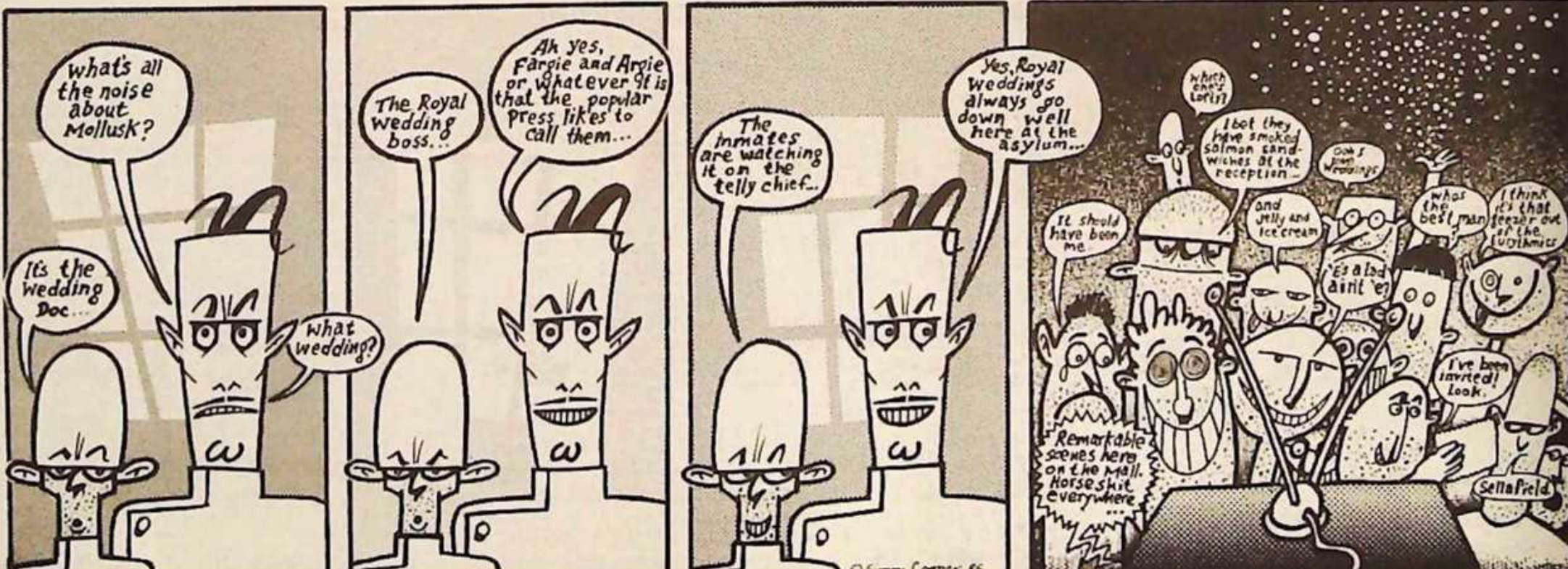
KING STEVEN?

CARTOONS

HOT PORK LUNCH

BY SIMON
COOPER

HURRAH
Ray Ray Ray
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
Cheer Cheer
Yip Yip YIP
RULE BRITANNIA
SOB SOB SOB
cry cry cry
YAHOOO
Take me back to a
land of aughly...



CHART

UK SINGLES UK ALBUMS

- 1 1 PAPA DON'T PREACH Madonna Sire
- 2 9 EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART Rod Stewart Warner Brothers
- 3 3 LET'S GO ALL THE WAY Sly Fox Capitol
- 4 32 THE LADY IN RED Chris De Burgh A&M
- 5 12 SING OUR OWN SONG UB40 DEP International
- 6 5 MY FAVOURITE WASTE OF TIME Owen Paul Epic
- 7 2 WHERE DID YOUR HEART GO/THE EDGE OF HEAVEN Wham! Epic
- 8 8 (BANG ZOOM) LET'S GO GO Real Roxanne Cooltempo
- 9 7 VENUS Bananarama London
- 10 4 HAPPY HOUR The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 11 15 PARANOIMIA The Art Of Noise With Max Headroom China
- 12 19 HIGHER LOVE Steve Winwood Island
- 13 35 CAMOUFLAGE Stan Ridgway IRS
- 14 21 ROSES Haywoode CBS
- 15 10 TOO GOOD TO BE FORGOTTEN Amazulu Island
- 16 6 DO YA DO YA (WANNA PLEASE ME) Samantha Fox Jive
- 17 18 BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff
- 18 41 WHAT'S THE COLOUR OF MONEY? Hollywood Beyond WEA
- 19 13 IT'S 'ORRIBLE BEING IN LOVE (WHEN YOU'RE 8½) Claire & Friends BBC
- 20 44 I DIDN'T MEAN TO TURN YOU ON Robert Palmer Island
- 21 33 SMILE Audrey Hall Germain
- 22 14 NEW BEGINNING Bucks Fizz Polydor
- 23 16 I CAN'T WAIT Nu Shooz Atlantic
- 24 11 HEADLINES Midnight Star Solar
- 25 26 TELL ME TOMORROW Princess Supreme
- 26 31 THE PROMISE YOU MADE Cock Robin CBS
- 27 — SOME CANDY TALKING The Jesus And Mary Chain blanco y negro
- 28 17 SPIRIT IN THE SKY Doctor & The Medics IRS
- 29 24 LEVI STUBBS' TEARS Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 30 42 SO MACHO/CRUISING Sinitta Fanfare
- 31 20 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 32 — PRESS Paul McCartney Parlophone
- 33 49 AIN'T NOTHING GOING ON BUT THE RENT Gwen Guthrie Polydor
- 34 22 FRIENDS WILL BE FRIENDS Queen EMI
- 35 27 CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT YOU The Real Thing PRT
- 36 46 SUN STREET Katrina & The Waves Capitol
- 37 — FIGHT FOR OURSELVES Spandau Ballet CBS
- 38 28 HOLDING BACK THE YEARS Simply Red Elektra
- 39 43 SET FIRE TO ME Willie Colon A&M
- 40 47 CALLING ALL THE HEROES It Bites Virgin
- 41 — FIND THE TIME Five Star Tent
- 42 34 SLEDGEHAMMER Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 43 — DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 44 — RED SKY Status Quo Vertigo
- 45 50 STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART Bryan Adams A&M
- 46 23 LEFT OF CENTER Suzanne Vega A&M
- 47 — NO CONVERSATION View From The Hill EMI
- 48 25 AMITYVILLE (THE HOUSE ON THE HILL) Lovebug Starski Epic
- 49 — LISTEN LIKE THIEVES Inxs Mercury
- 50 39 LOVE OF A LIFETIME Chaka Khan Warner Brothers

