

SOUNDS

**PETE WYLIE:
THE FILOFAX KID**

DAVID SYLVIAN
KIRK BRANDON
HAPPY MONDAYS
W.A.S.P. GANGWAY
NEW ORDER AND IRON MAIDEN LPs

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FEATURES

Happy Mondays – not just freaky, but completely deranged. **Jonh Wilde** suffers in silence on **Pages 10 & 11**. How does it feel to face your idol? **Chris Roberts** confronts the new **David Sylvian**, and relates. **Pages 16 & 17**. And it's wacky **Jonh Wilde** again, folks, talking to the irrational and obsessed **Doctor's Children**. **Page 22**. **World Domination Enterprises** thrash and hammer their way into **Steve Double's** brain – see **Page 23** for casualties. How many **W.A.S.P.s** can you get in an 'Electric Circus'? **Jane Simon**, clad in protective clothing, went to LA to find out. **Pages 24 & 26**. So **Pete Wylie** has finally grown up. Astoundingly, **Billy Mann** finds there are undiscovered depths to Liverpool's biggest mouth. **Pages 28 & 29**.

JAWS

Gangway go pop. **Kirk Brandon** doesn't, we take a cruise through **breakfast radio** and then fight through the poseurs at **Wire** magazine's **British Jazz Awards**. Plus the usual fat-gobbed load of insults. **Pages 8 & 9**.

SCANNERS

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REVIEWS

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REGULARS

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INSTRUMENTS

So enthralled is Tony Mitchell by the **Stepp DGI** electronic guitar that this week, he gives it a second blast, with help from demonstrator/session star/**Go Wester Alan Murphy**. **Pages 44 & 45**.

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ROBERT CRAY has confirmed the dates for his British tour next month.

The fast-rising bluesboy will have his new album out on Phonogram to coincide with the dates. A single called 'I Guess I Showed Her', featuring The Memphis Horns, will be out next weekend.

And Cray's first album, 'Who's Been Talkin'', which came out in America in 1980 but was deleted six months later when the record company went bust, has been excavated by Charly, who are releasing it in time for the tour.

Cray starts at Norwich East Anglia University October 19 and then plays Bristol Studio 20, London Hammersmith Palais 21, Nottingham Rock City 22, Birmingham Odeon 24, Cork Jazz Festival 25-26, Belfast New Victoria 27, Oxford Apollo 29, Manchester International 31, Edinburgh Usher Hall November 1, Glasgow Pavilion 2, Leeds Irish Centre 4, Newcastle University 6, Sheffield Limit Club 7, Portsmouth Ritz's 9.

It's the biggest tour Cray has undertaken here, and he'll be riding high on the buzz of a jam session with Chuck Berry, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton (who has included a version of 'Bad Influence' on his upcoming album) and Keith Richards, for the film *Chuck Berry - Hail! Hail! Rock 'N' Roll*, which is being made in St Louis.

THE ICICLE WORKS have a new single out this week – the follow-up to their 'Understanding Jane' Top 50 success. It's called 'Who Do You Want For Your Love', and comes with a live version of 'Understanding Jane' on the flip.

There's a limited edition two-track cassette featuring 'John Geoffrey Muir Shopkeeper' and 'Impossible 3 Lovers' with the seven-inch, while the 12-inch has two extra live tracks – 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go' and 'Road House Blues'.

The band follow their London date last weekend with a batch of provincial gigs next month at Blackburn King Georges Hall October 3, Manchester University 4, Bristol Mecca 6, Newcastle Mayfair 10, Sheffield Leadmill 14, Nottingham Rock City 15, Leicester University 16, Birmingham University (students only) 17.

THE LOOTERS, who are spearheading the Worldbeat political musical movement in America, bring the message over for a one-off date at the Kentish Town Town And Country Club on October 3.

The San Francisco band, who were the first American band to play in Nicaragua after the revolution, will be joining Roger McGuinn, Helen And The Horns and The Panic Brothers.

The band have just released a self-titled 12-inch on Alternative Tentacles, with four tracks which blend Afro-rhythms with R&B plus comment.

BLUE PETER

MURPHY plans his moves for the autumn

PETER MURPHY has confirmed the dates for his first British tour next month.

And he has a new single coming out on Beggars Banquet called 'Blue Heart', which is from his recently released 'Should The World Fall To Fall Apart' album.

He opens at Brighton Sussex University October 16 followed by St Albans City Hall 17, Portsmouth Polytechnic 18, Birmingham Powerhouse 19,

London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 21, Huddersfield Polytechnic 22, Newcastle Polytechnic 24, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 25, Edinburgh George St Theatre 27, Leeds Warehouse 28, Nottingham Rock City 29, Sheffield Polytechnic 30, Hull University 31.

Peter also looks set to go over to America before long. His album currently heads the import charts and the 'Final Solution' video is being blasted all over MTV.

BUNNY WAILER, who has just played his first concerts outside Jamaica for a decade, is preparing to start a world tour this year.

He performed two-and-a-half-hour sets at California University and New York's Madison Square Gardens over the summer. And he has a new single out on his own Solomonic label (through Jet Star/EMI) this weekend called 'Serious Thing', featuring The Roots Radics.

RESIDENTS



THE DAINTEES sail forth on a nationwide tour next week, buoyed by the acclaim for their 'Boat To Bolivia'.

Martin Stephenson and fellow Daintees will be appearing at Middlesbrough Crypt September 30, Edinburgh University October 1, Aberdeen Ritz 2, Newcastle University 3, Newcastle Polytechnic 4, Manchester University 6, London Astoria 8, New Cross Goldsmiths College 9, Brighton Zap Club 10, Swansea University 12, Birmingham The Portland 13, Bristol Polytechnic 14, Nottingham University 15, Kingston Polytechnic 16, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 17, Liverpool Polytechnic 18.

They'll be supported on all dates by Foster Pilkington and his new band The Tax Loss.

ALTERNATIVE TV have lined up provincial dates around their London gig, at Brighton Pavilion October 3 and Sheffield Leadmill 7.

For their Kentish Town Town And Country Club show on the 5th, they'll be joined by Primal Scream, Shock Headed Peters, The Godfathers and Shamen.

BRILLIANT

The South Africa story continues, with Brilliant finding they can't stop WEA selling their records there

being sold in South Africa.

The band tried to get WEA to withdraw their records from South Africa last year but were told that, under the terms of their recording contract, WEA (PTY) Ltd had the exclusive right to release their records in South Africa.

This would seem to contradict WEA's statement in *Sounds* last week that they "accepted" the wishes of

BRILLIANT, who've just released their debut album, 'Kiss The Lips Of Life', on WEA, have been unable to prevent their records from

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BALL

THE RESIDENTS bring *The Eyeball Show: The 13th Anniversary Tour* to Britain at the end of October.

The tour has already trekked across America, Australia and Japan, and a live album has just been released here by Torso (through Rough Trade).

It's the band's first shows here since their 1983 Mole Tour, and they'll be playing material from their entire career at their two British concerts at London Hammersmith Palais October 28 and Manchester Hacienda 29.

It's also the first time British fans will be able to see Snakefinger guesting with the band.

Another Residents album will be available before the band get here. It's the second in their 'Composers' series and features one side of Hank Williams tunes and the other of de Souza (composer of 'The Star Spangled Banner').

KILLING JOKE have had to postpone their British tour because of delays in recording their new album, which will now not be ready until November.

They will still be playing London's Hammersmith Palais on September 28, and have one other gig at Burton-On-Trent Central Park on the 27th.

But the rest of the dates are being rescheduled for November. All tickets will be valid or refunds are available from the point of purchase.

EXCUSES

artists who did not want to be sold in South Africa. It appears that unless a band expresses those wishes at the time they are negotiating their contract, their records will be distributed in South Africa.

WEA pointed out to Brilliant that they could donate the royalties of the South African sales to any organisation campaigning against apartheid, but as the



COLD COMFORT

THE COMMUNARDS, who've put Jimmy Somerville back on top of the charts again, have lined up a British tour in November.

They are currently touring Europe with a four-piece string section, bass, guitar, saxophone, and drums, not to mention Richard Coles on keyboards and Sarah Jayne Morris on vocals.

They'll have a newly recorded version of 'So Cold The Night' out as a single in time for the tour, which starts at Belfast Grand Opera House November 12-13 and continues at Dublin Stadium

15, Aberdeen Music Hall 18, Edinburgh Playhouse 19, Glasgow Barrowlands 20, Manchester Apollo 22, Liverpool Royal Court 23, Newcastle City Hall 24, Harrogate Conference Centre 26, Bristol Studio 30, London Royal Albert Hall December 1, London Hammersmith Palais 2, Oxford Apollo 4, Portsmouth Guildhall 5, Nottingham Royal Centre 7, Brighton Dome 8.

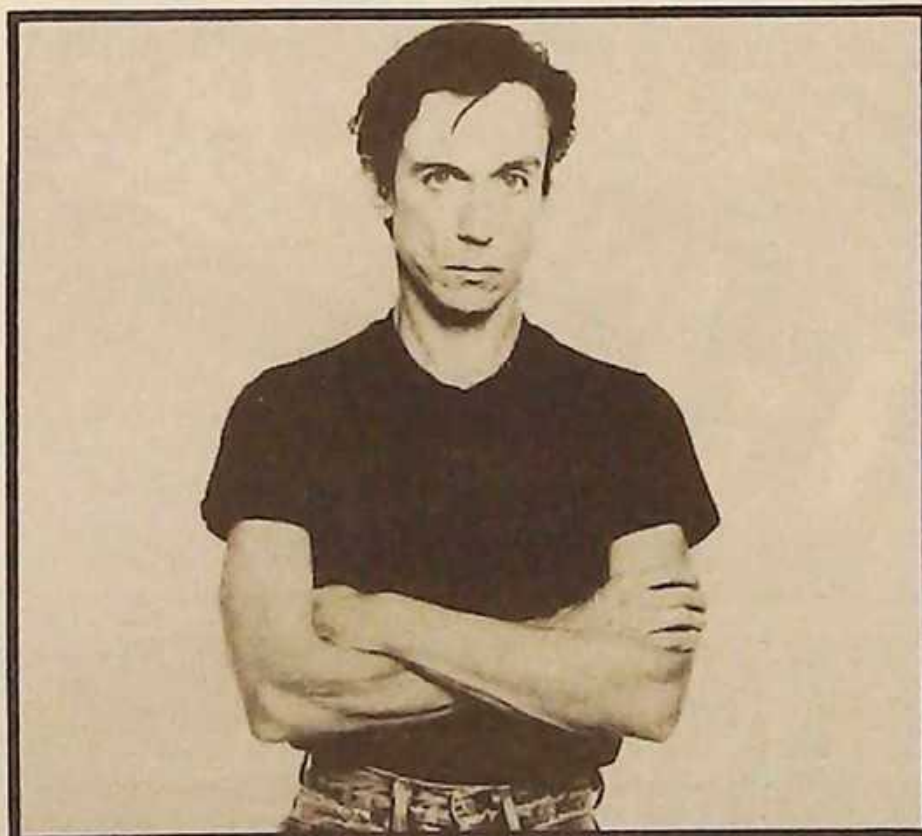
Tickets are £5.50 and £4.50 outside London, £7, £6, £5 and £4 for the Royal Albert Hall and £5.50 for Hammersmith.

Montreux Pop...

BILLY IDOL releases his first single since last October's 'Rebel Yell' hit on Chrysalis this week.

It's called 'To Be A Lover', and was written back in 1968 by Staxmen William Bell and Booker T, although Billy heard it on a '70s album by reggae artist George Faith.

It's the only cover version on his forthcoming album.



IGGY POP returns with a new album on A&M next week called 'Blah, Blah, Blah', which has been co-produced by his good friend David Bowie.

Bowie also co-wrote five of the nine tracks with Iggy, who recorded the album in Montreux.

Sex Pistols guitarist Steve Jones also turns up on three tracks, including the single, 'Cry For Love'.

Iggy is planning a world tour which should see him in Britain by the end of the year.

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD cancelled their European tour last week after guitarist John McGeoch was struck by a bottle and required 40 stitches in his face at a gig in Vienna.

The band's whole touring future is now in jeopardy, as they've been repeatedly assailed by flying objects, from billiard balls to beer cans, during their tours of Britain, America and Europe.

THE SOUP DRAGONS, spurred on by their 'Whole Wide World' indie smash, have lined up their biggest tour so far to promote their second single, 'Hang-Ten', on Raw TV Products (through Rough Trade).

They'll be playing Wolverhampton Scruples October 9, Scunthorpe Baths 15, Nottingham Garage 16, Hammersmith Clarendon 17, Bolton Polytechnic 18, Liverpool Pickwicks 19, Bradford University 20, Leeds Warehouse 22, Manchester International 23, Hull Adelphi 24, Sheffield Limit Club 26, Birmingham Burberries 28, Leicester Princess Charlotte 29, Bristol Tropic 30, Woolwich Thames Polytechnic 31, City Of London Polytechnic November 1, Brighton Escape Club 2.

HIS LATEST FLAME light the blue touch paper under their second single, 'Stop The Tide', on Gol Discs next week, and spend most of next month on tour.

The five Glasgow girls, who got together at the wake for Sophisticated Boom Boom, play Dunfermline Warehouse September 26, Glasgow Club Eden October 2, Glasgow Rooftops 3, Edinburgh Buster Browns 6, Warwick University 16, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 17, Wendover Wellhead Inn 18, Colchester Works 19, Brighton Polytechnic 22, Birmingham University 23, Manchester Boardwalk 24, Bath Moles 25, Canterbury Kent University 27, London University Union 28, London Imperial College 31.

TROUBLE FUNK follow up their first London shows a few weeks back with more dates next month.

Washington's leading GoGo band have a new single, 'Still Smokin'', out on Island at the end of this month, with a live album due out next month.

The ten-piece outfit will play Manchester Hacienda October 1, Birmingham Powerhouse 5 and London Hammersmith Palais 7. They can also be seen in the GoGo movie *Good To Go* which opens in London on October 3.

NEW ORDER, who release their third album, 'Brotherhood', this week (see review page 30), have added another London date to their tour because their Royal Albert Hall date has sold out. They'll be playing Kentish Town Town And Country Club on October 4. Tickets are £5.50.

MAIDEN AID

The Iron men stage a benefit show for kids' charity in November

IRON MAIDEN have squeezed in a charity show for the NSPCC between their British and European tours.

They'll make a sixth appearance at London's Hammersmith Odeon on November 9 - starting at 3pm because the equipment has to catch a ferry to Finland the same night.

A Maidenperson said: "The band have become increasingly

concerned with the apparent rise in child abuse. Whereas previously the band have been involved with Dr Barnardo's and anti-heroin campaigns, they decided the NSPCC would be a very deserving cause to help this time."

Tickets for the show are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50, on sale now at the box office and agencies.

Support on this and all other Maiden tour dates is Paul Samson's Empire. And Bad News are among the other bands threatening to show up for the charity bash - Maiden's last British show of the year.

BRUCE HORNSBY AND THE RANGE, whose 'The Way It Is' album has shot straight into the album charts, hot on the heels of the single of the same name, will be joining Huey Lewis And The News on their British tour next month.

Huey has produced several of the tracks on Bruce's album, and in return Bruce has written 'Jacob's Ladder' for Huey's new album.

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THE FALL'S new album, 'Bend Sinister', is set for September 29 release on Beggars Banquet. All tracks apart from 'Mr Pharmacist' are Fall compositions.

The cassette version has three extra tracks - 'Living Too Late' (their last single), 'Town And Country City Hobgoblins' and 'Auto-Tech Pilot' (from their last 12-inch). 'Bend Sinister' is the second in the "Domesday Pay-Off Triad".

THE PRETENDERS release their first single for two years on Real (through WEA) this week, called 'Don't Get Me Wrong'. It's from the band's fourth album, due soon.

ZEST OF LEMON

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS taste the delights of their first major tour next month.

The squeeze is on at Newcastle University October 1 followed by Glasgow Daddy Warbucks 2, Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie 3, Aberdeen Venue 4, Dundee Dance Factory 5, Huddersfield Polytechnic 6, Liverpool University 9, Manchester International 10, Sheffield Leadmill 11, Portsmouth Polytechnic 14, Brighton Pavilion 15, Bristol Bierkeller 16, Leicester Princess Charlotte 17, Coventry Polytechnic 18, Birmingham Burberries 21, Southampton University 22, Oxford Polytechnic 23, London University Union 24, Dudley JB's 25.

At Newcastle, Southampton and Oxford they'll be supported by Pop Will Eat Itself, at Huddersfield, Liverpool, Manchester and Bristol by Freight Train, at Coventry by Weeping Messerschmids and at London by The Wedding Present.

WORLD PARTY, formed by former Waterboy Karl Wallinger, start their first British tour at the beginning of October, following praises for their 'Private Party' album last month.

They play Bournemouth Dorset Institute October 1, Oxford Polytechnic 2, Dudley JB's 3, Manchester International 4, Burton-On-Trent Central Park 5, Durham University 7, Hull Adelphi 8, Barrow-In-Furness Bluebird 9, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 10, Newcastle University 11, Middlesbrough Polytechnic 13, Leicester Princess Charlotte 14, Bristol University 15.

JOHN FOGERTY follows the success of his 'Centrefield' album two years ago with a new album next week on Warners called 'Eye Of The Zombie'.

NEWS EXTRA - see page 32

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PRIMAL SCREAM
SHOCK-HEADED PETERS

The Godfathers, The Shamen

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KILLING JOKE

~JOY~ heist

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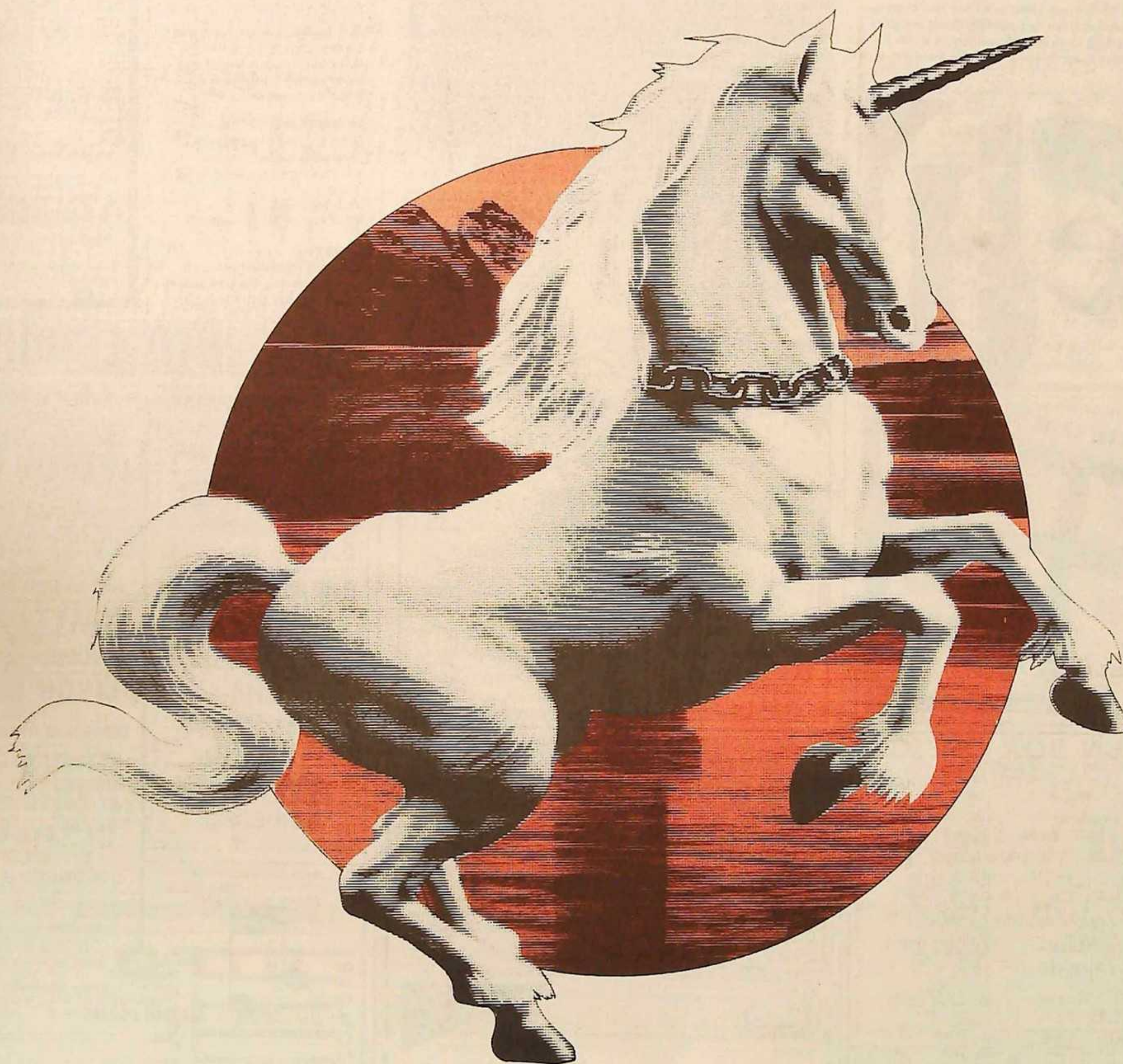
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| 30 BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse | 4 SHEFFIELD University | 13 CARDIFF University | 22 GLASGOW Barrowlands |
| October | 5 NEWCASTLE Mayfair | 16 WATERFORD The Bridge | 23 ABERDEEN Ritzy |
| 2 LIVERPOOL Playhouse | 8 BRIGHTON Top Rank | 17 DUBLIN Olympic | 24 EDINBURGH Assembly Rooms |
| | 9 LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom | 18 TRALEE Horans | 27 HULL City Hall |



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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

SPECIAL GUESTS

OCTOBER 6	PRESTON	GUILDHALL
OCTOBER 7	BRADFORD	ST GEORGES HALL
OCTOBER 8	MANCHESTER	APOLLO
OCTOBER 9	STALBANS	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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Pulp fiction
Facial stitches

GUTSY KIRK GETS BACK TO BASICS

Amanda Searle



KIRK: Is this man the link between heroism and frailty?

"The very fact I exist offends people" he tells Chris Roberts

THERE'S A thunderstorm in Soho. I ask the very likeable Kirk Brandon why so many dullards don't like him.

"It's like... you can say something that is true, is real, is perfectly obvious. And for those very reasons, people don't say those things. Do you understand? The music business is not exactly the best place to tell the truth. Consequently, I'm like a duckshoot."

You're just not a good careerist, Kirk.

"Compromise and you get on, yeah. I'm the outsider, the *persona non grata*. Do you know what I mean?"

Spear of Destiny, as were, are no more. Kirk Brandon is

now working on what he calls, with a chuckle, SOD3.

"My new stuff is closer to Theatre Of Hate than the cluttered and technical 'World Service', I'd say. I want to get back to minimalism, essentialism. Without frills. Sharp. Simple. To inspire incredible reactions either way, love or hate. As per normal, Brandon goes the opposite way to the whole scene. Heh heh!"

On purpose?

"No, I *am* the opposite way. Aw look... I'm sorry I'm not coming out with things any more! I probably *have* become more guarded and conscious of what I say... but no matter what I say it's gonna offend

people. The very fact that I exist offends people. I get some weird reactions, you get some right psychos. I just think about things a bit more now. Roleplaying becomes parody, parody becomes bad. I'm just a songwriter, having a go, with some guts or whatever you want to call it. No pretence."

Do you have an odd sense of humour?

"I'm a miserable bastard. A bit gallowsey, I suppose."

Do you laugh at cruel fate?

"I do. Most people cope. If you don't laugh when the adversity comes, it'll crack you."

You sound like an optimist!
"Nah! An undertaker! I'm like you... half the time."

Kirk proceeds to inform me of the inevitable breakdown of society as we know it.

"The authorities are, and have been for some while, planning this. Nobody gives a f***. If you've got a zoo, do you put the lions in with the seals? The snakes and tarantulas with the birds? They're gonna face up. You're gonna see carnage. There is *no* harmony. It's just jungle with a tiny veneer on top. You can face it now or when it happens. It doesn't take a genius to work this out."

So there's a kind of conversation about terrorism, German art, and the link between heroism and frailty. Kirk Brandon's highly-characterised and blood-pumping music will soon put the frighteners up this silent island again.

Anyone who tells you he's a barrow-boy needs their wheels examining.



FACE-OFF

HELLO, MY name is Grant Mill. I'm 21 years old and a student of Astrophysics at King's College, London. I've just won a holiday in Ibiza for being 'The Bezique Face Of The Future', which probably means I'll end up pissed in the gutter with a big red nose. Still, at least I can say I won, can't I."

APOLOGY

JAWS WOULD like to apologise to Julian Henry of The Hit Parade who jokingly told Jack Barron in one of our features that he wrote for *Melody Maker* because "they were the only ones who would have me". As a result of this, *Melody Maker* sacked him, guilty of having a sense of humour.

"Take your wisecracks elsewhere," said a conspicuously old, square-headed senior hack.



CAROLE gets her leaving present from Sounds Editor Tony Stewart.

Bye~eee Carole

AND AS another autumn breaks, we at *Sounds* bid farewell to the sultry Carole Linfield. Gone to pastures new, gone to a brighter future. Crowds of superstars will mourn her disappearance and remember the days when she went swimming instead of subbing the news page.

As the last bastion of chic drives her convertible Beetle over the pass and pats her poodle, Woody, it's time to think back on all that ranting and raving she did over the likes of The Communards, it's immaterial, Blancmange and Tears For Fears, while lesser bean poles could only chortle at their strange names.

So it's goodbye Carole, as we wipe away a tear and realise that never again will Marks & Spencer in Camden break into the profit margin. Adieu. Bon voyage.

MOUNTAINEERING

THE MORRISSEYS are the sort of band you suspect will break up before they ever make a record. At once both bitingly sarcastic and unbearably sensitive, The Morrisseys are either taking the piss or they're not. And in the guessing lies the fun.

Sam And Dave's 'Hold On I'm Coming' is the first cut of three on this tape. And it's the most unexpected reading yet. A lone guitar strums cautiously while singer Joey Morrissey croons tunelessly to himself. Unsure, cow-eyed, cowering, you just know we're talking premature ejaculation here.

And clearly The Morrisseys do not see themselves as contenders for the George Michael Great Lover Shuttlecock Stakes. Witness the

pathos of their extrapolation from the theme of 'Teenager In Love', which uses the title of the old favourite to counterpoint their self-mocking lovelorn anguish.

Meanwhile, the all original 'We're Looking For The Stars But It's Awfully Cloudy Tonight' is a fuzzed up lament with a scathing sting in its tail. Johnny Morrissey's disturbingly unnatural guitar lurches jagged-edged through my head, and the Walkman melts as the flames begin to rise. "The only way out of this gutter is to sink with the shit down the drain."

Contact The Morrisseys, at 9 Coronation Street, Salford. Or so they say.

ROGER HOLLAND

KNUCKLE DUST

AN "UNASHAMED night of jazz-haunted desire-tormented madness", a drink-propelled kamikaze culture dive into a bubbling sex soup of wit, wine and jazz, a shit-hot night out - why wasn't I having one instead of attending *The Wire* magazine's first Jazz Awards Ceremony?

As soon as I saw the empty wine bottles discarded at the free bar, like trawlers sandbanked by the tide, I should have known George Melly and John Walters were about. As soon as Tom Watt stepped on to the stage I should have left. His sex joke, his drug joke, and his Zodiac Mindwarp joke produced the three quietest moments of the night. Such silence, still enough to hear a celebrity drop.

Editor of *The Wire* and tonight's host, Richard Cook, has, by, punctuating, almost, every, one, of his words with the sound 'uuum' (Inspector Clouseau saying 'bum'), created a brand new style of public oration. A style so diamond sharp and... uuum... original that it has to be called 'Cookspeaking'.

The awards: Courtney Pine... uuum... received... uuum... the Best... uuum... Newcomer... uuum... award, saxophonist Evan Parker... uuum... won the... uuum... Best Jazz Instrumentalist... uuum... award, and... uuum... Norman Wisdom shared the award for Best Female Jazz Vocalist... uuum... with... uuum... Alison... uuum... Moyet.

This last announcement all but tipped me into insanity and it wasn't until someone wiped away my tears and pointed out that it was in fact Norma Winston who won the award that I returned to normality. God knows why. The *Wireman* was Cookspeaking his way through a ridiculous award for... uuum... Best Jazz Photographer when all jazzhell broke out around me.

My jazz expert companion, ex-Higson Terry Edwards, flicked out a glinting blade of fruity sarcasm and wit and was immediately rewarded with the Most Inspired Jazz Heckler's Award. The fabulous Julie Jackson fell down the full flight of Scala stairs and swept the award for Best Jazz Dancer, two drug addled transvestite llamas in eye patches took the award for Best New Jazz Personalities, and the Rolling Stones received the award for Best Incidental Music - which had nothing to do with jazz at all but which was obviously deemed far superior to any old crappy... uuum... jazz and that's why they were played end to end during the interval.

It wasn't until this morning that I learned that I had won the Best Jazz Exit Award for my 20 second dash out of the Scala. And of that I am proud. JAMES BROWN

BITES... BITES...

● WAYNE HUSSEY of The Mission has been banned from the Leeds Warehouse for bonking in the girls' toilets.

The story Jaws has received is that a particularly horny young lady could not control herself and requested his company in the bogs.

Warehouse staff saw what was going on and despatched two big bonecrushing bouncers who separated the pair before they could make a mess on the floor. We would like to point out that everything we have printed here is rumour.

Vikings Invade Britain

Amanda Searle



LAST YEAR's I-D winner

DREAM, DRINK OR DIE

"We are like the atom in reverse"

I SPEND one day with Happy Mondays, the most Sphinx-like pop group in the world.

We sit in a van, we sit in a dressing-room, we walk the streets, I wait for them to play their songs, I listen to their baffling way with words.

We're sitting in this van on our way to a Happy Mondays pop concert and someone says something very ordinary. Then, suddenly, everyone's hysterically laughing, rolling in the aisles, snickering like screwballs. It lasts 12 minutes.

Later, their press officer tries to explain.

"Look, I used to think that Happy Mondays were nutty as

fruit-cakes, the way they'd laugh at nothing. Then I convinced myself that there was a higher intelligence at work."

Oh, come off it.

"No, honest. Happy Mondays see things that other people don't. That's all I can say. Either that or they're completely cuckoo."

Later, Happy Mondays tell me about themselves.

"We are," they proclaim, "like the atom in reverse."

Gulp. How's that, then?

"Well, you know how the atom works, all that energy directed inwards, always imploding? Well, we work the other way. There's all this mad energy and it's fighting to get out, to shoot off in a million ways."

When you talk to Happy Mondays, you get a different story every time, or you get a blank stare and a nervous barrage of laughs. Bez, the

percussionist/dancer, the one who can't stay still, flopping his limbs about in perpetual animation, tells me the best one.

"Everyone's going around saying we all used to be postmen, which is a complete lie. The truth is that Happy Mondays were part of this gang that used to trail around Manchester behaving themselves all the time."

Behaving?

"That's right. They all used to ride around on the buses all day, blowing through combs and making up songs, carrying these crash-helmets. Shaun, now the singer, had read a few chapters of Hunter Thompson's *Hell's Angels* and encouraged everyone else to get into it all. But no one had a bike so they all bought these helmets out of their dole and starved for two weeks."

"They used to go through these rituals, like seeing how long they could keep a ferret down their kecks. Once, they planned out this bank-robbery

HAPPY MONDAYS wear flappy flares and absent grins. They wear tatty beards and talk complete rubbish most of the time. **JONH WILDE** sifted through the bins, **PARKER** picked over the scraps

after seeing *Bonnie And Clyde* but lost interest when they realised the hassle involved, all that getaway business. After three weeks, everyone got bored with the whole thing. By this time, they were complete laughing stocks, in Manchester anyway, so they formed a band instead."

Picking up Bez after watching him 'dance' on stage at a Gary Glitter gig, the scheme was completed when drummer Gaz's football career hit the rocks ("I used to get fed up and wander off in the middle of a game, it seemed like an OK thing to do").

So Happy Mondays became six in number just as 1982 started ticking. Like all true legends, they plotted until their heads exploded.

"We sat around in forests and discussed how we were going to be," Shaun remembers. "It was chaos. Someone wanted to be Alex Chilton, someone Funkadelic; Bez wanted to do this cross between Tibetan folk and heavy metal. In the end, we thought, sod it, throw it all together and see what happens. Let's be original and famous."

It took time, but Factory Records were finally persuaded that this was the maddest thing ever and 1985 welcomed a debut single, the grinding pop epic 'Delightful'. No one paid much attention to it and Happy Mondays disappeared, "to get completely out of our heads, to get all mystical and study *The Qabalah*, steal some equipment, prepare our next masterpiece. . ."

'Freaky Dancin'/'The Egg' emerged earlier this year, claimed by millions to be the most f*****-up piece of dance music ever to exist. Even the boys themselves have glowing words for it.

"Er... fantastic, weird, wacky, real, deluded, bewitched, sort of dizzy, unbalanced, most of all frantic."

HAPPY MONDAYS wear flappy flares and absent grins. They wear tatty beards and talk complete rubbish most of the time. As we're climbing out of the van, though, Bez says something quite clever.

"Look, we want to be entertained!"
You want to be entertained?

"Yeah, when we walk out there, we want the audience to entertain us. That sounds reasonable."

Then someone breaks in and starts telling me about these nightmares he's having, where he's sitting in this room and he starts being invaded by these 30 foot high cardboard men.

This is a long day.

Happy Mondays shave their heads with all the care most people devote to emptying their bins - not much at all. They make me wonder how any kind of order comes from their collective mess.

"When it all fits together, we all know it. Doesn't happen very often, though."

I SPEND a long day with Happy Mondays and scream a lot to myself. It's like a Sunday School outing on hallucinogens. It's a little like that scene in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* where McMurphy leads all those nutters out on a fishing-trip and it all starts going slightly askew.

Finally, Happy Mondays play.

"Oh, the best part. There's all these individual components at work and we play and sometimes it all comes together, like *whoosh!* It's like a miracle then. We're halfway through



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BEGGARS BANQUET

'Freaky Dancin'' and everyone's lost and suddenly it clicks like magic. We're playing and everyone's dancing in the crowd and then it all falls apart like a pile of Lego. Sometimes, the falling apart is the most interesting thing."

When Happy Mondays play their songs, all this dislocation evolves into something else entirely. If the group have a notably tenuous hold on reality, their music can resort to some demon muse, their swampish 'jams' capable of obsessive overtones, great chunks of jagged excess. Happy Mondays always start hilariously sloppy and build up to something occasionally controlled, this quirky pop with its urgent dancebeat, this encouraging lack of precision.

"Precision? What does that mean exactly?"

While this dotty noise unfolds, the Happy Mondays chaps come over all glazed, not daft exactly, but rather, um, crumpled.

"Look, let's get to the point, you think we're a bunch of nutters don't you, Jonh? You reckon we're not the full shilling, a little bit touched?"

Happy Mondays are just unbalanced and besotted.

"No, no, we're just fanciful, y'know, not sarky, just full of fancy."

Bassist Paul just wants it to be memorable.

"I want to say to my grandchildren, Look, I was in this pop group, these are our records, this is what we did!"

They'll probably think you were a proper crackpot.

"Well, look, I'll probably lie and claim I used to be Billie Holiday. Think it'll work?"

