

FREE-EXCLUSIVE AMERICAN FOOTBALL MAGAZINE

SOUNDS

**JULIAN
COPE**

**AN OPEN
AND SHUT CASE**

PSYCHIC TV
ZZ TOP LIVE!
CHRIS SUTTON
BUSHWACKED IN
AUSTRALIA PART ONE
BRILLIANT AND TALKING HEADS LPs

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Ex-window cleaner, ex-accounts clerk, now **Sounds** EP discovery — it's **Chris Sutton!** Roy Wilkinson meets a man of soul. **Page 18**

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STAN RIDGWAY has remixed the title track of his 'The Big Heat' album for his follow up single to 'Camouflage' on IRS (through MCA) next week. It's backed by the Fred Rose blues classic 'Foggy River'.

And having enjoyed his recent brief European tour a few weeks ago, Stan will be right back, flying in to appear on BBC2's *Rock Around The Clock* on September 20.

He then plays two nights at London's Marquee on September 21 and 22, and is lining up a series of provincial gigs for October.

NEW ORDER have a new single out this weekend on Factory called 'State Of The Nation'. It was recorded in Tokyo on April 1985.

The other side is 'Shame Of The Nation', recorded between October 1985 and April 1986 in Manchester, New York and Los Angeles. Quite why this amount of travelling was involved creating one slab of 7-inch vinyl is not known.

On a slightly less exotic front, the band have added another date to their British tour at Malvern Winter Gardens on October 3. There are no plans to record a single there.

THE RED GUITARS break off from their recording schedule to play their only British gig for the rest of the year at Bristol Hope Centre on September 13, in aid of Nicaragua. They'll be supported by The Bloody Marys, another Hull band who are now based in Bristol.

BILLY MacKENZIE and **Paul Haig** team up for a one-off show at Edinburgh Refrigerator Heaven at Wilkie House on September 14, supported by The Botany 500. Tickets are £5.

Bonjour, Bon Jovi...



BON JOVI, who are enjoying their first British hit single with 'You Give Love A Bad Name', will be touring here in November. They last toured here in spring 1985, and appeared at the Donington Festival three months later.

Their third album, 'Slippery When Wet', comes out on Vertigo on September 12 (already reviewed in *Sounds*, August 30 issue) and the band are in the middle of a major world tour taking in Japan, America and Europe, where they have just played a series of festivals with Ozzy Osbourne.

The tour opens at Sheffield City Hall November 10 and then takes in Birmingham Odeon 11, Edinburgh Playhouse 12, Manchester Apollo 14, and Newcastle City Hall 15, before rounding off with two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon on the 17th and 18th.

BEATEN TRACK



It might be Nice in Nice, but it's OK in the UK too, say Stranglers as they announce an autumn tour of Britain

THE STRANGLERS, back in the charts again with 'Nice In Nice', and with their ninth album waiting in the wings — not to mention a retrospective album of the more obscure parts of their vinyl career out on EMI called 'Off The Beaten Track' — have confirmed their British tour dates for next month.

They play Aberdeen Capitol October 23,

Edinburgh Playhouse 24, Newcastle City Hall 26, Manchester Apollo 27, Nottingham Royal Centre 28, Birmingham Odeon 29, Sheffield City Hall 30, Gloucester Leisure Centre November 1, Oxford Apollo 2, Brighton Centre 4.

They've already announced their superstar bash at Wembley Arena on November 3. Tickets are £8, £7 and £6.

Hugh Cornwell has prepared for the tour by writing and producing Nigel Planer's 'Rough With The Smooth' single, which is the theme tune for his *King And Castle* ITV series.

Meanwhile Jean-Jacques Burnel is out in Poland playing Stranglers cover versions in a Warsaw band!

TOPS

ICA to host four Woodentops nights

THE WOODENTOPS, who have a new single out on September 29, have lined up four London concerts at the ICA from October 8-11.

They'll be supported by James, and tickets are £4.50 plus ICA day membership of 60p. Tickets are available from the ICA box office or Keith Prowse (plus booking fee).

The single is a remixed version of 'Love Affair With Everyday Living', from their 'Giant' album on Rough Trade. It's backed by 'Why Part 1', and there's also a 7-inch double pack containing the 12-inch mixes of their previous singles, 'Move Me' and 'Well Well Well', or a 12-inch with 'Why Parts 1, 2 and 3'.

ANTHRAX, American thrash metal specialists who made their British debut at Hammersmith Palais, return this week to join Metallica on their British tour.

The band, whose 'Spreading The Disease' album came out on Island at the beginning of the year, have a new single out next week called 'Madhouse'. The 12-inch features their own version of The Sex Pistols' 'God Save The Queen'.

THE PRIMITIVES put in some early groundwork for their October EP, 'Thru The Flowers', with gigs at Kennington Cricketers September 11, Dudley JB's 12, Brighton The Richmond 18, Hammersmith Clarendon 19, Birmingham University 27.

GWEN GUTHRIE, whose 'Good To Go Lover' album has been causing a stir in soul circles, comes over for her first British dates as Al Jarreau's special guest at Wembley Arena on September 20.

SOUNDS

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BIG COUNTRY

LIVE IN BRUSSELS, SEPTEMBER 30th
£69 INCLUDES: Concert ticket, 1st class hotel, luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry. Full day eve in Brussels, Depart eve Sept 28. Return am 1st Oct. [BCH]

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WOODENTOPS ★ PETE MURPHY ★
FUZZBOX ★ CACTUS WORLD NEWS ★
GHOST DANCE ★ BALAAM & ANGEL ★
BOMB PARTY ★ SHOP ASSISTANTS ★
MORE

FUTURAMA FESTIVAL BELGIUM 5th OCTOBER
£45 INCLUDES: Festival Ticket, all transport by luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry. Depart eve 4th Oct. Return am 6th Oct. [FF]

STATUS QUO

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LEVEL 42

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EURYTHMICS

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JUDAS PRIEST

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IRON MAIDEN

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£49 INCLUDES: Concert tickets, luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry. Depart eve November 27th. Return am November 29th. [IMB]

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MADNESS SPLIT

WASP have adjusted their dress before leaving for their British and European tour.

Blackie Lawless has switched from bass to rhythm to replace Randy Piper, and in comes former King Kobra bassist Johnny Rod.

With a new album, 'Inside The Electric Circus', due in October, the band begin their European assault with a slot on BBC2's *Rock Around The Clock* at Kentish Town Town And Country Club, September 20. Doors open at 11pm and the first 1,500 get in free.

BILLY BRAGG, Barking's own Bolshevik bard, releases his third album on Go! Discs on September 22 called 'Talking With The Taxman About Poetry'.

In continued defiance of standard record industry practice, Bragg has slapped a £4.49 price limit on the album. This means that the eleven Bragg originals – including 'Levi Stubbs Tears' – and a cover of the Count Bishops' 'Train Train' will cost 37.4 pence each, maximum.

Speaking from deep inside Neil Kinnock's trouser pocket (left leg), Bragg told *Sounds* that this represented an increase of just 1.1 pence per song over a two-year period.

And some of this modest increase has been ploughed back into the industry, employing the services of The Smiths' Johnny Marr, Kirsty MacColl, pianist Kenny Craddock, violinist Bobby Valentino and brass player Dave 'Toots' Woodhead on some tracks.

Bragg will be out of Kinnock's pocket and on to the hustings shortly, for previously announced gigs.

"We came, we saw, we left" are the final words of Madness, who broke up suddenly at the end of last week

MADNESS have split up – suddenly and without warning after seven years, 20 Top 20 singles and seven albums.

A statement from the band headed "The Seven Year Itch (Part I)" says: "After 400 Top Ten singles, three record labels, the odd video, two managers, countless innuendos and being banned from here to eternity for our lack of professionalism by people with as much flair as a yogurt carton, the 'nutty' ghost train grinds to a halt, pulls into a station: terminal Madness.

"Oh what fun we had! But for now it's a heartfelt thanks to all who helped us on our way, particularly our fans and friends. We came, we saw, we left."

Beyond that there is no explanation as to why the band – who started their career with half a 2-Tone single, became Stiff stars and finally launched their own Zarjazz label three years ago – should call it a day.

However, since they set up Zarjazz, they've had to move the label to smaller offices, and speculation is that, with a staff of 15 to support, they simply ran out of money.

The band are currently recording a farewell single for release later this year. Some members of the group may also form a new liaison at some point in the future. "The rest is, for the moment, shrouded in darkness", concludes the statement.



XMAL DEUTSCHLAND have added another date to their British tour at Glasgow Rooftop September 27. And they release their first single called 'Matador' on their own X-ile label (through Phonogram) next week.

FM, who've just released their 'Indiscreet' debut album on Portrait, will be joining Magnum as special guests on their lengthy British tour, which starts at Tunbridge Wells on September 23 and winds up at Hammersmith Odeon on October 18.

THE TOY DOLLS celebrate their third album, 'Gossip', with a batch of gigs at Leeds Adam And Eves September 10, Derby Rockhouse 11, Retford Porterhouse 12, Hammersmith Clarendon 13, Manchester Cloud Nine 17, Rochdale Tiffanys 18, Bridgewater Arts Centre 19, St Albans City Hall 20.

THE HOUSEMARTINS follow up their 'Happy Hour' Top Three hit with a newly recorded version of 'Think For A Minute' on Go! Discs on September 22.

The 12-inch will feature a total of five tracks. Besides the 7-inch B-side, 'Who Needs The Limelight', there's 'I Smell Winter', the acapella 'Joy Joy Joy' and a "human beat box extravaganza" called 'Rap Around The Clock'.

The band are lining up a hefty British tour next month, but they have a half-hour special on BBC2's *Rock Around The Clock* on September 20, during which they'll be transforming themselves into The David Coleman Inspirational Choir. Quite extraordinary!

THE TRIFFIDS have organised a farewell gig at London Tufnell Park Boston Arms on September 25 before they retreat back to Australia to escape the English winter via tours of Europe and America.

They'll be leaving behind a new album which will be out in mid-October.

Support at the Boston Arms will be The Bible and Surreal Estate.

DON JOHNSON from *Miami Vice* – the first TV series to incorporate a rock and roll soundtrack – completes the circle by signing to Epic and releasing a single this week called 'Heartbeat'.

The album – due in November – is also called 'Heartbeat', but there's no truth in the rumours that it will be used as a soundtrack to a British drugbustin' cop series starring Phil Collins.

GHOST RIDERS

NEW MODEL ARMY have their new album, 'The Ghost Of Cain', out on EMI at the end of this month, and have lined up a British tour in October.

The album was produced by Glyn Johns, who has worked with The Stones, The Eagles, The Clash, Led Zeppelin and The Who among others. There are ten new original songs, two of which feature Nine Below Zero's Mark Feltham on harmonica.

The tour begins at Chippenham Goldiggers on October 8 and continues at

Coventry Polytechnic 9, Liverpool Royal Court 11, Birmingham Powerhouse 12, Nottingham Rock City 13, Edinburgh Coasters 14, Bradford University 15, Dunstable Queensway Hall 16, Colchester Essex University 17, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 18, Brighton Coasters 19, Cardiff University 20, Plymouth Woods 21, Manchester Slookies 22.

Tickets are £4 except Coventry, Nottingham and Dunstable (£3.50 in advance), Colchester and Cardiff (£3.75), and London (£4.75).

LATIN QUARTER play a Peace And Freedom Concert For Chile at London's Kentish Town Town And Country Club September 18, supported by Incantation. Tickets are £5 (£4 unwaged).

SKELETAL FAMILY have split – again.

This time, founder bassist Trotwood and recently recruited drummer Kevin Hunter have pulled out over "disenchantment with the planned future for the band. Too many things were being decided without us and there were too many compromises expected of us".

But at least they are still on good terms with vocalist Katrina and guitarist Stan, whose plans aren't certain at present, although they are likely to continue working together.

Trotwood and Kevin have already linked up with guitarist Jon Bhowmick for a new venture provisionally called Say You.

BALAAM AND THE ANGEL have added three more dates to their British tour at Burton Central Park September 12, Liverpool Tick Wick's 14, Bristol Bierkeller 28.

FOSTER PILKINGTON has got himself a band called The Tax Loss, and they play their first gig together at Fulham Greyhound on September 10.

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WEST COUNTRY RUNAWAYS

GO WEST, whose debut album has been knocking around the charts for 74 weeks, have lined up a month-long tour starting in mid-November.

The band have spent much of the last year writing songs for their second album, which is due for release at the beginning of September, but a single should be out on Chrysalis at the end of this month.

The Runaway Train Tour, which heralds the start of a world tour for Go West, starts at Manchester Apollo on

November 19 and 20 and continues at Newcastle City Hall 22-23, Ipswich Gaumont 27-28, London Hammersmith Odeon 30 - December 1, Brighton Centre 3, Bournemouth Centre 6, St Austell Coliseum 7, London Hammersmith Odeon 9-10, Birmingham Odeon, 12, 13 and 15, Nottingham Centre 16, Edinburgh Playhouse 18, Liverpool Royal Court 19, Sheffield City Hall 21-22.

Tickets are priced at £7.50 and £6.50 (Hammersmith £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50) and are on sale from September 13.



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IT'S IMMATERIAL finally release their debut album next week on Siren, optimistically titled 'Life's Hard And Then You Die'. It contains ten tracks (eleven if you buy the cassette), including their 'Driving Away From Home' and 'Ed's Funky Diner' singles. The band are currently "recooperating".

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THE CHAMELEONS have added an extra date to their British tour, at Newcastle Riverside on September 14.

CAPEY BELL, one of the last of the original blues harmonica men, and his son Lurrie, who is one of the new wave of Chicago blues guitarists, are over for a tour with Exeter blues band Junkyard Angels at Exeter Arts Centre September 10, Southampton Joiners Arms 11, Weymouth Verdies 12, Camden Dingwalls 13, Oxford Street 100 Club 14, Putney Half Moon 15, Oxford Street 100 Club 16, Norwich Arts Centre 18, Fareham Boars Head 19, Kendal Arts Centre 20.

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2 CHRISTY MOORE	12 DAMNED
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3 SHOP ASSISTANTS	15/16 PATTI LABELLE
3 STEEL PULSE	17/18 SUZANNE VEGA
6 THE BYRDS	19 OWEN PAUL
9 NEW ORDER	19/20 ALISON MOYET
9 IT BITES	19/22 GEORGE BENSON
9 HOUSEMARTINS	20 RICHARD THOMPSON
10 CURTIS MAYFIELD	20/22/23 ALEXANDER O'NEIL
10 ROBYN HITCHCOCK	27/28 HAWKWINN
11 SAXON	29 DAVE ARTHUR
12 FAT BACK BAND	5 SHAKIN' STEVENS
12 NICK CAVE	5-8 LEVEL 42
13 SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK	6/7/8/9 EURHYTHMICS
13/14/16/17/18/19 LAUDEN WAIN-WRIGHT III	12 BIG COUNTRY
14 EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL	22/23/24 SPANDAU BALLET
14/15 U.S. KING	27 CHRIS REA

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12-13th SEPTEMBER
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WHODINI!
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BEASTIE BOYS

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the real **ROXANNE** with
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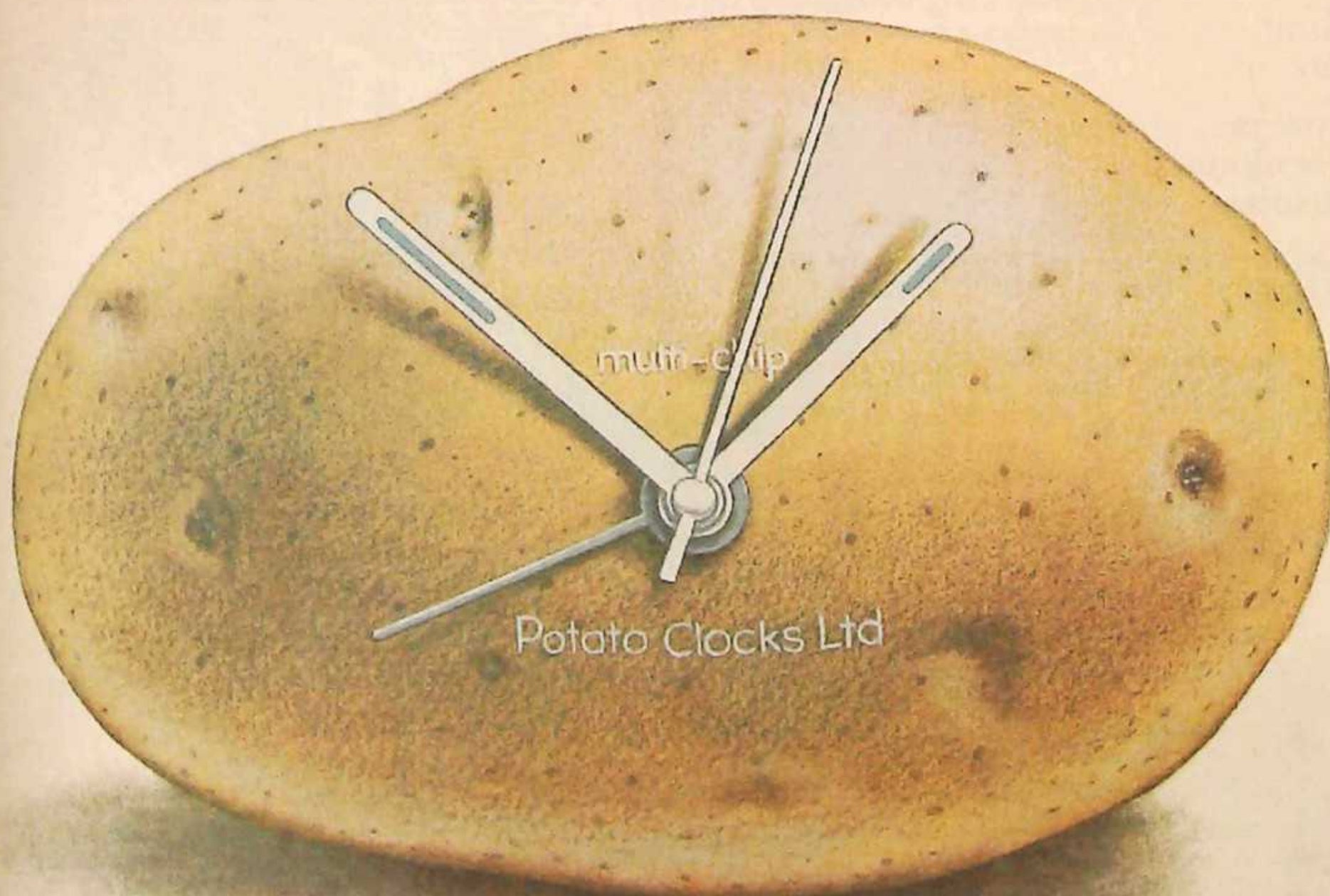
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The startling
first installment.

The denouement
comes with their album
released in October.

Partake of
'Madness Of It All.'



The
ESSENTIAL
Barnsley Chopper!

BACKTRACKS

THE BEACH BOYS, who've had several of their early albums reissued during the summer, have a 25-track compilation called 'Made In USA' released by Capitol. The double album leans heavily towards the bands' first four years – inexplicably missing out 'Little Deuce Coupe' – at the expense of later hits like 'I Can Hear Music', 'Darlin'', 'Wild Honey', 'Bluebirds Over The Mountain' and 'Friends'. But it does catch up at the end with their 1976 slight return, 'Rock And Roll Music', a cover of the Dell-Vikings' 'Come Go With Me', last year's studio effort with Brian back in falsetto, 'Getcha Back', and two newly recorded tracks – the modern-sounding autobiographical 'Rock And Roll To The Rescue' (written by Mike Love and producer Terry Melcher) and a cover of the Mamas And Papas' 'California Dreamin'.

THE ENID, who've now regained control of all their back catalogue, have a double album anthology called 'Lovers And Fools' out on Dojo (through Nine Mile). Robert Godfrey's personal choice includes four tracks from their first album, 'In The Region Of The Summer Stars', nothing from 'Aerie Faerie Nonsense' ('because 'Fand' is too long'), a couple from 'Six Pieces', three from 'Something Wicked This Way Comes', nothing from 'The Spell' which is being released as a compact disc next month, and two from their recent 'Salome' soundtrack album. "It's ideal for those who've heard of us but not heard much," says Robert.

THE FLYING BURRITO BROS' 1969 debut album, 'The Gilded Palace Of Sin' one of the seminal country rock albums thanks mainly to Gram Parsons and 'Sneaky' Pete Kleinow's pedal steel, has been plucked from A&M's basement and reissued in its original pristine condition by Edsel.

THE IMPULSE jazz label which dominated the '50s and '60s is being revived by MCA who are reissuing 19 of the label's vintage catalogue. Titles include 'The Great Kai And JJ', Gil Evans' 'Out Of The Cool', John Coltrane's 'Africa Brass' and 'A Love Supreme', Quincy Jones' 'The Quintessence', 'Ellington Meets Coleman Hawkins' and 'Mingus Mingus Mingus'.

BIG MAMA THORNTON, whose 'Hound Dog' gave Elvis a leg up and whose voice was something for Aretha Franklin to think about, has a batch of her '50s Peacock recordings issued by Ace called 'Quit Snoopin' Round My Door'. It doesn't include 'Hound Dog' but it does feature her first release, 'Mischievous Baby', from 1951 and the first single to cause a stir, 'Let Your Tears Fall, Baby', and her last single for the label, 'Just Like A Dog (Barking Up The Wrong Tree)'.

THE BONZO DOG BAND's 1972 reunion album, 'Let's Make Up And Be Friendly', which only partly lived up to its title, being a last-ditch attempt by Neil Innes and Vivian Stanshall to revive the band, is re-released by Awareness (through EMI).



HEAD OF DAVID, the Dudley band who've somehow fallen into the clutches of Blast First, have an album out at the end of the month called 'LP' which features their earlier mini-album called 'Dogbreath' and their John Peel session which they've called 'Godbreath'.

THE TIMEX SOCIAL CLUB, who've successfully fought off legal hassles from the watchmakers, have their American smash hit 'Rumours' released by Cooltempo this week.

TWO PEOPLE put out their third single on Polydor this weekend called 'Mouth Of An Angel'.

THE TIMES, who like to think of themselves as seminal, have their new single, which just happens to be the signature tune of a cable TV station, on Fire this week. It's called 'Times TV'.

SCARLETT AND BLACK, release their second single this week on MDM called 'You Never Understand Me'.

THE STABILIZERS, who consist of keyboard whizz-kid Rich Nevans from Newcastle and vocalist Dave Christenson from Nova Scotia, have their debut album out on CBS this week called 'Tyranny'.

LA DREAM TEAM, a pair of West Coast rappers, have their first single out on MCA this week called 'Nursery Rhymes'.

CACTUS WORLD NEWS, currently in the middle of a two-month American tour, have their single, 'The Bridge', originally released on Bono's Mother label, reissued by MCA this week.

BLOODFIRE POSSE, a Jamaican reggae band whose 'Are You Ready' album has been in the reggae charts most of this year, have the title track released as a single by CBS this week.

STRANGERS AND BROTHERS new single on Magnet this weekend is 'Candi Train'.

FREDDIE HUBBARD, Edyie Gorme, Nancy Wilson, Lou Rawls and Chet Baker are among the latin lovers who've got tracks on 'Jazz Juice 3' on Streetsounds this month.

RECORD NEWS

STEVE CARLTON, Billy Ocean's keyboard player, embarks on his solo career with a single called 'Back To Square One' on RCA this week.

POWER TO DREAM have their first single for more than a year out on Illuminated this week called 'Frantic', to be followed by an album, 'From Fortune To Failure' at the end of the month.

MC BOOB, who's established his hardcore rapping reputation with 'Just Call Us Def', has a new single out on Streetwave this week called 'Bring The Beat Back'.

GBH hit the nail on the head with their new single titled 'Oh No It's GBH Again' on Rough Justice (through Music For Nations) this week.

NUMBER FOUR JOYSTREET from Somerset have their first single out on Golden Pathway (through Revolver) this month called 'Watch The World'.

DAVE ADAMS, North Carolina-born singer, songwriter and keyboard player who was previously with Glassmoon, launches his solo career with an album on Elektra this week called 'Dancing In My Sleep'.



IN THE NURSERY, who are now down to brothers Klive and Nigel Humberstone, have their first album, 'Twins', out on Sweatbox this week. They'll be playing dates in November.

THE CHAMELEONS

STRANGE TIMES

The Long-Awaited
New Album & Cassette

Includes 'Swamp Thing'
& 'Tears' (Original Arrangement)

Produced by Dave M. Allen

ON TOUR
SEPTEMBER

Tues 9th	NOTTINGHAM, Rock City
Wed 10th	LONDON, Town & Country
Thur 11th	BRISTOL, Bier Keller
Fri 12th	MANCHESTER, International
Sun 14th	NEWCASTLE, Riverside Club



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HOORAY HENRY TAKES £5 FROM BLIND NUN

H... RIGHT now stands for hacks, heartache, humour, heat and Henry, Julian, the horray! of the sentimental sunlight that filters through The Hit Parade whose fifth single, 'See You In Havana', billows with the whistful Silk Cut III of Cath Carroll of Mirow.

It was also the shape of Julian's face when he told me about working for Air Canada at Heathrow. He used to ferry people off the planes by wheelchair and was once forced to take a £5 tip from a blind nun.

It is the stuff of headlines and never the whole truth. Worse things can happen though, like writing for *Melody Maker*.

I... stretches into *in:ter:vi:ew* which wasn't that straightforward due to my inevitable but unavoidable unpunctuality at our first meeting.

T... teases out the time. We made another appointment. Meanwhile Julian went to Tenerife to visit the inspirational

source of most of his songs, his girlfriend Joanna.

"No, I don't think I'm excessively romantic. That's a bit like asking what the colour of your skin is," he explained.

Naturally, I took along some guilt gifts to our second chat: after-tan lotion for him and a rose for Cath, who in the interim I'd finally realised will soon become one of Britain's most cherished voices.

"Cath can't come tonight, she's auditioning a new guitarist," said Julian.

Oh dear.
"We've always agreed Maow would come first for her. At the moment our partnership is like a part-time thing, the same as DC Lee with Paul Weller and Alison Moyet with Vince Clarke. It's not like we're married or anything. But although The Hit Parade has been essentially just me for the past two years, I'd like to get Cath involved more because we have a common liking for '60s harmony and melodies."

M... makes monkeys out of mashed emotions. An ex-pupil of Stowe public school, the same institution that brought you Richard Branson and two members of Supertramp, Julian's Hit Parade trace bittersweet tunes which are like the tears of bees (of course bees cry, honey).

He's not afraid to admit to liking The Bay City Rollers in their silly tartan trousers period. And for him, as THP's third single hinted, 'The Sun Shines In Gerrard's Cross'.

"Americans write about their hometowns all the time. So what's wrong with writing about Gerrard's Cross if that's where you were raised?" Quite.

E... rides on the easy heel heels! that punctuated our erratic conversation while we wondered whether The Hit Parade where the 10cc of the '80s, bringing lush love songs to bloom in a brutal social garden.

"Well there were four of 10cc and there's only one of me." You

OUT

David and Sophie's
little problem
John Sweeney
Transparent trousers
Crunchies
Pavlova
Delhi Belly

IN

News Stand
£200 tennis
Mating frogs
Sleeping sickness
Silk flowers
Absentee bosses
Blabbering drunkards

BITES... BITES... BITES... BITES...

● IF ANYBODY has found a Big Massive Stupid yellow comb could they please return it to Roger Holland c/o SOUNDS



CATH AND JULES: hit them with your rhythm stick

don't have the beard or nose for that noose anyway Julian.

"Would I wear silly trousers to get my records into the chart?"

Oh no, of course not. Mind you, in ten years time Frankie will seem as ridiculous as The Bay City Rollers do now... I don't make the records to make money, I just enjoy the whole process from creating the music to taking the pictures for the

sleeves. I'm proud of what I do...

"Why do I have the bad taste to write for *Melody Maker*? They were the only people who would have me. And actually I think it's quite goo..."

Ahhh, there are limits to one's tolerance of the ridiculous. The Hit Parade, and the territory the name implies, belong together.

JACK BARRON

TOTALLY BEZIQUE

THE GOSPEL according to Saint Bezique! AND in those times there shall appear a spirit moving amongst you. A mysterious substance that shall Bzzzap the brain-cells of the faithful followers of the God Bacardi. IT shall come that this spirit will feel the need to make itself known to the heathen unbelievers and lo, it shall hold court in a den of vipers and other scurvy characters who couldn't get into the limelight. AND there shall appear inside this Hippodrome a myriad of believers in ritual religious dress and tribal silver space paint. The anointing of converts with bottles of the Bezique shall be followed by much rhythmic shaking of the bodies and finally an induced trance; flat on their backs. AND so it shall appease the spirit and everyone can go home happy and cleansed and well and truly pissed.



"DRINK THIS my pet... hee hee"

BITES... BITES... BITES... BITES... BITES

● SILLY BOY. During the course of a cosy little *soirée* round at Pete Wyllie's right-hand woman Josie Jones' gaff, a heroically legless Zodiac Mindwarp unwittingly decanted the contents of a bottle of Valpolicella into the Jones bed. When an alert Andy Kershaw took remedial action, a crazed Mindwarp screamed, "What the f*** do you think you're doing pouring salt in her bed?!", and promptly invited the petrified DJ to join him in a few rounds of fisticuffs. Zodiac removed his shirt and - rather intriguingly - his trousers ('I was f***** rat-arsed', unquote), before being overpowered and bundled into the first available taxi. The cab driver is said to be recovering.

Lost In Trance



C. CAT: does anybody know who these people are?

A slice of mysticism in your own living room

By Dave Henderson

WHY ARE these men wearing masks? I'll tell you, mate! They're ashamed. Yes. Ashamed at the British line when it comes to buying records.

The latest in a long series of rock 'n' roll clichés must go to C-Cat Trance. You see, they're just too good for their own good. Their last couple of singles have reaped massive critical acclaim, a Single Of The Week here and there and, what happens? Nothing. That's what.

"It's people, they go on about how good our records are but no one buys them."

But is that because no one's really buying anything of independent quality? I mean, it's not just singles with C-Cat Trance, their albums seem to do

little in the UK either, while on the continent people go into fits of derision just at the thought of stuttering their name.

"Yeah, I asked for our last single, 'Shake The Mind', in our home town of Nottingham and they'd never heard of it, or the band. But in Holland, for instance, even the normal Joe who was running the hotel had seen the record in his local record shop."

Something rotten in the state of British music? You bet. It's a sad affair when the only homegrown band of anything approaching style (and cred) to scrape the charts are The Smiths. Are we doomed to live a life accompanied by the retrodden stickiness of the

SOFT CELL

RUMOUR, SIMILAR to *rheum* only with an *euuugh* at the end, promised the greatest show on Earth - The Human League, The Stranglers, Elvis Costello, The Bunnymen, even a one-off Buzzcocks reformation, even Bucks Fizz.

All this was anticipated when producer Martin Rushent organised a benefit gig for Sickle Cell Anaemia victims at his home/recording studio/inordinately large garden in the depths of Streteley near Reading last weekend.

Your fearless globetrotting and slightly cold reporter didn't so much mind whacking out the readies for a good cause but did, perhaps, doubt the wisdom of believing anybody or anything ever again when it was revealed that none of the aforementioned mega-names had braved the elements.

A glimpse at the menu showed a stream of unknown local bands before the line-up soared into the realms of "I'm sure I've heard of them" as follows: Altered States, The Members (it gets better), Simon Townshend, the cast of *EastEnders* (!), Hazel O'Connor, and the life-saving Vindaloo Triptych.

A walk across a golf course to fetch a bar of lemon soap proved illuminating, but soon your FG and SC reporter was back on the case garnering two hefty world-exclusive quotes:

1. Hazel O'Connor: "Oh shit, have I been f***ed around again, like so many times in my career?"
2. Tina Turner: "Give us some of that wine Chris, I'm not into it yet."

Sidestepping Phillthy Animal (having forgotten to bring the Simone de Beauvoir novel I'd promised to lend him) I metamorphosed dramatically into "audience member" to catch Hazel being all surprisingly good with 'Will You?' and a bizarre duel with Mr Rushent on 'Bring It On Home To Me'.

The millionaire producer (oh, it's so *Rock Follies*, mum) thanked those who'd contributed and wrinkled a nose at those who hadn't. The Nightingales, Ted Chippington and Fuzzbox regaled the survivors with the young ladies' unique interpretation of 'Bohemian Rhapsody' proving, um, something or other.

The proverbial nearly-all-star jam session ensued, which we took as our cue to slink off and get religion, or at least listen to a Molly Parkin tape.

'The Genetic Summer Party' is planned to be an annual event, which is good news for the charity. Hopefully next time the reality will match the publicity and good intentions.

JULIO THAN THOU

Amazulu's of this world?

Still, the next C-Cat Trance single may fare better. Taken from their 'Khamu' album, 'Screaming (To Be With You)' has been remixed and generally overhauled into a biting slice of east meets west dance music (the kind of thing these Cats do so well).

Whatever happens, C-Cat Trance will keep producing music of the highest quality, music of hybrid charm. Maybe then some highbrow with an American Express card will pick up on them and everyone will get the chance to sample a slice of mysticism in their own living room. Till then, you'll have to make do with Bruce Hornsby. Wow!

T**S WITH EVERYTHING

"YOU'LL NEVER see a nipple in the *Daily Express*". Or so said Mancunian people's poet, John Cooper Clarke. His adage may still hold true but you'll have no trouble whatsoever seeing one in *Sunday Sport*.

"If the *News Of The World* has three pairs of boobs," says its publisher David Sullivan, "we'll have ten".

The *Sport* is launched on Sept 14 and is aimed at the "sporting man who likes sporting girls".

"I believe there's five to ten per cent of the population who want real dirt," continues David. "Let's face it, the *News Of The World* is a family newspaper, there's no scandal in it. I can't remember when I last read a really good sex scandal in the *News Of The World*."

