

SOUNDS

**IGGY POP
NOBODY'S
STOOGE**

**WEATHER
PROPHETS**

**ANTHRAX
MAGNUM**

**LIVE IN COLOUR
IRON MAIDEN**



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THE HUMAN LEAGUE will be on the road before Christmas, playing their first live dates for five years.

Having returned to the charts with 'Human', the band are planning a series of gigs at stand-up venues, with larger, seated venues being lined up for January.

Dates will be announced in a week or two.

THE POGUES round off pub crawls of America and Europe with British dates in December.

The band, who've been writing the soundtrack for Alex Cox's spaghetti western **Straight From Hell** in which they also star, are hoping fans will stay loyal to them following the revelation that whistle pin-up boy Spider has married New York disco star Cheyne.

They'll be drinking a toast to the bride and groom at Bristol Studio December 7, London Hammersmith Palais 8-9, Leeds University 11, Glasgow Barrowlands 12-13, Newcastle Mayfair 14, Manchester International 15, Birmingham Powerhouse 16, Burton On Trent Central Park 17.

Lust For Leather...



THE LEATHER NUN hitch up their habits for a British tour at the beginning of November, which will coincide with their first studio album, 'Lust Games', on Wire (reviewed on page 28).

The album contains six new tracks recorded in Sweden and England during the summer, including their next single, 'Pink House'.

The motor Vikings cruise in from a European tour to play Colchester The Works November 1, Birmingham University 2, Leeds Warehouse 3, Newcastle Riverside 4, Manchester International 5, Nottingham Garage 6, London Hammersmith Clarendon 7.

RICHARD THOMPSON, last seen indulging in his annual bout of nostalgia with Fairport Convention at their August reunion, returns from America to play British dates next month.

With his 'Daring Adventures' album out on Polydor last weekend, Thompson will be giving it some live airplay at Nottingham Rock City November 19, London Hammersmith Palais 20, Bristol Colston Hall 21, Edinburgh Queens Hall 23, Manchester Apollo 25, Birmingham Odeon 26.

His band is made up of Clive Gregson guitar and keyboards, Christine Collister guitar, percussion and vocals, John Kirkpatrick accordion, Ruari McPharlane bass and Gerry Conway drums.

FALL ABOUT

THE FALL, who've had their most active year so far in terms of gigs and vinyl, will be touring again next month.

With their 'Bend Sinister' album climbing the charts after two weeks, the band put themselves about at Bristol University November 5, Walthamstow Assembly Hall 7, Woolwich Coronet 8, Birmingham Powerhouse 9, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 11, Southampton University 12, Leeds Polytechnic 13, Hull University 15, Salford University 16, Nottingham Rock City 18, Huddersfield Polytechnic 19, Blackburn King Georges Hall 20, Burton On Trent Central Park 21, Milton Keynes Woughton Centre 22, Warwick University 25, Sheffield Polytechnic 26.



STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN cancelled his British dates this week after collapsing with exhaustion at the end of a 200-date tour of America and Europe.

He managed to play one gig at Hammersmith Odeon (reviewed last week) before throwing in the towel and heading back to America for a month-long convalescence.

He's particularly apologetic as he'd already cancelled British gigs earlier this year, but he promises to come back in the New Year.

Details will be announced shortly so hang on to your tickets.

DEATH IN

Boy George spent two days in court last week recalling **Michael Rudetsky's** last hours and testifying against his brother **Kevin O'Dowd**

MICHAEL RUDETSKY, the American musician who was found dead at Boy George's house on August 5, died from morphine intoxication caused by snorting heroin, an inquest was told last week.

Rudetsky had arrived two days earlier from New York for a three-week recording session with Boy George. "I was not suspicious of him taking drugs," George told the inquest at St Pancras Coroner's Court. "He made a point of telling everyone he had stopped taking drugs. He was

looking healthy and looked as though he had been working out."