Happy Mondays threaten an LP later in the year and tell me that playing music "makes us feel like children again, a good night is like your first snog or your first ciggie".

When I leave Happy Mondays behind, I miss their scatty surrealism and a few words stick in my throat.

"The Happy Mondays philosophy? *Dream, drink or die*, it's tattooed across the backs of our necks..."

Believe them or bleed to death.



MONDAY'S CHILDREN: "Ere it's a bit of a larf this interview lark innit!"

Want to know about last night . . . ?

Turn to page 20

FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

ALIAS DAVID BOWIE

Peter and Leni Gillman
(Hodder & Stoughton)

FEW PEOPLE have blurred fact and fantasy like David Bowie. It has taken all Peter Gillman's *Sunday Times Insight* Team experience to unravel the tangle, probing and dissecting the myth by talking to everyone concerned – except Bowie himself.

Bowie's ancestry is painstakingly sifted for evidence of madness, schizophrenia and mythology, and his childhood is subjected to the same scrutiny which knocks down several pillars in Bowie's retrospectively designed legend.

But it's when the authors zero in on Bowie's relationship with his half-brother Terry – with whom he was very close before Terry was rejected by Bowie's parents – that the book's perspective wavers. Terry's decline into schizophrenia and Bowie's fears for his own sanity provide rich pickings when it comes to psycho-analysing his work. Even the cover of Iggy Pop's 'Lust For Life' apparently bears an uncanny resemblance to Terry, although by then it is the book's obsession that is in need of psycho-analysis.

Outside this blindspot, however, the wealth of detail on Bowie's career is astonishing: the personal and sexual politics behind his deal with Mercury, his propensity for gay managers before Tony Defries (who was another story entirely), his sexual conquests from Ava Cherry and Dana Gillespie to Amanda Lear and Wayne County (failed), his cocaine-induced self-destruct phase circa 'Diamond Dogs', MainMan's excesses and creditors (some of them to the nearest cent), and the comprehensive details of his final settlement with Defries.

Most of this would be of little more than fanatical interest if it weren't for the Gillmans' ability to portray the power games and manipulation endemic to rock superstars, which most insiders and rock journalists are too enthralled or blinkered by to care about.

They're not into proseletysing, either. They leave open the question of whether Defries ripped off Bowie, implying that without him, Bowie would never have made it the way he did.

They are equally open about Bowie's latest "protector", Connie Schwab, who has incurred the wrath of most of Bowie's past women (well, she would, wouldn't she?) while providing him with the perfect shield.

Bowie himself is reportedly not pleased with this book. But if you set out to become a megastar and coldly ignore your family (whom you know have problems) along the way, you have to expect the odd brickbat.

HUGH FIELDER

ABOUT LAST NIGHT...

(Tri-Star Pictures)

AN HONEST portrayal of adolescent awkwardness, *About Last Night* is based on David Mamet's Obie Award-winning play *Sexual Perversity In Chicago*. It's a poignant reminder of the rules of the dating game, the insecurities of those first relationships and the hurt and excitement of love.

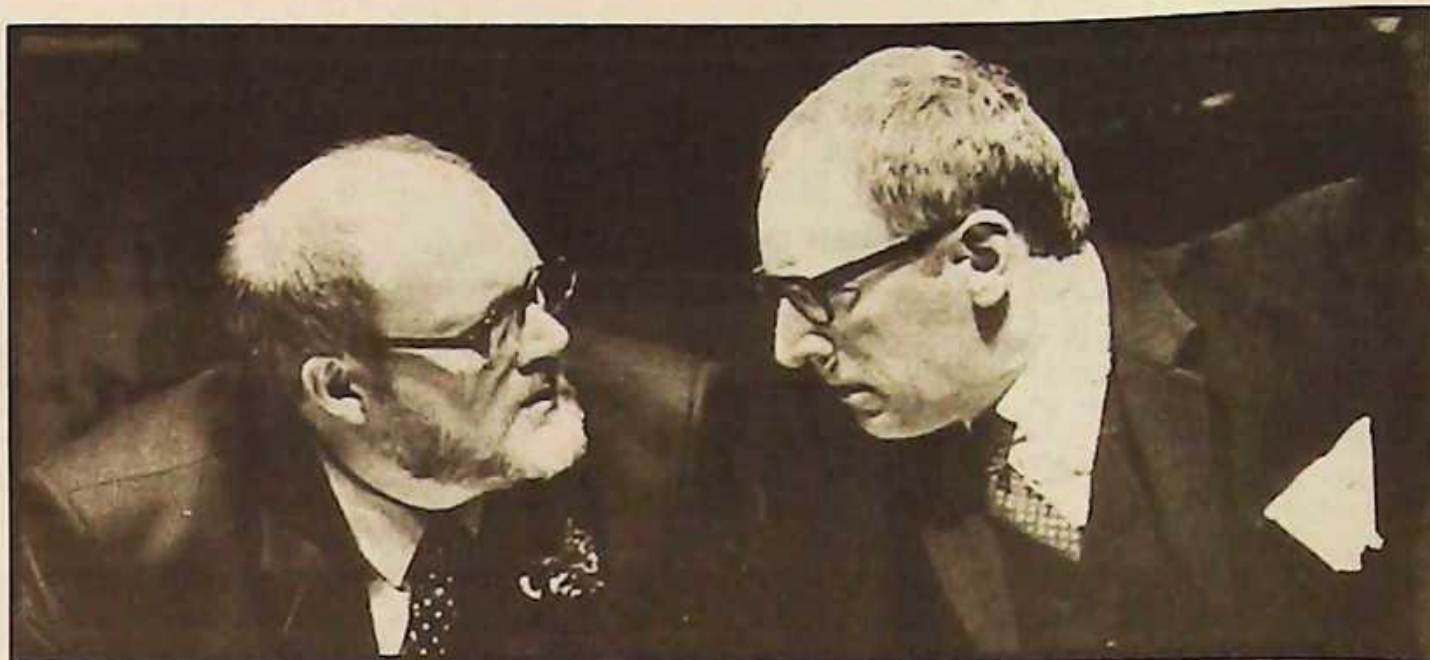
The story is classic boy-meets-girl stuff, but what makes this film more successful than its predecessors is its remarkable factuality and deep-rooted humour.

Rob Lowe plays the boyfriend (Danny), a much sought after lad used to one night stands. Demi Moore (Debbie) is the girlfriend who wants a deeper relationship, to be a "couple, not a roommate". After two months, she moves in with him despite best friends on both sides trying to split them up.

Most of the best humour is from Bernie Litko, who plays Danny's best mate. He describes himself as "your basic Neanderthal" and talks constantly of his sexual conquests (most of them lies) in the most offensive yet poetic terms ever heard. But like true friends, they rally round when the affair busts up. Danny returns to prowling the bars and Debbie resorts to blind dates with toupée-wearing wimps.

But in a film where "No" means a shared bath and a reunion is inevitable, it's good to know the ending's a happy one we all can relate to.

KEZ OWEN

BARRY STANTON ('Pimp') and Bill Stewart ('Nit') making war plans in *Sink The Belgrano!*

FALKLANDS FARAGO

SINK THE BELGRANO!

(Putney Half Moon Theatre)

WALKING INTO The Half Moon's foyer was like being thrown back into a pocket in time which had been frozen by patriotic hysteria. This patriotism, as writer/director Steven Berkoff realises in *Sink The Belgrano!*, was an important factor leading up to the avoidable Falklands War.

On the foyer walls were bloodthirsty headlines like "Gotcha" and the savagely stupid "Stick It Up Your Junta", revealing the British Bulldog on the breast of most of Fleet Street's tabloids.

On the foyer video, the harsh realities of this particularly futile war and the mentality of the average British serviceman were brought home by recordings of the conflict and quotes like "Well, they started it", from a squaddle obviously brought up with that good old British sense of fair play.

Sink The Belgrano! itself is a captivating and often hilariously callous work of genius that strongly suggests that, in fact, very little fair play was involved in the sinking of *The Belgrano*, which resulted in the death of 368 men. The *Belgrano* was 200 miles outside the so-called Exclusion Zone imposed by The British, and heading a course for home when the decision was taken under an American inspired "Peace Plan" which mysteriously

never reached Number Ten.

Berkoff penetrates into the grey that still camouflages the real events and reasons behind the sinking of *The Belgrano* through sardonic humour and earthy, barbaric imagery and direction. In the play, there are planes that "shit death" and The War Cabinet is headed by "Maggot Scratcher", who concocts the war like an evil omelette to feed the starved British public and the even hungrier British media.

There's a healthy mixture of pathos, drama and poignance, not to mention elements of *Spitting Image* and *Oh! What A Lovely War*, especially in the wonderfully funny War Cabinet scenes, which underline the tragic nature of it all.

This play is superbly directed throughout and completely believable, the representation of the 45 seconds it took to sink *The Belgrano* being one of the most chilling pieces of drama I have ever witnessed. Berkoff's conclusions are those which most people with an iota of common sense would reach, but the play finishes aptly with the considerably improved public support for Maggot Scratcher after the war.

Sink The Belgrano! is further evidence that Steven Berkoff is one of the most provocative, entertaining, exciting and innovative playwrights in the country. Theatre at its stimulating best.

RON ROM

BILLY BRAGG

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& THE 5 O'CLOCK SHADOWS.

ON TOUR

...AND MATT'S REBEL YELL

REBEL

(Miracle Films)

HANGING ITSELF on the coattails of Matt Dillon's haltingly good looks, this Australian singalong-World War Two film sets itself off on the good foot of popular public taste. The new James Dean; the thinking woman's Sylvester Stallone – young Mr Dillon is undoubtedly S-T-A-R material. He has captured an aura of pre-hippy American youth (tough yet vulnerable) and totally wrapped himself up in it, and to this end he is perfectly suited for the title role of this film.

Dillon plays a yank soldier on leave from the horrors of the 1942 Japanese campaign. He's young, he's scared, and he becomes a deserter. At a time in life when you and I are just realising we're growing up, he's in imminent danger of getting blown up, and he doesn't like it.

He's in Sydney and looking for a way out when he meets Kathy. Now he's really got problems; not content with going AWOL, he goes ga-ga for this showgirl and leads himself into one hell of an emotional battle. Does he do a runner to safety and leave her, or be an honourable man and get court-martialled for his efforts? Simply put, is he going to be true to himself?

This hapless character is played with all the lip-quivering, heart-string-twanging passion Dillon can muster, his simple, human sentiments carrying the major thrusts of the film's anti-war sentiments. Rebel and Kathy are just two people clinging together at the centre of the maelstrom madness of World War Two, while the lights go out and the bombs explode all around them. And, in true musical style, we even get the high points of the film exaggerated by choreographed songs that really just leave breathing space between the action.

Rebel appears on the surface as an Aussie Absolute Beginners, but lurking just beneath the surface is a film of real emotional depth – an absolute winner.

RICKY KILDARE



KATHY (Debbie Byrne) entertains the troops in Rebel

The definitive biography – the first full portrayal of a charismatic superstar.

Alias David Bowie
BY PETER & LENI GILLMAN
Hodder & Stoughton £10.95

GIRL IN A BOOT

(Cannon)

SO ULLA, (Ursula Monn), who works as a secretary in an East Berlin factory, falls in love with Thomas (Christian Kohlund), head chef at the Swiss embassy there, and they realise he can use his freedom of travel across the border to take her on an excursion to West Berlin.

The boot of his car, which the border guards never inspect, is her hiding place. But wouldn't you just know it? After champagne and other decadent delights in a swanky hotel, Thomas' Mercedes, with Ulla in the boot, is rammed from behind by a truck.

This truncates their trip, not to mention Ulla, and the rest of the film deals somewhat simplistically with the political consequences of the couple's stolen love, as Ulla recovers in a West Berlin hospital. But if director Herbert Ballman intended his tale to have a strong political message, I fear he missed the mark. And on a dramatic level, it escapes "so what?" status only by virtue of Ursula Monn's optimistic portrayal of a pretty but pretty ordinary girl.

TONY MITCHELL

OVER THE TOP

THE STORY OF ZZ TOP – TRES HOMBRES

David Sinclair

(Virgin Books)

NOW I know it isn't easy, getting close to ZZ Top. The complications inherent in trying to arrange a brief interview with the bearded banditos constitutes a story in itself, and so I've nothing but admiration for someone determined to write an entire book about them.

One such courageous soul is *The Times'* David Sinclair. And the result, *Tres Hombres*, although visually about as stimulating as a cold fried egg – surely Virgin could've dug up something a bit more exciting than the regulation press shots and some anonymous ticket stubs from the 1983 tour? – is a fairly satisfying compendium of the fiction and the facts that ZZ Top have kept smartly concealed behind 18 inches of facial hair.

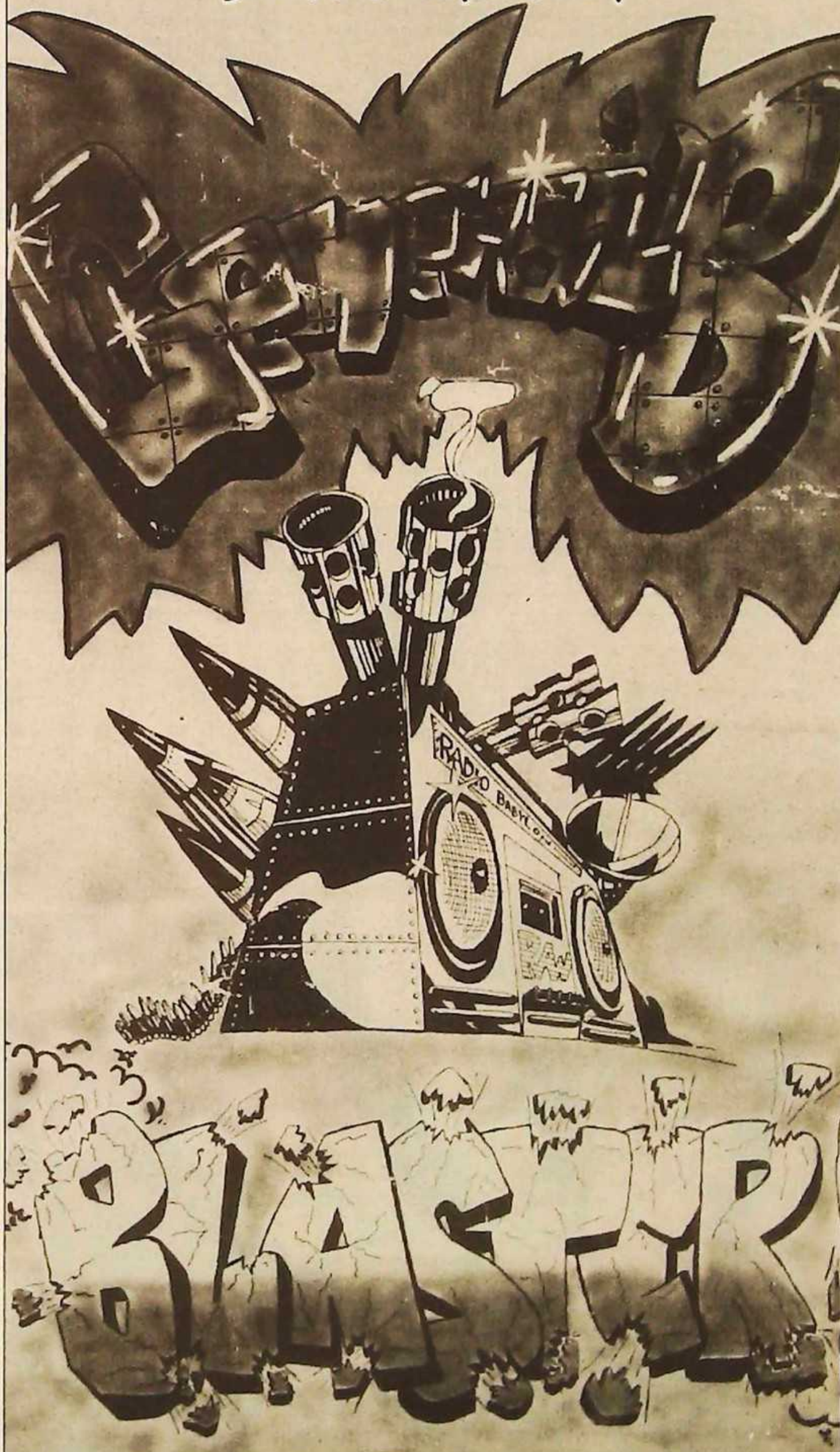
What I like about *Tres Hombres* is Sinclair's honesty in admitting that the book is a less than "official" work. Having just had their fingers burned by American journalist Deborah Frost's less than flattering portrait, ZZ declined to co-operate fully with the collating of this albeit slender tome, but Sinclair has resisted the all too common temptation to cobble together a load of aged magazine quotes and pretend they come straight from the horse's mouth.

Thus *Tres Hombres* concentrates mainly on Top's early years – there's no great insight into the 'Eliminator' acceleration period – information being gleaned partly from the band and partly from people who knew the band. It throws up some fascinating facts. Did you know that Frank Beard and Dusty Hill once dyed their hair blue to match their then band, the American Blues? In Texas!? In 1968!? But it rarely digs deep enough beneath those facts, Sinclair erring on the side of being too kind to a group he so plainly enjoys.

ROBBI MILLAR

B.A.D.

BEATBOXES AT DAWN.
SEALSKIN GUCCI WALKMAN.
PARTICLE BEAM BUG OUT SCENE.
DONT CRACK UP!



C'MON EVERY BEATBOX.



OUT NEXT WEEK 7" & 12" REMIX.

INFO

Riot

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

BROCK 'N' ROLL

The final HAWKWIND episode

THERE ARE a bewildering array of albums (and indeed singles) which have appeared over the last 15 years by offshoots or former members of Hawkwind. Leaving aside **Motorhead**, whose vinyl career is well documented (and has been, in fact, in this column), the list below attempts to round up these albums. Sure as eggs is eggs, there will be an omission or two here, but not one which will escape our eagle-eyed readers, I'll wager.

Robert Calvert 'Captain Lockheed & The Starfighters' (United Artists UAG 29507)

Robert Calvert 'Lucky Lief And The Longships' (reissued in 1985 on Flickknife SHARP 025) (United Artists UAG 29852)

Robert Calvert 'Hype (The Songs Of Tom Mahler)' (A-Side IF 0311)

Robert Calvert 'Freq' (mini-album) (Flickknife SHARP 021)

Nick Turner's Sphinx 'Xitintoday' (Charisma CDS 4011)

Inner City Unit 'Pass Out' (Riddle RID 002)

Inner City Unit 'Maximum Effect' (Avator AALP 5004)

Inner City Unit 'Punkadelic' (Flickknife SHARP 103)

Inner City Unit 'New Anatomy' (Demi Monde DM 001)

Inner City Unit 'The President's Tapes' (Flickknife SHARP 031)

Inner City Unit 'Blood And Bones' (Jettisoundz JZ 5)

Dave Brock 'Earthed To The Ground' (Flickknife SHARP 018)

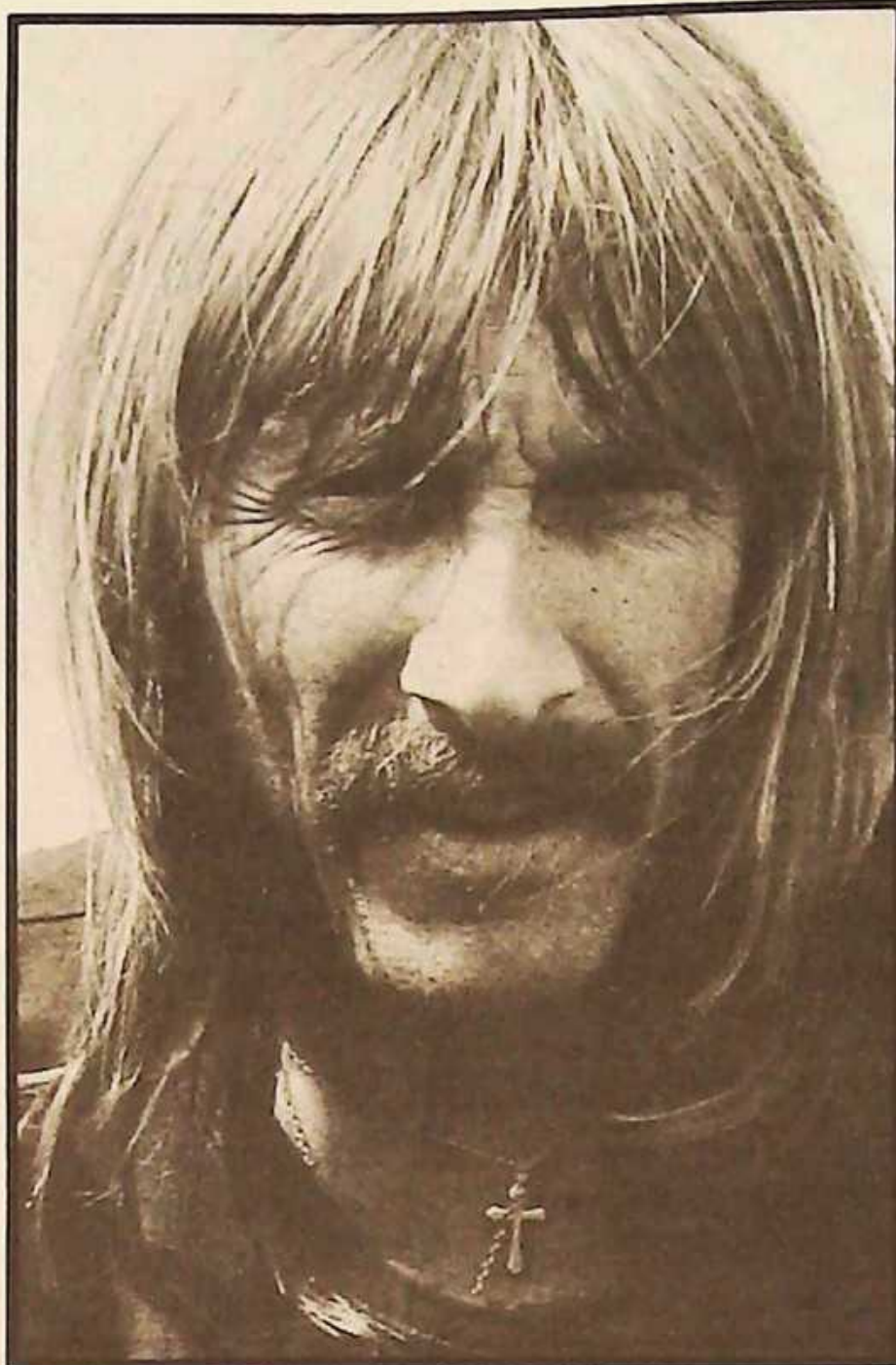
Mickael Moorcock & Deep Fix 'New World's Fair' (United Artists UAG 29732)

Steve Swindells 'Messages' (RCA LPLI 5057)

Lloyd-Langton Group 'Outside The Law' (Flickknife SHARP 015)

Lloyd-Langton Group 'Night Air' (Flickknife SHARP 026)

In addition, Hawklord **Paul Rudolph** was also featured on several albums by **Twink** and/or the **Pink Fairies**, while **Simon House** and **Simon King** formed a band called **Turbo** which planned an album release - did this ever appear? If so, details please.



DAVE BROCK, a man definitely not wearing Harmony hairspray

Finally (and again ignoring the Motorhead releases) there are also a few singles worth mentioning in this 'friends and relations' area. Mik Turner's Inner City Unit probably made more than three singles, but these are the ones I know of:

Riddle RID 001 'Solitary Ashtrays'/'Solitary Ashtrays (Version)'

Riddle RID 003 'Paradise Beach'/'Amyl Nitrate'

Avator AAA 112 'Beer, Baccy, Bingo & Benidorm'/'In The Mood (Nude)'

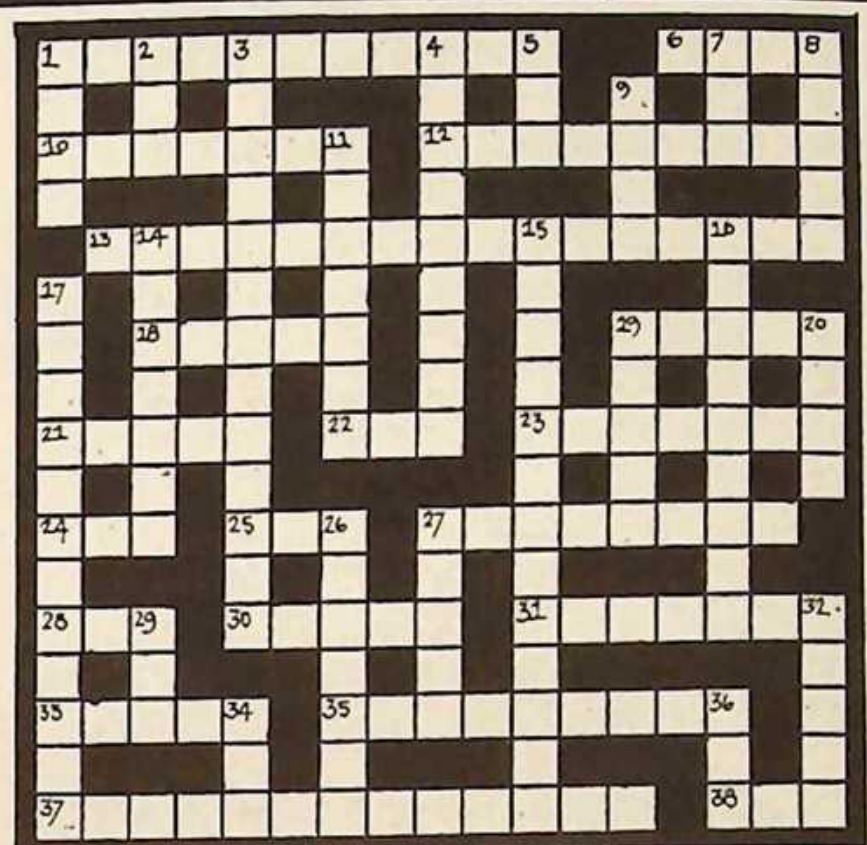
Bob Calvert, in his Captain Lockheed & The Starfighters guise during 1974, made one (now super-rare) single:

United Artists UP 35543 'Ejection'/'Catch A Falling Starfighter'

And rarer still was the 1982 single on Flickknife by Michael Moorcock & Deep Fix. This was a limited edition of just 500 copies, each one signed and individually numbered by Moorcock, and sold only through mail order, in a deluxe pic sleeve. Titles were 'The Brothel In Rosenstrasse'/'Time Control'.

XWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. INXS' version of a biting Queen classic (4.3.4) 6. J Tull lived in it (4) 10. Boring Sayer's boring flight (7) 12. So the wart beats as a changed one for Bono (3.6 anag) 13. React to the mind warped vicar? (4.6.2.4) 18. Barbarella's double major impressed Simon (5) 19. Make your move on this famous label (5) 21. Horses/Pettin'/Metal Love (5) 22. The finish of 31's century (3) 23. By the time Wishbone Ash get to Arizona's capital (7) 24. Label found in the better cartoon (1.1.1) 25. Jap artists put it on canvas (3) 27. They say the neon lights are bright on it (8) 28. A simple box (3) 30. Stevie robs? (5) 31. Crummy, stuffy lot? (7) 33. Beaches for Cactus World News (5) 35. Legendary N Orleans soulster who rode his pony in a coal mine! (3.6) 37. Lady warlock? (8.5) 38. Here it comes, said The Beatles (3)

DOWN

1. They could be linked to Hull... but have the right to rock! (4) 2. He loved Nancy (3) 3. Find a fruity prince under it (3.6.4) 4. R Plant's version of 'I Feel Love' (2.3.4) 5. They were in your face (1.1.1) 7. It 'supplied' a band with hits (3) 8. One of Gallagher's early senses (5) 9. Van Vliet's heart? (4) 11. Brew/Town/Steve (7) 14. State who wanted R Dean Taylor? (7) 15. In which Pugh and McGrew might have looted Windy's mill! (8.5) 16. A double wet effort from Echo (5.4) 17. Ever the social climber, S Wonder wanted to move to it (6.6) 19. B Ferry was in with the 'in' one (5) 20. R Stewart claimed he was... but he patently wasn't (4) 26. She picked a fine time to leave K Rogers... but didn't do Little R's will (7) 27. You can count on this jazzier (5) 29. Hey bud do a voice over! (3) 32. Add a geographical point to a royal record label for Roxy temptress (5) 34. B Bumble's legendary rocker (3) 36. Are you positive that they're still positive? (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS 1. Turn To Stone 6. Tom 8. Evil Eyes 9. Lovers 11. Flag Day 13. Ruby 16. David Lee Roth 19. Hat 20. Alison Moyet 22. The Lebanon 24. Cuba 26. Iommi 28. Anger 29. Toys 30. Heartaches DOWN 1. The The 2. Rain 3. The Ultimate Sin 4. Sue 5. Eton 6. The Bush 7. Misty 10. Rage For Order 12. Gil 14. Battle 15. Rooms 17. Jet Harris 18. The Twist 21. Young 23. Alice 25. Dada 27. May

NEW MODEL ARMY

New Album and Cassette

THE GHOST OF CAIN

OCTOBER ON TOUR

8th Chippenham Gold Diggers
9th Coventry Poly
11th Liverpool Royal Court

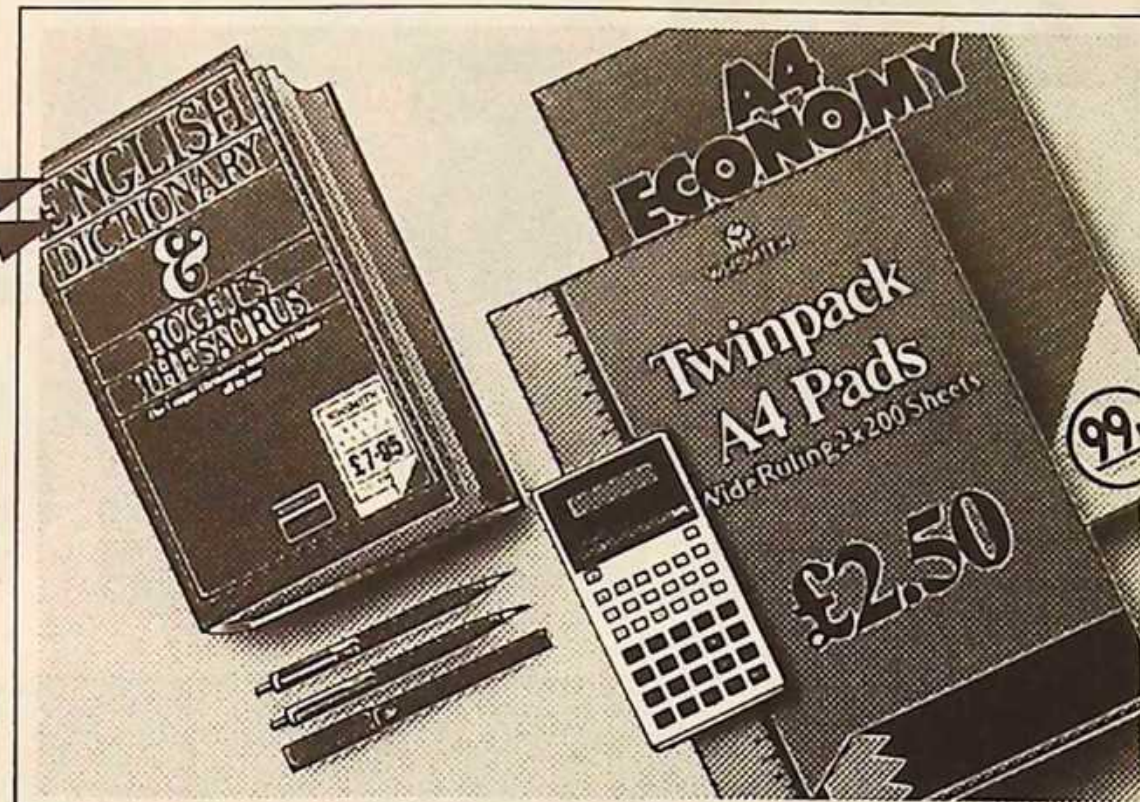
12th Birmingham Power House
13th Nottingham Rock City
14th Edinburgh Coasters
15th Bradford University
16th Dunstable Queensway Hall

17th Essex University
18th London Town & Country
19th Brighton Coasters
20th Cardiff University
21st Plymouth Woods

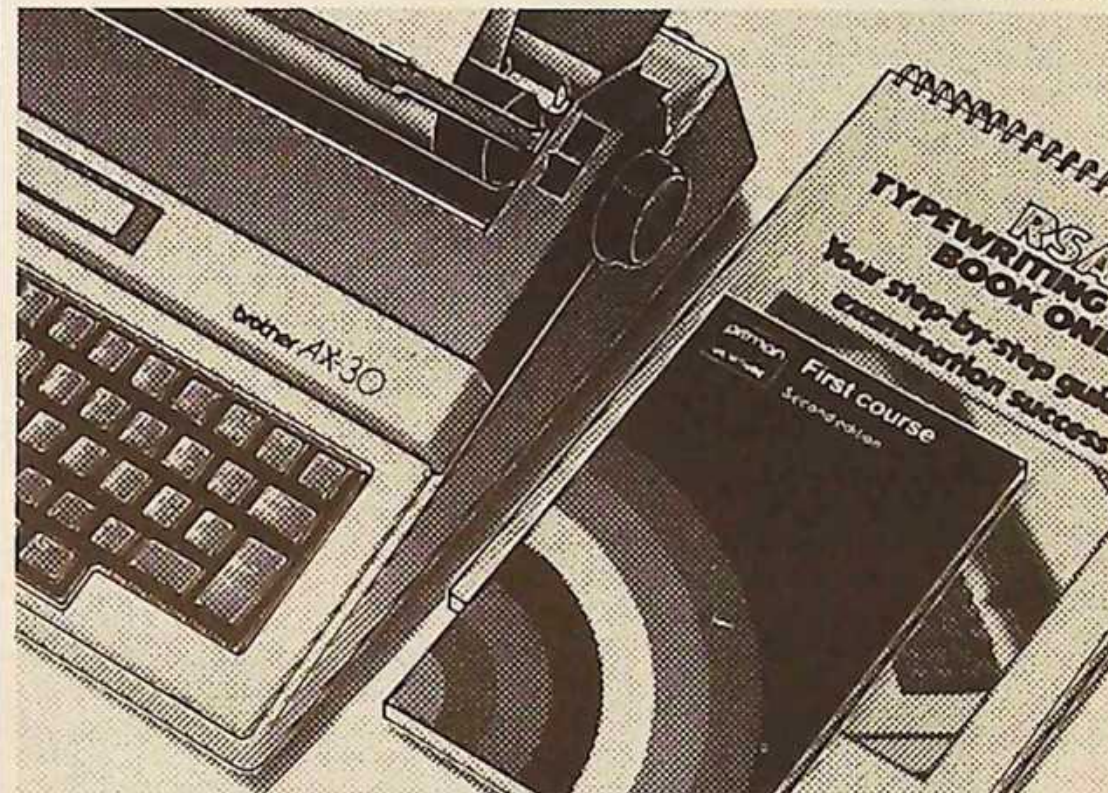
'Profuse: a, abundant'

