

FREE-EXCLUSIVE AMERICAN SPORT MAGAZINE

SOUNDS

**MATT
JOHNSON**

THE HEAT IS ON!

RUN DMC
THE TRIFFIDS
1,000 VIOLINS

**BUSHWACKED IN
AUSTRALIA PART TWO**
THE FALL AND 23 SKIDOO LIVE!

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WAS (NOT WAS) emerge from the mists of time with a new single on Mercury this weekend, called 'Robot Girl'.

Don and David Was have been joined by vocalist Desy Campbell-Banks from Floy Joy, one of the many bands produced by Don Was after Was (Not Was) went to ground soon after releasing their highly acclaimed debut album.

But this time, they intend to hang around long enough to play their first British dates later this year.

LINDISFARNE, the veteran Tyneside folk-rockers who've successfully defied the trends of the last decade, have lined up their biggest British tour so far - 46 gigs in 38 towns including the traditional seven-night Christmas party at Newcastle City Hall.

The band, who have just made sax player Marty Craggs an official band member after a two-year apprenticeship, have an album out next month on RCA/Ariola called 'Dance Your Life Away'.

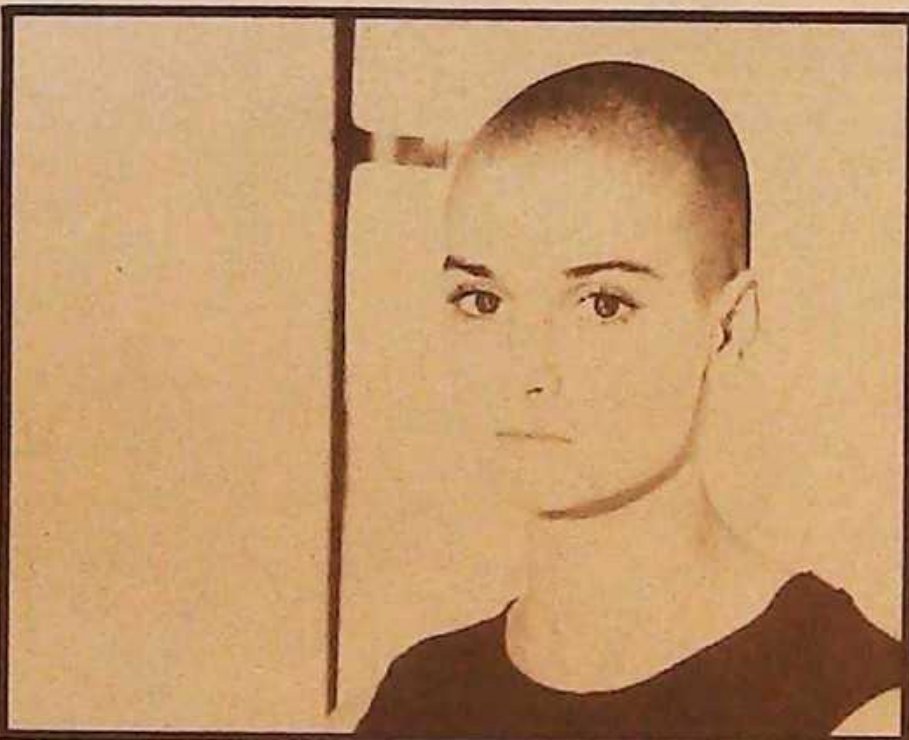
The tour begins at Doncaster Gaumont on November 14 and continues at Loughborough University 15, Reading Hexagon 16, Salisbury City Hall 17, Ipswich Gaumont 18, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 19, Chatham Central Hall 20, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 21, Farnborough Recreation Centre 22, Oxford Apollo 23, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 24, Yeovil Octagon 25, Plymouth Academy 26, Malvern Winter Gardens 27, Milton Keynes Leisure Centre 28, Leeds University 29, Hanley Victoria Halls 30, Wrexham Plas Madoc Leisure Centre December 1, Hull City Hall 3, Lincoln Ritz 4, Cambridge Corn Exchange 5, Sheffield City Hall 6, Harrogate Centre 7, Liverpool Empire 8, Leicester De Montfort Hall 9, Cardiff St Davids Hall 10-11, Swansea Leisure Centre 12, Brighton Dome 12, Bristol Hippodrome 14, Swindon Oasis 15, Croydon Fairfield Halls 16, Manchester Apollo 17, Newcastle City Hall 18-23 and 26, Bradford St Georges Hall 27-28, Nottingham Royal Centre 29-30, Birmingham Odeon January 2, London Hammersmith Odeon 3.

Anyone buying the album and attending a concert will be able to get a hotel voucher for free nights in Britain, Belgium, Spain, Holland or America.

RUTH POLSKY, the New York agent who brought over the best of British rock bands to America in the last decade, was killed last week when she was run over by a taxi which had spun out of control and mounted the steps leading to New York's Limelight Club.

Ruth, 30, developed an extraordinary knack of spotting up and coming British bands who went on to greater success in America, including New Order, The Smiths, Echo And The Bunnymen, Sade, Adam And The Ants, The Psychedelic Furs, Nick Cave and Cocteau Twins. She was booking tours for The Chameleons and The Virgin Prunes at the time of her death.

Captive Audience . . .



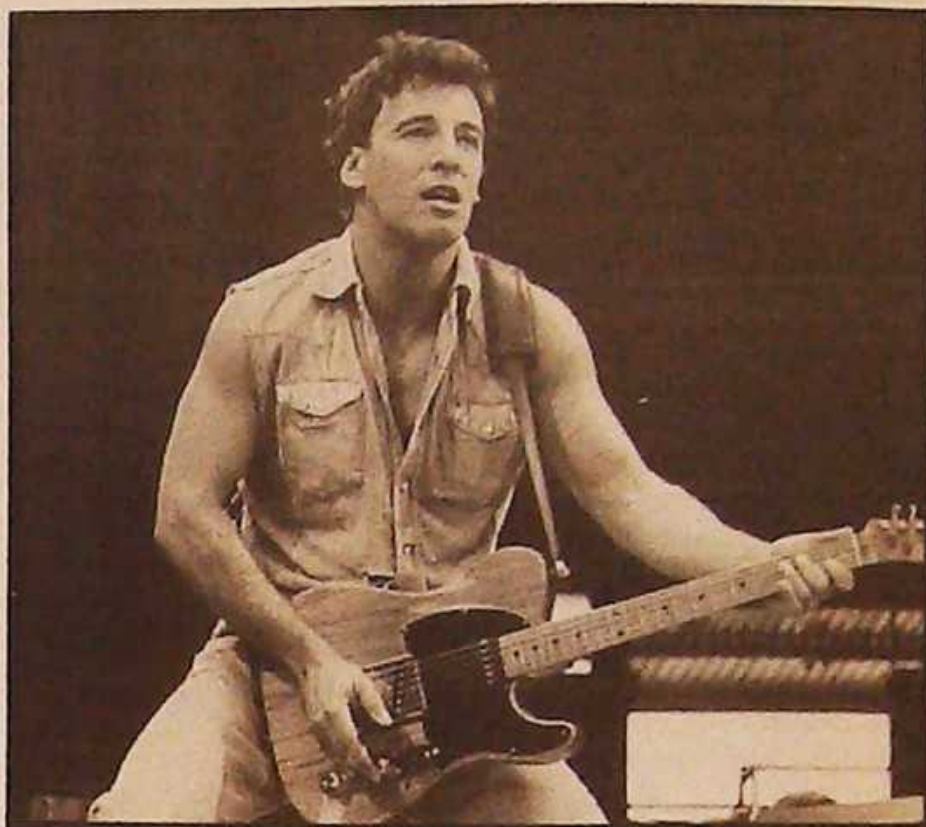
THE EDGE takes time off from U2 to release a single called 'Heroine' with singer Sinead O'Connor (above) from Dublin band Ton Ton Macoute. The song is the theme tune from the forthcoming movie, *Captive*.

PHILIP GLASS has reduced his British tour to just one date - at London's Royal Albert Hall on September 26.

He'll be premiering several new pieces with his ensemble, who haven't been seen here since late '83. Glass himself has been a more regular visitor, most notably when he presented his *Akhmat* opera at London's Coliseum last year.

He recently released his 'Liquid Days' album, which features lyrics from Paul Simon, David Byrne, Laurie Anderson and Suzanne Vega.

BOXED



WORKING WEEK, who release their second album this week on Virgin called 'Companeros', put in some overtime next month with a British tour.

The trio of Julie Roberts, Simon Booth and Larry Stabbins will be joined by Terry Disley keyboards, Henry Thomas bass, Nick France drums, Bosco D'Oliviera percussion, Richard Edwards trombone, Mark Chandler trumpet and Leroy Osbourne backing vocals.

This ten-piece outfit will start at Brunel University October 7 and then play Salford University 8, Warwick University 9, Newcastle Polytechnic 10, Bradford University 13, Birmingham Dome 14, Edinburgh University 16, Glasgow School Of Art 17, Leicester Polytechnic 18, Croydon

Fairfield Halls 19, Bristol Bierkeller 20, Brighton Coasters 21. More dates, including a London venue, will be added.

BOSTON finally release their third album at the end of this month - six years after their second.

Having sold eleven million copies of their first two albums at the end of the '70s, Boston, led by guitarist and studio whizz-kid Tom Scholz, seemed unable to come up with another, and were presumed to have disintegrated as the years passed by.

But 'Third Stage' is finally ready and Scholz has apparently been working on it for six years, amassing nearly a million slices of recording in the process.

Singer Brad Delp also remains with the band.

SUICIDE

Vega and Rev resurface with a new **Suicide** album and a **European tour** which includes one London date

SUICIDE, the electronic duo from New York whose psychotic keyboard rhythms and melodies influenced a generation of bands, and can still be heard in Sigue Sigue

Sputnik, have reformed and will be over for a British gig at the end of October.

Alan Vega and Martin Rev have been pursuing separate solo careers since the band broke up at the end of the '70s. But they got back together again earlier this year, and have been recording material for a new album which will hopefully be released before the end of the year.

They've also started playing

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FUZZBOX ★ **CACTUS WORLD NEWS** ★
GHOST DANCE ★ **BALAM & ANGEL** ★
BOMB PARTY ★ **SHOP ASSISTANTS** ★

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

LIVE IN PARIS, NOVEMBER 3rd

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LEVEL 42

LIVE IN PARIS OCTOBER 6th

£69 INCLUDES: Concert ticket, 1st class hotel, luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry. Depart eve 4th Oct. Return am 7th Oct. **[LT]**

JUDAS PRIEST

LIVE IN BRUSSELS, SATURDAY 18th OCTOBER

£69 INCLUDES: Concert ticket, 1st Class Hotel, Luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry. Depart eve Friday 17th Oct, return pm Sunday 19th Oct. **[JP]**

IRON MAIDEN

LIVE IN BRUSSELS, NOVEMBER 28th

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

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BRUCE

Springsteen plans to release a five-album set of live classics, including tracks written for other artists

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN finally releases a live album this autumn – and it will be a five-album boxed set.

'Bruce Springsteen And The E Street Band Live 1975-1985' will contain some 40 tracks taken from his '75, '78, '80-'81 and '84-'85 tours. Several of the songs have not been officially released before. And a 36-page booklet of lyrics and photographs will accompany the whole package.

Although this is Springsteen's first live album on CBS, his stage career has been assiduously documented by the bootleggers, who have released over 70 records and cassettes from his earliest "folksy" gigs to his mammoth world tour last year.

It is expected that the CBS package will feature live versions of Springsteen songs that have been made famous by others, such as 'Because The Night' (Patti Smith), 'Fire' (The Pointer Sisters) and 'Fever' (Southside Johnny).

The five-album/three-cassette/three-compact disc set was mixed by Bob Clearmountain and produced by Springsteen, John Landau and Chuck Plotkin. No specific release date has yet been set.

Prickly Heat...



CACTUS WORLD NEWS, who've recently returned from a lengthy American tour, play a one-off at London's Camden Palace on September 18, which will be filmed by MTV to keep their memory fresh. The Cacti are setting up a British tour for November and have a single out on MCA this week called 'The Bridge'.

BID

dates in America, and will be coming over for a short European tour next month, which winds up with a show at the Camden Palace on October 30. Tickets are £5.50.

Meanwhile, their debut album, which started all the fuss back in 1978 when it was released on Red Star, is being revived by Edsel, who issue it in time for their British reunion.

See review on page 27.

ROGER MCGUINN, that most enigmatic of Byrds, flies in for a series of gigs early next month.

He starts at London's Kentish Town Town And Country Club on October 3, where Helen And The Horns will also be reforming especially for the occasion, and Camden's own Panic Brothers make up the bill.

McGuinn has other dates confirmed at Manchester International October 9 and Brighton Coasters 10, with more to be added.

Ironically, his visit coincides with a tour by The Byrds, a six-piece band led by Gene Clark and John York (two bitter-end Byrds), plus four more musicians who are not best known for their contribution to The Byrds' legend.

WHITNEY HOUSTON has finally confirmed her first British tour next month, following the success of her debut album last year.

She'll be playing four nights at London's Wembley Arena from October 16-19, followed by Glasgow SEC on the 25th.

Wembley tickets are £15, £13 and £11, available from the box office, London agencies, Manchester Apollo and Piccadilly Records, Bristol Hippodrome, Nottingham Way Ahead and Birmingham Odeon. They are also available by post (plus 50p booking fee) from Whitney Houston Box Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ.

Glasgow tickets are £12.50, £10 and £8.50, available by post (plus 50p booking fee) from Whitney Houston Box Office, PO Box 180, Head Post Office, Edinburgh. They are also available from Glasgow Other Record Shop, A1 Sounds and Virgin Megastore, Edinburgh Playhouse, Virgin and Ripping Records, Aberdeen Virgin and Other Record Shop, Dundee Groucho and Virgin, Perth Goldrush, Ayr Trash and Leeds Cavendish Travel.

PATTI LABELLE comes over for her first British visit for ten years, when she plays two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon on November 15 and 16.

She'll be bringing over her 14-piece band, with whom she's just toured America.

Tickets for Hammersmith are £8.50 and £7.50.

ULTRA BRIGHT



SAME OLD Ultravox: they grin, we bear it

ULTRAVOX release their first single in two years this week on Chrysalis, to be followed by an album next month and a British tour in November.

The single is 'Same Old Story', written by Messrs Currie, Cross and Ure, and produced by them with Conny Plank. With Warren Cann no longer in the band, Big Country's Mark Brzezicki supplies drums and there's even room for Light Of The World's horn section.

The British dates begin in Glasgow Barrowlands on November 1, continuing at

Edinburgh Playhouse 2-3, Whitley Bay Ice Rink 4, London Wembley Arena 5-6, Birmingham NEC 7, Cardiff St David's Hall 10, St Austell Cornwall Coliseum 11, Brighton Centre 12, Poole Arts Centre 13, Oxford Apollo 14.

Tickets are £8 and £7 everywhere except Glasgow and Whitley Bay, which are all £7.50. They are on sale at box offices and local agents, and Wembley tickets are also available by post from Ultravox Box Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ (plus 30p booking fee). Cheques and postal orders should be payable to MCP.

HULA go pop! The Sheffield art-rockers have recorded "a magnificent and accidental pop song" which they've decided to release as a single on 10 Records on October 10. Saturday morning kids' TV slots are eagerly awaited.

Their more sophisticated followers will be able to recover from Hula's pop-shock-horror with the band's fourth album, due out next weekend at a budget price, and called 'Shadowland'. It features the band's live performance at the Sheffield Mappin Art Gallery's *A Noise In Your Eye* exhibition last month, at which they were "backed" by the sculptures. Now *that's* what we call art rock.

STIFF's ailing fortunes have been revived after being bought up by Cashmere, a new company set up by ZTT's managing director Jill Sinclair, wife of Trevor Horn.

Stiff will now be jointly headed by Jill and founder Dave Robinson, but there's no question of any link-up between Stiff and ZTT.

All proceeds of the sale will go towards paying off Stiff's creditors who are owed a total of £3.5 million.

FURNITURE MUSIC



FURNITURE: in the dining room of the mind...

FURNITURE follow their 'Brilliant Mind' hit with a 13-date tour which will also serve to promote their debut album, coming out on Stiff at the end of this month.

The band's first nationwide trek begins at Manchester International September 19 and continues at Sheffield Treadmill 20, Worksop

Sound Authority 22, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 23, Liverpool Pickwicks 24, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 26, Glasgow School Of Art 27, Dundee Dance Factory 28, Newcastle Riverside 29, Leeds Warehouse October 1, Coventry Polytechnic 2, Croydon Underground 5, London Tufnell Park Boston Arms 8.

THE STYLE COUNCIL and **Madness** have both supplied tracks for an Artists For Animals album called 'Abuse' which comes out this month on Slip (through Revolver).

'Bloodsports', the Style Council track, was written for the album, although it has already turned up on the B-side of a single, while the Madness song, 'Animal Farm', was another single B-side.

Other acts who've written tracks specifically for the album include Robert Wyatt, Durutti Column and Ralph Steadman, who has also designed the cover picture.

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN, who's just announced a London date with his Double Trouble band at Hammersmith Palais on October 2, will return for another gig at the same venue on October 16, following European dates.

He'll then be playing provincial shows at Newcastle Mayfair 17 and Manchester Apollo 18. His Dublin Stadium date has also been re-arranged for the 20th.

THE ADULT NET WAKING UP IN THE SUN

THE NEW SINGLE ON 7" AND 12"

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SHOT BY BOTH SIDES

In the wake of the controversy over Paul Simon's 'Graceland' album, Hugh Fielder looks at how black South African bands are doubly penalised — by apartheid and sanctions. . .

PAUL SIMON's 'Graceland' album has put the cat among the hawks and doves of the British anti-apartheid campaign.

The album — half of which was recorded in Johannesburg using local Soweto groups such as Ladysmith Black Mambazo, The Boyoyo Boys Band and Tao Ea Matsekha — has drawn an angry response from Jerry Dammers of The Special AKA Artists Against Apartheid.

Dismissing Simon's explanation that he paid the musicians triple American rates (£190 dollars an hour) and co-credited several musicians on various tracks, Dammers said: "He's helping maybe 30 people but he's damaging solidarity over sanctions."

"He thinks he's helping the cause of freedom but he's being naive. He's doing more harm than good."

But South African-born Hugh Masekela has sprung to Simon's defence. "All he's done is to work with and pay black musicians in South Africa and put them on the international scene with a beautiful album."

"He's helping South African musicians who are oppressed first by the regime and second by the cultural boycott which prevents them from coming over here to play."

"What kind of double standard is it that says, Sorry, we must boycott you in order to help you? That's just bullshit."

This frank and comradely exchange of views centres around the interpretation of the cultural boycott of South Africa, part of the policy of the banned African National Congress which is supported by the United Nations.

The ANC's definition of comprehensive cultural sanctions originally drawn in the '60s included "anything to do with apartheid institutions".

Those organisations who responded immediately to the ANC's call, such as the Musicians Union, imposed a complete ban on British musicians playing in South Africa, and vice versa.

But although they have prevented South African groups like the mixed-race Juluka and The Malopoets from playing concerts here, they have not been able to apply effective sanctions against the likes of Queen, Elton John and Rod Stewart, who've defied the United Nations ban against playing Sun City.

The traditional view of sanctions has also been Rough Trade's policy for the last couple of years, after considerable debate within the company which was finally resolved at a staff meeting.

This meant that they had to cut their links with Earthworks Records which specialises in releasing records here by South African artists. The label is run by South African-born Jumbo Vanrenen, who has organised numerous anti-apartheid benefits. He says: "Rough Trade were helping to fund the label and they were concerned that money was going to South African companies, 'apartheid institutions'. My concern was to give an opportunity to South African bands in this country, and to do that, you have to deal with the situation as it is. You can object passionately to it but you can't ignore it."

Jumbo has since signed a deal with Making Waves, and last year released 'The Indestructible Beat Of Soweto', featuring tracks from Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Moses Mchunye and Vokotela Shange Namajaha.

The fact that an increasing number of South African plays and books are appearing in Britain without comment or criticism has only increased the frustration felt by those trying to promote the music.

"There's a lot of self-appointed organisations who don't have to live in South Africa and who don't know the conditions there. Some of the boycott rules have been made without consulting the South Africans themselves," says Hugh Masekela.

Even the ANC appears to take a more liberal line than it did 20 years ago.

"When sanctions first emanated, there was nothing happening in South Africa in terms of protest from the people," an ANC spokesperson told *Sounds*.

"Today things are different. There are a number

of musicians and authors whose music, plays and books are clearly anti-apartheid.

"When it comes to people who are fighting against apartheid inside South Africa, I don't think the ANC has ever asked people to boycott them."

Where The Record Companies Stand. . .

WHEN IT comes to selling records in South Africa, only two of the major companies — CBS and RCA — have no manufacturing and distribution deals there. The rest either have a subsidiary company of their own or a licensing deal with a South African company.

Some companies give artists the chance to opt out of South Africa, but even this doesn't necessarily stop their records reaching the shops there, as South African companies can import any record from neighbouring countries.

This is how record companies do or don't do business with South Africa:

EMI has a wholly-owned subsidiary, EMI South Africa, which is an equal opportunities company with black and white executives. No EMI acts have asked not to be sold in South Africa, although some give their royalties to South African charities.

WEA have an equal opportunities company, WEA (PTY) Ltd, to market their records. The company's compliments slips are in

English, Afrikaans and Zulu. "If artists don't wish to be sold in South Africa, we accept that, but most don't mind when they find out how we run the company down there," they say.

CBS ended their deal with Gallo earlier this year and have no manufacturing or licensing arrangements at present.

Polygram, the parent company for Phonogram, Polydor and London, were initially unable to reveal their arrangements despite a week of telephone calls and an orgy of buck-passing among executives. But they finally confirmed they are distributed through Truetone.

MCA go through WEA and the only band who've opted out are Chakk, who had a special clause written into their contract. The Men They Couldn't Hang wish they had, too.

RCA ended their licensing arrangements last year and are not looking for another deal.

Island have a licensing deal with Priority although any artist who wants to contract

out can do so. Shriekback have. Bob Marley forgot to ask.

Virgin have a deal with RPM which is due for review shortly. "An artist can specifically request to exclude South Africa," they tell us.

A&M's licensing deal with RPM is controlled from their Los Angeles office. "If any artist wanted out we'd try and help them," is their response.

Chrysalis are distributed through Gallo, although "any band wanting out is honoured without question". Such bands include The Special AKA, although unlabelled cassettes of their banned 'Free Nelson Mandela' single were spirited in. Go! Discs, who go through Chrysalis here, have specifically excluded South Africa in their contract.

Rough Trade have no South African deal. And they will not distribute any South African record over here unless the proceeds and royalties can be paid direct to the artist concerned — as with anti-apartheid white boys The Kalahari Surfers (on Recommended).

KILLING JOKE
With Guests
Sunday 28th September at 7:30pm
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Hammersmith Odeon
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KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932. ALSO ALBEMARLE, ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEARMARKET) KINGS ROAD OR £5.50 ON THE NIGHT

Town & Country Club
Sunday 12th October, 7:30pm

NICK CAVE
AND THE BAD SEEDS
The MOODISTS
Head of David
Tickets £5 in advance or on the night

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CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371.
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771. KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932.
ALSO ALBEMARLE, ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEARMARKET) KINGS ROAD

CAMOUFLAGE CONCERTS PRESENT
PSYCHIC TV
PRIMAL SCREAM
SHOCK-HEADED-PETERS
The Godfathers, The Shamen
Sunday 5th October, 5pm

Tickets £4.50 in advance, £5 on the night
Town & Country Club 8-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, NW15

TICKETS IN ADVANCE FROM: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 747 3334.
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PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771. KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932.
ALSO ALBEMARLE, ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEARMARKET) KINGS ROAD

Camouflage Concerts Present
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PATO BANTON & THE STUDIO
Sunday 12th October, 7:30pm
Hammersmith Palais

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MAGNUM

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SPECIAL GUESTS
FM

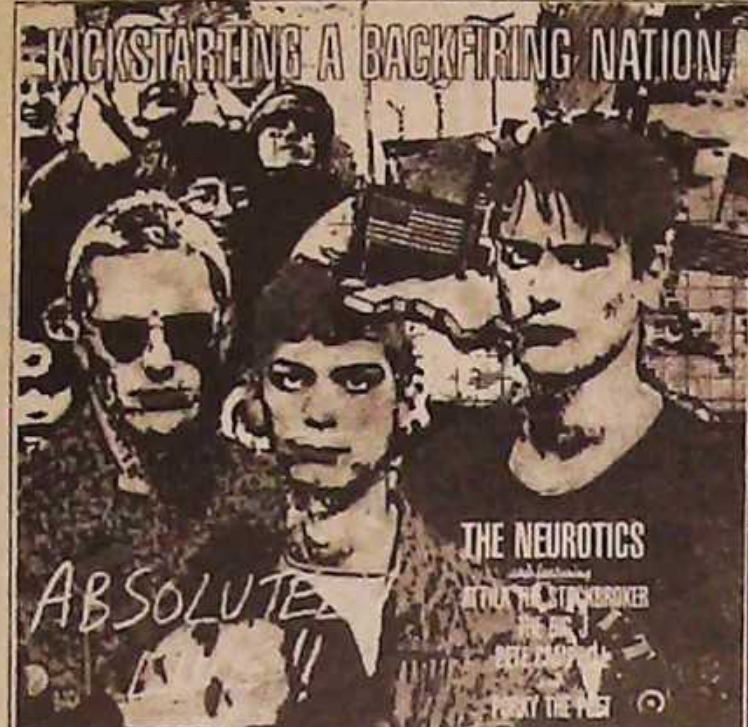
SEPTEMBER 23	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	ASSEMBLY ROOMS
SEPTEMBER 24	GUILDFORD	CIVIC HALL
SEPTEMBER 25	POOLE	ARTS CENTRE
SEPTEMBER 26	ST. AUSTELL	CORNWALL COLISEUM
SEPTEMBER 27	OXFORD	APOLLO
SEPTEMBER 28	BRISTOL	COLSTON HALL
SEPTEMBER 29	WORTHING	ASSEMBLY HALLS
SEPTEMBER 30	CHIPPENHAM	GOLD DIGGERS
OCTOBER 1	NOTTINGHAM	ROYAL CONCERT CENTRE
OCTOBER 2	SHEFFIELD	CITY HALL
OCTOBER 3	NEWCASTLE	CITY HALL
OCTOBER 4	GLASGOW	BARROWLANDS
OCTOBER 5	EDINBURGH	PLAYHOUSE
OCTOBER 6	PRESTON	GUILDHALL
OCTOBER 7	BRADFORD	ST GEORGES HALL
OCTOBER 8	MANCHESTER	APOLLO
OCTOBER 9	ST ALBANS	CITY HALL
OCTOBER 10	IPSWICH	GAUMONT
OCTOBER 11	NORWICH	UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
OCTOBER 12	MALVERN	WINTER GARDENS
OCTOBER 13	PORTSMOUTH	GUILDHALL
OCTOBER 14	CARDIFF	UNIVERSITY
OCTOBER 15	HANLEY	VICTORIA HALLS
OCTOBER 16	LEICESTER	DE MONTFORT HALLS
OCTOBER 17	BIRMINGHAM	ODEON
OCTOBER 18	LONDON	HAMMERSMITH ODEON

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OUT NOW **jungle** **CARTEL**

BACKTRACKS

THE BEEB has decided to muscle in on the bootleggers who've made a tidy living from selling cassettes of Peel sessions for the last two decades by going into partnership with Strange Fruit Records to bring you the official Peel sessions.

"The musical equivalent of Penguin classics" is how label chief Clive Selwood describes the catalogue, which starts with six 12-inch EPs (through Pinnacle).

New Order launch the label with their 1982 session featuring 'Turn The Heater On', 'We All Stand', 'Too Late' and '5-8-6'. Then The Damned weigh in with their 1977 vintage 'Sick Of Being Sick', 'Stretcher Case', 'Fan Club' and 'Feel The Pain'.

The remaining four EPs feature The Screaming Blue Messiahs (1984), Stiff Little Fingers (1978), Sudden Sway (1983) and Wild Swans (1982).

How many of the 700 or so names listed on the cover artwork - stretching back to Hendrix and Syd Barrett - will be issued probably depends on the tenacity of the BBC's copyright department. But Strange Fruit promise four releases a month.

THE LONDON RAVENS

WE WISH to clarify a misunderstanding which may have arisen out of our recent *Colour Magazine* on American Football.

The player in the photograph on page 4, Mr Nigel Hoyte, did not make the comment apparently attributed to him, which appeared above his photograph.

Mr Hoyte and The London Ravens have no knowledge of any drug abuse within their team whatsoever. We apologise for any embarrassment or inconvenience caused to Mr Hoyte or The London Ravens by any misunderstanding that may have arisen.

RECORD NEWS

PORTION CONTROL break their short silence with a four-track EP, favourably reviewed in *Sounds* last week, called 'Purge'. It's out on new label Dead Man's Curve, who are also releasing the first album from Last Few Days ('Pure Spirit And Saliva Live'), an

album from Kill Ugly Pop called 'Leatherface Gets Religion' which includes tracks from their EPs plus new material, and an album from Swedish "mood" duo Twice A Man called 'Works On Yellow'. Look out for more releases soon...



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Portrait

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BRUSSELS... SEP 30... £45

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BRUSSELS... OCT 12... £45

JUDAS PRIEST

BRUSSELS... OCT 18... £45

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BRUSSELS... OCT 9... £45

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BRUSSELS... NOV 28... £45

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Ticket to concert. Insurance against cancellation.

LEVEL 42

PARIS... OCT 6... £69

STATUS QUO

PARIS... NOV 3... £69

ELVIS COSTELLO

PARIS... NOV 8... £69

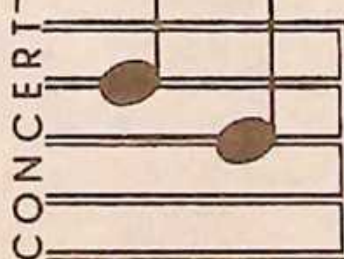
EURYTHMICS

PARIS... NOV 25... £75

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SHELLEYAN ORPHAN, a duo whose songs "visit the realms of Mervyn Peake, Edith Sitwell and P B Shelley", have signed to Rough Trade and release their first single this weekend called 'Cavalry Of Cloud'.

JAKI GRAHAM has her second album out on EMI this week called 'Breaking Away', which includes her recent hits and instrumental contributions from Culture Club's Roy Hay, Go West's Peter Vettesse and three of The Average White Band.

EXHIBIT B, a Liverpool duo who write "memorable tunes with sarcastic humour", have a single out on Probe this week called 'It's Hypothetical'.

LL COOL J and The Beastie Boys both have singles out on Def Jam (through CBS) to coincide with their gigs here with Run DMC. LL Cool J's is 'I Can't Live Without My Radio' while The Beastie Boys' is 'She's On It'.

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18 LATIN QUARTER	10 ROBYN HITCHCOCK	29/09 JIMMY SMITH TRIO
18/19/20/21 BOO STEWART	11 FREDDIE MCGREGOR	30/31 Nov/12 TOM ROBINSON
19 POTATO FIVE	11 SAXON	31 PETER CASE
19 THE BOLSHOI	12 FAT BACK BAND	NOVEMBER
20 AL JARREAU	12 NICK CAVE	2 W.A.S.P.
20 BUDDY CURTIS	13 SKEG SKEG SPUTNIK	2 MISSION
21 CHEVALER BROS	13/14/15/17/18/19 LAUDEN	3 STRANGERS
22 MOTORHEAD	14 EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL	3/4/5/7/8 IRON MAIDEN
22/23/24 CAMEO	14/15 B.B. KING	7 UB40
23 TRIFFIDS	15 PETER CASE	12 BILLY BRAGG
25 REIN PARTY	15 SANDIE SHAW	12 DAMNED
25 PHILIP GLASS	16 STEVE RAY VAUGHAN	14 MAMAS & PAPAS
26/27 USA USA CULT JAM	17 TED HAWKINS	15/16 PATTI LABELLE
FULL FORCE	17/18 KATRINA & THE WAVES	17/18 SUZANNE VEGA
28 KILLING JOKE	18 FIVE STAR	19 ALISON MOYET
29/30 JACKSON BROWNE	18 NEW MODEL ARMY	19/20 GEORGE BENSON
29 X-MAL-DEUTSCHLAND	19 MAGNUM	20 RICHARD THOMPSON
OCTOBER	19 MARY COUGHLIN	20/21 ALEXANDER O'NEIL
1/2/3 JACKSON BROWNE	19/20 HUEY LEWIS & NEWS	27/28 HAWK WIND
2 CHRISTY MOORE	20/21 Z.Z. TOP	29 DAVE ARTHUR
2 STEVE RAY VAUGHAN	21 PETER MURPHY	NOVEMBER
3 SHOP ASSISTANTS	21 ROBERT CRAY	5 SHAKIN' STEVENS
4 LOVE & ROCKETS	22/23 SMITHS	5/6 LEVEL 42
5 THE BYRDS	24 MONTY LEMON DROPS	6/7/8/9 EURYTHMICS
6 NEW ORDER	25 WORKING WEEK	12 BOB COUNTRY
7 THE BEEB	25/26 ERASURE	22 DR & MEDICS
8 MARTIN STEPHENSON	26/27 RESIDENTS	22/23/24 SPANDAU BALLET
	26/27 JOAN ARMSTRONG	27 CHRIS REA

STATUS QUO - 2/3/4 22/23/24 DEC

UB40 - NOV 7 ULTRAVOX - NOV 5/6

WHITNEY HOUSTON - 16/17/18/19 OCT

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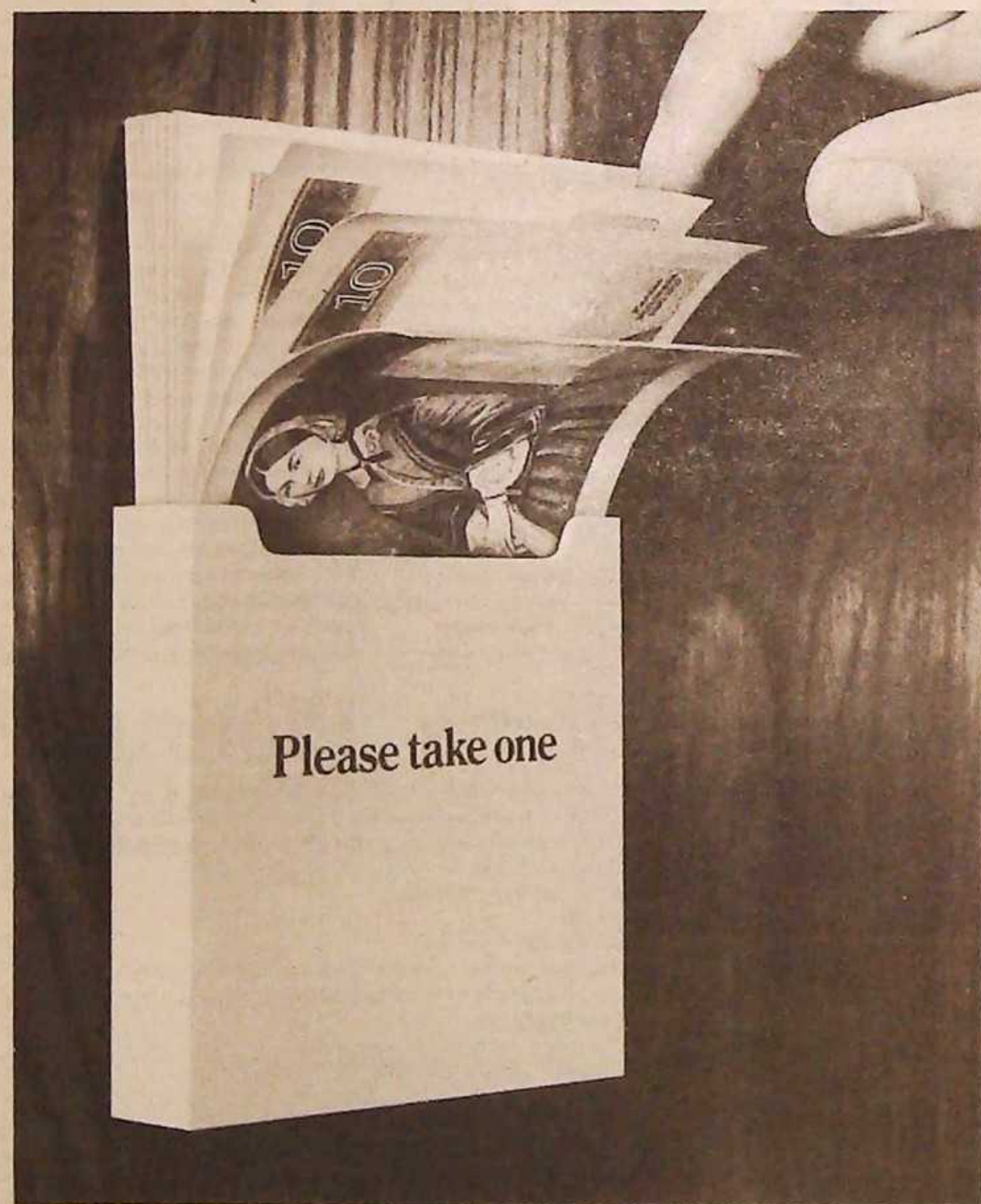
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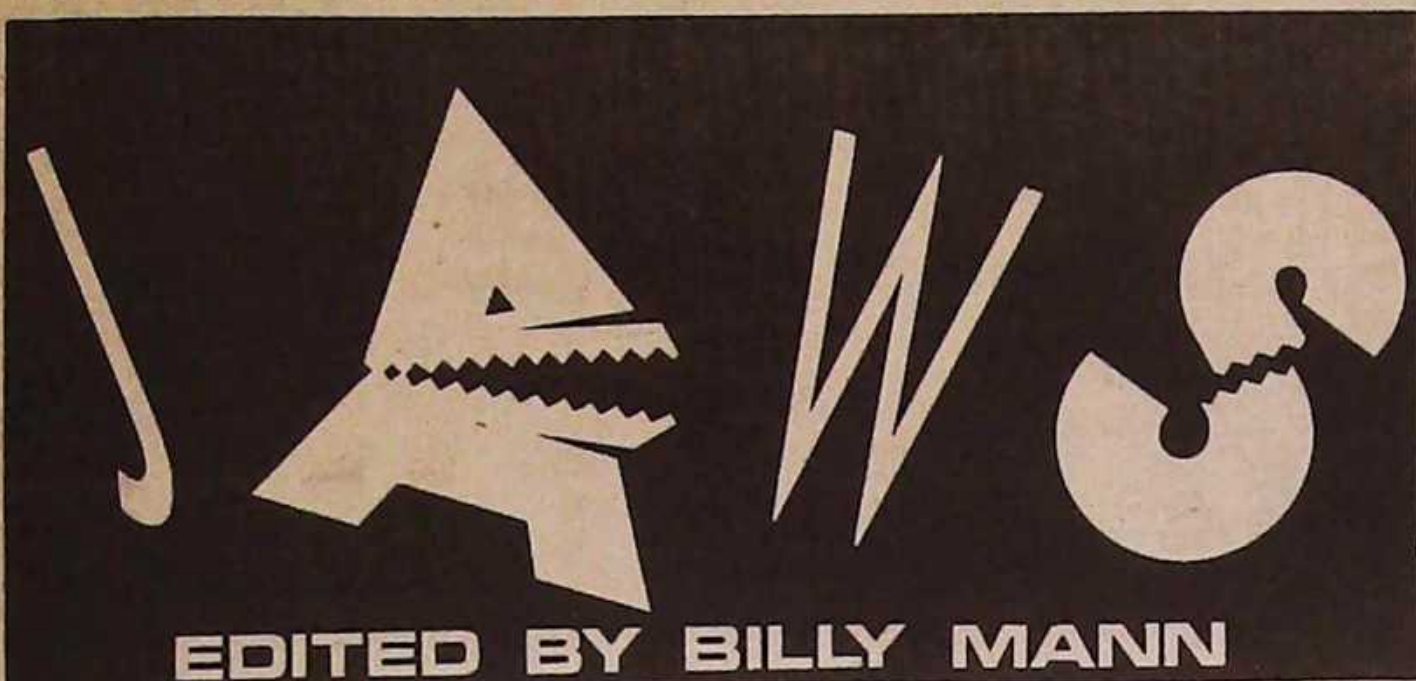
If you'd like to open an account with us, all you need to do is write to Lloyds Bank Plc, Freepost S5, London N4 1BR.