The headlines in a dummy issue (nipple count, 22) certainly bear out this muckraking dynamism. How would you fancy these popping up among the cornflakes: RAPISTS IN SKIRTS - THE WOMEN WHO TAKE IT ALL BY FORCE and WIFE CHANGES SEX TO WED HER MUM IN LAW?

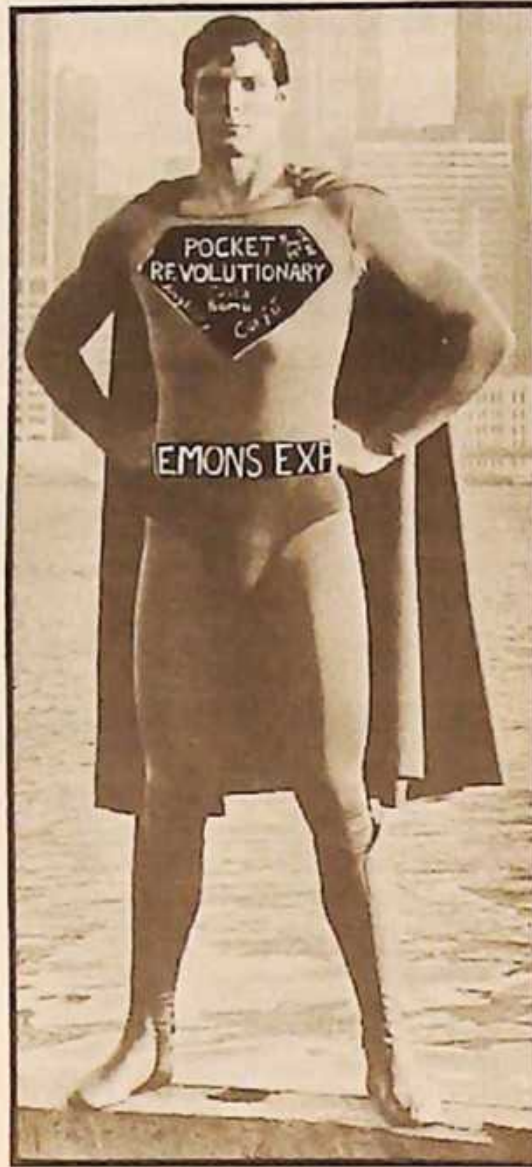
But apart from the sex, the paper will have loads of sport and much of it in colour. And the £500,000 promotion budget will be put up by Mr Sullivan's company, Congate Ltd, which is the purveyor of such literature as *Parade* and *Glamour Girls*.

From cover girls to the cover price, which is 30p on an initial circulation estimate of 600,000. The paper will hit the provinces in about six weeks time. God help us.

OHIOH!... no!

ROD CORKHILL

KNUCKLE DUST



RICKY KILDARE out on the town

SOME PEOPLE have been slagging the columnist you all love to love for the peachy clean, primary bright Marc O'Polo sweatshirt he's been sporting around town recently, but *Jaws* says that *absolutely anything* has got to be better than those awful freebie Mighty Lemon Drop Explodes T-shirts.

Anything, that is, except the ultra hip, ultra trendy, ultra mindless wanker Socialist T-shirts every pocket revolutionary from Robert 'Dutch' Elms down (and *Jaws* does mean down) to Ricky Kildare has been buying in bulk from the socially aware poseur's bookshop, Colletts, in London's Charing Cross Road.

As Frankle Goes to Hollywood proved all too convincingly, T-shirts are *not* the ideal forum for political debate. And these T-shirts are just the latest in a very long line of trite and decadent rich western gesturism which began with those hideous posters of Castro. *Jaws* advises that every time you see some knobhead wearing a worker's life or death struggle across his tits out of cheap self-gratification and one-upmanship, you de-frock the bastard.

MOUNTAINEERING

TWISTING THROUGH the dirt, sliding through the moisture and dancing on the fires of the heart are The Plumed Serpent, a band from Ashford in Kent who have gone unnoticed until now. Their tape is imaginatively exotic and stacked with stark power and moody atmosphere.

Their bag, however, is one of mixed delights, as it walks too closely to the piss-stained corridors of goth rock. When The Plumed Serpent dip their hands into their own lucky dip they pull out dense nuggets of possessive sensuality.

'Pain Of Scream', as the title suggests, is deep in the Joy Division school of melancholia with brooding bass lines in sparse synths and iffy vocals that are too melodramatic at the moment.

But that same melodrama works to their advantage in the penetrating 'Who Sleeps Shall Walk' in which violent streaks of passion mangle psychotically in dramatic intrigue.

RON ROM

Keep sending those demo tapes, people, c/o Ron Rom at *Sounds*.

MILLIONAIRE BEGGARS

Rock stars sing for their supper on London's Underground

THE LATEST trend among Jet-setting rock stars passing through town is to stop off on the London Underground and spend an hour or two busking for some tax free beer money.

For example, it's common knowledge that Paul McCartney, whose company McCartney Productions Limited is based in a suite of salubrious offices in Soho Square, has always been keen to leg it down to the local tube station to turn a few extra quid. And when asked why he finds it necessary to join our capital's begging classes, he claims that it's the only way he knows of keeping in touch with the common man. However, sources close to McCartney reckon it's because he's not only the world's richest man, he's also the world's most tight-fisted.

Of course everybody knows that the Bard of Barking, Billy Bragg, has been wont to busk outside Bob Dylan's shows in America, but did you ever think you'd see Ol' Zimmerman himself performing no less than three of young Billy's own songs? Well, you would have done had you been at Tottenham Court Road tube station (the very same station worked by McCartney!) last Tuesday lunchtime, when, taking a break from the set of his latest film, the God Dylan took a battered old acoustic guitar down the stairs to the Northern Line to sing for his supper.

Judging by the reception he received from London shoppers, Dylan ate a very light dinner that night. However, happy to get away from the spotlight for an hour or two, and well chuffed to have taken more money on an afternoon's busking than he'd grossed from his last appalling album, he was much more forthcoming than those who attended his last press conference would have expected, and

promised that throughout his stay in London he would be popping out two or three times a week to 'entertain' on the Underground stations of London.

One other fabulously wealthy star well known for rowing with only one oar is Led Zeppelin's James Patrick Page who has also fallen for the rather obscure charms of the busker's circuit. But close observers suspect that Page, never so notoriously avaricious as some of his peers, may well have some cloudy, mysterious motives for serenading travellers on the Metropolitan Line with endless instrumental renditions of 'Stairway to Heaven'.

You see, Page is an avowed disciple of the powerful cult figure Aleister Crowley, and has devoted much of his enormous wealth to buying up every building Crowley ever lived in, every hotel he ever stayed in and every toilet he ever shat in.

And shrewd commentators are convinced that Page is acting out some private and deeply personal ritual, traipsing backwards and forwards across the Metropolitan Line, which regularly carries his mentor Crowley from his snug little two up, two down in Wembley to his favourite apothecary in seedy down town Whitechapel, in some bizarre quest for enlightenment.

Rumour also has it that top pop stars Sique Sique Sputnik are soon take to the Underground to record a live album. A spokeswoman with a Godawful voice and very silly teeth commented: "Well, everybody said that the first album sounded like it was recorded in a toilet, and this is the next best thing. Besides it's the only place the band can be sure of pulling an audience."

NICKED CORTINA



SACRED STARS

Dave Henderson wanders down the hallowed halls of hybrid cowpoke to find The Stars Of Heaven trying to escape from all the idiot pop

WHEN YOU wander down the hallowed halls of hybrid cowpoke music, the distant sound of The Byrds' 'Sweetheart Of The Rodeo' LP or maybe a Gram Parsons or Flying Burrito Brothers cut will tingle in the back of your spinal column. But the strange no-man's land between contemporary pop, rock music and the seedier side of Dolly Parton, Tammy Wynette et al isn't the likeliest spot for a Dublin quartet to plant their roots.

After U2, Cactus World News and even The Pogues' variation of all things Irish, The Stars of Heaven

fall, rather awkwardly, into another giant haystack altogether. Their cutesy, ragamuffin, country-esque sound which surfaced last year on their 'Clothes Of Pride' 45 on Hotwire, is different, exciting and compulsive.

Since then, sporadic gigs and a Peel session have landed them a deal for a new mini-LP, 'Sacred Heart Hotel', on Rough Trade. So what about the style of music that the Stars are playing? And, what's this in their press kit that says they're "escaping from all the idiot

pop?"

"What? Did we say that?" Yeah, explain that one away, mate...

"Well, I suppose we were getting a bit tired of all the soul records that were clogging up the charts and we'd always been keen on country, so we thought we'd have a go and see if we could play it."

So what kind of people are you trying to appeal to?

"Ourselves, really. We started out trying to be a country band and we couldn't do that so we've

ended up with some country and some other bits."

And an interesting concoction it is too. The drained, soulful white vocals are thrown against a tempered guitar which has more to do with pedal steel and bottleneck than most. So, is this a stab at longevity from the Stars? After all, the majority of rock 'n' rollers tune into country as their sides grow grey.

"Well, we hadn't thought of that, but you never know, we could end up playing the working men's

clubs in years to come."

Before that, though, there's a distinct possibility that The Stars of Heaven could be playing a few more recognised rock niteries. Major label interest has already been shown and the general feeling is that the big boys will just wait until Rough Trade do the market research with 'Sacred Heart Hotel' before the wallets step in and whisk the boys off into a world of fancy shirts, new cowboy boots and bootlace ties.

Still, that's rock 'n' roll. Ain't it?

'ALLO 'ALLO



STRUGGLING TO get in touch with the agent of somebody so very, very rich and famous that they can afford to pay an agent, *Jaws* stumbled across another cracking Ansafone message.

Said agent, who is not going to see his name in print at any price, has left what is, on the face of it, a very much run of the mill sort of message: "Sorry there's nobody here to help you at the moment, please leave a message after the pips." But, with a wit for which his profession is not renowned, the little tinker then serenades the passing caller with a full two minutes of that old agents' favourite, 'Midnight Train to Georgia'.

By Gladys Knight...

And The Pips...

Well, we thought it was funny.

NICKED CORTINA

Soap Couple In Split...

ANOTHER *JAWS* exclusive emerged this week from deep in the bowels of Albert Square.

It is that Pete and Kaffy Beale are to divorce. The apparently happy couple suffer what lawyers call an irretrievable breakdown in their six year marriage. But what causes it and what the consequences are nobody yet knows.

We reckon Pete goes off to peel his spuds in some other woman's sink, but that's just a guess. Stay tuned for further developments...

7.30 EastEnders
This week's cast:
Dot Cotton.....JUNE BROWN
Dr Legg.....LEONARD FENTON
Ethel.....GRETCHEN FRANKLIN
Collin.....MICHAEL CASHMAN
Pauline.....WENDY RICHARD
Arthur Fowler.....BILL TREACHER
Michelle Fowler.....SUSAN TULLY
Lofty Holloway.....TOM WATT
Lou Beale.....ANNA WING
Pete Beale.....PETER DEAN
Kathy Beale.....GILLIAN TAYLORFORTH
Simon Wicks.....NICK BERRY
Ian Beale.....ADAM WOODYATT
Eddie.....SIMON HENDERSON
Harry.....GARETH POTTER
Kelvin Carpenter.....PAUL J. MEDFORD



JACK BARRON Investigates

I WAS shackled to a toilet. The shit was dribbling out of my ears. I reached over and tore a strip off the loo roll. On the sheet of Andrex was scrawled this message: "You have been listening to 'An Interview With John Lydon By Kris Needs' on the Lip Service label, the first in a series..." Memories flushed through my mind...

It was just another routine day in *Stalag Sounds*. Outside the clouds festered like a stinking pile of unwashed grey woolly socks. I punched my order into the drinks dispenser: hot chocolate straight up. On the button, the Cadburys crude gushed. I took a slug... gaaahk!... and choked.

Like the moment I discovered my mother was Liberace, I just knew something was wrong. I looked in my cup. A stranger in a sharkskin suit was doing the crawl in the reef of my beverage.

My world fell over like a drunk, with a slur.

I woke up. I'd been kidnapped, but that was cool, nothing to bleat about. Only this time my ears felt like they'd grown into plastic cabbages. They had. A pair of headphones were strapped over them. Someone is trying to turn me into a vegetable, I thought. Just then the Rotten sneer broke through.

"The standard of journalism is really low... All these people set themselves up as geniuses, and they don't actually do anything except write about other people's work, which is evil and wrong and lazy of them."

John Lydon's sarcasm shook my brain like a baby's rattle. What was going down?

"I was so hungry last night," continued Lydon. "The only thing in the fridge was a tin of double whipped cream and a spring onion, hah-hah. So I had the spots and farts and belches. And the stink is running right rancid this morning... I've given up eating meat... I remember those meaty shits. Oh God, sitting there for hours trying to squeeze it out."

I reached for the Andrex.

BITES... BITES... BITES... BITES... BITES... BITES... BITES...

● *JAWS* CAN exclusively reveal this week that the porn mags *Mayfair* and *Escort* both tried to obtain review copies of Nick Cave's last album 'Kicking Against The Pricks'.

They were told in no uncertain terms by Nick's record company, Mute, to go boll an egg.

● *STUMP'S* DRUMMER, Rob, whose second name we don't know, fell down the stairs at Elephant And Castle tube station in London and broke his little finger.

He blames it all on the fact that the lifts weren't working but *Jaws* has discovered that it was really because he is a clumsy clot.

● *THE BABYSITTERS* are searching high and low for people who look like Frank Bough, Dickie Davies and Rolf Harris.

These people (God help 'em - Ed) are needed for a vid shoot.

Contenders should arrive at London's Marquee club on Sept 19 at 5.00 pm sharp.

Thwarted Post-Pop Band Seek

"I've got a blacklist of record companies"



PAUL, SARAH and "some other geezer": your fate is in their charm

FLICK TO KICK

THE LEGENDARY Leeds rock-sport Link continues. The Sisters of Mercy used to play softball against the Three Johns and Age of Chance; speed weeds the Dead Vaynes occasionally field their bedraggled 'Psychedelic 11' football team with selections from every Leeds goth band possible; and it's now publicly known that lollypoppers The Wedding Present are hot Subbuteo fans.

Seen here in an Honest This Isn't Posed full action photo, 'Go Out An' Get Em' boys are dis-hing out the knuckle tackles in front of a tastefully designed pair of curtains with matching (almost) nylon covered settee.

Said the boys: "Get that camera out of here, this is serious!" Next week David Coleman talks to top badminton fans The Batfish Boys.

JAMES BROWN



Mike Stout

"Flicking 'ell"



THE STARS: heaven knows why they're miserable now

BITES... BITES... BITES... BITES... BITES

● OH DEAR, what a pity, never mind. It appears that DJ **Mike Read** has parted company with his 19-year-old "bible student" girlfriend, **Kate Paul**.

"Too busy, can't fit her in," says millionaire Mike, 62, radio's most inelible batchelor.

● DID YOU know that budding **Richard Barnstorm**'s can now go to college to learn the evil doings of the pop business? Bathgate College Of Further Education offers a one-year diploma course in which students form their own label, organise tours and sign bands.

Blondie Revenge

says sultry Sarah

By Tony Mitchell

THE FIRST time I sat down for a serious chat with Sarah Simons, around six months ago, it ended in tears. All a bit embarrassing really, but understandable: morale in Fatal Charm, the band she fronts with boyfriend Paul Arnall, was at an all-time low.

There they were, with a delightful debut album under their belts — all bright, post-Blondie pop, memorable tunes and pretty vocals — unceremoniously dumped by Carrere and apparently unable to interest another label in picking them up.

All kinds of possible explanations were being touted around — lack of a strong image, lack of live keyboards, or it was the bass player, or the drummer. Nobody seemed prepared to let the obvious quality of the music shine through... until Kevin Donaghue came into the picture.

Ex-RCA rep Kevin had set up his Independent Strike Force to offer indie labels similar plugging power to the majors, and to promote his own label Native. Kevin got hold of a Fatal Charm tape through distributors Red Rhino and, says Sarah, "he believed we were the commercial band he needed for the label."

The rest is, well, perhaps not "history" yet, but at least a step in the right direction: a single, 'Images Of Fire', just out on Native, showcases the romantic, the melancholy and the frenetic facets of Fatal Charm. It's already earned them Featured Record on Luxemburg and a couple of Radio One sessions.

And it might just signal the end of their doldrums.

"Paul's been at home in Nottingham writing stuff and I've been coming down to London to keep in touch as often as I can afford it," says Sarah. "We know image has been a problem, but what can we do? We can't afford to go out and buy the clothes we'd like to have. But we'd rather be liked for our music than our clothes anyway. Image is something we'd expect any decent record company to deal with — after all, we come up with the songs."

Strangely enough, Sarah has never been too happy with the Blondie comparisons which Fatal Charm's material usually elicits — albeit in a complimentary way.

"It's the one consistent comparison we've had. I always thought of Debbie Harry as being a bit of fluff, just a sexy front for some fairly average music. But it seems a lot of people really rated Blondie on a musical level, and if they're comparing us on that basis, then I don't mind at all."

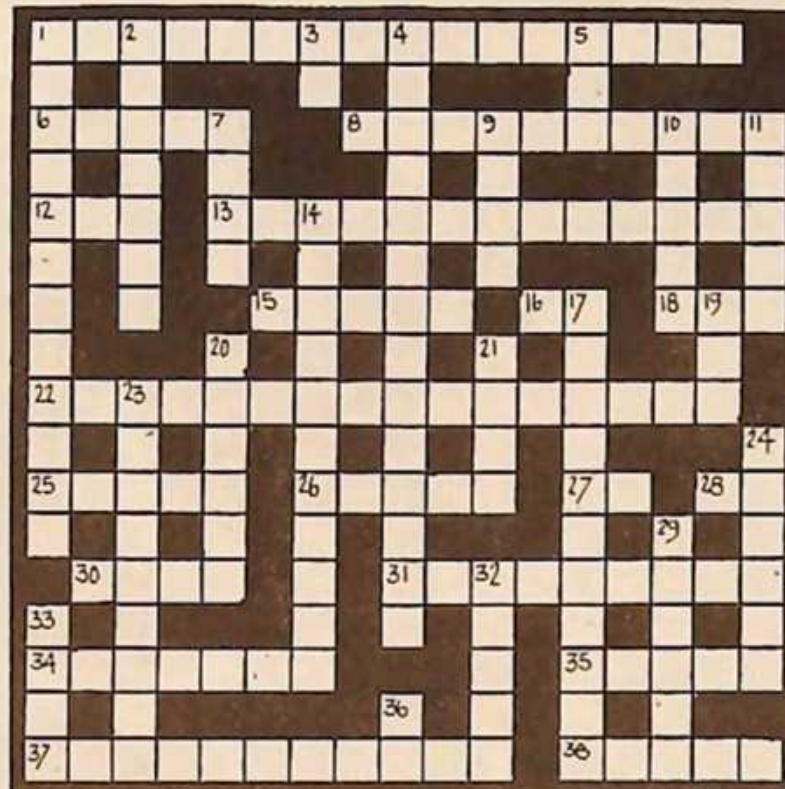
Recorded on borrowed equipment at zero outlay, 'Images Of Fire' is a one-off which, if it achieves hit status, is almost bound to bring some of the bigger labels sniffing around. And if that happens?

"I've got a blacklist of record companies," Sarah says grimly. "If we have even a minor hit, there'll be a lot who'll make us offers, and then we'll turn them down."

"Revenge," she adds, "will be sweet."

XWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. Discoverers? (4,5,7) 6. Complete this touch of metaphysical philosophy from my twisted sister '--- Me' (1,2,2) 8. Could be princely, patchy precipitation (6,4) 12. From El's toe to this (3) 13. Where to find biscuit hybrids every week (4,2,3,1,1,1,1) 15. Omega/Sioux/Apache (5) 16. Two letters that 'ride' the blues (1,1) 18. Bananarama's boy (3) 22. A romantic revelation from Branson's prunes (4,5,7) 25. They fight Satan (5) 26. Philly backstabbers (5) 27. Todd R's god (2) 28. Diddy/Derek/Peep (2) 30. What shop boys sell up west (4) 31. Rider on a famous silver machine (4,5) 34. Yes, in a baton race (7) 35. What Pat Travers was doin' to magic (5) 37. They're still in contention (11) 38. They love to eat while watching *The Price Is Right*! (1,1,3)

DOWN

1. What the jury foreman said about Whitesnake (6,2,4) 2. Game for Soft Cell (7) 3. Two letters for a classic US soul label (1,1) 4. In conflict, they only help (6,8) 5. The day before Barry McGuire's destruction (3) 7. Dick/Grape (4) 9. Shelley/Murphy... dig 'em (4) 10. Dave B went here and back (5) 11. An apt description of Janet Jackson's sound? (5) 14. He's cross, but not angry (11) 17. Their house is ecstatic! (6,5) 19. Who the Chi-Lites asked, have you seen (3) 20. J Brown's were famous; G Fame's were blue! (6) 21. Lady Di in the frozen food biz? (4) 23. The original street dancers... ask Martha (9) 24. What Quo were doin' all over the world... spare us (6) 29. Reg's label on the up... or down (6) 32. Clarke/Neil/Van Gogh (5) 33. During which big Tony had a pill on his tongue (4) 36. Hüsker in red umbrella (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

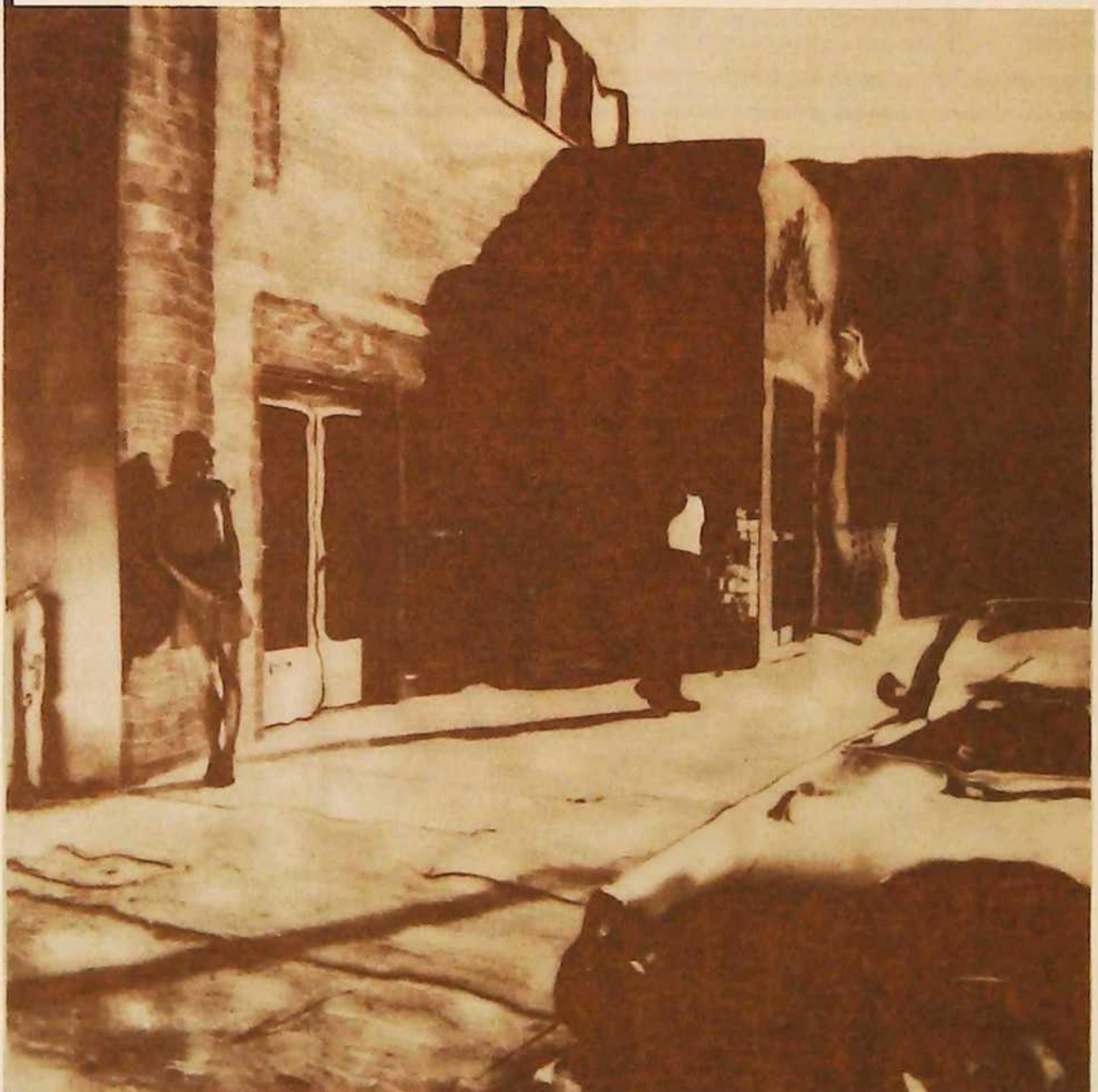
ACROSS

1. State Of The Union 9. Up The Junction 10. Heavy 12. Hebb 14. Rio 15. RSO 16. Appetite 19. A Night On The Town 23. Egg 25. Tamla Motown 27. Southside Johnny

DOWN

1. Southern Accents 2. Art 3. Everyday Hurts 4. Four 5. Hackett 6. Uli 7. Ignore 8. New Moon On Monday 11. Atomic 13. Bette 17. Pool 18. Co 20. Theatre 21. Romeo 22. Woman 24. Guru 26. Mari

TOTO



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FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

DEAD CERT

DAY OF THE DEAD

(Media Releasing)

BEING SITUATED as we are in Mornington Crescent has a kind of nullifying effect when viewing the zombies that swarm through the third and final chapter of George Romero's *Dead* trilogy. I only have to wander up to the Post Office to catch an everyday glimpse of the walking dead.

Granted, it's booze, not brains that they crave, but apart from that, there's little difference. The fine and fearful thing about Romero's zombies is that they *do* look like regular rejects of a society past caring. The wino tugging at your sleeve could just as easily be hooking out your eyes with his thumbs; you'd never know until it was too late.

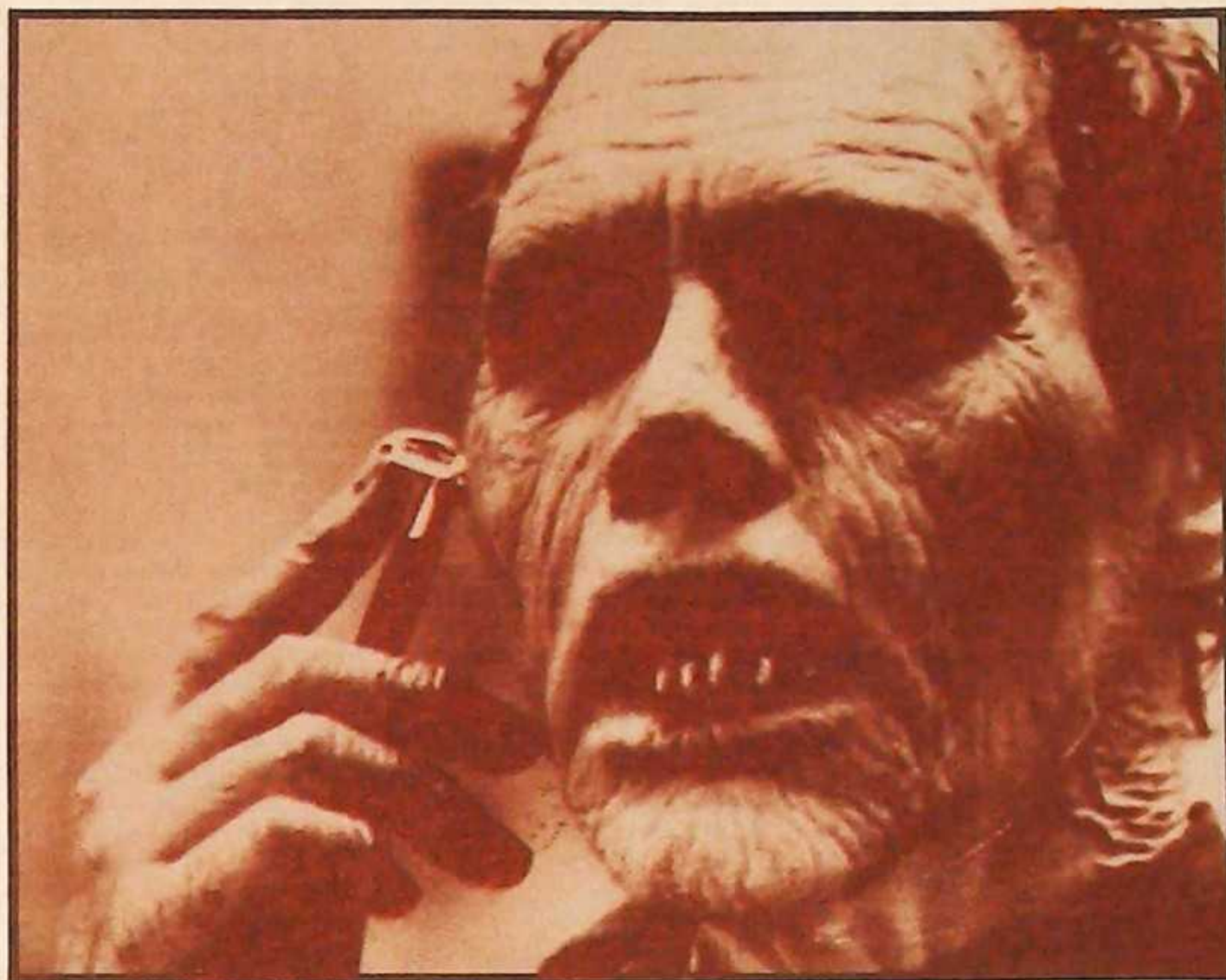
Day Of The Dead has been long awaited by British Romero fans, and fears that the film's content might be too much for the censors to take are, for once, thankfully unfounded.

Only a sliver of footage has apparently been removed, leaving most of the spilt

innards intact. This, rumour has it, is because it was felt that the story had socially redeeming qualities, thus saving it from the butcher's block. Any censorship in my opinion is obscene, but I guess it's nice to know that not everybody on the board cuts at the first sight of red.

Not that *Day Of The Dead* is an all out splatter film; it's much more than that. There's a real story moving around in here, one that tells about strength and courage, weakness and greed, hope and revenge.

For *Day Of The Dead*, Romero's moved back to the atmosphere of *Night Of The Living Dead*, the first of the trilogy. Trapped underground, the remaining human survivors sit it out while the dead walk the earth looking for nourishment. The survivors are made up of scientists looking for a way to tame the hell that rages above them, and military survivalists who aim to lift off for the nearest zombie-free desert island. Trouble is that the only dude who can fly the



BUB WITH safety razor: well you wouldn't want him to cut his face would you?

helicopter doesn't want to leave his friends behind.

Things get more depressingly involved between the two factions until eventually a fuse blows. To give away more would only ruin your enjoyment of

SWEET SOUL MUSIC:
RHYTHM AND BLUES
AND THE SOUTHERN
DREAM OF FREEDOM

Peter Guralnick

(Virgin Books)

PETER GURALNICK has, for his purposes, decided to redefine soul music, that vast sweeping surge of emotion and,

yes, soul, as "southern soul music". And so, in only his second paragraph (and this in a book of over 400 pages), he categorically excludes the outstanding work of Motown.

"When I speak of soul music I am not referring to Motown, a phenomenon almost exactly contemporaneous but appealing far more to a pop,

white and industry-slanted kind of audience. What I am referring to is the far less controlled, gospel-based, emotion-baring music that grew up in the wake of the success of Ray Charles and came to its full flowering, along with Motown, in the early 1960s".

This is his first mistake, for Motown was perhaps the most soul of all soul forms. His second is to announce that southern soul music "emerged from the underground and accompanied the Civil Rights Movement almost step by step, its success directly reflecting the giant strides that integration was making, its popularity almost a mirror image of the social changes that were taking place". He protests too stridently for my tastes, and does nothing to persuade you that this was anything other than blind coincidence, and certainly fails frighteningly with some of his suggestions that the music played an active part in the politics of the day.

However, for all his cockeyed sociological theorising and meaningless yet ultimately self-serving pigeon-holing, Guralnick, who has already produced comparable works upon blues and country and western, has still a most intriguing and entrancing study of the lives and the times and the careers of some of our favourite soul legends.

Sweet Soul Music looks in some depth at figures such as Ray Charles, Sam Cooke, Solomon Burke, Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin and James Brown, at organisations like Stax and, not least, at many of the vital peripheral characters and at much of the essential trivia of the time. At times it makes for heavy going, but in the end it is a book which profits those readers blessed with the stamina to see it through.

ROGER HOLLAND

"One of the best films of the year, without a doubt...Penn is quite superb...go see it!"

TIM HULSE-BLITZ MAGAZINE

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Music by PATRICK LEONARD Executive Producers JOHN DALY and DEREK GIBSON Story by ELLIOTT LEWITT and NICHOLAS KAZAN
Screenplay by NICHOLAS KAZAN Produced by ELLIOTT LEWITT and DON GUEST Directed by JAMES FOLEY

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ADAM ANT

Hits

(CBS)

THERE WAS a time when I admired the Ant. When the video for 'Stand And Deliver' hit *Top Of The Pops*, little else matched it because the medium was an unadventurous infant then. Tilting his tricorne hat and flapping a hand over a mouth that hadn't been hitched to a brain for years, this bejewelled fashion disaster exhibited a fine pioneering spirit and, I thought, no little sense of the ridiculous.

When 'Prince Charming', an outsize paeon (don't write in) to a boy's TV dream smacked home with a bullet the shape of Diana Dors (the

Fairy Godmother), I thought maybe there was a valid use for old screen stars, after all. But seeing every last messy and baroque affair our friend ever set to celluloid is not an easy evening's entertainment.