ROGET'S THESAURUS & ENGLISH DICTIONARY

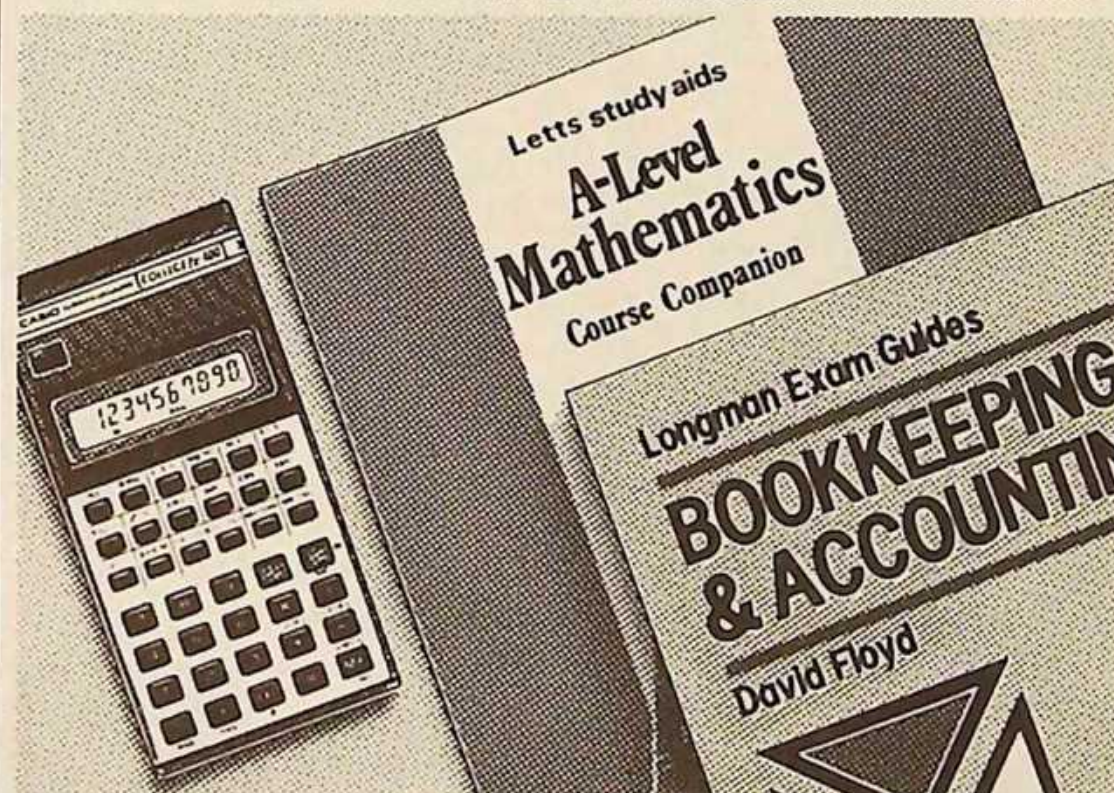
The Dictionary and Word Book all in one



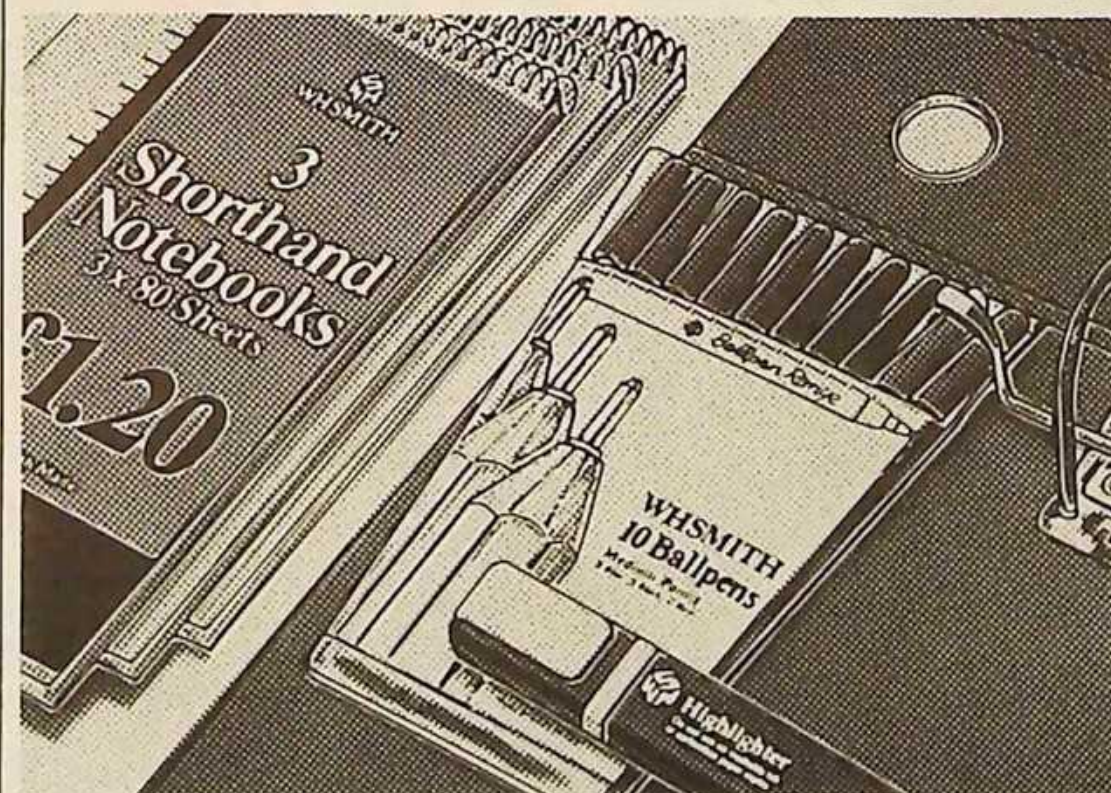
WHS Dictionary and Thesaurus/£7.95 ☐ A4 Twinpack A4 pads/£2.50 ☐ Offer price £2.50 (Save 70p on the price of these items purchased individually) ☐ Casio FX 350/£11.95 ☐ WHS letter pen/55p ☐ Parker Vector Ballpens/£2.99



New Brother AX30 electronic typewriter including integral 7K memory. Special promotion price/£289.95. (Only until 13th Oct.) ☐ RSA Typewriting Skills Book One/£4.95 ☐ Piman 2000 Shorthand First Course/£3.95



Casio FX100/£12.95 ☐ Letts A Level Course companions series/£5.95 ☐ Longman Exam Guides Series/£5.95



Shorthand notebooks (Pack of 3) £1.20 ☐ WHS Ballpens (Pack of 10 in black, blue, and red)/99p ☐ WHS Highlighter/85p ☐ Lever Arch File/£1.65

WHSMITH WHSMITH

As DAVID SYLVIAN settles into the quiet life of solo status, CHRIS ROBERTS appraises the significant stature of his post-Japan harmonics and post-mascara beauty. Gentleman in Polaroid by LAURIE LEWIS

"Everything is sex. Everybody's appreciation of form comes from an appreciation of sex." — Henry Moore.

A BIRD OF PREY VANISHES

SOME THINGS are not instantly comprehensible (easy to understand). The dense majority of British people *fear* these, and lash out.

They'd prefer a world without nuance, grace, flair, love. To them the word "art" is pretentious but the words "royalty", "boss" and "television" gleam with magical connotations. Jesus.

INTO A BRIGHT BLUE CLOUDLESS SKY

HERE IS where you are now. You are sitting tautly on a sofa in Kensington. The green to your left is doubtless a rubber tree. Yuka is writing, or perhaps drawing (she's too symbolic for you to scrutinise) at a wooden desk by the wall. A human has just picked up some cushions. He arranges these efficiently on the floor opposite you, and sits there. Reclining figure. He smokes French cigarettes, would you believe, and drinks Perrier water. Actually it was you that asked for Perrier water when Yuka gave you the choice. You think this is probably one of the coolest things you ever did in your life.

"So you were unwell yesterday?" you say to the human. You know this because your meeting was postponed. It's Saturday morning now, two jackets later.

"Oh, it's just . . . they want to open up my insides."

Because you do not shriek, *No! Don't you dare touch him, you fools* at this stage, you realise you are going to be able to be calm in the presence of.

WHEN THE ROOM IS QUIET

ANITA LOOS' sequel to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was called *But They Marry Brunettes*. This is one of the most appallingly underpublicised facts in literary history.

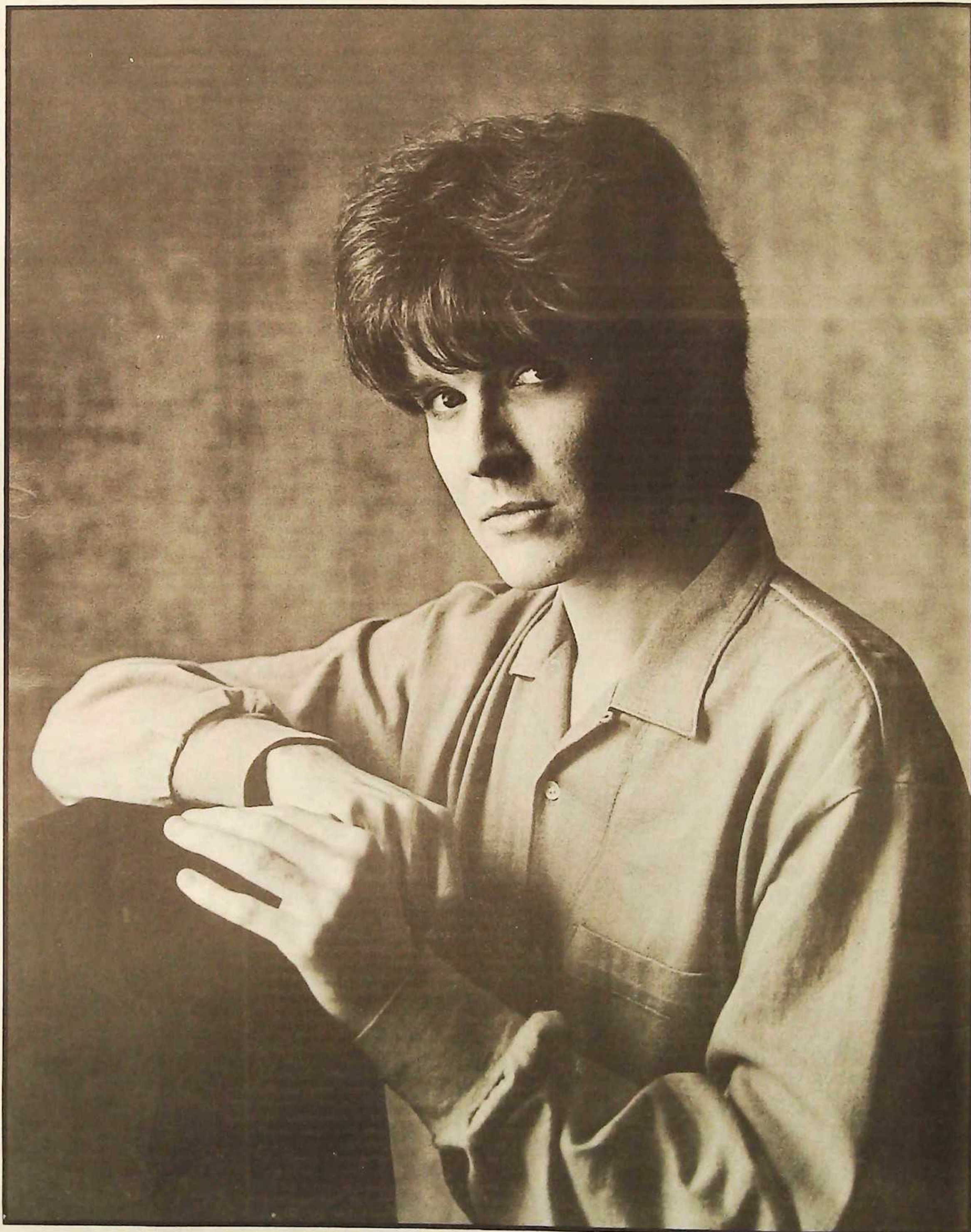
The human is Sylvian.

You say this to yourself (but silently, in your head) every few minutes. You say, "This is Sylvian."

The "plain" look is not plain. It's more broad-shouldered than anticipated, more consummate and strong.

He's not shy or paranoid. At all. He's very relaxed. It's like his breathing is right or something. His talking voice is glacial harmonics. Playing the tape back you can detect just a trace of Cockney running underneath the absence of accent, but that's quite becoming. You're

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH



"I'm far less satisfied with my solo work than I was with Japan's. I'm less sure of it. But at the same time I feel it's more valuable. If that makes sense"

told nothing more than you should know.

There are the yellow-tinted glasses and then the nose, the mouth, the jaw. All the angles are still, rest assured, angelic. If Sylvian wasn't nonchalantly beautiful you don't believe you'd believe the world was round. Years ago you left home singing 'Love Is Infectious' and never went back. Sylvian hates that song now. You don't. This is one difference.

IT SEEMS THERE'S SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW

"I WOULDN'T dismiss pop music. It's easy to generalise and say it's all superficial and meaningless or whatever, but I don't believe it is. A great deal of it is, it's just based on ego and image and style . . . but in a way a lot of people need that. Music which just lifts them up for a moment and then can be forgotten. That's quite important."

And of course . . .

"Elegance isn't something that should be contrived. It was with Japan."

And then . . .

"Yes . . . to be in control is all-important, but it's so difficult. There are times . . . it's been described by various philosophies . . . when the average person is asleep, and unaware that they're asleep. To apply yourself to the spiritual is to wake up, break out of that sleep, to always be aware of what you're doing. Being in control of your emotions . . . and . . . and — ha ha ha — of destiny, if you're very strong."

I wonder who this is.

"This is Yuka."

Forgive me but . . . I think she's made you happy.

"There isn't any tension, and then there is, and then there isn't, really."

"I mean — I have a great relationship with Yuka, but I'm not complacent enough to sit back and think, Great, my world's fine. I hope that doesn't come over in the music because I'm always very unhappy about my current situation — I always want to strive further, whether it's in a spiritual sense, or in work, or in relationships. I always want to get more out of it."

"People always have an idea that one day they'd like to live somewhere, they'd like to have a house somewhere. I think that's a longing for something inside; there's a place inside where that serenity exists. Safe and sound with yourself. I don't say I have it, it's something I long for. But I know it exists and I'm working towards it in the most practical way possible."

How far have you gone?

"Well, I've made steps. It's debatable whether I'll get any further!"

DANCING TO YOUR HEART NOW BABY, OH WHAT A WAY TO START

DAVID SYLVIAN, from Catford, once fronted a "sleazy" glam-rock band called Japan, who released two albums, 'Adolescent Sex' and 'Obscure Alternatives'.

Do you really hate those as much as you tend to say you do in interviews? Aren't they at least "fun"? Youthful buoyancy, etc?

"I don't cringe as much as I laugh! I don't take it so seriously as to worry about it. I understand the train of thought. It doesn't bother me."

And whatever happened to the self-conscious "political awareness" coquettishly lifting through 'Rhodesia', 'Communist China', 'Suburban Berlin' . . . ?

"But they weren't politically

aware! Really! They were just playing with imagery. I get angry sometimes that I get letters from people who like those lyrics, and I think — how can I explain to them that they're meaningless? But anyway, that's not really worth covering . . ."

Still, you did better than most.

DID NOBODY TELL YOU, GIRL? LOVE'S IN VOGUE AGAIN

NEXT THING you knew, and cared for, there was a Japan whose 'Quiet Life' anthem was raped every which way by a movement calling themselves "the new romantics". Then 'Gentlemen Take Polaroids' and 'Tin Drum' achieved what had seemed distinctly improbable — commercial success and respect as skilled and innovative musicians.

Popularity was undeniably precipitated by looks looks looks deluxe.

Every time I hear you sneer "Boys . . ." as 'Quiet Life' revolves I think it's the dawn of the *ironic* era . . .

"A lot of those things were tongue-in-cheek and were taken more seriously than intended. Even 'Red Guitar' was. I think the humour — if you can call it humour — is so slight that it can be confused sometimes. For me 'Cantonese Boy' and 'Visions Of China' were just fun . . . and maybe slightly cynical. Parodying. The obviousness of the whole game annoyed me."

"With Japan there was, as you say, an aesthetic ideal: the whole band was put together around — well, mainly probably more my ideals than the others'. When it split up I felt a kind of freedom. Those ideals were superficial anyway; a gloss on a package. Whatever's there now is more instinctively in tune with any aesthetic sense I possess. I try to put over the ideas I have in the most concise form possible."

"Of course I never think I achieve that perfection but you have to aim for it. Otherwise I've failed, and the music for me is worthless."

"I'm far less satisfied with my solo work than I was with Japan's. I'm less sure of it. But at the same time I feel it's more valuable. If that makes sense."

THE BLOOD OF THE POET

THE SOLO Sylvian has so far produced the ecstatic and embraceable 'Brilliant Trees', the indulgent 'Words With The Shaman', and now the next-to-godliness-only-higher 'Gone To Earth'.

His next single will be 'Silver Moon'. Paul Verlaine (1844-96) wrote a poem called 'La Lune Blanche'. In it there are many French words with meanings like "profound", "vast", "starlit", "tender", and "willows". But they sound sweeter in French.

Anyway, all I'm saying is, there may or may not be a link. I forget to ask, just like I forget to tell him that Liz Fraser really wants to sing with him sometime if he'd care to think about it.

I HEAR YOUR VOICE

"THE INSTRUMENTALS on 'Gone To Earth' are environmental music that shouldn't really be listened to intensely. When I've listened to it that way I've become uncomfortable with it. It works best in a room where a conversation's going on, or somebody's working, where the concentration's divided. The instrumentals are becoming more and more important to me. They'll become less ambient, more positive."

The songs, however, dance with Eros, don't they? As in 'Wave', where "I'd tear my very soul to make you mine" cuts through the understatement like thunder running scared. They're romantic love songs, aren't they? But the soul goes beyond being.

"Well, they are based on the romantic ballad but the idea is they should work on a much higher level. Most of the lyrics have double meanings. It's easy to get obscure when you're writing about things on a . . . (coughs) . . . spiritual level or . . . or whatever. I've tried to keep it basic. I persevere with ballads or love songs because that's the most classic form in pop music, so I thought if people understood the form I could take more liberties with it. Maybe 'Ghosts' is still the best example. A lot of the abstract painters used the portrait as a foundation to work from: it gives everybody a way in."

Listen to 'Ghosts' again sometime and try to imagine it "making" the Top Five and being performed on *Top Of The Pops*. Because that's what happened. And that's subversion. Darling.

THERE'S STRENGTH INSIDE LIKE I'VE NEVER KNOWN

ISN'T IT strange we're discussing "spirituality" in the context of promoting a record?

"I know what you mean, but I'm quite willing to talk about it: it just becomes very abstract. Everybody has a different idea of what 'the spirit' is. My own experiences probably wouldn't enlighten anybody else in any way. I can only emphasise how important it is to me; it's my major interest and it sets my values and morals. That hopefully reflects in my work."

Has it fostered a greater self-love?

"I hope it does the opposite! Self-understanding and self-love are very different. I found it very difficult, having worked in the pop world for so long, to overcome vanity. Often I worry in case I've lapsed."

So you've toned down your visual image to stress that point?

"That happened naturally. I just became less interested in it. It's more comfortable not being recognised, not being bothered at home or in the street."

But can't glamour be an art form in itself?

"It's something you have to live out. You can't just dip into it while you're on TV being light entertainment. If you do live the whole fantasy, become it — then yes, it can be an art form. And I don't think it's totally vacuous. It's necessary for some. I enjoy it as much as anybody but it's not important for me now in my work."

RELAX AND SWING

DO YOU ever do anything completely out of character? Betray the persona?

"Let your hair down? Ha ha, what a question. Hmm. Not as a rule, no."

He muses.

"But I do sometimes, yes. It depends . . . there are times when I need to relax, just let go. That normally happens just after I finish an album. I need to forget myself and just get drunk for a week or something. Just lose myself. And yeah, then I do. And I don't normally regret those periods."

Do they teach you things?

"No. No, I think you find out more about yourself under totally different circumstances. When you're put into situations you have no control over."

Like what?

"Well, I used to travel to be inspired, to tip the balance so ideas would overflow. I can now get to that stage without needing to travel, which is . . . I'm pleased about that. It makes me a stronger person. I can tap a source within."

So indulgence is just a safety valve?

"A release, to stop you from breaking up inside. You need it, everybody needs it."

WHY AM I THE LAST TO KNOW?

"I can't imagine who my audience are now. The age group or whatever. If you had an audience in mind you'd either be playing down to it or playing up to your pretensions. You have to do it blind, be guided by instinct."

What do you do when things go wrong?

"I go through periods when I'm very in control of the anxieties and pressures inside. But there's other times when it's just a jumble, just confusion, and I'm totally lost. But I have a joy of life which goes beyond my own circumstances, so therefore if I'm suffering in some way — whether it's health or work problems or relationships, whatever — I love the life which goes beyond all that, beyond surroundings. This is new for me. It was quite a revelation. I opened up to . . . nature, for example. Before that, I looked at it like a picture postcard. I didn't feel it."

"There's no easy way out. You have to really apply yourself. And it can be frustrating . . . nobody can make changes in themselves before it's their time."

"Gone To Earth' is a very optimistic record. For me it has a lightness, an exuberance."

What's your reaction to, say, slobbery football fans stomping along the road?

"Normally, anger. But it helps not to just reject things, which it's in my nature to do. I would be very flippant and arrogant, through ignorance. At least now I can understand a little more, criticise less easily."

You're not competitive?

"I have no real ambitions career-wise. Number One albums and hits in the States . . . these things already seemed unimportant when Japan split up, I'd already lost that."

"Music is all-important now. The Polaroids and drawings served as an education, it was a naive pleasure to move into other areas. I'm not sure I was justified in thrusting it on the public. I was weak at the time."

THE GROUND BENEATH MY FEET GIVES ME SOMETHING TO HOLD ONTO (or: WE'LL FACE THE DAYS TOGETHER)

" . . . TO BUILD up a feeling/emotion/atmosphere through the lyrics and chord changes and really just let the tail end of the music . . . allow the listener to find themselves somewhere in it."

"Yes, that's something I enjoy doing."

BUT ONLY YOU COULD KNOW

"I SUPPOSE the people who say the music's depressing are people who are uncomfortable with themselves. The kind of people who don't like to be alone. I think my music helps people to reflect upon themselves and a lot don't like that. They don't like to be forced into that position."

THIS LIGHT INSIDE CAN NEVER DIE

"Without art nothing happens." — Henry Moore

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BIG COUNTRY

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Reviewed by Paul Elliott



Illustration by The Cloth

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

W.A.S.P. '95 - Nasty' (Capitol) W.A.S.P. are capable of so much more than this, but for now it'll do. Out of a sackful of vetted, shampooed and sugary singles, only they and a couple of others could kick up a serious dosage of livewire energy. Hard bastards and proud of it, W.A.S.P. provoke a reaction, the rest raising perhaps a flicker of vague interest.

'95 - Nasty' isn't a vintage drop by any stretch, but it damn well thinks it is and that's enough to give it an edge over the surrounding consumerised claptrap. Although it was accurately suggested that they've looted the riff from Townshend's gaudy shop window, W.A.S.P. get the nod anyway in view of the fact that there's nothing else in the pile that has a scrap of originality either.

Old rope can easily twist a noose around your neck, but Blackie has the experience and the guile to slip out of it. He'll see Mötley and Dokken hang first.

Covering the recently exhumed Uriah Heep's rickety, 'Easy Livin'' on the B-side may well have been a dumb move, but listening to 'Nasty' I've few doubts about W.A.S.P.'s ability to bring home the bacon with the upcoming album.

A good appetiser.

HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT 'Dickie Davies Eyes' (Probe Plus) It's understandable why scant attention is paid to Half Man Half Biscuit's music - a hoarse, grungy rock splutter that's best ignored. Yet their lyrics are quite the opposite, continually praised and quoted, the frank 'Bastard Son Of Dean Friedman' showing why.

Elsewhere on the 12-inch, though, they're predominantly dull, pissed off and boring.

As rock lyrics go, their's are amusing, pulling no punches. The problem is that musically they haven't a punch to throw, and third-rate Bernard Manning griping alone soon wears thin. Poor musicians make lousy comedians.

BILLY IDOL 'To Be A Lover' (Chrysalis) Pompous alright, but positively smoking with heat and urgency.

Written way back in '68 by Booker T and some other geezer, 'To Be A Lover' nevertheless sounds very '80s and very Idol, panting and swaggering where Tina Turner now merely grunts and trips on her stilettos.

Understated cock rock - remarkable.

NIK KERSHAW 'Nobody Knows' (MCA) **HOWARD JONES 'All I Want' (WEA)** **A-HA 'I've Been Losing You' (WEA)** By rights, this the singles market, should be their patch. But who knows, with tunes this weak, maybe

(just maybe) W.A.S.P.'ll turn expectations on their heads. Wistful thinking?

Of the three, A-ha's is far and away the best. Y'know, as it was fading near the end though it had finished, but no, the cheeky buggers only went and tacked another bit on... and then faded that. Brilliant.

ZZ TOP 'Velcro Fly'

(Warner Brothers) Bit of a bore, this one, disappointing and forgettable like much of the 'Afterburner' LP. 'Velcro Fly's been idling away on that record for a year now and still I couldn't remember anything about it apart from the prickly sound effects. And I can't remember much more now.

Hours of fun can be had playing along with the genuine Velcro 'Sticky Fingers' sleeve, but the real action starts when they dig out 'Heard It On The X' for the tour. Well, they'd better do.

JAMES BROWN 'Gravity'

(Scotti Brothers) Second only to W.A.S.P. for raw excitement; not bad for a bloke who's old enough to have stood next to Roger Holland in his school photos. And he's got all his teeth left too judging from that Farah Fawcett smile on the sleeve.

'Gravity is another larger than life strutter, bright, brassy, humpin' 'n' thumpin' 'n' sweatin' it out over a rhythm hotter than Ron Atkinson's collar.

Growing old gracefully? Nah, Jimbo's got more energy than a lotta rockers half his age. And more hair.

It's enough to make Deep Purple retire... almost.

PAUL YOUNG 'Wonderland' (CBS)

I know it's not the, uh, *done thing*, but having blown all credibility from the off by naming W.A.S.P. as the pick of the bunch, I reckon I've got nothing to lose by saying that this here Paul Young single is a good 'un. Only my job, eh?

Seriously, though, give it a chance. It may not be View From The Hill but then it's not exactly Vince Hill either. Honest.

QUEEN 'Who Wants To Live Forever' (EMI)

Inflated, sexless romanticism, Brian May's polite vocals getting it off the ground ready for Freddie to swan in with the big notes for the climax.

A touch too Barbra Streisand for my tastes, and ultimately a fairly futile attempt to maintain Queen's chart profile and plug the *Highlander* flick into the bargain.

Could be big in fur-lined Avengers, though.

SNOWY WHITE 'I Can't Let Go' (Legend)

Snowy White lives just on the outskirts of my hometown. Which effectively means that there's at least some chance of me bumping into him down the pub one day. Not much of a chance, but some chance.

ROSE OF AVALANCHE 'Velveteen' (Fire)

'Glam rock', 'rock 'n' sleaze' boasts the biog. Really?

Sleeze? 'Velveteen' is just slow, a jangling guitar motif

dragging its feet around in circles to create a deep, spiralling melody redolent of The Doors.

On the flip you get something akin to a drunken Bauhaus jam plus another song that could almost be a piss take of poor Brian May. Fair to middling yet tending towards aimless guitar clatter. Pity.

PET SHOP BOYS 'Suburbia' (Parlophone)

Irritatingly brainless synth trifling. Again.

'West End Girls' and 'Opportunities' struck me as rather flat and lacklustre, yet they were bearable. This one's just plain desperate, rattling on and on with slick, sanitised and wholly gutless precision, leaving a cold, tinny mish-mash of hollow electronic trickery.

At least Kraftwerk had a sense of humour... didn't they?

MADONNA 'True Blue'

(Sire) Similarly, Madonna has produced yet another light, dreamy skipalong soft tease, complete with stock playground lyrics and giggly sentiment. That it's formula, of course, goes without saying.

Mind you, I hadn't quite expected her to prove so durable after such intense publicity blanketing last year. She's done so in convincing fashion.

Still queen of candy floss pop, it looks like it'll take a helluva gal to knock her off that perch.

STATUS QUO 'In The Army Now' (Vertigo)

Progress? No. Slowing down their trad boogie to a snail's pace isn't really stretching Quo - and they haven't even written this song anyway.

I'm curious as to why they've decided to use somebody else's rubbish, though. They could quite easily have come up with something just as bad themselves, and have collected royalties on it.

Dreadful clichés plus bonehead lyrics. It'll sell. But is it really worth having 'em back like this?

AGENT STEEL 'Mad Locust Rising' (Music For Nations)

Eccentric, unpredictable thrash-y metal, which, given the benefit of the doubt, is a tongue in cheek gem. I hope they're laughing about all this, 'cause look what happened to Venom when they started taking themselves seriously. Fortunately, Steel singer John Cyriis is completely out of his tree (he's from another planet, y'know!) and has a voice to match, shrill mock-opera wailing which really does add that special touch to the material.

But be warned - he is threatening to return to his old world sooner or later, so catch him when he's, er, still with us.

JEFFREY OSBORNE 'Room With A View' (A&M)

Jeffrey breaks into a sweat? Perish the thought, although this is a fairly uptempo thang for him. A passable effort.

marred a little by clumsy drum bursts cluttering up the rhythm, and destined for a minor degree of dancefloor success. Dispensable.

THE ENID 'Itchycoo Park' (Sedition)

More Russ Abbot than the Faces. A 'Stars On 45' beat and a spectacularly ungroovy vocal combine to give this tired old chestnut a real hard time.

Merciless stuff from The Enid.

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND 'Matador' (Xile)

Unexpectedly lame. Run of the mill alternative pop, off-key vocals with minimal impact. A let-down.

VIOLA WILLS 'Somebody's Eyes' (Sedition)

Good voice, dime a dozen song. Competent club soul, though unlikely to be a serious chart contender.

'Think For A Minute' (Go! Discs)

Pretty tedious stuff all round. A five-track 12-inch with two half-decent, simple pop tunes on one side ('Think For A Minute' being the better of the two) and three (I presume) 'funnies' on the other.

All very cute and cuddly and nice and really rather clever, but also uniformly weak. Something tells me that the instrumental, acapella and rap tracks on side two are meant as something of a party piece, yet all three are painfully self-conscious.

The Housemartins are too pleasant by half.



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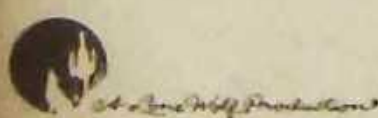
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LETTERS

BEATLES FOREVER

I MUST write to protest at one of your album reviews in *Sounds* (September 6). Chris Roberts described John Lennon as the most overrated songwriter of modern times. Can he possibly mean the same person that penned such classics as 'Imagine', 'Woman', 'In My Life', etc? If so, my suggestion would be to book him a room at the nearest asylum.

He then went on to criticise one of the best albums of the year, 'Press To Play'. He is entitled to his opinion, but he offered no real justification for his views. Presumably he was jumping on the ever-fashionable slag McCartney bandwagon. Whereas Lennon and McCartney have given pleasure and entertainment to millions, I would question your semi-illiterate hack's contribution to society. — **Colin Jones, London W7**

PS: I do not expect this letter to be published or even the courtesy of a reply as this letter does not contain the usual number of swear words your correspondents generally use.

PIÈCE DE RÉSTANCE

I REALISE that papers find it difficult to find the right reviewer for specific live shows but surely you can get them to go to the right gig. James Brown, your anti-

conversationalist nuclear powered heavy metal freak, obviously thought he was at an annual heavy metal conference, not a benefit for Greenpeace when he turned up at the Piece Hall in Halifax. Reviewing The Shop Assistants, The Wedding Present and Ghost Dance as though they were heavy metal was as ludicrous as reviewing Motorhead as a "Scratch dance band", to pen two phrases from the review.

And to sum up the review; Wasted Expense Account six, Journalistic Talent nil. — **Yours Gothically Ray Charles**

BLOCK ON THE LANDSCAPE

ROGER HOLLAND appears to be suffering from some kind of strange 'writers block' as a result of which he is only able to write about independent groups if they are signed to Dan Treacy's Dreamworld label. Two questions spring to mind: is Roger Holland in the pay of Dan Treacy? And has the cheque bounced yet? — **Anna Rackhoo, London**

ELECTRIC BLUES

COULD I make a plea on behalf of all those, like me, who are deprived of information on electronic bands and artistes? After having searched in vain through all the popular music press for a review of the new Tangerine Dream album, or any of their recent

UK concerts, I feel this plea is necessary. Some friends and I travelled from Scarborough to Newcastle to see Tangerine Dream and the two hours of superb music they played made the trip worth while. All I ask is that one page per month is devoted to this, thus preventing us from having to go through obscure channels for our news of new releases etc... After all, there is more to this type of music than just Jean Michel Jarre or Vangelis, despite their respective merits.

Could it be, perhaps, that this type of music falls into the unfortunate category of actually having to be listened to before it can properly be reviewed? — **D J Baggallay**

NIP IN THE AIR

BIG HELLO from Japan! I'm a Japanese girl who just came back to Japan from my holiday in Britain. I'd love to say thank you to Britain, especially brilliant cities Glasgow and London. I really enjoyed my three week stay (except three days in airplanes) at those cities.

Glasgow was really strange, but I love it now very very much. Six days in Glasgow was too short for me, actually. I think Glasgow is the city that choose people, one may loves the city so much if the city chose him, but if the city didn't choose him, he may hate the city. And maybe the city chose me!

I thought that London wouldn't interest me before I get there, but that wasn't a smart idea. The only one gig I went to was Yeah Jazz and the support CataPult were brilliant! I do love the atmosphere of the small gig which I couldn't feel in Japan. And I felt London kissed me at that night!

Oh, a letter is too short for me to express my feelings, it's even short if I could spend WHOLE *Sounds* pages! Anyway, THANK YOU!!! My plane took off Heathrow Airport at 10pm, I saw London shining under the plane, and tears came to my eyes... I have to swear I don't cry, and walk out to winter!

I'd love to write letters to someone who understands what I felt, and someone who gives me a big new beginning. Akiko Yamanchi (this is my name), 3-13 Satsuki-cho, Akishino, Nara, 631 Japan (and this is not my name, of course). I'm 18 and love Aztec Camera forever, in addition. Oh, you got bored didn't you? Anyway, goodbye now and thanks again. Love — **Akiko**

SPELT LIKE THIS

WIV REFERENCE too *Tour Newz* in the September 13 issue.

As an avid fan of Desolation Angels, I woz profoundly grateful that yoo printed there tour dates, but alas you made a terribill mistake!

There knew bassist is not Dave Sc'o'tt, it is in fact Dave Sc'u'tt. I felt very distressed to know yoo spelt his name rong! — **Sarah Scutt, sister of said bassist**



Illustration by the Captain's Rabbit

CAPTAIN'S RABBIT here! Just to put the record straight, I was not slagging The Damned when I wrote complaining about certain aspects of The Damned's Tenth Anniversary Tea Party (*Sounds* July 19). I would never slag them off, because they are simply the best band there has ever been. Just answer me this — how long have you been into The Damned? I've been into The Damned since 1977 and got really fanatical about them in 1979 when 'Love Song' came out.