He stayed at George's Hampstead house and was sick in the kitchen on the first morning. "His mother was phoning him every ten minutes," said Boy George. "Obviously she was worried about him."

That evening he collapsed at the Gas Light rehearsal studio in Brixton. "He started to doze out over his keyboard and looked like he'd rather be in bed. He got worse - visually worse - and slumped over the keyboard."

"I tipped orange juice over him and he started to jerk and asked me what I was doing. He was swearing at me," said George.

The studio nightwatchman confirmed that Rudetsky was "full of life" when he arrived at

SOUNDS

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CONFLICT, who had a Top Five indie hit with their 'Ungovernable Force' album, refute rumours of a split by heading off on a British tour this week.

They've confirmed the departure of bassist John, however; his replacement is Paul, who played on the album and played with the band at their London gig last month.

With their live album, 'Only Stupid Bastards Help EMI', also in the indie charts on the cryptically titled Model Army label, they have dates lined up at Woolwich Polytechnic October 17, Leeds University 20, Trowbridge Crown 24, Rochdale Tiffany's 30, Birmingham University 31, Swansea St Phillips Community Centre November 1, Rotherham Assembly Rooms 6, Penzance Demelzas 7, Exeter St Georges Hall 8, Bournemouth Rooftops 10, Edinburgh Jailhouse 13, Edinburgh Loanhead Town Hall 15, Newcastle Riverside 16, Manchester Cloud Nine 20, Birmingham Mermaid 22.

TOXIC REASONS return to Britain for more gigs this week, at the end of a European tour that started here in August and has taken in seven countries.

They'll be appearing at Newport Stow Hill Labour Club October 16, Hull Adelphi 17, Birmingham Mermaid 18, Blackburn Top Hat 20, Leeds Adam And Eves 21, Brighton Ship Inn 22, London 100 Club 23.

FRANKIE PLAY POOL



FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD, who've just got back to business via a Top Five hit with 'Rage Hard', have their second album out on ZTT on October 20 called 'Liverpool'.

It's been produced by Stephen Lipson, who was assistant to Trevor Horn on 'Welcome To The Pleasure Dome'. And there's a guest appearance from fellow scouser and comedian Stan Boardman.

According to ZTT's propaganda department, 'Liverpool' comes

clean, unlike 'Pleasure Dome', which had a double meaning.

"'Liverpool' as a single record means to last for ever – as in keeping a straight face – and concerns itself with some kind of longing, for the past, for ideals, for the grand punchline. The point is to have all that you desire. 'Liverpool' is serious, funnily enough."

Frankie Goes To Hollywood are seriously planning British gigs before Christmas. And they'll have a new single out next month, though they can't decide whether it'll be an album track or a new song.

BOB GELDOF launches his post-Boomtown Rats, post-Live Aid solo career with a single on Phonogram on October 24 called 'This Is The World Calling'.

It's been produced by Eurythmics' Dave Stewart and mixed by Rupert Hine. And Bob is now finishing off his album which will be out at the end of November.

Bob's songwriting will now have to compete with his *Is That It?* autobiography which has sold 100,000 in hardback with paperback orders of half a million.

SPEAR OF DESTINY are back with a new line-up, a new record label and a tour in December.

This time Kirk Brandon has surrounded himself with guitarist Stevie B and the Barnacle brothers, Steve and Pete, on bass and drums.

They've signed to 10 and are currently in the studio working on an album which should come out early next year.

But before then, they've lined up a tour at Leicester Polytechnic December 5, Sheffield University 6, Glasgow Barrowlands 7, Manchester Hacienda 9, Nottingham Rock City 10, Leeds Polytechnic 11, Coventry Polytechnic 13, Birmingham Powerhouse 14, Bristol Studio 15, Hanley Victoria Hall 20, London Hammersmith Palais 21.