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Where you could well learn something to your advantage.



A THOROUGHBRED AMONGST BANKS.



FANS HIT BACK AT SOCCER'S LOONY SCHEMES

"The game is in the hands of men and women who have no feel for soccer's romance, its customs, its rituals" says Mr Spencer

"Welcome to 1986-87, the fifth make or break season in a row..." - When Saturday Comes, Issue three.

IN AN era when football is becoming increasingly the exclusive domain of big business, a means of making a quick financial killing rather than the more time-honoured topsy-turvy love affair with the club of your choice, the fans are beginning to fight back.

Supporters are getting organised, putting on the pressure and forcing crackpot directors into taking notice. Grumbles about seemingly trivial matters such as the appalling modern strips and determined pleas to maintain traditional club colours, are

hitting home.

A splendid example is Manchester City. Incensed followers of the Maine Road side recently forced the club into re-adopting their distinctive sky blue shirts after some lunatic had decided to corrupt these once sublime garments by splashing a huge white blob all over the front.

It's the ignorance displayed all too frequently by the top brass which so angers the new breed of soccer fans - represented on a countrywide scale by the already influential Football Supporters Association.

It's things like the theory that a no promotion/no relegation 'super league' would be healthy for football, and the belief that supporters will jump for joy at the chance to leave

behind 'old' stadiums and flock in their thousands to spruced-up multi-purpose superbowls.

It's things like multi-millionaire Ernie Clay - accused by many of taking over Fulham FC simply in order to profit from the sale of the ground at a future date - denying that he owes fans of that endangered team an explanation and snapping: "Football is not for the people!"

The game is in the hands of men and women who have no feel for soccer's romance, its customs, its rituals, the uncanny attraction of standing in the rain, swapping opinions with those around you. Regular faces, seen on the very same patches of concrete they and their ancestors have stood for the last, 20, 30, 40 years.

A snippet from *City Gent*, Issue 11, a magazine printed by Bradford City supporters:

"That rush of excitement as you approach the football ground; that almost exultant feeling as you emerge onto the terraces and into the stand and see the arena for the first time..."

City Gent is just one example of an entirely new form of soccer publication; others include *Wanderers Worldwide* (which concentrates on the exploits of Bolton Wanderers), *Terrace Talk* (a somewhat beer-orientated mag for York City fans), and from Scotland, *Hearts Review* and *The Hibernian*. Curiously enough, it's unlikely that any of those responsible for the above have even heard of the word fanzine.

Two excellent non-affiliated 'zines - both to an extent determined to knock some of the wind out of football's normally stuffy prose - are *Off The Ball* from Birmingham and *When Saturday Comes* from London.

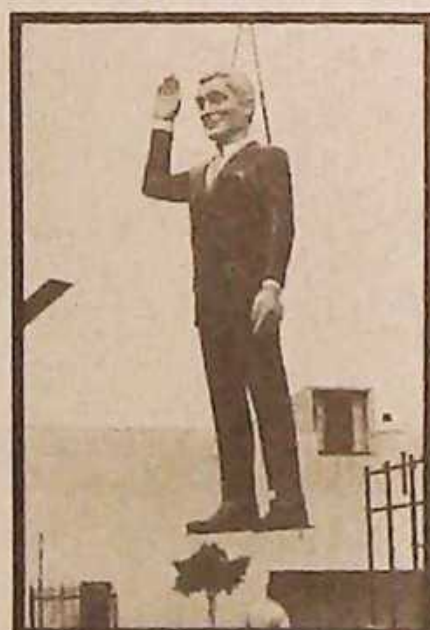
The Brummie mag takes a fairly droll view of golings-on and knuckles down to some serious crusading in Issue four where the new home-fans-only rule at Luton is explored and consigned, quite logically, to the dumper.

But however riveting and dryly witty *Off The Ball* may be, if it's black comedy you're after then *When Saturday Comes* is the 'zine for you. Even if you've no interest in football its stinging columns are guaranteed to sneak a peep of light into your otherwise plainly substandard life.

Illustration by Simon Cooper



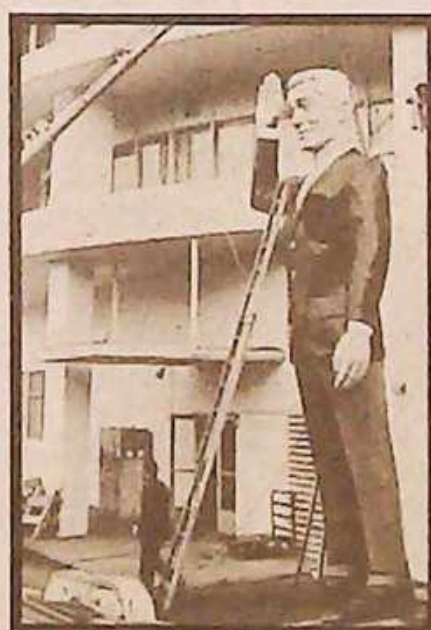
HE TOLD us not to bother, that he didn't want any fuss. But we just had to go and wave our editor, Tony Stewart, 91, off on his hols. And he was so touched that he couldn't stop waving back. Here he is waving to us from the



airport car park, having just arrived in his Mitchells self-drive car. And as you can see, even as he boarded the plane he was still bidding us a fond farewell, the silly old fool.



Trouble is that he waved his stupid, hairy subbing hand so much that he keeled over like a dead bugle and had to be



picked up and hauled back by a by-stander, who secured him in the upright position by sticking a ladder against him.

"Thank you, my friend," said Tony. "You must come down to my country club sometime."

Horse Platitudes

"IT'S FOR a good cause," said the *Stylish Bouncer*, no doubt in his final year at finishing school but now standing like a one man brick wall between me and The Chamber Of Horrors, otherwise known as The Llimelight Club.

"What cause?" I dithered.

"Heroin."

"Wonderful," I snorted.

I took out my mortgage and payed the entrance fee. Me and Charlotte, my lady of the night, walked through to be greeted by Kevin O'Dowd, 14.

"Thanks for coming," he said. I made no comment and advised Charlotte to do likewise. We were under strict orders from The Palace not to be seen associating with known scarecrows.

Near the dancefloor we noticed a walking mass of shoulder pads and a nose cutting the wind like Concorde. Is it a plane, is it a bungalow? No, it's Gary Davis, 62.

Then Elvis Costello, 104, knocked my drink all over Charlotte's new dress whilst chasing Cait, 3, from The Pogues.

Then the evening went downhill as we had to endure a bleating bunch sing 'It's A Live-In World' and hear Kevin O'Dowd shout "no drugs, no drugs", from the stage.

On a downer, we left. I told Charlotte she was a heroine but she just looked down her nose at me.

PRINCE RONALDO SCARPELLO OF THE ISLE OF DOGS

Say What You Mean Or Shove OFF!

IT'S ONE twenty seven in the morning and what was a northern late night commercial radio show, peppered with scrappy adverts, has degenerated to a groggy drone.

Persevering through Alan Beswick's ten till two phone-in show is tough stuff, especially when if you had half a brain you would be digging deep into your beauty sleep.

The Sony Local Radio Personality of 1985 delivers his drive of arrogance, sense, advice, wit and awkward

obstinacy on 301 Metres, 999 KHZ Medium Wave, 97.3 VHF and stereo. Red Rose Radio. If you live in the north west you should set the dial and listen.

I stay tuned because I've this ridiculous hope that sooner or later someone with some understanding of the show will ring in and wipe the floor with Beswick. I once heard it happen to James Whale, Yorkshire's equivalent late night motormouth, and it was beautiful. A teenage boy outsmarted, outcharmed,

outargued and outwitted the presenter and, after minutes of forced silence from the Whale, he cut himself off. And in a strange two o'clock in the morning way, that was beautiful.

This is unlikely to happen to Alan Beswick. If there's a possibility someone might be gaining an edge over him Beswick will clamp down like a bench vice around an egg. He'll dive into every possible crack and prise them open so wide

you could put your fist into the gap.

"I don't tolerate people who are unable to express themselves. Now that sounds awfully cruel, and it is awfully cruel if you're a lawyer or a psychiatric nurse, but I'm not, I'm a phone-in presenter. And there's nothing more galling than having some cretin on the line going, Well err, err, you know what I mean, like, it's thingy what's it, err'. So I tell them to say what they mean or shove off."

"There are some great songs, too. The supporters of Zenit Leningrad apparently chant: 'Moscow supporters sometimes have erections; Kiev supporters often have erections; but Leningrad boys always have erections!' Well, it probably rhymes in Russian." — from an article about Soviet football in *When Saturday Comes*, issue two.

Mike Ticher, editor of *WSC*, says: "Hopefully there are going to be a lot more of these magazines. The Bradford one has actually been so successful that the club want to buy it out, which is great. I mean if you can have a publication which is not uncritical of the club and actually is interesting... the possibilities are endless."

"Most of my soccer knowledge and my basic football grammar is culled from *Soccer Star* annuals and *Goal!*" admits Mike, a lifelong Chelsea fan whose favourite band is The Fall. "I can remember every single Cup Final goal from the '70s, and how it happened," he gasps. "But ask me about the '80s and my mind will be a blank, I can hardly recall a single goal, it's just really bizarre..."

"I got this really impassioned letter the other week from a girl who supports Tottenham, and the whole letter was moaning about the fact that last season they didn't wear blue shorts! So obviously people care."

Mike himself is currently all torn up inside by anxiety, indecision and shifting loyalties.

Chelsea's away strip this season is turquoise.

When Saturday Comes, 20p plus postage from 157 Robinson Road, London SW17 9NS.

Hearts Review, 55p including postage from Andrew Hoggan, 12 Mavis Bank, Loanhead, Midlothian EH20 9DD.

The Hibernian, 30p plus postage from B Mark, 10 McNeill Way, Tranent, East Lothian EH33 2ER.

Wanderers Worldwide, 25p plus postage from 62 Queensgate, Bolton, Lancs.

Terrace Talk, 40p plus postage from 9 Waverly Street, Yorks YO3 7OZ.

City Cent, 40p plus postage from B Fox, 1 Havelock Square, Thornton, Bradford BD13 3E2.

Also available from the makers of *City Cent* comes the '86-'87 *Beer And Bantams Guide*, a delightfully thorough exploration of the grounds and surrounding areas of all 22 second division football clubs. £1.35 including postage from John Dewhurst, 33 Toller Grove, Heaton, Bradford BD9 5NS.

(Please send large self-addressed envelopes, with stamps where required. Blank postal orders, as opposed to cheques, are a must.)

HUMAN SEX



"IS THAT bloke up there with you, Julio?"

AS FIRST featured in your ever-radical ultra-chic *Sounds* one year ago, there exists a group of six unorthodox performance artists calling themselves La La La Human Steps, and these fine people will be throwing themselves through the air at a Kentish Town Town And Country Club near you from Sept 23-25.

The muscular Montreal modernists, led by avant-garde choreographer Edouard Lock and world's-greatest-dancer Louise Lecavaller, will present their show *Human Sex*. It's a unique comment on the topic and twice as thrilling.

"Risk creates passion because it stimulates hope," says Lock. Loud music, lasers, sweat, glamour, style, multiple TV screens and a modicum of absurdity are also involved.

"If people see us, they'll never again feel that dance is a boring art form. We affect the way people think, and leave an indelible little scar. We're physically out of control and realise the unrealisable. There are no limits."

On your knees, bunnies, on your knees. (Next week I will singlehandedly discover a team of transsexual Japanese penguin-jugglers.)

JULIO THANTHOU

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

● EX-QUIET Riot bass player **Rudi Sarzo** was reportedly devastated last week, after he was forced at gun point to surrender the keys of his week old '86 Corvette in broad LA daylight. He cried all the way to the Rainbow and back. What a big stupid baby.

● PLONKER OF the week is **Pete Wylie** who at the end of a trip to Italy succeeded in not only losing his passport (which reveals his age, 13) but also his bags. He was stuck at Heathrow until midnight being what is known as a silly sausage

Unquestionably Worthy....

'DANCING IN The Danger Zone (The South Africa Suite)' is dangerous and should be approached with extreme caution.

Although anyone who has ever ploughed through a week's new single releases will have a very good idea of just how many awful records are pushed out each week by labels with more money than sense, and by some with more debts than sense, nobody in the *Sounds* office, not even Uncle Hugh Fielder, can remember a single quite as outstandingly awful as this, the debut release on EMI by a duo called Cry No More.

Undoubtedly, 'Dancing In The Danger Zone' has got its politics right. Unfortunately this is absolutely all it's got right. Set to a cross between a *Spitting Image* Bruce Springsteen piss-take and a deaf Bob Dylan impersonator, this song argues a most worthy point with the sort

of verses and rhymes not even the most retarded fourth-form protest singer could possibly approach with anything like a straight face.

"And when President Botha finally goes to Hell/He won't be one of the lonely ones/It will be just like uptown Johannesburg/Full of other white South Africans."

And if this weren't bad enough, the chorus, which the press release alleges to be every bit as memorable as the hook on a Madonna single, is actually rather more easily remembered as the chorus from the theme music to *Blackadder*.

Unquestionably worthy and utterly stupid, Cry No More are Chas Cronk, an ex-Strawb, and Roy Hill, a never-was from the post-punk boom years. They should not have given up their day jobs.

NICKED CORTINA

Alan Beswick has worked as a male nurse, he's spent time in the army, he's run a Citizens' Advice Bureau. Articulate beyond interest, it's hard to get through a show without yawning at his extreme nit-picking. Yet it's equally hard to last four hours without smiling, smirking, or laughing out loud.

"There are some people in the business to get famous, some want to provide the public with what they want and sit down and try and work out how to amass large audiences. I don't

do that. I sit down at that microphone and I say, 'This is Alan Beswick you take him as he is or your go screw yourself.' And you do. 'Ummms', 'arrrs', 'rights' and 'Alan Beswick you're a right f***** t**** are his radio diet. It's saddening that so few people have realised that fast talk is no way to fluster and bust him. Don't try and mouth him out because he'll trip you up and then run you down. Dead... Next caller."

JAMES BROWN



BESWICK: "Mmm, well, ah"

OUT

Paul's big clinch
Exchanging contracts
Jo's missing lens
Rossi's neck
Being a mailboy
Fittings
"Eggs don't cost £2"

IN

Celibacy
Julie's blushes
Nancy's café scene
Killing weeds
Being a publisher
Sniggering
"Bizarre"

BATTLING AGAINST CYNICISM

Robin Gibson talks to Flux, once epileptic misfits, now short-haired, optimistic and with some purpose and future

IT WAS when Flux — then Flux Of Pink Indians — released their last LP 'The F***** C**** Treat Us Like Pricks' that some of us were wondering. Just why was it an alienating, bitter-if-cathartic barrage of howling noise they were throwing at us as their latest gesture against the oncoming tide of violence — political violence, personal violence, mind violence — they and others (Poison, Crass, more) had spent their careers confronting? Like, who cared any more?

It was partly because they were wondering too, and partly because they looked back, in the wake of the miners' strike, over a few years when nothing had changed too fast, that Flux decided to start steadily reassessing what they were doing.

They've emerged this year after 18 months of public silence with a remarkable new LP, a percussion-fuelled rainbow of sound and voice entitled 'Uncarved Block'; with a new label (One Little Indian) which promises releases from the persuasive AR Cane, the pummeling D&V and the purely inspirational Very Things for starters; and only too aware of the worthlessness of dogma.

Flux are as insistent as before, but now much, much more seductive.

Here are a few other things they are right now.

1. Mostly short-haired.
2. Nearly ten years old, if you count their very first incarnation as The Epileptics.
3. Shocked.

Derek: "Shocked that in 1978 we put out a record saying that it was obscene that one third of the world was starving, and then, ten years later, Bob Geldof is standing up and saying exactly the same thing. And in ten years' more time, when he's ten years older, if he gets another Live Aid together, what will have changed?"

4. Optimistic, and with reason.

Derek: "People like him (Geldof) are a source of inspiration... it's that belief that's an inspiration. It's the same with Ponting or Tisdall being prepared to stand up and go to court for what they've done. That's amazed me... Or women down at Greenham who're prepared to go to prison."

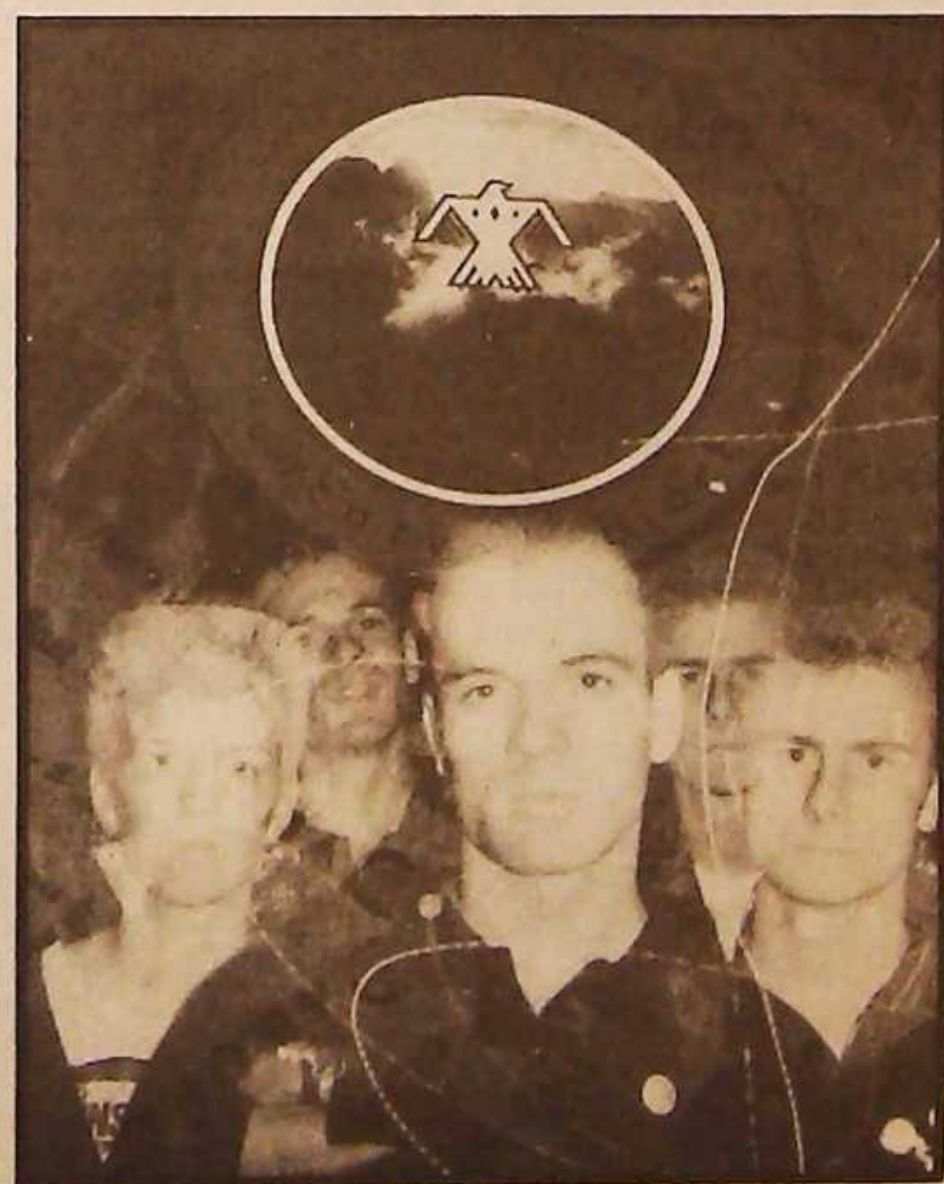
5. A circle, named on their record label in lower case, strictly alphabetically — from adrian sherwood to tim.
6. Liable to be called hippies, but likely (and right) not to care too much.
7. Interested in the joy of struggle rather than inspiration.

Paul: "I think there's inspiration just in the fact that you can find hope in things... that no matter how hopeless you can feel in the face of so much shit, you can turn round and, like Derek says, there'll be people who'll go to jail for what they believe in. Actually, I think 'inspiration'

is a bit of a con. Maybe 'provoke' is a bit more of an evocative word as far as the emotions are concerned. I find that a lot of things which I actually achieve come from some kind of battle, rather than some kind of inspiration."

8. Battling against cynicism as much as anything in 1986: though better to do it with the alternately ethereal/furious/fragile mesh of 'Uncarved Block' than the simulated screaming aeroplane crashes of the 'F***** C****' period.
9. Big readers. Never have I seen so many books on one wall, apart from in a library.
10. Aware that the anarcho-punk storybook has shredded itself up and that they're one of the few scattered pages intact which has rearranged itself with some purpose and future.

11. A great music group.
12. Probably too honest to have an easy time in the music business.



FLUX: UNCARVED Blockheads

DANCING ANGELS

~a message on behalf of good taste and brilliance by Roger Holland

HOW MANY violins make one thousand? You might as well ask how many angels can dance upon the head of a pin. It's not that there's no answer, it's just that it's complex, tangled and involves a measure of faith. So let's just approximate for now.

How many violins make one thousand? Well, just five actually.

The savage earth heart which pounds at the core of

1,000 Violins is Peter 'Daisy' Day. He drums with an untrammelled aggression which has not been emasculated by the shears of some tutor. He makes no pretense toward the vogue of playing the drums like an instrument. He just hits them. Very, very hard. And when Daisy hits them right he hammers down the runway from which 1,000 Violins soar.

Clean cut, dark of



THE VIOLINS: a bloody fiddle if you ask us

countenance and pleasantly, quietly assured, bass player Darren Swindells looks so out of place in the venues these Violins frequent. He looks like a slightly hip trainee bank manager, but his fluent, rippling bass lines swell up in the air and frame those guitars just so.

Tall and drunk and distinctly yellow headed, Dave Violin provides the supporting arguments throughout these songs of

resonant self-knowledge and underlying (black?) humour, while his partner in song, the shy and still drunker Colin Gregory, half crouches over his amplifier and guitar, his back to his audience, his fingers first coaxing and then demanding the best from a guitar which is becoming more insistent and more threatening week by week.

John Violin is small, so slight and so apparently

fragile that young girls long to protect him. But John knows how to take care of himself. His voice has broken hearts but his dry humour will never allow him to believe in his own godhead the way others do. The immaculate conception which wound his beautifully vibrant and almost uniquely rich voice around Colin and Dave's detailed portrayals of everyday mundanity, of love and despair, of broken hearts and shattered dreams, surpasses all understanding. See it live, or hear it, and believe.

Believe in this...

"Well, we're very flattered by those comparisons with The Smiths because they are,

without doubt, one of the very best bands around and we all respect them greatly. But really to say that we sound like them is like saying that..."

That The Mighty Lemon Drops sound like the entire population of Liverpool?

"We don't sound that much like them, do we?"

No, of course you don't, it's simply that you share the same capacity for the detailed minutiae of self-doubt, the same humour, the same genius.

'Please Don't Sandblast My House' is the new single from these five Violins who together are 1,000.

This has been a message on behalf of good taste and brilliance.

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

● NOT A lot of people know this, but since David Sylvian called his album 'Gone To Earth', Manchester band Gone To Earth are toying with the idea of calling their new album 'David Sylvian'. 'It's a bit dodgy, though,' says a spokesman for the band. 'I mean, you wouldn't want to attract the wrong kind of person, would you?'



GOTCHA!

ONE OF the hottest press officers in the rock business these days is Mariella Frostrup - Frozzie to her mates. But not a lot of people know how Frozzie got where she is today. She is a millionaire ten times over but categorically refuses to spill the beans on how she wheeled and dealt her way to the top.

But new evidence emerged this week in the form of this revealing photo, despatched to Jaws by "a wellwisher" which shows Frozzie cheating during her maths O Level at the Coitus Interruptus School For Young Madams in Norway. How? She had the answers written on her thigh...

Race Song Hits Charts

NOBODY SERIOUSLY contemplating airplay would countenance a meandering 50-second piano intro.

Yet it was radio producers who picked out 'The Way It Is' from a compact disc of Bruce Hornsby's American album and started playing it before RCA could so much as get on the blower for the master tapes.

And no sooner does the single chart than Desmond Lynam's mafia appropriate it for their *Chariots Of Fire*-style medals round-up of the European Athletics.

'The Way It Is' is a winner because it's such a natural - an effortless flow from performer to listener. But that's only part of it.

"The piano solo was tossed off in

one take. But it had taken us five hours to get the right piano sound," he says in his Texan lilt.

"The vocals were another one-take at four in the morning. I was tired and it just seemed to get the right attitude of resignation into the song. But you have to put a lot of care into setting up the sound. The technology is such that to compete sonically you've really got to work at it."

And being an old-fashioned song, 'The Way It Is' has a message.

"It's about the continuing race problems in the South. It talks about compassion and about people who like to hang on to the status quo, even when it's wrong."

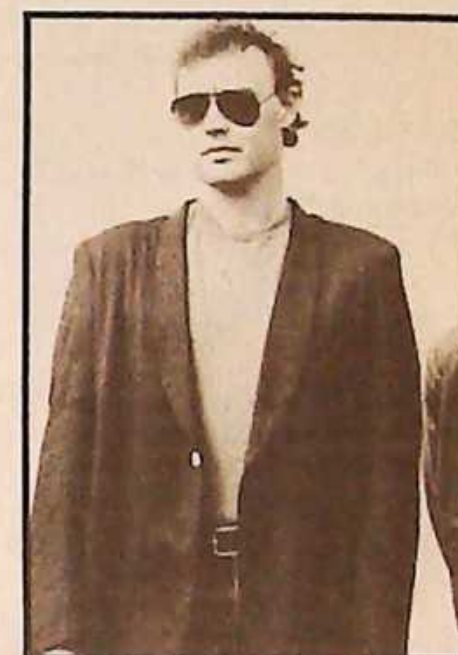
"I wrote it from my own upbringing, and obviously it's got

better since then, but there's still the Ku Klux Klan and cross-burnings. There's a lot of mistrust. Both sides feel uncomfortable because of the differences in their basic culture."

Our conversation at the Lisson Grove fish and chip restaurant where Bruce is celebrating a *Wogan* appearance is interrupted by The Trooping Of The Sales Rep, a quaint rock business custom at which a succession of animated tour jackets file past the artist muttering such phrases as "great show" or "really terrific" and are rewarded by a handshake.

"I'm still waiting for the first guy to come up and tell me I was shit," he says, as the last of them retreats.

Hugh Fielder talks to Bruce Hornsby, a man on the right track in the field event of life...



BRUCE: MADE with the shades

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B/W

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29/30 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon

OCTOBER 1/3/4/5 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon



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 **We're getting there**

FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

VARIOUS ARTISTS
MIGHTY STRUGGLES
(TU/TV)

WITH THE TUC sparring in Brighton with Neil Kinnock's new spikey top, TU/TV - Trade Unions/Television - in association with New Cross Film And Video have put together this half hour socio-political rant that, on paper, sounds better than the usual glam ganshness of celebs running through old film clips. However, it's not that much better.

With the dismal Vicious Boys (about as dangerous as an SDP tea party) assaulting some old geezer who's hell bent on delivering a tedious monologue, the "action" is intercut with stock footage of suffragettes, the Cable Street barricades that stopped Moseley, and other such monochrome memories.

Lingering somewhere in the background is something that purports to be David (Flying Lizards) Cunningham and Test Dept doing their thing for the cause.

Nothing happens, the message is hazy and the content is dull and fragmented. At 20 quid a throw, it somehow lacks the spiritual poignancy of *Spitting Image* and has as much chance of convincing young guns that these interesting subjects are interesting as Screaming Lord Sutch has of taking office.

DAVE HENDERSON

ALL IN THE MIND



CARRADINE AND Kristofferson face to face in trouble

TROUBLE IN MIND

(Recorded Releasing)
AN EX-COP walks out of prison; a dumb, sad-faced couple and their baby leave their trailer park. *Trouble In Mind* is about the way people down on their luck can't help but wind up in trouble.

Hawk (Kris Kristofferson) is the rough, big-hearted, fallen cop; Coop (Keith Carradine)

is the surly punk who hates cities and can only live off a crooked dollar. They meet and clash over the girl with the baby, two men adrift in a place the film calls Rain City, and they both tumble into an exotic underworld.

Alan Rudolph loves actors' faces. He makes his best movies (*Welcome To LA*; *Choose Me*) in mighty city

KATRINA AND THE WAVES

Katrina And The Waves

(Picture Music International)

AFTER THE promising music comes this cheaply made video which includes six of their best. It opens with a Jools Holland-style guided tour around the tour bus, and then breaks into 'Walking On Sunshine'.

This and 'Sun Street' are the only videos that actually add anything to the original songs. The latter highlights the band's obvious sense of

humour, which should have been given more scope in the visuals.

Despite seeing numerous shots of the band on tour, especially in between songs, we are never actually treated to any live footage. This is especially disappointing since it is revealed that the band prefer to record their songs with a live feel.

Cheap, cheerful and energetic, but you'd have to be a really dedicated fan to splash out on this.

BERNARD ROSE

FX - MURDER BY ILLUSION

(Rank)

SPECIAL EFFECTS play such an important role in movie-making these days that, with the industry's penchant for telling stories about itself, it was only a matter of time before someone would figure the studio SFX department to be worthy of dramatic focus itself.

And thus we find top FX man Rolie Tyler (Bryan Brown) embroiled in intrigue and subterfuge as, first, he is inveigled by the US Justice Department into using his skills to fake the death of a "supergrass", only then to discover that he's next on the hit list after the "victim" turns up dead for real.

What could have been just an excuse for a whole splurge of stunt driving, explosions and strawberry jam-spreading actually builds into a stylish thriller which keeps you guessing right to the last fake machine-gun round.

Australian Bryan Brown (*Newsfront*, *Breaker Morant*) turns in the kind of classy performance that more than justifies what many may see as a rather unlikely choice for the lead role. And by blending state-of-the-art trickery with good old-fashioned Hitchcockian tension, director Robert Mandell ensures that the effect is quite shattering.

TONY MITCHELL

THE FRINGE DWELLERS

(Virgin Films)

BRUCE BERESFORD is the leading Australian film maker. *The Fringe Dwellers* is the latest example of his craft. It is not his most noticeable success.

However it provides plenty of food for thought. How can the authorities in Australia bleat so loudly in the righteous cause of South Africa's black population when their own indigenous aboriginal population has been so down-trodden?

Trilby Comeaway is an ambitious and attractive part-aborigine, living with her family in a shanty town on the fringe of a prosperous Australian country town. *The Fringe Dwellers* is the story of her pride and her resentful ambition.

The Fringe Dwellers weaves an interesting portrayal of life within Australia, gives us a largely sympathetic look at the aboriginal population while foisting no rose coloured glasses upon us, and manages to do so with a perfectly measured dose of humour.

As we are led by the hand through Australian country society, we see and we feel the still-prevailing domination of the natural inhabitants of that harshly attractive land by the descendants of our own transported sheep stealers. And, as Beresford intends, we feel both hurt and angry on Trilby's behalf. But not sufficiently involved to really care what will happen to her, as the film closes and a bus carries her off to do battle for her ambition in the city.