They are more important to me than life itself. I've seen them dozens of times, and as far as being a snivelling wimp goes, I always like to get into the front of the crowd.

You were lucky to go on the Sunday. Maybe if you had gone on the Saturday you would have agreed with me. (By the way I didn't buy a T-shirt or a beefburger, and I never even had a drink, simply because I refuse to pay such rip off prices.)

I have no wish to argue with any Damned fans, any real fans of The Damned are friends of mine, and we all have our own point of view. And by the way, it was The Damned's tenth anniversary, not NMA. Anyway, I thought NMA was a boring music paper. Here's to The Damned's 20th anniversary. Will you be there? I know I will. — **Captain Sensible's Rabbit, Yatton**

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"About last night..." 18

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SOUR KRAUT

DEAR XMAL, so Ausgang's support to you was cancelled because they, like you, had a German name. Well how pathetic. What's in a name? Surely it's the music that matters. What kind of idiots are you? From the many other 'hunters' who were looking forward to the gig, piss off. — Marco, Warley, West Midlands

GOD'S CHILDREN

DID YOU hear the one about the person who believed that there was only one God, but wouldn't accept that if it was true that there was only one God, who created everything, he would necessarily exist in that one God's imagination and would therefore be totally mental? — God's disciple

I AM afraid that I don't have the time to write a detailed critique of Jack Barron's review of the 24th National Rock Festival, though I don't think it deserves more than one cursory reading anyway.

Why did Jack Barron go to review Reading '86? He obviously has no interest in the music, he mentions 16 bands: 31 actually played; and he almost describes the music on approximately five occasions.

If Mr Barron regards the Festival as "steaming archaic cultural crap" why did he bother to go? (Ah, I remember: Mr Barron is paid to go to the Festival and spend time in the EMI tent; while the rest of us pay to go to the Festival, pay for our alcohol, and then pay for our copies of *Sounds*.)

Mr Barron thinks that Ruby Turner was the only exception to "regressive riffery"; it is obvious then that he did not see Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers, who were not only good, like many of the bands that Mr Barron fails to mention, but who even wear suits.

Saxon were around before the NWOBHM? I don't know how you would know, Jack; you have so little interest in the music it was your job to review.

Mr Barron is disgusted at the conditions he had to endure, and he drove in each day. What about those of us who camped at Reading from Thursday night to Monday morning? Dear Mr Barron, I fear that your disposition is too frail for British rock/pop festivals.

I am glad that Mr Barron mentioned the extremely dangerous flying NME 7-inch freebies (what is the point of restricting various other potentially dangerous articles from the arena if these items are brought in wholesale?).

Mr Barron failed to notice the almost as dangerous activities of the police, but then what can one expect from someone who failed to see half the bands on the bill?

Next year why not send someone to the 25th National Rock Festival who has some interest in the music, not just the EMI tent? (Eg, Roger Holland, whose review of the Donington festival was both fair and entertaining.) — Yossi Brain

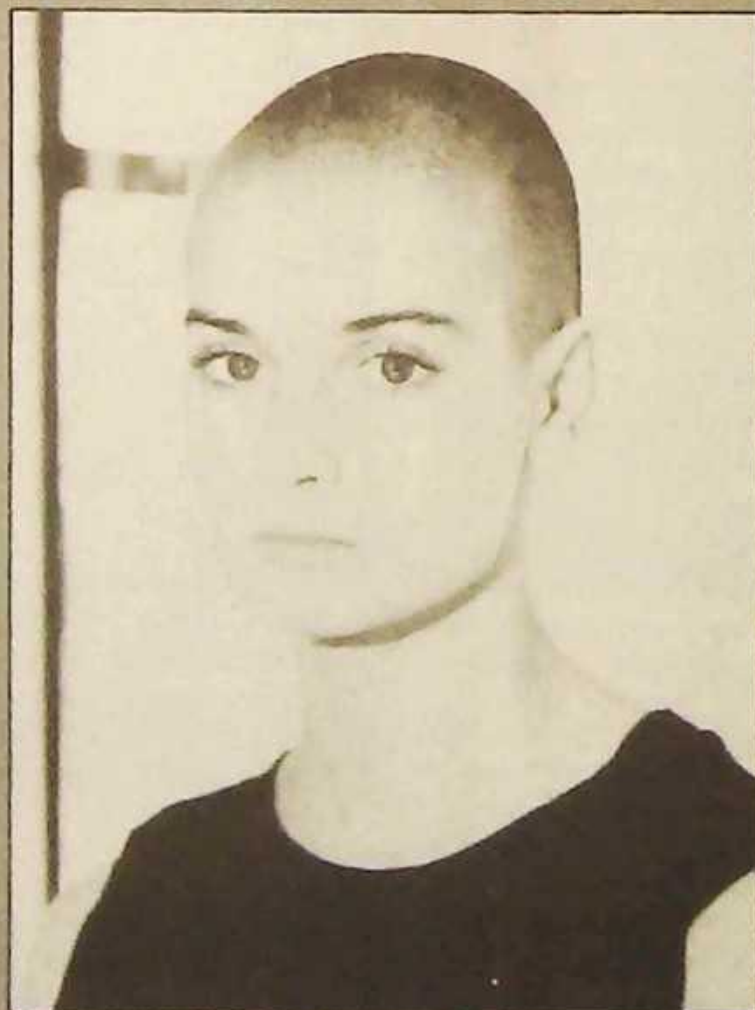


JACK BARRON catches a flying freebie at Reading

FLYING TONIGHT

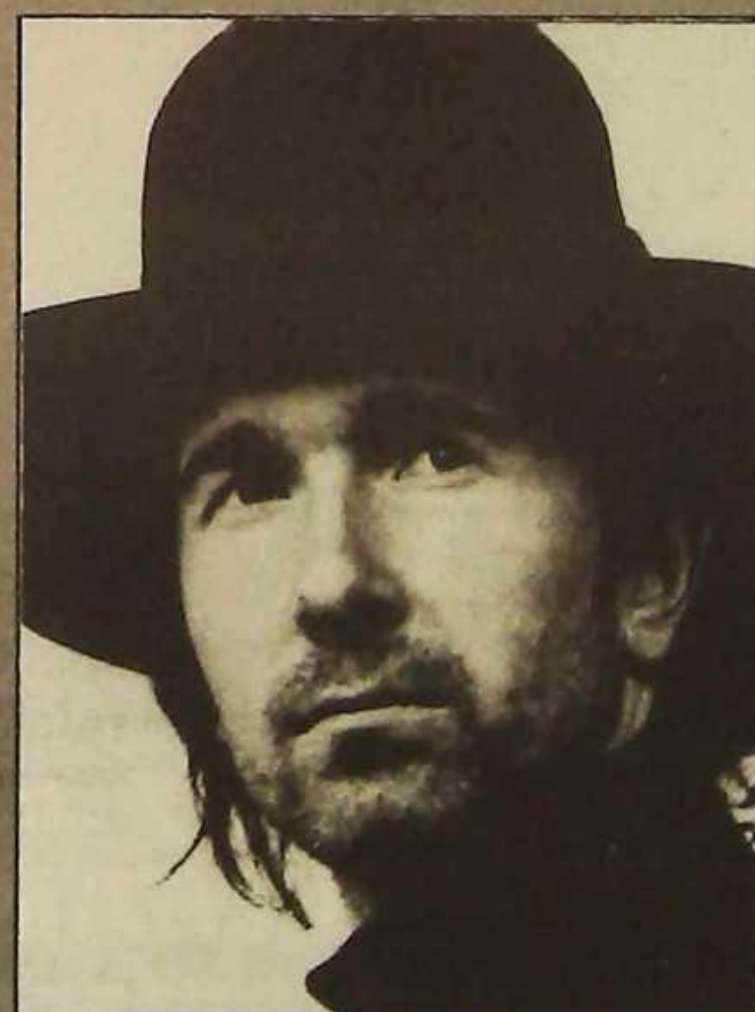
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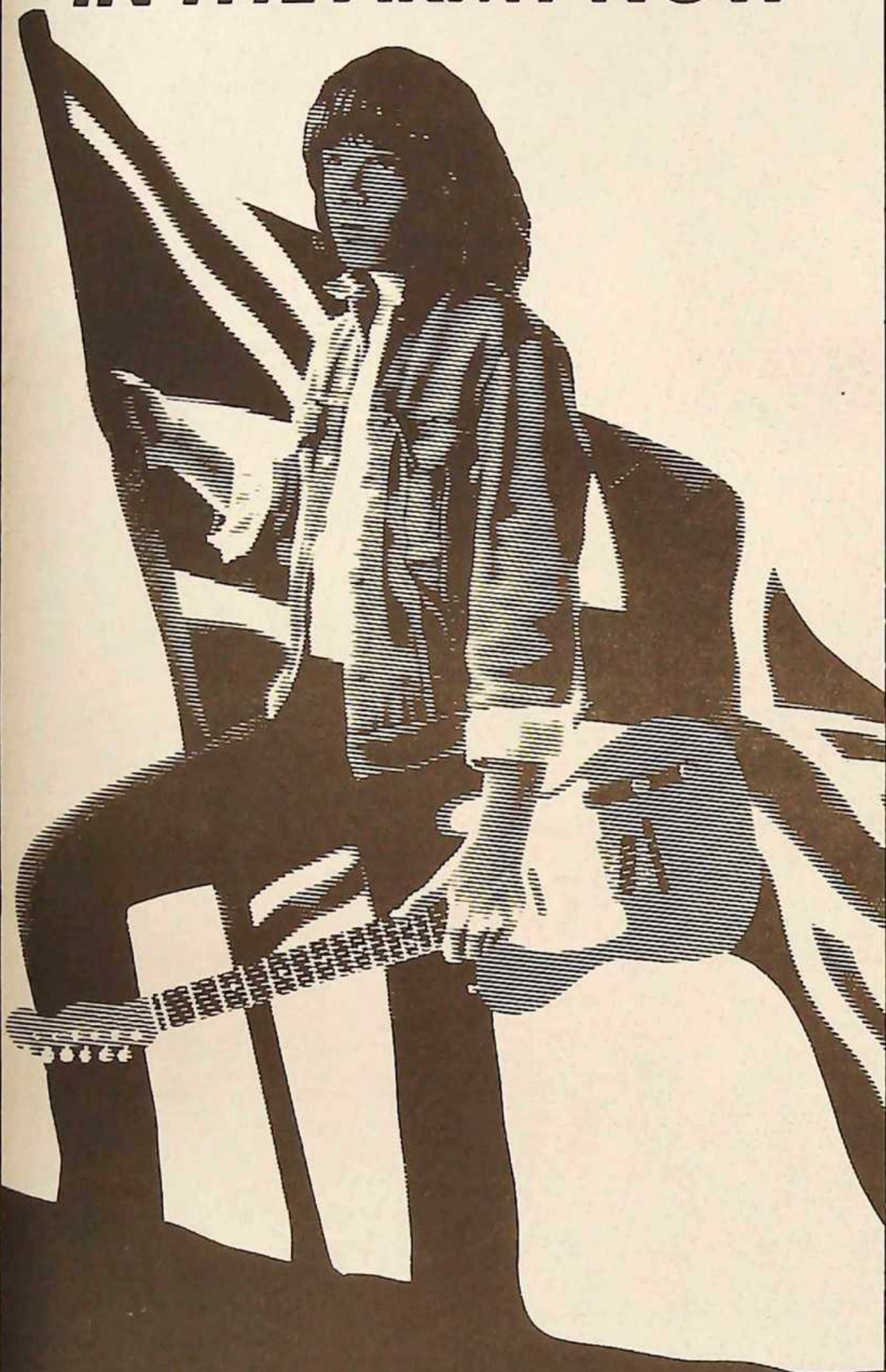


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THERE ARE, claims singer/guitarist Paul Smith, three distinct sides to The Doctor's Children, three haywire reasons to be. So, to the first.

"There's the extremely aggressive side that wants to kill people, the side that bears a grudge, like on the song 'Rose Cottage', very worked up."

Then, to the second.

"There's a Doctor's Children that wants to bleed, more bleed than burn. To burn is important, mind. Whatever you do with your life, you have to burn. If your work doesn't totally consume you, then don't do it. But the songs have to bleed, like a soul bleeds. As you put pen to paper, it should be like self-exorcism, giving of yourself."

And to the third.

"Then there's the love songs, of course, some of which are real and some of which are fiction. We are writing about love more than ever now. People say it's the ability to ask 'why?' that sets human beings above the animals, but I'm not sure that's true. To me, it's more like the sense that we have this ability to either crawl below or climb above the rational... to become completely irrational and fall in love. Splendid."

Then again.

"Mind you, I want The Doctor's Children to vary from month to month, from minute to minute, never stay the same."

ROSE COTTAGE EP', four carefully manicured pop slices, flip-flopped out last month on the reclusive Upright label. The stormy sequel to last year's wiry/wily 'Tomorrow I'll Die', The Doctor's Children sound all grown-up, but not too much so.

"We used to want to be one of those indie bands, that was all."

The four corners of 'Rose Cottage' sound nothing so narrow. From the galloping Fall-isms of the title track to the loose-limbed 'Blessed Is The Man' to the brooding arrogance of 'When I Was Young', they gel cleverly into some of the most masterly underground jangling this year. Rather like infant Smiths, they possess this wide-open prevalence for mixing deft lyricism with bounding pop charge, a more than handy grasp.

They were invented three years ago by this loose-talking Paul Smith, bound in by his Wakefield environment, desperate to find an antidote to its small-town intolerance and its artless claustrophobia. He shrugged off a crush on Pete Townshend's youth anthems and the prevailing indie insularity, replaced it by a Doctor's Children obsession of mammoth proportions.

Wakefield had given the world Bill Nelson and seemed pretty pleased with itself.

"Well, there's this certain attitude you get there, this northern way of judging things. If you do what you want and fail, they'll kill you for it. If you do what you want and succeed, they'll love you, a horrible culture in so many ways. I love it and hate it, y'know."

"If you're talking about ambition, I'd like to finally turn around to the people who've taken the piss out of me for the last three years and just say, Here it is, suck dust. I don't feel there's anything I've succeeded in yet, everything else I've done has been so half-hearted. The obsession is to do this well and turn around to say, F*** you, I've done it."

Then again.

"Sometimes, the only ambition is to put two words together that sound explosive!"

Smith, 24, carries a healthy arrogance about him, his own pop vision a marriage of dusky romanticism and gritty rockism. If his songs suggest a semi-religious intensity, his world view is smothered in bright cynicism.

He smiles sarcastically when I talk about this arrogance.

"It's there and maybe it's good. Arrogance is not the same as ego, though. Egotism comes from insecurity and the biggest egotists in the world are insecure people, which is a contradiction in terms, maybe. The irony is that people who rule the world

WHAT'S UP DOCS?

THE DOCTOR'S CHILDREN are ready to inject you with a pure pop that will make your heart sing and your soul bleed. **JONH WILDE** administers the kiss of life; **STEVE DOUBLE** takes the lesson in anatomy

are egotists, therefore the most insecure people in the world rule it!" If you tell him he's subtle, he'll punch your ear.

"I want to write songs that are incredibly direct in their intent, but not like all that Redskins/Bragg dogma. 'Blessed Is The Man' is probably the most embarrassingly direct out of them all. People tell me it's almost too intense, brutally intense. Out of all the songs, this is perhaps the most tortuous... the disillusionment with Christian belief. I had that connection for quite a while, always a very tortuous connection."

The Doctor's Children - Smith, Matthew Woodman, Dave Ramsay and Rowland Howarth - see themselves as clean, clinical and clandestine, immensely playful. They don't like personal questions much.

What sort of lover are you, then, Paul?

"It's nothing to do with you, f*** off!"

When I describe them as garage art vandals, they get stropic.

"Garage, bog off! You've just destroyed us, we got out of the garage long ago and don't want to go back. We aspire way above that."

Nevertheless, their word-plays are

THE DOCTOR'S CHILDREN: just the tonic

carried by a shredded flourish of noise conceived, if not in the garage, then somewhere between the tool-shed and the greenhouse. The Doctor's Children are ramshackle in a 'we're gonna be massive but not so speckless' sort of way, crowded with nuance.

"Take humour," Smith suggests. "It's what you don't say that's funny. That's why people like Hancock are so brilliant, because everything's around the point, just implied. It's where they put the thought in your head, you're laughing at what they don't say."

So?

"Well, maybe The Doctor's Children are a little like that. Perhaps, if we make those tickers skip a beat, people won't really know where it's coming from, the thing's so loaded."

Loaded with the lure of the flesh and the tingle of the pop nerve. If that's not enough, then what makes The Doctor's Children make the rest look like permed haircuts getting sticky in the rain?

"It's clean, clean, but ever so pure. Mind you, it's getting naughtier all the time."

The Doctor's Children make a sweet body scent. They make the indie pack look like a blob of engine-grease. Sniff it out.

STAN RIDGWAY



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OVER THE BIG TOP

Can Blackie Lawless explain about the dog brain and the styrofoam mace and the exploding codpiece, or is the madman at the helm of W.A.S.P. — the man who'd "really rather be rich" — just in it for the E-type? JANE SIMON draws aside the curtain for a look inside the electric circus. MARTYN STRICKLAND gets the moral standpoint



BLACKIE LAWLESS: spot the Bozo

ON THE wall of the W.A.S.P. office in Los Angeles there is a framed poster from the gig that celebrated their signing to Capitol worldwide.

'LA FINALLY GETS RID OF WASP' it screams.

The band have all signed it, of course, and Blackie has written: "Dear office, I'd really rather be rich so when someone suggests doing something like this I can say *****"

What am I doing in LA? The question has bothered me once or twice, to tell you the truth. Ostensibly, we've come to report on the making of W.A.S.P.'s latest videos to go with the new LP, but as Blackie is still locked in a studio someplace trying to break up a fight between the guitars and the vocals, the video shoot has been cancelled.

We could talk about the album, I guess, except I haven't heard it yet and Blackie is guarding any cassettes of it like a mother bear with her cubs.

But interviewing W.A.S.P. is still no hit or miss affair. I've already been checked out by their London office who wanted to see my clippings, but once you've passed muster (gee, thanks) the red carpet they lay out for you is endless.

After riding around in limos for a few days and taking a swim before dialling room service, I've decided Blackie is right.

I'd rather be rich, too.

In LA people tend to say things to you like, This used to be James Cagney's house. The white Spanish-style ex-Cagney home of W.A.S.P.'s manager Rod Smallwood is also exceptional in that there's no furniture downstairs. When they want to have a party they go out and rent some.

We sit by the pool (naturally) and wait for Blackie, who turns up in a foul mood because he's been stuck behind some tourists driving at five mph with their map of the stars' homes open on their knees, totally unaware that the white E-type with its nose up their ass is being driven by a real live flesh and blood rock star in the shape of Blackie Lawless.

After stomping round the yard a bit he comes over and attempts to hike up his jeans before sitting down. This is, of course, impossible as they have earlier been welded to his legs. I can almost hear his fingernails bending backwards as he tries to get a pinch-hold on the fabric.

"Welcome, I bid you welcome, to life inside the electric circus. Hang on for your life. The animals are all insane. God help us."

CONTINUES PAGE 26



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W.A.S.P.

FROM PAGE 24

THE ALBUM title, 'Inside The Electric Circus' doesn't really have anything to do with the traditional circus, *per se*, Blackie explains. "The whole record turns out to be largely what happens to us when we're on the road. It's the band's viewpoint of what we see when we look out at the audience. And with the type of show we're associated with, we get the cream of the crop wherever we go as far as the loonies from the local towns go - they're all there."

"The meat thing we were doing must have had a profound effect on people; more so than we thought it would. In America on the last tour we got a dog brain thrown on stage - well, we assume it was a dog brain because the nose area was elongated. Freshly cut, too - none of that frozen stuff for us! And in Canada, they threw us a moose hindquarter. I don't know how they got that thing up there. The damn thing was huge - the size of me. There must have been about six guys out there going *heave ho, heave ho...*"

Doesn't it make you feel a bit sick to think you've inspired that?

"No, it doesn't make me feel bad. I just start to think there's a bunch of goddamn maniacs out there. I'm not gonna take the rap for that. This stuff about they're young, they're impressionable, their little minds... that's a bunch of bullshit. They'll tell you in a hot minute - they know what they're doing."

"I can't understand why people get upset about the lyrics or the way we look because all that stuff we were doing, to me it was just hysterical. I mean, what grown man would walk around with a 12-inch saw blade between his legs? I look at Sputnik and to me they're more outrageous than we were. We're just having fun."

What sort of fun did you have pretending in the live show to beat up a woman tied to a rack?

"Well, this is probably gonna sound hypocritical, but it didn't bother me while I was doing that, and to this day it still doesn't, because I knew what I was doing. But if I see something else happening to a woman on TV I get very offended by that."

"What Europe saw was the sword, and she wore a headset with a tube that went into her mouth and when I'd run the sword across her neck, she'd blow into the tube and all the blood would come pouring out. But initially I used a mace that was made of styrofoam and the whole thing probably weighed less than half a pound. One of the girls we were using said she had to keep eye contact with me because she couldn't feel it hit her. But it looked so hideous, so pitiful, we stopped doing it. The sword looked more like fantasy."

"It probably was offensive to women, but when we did it in America she was wearing nothing but a loincloth, and the biggest kick I always got out of it was when I would open the doors and she'd be strapped up inside there and the 15 year old boys in the audience, they never seen anything like that in person. They would do backflips at that point and to me, that was entertainment. The mace or the sword was nothing compared to that initial impact."

These days, Blackie contents himself with a codpiece that shoots

flames "from here to that tree over there" and they're having a circus backdrop built (designed by the guy who used to design *Doctor Who*) that's costing around \$15,000.

It must be hard for you to get insurance.

"That's a sore subject with us - literally, three companies refused us. Lloyds refused us. We had to take four different blood tests last year for AIDS and they make you fill out a questionnaire about, Do you water-ski? How many times a year do you get on a plane? They want to know what you're doing with your life and for the amount of money we're talking about, you gotta be squeaky clean."

Fortunately, the band's management company in London boasts an insurance company among its diverse business concerns.

INSIDE THE Electric Circus' is the first recording since the departure of Randy Piper who is now rumoured to be playing with Alice Cooper, so Chris Holmes played all the lead guitar and most of the rhythm. Blackie played acoustic and some rhythm, too, and Randy's replacement, Johnny Rod, who's taken over from Blackie on bass, dropped in now and then. Blackie is also back producing again.

"Aside from the money we're saving, I've never really been happy with somebody else producing. The only thing I ever liked about that was that I could make them do all the donkey work. Like when they'd have somebody doing a guitar part for six hours, I'd go out and play Space Invaders and say, You call me when it's finished."

But doing it yourself, who tells you when you've got it right?

"The public," he replies rather humourlessly. "What you do is strike a happy medium between what's mechanically correct and what you want to do personally, and all the conversations you've accumulated in the last year from kids you've talked to."

How old are you, Blackie?

"I hit the big Three-Oh a couple of days ago."

What did that feel like?

"Well, I'd been prepping myself for it for about six months so it didn't feel any different. I'll tell you what I am afraid of, though, and that's 40."

(For some reason, when I mention to some old LA chums of mine who used to play with Blackie in Sister that he's just turned 30, they laugh for the rest of the weekend and I have to tell them off and say, Don't be silly, Blackie wouldn't lie about his age. This only makes them laugh harder.)

CHRIS HOLMES, who doesn't say much because it usually gets him in trouble is almost the direct opposite of Blackie's man-machine, although Chris also has two personalities: one drunk and one sober.

"I just hate being sober. I have no fun when I'm sober. I enjoy being intoxicated."

And as far as being a perfectionist goes, Chris reckons he could have done the album in one day.

"I'll settle for 50-50. If there's a mistake, I'm happy to let it slide. I can't stand the studio. It's no fun. After you've done, there's no excitement, you can't go to any bars, there's no girls or nuthin'."

Add to this motor-mouth blond Johnny Rod, heavily tanned from hanging out on the beach near his home at Marina del Ray, who assures me that he was given his name by a girl he took home one night. What exactly was Blackie looking for in a new bass player?

"Well, this band was founded on vocals - the show and everything else came later and that other person wasn't just a backing singer, they really had to be able to stand there and let it fly. The way I envisaged W.A.S.P. at first was The Everly Brothers go metal. That was kind of the reason for the split with Randy, because he used to do all the vocals with me and it got to the point where it didn't sound like it

used to any more.

"We'd seen Johnny when he supported us in King Kobra on a few dates but I didn't realise then how good he could sing. We got him to audition and we did 'Fistful Of Diamonds'. The hook in that is pretty hard to sing but he was right there with me all the way - and I've got a four octave range."

"Plus, I've seen him perform and he's not afraid to go out there and hurt himself. He's nuts."

Johnny is the first person to agree with this.

"I wanted to be a musician when I was seven years old! I played my first gig when I was 12 and at 16 I started playing professionally in a local band in a neighbourhood bar in St Louis, Missouri. I was so frustrated because I wanted to make it so bad. I'd jump on top of the bar and there'd be guys sitting there trying to drink beer with me f***** my guitar in their face. I got kicked outta places a lot. All my life I've been working towards this. Even if I only got to do it for one day and then could never play again, it would be worth it."

"I'm more nuts now than I ever was because I got a reason to be," and he treats me to a sudden run-through of his vocal range, from cod Pavarotti to an earsplitting falsetto shriek.

Being a good Catholic boy, Johnny tells me I can catch him in action tomorrow morning playing bass at Santa Monica church.

"I don't preach religion or nuthin', but I used to play in the choir when I was a kid and I wanted to get back to it again because of what I get out of it. Matter of fact, I was playing there one Sunday and these two groupies - I mean, girls - came up to me after Mass and said, Is your name Johnny by any chance? Cause when I play in church, see, I grease my hair back and wear purple sunglasses..."

Oh, not conspicuous at all, then.

"And I thought, Damn, here they are and I can't get away from this church!"

"W.A.S.P. are my kinda people,"

he races on. "They got balls. They ain't afraid to be crazy. And these guys are intelligent, they really are. Blackie surprised me when he was telling me about W.A.S.P. and the organisation. I mean, they got it together. They do everything right the first time."

At this point he cracks up at the sight of Blackie strolling by carrying a six-pack of Diet 7-Up. Blackie then strips down to his electric blue swimming trunks and sits just outside the gym working out with free weights in the sunshine, totally ignoring us.

AFTERWARDS BLACKIE gives me a cassette of eleven tracks from the LP and warns me, "Look after this, I need it back tomorrow."

The *LA Weekly*, in a recent comparison of its local metal talent, had described Blackie as "one of the best, most underrated commercial rock songwriters in the business", and he certainly hasn't let them down here - although I doubt Blackie would ever allow himself to be underrated.

Heavy metal is a very romanticised version of life. Here, W.A.S.P. on the road are Restless Gypsies, with Blackie, the ringmaster of this circus, casting himself as King Of Sodom, dreaming of being molested by his subjects in '95 Nasty', a harmless little male rape fantasy, and making some rather unappetising suggestions in 'Shoot From The Hip'.

Metal and soap opera are not so far apart, I think - both unlikely situations trying to pass themselves off as real life.

I'm listening on my Walkman as I lie on a cabana lounge bed by the hotel pool. Beside me is a little yellow flag I can flip up to signal to the waiter that, yes, I'd like another Banana Sunrise now.

"This is a place I've never known before, it's called easy living..." Blackie yells in my ear, to which I reply: Amen.

AS WELL as Uriah Heap's 'Easy Living', W.A.S.P. have also covered 'I Don't Need No Doctor' by Humble Pie...

"They were gonna be B-sides," says Blackie, "but they turned out so good! So there are 12 tracks on the album, which is kind of interesting. See, bands put ten songs on an album because of publishing. If you have any more than ten, you don't get any extra. So now, I end up getting less money for 12 than if I just had ten originals because outta those ten, those other writers gotta be paid too, so I'm down to eight. I don't just stay the same, I go in the other direction! But you can't think about that when you're making a record."

Well, you obviously do.

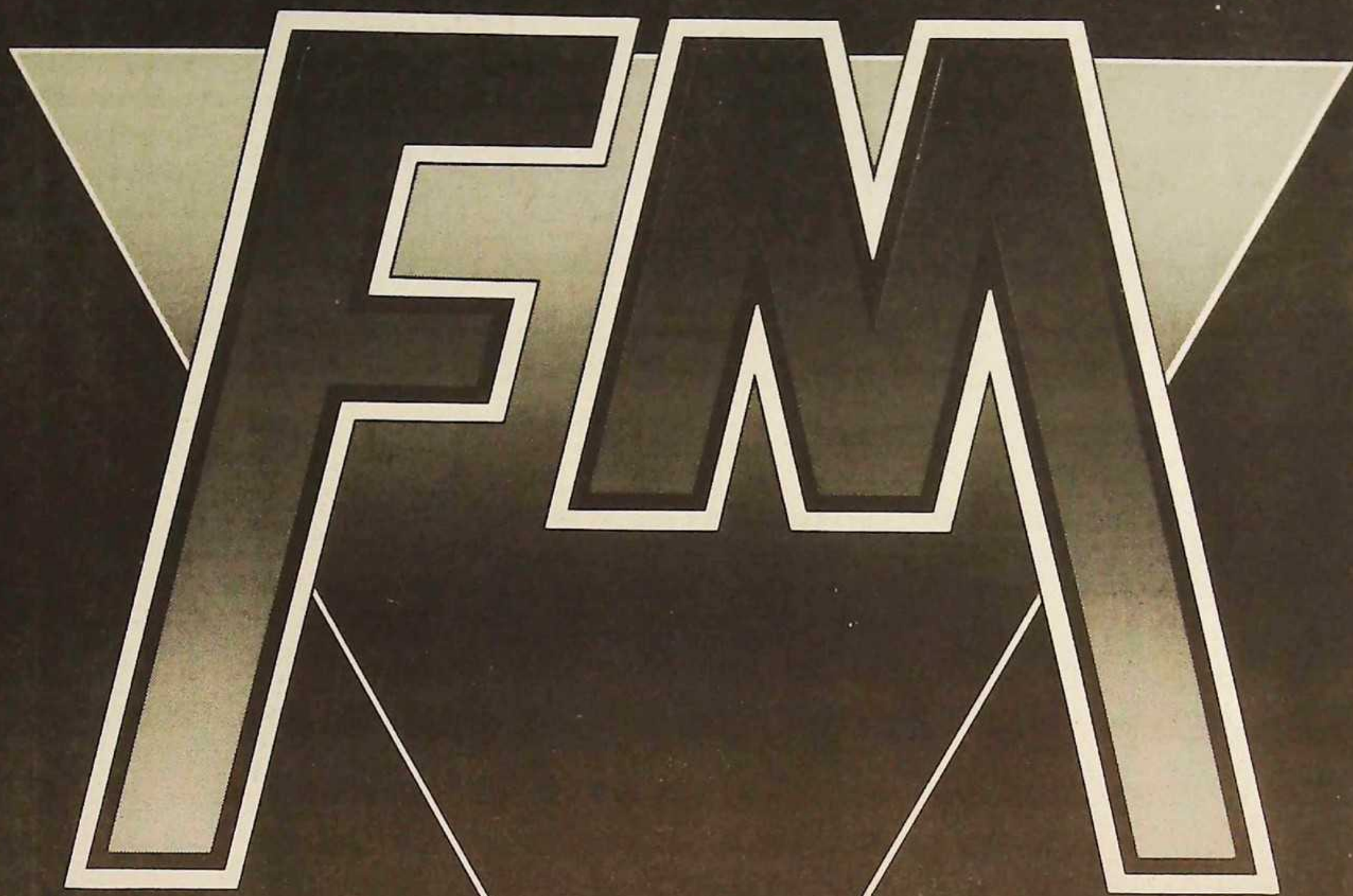
"Only because people like my manager really tried to talk me out of it. But by the same token," he says with a grin, just in case I was thinking he was stupid or something, "by producing this record I'm not gonna lose out whatever way you look at it."

These days, Blackie no longer sweats over phone bills, and he thinks nothing of paying ten grand a year just to keep his three E-types, which probably each get driven 30 times a year. In fact, he's awaiting delivery of a '37 Ford (a ZZ Top car) to keep them company while he's away. There are times when being a workaholic, a perfectionist and an asshole really pays off.

"I hear musicians moaning about how hard they work and I think, Oh f*** you, go get a real job. I mean, I'm technically working right now, talking to you, and how hard is this? Not very. People with money who say they're not happy - Huh! You show me a guy with 50 million dollars who ain't happy and I'll show you a fool."

"The way I envisaged W.A.S.P. at first was The Everly Brothers go metal"





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A WORD FROM THE WIDE BOY

WYLIE 'N' Josie: sinful?



It's a mighty long Wah! down rock 'n' roll. . . especially for PETE WYLIE, now a Filofax-totin', upwardly mobile company man. Is he a hypocrite, a sell out, or just a new-born realist? BILLY MANN witnesses the settling down; RUSSELL YOUNG frames him up

"I spent month long vacations in the stratosphere/And you know it's really hard to hold your breath/Swear I lost everything I ever loved to fear/I was a cosmic kid in full costume dress/But my feet they finally took root in the earth/But I've got me a nice little place in the stars/And I swear I found the key to the universe/In the engine of an old parked car"

'Growin' Up', Bruce Springsteen

I'M NOT sure I recognise this post-Wah! Wylie.

It's a different animal with a different sound.

No longer are its songs a triumphant torch, a clenched fist beneath the world's great, fat nose. They're, well, pop songs.

No longer is Wylie the angry young street rebel, the "poet ruffian", kicking shit in the face of compromise.

Now he works for Richard Branson. He's a London ligger, a silly face in the corner of every gossip page. He lives in a nice, comfortable flat, rented for him at a cost of £1,000 a month by his record company.

He has a very nice deal, thank you very much, with MDM, the label run by Mark Dean, the man who launched Wham! The mechanics are handled by Virgin so he gets the intimacy of the small label with the clout of the major. This works so satisfactorily that when Wylie is not out carousing with colourful characters like Zodiac Mindwarp, he is out dining with "people from the company". He's had one hit single with them and looks like scoring a second time now with 'Diamond Girl'.

So they're all being especially nice to Pete.

The album - 'High, Wide And Handsome' - is bound to chart and, as the word has just filtered through from the US that 'Sinful' has been declared the best record to come out of the UK in two and a half years, Wylie represents what record company tycoons call Hot Property.

Pete Wylie owns a Filofax.

What you have just read is a conspiracy. It's called 'selective exposure' and involves presenting people with a given number of carefully chosen facts so that they can draw a given conclusion but think it's their own. It's a very cute way of telling lies without having to cross your fingers behind your back, and one that is used in every form of persuasion known to man.

But the above facts can be accounted for without rearranging the words OUT and SELL into a well know expression. So let's try and look at it another way. To do this, you will have to try and find some parallel in your own life. Did you once hold endless rows with your parents but now swear blind they are two of the world's most wonderful human beings? Did you act like a dickhead at school but now wish you'd done your homework instead? Didn't you always think you were right and everybody else was wrong? Of course you did. But as you get older things changed. You learned to handle yourself a bit better, you stopped believing the world was out to get you. You began to relax, to feel more natural and happy with what you were doing. You'd grown up.