- 1 1 TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 2 10 NOW — THE SUMMER ALBUM Various EMI/Virgin
- 3 2 THE FINAL Wham! Epic
- 4 6 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 5 7 EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART Rod Stewart Warner Brothers
- 6 6 REVENGE Eurythmics RCA
- 7 9 BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE Steve Winwood Island
- 8 25 RIPTIDE Robert Palmer Island
- 9 13 INTO THE LIGHT Chris De Burgh A&M
- 10 5 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 11 11 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 12 4 THE SEER Big Country Mercury
- 13 8 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 14 14 SUZANNE VEGA Suzanne Vega A&M
- 15 18 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 16 12 PICTURE BOOK Simply Red Elektra
- 17 16 SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 18 19 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 19 15 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 20 26 STREETSOUNDS 17 Various Streetsounds
- 21 17 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music EG
- 22 21 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 23 31 THE BEST OF THE REAL THING The Real Thing PRT
- 24 — TOUCH ME Samantha Fox Jive
- 25 24 MOONLIGHT SHADOWS The Shadows Polydor
- 26 32 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 27 — DRIVE TIME USA Various K-tel
- 28 — EAT 'EM AND SMILE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 29 20 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 30 27 LOVE ZONE Billy Ocean Jive
- 31 29 PIE JESU Aled Jones 10
- 32 42 DISCOVER Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 33 30 STANDING ON A BEACH The Cure Fiction
- 34 23 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 35 — TRUE CONFESSIONS Bananarama London
- 36 37 THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC Sam Cooke RCA
- 37 22 DANCE HITS VOLUME 2 Various Towerbell
- 38 47 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 39 33 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 40 28 BRING ON THE NIGHT Sting A&M
- 41 43 DISCO BEACH PARTY Various Stylus
- 42 34 ON THE BEACH Chris Rea Magnet
- 43 41 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 44 — GTR GTR Arista
- 45 35 PRINCESS Princess Supreme
- 46 45 THE COLLECTION Earth Wind & Fire K-tel
- 47 — DISCOVER (NEW) COUNTRY Various Star Blend
- 48 — LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 49 36 GIANT The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 50 39 BANGS AND CRASHES Go West Chrysalis

Compiled by MRIB

MARADONA

- 1 AUTHOR Hands Christian Anderson
- 2 FOOD Hand Salad
- 3 TENNIS PLAYER Handia Handlikova
- 4 CAR COMPANY British Leyland
- 5 MOUNTAIN RANGE The Handes
- 6 MUSIC Handel's 'Messiah'
- 7 GERMAN SOCCER STAR Karl Hands Rumenigge
- 8 BAKED BEANS Handz
- 9 STAR WARS CHARACTER Hands Solo
- 10 COWBOY EXPRESSION 'Hands up!'

Compiled by M G Fisher, Marlow Bottom, Bucks

CHOCOLATE

- 1 MASTER OF POPPETS Metallica
- 2 MARZ Hear 'N' Aid
- 3 UNDER LOCK AND YORKEY Dokken
- 4 CURLY WURLY Sophia George
- 5 SEVENTH STAR BAR Black Sabbath
- 6 BAT OUT OF HELLAS Meat Loaf
- 7 EMERSON FLAKE AND POWELL ELP
- 8 9012 LIVE — THE ROLOS Yes
- 9 A KINDER MAGIC Queen
- 10 COPACABANA Barry Manilow