ROGER HOLLAND

EXPENSIVE HABITS

Simon Garfield

(Faber and Faber)

SIMON GARFIELD is a *Time Out* staffer who's sifted tirelessly through the music business's more recent history of cons, conflicts and court cases, to put together a frightening picture of greed, corruption and deceit in which the hapless victim is almost always the musician.

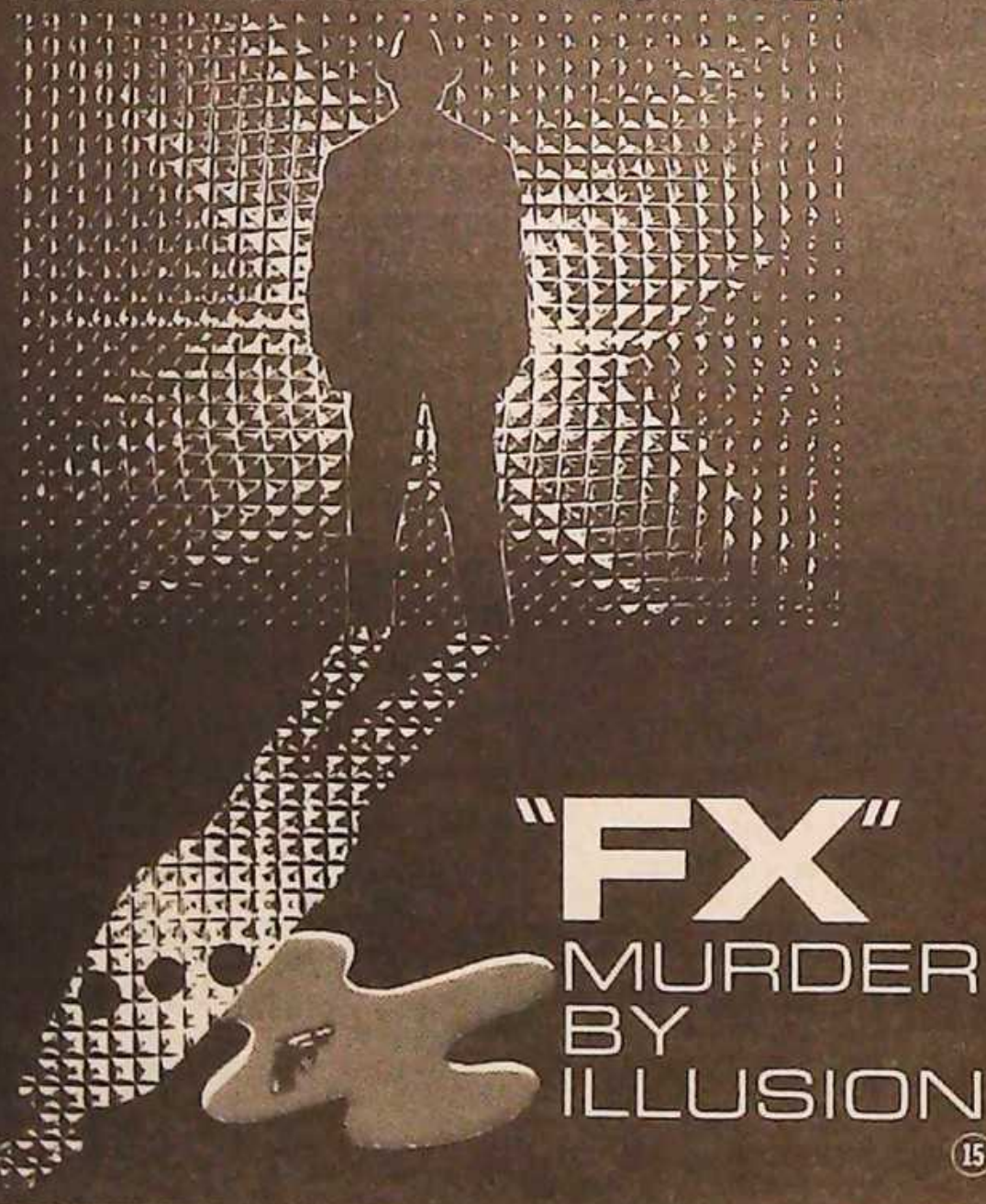
The Beatles, The Who, The Kinks, Fleetwood Mac, Gilbert O'Sullivan, Sting, Elton John and Wham! are just some of the big names whose careers have been blighted by gigantic rip-offs, some as yet to be resolved in or out of court. Their sorry stories - and others' - are all here in gory detail, a real *Hollywood Babylon* of pop.

Garfield's style is maybe a little dry in comparison to the slushy sycophancy and youthful enthusing of pop scribing in general, but by virtue of this, the sensational nature of the content does not suffer from being over-hyped, and you are left with the feeling of a job thoroughly done, not to mention a nasty taste in the mouth.

The message of *Expensive Habits* is plain: the current generation of popsters has learnt nothing from the misfortunes of its predecessors (cf Wham!, Spandau Ballet *et al*) and the next generation will learn nothing from this one. Everybody's so eager to make it at any price that exploitation by the music industry is inevitable. And sadly, it's a way of life that no amount of exposure is ever going to change, even if it does make an enthralling read.

Wanna be a rock star? Ha - sucker!

TONY MITCHELL

IT STARTED WITH A FAKE MURDER
... BUT THE BLOOD WAS REAL!

A DODI FAYED-JACK WIENER PRODUCTION A ROBERT MANDEL FILM "FX MURDER BY ILLUSION"

MUSIC BY BILL CONTI PRODUCTION DESIGNER MEL BOURNE DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIROSLAV ONDRICEK

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MICHAEL PEYSER WRITTEN BY ROBERT T. MEGGINSON GREGORY FLEEMAN

PRODUCED BY DODI FAYED AND JACK WIENER DIRECTED BY ROBERT MANDEL

A DODI FAYED-JACK WIENER PRODUCTION A ROBERT MANDEL FILM "FX MURDER BY ILLUSION"

FROM FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 19

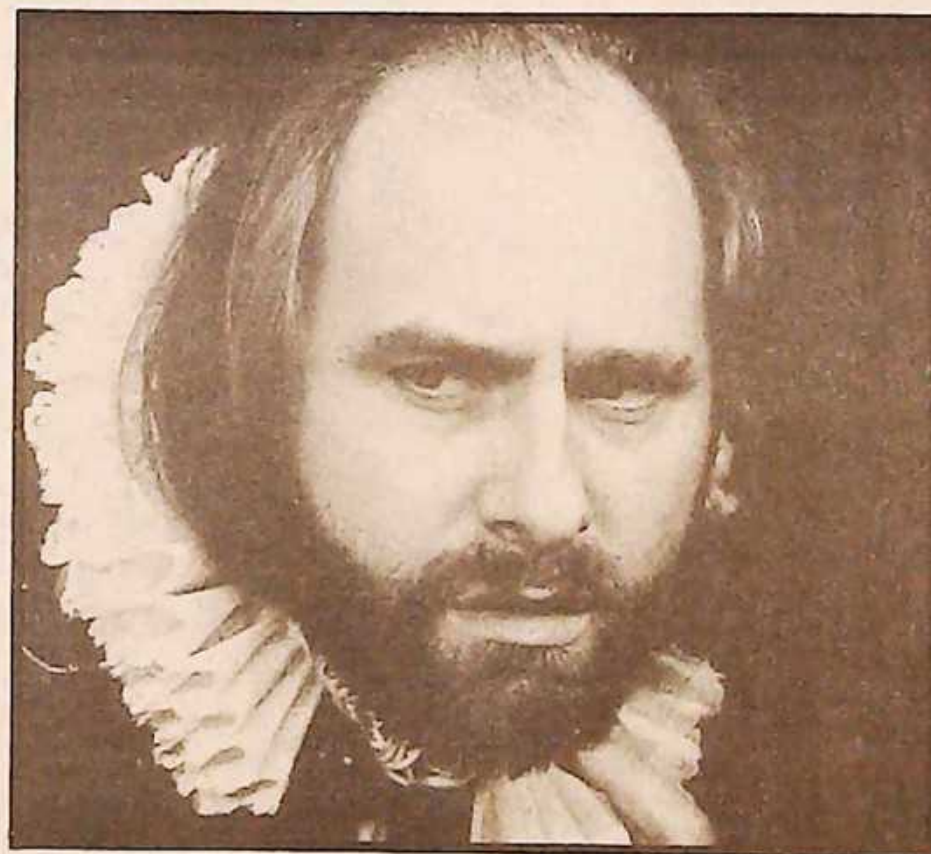
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STEVE HARLEY trying to remember where his hair went

MARLOWE'S GHOST

MARLOWE

(The Kings Head Theatre Club)

IT WOULD be far too obvious just to lambast Steve Harley for having artistic pretensions beyond his standing as a once-successful pop singer, but it is his casting in the title role of this would-be Broadway musical which is its main selling point.

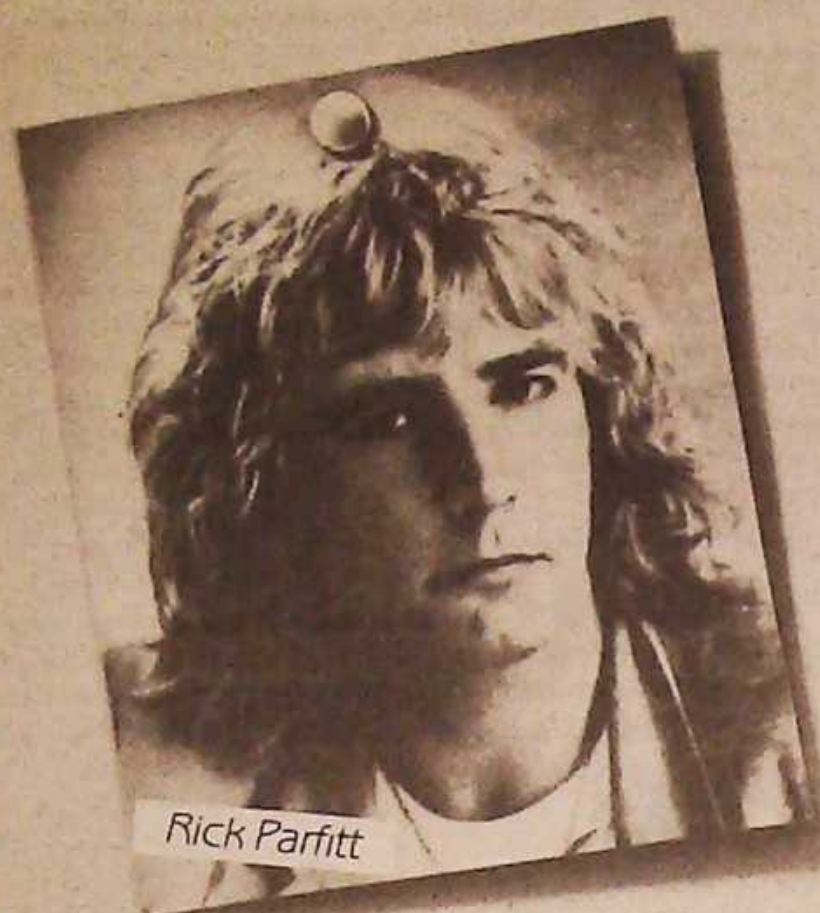
Christopher Marlowe was a 16th century playwright, a friend and contemporary of Shakespeare whose popularity preceded that of The Bard's. This musical melodrama is based around the fear and hatred that the authorities of the time had for Marlowe. His rebelliously bawdy but inspirational plays and licentious lifestyle made him a thorn in the side of the church (who ruled the roost then), even more so because of his incredible popularity with the great unwashed.

So, via the pretence of some '86 style college kids getting Marlowe as an essay assignment, we go singing and dancing back to "1593, year of the Marlowe conspiracy", where we find a double-dealing Archbishop contriving to get the lecherous, bisexual, free-thinking sonovabitch playwright bumped off.

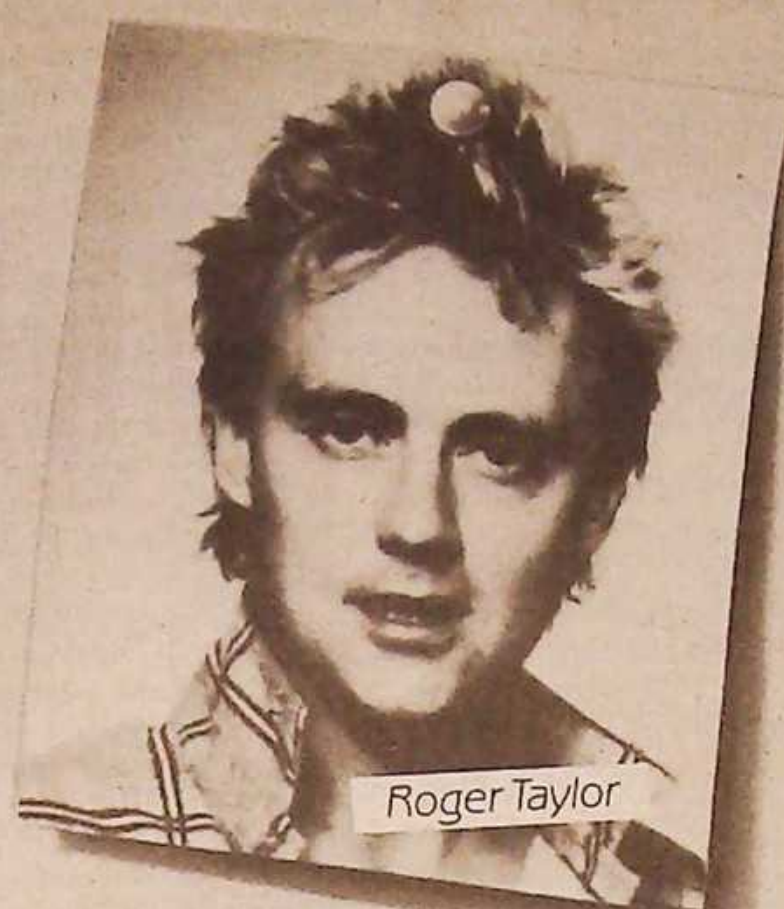
Which brings us to Mr Harley. The man can act, though he's no Gielgud. He plays Marlowe well over the top, rolling his tongue lustfully round his mouth and swaggering until it becomes a camp portrayal. His singing voice is still as distinctive and powerful as ever, though the songs (written by Jimmy Horowitz) are pure Broadway schmaltz.

All this and the joke character of Shakespeare make it increasingly difficult to square what's happening on the stage with any conceivable image of what could have happened 400 years ago.

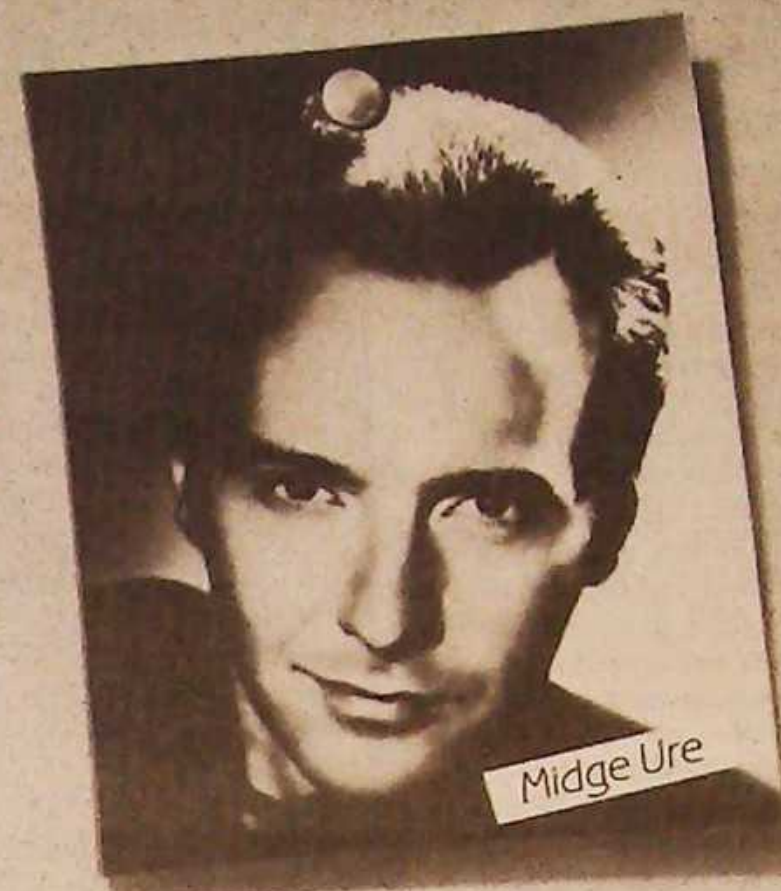
RICKY KILDARE



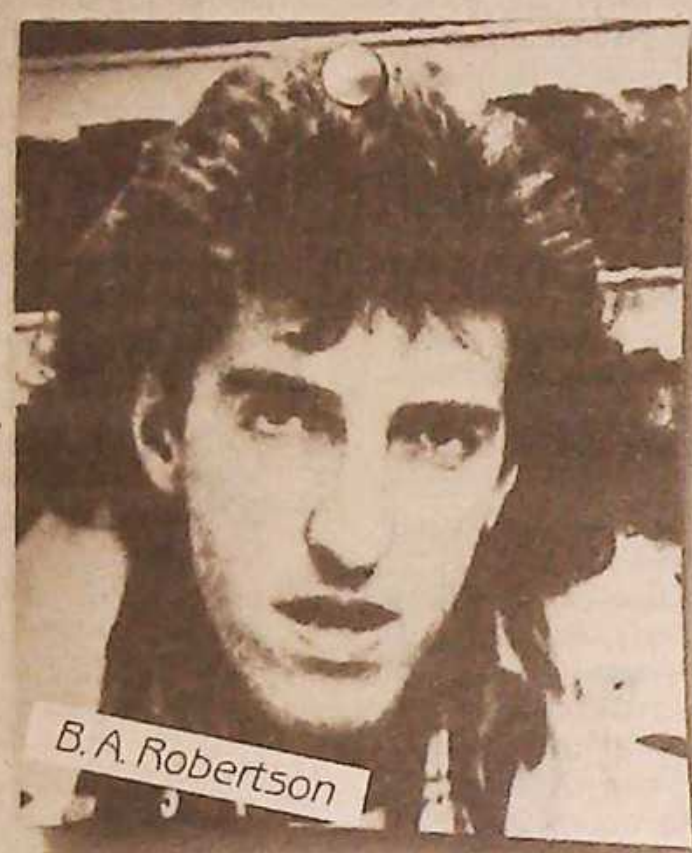
Rick Parfitt



Roger Taylor



Midge Ure



B. A. Robertson

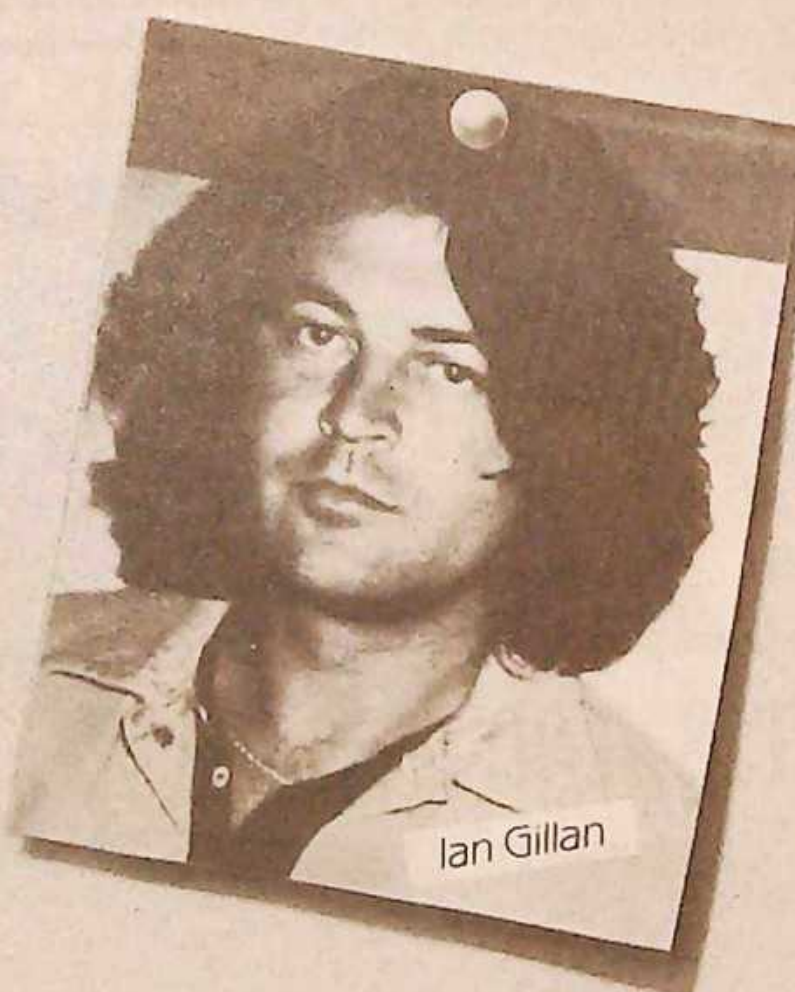
Meet a few
of our past
examiners.



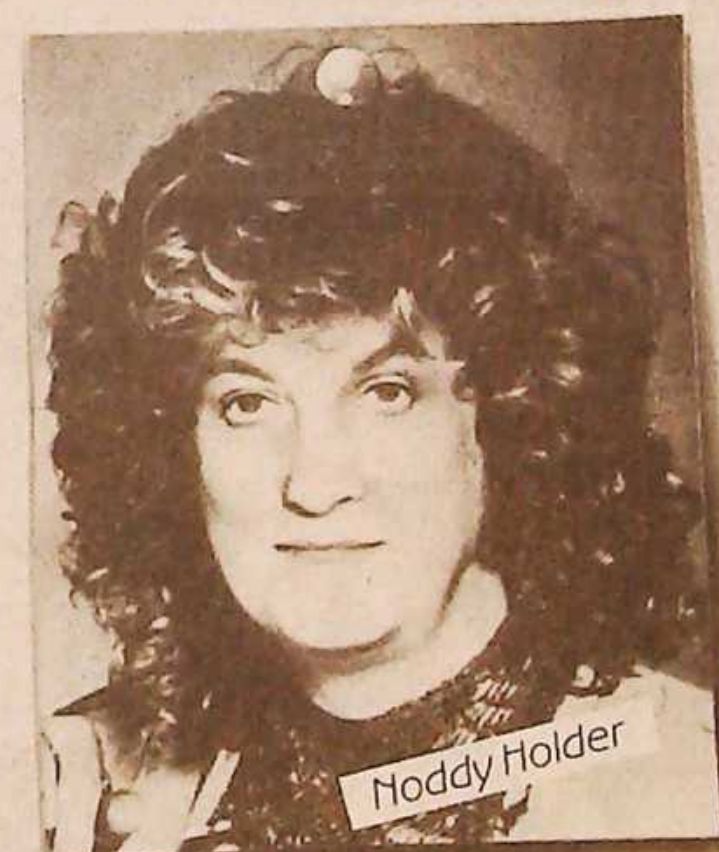
Joan Armatrading



Barbara Dickson



Ian Gillan



Noddy Holder

At a final of the TSB Rock School Competition, it's the examiners who sit behind the desks making notes. You're up on stage playing them.

The seventh TSB Rock School Competition is about to start. So if you're between the ages of 13 and 19 and in a band at school, or think you can form one, then this is your chance to show your talent and musicianship.

And a chance to put yourself in line for a first prize worth £2,000 plus the opportunity of a recording session at the BBC's Maida Vale studios, and £1,000 worth of equipment for your school.

The other groups in the final will receive prizes totalling a further £2,000.

All you have to do to enter is put down on a cassette two tracks, one of which must be an original composition, and send your entry to us by 31st December 1986.

You could just find yourself playing in front of some very distinguished professors of rock at The Camden Palace next April.

For full details of how to enter TSB Rock School Competition 1987, simply send off the coupon, or call in to any TSB branch for details of rules and entry forms.

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LETTERS

MUSIC, SWEET MUSIC...

WHAT'S HAPPENED to music? It's been said a million times, but there are too many non-bands around. I get your paper because you have good reading material, but I do protest at the lack of attention paid to real musicians such as Ian Anderson or Keith Tippett, to make way for putrid acts such as Fuzzbox, and that most talentless, egotistical slime known as hip-hop.

I buy about two records a year now, and have dropped practically all interest in chart music in favour of jazz, classical and earlier rock music. I realise that a lot of bands now are in some way indicative of the times we live in, but most of them have no idea of playing music - call me a cynic, but pop songs have very little to do with music itself.

Music is a language, a communication, and somehow the honesty and energy of '60s, '70s and early '80s music has been ignored in favour of a 100 per cent image-conscious, expensive sound. It has no direction and no appeal whatsoever to those of us who have some, however little, knowledge and appreciation of Music As An Art.

When I read interviews with bands such as Mighty Mighty (Sounds, August 23) who pride themselves in writing pure pop I want to present them with the

challenge of writing some real music, because I doubt if they would come anywhere near.

In these times of poverty, violence, materialism and technological masturbation, is it not important to maintain music of structural soundness, of rhythmic and melodic strength - music which always explores, and draws us closer to our own awareness? Would you not agree that many bands are afraid to be original in case they don't write music that people want to hear?

If I was to list examples of musical bands, the very long list would include true artists from Weather Report to Young Marble Giants to The Waterboys. Couldn't somebody write an article analysing the difference between 'now' music and 'then' music, or are all the journalists on your paper more interested in writing those totally uninteresting singles reviews, consisting of insults on a level with five year olds? I'm sure you can think up a suitably piss-taking editorial reply to my letter, so why not print it? - **A Defiant Reader, Somewhere Out There**

LIVE AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS

FOR FOUR months now I have been running a live music club in Northampton called Grannies Rockin' and

during this time I have featured some 60 acts from all over the country.

At the moment I am promoting the Northampton Battle Of The Bands contest as well as holding the regular gig nights and, as I hope to expand the club, I am now looking for rock acts to play in showcases once the battles finish.

The showcases will run every Tuesday evening throughout the winter, the first being on October 21. A full PA rig with lights and other facilities will be available to the bands plus a ticket selling facility which should ensure the covering of their expenses.

Any musicians reading this letter who would like to play at the best rock club in Northampton should get in contact by writing directly to me at Grannies Rockin', Five Bells, Kingsthorpe, Northampton. - **Malcolm Hanson, Grannies Rockin'**

READING MATTER

CONCERNING JACK Barron's review of the Reading Festival, there are, I feel, a number of points to be made.

Firstly, one may well ask where exactly was the review? There was no mention of The Cardiacs, Dumpy, Larry Miller, Buddy Curtess etc, all of whom rely upon the mechanics of papers such as yourselves in order to maximise exposure. Having

taken the trouble to play to an often unappreciative audience in the pouring rain, one would have thought they at least deserved a mention.

Secondly, and more importantly, your reviewer's main bone of contention seems to be that the Reading Festival represents a "state of archaic cultural crap". This sentiment surely defeats the whole object of the review. It may well be that many of the bands, and the whole ethos of the festival itself, payed homage to the '60s and '70s, but what does it matter whether a band sounds dated or fashionable? There are only two types of music: good and bad, and it is upon this basis that all reviews should be made; not on whether their sounds have been heard before or are currently in vogue.

Over the three day period, there was ample good music for anyone with ears to listen, not least from Hawkwind, who, despite their position as festival headliners, will be lucky if one music paper bothers to devote more than a few lines to their performance. And Hawkwind's performance, together with Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction, was the best I have seen in some 16 years. - **Jon Fortgang, Bucks**

CROSS ABOUT THE CROSS

THE ADVERT for The Exploited's 'Jesus Is Dead' EP in the issue of Sounds (September 6) was the most vile, disgusting, obscene, sickening, gruesome and offensive illustration I have ever seen.

Haven't you got some kind of editorial policy about advertisements? If you do, I'd hate to see what was considered unsuitable for publication.

I don't usually support censorship, and if The Exploited want to put pictures like this on the cover of their singles, I suppose that's fair enough. (People without talent often resort to shock/horror tactics to get noticed.) But I don't expect to see pictures like this in the pages of Sounds, a magazine aimed primarily at teenagers.

You are going to alienate a lot of readers. I'd like to say the majority of readers, but I'm not that optimistic. - **Stephen Spence, N Ireland**

ANT-AGONISED

DEAR JONH Wilde, it's idiotic prats like yourself that make me sick!

I've had enough of writers putting Adam Ant down at every possible moment. Not all of Adam's older fans are "beer-bellied clerical officers with 'Ant-Music' tattooed across their craniums".

I've admired Adam's work for six years, and I don't drink, I'm not a clerical officer and I don't have any tattoos!

Adam is one of very few truly talented rock stars. So what if he no longer gets excellent chart success? His enthusiasm, determination and dedication to his fans makes up for that.

So, as far as I'm concerned, Adam will always be my king of the wild frontier... - **Margaret Evans, Carmarthen, South Wales**

I HAVE just read your Reading Festival trash-up. I know that I can't really expect enthusiasm for an event such as this from your stuck-up, pompous little committee, so why bother doing the piece at all? You may as well remove all mention of it and just say it's the writer regaling his public with reflections on life, love and his trousers.

Will his next piece be a critical retrospective of Kiki Dee's career? That section of the article where he was drooling over her wonderful just-out-of-a-bottle red hair was the only register of praise I saw - unless the token 'let's praise the black person or else we'll be accused of racism' statement for Ruby Turner is counted: God, your bravery!

Which brings me onto something else. Speaking of fat people, if stoutism could be registered as a cause, then Robert John Godfrey would be to tubbies what Jimmy Somerville is to gays. (Run DMC and The Fat Boys can take a running jump!) Yet again The Enid got clobbered... I may have scrawly writing like Old Father Sun-Pat there but that's the only relationship I have to him! For the record, I am 23, blonde, small and jobless. And I am just pig sick that every time The Enid release a record or tour, your heckle posse are sent out to near destroy. Neither your



Xmal

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BRIGHTON COASTERS

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MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL

GLASGOW ROOFTOPS

LEEDS WAREHOUSE

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SEPT

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23

24

25

26

27

7" XMAL I

12" XMAL II/2



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soulboyzz or your mysterious vulgarian voices in the gothpile, nor your smile on the face of the wedding tackle in the mornings, you don't know them so you slash out. (And how about that for a piece of Young Morleyan Ripoff prose à la Jonhhhh Wilde?)

It just gets me that The Enid's work is always attacked no matter what they do, in this magazine's case anyway. I couldn't even understand Mr Spencer's review of 'Lovers And Fools' - it sounded like it was written by the Amazing Two-Headed Transplant. (Is Spencer trying to cash in on The Lendgandary Stud Brothers in *Malady Murker* by any chance?) But the decipherable bits suggested yet another knife job. And before that 'Salome' was put down for being self-indulgent. OK - I see the point in some cases... like, I wish they'd made more of the actual story rather than faffing about on 'The Jack'.