THE SAINTS, Aussie punks whose 'I'm Stranded' was one of the classic singles of '77, have reformed and come over for London gigs to promote their new single on Polydor, '(You Can't Tamper With) The Temple Of The Lord'.

Original vocalist Chris Bailey, who has maintained a solo career down under since the band split for the second time in the early '80s, has teamed up with drummer Ivor Hay and new guitarist Richard Burgmann and bassist Archie Larizza.

They'll be appearing at Camden Dingwalls October 29, Harlesden Mean Fiddler November 3, Marquee 4.

VAN MORRISON continues to make up for all the years he never played here with another British tour next month.

He starts with two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon November 10-11 and then plays Crawley Leisure Centre 14, Birmingham Odeon 15, Manchester Palace 16, Croydon Fairfield Halls 17, Bristol Colston Hall 19, Poole Arts Centre 20, St Austell Coliseum 21, Hull City Hall 23, Hanley Victoria Hall 24, Liverpool Empire 25, Harrogate Royal Hall 26, Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre 27, Aberdeen Capitol 28, Edinburgh Playhouse 30.

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS come in for two British dates at the end of this month. They play Manchester Hacienda October 28 and London Kentish Town Town and Country Club 29.

To coincide, CBS are releasing the title track of their 'Tough Enough' album as a single. The song has already featured in three film soundtracks this year – *Naked Cage*, *Gung Ho* and *Tough Guys* – which may be a record.

Rosie Steels Herself...



ROSIE VELA is the girl responsible for putting Steely Dan back together again. Donald Fagen and Walter Becker hadn't played together since 'Gauchos' seven years ago, until they were roped in for sessions on Ms Vela's debut album, 'Zazu', which is released by A&M this weekend. Afterwards they decided to reform the band.

'Zazu' is produced by Gary Katz (who was responsible for every Steely Dan album) and also features Rick Derringer on guitar.

So who is Rosie Vela? She's one of America's top fashion models who built her own home studio and recorded a demo that got her a deal with A&M – that's who. She wrote and arranged all the material on 'Zazu' as well as singing and playing keyboards.

THE SMITHS and The Fall will be playing an Artists Against Apartheid benefit at London's Royal Albert Hall on November 14. Tickets are now on sale at the box office, ranging from £8 to £5.

Chakk are also playing an anti-apartheid gig at Kentish Town Town and Country Club on October 31. Tickets are £4 and all proceeds will go to SWAPO.

MORE NEW ON PAGES 4, 32 & 43

THE MORNING

the studio. "I was shocked when I saw him later," said Wellington Squire. "He was walking like a blind man. I thought he was suffering a fit." He added that during the evening, Rudetsky had gone to the toilet for about five minutes.

Boy George said that on the way back to Hampstead, he had asked if Rudetsky wanted to go to hospital. "But he refused point blank."

Rudetsky was left alone at the Hampstead house while George and his housekeeper went to a different home in St Johns Wood.

George's brother Kevin O'Dowd found Rudetsky lying on the floor of the front room at 5am the following morning when he returned from judging a Marilyn Monroe lookalike contest at The Limelight. "I kicked his foot but he didn't

move and I pulled his left arm and realised he was cold," he told the court.

Pathologist Dr Peter Jerreat said that there was no sign of a recent injection on Rudetsky's upper arm, but there were "grip-tyre marks". He said that the hiatus in Rudetsky's drug taking could have caused a drop in his tolerance to heroin. "If he had been taken to hospital immediately, he would have had a better chance of survival," he added.

The police found heroin at the recording studio but had been unable to find its source. Under cross-examination by a barrister hired by Rudetsky's mother, Boy George said that he should have been told about Rudetsky's drug problem.

"Why didn't his mother call me and tell me, knowing my drugs problem and having been embarrassed before the whole

world?"

The following day, George was back in court – Marylebone court – giving evidence against his brother Kevin who was charged with conspiring to supply heroin to him.

Kevin and three others were all cleared on the conspiracy charge but were sent for trial accused of plotting to supply George with heroin.