Like some giddy ghost train, appalling apparitions flare up before you can cover unwilling eyes. By the time 'Vive Le Rock' wraps it up, frills make you think of lipstick, daggers make you think of men taking their pirate trousers off, and Adam Ant videos - not old enough to be artefact, not new enough to be arty - make you wonder why you thought he was athletic, photogenic and could carry a bit of a tune.

GLYN BROWN

BEAUTIFUL AND BLUE

BETTY BLUE

(Twentieth Century Fox)

THE BEAUTIFUL thing about the films of Jean-Jacques Beineix is that everything in them is beautiful. Eating chili is beautiful, painting a bungalow is beautiful, blood all over the walls is beautiful, sex is beautiful, tragedy is beautiful. The cast, script, music and romantic symbols (a sax player in a deserted fairground, a birthday cake in the boot of a car) are beautiful. When I came out, even Shaftesbury Avenue was beautiful. After three years, Beineix is back.

"I'd known Betty for a week. We made love every night. The forecast was for storms." Opening with these lines, 'Betty Blue', based on the novel *37.2° le Matin* by Philippe Dijan, lets you know where you're living for the next 90 minutes. Beineix succeeds in marrying the quirky elegance of his debut *Diva* to the Thomas Hardy-in-Zoetrope pastel-and-neon visual poetry of *Moon In The Gutter*. It's a dream.

Into the quiet life of 35-year-old Zorg (played with crow-footed understatement by Jean Hugues Anglade) twirls the young passionate free-spirited (etc) Betty. This is the first film appearance of 20-year-old Beatrice Dalle. Shrieks of "the star of the 80s" are not unjustifiable.

Discovering a secret pile of black notebooks under Zorg's bed, Betty decides, against her lover's judgement, that he is the finest writer of his generation. She vows the work will be published. First, though, she burns his house down.

A bohemian adventure through Paris and a piano shop ensues. It's melancholy, hysterical,

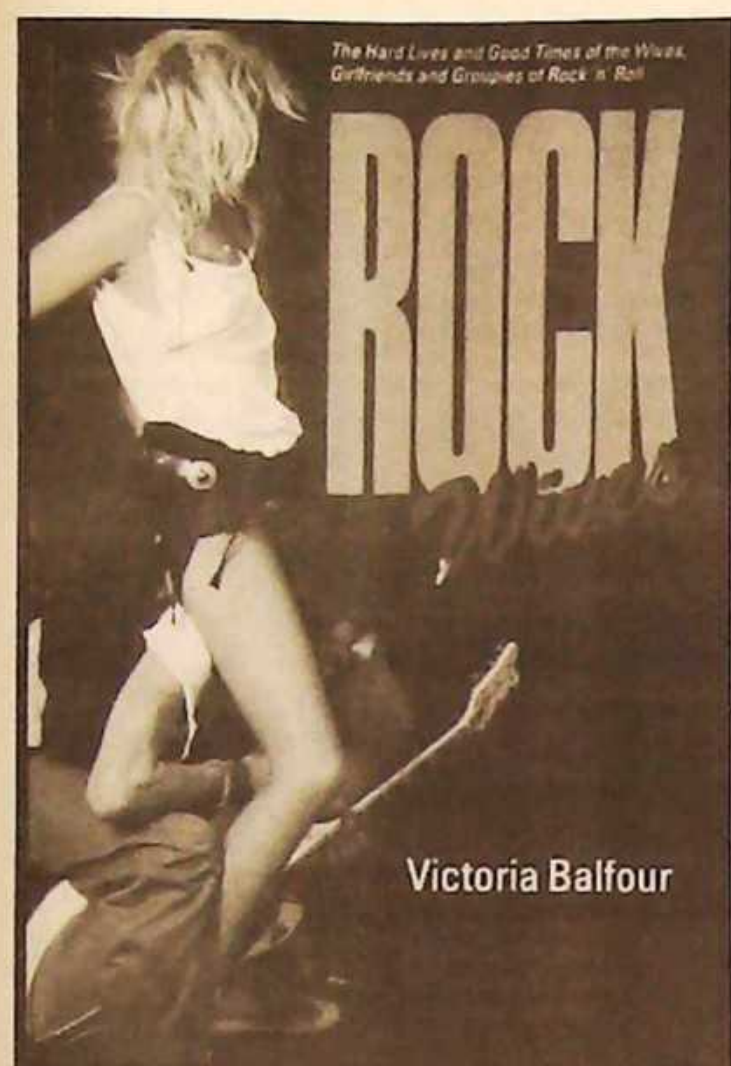


BEATRICE DALLE: a Blue movie debut

erotic (not a word I bandy around lightly), and perceived with a razor tenderness.

Betty Blue is "a girl with psychic antennae and a tinsel heart", a vapour trail of bliss, and the stylistic equivalent of the realistic state of being in love. You wish you could remember even more scenes than the hundreds which orbit your head for days afterwards. You want to go back in again. Beautiful.

CHRIS ROBERTS



VICTORIAN VIRTUES

EARLY ONE morning last week, I woke up with Victoria Balfour. She was already halfway through her first coffee of the day, and though she looked quite lovely at even that ungodly hour, I wasn't over-impressed. She was just a little too stern, too self-possessed, too quick with her well-rehearsed answers.

But what the hell? She had cute knees and her new book, *Rock Wives*, had her fellow guest Barry Gibb ("God, what icky hair!") shifting uneasily in obvious embarrassment. And so I leapt out of bed, switched off *Breakfast Time* and dashed to a Top Person's Hotel in the West End to see what the lady might have to say for herself, face to face.

Vicky (she said I could!) Balfour is a lot less formal and far more vivacious in the flesh. And at a reasonable hour. A nice young American with a winning smile, she is the first to admit that her book has been all but betrayed by the cover in which its British publishers, Virgin Books, have wrapped it. A particularly tatty snap of Ronnie Wood, his rock guitar, his rock wife and more rock thigh than you would have imagined possible.

"That was very much a surprise to me when I got off the plane. Pretty trashy huh? Pretty sleazy."

The book itself is neither trashy nor sleazy, which is not to say it's any good. In a series of interviews (17 women, one man), Vicky talked to a cross-section of those curious people who live, or have lived with, rock stars, about their private lives with those most public of people.

"My main motivation came from Anita Pallenberg, who was the girlfriend of, first, Brian Jones (a dead Rolling Stone) and then Keith Richards (a nearly dead Rolling Stone). When she started going out with these guys (we can assume she was too old for Bill Wyman), Anita was a very beautiful and very successful model and actress. And yet in the course of her 12 or 15 years with them, she became a drug addict, a blimp, a kind of black witch. Dishevelled. A complete mess.

"And when I saw pictures of her, in only her early 30s but looking like she was already in her late 40s, I began to wonder *why?* How did this happen to her?"

Says her book: "I started to wonder about what life was like for other women with rock stars - was it really so great? How does a woman with a rock star contend with a frenzied life-style that has spawned groupies, gruelling tours and excessive amounts of drugs? What does it feel like to have yourself and your relationship under constant public scrutiny? How, in fact, can you even have a normal relationship when the rock star's ego is blown up out of proportion by thousands of worshipful fans? Why do some women and their marriages survive in the rock world while others become drug addicts and divorcees?"

Unfortunately, having begun with a set of arguably worthwhile and valid objectives, Vicky Balfour soon lost her sense of direction. Asking too many wrong questions, settling for too many first answers, and ending up nowhere.

For example, Monika Danneman, who might have married Jimi Hendrix had he lived, has always denied what is elsewhere accepted as fact - Hendrix's appetites for both women and drugs. And does so again in this book. Wasn't Vicky surprised?

"Yes I was. And I didn't believe her. She paused for a very long time before she answered that question, as if she was gathering all her reserves... but what can you say? You liar?"

Well, it might have helped the book.

"I can't be that nasty."

And indeed she cannot. She wasn't even nasty enough to cross examine Bebe Buell (Todd Rundgren, Rod Stewart, Elvis Costello and Stiv Bators) when she announced that she wasn't a groupie. Had she the courage to jump upon these people, and had she the will to expose some of their hypocrisies and lousy morals, then Vicky Balfour could have come up with enough filth to match her book's cover, perhaps even to rival *Hammer Of The Gods*. She may even have discovered enough of the truth to answer some of her initial questions.

In not exploiting the knowledge and awareness she is happy to reveal in conversation, and in not standing up to her interviewees, she has produced a book which is no more than just one more episode of inconsequential starwatching. However, she has at least proved what a nice person she is.

ROGER HOLLAND

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SOUNDS/ALARM COMPETITION

Answer the questions below (tick one answer per question):

- 1 The Alarm come from the Welsh seaside town of a) Rhyl ☐ b) Llandudno ☐ c) Tenby ☐
- 2 What kind of band were The Alarm when they first began using that name? a) Punk ☐ b) Mod ☐ c) Metal ☐
- 3 What is the name of the band's lead singer? a) Pete Townshend ☐ b) Mike Peters ☐ c) Joe Strummer ☐

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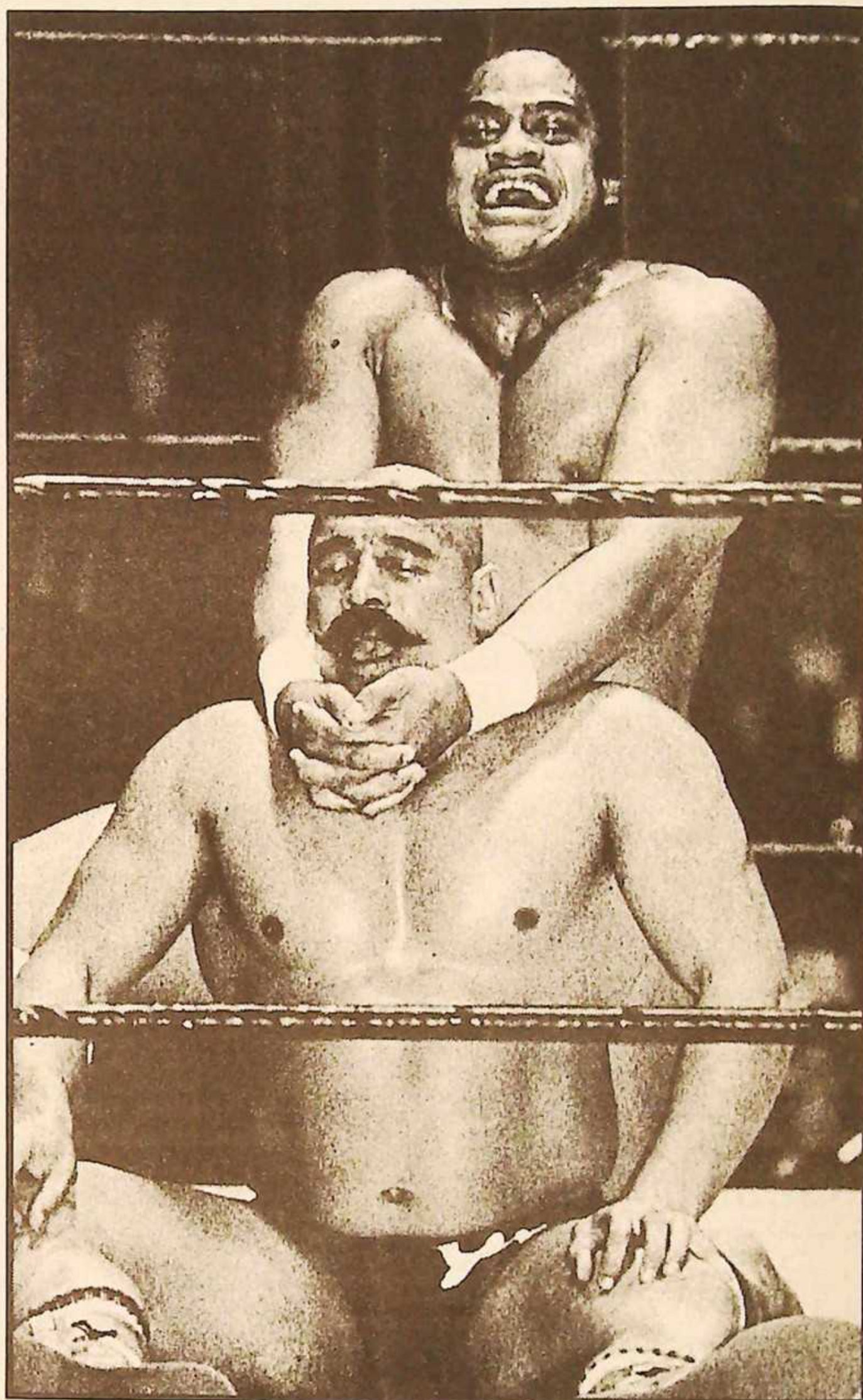
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BRISTOL Odeon	IPSWICH Gaumont	PORTSMOUTH Odeon
CAMBRIDGE Victoria	LEEDS Odeon	SOUTHAMPTON Odeon
CARDIFF Odeon	LEICESTER Odeon	SWANSEA Odeon
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(Check local press for details)

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SOUNDS

THE PAPER WITH MUSCLE!

INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

HERE AT last, is the **Hawkwind** discography as promised some weeks back. I'd like to thank, in particular, **David Roach** of Cardiff and **Richard Hill** of Leeds for their help.

Hawkwind's UK singles first:

Liberty LBF 15382 'Hurry On Sundown'/'Mirror Of Illusion' Jul 1970

United Artists UP 35381 'Silver Machine'/'Seven By Seven' Jun 1972

United Artists UP 35566 'Urban Guerilla'/'Brainbox Pollution' (pic sleeve) Aug 1973

United Artists UP 35715 'The Psychedelic Warlords' (Disappear In Smoke)/'It's So Easy' Jul 1974

United Artists UP 35808 'Kings Of Speed'/'Motorhead' (pic sleeve) Mar 1975

Charisma CB 289 'Kerb Crawler'/'Honky Dorky' Jul 1976

Charisma CB 299 'Back On The Streets'/'The Dream Of Isis' (pic sleeve) Jan 1977

Charisma CB 305 'Quark, Strangeness And Charm'/'The Forge Of Vulcan' Jul 1977

Charisma CB 323 'PSI Power'/'Death Trap' (as The Hawklords) Oct 1978

HAWK' EYED

HAWKWIND's story begins

In late 1978, 'Silver Machine' was also reissued by UA, retaining the same catalogue number as the 1972 original, but gaining a picture sleeve. Additionally, it was issued this time on a 12-inch, with a silver-finish "mirror" sleeve. The tracks were the same as the 7-inch versions.

Charisma CB 332 '25 Years On'/'(Only) The Dead Dream Of The Cold War Kid' (Also On 12-inch as CB 33212, with extra track 'PXR5', in grey vinyl with a pic sleeve) May 1979

Bronze BRO 98 'Shot Down In The Night'/'Urban Guerilla' (pic sleeve) Jun 1980

Bronze BRO 109 'Who's Gonna Win The War'/'Nuclear Toy' (pic sleeve) Nov 1980

Flickknife SLEP 101 'Hurry On Sundown'/'Sweet Mistress Of Pain'/'Kings Of Speed' (12-inch released as **Hawkwind Zoo**; pic sleeve) May 1981

Flickknife FLS 205 'Motorhead'/'Valium Ten' (pic sleeve) (Also on 12-inch in two different pic sleeves, with extended version of 'Valium Ten') Jul 1981

RCA RCA 137 'Angels Of Death'/'Trans-Dimensional Man' (pic sleeve) Oct 1981

Flickknife FLEP 101 'Sonic Assassins' (EP)



HAWKWIND: a band with balls

(12-inch in pic sleeve) Tracks: 'Over The Top'/'Death Trap'/'Free Fall' Nov 1981

Flickknife FLS 209 'Who's Gonna Win The War'/'Time Off' (as Hawklords) Jul 1982

RCA 267 'Silver Machine'/'Silver Machine' (long version)/'The Psychedelic Warlords' (Also on 12-inch pic disc as **RCAP 267**) Aug 1982

Flickknife (Catalogue number unknown) 'Hawkwind And Co: Your Last Chance' (EP)

Tracks: 'Hurry On Sundown' (Hawkwind)/'Lord Of The Hornets' (Robert Calvert)/'Dodgem Dude' (Michael Moorcock's Deep Fix) Aug 1983

Incidentally, early in 1983 United Artists reissued the original 'Silver Machine' yet again, on the same catalogue number as previous occasions, with the 12-inch on 12UP 35381 and a 7-inch picture disc on UPP 35381.

Flickknife FLS 025 'Motorway City'/'Master Of The Universe' Oct 1983

The 'Hawkwind Zoo' 12-inch EP, originally on **Flickknife SLEP 101**, was reissued as **Flickknife FLEP 100** in Dec 1983.

Flickknife FLEP 104 'Earth Ritual Preview' (12-inch EP in pic sleeve) Tracks: 'Night Of The Hawks'/'Green-Finned Demon'/'Dream Dancer'/'Dragons And Fables' Jan 1984

Flickknife FLST 032 'Needle Gun'/'Arioch'/'Song Of The Swords' (12-inch) 1985

Flickknife FLS 033 'Zarozinia'/'Assault And Battery' (Pic sleeve) Also on 12-inch as **FLST 033**, with extra track 'Sleep Of A Thousand Tears' Mar 1986.

Samurai HW 7001 'Silver Machine' (Pic disc) May 1986 (Also 12-inch pic disc as **HW 12001**)

Flickknife FLS 034 'Motorhead'/'Hurry On Sundown' Jul 1986

I've ignored Hawkwind spin-off singles; we'll tie them up shortly.

MEMORY BANK

Sunday September 14

1950 Birthday of **Paul Kossoff**, in Hampstead, London.

1955 **Little Richard** recorded his original version of 'Tutti Frutti'.

1969 **John Lennon's Plastic Ono Band**, including **Eric Clapton** on guitar, made their live debut at the Toronto Rock 'n' Roll Revival Concert, alongside acts ranging from **Chuck Berry** and **Gene Vincent** to **Chicago** and **The Doors**.

1979 **The Vibrators** played their first gig after coming together for the second time, at London's Nashville Rooms.

1981 The movie **Pink Floyd: The Wall**, based around the group's album and starring **Bob Geldof**, went into studio production.

Monday September 15

1969 **Deep Purple** performed **Jon Lord's** 'Concerto For Rock Group And Orchestra' live at the Royal Albert Hall, with the **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**.

1974 **Gary Thain**, bassist with **Uriah Heep**, suffered a severe electric shock whilst on stage in Dallas.

Tuesday September 16

1925 Birthday of **BB (Riley) King**, in Indianola, Mississippi. His 'BB' stage name simply stands for Blues Boy.

1948 Birthday of **Kenney Jones**, drummer with **The Who** and **The Faces**, in Stepney, East London.

1977 Death of **Marc Bolan**, aged 29, when the car in which girlfriend **Gloria Jones** was driving them home from a London restaurant, left the road and crashed into a tree, on Barnes Common, South London.

1978 **The Grateful Dead** played in Egypt, at the foot of the Great Pyramid.

1979 **Don Arden**, **ELO's** manager and boss of Jet Records, issued a writ against Radio 4 reporter **Roger Cook**, following an allegedly defamatory broadcast about him.

Wednesday September 17

1926 Birthday of **Elvis Presley's** original bassist **Bill Black**, in Memphis.

1976 **Trevor Boulder**, formerly bassist with **David Bowie's Spiders From Mars**, joined **Uriah Heep**.

1976 **The Heavy Metal Kids** severed links with their former lead singer **Gary Holton**.

1983 **Futurama 5**, the fifth Science Fiction Music Festival, opened at the Queen's Hall in Leeds. Among those appearing were **Billy Bragg**, **The Comsat Angels**, **John Cooper Clarke**, **Red Guitars**, and (ulp) the **Bay City Rollers**.

Thursday September 18

1952 Birthday of **Dee Dee Ramone** (Douglas Colvin), in Fort Lee, Virginia.

1962 Birthday of **Joanne Catherall** of **Human League**, in Sheffield.

1970 Death of **Jimi Hendrix**.

aged 27, in his London flat. He choked on his own vomit whilst unconscious due to barbiturate intoxication, according to the inquest.

1980 The 10th anniversary of **Jimi Hendrix's** death was commemorated in a two-day memorial festival organised by the Hendrix Information Centre, at the Paradiso Club in Amsterdam, attended by hundreds of fans plus

Experience members **Noel Redding** and **Mitch Mitchell**, who played live.

1983 **Futurama 5's** second day featured, among others, **Killing Joke**, **Death Cult**, **Ligotage**, **The Poison Girls**, **The Mekons** and **Jayne County**. Science fiction?

Friday September 19

1940 Birthday of **Bill Medley** of the **Righteous Brothers**, in Los Angeles.

1946 Birthday of **John Coughlan**, former drummer of **Status Quo**, in London.

1947 Birthday of **Lol Creme** of **Godley And Creme**, in Manchester.

1957 Birthday of **Rusty Egan** of **Visage**, etc, in London.

1973 Death of **Gram Parsons**, aged 26, of heart failure due to drug abuse, in a motel room at Joshua Tree National Monument, California.

1979 **Bruce Springsteen** topped the bill of a four-night series of **MUSE** (Musicians For Safe Energy) concerts, at Madison Square Garden, New York.

1981 **Simon And Garfunkel** reunited after eleven years for a concert in New York's central park, in front of 400,000 people. It later became a TV programme, a video, and a double album.

Saturday September 20

1959 Birthday of **Alannah Currie** of the **Thompson Twins**, in Auckland, New Zealand.

1969 ATV Music bought **The Beatles'** Northern Songs publishing company, for £1 million.

1970 **Jim Morrison** of **The Doors** was found guilty of indecent exposure and profanity (though acquitted of lewd and lascivious behaviour) by a Miami court, following his cock-flashing-on-stage episode there.

1973 Death of singer-songwriter **Jim Croce**, aged 30, in a plane crash. The light plane taking him to Sherman, Texas, hit a tree on take-off at Natchitoches, Louisiana.

1976 London's 100 Club held a Punk Rock Festival, headed by **The Sex Pistols**, **The Clash** and **The Damned**.

1983 The ARMS Concerts for multiple sclerosis research, dedicated to **Ronnie Lane**, were held at the Royal Albert Hall, featuring **Eric Clapton**, **Jimmy Page**, **Jeff Beck**, **Bill Wyman**, **Charlie Watts**, **Steve Winwood**, **Kenney Jones** and many others, including Lane himself.

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Reviewed by Kevin Murphy

PORTION CONTROL

'Purge' (Dead Man's Curve) If this collection of Portion Control's finest moments wasn't deemed a re-release, then they'd relegate Skidoo to the runners-up spot. As it is, if your pocket money only stretches to one single this week, make it this one.

Emerging on a brand new label, Portion Control have reworked the vital 'Raise The Pulse', 'Go Talk' and 'The Great Divide' into a frenzied assault on the senses as well as the feet. Along with the previously unreleased 'Karateka', 'Purge' presents a glimpse at Portion Control's angrier slant on the world of electronic dance music. While most tip-toe lightly behind a safe beat that troubles not even the heart, Portion Control stamp their air of threatening arrogance over uncomfortable rhythms as a voice of authority chants orders in strained tones.

They are stark relief from the musical apathy that haunts our time. It may be harder to swallow, but it leaves a more satisfying taste. To miss them first time was careless, to do so again is stupidity.

REM 'Fall On Me' (IRS)

REM neither stir my loins or have me reciting my repertoire of expletives; in essence, they mean nothing to me. 'Fall On Me' comes and goes amid a torrent of guitars, with some '60s harmonies as embellishment. Stipe's American drawl gives it a more authentic air than their English counterparts can muster in this wave of regression. The B-side's a harmless little James Bond styled instrumental as well.

HOLLYWOOD BEYOND

'No More Tears' (WEA) As a follow-up to the appetising 'What's The Colour Of Money?' Mark Rogers moves up a gear. 'No More Tears' is a drama-riddled exercise in excess. Sharing the inhibited fervour of heavy metal (i.e. none), it, dare I say it... rocks. Synths take on the guitar role but the script stays the same as the hard core beat thumps beneath a squealing sax.

Not even a pair of mirrored shades can hold this boy back now.

PSYCHIC TV 'The Magical Mystery D Tour EP'

(Temple) Hell, is nothing sacred? Times were when you could rely on Genesis to concoct some off-beat, grotesque vision set to music. Now, it seems, he's completely flipped his lid as the TVs do a cover of the Beach Boys' 'Good Vibrations'. Why? I mean it even sounds like the original. As for the rest of the tracks, I was laughing so much I couldn't hear 'em. Maybe I'm missing something here.

AC MARIAS 'Just Talk' (Mute) HE SAID 'Pulling 3Gs' (Mute) These are linked by that well known double act



Gilbert and Lewis. A couple originally late of Wire and, more recently, judging by these, late of ideas.

The first, for those who don't remember Neu, may sound a refreshing, almost pastoral affair. For those who do remember Neu, it may sound... familiar.

'Pulling 3Gs' is a more assertive exercise in dance-orientated eccentricity. With a purpose to match their power, He Said may yet nurture some reward.

BIG COUNTRY 'One Great Thing' (Phonogram)

Adamson and co march through another epic tale of crusading porridge. Just one further reason why Hadrian's Wall should be rebuilt.

HÜSKER DÜ 'Sorry

Somehow' (WEA) From Hüsker Dü, the group with more umlauts than Queensrÿche, comes another stirring treat as their strength through simplicity policy breathes new life into a well worn carcass. Guitars never sounded so fresh.

GENERAL PUBLIC 'Faults

And All' (Virgin) Ranking Roger, the well known spelling mistake, and Dave Wakeling return from the place they have made their home, namely obscurity. Don't worry lads, you'll be back there shortly.

RESTLESS 'Just A Friend'

(ABC) Finger clickin' innocence from this rockabilly lot. It sounds like a Cliff Richard outtake from *Summer Holiday*. Hope your car gets well soon, Cliff.

THE GODFATHERS 'Sun Arise' (Corporate Image)

RENT PARTY 'Ain't Misbehavin' (Waterfront) **AMAZULU 'Montego Bay' (Island)** Go on, see if you can guess the connection between these three babies. That's right, all three groups have accountants who felt a little rummage through the archives might yield the right rewards. Creatively speaking, of course.

The only things to emerge are that The Godfathers have a sense of humour; Rent Party possess a musical proficiency and Amazulu have neither of these and less.

STEPHEN DUFFY 'I Love

You' (10) Here's some good news and some bad news. First, the good news. Tin Tin's greatest hits are now available on one superb record. Now the bad news, for Duffy anyway. It's only a single.

LOVE AND ROCKETS 'Yin And Yang (The Flowerpot Men)' (Beggars Banquet)

Danny Ash gets on board his acoustic guitar and rides. With a rhythm that threatens to catch him up he cracks his whip and gallops over the horizon, leaving just a few chants still echoing around to remind us of his presence. God knows what the title's about though.

TOM ROBINSON 'Still Loving You' (Castaway)

DEAD OR ALIVE 'Brand New Lover' (Epic) Now there was a jolly good reason why I linked this pair and for the life of me I can't recall it. It's on the tip of my... got it! They've both got a word beginning with Love in the title. See, it's not what you thought.

Seems that in the absence of good causes to sing about, Tom has to resort to that old standby love, although he does make it sound like a jolly good cause. As for Dead Or Alive, it seems the ghost of Giorgio Moroder will haunt them to their grave, which on this evidence can't come quick enough.

ROD STEWART 'Another Heartache' (WEA) FRANK SINATRA 'Nice 'N' Easy'

(Capitol) In this week's wrinkly round-up Rod takes on Ol' Blue Eyes, and, in view of the fact that Mr Sinatra has some very persuasive friends, comes out second. I particularly felt Frank's choice of the old Strangers classic a sharp move at this point in his career.

LOOSE ENDS 'Slow Down'

(Virgin) When it comes to prizes, Loose Ends certainly clean-up on the Let's See If We Can Make This The Most Expensive Single Sleeve Of All Time award. This lavish gatefold affair contains not one but two 12-inches. I wouldn't mind but there's three mixes of the same song. Slick, soulful and slush.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

23 SKIDOO 'Thoughts Of You' (Illuminated) Hah! They're back. 23 Skidoo have weaved an erratic path through my youth, leaving a trail of intrigue and frustration as they went.

Like a subversive McLaren, they've travelled the world in their quest for the perfect beat, emerging at sporadic intervals with a taste of Africa licking at their lips or rhythms bathed in the aroma of the East. And each time, with one's appetite whetted and expectations high, they disappear as quickly as they emerged, leaving quizzical looks and hungry mouths.

Well, it seems as though their latest travels have taken them to New York, where they grabbed themselves large quantities of club life and vinyl and set to work creating a dancefloor hit swimming in Skidoo indulgences. 'Thoughts Of You' takes a bite out of various hip hop and electro tracks before spewing them all out again alongside some heavyweight rhythm that punctures the night. Voices twist and tease as a rapping rant treads on some soulful foreplay before finally disappearing beneath an avalanche of steam hammer funk.

The flip side opens with another slice of club culture in 'Bonus Beats' before we're treated to a glimpse of the Skidoo of yore as they conjure up a ska based whim in 'Ooze'. Tinged with a hint of things tribal, it's lavished in brass and reflects Skidoo at their mystical best.

Welcome back, boys. Next time don't leave it so long, huh!

GASPER LAWAL

'Kokoroko' (Hot Cap) In Gasper's useful little series of records going under the collective title of Teach Yourself Useless African Phrases we have reached number seven, which is 'Kokoroko' which, when translated, means 'That cock is crowing again'. Now go and impress your friends at your local.

THE ADULT NET 'Waking

Up In The Sun' (Beggars Banquet) Mrs E Smith seems to have had it up to here with the Manchester weather. Can't say I blame her really. Surrogate *Banana Split* sound that's about as summery as a bank holiday in Cleethorpes.

TWO MINDS CRACK 'Cry Cry Cry' (Sire) JAI DEAN WOOLF 'Sweet Miss

America' (Parlophone) Wales' Two Minds Crack's effort sounds like the worst collection of synthetic pop clichés hung over an insipid beat and that's only its good points. JDW meanwhile looks like a juvenile version of Hollywood Beyond's Mark Rogers and sounds like saccharine drivel that's beyond salvation.

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE 'Radio Kampala' (Furry)

CRY NO MORE 'Dancing In The Danger Zone (The South Africa Suite)' (Parlophone) Here are this week's politically aware singles. It seems the essential ingredient in any good protest song is a choice line that you repeat *ad infinitum*, or at least as long as it takes before you resort to premature termination.

The Kingfishers perform a cute line in Big Country histrionics, while the others do a mean Springsteen, without balls.

THE BELOVED 'This Means War' (Film Flam)

Give us a chance, boys, I haven't even slagged it off, yet. Just give me time, though...

T LA ROCK 'Breakin' Bells' (10) NY SENSATION 'Hooked On You' (10)

From the New York electro class of '86 comes a couple

more graduates. T La raps over some mean Mantronik produced trickery while NY steer a more soulful route. The latter being, using ye olde English vernacular, a chart bound sound.

QUIET RIOT 'The Wild And The Young' (CBS) CHRIS DE BURGH 'Fatal

Hesitation' (A&M) The wild and the young, eh? Question is which is which?

JOAN ARMATRADING

'Jesse' (A&M) Our Joan's on a bit of a downer here but don't despair. To get yourself through to the end of this plodder see how many words you can make out of Armatrading and see next week's issue for the correct answer. I think you might well be surprised.

RED LETTER DAY

'Released Emotions' (Quiet) PURPLE HEARTS 'Friends Again' (Unicorn)

Red Letter Day take us back to those glory glory days of '76 with a sub-Buzzcocks thrash. Deeeeepressingggg. Purple Hearts, surely you remember them - you know, the fourth mod revival twice removed - just don't know when they're beat. This is the summer of love, lads, didn't anyone let you know?

CHAZ JANKEL FEATURING BRENDA JONES 'You're My

Occupation' (A&M) If that's the case, I'd definitely give up your day job. Club fodder for when it's time to hit the bar.

AUSTIN HOWARD 'I'm The One Who Really Loves

You' (Ten) Austin's voice is nearly as sharp as his suit. Shame about the material.

MANCRAB 'Fish For Life' (Ten)

You wouldn't catch me resorting to a string of fish puns like 'Never Mind The Pollacks' or 'Bass The Way I Like It'. Even if I did slip-up our Joke Editor would have them right out, I mean, what kind of music paper do you think we are here? Send your answers on a postcard to...

Back to the music. Tears For Fears' well known genitalia complaint Roland Orzabal had something to do with this, so you've been warned.



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CHRIS SUTTON, one of the stars of the *Sounds* free EP and Southend's male answer to Alison Moyet, reflects on The Four Tops, window cleaning and the George Michael aspect. **ROY WILKINSON** plays in the sand. Holiday snap: **ROGER DEAN**

MOTOWN MAGIC moments part 96, subtitled: A 24-year-old soul singer's fairy tale discovery (or something like that).

There's this young man living in Atlanta . . . or Chicago, or Detroit. His dad owns a junk shop and is a little bit annoyed when his bright son packs in his career as an accounts clerk and becomes a window cleaner. Still, it does at least give the aspirant singer the means to save up for some keyboards.

One day he's cleaning a window when a woman hears him singing. They get talking, and it turns out that her son has contacts in the music business. The son likes the singer's voice and gets him a publishing advance.

Tapes are sent out and both Dave Stewart and Arif Mardin say they want to produce him, but won't be available for a year and eight months respectively.

The impatient singer can't wait, but he's alright because legendary Motown producer Dennis Lambert (The Four Tops, The Commodores) also wants to produce him and can do it right away. This recognition brings a big record deal.

On only his fifth gig, he finds himself supporting James Brown at Wembley.

You could be forgiven for assuming that this must be the script for some idealised biopic. It's not, it's all true, apart from one thing. The singer's not from America. In fact, he's from Southend, and though his vocal range may include that feminine trill at the back of the throat (the one that's marked out some great soul singers), he is in fact white.

His name's Chris Sutton.