Compiled by Mark Stoneman, Stourport, Worcs

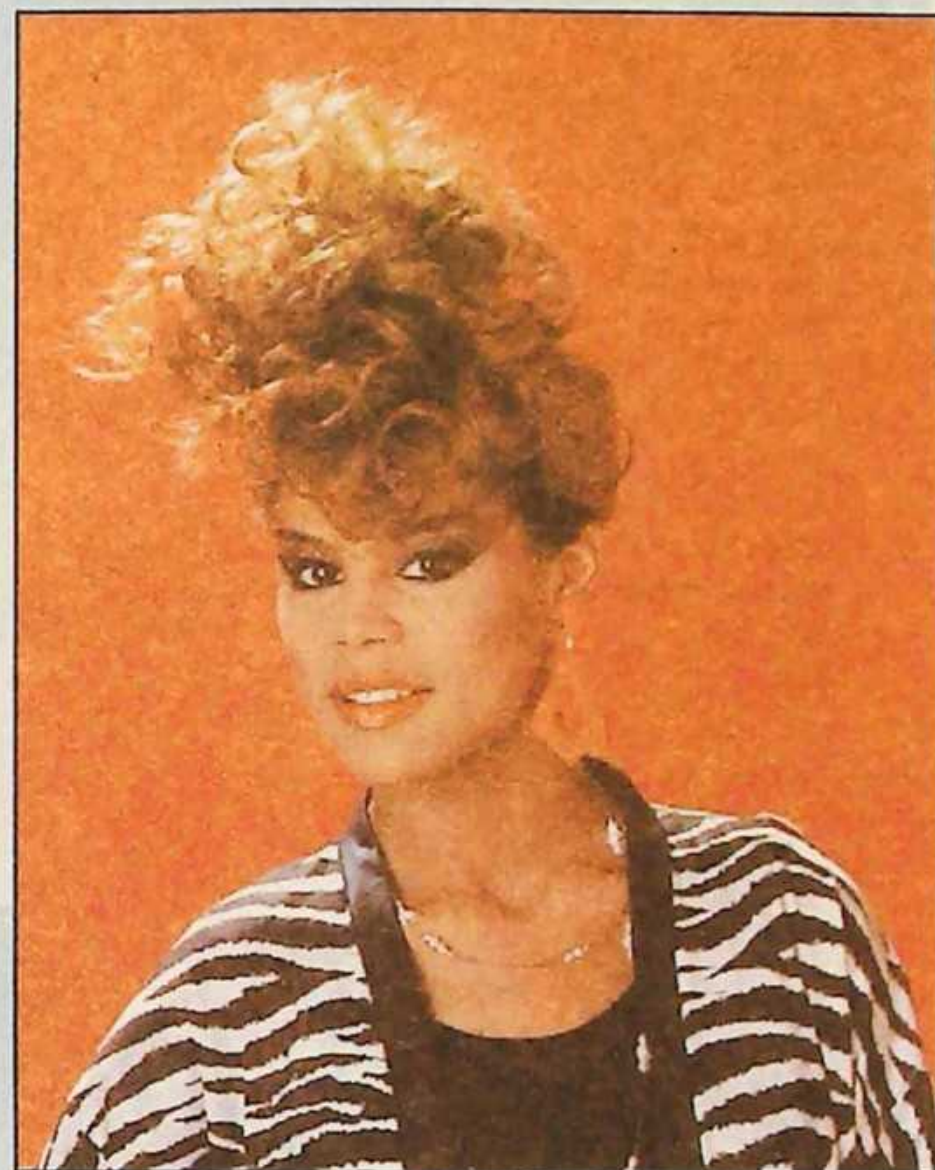
COMICS

- 1 I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HANCOCK The Beatles
- 2 DICK EMERY TIME YOU GO AWAY Paul Young
- 3 BILKO Peter Gabriel
- 4 LITTLE RED RONNIE CORBETT Prince
- 5 GET YOUR YA-YARWOODS OUT The Rolling Stones
- 6 RUNNING UP THAT BENNY HILL Kate Bush

- 7 STAN BOARDMAN AND DELIVER Adam Ant
- 8 ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUSTIN GEE Queen
- 9 HUNTING HIGH AND ARTHUR LOWE A-ha
- 10 JIM BOWEN IN THE WIND Bob Dylan

Compiled by A Laughing Spam Fritter

SEEING DOUBLE: The Real Roxanne



SOUNDS

Mr Spencer

CHRISTMAS CONCERT '75 Queen dilapidated Ross C-120
GARDEN OF DELIGHT The Mission smouldering Chapter 22 12-inch
HEAVEN AND THE BLUE SEA Pete Shelley snazzy Phonogram LP

Neil Perry

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY The Mission Chapter 22 12-inch
SHUT UP AND PLAY YER GUITAR Frank Zappa CBS triple goody
NELSON MANDELA Youssou N'Dour Rough Trade LP

Dave Henderson

BEACHES/BOSSSES/POTATOES Car, Skid & Crash 10-inch masterpiece on
Mekano
CORPSES OF FOREIGN WAR Eugene Chadbourne Fundamental LP
LEARNING TO BE SILENT C W Vrtacek Cordelia LP of some note

Blind Lemon Wilde

IN THE GARDEN Van Morrison Phonogram LP track
ON THE WARM FEELING Van Morrison Phonogram LP track
ONE IRISH ROVER Van Morrison Phonogram LP track

Richard Cook

CLIMATE OF HUNTER Scott Walker Virgin perennial masterpiece
MING David Murray Octet Black Saint elitist CD
A NIGHT IN TUNISIA Martial Solal North Sea experience

Ricky Kildare

WITCH-HUNT IN LOTUSLAND The Jack Rubies Criminal Damage mini Triumph
DOG BREATH Head Of David Blast First mini Herald
CATALOGUE CLOTHES World Domination Enterprises Product Inc Morris Minor

Jack Barron

GIRL Thatcher On Acid All The Madmen sugar cube
SMEAR Head Of David bleed for you on 'Dog Breath' Blast First
HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE Zodiac Mindwarp goes for his guns on Food