As if that weren't bad enough, George also admitted last week that the "black box" electrode treatment he'd been undergoing had not worked. He is now taking a non-addictive heroin substitute.

● Culture Club drummer Jon Moss is to be charged with possessing cocaine following a raid on his home by police at the time of George's drug bust.

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PINK HOUSE

RECORDS WRMLP 200

DEBBIE HARRY emerges from a five-year hibernation with a single on Chrysalis next week called 'French Kissing', and an album next month titled 'Rockbird'.

She has written the bulk of the album tracks with her boyfriend and ex-Blondie guitarist Chris Stein, who has recovered from the debilitating illness that has kept them both out of the public eye.

She also appears in a film coming shortly called *Forever Lulu*.

THE LOOTERS, San Francisco's World Beat ambassadors, who made their British debut at Roger McGuinn's London concert recently, return from European dates to play London's Marquee on October 27.

The band, who combine "sussed political lyrics with frenetic dance rhythms", are promoting their self-titled debut 12-inch on Alternative Tentacles.

Another Bad Spell...



THE SUPERNATURALS, a Coventry band put together by former Selecter singer Pauline Black, will be supporting The Communards on their British tour next month.

Pauline went back to Coventry to form a band a year ago following her solo career and a spell as a TV presenter. There she found Special AKA guitarist John Shipley, rhythm guitarist Terry White, bassist Ray Ferguson and drummer Robin Hill.

She's deliberately kept the band low key and no record deals have been signed as yet. But the band warm up for The Communards tour with gigs at Coventry Polytechnic October 17, Birmingham Polytechnic 18, Aylesbury Division One Club 25, Manchester University 29, Camden Festival November 5.

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17 TED HAWKINS	7 UB40	6 THE WOODEN TOPS
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21-23 ROBERT CRAY	17/18 LENNY HENRY	25 CHRIS REA
23 STAN RIDGEWAY	17/18 BON JOVI	29/30/31 AHA
23 LISA LISA/CULT JAM & FULL FORCE	18 NINA HAGEN	
24 MIGHTY LEMON DROPS	19 OWEN PAUL	
25 WORKING WEEK	20 RICHARD THOMPSON	
25/26 ERASURE	20/22/23 ALEXANDER O'NEIL	
26 ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE	21 BEN ELTON	
26 A CERTAIN RATIO	21 WOMACK & WOMACK	
28 CARMEL		
28 RESIDENTS		
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MORE NEWS ON PAGES 32 & 43

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Tickets available from: CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS) LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, STARGREEN, ALBEMARLE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR AT THE DOOR *BAR OPEN TILL 12 PM*

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SEDITION release an EP called 'The Mighty Device' on Fon this week. Fon are also putting out a single from South African band The Swanhunters, an electro-protest song called 'Bloodsport', all profits of which will go to Artists Against Apartheid.

BLACK 'N' BLUE, the Los Angeles rockers, release their third album, 'Nasty Nasty' this week on Geffen, which has been produced by Gene Simmons.

EXECUTIVE SLACKS dance all over Gary Glitter's 'Rock 'N' Roll' for their new single on Play It Again Sam! this week. The label are also putting out a single from Three Angry Poles, a combination of Van Acker from Revolting Cocks, Jean-Marc Lederman from Kid Montana and Didier from La Muerte, called 'Motorcycle Maniac'.

MR MEHTA, a Philadelphia quintet with psychedelic/gothic roots, release their first 12-inch over here on Fundamental (through Red Rhino) called 'Wonder'.

PHYSICAL BLUE, a London duo of vocalist/guitarist Tony Hetherington and drummer Mark Gillman, have signed to Arista through Bonaire and release their Swiss-made single, 'What's The Point', this week.

DIED PRETTY, an Australian band who had Single Of The Week in *Sounds* recently with 'Stoneage Cinderella', have their first album out this week on What Goes On, called 'Free Dirt'.