In his own way, Pete Wylie has finally grown up. Some say that's a bad thing. He feels quite pleased with himself. After the last great explosion of The Mighty Wah! he put his head down, went to ground, and set about sorting out his life and career. When he talks about it you half expect him to stop and tell you it's all part of some Five Year Plan, but he doesn't. Y'see, some of the changes in Wylie and his work are deliberate, some coincidental.

Events and ideas have conspired over the last two years to bring you not yet another incarnation of Wah! but Pete Wylie with his partner and one-time lover (and that doesn't mean they only had sex once) Josie Jones, in the shape you can see flickering before your very square eyes on any one of four channels.

One thing Wylie has realised is that, whatever happens, his energy and bravado will pull him through. In the past he preferred, rather romantically, to think of these qualities as part of his "madman genius", a natural, primal force that should be allowed to roam free. Now he sees this dynamism as a kind of blue touch paper with which to ignite his ideas.

Another thing he's learned is that you don't have to lock yourself in a room and pretend to be Bob Dylan or Leonard Cohen to write songs. You don't have to shun the talents of other people in the name of 'strength' or 'independence' (his most recent collaborator is techno producer Zeus B Held) and you don't have to shun works of literature as a source of inspiration.

"All that education I used to spurn and despise is coming in useful," he says, waiting for some ever-present school teacher to say, I told you so. "Like, I studied Classical Literature and French Literature at University and the stuff they'd teach you... you'd think, What a load of old shit - you either like a poem or you don't. But all that's coming back to me now - alliteration, little things like that, or using opposites to make a point. Or rhythm. A lot of these things have all come together at the right time - getting confident in my musical craft or whatever, looking the way I do (he's very thin) and realising that I can't do everything on my own. Before I'd either do it all myself or just wait for it to happen. But now I realise you can make things work."

THOUGH HE has not officially left his hometown Liverpool and still has a £34,000 house there ("the same place would cost half a million in London"), unless you're blind it can't have escaped your notice that Pete Wylie's has become a regular face on the London club scene. He came here nearly a year ago to work on the album and didn't go back. For the people who believed him when he waxed political in the wake of 'Come Back' about the rats leaving the sinking ship in the north for the prosperity of the south, this must be very hard to swallow.

And, though 99 per cent of the population of Liverpool wish him well, some still say he's a traitor and a hypocrite. His regular appearance in the gossip pages does nothing to defuse those feelings.

"But it's a very scouse thing to do," says Josie in defence. "If there's a lig going and there's free ale there's always more scousers there... and Pete really goes for it when he's in London. But because of the way he is, people hear about it more. Things get reported more in London, but Pete's been going to clubs ever since I've known him. He's always been like that."

But there's more to this than meets the eye. "I found that 'having a way of life' in Liverpool was a bad thing for me. There are certain things about Liverpool that I love, but I... what I'm saying is that I couldn't have made this album in Liverpool - which is not a criticism of Liverpool, it's just a different kind of place. The stimuli (he actually said stimulants) were different in Liverpool... and also I was living with Josie, we were together three and a half years and you get into habits."

"And breaking up (the two now describe themselves as 'best mates' but they're a bit more than that) was obviously a really bad, serious, heavy thing, but I think I needed us to break up to get me writing and get my energy up. 'Cos I kept thinking maybe I was missing out on things, y'know."

"Also I found that in Liverpool there were certain things that were keeping you down... like your mates' attitudes and things. I mean, I used to sit at home and theorise and work things out in my head, and one of the things I'd worked out were the horrors of London, y'know. Partly in response to what I'd read about it. But when you actually get here it's a doddle. If you can cope with it, it can cope with you. And for a person like me, with my energy and that, London is great. It's actually a place where I can let my energy out and do the things I want to do instead of feeling frustrated."

AT THE height of Wylie's success - during the period in which he scored with 'Story Of The Blues' and 'Come Back' - the Liverpool 'scene', for want of a better expression, was split in two. On one hand there were the street bands (as best typified by The Farm), the scallies (as best typified by Damon Grant), the ones who came from genuinely working-class areas of Liverpool like Cantril Farm and Kirkby. And on the other hand there was what we can best call the *avant garde*, the students, the hairdressers, the designers, the ones who read European literature, lived in the area surrounding Lark Lane - "Liverpool's answer to Greenwich Village" - and listened studiously to Echo And The Bunnymen. And in between these two groups there was one lad who didn't really fit.

"But that never bothered me," he says. "I remember going into the Armadillo (known by

the scallies as 'I'm A Dildo') tea rooms with some mates and Julian Cope said, Here's the rockabilly. And we obviously weren't rockabilly but he said it in a sort of sarcastic way, y'know, and it just made me think, I'm not a rockabilly, but I'm not like him either... And that was the problem, I wanted to be part of both of those camps. I didn't want the scallies to think I was a wanking art bastard, which sometimes they probably did, and I didn't want the arty bastards to think I was a dickhead, because I'm not."

WYLIE WAS a bright kid. When he was only three years old his mother would find young Peter standing by the bedroom window in the middle of the night quietly reading by the light of a nearby streetlamp. He has always ahead with his schoolwork and, while his classmates struggled, Pete excelled, taking all the books home and reading them from cover to cover.

This just bored him though, because, unlike the rest, Pete had no yardstick by which to measure his progress. And from the age of eleven until he was 20 he didn't read any books at all. In other words, in his most developmental years, Wylie was without what psychologists call "book culture", a means by which people develop inner strength and stability at an early age. This could explain why he is so fidgety and hyper-active. It could also explain why he talks so much.

"Talking's always been part of my nature... I was a garrulous child. I remember once I said to McCull's brother, Pete, that I really fancied being a recluse and living up in a big house and never talking to no one. And he always said I was too garrulous for that - that was the first time I heard the word - and I said, Oh thanks Pete. Then I found out what it meant."

"But I could cope with that and I quite like being alone in the flat. I don't answer the door most of the time and I have the Ansafone on all the time. So despite all this outgoing stuff I'm a bit of a wacko when it comes to people... I don't find it easy. I can't walk into a club on my own, I can't walk into shops on my own. It's just something I can't do, I just feel incredibly self-conscious - and not because I'm in a band, I've always been like that - so there's a kind of weird contradiction there."

But there's not just one contradiction; Wylie's whole existence is a network of them. And he knows this only too well. He enjoys it that way and he's the first to turn it into a joke.

"I don't make any rules these days," he says. "The only rule I make is that the record company pays for everything, ha ha!"

You're just a crazy mixed-up kid, Pete.

"You're right... the original mixed-up kid."

But why? Are you insecure? "I'm incredibly insecure, of course I am, that's why I need to be loved. And I don't necessarily think that's a bad thing."

Are you a nervous person?

"Well I am, yeah."

Do you talk to fill in spaces?

"Yeah, yeah, I can't stop. It's like we were talking about the Dylan interview before, where he just goes, Yes, no... I dream of doing that interview."

Why, because it's a contrast to what you are?

"No... Ha ha... see, I can't do it. Yeah, I do talk to fill in space, definitely. I talk shit. But again I have that thing of being funny, he says modestly. So it doesn't matter if you talk a lot. If you're funny, people don't particularly notice. They notice that you talk a lot but they don't think, dullard or anything."

The phone rings.

"Dullard speaking!... Great!... I've just shagged him, we're gonna start the interview in a minute."

AS WE'RE getting towards the end of this feature, I suppose it's about time to confess that 'Sinful' and 'Diamond Girl' are not really my cup of tea. There's a very good chance that I'm living in the past, too besotted by the sheer glory of songs like 'Somesay' and 'Story Of The Blues', but there's something awkward, forced and unnatural about the new single. Wylie seems to be trying too hard. In the videos he strikes poses and what is presented to us is not a star but the idea of a star, when all we want is a human being with whom we can share our desires.

The good thing about this, though, is that I can tell myself this is Wylie finding his feet in what are essentially unfamiliar surroundings, that he'll soon get a real grip on things and come back to save the human race.

In trying to sum it all up, Wylie expresses doubts over people's ability ever to see more than one aspect of his personality, and in the process he hits on a catchphrase - "all great people are twats" - and yet another contradiction to go with it.

"All the people I respect are obsessive, and I'm like that... and sometimes, because of it, you come out being a twat... and you can either stop that and be loved or you can just get on with it. I am obsessed with what I am doing and if I come across as a bastard, it seems a small price to pay. I don't just want to write good pop, I'm heading for something else. I don't quite know what it is but it's a bigger idea than just pop records that sell well."

"I think I'm trying to prove something."

ALBUM AND CASSETTE the mighty lemon drops

HAPPY HEAD

ON TOUR - OCTOBER

WED 1ST - NEWCASTLE, UNIVERSITY

THUR 2ND - GLASGOW, DADDY WARBUCKS

FRI 3RD - EDINBURGH, HOOCHIE COOCHIE CLUB

SAT 4TH - ABERDEEN, THE VENUE

SUN 5TH - DUNDEE, DANCE FACTORY

MON 6TH - HUDDERSFIELD, POLYTECHNIC

THUR 9TH - LIVERPOOL, UNIVERSITY

FRI 10TH - MANCHESTER, INTERNATIONAL

SAT 11TH - SHEFFIELD, LEADMILL

TUES 14TH - PORTSMOUTH, POLYTECHNIC

WED 15TH - BRIGHTON, PAVILION

THUR 16TH - BRISTOL, BIERKELLAR

FRI 17TH - LEICESTER, PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

SAT 18TH - COVENTRY, POLYTECHNIC

TUES 21ST - BIRMINGHAM, BURBERRIES

WED 22ND - SOUTHAMPTON, UNIVERSITY

THUR 23RD - OXFORD, POLYTECHNIC

FRI 24TH - LONDON, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION

SAT 25TH - DUDLEY, J.B'S



A L B U M S

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEARFLOGDUMP



NEW ORDER'S Gillian sees the light

Kevin Cummins

OH BROTHER!

NEW ORDER 'Brotherhood' (Factory FACT 150)*****

PEOPLE ARE going to wait on sofas listening to the rain and they're going to wonder where all this power comes from, because New Order still make this pain sound so painless.

'Paradise' and 'Weirdo' pick up from 'The Perfect Kiss' and cruise across this slender melody, a matter of efficient simplicity. 'As It Is When It Was' starts all Tim Buckley and almost folksy, but ends both glossy and haggard. 'Broken Promises' and 'Way Of Life' ring with a violence not heard from these quarters since, ooooo, 'Atrocity Exhibition' on 'Closer' — yes, that twisted, but now more sleek and graceful.

People are going to wrap themselves in that warm post-coital rapture while listening to this new New Order get hectic, wonder if love always turns lukewarm, then climb on each other again and maybe touch tongues.

'Bizarre Love Triangle' is for people who think the best things about New Order are that they are strangely removed and the way their sound swarms. It is a song about being in love with two people, one of them yourself. 'All Day Long' could belong to the first New Order album, their most morose one, and it's this record's only flaw but a harmless one, with a classical burst of an ending.

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Get Wise' (Portrait PRT 57122)*****

COMING JUST a little too late for summer and a lot too late for the Absolute Beginners jazz boom (where did it go?), this compilation of hot British hip cats and kittens could be seen as having terminally missed the boat. At least that's the view of the so-called 'hip critics' who are given far more than their fair share of credits in the sleeve notes of 'Get Wise'.

But luckily, despite the fickle tastes of these cultural thugs and their slavish followers, the eleven bands featured on this record far transcend any hysterical hype whipped up by a couple of thousand feet of celluloid.

Take, for instance, Courtney Pine, the 21-year-old in whose hands a saxophone can sound like a whisper of love or a scream of rage. A man of his dedication and talent is hardly likely to go back to washing dishes because the flavour of the

'Angel Dust' is their savage smooch, often a bumpy grind but a dance record that makes 'Blue Monday' sound like a pair of clogs being knocked together. The word 'tremble' could have been invented for this five minutes of heart-swelling sound. 'Every Little Counts' starts with Albrecht giggling over the line "I think you are a pig/You should be in the zoo", but he survives to drool over the tick of the heartbeat and take New Order to new heights of absurdity and new lengths in self-absorption. As a climax, it is quaintly foolish and most impetuous but that's what makes them so beguiling a pop group.

What's new? New Order get more deadpan devious and much more personal, so much that it itches. They also make these black explosions of ridiculous simplicity, noises, very human noises that brush up close.

Also, people might say: "Remember when we listened to that New Order record, when we loved each other and hated each other, and remember how great that was."

I'm getting serious but New Order would laugh. 'Brotherhood' is their perfect record, something out of the ordinary; there's some justice in that.

JONH WILDE

month has changed. Take Jazz Defektors who will, for the rest of their career, be saddled with having appeared in the most over-hyped film of all time. Their fluid samba track, with its effortless, gliding vocals and engrossing percussion, will not have faded into a bargain bin within three months.

In fact, all the tracks on 'Get Wise' have that quality of endurance about them. Even Team Ten's big, brass and brash version of the Mission Impossible theme manages

to sound timeless. The ever excellent Danger Zone, despite appearing slightly misplaced with their sparse, R&B tinged onslaught have enough of the passion that this album is laced with to hold their own.

And that's why the record works. There is a solid feel that unifies these disparate groups, a commitment to a sound that is every bit as intense as that of an electric band, the sound of the soul that is jazz.

RICKY KILDARE

BRUCE HORNSBY AND THE RANGE 'The Way It Is' (RCA PL89901)***1/2

AS BILLY Joel rides off into the sunset, his Rolex Oyster Perpetual and his best girl on his arm, his last album an already forgotten pile of shite, here comes a new gun. Bruce Hornsby is the new Billy Joel. Official.

Bruce Hornsby lives in a city which is sometimes a small town. There's a bay and there are docks and there's a river running dry. Because, although it will rain on demand when he wants to get sensitive and talk about the rain playing on the lake like a mandolin, there'll always be a drought on hand whenever he feels like a miserable smalltown sod.

There are red plains and a big old bridge, marshlands and unemployment, a sophisticated guitar hero and a whole host of Admiral's daughter's. And most important of all, there's this feller Hornsby who just can't get a woman for love but who might be able to lay his hands on one for a few bucks.

Bruce Hornsby And The Range pad out this, their debut album, with nine songs of utterly professional adult-orientated easy listening, and with anodyne messages for the upwardly mobile. Far from unpleasant, far from important, far from reality. So why did I go out of my way to take this album home? Why does my family prefer to have this in the living room rather than The Pastels? Why does one of our kittens rub itself up against the speaker when that piano intro opens up side two? Bruce Hornsby knows.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE BOLSHOI 'Friends'

(Beggars Banquet BEGA 76)*****

WHERE SHOULD I begin? I could start at the beginning and whirl you around on the longest journey of your life, or I could submerge you time after time, aimlessly dipping you into these fathomless grooves. My dilemma arises simply because of the musical artistry of this album.

The Bolshoi, you see, are not space wasters, there's no long gaps between tracks here, on this flowing stream of vinyl perfection. Perhaps I should explain more clearly.

It's like this: The Bolshoi are not gloomy goths who sing, or rather moan, tuneless laments, nor are they happy and silly. They are too diverse to be categorised, really.

The album 'Friends' features the classic single, 'Away', a brilliant dancefloor hit... well, it moves my feet, anyway. Then there's 'Someone's Daughter', a swaying tune with bump and grind in all the right places and a Pete Murphy style voice that breathes "yes".

Over on side two we have the stronger, strutting guitar rhythms of the poppy 'Romeo In Clover', and next, the new single 'Books On The Bonfire', a song to run free through forests to.

Alright, I just wanted to show you the variety on this album. I wanted to tempt you, persuade you to listen, but I suppose if you've seen this group you're already hopelessly addicted. The only cure, it seems, is another dose of the same, so stir yourself and be moved.

KEZ OWEN

WORKING WEEK 'Compañeros' (Virgin V2397)****

GOVERNED BY an eclecticism as wide as the oceans of this world, Working Week define themselves as 'internationalist'. They're not huggled by the arms of socialism but offer the embrace of humanism; music as the universal language.

Juliet Roberts, Simon Booth and Larry Stabbins are, in their own way, little revolutionaries (albeit of the compact disc generation) and the music they offer on 'Compañeros' is the soundtrack to their struggle.

By turns mournful, loving, uplifting and sorrowful, they turn musical structures garnered from the global village into a glistening jewel of sound, shards of brass and percussion, bass and guitar jazzing up the edges around the body of the songs. The body (and soul) that is the gilt-edged larynx of Juliet Roberts. When she sings, it's a nightingale in Berkeley Square, a tiger in Soweto, a lover in San Francisco... From the opening cover of Beefheart's 'Too Much Time' to 'Southern Cross' at the close, she plays the whole range of emotions, and is always totally convincing.

Take this verse from 'South Africa': "Even if the mountains fell or water turned to wine, I'd never know why racial hate governed in these times." Don't believe her midnight black flesh has never been the subject of that hate and don't believe that it's not five hundred times worse in SA. Even if you do, Juliet's voice will convince you otherwise.

'Compañeros' is one of those rare records that seems to be built for perfection, a state of affairs that never arrives but which is still yearned after. 'Compañeros' is the sound of that yearning.

RICKY KILDARE

JERMAINE STEWART 'Frantic Romantic' (10 Records DIX26)***1/2

SO HERE comes the latest androgynous funk sensation, asking for his whip because he wants to punish you girl, asking for his blowdryer because his hair's wet, the hair he brushes 50 times a day. (These are desires expressed in the lyrics, not slings and arrows of my invention).

Jermaine shuffles into the bigish league, pulling Narada Michael Walden, Jellybean Benitez, and a host of name backing vocalists, along in his gaily-coloured bandwagon.

It starts so well. 'We Don't Have To...' is a great pop

BEST

THE MIGHTY LEMON

DROPS 'Happy Head'

(Blue Guitar/Chrysalis AZLP1)*****

LOVE, GUITARS and rhythm equals music. This isn't one of the most revolutionary equations in the history of rock music, and it's a rather simple mixture that has been stirred up on more than one occasion in the past, but as 'Happy Head' proves, you can never undermine its effectiveness.

The Mighty Lemon Drops' debut on a major label is an elaboration on this same theme. 'Happy Head', in 12 separate exhilarating rushes of the heart, doesn't re-define any of rock's boundaries but it does explicitly and often articulately fill the cracks now appearing in rock's weary face.

The songs on 'Happy Head' are simply constructed and are more beautiful for it. There's a dignity in 'Happy Head' that remains warm, emotive and superior to the undignified romp that The Mighty Lemon Drops have often been lumped in with. And these songs, like the band, lurk in the long dark shadows of love, splashing in the puddles of sour tears shed privately in the bed-

TIME TRIALS

IRON MAIDEN 'Somewhere In Time'
(EMI EMC 3512)***1/2

POOR OLD Iron Maiden, so weary and bewildered, and so very happy to get the chance to take off a massive five months from turning the non-stop rock 'n' roll treadmill.

Why, that's very nearly half a year.

But now their break is over, a distant memory, almost a figment of the imagination. It's a tough life, but Maiden know as well as anybody the importance of keeping that treadmill spinning. It's a prison of their own making; the band's popularity is both widespread and fanatical, yet one wrong move and it could crumble like dust.

To the fans, 'Somewhere In Time' (sample titles: 'Alexander The Great', 'Sea Of Madness', 'Stranger In A Strange Land' — the tried and trusted Iron Maiden recipe: take a tale or two of heroism against all the odds, sprinkle with a handful of historic references and stand well back) will be as reassuring as a *Kerrang!* through the letterbox, as comforting as Tommy Vance on a Friday night, and homely as roast beef every Sunday lunchtime.

The sleeve is festooned with reminders of the group's past: venues they've played, songs they've performed, running themes and gags, and of course — to maintain their cockney-geezers-made-good reputation — there's the obligatory plug for the local football team, West Ham United. But then, any

let-up on the cheeky chappy imagery and this 'regular blokes' facade would drop like a stone, and in its place the band would have 'globe-trotting millionaire headbangers, Iron Maiden' to contend with.

However, from a marketing point of view, the new Maiden LP is near perfect; change is non-existent on the musical side, just the usual excellent steely riffing with a few slow bits every so often, you know the type of thing.

The boys reckon it's a major step forward from the last album, they claim there's a great new 'futuristic' feel to the record, but if truth be told it all boils down to the difference between good and bad heavy metal. The former is exciting and stretches itself a bit, while the latter tends to be numb in the head and gravely uninteresting.

So far as Maiden's claim to be 'taking metal into the 1990s' goes, one has to scoff. There is no newness whatsoever about 'Somewhere In Time', and if we're talking progress then the ferocious Metallica have it all sewn up. Never fear though, the Maiden barmy army are an old-fashioned lot at heart, they like their music hard but sensible. Traditionalists, and why not?

Parting thought: if Iron Maiden had the nerve to create a truly surprising album, one which differed radically from all their previous releases, they'd be dead and buried within a fortnight.

MR SPENCER



IRON MAIDEN: Star Trek was never like this...

record, from groin-swaddling intro to 'na na na' denouement, irresistible by the second listen, nauseating by the tenth. And what a prism of poetry! Yes girls, it's high time you realised we boys were not just pieces of meat to be approached unromantically. Stimulate the brain! Yeah! Show some class! Yeah! And so on! Yeah! (continued *Les Pennees de Roberts*, 1986 edition...)

After this zenith however, the dressing-up game beginneth. Dressing up as Shalamar without the starlight, Prince without the royal flush, Jackson without the instinctive lustful delirium. 'Out To Punish' is particularly offensive, an attempt to convey automated sexual contrivance which chokes impotently on its own self-consciousness. Any resemblance to Narada's recent solo albums is purely rational and as motivating as lumbago. 'Give Your Love To Me' almost manages a

memorable melody but the title song returns to a flaccid phoney formula.

Just one mulatto mannequin, peddling his wares without much werewithal. Take the single to the singles bar, trade the rest in for a stiff double.

CHRIS ROBERTS

JAMES INGRAM 'Never Felt So Good' (Qwest 925 424-1)***

THE MAN is as smooth as a millpond. He makes Jeffrey Osborne seem like Spike Milligan.

The voice is pure Steve Davis, cool, confident, effortless. The musicians are rented: blended with slick, sure-footed session precision. The songs are from a catering firm, pre-packaged and market-researched, gift-wrapped in pastel pink. Honeycombed, this record'll go down like free cheese and wine with a bunch of commuters I know.

Sure it's competent but

that's about all it is. Plush soul, a little overpolished for my taste, too full of its own sophistication, adept but not inspired. It could be anybody.

OK, so it couldn't possibly be Quiet Riot or Test Dept, but you get my drift. I get the feeling that somewhere there's stacks of these sweet-talking turkeys falling off Quincy Jones' hyped production line.

"He's the real deal!" jives Quincy on the backslapping sleeve notes.

"Ooh buttercup, you got the right stuff..." sez James. Need I say more?

PAUL ELLIOTT

IMITATION LIFE 'Ice Cubes And Sugar' (New Rose ROSE 97)***3/4

THIS YEAR'S models, eh? Clearly, California has just taken delivery of a consignment of black horn-rimmed glasses, novelty gap teeth and copies of Declan's second album.

Listening to the opening

track of this album, 'Over Here', is like switching on a light for a split second: the image remains inside the brain long after the light has gone, and a few plays are required in order to de-brief and judge the songs on their own merits.

Still, a close comparison with 'This Year's Model' has its compensations — it remains my favourite Costello album, tapping a rich vein of pop that has subsequently fallen into disuse. But evidently there are still a few nuggets lying around, as 'Ice Cubes And Sugar' is liberally sprinkled with tackily infectious choruses and well iffy lyrics (they are to be commended for not including a lyric sheet).

'Without A Cause', 'Merchandise Me', 'Pretty President' and 'She's Just A Taker' go some of the way toward convincing me that the ugly geeks pictured on the inner sleeve should be accepted solely on the strength of their songs.

If they must be placed in a mid-'80s perspective, then perhaps they're a more socially acceptable version of Men At Work.

ANDY HURT

KIM CARNES 'Light House' (EMI America AML 3106)***

IN A way, the record company biography tells you all you think you need to know. "American radio," it says, "will have a field day with 'Light House'." Out of the mouth of babes, sucklings and record company biographers...

American radio will indeed eat up everything on this album. All the rough edges Kim Carnes' voice might suggest have been smoothed out and rounded down, the tense threat of danger which made 'Bette Davis Eyes' so appealing has been surgically removed and all that remains is that fundamentally country/MOR safety and security.

That same biographer alleges that Carnes recorded this album completely live. And claims that this is her usual practice. "It's the only way to get that on-the-edge performance, she said," he says. Well! You can only assume that he means she was breathing at the same time, because 'Light House' sounds about as live as a frozen pizza. If this is out 'on-the-edge' then darts is a sport, Margaret Thatcher cares and Clapton is God!

However, 'Light House' is graced by a quite tangible sense of *quality*. And, as you will already have guessed, my chronic fence-sitting can only mean that, although I know I should despise such non-teenage, non-John Peel (Christ, it's even non-Janice Long!), easy listening *quality*, even though I know I should be championing the unlistenable Bogshed, I still kinda like it. Oh bum! There goes the credibility again.

ROGER HOLLAND

LUCIA HWONG 'House Of Sleeping Beauties' (Private Music 1601)****1/2

SANFORD PONDER 'Etosha' (Private Music 1101)****1/4 **PATRICK O'HEARN 'Ancient Dreams'** (Private Music 1201)****1/2

THANK GOD they're marketed as *music* and not natural yoghurt. New Age? Sew-age! Forget categories, Peter Baumann's New York based Private label is simply concerned with releasing engaging albums for anyone with ears.

Lucia Hwong would appear to be the complete artist.

Actress, painter, dancer, academic, model and, judging by this LP, composer and multi-instrumentalist of some note (sic). Musically it's East meets West, and the result is an exotic, semi-classical and pretty damned gorgeous score draw. Philip Glass' street-cred sleeve notes add the stamp of approval.

Sanford Ponder may have a hapless name but his discreet and gracious marshalling of ambient electronics produces an album of warmth and charm. Modest, mesmeric music for interior designers.

'Ancient Dreams' — perversely the most modern sounding of the bunch — is a very *topographical* affair, inspiring images of huge inhospitable terrains, journeying down the Orinoco, stuff like that. Consequently, I am reduced to the size of an ant whenever listening to it.

Eddie Jobson's 'Theme Of Secrets', Jerry Goodman's 'On The Future Of Aviation' and a compilation, 'Piano One' (featuring Sakamoto amongst others) completes the packet of six so far released by this promising and rather aptly named label.

DAVID ELLIOTT

ZEST

room of one's adolescence.

In 'Pass You By', a down-pour of rainy guitars patter gently onto Paul Marsh's excellent, subdued vocals, lighting hopeful fires in the heart of the song's despondency. These guitars are the reason why the Lemon Drops are so good; they enforce the immense depth of feeling that their songs always create. During the title track, frustration explodes, with aggressive guitars rushing and overlapping the edge of exasperation.

The subject matter throughout revolves around love, its exhilaration and its desertion. But there's very little candyfloss. Marsh's voice, on 'All The Way', 'Hypnotised' and 'Like An Angel', is stark and full of sinister threat, similar to Sting's ominous ambiguity on 'Every Breath You Take'.

'Happy Head' is not just a collection of 12 great songs but a celebration of guitar-orientated music. The Lemon Drops, with 'Happy Head', have defined how exciting the guitar can still be when it manages to honestly echo human emotion, from joy to sadness to love and pain. Place alongside the classics in the hall of fame.

RON ROM



LEMON DROP Paul Marsh enters the hall of fame

STEAK AWAY!

MEAT LOAF 'Blind Before I Stop' (Arista 207 741)***

AFTER SPENDING last Saturday afternoon chasing Meat around a forest, shooting paint pellets at his wallowing frame with a Splatmaster marking pistol, it's kind of hard to take some of this war-fevered rock combat too seriously. Meat's epic Steinman days have long gone of course, so the struggle is evident. If '84's 'Bad Attitude' announced his slide downward, his turn towards bellicose bluster, 'Blind' only just keeps him bluffing above the surface.

Is this what two years on a mustard and tomato diet does to a man? Shedding eight stone, he's a less ludicrous figure to behold, but the music piles on the weight and loses its muscle. Two years ago, brash flashes like 'Modern Girl' showed that Meat was not just full of dull explosions, doffing his cap to halfway acceptable FM/AOR pop that dispensed with hackneyed imagery, all his goofy B-movie swagger. Here, he can still rattle his sabre without descending to shameless histrionics, but these moments seem like mirages when you get to them, swamped as they are by his penchant for tyrannical banter.

Even so, 'Special Girl' and 'One More Kiss' possess enough honey-tongued temper to get away with it. When the loud-mouth returns, I want to holler abuse and hide in a sack.

The last time I met Meat Loaf, he was hiding behind a hedge somewhere outside Hatfield, telling me he was short of paint pellets and asking what time the barbecue started. Then he darted away hooting "bonzai!" in his best mid-Atlantic drawl. After all that pantomime, it is an Herculean task to take hollow thunder like 'Masculine' and 'Rock 'N' Roll Hero' as anything but high camp.

Believe me though, 'Blind Before I Stop' isn't even that rib-tickling. Too steeped in tone-deaf solos and makeshift riffs, you need a fine pair of nail-clippers to pluck out the best bonfire bits. Only as good as the last Meat Loaf album, which isn't enough, is it?

JONH WILDE

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LOVE AND ROCKETS

'Express' (Beggars Banquet BEGA 74)****

GET THIS. Despite the muscular heart which lay quivering deep beneath their usually unlistenable wall-of-sludge sound, Bauhaus, towards the end, were among the most overrated heavy metal combos of all time.

Bauhaus forgot to take into account the value of moderation, but in this latest incarnation – under the distinctly grotty Love And Rockets banner – the three blokes who weren't Pete Murphy appear to have shed a great deal of excess weight, emerging leaner and fitter as a result.

Daniel Ash, Kevin Haskins and David J, with no cumbersome Murphy voice to impede their progress (nor kill all the good bits stone dead), have re-invented their style. Gone is all the pomp, the bloated HM preening, the cement-mixer subtlety; instead, we get from Love And Rockets an unexpectedly ramshackle mix-up of zany lyrics and thrill-a-minute rasping vocals.

The guitars are hard and harsh, the drums strike crisply and it's all so unpretentious, so much so that when the boys can resist the urge no longer and they just have to pose the question "Do you dream of running naked in the rain?", you can shrug it off and get on with enjoying the rest of this wholly painless LP.

Frolicsome, flamboyant and not in the least bit flabby, Love And Rockets are actually quite... good?

MR SPENCER

THE THREE JOHNS

'Live In Chicago' (Last Time Round LAST 001)****

THIS IS the story of three boys. All they ever wanted to do was get drunk, have a bit of fun and change the world, and look what happened. Stuck in the windy city with only a sense of humour and a clutch of brutal northern bullets to play, they faced the might of America and fired their guitars. June 24, 1985: the day The Three Johns hit Chicago.

HALLOWED MORTALS



TMC'S Dominic: haunting

THIS MORTAL COIL 'Filigree And Shadow' (4AD DAD 609)*****

STANDING ATOP a dew-kissed hill staring into the dawn, a chilled breeze teases your neck as the tranquillity of death ebbs and flows through your senses. 'Filigree And Shadow' plays gently on your mind. The world, for a moment, is becalmed in a sea of beauty. The pain and love it's soaked in drip like nectar onto a thirsty tongue.

This is the second collection of nurtured dreams from This Mortal Coil. It takes an affectionate glance over its shoulder at the delicate introspection of the original before embarking on a more intensive meander through your psyche. It's a picture of greater dimensions, with its four sides painted from a richer palette.

This Mortal Coil are less a group, more a state of mind. The diverse, sometimes fragile, contributions sailing under its flag lock together to form an impenetrable wall of strength. They draw their inspiration and obliqueness from a myriad sources. David Byrne's 'Drugs', Van Morrison's 'Come Here My Love' and Tim Buckley's 'I Must Have Been Blind' and 'Morning Glory' drift serenely by with a knowing glint, while those contributions from lesser mortals knit together in perfect harmony.

The ethereal majesty of Elizabeth Fraser, that adorned the first affair, has been replaced by the haunting voice of Dominic Appleton, chanting such sweet sorrow on the collection's most treasured vistas, 'The Jeweller', 'Strength Of Strings' and the demure reworking of Colourbox's 'Tarantula'.

'Filigree And Shadow' searches and pierces anxious flaws in my make-up, stripping away a troubled veneer to reveal a breathless vulnerability. 'Filigree And Shadow' is the perfect soundtrack for evenings spent alone with just self-doubt and love as company.

KEVIN MURPHY

VAT OUT OF HELL

BILLY BRAGG 'Talking With The Taxman About Poetry' (Go! Discs AGOLP 6)***

I'VE BEEN talking with the taxman and things don't seem too bright. Billy Bragg – heart of gold and soul of a Doc Marten – has shaded in his bristling pockets of political polemic, scribbled over the smart-arsed one liners, and had a crack at growing up.

The naivety has kicked off elsewhere and we're left with a Bragg dampened by two excessive years of money, political push and pull, easy interviews, loving, living and learning. An LP with enough soft centres to crack a bad joke about chocolates – and at a time when the press is growing long in the tooth – instead of sharp, this is disappointing.

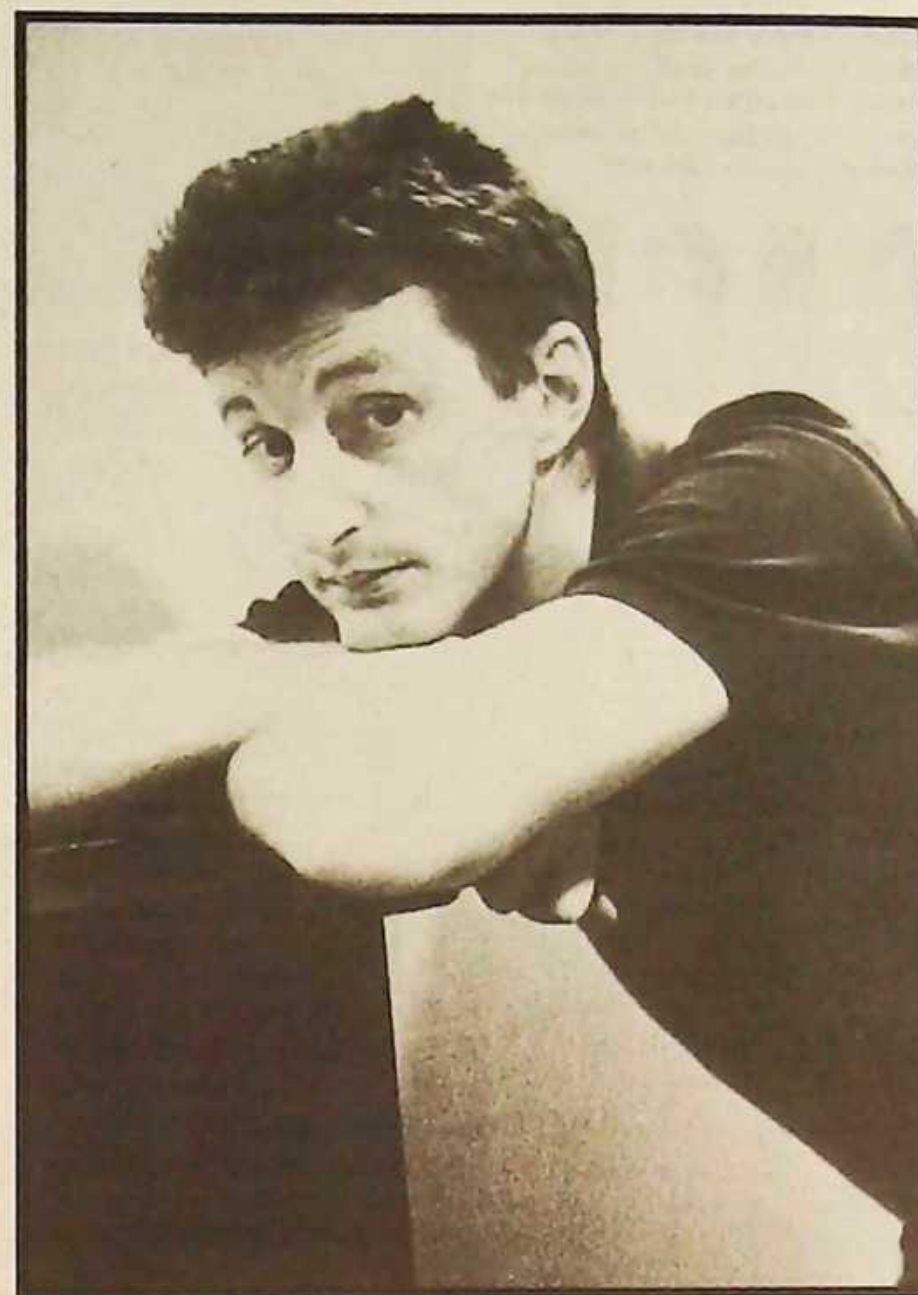
Taking on the decay of the country through the decay of the family – 'The Marriage' and 'The Home Front' especially – he is still picking his targets deftly but the songwriting has mellowed. It's as if Bragg has put away the Stanley knife and taken out a plastic fork, or a Parker pen, which is no bad thing but it leaves him high and dry and open to accusations that he is yet to reach that high standard of writing about personal politics that he already commands as a social commentator.