Chris Roberts

THROWING MUSES Throwing Muses 4AD truth, August
HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE Blondie best pop record ever
HOLLOW GIRL Four Strange Youngsters Live at the Town And Country Club

GIRLS ROUND THE HANDBAG

- 1 SHARON
- 2 TRACEY
- 3 DEBBIE
- 4 JULIE
- 5 WENDY
- 6 ANGIE
- 7 LORRAINE
- 8 TRACY
- 9 JACKIE
- 10 LISA

Compiled by The Dwarf

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60 SINGLES

- 1 3 DREAMS Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 2 1 LONELY NIGHT Magnum Polydor
- 3 4 STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART Bryan Adams A&M
- 4 2 DEAF FOREVER Motorhead GWR
- 5 5 NOTHIN' AT ALL Heart Capitol
- 6 14 SUZANNE Journey CBS
- 7 6 WHEN THE HEART RULES THE MIND GTR Arista
- 8 8 LOVE LIES DYING FM Portrait
- 9 7 WILD CHILD WASP Capitol
- 10 9 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 11 11 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Island
- 12 12 THE DIO EP Dio Vertigo
- 13 10 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 14 18 GARDEN PARTY Marillion EMI
- 15 13 SHAME Twelfth Night Virgin
- 16 15 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 17 — LOVE WILL LIVE Zeno Parlophone
- 18 17 STARS Hear 'N' Aid Vertigo
- 19 16 ROLLIN' HOME Status Quo Vertigo
- 20 20 LOCKED IN Judas Priest CBS



DAVE LEE ROTH: is he wearing a hairspray?

ALBUMS

- 1 — EAT 'EM AND SMILE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 2 — GTR GTR Arista
- 3 1 INTERMISSION Dio Vertigo
- 4 2 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 5 3 ROCKIN' EVERY NIGHT (LIVE) Gary Moore 10
- 6 4 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 7 — LIGHTNING STRIKES Loudness WEA International
- 8 5 HEART Heart Capitol
- 9 — CRAFT Craaft Epic
- 10 11 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 11 14 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 12 15 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 13 12 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 14 6 RAISED ON RADIO Journey CBS
- 15 10 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 16 8 HEAR 'N' AID Various Vertigo
- 17 9 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 18 7 WHAT I DID ON MY VACATION Ian Gillan 10
- 19 17 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 20 — DANGER ZONE Doc Holliday Razor
- 21 21 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 22 22 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 23 13 THE FINAL FRONTIER Keel Vertigo
- 24 18 LITTLE QUEEN Heart Portrait
- 25 16 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 26 19 BEYOND THE PALE Fiona Atlantic
- 27 — TAKE WHAT YOU WANT Hurricane Roadrunner
- 28 20 THEATRE OF PAIN Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 29 28 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 30 23 TURBO Judas Priest CBS

IMPORTS

- 1 — METALLISED Sword Aquarius
- 2 7 NIGHT SONGS Cinderella Mercury
- 3 1 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN Poison Enigma
- 4 — THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE Treat Phonogram
- 5 6 SWEET SAVAGE Sweet Savage Sweet Savage
- 6 — EXTERNAL DEVASTATION Destruction SPV
- 7 2 EQUUS Equus Auto Auto
- 8 8 WINDS OF WAR Iron Angel SPV
- 9 4 BRIGHTON ROCK Brighton Rock Flying Fist
- 10 — SILK AND STEEL Giuffria MCA

Compiled by Spotlight Research



THE GUANA BATZ: "Look, no fillings!"

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 — DISCOVER Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 2 2 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 3 1 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 4 3 GIANT The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 5 7 THE CAPTAIN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY (LIVE AT THE ROUNDHOUSE) The Damned Stiff
- 6 6 CONTENDERS Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 7 4 BORN SANDY DEVOTIONAL The Triffids Hot
- 8 5 THE MOON LOOKED DOWN AND LAUGHED The Virgin Prunes Baby
- 9 8 MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 10 13 ONLY STUPID BASTARDS HELP EMI Conflict Model Army
- 11 10 GRAVE NEW WORLD Discharge Clay
- 12 19 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 13 14 LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES Various 4AD
- 14 17 RUM SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 15 16 AFTER MIDNIGHT Restless ABC
- 16 15 WONDERLAND Erasure Mute
- 17 12 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 18 — THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 19 11 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 20 — A LOOK AT LIFE Anti System Reconciliation
- 21 18 THE SINGLES 82-86 Play Dead Clay
- 22 9 EVOL Sonic Youth Blast First
- 23 21 DRUGS Bomb Party Abstract
- 24 23 TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE The Meteors Ace
- 25 — PURVEYORS OF TASTE, A CREATION COMPILATION Various Creation
- 26 — UNLIMITED GENOCIDE AOA & Oi Polloi Children Of The Revolution
- 27 — BEST BEFORE 1984 Crass Crass
- 28 — THE CLAY YEARS 81-84 GBH Clay
- 29 25 TOLERANCE The Blue Aeroplanes Fire
- 30 — THE DIVINE PUNISHMENT Diamanda Galas Mute