GREGORY ISAACS has one of his Brixton Academy concerts last summer (which got decidedly mixed reviews) issued by Kingdom (through Pinnacle) this month, called 'Live At The Academy'.

SKELETON CREW, a trio of Tom Cora, Fred Frith and Zeena Parkins, have their second album out on Recommended this week, called 'Country Of Blinds'.

DAN, "Darlington's only Fraggie Rock band", release their first EP on Meantime Wreckords called 'Can You Dig It'.

ALAN RANKINE releases his first solo single since The Associates on Les Disques Du Crepuscule this week. It's called 'The Sandman'.

SIRENS OF 7TH AVENUE, who've been inspired by "dreams, comic book-style action, love, hate and prophecy," have a self-titled mini-album out on New Rose (through Rough Trade) this week.

MANINNYA BLADE, a Swedish speed metal band, release their debut album, 'Merchants In Metal' on Killerwatt (through Pinnacle) this month.

FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN, who've spent most of this year in Afghanistan making an underground film instigated by Kenneth Anger and directed by Alan Johnson, have their first single in nearly a year out on Cold Harbour (through Revolver) at the beginning of November, called 'Lick My Crazy Colours'.

SNOWBOY, a latin percussionist from Rio De Southend, has recruited Tex Mex accordion player Flaco Jimenez for his 'Mambo' single out this week on Waterfront.

RECORD NEWS



LITTLE RICHARD has signed up to WEA, presumably renouncing his rock and roll chastity in the process, and releases a single called 'Operator' this week, to be followed by an album, 'Life Time Friend', next month.

BACKTRACKS

ALVIN 'RED' TAYLOR, the New Orleans sax player who recorded with Little Richard and Huey 'Piano' Smith, and went on to produce Aaron Neville's 1967 hit 'Tell It Like It Is', has his 'Rockin' And Rollin' album from the late '50s reissued by Ace. The "unworthy period piece" (1) 'Junk Village' has been exorcised and replaced with three vocal tracks.

LAUGHING CLOWNS, the idiosyncratic band piloted by ex-Saints guitarist Ed Kuepper between 1979 and 1984, have been compressed into one album modestly titled 'The History Of Rock And Roll Volume One' by Hot (through CBS). Ed compiled the history of the band, whose influence extends beyond the grave to such bands as The Blow Monkeys and The Triffids.

THE KINKS have the second half of their 20-year career wrapped up into a double album by Arista called 'Come Dancing With The Kinks'. The title tracks of their 'Sleepwalker', 'Misfits' and 'Low Budget' late '70s albums find a place along with their near miss '(Wish I Could Fly Like) Superman'. Their '80s chart renaissance brings back 'Better Things', 'Come Dancing' and 'Don't Forget To Dance' and Dave Davies' 'Living On A Thin Line'. There's even a '60s flashback with typically Kinkish live versions of 'You Really Got Me' and 'Lola'.