The problem with his long player is that Billy Bragg seems to have found it easier to develop personally than to actually write about it, plus the guitars aren't loud enough. 'Greetings To The New Brunette' is a witty guttured tip of the cap to close feelings, 'Help Save The Youth of America' shows the barrel still smoking, sounding like a folk version of 'I Fought The Law', and 'Levi Stubbs' Tears' is as powerfully poignant as possible.

It's these tracks, and the fine trumpet on 'The Marriage', that saves 'Talking With The Taxman' from a verbal sand-blasting.

I'd say the attempt at creating a worthy and acceptable face for the Labour Party has taken its toll and is leaving Bragg flat. Regular meals and a full diary are suffocating the squib. Go! get disorganised.

JAMES BROWN



BILLY BRAGG: no more hard Labour (please!)

"In New York we were goth punks like The Sisters Of Mercy. In LA we were valley girls but nobody believed us. Tonight we're gangsters."

And they bloody play like it as well.

Of course, 'Live In Chicago' suffers the pitfalls of many a live record. It lacks the pristine, sparkling edge of John, John and John in the studio – they go out of tune and fall over and get up and carry on. The live document is as raw and red as sticking your hand in the blender, but what really makes this one worthwhile is the humour of les Johns as they try to get a Yankee audience to make some kind of sense out of this British subcultural mayhem. Covering Bolan's 20th

Century Boy', resurrecting The Three Majohnas, ("***** for the very first time") and running through their own set of urban terror tornados, they walk and talk a revolution of the senses in society.

This imported record will no doubt be hideously overpriced in Britain but it does contain a lot of the essence of the Johns that can't be found anywhere else on vinyl. A treat for the converted; sceptics beware.

RICKY KILDARE

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS

'Live' (EMI America AML 3108)****

HARDER THAN the rest,

better than the rest and bad to the bone, George Thorogood can't spell but he sure can rock 'n' roll. Give me my Barrence Whitfield, my George Thorogood and my Motorhead, and lay my soul to rest.

Yes, OK, so George and his Delaware Destroyers ("the Original Six Man Quartet!") are still tearing up the same old songs that they played back in the '70s, but what the hell?

Rockin' rhythm 'n' blues played with a mean and heavy slide guitar, intense and direct, George Thorogood's music has

always been a vital live phenomenon, and this fiercely traditional live set recorded at the Cincinnati Gardens in Ohio can do no more than underline this in firm bold strokes.

Ever since that first Thorogood album back in 1978, the old John Lee Hooker classic 'House Rent Boogie'/'One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer' has been something of a signature tune for the Destroyers. And consequently, it is during their performance of this particularly heavy mannered gem that the one flaw in this stomping, pounding live

document becomes clear.

In translating his very live studio albums into live performances, Thorogood has had to introduce elements of that hoary old disgrace, crowd participation, into his set. And as a result, the absolute integrity and awesome power of those albums has been compromised. Only a little, mind you, but just enough to make a surefire five star idea no more than a four star album. Sorry.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE BARRY GRAY ORCHESTRA 'No Strings Attached' (PRT DOWP 3)****1/2

KIDDIE FADS come and go, but one prop of civilisation remains constant – Gerry Anderson puppet shows. While perennial re-runs continue to enrapture new generations of teenies, it is worth bearing in mind that the punk class of '76 was weaned on *Thunderbirds* the first time around. Thought-provoking, eh?

All your favourite Anderson tunes (all right, Barry Gray tunes, if you must be pedantic) are gathered together on one groovy disc. Well, almost all your favourites – it's scandalous that Steve Zodiac's "I wish I was a spaceman/The fastest guy alive" theme fails to make the cut.

Still, eight dandy little vignettes assembled on a conversation piece piccy disc, one side of which features Scott at the mixing desk of *Thunderbird One*, the other a touching family group of the dinner-jacketed Tracy clan, with entourage.

No *Fireball XL5*, but the presence of both 'Stingray' and 'Aqua Marina' is of great comfort to me, as I can do pretty good impersonations of the whole cast. Pieces from *Captain Scarlet* and *Joe 90* pave a smooth way to the culminating *pièce de résistance*, Lady Penelope's 'Parker, Well Done'. Thank you, m'lady...

ANDY HURT

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L I V E S



LICKING METAL: this man is a mindless aggressor

Steve Double

PUPPET SHOW

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND/
ALL ABOUT EVE

Croydon Underground
MESSY BEAT angel Christopher Roberts gets run over by a car in Paris' historic Le Boulevard Victor Hugo and wakes up in a hospital reciting Baudelaire's *Remords Posthume*, also insisting, "I'll make it to the Xmal gig on the morrow". Then he faints again, but makes it.

So, 24 hours later, in a dark dank corner of Croydon, Surrey, two fatally lapsed pop groups don't come quite as close to total poetry or the heart of the hurricane, but life's no bowl of fireworks, not all the time.

Meanwhile, these two pop groups, sultry and shameless, shake a wicked hip and yearn to be cold, remote and unattainable. They are all these things but how much more? Beat Angel might be rubbing his stitches and claiming that this year's Xmal are the most beautiful pop group in the world but I don't hold truck with any of it. I watch them throw thunderous shapes at the sky and halfway through the frigid but fraught 'Polaricht',

realise they look, just look, like angels, the lot of them, but seem too bothered with private claustrophobia to move me a single inch. Xmal's icy remoteness is often the most interesting point about them, invariably more consuming than their ongoing grind of glacial noise.

When Xmal get fraught and frightened, as in 'Jahrumjahr' or the encore 'Paho Mondlicht', they can be more than a dry cough, just hinting at some of the most intent post-Banshees smog, but then I wonder how far it has all come since the dusky 'Fetisch' of three years back. Xmal are cherubims, all five of them, but they make music so knowingly glum, so hung with despondency. They're sympathising with our mopes when they could be busy shagging our brains out.

All About Eve suffer from similar diseases, but their hang-ups are less deep-rooted. The singer performs miracles but these are messed by the rockist tarts that surround her. The solution is in sight though. Two pop groups, not just

part of the endless gurgle, no more than that, but less heroic than the bedside Baudelaire. That's understandable, brilliantly frivolous.

JONH WILDE

THE CHAMELEONS/JOY
Kentish Town Town
And Country Club

WELL, BLOW me if the place isn't full almost to the point of being uncomfortable. The Chameleons' cult grows while their records just come and go, making large numbers of people happy in the process but never managing to leave a lasting impression on the world.

If only the 'C's could muster the necessary derring-do quota for a keen swipe at the pop charts. Their rapturous gushes of sound are suitably unforgettable and, coming after the humourless drone of Joy (good name that), the five Mancunians in question tonight take on the appearance of something approaching saviours.

The crowd goes loopy at the sight of the band's semi-flared trousered ordinariness. It challenges your

preconceptions to a degree, seeing this troupe of almost-casuals yet hearing a music that shudders and swoops, leaving your jaw hanging limply – an ecstatic wordless yelp.

There you are, rooted to the spot, bedazzled by the group's sense of magnitude, their ingenious ploy of making a focal point of the keyboards – using them as a gentle counter-balance to the frequently tormented vocals of Mark Burgess – and meanwhile, the following crude ritual is taking place: all male chicken-dancing, bare-chested blokes hitting out and barging into each other.

One can only assume they're missing out on the intrinsic loveliness of their heroes' music. It tarnishes the event somewhat, witnessing something that's basically nice being so gravely misinterpreted. The Chameleons deserve more than this.

Five years from now, they'll either be massive or dead and buried. If the latter turns out to be the case, I'll eat my ticket stub.

MR SPENCER

METALLICA/ANTHRAX
Hammersmith Odeon

IF ANTHRAX are like a very big lump of rock dropping from the sky and smashing through your ceiling, then Metallica are like a much larger, twice as destructive and elaborately decorated lump of rock dropping from the sky and smashing through your ceiling.

There's a revolution going on, boring old heavy metal's getting pushed around. They're getting rid of the poseurs, the smooth-talkers in Spandex and the chest-beating crooners; never before have I attended an HM event when the bands turn out in the same grotty denims they've been wearing all day. Neither have I ever experienced a metal crowd slip so perilously close to a state of lawlessness.

The atmosphere is formidable, a general feeling of elated togetherness, of Anything Can Happen, although it almost certainly won't.

And it doesn't, at least not in the sense of something chaotic and totally unexpected taking place. However, the neatly paced wildness of tonight's groups is more than adequate when it comes to fitting the bill.

Interestingly, Anthrax almost steal the show. They encore with a furious version of the punk 'God Save The Queen', leaping and lunging around the stage like their clothes are on fire. Their obvious delight at having pretty much conquered the Odeon is hard to resist. You have to smile at their good fortune.

They sound like a jumbo jet taking off in a tin bucket: extremely loud, slightly ragged, full of laddish good humour and bereft of even the merest hint of subtlety.

Metallica, on the other hand, are technical wizards. Listen closely enough and you'll hear impossible time changes, miraculous drumming, plus strange and daring experiments with vocal harmonies – all at speeds previously considered unimaginable.

This lot sound like the tin bucket with the jumbo jet inside being kicked down a concrete staircase, but with lots of clever, twiddly bits soaring majestically over the din.

'Master Of Puppets' and 'Ride The Lightning', two classics of the idiom plucked from the air at random, illustrate perfectly the band's sharp and quirky approach to mindless aggression.

Metallica also have the perfect name, and they are unstoppable.

MR SPENCER

OUTSIDE EDGE
Marquee

THERE ISN'T a kind way of saying that Outside Edge don't excite me, but it's got to be said all the same. I've seen 'em three times now and each time they've been... enjoyable, nothing more.

I think it all boils down to charisma. Outside Edge haven't enough. They've a hoard of good, taut, throbbing tunes ('Wait' is exceptional) yet the delivery, live as on record, begs for that indefinable magic touch. 'You' and 'Heartbeat Away' get by OK, but two highlights in an hour isn't what I'd normally make a round trip of 80 miles for.

I've always felt that great rock has everything to do with character. Even a certain fallibility – the way Terraplane occasionally fall flat on their faces for example – can be appealing. Outside Edge are only a little short of anonymous, and for that reason I couldn't help feeling detached, an observer. Disinterest inevitably crept in.

Likeable though he is, Tom Farmer is too quiet to be convincing as a frontman, and with no supporting cast to speak of, he's being squeezed into a role which he's neither cut out for nor comfortable with.

It's a pity really, 'cause Outside Edge are possibly the only AOR act I know who just aren't embarrassing. I didn't wince once throughout the entire set which, by Journey, FM and REO standards, is remarkable.

The problem is, I never once caught my breath either.

PAUL ELLIOTT

PETE SHELLEY
New York Palladium

PETE SHELLEY, the performer, is on stage waving his magic wand. With a flick of the wrist, he wipes away time, dismisses nostalgia and spits upon casual cynicism. He is here to bring us pop songs and I am here to be astounded. This is the general idea. Not entirely dissimilar to the awe and laughter The Buzzcocks couldn't keep to themselves – but this *isn't* The Buzzcocks. Some qualities remain but Pete Shelley, the traditionalist, is only human.

I am here to watch Pete Shelley, the dreamer, spilling his secrets and thrilling us. He confesses, imagines, wonders what it's all about and knows. He unleashes his passions and watches as they become ours.

Pete Shelley, the paradox, is the funniest man in the world, his best parodies being those self-contradictory conclusions drawn through sly, deductive reasoning. Pete Shelley, the playful satirist,

smiles a devious grin and laughs contagiously as I melt and fall through the floor.

Pete Shelley, the neurotic, is captivating and sinister. He lurks on the brink of desire and endlessly chases his heart.

Pete, the pop prophet, takes pleasantries and cunningly diverts them. Each song is carefully, skilfully sliced open; in the same breath it's callously ripped apart, spat out, re-designed and exhibited with a chilling exuberance.

Pete Shelley, the ace up pop's sleeve, calls for immediate attention.

Pete, the dangerous daydream, is getting personal. He is confronting us, confirming his place. He conveys, with a blink on a barren stage, as great a sparkle and steady manic energy as that which first inspired these consistently precise pop testimonies.

Pete Shelley, the loveliest man in the world, is strumming his 12 string and merging heaven with the sea. He calls it optimistic realism. It is, of course, pure heaven.

VALERIE ROSNER

THE BRILLIANT
CORNERS/VOICE OF
THE BEEHIVE
Kentish Town Timebox

JON FAT Beast, a man of taste and discernment because he lets me in free, says the Beehives are going to be "this" big. No one disagrees, and soon afterwards I'm saying: "You were right, you were right."

VOTB are not an all-girl group; they are Americans Tracy and Melissa fronting three very definitely male persons, and the whole shebang rivets and entertains somewhere between 10,000 Maniacs and Chrissie Hynde. Tracy was once in a band called The Love Bombs. This I can believe. A confident coquette, she waves her right arm and the boys fall hopelessly to 'The Beat Of Love' and 'Sorrow Floats'.

That Petrol Emotion's 'It's A Good Thing' is thrown in like a molotov. Melissa whirls and Tracy taunts. The acceptable revolving door of rock, as in 'Pretenders'. Cheering.

Bristol's Brilliant Corners remain as boyishly charming as the day they were first boyishly charming. Songs like 'Meet Me On Tuesday' and 'Jim's Room' ("and he didn't even have a great haircut") are composite pop sparkle, going through their paces with something like well-gauged abandon. The words are full of irony and self-deprecating humour, neither of which necessarily denies romance.

If, however, this attractive tumbledown shack of a group are not to let the likes of the

A PEARSON THE

FIVE STAR

Hammersmith Odeon
OR IS IT '5 Star'? After the introductions, a huge glittering gleaming group logo descends from stage high, five young pop persons make a grand entrance and a lot of even younger pop personettes go over so slightly wild.

From planning a campaign in their Romford front room to buying that house of their dreams in Virginia Water (or somewhere like that), Five Star too have made it big. An accession to the big time which tonight's little wing ding establishes beyond all but the most unreasonable doubt.

So, the only thing left to doubt is whether they actually deserve it.

While playing in London, Five Star do as every London band does. They tell their public how great it is to be back. They've only been away for four dates on their very first tour, but gosh are they glad to be back. Five Star are so bloody glad to be back that they remind me of the fact in between almost every song. This is called professionalism.

Having your sister choreograph your dance routines may not be totally professional, but it sure cuts down the overheads. Unfortunately, the moment a line of five dancers – some of whom were not really born to dance for a living – launch into their set steps, those of a cynical bent start counting the number of

ACID VIBRATIONS



GENESIS: next he'll show you how to do a bunny rabbit...

Steve Double

Beehives leave them on the starting blocks in the great 'success' chase, they'll have to revamp their visual limitations. Was a time one could get away with dressing like Morrissey, even make mileage from it, but now surely new shirts are called for. Shirts that match the ideology of the red guitar that shouts YEAH!

But then The Brilliant Corners finish with 'Delirious', and when things sound *this* crisp and dagger-like, who's spinning and tumbling whose laundry? Someone throws leaves at the singer. They're beautiful.

CHRIS ROBERTS

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG/THE BLUBBERY HELLBELLIES

HELLO, GOOD evening and welcome to the Greenpeace benefit dedication night. First on stage, The Blubbery Hellbellies. A group made up of a boy scout, a kilted Scot, a psychedelic Texan and a seemingly pregnant skinhead, they whooped and hollered through knee-slappin', foot-

stompin' muzak, whipping the crowd to a frenzy. Yep, they made real mean bacon and their dedications for tonight were to the press and others who didn't pay, and to Stuart Adamson.

Dedications from The Men They Couldn't Hang included those to Nick Lowe, Stuart Adamson (again), Madness and those watching *The Monocled Mutineer*. I was disappointed only by the fact that they're not Irish - their husky, whisky in the jar, Irish voices always made me think they were. But what the hell, they were brilliant. The whole floor was swaying along to old fave 'A Night To Remember' and the mass of happy, shining faces jiggled the night away to 'Wishing Well', 'Tin Soldiers' and new single 'Shirt Of Blue'.

The Men They Couldn't Hang are obviously too nifty to be noosed. Everyone joined in with the 'twiddley dee's and the 'whoaaa's, including a *Sounds* photographer who thought it sounded "frightfully football terracey" but, like the whales, didn't get a dedication.

Maybe next time...

KEZ OWEN

GTR

Hammersmith Odeon

THE ALBUM sleeve says it all. That logo incorporates those three letters into the body of an ever so subtle flashy guitar, and the two stick on labels strive to emphasise that this is not just another bunch of boring musos, *this* is Steve Hackett and Steve Howe. Whoever they may be.

Oh alright, I know. Two of the least obnoxious heavyweight progressive rocksters, Hackett and Howe are trying to make a fresh start. And they would appear to be struggling to establish any sort of identity, although their brave choice of a vocalist with an astoundingly silly name, Max Bacon (I mean, you'd expect someone like David Coverdale, wouldn't you?), has won them a place in my heart.

Shiny bright and scarcely objectionable, GTR are much more Yes than Genesis, playing trebly placebo wallpaper rock for the '80s. All Dr Jeckyll with not a trace

of Mr Hyde, at times GTR recall Frankie Goes To Hollywood playing Madonna, but whisper it quietly because the crowd at the Hammy Oey are notoriously over-protective and liable to write nasty letters.

On the odd occasion that the most expensive twin lead guitarists in town cut loose and 'rock out', as in 'Reach Out', they underline their own undeniable technique and extreme competence. But still GTR is the sort of band that might at any moment attempt to set the science fiction trilogy of its choice to music. And the music they so complacently play says nothing to me about my life. As they say.

ROGER HOLLAND

PSYCHIC TV

The Elizabethan, River Thames

HE CAME and saw, Psychic TV split his conkers into cufflinks, and from then on he became Hee! Hee!, with a terrible affliction of the dreaded Eee syndrome. The world was never the same again.

A few hours before, the world consisted of a queue on the banks of the Thames. Hyperdelic hobgoblins, psychotic pixies and three-horned toads on an evening off from their day jobs as A&R men beat the pavement, while they waited to alight on The Elizabethan for a night of cruising with Genesis P Orridge.

Old Father Thames was so still, barely rippling a watery eyelid as The Elizabethan's disco drilled out the sounds of the '60s into the otherwise silent night, when the lunacy took hold.

White noise blurred Hee! Hee! vision. A glad-ragged grandfather dolly with bulging eyes and a T-shirt made of tangerine dreams twisted his ears into tune. Genesis took the helm and Psychic TV began to broadcast the biorhythms of the possessed. Hee! Hee!, who once made a considerable profit selling the boxed works of Throbbing Gristle, sceptically slipped through the crowd, Ariel twitching.

The barriers were down. We were all Psychic TV now, only some people, like Paula, were better than others at playing the drums. Mayhem! Movement! Mirth! The Elizabethan rocked with Ov Power.

The lights blew their filaments and the PA died. "Anybody got a screwdriver?" implored a roadie. And still Psychic TV played with the channels in Hee! Hee! mind, and Genesis unplugged his skull with a flamethrowing, hysterical stare. It was at this point that Hee! Hee! realised that, if the gift of rock music is to strip away our rationality and plunge us into the emotional twilight zone beyond, then Genesis, a totally tuneless tuna-toned singer, is Britain's biggest tease.

"Just time for three tabs of acid, a capsule of Ecstasy and a beer," laughed Gen, a catalytic genius. We docked at the end of the world.

JACK BARRON

BLUE IN HEAVEN/BIG MUSIC

Hammersmith Clarendon

TWO SECONDS is all it takes to spot the wally: he's on stage with Big Music. He keeps his back to us throughout the initial build up, just that shapely right leg pumping along to the music, then suddenly he turns with a victorious yelp, a fist in the air and one hell of a chest peeping out from behind a teasingly unbuttoned denim jacket.

This guy is pure sex, or at least he appears to think so. Either that or Paul Rutherford. Meanwhile, the Big Music sound echoes around the near empty hall, swooping and swelling, then climaxing

every time to a whisper of applause from the Clarendon's four dark corners. In a perfect world, the whole of Wembley Stadium would be roaring its approval. Tonight, though, you could hear a pin drop.

Cool as cucumbers, Big Music now explode into a silky smooth but "anguished" and terribly angry song about unemployment. The Rutherford man unveils his punchy dance and I drift, helpless, into the land of nod...

I awake to the rumble of Blue In Heaven's crackling aggression; a refreshing blast of hard-edged guitar, a good old fashioned crack at the drums and an appealingly rock 'n' roll singing voice.

The Dubliners are received with enthusiasm by a now sizeable audience, but to be honest they are merely competent - a rowdy little band worth catching for a bit of fun, occasionally stimulating on a neck-jerk level but not much besides.

Blue In Heaven, despite their inability to startle, could in all seriousness become very popular within a couple of years. Big Music, on the other hand, may have a few problems.

MR SPENCER

HEAD/COOKIE CREW

Covent Garden Africa Centre

THE COOKIE CREW are something of an anomaly - here's a pair of rappers who haven't brushed up on their braggadocio. Unlike every other silver tongued word machine, this pair of young London girls aren't insisting that they are the best, the finest, ahead of the rest.

Not that they've any need for excessive modesty. For the five minutes they played, they rapped with the best of them. Still, five minutes isn't a long time and it remains to be seen whether they can knock it into a Warholian 15.

Gareth Sager's last incarnation was with the fecund jazz-soul of Float Up CP, and from his early days with Rip Rig And Panic it seemed that Sager was to pursue jazz patterns 'til his dying day. So it comes as a surprise when a guitarist appears wearing leather chaps and Western chic straight out of *Pale Rider*. It's even more surprising when he is recognised as Nick Shepherd, one of the brutally photogenic young rockers that Strummer roped in for the last incarnation of The Clash.

This is Head, a country band with Sager on vocals. Hardly a new idea but this is most definitely not the wacky, wagon train frippery of a Yip Yip Coyote. Head are a disturbingly direct rock band with all the violent appeal of Jesse James.

The best moments are a hard, totally unaffected cover of 'Me And Mrs Jones' and one about small towns, drink and fights. This is Marlboro country and these Sager-ettes burn.

ROY WILKINSON

HOPPING MAD

RUN DMC/WHODINI/LL COOL J

Hammersmith Odeon

LUGHOLES STILL ringing in the wake of UK Fresh, The Council For The Propagation Of Tinnitus park their convoy of articulated trucks outside the Hammy Odeon, unload three tons of whistles, and prepare for the second serious instalment of eardrum-busting this summer.

We arrive at 7.30pm sharpish and bugger me if The Beastie Boys haven't been and gone already. I console myself with the knowledge that the hefty smattering of domestic celebs have missed them too...

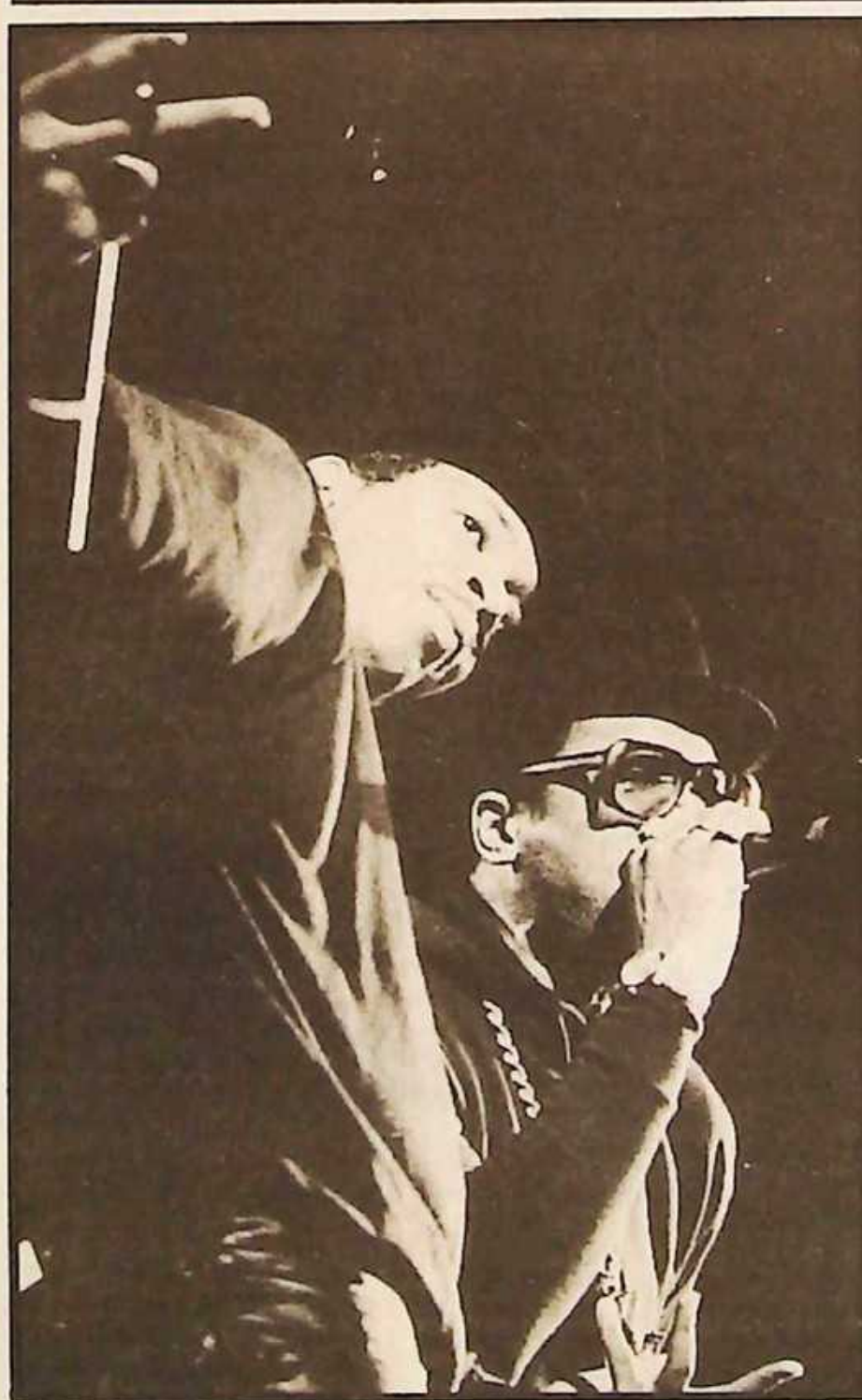
So what's new? Well, the clarion call "let's get fresh" has been superseded by "let's get ill", a promising development which will win my unqualified allegiance once it mutates into "let's get legless". LL Cool J and Run DMC each bring onstage a non-playing member, the accessory minder-cum-hat-rack, a must for all hip hop extravaganzas: a dude in red track togs to match Mr J, a brother in black to complement the bill-toppers.

The metal salutes are universal and the enthusiasm total as the holiest of rap mantras are respectfully reeled off by all performers ("everybody scream" etc), with cameos made by old faves like "da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire" and inconclusive random crowd surveys of star signs.

The Oscar for best DJ of the evening goes to Whodini's main man, who completely overshadows the duo. LL Cool J is clearly in the ascendant, registering a very healthy reading on the whistle-ometer, but Run, DMC and Jay manage to justify their position at the top of the pile with a solid display of double-speak, although somehow I can't see what possible use these fairly portly young blades could possibly have for a pair of running shoes.

Directly in front of me, a seven-year-old stands confidently on the back of his seat, his teeny hip-hugging hands occasionally breaking free to burst into flurries of cutesy finger-pointing hand-jive. The playground patter of the rap kings has found its logical market at last.

ANDY HURT



RUN DMC: the Ronald McDonalds of rap

Jayne Houghton

ACTION

times they cock up. A lot.

This, curiously, is Five Stars' charm, their justification. A suburban hybrid of The Jacksons and Bucks Fizz dressed by the man who inherited the Tavares collection, Five Star are five of us. The pop stars next door. Amateurs in ermine. And very, very safe.

While Michael Jackson's voice has a taste of breathless danger, while Janet obviously knows what her hips are for and while Prince wears his girlfriends' lingerie on stage, Five Star, you feel, could quite easily get chosen for next year's Eurovision Song Contest. And you just know they're never going to buy themselves an oxygen tent.

ROGER HOLLAND

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TUESDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0253 27786



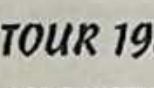
HARP BEAT
THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME
PRESENTS

Buffy Curtess
AND THE GRASSHOPPERS

ON TOUR 1986

FRIDAY 26th SEPTEMBER • ABERYSTWYTH GUILD OF STUDENTS
SATURDAY 27th SEPTEMBER • MANCHESTER POLY
MONDAY 29th SEPTEMBER • IMPERIAL COLLEGE, LONDON
WEDNESDAY 1st OCTOBER • SHEFFIELD POLY
THURSDAY 2nd OCTOBER • WEST MIDLANDS COLLEGE
FRIDAY 3rd OCTOBER • SOUTH BANK POLY, LONDON
SATURDAY 4th OCTOBER • KINGSTON POLY
MONDAY 6th OCTOBER • TOP RANK SUITE, BRIGHTON
WEDNESDAY 8th OCTOBER • TEESIDE POLY
THURSDAY 9th OCTOBER • ST. ANDREW'S UNIV.
FRIDAY 10th OCTOBER • DUNDEE UNIV.
SATURDAY 11th OCTOBER • GLASGOW UNIV.
WEDNESDAY 15th OCTOBER • MUNROE'S, PLYMOUTH
SATURDAY 18th OCTOBER • LIVERPOOL UNIV.
THURSDAY 23rd OCTOBER • HASTINGS PIER
FRIDAY 24th OCTOBER • ROYAL HOLLOWAY & BEDFORD
NEW COLLEGE, SURREY
SATURDAY 25th OCTOBER • BIRMINGHAM UNIV.
MONDAY 27th OCTOBER • PORTSMOUTH POLY.
THURSDAY 30th OCTOBER • MIDDLESEX POLY.
FRIDAY 31st OCTOBER • NORTH LONDON POLY.





MORE ADS ON PAGE 39

KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES present
HAWKWIND
plus support
UK TOUR

NOVEMBER 8 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
NOVEMBER 9 DERBY Assembly Rooms
NOVEMBER 10 OXFORD Apollo
NOVEMBER 11 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall
NOVEMBER 13 EDINBURGH Playhouse
NOVEMBER 14 NEWCASTLE City Hall
NOVEMBER 15 MANCHESTER Apollo
NOVEMBER 16 LIVERPOOL Empire
NOVEMBER 17 CARDIFF St. David's Hall
NOVEMBER 18 BRISTOL Colston Hall
NOVEMBER 20 BRADFORD St. George's Hall
NOVEMBER 22 HANLEY Victoria Hall
NOVEMBER 23 SHEFFIELD City Hall
NOVEMBER 24 IPSWICH Gaumont
NOVEMBER 26 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall
NOVEMBER 27 HAMMERSMITH Odeon
NOVEMBER 28 HAMMERSMITH Odeon
DECEMBER 3 PRESTON Guild Hall

All tickets: £5.50 and £4.50
Except: Hammersmith: £6, £5 and £4 Derby and Hanley: £5 only

DA PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
DESOLATION ANGELS

SEPTEMBER
24. BIRMINGHAM. The Railway
25. CORBY. St Brendons Soc Club
26. WALTHAMSTOW. Royal Standard
27. LETCHWORTH. The Leys

28. LLANHARREN. Rugby F.C.
29. W. BROMWICH. Coach & Horses

OCTOBER
11. CHICHESTER. Rock Club
16. SHEPHERDS BUSH. Wellington

486 - 1121

AN EVENING WITH ... **AMP** Records
From Spain, MICHEL HUYGEN'S NEURONIUM
plus ex-Tangerine Dream member STEVE JOLLIFFE
Monday September 29th, 7pm and 9pm prompt
LASERIUM SPONSORED BY **AKAI** professional
at The London Planetarium, Baker Street Tube
PREMIER BOX OFFICE: 240 2245/7, 486 1121

DNA ENTERTAINMENTS Presents at
LEEDS WAREHOUSE

THURS. 25 SEPT. **BALAAM** plus support
TICKETS £3.50 AND THE ANGEL

XMAL + FIDEI SUNDAY 28 SEPT.
DEUTSCHLAND TICKETS £3.00 ADV.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM JUMBO RECORDS, AUSTICKS HEADROW,
OR BY POST FROM DNA ENT. P.O. BOX HP2 LEEDS LS6 1LN. (Enc. S.A.E.)

DNA ENT. IN ASSOCIATION WITH SOUND ASYLUM
PRESENTS
THE MISSION

SUN. 2ND NOV. LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY
TUES. 4TH NOV. LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
WED. 5TH NOV. NEWCASTLE TIFFANYS
TUES. 11TH NOV. MANCHESTER RITZ
SAT. 15TH NOV. GUILDFORD SURREY UNI.
MON. 17TH NOV. BRIGHTON TOP RANK
TUES. 18TH NOV. BRISTOL THE STUDIO
SUN. 23RD NOV. BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
MON. 24TH NOV. AYLESBURY CIVIC CENTRE

TICKETS FOR ALL DATES £4.00 ADV. £4.50 DOOR (EXCEPT LONDON
£4.50 ADV. £5.00 DOOR) AVAILABLE FROM USUAL AGENTS OR BY POST
FROM DNA ENTERTAINMENTS P.O. BOX HP2 LEEDS LS6 1LN.
(Enc. S.A.E.)