Compiled by Spotlight Research

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 I FEEL GOOD U-Roy Ujama
- 2 DREAM MY LIFE OVER Gregory Isaacs African Museum
- 3 O JAH JAH Sugar Minott Cornerstone
- 4 KEY CARD Trevor Levy Firehouse
- 5 UNDER PRESSURE Supercat Powerhouse
- 6 MANCHESTER VIDEO Trevor Junior Thunderbolt
- 7 MAKE UP MY MIND Little John Black Scorpio
- 8 GHOST CATCHER Ferdie Gorgon
- 9 EVERY DAY WITH YOU Ernest Wilson Techniques
- 10 LITTLE LOVE SONG Burning Spear Spear

DISCO

- 1 PUSH COME TO SHOVE Freddie McGregor RAS
- 2 SMILE Audrey Hall Germain
- 3 LET ME DOWN EASY Marvin James Hot Vinyl
- 4 IN THE SPRINGTIME Maxi Priest 10

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 HAPPY HOUR The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 2 2 LEVI STUBBS' TEARS Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 3 3 BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff
- 4 4 SERPENT'S KISS The Mission Chapter 22
- 5 7 ALMOST PRAYED The Weather Prophets Creation
- 6 5 THE SINGER Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds Mute
- 7 16 BABY'S ON FIRE The Creepers & Marc Riley Intape
- 8 8 WHOLE WIDE WORLD The Soup Dragons Subway Organisation
- 9 10 MORNING SIR Bogshed Help Yourself
- 10 6 THE DRAIN TRAIN Cabaret Voltaire Doublevision
- 11 13 I SEE RED Frenzy ID
- 12 12 RULES AND REGULATIONS We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It Vindaloo
- 13 17 BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 14 21 BLUE HEART Peter Murphy Beggars Banquet
- 15 15 TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 16 30 WILD CHILD Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 17 9 HEARTACHE Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 18 34 E102/SAD BMX Bandits 53rd & 3rd
- 19 — KEYS TO THE CITY Peter And The Test Tube Babies Hairy Pie
- 20 — I'M ON FIRE Guana Batz ID
- 21 24 NATURAL KIND OF JOY That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 22 25 DRAG RACING Big Stick Blast First
- 23 14 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 24 22 INSPIRATION Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 25 19 LOVE LASTS FOREVER The Virgin Prunes Baby
- 26 26 WHITE NIGHTS (STARS SAY GO) Adult Net Beggars Banquet
- 27 33 RIVER OF NO RETURN Ghost Dance Karbon
- 28 43 CRYSTAL CRESCENT Primal Scream Creation
- 29 — THIS BOY CAN WAIT The Wedding Present Reception
- 30 27 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 31 23 HOUSE OF ECSTASY Cherry Bombz Lick
- 32 31 GOOD THING The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 33 20 GODSTAR Psychic TV And The Angels Of Light Temple
- 34 32 MATCHLESS TRIPLE The Mighty Ballistic Hi-Power Criminal Damage
- 35 46 GIMME GIMME GIMME (A MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT) The Leather Nun Wire
- 36 11 THE OFFICIAL COLOURBOX WORLD CUP THEME Colourbox 4AD
- 37 37 KISMIAZ The Cramps Ace
- 38 18 BABY I LOVE YOU SO Colourbox With Lorita Grahame 4AD
- 39 47 NEW ROSE The Damned Stiff
- 40 — SOMEWHERE IN CHINA The Shop Assistants 53rd & 3rd
- 41 29 JUNCTION SIGNAL Blyth Power All The Madmen
- 42 28 WHAT'S INSIDE A GIRL The Cramps Big Beat
- 43 39 TRUCK TRAIN TRACTOR The Pastels Glass
- 44 — OII! AIN'T DEAD Condemned 84 RFB Recordings
- 45 45 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 46 38 PRETEND A STRANGER Talking Drums Sticky Music
- 47 40 DEATH OF THE WILD COLONIAL BOY Wee Free Kings Howl
- 48 36 HELLO CRUEL WORLD The Mekons Sin
- 49 44 GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 50 41 RESIST THE ATOMIC MENACE Oi Polloi Endangered Music

- 5 TUNE IN Coco-Tea Jammys
- 6 GREETINGS Half Pint Powerhouse
- 7 AM I THE SAME GIRL Winsome Fine Style
- 8 SIX STREET Jack Wilson Uptempo
- 9 SOMETHING WRONG Sugar Minott Uptempo
- 10 HOLD ON TO THIS FEELING Orville Smith Ethnics