But in the end I feel it's rich that RJG (who has never pretended to be anyone's sex object) and Stephen Stewart should get slammed for 'self indulgence' when you're certainly not visions of sweetness and light. You yourselves have hardly been the most altruistic of journalists, and therefore I see this as a case of "do as I say, not as I do". - Barbara Kirk, Yorkshire

KNOW YOUR SOUNDS PERSON

Number 1

"THE AMAZING
Two-Headed
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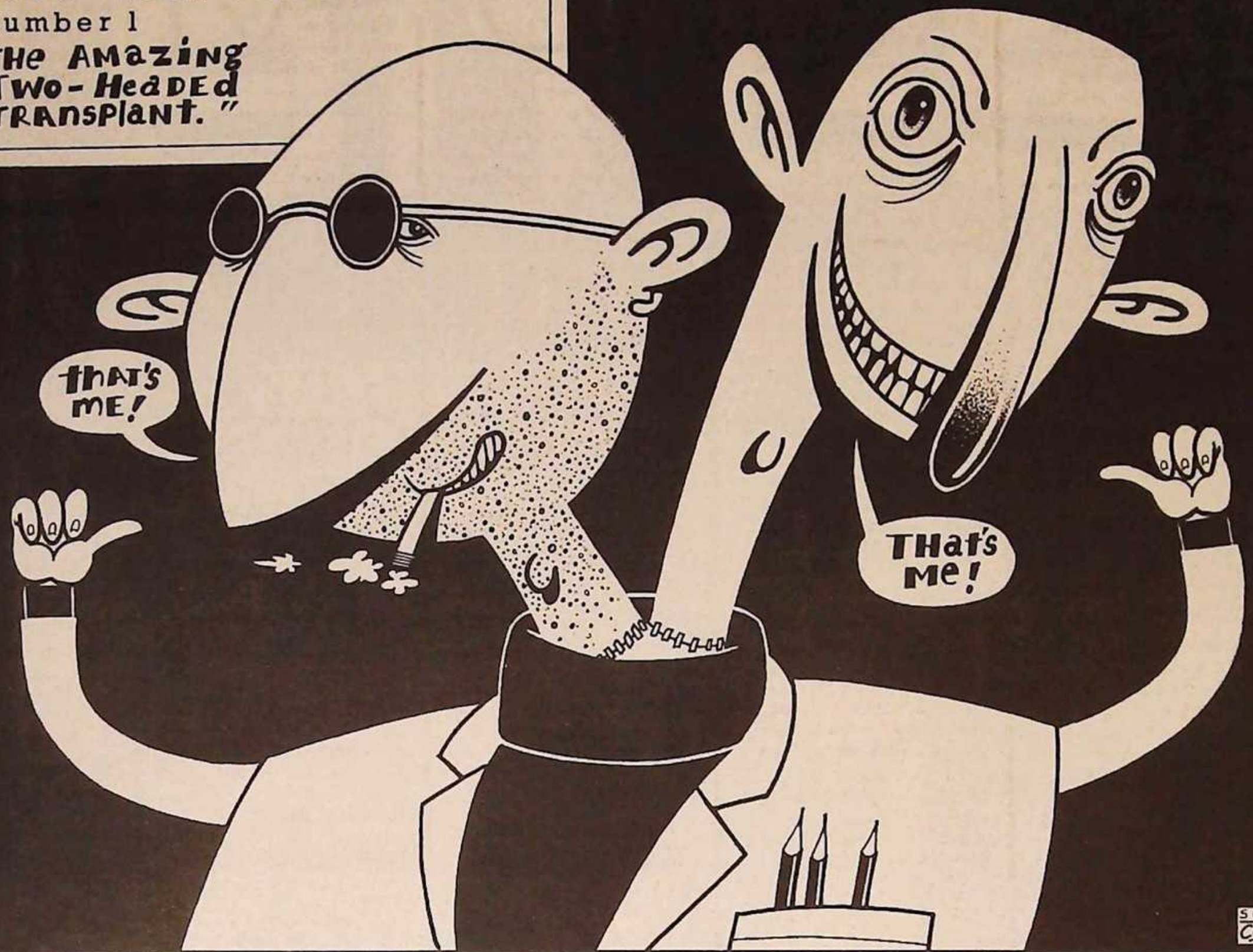


Illustration by Simon Cooper

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EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

SECOND 'WIND

Part two of the Hawkwind story



DAVE BROCK: thou art Touchwood

LET'S MAKE a start on the Hawkwind album saga, which starts off reasonably straightforwardly and moves into ever-greater complication as we move up to present times: **Liberty LBS 83348** 'Hawkwind' (Reissued in 1975 on **Sunset SLS 50374**, again in 1980 on

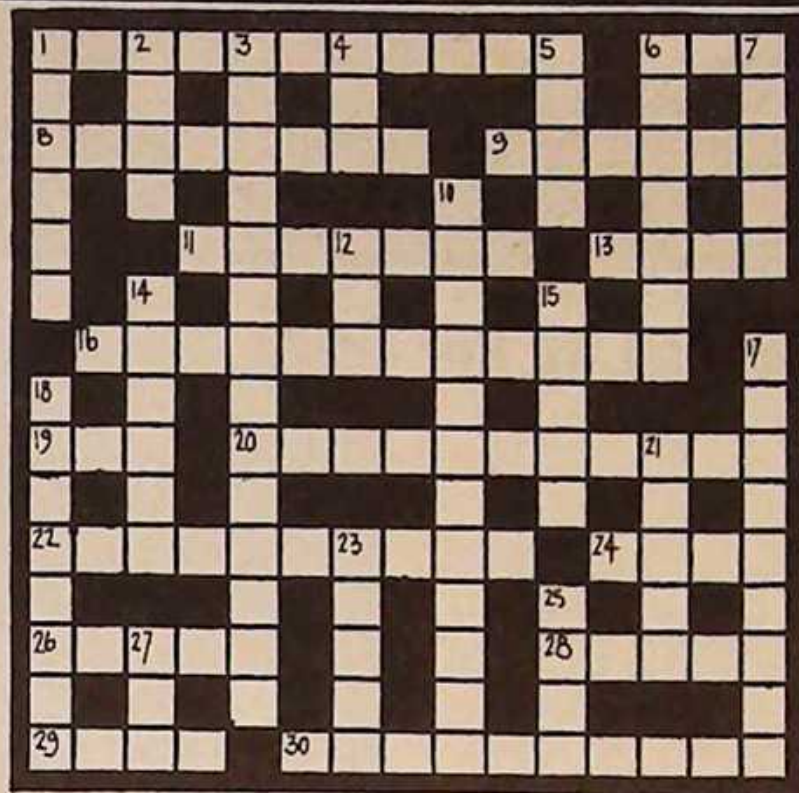
LBR 1012, and again in 1984 on **Liberty SLS 197292-1**. It also appeared as a pic disc on the latter occasion) **Aug 1970**
United Artists UAG 29202 'In Search Of Space' (with Hawklog) **Oct 1971** (Reissued in 1981 as **Liberty LBG 29202**)
United Artists UAG 29364 'Doremi Fasol Latido' (with poster) **Nov 1972**
United Artists UAG 60037 'Space Ritual' (double album) **May 1973**
United Artists UAG 29672 'Hall Of The Mountain Grill' (pic inner sleeve) **Sept 1974** (Reissued in 1981 as **Liberty LBG 29672**)
United Artists UAG 29766 'Warrior On The Edge Of Time' (pic inner sleeve) **May 1975**
United Artists UAG 29919 'Road Hawks' (with poster and sticker) **Apr 1976** (Reissued in 1984 as **Fame FA 413096-1**)
Charisma CDS 4004 'Astounding Sounds, Amazing Music' (pic inner sleeve) **Aug 1976** (Reissued in 1983 as **Charisma/Virgin CHC 14**)
United Artists UAG 30025 'Masters Of The Universe' **Feb 1977** (Reissued in 1982 as **Fame FA 3008**)
Charisma CDS 4008 'Quark, Strangeness And Charm' **Jun 1977**
Charisma CDS 4014 '25 Years On' (as **The Hawklords**) (with booklet) **Oct 1978** (Reissued in 1982 as **Charisma/Virgin CHC 10**)
Charisma CDS 4016 'PRX5' (with limited-edition family tree poster) **May 1979** (Reissued in 1984 as **Charisma/Virgin CHC 25**)
 In 1980 they switched to the **Bronze** label.
Bronze BRON 527 'Live: 1979' **Jul 1980**
Charisma BG 2 'Repeat Performance' (compilation) **Sep 1980**
Bronze BRON 530 'Levitaton' (limited number in blue vinyl) **Nov 1980**
RCA/Active LP 6004 'Sonic Attack' (limited number with lyric sheet) **Oct 1981**
Flicknife SHARP 101 'Hawkwind, Friends & Relations' (Tracks by Hawkwind, Hawklords, Sonic Assassins, ICU and Michael Moorcock. One side was live from the late 1970s) **Mar 1982**
RCA/Active LP 9004 'Church Of Hawkwind' (with limited-edition booklet) **May 1982**
RCA/Active LP 6055 'Choose Your Masques' **Oct 1982**
Flicknife SHARP 107 'Twice Upon A Time' (Friends & Relations, Vol 2) (Similar line-up assortment to Vol 1 and again including 1970s live tracks) **Mar 1983**
Illuminated JAMS 29 'The Text Of Festival' (double album) (Live material from the days of the original 1970 line-up) **Sep 1983**
Flicknife SHARP 014 'Zones' (limited number pressed as pic discs) **Oct 1983**
Flicknife XSHARP 019 'Independent Days'

(six-track 10-inch mini-LP) (This was a compilation of Flicknife singles) **Jun 1984**
Flicknife SHARP 022 'This Is Hawkwind: Do Not Panic' (double album) (Strictly speaking, this double-pack was an LP plus a 12-inch single containing 'Stonehenge Decoded' and 'Watching The Grass Grow'. First 10,000 copies had a gatefold sleeve, the next 5,000 a poster) **Dec 1984**
Demi Monde DM 002 'Bring Me The Head Of Yuri Gagarin' (A live recording made at the Empire Pool, Wembley, in 1973) **Jan 1985**
American Phonograph APK 8 'Space Ritual, 2' (Double album) (Another round-up of early live material) **Mar 1985**
Flicknife SHARP 024 'Friends And Relations, Vol 3' (Tracks by Hawkwind, Robert Calvert, Dave Brock, Underground Zero and other spin-offs) **Apr 1985**
Mausoleum SKULL 8369 'Utopia '84' (Originally compiled for European distribution, though sold in the UK, this is material licensed from Flicknife) **Jun 1985**
Dojo DOJOLP 11 'Live '70/'73' **Jul 1985**
Demi Monde DM 005 'In The Beginning' (Early live material; reissue of part of the 'Text Of Festival' double set) **Jul 1985**
Flicknife SHARP 033 'The Chronicle Of The Black Sword' (pic inner sleeve) (Concept album based upon Michael Moorcock's *Elric Of Melniboné* fantasy sagas) **Nov 1985**
Samurai SAMR 038 'Anthology, Vol 1' (unreleased live tracks) **Nov 1985**
Obsessions DBLP 1 'Ridicule' (A reissue of the second disc from the American Phonograph 'Space Ritual, Vol 2' double) **Dec 1985**
Samurai SAMR 039 'Anthology, Vol 2' **Mar 1986**
Samurai SAMR 044 'Anthology, Vol 3' **Jul 1986**
 It was apparently planned to release the three 'Anthology' albums together in a boxed set, along with a booklet covering Hawkwind's history, etc. As far as I'm aware, this set has not appeared (yet!). Within the last few weeks, however, the band has had its first compact disc release, in the form of a CD version of 'The Chronicle Of The Black Sword' on Flicknife (SHARP 033).
 Ignoring appearances by familiar Hawkwind tracks on various artists compilations, the band also had material on a couple of compilations which is not available elsewhere, including:
United Artists UDX 203/4 'Greasy Truckers Party' (live on side four of double album)
Revelation REV 1A-3F 'Glastonbury Fayre' (two tracks on triple album set)

TO BE CONTINUED

XWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. Legs Diamond effort could petrify us all! (4,2,5) 6. Double drum for a club (3) 8. Ronnie's shades hide 'em (4,4) 9. Jonathan's were modern... but Lulu couldn't spell (6) 11. During which, I hope, The Housemartins made lots of money (4,3) 13. Be-jewelled Turner... the other one! (4) 16. He wants us to cheer up after our Big Macs! (5,3,4) 19. 21 down laid his everywhere (3) 20. She had invisible problems (6,5) 22. It's included in the League's travelogue (3,7) 24... but the Gibson Bros took us here (4) 26. Black man Tony... not Ray (5) 28. In which Marvin Gaye rightly became irate (5) 29. Aerosmith stashed 'em in the attic (4) 30. Pluralize what was on that Maisonette Avenue (10)

DOWN

1. Soul miners (3,3) 2. Waits' dogs for The Cult (4) 3. As committed by Oz (3,8,3) 4. Buddy's Peggy in litigation (3) 5. School of note rifles Paul (4) 6... but AC/DC beat about this (3,4) 7. It's foggy in reggae roots (5) 10. Get angry in X so you can get served at the packed bar, say Queensryche (4,3,5) 12. Scot Heron returns from a lig (3) 14. During which Man O'War sing hymns (6) 15. Gary's were empty (5) 17. Legendary shadow and diamond collaborator (3,6) 18. Chubby's famous dance (3,5) 21. Immature Paul (5) 23... and elected Cooper (5) 25. Hobby horse of an art movement for Elkie (4) 27. Queenly month? (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

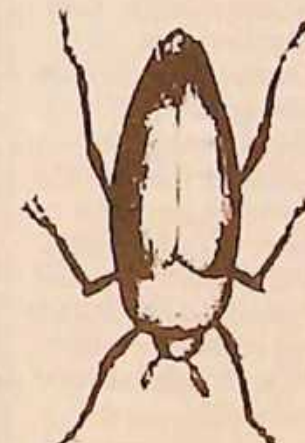
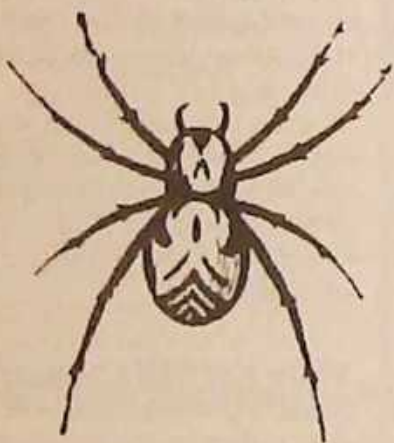
ACROSS

1. Gene Loves Jezebel 6. I Am I'm 8. Purple Rain 12. Toe 13. Back In The DHSS 15. Tribe 16. CC 18. Shy 22. Love Lasts Forever 25. Venom 26. O'Jays 27. Ra 28. Bo 30. Pets 31. Dave Brock 34. Relayer 35. Makin' 37. Easterhouse 38. ZZ Top

DOWN

1. Guilty Of Love 2. Numbers 3. VJ 4. Stupid Bastards 5. Eve 7. Moby 9. Pete 10. Ashes 11. Nasty 14. Christopher 17. Cherry Bombz 19. Her 20. Flames 21. Ross 23. Vandellas 24. Rockin' 29. Rocket 32. Vince 33. True 36. Du

BALAAM & THE ANGEL

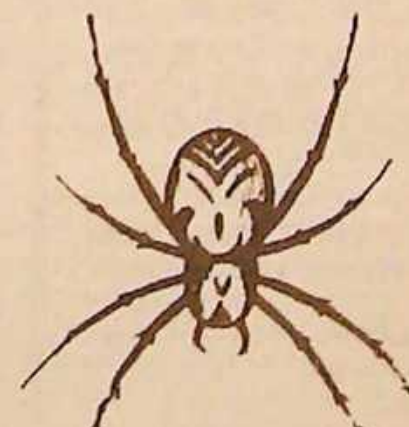


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LIGHT OF THE WORLD

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Reviewed by Kez Owen

HOUSEHUNTERS

'Cuticles' (53rd & 3rd) If there had been space for two Singles Of The Week, this would have been runner up to C Cat Trance. Merit marks go to this lot for their decadence and their *Rocky Horror* type sing-a-long-ness. Also, 'Cuticles' is their debut single and, for a first performance, it's brilliant and well deserves a standing ovation or at least a wry grin. Househunters are strange. Apparently, they're refugees from the Gulf of Finland, brought to Britain by Russian exile parents lured by a 'carefree existence'. Househunters certainly are carefree, but with an upbringing like that who wouldn't be? Anyway, on with the review. 'Cuticles' is a 'plea for sexual honesty' and features guttural vocals from Stefan akin to the Addams family's Lurch. It rattles along to the tune of 'Heartbeat'. All they ask is that we "shed our skin and get together right now". Why not?

NEW ORDER 'State Of The Nation' (Factory) Another double A-side, huh? I'm glad actually, because lately I don't seem to be able to get enough of New Order. This is so different from their old stuff but all the best groups progress. Like the picture of a cloudy sky on the cover, 'State Of The Nation' wafts along, cool and breezy I'd call it. Oh, by the way, this track is not featured on the new LP scheduled for October. Better buy it now, really.

FELT 'Rain Of Crystal Spires' (Creation) Felt have always pleased me with their folksy ballads. They're the kind of group I could imagine swaying to, nay, dancing to at a summer outdoor festival. Felt are accessible to everyone. They play ballads like 'Ballad Of The Band', they play the bizarre 'Let The Snakes Crinkle Their Heads To Death' and the poppy 'Penelope Tree'. What more could you want? Felt should be a worldwide phenomenon by now, it's up to you to get them there.

JULIAN COPE 'World Shut Your Mouth' (Island) Here we have the former Teardrop Explodes singer's first single for 18 months. It's been a long wait, hasn't it? But, well, certain things are worth waiting for and this is one such thing. It reminds me of '60s psychedelia pop and hard rock - a well blended combination. Julian Cope is still sentimental; the lyrics hit hard, the music envelops. Cope hasn't been wasting his time, obviously.

ANDI SEX GANG 'The

Naked And The Dead' (Revolver) MATT FRETTON 'Palpitating Heart' (IDK) Dear Mr Sex Gang, I've been a fan of yours for many years now. I wanted to be a groupie for the Sex Gang Children but my mother wouldn't let me. Now I've heard that this is going to be your last single: please don't give up.

Dear Mr Fretton, can't you see I'm upset enough? You have done much better stuff. Why is everyone abandoning me? Yours truly...

BLACK 'Wonderful Life' (Ugly Man Records) This record deserves a mention if only because of the staying power of its vocalist, Colin Vearncombe. At last, he's come up with a record someone likes - me. It's one of those tunes you hum nigglingly all day without realising. Still, it'll entertain your work chums, and if it doesn't, they'll jolly well have to lump it, won't they?

THE GLORY BOYS 'Thunder' (Possession Records) This group sound like a high-powered American rock band with a professionalism and groin-powered strut akin to Van Halen or any other tight trousered Yankee band. As the record continues however, the twangly geetaring, thundering drums and powerful voice make me ashamed of such seedy thoughts. The fact that they recorded it in Leamington Spa might also have something to do with this. Nevertheless, it's a damn good rockin' record, and if there does happen to be a strutting groin then that's surely a bonus.

SNOWBOY AND THE LATIN SECTION FEATURING THE LEGENDARY FLACO JIMINEZ 'Mambo Teresa (Descarga)' (Waterfront) Call me a culture vulture if you like, but I know hot latin jazz when I hear it and this is hot. In fact, as it's a double A-side, it's boiling. The AA-side, 'Wild Spirit', is a street carnival samba. The A-side, 'Teresa The Breadmaker' (as it translates) is sort of Cuban and Brazilian. If you never want summer to end, slap this piece of sunshine on your turntable but don't forget to turn it over.

THE SHADOWS 'Dancing In The Dark' (Polydor) DR FEELGOOD 'Don't Wait Up' (Stiff) THE BEACH BOYS 'California Dreamin'' (Capitol) Three old bands... legends in fact. I might point out here that the

reason I remember them is because of my mother's vinyl collection and not my age. The Shadows play an old Bruce Springsteen number and, as usual, don't sing - thankfully. Dr Feelgood have been on the road for years now and it shows; they're really dragging their feet on this one. Surely Stiff are an indie label. The only indie thing about this is indie-bin, geddit?

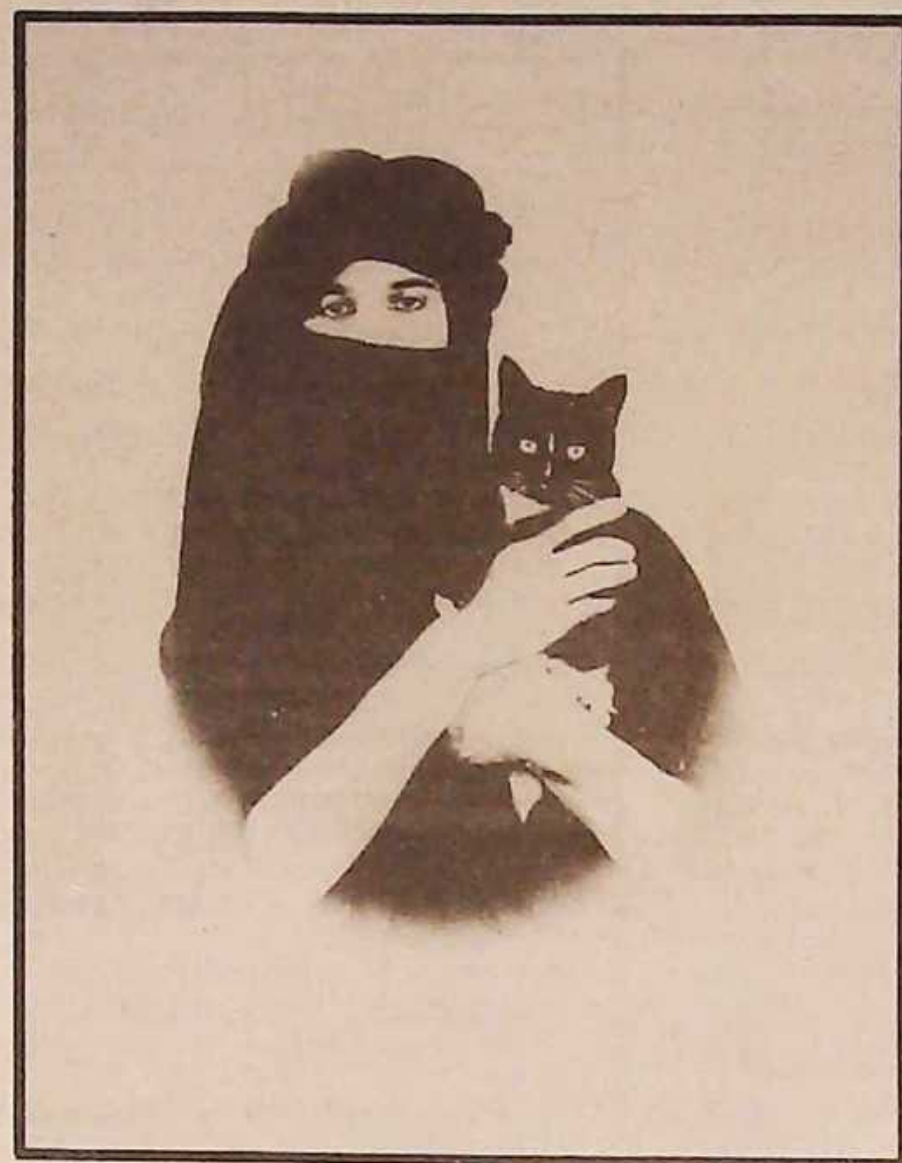
The Beach Boys have always made me want to mount those surfin' waves. Alright, they're older now, but this is still a melody, a surfin' melody. One to coast to.

BABY TUCKOO 'The Tears Of A Clown' (Fun After All) LICK THE TINS 'The Belle Of Belfast City' (Sedition) I always liked The Beat's version of 'Tears Of A Clown' but this is much harder. It drives and squeezes those tears out with rockin' guitars, but fear not, there's a peaceful bit too. Mmmm, nice.

And Lick The Tins? Curious name, that. Apparently, they were spotted busking on the Underground and have now surfaced to bring us an old Belfast street song. It's more than an Irish jig, though - see the flip side for that - but still something to shake your pardner to.

ULTRAVOX 'Same Old Story' (Chrysalis) Why have I never liked Ultravox? Am I the only one? If there are others out there who feel the same, please write and let me know that I'm not alone. This is just another dull, dull tune with whining vocals. 'Same Old Story'? Nuff said.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD FEATURING GENERAL JOHNSON 'Loverboy' (EMI) UB40 'All I Want To Do' (DEP International) Paul Weller remixed 'Loverboy' and you can tell. In places it has a Style Council feel but, more important, it's professional. Indeed, the record even has Mick Talbot on keyboards. Is it The Style Council? Whatever, it's classic pop



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

C CAT TRANCE 'Screaming (To Be With You)' (Ink) You really are going to like this record. I guarantee it. It's both Eastern and Western, different yet danceable, shady yet exciting. Those of you who are good will have read an introduction to C Cat Trance in *Jaws* last week. Those who are sinners will be let off lightly this time providing you buy this record. It's an education, I can tell you, and for once I actually want to learn something.

The single's taken from their 'Khamu' album and both sides incorporate Arabic rhythms, the trademark of C Cat Trance. You can almost feel the sway of those palm trees, the swish of belly-dancers' skirts and the snorting of hump-ridden dromedaries. It's the drums, you see, they're so hypnotic... as are the eyes that peep over the yashmaks. These boys even dress the part very successfully, too, seeing as they're from Nottingham.

However, as I said before, you're gonna like this. It's hauntingly mystical, it's full of Eastern promise, and it's a hell of a lot cheaper than a one way flight to the middle of the Sahara - but probably as dangerous. Also, I like it. I think therefore I am. Get this and you could be too.

commercial world and it's spat in their faces. Shame.

LOVEBUG STARSKI 'Saturday Night' (Epic) LISA LISA & CULT JAM WITH FULL FORCE 'All Cried Out' (CBS) Is Lovebug a pervert? Why does he think we want to listen in to his phone conversations? Perhaps he's trying to teach British boys some chat up lines. Well, let me tell you Starski, if a girl listens to this record, she'll probably fall asleep. Makes chatting up very easy, doesn't it?

Lisa Lisa, on the other hand, have made a record for smoochers. About all it's fit for really is as an accompaniment to tripping round the floor. Still, it should do the job.

THE PASSMORE SISTERS 'Violent Blue' (Sharp Records) Nick Heyward should like this because it sounds a bit like 'Blue Hat For A Blue Day' and it also has 'blue' in the title. Will coincidences never end? The Passmore Sisters are more than that, though. This is a tuneful, excitable little number indeed, and as for the other songs on here... save me explaining, just buy it.

STAGE 'Dancing Days' (IRS) STACEY Q 'Two Of Hearts' (Atlantic) HOW WE LIVE 'All The Time In The World' (Portrait) Dancing days, ah, I remember them well. This has a finger-tapping beat but I'd shuffle ashamedly across the floor to it. The tempo warms up a bit with Stacey Q and my knees are bending; this shows promise for clubs, but I'd be too embarrassed to sing it. How We Live have quite nice lyrics, on the other hand, and could be good given time.

HAPPY FLOWERS 'Now We Are Six EP' (Catch Trout Records) a; GRUMH 'Underground' (Play It Again, Sam!) Happy Flowers are not really worth a mention. The only reason they are here is as a warning:

they are sick people whose records all sound the same and who sing sick ditties about children and their feelings. One member is called Mr Horribly Charred Infant. I think that says enough.

a; GRUMH feature photographs of dead and deformed babies on their cover. The music's a bit better but don't listen to it while eating your shepherd's pie.

THE FARM 'Some People' (Fire) WARREN BACALL 'Brief Encounter' (Pilot) Didn't Belouis Some do a record called 'Some People'? If he did, it wasn't as good as this. 'Sign Of The Cross' - also on the A-side - is even better. Verdict: wow! Warren Bacall looks quite mysterious in his little dickie; the record's pretty obvious, though. Verdict: nope.

STIFF KITTENS 'Happy Now' (Crisis) Deep voice, fathomlessly deep; guitar sighing, groaning and twanging. Sorry to namedrop again, but if you like old Echo And The Bunnymen material then this should satisfy. 'Happy Now' is even better in some ways.

THE WARD BROTHERS 'Easy Prey' (Siren) DARK CITY 'Come On Over' (Virgin) The Ward Brothers are easy to forget. Dark City, however, play rippling music.

This is only the beginning.

BRIAN SPENCE 'Hear It From The Heart' (Polydor) So he was on our freebie EP. Does that mean I have to like him? The answer is no and I'm not afraid to say so.

JACKSON BROWNE 'In The Shape Of A Heart' (Elektra) Time to hold my hands up and admit to being wrong. The thing is, I've told everyone I don't like Jackson Browne. Now I want to take it back. This record is good, I'm well into it, and you can print that, too!

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TOO HOT TO HANDLE?

WHENEVER I think of a good career move, I immediately do the opposite of it.

"Basically, I'm trying to provide the antidote to all the shit that's around at the moment. There's all these bands that start off dangerous and independent and then tone down their act the higher they go in the charts.

"For me, the more powerful I get, the more perverted and obscene I'm going to get. The more successful I get, the more I'm going to overstate it."

The growing up of Matt Johnson's The The was always going to be explosive, but few could have predicted just how debauched and highly charged his rise would be. From the claustrophobic wastelands of 'Burning Blue Soul' came the heaving, introspective pop of 'Soul Mining'. This time, he's swept back with a pummel and a thump.

Suddenly, Matt Johnson is making the most tormented, most harrowing pop music we own.

'Sweet Bird Of Truth' came menacing, almost unreasonably strained, then quickly deleted. 'Heartland', still hiccupping in chartland even now, followed swiftly and hushed in a savage sort of way. Matt Johnson was sounding astonishingly abrasive. All the perversion and carnal longing that had once been so withdrawn now erupted onto the surface.

All these were clues to a new, less demure Johnson. Much more is yet to escalate.

THE NEXT The The LP 'Infected' arrives mid to end of October with the simultaneous release of a video/film collection and a book. The videos in particular present Matt Johnson in his most consummate and startling light and, already, some of them are causing much rumpus. Filmed over the summer – using directors Tim Pope, Peter Christopherson and Mark Romanek – in a sumptuous variety of international locations, their overall impact is the closest we've come yet to the completely raw potential of Johnson, an unholy barrage of poignant images.

Two of Tim Pope's three videos, the images complementing 'Out Of The Blue (Into The Fire)' and 'Twilight Of A Champion', are at the centre of some heated wrangling at present, if the Some Bizzare camp are to be believed.

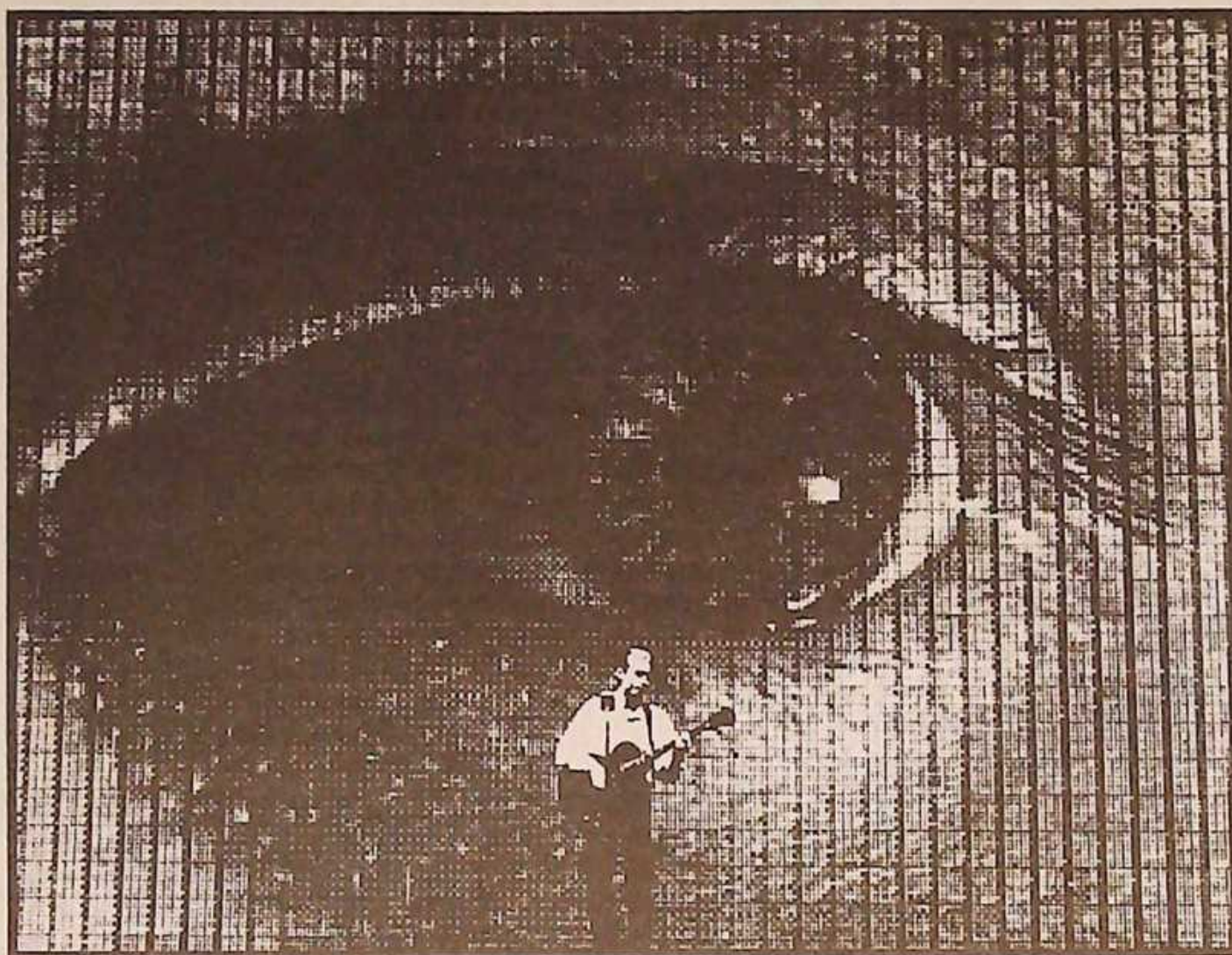
The first, *Out Of The Blue*, one of The The's most venomous moments, is set amidst the moral decay and seething squalor of Spanish Harlem. In the dead of night, Matt Johnson rides car through deserted, almost ominous streets; woman runs towards car, leaps onto car, her legs entwined around his neck; much sweat and much suggestion of sex. Johnson arrives at brothel, more seduction, more lurking threat. Chilling in its realism, it is almost Scorsese-esque in the way it grates.

The film for *Twilight Of A Champion* uses the towering Manhattan skyline for its backdrop, blood spilling and screams curdling through the naked city, Matt's terse vocal delivery ("Oh the hand that wrote the agony has just begun/Will be the hand that pulls the trigger of this gun!") echoing the fear that builds and finally melts, with Johnson's pistol aimed straight for the back of his throat.

Both amount to a state of agonizing drama, perfectly dovetailing the frustration that sweeps through The The's cinematic ripples of sound. Both, when brought back to London, caused a fair volume of panic and friction at CBS HQ, apparently.

Sitting in a Baker Street bar with director Pope and Johnson himself, I'm lapping up all the adventure that the American trip ushered in and all the fuss it seems to have initiated.

"With *Out Of The Blue*," Pope recalls, "we're in the middle of Spanish Harlem, two o'clock in the morning, this police car escorting us, and there's these geezers staggering past us with knife-



"For me, the more powerful I get, the more perverted and obscene I'm going to get. The more successful I get the more I'm going to overstate it"

wounds. It felt like the edge of the world.

"Then with *Twilight*, we're filming on top of the Chrysler Building, firing out of this machine-gun. People are running along the street petrified 'cus no-one's told them what's happening. That's why all the expressions are totally realistic! Then, when Matt puts the gun in his mouth at the end, I don't tell him it has real bullets in it, and he's almost pulling the trigger back. Well, that's what you have to do to get a performance out of him."

Over the eight separate films that make up the video collection, there's this overwhelming sense of realism, coarse and acrid. The films gel brilliantly, like one long metaphor for Matt Johnson's pelting imagination, his growing inclination towards dirt, lust and lewdness.

The pair tell me they spent their weekend just inches under this precariously balanced steam-train, steaming water dripping onto them, all for the last of the films, *Slow Train To Dawn*. The entire video project seems to have been fraught with danger.

"The New York ones especially," says Matt, "were the most intense experiences I've ever had, the extremities in temperature, atmosphere, imagery and, er, drugs were just so severe, so the realism had to be. The music and the films, they're so close to the bone, trying to touch nerves. I couldn't settle for anything less."

"That's the way Tim works. In the Harlem brothel, for *Out Of The Blue*, I was walking down this corridor and this old black junkie comes out of the shadows. Instead of saying, 'Out of the way, Tim immediately gets her involved – Grab her, use that, keep her talking! Reacting to where you are, in touch with your surroundings... that's the way I work musically, too. I do go into the studio with some fixed ideas, but it's always flexible. If a machine f**** up, I'll use the sound it gives."

"So there's all these millions of images, crammed into eight short films, ramming you in the face, juxtapositions, lots of contradictory symbols. It all happened, totally real, none of it is acted as such. In Bolivia, for instance, I was being physically thrown about by this huge crowd of witch-doctors who were all on hallucinogenics. Then we managed to get into this prison, this real prison – it was so tense. The authenticity comes across. Even if no-one knew it was a real brothel in Harlem, it still has that impact. We're using powerful visual metaphors to describe the human condition, but it has to be authentic."

"The common thing in them all," Pope repeats, almost obsessed with getting his point across, "is they're all so physical. It's not nice pop stars sucking in their cheekbones. If you said to me normally, 'Go and sit under a steam-train for a day, I'd tell you to f**** off! But, when you're working, even with embers and scorching water falling on you, it's fun, there's no limits. We wanted to do one in Beirut, but we couldn't find a camera crew to go out there..."

"We're using beautiful film to reflect shit, rubbish, cockroaches and old, manky food. It's all undercurrents. If you suddenly drop down into the undercurrents, you never come back because they are what it's all about, not the surface of it. The surface is superficially quite pretty but underneath... wow!"

"The spirit of the whole project," he laughs, "can be explained very simply. It's Matt's sick mind."

JOHNSON AND Pope make a curious couple, for sure. The former exhibits little of the guarded introspection he's often credited with; he's more frank and open, but bleakly humorous. Then there's Pope, shy, thin and gangly, huge mad eyes – famous for his Cure and Banshees videos past and present, less renowned for his 'I Want To Be A Tree' single on Fiction two years back, on which Robert Smith added to all the loopiness. Johnson's naked style of song composition seems a natural marriage to Tim Pope's scatty, nimble-witted visuals, not to mention his genius for the incidental. Both men are plainly desperately keen to win what they see as a fundamentally important case. As the story goes, from The The's camp, CBS violently objected to scenes from *Out Of The Blue (Into The Fire)* and *Slow Train To Dawn*, when they first clapped eyes on the films. When I first speak to Some Bizzare ringmaster Steve, he maintains that the videos lie in the middle of an almost pitched battle between the two sides, neither prepared to budge. When I speak later to Tony Woolcott, Deputy Managing Director at CBS (The The's parent company), he's comparatively nonchalant about the whole affair. Whatever the situation and eventual outcome, it emerges as a fascinating theoretical argy-bargy.

From Steve's first call to the Sounds office to this piece, it's also relevant because of the light it throws on the development of Matt Johnson. Like bands before him and doubtless like many to come, he's attempting (or saying he is) to wage war on conglomerate policy; the argument

is that he's part of a brave few trying to get a foot in the massive door of growing conservatism in music before it clamps shut and we're all swallowed up – only now he wants to be seen to be doing it, to the extent of putting in some serious weight training sessions before the filming began. No longer willing to be the near-anonymous character The The has until now embodied, Johnson wants to be a physical presence. Because the man is currently so consumed by his crusade, this interview tells you more about him now than almost anything else could.

"The first thing that happened," Matt testifies, "is that they argue that the two films are not in the spirit of the venture, which is like an insult because these songs and these images are so close to me. I said to them, 'Try listening to the lyrics, the images have total empathy with the songs. The problem arises because music, video and film is supposed to just be entertainment, not realism but escapism. Now CBS realise they aren't going to get endless versions of 'Uncertain Smile'. They didn't really know what they were taking on."

Pope is equally vehement and even further immersed in the scrimmage.

"The fact is that CBS are trying to sue me," he states. "Why? On what grounds? For being a pornographer, that's why! They said that the two videos were pornographic and obscene, which I thought was a bit heavy. So we said, well, tell us what's wrong with them, and they couldn't say. When they said cut out the nudity, they were trying to talk morals and tell me what pornography is."