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH TONI & WORLD SERVICE
PRESENTS
NEW MODEL ARMY
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
L'AMOURDER

OCTOBER
WEDS 8 CHIPPENHAM GOLDDIGGERS £4.00
THURS 9 COVENTRY POLYTECHNIC £3.50
SAT 11 LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT £4.00
SUN 12 BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE £4.00
MON 13 NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY £3.50
TUES 14 EDINBURGH COASTERS £4.00
WEDS 15 BRADFORD UNIVERSITY £4.00
FRI 17 ESSEX UNIVERSITY £3.75
SAT 18 TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB £4.75
SUN 19 BRIGHTON COASTERS £4.00
MON 20 CARDIFF UNIVERSITY £3.75
TUES 21 PLYMOUTH WOODS £4.00
WEDS 22 MANCHESTER SLOSKYS £4.00

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE AND LOCAL AGENTS
NEW ALBUM 'THE GHOST OF CAIN' OUT ON EMI RECORDS

Outlaw Presents
A PROBE PLUS EXTRAVAGANZA
HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT
Gone To Earth
Jegsy Dodd & The Sons of Harry Cross
Walking Seeds

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM
WED. 15th OCTOBER 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £4.50
from box office and usual agents

JLP PRESENTS
THE ASTORIA
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON W1
LOVE AND ROCKETS
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
GHOST DANCE PLUS **SPACEMAN 3**
SATURDAY 4th OCTOBER 8.00pm
Tickets £4.00 in advance.

DNA ENTERTAINMENTS Presents
RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY

CUT DOWN
New Single OUT NOW on Red Rhino Records

OCTOBER DATES
MONDAY 14TH SOUTH HAMPTON
Riverside Club
TUESDAY 14TH BIRMINGHAM
The Diamond Suite Irish Centre Digbeth
WEDNESDAY 15TH PETERBOROUGH
Tropicana
THURSDAY 16TH LONDON
Electric Ballroom All About Eve 3000 Revs
FRIDAY 17TH LEEDS
Polytechnic City Sue
SUNDAY 19TH GLASGOW
Mayfair

Special Guests on all dates: THE BATTLE BOYS
TICKETS: £3.50 adv. £4.00 door. Except London £4.00 adv. £4.50 door.
From usual agents or by post from
DNA ENTERTAINMENTS P.O. BOX HP2 LEEDS LS6 1LN.
(Enc. S.A.E.)

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 is out around the country this week, while Killing Joke are looking for some adoration at Burton On Trent (Saturday) and London (Sunday). The Housemartins stop to think for a minute at Birmingham (Tuesday), The Rose Of Avalance have a one-off in the capital (Thursday) and The Real Roxanne and others go rappin' in Birmingham (Thursday) and London (Friday, Saturday).

WEDNESDAY

24

AYLESBURY Civic Hall (86009) It Bites/STA
 BARHAM Hull (781971) General Wolf
 BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) Desolation Angels
 BRABOURNE Five Bells The Gary Dean Band
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Little Sister
 BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) TV Slaves
 BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Stilletto Ranch/Silence
 Names/Wickertrain (Anti-Apartheid Benefit)
 BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) The Very Things/All The Daughters
 BRISTOL Yesterdays (297690) Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band
 BURNHAM BEECHES Henry's Caddyshack
 CARLISLE Stars And Stripes (46361) Fields Of The Nephilim
 CHATHAM Churchills Robert Underwater/13th Marriage
 COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Buster James
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Mandrake
 EVESHAM Bridge Street Marilyn's (49123) Wilko Johnson
 FOLKESTONE Toffs Avant
 GUILDFORD Civic Hall (505050) Magnum/FM
 HULL Adelphi (48216) Red Letter Day
 LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) The Shrubs/Rote Kapelle/The Prams/Category A
 LEEDS Merrion Street Coconut Grove (455718) Gary Husband Trio
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Return Of The Seven
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Balham Alligators
 LONDON Camden Gloucester Avenue London Musicians Collective (01-722 0456) Sue Ferrar
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Mighty Ballistic Hi-Power
 LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) Bolo Bolo
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Jive Five/Tom Ingrams Record Hop
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Amazing Rhythm Burglars
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) This Big Trash/Gin Blossom/Eternal Fires
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Sarean Quartar/Jake The Pilgrim
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) God's Radio/Boy's Wonder/Beggar's Opera
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) The Didier Lockwood Band
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) 1,000 Violins/The Chesterfields/The Close Lobsters/And So To Bed/Pop Parker
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) La La La Human Steps
 LONDON Leytonstone High Road Plough And Harrow Vital Signs
 LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern Seething Wells/Nick Toczek/Ginger John
 LONDON New Cross Royal Albert (01-692 1530) Stevie Smith And The Purple Gang
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Reflection/The Funniest Joke In The World
 LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Swinging The Blues/Far Cry
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Earl Okin And Diz Dizloy's Soho String Quintette
 LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Jump Tribe/Big City
 LONDON Wimbledon William Morris Club Glow Again/The Committee
 MANCHESTER Oxford Road Polytechnic (061-273 1162) Pauline Black And The Supernaturals
 MONKS HORTON Black Horse Out Of Order
 NANTWICH Civic Hall Sideshow/The Funeral Party
 NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Billy Bragg/Mint Juleps
 PETERBOROUGH Tropicana Balaam And The Angel/The Pleasureheads
 PORTSMOUTH Gosport Village Home Free Beer
 READING Majestic (586093) Xcess
 ROMFORD North Street Precinct Rezz Club (01-597 6181) Gunsupper/Scrapheap
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Orchestra Jazira
 SHOEBOURNE Warehouse Rebel
 WATFORD Bushey Lane Browns Place The Floaters
 WORTHING The Norfolk Outside View

THURSDAY

25

ABERDEEN Ritzy (21135) The Shamen
 ASHTON IN MAKERFIELD Pit Pony (712376) Hydra
 BARRY The Savoy The Eric Faulkner Co-Operative/Peppermint Parlour/Private Sector
 BETHERSDEN Royal Standard The Gary Dean Band
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Lisa Lisa/Full Force And Cult Jam/The Real Roxanne With Hitman Howie T/DJ Cheese/Word Of Mouth
 BIRMINGHAM Queensway Island Sensateria Spacemen 3
 BOLTON Institute Of Higher Education (389024) Zoot And The Roots
 BRACKNELL South Hill Park (484123) The Skrews/Left For Dead
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 5878) Dog Town Rhythm
 BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Inca Babies/Bad Tune Men
 CORBY St Brendans Social Club Desolation Angels
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Mick Clark Band
 DEAL Black Horse Hotel Mirage
 DONCASTER Rotters Hot Tub Club Tokyo Blade/Slug The Nightwatchman/Paris
 DUNOON EM Club Raider
 EDINBURGH The Jailhouse Bobbin' John
 GLASGOW Bell Street Blackfairs Prefixed Emotion/The Living Room/Play The Game
 GLOUCESTER Brunels Charmed Life
 GODALMING Three Lions Caddyshack
 GREAT YARMOUTH Brunswick Buster James
 HARLOW The Square (25594) UXB/Protocol
 HARTLEPOOL Hart Lane Nursery Rock Club (223168) North Winds
 HASLEMERE The Good Knight Club Outside View
 HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nags Head (21758) Paul Linn/Hookline And Silverfish

HULL Adelphi (48216) A Better Mousetrap/The Shrubs
 ILKELY Rose And Crown Mississippi Shiels
 LEEDS Coconut Grove (455718) How Blue Wonders
 LEEDS Warehouse (468287) Balaam And The Angel/Hang The Dance
 LEICESTER Abbey Street Fan Club Chatslow/Hands Up! A Virgin!
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Wild Flowers
 LINCOLN Ritz (37127) Billy Bragg/Mint Juleps
 LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) The Milk Monitors
 LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) Rib Dot Delay
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Irma And The Squirmlers
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Purple Things/My Bloody Valentine/Margin Of Sanity
 LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) Slaughter Joe And The Modern Folk Quartet
 LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Ritzen Ratzen Rotzer
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Vulcans
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Three Colours/Timothy London
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Doonicans
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Cameo
 LONDON Kennington Black Prince Road Jolly Cockney The Love Hedgehogs
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) La La La Human Steps
 LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 2052) Meantime/Fleet Jazz Combo
 LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) The Rose Of Avalanche/Fields Of The Nephilim
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) All About Eve/Salvation
 LONDON Oxford Street Virgin Megastore Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band (Afternoon)
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Electric Bluebirds
 LONDON Tufnell Park The Boston Arms (01-272 2078) The Triffids/The Bible/Surreal Estate
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) IQ
 LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Swing Out Sister/Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band (Midnight)
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) It Bites/STA
 MANCHESTER Chorlton The Limit Niadom's Ghost/After The Stranger (CND Benefit)
 MANCHESTER Cross Street Cloud Nine (061-832 3350) No Tomatoes/BGK
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Entire Population Of China/Cain
 MANCHESTER Oxford Road Polytechnic (061-273 1162) The Surfing Lungs
 MANSFIELD White Hart Napalm Death/Ripcord/Deviated Instinct
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside Club (614386) Xmal Deutschland
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts/Sittin' Pretty
 NOTTINGHAM St James Street Mint Bar Those Vagabond Shoes
 NUTLEY Shelleys Sarean Quartar
 POOLE Arts Centre (685222) Magnum/FM
 RETFORD Porterhouse (704981) Psycho Surgeons/Harlequyn/Happiness Ad
 RUGBY Blitz Club The Pleasureheads
 SALISBURY Town Hall The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 SOUTHAMPTON Cliff Hotel (448547) The Profile/Asamhain
 STIRLING University (3171) Strangers And Brothers
 WISHAW Heathery Bar (72957) Condemned 84
 WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) The Mighty Lemon Drops/Freight Train

FRIDAY

26

ABERDEEN The Venue (22255) Strangers And Brothers
 AIRDRIE Ziggy's Condemned 84/Section 5
 BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Club Moral/The Iron Brotherhood/Andy Chalk/Victim
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Steve Whalley
 BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Robin Hitchcock And The Egyptians
 BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) President Reagan Is Clever/The Temple/Headmaster
 BRISTOL Western Star Domino Club The Yakometties/Hoi Polloi/Jonah And The Wail
 CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) Boney Klavical/Suicide Stars
 CHATHAM St George Hotel Killer Rabbits/Hurlman Brothers/Arcana
 COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Wilko Johnson
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) TV Slaves
 GLASGOW Venue (041-332 3874) Onslaught
 HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Mad Dog
 HULL Adelphi (48216) The Shrubs/3 Action/Swift Nick
 KIRKCALDY Saint Clair Tavern Raider
 LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside (37571) The Stingrays/The Rapids
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Soup Dragons/Viva
 LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Theatre Of The Third Dimension/Angie Bowie/O Wow
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Terry And Gerry/The Aces Of Rhythm
 LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) Miaow/Kilgore Trout
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Pirates
 LONDON Cricklewood Broadway Cricklewood Hotel The Brown Paper Bag Brothers/The Howlers
 LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt Sarean Quartar
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Stingrays/Lazy Daze
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Living In Texas/Margin Of Sanity
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Len Bright Combo/The Rover Girls
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Lisa Lisa/Full Force And Cult Jam/The Real Roxanne With Hitman Howie T/DJ Cheese/Word Of Mouth
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Blues Band
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Brazil Project/Four On Four Quartet
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Rent Party/The Deltones/The Uninvited
 LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) Pit Props
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) John Otway/Andy White
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
 LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Stormwarning/Far Cry/Hallmark/Boss Shorty's Band (Enfield Artists Against Apartheid)
 LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Team Ten
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band
 LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) I'm Talking
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Desolation Angels
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) IQ
 LONDON Wood Green Brabham Road TU Centre Club Dog Ozric Tentacles/Out Vile Jelly/Phoney American Accents
 MALVERN Herefordshire House Napalm Death/Ripcord/Deviated Instinct/Decadence Within
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) Balaam And The Angel/Xmal Deutschland
 MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) The Larry Miller Band
 NEWCASTLE University (328402) STA/It Bites
 NORTHAMPTON Racecourse The Pleasureheads
 PORTSMOUTH The Tricorn Basins Dance Hall (824728) Big Town Playboys/The Kingbeats
 READING Cap And Gown Vagabond

RETFORD Porterhouse (704981) Harlequyn/Psycho Surgeons/Happiness Ad
 ST AUSTELL Cornwall Coliseum (4004) Magnum/FM
 WARRINGTON Peppermint Gardens The Adams Family
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Groundhogs
 WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic (28521) The Blubbery Hellbellies

SATURDAY

27

ALDERSHOT West End Centre (21158) Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band
 AYLESBURY Wellhead Inn (622733) The Weather Prophets/Andy White
 BASILDON Festival Hall (23456) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
 BASILDON Roundacre Mournblade
 BATH Ring 'O' Bells (25209) The Glee Club
 BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Brigades
 BIRMINGHAM University (021-455 9777) The Primitives
 BOURNEMOUTH Cryptic Circus The Blood Splattered Lab Coats Of Your Mind
 BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (727898) The Blubbery Hellbellies
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) GB Blues Company
 BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap club (775987) No Geraniums/The Jackeltons/The Gutter Drunks (Lunch)
 BRISTOL Mars Bar Club The Dark Ravens Of Dance
 BURTON ON TRENT Central Park Grand Concert Hall (63265) Killing Joke
 DUNFERMLINE The Warehouse Strangers And Brothers
 GREAT YARMOUTH Pontins Holiday Camp R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
 HANLEY Victoria Hall Billy Bragg/Mint Juleps
 HARLOW The Square (25594) John Otway/Attila The Stockbroker
 LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Balaam And The Angel
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Filberts
 LETCHWORTH The Leys (683895) Desolation Angels/Guilty Heads
 LONDON Bolsover Street Polytechnic Of Central London The Bodines/Crikey It's The Cromptons
 LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) English Rogues
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Zoot And The Roots/Swimming In Sand
 LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) My Bloody Valentine/Rover Girls
 LONDON Clerkenwell Close The Horseshoe (01-253 6068) Seething Wells/Nick Toczek/Ginger John
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Rapiers
 LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) The Big Town Playboys
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Balham Alligators/Electric Bluebirds
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Brendan Croker And The Five O'Clock Shadows
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Voice Of The Beehive/1,000 Mexicans
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Lisa Lisa/Full Force And Cult Jam/The Real Roxanne With Hitman Howie T/DJ Cheese/Word Of Mouth
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Dave Kelly Band
 LONDON Islington Upper Street Guttersnipes Kill Ugly Pop
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Jazz Defektors/The Tommy Chase Quartet/Team Ten/Marie Murphy And Her Men
 LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) The Ya Yas
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Pirates
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Desmond Dekker And Band
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) John Cooper Clarke/The Honest Brothers
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) IQ
 LONDON West India Dock Road Buccaneer (01-515 2048) Killer B's
 LONDON Wood Green Brabham Road TU Centre Dynamics/Inc/Sheila Hyde/Felix/Claire Dowie (Anti-Apartheid)
 LUTON Switch Club (38825) Shadowlands
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) Blood Fire Posse
 MANCHESTER Oxford Road Polytechnic (061-273 1162) Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers
 MANSFIELD Palterton Hilltown WM Club Just Blue
 MEOPHAM Meopham School Maxine Daniels/Harry Gold
 NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) Spacemen 3/Lash
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Engine
 OXFORD Apollo (44544) Magnum/FM
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Love And Rockets
 SLOUGH Prince Of Wales Charlie Don't Surf
 ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (36820) Elixir
 STOKE Shelleys (322209) Statetrooper

SUNDAY

28

BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) It Bites/STA
 BLACKPOOL Pembroke Hotel Labour Party Conference Ben Elton/Skint Video
 BRADFORD Brady's (737955) The Clan/Fallen Idols
 BRISTOL Bierkeller (22265) Balaam And The Angel
 BRISTOL Colston Hall (291768) Magnum/FM
 BRISTOL Mardyke The Hamsters From Hell (Lunch And Eve)
 LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside Club (37571) The Macc Lads/Endless Party
 LEEDS The Pub With No Name Hang The Dance
 LEEDS Warehouse (468287) Feidei/Xmal Deutschland
 LLANHARAN RFC (222209) Desolation Angels
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys
 LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Bloodfire Posse/African Connexion
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail (Lunch) Manic Depressives Disco (Eve)
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Piranhas
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Bad Karma Beckons/The Perfect Strangers
 LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) The Jack Rubies/Blood Brothers/Empire Burners/Get Real/The Big Dream/Lampshade Sisters/Word For Word/Eden/Flowers For Agatha (MS Benefit)
 LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) Killing Joke
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Cameo
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Shanty Dam (Lunch) The Blues Band (Eve)
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Stan Tracey Quartet
 LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) GB Blues Company
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Zoot And The Roots (Lunch) Mano Ventura-Courtney Pine Sextet (Eve)
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Boogie Brothers Blues Band
 LONDON Wimbledon Theatre (01-540 0326) Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band/Brendan Croker And The Five O'Clock Shadows
 LUDLOW Starline Club (3355) The Hawks
 MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) Billy Bragg/Mint Juleps
 PEEBLES Cross Keys Raider
 TAMWORTH Rathole The Blubbery Hellbellies/The Smoking Mirror

MONDAY

29

BARNSTAPLE Queens Hall (3239) Magnum/FM

SHIF T

BRISTOL Top Spot Theatre R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
CARLISLE Stars And Stripes (46361) The Tygers Of Pan Tang
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) Balaam And The Angel
EDINBURGH Harriot Watt University (031-667 1011) Strangers And Brothers
LEEDS University (439071) It Bites/STA
LLANDUDNO Astra (76666) Billy Bragg/Mint Juleps
LONDON Baker Street Planetarium (01-486 1121) Michael Huygen/Steve Jolliffe
LONDON Camberwell The Union Tavern The Walking Floors/Escape From
 Burma/Timothy London/Fe Fi Fo Round The Bend/Schizo
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Giant
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) Pittsburg Preachers/Burn/15
 Minutes/Jump Tribe/Slug The Nightwatchman
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Conspiracy/The
 Brotherhood
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) The Surfadelics/3 Action/
 The Gargoyles/Wastelands/Camouflage/Swift Nick
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Xmal Deutschland/
 The Society/Fields Of The Nephilim
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Voice Of The Beehive/Salvation Sunday
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Flaco Jimenez And The San
 Antonio Tex Mex Band
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) The Chevalier Brothers
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Love And Rockets
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Desolation Angels

TUESDAY

30

BILLINGHAM The Swan Skidmarks/Raider
BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) The Housemartins
BLACKPOOL Opera House (27786) Billy Bragg/Mint Juleps
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Screaming Sirens Of Utopia
BRIGHTON The Richmond (603974) Huw Lloyd Langton/Torture Garden
BRISTOL Spirals The Chesterfields
CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers (656444) Magnum/FM
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Poor Relations
DARLINGTON Coleridge Gardens Skerne Park WMC DAN/The Attic/Wickerman/
 Incest Brothers
EDINBURGH Chamber Street Harriot Watt University (031-667 1011) The Shamen
GLOUCESTER Malt And Hops The Hamsters From Hell
LIVERPOOL Cumberland Persia
LONDON Bancroft Road Queen Mary College (01-980 4811) The Screaming
 Abdabs/Porky The Poet/Kevin Macaleer
LONDON Camberwell The Union Tavern Greenhouse Of Terror/The Elements/
 The Bambi Slam/Another Man's Poison/The Dreams
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Jive Five
LONDON Camden Sols Arms Aunt Fortescue's Bluesrockers
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Chelsea

LONDON City Of London Polytechnic Two People
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) The Blood Brothers/
 President Reagan Is Clever
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) 3 Action/Gargoyles/Pink Noise/
 Karen D'Ache
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Kalima
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) 4 Came Home/Hysteria
 Ward/7 Antelopes/The Necktie Party/Another Cuba
LONDON London School Of Economics Skint Video/Mark Miwurdz/John
 Maloney
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace No Pearls... No Passion
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Hit-List/Marble Arch
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Voodoo Child
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Meantime
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Whizz For Atoms
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Smalltown Elephants
LONDON West India Dock Road The Surfadelics
MANCHESTER Oxford Road Polytechnic (061-273 1162) Sensible Footwear/
 Beyond The Glass
OXFORD St Pauls Arts Centre Stump
READING Majestic (586093) The Tygers Of Pan Tang/Miller
SHEFFIELD Hallamshire Hotel Vicious Circle/The Masons/Media Premonition
SHEFFIELD University (24076) It Bites/STA
SOUTHEND Grand Hotel Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band

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 October 2 **COVENTRY** Polytechnic
 October 3 **LONDON** U.L.U.
 October 4 **WENDOVER** Division 1 Club
 October 6 **LONDON** Kings Queens College
 October 7 **LONDON** Queen Mary College
 October 8 **LONDON** London School of Economics
 October 9 **PORTSMOUTH** Basin
 October 10 **DUDLEY** JB's
 October 11 **RETTFORD** Porterhouse
 October 12 **SHEFFIELD** Limit Club
 October 14 **LEEDS** University
 October 15 **HUDDERSFIELD** Polytechnic
 October 16 **BARROW** Bluebird Club
 October 17 **HULL** Adelphi
 November 8 **WARWICK** University
 November 11 **LONDON** North London Polytechnic
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TOUR NEWS



RUNESTAFF warm up for recording their second album with gigs at Scottow Three Horseshoes September 26, Great Yarmouth Brunswick October 16, Kings Lynn Eagle 23, Brize Norton Spotlight 26, Melbourne Rock Club November 7.

THE NEUROTICS take their just-released 'Kickstarting A Backfiring Nation' to Newcastle Guildhall September 27.

ARMED FORCES, who now have former Grand Prix drummer Andy Bierne and singer Billy Joe McAllister in their ranks, play St Albans Horn Of Plenty September 25, Shepherds Bush Wellington October 1.

HOW WE LIVE, who are supporting Chris De Burgh on his British tour, have a headline date of their own at London's Marquee September 24.

HONDO, a reggae outfit, get back on the road after routing new material at Leicester Highfield Workshop October 2, London Imperial College 3, City Of London Polytechnic 7, Palmers Green Fox 8, London School Of Economics 11, Oxford Jerico Tavern 16, Walthamstow Royal Standard 21, Guildford Surrey University 24, Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall 25.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS continue their fifth anniversary tour at Coventry General Wolfe October 10, Wolverhampton Scruples 11, Runcorn Cherry Tree 15, Perth City Hall 16, Paisley Technical College 17, Wishaw Heatherly Bar 18, Peebles Cross Keys 19, Bradford Frog And Toad 23, Huntingdon St Ives Centre 25, Croydon Cartoon 26.

LOVE AND ROCKETS have added more dates to their tour at Sheffield Leadmill September 27, Nottingham Warehouse 29, Leeds Warehouse 30.

MIDNIGHT EXIT, a bunch of Tameside rockers, play Ashton Under Lyme Town Hall September 30.

WATCH WITH MOTHER, who've just released their first single, 'Suzanne', come out to play at Dalkeith Hi Spots September 24, Perth Plough Inn 25, Stirling Birds And Bees 27, Alloa Endrick Hotel 28, Nottingham Mardis Gras 29, Derby Liberty Bar 30, Stafford Roosters October 1, West Bromwich Coach And Horses 2, Liverpool Munroes 3, Middlesbrough Polytechnic 5, Edinburgh Queen Margaret College 6, Inverness Coach And Horses 8, Carlisle Front Page 9, Kirkcaldy St Clair Tavern 10, Bonnyrigg Waverley Hotel 11, Galashiels Digby's 16, Edinburgh Napier College 17.

THE WILD FLOWERS get out and pluck the fruits of their 'A Kind Of Kingdom' single at Leicester Princess Charlotte September 25, Chester College Of Further Education 26, Birmingham Burberry's 30, Carlisle Stars And Stripes October 1, Coventry Polytechnic 2, London University Union 3, Wendover Division One 4, Chelsea College 6, Mile End Queen Mary College 7, London School Of Economics 8, Portsmouth Basin 9, Dudley JB's 10, Retford Porterhouse 11, Sheffield Limit Club 12, Leeds University 14, Huddersfield Polytechnic 15, Barrow Bluebird 16, Hull Adelphi 17, Warwick University November 8, North London Polytechnic 11, Port Talbot Raffles 13, Bath Moles 14.

GOLGOTHA, the Midlands baroque and roll trio who split up last year "after learning all about the music scene", have decided to ignore all that and get back together for gigs at Dudley Courthouse Inn September 24, Nottingham Mardis Gras 25, Nuneaton Crown 26, Birmingham Stirchley Dogpool Hotel 27, Birmingham The Railway 28.

BLUES 'N' TROUBLE continue to promote their 'No Minor Keys' album with gigs at Glasgow College Of Technology October 3, Warwick University 8, Aberdeen University 10.

ZIPCODES, who are made up of former After The Fire keyboard player Peter Banks, Wham!'s original bassist Dave West, guitarist Mark Pearson, drummer Pete King and singer Keith Smith, play Covent Garden Rock Garden September 29, Chelsea Kings College October 6, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 9, Fulham Greyhound 24.

THE BODINES hardnose the highway at Bristol Bunker September 25, Southampton La Sainte 26, Central London Polytechnic 27, Plymouth Monroes October 1, Brighton Pavilion 2, London University Union 3, Lincoln Ballroom 8, Birmingham University 9, Leicester University 10, Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic 11, Rochdale Tiffany's 16, Manchester Boardwalk 18.

VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE, an Anglo-American quintet featuring two veterans of Crest toothpaste commercials, support 1,000 Mexicans at Fulham Greyhound on September 27 and then play Kennington Cricketers 29.

MAD DOG, who've recorded an album with Wishbone Ash's Martin Turner producing, get back on the road with gigs at Loughborough Rock Club October 3, Cardiff Bogey's 10, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 12, Windsor Arts Centre 14, Gravesend Red Lion 17, Birkenhead Stairways 18, Shepherds Bush Wellington 22, Newbridge Memorial Hall 24, Birmingham Stairways 26, Wrexham Kings Arms 30, Wrexham Eagles Inn 31, Pontypridd The Pits November 1, Harlow The Square 6.

LAUGH, who have a single coming out next month on Remorse, play Birmingham University September 26, City Of London Polytechnic October 2, Leicester University 9, Bolton College 11.

DELICIOUS POISON will be "tearing down to let in air" at North London Polytechnic October 2, Exmouth Rolle College 10, Guildford Surrey University 19, Canterbury Kent University 20, Chelmsford Polytechnic 21, Warwick University 25, Egham Royal Holloway College 31, Manchester Polytechnic November 1, Canterbury Christs College 11, City Of London Polytechnic 18, Central London Polytechnic 22.

BELINDA BEAUTY AND EGO display theirs at Cricklewood Hogs Grunt October 6.

THE SHRUBS spread the word about their 'Full Steam Into The Brainstorm' album at Leeds Adam And Eves September 24, Hull Adelphi 25, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey October 1.

MOURNBLADE wind up their current tour with a gig at Basildon Roundacre September 27.



BUT...?, a South London sextet, will be tantalising A&R men at City Of London Polytechnic October 4, London School Of Economics 11, Central London Polytechnic 31, London City University November 7.

C A R T O O N S

Hot Pork Lunch No. 63



MEMORY BANK

Sunday September 28
1938 Birthday of soul singer **Ben E. King**, in Henderson, North Carolina.
1956 RCA announced that it had sold ten million **Elvis Presley** records during the previous 12-month period - some 60 per cent of the company's entire output! BBC TV's *Old Grey Whistle* Test screened the film documentary of **Bob Dylan's** 'Hard Rain' tour.
1979 Death of **Jimmy McCullough**, former guitarist with **Thunderclap Newman, Stone The Crows** and **Wings**, aged 26, at his London home.
Monday September 29
1935 Birthday of **Jerry Lee**

1957 **Lewis**, in Ferriday, Louisiana.
1957 Birthday of **Mari Wilson**, in Kingsbury, London.
1976 **Jerry Lee Lewis**, probably a little the worse for wear celebrating his 41st birthday, tried to blast a champagne bottle with his .357 magnum, but succeeded only in wounding his bass player **Butch Owens** in the chest.
1977 **James Brown's** band staged a wholesale walk-out on him whilst in mid-tour in Florida, complaining of underpayment.
Tuesday September 30
1947 Birthday of **Marc Bolan (Feld)**, in a Hackney hospital, East London.
1954 Birthday of **Basia** of **Matt Bianco**.
1967 **Radio 1** was launched, replacing

the BBC's old Light Programme.
1971 **Rick Wakeman** made his stage debut with **Yes**, replacing **Tony Kaye** on keyboards.
1977 **Iggy Pop** played the **Rainbow** in London.

Wednesday October 1
1944 Birthday of **Scott McKenzie**, of 'San Francisco' fame, in Arlington, Virginia.
1958 **Elvis Presley** arrived at Port Bremerhaven, West Germany, at the start of his 18-month tour of US Army duty in that country.
1967 **Pink Floyd** began their first tour of the USA.
1970 **Jimi Hendrix** was buried at a funeral service at Greenwood Cemetery in his home town of Seattle, Washington.
1975 Death of **Al Jackson Jr.**, drummer of **Booker T & The MGs**, aged 39, shot by an intruder at his Memphis home.
1977 **Rat Scabies** left **The Damned** - temporarily.
1981 **The Pretenders** cancelled

the last quarter of an American tour after **Martin Chambers** put his hand through a window pane in Philadelphia, severing tendons and arteries.
Thursday October 2
1950 Birthday of **Mike Rutherford** of **Genesis**, in Guildford, Surrey.
1951 Birthday of **Sting (Gordon Sumner)**, in Wallsend, Northumberland.
1955 Birthday of **Phil Oakey** of **The Human League**, in Sheffield.
1978 **Sting** was almost blinded by an exploding aerosol can, whilst being made up for an *Old Grey Whistle* Test appearance.
1981 **Fun Boy Three** confirmed that they had officially split from **The Specials**.
Friday October 3
1938 Birthday of **Eddie Cochran**, in Oklahoma City.
1941 Birthday of **Chubby Checker**, in Philadelphia.
1947 Birthday of **Lindsay**

Buckingham of Fleetwood Mac, in Los Angeles.
1967 Death of folk singer **Woody Guthrie**, early idol of **Bob Dylan**, aged 55, in New York from Huntington's Chorea.
1977 The first Live Stiffs package tour took to the road in London, featuring the label's early artists **Elvis Costello**, **Nick Lowe**, **Ian Dury** and **Wreckless Eric**.
1980 **John Lennon's** killer **Mark Chapman** offered the album he'd given Lennon to autograph on the day of the shooting for sale - proceeds to go to the lobby for gun control in the US.
Saturday October 4
1962 UK release date of **The Beatles'** first single 'Love Me Do'.
1970 Death of **Janis Joplin**, aged 27, from a heroin overdose, at the Hollywood Landmark hotel.
1974 **Thin Lizzy** made their live debut in the two-lead guitar line-up featuring **Scott**



STING: almost blinded on his 27th birthday

Gorham and Brian Robertson, in Aberystwyth.
1980 Stiff Records lost an appeal against a £50 fine imposed for issuing a T-shirt with the allegedly obscene slogan: "If it ain't Stiff, it ain't worth a f***".