AWARENESS RECORDS PRESENT

P·E·N·D·R·A·G·O·N

9:15
ON TOUR

THE LIVE ALBUM

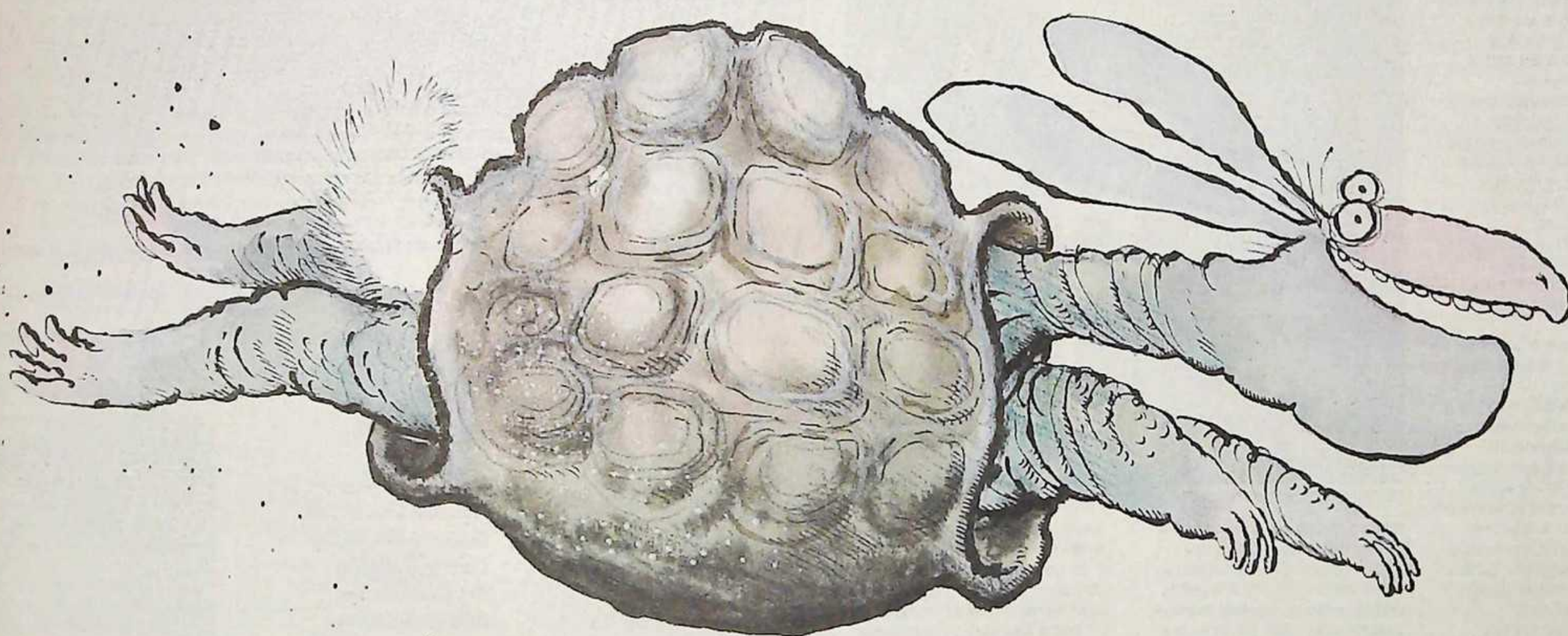
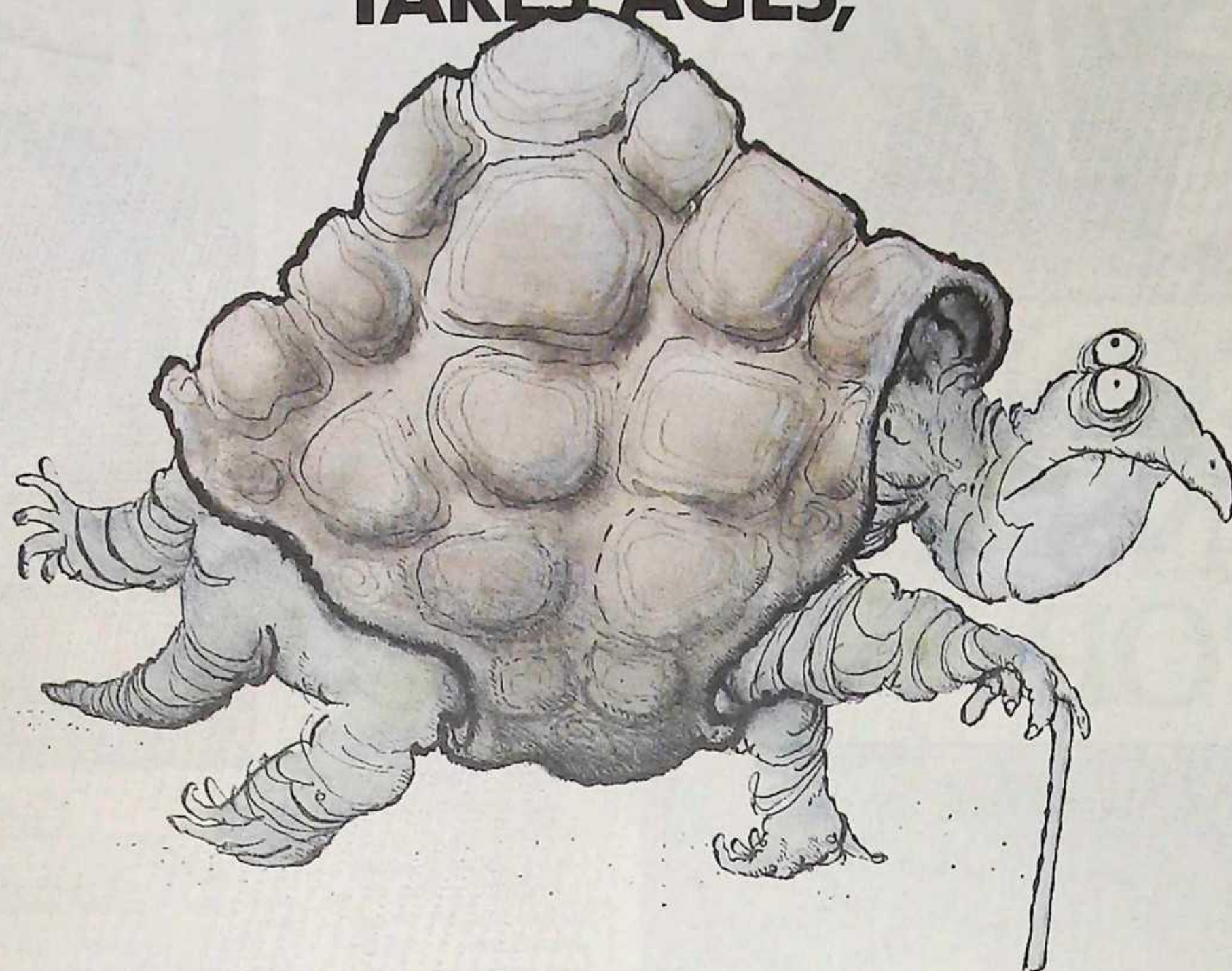
29th OCT. NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY
3rd NOV. BRADFORD UNIVERSITY
6th NOV. PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC
7th NOV. POLYTECHNIC OF WALES
10th NOV. KENT UNIVERSITY
11th NOV. NORWICH U.E.A.
12th NOV. SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY
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EX~CON TURNS TO POP