"When I was in America, I sent them this story-board and I made that really vulgar. I'd say, 'At this point, they f**** like animals, stuff like that. Well, we filmed all that but couldn't show it. It's just for our private collection now."

"It's too real for those people, that's all, the fact that *Out Of The Blue* was shot in this Harlem brothel."

Tony Woolcott at CBS sounds faintly bemused at the rumpus, though.

"We have no intention," he tells me, "of setting ourselves up as judge and jury, or arbiters of good taste. Neither do we wish to constrain the creative process. Our concern is, Why are you making this video? Well, basically, you're making this video to have it shown on television, not for some self-indulgence in your own front-room. If we are being extremely self-indulgent, then that would be the gross obscenity."

When I ask if he judges the videos an aesthetic success, he points out that his role is not as critic.

"They bring across a significant amount of emotion," he allows. "The music on the LP is very emotional and I'd say the two videos reflect that, you get a strong impression. Is it good art? I don't know. But if Steve, Matt and Tim Pope want to make a video and choose to ignore making the video accessible to the public, then I think they're crazy, because that's self-indulgence."

And are CBS trying to sue Tim Pope for being a pornographer?

"Rubbish. Complete rubbish!"

Steve, meanwhile, seems determined to make some big drum thunder out of the issue and you can't blame him. When I join him for a lunchtime pint as a trailer to the interview proper he smiles that mysterious Steve smile, flinging words like 'subversive', 'corruption' and 'suppression' around with disarming regularity. By the end of our conversation, they've lost their meaning, worn away like a pebble in the face of a tidal wave. Still, he convinces me that this little tussle represents The The's coming of age, their time to prod the possibilities to see how far they'll buckle before they break.

Tim Pope, on the other hand, places the issue neatly in context.

"C'mon, what sort of film do they expect us to make, with lines like, 'She was lying on her back with her lips parted/Squealing like a pig' (*Out Of The Blue*)?"

FOR THE The, for Matt Johnson, with the 'Heartland' hit already notched up, it is evidently time for push to turn to shove. Their videos/films now take them further than

Is this man sick? Where's the pearl that's seemingly sunk under the squalor of THE THE main man MATT JOHNSON's visions of depravity? JONH WILDE wipes away some of the muck, scrapes beneath the surface and declares that this body's healthy and ready to roll

the The 4

ever, just ready to swamp their audience with unfamiliar images, to find out where they really stand.

"I'd only done one video before this," says Matt. "Now, in the past two months, I've done eight. It was always a problem in the past, having no specific visual identity, very faceless. Now the last piece of the jigsaw is falling into place.

"Tim realises what the technical borderlines of record companies are, but he gets round them and takes the piss out of them. They can't put their finger on anything and say, That's not right. They can consult their legal departments but there's nothing they can do about it. CBS said they wanted a common link but they think the only common link with all the films is that they're 'weird'. They're saying, We don't know what's going on in your heads but you must be sick. They're all sick. Basically, their function is to write out cheques."

So where's all this heading?

"They'll cause a big stink about these videos," Pope predicts. "They'll become very controversial, everyone's gonna see them and love them, the songs will be massive."

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning, rubbing the sleepy-dust, we're trying to place Matt Johnson in the scheme of things. Johnson himself pounds his living-room floor, waving the LP lyric sheet about his head, as if trying to woo the right words out of the air.

"Take all this so-called adult music," he launches. "Sade, Paul Young, Alison Moyet... Habitat coffee-table stuff. What I'm trying to do is carve beneath the veneer of that and see what shit lies beneath it. I've spent three years marinating my vocal chords in vodka to get the right timbre of sound, now it feels right.

"The LP 'Infected' is so superior to 'Soul Mining', that seems almost lightweight now. With 'Soul Mining', it was as though it was painted in primary colours. 'Infected' is going to be iridescent mauves and tangerines! It will be splattered, totally multi-dimensional. I'm so glad to shed this image of the little introverted guy in the bedsit. That was me five years ago.

"I'm much more aggressive and confident now, very annoyed and frustrated. The barriers, all the resistance to these films, are good because they give me something to kick against. If you've got nothing to kick against, you never know how strong you are."

"The The is like an umbrella organisation now, a consortium of the most enthusiastic and talented painters, photographers, video directors/producers and musicians in the country — Andy Dog, AJ Barrett, Tim Pope, 'Sleazy' Christopherson, Mark Romanek, Anna Domino, Neriah Cherry, Roli Mosimann, Warne Livesey and Alistair McIlwain to name but a few."

So it's shifting very quickly, it's very capricious?

"I'm cutting the umbilical chord off *all the time*, Jonh, all the time."

Matt flicks on the video-switch and we sit back to consume the wild insurgencies of 'Infected'. The The's corrosive power lapping away at the eight corresponding visuals. These images flash, all suggesting some underlying horror, what Matt Johnson sums up as, "pulling back the plastic coating to find all the spirit and soul congealed". There's this lingering apprehension almost suggested between the lines. Suddenly, he starts pausing the video to pick out one favourite flash... "just watch this bit, oh, and this bit".

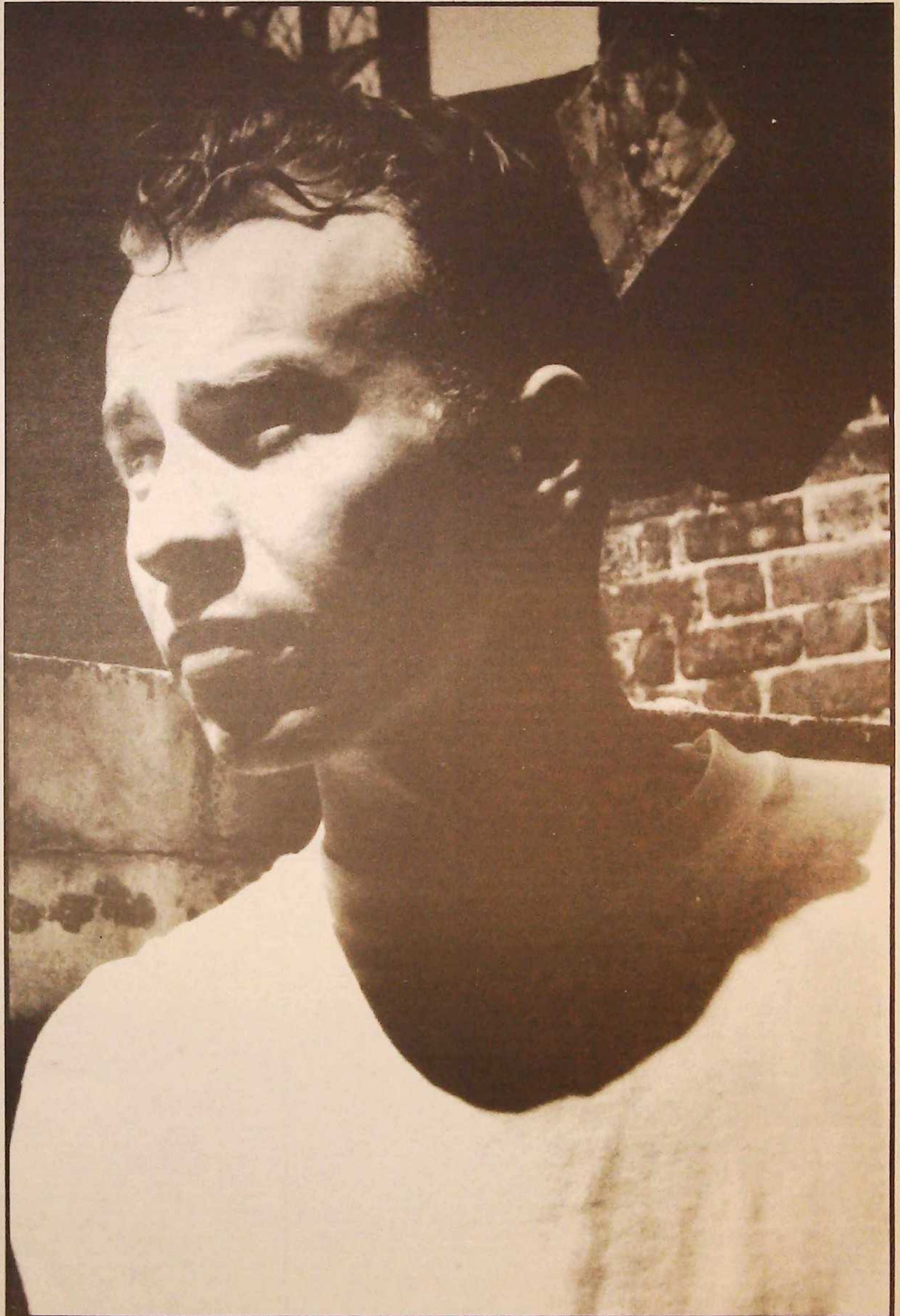
Then, with these flights of fancy, two months of mad memories dancing on the screen, something else occurs to him, just another loose piece of mischief.

"On the LP sleeve, we want this drawing of the devil masturbating, because that sort of sums it all up, too. But... I don't think we're gonna get away with that one."

He's going to lick this little squabble dry, that's for sure.

Matt Johnson looks at his face on the screen, breaking into this terribly silent scream. He shudders and smiles.

Matt Johnson is sick with brilliance, that's all.



MATT JOHNSON: a bird of prey

HIT AND RUN

As the RUN DMC tidal wave breaks over the British coastline and the country reels to its knees, it's maybe time to ponder the principles of rap's royalty. Kings or clowns? JACK 'THE NAGGER' BARRON takes it upon himself to force more truth from these boys than you've ever seen – and maybe more than you wanted to know. Mug shot by EYE AND EYE

PRESS! NAGGING, f***** dickheads.

"They nag the wrong way. They're looking for sensationalism, they're looking to say Run DMC are bad people or that people fought at their concerts.

"So far as I'm concerned, nagging press can get the dickhead out, the lot of them."

This is Joe Simmons, better known as the Run of DMC, currently the biggest selling rap band in the world.

The 30 or so Gucci-heeled people in the lobby of the Munich Hilton forget their cappuccinos and sahné torte and listen to us argue. We are the free floorshow. And when The Nagger finally switches off his infernal tape machine, he doesn't do the rounds with his beret.

Run DMC, with 'My Adidas' under their sneakers, are in Germany to promote themselves and Adidas at a mammoth sportswear trade fair. And to talk about sponsorship worth at least six zeroes behind being number one.

The Nagger is here to raise a little hell and steal a slice of heaven.

He leaves with a comedy of errors in his bag. There is no rap-turous applause.

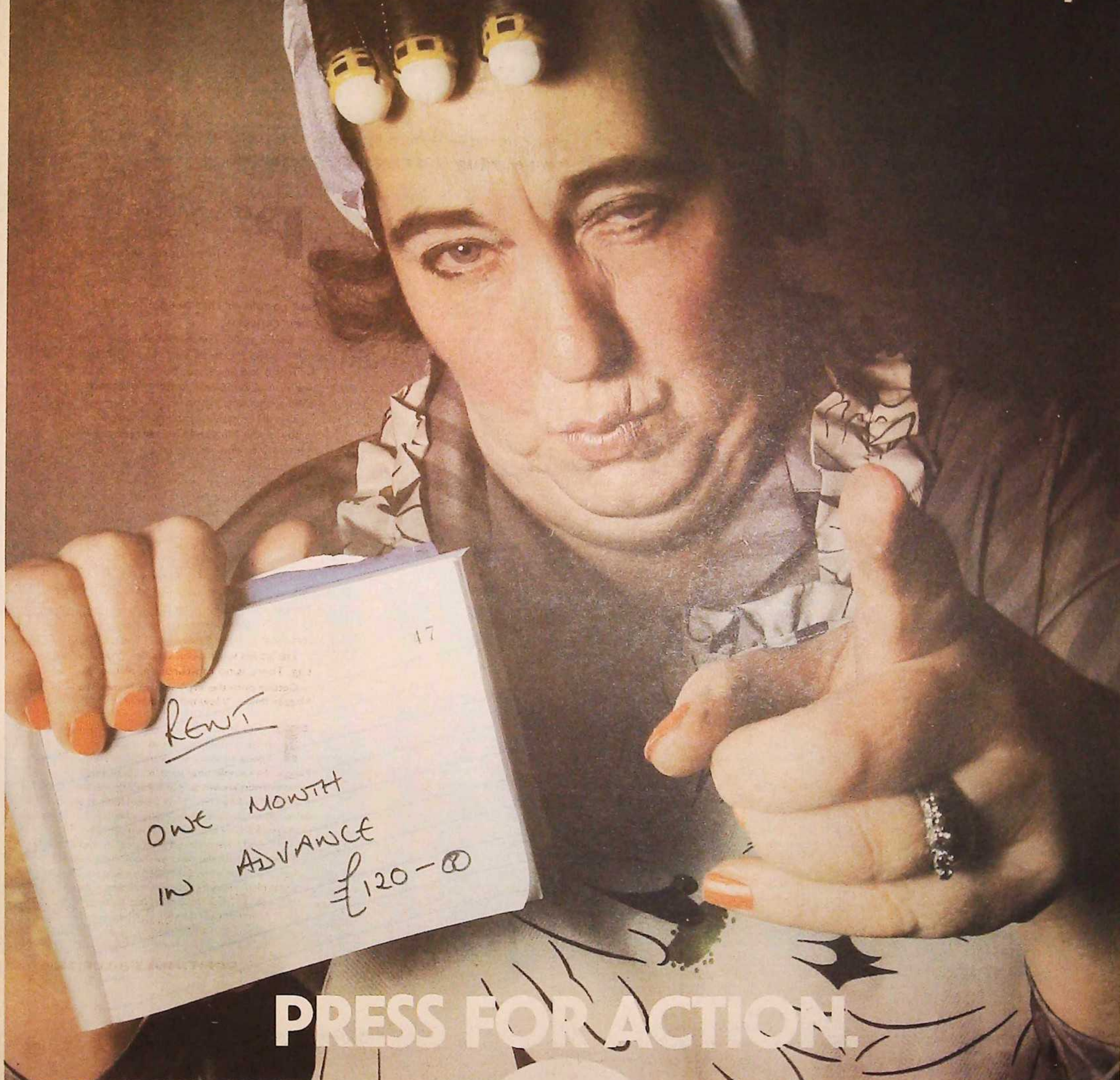
Getting onto the airplane back home, The Nagger thinks: "How did it happen?"

THROUGH A bizarre series of mishaps – from missing flights and unbooked hotels to splitting his trousers – The Nagger had ample time to think about this phenomenon known as Run DMC, three 21-year-old "middle class" boys from Hollis in the borough of Queens, New York, who act onstage like they are the *baddest* muthas in rapland. And he wondered if they really were.

While catching the next available flight out of Britain, he listened to Run DMC's third album, 'Raising Hell', with its relentless boasting about being "Lord of lyrics/Duke of discussion/Ruler of rock/And King at Cold Crushing". And he wondered if they really were as stark as the chiselled steel music producer Rick Rubin has

CONTINUES PAGE 24

IF YOU WANT TO AVOID LECTURES IN YOUR FIRST WEEK AT COLLEGE,



PRESS FOR ACTION.

If you don't open a bank account before you get to college, your first few lessons may well be in economics – like it or not.

Books, clubs, food and, of course, rent. How are you going to pay out for them if you haven't paid in your grant cheque?

Simple. If you open an account at NatWest before you start, you can have a cheque book and cheque card*, and a Service-card** giving you easy access to the largest



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And as NatWest has more branches on or near campus than any other bank, getting at your cash will be easy. So rent is one subject that you won't have to worry about when you start college.

RUN DMC

FROM PAGE 22

fashioned for them.

During the two hours after midnight that The Nagger and his press aide Eugene Mussolini walked round Munich looking for somewhere to sleep, they discussed Run DMC's liaison with Aerosmith on a do-over of the latter's 'Walk This Way', which looks like being the biggest rap single in history, and the manner in which rock neatly dovetails into the idiom but doesn't spell idiocy.

After a sleepless night in a room one star removed from a doss house during which The Nagger read of the violence at some Run DMC concerts in the States – including one at Long Beach where 40 people were roughed up, clubbed or stabbed – the pair headed for the Hilton, only to find that the interview was off the menu.

So The Nagger and Eugene Mussolini later caught a so-so Run DMC show at a club festooned with Adidas logos. If Run DMC weren't the kings of rock that evening, they were being treated like minor royalty by the German sportswear manufacturer – a Mercedes Benz each on call and all the champagne they cared to drink.

The Nagger can't recall exactly when he decided the best line of defence was to attack.

IT'S 11 AM on a Friday. It's not the 13th but it feels bad. In head to toe Adidas wear – from the unlaced sneakers of mixologist Jason Mizell (Jam Master Jay), through Run's tracksuit, to the huge gold medallion replica of the three-striped running shoe that bobs on the chest of MC Darryl McDaniels (D), plus the odd Kangol hat – Run DMC are already causing a stir in the Hilton lobby. . . and we haven't even started arguing yet.

The Nagger fields his first question: "In Britain you have a bad reputation for not liking to do interviews, don't you?"

Run jumps on the idea like a wolf upon a lame rabbit. "Who, us?! Who said that?" he demands.

So I tell him the tale of a journalist from a British Sunday newspaper who – so the story goes – had his tape recorder supposedly smashed against the wall by the band.

"That's a lieeee," hisses D.

"Rumours can get the dickhead," scowls Run. He turns to Lyor Cohen, an overseer from the trio's American label Profile and in A VERY LOUD VOICE protests "Did you hear what this guy just said. . . ?" Ears start flapping like boxer shorts on a washing line in the lobby as The Nagger is given a lecture on apocryphal rumours.

Run is getting mad. The Nagger knows this because the MC shouts, "I'm getting mad."

We're off to a good start.

"Alright!" smiles The Nagger. "The image you project is one of toughness, right?"

"We're not actually pussies," admits Run.

"We're not soft but we're not hard. It's like an image we project, it's an act. Once we get offstage there's a completely different atmosphere for the group. We're frontin'. You know what frontin' means?"

"Yeah, bluffing, right?" ventures The Nagger.

"That's right," says Run. "Actually we're nice guys though we might look like we'd throw your tape recorder against the wall."

"I don't look like I'd throw his tape recorder against the wall," disagrees Jam Master Jay. The band bicker among themselves for a few minutes about whether they look like hoodlums.

The bluster dies.

"I saw you in the club last night with your wife and child," The Nagger says to Run. "It's surprised me that you're a family man given the toughboy image your lyrics project."

"What! What! What do the lyrics project?" demands Jay.

"Oh, this is so funny," mocks Run. "What do my lyrics project? Did I ever say in my lyrics that I don't have no wife or kids? Have you listened to our records? What do my lyrics talk about?"

"A certain macho, streetwise persona," retorts The Nagger.

"Mmmmm, streetwise?" considers Run.

"What do you feel, Lyor?"

"I think it's pretty streetwise to have a wife

and child, it's not unlike being a streetwise person," reckons Lyor.

The Nagger is thinking. What the hell is this businessman doing sitting in on my interview? Lyor turns out to be a mindreader and walks off to order chicken soup.

"Don't worry, we're just nagging you," explains Run.

"So do you look upon rap as being some sort of street poetry?" asks The Nagger.

"Yeah, guaranteed," confirms Run. "Street poetry, exactly, a good name. But we've always said don't stereotype us as from the street. I'm from round that way but. . . I don't actually know what I'm saying. What am I trying to say, Jay?"

"You're saying you're from around the way but you've got sense," answers Jay.

The Nagger thinks this is around the bend but gets interrupted.

ARE YOU Run DMC? You are! I think you guys are so cool, you're my favourite band," butts in an astonishingly beautiful and charming girl. She turns out to be Drew Barrymore, a child-star of the movies *ET* and *Irreconcilable Differences*, who's in Germany to shoot *Babes In Toyland*.

Run DMC are mightily impressed by Drew's attention and, like the well brought up boys they are, they treat her very graciously. The trio might come over as baaad lads via the press but when the masks are removed, they're pussycats.

Given, however, that Run DMC partly rap about the heat and the beat of the crack-infested, junkie-jammed, robber-rich streets of ghetto America, one would expect they'd react negatively to the jibe that they are relatively affluent B-boys as opposed to gutter urchins.

"We come from the middle class and it's cool," admits Run to The Nagger's astonishment. "In Queens, where we come from, everybody is real cool like we are."

"And what does that mean?" wonders The Nagger.

"It means everybody's parents working, trying to make a living," says D. "And the parents trying to keep their kids in school though always there's the street around the corner to distract them. We decided to be cool and stay in school though."

Run probably didn't have that much choice in the matter, though, since his father, aside from being a poet, acted as a high-powered truant officer in District 29 of New York and the MC's mother teaches pre-school. D and Jay's family backgrounds are equally professional: engineers, nurses, teachers and social workers.

"Did you ever play truant, Run?" smiles The Nagger.

"Never! I was a straight student with a 90 per cent average," says the MC who first met the other two in the trio whilst he was attending St Pascal's Catholic school.

There is undeniably something very moralistic about Run DMC. Their study-hard-shun-drugs-and-shit-on-hedonism-stance, which they alternate with self-aggrandising raps and put-downs of women, seems illogically at odds with the interests of their home audience of young, disillusioned black kids.

"Aren't you just echoing the sentiments parents have been preaching to children for the past 20 years?" probes The Nagger.

"No, not at all," argues Run. "It's like this: the parents can say that sort of thing for the rest of their lives and it's not as good as when we say it. You see, we're running this shit now, so when we say it it means more because the kids look up to us."

"Have you ever taken drugs?" nags The Nagger.

"No, I don't do drugs at all," frowns Run.

"I used to have a dealing with drugs when I was young, but then I realised that wasn't what I wanted to do. I like waking up in the morning feeling good and to feel well throughout the day. If you wanna suck on a joint, suck on this," says Jay pointing to his groin region.

The Nagger isn't keen on smoking pubic hair and grimaces.

ITOLD you I didn't want any chicken soup," Run admonishes Lyor, who has arrived back on the scene with the waitress.

Run DMC are like petulant children sometimes, living in their own little world over which they have complete reign.

Lyor is flustered. "This woman has gone to a lot of trouble for you to get this soup," he tells Run, who ignores him. "By the way, Lionel Richie just rang up. I don't know whether you want him on your show."

"I really dig Lionel Richie, he's cool," reckons Run.

The show in question is called *Crackdown* and is being organised for the near future by American impresario Bill Graham at the suggestion of Run DMC. As the title implies, it's an anti-crack event. As for who is going to be on the bill, well, Springsteen is mentioned but Run tells The Nagger, "I'm not going to tell you."

The Nagger thinks of all the socially conscious things Run DMC have done, from promoting figures like Martin Luther King to their part in the 'Sun City' protest. Against this he balances that American tour violence.

"Don't you think that the aggressive nature of your lyrics, an example being 'I leave all suckers in the dust/Those dumb motherf***** can't mess with us', attracts aggressive people?" The Nagger inquires.

"You know who's a dumb muthaf*****?" growls Run. "Let me tell you about the lyrics. We made a record called 'Sucker MCs', right? You know what a sucker MC is? A bad person. A sucker MC is biting all his life – that's stealing lyrics – cheating on his wife and walking around like a hoodlum with a knife. My wife is upstairs, I write all my own lyrics and I don't carry no knife. . . So if you ever hear us cursing anybody out it's because we're cursing a stupid, dumb muthaf*****, right?"

Jay and Run continue to protest at length that the trio don't incite violence and The Nagger believes it because he's seen them in action twice. So he switches the topic to reggae – which they like, especially Pato Banton and Smiley Culture – but it mysteriously shimmers into the subject of women.

"We rap about things like 'These girls are really sleazy/All they say is, Please me,'" mentions Run quoting 'It's Tricky'.

"We don't really project records to girls," explains Jay.

"Unless we dis(respect) them," continues Run. "We praise them but mostly we dis them, isn't that right, Jay?"

"So aren't you just people who put women down?" inquires The Nagger.

"No, it's the truth we speak about," defends Run. "I'm married, don't get me wrong. A lot of women are cool. You can't jump on that lyric and take it to that extent. I'm talking about girls, not your mother or mine. Some girls are really sleazy, don't you agree?"

Silence fills The Nagger's mouth, but soon the shouts of Run DMC are filling the air. The Nagger has mentioned that the band's new movie, *Tougher Than Leather* – supposedly a cross twixt *48 Hours* and *Cobra* – deals with violence again.

Run misinterprets The Nagger's use of *again* as implying their previous film, *Krush Groove*, was violent. He gets mad.

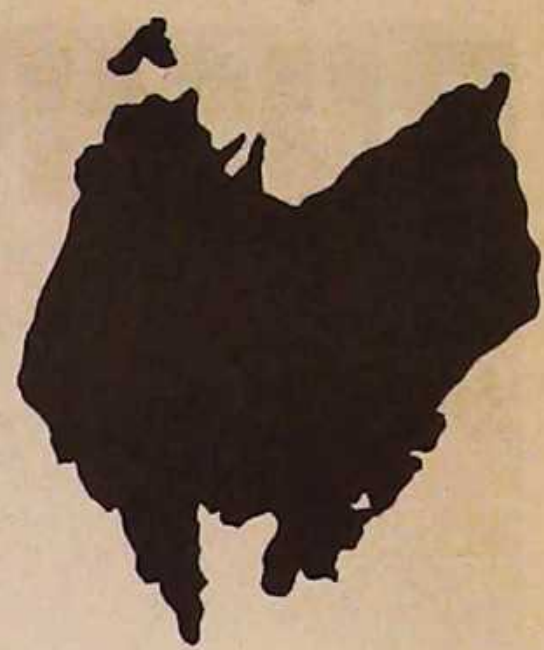
"I'm getting mad, you're illing on us," he says and proceeds with the other two to verbally jab The Nagger in the teeth. "What do you mean, *Krush Groove* was a violent film. . . It was a PG faggot homo movie and you know it was. . ."

The Nagger is getting a little pissed off with their bully boy tactics and so says, "Well, *Krush Groove* had a fight in it, and as far as I'm concerned a fight is violence."

Run is now beyond being mad. "I'm madder than mad," he hollers. That film, *Krush Groove*, was a pussy film, a cartoon. . . Popeye beats up Bluto but I bet you don't nag Popeye, do ya, sucker?"

Run DMC finally leave Munich with a lucrative sponsorship deal. "Why should that effect our credibility with the kids on the street?"

The Nagger leaves with his virginity intact. They might be baaad as in good when it comes to rapping, but Run DMC are just plain bad news in interviews, he thinks, collecting his bags.



THE GARDEN PATH

THE GARDEN PATH are unanimously hailed as Adelaide's super-group. Greasy Pop boss Doug Thomas compares them to The Rain Parade – if, he stresses, The Rain Parade were note perfect. Founder of The Garden Path Vic Conrad more modestly describes what they do as 'melodic grunge'. Conrad and bass player Colin Gellard were formerly with another Greasy Pop outfit, Fools Apart, and organist Rohan Belton also joins Conrad in yet another part-time project The Dust Collection, who feature on The Greasy Pop compilation 'An Oasis In A Desert Of Noise'. In addition to this, Vic Conrad also features on recordings by The Exploding White Mice, The Screaming Believers and The Spikes and holds down a day job digging holes in the road.

Their debut LP '5 Reasons' captures a little of the magic of their live performances which move people to descriptions like 'transcendent'. They've recently been back in the studio and hope to have either a 12-inch EP or a mini album out before the end of the year.

DARLINGHURST

SYDNEY SUBURB, home of Citadel Records, immortalised in the Celibate Rifles' tune 'Darlinghurst Confidential'. Downmarket hip. Inhabitants are noted for their black clothes and conspicuous lack of sun tans. Sacred cow and signifier of absolutely nothing to The Rifles' Damien Lovelock: "When the independent music scene started in Sydney you could have called it the Darlinghurst scene, because everybody who played in it and everybody who had anything to do with it and everybody who saw the bands and all the pubs who catered for that music were in that area. When I was at Uni, the thing to do was read the first six pages of *Das Kapital*, buy some jungle greens, get a punk haircut and move to Darlinghurst. It was like lemmings to the sea."

NEW CHRISTS

UNDOUBTEDLY, TWO of the best Australian singles ever have come from this band. The New Christs were Rob Younger and Chris Masuak from Birdman, Tony Robertson, Mark Kingsmill and Richard Jakimyszyn, who came together to support Iggy Pop on a two month tour and stayed together for a total of six months. They left behind them 'Like A Curse' and 'Born Out Of Time' – the hardest sound this side of the Iron Age and both on Citadel. Iggy Pop's band on that tour were by all accounts a failure and he must have felt at times that he was fronting the wrong line-up.

"Everything about the New Christs was trouble," says Chris Masuak. "That's why it was so good."

CHRIS MASUAK

ARRIVED IN Australia in 1973 from British Columbia and formed Johnny Kannis And The Can Openers with another 15-year-old at Maroubra Bay High School. At a gig with his next band, The Jackals, an idiot wearing coloured boots stormed the stage and began jamming with them, and that was how Chris

BUSHWACKED IN AUSTRALIA TWO

This is part the second of our trip into the sweating Australian outback, and you should, by the time you finish reading, be well up on that continent's sound. It's a place where, musically, something really happens, and if you keep this information section together with last week's you'll own the past, the present, an idea about the future and – most important – where to get the plastic. JANE SIMON gives you the basics

Masuak first met Deniz Tek. Much later, when keyboardist Pip Hoyle decided to quit Radio Birdman for a time, Tek enlisted Masuak to replace him.

Masuak describes his prestigious career thus: "Radio Birdman was a good band to be in when I was 17. The Hitmen were a good band to be in to learn to play guitar. The New Christs were a good band to get out all the artistic stuff that we couldn't get out anywhere else and The Screaming Tribesmen is a good band to be in to be human."

He also explains that after playing guitar for ten years he has recently discovered medium weight picks which make no end of difference. And his ambition is to become famous enough to get some ad company to sponsor him.

"I've been blowing up Marshall amps for ten years and I've never got so much as a transistor out of them."

The ad could read: *Chris Masuak tries to blow up the X2000... but he can't.*

THE SCREAMING BELIEVERS

THE FIRST band Doug Thomas set his sights on as potential Greasy Pop stars. In 1981 they released an EP on their own Empty Dogma label, recorded live at the Union Hotel where they had held down a Saturday night residency for over two years. Frontman is the smudge-eyed Paul Hughes, who used to be something of a child prodigy on the saxophone. Hughes became a believer at 14, when he would amaze folks by playing Charlie Parker, but his degeneration is now almost complete.

Guitarist and song-writer Ken Sykes has his roots deeply in country and wrote all tracks on the very un-country 'Communist Mutants From Space' LP, thought to be only the second indie album recorded in Adelaide. Since the making of 'Mutants' they have acquired a new bass player, Cloud Katern, and John Cuvuto has taken over on guitar from Graeme Burdett who left to join The Garden Path.

JULY 14TH

THE BAND responsible for 1985's mind-blowing 45 'Me And My Gun' found it something of a tough act to follow with their LP 'Australian Bite' (Greasy Pop), which has earned them the tag of protest singers.

They were originally formed in 1983 as a support act for The Violent Femmes so Terry Bradford, the band's singer and songwriter, traded in his electric guitar for a plug-in acoustic and proceeded to play very loud, very angry acoustic guitar, which has become their trademark.

Born in Bethnal Green, Terry emigrated to Australia at the tail end of the '60s and hitched around for five years being a professional Pommy – whingeing about everything. It wasn't until he went to work on a cattle station in the Northern Territory where it hadn't rained in 12 years that the realities of Australia were brought home to him. The track 'Sandlands' on the LP, their fascist farmer's song, came from this time. As well as being Bastille Day

and the day Woody Guthrie was born, July 14th is also the shared birthday of three of its members.

THE EASTERN DARK

THE DEATH of singer James Darroch in a car accident on March 4 put an end to this band just as they were finding their feet. Darroch put The Eastern Dark together after The Celibate Rifles pensioned him off during the recording of their second LP. He teamed up with drummer Jeff Milne and Bill Gibson, who had been MC and backing vocalist with The Lime Spiders, but turned out to be a passable bass player too, allowing Darroch to switch from bass to guitar.

Their first single on Waterfront, 'Julie Is A Junkie'/'Johnny And Dee Dee' was an obvious nod to their influences – live, their trademark was to cover a different Ramones track each night. A new five track 12-inch has just been released entitled 'Long Live The New Flesh' which will also be out here on the What Goes On label. It's a great memorial to the band and to Darroch.

THE STEMS

THEIR RECENT four-track 12-inch 'Love Will Grow' (affectionately subtitled 'Rosebuds Volume One') establishes The Stems as a beanstalk-sized talent, and they also hold the distinction of recording the first single for Citadel offshoot Blue Mosque with 'She's Fine'.

Formed in early '84 by Dom Mariani (guitar and vocals) and Richard Lane (organ, guitar and harmonica), they took the almost compulsory route of starting out for laughs before cutting their

own definite path through the woods.

Currently they have custody of the Perth end of the blurred ley lines stretching to The Church in Sydney and The Ups And Downs in Brisbane, inspiring all three to produce mightily atmospheric, mood altering music. If you must have a reference point in the '60s, try something like 'I Can See For Miles'. Check especially the last track on the EP 'Jumping To Conclusions'.

RADIO BIRDMAN

WARWICK GILBERT, bass; Rob Younger, vocals; Deniz Tek, guitar and vocals; Chris Masuak, guitar, piano, vocals; Ron Keeley, drums; Pip Hoyle (who quit and came back) keyboards.

According to Chris Masuak: "Birdman was like a club and everyone wanted to be in it. Like The Mouseketeers – everyone wanted the Mouse Ears. That went for the band as well as the audience."

That's as accurate a description as any I can think of. Long after they split, the red and black Radio Birdman armbands were still worn as a mark of faith.

Much has been made of Birdman's base in the Stooges and MC5 but Deniz Tek also acknowledges the enormous influence of the Rolling Stones, surf music which the band covered live, and the black music of James Brown, Otis Redding and Sam And Dave. When they first appeared in 1974 there was nothing anywhere to touch them and their first EP 'Burn My Eye' now fetches upwards of £65. Two other LPs are absolute essentials: the first, 'Radios Appear' was originally released in a red and black sleeve on Trafalgar and then

re-released for overseas consumption in a black and white sleeve with five new tracks and some of the remainder re-mixed or re-recorded. The export version is currently available in a double pack with the second LP, 'Living Eyes'.

Birdman broke up in Europe in 1978 during a tour with the Flamin' Groovies. Cyril Jordan of The Flamin' Groovies severed tendons in his right hand which postponed many of their European dates and US dates were also cancelled. In addition to this, there had been practical problems in that Deniz Tek, who wrote most of the songs, and Pip Hoyle were both medical students at the University of NSW, which made Birdman a part-time band.

After the split Deniz Tek, Warwick Gilbert and Rob Younger reappeared in New Race with Ron Asheton (ex Stooges) and Dennis Thompson (ex MC5) and left a live album 'The First And The Last' (available in the UK on Statik) which also featured Masuak on two tracks. Ron Keeley, Rob Younger and Clyde Bramley (now with The Hoodoo Gurus) were for a time The Other Side. Chris Masuak and Warwick Gilbert rejoined Birdman's MC Johnny Kannis in The Hitmen, while Deniz Tek has most recently been recording with The Visitors. Rob Younger teamed up with Chris Masuak again in The New Christs, and Younger is now everyone's favourite producer.

A lot of bad press has been directed against Radio Birdman since their demise, but as Damien Lovelock of The Rifles says: "Anybody who can generate that much bad publicity must have been pretty good."