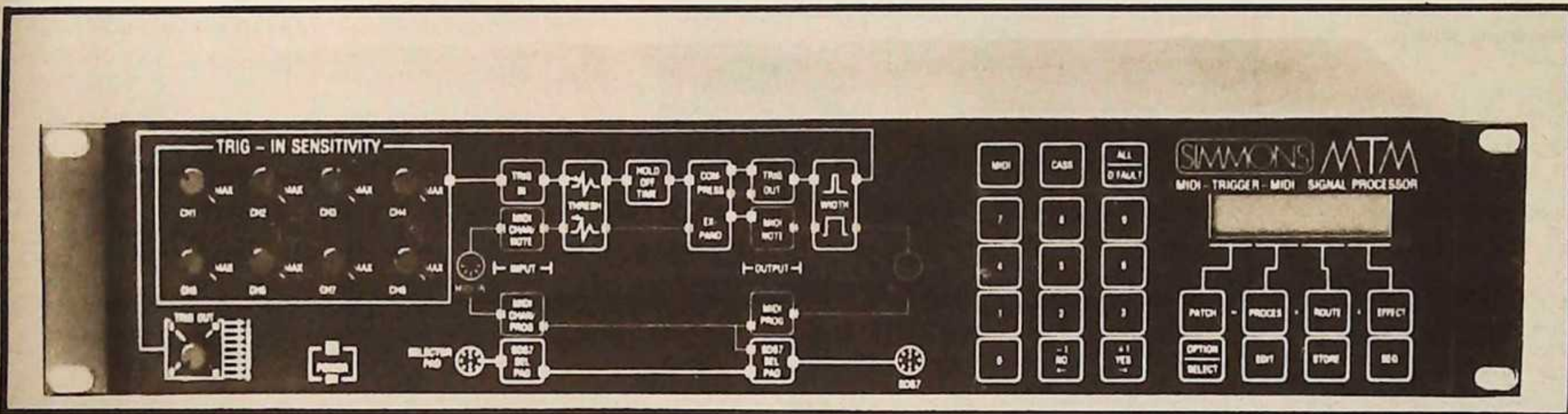
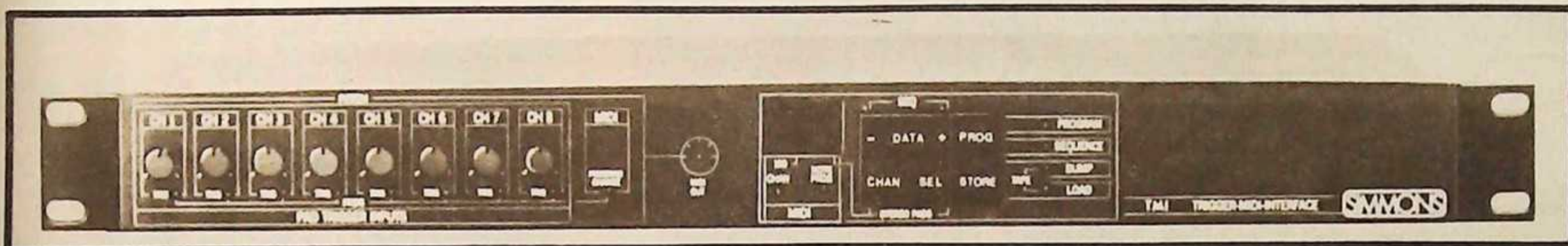
ALBUMS

- 1 ALL IN THE SAME BOAT Freddie McGregor RAS
- 2 AT WORK Culture Blue Mountain
- 3 TO THE TOP Aswad Simba
- 4 SIGN OF THE TIMES Macka B Ariwa
- 5 EVERYTHING SO SO General Tree Black Scorpio
- 6 JOSIE WALES MEETS EARLY B Josie Wales And Early B Cornerstone
- 7 BRUTAL Black Uhuru RAS
- 8 SUGAR AND SPICE Sugar Minott Taxi
- 9 MUSICAL CONFRONTATION King Kong And Nitty Gritty Jammys
- 10 A GLINT OF GOLD Ken Parker Pisces

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

BAND AID

TRIGGER HAPPY SIMMONS



TOP: TMI, for MIDI-ing up earlier Simmons kits; ABOVE: MTM increases SDS 7 dynamic range but also interfaces between all audio and MIDI signals

SIMMONS TMI TRIGGER TO MIDI INTERFACE

£249.99

QQQ VVV

SIMMONS MTM MIDI TRIGGER MIDI EIGHT CHANNEL INTERFACE

£599.99

QQQ VVV

IT IS only in the recent past that a whole new creative area has been opened up for the drummer through the use of MIDI in combination with the electronic kit. If you have two MIDI instruments connected together via a MIDI lead, you can trigger one from the other, and though this Musical Instrument Digital Interface was pioneered by and for keyboard players, there's no reason why drummers shouldn't get in on the act too.

Simmons first introduced MIDI into their kits with the SDS 9. The SDS 9 owner found endless possibilities of sound offered by the facility to connect his SDS 9 to any MIDI synthesiser, and then being able to trigger the sounds available in that

NEXT WEEK

BAND AID makes way for IN-TECH, the new Instrument Technology section in Sounds.

IN-TECH will be the place to look for the hottest news and the rave reviews of everything on the contemporary equipment scene – guitars, basses, amps, acoustic and electronic drums, keyboards, computer hardware and software,

FX pedals and signal processors, recording gear, etc etc etc.

And IN-TECH will arrive next week with a bang, as we devote 20 fact-packed pages to the British Music Fair, where just about every product capable of making a musical noise can be found under one roof. We'll be telling you what's worth seeing at the show and

where to find it. And we'll have exclusive reviews of some of the hottest new products around.

So whether you can get to the BMF or not, IN-TECH will be your essential guide to what's happening.

You name it, and you'll find it in IN-TECH!

IGUE IGUE PUTNIK

FROM PAGE 15

about fancy backdrops and big light shows and theatrics and choreographed playing. It's the real thing, and it's either exciting and brilliant or it's totally shit.

"I like the feeling of losing control when we play. I'd hate to walk out on stage and feel like I was going through the motions. You know, like those groups – they play the same numbers every night in the same order. When you go to a Sputnik show, you don't know what's going to happen next.

"And the other great thing is *being there*, being part of the event. Those are the groups I always loved. The ones where you spent ages thinking about what you were going to wear. When you went to see Ziggy or the Pistols, you weren't going there to see the album performed; it was to be there. To be part of it."

(Hold close-up of Tony's face.)

Journalist: "Do you feel in control of the rest of it?"