Chris has his debut album out in October and it features some of the best soul musicians in the world. Though it may sometimes plunge towards MOR mediocrity and is deeply flawed by the inclusion of a Russ Ballard song, the mainly self-written collection contains some exquisitely produced mainstream soul.

Then there's that voice. I think it's going to make him a lot of money. Does he get excited by this? Does he think about it a lot?

"Well, the thought of money really doesn't mean that much - I've just come from slightly less than working class conditions. I've now got more money than I've ever had and I'm honestly content with it. This sounds like the obvious, trite thing to say but I'm just hungry for success, not money."

SOUTHEND PEER



CHRIS SUTTON plans to clean up

OF COURSE, being a white soul singer does bring problems in the label-loving world of popular music but, obviously, Chris is not looking for a name tag.

"I think I'm aware of all the things necessary to become a so-called pop star - all the categorisation - and I've got a bit of a problem here. The soul papers are reluctant to cover me because I'm white, the record company would love to play up the pretty thing, the George Michael aspect, and I hate that. Then again, I am slightly pretty, and that works against me with the rock press - I'm not street cred."

"All this is something you've got to live with and it's something I think I'm getting to understand. But when it comes down to it, I'm happiest in the process of producing music and I'm at my best when I'm singing."

His favourite band is The Four Tops and his producer, Dennis Lambert, produced some of their finest moments. Chris has also been working with The Valentine Brothers recently, and is co-writing with Franne Gold, a "composer of many Motown hits".

A dream come true? Yes and no.

"Well, it's great, all these people are massively talented, and The Valentine Brothers are some of the most interesting people I've ever worked with. It's great, I feel natural doing it."

"I want to get away from this Window Cleaner Supports James Brown And Plays With The World's Best Session Musicians thing. I've got here on my merits, not novelty appeal."

He's got a meritorious voice if I ever heard one, but novelty appeal is never to be neglected and, by his own admission, Chris has a lot to learn about pop peripherals, like the shirt he wears for a poster campaign.

Chris, it's grotesque.

"I know, I know, I should never have worn it. But then again, I was just this ex-window cleaner with all these people telling me what to do. I was having to take into consideration the politics of a big record company."

"I can understand some of the mistakes I've made. I feel more aggressive and more impatient now, though. I've got to just go for things on feel."

Chris Sutton, the new Paul Young? Only if you want to be pessimistic about it.

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COPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

Woodwork squeaks and out crawls. . . mock turtle JULIAN COPE, self ordained patron saint of pop. ROBIN GIBSON welcomes back the man who once fried his brain and exploded into tears. JAYNE HOUGHTON shutters the mouth

"More by luck than judgement, here am I" – 'Colours Fly Away', The Teardrop Explodes

I REMEMBER the day the new Mighty Lemon Drops single flopped through the front door.

I remember dropping it on the deck and it meekly ringing out. Within seconds, a voice bellowed from the poker and philosophy school in the back room.

"Is that the new Julian Cope stuff? Load of old shite!"

I remember then being vaguely amused and, finally, I remember thinking wouldn't this be a fine time, wouldn't this be an *appropriate* time for Julian Cope to fall back to earth from the heavens of self-imposed obscurity?

But not a lot had happened since 1984 and his last LP, 'Fried', and the tour that culminated in a disastrous Hammersmith Palais gig, where Cope – apparently – started the evening by glimpsing a disembodied Iggy in a dressing-room mirror, and finished the same evening hacking lumps out of his trembling torso, yelling ominously "Infamy, infamy, they've all got it infamy..."

It was about this time that he suffered a minor breakdown in his last *Sounds* interview, too, and God knows how many more in private. Of course, Cope in disarray was hardly a novel concept but, after all that, it seemed like he might just have gone forever.

Then, just as summer 1986 was deciding it wouldn't be working up much of a sweat, the news came down: Cope signing to Island Records, Cope recording a new single (entitled, perversely enough, 'World Shut Your Mouth' after his other 1984 LP), Cope to play a tour of small, shady venues.

That tour was to climax in a triumphant gig at London's Boston Arms which proved an inspiration. Cope back in health and on form, with a new group called the Group (who aren't really that new after all, comprising a couple from the 'Fried' LP and one, even, from the Teardrops' 'Wilder' era), and interspersing amidst the 'Sleeping Gas'/'Strasbourg'/'Sunspots' litany of past glories a clutch of confident, mischievous new songs that boded well



CONTINUES PAGE 22



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COPE

FROM PAGE 20

for a forthcoming LP. Julian Cope kind of coming through, again.

And now here's Julian Cope kind of coming through to sit by the window of the Columbia Hotel: to slurp black coffee and gaze out at the cars from behind a pair of not-too-black sunglasses for which he'll later apologise. Like me, I think, he hasn't quite woken up: but he is slightly more lucid (a favourite word of his) than he must have been by the end of the 'Fried' tour.

"Um... yeah!" He smiles. "I kind of had it all knocked out of me. You'd say all these things that you felt, and people would interpret them, and spit them out into papers... it's like having your feelings thrown against the wall, or something. Because people feel they can be more personal about me, they end up being, like, *incredibly* personal."

"And so it sets me back, you know, a few months," he understates.

Are you really glad to be back? You did a very glad-to-be-back show.

"Yeah, I was *really* glad... was it embarrassing?"

Not really. (Far from it.)

"It's the first time I've ever been healthy, so I was really pleased... you know, I'm thin, but I eat well. I think that my complexes inside will never go, but you can gloss over those when you're doing a show. I mean, complexes about being onstage, and doing a gig. The Hammersmith Palais gig was very much a case of, y'know... 'What do you do? What do you give?' Questioning far too much while the song was going on."

It was a bit unfortunate, that gig.

"Yeah, I'd say so as well. I've still got massive scars! My manager had got all the Radio One producers down, and he'd said, Listen, Julian's really together now, come and see him!" He chuckles. "So, um... so that was me out of the scene for another two years. That was the absolute, complete, most altogether I've ever been."

Did you actually have to go away and, like, get together again? I ask, slipping into, like, Cope-speak, which is easily done at this time of day.

"No, I haven't had any pressure to do that, which has been a lot better. Nobody's ever actually said, Go away and come back better."

You mean, they were content to let you go away and *not* come back better? "Oh!" he ejaculates, apparently surprised. "Yeah! That was probably very likely. But I'd never do that, 'cos I think that's a real cop-out, to actually not come back."

Well, anyone can break down and stay broken down.

"Yeah. I think so as well."

A LITTLE MEMORY

"WHEN MY wife and I moved to Tamworth, after the Teardrops and I had split up, that period was amazing. There'd be a knock at the door, and I'd run - you know, I'd actually run into the kitchen and hide behind a cupboard. And I had no reason... y'know, it was just people coming to see us. But I wouldn't let anybody answer the door, and it was, like, the *biggest* deal if anybody came in. But at the same time as I was feeling that, I was still aware of the humour in it."

"World shut your mouth/shut your mouth/put your head back in the clouds and shut your mouth..." ('World Shut Your Mouth')

AN EMINENTLY embraceable sentiment, a raucous riff out of 'Louie Louie' and a vile but thrilling guitar solo, the new single is Cope at his best since the similarly-titled LP of nearly three years ago. A beautiful example of what can happen when you refuse to let yourself progress meaninglessly, it took shape when Cope was "jamming some song" and - lo! - stumbled over a great title for it somewhere in the back of his brain.

With a lot of his Boston Arms show abandoning the glossed garage sound of his 1984 LPs and reminiscing about the prickly, jagged edges of the Teardrops, and another pop masterpiece in the

can, it seems like the perfect time for a Cope reappearance. From the shiny red 'Sunspots' car on Alan McGee's mantelpiece to the Lemon Drops' sometimes-sensational/sometimes-not soundalikes, Cope's profile - whether as seminal pop figure or simply as much-missed wayward genius - has grown higher in his absence. Absentmindedly he chews over the idea.

"Um... it's easy to sound like someone who's away. You know, it's easy to be mysterious," he decides, flicking the emphasis back to himself, "when you don't do anything."

Did you ever feel mysterious?

"Felt a bit lost." Long pause. "I don't know... you get some real bullshit letters. I got a letter recently, said, Oh, I was Julian Cope for two years! And I thought, Oh, wow. So that's where I went."

"I think all my fans are big losers. They must be. It really annoys me! I get all these letters, and tapes, people sending me, y'know, their innermost thoughts. I think they must think that I listen to them and, um, *understand* the torture they're going through." He peers confidentially out of the window. "I couldn't give a shit!"

Back to the point. Julian Cope, so he'd have us believe, thought no-one was going to come and see him this time round.

Bashful: "I didn't wanna presume that people still knew who I was... I've done a couple of interviews where people have been saying, You know about so-and-so group, and so-and-so group?, and I didn't, until then. Not 'cos I wasn't interested - I'd be into hearing Primal Scream - but just 'cos you lose touch for two years, and it's very difficult to get back in and say, Oh, I think I'll buy a record. You end up buying reissues of Seeds albums, because it's easier, you know, than actually finding out."

ANOTHER LITTLE MEMORY

"WHEN I was doing the vocals to 'Fried' - I was doing all the vocals on that album in the nude, right, 'cos I was trying to get into it and be *really free* - this one day, I was just under the turtle shell, and I thought, Oh, let's do it. So we set up the microphone, really low, and tried doing the vocals for 'Torpedo' with the turtle shell on my back. It ended up, we couldn't do it, 'cos I couldn't physically get enough air. But we were trying for ages."

One day, Julian Cope was "just under the turtle shell". I thought about that for a while.

JULIAN COPE'S biggest gripe is that people think he's nuts. Like the Americans who drove 17 hours to check out his house and then got all crestfallen because they found out he'd put up the shelves himself.

It would be pretty simple to titter at his apparent effrontery as he entitles his album-in-the-making 'Saint Julian'.

"There need to be false prophets... to really say the way that it is. Which it isn't. And that's Saint Julian. You see, I always figured that people go off and find themselves in the hills. I saw 'Fried' as kinda being, sitting down on the side of a hill and collecting your, um, wordly goods."

"Saint Julian, I see as being the character, like two years later. 'Cos it's typical Western civilisation to think, Hold on, I've got the answer now... to go riding back into town, shouting, I've got it! But dropping one of the tablets on the way, and sort of having to do a makeshift one. That's the way I see him. It's religious in a really pathetic, white way. It's meant to be ironic, but..."

It's a fictional character?

"Probably."

Possibly.

"Possibly."

But not definitely.

"No." And he grins, coyly.

Julian Cope's clarity isn't that of a dislocated mind. It's more the bemused-but-exultant clarity of, say, the amateur mountaineer who expresses merely fleeting astonishment on discovering an Asda halfway through his ascent of the Andes, quickly forgets the contradiction, and then stops to eagerly scan the shelves.

"I don't know... I don't think anybody will ever really sound like me, because I don't think that anybody else sees

things as clearly as me. The best example, to me, of clarity is, like, I saw this photograph of Toyah once, and she looked... brilliant! And I thought that was, like, total proof - of how preposterous the world is.

"Or if I'd do a photograph, for *Smash Hits*, with the Teardrops, and I'd be walking down the street, and you'd hear people say, Ooh, 'e doesn't look like the photos! I used to think, Well, that's not the way, that's not part of the game - part of the game is to make it that kind of larger-than-life thing. That's when I started losing interest in The Fall, when Mark Smith started saying things the way they were, as opposed to... he couldn't distort it."

WITH THAT sort of bravado and only one slow, quiet ("very slow and very quiet") new song in attendance, it's possible to sense a private optimism struggling to be made public in Cope's current stance: like around the time of the 'World Shut Your Mouth' LP, for the re-invigoration of its subject as much as anyone else. One thing Julian Cope did *not* want to be when he emerged from his sabbatical was a forlorn cult figure, the very thing he was in danger of becoming.

"Absolutely... and I was in danger of

becoming, you know, the optimum type! But at the same time, I was gettin' to be aware of it. The new songs are very... un-cult figurish. I think." He grins. "It's very brash, and um... I'm sorry I'm wearing sunglasses, by the way. I know it's really unfair..."

I can see your eyes.

"That's cool, yeah."

One thing I forgot to mention is that 'World Shut Your Mouth' is the most hit single Julian Cope's released since his last hit single (a long time ago).

FIRST POSTSCRIPT

"YOU KNOW, it's too easy now to say, Oh, I really want to sound like... That guy in Dream Academy said, Yeah, I really want to sound like Julian Cope! And I thought, well, why don't you take the first tentative step towards it by... trying to write some good songs?"

How would someone go about it, apart from that?

Long pause: "Oh, I dunno. Take loads of speed and wear a hat."

LAST POSTSCRIPT

OF THE Crucial Three (ahem), Julian Cope's reluctant forays into the bewildering obstacle course of a *career* make even Pete Dinklage seem like an accountant's. And at least that means

that his songs have burst out when *he's* felt like spouting them - in the nude, on a hill, in a hat, however - rather than as contractual obligations. But it means too that everything is a shot. Is this the last?

"I dunno," he grins. "It's really bad to be all written off at 28, isn't it? John Cale was 27 when he made the first Velvet Underground album. He was probably sensible."

"But I like this age..."

Your age, or the age we live in?

"No, I like my age." Then he peers out again at the cars rushing past. "Actually, I quite like the age we live in."

Why?

"Because I'm saddled with it. And it seems easier to like it."

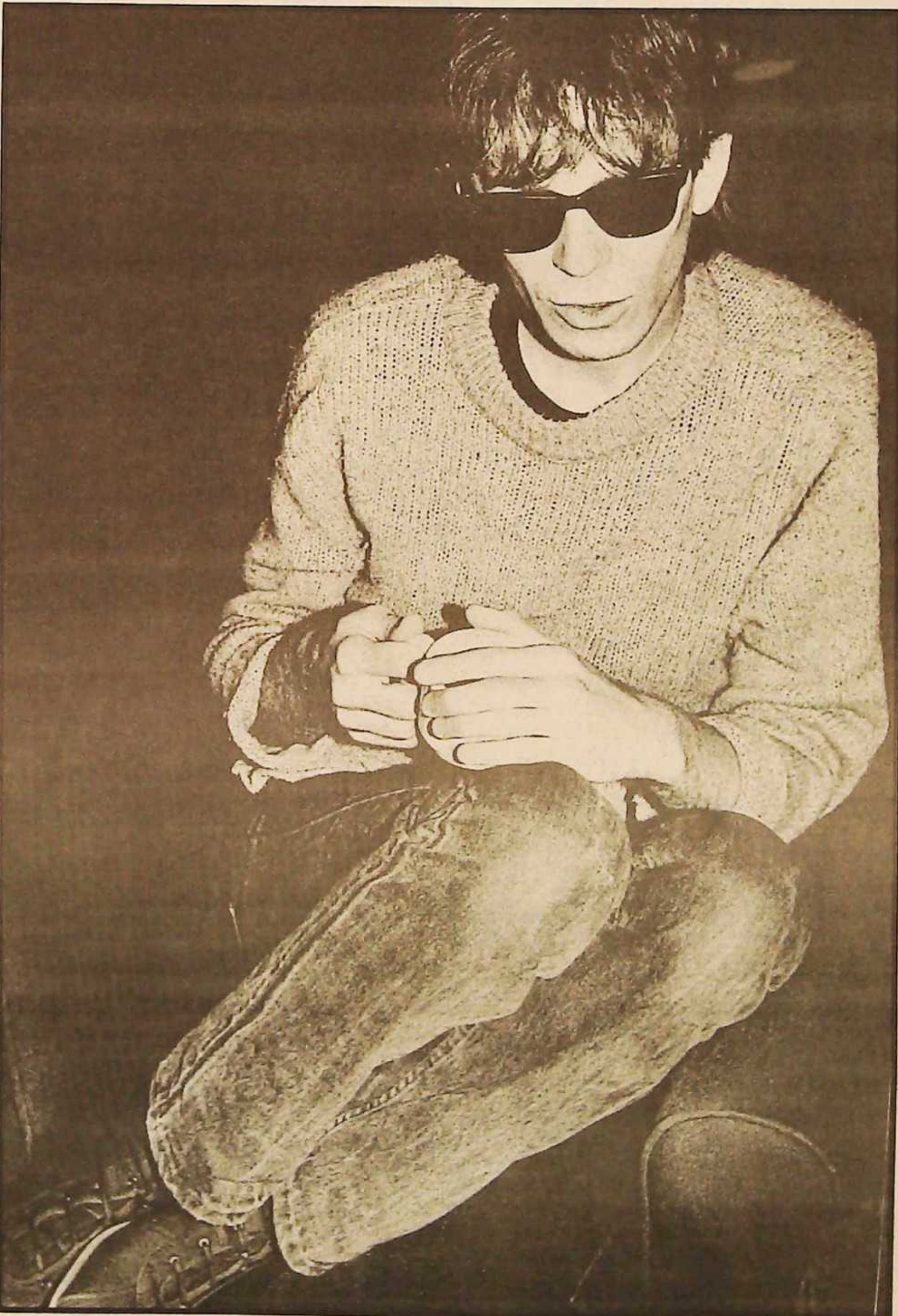
He stops again and remembers the question. "Oh, yeah! I don't know how many shots you have at things. I suppose I'll be doing it, whatever..."

Have you got any excuses?

"I can't really do much else. You know, it's like I said at the Boston Arms, everyone who writes songs nowadays seems to be saying, I'm not really a songwriter, d'ya know, I'm really an actor, or a photographer - I'll have my book of Polaroids out in the future."

"I mean, I won't. I don't think so, anyway. I'm quite happy being a song-er."

JULIAN COMES out of his shell



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LETTERS

HIPPY HIPPI SHAKE

I WRITE to praise the literary gem which appeared in *Sounds* August 23. How nice it was, in the review of the Castle Donington rock festival, to see those nasty heavy metal headbangers being given a fair and refreshingly unbiased put down by the marvellously witty and unconcerned Chris Double. (Er, who? Roger Holland wrote the piece, Steve Double took the pics - Ed.)

It is lovely to be informed that, despite my eleven O Levels (nine of them grade A's), (*Bloody smart arse* - Ed.) I "clearly have no idea of the concept of thought". But how strange that millions of people worldwide should find "this coarse and too often otherwise utterly worthless music" stimulating and aesthetically pleasing.

Here I would like to take the occasion, in view of my last quotation, to praise Chris Double's elegant and unobtrusive literary style; it certainly makes a fine contrast to those thousands of mindless morons who flock to Donington every year, eh?

I must confess puzzlement regarding the statement concerning the thousands of drunkards rampaging around the place and throwing up all over their cardboard guitars. Deary me, perhaps I was so disgusted by the horrid bands onstage that I failed to notice these nasty people.

And as for those unsavoury bands themselves, good heavens above! How utterly barren of talent they were! Bad News really showed 'em all up, didn't they? Their technically impeccable and hilariously amusing set fair made it a waste of time the other bands even turning up.

I have to admit, though, that your journalist once again exposed my faulty judgement when he declared Motorhead were lucky to "wrench a couple of encores" out of their set. I was gravely mistaken about the Scorpions too; how thoughtful of the "journalist" in question to point out to us millions of Scorpions fans that their music is really dreadfully, "depressing and rather pathetic".

Mind you, isn't it weird that these silly-billies flock back to Donington year after year, and even more weird that I too, after this year's experience, shall be returning? I mean, all we did was throw bottles around all day. Perhaps we should follow the example set by football fans instead.

All in all, this remarkable journalist has exposed those dreadful, dirty long-haired hippies for what they really are. Give us the unfailing originality of Depeche Mode and the technical supremacy of Wham! any day.

Do keep up this fabby and unprejudiced work. - **Nichola Pell**

PS What do you mean by featuring Bon Jovi in your brill mag? These nasty, noisy, untalented men have hair that touches their shoulders, therefore it follows that they must be raving hippies and thus belong in the same musical class as Motorhead and Iron Maiden.

MISSING WORDS

IN A recent issue of your mag (*Sounds* August 30) there is, at the end of the *Singles* page, a reference to a band called Har Har Herman, but no review of their single. I bought their single at one of their gigs and thought it was great. Why has it not been reviewed? For that matter, why have they not been reviewed live? I have seen them on numerous occasions and think they are bloody good.

Please can we hear something about them. I'm sure Andy Hurt would like them. - **M Walsh, North Wembley, Middx**

HERE TODAY...

YOUR REVIEWS of the last works of the finest band that's ever lived, namely Here And Now, just goes to show how amazing they were to achieve such popularity, while always being opposed by the music press.

Any band that does this must be good, and Here And Now are probably (along with Crass) one of the few.

RIP 1975-1986 - note it was 1975, not 1976. - **D92, Halesowen, West Midlands**

PUNCH AND JUDY

CALL YOURSELVES music critics?

With regard to the review of the latest album from Status Quo, the "someone called Rhino Edwards" has in fact been playing bass for Judy Tzuke for the last few years.

"Judy who?" I hear Roger Holland say. Well, actually, for your information, she's arguably one of the best female vocalists to come out of this country for many years. (Not that she ever gets the recognition she deserves.)

Basically, *Sounds* writers spend too much time wallowing in their supposed literary genius and sarcastic criticisms to know much about music, let alone tell us anything about it. - **Kevin R Gibbons**

ROCKERS REVENGE

REFERRING TO your review on the Castle Donington rock festival.

The reporter who covered the above obviously doesn't know his arse from his elbow, and apparently does not know anything about rock music or rockers.

By saying rockers are morons proves that the people you employ are narrowminded hypocrites.

All further copies of *Sounds* have been cancelled due to the above.

Thank you for bringing your stupidity to my attention. - **J Walker, Leeds**

TEETHING TROUBLES

WHAT WAS the point of Jack Barron listening to It Bites? "The Big Lad In The Windmill", or Ron Rom going to the Marquee to see them live?

Both reviewers simply gave a list of reasons why they hate the band and did not review their performances at all.

What is the point in this?

I suppose the only saving grace was that once again Jack Barron showed us what a total dickhead he is (as if

we needed reminding).

He describes It Bites as rock-pop-slop, yet then goes on to describe them as sophisticated to the point of indecency. How can they be both sloppy yet sophisticated? Furthermore, I'm quite sure that if It Bites spent most of their time listening to third-rate techno-

pox like Marillion, they wouldn't be what they are now, fantastic musicians playing fantastic music, something which is quite obviously above the prejudiced, jealous head of wallies like Jack Barron. - **A Boyle, Edinburgh**

PRIVATE FUNCTION

THREE CHEERS for Fungrod The Hillman! I agree wholeheartedly! *Sounds* singles reviewers are all smart-arsed. OK, it's acceptable to slag off Bucks

Fizz or Wham! singles; *Sounds* readers are unlikely to cry over that. But promising new bands have problems enough gaining publicity without their reviews being full of debatably witty criticisms.

Instead, new (and not-so-new) bands should be compared as closely as possible to well-established bands so that fans of the latter will sit up and listen. (The Buzzcocks/Soup Dragons comparison is a rare example.)

So come on, *Sounds*!

Perform your bodily functions in the proper place instead of in your single reviews. - **Kev Grant, Warwickshire**

THE CAT'S WHISPERS

THE CHESHIRE Cat commands you to give away a free book, yes, give away a free book on the unusual, weird, and strange. God, did you see those denim and leather jackets? This is what we want!! - **The Cheshire Cat**

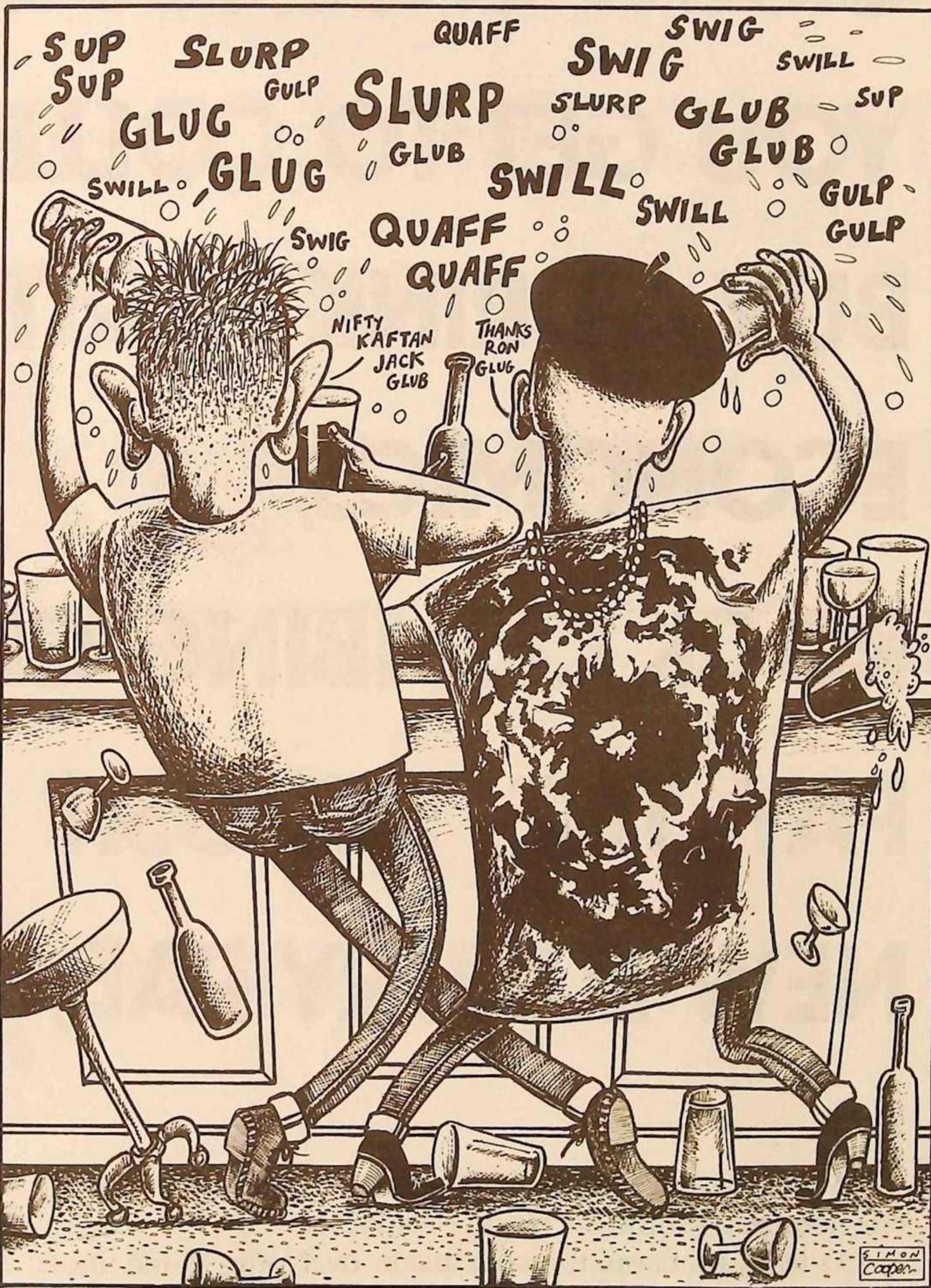


Illustration by Simon Cooper

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

"ERE RON, whassis compound time all abaht then?"

"Well Jack, I find it's those flash twiddly bits what all them arty farty bands used to do in the '70s before U2, The Mission, Jesus And Mary and the like started usin' them again."

"What, yer mean like this 'ere It Bites?"

"Somefink like that, yeah."

"... Ron?"

"What, Jack?"

Is that why we're slaggin' them off then?"

"Well, Jack, you like jangly psychedelic guitars and kaftans, 'cause although they were arty and in vogue abaht five years before Genesis, it's in again now!"

"Yeah, that's right!"

"And because it's in vogue, no one would dare call it hackney-ridden or clichéd."

"Although it undoubtedly is!"

"Exactly Jack. Well, we journalists have to have someone to slag off, and seeing as no one else is capable of that, whassit? compound time, and Marillion are on their hols, thus, ladies and gentlemen, I give you..."

"It Bites!"

"Exactly, Jack!"

The above conversation between two *Sounds* journalists was overheard at the bar of the Marquee - Walter Ego, Horizontal Leisure Industries

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BUSHWACKED IN AUSTRALIA PART ONE

IF THE current fascination with Australian music has coincided with the stagnation of British rock (look around you, it's true), it's probably no coincidence at all.

While the last brat in town, Jim Reid of The Mary Chain, admits that they like playing 20 minute sets because gigs are boring, and your typical fan is bloated after a lifetime's steady diet of the very best, in Australia the wheel has only just begun to turn.

Why it has taken so long is a little harder to explain, because Australia has always had a home-grown industry following closely behind the trends laid down abroad. This has been the case ever since the re-emergence of vocal groups chasing the success of The Beatles led to the formation of '60s bands The Masters Apprentices, The Easybeats, The Twilights, The Loved Ones and countless others.

Significantly, the majority of these originators of Australian style were English or Scottish migrants but, as The Masters discovered when they finally made the trek to London in 1970, Australia was still lagging a long way behind in the originality stakes. Even their PAs were too small.

By 1975 all Australian bands had American accents and limped from one style to another – from soul to R&B, to blues, to boogie, to country rock, to pop, to guitar heroics – often on the same record, like kids let loose in an Oxfam shop. Out of this came a Melbourne band called Skyhooks, who characterised suburban Carlton life as she was lived and threw in the fiddly guitar bits as well.

Their LP 'Living In The '70s' with its Toorak Cowboys and Lygon Street Limbo was perhaps the first truly Australian record ever made, and although you will never hear anyone drop Skyhooks' name as an influence, this was fairly startling at the time. Unfortunately, they are

best remembered in the UK for the diabolical 'Women In Uniform', released long after their peak.

The impact that punk had on Australia was minimal. Musically it did little to lure listeners away from Led Zeppelin and Status Quo, and politically, the kid on the dole in Sydney with his \$50 a week wasn't complaining.

As Damien Lovelock of The Celibate Rifles explains: "You won't ever have a working class revolution here because it's still not a bad place to be poor. Australia's not a politicised country. Voting – that's politics here. Not who washes up or who earns this much money and why. That's not politics, that just is."

IN SEPTEMBER 1976 when The Saints in Brisbane released the first independent Australian single '(I'm) Stranded', they had to make it in the UK before anyone back home took notice.

Radio Birdman took independence one stage further. Hassles with Sydney pub owners over the way kids danced at their gigs became an almost ruthless repression. But instead of developing a martyr complex and falling apart, they instead became ferociously self-contained, organising their own shows, hyping themselves, building an enormous following and splitting the scene wide open for all comers.

In retrospect, Birdman were like something from another planet. They didn't look like an American band – they didn't look like anything anyone had ever seen before. One theory even goes that the arrival of 19-year-old Deniz Tek from Detroit was Australia's first introduction to the music of The Stooges and the MC5, and that Tek was singlehandedly responsible for the current Australian explosion. This theory is so wonderful I wish it were true.

Few bands can say that they were not either influenced or, at the very least, inspired by Birdman's example. And their influence, far from diminishing after their break-up, has instead become more direct with Rob Younger's role as Citadel's virtual in-house producer.

In Melbourne, The Boys Next Door had a similar impact. The Australian scene would henceforth be divided into Sydney bands, who derived from Birdman, and Melbourne bands who followed in the wake of The Boys Next Door. When the latter arrived in London early in 1980 and became The Birthday Party they served another crucial role, becoming the first Australian band to do battle in the UK

on equal terms, to spawn imitators in England – the first time the current had flowed this way – and paving the way for Australian bands, who could now be accepted with a minimum of Rolf Harris jokes.

The vast crop of bands who have sprung up in the '80s have been a more closely aligned group than at any other time in Australian rock history. The new independent labels have for the first time given airing to bands still in their fledgling stages, at a time when they are still very friable material. Bands split and crumble very easily, members leave or join new bands with each other, they swap members, play on each other's records and write songs for each other. The family tree of Australian bands has a plot with more twists and turns than *Return To Eden*.

This cross fertilisation has also led to a sound and a style that now typifies Australian music – guitar based, lyrically inventive and always melodic. The common influences of people like The Flamin' Groovies, The Ramones, Birdman, The Stooges, MC5, 13th Floor Elevators, The Soft Boys and Big Star also turn up far too often to be ignored.

The list that follows (on page 45, with more to follow in next week's issue) is not intended to be a conclusive guide to what's available, merely an indication of some of the bands who are well worth your further investigation. Many better known bands have deliberately been left out to give the others some space.

You may find that many releases are no longer available and in some cases have even become collectors' items, but this is a problem that independent labels experience in any country. In Australia, the major labels have not yet picked up on the UK trend of signing indie bands once they've proved their worth, and this is a good thing. No band should ever be told they have to sell 15,000 copies of a single just to break even.

The Australian independents have been responsible for all of this music, and they don't need support from the majors. Your support, however, wouldn't go amiss.

In London, Australian releases are available from Plastic Passion, 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11 (01-229 5424); Vinyl Solution, 39 Hereford Road, London W2 (01-229 8010) and Rough Trade, 130 Talbot Road, London W11 (01-229 8541).

Outside of London, ask your local dealer to order for you from Shigaku Trading (01-749 2277).

CONTINUES PAGE 45

THE ZIMMERMEN – but which one's Bob?



If you're wondering where all the real music went then look no further than Australia. In the first of a two part feature, JANE SIMON turns over a couple of rocks and watches all the new wild life wriggle out.

PSYCHIC TV

The
Magickal Mystery D Tour
E.P.



12"

Roman P.
(Fireball Mix)

Good Vibrations
(Kundalini Mix)

Hex-Sex
(Voodoo Mix)

Interzone

TEMPLE RECORDS
9 8 4

A STAR REBORN

THE CHAP from the French fanzine is blowing his chances.

He has just watched Psychic TV's debut Paris gig in the oddly antiquated L'Elysee Montmartre, and now he is berating the band's mouthpiece, Genesis P-Orridge, over why he isn't sounding the same as he used to in his old Throbbing Gristle days.

"Look," says Genesis, getting increasingly exasperated in the cramped back-stage area, his eyes widening manically. "I've only one thing more to say to you. I think you're very immature."