THE MOFFS

PSYCHEDELIA WITH all the trimmings, The Moff's first single

'Another Day In The Sun' won them some fans with its haunting organ riff and dreamy guitars, even though the vocals let it down a bit. Live, The Moff's will never set the world on fire, although it's good to see a band improvise for a bit of variety, and their cover of 'Tobacco Road' is an inspired choice. Check their five-track self-titled mini LP also out on Citadel and see if you agree that they'd make a great instrumental band.

UPS AND DOWNS

THOUGHTFUL BRISBANE four-piece formed by brothers Darren and Greg Atkinson around 1982. So far their brief career has spanned at least four record labels; their own Basketcase label, which saw the release of 'Living Inside My Head' and 'Perfect Crime'; Waterfront, who released 'In The Shadows'; TrueTone who have put out their own new single 'Living Kind' and the mini LP 'Sleepless' (not quite out yet on import); and What Goes On, who've rereleased 'In The Shadows' on a three-track 7-inch in the UK. So much for data.

Like so many of the bands on these pages, The Ups And Downs coast along on close harmonies but strike out on their own a little with the subtle use of effects, like the clocks and chimes on 'Neverending' or the not quite so subtle backwards vocal on 'Traeh' (or even 'Heart' if you can find a record player that turns in reverse). Pretty terrific all round, The Ups And Downs are also one of the few bands who could get away with sticking their photo on the sleeve, even though they don't. Australian bands aren't much to look at as a rule. This one is an exception.



THE SCREAMING BELIEVERS: surf's up!

ALBUMS

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEARFLOGDUMP



IT'S IMMATERIAL demonstrate the lazy man's alternative to the mohican haircut

THAT'S LIFE

IT'S IMMATERIAL 'Life's Hard And Then You Die' (Siren Records SIREN LP4)****

'LIFE'S HARD And Then You Die'. Now there's a simple theory about all of life's labours and rewards, and its ultimate futility. Like It's Immaterial themselves, the statement is pleasantly simple and yet so apt that it hurts in its desperately tragic conclusion. It's Immaterial's debut album is tinged with just such reflective observations on life's perpetual fatigue. But throughout, they remain humbly optimistic about the virtues of the average man through their warm, glowing melodies and charming softness.

It's Immaterial are a group full of memories; not bad memories, not good memories, just tired recollections. Take 'Driving Away From Home', a beautifully sophisticated demonstration of '80s pop at its best, a song that glides through the various landscapes of English misery but which, on closer inspection, also comes across as a ride back into the playground of one's youth. 'Happy Talk' is

a story of a salesman who is fed up with his job. There's no outrage here, though — that'd be too extreme an emotion for the moods that It's Immaterial weave into their subtly blended pop.

There's no noise that sounds out of place on 'Life's Hard'; every fluttering piano, every serenading trumpet splashes yet another emotional colour onto It's Immaterial's articulate balladry. Their introverted music continues with 'A Better Idea', confused melancholia, catching the tears of a man trying to ascertain his position in the industrial decline. It may seem a bit depressing but the songs are too delightful for that, especially 'Rope' and 'Ed's Funky Diner', which has the colourful feel of a West End musical to it.

'Life's Hard And Then You Die' is the awkward scream that lurks in every modern heart, it's a tribute to the common man, his troubles, his fears and his passive acceptance of them. It's not a brilliant album, that's too extreme an adjective for It's Immaterial's humble modesty to aspire to. Let's just say it's very good.

RON ROM

ROUGH CUTT 'Wants You' (Warner Brothers 925 484-1)* **ORIGINAL SIN 'Sin Will Find You Out'** (Roadrunner RR 9679)*½ **DETENTE 'Recognize No Authority'** (Roadrunner RR 9695)*

WHO'S THE fairest of them all? The boys in Rough Cutt, no contest. Mind you, the competition is hardly what you'd call glamorous. Even if they are women.

Well, mostly women, for whilst Original Sin are all

strapping lasses, Detente are simply a pack of grubby LA hoods led by the charming, hyaena-voiced Dawn Crosby.

She's not half as pretty as Rough Cutt, though, who seem to have spent far more time preening in compact mirrors than developing a punch for their puny pawty metal. Inevitably, they're fake, feeble and forgettable.

Long Island gals Original Sin wipe the floor with 'em. 'Bitches From Hell'? 'A Slice Of Finger'? Produced by 'The Lion' and engineered by

'Doctor Metal', this is clearly seriously heavy stuff. In their eagerness, the riffs do tend to rush up blind alleys, but that's to be expected on a debut effort. They're still quite an intriguing little thrash curio, though.

Not so Detente. Good lyrics, powerful sound but very one-dimensional. Seedy speedballing that's nowhere near as funny as Original Sin's black candle blithering or Rough Cutt's plumed impotence.

PAUL ELLIOTT

FRENZY 'Clockwork Toy' (ID NOSE 8)**** **DEMENTED ARE GO 'In Sickness And In Health'** (ID NOSE 9)*** **VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Zorch Factor-One'** (Nervous NERD 023)***½

FRENZY, THE shooting stars of flat-top society, arrive in the glamorous world of the full-colour sleeve, an honour which Demented Are Go are evidently deemed unworthy of, the trajectory of the latter having flattened out relative to the rival trio from Somerset.

Frenzy possess a quality rare among 'rockabilly' bands, the ability to construct good songs. Both sides of their LP open with two or three items that very nearly work, including a version of 'Mexican Radio' which is nowhere as bad as might be expected and scores points for originality of choice. A group in the distant slipstream of Restless but slowly reeling them in.

Demented Are Go continue their introspective, philosophical journey through life with their latest series of treatises on the human condition, including such delights as 'Pervy In The Park', 'I Was Born On A Busted Hymen', 'Nuke Mutants', 'Transvestite Blues' and 'Rubber Love'. While I have a sneaking regard for some of their efforts, I break into a cold sweat at the thought that most sceptics automatically assume all rockabilly bands sound like this.

Frenzy are shining old boys of the proud Nervous school, and the indomitable Roy Williams soldiers on here in what is virtually a one-man crusade to educate/infest an unconcerned world with a never-ending flow of new talent. The best bets on 'Zorch Factor-One' are the pastures new Frenzy, Long Tall Texans and Outer Limits, all of whom have had the benefit of a previous run in public, disc-wise. Which of this crop will graduate to ID, I wonder...

ANDY HURT

THE LOVER SPEAKS 'The Lover Speaks' (A&M AMA 5127)****

HELLO. ONLY four of the songs have the word 'love' in the title. The others are called 'Never To Forget You', 'Face Me And Smile (If You Can)', 'Absent One', 'Tremble Dancing', and suchlike. So there's obviously a real diversity of themes. Ha ha.

The Lover Speaks are an American-sounding British duo, David Freeman and Joseph Hughes, whose debut album is apparently based on a novel the former was writing. Produced in grand anti-fashion by Jimmy Iovine, the single 'No More I Love Yous' gives a fair indication of the epic torch aspirations of the whole. Ringing with booms, croons and soaring falsettos, tripping dramatically over its own analytical word-play and inverted romantic clichés, it's something of a magnificent failure.

Their own slick proficiency dilutes the active angst, but there are more than a few sections on this (elegantly and eloquently presented)

record where The Lover Speaks transcend their mute mastery of the synthetic and fly with genuine emotional complexity.

So 'Still Faking This Art Of Love' flows with sensual dignity. Scott Walker caresses Motown when things work, The Rubettes squeak Spector when they don't. There's poignant and painstaking layering to each call and response.

Freeman's lyrics are among the most ambitious and involving I've encountered all year. A language may be leaving but he's determined to photograph the echoes. "If only we had a balcony to drop roses from!" The degree of his success in an impossible conflict is aptly rewarded when, on the glorious finale 'Of Tears', he 'literally' throws the words out of the window, strokes his shoulders and just wails.

That's love speaking, wallowing you down.

CHRIS ROBERTS

CROWDED HOUSE 'Crowded House' (Capitol ST-12485)****

A SPLIT end shorn from the head of Split Enz, Neil Finn has since found himself living in this Crowded House with Nick Seymour, bass, and Paul Hester, drums. And this House moves that pop music is not saying enough.

"In the paper today there are tales of war and of waste, but you turn right over to the TV page."

Crowded House are singing love songs, hurt songs, songs of bewildered pain. And occasionally it does seem as though they get the girl. But no matter what the final score, they are singing songs of quality and of distinction, songs with the power of love, with the power to reach you.

Crowded House use guitar rhythms often half weighed down with storylines and build a sound around Finn's six string clip tracks, employing a host of padded sounds such as the Heart Attack Horns, some additional percussion and a cast of three or four additional musicians.

There is often a sense of foreboding in this music; a fear of loss, a tension which translates into a New Zealand cardiganed soul stretched with lyrical emphasis and twisted at times into a rhythm reminiscent of Rockpile.

Crowded House play songs which intrigue you and, above all else, Crowded House make you want to hear their songs again.

ROGER HOLLAND

MAGNUM 'Vigilante'

(Polydor 829986/1)***** TRADITION HAS it that the Americans have the tunes and the British have the balls. Why is this so? Maybe little Yank rockers get neutered at birth and have to console themselves with pretty melodies while our boys strut around flashing their famed quarterpounders.

Whatever, the standard sales pitch for a big percentage of rock bands is: 'We've got the American harmonies plus those good ol' British balls.' Which loosely translates into: 'We'd love to have a hit single, but we'll never get one really because we can't think of a better way of getting a tune across other than sticking 18-hole Dr Martens on it and letting it kick the shit out of the radio.'

Ultimately, it's not surprising that 'melodic rock' has become synonymous with watery, knock-kneed slop. But it'd be sad to see Magnum get carelessly tarred with the same brush as the bozos.

They're offering nothing new here, but fine songs are hard to come by and 'Vigilante' has them in spades. Shorn of the old pomp trinketry, the approach is now simple, direct and richly atmospheric, qualities crystallised by Queen drummer Roger Taylor's lively production.

All that could really hold them back is their fairly low-key image. Sad but true, in rock 'n' roll it's better to be ugly than faceless — see Madonna, Slade, AC/DC etc.

All the same, with 'Vigilante' on the streets, Magnum look set to clean up. Feeling lucky, punks?

PAUL ELLIOTT

IN THE NURSERY

'Twins' (Sweatbox SAX 014)****

THIS COULD be the sound of the eternal sorrow of perpetual life. This could be the sound of the despondency that swirls underneath the skyscrapers. In actual fact, it is the sound of In The Nursery and their debut album, 'Twins'.

'Twins' starts peacefully enough, an evocative whirl of ethnic voices dancing joyfully together on a highly polished mesh of wounded atmospheres.

Side one, the heavy side, sees In The Nursery pummeling their beat-dominated slabs of urban polemic heartlessly from the



CARMEL and friends enjoy a laugh and a joke

IGUANA BREAK FREE

THE CHAMELEONS 'Strange Times' (Geffen 924 119-1)***

THEY ATTRACT the oddest bunch of course. Wherever you look, there's always some shaman claiming that The Chameleons have made at least one song that ranks higher than the Holy Writ. For me, it happened so long ago, I hadn't reckoned on The Chameleons still haunting us after all this time. 'In Shreds' seems like an inspired fluke in the light of all the pop shoving they've served up since.

Well, there were other moments; both 'Tears' and 'Up The Down Escalator' has the occasional knack of snuggling up to the base of your spine and setting up camp for the night. Even then though, you could never totally believe The Chameleons because they seemed hellbent on this premeditated Progressive path. 'Strange Times' is no surprise then, only it sounds sorry for itself, a Chameleons first.

Possessing record-breaking amounts of lousy song titles, tripping over themselves in the rush to get more mawkish than the one preceding, 'Strange Times' is a foggy notion. Oh, it has its moments because, despite their squelchy sincerity, there is the occasional chilling idea. 'Tears', for instance, sounds like a dumb imitation of the single, a pointless remix, but I'm still a sucker for its plunging melancholia. Equally, 'Swamp Thing' sounds drunk enough to get by, but c'mon, it's not a captivating song. In fact, it's barely a song.

Crushed by studio bombast, there's barely a shred of that old Chameleons fragility. These days, they sound like they're wrapped up in some quest. If so, we should be told. All this woolly nonsense isn't getting anyone out of the hole.

The Chameleons make the most ordinary records in the world, that's about their only distinction. Strange times indeed.

JONH WILDE



THE CHAMELEONS: not strange enough, unfortunately

left speaker to the right speaker, creating an effect akin to having a bunch of workmen drilling hypnotically into the cracked pavements on either side of the brain. In 'Profile', dejected harmonies and funk patterns lament over the tragic ironies of Kennedy's 'New Frontier' speech.

Side two, the peaceful side, glows gently with 'The Outsider', a song decorated in a natural beauty, showing that In The Nursery's bruised heart is a lot more fulfilling to listen to than their caustic ranting. 'Joaquin' and 'Judgement Of Parts' are particularly splendid – both are deadly still yet breathe with an awakening pride and a romantic silence.

'Interwine', the final track on the album, fades out onto a blue horizon, proclaiming 'Twins' to be an album of rare vitality and emotive beauty.

RON ROM

THE AVONS 'Music From Three Rivers Reach' (Lethargic LETH LPI)***1/2

AFTER THREE years of bad harvests and failing to add significantly to the EEC vinyl mountain, Farmer's Boys Barry McGuilty and Mark Kingston have given up their tenancy and set up The

Avons with Hal Jordan and Ed Street.

Clad in garb of a distinctly rock nature, these waterboys are propelled by the mighty guitar of Hal Avon (who, the press release claims, looks like Elvis just before he died) and though they have a fascination for things rural, this is a long way from the appalling whimsy of latterday Farmer's Boys.

The cover's sepia-tinted photos from the riverbank locate them in Barry Hines, air rifle and egg collecting country, and the first song, 'Facial', sets the musical tone, with the guitar bounding from a Duane Eddy twang to chord chiming REM arpeggio. This pattern is maintained for the languid, understated melody of 'Everything's Going Right', but by the time they get to the sprawling, brooding, melancholic seven and a half minutes of 'Beautiful World, Beautiful People', the guitar is distorted to within spitting distance of Billy Duffy.

The Avons are nothing new, just a tasteful distillation of existing rock patterns. Still, you'd be better off forgetting about this river's source and just sitting back and watching it meander to wherever it's going.

ROY WILKINSON

FALLING IN LOVE

CARMEL 'The Falling' (London LONLP 17)****1/2

"FOR CHRIST's sake," yell your teeth, having taken another pretty kicking from a sweet little foot, "show a bit of common, will you?". And Carmel's voice, believing in the fingers, believing in the nerves, knowing the insult of impulse, is the pillow that suffocates the masochism and weeps as the home fires keep learning.

'The Falling' is a rare glimpse of bloodied realism. And by Harry, the girl carries it off by disguising half of them as swinging jazz railway tracks. But she can't fool me, woe no, because when she sings 'Mercy' the earth moves to one side to reveal all the magical maggots that ever pushed up daisies after coming up roses.

She gives you a hint when she starts with 'I'm Not Afraid Of You' which soon (de)generates into "little boy, it's all of me". No sumptuous surplus of string orchestras can hide the pure Patsy Cline five-seconds-before-the-plane-crashed pain of this. I'm being not neutral, having seen her jaw quiver and her eyes blaze and her back arch as she sings this live, but then it was her and her only on that stage.

There are lighter hooks, more conceivably resistible baits, which range from the gospel 'Let Me Know' to the intricate 'Mama Told Me Not To Come' (the musicianship is boilingly unconventional throughout), from the steadfast 'Sticks And Stones' to the lifting (it's only a narrative about a suicide) 'Sally'. But on the brooding title song, the bitter emotional litter of 'Easy For You' and the sky-licking 'Mercy', this voice does action painting as a black panther covets a leopard's spots.

'Mercy,' itself, is produced by Eno, and cries milk like a marble baby. But on the surface, Carmel is fascinated laughter. My proposal holds.

CHRIS ROBERTS

RAY CHARLES 'From The Pages Of My Mind' (CBS 26856)***

SOME PEOPLE are pretty well beyond criticism and Ray Charles is one of them.

Something about him, that voice, the way he's lived and breathed quality music for all these years, the fact that nowadays he's making records purely for the pleasure of it (he surely doesn't need the money?): it all makes picking faults so meaningless.

In all honesty, Ray sounds far too close to Kenny Rogers for comfort; 'Class Reunion' is appallingly schmaltzy and the absence of any great material here is painfully obvious. But what does it really matter? I didn't expect this to be a classic and it isn't. What more is there to say?

Just one thing, I guess. That on the day Ray eventually snuffs it, I doubt that there'll be many who'll reach for this. We'll have much better things to remember him by.

PAUL ELLIOTT

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Luxury Condo's Coming To Your Neighborhood Soon' (Rough Trade ROUGH 103)***

WHAT DO The Wygals, Trigger And The Thrill Kings, Scruffy Cat, Yo La Tengo, The Trypes, Gut Bank, Kilkenny Cats and Syd Straw all have in common besides their ridiculous names? Well, they all feature on this wholesome Rough Trade compilation of new and emerging American acts who have been inspired by country music too much for their own good.

'Luxury Condo's' has been released here in co-operation with Coyote Records, and it sets out to try and make us once again open our eyes and bury our previous prejudices as to what America has got to offer this side of The Long Ryders. Unfortunately, it fails dismally. All that is on display here is a barrel of blank but cute American college acts who collectively run through the unsung virtues of the American West by sticking together folk-ish pop and country with a dull, uninspiring new wave thud.

Any fire or poison – like that of Blood On The Saddle, a keen figurehead but sadly missing here – is dismissed by a light, poppy approach, turning the songs into hollow chunks of tedious mediocrity. Only The Trypes stand out with their tranquil 'A Plain

Revisited', in which echoing vocals brood over demoralising desert plains and peaceful keyboards capture the beautiful loneliness of typical Western landscapes.

The Trypes are also the only group here who seem to stand above the distinct patriotism running through 'Luxury Condo's'. You are never allowed to forget that this is an American album. That is why it fails so badly.

RON ROM

DEVICE '22B3' (Chrysalis CHR 1526)***

IT'S ALMOST seamless, like a piece of warm clothing that clings to your body, wrapping you up completely with no joins. I don't mean that there's no break between the tracks but that each well-tailored piece of hi-tech, state of the art songwriting is complete in its perfection, complete in its mastery of all your listening faculties.

Device is (or are) four people. A professional songwriter and keyboardist called Holly Knight who has composed hit tunes for Rod Stewart amongst others, a guitarist called Gene Black who has played on these records, plus Paul Engeman, an unknown singer, and last but not least the famous producer Mike Chapman. (Yes him – you remember The Sweet, Rak Records, Blondie...)

'22B3' is a professional venture, a low risk record that can't help but impress with its uncanny ability to hit the nail right on the head. Engeman has just the right amount of Brian Ferry mixed in with his

own voice, and there's enough dance beat shuffled alongside the computer rock rhythms to achieve major radio play.

The lyrics rise above greeting card platitudes on broken hearts but not so far as to offend or confuse. '22B3' is not bland, but it could never become anyone's favourite record.

RICKY KILDARE

SOUL ASYLUM 'Made To Be Broken' (Rough Trade ROUGH 102)***

AND NOW a competition. You have 220 words of reading time in which to guess the appallingly obvious wiseacre conclusion to this only mildly favourable review. No peeking now.

Soul Asylum inevitably hail from Minneapolis – and who here amongst us does not – and bill themselves as the loudest band in that very loud city. Equally inevitably 'Made To Be Broken', their third album, has been produced by Hüsker Dü's Bob Mould, who also twiddled things on the earlier two.

Consequently (although it would have happened anyway, I suppose) the sound is full, the guitars frantic. What I wouldn't give for some sparse elegance occasionally. But while 'Made To Be Broken' is undeniably full-throttle, hell for leather fast, its tone is at least halfway country, an influence acknowledged upon the near ballad 'Never Really Been'.

But so what? All this talk about power, raw power and seminal influences is mere camouflage. Pure country hogwash. What I want is a

band who combine power with grace, noise with beauty, energy with songs. And what I get, as usual, is only half the cake.

Although 'Made To Be Broken' kicks off with a fine move, the excellent 'Tied To The Tracks' setting up 'Ship Of Fools' for a shot at goal, in truth it flatters to deceive. All asylum, no soul.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE FIXX 'Walkabout' (MCA FX 1004)*1/2

'WALKABOUT' PROVES one thing at least – The Fixx are still going. I, for one, thought they'd split up years ago, and quite frankly, who cares anyway?

As a dollar-earning export, The Fixx are the rock equivalent of the romantically warped Hollywood vision of London, all fog and cobbled streets and bearing not the slightest relation to the real world whatsoever.

The Fixx are pedigree go-nowhere-niks who have managed to avoid the fate of Sisiphus (the Greek mythological geezer who was condemned to forever push a boulder up a hill for it to roll back down the other side), only to waltz merrily towards a far less attractive eternity, the fate of Foghat (the British mythological band destined to forever play 4,000 capacity college gigs in outback America – Boulder, Colorado perhaps?).

Ten tracks of drive-you-crazy-mister nice rock, the numbers that never made it out of the rehearsal rooms of Simple Minds and The Police. For fans only. Both of them.

ANDY HURT

MODERN ENGLISH 'Stop Start' (Sire Records 925 343-1)**1/2

MODERN ENGLISH are one of those persistent little bands that just refuse to fade away. And here on 'Stop Start', the basic nucleus of Robbie Grey (vocals) and Michael Conroy (guitar) are ably assisted by some of the most professional able assistants in the tightly incestuous music scene: Aaron Davidson (keyboards), Gary Barnacle (horns) and Tony Lowe (guitars).

The result, of course, is able, professional and, ultimately, insignificant. Which is something of a shame because back in 1983, when they cut the excellent 'Life In The Gladhouse', Modern English were getting there.

Steeped in that sort of pumping insistence and sophisticated pop melodies that rootsy winners like Madonna avoid like the plague, 'Stop Start' is barely removed from the blueprint for all those Duran Duran masterpieces. However Duran are winners, too, and Modern English, sadly, are losers.

ROGER HOLLAND

SUICIDE SOLUTION

SUICIDE 'Suicide' (Demon FIEND 74)*****

'AHEAD OF its time' is the most ill-treated handle in the history of rock 'n' roll, but in the '70s, anything that ever drew a breath was treated to the prize. Iggy's 'The Idiot', Patti's 'Easter', Television's debut, all those have hung on in there. More than any, though, the first Suicide LP lasts and, let's face it, we're still waiting for everyone to catch up.

The most relentless rhythms, the most ominous echoes, Vega and Rev dragged everything back to basics and started scratching out the primal beat once again. The gnarled rockabilly bastardisation of 'Johnny', smack in the middle of side one, sounded like bad-ass rambling back in 1977. Like Ubu or Wire from the same period, its importance was undoubted but Suicide, well, they didn't really fit in maan.

Suicide were so hated way back then that,

touring with The Clash throughout England, they were treated to a hail of glass bottles each night. Suicide were too far gone even then.

This re-release is a masterpiece of timing too, with the current Vega/Rev reconciliation back in New York and their impending visit, as Suicide, here soonest. So a timely electric shock to say that the self-immolation of 'Frankie Teardrop' is still the biggest orgasm that rock ever had; just turn down the lights and wait for those full-lunged howls, bursting in from nowhere. Vega's Presley drawl, charged with obvious shell-shocked energy, comes smothered in the same demented sex fever it was born with, pure maniacal lust from the off.

If it's truly new to you, you've missed out, but just see where Sputnik stole the thunder from. Not only that, 'Suicide' is still the most unhinged r'n'r uproar to break bounds.

JONH WILDE

IT BITES

THE BIG LAD IN THE WINDMILL

DEBUT ALBUM
INCLUDING THE HIT SINGLE
'CALLING ALL THE HEROES'



V2378



The It Bites Tour

September

14th **Bristol** Studio
15th **Nottingham** Rock City
16th **Glasgow** Mayfair
18th **Edinburgh** Coasters
19th **Whitehaven** Sports Centre
20th **Hanley** Victoria Hall

21st **Preston** Guildhall
23rd **Guildford** Civic Hall
24th **Aylesbury** Civic Centre
25th **Manchester** International
26th **Newcastle** University
28th **Birmingham** Odeon
29th **Leeds** University

30th **Sheffield** University

October

2nd **Manchester** Polytechnic
3rd **London** City University
5th **Leicester** Polytechnic
7th **London** Town and Country

SPECIAL GUESTS



L I V E S

LIVING IN TEXAS

Kentish Town Timebox

THINGS ARE definitely on the upswing. There is a spare room going in Barcelona, and yesterday you inspired the new-look *Sounds* football team to victory with a pretty damn *manly* goal from 30 yards. It wasn't poetry but it's results that count. Also, you are almost sober and the venue's name is free of religious connotations.

A pop group called Living In Texas appear. Soon you realise you've seen them at least twice before and you like them a lot because they are indescribable. They are five individuals. A singer who could happily front either The Cramps or Showaddywaddy and ooze confidence. Two guitarists – one a demented ex-squaddie type, one a lean cross between Lydon and Vicious, like a never-ending cigarette. A hippy bass player and a drummer so great you forget he's a thalidomide, which you imagine is his intention. Perfect.

Before long you decide the drummer is your favourite rock musician in the whole world, and you are so awake that you notice their songs are about television, history, naked women and lights at the end of tunnels. They are roaring and striving and tricky and wise, and you wish they'd change that awful name because then they could be saviours.

You even forgive them their preoccupation with "rock 'n' roll" because they give so much and risk so foolishly and baffle and entertain.

You hurry home because you are going to write 'Voyage Into Hell', in three parts. Another kitten is missing. You presume nothing, but stare into Crazy Lulu's green eyes for ten minutes.

CHRIS ROBERTS

LIFE AFTER

Fulham King's Head

THERE'S NO two ways about it, you've got to play the toilets to get started in this business and Nottingham-based sextet Life After have been doing just that for some while now. That's not to say that the King's Head is a particularly tacky place, it's just that pillboxes like this aren't geared to showcasing the finest rock. And that's what Life After aspire to.

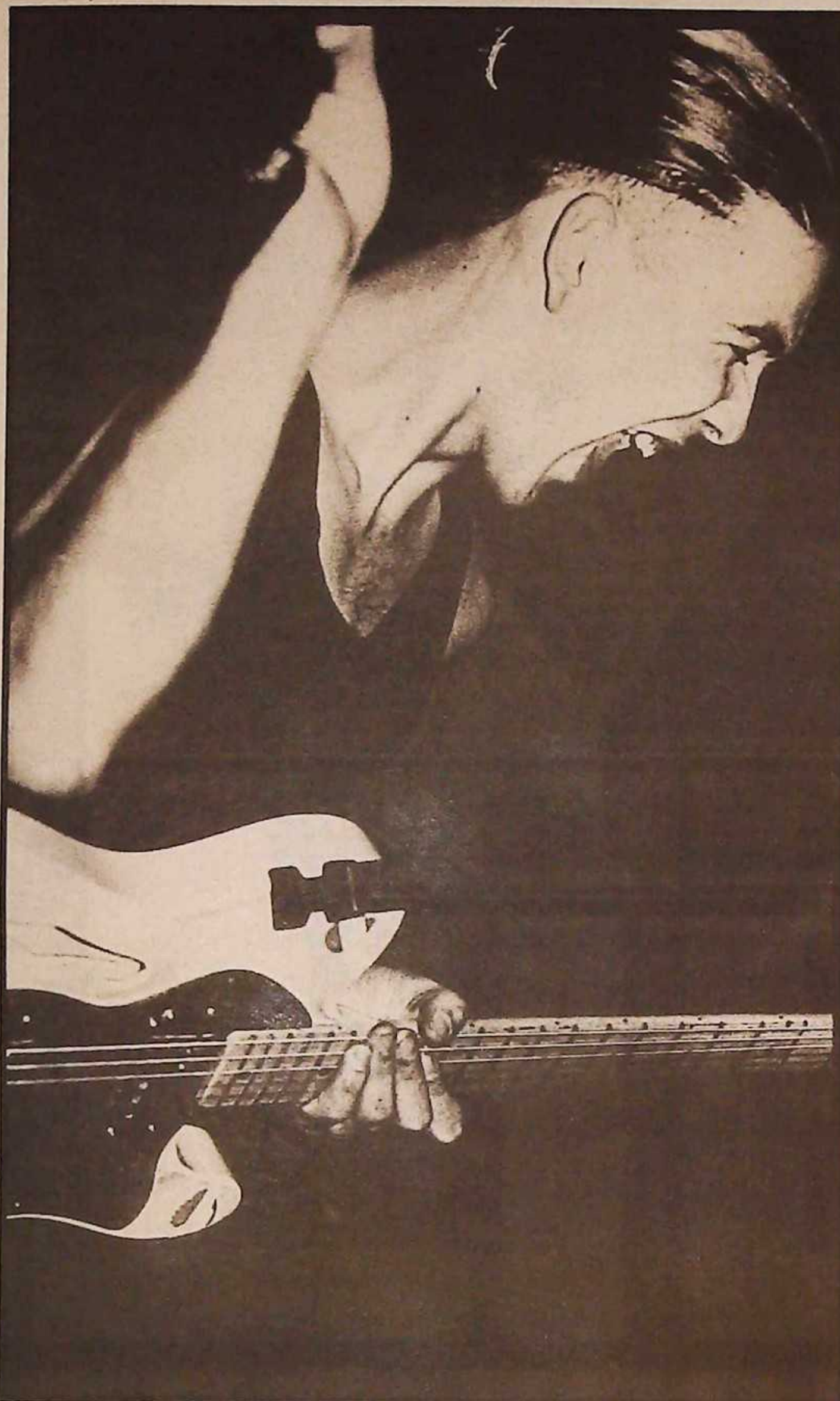
Naturally they have their faults, just like the rest of us, and on the night they were noticeably overdressed. However, if the quality's there it should show, even if the band are performing in their underpants. And so it did.

Be they bubbling cans of pop froth ('Trudie', 'Love') or stirred pools of reflection ('Hope You'll Find Your Way'), Life After's songs are full of character, memorable and refreshing.

Obviously without a deal, let alone a record, it's too early for predictions or champagne toasts, but it's not too soon to give them a little of your time.

Losing the brilliant Tarazara to a suffocating tangle of red tape was bad enough. Life After, one of our very best unsigned rock acts, shouldn't be left to become another pitiful cot death.

PAUL ELLIOTT



23 SKIDOO'S Johnny Turnbull: will whoever is responsible please stop pulling his hair

Greg Freeman

CATCH 23

23 SKIDOO

Soho Ronnie Scott's

23 SKIDOO and Ronnie Scott's seems an unlikely combination, but then again Skidoo were never known for playing by the rules.

They chose a sweet Sunday in Soho to re-surface, and as hapless souls outside made eyes at the House Full sign, inside, Ronnie Scott's became a sweat hole of curiosity. Was it purely nostalgia or genuine intrigue that caused so many to play host to the possibility of yet another frustrating encounter with the group that has promised so much and yet produced little? It seems Skidoo still gnaw at the conscience.

The same familiar haircuts wander amongst the tables to the aural backdrop of New York club life, while on stage a couple of TVs resurrect Bruce Lee's finest moments. Finally, Alex breaks away from his indulgences at the turntable to set up a potent drum beat that draws the remaining Skidoo members, and friends, out of the woodwork. One by one they join in, bringing the stage

alive. They chop and change instruments like children playing with toys. With red-blooded rhythm coarsening through their veins, their heart beats ever more furiously. A funk-sucking guitar chops through the chaos.

One tribal taunt snaps at the heels of the next, leaving no pause for breath, no time to reflect and no time to relax. Your feet cry for help as your heart cries for more.

Skidoo are spiced with the flavour of Stateside subculture as the world of rapping and electro permeates their ethnic shell. They hang sharp lines of social commentary on hip hop hooks before swimming in a sea of percussion. To those who came in search of nostalgia, they gave 'Last Words' and 'GI F*** You', while the curious were treated to the ska-based ecstasy of 'Ooze', a track from the new single.

For an hour, people danced and people stared, while 23 Skidoo proved that they still have something left to offer. If anyone's prepared to listen.

KEVIN MURPHY

JOOLZ/SLADE THE LEVELLER

Hammersmith Riverside Studios

JUSTIN THE Leveller is a far more pleasing prospect solo than when he is at the helm of his thoroughly loud and unpleasant rock combo New Model Army. Stripped of the volume and the bombast that makes his clumsy anthems an anathema, he becomes at once human and likeable, aware and relevant.

With his voice quiet and alone in the air, his guitar an accompaniment rather than a barrage of power chords, songs like 'Heroin' and 'Vengeance' take on true significance, while the self-deprecation of 'Belisha Beacon And The Accidents' delights. All of a sudden, I respect Slade The Leveller.

Joolz may well be mad, bad and dangerous to know, but she is no Lord Byron. He would never have worn that much make-up. Despite her awesome reputation, which is supported by her appearance, Joolz is a pussycat when she's talking to people she believes to be her friends. A raconteuse of great charm and good humour, she is a Dave Allen for the post-punk generation.

As she herself would be the first to admit, when she could get around to it, Joolz has an unusual style. It's called 'wittering on', and she witters brilliantly. Part Midler, part Waters, part Bradford, she talks of discos and feminine hygiene, of rubber dresses and going back for a 'coffee'.

She talks about real life in harsh down-to-earth terms, and she pulls no punches. She punctuates her 'wittering' with her poetry, which is little more than formalised, disciplined 'wittering', and although some of her poems make me nostalgic for that 'wittering', others cut clean down to the bone.

ROGER HOLLAND

BON JOVI

Mannheim Monsters Of Rock Festival

OK, SO I can't resist it, but I'll only say it once. *I told you so*. There. Now we can get on with the review...

Still, an intoxicating new album, a hot hit single, *Top Of The Pops* even; and on their own terms, too. Since I know that Jon and co aren't the kind of guys to crow about their success, I guess I can justify being a little smug on their behalf.

I mean, how often does a halfway decent single – let alone a halfway decent *rock* single – get to shine amongst the offal in the British charts? If Bon Jovi haven't achieved the impossible, then they've certainly pulled off the incredible. And 'You Give Love A Bad Name' isn't anywhere near the best shot on 'Slippery When Wet'.

Bon Jovi mightn't have topped the bill at Mannheim's Monsters match, but they stole a great big chunk of the show. Of course, in Germany, headliners the Scorpions are God, the Queen Mum and Terry Wogan rolled into one, but whatever Bon Jovi have learned since they first supported this Teutonic task-force in 1984, they put every last drop of it into practice in a show that incinerated any doubts as to their musical muscle and visual skill.

Personally, I can't wait to see Bon Jovi do their full-length live show in November ('Wanted Dead Or Alive', please, with all the lights and inherent paraphernalia). At Mannheim they had to play by the rules, taking a flyer on 'Raise Your Hands' as an opener, then following up with 'In And Out Of Love', 'Runaway', that single. Playing safe? If you like.

But their approach, their personality, their obvious empathy – with us and with each other – underlined the essential Bon Jovi masterplan. Out for the hell of it but sharp enough to take on all comers. When they encored well past their time limit with Thin Lizzy's 'The Boys Are Back In Town', they couldn't have chosen a more apt finale.

Phil Lynott would have approved, certainly. And so, I imagine, would Bruce.

ROBBI MILLAR

WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES

North Kensington Bay 63

WALK THIS way and enjoy the modern musical maelstrom of World Domination Enterprises' noisedrome. Their theatre of melodramatic noise doesn't allow any spectators in; it's a violent pool of your worst sonic nightmares, haphazardly castrating rock music with a mutinous contempt for the rules.

World Domination Enterprises swallow you up. You are the lump in the back of their throat. Their savage bucket of white noise is filled with screeching, skidding guitar that burns rubber on a runway of relentless feedback, whistling and screaming in the hellish fires of demented percussion.

I didn't think three people armed with just guitar, drums and bass could make such an ugly noise. It's so uncaring that it could be considered heartless, it's so untamed it could be thought messy, but the noise is so complete in its barbarism that it manages to ride out these flaws with a wicked grace. The damaging, caustic 'Asbestos Lead Asbestos' is spat out and lands full on your face, thick with germs and diseased pestilence.