Tony: "When the first record came out, I was totally, 100 per cent in control and now that it's taken off and exploded so huge worldwide, it becomes like there ain't enough hours in the day. One of the worst problems I wrestle with is to maintain control over the finest details and not to become part of that bullshit rock 'n' roll circus. It's real hard and I'm being honest here."

"You always think, It's so easy, why do groups screw up? You know how groups are brilliant when you first go see them and then they become really big and somehow it ain't special no more? It's because of the big stadiums and big everything else, and those

little details that made it special for you aren't there any more.

"Like The Cramps had it until they played Hammersmith Odeon. I don't wanna see The Cramps play Hammersmith Odeon – it ain't about that. And suddenly they've lost control.

"At the moment I'm clinging to the empire by my fingertips – I can't stand it if it's not special. It feels like we'll have to slow up just to hang onto it. People say to me, Well, do you wanna sell eight million or one million? And I have to say, I wanna sell one million because that's the way I like it."

Journalist: "Is this a reaction to what happened to Gen X? What were you like then?"

Tony: "Totally not in control. Totally didn't know what I was doing. I had my head up my arse. I thought it was just about music, about revolution."

Journalist: "How did Fleet Street manage to slip through your net of total control? Had you taken the backlash into account?"

Tony: "No, but I guess it was always obvious that a group who came up as fast as us and took off like an absolute rocket, that they would try and shoot us down just as quick.

"No, you can't control Fleet Street, but the whole truth of the press thing is that if you're a person who uses press to sell records you gotta know that one day they're gonna bury you with it as well. You wanna play that game, you gotta accept that, and we'll just have to get down in the mud and slog it out.

"The weird thing is that people either love us or absolutely hate us. I've never known such hate for a group."

Journalist: "Had you ever considered that possibility?"

Tony: "No, I kinda thought everybody would love us. I thought maybe that some people wouldn't like us, but I didn't expect people to loathe us to the extent that we were some sort of threat to their existence."

Journalist: "Why EMI? Wouldn't the Sputnik story have been more convincing on bootleg?"

Tony: "No, that would have been like one of those commune groups – like Crass. You need the big machine, but you driving it, not it driving you. And there's something about EMI that's so brilliantly English rock 'n' roll. EMI's like the Sainsbury's of British rock 'n' roll. You kind of trust the product."

Journalist: "Didn't you lose some control by

allowing Georgio Moroder to produce you? Wouldn't it have been better to do it yourself?"

Tony: "No, you can't do it yourself, that's a big mistake. There has to be someone who tells you when you're being an asshole."

Journalist: "How did you feel about having someone telling you what to do?"

Tony: "I hated every second of someone telling me what to do. Me and Moroder in the same studio was like the worst clash of egos ever. It was almost like he didn't want me in the studio, because I don't think anyone's ever said no to Moroder before. But you almost need someone there to hate. It's like the boss syndrome. You need someone to blame."

Journalist: "I think where you blew it, strategy-wise, was when you started talking about it. Your motto should have been: Never apologise; never explain."

Tony: "I know, you take the sting out of it. Unfortunately, it began to feel irresponsible bandying about phrases like 'designer violence' when it actually meant some kid walking out of a concert with stitches in his head, and I began to feel bad about that. I had to explain."

Journalist: "But why say anything about designer violence in the first place? Why not let people figure it out for themselves? That's what I loved about the masterplan. You promised you'd never do interviews. What made you change your mind?"

(Extreme close-up of Tony's face.)

Tony: "Well, we said we wouldn't do interviews to start with... but what it was... we wanted it so bad... Five years, we'd practised. Five years we'd talked about it. We lived being the greatest group in the world and never told anyone. You know, Jane, that one day in this same room I told you the whole story, how it was going to be? And what's weird is – it happened. Just the way I said. The whole ghastly story unfolded like some Frankensteinian dream.

"And I couldn't keep it a secret. I wanted to tell people because we felt it was so great. We wanted to say, Look, this is what it's about. This is how we formed the group. It was such a brilliant tale, I couldn't resist telling people. And once you get one front cover, it's like a drug, like seeing how much you can get away with..."

Sound effects. Doorbell. Footsteps up stairs. Neal X enters, in streetclothes, minus quiff.

Neal: "It's OK, Tony, I've brought the bible

back (drops Led Zeppelin biography *Hammer Of The Gods* on coffee table). Come on, Jane, the taxi's waiting, it'll cost you a fortune."

Journalist: "I'm not paying for it."

Neal: "Yes, you are. I haven't got any money."

Ad-lib argument which ends with Tony slipping Neal £30.

FADE TO

15 Interior. Night-time. Close-up of sashimi being placed on table. Pull back to reveal Neal X and journalist in Japanese restaurant.

Neal: "Managing ourselves? It's kept us sane. Stopped us turning into complete babies. You know, those groups who have to get their manager to get their bottles of Scotch and hookers for them."

DISSOLVE INTO

16 Interior. Night-time. Dinner table. Pull back to reveal party at Georgio Moroder's white marble palace in LA. Sigue Sigue Sputnik are in their element.

MUSIC UP: 'Atari Baby'.

Neal: "We went to Georgio and said, We've written this ballad, and it was great. You could sing anything over the top of it – 'Walk On The Wild Side', 'Imagine'... And we gave it to him and he stayed overnight and recorded this song he wrote over it called 'She Was Only 16 But She Was All Woman', which I think says something about Georgio Moroder.