And he's off, skipping into the dressing room before his interviewer knows what's happening. The roadies begin to beat out the rhythm of a PTV song on the flimsy dressing room walls, and the eldest of the P-Orridge daughters, Caresse, puts her hands to her ears and cries "Stop It!"

Mr Fanzine leaves while the going's good. A few hours later, in one of the million Parisienne all-night cafés, the man with the funniest name in pop is still amazed by the confrontation.

"To be accused of having changed, as if that's something bad! When everyone purports to think that changing, growing, developing and being aware are actually positive attributes, and then they turn round and accuse you of it! People complain, you heard them tonight, that we've done a song. I think that's a wonderful achievement, and something to be proud of."

The song in question is 'Godstar', the recent Psychic TV single that threw Genesis and the band into sudden underground mini-stardom. Written for and about Brian Jones, the founder member of The Rolling Stones who came to a sorry and sordid end in his swimming pool, 'Godstar' reached as high as number 67 in the national charts.

Why, Genesis?

"Because it was easy to listen to."

And it was nothing to do with the song's subject?

"I'd love to think so, but I suspect that a lot of people felt more comfortable with the musical style than they had with other things we'd done, and didn't actually notice that it was still quite a twisted and perverted song. It may sound nice, but it is about a body in the water... it was opening up a can of worms which has been suppressed or ignored for a long time."

And Genesis knew that he was heading in the right direction when the PTV management received a request from The Stones office for copies of all versions of the record. These were duly sent, together with some mischievous stickers bearing the legend "Brian Jones Died For Your Sins".

"We asked how they had heard about it," continues Genesis, "and we were told that Mick Jagger always gets the British music press sent to him, and that he always reads the singles reviews! Of course, as luck would have it, 'Harlem Shuffle' came out around the same time. We got single of the week in a few magazines, and they got slagged underneath. One even said, Don't buy this, buy 'Godstar'."

Together with some amusing publicity shots of Genesis with a waxwork Mick Jagger, and a film of PTV performing the song live (shown on *The Tube*), 'Godstar' had, to use a horrible word, caused a buzz.

"One of the greatest weapons of the original idea of pop music is that you can actually use it to dig in a spike and open up wounds, and focus on what you consider to be the ills of human behaviour."

"We're trying to reinvest the idea of a pop song with a crusading comment. Subjects can get so complex that to articulate them in a written way would take pages and pages, which is when the shorthand of music becomes vital."

And Genesis is genuinely concerned for Brian Jones, too.

"He was the magical ingredient that made the early Stones so exciting, and I have no opinion except that whatever happened is more than we're being told, and it should be resolved. He has never had a chance to be spoken for."

"We've got more leads than we've ever had, and someone has to crack and speak up soon. We interviewed the man who embalmed his body, who said quite categorically that he did not drown, he was dead before he went into the water." (The interview, which I saw later, makes grisly reading.)

"We also know the son of a very famous '60s popstar, who told us that he remembers his father saying that he was there the night Brian Jones died, and that Brian Jones was murdered. But there are a lot of people who don't want to talk about it... the ghost is there, begging to be laid to rest."

THE FORTHCOMING single, 'Roman P' (P' for Polanski) is, it seems, the next in a series about corruption and hypocrisy, looked at from different angles.

"Mainly," expands Genesis, "from the point of view of what we call the secret aristocracy, that is, those that are rich or powerful or famous who get privileges that you or I are denied."

Is it specifically about the film director?

"Like all the things we do, it's both. It's about Roman Polanski and the idea of being a Roman, being so decadent that what you create is destroyed and what is apparently civilised is not. 'Godstar' is number one in the series, 'Roman P' is number two and there is a third already recorded which is about the Beach Boys. Like chapters from a book."

"I never got over the shock of the first thing Polanski did once he got back to Hollywood after Sharon Tate was murdered, which was to find out who would pay the most money for the photographs of the blood stains in his own house. That has stuck in my mind. What sort of person is he?"

FOUR MONTHS ago I had made my way to Kilburn ballroom with a great deal of trepidation to see Psychic TV, at best thinking I'd be confronted with a bunch of irresponsible psychos, at worst... Well, the atmosphere around PTV seemed to be rather unwholesome, shall we say. Their apparent infatuation with dark figures like Charles Manson and the Reverend Jim Jones didn't help. But I was wrong.

"About two years ago it suddenly dawned on us that we were fed up having to be seen to be serious," explains Genesis. "There's nothing more annoying than seeing the front row standing there looking all serious. There's enough crap around without having to wallow in it voluntarily; there is nothing unintellectual or crippling about enjoying yourself."

"With people like Manson, that was basically understanding the power of individuals to control other people to that extent, which we looked at for a while and then we got bored with it. It's like any form of brainwashing. Jim Jones took his followers to Guyana and Manson took his outside LA,

and the only reality they got was from the man in charge."

"There are always going to be a certain amount of people who are going to fall prey to getting an emotional crutch, and then once they've got it, being so terrified of losing it that they will put themselves in jeopardy to the point where they can be manipulated beyond what you or I can understand."

Manipulation can, however, have its positive side, especially when music, or at least rhythm, is the source. As Genesis found while on holiday in Spain...

"We went to Calanda to see the drumming festival. It's a little village right out in the middle of nowhere. The central square is still very medieval with really high walls around it, the church forming one of the walls. The whole village, which is about 3,000 people, from the children to the pensioners, all have a drum. On Good Friday they parade right around Calanda, through these really narrow streets."

"When you hear 3,000 drums in these narrow streets, the sound totally envelopes you, it is very, very powerful, and you want to burst into tears with the power of it."

Genesis calls PTV's music "our Calanda".

"After Calanda I was hyperactive and energised and my head was spinning with thoughts and ideas and sensations. I thought, We should have this where we are, why haven't we got it any more? This is outrageous, we should start our own, not for this or that reason, but just to do it."

Indeed, the atmosphere near the stage at a Psychic TV gig can be quite unlike anything you've experienced before. Genesis tells with glee about their recent appearance in Sheffield, which caused a reaction little short of an orgy.

"It was like a communal excitement, they had to do things to each other and they didn't care who it was."

"I have never seen anything like it, ever, and I was really pleased. The hard core of fans call themselves sexual terrorists. That was the night we realised just what was beginning to happen, very positive, very ritualistic. It was so specific... yeah, genitals!"

THE NEXT day, we talk again, this time in the idyllic gardens of Le Sacre Coeur in Montmartre, the whole panorama of Paris stretched out before us. I learn that Psychic TV's refusal to accept anything less than the utmost truth, and their taboo-smashing attitude, sometimes results in trouble of the most explosive kind.

"Jordi Valls, a friend of ours, received a phone call from a Spanish national TV programme called *Le Edad Deoro* (The Golden Age - sort of *The Tube* meets *The South Bank Show*), and they said they'd heard his track called 'Catalan' from 'Dreams Less Sweet' in which he does a vocal in Catalan dialect. It's all the things he remembers people saying when he was in a car crash on December 23. They asked if there was a film of it they could show and he said, No, but we can make you one."

"Somehow, he persuaded them to finance us making a film to go with the song, and run a whole hour and a half programme on us. Derek Jarman directed it and it grew from there. We more or less had complete control of the programme. We had subtitles about the power of the orgasm, the subconscious and dreams running all the time, and also a half-hour live stage performance in front of an audience."

"We had a psychic cross of TVs set up, as is our wont, but there was a button I could press so that all the TVs went off except a satanic cross, an upside down Christian cross. As we began the song 'Unclean', there was suddenly this satanic cross with pictures of the present Pope's face, and I

was screaming 'You are obscene, you are unclean, we know you and all your spies...', at which point somebody somewhere pulled the plug on the entire national television network."

"For the whole time we were doing the programme, guards were all around the studio with their sub-machine guns pointed at us, quite heavy, very bizarre. The next day the right-wing Catholic newspapers went crazy, and the Catholic Women's League actually petitioned the King of Spain to have national TV banned for ever. There had been 14 million viewers... not bad for a non-commercial unknown group, ha!"

"The two women who presented the show and organised it for us are now being taken to court under a private summons for blasphemy. If found guilty they can be given 13 years in prison. The evidence is a still from the show which apparently shows a picture of Jesus Christ and a wolf in the same frame."

Did you use that?

"It's... possible, yeah. We use the wolf as an anti-Christian symbol because it kills sheep, and I've always found it odd that a religion should be proud of calling its followers sheep. It's weak - sheep will follow other sheep over a cliff to death... (No, surely that's lemmings - Ed) The wolf is mainly seen as an evil or satanic animal because of the slurs of Christianity."

GENESIS TREATS all this with mild amusement, but does not underestimate other people's capacity to be shocked and affronted. As a French policeman eyes us suspiciously, he provides us with his *raison d'être*.

"Whatever's the normal process, just reverse it and the chances are it will be more interesting and more effective. When it becomes a habit, reverse it back, 360 degrees. The options at any given moment are infinite to confuse expectations."

"Now, to be an artist or a musician or a writer is to try not to have a real job - that's the way it's seen, largely because politicians are scared of real thought. Britain has a long history of despising and abusing its artists and writers and creative thinkers."

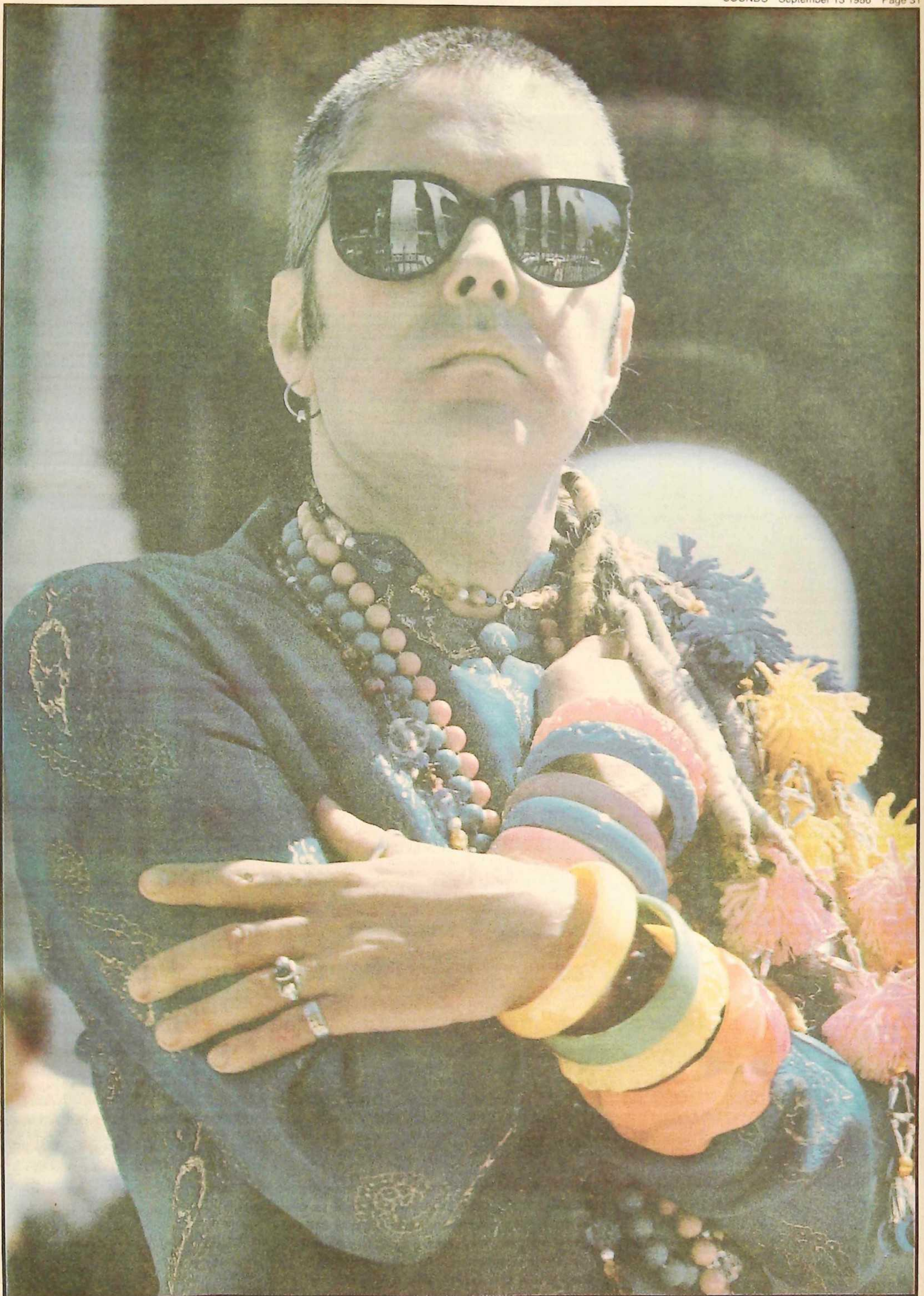
"The process that leads to certain people becoming artists I do believe is very similar to people becoming spectacular criminals: to state that you exist, you are alive, to affirm your existence. I think that one of the good side effects of the lethargy of our society and education system and mass media and TV is that young people feel that same need to consistently challenge their own experiences and physical sensations. That's why tattoos are more popular, and why we're interested in scarification and piercings. It's integrating the mind and body and feeling alive."

"That's the main reason I perform, the unknown element, that challenge and that therapy, to see if at some point I can be lost in a total sensation, as one would be in the rituals we used to have, which have been forgotten and distorted and lost."

"The greatest musicians don't agree on everything, but the obsession behind their work and their performance and their need to carry on against all the odds, and against knowing that the world is a complete mess, separates them from the people who are just working at it. People can sense it very quickly if you're totally committed and involved in what you're doing."

Genesis and the rest of Psychic TV are as committed as it is possible to be in this upside-down business. The only stumbling block to mass conversion is their uncompromising, sometimes harsh exterior - an equally vital part of that commitment. Explore a little deeper, and you will find an exciting but strangely calm existence, forever changing.

From his bizarre explanation of tattoos to his obsessive faith in causes, PSYCHIC TV's Genesis P-Orridge is the very definition of complexity. As willing disciple NEIL PERRY studies his hands for stigmata, Gen explains the truth about Brian Jones, Roman Polanski and hints at Beach Boys secrets. GREG FREEMAN pictures a mystery



GENESIS P has a revelation

ALBUMS

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEARFLOGDUMP



TALKING HEADS: once upon a time...

HEADS OR TALES

SAXON 'Rock The Nations' (EMI EMC 3515)***

MAYBE ALL that tea's stunted their growth...

The ninth album from Saxon bottles out. Only a bit, mind, but that bit's enough to starve it of both crunch and class when they're most needed. 'Rock The Nations' comes frustratingly close to breaking new ground for the band (seriously!), only to sink back every time into safety and mediocrity.

Admittedly, I'd just about had my fill of Biff's big wheezers by the time my (legit, natch) tape of 'Wheels Of Steel' began warping and gurgling from exhaustion a couple of months after its release, yet I still kinda like 'em in a perverse and embarrassing sort of way. 'Rock' could've had all five stars if it'd wanted them badly enough.

And there's the rub - in truth, Saxon don't really sound that hungry after all these years. They're not past caring, just settled. They'd sooner fool around than bruise your balls. Ah well...

At least there are three tracks here fit to knock the sage 'n' onion out of yer speakers. There's the single, 'Waiting For The Night' (smooth and mercilessly catchy), 'Ain't No Angel' (a Van Halen goosestep) and 'Party Till You Puke' (throwaway r'n'r featuring a tired and emotional Elton John on piano). As for the rest... well, it'll give you time to put the kettle on.

But don't worry (either of you), Saxon aren't finished. The riffs may be losing their teeth but so what?

They haven't stopped singing 'bout motorbikes - that would be stupid. It's just that nowadays Saxon seem reluctant to show us what awfully large plonkers they have. And thank God for that!

PAUL ELLIOTT

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'A Different Kind Of Tension' (Pressure Of The Real World PRLP 1)**

THERE'S SO many hopeless tinkers aboard this hapless gravy train now that I'm shocked it didn't career into the sidings long ago, dragging its grubby anorak along the tracks behind it.

'A Different Kind Of Tension' is the official coming-out of the new pop, publicly and collectively admitting how it should have stayed in the bedroom all along, tugging its hood and minding its own business. Aren't all these freckled old fogies tiring of spoofing old

Subway Sect licks and earnestly affecting the idea that - because they were too young/stupid in the first place - punk rock had less of a place in their consciousness than the Rubic Cube?

The Mighty Lemon Drops weigh in with the formidable 'Like An Angel', The June Brides resurrect the brassy sass of 'Every Conversation', while Vee VV scrape a smidge of jangling romance out of their 'The Romance Is Over'. That's the lot. The remainder huddle under the 'shambling' umbrella like stranded Boy Scouts.

Of the rest of the dismal bunch, there's a whole queue of slender talents scabbing

away at their three minute running sores. Most of them you'll know by name - fat hacks have spent the last year screaming for their attention. The Soup Dragons, The Shamen, The Wedding Present, 1,000 Violins, The Wolfhounds.

'A Different Kind Of Tension' makes me frown at how quickly we succumb to mediocrity in these times. If this dismal mess demonstrates anything, it reassures us that the answer doesn't lie somewhere in the middle of this week's independent chart. Where it does lie though, I'm not telling. Not today, anyway.

JONH WILDE

TALKING HEADS 'True Stories' (EMI EU 3511) ***3/4

AND SO David Byrne set off in a beautiful pea green boat. He had, if not honey, then plenty of money, and the cool desert breeze of popular music added volume to his billowing sails. In this oasis, he mused, even murky water tastes sweet.

There, on the heat haze, floated a dozen or so catalogues, listing a history of life and dreams. And David, who knew a thing or two about good tunes, gut-wrenching melodies and the art of writing a song which only sounds so perfect reverberating around the confines of an automobile, took the stories as if they were passing driftwood, and began whittling.

The finished object was a film, *True Stories*, and its accompanying book, all based on newspaper cuttings of the bizarre or original, collected as David Byrne took his 'Stop Making Sense' circus out to look for America.

These songs are versions of those sung by the actors in his film; his is *not*, he stresses, a soundtrack LP. This is, consequently, often one dimensional, often missing the sensory perception Byrne is so delicious at creating.

As such, I doubt many will acclaim this as a Heads classic. I'm sure many will kick against its confines; shout down its seemingly 'go west' mentality. Perhaps we need the film before we stumble over the too-hidden gems. I'm giving it the benefit of the doubt, at any rate.

Byrne, you see, has plunged into American folklores musics, plundering Tex-Mex accordion on 'Radio Head' - in this case to successful ends - and the likes of the St Thomas Aquinas Elementary School Choir for a less illustrious gospel crescendo on 'Hey Now'.

The latter designates power in place of perversity; Byrne always succeeds so convincingly when he isn't trying so hard. Likewise, the opening 'Love For Sale' bursts out with a gutsy guitar, but fails to, ahem, burn. 'Dream Operator' soothes along on a gentle plain and slowly ignites, but it's not until well into side two before 'People Like Us' finally sends an electric current down the spine. 'We don't want freedom, we don't want justice... we just want someone to love.' Fiddle and pedal steel guitar, all interwoven into modern day truths. A sparkle in the rain.

But, but, but... there it is, a whisper, a chill, a shuddering gasp. Finally, 'City Of Dreams' unfurls like a guardian angel and presents a tale to rival... oh, 'America', or 'American Tune'.

Right at the end, here comes a song to pound through any misgivings, to surge into the blood stream at the journey's end. It's a sometimes confusing trip, often interesting, sometimes wearisome, but, yes, the view at the end really is worth the effort. A song to drive home with. A long, long way.

Does it matter if the unforgettable mingles with the mundane? Not here, not now. Not when it's so rare for the fog to lift outside. Not when the peaks are so high, and the troughs only slightly low.

This much we know is true.

CAROLE LINFIELD

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Conspiracion' (SGAE PU-1 Spanish Import)*****

AMID THE glut of Throbbing Gristle re-releases, Nurse With Wound limited editions and Nocturnal Emissions live albums, the real spirit of surreal/dadaesque/industrial noise seems to be alive and well and living in, of all places, Spain.

Now that the dictatorship is just about dead and buried, a stream of *different* sounds are emanating from Gibraltar's annex. Milkshakes revivalists, Shads re-runs, Clash-style outbursts and, and... well, then there's this

ten track compilation which features some of the most convincing sounds ever to sneak out of an engraving machine and label themselves music.

Esplendor Geometrico, Uvegraf, Interaccion and La Otra Cara Du Jardin all express Spanish soundscapes with an unusually dedicated panache. The oppression is over and a sense of release spins out over this crisp, classic album.

DAVE HENDERSON

GABRIEL YARED 'Betty Blue: Original Soundtrack' (Virgin V2396)*****

I LOVE it I love it I love it unrestrainedly... even the goddam press release is sensitive!

Obviously worth stealing for the cover shots alone, this is the music from the new Jean-Jacques Beineix holy tablet which has reaffirmed my instinctive world view and thrown me into a state of chronic melancholic inertia since I first saw it (or was it a dream, he sighed coquettishly) five days ago.

It doesn't have a figurehead to compete with 'La Wally' from *Diva*, but in 'C'est Le Vent Betty' it evokes... evokes... let's just say the eye contact between Dalle and Anglade as they attempt this piano duet is the most romantic scene on film since Brando and Schneider tried to come without touching.

There is also a guitar chord struck from time to time (not that time exists herein) which renders the phrase 'lost chord' obsolete. To paraphrase Paul Verlaine (and precipitate my reunion with unemployment benefit): when the tedium of the road is eased by some old artless song, you can surmise that he/she will surely hear you, not displeased. Indeed, you want no other paradise.

CHRIS ROBERTS

MIXED BRILL

BRILLIANT 'Kiss The Lips Of Life' (WEA 240 974-1)***1/2

BRILLIANT HAVE made an album. What I really wanted to say was: Hey, Brilliant have made an album!! But I can't...

They get you frustrated, do Brilliant. You really want it to happen, you'd love to see them *up there*. But it doesn't, and they consistently fail not to be, and it's bloody hard to work out why.

Now, I know for a fact that Youth is not a man short on inspiration, and no doubt fellow Brillantines Jimi and June share the same off-the-wall creativity. It just seems that, somewhere between the thinking and the doing, there's a loose connection. At their best, Brilliant can out-dance Gabriel ('Somebody'); at their worst, they die in a fug of fanning about ('Ruby Fruit Jungle').

The image is leather and chains and righteous funk-up power, but the music bears no relation to it. Some segments are a delight, Jimi Cauty's dirty guitar outbursts giving the beat some meat, but that's because I love guitars that howl and wall and do things that a lot of people despise.

The title track sees Jimi and Youth (whose bass playing has improved by, oh, at least 1,000 per cent) simply, uh, freaking out in a quite delicious fashion. Which makes the soporific cover, 'It's A Man's Man's Man's World', or the weedy 'The End Of The World' all the more irritating.

Perhaps the weak link is June's vocals, an unsoulful soul voice that trips lightly (albeit pleasantly) in one ear and straight out the other. Brilliant are trying too hard, as opposed to not trying hard enough... and yet if there must be pop, 'Kiss The Lips Of Life' comes close to telling it like it is.

Brilliant are groovy but lazy, a time bomb on a very long fuse.

NEIL PERRY



BRILLIANT pucker up

AXON

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ONE GREAT THING

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SONG OF THE SOUTH

Specially Recorded New Track

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ONE GREAT THING
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SONG OF THE SOUTH

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TRUE BELIEVERS BIG COUNTRY 1986 ALMANAC EDITION



WHO DARES WINS



THE HUMAN LEAGUE: they want Jam on it...

THE HUMAN LEAGUE 'Crash' (Virgin V2391)***1/2

IT TAKES The Human League so long to make an album these days that one wonders what exactly it is they spend their time doing. Not a great deal of it would appear to be devoted to songwriting, since of the nine tracks on 'Crash', the Leaguers themselves are only credited with five.

The other four were penned by producers Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis and/or their cohorts at Flyte Tyme Productions Inc, the people you have to go to at the moment if you want to sound a) hip, b) like Prince or c) both. You'll recall that for 'Hysteria', the band employed the services of Quincy Jones, who produced Michael Jackson when he was hip. A pattern emerges.

What I always liked about The Human League was their knack for tunes whose directness and simplicity transcended corn to elicit a real stirring of the emotions, as often as not accompanied by more than the odd twitch of the lower limbs. Sometimes, though, I think all they ever wanted to do was create perfect dance records, and in apparent pursuit of this, 'Crash' splits right down the middle.

There are, on the one hand, the tracks which my funkier friends would describe as feels — a polite way of saying they don't really have beginnings, ends or particularly demanding melodies and lyrics. Into this category I would put 'Money',

'Swang', 'I Need Your Loving' and 'Party'. Gritty bass lines, repetitious chants and Phil Oakey doing his best to sound as black as a Sheffield pit are all characteristics of these tracks.

Then, on the other hand, we have the stuff which harks back to the classic days of 'Dare' — the proof that the League can still twist and warp English musical tradition into contemporary pop anthems.

'Human', for example — a song which seemed unaccountably bland for a kick-off single — takes on a new strength and meaning when its swirling bass and tippy-tap snare signal its arrival halfway through side one. In the context of the album, it transforms from a slow starter into a great ballad. And building on it in quick succession, 'Jam' and 'Are You Ever Coming Back' (which fades out on some distinctly 'Dare'-like chords) seem powerful, enigmatic, profound.

But with Jam and Lewis doing their best to write League-like material, Phil and his chums making out like Minneapolis funksters, and nobody scoring exceptional marks for lyrics, the only consistent factor is a beat which marches relentlessly on through every number.

For some people that would be quite enough, but it makes me feel uncomfortable, even though the strengths of 'Crash' do outweigh its weaknesses.

TONY MITCHELL

THE STRANGLERS 'Off The Beaten Track' (Liberty LPG5001)***1/2

1986 HAS so far been a year that will be remembered primarily as The Tenth Anniversary Of Punk (sob sob), in which the old guard have abused their self-made wasted generation, who, as we have seen, have been left to wallow in their own pathetic past and accept any old crap their crafty heroes care to present as music.

We've seen PiL snarl, Sioux

get her black knickers in a twist, The Damned drown in their own pathetic psychodelia and The Clash 'reform' in the shape of BAD.

Of course, the year couldn't go by without The Stranglers cashing in on the affair.

'Off The Beaten Track' is a cheap collection of undistinguished, mundane B-sides that any self-respecting fan of The Stranglers will already own due to buying the countless singles the band have released. But the

material here — interestingly stopping at 1982 — is still considerably better than most of The Stranglers' material since (you've guessed) 1982.

The old men of punk show here that they were mainly frustrated musicians having a field day playing rock 'n' roll badly as in 'Go Buddy Go'. It didn't matter then. 'Walk On By', the best track here, reminds me of the time when I hated the world after a girl left me feeling like the ugly bastard I am.

I'd sort of sing this to myself like an anthem to my deep vendetta against normal society. Yet The Stranglers always catered for the ugly side of life.

Growing up was never easy. 'Off The Beaten Track' is further proof.

RON ROM

TED HAWKINS 'Watch Your Step' (Window On The World WOLP 1)****

SO FEW people can honestly manage a melody these days. And if you hauled together all the limping musos who've tried over the years, I'd put money on the outcome that not one of them has come up with anything as sweet as Ted Hawkins' songs.

Sweet because Ted hasn't forcefully tried to ram his talents down anyone's throat; sweet because he hasn't written his songs with marketable commodities in mind; and sweeter still because Ted can do so much with just his guitar and his lyrics. For a man who has spent most of his life passing from reform school to tramping to busking to jail, 'Watch Your Step' is a deliciously fine LP.

I could waffle on here about soul and blues, drop in the names of Smokey Robinson and Marvin Gaye, and point out that Ted sings like a particularly gruff Sam Cooke. But let me just say that the four tracks where Ted is accompanied by a band wouldn't appear sub-standard if played alongside the whole of the classic soundtrack to *The Blues Brothers*. And it shouldn't have to take a jeans advert to draw you into the beauty of songs like 'Watch Your Step' and 'If You Love Me'.

Ted's history and character arouse the possibility of him becoming a legend; 'Watch Your Step' confirms it. Don't just watch your steps, count them.

JAMES BROWN

NO CONTEST!

TINA TURNER 'Break Every Rule' (Capitol EST2018)***1/2

THE ANNUAL Turner vs Roberts fight and the smart money's on another slugging 'cos the kid's feelin' mean, and besides, he's hardly likely to bump into Tina down the pub. There's some big US dollars coming in late on the Tina camp though; she's got a few tricks up her sleeve this time round.

The crowd hush. Turner's deal. She leads with the cheekbones. Roberts isn't expecting such lowbrow tactics and takes an early fall, but ain't that always the way? Turner, over-confident, sticks the record on, trotting in smugly with 'Typical Male', an assumed trump. "No such thing," barks the kid uncharacteristically, and it's a rocket of an equalizer.

Turner's been psyching herself up for months, though, and hits hard with 'What You Get Is What You See', a scorching condemnation of the masculine ego. The kid sits back and breathes deep, knowing he can score heavily on the next three, limp showbiz rock ballads of no distinction.

Turner draws on all her experience and sends a song called 'Girls' cruising into the fray. The kid's baffled. Sweat forms on his brow. Damn. This is good, this is very good. "Girls, pretending to break down and cry..." she's croaking. "Objection!" shouts the kid. "You're not allowed to be a poet!"

A grin like an earthquake splits the lady's face. "Bowie wrote it," she coos. "Especially for me."

"Aaah! Ouch! Oh... god..." The kid's suffering bad. It's then that Turner makes her fatal error. Gleefully she turns the record over and looks for the kill. She thinks it's in the bag as a Bryan Adams song rocks away. But a light flickers in the kid's near-unconscious eyes... it grows, slowly... brighter and brighter. A warm glow fills his heart. "This..." he whispers, then pronounces with triumph, "this is a straight rip-off of 'I Need To Know' by Tom Petty."

Turner flies out of the ring, landing in the gallery. Later, they shake hands and Turner vows to take the kid next time. "I saw you snogging to 'Private Dancer' once," she observes. "I just know you're there for a trouncing."

"Not when my critical reference points are so indisputable," he murmurs professionally. "Lend us a tenner, love."

CHRIS ROBERTS



TINA: this one's for you, Bernie!

PSYCHIC TV

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Gatefold Twin Pack
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Godstar
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TEMPLE RECORDS
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**L'ORCHESTRE 'BAM'
DE GRAND MUSTAPHA
INTERNATIONAL AND
PARTY 'Local Music'**

(Globestyle FEZ 002)*****
AS MEXICAN restaurants spring up all over the shop with the urgency of hot jumping beans, it's a prohibitively long odds-on shot that the vinyl entertainment will come courtesy of Los Lobos. And as sure as eggplants is eggplants, should Greek food and culture come to attain an equal degree of hipness, the task of providing the mood-setting background wash will indubitably fall to the extended family Mustapha.

Of course, this lot can't be dismissed as Balkan curios as their range encompasses the music of virtually any non-aligned nation you'd care to name - 'Cabra', for example, is most certainly Hispanic rather than Attic - but I care not a whit. I love it all.

And 'twould be churlish of me to accuse the 3 Moussakas 3 of having a sense of humour. At a time when unmanageably long names are very much in vogue, Uncle Patrel and his wards have constructed something of a world-beater, one that's more than sufficient to have a remote Welsh railway station named after them and set Roy Castle's chops a-drooling.

But although the performances are unswervingly tongue-in-cheek, the affectionate authenticity of the musical foundations prevents the caboose from parting company with the rails, permitting levity while giving the cold shoulder to ribaldry.

Oh yes - it's their best record to date.

ANDY HURT

**JAKI GRAHAM
'Breaking Away' (EMI
EMC3514)*****

SHARON KILLS the alarm clock at 7.30 with a sleek silvery fingernail. Raising her nimble arms, she glides into her white kimono (shut up, I'm enjoying this) and, pausing only to flick Capital Radio on, she darts to the bathroom where she says her silent cosmetic prayers. At 8.15, she's carefully digesting Alpen and calling Cheryl to remind her to bring in the Matthews invoices. "Sure," says Cheryl. "Lady did I meet a man last night!"

"I don't know," says Sharon calmly. "Did you?"

CHOCS AWAY!



ELVIS: he likes the ones with the soft centres

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS 'Blood & Chocolate' (Imp X Fiend 80) *1/2**

THE GULF between Costello and his contemporaries has grown vast - big enough to make the bald, improvised turmoil of 'Blood & Chocolate' seem like anti-pop. Like rock, Costello can find no new surprises in his head, so he re-visits the haunts of old records and themes with the made energy of a creative mind in thrall to its medium. 'Blood & Chocolate' is yet another endless, exhausting record from rock's outlaw bookworm.

Oldish pop stars sometimes die and more often get a little cracked. He's gone mad, people said of Costello in his recent phase, the one which produced the deeply sane 'King Of America'. The cheerful individual who promoted that LP has now turned back to a savage, battering stance: there's very little respite from the bitten bullet in this gloomy set.

Nick Lowe has produced The Attractions as a polished, slumming garage band. The dominant sounds are a wrenched electric guitar and the saucepan crash of Pete Thomas. You hardly notice Steve Nieve. What can't be escaped is Costello's voice. Not quite the huge, bullying sound that it was in 'Imperial Bedroom', but Lowe's dry mix seems to force that grimacing, infamous sneer right into your face.

The discomfort carries over into the songs. Costello could've retired after delivering the inconceivably fine 'Our Little Angel', but it's the nastiest entrails of 'King Of America' that are continued with here. 'Little Palaces' unreels into the even more horrific 'Battered Old Bird' - this eye isn't jaundiced, it's stikken.

Compassion isn't something that seeps out of Costello: the people he squeezes in 'Poor Napoleon' or 'Home Is Anywhere You Hang Your Head' yield nothing but a numb sadness. His regretful victims are still howling over the "him" who is always unbuttoning her clothes. It's hard to say whether the almost classical ripple of his last record or this murky, rollicking-ugly music is more suitable.