The apocalypse fades away and leaves the tragic silence of the aftermath to poignantly underline the futile calamity of what has gone before. This form of World Domination is not for the faint-hearted.

RON ROM

RAYMONDE HEAVEN

YOU HAVE been having trouble concentrating this week, and need a bravado refill. Inside the club, Tad Allagash, breathless, flushed, lunges for your neck and tells you he has a blonde he wants

COLE

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS/BILLY BRAGG/THE BIG DISH

Glasgow Barrowland THIS WEEKEND it was Glasgow's turn to do its bit for Artists Against Apartheid and Oxfam with two major benefit concerts at the Barrowland. Both shows had sold out in advance. Cynics might say that's because the featured bands were all from Glasgow in one way or another, but in the end, what did it matter as long as the tickets were sold?

First on, The Big Dish, Virgin's latest Scottish hopefuls and past touring partners with Lloyd Cole. While there's no denying the quality of some of their songs – last year's 'Big New Beginning', the current single 'Slide' and 'Swimmer', the title track from their forthcoming album – the band cut an awkwardly low-key profile live. The basic ingredients are there, but the

MEDICINE MEN

THE FALL

Deptford Albany Empire

I WASN'T sure I should write this, but the snake eyes told me I must...

"The singer is a neurotic drinker, the band little more than a big crashing beat. Instruments collide and we all get drunk."

The last paragraph is a quote from a song which quotes from a review. And when I heard it, I went to pieces. Which is, in its own way, also a quote. The Fall are eminently quotable. A deeply personal statement speaking for itself. So why are you smiling, why are you laughing at or with their song? The Fall are looking at you.

A fiercely independent ugly duckling, a funny, immense, tyrannical non-pop group, The Fall have heard the creed of the junior pop clergy, have listened with stony ears to their blandly safe assertion that music should be fun. And, undaunted, they spit in the collection plates and wait for the ice to melt. They push!

Mark E Smith is God's Mancunian. He doesn't sing, he just shouts, and all on one note. But his is a pure puritanism despite the acceleration and the intoxication. And his love for mankind is such that his words can be taut with his revulsion and his despair at The Fall.

His is a reign of terror in a realm of dusk set to a perfect, awkward soundtrack, one which is becoming less ugly and more heavy metal accessible day by night. This might be just one more branch on the tree of showbusiness but Mark Smith is a dice man, a balls-on-the-line man, and he takes chances...

Deptford Fun City is the perfect place to see The Fall. A shadow walks behind you, and as you peer around into the gloom that shadow becomes a figure, and that figure becomes a menace, and that menace becomes your conscience. Darkly unforgiving and accusing, sharply scathing and sarcastic.

The old golden savages slaughtered their philosophers. It's not only the blind who cannot see. But The Fall have their eyes open and they're still looking at you. And at me. And at the madness in our areas. Ha!

ROGER HOLLAND



MARK 'N' BRIX: they're looking at you

Steve Double

you to meet. Meet is not actually the word he uses.

You've never been less confused, but at this moment the band comes on. You have heard an awful lot about this band, but now you can witness for yourself that they aren't half as terrible as hacks like C Roberts from *Sounds* (who's never seen them) keep saying they are. The singer called James Maker has long hair and shows you his chest, which he wiggles as if it were a buttock, or a winning horse. He sings like an underwater helicopter. You relate to this.

Raymonde play snooty, groovy, willowy ashen burlesque like 'Rock 'n' Roll Spinster' and 'What Do You Wonder?', and they do it better than you anticipated. You're quite taken until you get bored because a couple sound similar and then there's one which really really is just like The Smiths, who Raymonde will be supporting on tour soon. The important thing is they're capable of a flash of mad transient genius, like Guy Fawkes or Rutger Hauer.

Allagash, a serpent in his throat, throws you at the blonde, whose first words are "Are you gay as well as him?". Your weekend starts here.

CHRIS ROBERTS

STITCHED-BACK FOOT AIRMAN/THE SHREW KINGS

Kentish Town Bull And Gate

THIS IS the place that I always leave feeling content, a venue where bands satisfy those who long for something other than commercial drivel. Tonight is no exception: all the bands that play are brilliant, but lack of space prevents a review of them all so we'll settle for the two star attractions, the first being Stitched-Back Foot Airman.

The group churn out the sound of mucus (they all have colds) in a way that's unique. Their voices are as versatile as the swirling patterns on the coloured shirts they favour and the crowd do the 'knee-bend' dance that appears to be the S-BFA style. The trio continue, sucking in their lips in unison, holding something back, and then letting rip with guitars that repeat... repeat... shatter and scream.

"If you haven't got 'Seven Egg Timing Greats' (their mini album) cry," they say.

Why sniffle when you can smile?

The grin broadens as The Shrew Kings take to the stage and begin to decorate it. They adorn the place with glittering cloths and sheets with pieces of metal that wink in the darkness. After much hammering, they crowd onto the platform (there's six of them) and perform some of the best music I've ever heard.

One of the vocalists is like a crazy Ian Astbury, the other a

less than smooth Frank Sinatra, but together they entertain the socks off me. Music varies as they go through a pile of rhythms, from swarthy tangos to a tribal beat, featuring one of the few singers to reach such high notes without the aid of a safety net.

The Shrew Kings are entertainers that could upstage the Medics' antics. A band to be appreciated and a luxury you can well afford.

KEZ OWEN

THE REVERB BROTHERS

Oval Cricketers

THEY USED to have this prop, this battered old Wurlitzer, that stood silently centre-stage while the pop treacle flowed out of every human pore. Now the jukebox is gone - presumably the symbol made its point - and now the Reverbs are the jukebox. Is this enough though?

This carefully distilled,

starry-eyed cabaret no doubt has its place. Somewhere between the Northern and Metropolitan lines at Kings Cross, it's fine by me... some halfway hummable jazz stroll.

Now The Reverb Brothers are a couple of barnstorming troubadours, halfway between a ramshackle busking duo and the kind of 'real' pop group that fills in the gaps on *The Marti Caine Show* or something. With some charm and quite some tongue-in-cheek merriment, it almost gets away with it.

As the new '(Someone's) Selling Off The Country' single ably demonstrates, this kind of hammed up knockabout cannot translate to record without large dollops of triteness and flatness, but live? Thriving on beery atmosphere and an audience looking for something to clap absently along to, this could almost cut it. Tonight, they have the former but not the latter and their skirmish ploughs through every musical genre known to man.

Now bolstered by a full band whooping it up behind them, this jukebox comes oiled to the gills, but I can hear it creaking from the back. Free and Rae are hardly compelling performers; raising the odd bead of sweat isn't always enough. On a boisterous pop jaunt like 'Ain't So Sorry' there's some flash of trifling playfulness, but the arid jazz ambles are never far off.

The Reverb Brothers are almost wry enough and almost rompish enough to solve their own quandary. For now, the jukebox is bursting with some kind of slapstick buzz and playing to the gallery. However, almost ain't quite enough.

JONH WILDE

TO BE KIND

serving suggestions will have to be reassessed if The Big Dish are to whet appetites in a big way.

Enter the special secret guest: who else but the kingpin Red Wedger himself, Billy Bragg, armed with old faves like 'Levi Stubbs' Tears' and 'There's Power In A Union'? If nothing else, he's there to remind the punters that this wasn't meant to be just another gig.

Despite managing to sound dangerously close to that singularly '60s American phenomenon, the protest singer, on Sam Cooke's 'A Change Is A Comin', he wasn't without humour, introducing 'Hello To The New Brunettes' as "a song about sex and dyeing your hair!". And who'd have guessed that Billy would be the only artist wearing an official AAA T-shirt?

But let's face it, AAA, Oxfam or not, it's a fair bet that most people had come

to see Lloyd and his Commotions. However, even the band themselves must have been pleasantly surprised at the ecstatic reception that greeted them.

Although the set was an interesting mixture of old and new material, it was the oldies that worked best. For sheer power, 'Speedboat', 'Forest Fire' and 'Perfect Skin' stood head and shoulders above everything else. But it was the big hits, 'Brand New Friend' and 'Lost Weekend', that really clicked with the audience.

Throughout their set, the Commotions bubbled with enthusiasm and ran on cue like a well oiled engine... nobody could accuse them of simply fulfilling a commitment. Repeatedly faced with torrential applause, Lloyd's mumbled modesty was curiously appropriate, given the occasion.

GRAHAME BENT



LLOYD COLE blows a fuse

Grahame Bent

MENTICIDERED

LETTER DAY/SPIT LIKE PAINT

Kentish Town Timebox

A VERY disappointing evening on the home entertainment front. So out I go, in search of alternative pleasures.

A veritable panoply of bands (well, five) occupy and vacate the stage in succession, all doing their no-compromise, image-equals-sell-out groove thang to varying degrees, all adding their quota of Lego bricks to a growing wall of indifference. The sad fact is that the image is all in the live sphere, and a performance should be just that - a performance.

If you can hear a band on Long or Peel, why bother quitting the snugness of your boudoir unless the live package ladles the icing on the cake? Punters want action, image, drive, something.

Menticide and Red Letter Day offer fair-to-pretty-good soundtracks geared to the demands of an informed, expectant audience, and complete the deal with a standard of presentation that would be an insult to the intelligence of the teeny delegates at a Brownie jamboree. The sole performance of the night is given by Spit Like Paint's twisted dervish Pete Stephens, truly a man of destiny and vision.

In Sunday rag footy report terms, the points for musical content and presentation respectively are: Menticide eight and two, Red Letter Day seven and four; Spit Like Paint seven and a half on both counts.

ANDY HURT

ECHOES FROM THE CROSS

Vauxhall St Peter's Church

OF COURSE, if redemption is to come it will not come in a church, because that would be too much like a story. But all credit to it, it tries its damndest.

This is an event organised by artist Russell Mills (recent Sylvian cover), a local man, to show an appreciation of the beauty of the setting and resuscitate a sense of musical heritage.

All the pieces are world premieres. But not for you, because you have missed such brief ethereal delights as Roger Eno, The Heavenly Bodies and 'Persephone' by Brendan Perry and Lisa Gerrard from Dead Can Dance.

What you do catch is John Foxx playing 'Music I & II' in a blue jumper. Large and loud sweeps of dignified keyboard noise bounce off the roof and sunlight peeps cheekily through the stained glass. He sings like a frog prince and it's quietly admirable.

Then you watch Nigel Grierson's film *Maelstrom* (music by Brian Eno, Matt Johnson, Colin Newman etc), a bewitching delineation of symmetrical *l'amour fou* in black and white. This you feel, intensely. You also observe, by candlelight, The Happy End, a flippant mixed programme of swinging orchestral cross-cultural fragments from flamenco to Eisler, folk to obscure classicists. It's not Camus. Someone tells you one of them plays for a pop group called The Popticians which seems to make as much sense as anything. The lights go up.

Much later, hiding in a pink bathroom in Brixton where the walls are covered with plastic flowers, you recall affectionately that the concert at the church was pale blue and warm.

CHRIS ROBERTS

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DOORS 7.30 PM. TICKETS £4

THE WELLINGTON
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nearest tube
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SATAN
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SEPTEMBER 20th
The Star, Croydon
SEPTEMBER 22nd
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SEPTEMBER 29th
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Civic Hall, 24th September 7.30
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LONDON

Town and Country Club, 7th October 7.30
tickets £5 from box office
and usual agents

CALLING ALL THE
HEROES



**MORE ADS
ON
PAGE 34**

MCP by arrangement with I.T.B. Presents

Plus Guests

MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
SUNDAY 5th OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.00, £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 061-273 3775,
Piccadilly Records, Vibes Records Bury
& UK Travel Chester.

BIRMINGHAM ODEON THEATRE
THURSDAY 9th OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.00, £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 021-643 6101
(Credit Cards Accepted)

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE
MONDAY 6th OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.00, £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 031-557 2590

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
SATURDAY 11th OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.00, £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081, LTB,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989),
Premier, Albemarle & Stargreen.

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
TUESDAY 7th OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.00, £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 091-261 2606

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
SUNDAY 12th OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.00, £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0742 735295

MCP presents

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,
Merrion 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.



Plus Special Guests

N.E.C. BIRMINGHAM

WEDNESDAY 5th NOVEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

Available from B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (Credit Cards Accepted),
Odeon Theatre B/O & Cyclops Sounds Birmingham,
Goulds T.V. Wolverhampton, Lotus Records Stafford,
Mike Lloyd Music Hanley & Newcastle, Piccadilly Records Manchester,
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LONDON WEMBLEY ARENA

SATURDAY/SUNDAY 8th/9th NOVEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

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Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989),
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MONDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from
Top Rank B/O Tel: 0273 732267,
Virgin Records and Routledge 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: 0902 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: 0492 76666,
and Liverpool Royal Court B/O.

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TUESDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm
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BIRMINGHAM
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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

MCP by arrangement with ITB presents

BON JOVI

Plus Guests

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MONDAY 10th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £6.50, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0742 735295 and usual agents.

BIRMINGHAM ODEON THEATRE
TUESDAY 11th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £6.50, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 021-643 6101 (Credit Cards Accepted)

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE
WEDNESDAY 12th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £6.50, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 031 557 2692 and usual agents.

MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
FRIDAY 14th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £6.50, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 061 273 3775, Piccadilly Records,
Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chester.

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SATURDAY 15th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £6.50, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 091-261 2606 and usual agents.

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
MONDAY/TUESDAY 17th/18th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £7.00, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081, LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Albemarle and Stargreen.

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.

Billy Bragg goes busking this week, starting in Brighton (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday), while hard-core funk artistes Cameo play the first of three dates at Hammersmith Odeon (Tuesday).

Balaam And The Angel continue the greatest story ever told at Nottingham (Wednesday), Glasgow (Friday), Aberdeen (Saturday), Dundee (Sunday) and Burnley (Tuesday) and It Bites bare their fangs at Edinburgh (Thursday), Whitehaven (Friday), Hanley (Saturday), Preston (Sunday) and Guildford (Tuesday).

WEDNESDAY 17

BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (727898) Out Of The Blue
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Living Daylights
COLCHESTER Pressers Maxine Daniels
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) English Rogues
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Motorhead/Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction
FLEETWOOD Rossall School (01-733 2240) Harvey And The Wallbangers
HULL Adelphi Club (48216) The Shamen
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) The Farm/The Janitors
LEEDS Merion Street Coconut Grove (455718) Lizzy Wouldn't Like It
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) Thatcher On Acid/Wicker Men/Watt Tyler
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Voice Of The Beehive/Every Second Counts
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Irie! Dance Company
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) High Frontier
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Harlequin/Happiness Ad/Psycho Surgeons
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Kiki Dee
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Clark Tracey Quintet/Dill Katz/Colin Dudman/Ralph Salmins
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Bad Karma Beckons/Eternal Fires/V-Sor/X/Three Action/The Milk Monitors

LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Eleanor Rigby/The Outlets
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Scream Release/Vision
LONDON Putney Zeetas (01-785 2101) Duellists
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Angie Bowie/Oh Wow!
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) The Tygers Of Pan Tang
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) Metallica/Anthrax
MANCHESTER Cloud Nine (061-832 3350) The Toy Dolls
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Balaam And The Angel
NUNEATON Grazer's Arms (383664) XS
WIGAN Pier (30769) The Great Medicine Men
WORTHING Inn On The Prom Outside View

THURSDAY 18

BARROW The Bluebird (28481) Primal Scream
BASILDON Roundacre (285119) Mourblade
BASINGSTOKE Kings Outside View
BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) The Candyman/The Railway Children
BIRMINGHAM Sensetera Dawn After Dark
BOLTON Institute Of Higher Education (389024) Panorama Steel Band
BRADFORD St Georges Hall (752000) Motorhead/Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Miller Family/Nightfall
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) The Membranes/Strumpet City
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) The Primitives/Holler
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) TV Slaves
BURTON ON TRENT Blue Posts Just Blue
CAMBRIDGE The Boatrace The Pleasureheads
CHESTERFIELD White Swan Sam Severn
CROWBOROUGH Valentines The Group
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) The Bolshoi/Salvation
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Come And Get It
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Tapan Zee
EDINBURGH Coasters (031-228 3252) It Bites/5TA
GLASGOW Shadows (041-332 8111) Desolation Angels
HASTINGS Crypt (446675) Sarean Quartet
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Factory
LEEDS The Cambrian Legion Of Sin
LEICESTER Abbey Street Fan Club The Shamen/This Yabis/The Bimbles
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse Raw-Ho/Stormed/The Locomotives (Cancer Research Benefit)
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Big Diz Watson And The Rhumbaleros
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) No Pearls ... No Passion/Strangers And Brothers
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Mondo Cane
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Irie! Dance Company
LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms (01-472 0377) XCess
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Blues 'N' Trouble
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) New Breed
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Red Letter Day
LONDON Holloway Road Victoria (01-603 1952) Irish Mist
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Latin Quarter/Incantation
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 2052) Mario Castronari Quartet/Out Of Nowhere
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) Cactus World News
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Alternative TV/Buick Circus Hour
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Prisoners

LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) The Soup Dragons/Razorcuts/The Hobgoblins
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Full Moon Band
LONDON Putney Zeetas (01-785 2101) But
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) The Tygers Of Pan Tang/Bolo Bolo
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Rod Stewart
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Farm/The Mighty Fine
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Balaam And The Angel
NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells Big/Shakedown
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) XS/Desperadoes
NOTTINGHAM Venue 53 The Hunters Club
READING Cap And Gown Charmed Life
ROCHDALE Tiffs (31069) The Toy Dolls/Pranksters
SEVENOAKS The Cavern (460576) Fling Thing
SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Metallica/Anthrax
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Debbie Bonham/In The Pink
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) Wild Flowers/Mighty Mighty
WREXHAM Kings Arms Hydra

FRIDAY 19

AYR Pavilion (265489) Desolation Angels
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Nashville Teens/Jive Eye
BRIDGEWATER Arts Centre (2700) The Toy Dolls
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) The Crack
BRISTON Lewes Road Ship The Bollock Brothers/Peter And The Test Tube Babies
BRISTOL Moon Club The Glee Club
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Arize
BRISTOL Western Star Domino Club The Chesterfields
BURTON ON TRENT Central Park (63265) Twenty Flight Rockers
CHIDDLINGLY Six Bells Lucifer
CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers (656444) Cameo/Cashflow
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) The Blubbery Hellbellies
CREWE Cheshire Cheese Hydra
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Donuts
DERBY Burton Road Duke Of York Just Blue
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Fields Of The Nephilim
DURHAM Fowlers Yard The Prams
FAREHAM Wickham North Boarhunt Boars Head (833132) Carey And Lurrie Bell/Sonny Blacks Blues Band
GLASGOW Rooftops Balaam And The Angel
GRAVESEND Red Lion (66127) Runestaff
HARLOW The Square (25594) Black Shark/Out Of Bounds
HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) Harlequin/Happiness Ad/Psycho Surgeons
HEDON Burroughs (897695) General Wolf
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Sittin' Pretty
HIGH WYCOMBE Naphill Village Hall The Lizard Kings/Host Of Angels
KESSINGLAND High Street Kings Head (740252) Stripes
LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside Club (37571) Blythe Power/Thatcher On Acid
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults The Pleasureheads
LIVERPOOL Royal Court (051-709 4321) Salvation Sunday
LIVERPOOL Wilsons Bar Hammerfest
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) The Whiplash Girls
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Theatre Of The Third Dimension/Drum Theatre/Boys A Go-Go
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) Mick Clark
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) I'm Talking/Scared Of Heights
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Red Hot Pokers
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) A Strange Desire/Scrapheap/Ear Trumpet
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Farm
LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt Ut/The Shrubs
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Irie! Dance Company
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Bolshoi/Living In Texas/The Primitives/Salvation/The X-Men/The Hermit Crabs
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Potato 5/Mighty Ballistics Hi-Power/27 Mattoids
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) Little Sister
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Blues 'N' Trouble
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Big Town Playboys
LONDON Palmers Green Fox (01 886 9674) Hey Hey Roxy/The Catatonics
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Rent Party
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) The Babysitters
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Rod Stewart
LOUGHBOROUGH Morris' Rock Club (267055) XS
LOWESTOFT Pier (4793) The Tygers Of Pan Tang
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) Furniture
MELBOURN Rock Club The Frigidaires
NEWCASTLE Mayfair (323109) Metallica/Anthrax
NORWICH Scottow Barn Buster James
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Gunslingers
REDBOURN Bell And Shears For Orgy Lovers Everywhere
RETTFORD Porterhouse (704981) No Mans Land/Ghost Dancing
SEVENOAKS The Cavern (460576) Catch 22
SLOUGH Prince Of Wales Charlie Don't Surf
STIRLING University (3171) The Shamen

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18 september — NEWCASTLE — riverside
19 september — GLASGOW — rooftops
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Box office: 0272-291768
9th CARDIFF: St. David's Hall
Box office: 0222-371236
12th MANCHESTER: Apollo Theatre
Box office: 061-273 3775
14th LIVERPOOL: Empire Theatre
Box office: 051-709 1555
19th NEWCASTLE: City Hall
Box office: 091-261 2606

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APOLLO THEATRE MANCHESTER
TUES 16 SEPT at 7.30 PM

Tickets: £9.50, £8.50, £7.50 from the Box Office 061-273 3775 or from Usual Agents

PLAYHOUSE THEATRE EDINBURGH
THURS 18 SEPT at 7.30 PM

Tickets: £8.50, £7.50, £6.50 from the Box Office 031-557 2590 or from Usual Agents
AGENTS ACCEPT CREDIT CARDS FOR TELEPHONE BOOKINGS

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THURS. 25 SEPT.
TICKETS £3.50

BALAAM plus
AND THE ANGEL support

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FRI 19th Adm: £4.00
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49 SCREAM

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THE STYGIAN FERRYMAN

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+ BEGGARS OPERA

THURS 18th OCT Adm: £4.00
SANDIE SHAW

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SUN 19th - MARY COUGHLIN BAND
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SAT 25th & SUN 26th -
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GRAVESEND RED LION
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CONDEMNED 84

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SEPT 20 PRESTON, PLOUGH HOTEL
SEPT 25 WISHAW, HEATHERY BAR
SEPT 26 AIRDRIE, ZIGGYS
OCT 6 NORWICH, SANTANAS

SHIFT

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SUTTON West Street BPS Hall **The Last Party/Michael And The Garden**
 (Greenpeace Benefit)
SWINDON Pentagon Club **The Hamsters From Hell/Indian Summer**
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms **R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **These Tender Virtues**
WHITEHAVEN Sports Centre **It Bites/5TA**
WORKINGTON Carnegie (2122) **Tredegar**

SATURDAY

20

ABERDEEN The Venue (22255) **Balaam And The Angel**
ASHINGTON Central Park **Tredegar**
BEDFORD High Street Andy's Records **The Macc Lads** (3.30pm)
BIDEFORD Kings Arms **Heaven Cent**
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) **Psycho Surgeons/Harlequyn/Happiness**
Ad
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) **Metallica/Anthrax**
BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (727898) **The Gunslingers/**
Masquerade
BRIDLINGTON Mountbatton Feidei
BRIGHTON Polytechnic (681286) **TV Slaves**
BRISTON Lewes Road Ship **The Bollock Brothers/Peter And The Test Tube**
Babies
BURTON ON TRENT High Street R.E.Cords Record Shop **The Macc Lads** (Midday)
BURTON ON TRENT Town Hall (45454) **Harvey And The Wallbangers**
CARLISLE Front Page **Hang The Dance**
EBBW VALE Level Club (302385) **Hammerfist**
ELLESMERE PORT Ellesmere Arms (051-339 4578) **Persia**
HANLEY Victoria Hall **It Bites/5TA**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **The Internationalists/Eddie Provost Quartet**
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Eyes To The Ground**
HOMEFIRTH Nook Pub **Five Knuckle Shuffle**
HORNSEA Granville Court Rival
HUNTINGTON Waterloo **The Pleasureheads**
IPSWICH Old Times **Choy Choi/Harry**
LEADGATE Pretoria Social Club **The Restrictors**
LEICESTER London Road World Records **The Macc Lads** (1.15pm)
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **JC Arnold**
LONDON Camden Lock Carnarvon Castle **Wolfe Witcher** (Lunch)
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Blues 'N' Trouble/Swimming In**
Sand
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) **Irie! Dance Company**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Wilko Johnson/The**
Street Arabs
LONDON Haydons Road British Queen **Dead Cert**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Cinema**
LONDON Holloway Road Lord Nelson (01-790 6148) **The Amazing Rhythm**
Burglars
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Sierra Fiesta**
LONDON Islington Upper Street Gutterknives **Thatcher On Acid/The Deafones**
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) **Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers**
LONDON Lloyd Baker Street Union Tavern **The Jackals/The Hangman's Beautiful**
Daughters/The Yes Men
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) **The Motivators**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **The GB Blues Company With Bobby**
Tench
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) **ESP**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Hank Wangford Band**

LONDON Putney Zeetas (01-785 2101) **Juvenessence**
LONDON The Strand Coal Hole **Charmed Life**
LONDON Tufnell Park Road Tufnell Park Tavern **JCM Jazz Band**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Frank Chickens/Les**
Bubb/Dancing Willi Masters
LONDON Wapping Sleazy's Studio **The Surfadelics**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **The Babysitters**
LUTON Switch Club (38825) **The Bible For Dogs**
MACCLESFIELD Sunderland Street Hectic House Records **The Macc Lads**
 (10.00am)
MAIDENHEAD Altwood School **Caddyshack**
MANCHESTER Anson International (061-224 5050) **The Grand Union Orchestra**
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre (061-273 3775) **Motorhead/Zodiac Mindwarp &**
The Love Reaction
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **The Janitors/Pop**
Will Eat Itself
NORTHAMPTON Abingdon Street Our Price Records **The Macc Lads** (2.30pm)
ORSEET Golf Club **Maxine Daniels**
PAISLEY Windys **Trident**
PRESTON Plough Hotel **Condemned 84/Section 5**
RUSHDON Wheatshaf Sittin' **Pretty**
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) **Furniture/Salvation Sunday**
ST ALBANS City Hall (64511) **The Toy Dolls**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **1,000 Violins/The Screaming Silence**
STOKE Kidsgrove Goldenhill Working Mens Club **Just Blue**
STOKE Longton Musique Record Shop **The Macc Lads** (11.00am)
TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club (436181) **Nightwing**
UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) **Pink On Pink**
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel (30047) **Tyga Myra/Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
WARRINGTON Roller Rink **The Great Medicine Men**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Strap On Jack**
WISHAW Heathery Bar (72957) **Desolation Angels**
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (57354) **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**

SUNDAY

21

BRIGHTON Lewes Road Ship **The Bollock Brothers/Peter And The Test Tube**
Babies
CARDIFF St David's Hall (371236) **Motorhead/Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love**
Reaction
CROYDON Fairfield Hall (01-688 9291) **Gwen Guthrie**
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0087) **X-mal Deutschland**
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Hollywood (Lunch) Jive Eye (Eve)**
DUNDEE Dance Factory (26836) **Balaam And The Angel**
LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside Club (37571) **Blubberty Hellbellies/Uncle Dave**
And The Butchers From Outer Space
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Red Letter Day**
LONDON Chalk Farm Gloucester Avenue London Musicians Collective (01-722
 0456) **Lustige Streiche**
LONDON Charing Cross Road Wispers **The Sexolettes Go Go Dancers/Yvette The**
Conqueror
LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scotts (01-439 0747) **The Chevalier Brothers/Lino**
And The Yow City Expedition
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound **The Macc Lads**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **Metallica/Anthrax**
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) **Elton Dean Quartet/Keith**
Tippett
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Wilko Johnson Band**

LONDON Rotherhithe Lower Road Prince Of Orange **Wolfe Witcher**
LONDON Theobalds Road The Yorkshire Grey (01-405 2519) **The Georgia Jazz**
Band
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Pierre Hollins/Jenny**
Eclair/Kevin Day
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **The Paperboys/The**
Moon/The Pools Of Reign
MANSFIELD Newhoughton Working Mens Club **Just Blue**
NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells **Sittin' Pretty/Ransom**
OXFORD Cornmarket Street **The Dolly** (244761) **ESDB**
OXFORD Jericho Tavern **Dunmall Levin Moore/Pete McPhail And Greg Kingston**
PEEBLES Crosskeys **Desolation Angels**
PRESTON Guildhall **It Bites/5TA**
SHEFFIELD Hallamshire Hotel **Napalm Death/Ripcord/Deviated Instinct**
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) **The Bodines/Treebound Story**
ST ALBANS The Pineapple **For Orgy Lovers Everywhere**
STAFFORD Roosters **The Ride/8 Out From The Side**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Arize**
WIRRAL Wallasey Leasowe Hotel **Hotel**

MONDAY

22

BRIGHTON Seafront Coasters (25897) **X-mal Deutschland/The Unbelievables**
BRIGHTON The Ship (602333) **The Macc Lads**
BRIGHTON Top Rank (732267) **Billy Bragg/Mint Juleps**
CARLISLE Stars And Stripes (46361) **Desolation Angels**
EDINBURGH Buster Browns (031-226 4224) **Strangers And Brothers**
EDINBURGH Victoria Street Union Cellar **1,000 Violins**
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Alice In Wonderland **Spacemen 3**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **Motorhead/Zodiac Mindwarp &**
The Love Reaction
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **All About Eve/The**
Fifteenth/The Saviours Of Pop Music/Scrapheap/I Ludicrous
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Ritzun Ratzun Rotzer/Skitzo**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Waddock Big Band/The Wiswas**
Brothers (Cancer Charity Show)
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) **Snakes Of Shake**
OXFORD Cornmarket Street **The Dolly** (244761) **Bruce Foxton And The 100 Men**

TUESDAY

23

BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) **Billy Bragg/Mint Juleps**
BRACKNELL Wilde Theatre **Maxine Daniels/Harry Gold**
BURNLEY Mechanics **Balaam And The Angel**
GUILDFORD Civic Hall (505050) **It Bites/5TA**
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) **Fields Of The Nephilim**
LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt **Sarean Quartar**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **Cameo/Cashflow**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Close Lobsters/Tortilla**
Flats/Nyah Fearties/Dada/Coming Up Roses/86 Tailfins
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) **Love Parade**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **UK Subs/Evil Eye**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Meantime**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Two People**
MANCHESTER Polytechnic (061-273 1162) **The Bodines/Laugh**
NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall (472328) **Motorhead/Zodiac Mindwarp & The**
Love Reaction
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Rooms **Magnum/FM**

THIS WEEK IN

RM

...your chance to possess the finest album ever made for absolutely zero pence (well 88p post and packing ain't bad is it?) The RM LP features tracks by Marc Almond, Yello, the Fall and It's Immaterial amongst others. It could be yours for the price of a pint.

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ANOTHER HAPPY CUSTOMER

THE OUTER LIMITS

Something strange has been growing in the cracked plains of Australia's badlands. **JONH WILDE** prunes back the weeds and uncovers **THE TRIFFIDS**, still fertile after all these years. Pot shot by **PETER ANDERSON**

AT SOME point along the line, The Triffids had to start rushing headlong. They'd been staring hard long enough.

Take their first recorded exertions, the 'Treeless Plain' and 'Raining Pleasure' albums. They were too temperate to start, far too slack in their intent.

Neither harnessed what singer David McComb now terms "this nameless foreboding quality" with any real degree of emotional severity.

"Those records," he keenly admits, "were failures because I was writing about things I wasn't too aware of myself."

The 1984 'Field Of Glass' single threatened hell, though, with its nine minutes of gale force devastation, topped by McComb's own devouring vocal, intoning: 'How you gonna get your loving, when you gonna stop these feelings, when you gonna get your window shopping done?'. That violent burst suggested that The Triffids were about to arrive.

In late '85, their live performances heralded a new urge in their scenic noise. Playing London in August of last year, Dave McComb lurched onstage, bearded and possessed with a new-found intensity of purpose, a reliable pointer to the virile force of their next record, 'Born Sandy Devotional'.

But why so long coming?

"I suppose we grew tired of being a clever, well-intentioned, tasteful band," David muses. "We lacked any physical power. Basically, I don't rate intelligence as top of the hierarchy of

what music should be; I rate physically violent emotion as the highest thing.

"Now, I enjoy playing a lot more because it's much more draining and potentially upsetting. Also, with my words, I'm happier because they have more of a physical presence, trying to hit people in the chest with them almost.

"The flirting has ended and the f***ing has begun."

'Born Sandy Devotional' certainly marks an extraordinary watershed, one of this year's most eloquent and sensually elegant masterpieces. McComb's desolate vignettes continue to grow in stature, their characters inhabiting what their author calls 'Anywhereland', flickering from childlike

recollections to the splintering of love itself.

Spilling, then, from the broken heart of this 24-year-old, these commanding sketches come less fragmented than before. McComb now crucially close to perfecting his three-minute dramas. His yarns are now complete in themselves, or as complete as their author will allow. Within them all lurks this insinuating sense of unease.

Meanwhile, nameless characters (McComb himself?) stalk through the songs, through strangely haunted landscapes, usually in search... The salvation on 'Devotional' tends to be love, of course. David himself sees it as a kind of voyeurism.

"Sometimes," he smiles, "it's like peeking

through a hole in the wall at your neighbour and enjoying the fact that he's got the same weaknesses or vices as you. Most of those songs are autobiographical, far more than they have been in the past, relating to a period of my life when I wasn't too happy, at a time when I was taking 18 months to break up with someone."

Even if the location of the songs is usually carefully nameless, The Triffids are more Australian than most, in their sound as well as their outlook.

"When The Birthday Party came to England," he remembers, "it was as though they rejected everything about Australia and that's still quite an Australian thing to do. We've actually been eager to talk about Australia, we're not going to pretend we've come from Mars."

"It seems that Australia has this chip on its shoulder the size of the moon, everyone's so hung up about not having an identity, not having a culture as such."

"That outlook, that nothing good comes from here attitude, made us believe we were minor league for some time."

For McComb, all this rears up as a sizeable challenge. After all, The Triffids arrive at a time when Australian pop is fending for itself as if for the first time. Now, it's as though the country is inventing its own sound. Perhaps, I suggest, that's where the disquiet in their music comes from, all that brooding magnificence.

"There is that ferment going on," he agrees, "but it's not going to materialise as some great musical explosion."

"Over there, the people don't have the feeling that it's all behind them, which you get in a lot of countries. If you're Australian, you look back and there's f*** all there."

"On the other hand, if you're walking down a European street - Paris, Madrid or something - you're in a place that's been written about or painted thousands of times. Without even thinking about it, you have all these rich ways to describe those places. Whereas, the last time I was in Australia, I was walking around thinking there was no language there to describe it."

"It's a challenge, because you don't know what the first word should be."



THE TRIFFIDS: going places

THEIR NEXT recordings should see the light of day in a month or so; it's an LP of roughshod shards of material they dreamed up in a woolshed outside Perth on their last home visit. Meanwhile, they still search for that elusive major deal over here.

Until then, McComb is left ruminating over his own potential, wondering, in the wake of 'Born Sandy Devotional', just how hard he can slam this noise, just how much it matters.

"It's an incredible and infuriating thing," he sighs, "because every time you go on stage, you fail. You get the chance to do the greatest thing in the world, the best thing anyone has ever done, and every night you fail."

"Sometimes it's a huge failure, but sometimes it's exhilarating because you almost get there. You have the chance to be the ultimate storyteller just for that hour."

With such obsessed subplots behind them, The Triffids can spin these yarns with all that exquisite unease. Australia's most many-sided band can easily trounce the rest.