CHART

UK SINGLES

- 1 2 DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY The Communards London
- 2 10 WORD UP Cameo Club
- 3 6 (I JUST) DIED IN YOUR ARMS Cutting Crew Siren
- 4 4 WE DON'T HAVE TO... Jermaine Stewart 10
- 5 9 WALK THIS WAY Run DMC London
- 6 12 THORN IN MY SIDE Eurythmics RCA
- 7 2 RAGE HARD Frankie Goes To Hollywood ZTT
- 8 13 RAIN OR SHINE Five Star Tent
- 9 5 GLORY OF LOVE Peter Cetera Warner Brothers
- 10 21 SWEET FREEDOM Michael McDonald MCA
- 11 3 HOLIDAY RAP MC Miker "G" & DeeJay Sven Debut
- 12 15 RUMORS Timex Social Club Cooltempo
- 13 22 PRETTY IN PINK Psychedelic Furs CBS
- 14 8 LOVE CAN'T TURN AROUND Farley 'Jackmaster' Funk And Jessie Saunders London
- 15 11 I WANT TO WAKE UP WITH YOU Boris Gardiner Revue
- 16 7 YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 17 30 (FOREVER) LIVE AND DIE Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Virgin
- 18 20 STUCK WITH YOU Huey Lewis And The News Chrysalis
- 19 27 ONE GREAT THING Big Country Mercury
- 20 — ALWAYS THERE Marti Webb With The Simon May Orchestral BBC
- 21 16 HUMAN The Human League Virgin
- 22 24 IN TOO DEEP Genesis Charisma
- 23 17 BROTHER LOUIE Modern Talking RCA
- 24 33 ROCK 'N' ROLL MERCENARIES Meat Loaf With John Parr Arista
- 25 39 MONTEGO BAY Amazulu Island
- 26 46 BRAND NEW LOVER Dead Or Alive Epic
- 27 50 SLOW DOWN Loose Ends Virgin
- 28 — STATE OF THE NATION New Order Factory
- 29 18 WHEN I THINK OF YOU Janet Jackson A&M
- 30 23 THE LADY IN RED Chris De Burgh A&M
- 31 25 HOLD ON TIGHT Samantha Fox Jive
- 32 — WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER Queen EMI
- 33 14 WASTED YEARS Iron Maiden EMI
- 34 19 THE WAY IT IS Bruce Hornsby And The Range RCA
- 35 29 HEARTLAND The The Some Bizzare
- 36 — DREAMER BB & Q Band Cooltempo
- 37 — SAME OLD STORY Ultravox Chrysalis
- 38 28 SO MACHO/CRUISING Sinitta Fanfare
- 39 — TRUE COLORS Cyndi Lauper Portrait
- 40 — NO MORE TEARS Hollywood Beyond WEA
- 41 41 I CAN'T LET YOU GO Haywoode CBS
- 42 31 AIN'T NOTHIN' GOIN' ON BUT THE RENT Gwen Guthrie Polydor
- 43 40 DIAMOND GIRL Pete Wylie MDM
- 44 — ALL I WANT TO DO UB40 DEP International
- 45 — WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN The Bangles CBS
- 46 49 YOU CAN CALL ME AL Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 47 26 DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 48 — LONG WHITE CAR Hipsway Mercury
- 49 — FATAL HESITATION Chris De Burgh A&M
- 50 — ANOTHER HEARTACHE Rod Stewart Warner Brothers

UK ALBUMS

- 1 1 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC VOLUME 7 Various EMI/Virgin
- 2 3 GRACELAND Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 3 10 BREAK EVERY RULE Tina Turner Capital
- 4 6 REVENGE Eurythmics RCA
- 5 5 SILK AND STEEL Five Star Tent
- 6 7 CRASH The Human League Virgin
- 7 4 TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 8 — TRUE STORIES Talking Heads EMI
- 9 28 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 10 20 FORE Huey Lewis And The News Chrysalis
- 11 2 DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 12 13 COMMUNARDS The Communards London
- 13 14 THE WAY IT IS Bruce Hornsby And The Range RCA
- 14 9 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 15 12 INTO THE LIGHT Chris De Burgh A&M
- 16 16 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 17 — BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE Elvis Costello And The Attractions Imp
- 18 8 PRESS TO PLAY Paul McCartney Parlophone
- 19 18 THE FINAL Wham! Epic
- 20 21 PICTURE BOOK Simply Red Elektra
- 21 19 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 22 23 BREAKING AWAY Jaki Graham EMI
- 23 11 WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS George Benson Warner Brothers
- 24 23 THE HEAT IS ON Various Portrait
- 25 15 CONTROL Janet Jackson A&M
- 26 24 PARADE Prince And The Revolution Paisley Park
- 27 26 RIPTIDE Robert Palmer Island
- 28 22 RENDEZVOUS Jean Michel Jarre Dreyfus
- 29 17 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 30 40 THE BRIDGE Billy Joel CBS
- 31 29 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 32 27 BABY THE STARS SHINE BRIGHT Everything But The Girl blanco y negro
- 33 34 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 34 31 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 35 42 SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 36 37 BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE Steve Winwood Island
- 37 30 RAISING HELL Run DMC London
- 38 39 RAT IN THE KITCHEN UB40 DEP International
- 39 32 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry And Roxy Music EG
- 40 43 STANDING ON A BEACH The Cure Fiction
- 41 — STRANGE TIMES The Chameleons Geffen
- 42 — ROCK THE NATION Saxon EMI
- 43 25 GONE TO EARTH David Sylvian Virgin
- 44 47 THE SEER Big Country Mercury
- 45 36 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 46 — L IS FOR LOVER Al Jarreau WEA
- 47 35 THE BEST OF 10 YEARS Boney M Stylus
- 48 44 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 49 46 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 50 41 THE PAVAROTTI COLLECTION Luciano Pavarotti Stylus

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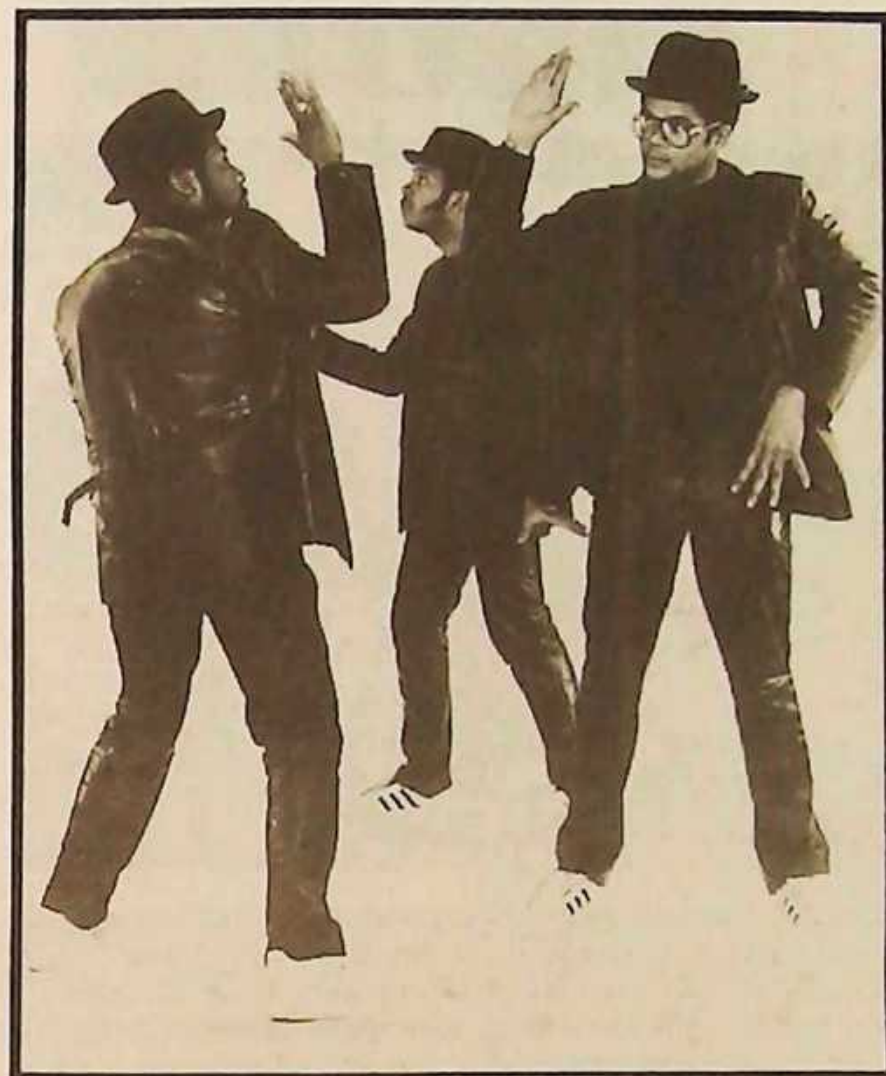
GREGORY ISAACS: a fistful of... beard?

- 9 SINGALONG Lorna G Ariwa
- 10 MAN SHORTAGE Lovindeer TSAJ

ALBUMS

- 1 OFF THE BEATEN TRACK African Head Charge On-U Sound
- 2 ROUGH AND RUGGED Shinehead Hawkeye
- 3 GREETINGS Half Pint Powerhouse
- 4 LINE UP AND COME U-Roy Tappa
- 5 PIRATE Ini Kamoze Island
- 6 ALL I HAVE IS LOVE, LOVE, LOVE Gregory Isaacs Tads
- 7 FIVE THE HARD WAY Various DJs Live And Love
- 8 PRISON LIFE Devon Russell Wambesi
- 9 SUPERSTAR HIT PARADE VOLUME 2 Various Artists Jammys
- 10 NUFF RESPECT Nicodemus Live And Love

Compiled by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1



RUN DMC get down to a serious game of pat-a-cake

SOUNDS

Carole Linfield

SWEET FREEDOM Michael McDonald mighty MCA truth
WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE The Animals classic Columbia
KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS Nick Cave finally Mute

Des Orages Pour Le Roberts

(I'M NOT YOUR) STEPPING STONE The Monkees Arista anger
XMAI DEUTSCHLAND/ALL ABOUT EVE Croydon Underground as Nirvana??
MISHIMA'S SEPUKKO Venus In Furs Backs real moral fibre

Blind Lemon Wilde

3AM AT THE ASTORIA The Beastie Boys Saturday Night Heart-Attack
DOWN BY LAW Tom Waits/John Lurie New Jarmusch Flick
INFECTED The The LP pre

Kevin Murphy

THE JEWELLER This Mortal Coil 4AD LP track
FINAL SOLUTION Peter Murphy Beggars gem
STRENGTH OF STRINGS This Mortal Coil 4AD LP track

Mr Spencer

WATCH/DAMAGE DONE The Sisters Of Mercy Primary 45
LETTER TO A FANZINE Great Plains Homestead LP track
A QUESTION OF TIME Depeche Mode Mute 45

The Count Of Monte Hurt

HURT Tim Yuro Sob Ballad Classic
HURT SO GOOD Susan Cadogan Lee Perry Prod Classic
I'VE BEEN HURT Guy Darrell Crummy Northern Soul Classic

Jack Barron

WEIRDO New Order a son of the Brotherhood Factory pre
BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE New Order a daughter of Brotherhood
SHADOW HILLS CALIFORNIA Head Of David Brainburst on Blast First

Tony Mitchell

BETTY BLUE Jean-Jacques Beineix 20th Century Fox
GINGER E FRED Federico Fellini Recorded Releasing
RENDEZ-VOUS André Techine Cannon

Edwin Pouncey

EYE OF THE ZOMBIE John Fogerty Warners LP
LEGEND OF THE 7 GOLDEN VAMPIRES Warners Home Video
THE FLY David Cronenberg remake masterpiece

TED MOULT

- 1 BANG, BANG Cher
- 2 ELEPHANT GUN David Lee Roth
- 3 UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY U2
- 4 GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD Pink Floyd
- 5 WHEN I'M CLEANED OFF WINDOWS George Formby
- 6 SHOOT SHOOT UFO
- 7 THE BOY WITH A REPLACEABLE HEAD Richard Hell
- 8 GIMME BACK MY BULLETS Lynyrd Skynyrd
- 9 BITE THE BULLET Gillan
- 10 DON'T SHOOT ME (I'M ONLY THE DOUBLE GLAZING SALESMAN) Elton John

Compiled by Heather Rest

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 CLOSER AND CLOSER Junior Delgado/Johnny Osbourne Rockers
- 2 CASSAVA ROCK Big Youth/Pablo Rockers
- 3 SKANKING EASY Augustus Pablo Rockers
- 4 ROCKERS ROCK Augustus Pablo Rockers
- 5 MR BASSIE Augustus Pablo Rockers
- 6 FROZEN DUB Augustus Pablo Rockers
- 7 SUKI YAKI Augustus Pablo Rockers
- 8 RAGAMUFFIN YEAR Junior Delgado Rockers
- 9 WALKIE TALKIE Yummy Bolo Skeng Don
- 10 ONLY YOU Gregory Isaacs Sunset

DISCO

- 1 WHAT THE HELL Echo Minott Unity
- 2 PUPPY LOVE Tiger Hawkeye
- 3 IMITATOR Early B Black Solidarity
- 4 TICKLE ME Gregory Isaacs Tappa
- 5 MIDNIGHT Willie Lindo Charmer
- 6 MISERABLE WOMAN Freddie McGregor Greensleeves
- 7 LAUNCH AN ATTACK Anthony Red Rose Aces Music
- 8 ORIGINAL BANGARANG Nitty Gritty Jammys

A T T A C K

HOT METAL 60 SINGLES

- 1 1 YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 2 2 WASTED YEARS Iron Maiden EMI
- 3 4 ROCK 'N' ROLL MERCENARIES Meat Loaf Arista
- 4 3 YOU SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LONG AC/DC Atlantic
- 5 5 GONNA GET CLOSE TO YOU Queensrÿche EMI America
- 6 7 WAITING FOR THE NIGHT Saxon Parlophone
- 7 6 YANKEE ROSE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 8 8 AMERICAN GIRLS FM Portrait
- 9 11 RED SKY Status Quo Vertigo
- 10 — THE WILD AND THE YOUNG Quiet Riot Epic
- 11 9 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 12 12 WILD CHILD WASP Capitol
- 13 10 SUMMERTIME GIRLS Y&T A&M
- 14 15 DREAMS Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 15 13 TAKE A LOOK Twelfth Night Virgin
- 16 18 LONELY NIGHT Magnum Polydor
- 17 20 JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations
- 18 19 MAD LOCUST RISING Agent Steel Music For Nations
- 19 16 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Island
- 20 17 DEAF FOREVER Motorhead GWR



BON JOVI learning their Green Cross Code

ALBUMS

- 1 — SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo/Phonogram
- 2 2 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 3 1 VINNIE VINCENT'S INVASION Vinnie Vincent Chrysalis
- 4 11 INDISCREET FM Portrait
- 5 5 NIGHT SONGS Cinderella Mercury
- 6 4 TRUE AS STEEL Warlock Vertigo
- 7 3 EAT 'EM AND SMILE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 8 6 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 9 8 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 10 9 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 11 13 ORGASMATRON Motorhead GWR
- 12 14 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 13 7 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 14 12 RAGE FOR ORDER Queensrÿche EMI America
- 15 26 INTERMISSION Dio Vertigo
- 16 17 KILL 'EM ALL Metallica Music For Nations
- 17 16 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 18 21 QR III Quiet Riot Epic
- 19 23 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 20 — GTR GTR Arista
- 21 — HEART Heart Capitol
- 22 — SILK AND STEEL Giuffria MCA
- 23 — RATT Ratt Atlantic
- 24 18 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST Iron Maiden EMI
- 25 22 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 26 10 THRILL OF A LIFETIME King Kobra FM/Revolver
- 27 — 7800° FAHRENHEIT Bon Jovi Vertigo/Phonogram
- 28 20 POWERSLAVE Iron Maiden EMI
- 29 — BON JOVI Bon Jovi Vertigo/Phonogram
- 30 15 22B3 Device Chrysalis

IMPORTS

- 1 — TRILOGY Yngwie Malmsteen Polydor
- 2 1 NASTY NASTY Black And Blue Geffen
- 3 — I LOVE IT LOUD Illusion GHS
- 4 6 DOOMSDAY FOR THE RECEIVER Flotsam And Jetsam Roadrunner
- 5 — RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME Rossington Atlantic
- 6 10 TIED TO THE TRAX Purgatory Auburn
- 7 — ILLUSIONS KILL Aaronsrod Roadrunner
- 8 — FIGHT TO SURVIVE White Lion Grand Slam
- 9 — METALISED Sword Aquarius
- 10 8 CONVICTED Cryptic Slaughter Roadrunner

Compiled by Spotlight Research



PSYCHIC TV'S Genesis with a little man on his shoulder

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 THE UNGOVERNABLE FORCE Conflict Mortarhate
- 2 2 KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds Mute
- 3 4 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 4 3 WATCH YOUR STEP Ted Hawkins Gull
- 5 9 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 6 5 HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 7 16 ON THE BOARDWALK Ted Hawkins UnAmerican Activities
- 8 11 GIANT The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 9 14 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 10 10 GIFT The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 11 12 SACRED HEART HOTEL The Stars Of Heaven Rough Trade
- 12 21 STEP ON IT Bogshed Help Yourself
- 13 22 ONLY STUPID BASTARDS HELP EMI Conflict Model Army
- 14 13 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 15 7 THROWING MUSES Throwing Muses 4AD
- 16 6 CLOCKWORK TOY Frenzy ID
- 17 8 THUNDERHEAD The Janitors Intape
- 18 15 WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME The Bible Backs
- 19 18 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 20 17 IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH Demented Are Go ID
- 21 19 MAJOR MALFUNCTION Keith LeBlanc World
- 22 25 MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 23 20 BEST BEFORE 1984 Crass Crass
- 24 29 RUM SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 25 — EVOL Sonic Youth Blast First
- 26 23 UNCARVED BLOCK Flux One Little Indian
- 27 26 BLACK JESUS VOICE Richard H Kirk Rough Trade
- 28 30 BORN SANDY DEVOTIONAL The Triffids Hot
- 29 28 DISCOVER Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 30 24 A DIFFERENT KIND OF TENSION Various Pressures Of The Real World

Compiled by Spotlight Research

DAIRY

- 1 TOO MUCH JUNKET BUSINESS Johnny Thunders
- 2 ASSAULT AND BUTTERY Genesis
- 3 ONE OF MY CHURNS Pink Floyd
- 4 PLEASE CHEESE ME The Beatles
- 5 MILKSHAKE SOME ACTION The Flamin' Groovies
- 6 YOU REALLY CLOT ME The Kinks
- 7 CURD YOU BE LOVED Bob Marley
- 8 CREAM IN MY JEANS Wayne County
- 9 LOVE OVER GOLD TOP Dire Crates
- 10 MILK FLOAT TO CAIRO Madness

Whipped up and condensed by Gadge Master Thog

BREAKFAST

- 1 ALL HELL'S BACON LOOSE Kiss
- 2 TEA N TEA AC/DC
- 3 GET BREADY Bon Jovi
- 4 LET THE MUESLI DO THE TALKING Aerosmith
- 5 SAVE OUR ROLLS Mötley Crüe
- 6 MENTAL WHEAT Hanoi Rocks

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 A QUESTION OF TIME Depeche Mode Mute
- 2 4 MR PHARMACIST The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 3 2 DRUGS/COME HERE MY LOVE This Mortal Coil 4AD
- 4 3 TOKYO STORM WARNING (PART 1) Elvis Costello Imp/Demon
- 5 — A SCREW Swans K422
- 6 — ROMAN P/GOOD VIBRATIONS Psychic TV Temple
- 7 8 SURF CITY The Meteors Anagram
- 8 5 PANIC The Smiths Rough Trade
- 9 — SUNARISE The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 10 20 RUNAWAY Luis Cardenas Consolidated Allied
- 11 6 LIKE A HURRICANE/GARDEN OF DELIGHT The Mission Chapter 22
- 12 14 THIS MEANS WAR The Beloved Flim Flam
- 13 21 HEARD IT ALL Bodines Creation
- 14 31 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 15 12 WILD CHILD Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 16 7 JESUS IS DEAD The Exploited Rough Justice
- 17 22 WONDERFUL LIFE Black Ugly Man
- 18 — YIN AND YANG (THE FLOWERPOT MAN) Love And Rockets Beggars Banquet
- 19 27 HAPPY HOUR The Housmartins Go! Discs
- 20 11 IS THERE ANYONE OUT THERE Mighty Mighty Girlie
- 21 10 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 22 32 BOOKS ON THE BONFIRE The Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- 23 36 THIS BOY CAN WAIT The Wedding Present Reception
- 24 9 SERPENTS KISS The Mission Chapter 22
- 25 18 I'M SNIFFING WITH YOU HOO Pop Will Eat Itself Desperate
- 26 28 TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 27 — POWER Fields Of The Nephilim Situation Two
- 28 17 HEART FULL OF SOUL Ghost Dance Karbon
- 29 19 THE LAST BULLET IN THE GUN Terry & Gerry Intape
- 30 13 TAKE THE SKINHEADS BOWLING Camper Van Beethoven Rough Trade
- 31 23 IMAGES OF FIRE Fatal Charm Native
- 32 15 GIMME GIMME GIMME (A MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT) The Leather Nun Wire
- 33 33 ALMOST PRAYED The Weather Prophets Creation
- 34 16 I'M ON FIRE Guana Batz ID
- 35 24 WHOLE WIDE WORLD The Soup Dragons Subway
- 36 25 THE SINGER Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds Mute
- 37 29 UNDERSTANDING JANE The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 38 40 CRUMMY STUFF The Ramones Beggars Banquet
- 39 37 BABY'S ON FIRE The Creepers Intape
- 40 39 BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 41 26 BETTER DEAD THAN WED Class War Mortarhate
- 42 30 RIVER OF NO RETURN Ghost Dance Karbon
- 43 34 MORNING SIR Bogshed Help Yourself
- 44 38 THIS IS NOT LOVE Yeah Jazz Upright
- 45 — HAPPY NOW Stiff Kittens Crisis/Prism
- 46 41 CRYSTAL CRESCENT Primal Scream Creation
- 47 44 E102/SAD? BMX Bandits 53rd & 3rd
- 48 46 I SEE RED Frenzy ID
- 49 48 BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff
- 50 42 TRUCK TRAIN TRACTOR The Pastels Glass

Compiled by Spotlight Research

POLITICIANS

- 1 HOT FOR MEACHER Van Halen
- 2 KINNOCK THREE TIMES Dawn
- 3 I FOUGHT THE WHITELAW The Clash
- 4 CLARKE AT THE MOON Ozzy Osbourne
- 5 RAISONS TO BE CHEERFUL (PART 3) Ian Dury
- 6 ALL AROUND MY HATTERSLEY Steeleye Span
- 7 STEEL YOUR FACE Motorhead
- 8 HARD TEBBIT TO BREAK Chicago
- 9 LIFE ON YOUR OWEN Human League
- 10 I HURD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE Marvin Gaye

Compiled by Halifax Sheep Shaggers

- 7 TOAST TO TOAST Scorpions
 - 8 MARMALADE FOR LOVING YOU Kiss
 - 9 KEEP YOUR RYE ON THE HONEY Mötley Crüe
 - 10 DROP DEAD EGGS Van Halen
- Compiled by Drew 'Banana Yoghurt' Watson, Playhouse Bar, Edinburgh

I N - T E C H

MURPHY'S LAW

Stepp Part Two:
DG1 demonstrator
Alan Murphy talks
 to **Tony Mitchell**

LAST WEEK, I reported on the launch of the Stepp DG1, an instrument which I firmly believe to be the electronic guitar that guitarists have been waiting for.

For me, this conviction is very much reinforced by the involvement, from inception through to launch, of Alan Murphy, a guitarist who has emerged in the last couple of years, as a result largely of his work with Go West, as one of the most important and influential six-string stylists around.

Murphy is such a disarmingly modest geezer, however, that he's never sought the celebrity status that his talents deserve, preferring instead to work either as a session man or sideman and leave the glory-grabbing to others.

But if you're into imaginative guitar playing which blends a fundamental rock emotionalism with the kind of fluidity and melodic sophistication aspired to by many jazz players, and yet manages to avoid totally the dangers of categorisation as



MODEST MURPHY (centre) attempts to hide his talents behind a Go West mike stand

'jazz-rock' or 'fusion', then Alan Murphy's a man worthy of serious study.

And I could think of no-one better than he to demonstrate the creative scope and numerous subtleties of the Stepp. So sitting in his front room shortly after the launch, I grilled him on his involvement with the instrument's development as well as probing his pre-Stepp, pre-Go West career.

He met the guitar's designer, Stephen Randall, when he was a house writer for publishers Rondor Music.

"The whole thing started as an idea for an electronic toy, a Mattel drum kind of thing. And it just grew from there. I've watched it grow every step of the way," he puns with a smile.

"I've been offered most guitar synths to try recently. The Ibanez Midi Guitar, for example, is very interesting. And the Shadow is probably the best of that bunch. But the limitations of MIDI and the delays in pitch-to-voltage conversion with all of them really put me off.

"Although I'm a guitarist, I became very interested in keyboards around about the time I got involved with Go West and I've absorbed pretty much everything that's happened on the keyboard

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scene for the last couple of years. I've got a selection of current synths and expanders – I suppose I'm lucky to be in the position to afford them – but then again I have sunk everything I've earned into equipment.

"Thing is, though, I'm not interested in sounding like a keyboard player, and that's been my approach to the Stepp all along. I felt it was really important to develop the side where style comes through – to enable the string envelope (the ADSR – attack, decay, sustain, mute) to shine through."

One of the major criticisms of other guitar synths has been the need to adapt your playing style to a clean, jazz-picking approach; the slurs, clicks, whines and ragged edges of a gritty rock style being less than well accommodated by their tracking systems. Was such a change in technique necessary for the Stepp?

"Not at all. In fact, likeness to a jazz style is the most distant from how you should play the Stepp. But you do have to be positive – it does everything you do very accurately. It took me a day or so to feel comfortable playing six identical strings instead of the normal different gauges, but now I don't notice the difference, and it's no problem going back to playing, say, a Strat."

Alan will be using the Stepp, as will Richard Drummie, on the forthcoming Go West tour. "But only where we want unusual, non-

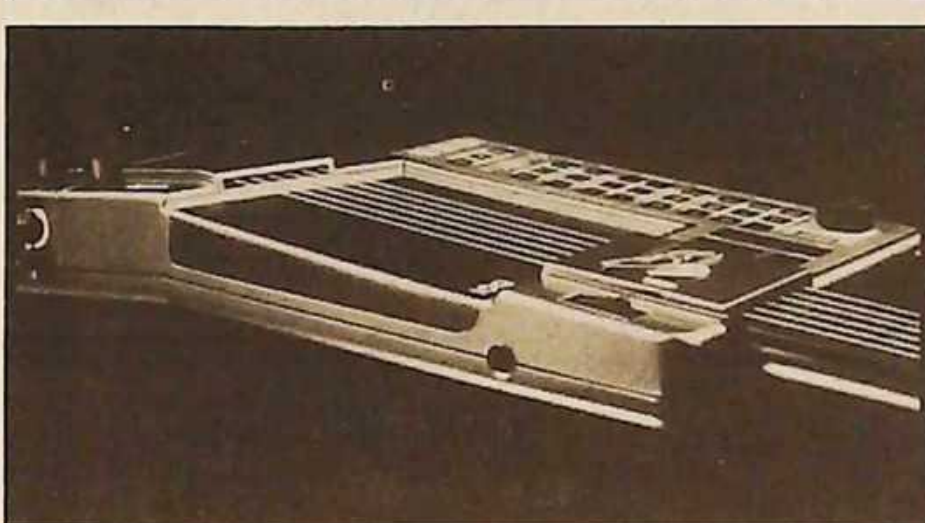
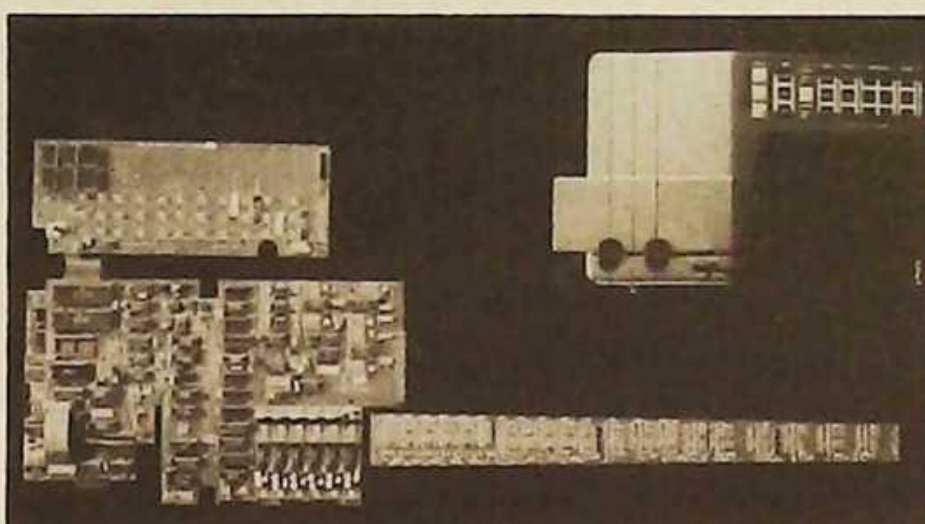
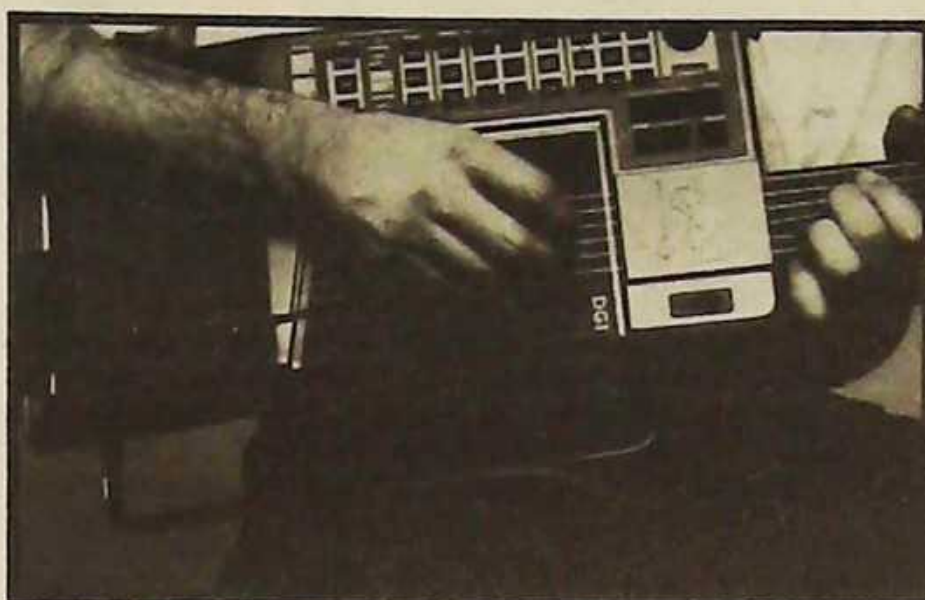
keyboard sounds. What's exciting about it is its application in a guitar sense. Unlike some people, who've just tried it D.I.D. straight into the desk, I don't want the cleanest possible sounds out of it. I want to continue to use my sound."

And indeed that's just what Murph has been doing, both on record and in his launch demos where the Stepp was overdriving a little guitar combo in a most efficacious manner. "Only when it connects with a player does a product like this work," he adds.

Alan's playing has been connecting with more discerning ears for a decade or more now. He's played with Kate Bush since 1979, guested on more albums than a lot of people have in their entire collections, and played in his own hot little instrumental combo, SFX, with fellow Go Wester Tony Beard on drums. But despite having made his mark as a session player, he professes eternal gratitude for having been invited to join Go West (and now, in fact, to be writing their material along with Cox and Drummie).

"When you get tagged as a session player, people don't usually ask you to join their bands," he comments. But he also explodes the myth that, to be any kind of a session player, you've got to read music.

"Yes, I've built a session career without being able to read a note. It's really not as necessary for guitarists as, say, for keyboard players.



Style for a guitarist is much more important. But when I was in Japan recently, playing on a session, they just plunked all this sheet music in front of me and all the Japanese players, who learn to read music from birth, were quite happy with it. But I found it really frightening!"

So where does his style come from? In the last five years, he says, he's made a really conscious effort "not to listen to anything too closely". It's a luxury you can afford once you've established a direction, and the confidence to go with it. But, like most other aspiring axemen, he did his share of copying as a beginner.

"My biggest influences were Paul Kossoff, Gary Moore and Steve Howe. Now in a way it's quite flattering to hear people playing on contemporary albums who seem to be copying me."

I mention a name at this point and Al agrees, although I'll not reveal the guilty party's identity to save his blushes!

"Copying's OK as long as you don't go on doing it for too long," he reckons. "The same can be said for adapting any stylistic approach, such as tremolo arm dive-bombing. I got worried a while back that I was overdoing it in that department; now everybody's doing it, so I've cooled it off."

"Another thing is that I spent many years listening to Alan Holdsworth, but you know, he's just too brilliant, and it's so easy to borrow from someone like that. My advice to players now would

be: stop listening when you feel you've got the goods."

"But when I was young, I wouldn't listen to any advice at all. I suppose I was a bit headstrong – there was something boiling inside me. My main objective was to actually sing something. I was really into technical prowess until about four or five years ago, when I became disillusioned with it because I realised I was in a race nobody was going to win."

Other artists Alan Murphy's worked with include Chris Rea (where Cox and Drummie first saw him), Long John Baldry (in America), Nick Heyward ("fun in a light pop way") and Scritti Politti. He's been writing with Carol Kenyon (currently a fully paid-up Go Westette) and has ambitions to write film scores.

"It's been great to be allowed to flourish as a writer. And I'd like to expand in production – I'd like to produce Carol again."

When he's not using the DG1, Alan's standard set-up is a Fender Super Champ combo and a Squier Strat with a Kahler trem. He has a long association with Fender and owns "every kind of Strat imaginable" (all of them genuine Fenders).

"I'm not a 'vintage' person, except for owning one old Gibson. I've been through the whole custom bit – Roger Giffin used to make me some real beauties. But one got stolen and it changed my attitude. Now, everything I use is standard so it can be replaced easily."

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FEATURE OCTOBER
11th ISSUE**

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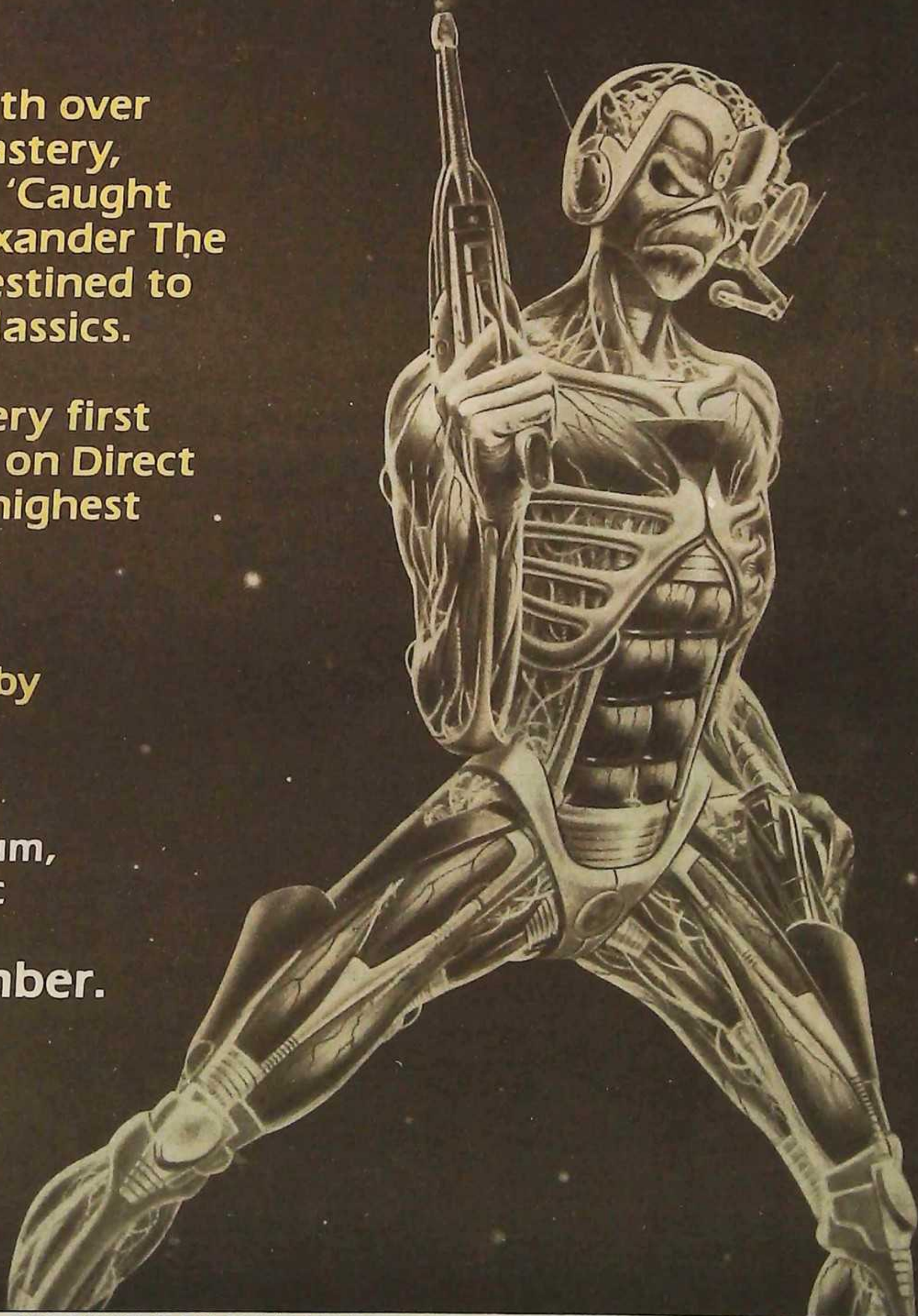
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SOMEWHERE ON TOUR 86/87

Friday	October 3	OXFORD	Apollo	Wednesday	October 15	SHEFFIELD	City Hall	Tuesday	October 28	EDINBURGH	Playhouse
Saturday	October 4	ST. AUSTELL	Cornwall Coliseum	Thursday	October 16	SHEFFIELD	City Hall	Thursday	October 30	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
Monday	October 6	CARDIFF	St. David's Hall	Saturday	October 18	IPSWICH	Gaumont	Friday	October 31	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
Tuesday	October 7	CARDIFF	St. David's Hall	Monday	October 20	NOTTINGHAM	Royal Centre	Saturday	November 1	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
Wednesday	October 8	BRISTOL	Colston Hall	Tuesday	October 21	BRADFORD	St. George's Hall	Monday	November 3	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon
Friday	October 10	MANCHESTER	Apollo	Wednesday	October 22	HANLEY	Victoria Hall	Tuesday	November 4	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon
Saturday	October 11	MANCHESTER	Apollo	Friday	October 24	NEWCASTLE	City Hall	Wednesday	November 5	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon
Sunday	October 12	LIVERPOOL	Empire	Saturday	October 25	NEWCASTLE	City Hall	Friday	November 7	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon
Tuesday	October 14	LEICESTER	De Montfort Hall	Monday	October 27	EDINBURGH	Playhouse	Saturday	November 8	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon

STOP PRESS: Extra date Hammersmith Odeon, Sunday 9th November (all proceeds to NSPCC)

EMI