"And we said, That's terrible. So we put Martin in the studio and he made up all this stuff and we wrote down all the words that fitted."

FADE TO

17 Interior. Night-time. Recording studio. Neal X screeching his guitar, turning everything up to eleven. Engineer leaving in pain.

(Roll credits.)

DISSOLVE TO

18 Exterior. Night-time. Slow motion. A roundabout in north London. Journalist and Neal X stand and look for a taxi. Car headlights become a blur. Rain falls gently. Camera pulls slowly up and back to take in a wider street scene of the busy intersection, night-time, neon and smoke.

Neal: "I was sure you said you were going to pay for that dinner."

BAND AID

synth by programming his SDS 9 and hitting his pads. This was great news for the SDS 9 owner but users of earlier Simmons products such as the SDS 5, 7 and 8 were left MIDI-less and could only look on in envy.

To solve that problem, Simmons have introduced two interface units – the TMI and the MTM – which enable you to use your drum pads not only to trigger any of the Simmons electronic drum brains but also any other MIDI instruments. And the MTM will also translate almost any audio signals into MIDI code. So you can trigger either a Simmons drum brain or any MIDI synths from a miked-up acoustic kit, or even from sounds already recorded on your multi-track recording tape in the studio.

Furthermore, as Simmons have also brought out their SDE (Simmons Drum Expander) for you to use all your MIDI interfaces on – producing a vast variety of interesting sound possibilities ranging from African log drums to all kinds of tuned percussion – a vast creative field really has been opened up. As I discovered

watching Barry Watts at Simmons using one set of pads to run through interesting and ever-changing sets of sounds and effects.

As you will have guessed from the price, the TMI is the smaller brother of the MTM and converts the trigger signals from Simmons pads into MIDI code. It's a slim rack mountable unit the same size, and finished in the same colours, as the new SDS 1000 drum kit brain. The rear panel houses the trigger input channels into which you would plug your pads and five trigger output channels from which you can trigger, for example, bass drum, snare and three toms, or any other sounds of your choice from any of the Simmons drum brains available. Also on the rear panel is the MIDI output to your synth, SDE or any other MIDI voicing unit.

Next to that there is a cassette dump facility so that you can store all your programmed information on to tape, and also an output marked 'suitcase kit', which is another new product Simmons have in the

pipeline.

Finally there is a socket for your dual footswitch option which enables you to run through your various programmed options on the TMI with a tap of your foot.

The front panel of the TMI is split into two halves: on the left hand side there are the eight sensitivity controls that adjust the sensitivity of each channel; underneath each one is a trigger LED which comes on when the TMI detects a trigger signal at the relevant channel.

These LEDs also play a secondary role in indicating the chosen channel when you are programming a patch.

The right hand side of the TMI contains two segment displays, a MIDI channel LED and a MIDI note program LED. These light up to show you whether you are programming a MIDI channel, MIDI note or MIDI program change. To the right of these displays are five buttons which operate selection storage and display facilities.

Information is stored in the TMI in the form of programmed patches – such as which MIDI channel you have selected, which of the

eight MIDI notes available you have selected to be triggered by which pad, etc etc. You can store up to 99 different patches in the TMI's memory.

All information is programmed into one of the 99 patches, that can in turn be sequenced into your preferred running order and selected during playing by use of the footswitch, instantly changing the sounds on your kit or individual pads.

The MTM is an interface just like the TMI and does everything the TMI can do and a lot more. It is an eight channel unit designed to translate audio (analog) signals into MIDI code and MIDI signals into triggers to drive other analog synthesizers. It's larger than the TMI but finished in the same way in black with blue highlighting.

The top of the rear panel houses the eight input channels which accept either jack or XLR inputs. Below these to the left you will find eight analog trigger outputs which could be used to trigger the SDS 5, 7, or 8.

Next to these are the

footswitch and cassette dumping outputs, your connections for MIDI facility and an input for a selector pad as used with the SDS 7, for which it was primarily designed.

The front panel houses, as well as the trigger sensitivity controls, a whole batch of programming buttons with a display window on the right hand side of the unit to show you exactly what you are doing.

The really big difference with the MTM is that the additional facilities include a method of adjusting an incoming trigger so that the signal need not come from an electronic drum pad. The MTM will accept signals from many sources and would be invaluable in studios where a recorded sound may be required to trigger drum voices such as the SDS 7 or 9 or any other MIDI-controlled voicing system. For example, a single hit on a recorded acoustic tom can be the trigger for a whole sequence of notes and drum sounds.

Successful triggering always seemed to be a problem in studios before, but not with the MTM: you

can easily replace all your old prerecorded multitrack drum sounds with new ones. MTM will also convert MIDI signals into analog triggers allowing drum machines and sequencers easy access to the SDS 7 and other Simmons drum units.

Programming the MTM is also done in the form of patches. Another big plus with the MTM is its effects bank, which gives you access to dozens of programmable effects like echoes, sequences and the like, whereby you could program a bass sequence to begin just by the striking of a particular pad. Chordal effects are also available, with pad dynamics controlling the number of notes in the chord!

There are ten factory and 30 user effects in the MTM; 20 factory and 99 user patches can be stored and ten sequences of up to 100 patches can also be stored in the MTM and selected via footswitch.

The MTM is a remarkably creative tool and I'm sure its versatility would stretch as far as you ever wanted it to go.

BOGDAN WICZLING

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

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*Source: Target Group Index 1985

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