For this writer, Costello's constant tumble of punchlines, brilliant talk and rapier stabs have together become a bulk that can't be broken up. 'Tokyo Storm Warning' is a Reuters report that drags on forever; 'I Want You', the eloquence of skidmarked heart, is too splendidly painful to believe.

Another record. And it's only, for this trapped fellow, pop.

RICHARD COOK

not coming to save the world, but they might just show the boys in the residents' bar at the 'Sacred Heart Hotel' something like a good time. For theirs is a marriage between folk poignancy and calculated 'Marquee Moon' emotion. And this is a splendidly controlled statement.

Unfortunately, it's the four tracks - including the stand out title track - lifted from a John Peel session of January this year which most effectively state The Stars Of Heaven's case, while three more recent bites at this particular cherry struggle to maintain the momentum. However, the generous optimist inside me insists that is probably because every hopeful young band always gives their first John Peel session their very best four songs.

ROGER HOLLAND

**EX F EXPLAINS 'Logic
And The Big Sleep' (EX.
F)******

A CURIOUS name... curious music. They admit they made it on the cheap and that any mistakes are theirs alone. But any faults are well hidden, shadowed by cloudy music that breezes along in a manner reminiscent of Genesis and Foreigner although I can't explain why.

Perhaps it's the depth of the record, perhaps it's the easy professionalism of the music. Maybe tunes like 'The Way It Is' are something you should just accept without delving any further.

Ex F do explain however. They thoughtfully provide short notes about each song's subject matter. All of them are topics that hippies have discussed in great length and that you, in ignorance, have laid aside. Take 'Absent', for example - quiet, peaceful music to cross your legs and meditate to. These people are obviously accomplished musicians.

Over on side two, we move into the 'Fast Lane' - lyrics and sounds bump along but there's a suspension that cushions you, cradles you and pushes you on to 'Sleep Without Dreams' (great link-ups huh!). Subconsciously you're taking in all of this deep logical thinking while all the time you're being lulled into a false sense of security.

It's hard to surface when you're being submerged, so don't fight the current!

KEZ OWEN

**VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Electro 13' (Streetsounds
ELCST 13)******

"UK FRESH '80/I'm sure you recall all the tricks/The day when 15,430 B-boys and girls/Clicked their lips and did electro flips/And so 'The

Smiles a lot. Yes, I like her. 'Set Me Free'. 'Breaking Away'. She's a real woman.

Romance was an abstract invented by men so they could get off with perfume sales reps. Hal

Anyway, thinks Sharon, this is the perfect set of songs for me. Ten tracks, 35 of them hits. She reaches for her chequebook and wonders if red shoes will be passé by Christmas.

CHRIS ROBERTS

**THE MEKONS 'The Edge
Of The World' (Sin
Records SIN 003)******

'THE EDGE Of The World' is the latest recording from The Mekons, their West Yorkshire cajun pogo party now stretching from one intolerable end of the M1 to the other. Stuffed full of that degree of 33 per cent imperfection that has always been their trademark, this LP is like a cake topped with ghastly black-eyed rocking hell instead of cute pink icing, or a pair of Levi's with the seat ripped full away... by somebody's teeth.

'The Edge Of The World' spits its lungs up with 'Bastard', 'Hello Cruel World' and 'Heat And Dust', gets wierd with 'Big Zombie' and 'Dream Dream Dream', chokes on its own tears during 'Oblivion', and then basks in a basin of subtlety and slackness for the rest of the tracks.

Whether strapping their Tex-Mex fingers around the coughing (coffin?) throat of American democracy and squeezing out the lies, or stumbling across bars upsetting pints and shorts of emotion, The Mekons paint an almost accurate picture of this charming and harmful alcohol sponsored life. A cracked reflection of the way that Morrissey and Shelley might write if they were a little less romantic or if they came from Leeds.

If wit and perception travelled as breakfast cereals then The Mekons would be Weetabix - that's with beer, not milk.

JAMES BROWN

**TRIUMPH 'The Sport
Of Kings' (MCA MCF
3331)*****

IT AMAZES me how Triumph have the gall to get so high-minded about their fusty, doddering music. Famed more for their love of light bulbs and all things lurid than for their songs, these crotchety Canuck windbags have contrived to produce a stupefyingly sleepy slab of clotted soft rock sap.

It's the kind of record that should be fitted with a snooze alarm. Or be put on general prescription as a mild laxative.

And they take it all so seriously. It's all very well building yourself up as a 'serious musician' if you've the artistic flair to back it up, but if not you'll inevitably get a fair old plastering of egg on your face. Triumph have long thought of themselves as 'serious musos'. They come across like Rush soundchecking 14 years ago. I hope they like omelettes.

In all fairness to them,

there's nothing here that's overtly awful. There's a grand, soulless version of Eric Martin's 'Just One Night' and a Mexican-flavoured instrumental that's about as appealing as cold chili con carne, yet 'The Sport Of Kings' isn't a disaster. It's just so bloody tedious.

PAUL ELLIOTT

**THE STARS OF
HEAVEN 'Sacred Heart
Hotel' (Rough Trade RTM
173)***1/2**

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, so it's a bloody awful name. But take a trip behind The Stars Of Heaven's communal zip, so to speak, and see what a pleasant surprise awaits you.

If you had been stupid enough to believe all the propaganda handed out on behalf of the dismal Microdisney (but of course you weren't, were you?) then 'Sacred Heart Hotel' is very much the sort of thing you would have been led to expect from them. And this time it's true.

The Stars Of Heaven are

TERRY VISION

HELEN TERRY 'Blue Notes' (Virgin Records V2362)****
TO BE frank, Helen Terry is not Whitney Houston. But she gets about as close as she possibly could, and in some ways actually even surpasses the wonderful Whitney, so don't write her off just because she's white and non-Houston shaped.

Within a setting of invigorating modern dance soul classicism, Helen Terry reveals that she is now a performer of true stature (stop that snickering), a singer of genuine quality. Just one step away.

Her style is now less mannered, less determinedly overwrought. In the interim between the early false start and this new beginning, Helen Terry has become more relaxed and, consequently, her songs and her anguish are now that much more touching, that much more real. No longer exuberantly, extrovertly abrasive, she now sings with an assured cut and thrust that's infinitely more welcome than the bludgeoning of old.

I don't know what has been going on in her life but it sounds like Helen Terry has matured. Certainly she has learnt a lot about pacing herself, and she seems to have mastered the secret of success - phrasing.

Her utterly non-orthodox non-black American background enables her to invest her singing with a whole panorama of unusual self-knowledge. To the expected courage and fire and pain, she brings a welcome extra dimension: danger.

Many of the songs which distinguish 'Helen Terry' with their polished presentation of raw emotion also mark it out as a competitor in the Alison Moyet Paul Young Upwardly Mobile Non-Soul Regatta For Professional Young People.

However, this sense of untoward danger, this edge - plus the sheer excellence and slight differences engraved deep into the core of tracks like the flowingly slow 'Close Watch' and the certain hit single (if it gets released) 'Act Of Mercy' - allow this shiningly accomplished album to transcend the boundaries of that genre.

ROGER HOLLAND



SWANS seen having a wild old time down the Limelight

L I V E S



THE SHOP ASSISTANTS' Alex: fine fare

Ian T Tilton

HEY PRESTO!

JAMES BROWN

THE SMITHS
New York Pter 84

AND THE crowd poured in.

From every college fraternity and dingy slit in the pavement. How they got there remains a twisted mystery. How did they come upon this pop? What could it mean to them?

The Smiths played to a New York crowd (though noticeably devoid of New Yorkers; those who know don't go to Pier 84) who demanded no surprises, no special treatment, no side curves. And they were justly rewarded. The Smiths stood and delivered, like every good college band should, asking no questions and telling no lies.

Complying with simplistic wishes, they played catch with nothingness and the audience won.

The Smiths wrapped themselves safely in hollow gesticulations hurled from mindless hooligans and CD patrons alike. The almighty bratty beasts took on the band's meagre charm singlehandedly and, with one thoughtless grunt, wiped away everything sacred. They slaughtered the notion of individuality, ignored enchantment, steered clear of subtlety and missed the point.

It was here that the ugly called the shots, came to 'party' and went home drunk. Drunk on the same stupidity they arrived with. Drunk on their own empty gestures and offensive grins.

The porcelain Smiths bowed down in defeat, followed the leader and walked the plank. We heard the hits and the misses. The singles, the cracks, the LP tracks. Immaculately delivered professionalism was the order of the day. Morrissey whined and grimaced and gawked and

pranced. He twisted in his own improvisational anguish and raised three fists.

The very silly record company smiled and ate hotdogs and said "I knew we could break this band". I ate vegetable lasagne from Morrissey's trailer and said "Bring on The Jasmine Minks".

VALERIE ROSNER

THE ELVIS PRESLEYS
FROM HELL/THE WILD DOGS**Leeds Royal Park**

IT'S 15 minutes' worth for everyone as the charitable cheek of Leeds rock turns to an all-day benefit for the NSPCC.

After eight hours of mind-numbing originality from the 40 groups taking part, in waggle The Wild Dogs. Offset by stetsons and shades, the de-railed duo offer acoustic aerobics and hellhound harmonies. Their songs of gurls and liquor are not exactly unique, but still The Wild Dogs shine like a glow-worm down a coal shaft.

As eternal faces on the Leeds scene, The Elvis Presleys From Hell have a reputation that flies before them. Besides their ingenious name they flaunt a charismatic singer, an essential line in Abba and Stooges covers, and a guitarist blessed with the best cheekbones in town. Such is the stuff that these events are built on, and the Elvis Presleys are loved to death.

As the evening veers to a close, one half of the packed pub has its street-cred terminally blown by shaking a collective bootie to 'Crazy Horses'. The remainder hesitantly surmises that for now The Osmonds are cool.

Still, if God had not meant them to be sheared he would not have made them sheep.

GRANUAILE

BLUETRAIN
Brixton Old White Horse

LAST TIME I wrote about Jo Bluetrain (née Gol), I was entranced by the way she stands with feet almost primly together at the microphone and rises up onto the very tips of her toes to give some sort of emphasis to those all important lines and notes. Tonight she reveals a whole new routine, which for ease of reference we shall term the Liquid Knee Sway. See it or die.

Jo's footwork (and her smile, which would launch a thousand task-forces!) aside, my overriding memory of the band that they now call Bluetrain is of four youngsters chatting in the backroom of a North London venue, and voting over a pint or three to go on stage early so that they could get home in time to see that great old Ealing movie, *The Ladykillers*. From that moment on, I knew that these were my sort of people!

Although the record company attempts to convince me that the band took their name from an old Agatha Christie book and film, *Murder On The Blue Train*, it in fact derives from a John Coltrane album! This says more about the band than I can hope to.

Bluetrain exist alongside a scene too often given over to kitsch and contrivance, to bubblegum and giggles, yet they have never been part of that scene.

Bluetrain play with bright, crisp guitars – more Dire Straits than The Buzzcocks! Somewhere between country and soul, with a trad rock feel, they play with humour, with beauty, and with joy. On those occasions guitarist Rudy gets to sing, he does so with a gritty white soul urgency, while Jo, rhythm

guitarist and lead singer, is blessed with quite the most distinctively expressive and pure voice you could hope to encounter on a damp Saturday night in Brixton.

And when Jo isn't singing, she's smiling. And hers is one of the most infectious and delightfully real smiles you could hope to come across.

ROGER HOLLAND

CRAZYHEAD
Croydon Underground

AFTER CENTURIES in the musical wilderness, Leicester is coming to the fore in a new wave of 'nasty' bands, and prominent among their number are oily tykes Crazyhead.

With their twin buzz guitars snaking in and out of each other's riffs, the furious five are closer to The Leather Nun than Zodiac, and on a spiritual level traces of Steppenwolf and perhaps The

THE SHOP ASSISTANTS/THE WEDDING PRESENT/ EXCALIBUR/GHOST DANCE/THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE/POP WILL EAT ITSELF**Halifax Piece Hall**

THE NIGHT rolls over Halifax and I am caught once more, arguing my youth away. Tonight's problem is over what right I have to call The Sisters Of Mercy 'heavy metal'. Founder member of the Sisters, Gary Marx – who really ought to be in a better band than gothic superpop Ghost Dance – is my star witness, and I, yet again, win my case. As if any discussion was needed; the music says it all.

Excalibur are the only honest HM act here; they play like men with brushes up their arses. Pure silly tit *Playboy* bunny-on-the-string-vest heavy rock. But it's still far more honest and entertaining than the 'metal' supplied by the following acts.

Ghost Dance are embarrassing and I reckon Gary Marx knows it.

To the outside world, The Rose Of Avalanche are the only crimson kings of Igged out metal, but I can assure you there are over 47 different young (?) pretenders to the Scab Drab Crown in Leeds, each one of them playing a slightly stodgier version of dissipated, not-so-slick metal dirge.

The goofy goths dance and 'LA Rain' drizzles.

And so on to quality... Pop Will Eat Itself have surfed all the way to Halifax on the tangle of canals that hang out of the bottom of Yorkshire and knot up in the Midlands. A vicious pre-occupation with keeping every groovy little song shorter than two minutes means that the band's set fires like a burning box of Swan Vestas.

Unightly erections, they dance themselves – from behind their lank black hair and curly grins – into a feverish orgy of pop terrorism and cultural clichés. This is the future 15 minutes of rock 'n' roll so stamp on your Swatch and get giggling.

The Wedding Present – with their coy lip and their calm detachment from all things sickly cool – burn through 'Once More' like there's no tomorrow... because, in West Yorkshire, there isn't.

Likewise, The Shop Assistants hurry through 'What A Way To Die' – possibly the best beat-influenced song about beer ever – in a desperate attempt to ignore Pop Will Eat Itself's infectious heckling.

Halfway through 'Somewhere In China', a tear passes down Alex's cheek; it slides across her lipstick and splashes into her mouth. It is neither sadness nor poignancy that have released the tear but the way that Pop Will Eat Itself have goaded the audience into waving lighters across the dark evening sky.

Pop music one; heavy metal nil.

Saints are detectable. But regardless of the ingredients, the resulting potion is called napalm and we burn; the desultory turn-out (a sad epitaph for Chelsea, the 'headline' band) are outwardly unmoved but their intestines fry.

In terms of stage presence Crazyhead are still novices, although intelligence reports suggest they have already come on bounds and leaps, and once the confidence really begins to flow, they'll be in with a shout.

And that shout, hoarse and hoary, belongs to singer Ian – OK, not a heavy duty hard rockin' name but it didn't impair the bankability of The Cult's Mr Raspberry – and Ian is the youth with a future of sex and adoring females.

Crazyhead roar on and I sod off before train reverts to pumpkin. A pub called The Croydon (marginally more

offensive than naming a pub The Auschwitz) blares 'So Macho' and the DJ threatens "another smash coming up in a second". The place is overflowing. Crazyhead are too good for Croydon.

ANDY HURT

THE WOLFGANG PRESS
Croydon Underground

AFTER MYSTERIOUS delays and hissing whispers of support band sabotage, they reinforced the motions of 'Standing Up Straight' with scarlet strategies. The Wolfgang Press are escaping their own myth so fast these days, that downbeat dourness shunted out in favour of a pensive show of grain and colour. No frowns on show here, smudge-face.

Singer Michael Allen possesses one of those healthy pop dispositions, the rather becoming air of a man about to pounce off stage and

STUMP 'N' GRIND

STUMP/THAT PETROL EMOTION
North Kensington Bay 63

THE SINGER from jerky Stump says "sorry" about the delays, "sorry" about the bar staff, "sorry" about the heat and "sorry" about all this apologising, which is a nice touch. Nothing too flamboyant or cocksure about this bunch, just lots of snivelling between songs. A sure fire way of making new friends.

Most of the crowd is only too eager to become pals with the bafflingly twitchy Stump. This is because, just minutes earlier, the lot of us had stood gawping at probably the finest support band in living memory – Irish-sounding boys, unannounced and positively oozing significance.

Their songs were both ear-splitting and deeply odd, quirky yet charming. Only later did a kindly soul explain what was going on. We had been watching That Petrol Emotion in a one-off low-key undercover spectacular.

The gathering is hungry for more, eager to go a bit mad, so go Stump go! At which point this bitty group stagger into various crazy-paving-like slabs of music – and on the most part it's too much to bloody handle.

Here and there you'll find a petite twang of guitar or flummoxing whirl of drums and it'll drive you round the bend, so fierce will be your enchantment. But there and here you'll be chained to the spot, dazed by fiddly Stump's brain-mangling mish-mash, swollen with admiration for their cleverness but numbed by the band's insistence on shrouding their possibly gorgeous tunes in a smog of irritating discord.

They are, above all else, the blackberry pip that gets stuck between your teeth and stays there all day, simultaneously infuriating and divine. You can only love them when it comes to the crunch.

MR SPENCER

THROBBING BRISTLES

slap you one in the kisser. It's called *intensity* around our way. He's backed by two poets who concentrate so hard that they could erupt into a smouldering heap any minute now. Between them, they make music as cold as marble but just as desirable.

Fragments of keen fireball noise shoot out into the dark, sometimes troubled, sometimes heart-throbbing, always ornate. Again, they make the word 'rock' sound like something to chortle about, like the haircuts on 1970 World Cup football cards. Or something.

There's the tangled panic of 'Dig A Hole', tonight pared down to a perfectly blunt delivery. There's 'Ghost', with its devilishly haunting refrain; gets you humming yourself silly. When they do get all sombre and sullen, as on the pitch black 'I Am The Crime', they avoid the frowning of old and foam so hard.

Live, the Wolfgangs are a meagre spectacle; there's few pop tricks here to sully yourself with. They fall back on their brittle, elastic noise and there's none of this "OK, we're going to be sensitive now, so shut it" stuff.

Not ideal conditions tonight, what with most of the crowd tucked up with their Horlicks before the first note rang out. The Wolfgang Press rose above it nevertheless, leading the faithful across the crazy paving with the angels peering down.

The Wolfgang Press are now contenders... for what I don't know, but they're contenders anyway.

JONH WILDE

THE HANGMAN'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS Wood Green Brabant Road Centre

THE YELLOWS and the greens, the purples and the oranges, and all manner of blues: all the colours of the psychedelic rainbow revolve slowly and imperturbably about our heads and across the stage. Crushed velvet bellbottoms give off that most singular crinkly rustle that only *they* can generate. My two friends Pauline and Rosie come back from the bar with some disgusting purple concoction. Everybody must get stoned!

Languid and half elegant – quietly lacking in confidence rather than unbearably, arrogantly twee – The Hangman's Beautiful Daughters take up their guitars and begin to strum. 'Blue'. A nation... well, the Brabant Road Centre awaits, not too impressed as yet. But wait a minute because here comes the man, and here come those guitars.

Suddenly loud and several steps to the left of aggressive,

ZZ TOP

Los Angeles Forum

ITS ZZ week in LA. Tune into any rock station, day or night, and chances are you'll hear 'Legs' or 'Gimme' or 'Sunglasses' thumping out... the sound of the Texan boogie machine rumbling into town for a three night burn out.

ZZ Top is the sound of American motoring. The ticking urgency of 'Route 66' or the accelerating key changes of 'Fun Fun Fun' may have set the pace of the '60s, but with today's 55 speed limit, American traffic all chugs along remorselessly at exactly the same mellow speed... just like a ZZ Top album.

At the Forum, 17,000 well-to-do young Angeleans are determinedly psyching themselves up into a redneck rabble. It's not too convincing but the band give us plenty of time to get our act together. By the time the lights go down, we're firing on all cylinders. And so are Billy and Dusty, dressed to kill in twin black coats, making all their crafty little moves in immaculate time on an elaborate stage set.

A giant sphinx glowers down with laser beams shooting out of its eyeballs. As the smoke clears, we discern Frank Beard in his maws, atop a gigantic automobile console. We're all riding the 'Eliminator' here...

The music is what you'd expect. The hits ('Stages', 'Gimme All Your Lovin', 'Legs', 'Cheap Sunglasses', 'Sharp Dressed Man', 'Rough Boy'), perfect reproductions of their irresistible vinyl counterparts. And in between these highpoints, they play a lot of grungy metal boogie which leaves a less than true believer cold.

But that's not what this show's about. As the LA DJs love to tell you, what counts with ZZ Top is their *attitude* – and when it comes to attitude, these boys are pros. Have you ever seen a *humorous* lightshow? Catch ZZ Top in October and you will.

The hi-tech effects make you gasp, like when that familiar motor car flickers overhead and magically coalesces on the wall behind. But then they make you laugh, as the engine revs up and the image on the wall drives away, reducing to a pinpoint and BAM! "Gimme all your loving, all your hugging, kissing too..."

Or as when a silhouette of a girl with long, long legs appears on the same wall and then slowly, lewdly, rotates until she's lying on her back and BAM!... you know the rest.

Or take the choreography. The moves may not be as physically taxing as a Prince show, but they're just as carefully rehearsed. Nothing fancy. Dusty Hill moves over behind Billy Gibbons. Billy sticks his leg out. Dusty does the same, just like a shadow. You laugh. And so on. All it is is two men with long beards and guitars doing not very much, but it's as entertaining as a stage show gets. That's some kind of genius.

ZZ Top are true '80s pop professionals. They've got more in common with Wham!, Frankie, Madonna and Prince – who massage your pleasure centres and leave you with a wink and a smile – than with your usual rock band that tries to bludgeon or coerce you, be it U2 or the Scorpions.

Back on the freeway, between 'TV Dinners' and 'Sleeping Bag', the DJ is telling us about ZZ Top's *attitude* again. You know, the way them good ol' boys jest don't give a shit.

How very right. And how very, very wrong.

PHIL McNEILL



BILLY GIBBONS seen through Warners' specially commissioned cloud of exhaust fumes

The Hangman's (you do call them The Hangman's, don't you?) attack a riff two steps to the right of 'G-L-O-R-I-A' with gusto and with venom. 'Just Call Me Jack'. Success, if not history.

'Daisy Chain Baby' swings high on sweet bubblegum but stretches imperiously upon tight, controlled rock power. While 'Jonathan', potentially the best song in the set, throws just a little light and shade subtly into the still circling acid head atmosphere.

Give them three months, a decent PA and a somewhat

better rehearsed drummer, and The Hangman's Beautiful Daughters could get there or thereabouts.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE DREAMS Kentish Town Bull And Gate

HERE THEY come! Burning up the old roads of rock 'n' roll and manically chopping away at the riffs of convention with exhausting, unrelenting power and speed.

The Dreams are two aborted quiffs, one Muppet drummer and a bassist. They're a pop band who

explode, implode and overload. Playing 20 sugar-coated monsters in just as many shattering minutes, The Dreams prove to be the perfect coalition of thrashy, white noise and speeding, suffering tunes. 'Are You Ready To Go Go', their best track, is heavy dirt, broken up by Motorhead inspired guitar solos and gobby vocals that move faster than the machine in *Repo Man*!

The Dreams are one of the most exciting new live bands I've seen this side of The Bambi Slam. They leave you stunned and a little speechless because they never let up, except for a break to shout "one two three four!" in the truest tradition of The Ramones.

And so they disappear down the high road of delinquency. Catch them if you can!

RON ROM

THE DOCTOR'S CHILDREN Hammersmith Clarendon

THE DH Lawrence of modern pop, singer Paul Smith rallies his troops to rare heights of rumbling delirium. This is what I've been waiting for, some arrogant excess that seems like it's having an illicit affair with the realms of the unexpected. The Doctor's Children are dramatically impressive.

They glimmer with these strange melodies, grate with these siren strains of harsh noise, seduce you with their honeysuckle words. They

stand still, Smith's eyes doing all the moving; there's a whole artillery in there, stabbing at the heart.

There's some of Patti Smith's convulsive poetry, some of Television's flinching dynamics, but these Children have wayward minds of their own. Let's not forget this. With his dark eyes twinkling, Smith is making a claim to the throne of intellectual/sensual pop idol, shouting about girls with brown eyes sobbing and all those higher things.

The Doctor's Children sound impetuous, tearaway and secretive all at the same time. They seem like they've got it all to tell you but are merely hinting wistfully. When they attack, as on 'Rose Cottage', they come pinched with hunger, tearing away at any grimy indie preconceptions, destined for huge things.

If they're not wreaking havoc with your nervous system within weeks, I swear I'm gonna scream.

When they swoon through the ravenous 'Blessed Is The Man', I realise that pop is on heat again, full of brilliant sins. This infernal stutter could win it. The Doctor's Children are going to be the greatest band in England if they keep up all this slushing and throbbing. Nothing but death by drowning is going to stop them.

Paul Smith blushes with a glance to his nether regions and exits with a bow. Olivier, Olivier, pop your clogs.

JONH WILDE

HOWLIN' WILF & THE VEE-JAYS

Camden Dublin Castle

DEEP DOWN in the dungeon of the Dublin Castle, the voice of the delta rumbles. Howlin' Wilf's gravelled tones are rich in flavour and tinged with spice. They soar and swoop, dripping with pain and humour, a sandpaper edge taking the varnish off every song.

The sound is a raw, authentic blues with an occasional excursion into rockabilly and soul. Seems when God was handing out voices to go with skin colour, ol' Howlin' Wilf got himself in the wrong queue. His barbed growl reeks of Ray Charles as he chews over such delights as Ike Turner's 'Get It Over Baby', Lee Dorsey's 'Ya Ya' and Nina Simone's 'My Baby Just Cares For Me'.

Behind, the grinning peroxide Dot wields a nifty guitar while the poor old slap bass comes in for a battering at the hands of T-Box Tone and the role of emaciated drummer is played by Stilts McGregor.

Howlin' Wilf's dexterity isn't only confined to his vocal chords as he performs variations on Russian folk dancing as well as sucking a sweep harp.

Their style of music may shield them from the blinkered gaze of ignorance others term success, but their reasons are different. They do it for fun. Put fun back on the agenda and treat yourself to Howlin' Wilf and that voice.

KEVIN MURPHY



STUMP'S Mick Lynch: "I don't really look like Andy Hurt...do I?"

Jayne Houghton

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DUMPYS RUSTY NUTS
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Mon 15 Sept (Adm £4.00)
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ZOOT AND THE ROOTS
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Tues 16 Sept (Adm £3.50)
Manic Rock
CARDIACS
Plus Support and Nick Henbrey

Wed 17 & Thur 18 Sept (Adm £3.50)
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TIGERS OF PAN TANG
Plus Support and Monty Zero (17th)
Plus Support and Martin Ball (18th)

REDUCED ADMISSION TO STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS AND MEMBERS

SOUND ASYLUM IN ASSOC. WITH DNA ENTS

BALAAM AND THE ANGEL

MONDAY 15th SEPTEMBER
BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
Special Guests: The Rose of Avalanche plus Mighty Mighty
Doors open 7.30 p.m. TICKETS £4.00 advance from Powerhouse B.O., Oasis, Odeon B.O. or by post from D.N.A. Ents P.O. Box HP2 Leeds LS6 1LN.

TUESDAY 16th SEPTEMBER
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB KENTISH TOWN
Special Guests: 20 Flight Rockers plus Mighty Mighty
Doors open 7.30 p.m. TICKETS £4.00 Advance from Town & Country B.O. 267 3334
Cage (Gear Market, Kings Rd), Rough Trade Records, LTB 439 3371, Premier 240 0771, Rhythm Records, Rock on Records, Stargreen 734 89932, Keith Prowse 741 8989.

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
Hammersmith Broadway

FRI. 12th SEPTEMBER
BLUE IN HEAVEN
STUMP
A HOUSE
BIG MUSIC

Clarendon (opening hours) / LTB 439 3371
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Rough Trade Records /

£4
D.R.S. 7.30 PM.

Fri. 19th SEPTEMBER

The BOLSHOI
LIVING in TEXAS
PRIMITIVES
SALVATION

DOORS 7.30pm

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
Hammersmith Broadway

Clarendon (opening hours) / LTB 439 3371 / Cage (Gear Market, Kings Rd) / Stargreen 734 8932 /
Rough Trade Records / Rhythm Records / Keith Prowse: 741 8989 / Premier: 240 0771

FRI 19th SEPT

THE POTATO

Featuring
Floyd Lloyd

MIGHTY BALLISTICS HI-POWER
27 MATOIDS

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
6/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, N.W.5
TICKETS: £2.50 ADV. £4.00 DOOR. ROCK ON RECORDS
CAGE (Gear Market, Kings Rd) / LTB 439 3371 / PREMIER 240 0771
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS / KEITH PROWSE 741 8989
STARGREEN 734 8932

TICKETS £4

THE WELLINGTON
Shepherds Bush Green

Thursday 11th September
AQUILLA

Wednesday 17th September
Drive Shaft

+
SUPPORT

nearest tube
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+
ARMED FORCES

Admission £2 on door
Open 8pm-11pm

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01-527 1966

THURS SEPT 11th
THE RAPIERS
+ STEVE'S HALLOWEEN HOP

FRI SEPT 12th
STEVE GIBBONS
+ BICYCLE THIEVES

SAT SEPT 13th
YAYA'S
+ TWO FINGERS + TU CAN DANCE

TUES SEPT 16th
COMEDIAN
MIKE REID + **RICHIE KNIGHT**

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100
at
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100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.
Thursday 11th September
BE ON **FRENZY'S**
LIVE RECORDING AT
THE 100 CLUB
+ **The Pharoahs**
Tuesday 18th September
THE PRISONERS
+ **DAGGERMEN**
Thursday 23rd September
U.K. SUBS

PETER MURPHY
Plus Support •
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB,
TUES. 21 OCTOBER 7.30
£5 from box office tel. 267 3334
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Premier 240 0771, Keith Prowse 741 8989

PHIL MCINTYRE & OUTLAW By Arrangement With FAIR WARNING
PRESENT

METALLICA
Special Guests
ANTHRAX

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
SAT 20 SEPTEMBER 7.30
Tickets: £4.50
Available From: B/O Tel 021-643-6101

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SUN 21 SEPTEMBER 7.30
Tickets: £5.50 & £4.50
Available From: B/O Tel 01-748-4081
Keith Prowse (credit cards) Tel: 01-741 8989
Stargreen, Premier, Alternaire, L.T.B.

Monday 29th September

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND

THE SOCIETY
FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM
Tickets £4 Adv., £4.50 Drs. Doors 7.30pm.

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
6/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, N.W.5
BOX OFFICE: 267 3334 CAGE (Gear Market, Kings Rd) / ROUGH TRADE RECORDS
LTB 439 3371 / PREMIER 240 0771 / RHYTHM RECORDS
ROCK ON RECORDS / STARGREEN 734 8932 / KEITH PROWSE 741 8989

SEPTEMBER THURSDAY 25TH

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The BIBLE
Surreal Estate

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TICKETS
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D.R.S. 7.30 PM

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WE GO TO CRICKLEWOOD AND BEYOND.

Phone **DAVID** on **01-388 4344**
Beginners welcome

Thursday 11th September

ADICTS
+
The Fallen Angels

Doors open 9pm
Midnight

Admission £4.00

Camden Palace, 1A Camden High St, London NW1
Management reserve right to refuse admission. Over 18s. Phone 387 0428

CACTUS WORLD NEWS

LIVE AT MIDNIGHT THURSDAY 18TH SEPTEMBER
DOORS OPEN 9PM - 1A CAMDEN HIGH ST NW1 - OVER 18s. MANAGEMENT RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ADMISSION

SHROPSHIRE DRUG HELP SUPPORT GROUP
present a

ROCK CONCERT ON STAGE

12.00 JOKER
12.45 COOT
1.20 TARTY
2.00 SANCTION
2.40 DAWN AFTER DARK
3.15 REV HAMMER
4.00 ALTERNATIVE RADIO

5.00 THE BIBLE!
6.00 JOOLZ
6.50 GHOSTDANCE
7.50 RED LORRY, YELLOW LORRY
8.50 ROY HARPER
10.10 HARLET MASCARA SHOWBAND
10.20 NEW MODEL ARMY

SATURDAY 13th SEPTEMBER
TELFORD ICE RINK
DOORS OPEN 11.30 AM 12-11.45PM

Tickets available from:
CYCLOPS RECORDS, BIRMINGHAM
GOULDS RECORDS, WOLVERHAMPTON
MUSIC HALL, SHREWSBURY
OAKENGATES TOWN HALL
TELFORD ICE RINK

Tickets £5.00 in advance
£6.00 on door
Or by post from:
201 FERRY RD, JACKFIELD
TELFORD TF8 7LS (SAE)

DNA ENTS. IN ASSOCIATION WITH SOUND ASYLUM PRESENTS

THE MISSION

SUN. 2ND NOV. LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY
TUES. 4TH NOV. LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
WED. 5TH NOV. NEWCASTLE TIFFANYS
TUES. 11TH NOV. MANCHESTER RITZ
SAT. 15TH NOV. GUILDFORD SURREY UNI.
MON. 17TH NOV. BRIGHTON TOP RANK
TUES. 18TH NOV. BRISTOL THE STUDIO
SUN. 23RD NOV. BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
MON. 24TH NOV. AYLESBURY CIVIC CENTRE

TICKETS FOR ALL DATES £4.00 ADV. £4.50 DOOR (EXCEPT LONDON £4.50 ADV. £5.00 DOOR) AVAILABLE FROM USUAL AGENTS OR BY POST FROM: DNA ENTERTAINMENTS, P.O. BOX HP2 LEEDS LS6 1LN
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12. BALLOCH. Flamingos
13. PERTH. Lesser City Hall
14. KILMARNOCK. Cheats
15. GLASGOW. Shadows

19. AYR. Pavillion
20. WISHAW. Hetheray Bar
21. PEEBLES. Cross Keys Hotel

Debut Album - Out Now CAT TRIII (CARTEL) m/e £6 inc p+p
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Xmal

DEUTSCHLAND

21 CROYDON UNDERGROUND
22 BRIGHTON COASTERS
25 NEWCASTLE RIVERSIDE
26 MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL
27 GLASGOW ROOFTOPS
28 LEEDS WAREHOUSE
29 LONDON TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

THE CAGE
The Old Tigers Head

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wild and wandering

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+THE LAST SALUTE

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KILLING JOKE

Plus Special Guests

LEEDS UNIVERSITY
WEDNESDAY 1st OCTOBER 8.30 pm
Tickets £5.00
Available from CTS Shop - Students Union (Tel: 0532 444972) and Jumbo Records, Merriam Centre (Tel: 0532 455570)

BRISTOL STUDIO
SUNDAY 5th OCTOBER 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00
Available from Studio B/O Tel: 0272 276193, Virgin Records, Revolver Records and Rival Records Bristol and Bath

MANCHESTER APOLLO
THURSDAY 2nd OCTOBER 7.00 pm
Tickets £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 061-273 3775, Piccadilly Records (Tel: 061-236 2577), Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chester

NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR
WEDNESDAY 8th OCTOBER 8.00 pm
Tickets £5.00
Available from Mayfair B/O Tel: 091-232 3109, Old Hit Records, Volume Records, Virgin Durham, Virgin Newcastle and Pink Panther Carlisle

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
FRIDAY 3rd OCTOBER 6.45 pm
Tickets £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 021-643 6101, Cyclops Sounds and Virgin Megastore

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
FRIDAY 10th OCTOBER 7.00 pm
Tickets £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 051-709 4321 and usual agents

POOLE ARTS CENTRE
SATURDAY 4th OCTOBER 7.00 pm
Tickets £5.00
Available from Poole Arts Centre Tel: 0202 685222 and usual agents

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY
SATURDAY 11th OCTOBER 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00
Available from Finance Office, Students Union Tel: 0274 24076, HMV Records and Record Collector

DNA Entertainments presents at
Newcastle Riverside Club

'The Chameleons' + SALVATION

Sunday 14th September
Doors open 7.30pm.
Tickets £3.50 from usual agents

D N A ENTERTAINMENTS Presents at

LEEDS WAREHOUSE

THE BOLSHOI
+ FLOWERS FOR AGATHA

MONDAY 15 SEPT.
TICKETS £3.00 ADV.