BUSHWACKED IN AUSTRALIA

MEMORY BANK

Sunday September 21
1934 Birthday of **Leonard Cohen**, in Montreal, Canada.
1954 Birthday of **Phil 'Animal' Taylor**, formerly of **Motorhead**, in Chesterfield.
1964 The **Beatles** began two weeks of sessions at Abbey Road for 'Beatles For Sale'.
1966 **Jimi Hendrix** first arrived in London, with manager **Chas Chandler**, to carve out the career which made him a superstar.
1978 **Sham 69** pulled out of a projected Rock Against Racism carnival, for fear of getting the blame for anticipated aggro.

Monday September 22
1949 Birthday of **David Coverdale** of **Whitesnake**, in Saltburn, Yorks.

1958 US Army private **Elvis Presley** left Brooklyn Army Terminal aboard troopship **USS Randall**, for a tour of duty in West Germany.
1959 Birthday of **Joan Jett**, in Philadelphia.
1962 The as-yet-unknown **Bob Dylan** sang five songs at New York's Carnegie Hall on the bill of a multi-artist folk 'hootenanny'.
1969 A nutty article in the *Illinois Northern Star* launched a 'Paul McCartney is dead' scam all over the US, based on 'clues' and 'hints' to be found on **Beatles** records and album sleeves.

Tuesday September 23
1932 Birthday of **Ray Charles (Robinson)**, in Albany, Georgia.
1949 Birthday of **Bruce**

Springsteen, Freehold, New Jersey.
1977 **Jimmy Pursey** of **Sham 69** was fined £30, for playing on the roof of the Vortex club in London.

Wednesday September 24
1942 Birthday of **Gerry Marsden** of **The Pacemakers**, in Liverpool.
1942 Birthday of **Linda McCartney**, in Scarsdale, New York.
1976 **Leslie McKeown** of the **Bay City Rollers** was found not guilty of shooting at a girl fan with an air rifle.
1982 **Theatre Of Hate** split up.

Thursday September 25
1955 Birthday of **Steve Severin** of **SioUXSle And The Banshees**.
1964 **Brian Epstein** turned down a three and a half million dollar offer from a group of American businessmen to buy out his management contract with **The Beatles**.
1974 **Robert Fripp** announced the temporary disbandment of **King Crimson**.
1975 **Jackie Wilson** collapsed with a heart attack onstage in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, going into a coma in which he



THE RUNAWAYS, with birthday girl Joan Jett, er... run away

remained until his death on January 21, 1984.
1980 Death of **John Bonham**, drummer of **Led Zeppelin**, aged 32. He asphyxiated in his sleep on his own vomit, after a massive all-day vodka drinking bout at **Jimmy Page's** home.

Friday September 26
1945 Birthday of **Bryan Ferry**, in Washington, County Durham.
1948 Birthday of **Olivia Newton-John**, in Cambridge.
1962 Birthday of **Tracey Thorn** of **Everything But The Girl**.
1968 **Brian Jones** of **The Rolling Stones** was busted

for marijuana possession, and fined £50 (with £105 costs!)
1969 UK release of **The Beatles'** 'Abbey Road' album, which marked their last recordings as a group.
1976 **Marvin Gaye** played the London Palladium, in a gig which was recorded by Motown for a very successful live album.
1980 **Status Quo** fan **Glen Burton** paid £20 to have his name officially changed to **Francis Rossi**!

Saturday September 27
1942 Birthday of **Alvin Stardust (Bernard Jewry)**, in Muswell Hill, North London.

1947 Birthday of **Meat Loaf (Marvin Lee Aday)**, in Dallas, Texas.
1968 The rock musical **Hair** opened in London, with **Paul Nicholas** in a leading role.
1976 The **Runaways** were held overnight by police in Dover, investigating complaints from the White House Hotel in London about the theft of a hair dryer and some keys.
1979 **Elton John** collapsed onstage in Hollywood, recovered backstage after ten minutes, then went out and resumed his show.
1980 **Sounds** announced (some years prematurely) that **Deep Purple** were to re-form.

CHART

UK 50 SINGLES

- 1 2 **DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY** The Communards London
- 2 9 **RAGE HARD** Frankie Goes To Hollywood ZTT
- 3 10 **HOLIDAY RAP** M C Miker 'G' & DeeJay Sven Debut
- 4 3 **WE DON'T HAVE TO ...** Jermaine Stewart 10
- 5 4 **GLORY OF LOVE** Peter Cetera Warner Brothers
- 6 8 **(I JUST) DIED IN YOUR ARMS** Cutting Crew Sire
- 7 13 **YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME** Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 8 9 **LOVE CAN'T TURN AROUND** Farley 'Jackmaster' Funk & Jessie Saunders London
- 9 27 **WALK THIS WAY** Run DMC With Aerosmith London
- 10 30 **WORD UP** Cameo Club
- 11 5 **I WANT TO WAKE UP WITH YOU** Boris Gardiner Revue
- 12 16 **THORN IN MY SIDE** Eurythmics RCA
- 13 35 **RAIN OR SHINE** Five Star Tent
- 14 17 **WASTED YEARS** Iron Maiden EMI
- 15 26 **RUMORS** Timex Social Club Cooltempo
- 16 6 **HUMAN** The Human League Virgin
- 17 7 **BROTHER LOUIE** Modern Talking RCA
- 18 14 **WHEN I THINK OF YOU** Janet Jackson A&M
- 19 12 **THE WAY IT IS** Bruce Hornsby And The Range RCA
- 20 21 **STUCK WITH YOU** Huey Lewis And The News Chrysalis
- 21 37 **SWEET FREEDOM** Michael McDonald MCA
- 22 32 **PRETTY IN PINK** Psychedelic Furs Epic
- 23 11 **THE LADY IN RED** Chris De Burgh A&M
- 24 25 **IN TOO DEEP** Genesis Charisma
- 25 33 **HOLD ON TIGHT** Samantha Fox Jive
- 26 15 **DANCING ON THE CEILING** Lionel Richie Motown
- 27 — **ONE GREAT THING** Big Country Mercury
- 28 18 **SO MACHO/CRUISING** Sintra Fanfare
- 29 28 **HEARTLAND** The The Some Bizzare
- 30 42 **(FOREVER) LIVE AND DIE** Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Virgin
- 31 20 **AIN'T NOTHIN' GOIN ON BUT THE RENT** Gwen Guthrie Polydor
- 32 23 **TYPICAL MALE** Tina Turner Capitol
- 33 38 **ROCK 'N' ROLL MERCENARIES** Meat Loaf With John Parr Arista
- 34 22 **ANYONE CAN FALL IN LOVE** Anita Dobson BBC
- 35 25 **GIRLS AND BOYS** Prince And The Revolution Paisley Park
- 36 40 **WILD WILD LIFE** Talking Heads EMI
- 37 29 **CALLING ALL THE HEROES** It Bites Virgin
- 38 24 **A QUESTION OF TIME** Depeche Mode Mute
- 39 — **MONTEGO BAY** Amazulu Island
- 40 45 **DIAMOND GIRL** Pete Wylie MDM
- 41 — **I CAN'T LET YOU GO** Haywood CBS
- 42 34 **NICE IN NICE** The Stranglers Epic
- 43 36 **BREAKING AWAY** Jaki Graham EMI
- 44 31 **DREAMTIME** Daryl Hall RCA
- 45 — **BYE BABY** Ruby Turner Jive
- 46 — **BRAND NEW LOVER** Dead Or Alive Epic
- 47 38 **I CAN PROVE IT** Phil Fearon Ensign
- 48 — **LOVER BOY** Chairman Of The Board Featuring General Johnson EMI
- 49 — **YOU CAN CALL ME AL** Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 50 — **SLOW DOWN** Loose Ends Virgin

UK 50 ALBUMS

- 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 **GRACELAND** Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 4 3 **TRUE BLUE** Madonna Sire
- 5 7 **SILK AND STEEL** Five Star Tent
- 6 6 **REVENGE** Eurythmics RCA
- 7 — **CRASH** The Human League Virgin
- 8 4 **PRESS TO PLAY** Paul McCartney Parlophone
- 9 5 **A KIND OF MAGIC** Queen EMI
- 10 — **BREAK EVERY RULE** Tina Turner Capitol
- 11 11 **WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS** George Benson Warner Brothers
- 12 9 **INTO THE LIGHT** Chris De Burgh A&M
- 13 18 **COMMUNARDS** The Communards London
- 14 44 **THE WAY IT IS** Bruce Hornsby And The Range RCA
- 15 16 **CONTROL** Janet Jackson A&M
- 16 13 **BROTHERS IN ARMS** Dire Straits Vertigo
- 17 8 **IN THE ARMY NOW** Status Quo Vertigo
- 18 12 **THE FINAL** Wham! Epic
- 19 10 **INVISIBLE TOUCH** Genesis Charisma
- 20 — **FORE** Huey Lewis & The News Chrysalis
- 21 14 **PICTURE BOOK** Simply Red Elektra
- 22 20 **RENDEZVOUS** Jean Michel Jarre Dreyfus
- 23 15 **THE HEAT IS ON** Various Portrait
- 24 10 **PARADE** Prince And The Revolution Paisley Park
- 25 42 **GONE TO EARTH** David Sylvian Virgin
- 26 23 **RIPTIDE** Robert Palmer Island
- 27 17 **BABY THE STARS SHINE BRIGHT** Everything But The Girl blanco y negro
- 28 — **SLIPPERY WHEN WET** Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 29 22 **HUNTING HIGH AND LOW** A-ha Warner Brothers
- 30 49 **RAISING HELL** Run DMC London
- 31 25 **QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS** Queen EMI
- 32 40 **STREET LIFE** Bryan Ferry And Roxy Music EG
- 33 — **BREAKING AWAY** Jaki Graham EMI
- 34 27 **WHITNEY HOUSTON** Whitney Houston Arista
- 35 41 **THE BEST OF 10 YEARS** Boney M Stylus
- 36 31 **ONCE UPON A TIME** Simple Minds Virgin
- 37 26 **BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE** Steve Winwood Island
- 38 24 **HIP HOP ELECTRO 13** Various Street Sounds
- 39 30 **RAT IN THE KITCHEN** UB40 DEP International
- 40 — **THE BRIDGE** Billy Joel CBS
- 41 37 **THE PAVAROTTI COLLECTION** Luciano Pavarotti Stylus
- 42 33 **SO** Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 43 50 **STANDING ON A BEACH** The Cure Fiction
- 44 32 **NO JACKET REQUIRED** Phil Collins Virgin
- 45 39 **TOUCH ME** Samantha Fox Jive
- 46 28 **THE QUEEN IS DEAD** The Smiths Rough Trade
- 47 — **THE SEER** Big Country Mercury
- 48 29 **HEARTBREAKERS** Various Stylus
- 49 43 **LIKE A VIRGIN** Madonna Sire
- 50 47 **LONDON O HULL 4** The Housemartins Go! Discs

Compiled by MRIB



FREDDIE MCGREGOR: a life on the ocean waves...

10 AFRICA Axeman Fashion

ALBUMS

- 1 **ROUGH AND RUGGED** Shinehead African Love
- 2 **HOLD TIGHT** Dennis Brown Live And Learn
- 3 **BEGINNING I** Threes Rita Marley Music
- 4 **ALL IN THE SAME BOAT** Freddie McGregor Raf
- 5 **BROWN SUGAR** Dennis Brown Taxi
- 6 **AT WORK** Culture Blue Mountain
- 7 **GREETINGS** Half Pint Powerhouse
- 8 **LOVE WITH STYLE** Keith Douglas Hot Pepper
- 9 **ALL I HAVE IS LOVE LOVE LOVE** Gregory Isaacs Tads
- 10 **SIGN OF THE TIMES** Macka B Ariwa

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



SAMMY FOX with Dame Edna look

SOUNDS TRACKS

Ron Rom

ARE YOU READY TO GO GO The Dreams Mental live feel
I'M LEFT WONDERING The Bambi Slam Pure poison demo
TUPPERWARE STRIPPER Stump Stunning pre-release

Dave Henderson

MOTORTOWN The Very Things DCL Electronic 7, 12-inch and video
LOONEY TUNES Soviet France Red Rhino LP
CLAWS Various Boston bands Throbbing Lobster third phase of infestation

Chris Roberts

MERCY Carmel London hymn
GHOSTS Japan Virgin bible
ANY GIRL IN LOVE (KNOWS WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH) Diana Ross And The Supremes Motown church

Roger Holland

DICKIE DAVIES' EYES Half Man Half Biscuit Forthcoming Probe hit
TRUE BLUE Madonna Ace cut from fab Sire album
PEEL SESSIONS Sudden Sway Strange Fruit

Marvellous Marvin Hurt

WHOA! Soul Asylum Rough Trade
DON'T IT Soul Asylum Rough Trade
SOMETIMES Camper Van Beethoven Rough Trade

Kevin Murphy

FILIGREE & SHADOW This Mortal Coil 4AD LP
LAST WORDS 23 Skidoo Sweet sweat in Soho
HOWLIN WILF & THE VEE-JAYS Dublin delights

Jack Barron

EVERY SECOND COUNTS New Order pre A Reedy
HOLY MONEY Swans Grace K422
FATE Miaow! Sometimes I'm slow a Venus 45

Edwin Pouncey

HOLY MONEY Swans K422
GOLDEN TURKEYS Various Exploits Rhino LP
KEEP WATCHING THE SKIES heavy duty film fun tome

TOUTS

- 1 TIGIDS BOILCELL Tickets buy or sell
- 2 T-SCHERDS Official T-shirts
- 3 FISHEEL T-SCHERDS Pirate T-shirts
- 4 FISHELL PIEADE POSDURS Pirate posters (6"x3" photo)
- 5 AIRBANS headbands
- 6 SUUVNEER POGIRME Souvenir programme (black & white leaflet)
- 7 OIL VE DITS UN VE BICK All the dates on the back (1979 Germany tour dates)
- 8 FISHELL TOOL JAGIDS Pirate tour jackets
- 9 SWISS SCHERDS Sweatshirts (long sleeved T-shirts)
- 10 BUDGIES N SOON PADGISS Badges and sew on patches

Compiled by the as seen on TV 37 Drinking Club

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 NO PUPPY LOVE Tiger Kings Crown
- 2 RAGAMUFFIN YEAR Junior Delgado Message
- 3 MUSICAL ADDICT U-Roy Ujama
- 4 GIVE ME NO BUN Little John Jammys
- 5 DRY UP YOUR TEARS Tinga Stewart Firehouse
- 6 CRYING TIME Coco Tea Jammys
- 7 ALESHA Frankie Paul Powerhouse
- 8 COUNTRY GIRL Tiger Thunderbolt
- 9 CHISHOLM AVENUE Gregory Isaacs Redman
- 10 BIG INVESTMENT Sugar Minott Vibes Corporation

DISCO

- 1 I WANNA WAKE UP WITH YOU Boris Gardiner Revue
- 2 BORN FREE Winsome Fine Style
- 3 SHUBIN Frankie Paul Pioneer
- 4 DEAR BOOTSY Pam Hall Blue Mountain
- 5 REGGAE SENSATION Sonie Chartbound
- 6 MAGIC FEELING Michael Gordon Fine Style
- 7 OPEN THE DOOR Ken Boothe Blue Mountain
- 8 BE MY LADY Peter Hunnigale Street Vibes
- 9 IMITATOR Early B Black Solidarity

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 2 YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 2 1 WASTED YEARS Iron Maiden EMI
- 3 3 YOU SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LONG AC/DC Atlantic
- 4 4 ROCK 'N' ROLL MERCENARIES Meat Loaf Arista
- 5 — GONNA GET CLOSE TO YOU Queensryche EMI America
- 6 6 YANKEE ROSE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 7 5 WAITING FOR THE NIGHT Saxon Parlophone
- 8 13 AMERICAN GIRLS FM Portrait
- 9 7 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 10 10 SUMMERTIME GIRLS Y&T A&M
- 11 8 RED SKY Status Quo Vertigo
- 12 9 WILD CHILD WASP Capitol
- 13 11 TAKE A LOOK Twelfth Night Virgin
- 14 15 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 15 12 DREAMS Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 16 14 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Island
- 17 16 DEAD FOREVER Motorhead GWR
- 18 17 LONELY NIGHT Magnum Polydor
- 19 18 MAD LOCUST RISING EP Agent Steel Music For Nations
- 20 — JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations



FM: spot the odd one out

ALBUMS

- 1 2 VINNIE VINCENT'S INVASION Vinnie Vincent Chrysalis
- 2 1 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 3 4 EAT 'EM AND SMILE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 4 5 TRUE AS STEEL Warlock Vertigo
- 5 6 NIGHT SONGS Cinderella Mercury
- 6 11 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 7 14 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 8 8 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 9 24 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 10 13 THRILL OF A LIFETIME King Kobra FM/Revolver
- 11 — INDISCREET FM Portrait
- 12 10 RAGE FOR ORDER Queensryche EMI America
- 13 3 ORGASMATRON Motorhead GWR
- 14 19 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 15 — 22B3 Device Chrysalis
- 16 12 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 17 — KILL 'EM ALL Metallica Music For Nations
- 18 21 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST Iron Maiden EMI
- 19 16 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 20 — POWERSLAVE Iron Maiden EMI
- 21 15 QR III Quiet Riot Epic
- 22 30 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 23 7 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 24 28 LIGHTNING STRIKES Loudness WEA International
- 25 17 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 26 9 INTERMISSION Dio Vertigo
- 27 — LIVE 'MURDERESS METAL ROAD SHOW' Lizzy Borden Roadrunner
- 28 25 THE FINAL FRONTIER Keel Vertigo
- 29 23 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 30 27 PYROMANIA Def Leppard Vertigo

IMPORTS

- 1 — NASTY NASTY Black And Blue Geffen
- 2 4 SPORT OF KINGS Triumph MCA
- 3 2 DANGEROUS GAMES Alcatraz Capitol
- 4 — REFORM SCHOOLGIRLS Wendy O Williams Rhino
- 5 — AND THE DEAD SHALL RISE Ripper Azra
- 6 — DOOMSDAY FOR THE RECEIVER Flotsam And Jetsam Roadrunner
- 7 3 YELLOW AND BLACK ATTACK Stryper Enigma
- 8 — CONVICTED Cryptic Slaughter Roadrunner
- 9 — ROCK FOR THE KING Barren Cross Starsong
- 10 — TIED TO THE TRAX Purgatory Auburn

Compiled by Spotlight Research



THE METEORS: a bunch of horrors

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 2 THE UNGOVERNABLE FORCE Conflict Mortarhate
- 2 1 KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds Mute
- 3 5 WATCH YOUR STEP Ted Hawkins Gull
- 4 3 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 5 6 HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 6 9 CLOCKWORK TOY Frenzy ID
- 7 — THROWING MUSES Throwing Muses 4AD
- 8 8 THUNDERHEAD The Janitors Intape
- 9 4 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 10 10 GIFT The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 11 13 GIANT The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 12 — SACRED HEART HOTEL The Stars Of Heaven Rough Trade
- 13 14 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 14 20 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 15 — WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME The Bible Backs
- 16 — ON THE BOARDWALK Ted Hawkins Unamerican Activities
- 17 11 IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH Demented Are Go ID
- 18 7 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 19 15 MAJOR MALFUNCTION Keith LeBlanc World
- 20 16 BEST BEFORE 1984 Crass Crass
- 21 12 STEP ON IT Bogshed Help Yourself
- 22 19 ONLY STUPID BASTARDS HELP EMI Conflict Model Army
- 23 18 UNCARVED BLOCK Flux One Little Indian
- 24 — A DIFFERENT KIND OF TENSION Various Stiff
- 25 24 MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 26 — BLACK JESUS VOICE Richard H Kirk Rough Trade
- 27 30 OUT OF MY WAY Meat Puppets SST
- 28 17 DISCOVER Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 29 22 RUM SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 30 25 BORN SANDY DEVOTIONAL The Triffids Hot

Compiled by Spotlight Research

CRED ACTS

- 1 DOG MARKET (aka THE BANNED) EastEnders
- 2 JEM AND THE HOLOGRAMS Palitoy
- 3 THE GROOVEY GHOULIES Cartoon
- 4 THE DILLY SISTERS The Banana Splits
- 5 ROD, JANE AND FREDDY Rainbow
- 6 WAYNE COCHRAN AND THE CC RIDERS Blues Brothers
- 7 GEORGEY SAINT The Young Doctors
- 8 CLIFF RICHARD JNR Thunderbirds
- 9 FLINTLOCK You Must Be Joking
- 10 THE BEDROCK GROOVERS The Flintstones

Compiled by Dawsons Music Ltd

JOKES (Latin family names)

- 1 NOCHUS NOCHUS JOCKULI Knock Knock jokes
- 2 PADDYHUS THICKUS JOCKULI Irish jokes
- 3 URINUS EXTRACTUM JOCKULI Taking the mickey jokes
- 4 INNUS CROWDUS JOCKULI Private joke
- 5 MEDICI QUACKUS JOCKULI Doctor Doctor jokes
- 6 INFANTUS SICKUS HUMORUS JOCKULI Sick baby jokes

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 A QUESTION OF TIME Depeche Mode Mute
- 2 — DRUGS/COME HERE MY LOVE This Mortal Coil 4AD
- 3 3 TOKYO STORM WARNING (PART 1) Elvis Costello Imp/Demon
- 4 — MR PHARMACIST The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 5 2 PANIC The Smiths Rough Trade
- 6 4 LIKE A HURRICANE/GARDEN OF DELIGHT The Mission Chapter 22
- 7 — JESUS IS DEAD The Exploited Rough Justice
- 8 — SURF CITY The Meteors Anagram
- 9 12 SERPENTS KISS The Mission Chapter 22
- 10 8 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 11 34 IS THERE ANYONE OUT THERE Mighty Mighty Girlie
- 12 6 WILD CHILD Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 13 — TAKE THE SKINHEADS BOWLING Camper Van Beethoven Rough Trade
- 14 — THIS MEANS WAR The Beloved Flim Flam
- 15 11 GIMME GIMME GIMME (A MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT) The Leather Nun Wire
- 16 7 I'M ON FIRE Guana Batz ID
- 17 10 HEART FULL OF SOUL Ghost Dance Karbon
- 18 28 I'M SNIFFING WITH YOU HOO Pop Will Eat Itself Desperate
- 19 13 THE LAST BULLET IN THE GUN Terry And Gerry Intape
- 20 26 RUNAWAY Luis Cardenas Consolidated Allied
- 21 5 HEARD IT ALL Bodines Creation
- 22 40 WONDERFUL LIFE Black Ugly Man
- 23 16 IMAGES OF FIRE Fatal Charm Native
- 24 22 WHOLE WIDE WORLD The Soup Dragons Subway
- 25 21 THE SINGER Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds Mute
- 26 19 BETTER DEAD THAN WED Class War Mortarhate
- 27 17 HAPPY HOUR The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 28 23 TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 29 35 UNDERSTANDING JANE The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 30 31 RIVER OF NO RETURN Ghost Dance Karbon
- 31 15 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 32 25 BOOKS ON THE BONFIRE The Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- 33 18 ALMOST PRAYED Weather Prophets Creation
- 34 14 MORNING SIR Bogshed Help Yourself
- 35 24 PRIME MOVER The Leather Nun Wire
- 36 9 THIS BOY CAN WAIT The Wedding Present Reception
- 37 20 BABY'S ON FIRE The Creepers Intape
- 38 47 THIS IS NOT LOVE Yeah Jazz Upright
- 39 41 BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 40 38 CRUMMY STUFF The Ramones Beggars Banquet
- 41 27 CRYSTAL CRESCENT Primal Scream Creation
- 42 29 TRUCK TRAIN TRACTOR The Pastels Glass
- 43 32 MEXICO SUNDOWN BLUES James Ray & The Performance Merciful Release
- 44 30 E102/SAD? BMX Bandits 53rd & 3rd
- 45 33 GEORDIE'S GONE TO JAIL The Toy Dolls Volume
- 46 36 I SEE RED Frenzy ID
- 47 39 THE DRAIN TRAIN Cabaret Voltaire Doublevision
- 48 37 BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff
- 49 42 DATA KILL Cassandra Complex Rouska
- 50 46 MARGARITA Champion Doug Veitch Conga

HIPPY

- 1 GET OFF MY FIELD The Rolling Stones
- 2 I WISH IT COULD BE SOLSTICE EVERYDAY Wizzard
- 3 HIT THE ROAD JACK Ray Charles
- 4 HIPPIES ON THE ROAD AGAIN Manfred Maaaaaan
- 5 MAGIC BUS The Who
- 6 WALK ON THE WILD SIDE Lou Weed
- 7 LOST IN HANTS Bonnie Tyler
- 8 GOOD MORNING JUDGE 10cc
- 9 ANOTHER BRICK IN THE BUS Pink Floyd
- 10 OUT IN THE FIELDS Gary Moore And Phil Lynott

Compiled by Col Gadaffi, Bed 14, Park Pewett Mental Hospital, Basingstoke

Compiled by the as seen on TV 37 Drinking Club

T G U R NEWS

SEETHING WELLS, Ginger John and Toczek warm up for an "Intolerance" tour next month with gigs at New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern September 22, Clerkenwell Horseshoe 27.

AFRICAN CONNEXION continue to promote their 'Tell Mandela' single at Deptford Albany Empire (with Bloodfire Posse) September 28, North Kensington Bay 63 October 3.

RAZORCUTS, who've wormed their way into John Peel's affections with their first single, promote their second, 'Summer In Your Heart', at North Kensington Bay 63 (with The Soup Dragons) September 18, Lincoln Oasis 24, Manchester International October 2, Leeds Stallones (with The Soup Dragons) 9, Herne Hill Half Moon (with The Chesterfields and The Flatmates) 15.

THE PLEASUREHEADS play dates at Cambridge Boatrace September 18, Lincoln Corn Hill Vaults 19, Huntingdon Waterloo 20, Peterborough Tropicana 24, Rugby Blitz 25, Northampton Racecourse 26.

RENT PARTY promote their 'Ain't Misbehavin'' single at Kentish Town Town And Country Club September 26, Hatfield Polytechnic October 2, Lancaster University 3, Birmingham University 4, Cardiff University 10, Southend Queens Hotel 16.



PSYCHO SURGEONS (pictured above), Harlequin and Happiness Ad have joined forces for a Bradford Package Tour with gigs at Greenwich Tunnel Club September 17, Hebden Bridge Trades Club 19, Birmingham Mermaid 20, Nottingham Mardis Gras 22, Fulham Greyhound 23, Retford Porterhouse 26.

THE SURFADELICS get a bus pass for their board to play London gigs at Wapping Sleazy Studio September 20, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 29, Deptford Crypt October 3, Acton Bumbles 11.

SWIMMING IN SAND have switched their Camden Dingwalls date back to September 27 and have two Brighton gigs at the Zap Club on October 7 and 24.

ENGINE, the Merseyboogie trio, emerge from the studio to play Billing Aquadrome September 20, Northwich Red Lion 26, Nottingham Mardis Gras 27.

DICK MORRISSEY, the great British tenor saxophonist who has just finished recording an album for Coda, takes his quartet out for dates next month at Cheltenham Queens Hotel October 3, Exeter Arts Centre 4, Birmingham Strathallan Hotel 5, Swansea Tim Munday's Wine Bar 6, Cardiff Gibbs Jazz Restaurant 7, Derby Brownes 12, Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre 14, Leeds Coconut Grove 15, Manchester Band On The Wall 16.

THE SHRUBS cultivate a following at Deptford Crypt September 19, Leeds Adam And Eves 24, Hull Adelphi 26, London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey October 1.

THE CONFIDENT TRICKSTERS, popular cynics from Sheffield, play Sheffield Polytechnic September 20, Chesterfield White Swan 25, York Spotted Cow 26.



EAGER BEAVER, a Swedish R&B band, come over to the land of their heroes (The Bishops, Dr Feelgood and The Inmates) to play two London gigs at Holloway Road Lord Nelson September 26 and Fulham Swan 29.

SOUNDS IN-TECH MUSICIANS CLASSIFIEDS

- Sounds Classifieds are read by 725,000 people everyweek* That's now over 153,000 more readers EVERY WEEK than Melody Maker
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*Source: Target Group Index 1985

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MUSICIANS SEEKING BANDS. TEL: NU-LINE 01-602 9407. S2675

MUSICIANS WANTED — GENERAL. AL 01-223 8845. S6295

GUITARIST AND BASSIST needed now! Influences: S. Youth, B. Black, B. Seeds. Harsh, abrasive, unconventional. M/C area. Phone Pip 061-224 2283. S6354

VOCALIST FOR Band into 50s 60s garage, Sonics, Link Wray, Fuzz sound Gigs, recording ongoing, phone 0378-77170/73520 London area. S6328

SINGER WANTED. Dedicated/ambitious/intelligent for powerful big sound band/Theatre of Hate/Death Cult. Ring Clive 0293-28694-London. S6180

AGGRESSIVE/PROGRESSIVE Guitarist needed to form nucleus of band. I'm young, ambitious guitarist on my way to the top. Must be into Beatles as well as AC/DC. Joe Black 01-835 1204. S6352

DEDICATED DRUMMER wanted for original band, pref. unemployed, N. London based. Influences: Penetration, Banshees, Cult. Phone 01-444 2941 or 01-888 5679. S6353

VOCALIST/GUITARIST with good wiring ability to join powerful bass and drums in Bradford area (NMA/KL style). Possible gigs in October, phone John (0274) 720835 after 5pm. S6359

GUITARIST AND BASSIST wanted by Dance rock band. King/Tears. Mike, Crayford 57568. S6360

'THE HONEST RAIN' urgently require powerful vocalist with originality, to complete this exciting new band. Phone: 0276 24774 (Bugsy) now! S6361

ROCKBILLY SLAP Bass Player wanted, no experience needed but must have dedication. Phone Wrexham 0978-352438 before 6pm. S6362

GUITARIST WANTED to join vocalist and bassist for unconventional role. No HM/HR energy and originality important. Before 6pm 01-980 3857. S6363

DEDICATED KEYBOARD Player Wanted, improvisation essential, studio and gigs soon. Tel: Simon Heywood 69355 (Manchester). S6355

DRUMMER'S AND Vocalist 16-20 with dedication for rock and roll tuneless row! Ants, Sputnik, J.A.M.C., Fuzzbox. Phone Craig 0908-582805. Squirm 584327. S6356

VOCALIST REQUIRED into Australian Noise rock loud and proud. Dedication essential. Phone 01-326 0562. S6357

GUITARIST 22, wants musicians, form group. Enthusiasm over ability, influences Cure, Furs, J.A.M.C., Wigan area. Box no. 740. S6358

BASS PLAYER for band with roots in Pistols, Velvet Underground, Brigandage etc. Phone Carl 01-624 6892. S6327

EXPERIENCED GUITARIST Song-writer to work with bassist as prelude to forming band. Must be dedicated, talented and have dug ditch. Merseyside/Wirral. Box no. 741. S6365

FEMALE-LEAD, Rhythm and bass guitarists wanted, for HM/HR band. London area. Image and dedication a must! Phone 01-225 0796. S6367

HERTS BASED H/R Band with tour imminent requires Keyboard Player. Dedication essential, no timewasters. Contact Alan on Hitch-in (0462) 59930 or Rob (57791). S6368

EXPERIENCED HM/HR Guitarist with image, writing ability seeks bands/musicians. Phone Dom Walton (0932) 241138. S6369

VOCALIST WANTS to join/form thrash/power metal band. London area. Phone Hatfield 61070. S6364

BASSIST, VOCALIST Required for Heavy Rock Band. Send tape, photograph and phone number to Box no. 739. S6351

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BAND SEEKING MUSICIANS. TEL: NU-LINE 01-602 9407. S2695

BASSIST BURNEL; Can; Neil Stanley Clarke Factory 061-224 2725. S6372

RHYTHM GUITARIST aged 19, seeks Heavy Metal Band. Phone Andy, Epsom 27369, after 6pm. S6373

MIME ARTISTS Female, available for work with rock band. Phone Suia 01-603 1772 or 0297-23580. S6374

BANDS WANTED

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PRODUCTION COMPANY seeks acts with powerful, rhythmic sounds and soaring voices. PO Box 142, Nottingham. S6268

CONTINENTAL LABEL looking for talents. Send tapes, infos, photos to Riot Records, C/O Robin, 7 Denham Court, 67 Fairfax Road, London NW6. S6386

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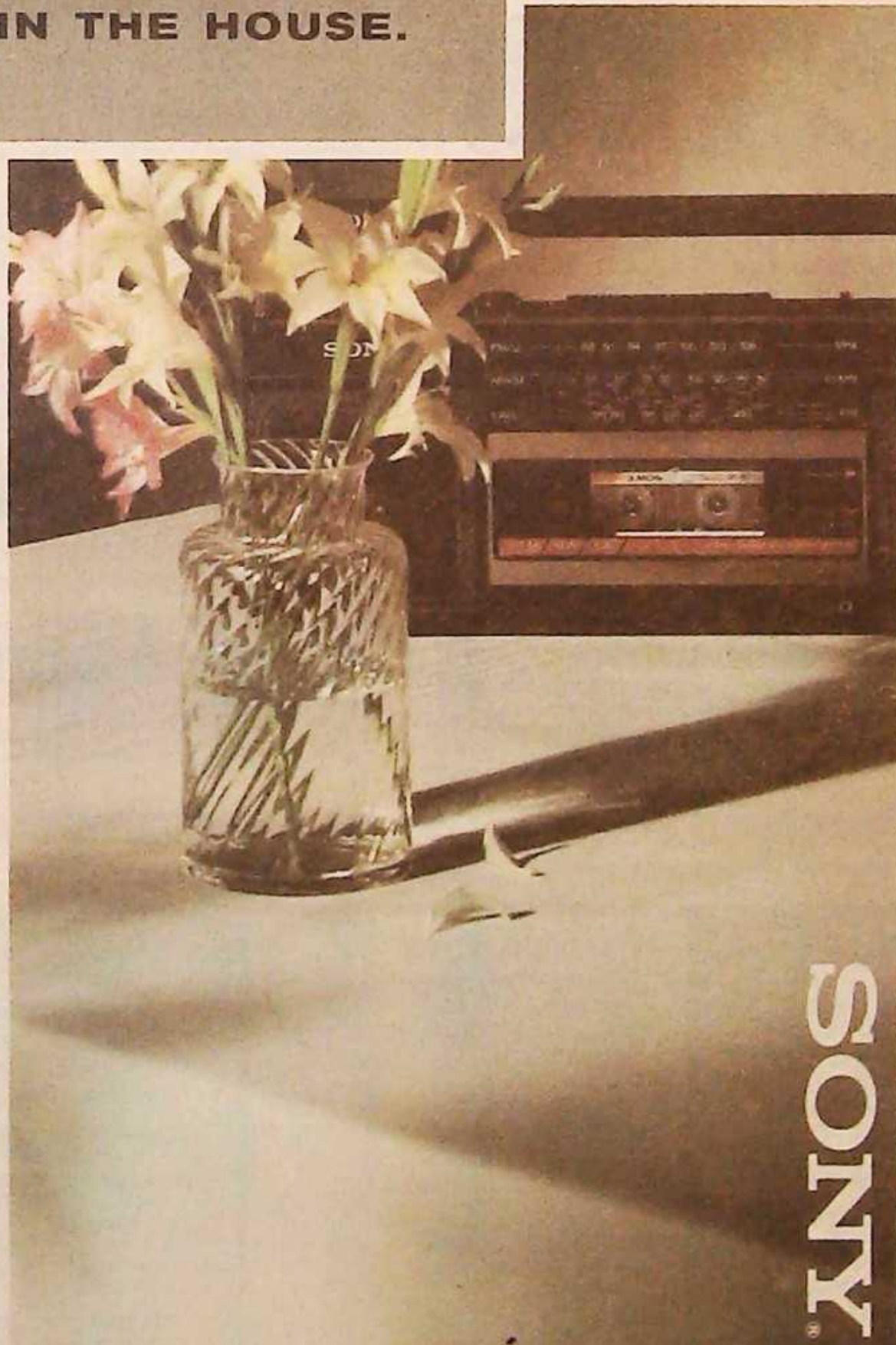
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