THURS. 25 SEPT.
TICKETS £3.50

BALAAM plus
AND THE ANGEL support

XMAL + FIDEL
DEUTSCHLAND

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM JUMBO RECORDS, AUSTICKS HEADROW, OR BY POST FROM D N A ENT P.O. BOX HP2 LEEDS LS6 1LN (Enc SAE)

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TICKETS £3.00 ADV.

IT BITES

Plus Special Guests
5.T.A.

HIT SINGLE "CALLING ALL THE HEROES"
NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
MONDAY 15th SEPTEMBER 8.00 pm
Tickets: £4.50

Available from Rock City B/O Tel: 0602 412544, Select A Disc, Victoria B/O, Lincoln B/O, Revolver Records Mansfield, Way Ahead Derby and usual agents.

WHITEHAVEN SPORTS CENTRE
FRIDAY 19th SEPTEMBER 7.00 pm
Tickets: £4.00
Available from Whitehaven Sports Centre Tel: 0546 5666, Workington Carnegie Theatre Tel: 0900 2122 and Pink Panther Records Carlisle

BIRMINGHAM ODEON THEATRE
SUNDAY 28th SEPTEMBER 6.45 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 021-643 6101, Virgin Megastore and Cyclops Records

LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC Students Union
SUNDAY 5th OCTOBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.00
Available from Polytechnic Students Union Tel: 0533 555576, St. Martin's Records and Zuzu's

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY Students Union, Lower Refectory
TUESDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.00
Available from Finance Office, Students Union Tel: 0742 24076, HMV Records and Record Collector

Under St Pauls Church
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THE GRIP

Psychedelic Nites
EVERY FRIDAY

Friday 12th Sept
MAGIC MUSHROOM
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U.T.
(All Band From New York)
+ THE SHRUBS

MCD by arrangement with L.T.B. Presents

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Plus Guests

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
SATURDAY 11th OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
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MCD presents

BILLY BRAGG

Plus Special Guests

BRIGHTON TOP RANK
MONDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from Top Rank B/O Tel: 0273 732267, Virgin Records and Rounder Records

BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
TUESDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from Powerhouse B/O Tel: 021 643 4715, Odeon B/O, Virgin Megastore and Cyclops Records

NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
WEDNESDAY 24th SEPTEMBER 8.00 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from Rock City B/O Tel: 0602 412544, Select A Disc, Victoria B/O, Lincoln B/O, Revolver Records Mansfield, Way Ahead Derby and usual agents

LINCOLN RITZ
THURSDAY 25th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from Ritz B/O Tel: 0522 37127

HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
SATURDAY 27th SEPTEMBER 7.00 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from Mike Lloyd Megastores, Hanley and Newcastle, and Lotus Records Stafford

MANCHESTER APOLLO
SUNDAY 28th SEPTEMBER 7.00 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 061-273 3775, Piccadilly Records, Vibes Records Bury & UK Travel Chester

LLANDUDNO ASTRA
MONDAY 29th SEPTEMBER 7.00 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from Astra B/O Tel: 0432 76666 and Liverpool Royal Court B/O

BLACKPOOL OPERA HOUSE
TUESDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0253 27786

MORE ADS ON PAGE 42

UB40

Plus Special Guests

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
MONDAY/TUESDAY 27th/28th OCTOBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £6.00, £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 091 261 2606

BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
WEDNESDAY/THURSDAY 29th/30th OCTOBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £6.00, £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0274 752000 and usual agents

BOURNEMOUTH INTERNATIONAL CENTRE
NEW DATE SATURDAY 1st NOVEMBER 7.30 pm NEW DATE
Tickets for 2nd November now valid for 1st November
Tickets: £7.00, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0202 22122 and usual agents

BRIGHTON CENTRE
EXTRA SHOW SUNDAY 2nd NOVEMBER 7.30 pm EXTRA SHOW
SOLD OUT MONDAY 3rd NOVEMBER 7.30 pm SOLD OUT
Tickets: £7.00, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0273 202881, A & N Travel Department Chichester, Stylus Records Hastings & Harvey's Travel Lounge Tunbridge Wells.

N.E.C. BIRMINGHAM
SOLD OUT WEDNESDAY 5th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm SOLD OUT
EXTRA SHOW THURSDAY 6th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm EXTRA SHOW
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00
Available from B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (Credit Cards Accepted), Odeon Theatre B/O, Cyclops Sounds, Ticket Shop Birmingham, Goulds TV Wolverhampton, Lotus Records Stafford, Piccadilly Records Manchester, Mike Lloyd Music Hanley & Newcastle, Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham, Town Hall B/O Leicester, Tickets in Oxford. (All subject to booking fee)

LONDON WEMBLEY ARENA
EXTRA SHOW FRIDAY 7th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm EXTRA SHOW
SOLD OUT SATURDAY/SUNDAY 8th/9th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm SOLD OUT
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Available by postal application from UB40 Box Office, P.O. Box 2, London, W6 0LO make cheque/P.O. payable to M.C.P., allow 30p per ticket booking fee and enclose a S.A.E. or by personal application to Arian B/O Tel: 01-902 1234, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), LTB, Premier, Albemarle & Stargreen. (All subject to booking fee)



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the housemartins

+ Support

BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE, 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30
NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR, 5th OCTOBER 7.30
BRIGHTON TOP RANK, 8th OCTOBER 7.30
BRISTOL THE STUDIO, 12th OCTOBER 7.30
LONDON NATIONAL, KILBURN, 9th OCTOBER 7.30
SHEFFIELD THE UNIVERSITY, 4th OCTOBER 7.30
GLASGOW BARROWLANDS, 22nd OCTOBER 7.30
ABERDEEN THE RITZY, 23rd OCTOBER 7.30
EDINBURGH ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 24th OCTOBER 7.30
HULL CITY HALL, 27th OCTOBER 7.30

* Promoted by Dance Factory
tickets available from box offices and usual agents
Outlaw dates: tickets £4 - £1 refund on night with UB40

NEW SINGLE - think for a minute

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.

Motorhead, ably supported by **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**, set out on their first major British tour for three years, starting at Birmingham (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday).

The Chameleons also break a long silence, turning up in London (Wednesday), Manchester (Friday) and Colchester (Sunday), while New Order play Newcastle (Wednesday), Edinburgh (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday) and Dundee (Saturday).

Finally, Run DMC walk our way for two shows at Hammersmith Odeon (Friday, Saturday).

WEDNESDAY 10

BOURNEMOUTH Bacchus Wine Bar The Blood Spattered Lab Coats Of Your Mind
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Just Us
BRIGHTON The Ship (602333) Karen D'Ache
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Farm
CARDIFF St Davids Hall (426111) Metallica/Anthrax
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Basil's Ballsup Band
HASTINGS Crypt (444675) Spacemen 3
HULL New Adelphi Blue In Heaven
LINCOLN Balloon Farm The Chesterfields
LIVERPOOL Wilsons Persia
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Balham Alligators
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Yeah Jazz
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Stand Back/Rave
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Foster Pilkington And The Tax Loss/Jump The Gun
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Holidays/D414
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Keith Tippet And Louis Moholo/Simon Purcell Trio
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Purple Things/My Bloody Valentine/Nyah Fearthes/The Yes Men/Ut
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Chameleons/Alternative TV
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Kick/The Moment
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Skin Side Out

LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Ariel Jims
NEWCASTLE Mayfair (323109) New Order
PORTSMOUTH Salutation (820015) Dr Brown
PRESTON Rumble Club Red Letter Day
SLOUGH Pied Horse Caddyshack

THURSDAY 11

BARROW The Bluebird (28481) The Bolshoi
BEDDAU Welfare Teacher's Pet
BIRMINGHAM Queensway Island Sensateria Wonderstuff
BRADFORD St Georges Hall (752000) Metallica/Anthrax
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Steve Whalley
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Hilmar Orn Hilmarsson/David Tibet/Rose McDaeil (With members of PTV and Strawberry Switchblade)
CARDIFF Star Leisure Centre (484647) Eight Miles High
CORBY St Brendans Raider
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0087) The Fall
DERBY Sherwood Forester Just Blue
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) New Order
GLASGOW Venue (041-332 3874) The Bodines
HARLOW The Square (25594) Sovereign/The Dirt Box Blues Band
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) Paul Linn/Bare Mentality
HULL Barham (781971) General Wolf
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Blush
LEEDS The Cambrian No Tick
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Blue In Heaven
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Irma And The Squirmers
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Light A Big Fire/Flare Up
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Company She Keeps
LONDON Dean Street Gossips The Rapiers
LONDON Deptford Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Irie! Dance Company
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Art Melon
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Word
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Men They Couldn't Hang
LONDON Holloway Road The Victoria (01-603 1952) Irish Mist
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 2052) Impromptu/George Bergune/Nicky Hirsch
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Primitives/The Black Anglias
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Frenzy/The Pharaohs
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Oyster Band
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Thank God We Don't Have To Do This For A Living
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Steve's Halloween Hop
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) No Pearls...No Passion
MAIDSTONE Club Musique The Purple Things
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) GTR
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061 228 3555) Black/The Man From Delmonte
NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells All Grown Up/Spiral Garden
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Tredegar
NOTTINGHAM St James Street Mint Bar Stooce
OMAGH Sheila O'Briens Elixir
SELBY Ousegate Gaffers Local Heroes
SOUTHPORT Mad Hatter Persia
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) Felt/Oblivion River

FRIDAY 12

BALLOCH Flamingoes Desolation Angels
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) GTR
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) GB Blues Company
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) The Len Bright Combo
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Dave Howard Singers/Venus Fly Trap
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall (265848) Ghost Dance/The Ladykillers/Gun Supper/Scrapheap
DERBY Victoria Inn Just Blue
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Metallica/Anthrax
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) New Order
GLASGOW The Venue (041-332 3874) Tredegar
HASTINGS Carlisle (420193) Lucifer
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Sittin' Pretty
HULL BP Club General Wolf
LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside Club (37571) Joy/Shadowlands
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse (01-274 5537) Happy End/Ian Saville/Johnny Immaterial (Evening For El Salvador)
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Juice On The Loose
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Steve Marriot's Packet Of Three/The Exchange
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) The Passmore Sisters/The Yes Men/Brian
LONDON Deptford Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Irie! Dance Company
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Glitter Band
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Jackie Lynton Band
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Blue In Heaven/The Escape Club/A House/The Big Music/Chumbawumba/Culture Shock/Thatcher On Acid/The Purple Things
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Run DMC/Whodini/LL Cool J/Beastie Boys
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Men They Couldn't Hang
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) The Force
LONDON High Barnet Red Rag Club John Otway/Dimensions Of Miracles
LONDON Holloway Road Lord Nelson (01-609 0670) The Roosters
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Gaspar Lawal's Africa Oro Band/Krakatoa
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Sherrone And Pure Sex/A Man Called Adam/No Pearls...No Passion
LONDON Kings Cross Union Tavern The Passmore Sisters/The Enormous Room
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Wilko Johnson
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Jazz Afrika/The Miller Family
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Groundhogs/Larry Wallis
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) The Chameleons
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Sex Gods
MARLBOROUGH Town Hall The Glee Club
MARKET HARBOUR Cherry Tree (880369) XS
NORTHAMPTON Roadmenders (21408) Huge Big Massive
NUNEATON Bondgate Club (340857) The Pastels/A Testament/The Atom Spies
OXFORD Caribbean Club Soul Agents
PENZANCE Demelzas Fields Of The Nephilim
PORTADOWN The Beeleater Elixir
RETFORD Porterhouse (704981) The Toy Dolls
STOKE NEWINGTON The Golden Lady Swinging The Blues
STOURBRIDGE Town Hall Boys Next Door
TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club Sittin' Pretty/Ransom
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Goats Don't Shave

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18 september	NEWCASTLE	riverside
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Saturday 13th September
BALHAM ALIGATORS

Sunday 14th September
LEN BRIGHT COMBO

Monday 15th September
CAREY AND LAURIE BELL
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Tuesday 16th September
MEANTIME

Wednesday 17th September
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND

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 Vibes Records Bury & UK Travel Chester

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BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL THURSDAY 18th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
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 Available from B/O Tel: 0602 472328 and usual agents

PICTURE DISC
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S H I F T

SATURDAY

13

BELFAST Rosetta Inn Elixir (Eve)
 BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Chaos UK/Extreme Noise/Electro
 Hippies/Napalm Death/Ripcord/Deviated Instinct
 BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) XS
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Cry No More
 BRIGHTON Belvedere Outside View
 BRISTOL Egypt Mill The Glee Club
 BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Chatshow/Claytown Troupe
 CAMBRIDGE Guildhall (357851) Balaam And The Angel
 COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) The Babysitters/Perfect
 Days/Dead Vogue/The Push
 CROYDON Star Bordello/April 16th
 COVENTRY Hand And Heart The Smoking Mirror
 DUNDEE Caird Hall (28121) New Order
 DUNDEE The Centre Bar Jenny Storm
 HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Arize
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) Directors/Bodies In Motion
 KINGHORN Cuzie Neuk Desolation Angels
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
 LONDON Deptford Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Irie! Dance
 Company
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) John Otway
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Vulcans
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Brigandage/Union Of
 Fear
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Dolls/The Rage/The Boys
 Wonder/Living In Texas
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Run DMC/Whodini/LL Cool
 J/Beastie Boys
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Gaspar Lawal's Africa Oro
 Band/Native Spirit
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Steve Gibbons Band
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Balham Alligators
 LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) 49 Scream
 LONDON South Bank Purcell Room (01-928 3191) Harvey And The Wallbangers
 LUTON Switch Club (38825) Playground
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) The Bhundu Boys
 MANCHESTER Castletide Carnival Tools You Can Trust
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Creepers/Rote
 Kapelle
 MATLOCK Grangemill Holly Bush Inn Avalon/Hairy Canary/Snodgrass/The
 Amazing Will/Red Staircase/Danny's Band
 NORTHAMPTON Derngate Centre (24811) The Fall
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Sam Severn
 OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Soul Agents
 RHYL Dyserth Ghost Canyon Motor Cycle Alcoholics Club Badger
 SHREWSBURY Coracle Loose Juice
 SOMERCOTES St Thomas Church Rugby Club Just Blue
 SOUTHAMPTON Hoglands Park Green Fayre Dr Brown
 SOUTHEAST Queens Hotel (32823) Wilko Johnson/The Shakers/The Ultimate
 STAFFORD Borough Hall Gatehouse Theatre Wavestar/Paul Nagle/Greg Truckell/
 Pete Tedstone/Kevin O'Neill/Darkside/Ian Boddy/Chris And Cosey/Mike
 Brooks (Midday start)
 TELFORD Ice Rink New Model Army/Joolz/Roy Harper/Ghost Dance/Rev
 Hammer/Red Lorry Yellow Lorry

TELFORD Ironmasters Tredegar
 TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club (432068) Lonely Hearts
 WARRINGTON Golden Square Treatment/Tractors/Thrash Culture/Wake Up
 Africa/The Great Medicine Men

SUNDAY

14

ABERDEEN The Venue (22255) The Shamen/East Of Orange
 BRISTOL Studio (25069) It Bites
 CAMBRIDGE Burleigh Arms The Pleasureheads
 CHELTENHAM Albert Road Pittville Pump Rooms Wilko Johnson/Little Big
 Band/Blueprint
 COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) The Chameleons
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Answers On A Postcard (Lunch)
 Throw The Dice (Eve)
 CROYDON Underground (01-760 0087) Fields Of The Nephilim
 DERBY Community Arts Woods Lane Centre The Ludovic Kennedy Pricks/The
 Moving Room/The One Eyed Jacks
 DUBLIN SFX Metallica/Anthrax
 LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside Club (37571) Ted Chippington/Why William
 LEEDS The Cambrian Hot Pursuit
 LINCOLN City Square His Wife Refused/The Other Way Round/Spot The
 Dog/Acid Rose/Looking Glass/Moses Smith/Centurion/Suicide Stars/
 Cigarettes (11.00am start)
 LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults Jazz/Confident Tricksters/Toys/Alice Maguire Static
 Dance/Jilted Brides/Screw 26/ J Boys/Closer Than Comfort/Suicide Stars/
 Hard Core/Love Child/Antibodies/Gypsy Moth/Tasmanian Devils/Centurion/X
 Cert/Cigarettes/His Wife Refused (11.00am start)
 LLANRHAN RFC (222209) Lonely Hearts
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) John Otway And Robin
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Sex With Strangers/The Tier
 Garden/The World/Antic Hay/The Morgan Sheppard Project
 LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scotts (01-439 1804) Harvey And The Wallbangers
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Steve Gibbons Band
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) GTR
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Eberhard Weber
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Bryce Portions/Wolfie
 Witcher
 LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) Steve Marriot's Packet Of
 Three
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Len Bright Combo
 MANCHESTER Castletide Carnival Tools You Can Trust
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Polar Bears/
 Early Warning/The Young Mark Twains
 MEASHAM Working Mens Club Just Blue
 NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells XS/Desperadoes
 OXFORD Cornmarket Street The Dolly Word For Word
 OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Ken Hyder's Group/Talisker
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Subtonics/Sons Of Shane

MONDAY

15

BELFAST Ulster Hall (221341) Metallica/Anthrax
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Motorhead/Zodiac Mindwarp And The
 Love Reaction

BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) Balaam And The Angel/The Rose Of
 Avalanche/Mighty Mighty
 BRADFORD Brady's (737955) Out Of The Blue
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Poppy
 EDINBURGH Victoria Street Onion Celler The Janitors/Rote Kapelle
 GODALMING Carl's Wine Bar Outside View
 LEEDS Warehouse (468287) The Bolshoi/Flowers For Agatha
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Vulcans
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Questionnaires
 LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) Tier Garden/The
 Red
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Charmed Life
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Chaos/Fifth Column
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Ladykillers/Scrapheap
 LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) The Tally Man
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Big Dish/Wild
 Cargo
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Brilliant Corners/Life
 Sentence/Glasshouse/Voice Of The Beehive
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Dave Howard Singers/ The Burger
 Kings
 LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Team Ten
 NEWCASTLE Riverside Club (614386) Salvation Sunday
 NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) It Bites

TUESDAY

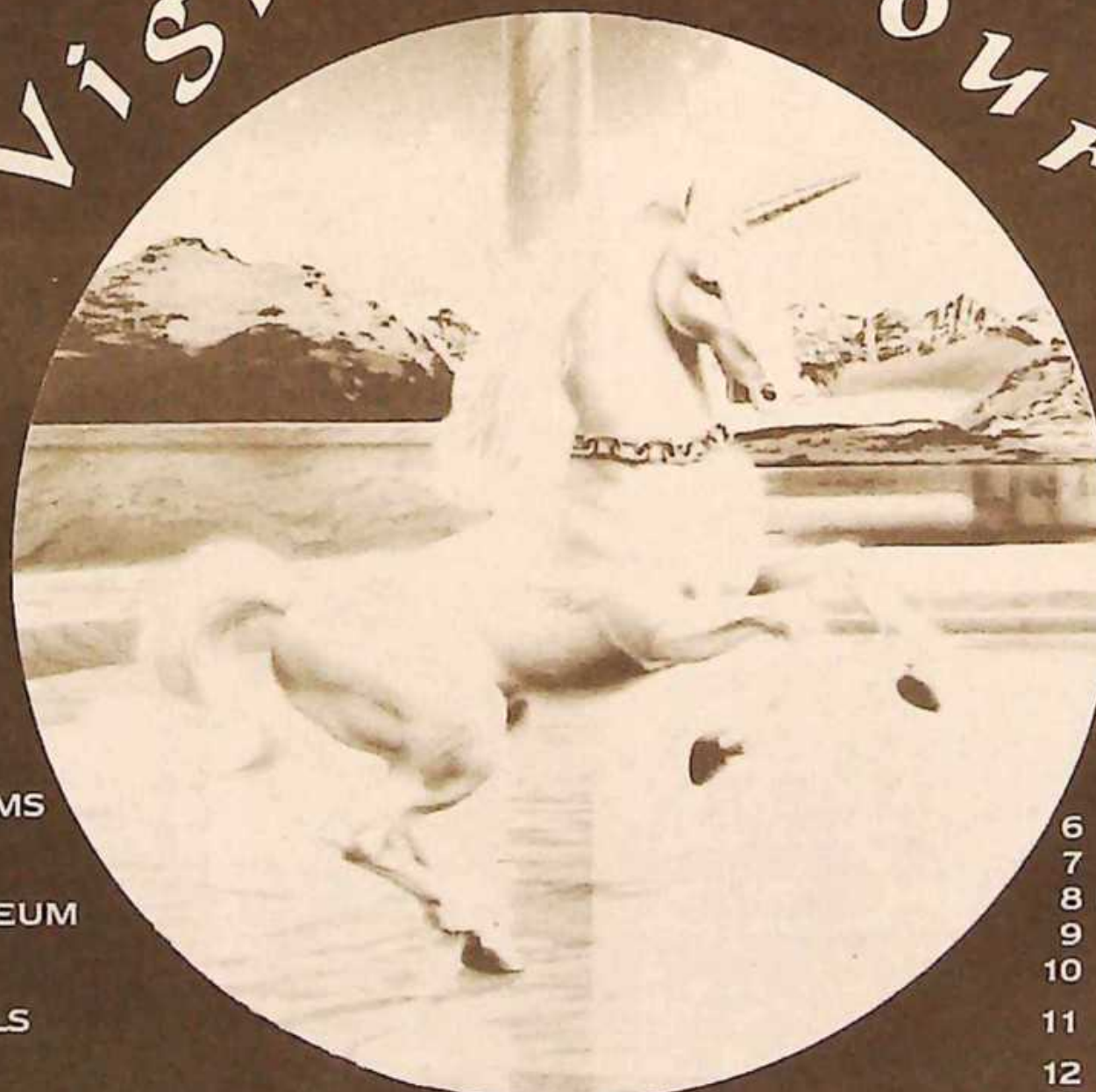
16

BRENTWOOD Hermit Club (821387) Spring Chickens
 BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (779987) The Loving Kind/Felt/Phil
 Wilson/Ten Million Quenins
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Loose Juice
 GLASGOW Mayfair (041-332 3872) It Bites
 LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Harlequin/Psycho Surgeons/Happiness Ad
 LIVERPOOL Bootle Old Fire Station(051-922 5028) Nightwing/Hammerfist
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Batfish Boys/The Volcanoes
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Howlin' Will And The Vee Jays
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) The Wolfie Witcher Band
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Sam And Galore
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Long Ryders
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Charmed Life
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Cayenne
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Balaam And The
 Angel/Twenty Flight Rockers/Mighty Mighty/Bomb Party
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Yeah Jazz/One Fell Swoop
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Meantime
 LONDON Redcliffe Gardens Cafe Des Artistes (01-352 6200) The Toucans
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Mike Reid And Richie
 Knight
 NEWCASTLE City Hall (091-261 2606) Motorhead/Zodiac Mindwarp And The
 Love Reaction
 NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells Play The Joker/32-20/Spiral Garden
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Screen Heroes/Deuce
 OXFORD Cornmarket Street The Dolly Jazz And Blues Inc
 PETERBOROUGH Gladstone Arms (44388) KGB
 SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) Joolz/Rev Hammer

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 31 CHIPPENHAM

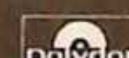
OCTOBER
 1 NOTTINGHAM
 2 SHEFFIELD
 3 NEWCASTLE
 4 GLASGOW
 5 EDINBURGH

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 GUILDHALL
 UNIVERSITY
 VICTORIA HALLS
 DE MONTFORT HALLS
 ODEON
 HAMMERSMITH ODEON

TOUR NEWS



THE INCA BABIES have organised more dates in support of their 'This Train...' album at Brighton Zap Club September 25, Colchester Works 28 and Bristol Tropic October 10, before heading off on a lengthy European tour.

MAXINE DANIELS, the jazz and blues singer who released her 'Every Night About This Time' come-back album in the summer, has lined up an autumn tour at Bexhill Winter Gardens September 13, Bromley Churchill Theatre 14, Bracknell South Hill Park 23, Meopham School 27, Sevenoaks Stag Theatre October 4, Brentwood Monkee 5, Woolwich Tramshed 11, Harlow Square One 12.

THE DELTONES, eleven blue beat ladies, play Hull Adelphi September 12, Edinburgh Princes Street Gardens 13, Northampton Nene College 23, Lewisham Goldsmiths College October 3, Isleworth West London Institute 4, Brighton Sussex University 10, Bangor University 11.

WET PAINT THEATRE are performing their *Camberwell Beauty* at Brighton Zap Club September 20.

XCESS, heavy rockers from Slough, play East Ham Ruskin Arms September 18, Reading Majestic 24, Henley Five Horseshoes October 2, Slough Football Club (Scanner Appeal concert) 8.

MENTICIDE return to the live circuit after a month off and play gigs "for no particular reason" at Woolwich Tramshed (with Blyth Power) September 11, Hastings Crypt 17, Walthamstow Lloyd Park 21, London Imperial College October 3, Barnet Red Rag 10.

OUT OF BOUNDS break in their new bassist at Harlow The Square September 19.

YEAH JAZZ, scrambling up the indie charts with their 'This Is Not Love' single, have saved up enough money to travel from Uttroxteter to London to play Covent Garden Rock Garden September 10, Oval Cricketers 16.

GASPER LAVAL AFRICA ORO BAND play two nights at London's Bass Clef on September 12 and 13 as part of the club's second birthday celebrations.

DESOLATION ANGELS introduce their new bassist Dave Scott on their British tour at Ballock Flamingoes September 12, Perth Plough 13, Kilmarnock Cheers 14, Glasgow Shadows 18, Ayr Pavilion 19, Wishaw Heathery Bar 20, Peebles Cross Keys 21, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 22, Birmingham Railway 24, Corby St Brendon's Social Club 25, Walthamstow Royal Standard 26, Baldock The Leys 27, Llanharen Rugby Club 28, West Bromwich Coach And Horses 29.

REBEL, the Southend band who recently released their first single, 'Valentino', polish up their stage show at Basildon Roundacre September 15, Woolwich Tramshed 16, Shoeburyness Warehouse 24.

SALVATION SUNDAY warm up for their first single coming soon on Polydor at Newcastle Riverside September 15, Liverpool Royal Court 19, Sheffield Leadmill 20, London Clapham Jobs Festival 21.

THE JANITORS, whose mini-album 'Thunderhead' has finally emerged after delays stretching back to February, have a home-town gig at Leicester Fan Club September 11.

SAREAN QUARTER celebrate the release of their 'Paris Need Not Be Warm' 12-inch next week with gigs at Hammersmith Clarendon September 24, Nutley Shelley's 25, Deptford Crypt 26, Brighton Old Vic October 8, Hastings Crypt 30.

THE TALLY MAN have added another date at Hackney Lord Cecil September 15.

JOY, who feature former Southern Death Cult members Aky and Buzz, return from Munich, where they've been recording their first single, to play gigs at Kentish Town Town And Country Club September 10, Leatherhead Riverside 12, Newcastle Riverside 29.

NO PEARLS... NO PASSION have a sudden spate of gigs to promote their Portrait single 'The Others' around London at Soho Wag Club September 11, Kentish Town Town And Country Club (with Savajazz) 12, Camden Dingwalls 18, North Kensington Bay 63 20.



THE PURPLE THINGS get a few last "psychotic rumblings" out of their system, before recording their new album, at Kentish Town Bull And Gate September 10, Maidstone Club Musique 11, Hammersmith Clarendon 12.

THE TIER GARDEN prepare for an autumn support tour with The Bolshoi with gigs at Barrow Bluebird September 10, Nottingham Mardis Gras 12, Birmingham Barrel Organ 15, Sheffield Limit Club 16.

ALLEGIANCE TO NO-ONE will be playing "rock 'n' roll with bollocks" at Southend Reids on September 11.

PEG PEG SLAX, the Leeds cookabilly combo, keep plugging their 'Belting Out A Tuna' album at Bradford College September 19, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 23, Leeds University 30, Leeds Club With No Name October 1, Leeds Polytechnic 9, York University 11, Leeds Astoria 12.

PRIDE OF PASSION have added more dates at Berkhamsted Alcock And Brown's September 11, London Marquee 14, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 21, Luton 244 Club 27, Hackney Lord Cecil October 3.

BLYTH POWER follow the indie success of their 'Junction Signal' single with gigs at Woolwich Tramshed September 11, Fetcham Riverside Club 18, Kentish Town Timebox October 15, Central London Polytechnic 21, Bradford University 27, Warwick University (with The Shop Assistants) 31.

SHADOWLAND set out to promote their 'Dreams And Visions' EP on Diamond with gigs at Croydon Underground (with The Fall) September 11, Fetcham Riverside (with Joy) 12, Luton Switch 27, Brighton Old Vic 28, Peterborough Red Lion 29, Lee Green Old Tigers Head October 3, Faversham Duke Of Kent 4, Kentish Town Timebox 20.

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM have cancelled their Barrow date on September 25 in favour of a gig at Camden Palace with Rose Of Avalanche. They'll also be supporting X-Mal Deutschland at Kentish Town Town And Country Club on the 29th.

BUSHWACKED IN AUSTRALIA

FROM PAGE 29

THE TRILOBITES

THE TRILOBITES made their Sydney debut in July 1984 and went into Trafalgar Studios in May last year to record their first single, totally unsure, they say, of the sound that would eventually come out. What did – the been-there, done-that pop power of 'Venus In Leather' coupled with 'Amphetamine Dream' – followed the unspoken Citadel tradition of having a B-side that gave the A-side a run for its money.

Modestly, The Trilobites claim that producer Chris Masuak made them sound better than they really are and they had to work twice as hard on stage to catch up with themselves. Both 'Venus' and their newie 'American TV' 'Legacy Of Morons' will enable you to win friends and influence people. Oh yes, and Allah will bless your offspring.

THE ZIMMERMEN

NOW BASED in Melbourne, the leader of The Zimmermen, John Dowler, made a significant contribution to Adelaide culture in the late '70s when everyone still drank cider, with his band Young Modern. They played their first gig supporting Radio Birdman

in 1977 and although – with their button down collars and Beatle haircuts – Young Modern's pop was as far from Birdman's sound as it was possible to get with a guitar, they made a lasting impression just by being there. Young Modern left two vinyl artifacts – a single 'It's Automatic'/'She's Got The Money' on their own Top Gear label and the LP 'Play Faster' (which is what they were always being told to do), released after Dowler left in late '79.

The Zimmermen came together in early '84 and after a false start began playing live again with a new line-up in mid '85, carrying on where Young Modern left off as the ultimate suburban band. Live, they're less dynamic than many of their contemporaries, Dowler preferring not to crease his suit, but their strength is in their songwriting and Dowler's amazingly improved voice. Hear their classic single 'Don't Go To Sydney' and the new LP 'River Of Corn' (both on AuGoGo) for full confirmation.

GREASY POP

ANOTHER ONE man operation, Adelaide's independent label Greasy Pop is run solely by Doug Thomas of The Spikes. In 1980 Thomas was playing in a much loved Adelaide combo called The

Dagoes and when they decided to split, they wanted to leave a legacy in the form of a farewell single. Greasy Pop seemed like the ideal name to house a band called The Dagoes.

As it turned out, they had such a good time recording the 'We Sell Soul' EP that The Dagoes stayed together another three years, and recorded three more singles for Greasy Pop, which had by then become an expensive hobby for Thomas. Rumour has it he re-mortgages his house each time he wants to release a new record.

Virtually all records on the Greasy Pop label are produced by ex-Canadian Kim Horne, who hasn't seen daylight for four years. But one thing Greasy Pop records don't suffer from is over production, because Doug Thomas reckons this is the main factor responsible for choking British recordings in the last ten years.

The Greasy Pop compilation 'An Oasis In A Desert Of Noise' also features tracks from the now defunct Plague and a track from The Mad Turks, one of Adelaide's most promising guitar bands whose debut single has still not materialised. We wait and hope.

THE LIME SPIDERS

ANOTHER TIME-WARP sensation against which other bands are measured, The Lime Spiders – more frenzied than The Fuzztones – started life in Sydney's western suburbs in 1981 as a '60s cover band, doing Standells and Sonic numbers, but all this changed in late '82 when they won The Southern Cross Battle Of The Bands Competition.

First prize was a deal with Green Records and they wasted no time in releasing their first offering – a double

pack 7-inch starring '25th Hour'. Bass player on this historic recording was Warwick Gilbert of Radio Birdman fame, and they talked Rob Younger into producing.

After countless line-up changes which left singer Mick Blood the only surviving original Spider, they recorded 'Slave Girl'/'Beyond The Fringe' in March '84, this time preferring not to use the obvious production choice of Younger and Alan Thorne but to prove they could do the job themselves with the help of engineer Tom Misner.

Incredibly, Hot and Waterfront both turned down this classic and it was left to John Needham at Citadel to make 'Slave Girl' the biggest selling Australian indie single of the year. Citadel followed up with the also essential 'Out Of Control'/'Save My Soul' last year.

Hybrid in the UK very kindly released six tracks from the first two singles on the 'Slave Girl' mini LP last year and there's talk of a new album soon.

THE EXPLODING WHITE MICE

ALL LEATHER jackets, skinny legs and pints of Scotch, Adelaide's home-grown Ramones wanted to call their debut LP 'The Sound Of Speed' – possibly the best album title in the world – but eventually settled on 'A Nest Of Vipers' (Greasy Pop). Live, their reputation rests on killer versions of 'Let The Kids Dance', 'California Sun', 'You're Gonna Miss Me' and the like, but originals like 'Burning Red' show they're capable of much more. They take their name from an incident in the science lab during the Ramones film *Rock 'N' Roll High School*; they own Chris Masuak's old Rickenbacker; singer Paul Gilchrist was born in Manchester and used to play in Myra Hindley's front yard; and their motto is, You Don't Have To Come From The Big City To Play Damn Fine Rock 'N' Roll.

How could they go wrong?

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

THE TRILOBITES: old fossils watch out!



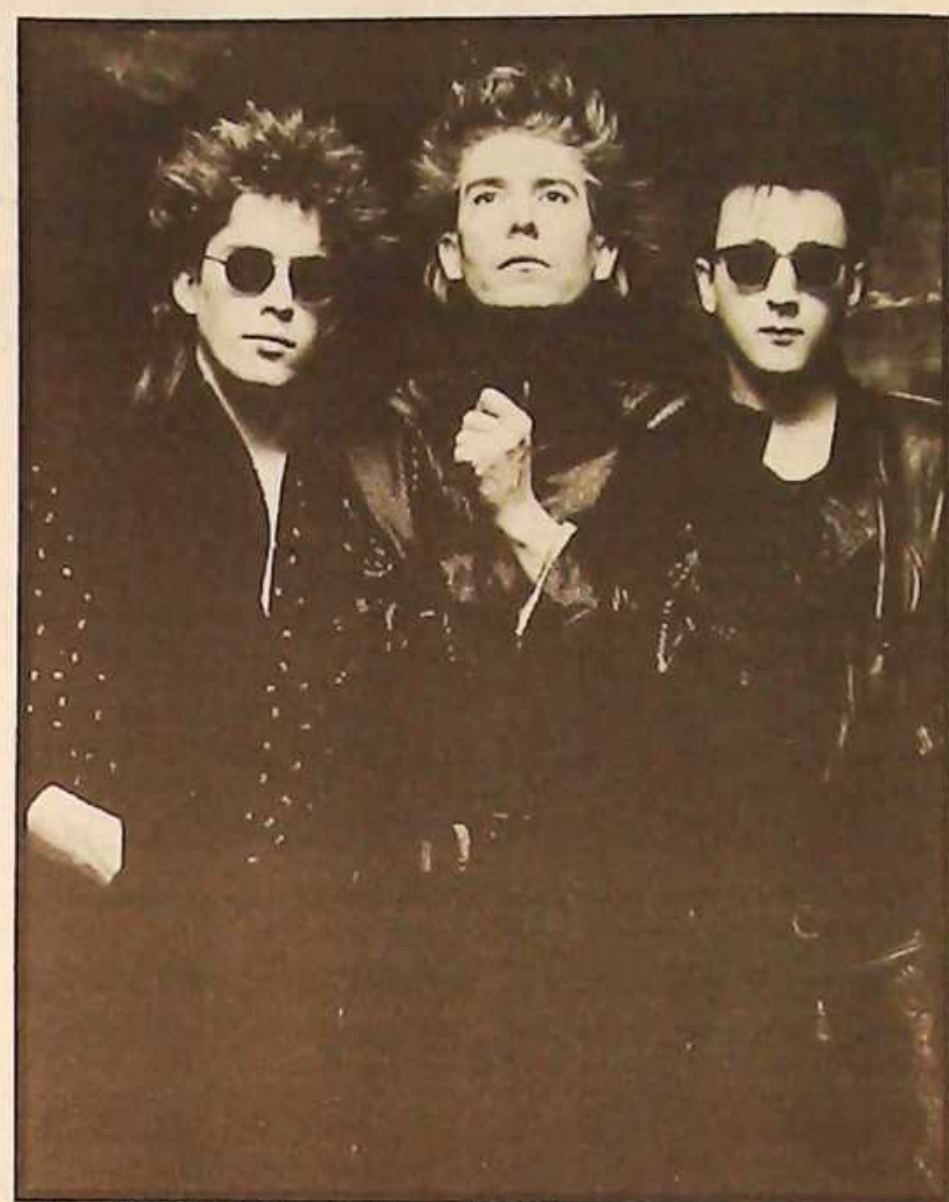
CHART

UK 50 SINGLES UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 2 DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY The Communards London
- 2 9 RAGE HARD Frankie Goes To Hollywood ZTT
- 3 4 WE DON'T HAVE TO... Jermaine Stewart 10
- 4 5 GLORY OF LOVE Peter Cetera Warner Brothers
- 5 1 I WANT TO WAKE UP WITH YOU Boris Gardiner Revue
- 6 6 HUMAN The Human League Virgin
- 7 3 BROTHER LOUIE Modern Talking RCA
- 8 19 (I JUST) DIED IN YOUR ARMS Cutting Crew Siren
- 9 11 LOVE CAN'T TURN AROUND Farley 'Jackmaster' Funk & Jessie Saunders London
- 10 39 HOLIDAY RAP MC Miker 'G' & DeeJay Sven Debut
- 11 7 THE LADY IN RED Chris De Burgh A&M
- 12 12 THE WAY IT IS Bruce Hornsby & The Range RCA
- 13 20 YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 14 13 WHEN I THINK OF YOU Janet Jackson A&M
- 15 8 DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 16 44 THORN IN MY SIDE Eurythmics RCA
- 17 30 WASTED YEARS Iron Maiden EMI
- 18 16 SO MACHO/CRUISING Sinitta Fanfare
- 19 25 IN TOO DEEP Genesis Charisma
- 20 15 AIN'T NOTHIN' GOIN' ON BUT THE RENT Gwen Guthrie Polydor
- 21 28 STUCK WITH YOU Huey Lewis & The News Chrysalis
- 22 10 ANYONE CAN FALL IN LOVE Anita Dobson BBC
- 23 22 TYPICAL MALE Tina Turner Capitol
- 24 18 A QUESTION OF TIME Depeche Mode Mute
- 25 14 GIRLS AND BOYS Prince And The Revolution Paisley Park
- 26 — RUMORS Timex Social Club Cooltempo
- 27 47 WALK THIS WAY Run DMC With Aerosmith London
- 28 32 HEARTLAND The The Some Bizzare
- 29 17 CALLING ALL THE HEROES It Bites Virgin
- 30 41 WORD UP Cameo Club
- 31 24 DREAMTIME Daryl Hall RCA
- 32 42 PRETTY IN PINK Psychedelic Furs Epic
- 33 — HOLD ON TIGHT Samantha Fox Jive
- 34 27 NICE IN NICE The Stranglers Epic
- 35 — RAIN OR SHINE Five Star Tent
- 36 21 BREAKING AWAY Jaki Graham EMI
- 37 — SWEET FREEDOM Michael McDonald MCA
- 38 23 I CAN PROVE IT Phil Fearon Ensign
- 39 38 ROCK 'N' ROLL MERCENARIES Meat Loaf With John Parr Arista
- 40 50 WILD WILD LIFE Talking Heads EMI
- 41 26 CAMOUFLAGE Stan Ridgway IRS
- 42 — (FOREVER) LIVE AND DIE Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Virgin
- 43 29 PAPA DON'T PREACH Madonna Sire
- 44 37 YOU SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LONG AC/DC Atlantic
- 45 — DIAMOND GIRL Pete Wylie MDM
- 46 31 ADORATIONS Killing Joke EG
- 47 36 HAUNTED The Pogues MCA
- 48 33 PANIC The Smiths Rough Trade
- 49 35 MORE THAN PHYSICAL Bananarama London
- 50 40 SHOUT Lulu & The Luvvers Decca

- 1 1 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC VOLUME 7 Various EMI/Virgin
- 2 2 DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 3 3 TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 4 — PRESS TO PLAY Paul McCartney Parlophone
- 5 4 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 6 8 REVENGE Eurythmics RCA
- 7 5 SILK AND STEEL Five Star Tent
- 8 16 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 9 6 INTO THE LIGHT Chris De Burgh A&M
- 10 14 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 11 21 WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS George Benson Warner Brothers
- 12 7 THE FINAL Wham! Epic
- 13 9 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 14 13 PICTURE BOOK Simply Red Elektra
- 15 11 THE HEAT IS ON Various Portrait
- 16 24 CONTROL Janet Jackson A&M
- 17 19 BABY THE STARS SHINE BRIGHT Everything But The Girl blanco y negro
- 18 12 COMMUNARDS The Communards London
- 19 10 PARADE Prince And The Revolution Paisley Park
- 20 20 RENDEZVOUS Jean Michel Jarre Dreyfus
- 21 — GRACELAND Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 22 15 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 23 18 RIPTIDE Robert Palmer Island
- 24 39 HIP HOP ELECTRO 13 Various Street Sounds
- 25 17 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 26 25 BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE Steve Winwood Island
- 27 32 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 28 23 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 29 38 HEARTBREAKERS Various Stylus
- 30 27 RAT IN THE KITCHEN UB40 DEP International
- 31 34 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 32 43 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 33 26 SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 34 36 THE BIG LAD IN THE WINDMILL It Bites Virgin
- 35 30 LIFE'S RICH PAGEANT REM IRS
- 36 22 THE ORIGINALS Various Towerbell
- 37 33 THE PAVAROTTI COLLECTION Luciano Pavarotti Stylus
- 38 28 EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART Rod Stewart Warner Brothers
- 39 — TOUCH ME Samantha Fox Jive
- 40 35 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry And Roxy Music EG
- 41 — THE BEST OF 10 YEARS Boney M Stylus
- 42 — GONE TO EARTH David Sylvian Virgin
- 43 40 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 44 — THE WAY IT IS Bruce Hornsby & The Range RCA
- 45 29 THREE HEARTS IN THE HAPPY ENDING MACHINE Daryl Hall RCA
- 46 41 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 47 — LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 48 31 UPFRONT VOLUME 2 Various Serious
- 49 — RAISING HELL Run DMC London
- 50 37 STANDING ON A BEACH The Cure Fiction

Compiled by MRIB



PSYCHEDELIC FURS: pretty in, er...black?

SOUNDS

- Edwin Pouncey
O-O Wiseblood Caso Killer
FINGERED Lydia Lunch home movie (YELP!)
- Kevin Murphy
BONUS BEATS 23 Skidoo Illuminated
YA YA Howlin' Wilf And The Vee-Jays live 'n' cookin'
THE GREAT DIVIDE Portion Control Dead Man's Curve
- Glyn Brown
HATE MY WAY Throwing Muses 4AD empathy
YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Phonogram phantastic car noise
MY 'REVENGE' BADGE RCA trinket
- Roger Holland
METAL GURU 1,000 Violins Live silliness
BULLET TO YOUR HEART 1,000 Violins Live genius
PLEASE DON'T SANDBLAST MY HOUSE 1,000 Violins Dreamworld dream
- Blind Lemon Wilde
ROSE COTTAGE EP Doctor's Children Upright
MARTIN BALSAM READS TROPIC OF CANCER Henry Miller EMI cassette
FROM THE HIP Lord Buckley LA Live tape
- Ricky Killdoubledare and Truth
TUPPERWARE STRIPPER Stump Unveiled tape
TOO MUCH TIME The Good Captain Original and best on Clear Spot
THE BLIMP, THE BLIMP Captain Beefheart Phrase of fame on 'Trout Mask Replica'
- Mr Spencer
SOMEWHERE Matt Munro Precious Parlophone 45
SOMETHIN' STUPID Nancy And Frank Sinatra Arista gem
IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR Frank Sinatra Reprise tearjerker
- Dave Henderson
TWINS In The Nursery Sweatbox album
YOUNG GUYS WILL DO ANYTHING Car Skid And Crash Mecano 10-inch
(SCREAMING) TO BE WITH YOU C-Cat Trance Red Flame 12-inch

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 HANDCART MAN Frankie Paul Red Man
- 2 SCHOOLGIRL Little John Top Rank
- 3 JOE LIGES Django 56 Rosevelt Avenue
- 4 BLACK MAN STRUGGLE Earl 16 RT
- 5 REGGAE INTERNATIONAL Colourman Mello Sounds
- 6 YOUNG RESTLESS MAN The Meditations Scandal
- 7 AUTOBIOGRAPHY Josie Wales Black Solidarity
- 8 ALL BECAUSE I'M LONELY Beres Hammond Harmony House
- 9 NO NO NO Marcia Griffiths Mountain
- 10 SUKI YAKI Augustus Pablo Rockers

DISCO

- 1 IMITATOR Early B Black Solidarity
- 2 PROPHECY Black Steel Ariwa
- 3 GOOD LOVE TONIGHT Shinehead African Love
- 4 SIXTH STREET Louisa Marks Bushy
- 5 COMMANDO COMMANDO Jah Fa Culture Roots Connection
- 6 MISERABLE WOMAN Freddie McGregor Greensleeves
- 7 BABY COME BACK U-Roy Rappa
- 8 DON'T GET CRAZY Sister Carol Rock Fort
- 9 ORIGINAL BANGARANG Nitty Gritty Unity
- 10 REGGAE SENSATION Sister Sony Chartbound



INI KAMOZE: the well known singing anagram

ALBUMS

- 1 ROUGH AND RUGGED Shinehead African Love
- 2 FIVE THE HARD WAY Various Artists Live And Love
- 3 ROCK AND CALYPSO Echo Minott Sunset
- 4 PRISON LIFE Devon Russell Wambesi
- 5 HOLD TIGHT Dennis Brown Live And Learn
- 6 IS IT REALLY HAPPENING TO ME Tippa Irie UK Bubbler
- 7 PIRATE Ini Kamoze Island
- 8 FINAL MISSION Various Artists Powerhouse
- 9 AT WORK Culture Mountain
- 10 LOVE WITH STYLE Keith Douglas Hot Pepper

Compiled by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

PETE BEALE'S BARROW

- 1 MY MELON CAULI BABY Chas And Dave
- 2 LITTLE THINGS MEAN SHALLOT Kitty Kallen
- 3 PEPPERBACK WRITER The Beatles
- 4 THE GRAPE TRAIN ROBBERY Black Cherry Uhuru
- 5 PEARWAY TO HEAVEN Led Zeppelin
- 6 MANGO IN MONO Expresso
- 7 I YAM A ROCK Simon And Garfunkel
- 8 LETTUCE GO ALL THE WAY Sly Fox
- 9 BEETROOT SURRENDER The Jam
- 10 PEAS PEAS ME The Beatles

- Bubbling under...
- 11 EIGHT DAYS A LEEK The Beatles
 - 12 LITTLE GIRL I WANT TO MARROW YOU Bruce Springonionsteen

Compiled by Steve Smith, the eggplant that ate Hammersmith

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 1 WASTED YEARS Iron Maiden EMI
- 2 1 YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 3 2 YOU SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LONG AC/DC Atlantic
- 4 5 ROCK 'N' ROLL MERCENARIES Meat Loaf Arista
- 5 3 WAITING FOR THE NIGHT Saxon Parlophone
- 6 7 YANKEE ROSE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 7 6 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 8 4 RED SKY Status Quo Vertigo
- 9 13 WILD CHILD WASP Capitol
- 10 — SUMMERTIME GIRLS Y&T A&M
- 11 — TAKE A LOOK Twelfth Night Virgin
- 12 9 DREAMS Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 13 8 AMERICAN GIRLS FM Portrait
- 14 20 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Island
- 15 11 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 16 12 DEAF FOREVER Motorhead GWR
- 17 10 LONELY NIGHT Magnum Polydor
- 18 — MAD LOCUST RISING EP Agent Steel Music For Nations
- 19 14 THE DIO EP Dio Vertigo
- 20 16 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic



IRON MAIDEN in uniform

ALBUMS

- 1 2 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 2 — VINNIE VINCENT'S INVASION Vinnie Vincent Chrysalis
- 3 2 ORGASMATRON Motorhead GWR
- 4 1 EAT 'EM AND SMILE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 5 — TRUE AS STEEL Warlock Vertigo
- 6 4 NIGHT SONGS Cinderella Mercury
- 7 7 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 8 25 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 9 18 INTERMISSION Dio Vertigo
- 10 3 RAGE FOR ORDER Queensrÿche EMI America
- 11 16 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 12 5 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 13 19 THRILL OF A LIFETIME King Kobra FM/Revolver
- 14 6 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 15 8 QR III Quiet Riot Epic
- 16 9 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 17 14 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 18 26 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 19 23 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 20 20 GTR GTR Arista
- 21 — THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST Iron Maiden EMI
- 22 12 HEART Heart Capitol
- 23 10 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 24 — RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 25 30 THE FINAL FRONTIER Keel Vertigo
- 26 11 RESTLESS AND WILD Accept CBS
- 27 22 PYROMANIA Def Leppard Vertigo
- 28 17 LIGHTNING STRIKES Loudness WEA International
- 29 13 ROCKIN' EVERY NIGHT (LIVE IN JAPAN) Gary Moore 10
- 30 27 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers

IMPORTS

- 1 — RIDERS OF DOOM Deathrow Noise
- 2 2 DANGEROUS GAMES Alcatraz Capitol
- 3 3 YELLOW AND BLACK ATTACK Stryper Enigma
- 4 5 SPORT OF KINGS Triumph MCA
- 5 8 I LIKE IT LOUD Illusion GHS
- 6 4 FIGHT TO SURVIVE White Lion Grand Slam
- 7 — METALIZED Sword Aquarius
- 8 — RECOGNISE NO AUTHORITY Detente Roadrunner
- 9 — WANT YOU Rough Cutt Warner Brothers
- 10 — SHAKIN' LIKE A HUMAN BEING Kim Mitchell Alert

Compiled by Spotlight Research



NICK CAVE: the medallion man with his very own silly chart

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds Mute
- 2 — THE UNGOVERNABLE FORCE Conflict Mortarhate
- 3 2 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 4 4 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 5 3 WATCH YOUR STEP Ted Hawkins Gull
- 6 5 HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 7 22 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 8 11 THUNDERHEAD The Janitors Intape
- 9 8 CLOCKWORK TOY Frenzy ID
- 10 7 GIFT The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 11 10 IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH Demented Are Go ID
- 12 13 STEP ON IT Bogshed Help Yourself
- 13 6 GIANT The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 14 16 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 15 9 MAJOR MALFUNCTION Keith LeBlanc World
- 16 24 BEST BEFORE 1984 Crass Crass
- 17 21 DISCOVER Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 18 23 UNCARVED BLOCK Flux One Little Indian
- 19 19 ONLY STUPID BASTARDS HELP EMI Conflict Model Army
- 20 12 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 21 17 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 22 14 RUM SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 23 25 EVOL Sonic Youth Blast First
- 24 20 MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 25 15 BORN SANDY DEVOTIONAL The Triffids Hot
- 26 — THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW Original Soundtrack Pacific
- 27 26 CONTENDERS Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 28 18 SLOW DEATH The Leather Nun Wire
- 29 27 TWO KAN GURU Big Flame Ron Johnson
- 30 30 OUT OF MY WAY Meat Puppets SST

MR KIPLING

- 1 SUNDAY, WROTE MR KIPLING
- 2 THE REFRESHMENTS WERE SHUT
- 3 THAT NIGHT MY IDEA TOOK SHAPE
- 4 MY APPLE PIES WERE TOPLESS!
- 5 MY COUNTRY SLICES/APPLE PIES/PHOTOS OF THE VICAR AND THE DONKEY WERE A GREAT SUCCESS
- 6 I CAUGHT THOSE BUGGERS PINCHING MY BLOODY APPLES AGAIN
- 7 ... AT THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY
- 8 ... AT THE BELL-RINGERS' CLUB
- 9 FORTUNATELY, I HAD ONE IN THE OVEN
- 10 ... WITH A BLOB OF JAM/CREAM ON THE TOP

Compiled by Dolby Stereo (no fixed abode)

SILLY MEDIA NAMES

- 1 MINTY CLINCH Midweek
- 2 DILLY BRAIMOH Tooting And Mitcham Guardian
- 3 SORREL DOWNER Smash Hits
- 4 HOSEHEAD MCKENZIE Pulse!
- 5 BAZ BAMIGBOYE Daily Mail
- 6 JO WACKET-WILLIAMS LBC

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 A QUESTION OF TIME Depeche Mode Mute
- 2 3 PANIC The Smiths Rough Trade
- 3 2 TOKYO STORM WARNING (PART 1) Elvis Costello Imp/Demon
- 4 4 LIKE A HURRICANE/GARDEN OF DELIGHT The Mission Chapter 22
- 5 6 HEARD IT ALL Bodines Creation
- 6 14 WILD CHILD Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 7 11 I'M ON FIRE Guana Batz ID
- 8 24 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 9 10 THIS BOY CAN WAIT The Wedding Present Reception
- 10 7 HEART FULL OF SOUL Ghost Dance Karbon
- 11 8 GIMME GIMME GIMME (A MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT) The Leather Nun Wire
- 12 9 SERPENTS KISS The Mission Chapter 22
- 13 5 THE LAST BULLET IN THE GUN Terry & Gerry Intape
- 14 25 MORNING SIR Bogshed Help Yourself
- 15 16 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 16 36 IMAGES OF FIRE Fatal Charm Native
- 17 13 HAPPY HOUR The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 18 32 ALMOST PRAYED Weather Prophets Creation
- 19 12 BETTER DEAD THAN WED Class War Mortarhate
- 20 29 BABY'S ON FIRE The Creepers Intape
- 21 22 THE SINGER Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds Mute
- 22 31 WHOLE WIDE WORLD The Soup Dragons Subway
- 23 21 TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 24 18 PRIME MOVER The Leather Nun Wire
- 25 28 BOOKS ON THE BONFIRE The Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- 26 30 RUNAWAY Luis Cardenas Consolidated Allied
- 27 26 CRYSTAL CRESCENT Primal Scream Creation
- 28 17 I'M SNIFFING WITH YOU HOO Pop Will Eat Itself Desperate
- 29 33 TRUCK TRAIN TRACTOR The Pastels Glass
- 30 40 E102/SAD? BMX Bandits 53rd & 3rd
- 31 38 RIVER OF NO RETURN Ghost Dance Karbon
- 32 45 MEXICO SUNDOWN BLUES James Ray And The Performance Merciful Release
- 33 39 GEORDIE'S GONE TO JAIL The Toy Dolls Volume
- 34 27 IS THERE ANYONE OUT THERE Mighty Mighty Girlie
- 35 15 UNDERSTANDING JANE The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 36 19 I SEE RED Frenzy ID
- 37 23 BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff
- 38 20 CRUMMY STUFF The Ramones Beggars Banquet
- 39 34 THE DRAIN TRAIN Cabaret Voltaire Doublevision
- 40 — WONDERFUL LIFE Black Ugly Man
- 41 35 BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 42 — DATA KILL Cassandra Complex Rouska
- 43 37 HOLY HACK JACK Demented Are Go ID
- 44 41 LIVING TOO LATE The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 45 43 GODSTAR Psychic TV & The Angels Of Light Temple
- 46 — MARGARITA Champion Doug Veitch Conga
- 47 42 THIS IS NOT LOVE Yeah Jazz Upright
- 48 44 NEVER SAY DIE Broken Bones Fallout
- 49 48 NEW ROSE The Damned Stiff
- 50 50 BABY I LOVE YOU SO Colourbox 4AD

Compiled by Spotlight Research

SMOKING

- 1 LUNG ROT SUMMER Style Council
- 2 NICOTINE-AGE KICKS The Undertones
- 3 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW TAR A-ha
- 4 NO ROTHMANS NO CRY Bob Marley And The Wailers
- 5 LONDON COUGHING The Clash
- 6 IN BETWEEN DRAGS The Cure
- 7 SHE SMELLS OF CIGARETTE The Cult
- 8 WHEEZY LOVER Philip Bailey And Phil Collins
- 9 TOBACCO IN THE USSR The Beatles
- 10 GIVE IT UP KC And The Sunshine Band

Compiled by Mark Venning but inspired by Helen "send that chart in and I'll kill you" Cross

- 7 ZED ZAWADA Smash Hits
- 8 BIBA KOPF NME
- 9 RED BUTTONS Actor
- 10 FRED DINEAGE Ex-Gambit presenter

Compiled by Mark Venning from the heart of deepest Tooting

IN - T E C H

STRATO~MASTER



**FENDER (JAPAN) '57
VINTAGE STRATOCASTER**
£397.03
QQQ VVV

WHAT CAN one possibly rant on about that will cast any conclusive light on a product that was brilliant some 30 years ago, and still is as

brilliant today? I'm talking Stratocasters. I personally love 'em and so did Buddy Holly and Jimi Hendrix, not to mention an

array of other guitarists from Eric Clapton to Jeff Beck to Rory Gallagher to almost anyone you care to mention who's worth their riff in gold.

So far as this "original" sunburst Strat, made by Fender Japan, is concerned, it definitely does justice to its name. It has a lovely all round feel with a sound that is both delicate and conclusive.

The usual three single coil pick-ups, in conjunction with the five position selector switch, make for all the traditional Stratesque trademarks plus a couple of fresh sounds, making it very 1986. These sounds conjure up the warmth of a middle class Westone and the cut of perhaps a cut 'n' dry Washburn.

Furthermore, in comparison with some of the late '70s plethora of assembly-line Strats, this certainly is more powerful. It wouldn't stand a chance alongside a Gibson SG, but at the same time, it wouldn't die a death either!

The reasonably fine-tuning floating bridge has two knife edge pivots, height adjustable pivot posts, roller saddles and a snap-in adjustable tremolo arm. Sounds like a section of the Lambeth Bridge, but let me

assure all you meticulous fine-tuners out there that it definitely is not.

It's a bridge that may well provoke jealousy from its rivals and envy from its predecessors. I say this as a result of its handsome simplicity and more than robust versatility. The action of the tremolo, for example, is astounding.

Needless to say, the action of the rosewood neck is also ace, with an all round feel that leans towards an excellent Tokai. The one major difference being that the Fender appears to have the edge on width, and thus, perhaps, hold.

It goes without saying that the headstock shape has been emulated by hundreds of other models ever since the rock and roll genre first took hold of Elvis Presley. Come to that, Fender Stratocasters as a whole have been emulated by hundreds (or should I say thousands?), which when you think about it, makes it one of the world's finest guitars. And this particular model certainly falls into that category; if you decide to fork out for one, you'll be purchasing longevity, not to mention history.

It's like Jimi Hendrix once said: "Gibsons are great for pulling the blues, but Fender Stratocasters are great for pulling anything, including the foxes."

DAVID MARX

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

C A R T O O N S

Hot Pork Lunch

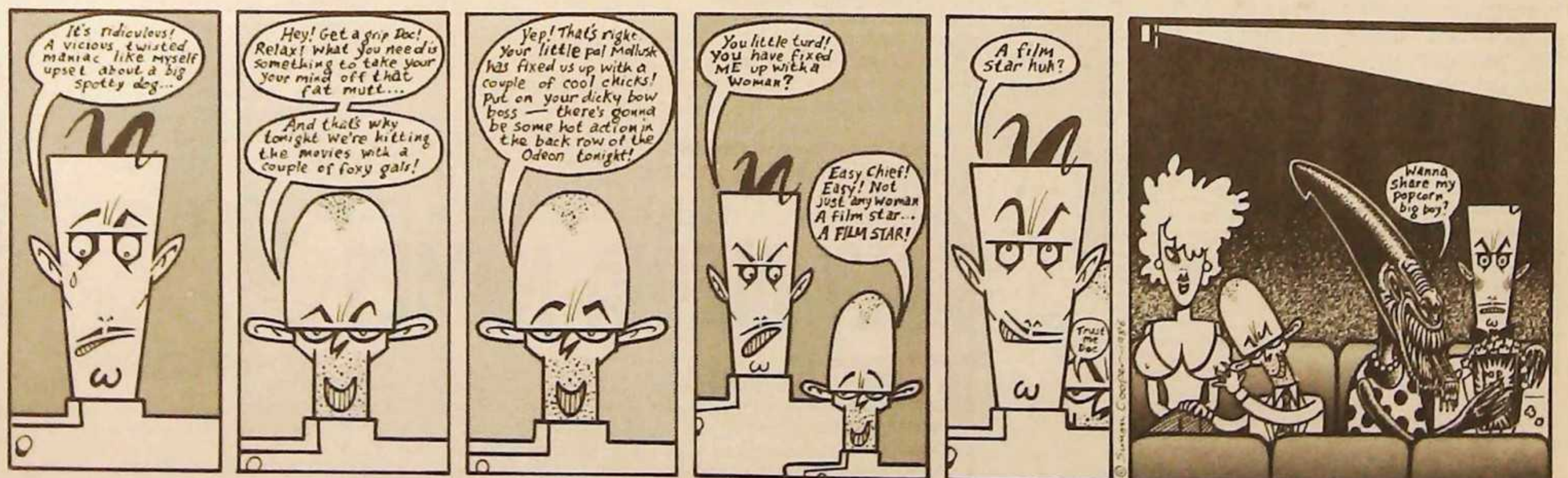
No. 61

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TALES FROM THE RUBBER ROOM

BY SIMON COOPER



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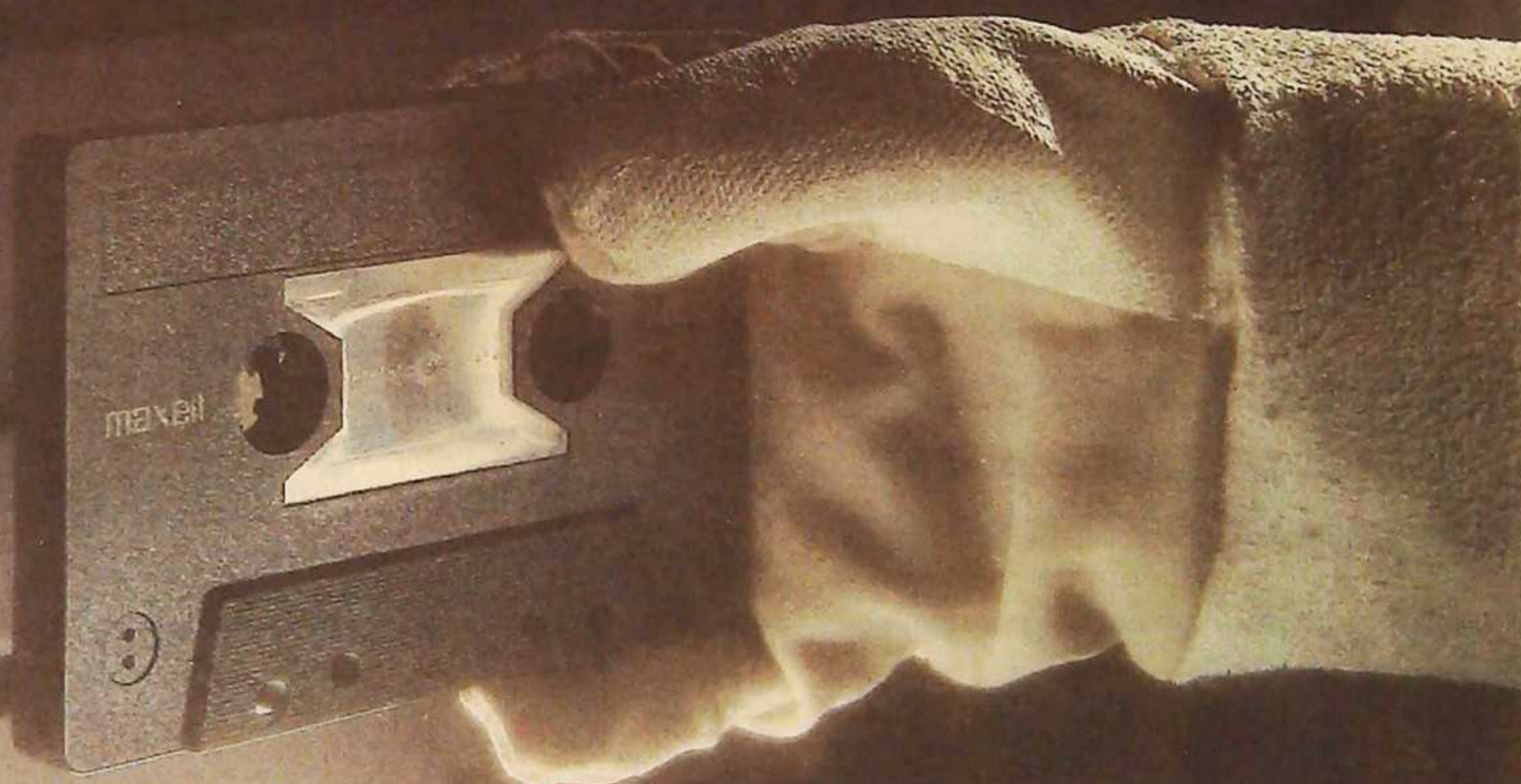
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