"Play guitar or
peel the spuds"
they told Kevin
Wright in nick.
Jonh Wilde
hears the story

ALWAYS IS a fresh pop group, a
cable named Kevin Wright
and a short history.

"Three years ago," says
Wright, "I was caught
embezzling money from the
National Giro Bank and I spent
some time in prison. I'd never
thought of making music
before, though my grandfather
met Hank Williams at a bar in
Dallas, once, and never stopped
talking about it."

"Anyway, in prison they were
giving these guitar lessons,
teaching you to play John
Denver songs, bloody awful
stuff. But, if you didn't
volunteer for the guitar group,
you spent every Tuesday
evening peeling spuds - no joy.

"Once I'd mastered 'Annie's
Song', I started trying *The
Marvelettes Song Book* and
then it was brilliant."

"Then they let me out and I
went back to my old job,
driving cabs in London. Last
week I met Kenneth Williams
and Sid James."

What? Sid James from *Bless
This House*, the one with the
smutty laugh? He's dead!

"Mmmmm. Must have been
someone who looked like him.
Whatever, I got out of jail,
drove cabs around and decided
I'd be a pop star in my spare
time. I sent a note to el Records
and Tamla Motown, the only
labels I liked. And el wrote back
saying I was a complete genius,
but Berry Gordy never so much
as acknowledged me."

This week comes *Always'*
debut 12-inch single, 'Ariel
Atlas', el's best songs to date.

"There's four songs. 'Dreams
Of Leaving' is about flying to
Bermuda and you're dreaming
that you're having sex with the
pilot in the cockpit. Then you
wake up and some sweaty
businessman has got his hand
up your shirt. A true life story,



WRIGHT: Re-inventing the word 'gallant'

It happens to all of us at some
point. 'Morning Heights' is
about sleeping in the luggage
rack. 'Heaven' is my tribute to
people who go against fashion,
people who wear flares in the
face of public disdain. It's also
about bus drivers who snarl.
'The Flying Display' is an
instrumental. It's about
whatever you want it to be
about."

Always flex and preen in all
the right places, jangling with
chaotic possibilities. This
Wright fellow re-invents the

word 'gallant' and tells me he
knows every street in London.

So how does driving cabs
compare to making pop songs
for the mighty el organisation?

"Put it this way," he declares.
"People are always claiming
that I'm taking them on the
longest route when I'm driving.
Now, when I make my songs,
they never tell me that. They
always say, Hmmmm, you
can really dance to this."

As pop goes back to sleep,
Always are still churning. Gawd
bless you guv'.

FARM DRUMMER DIES



McVANN: SADLY missed

● JAWS WOULD like to
extend its deepest
sympathy to the family and
friends of The Farm's
drummer Andy McVann
who has been tragically
killed in a car crash. Known
as The Farm's answer to
Keith Moon, 21 year-old
Andy was a natural, self-
taught drummer with an
inspiring energy and a wild
streak of rebellion. "As long
as we can write and record
songs then we will always
have memories of Andy,"
said the official Farm
statement. "Thankfully his
drumming was recorded
and this will bring pleasure
to many."

KNUCKLE DUST

WHAT A load of old Chinese
junk *The Tube* special on the
making of Madonna's *Shanghai
Surprise!* was last week. Talk
about flying 10,000 miles and
not getting the story.

What did we get then? Well,
we got Paula Yates going for the
world record for greatest
number of costume changes in
one hour. We got Paula Yates
interviewing lots of people in
the film except Madonna and
Sean Penn (the stars). We got
Paula Yates slumbering 'twixt
satin sheets, presumably
dreaming of doing the
interviews she didn't get.

We got Paula Yates
supposedly pouring over her
typewriter into the early hours,
trying to compose feeble links
for this disjointed and deeply
dissatisfying documentary. And
we got Paula Yates without
makeup... which made it
rather hard to believe the *Daily
Mirror's* claim that Madonna
refused to talk to Mrs Geldof
because she felt upstaged by the
latter's beauty.

And as for the film itself:
which waste-paper bin did they
find the script in? Why was
Madonna trying to out-act a
large piece of teak? If she'd
buried it, would Sean Penn have
tried to dig it up again? And was
that a turkey we heard gobbling
in the background?

Frankly, the only person to
emerge with any credibility
from the whole charade was
Executive Producer George
Harrison, whose return to
writing and singing for the
movie soundtrack (including a
cameo appearance as a lounge-
lizzardish nightclub crooner)
looks like being the only
welcome surprise of this whole
Shanghai shebang.

TONY MITCHELL

OUT

"Ted Moul't's dead"
Flippancy
Having a memory
Dark blue Cavaliers
Being provincial
"Early right, early right"

ON HIS last album, Loudon Wainwright
III had a song called 'How Old Are You?'
a vicious put-down of journalists and
their inane questions.

Fortunately, I don't have to ask that
one as the answer is printed on the front
of his trucker's cap - 40.

Yes, the man who could have been the
new Bob Dylan and is now the old Billy
Bragg has hit the big one.

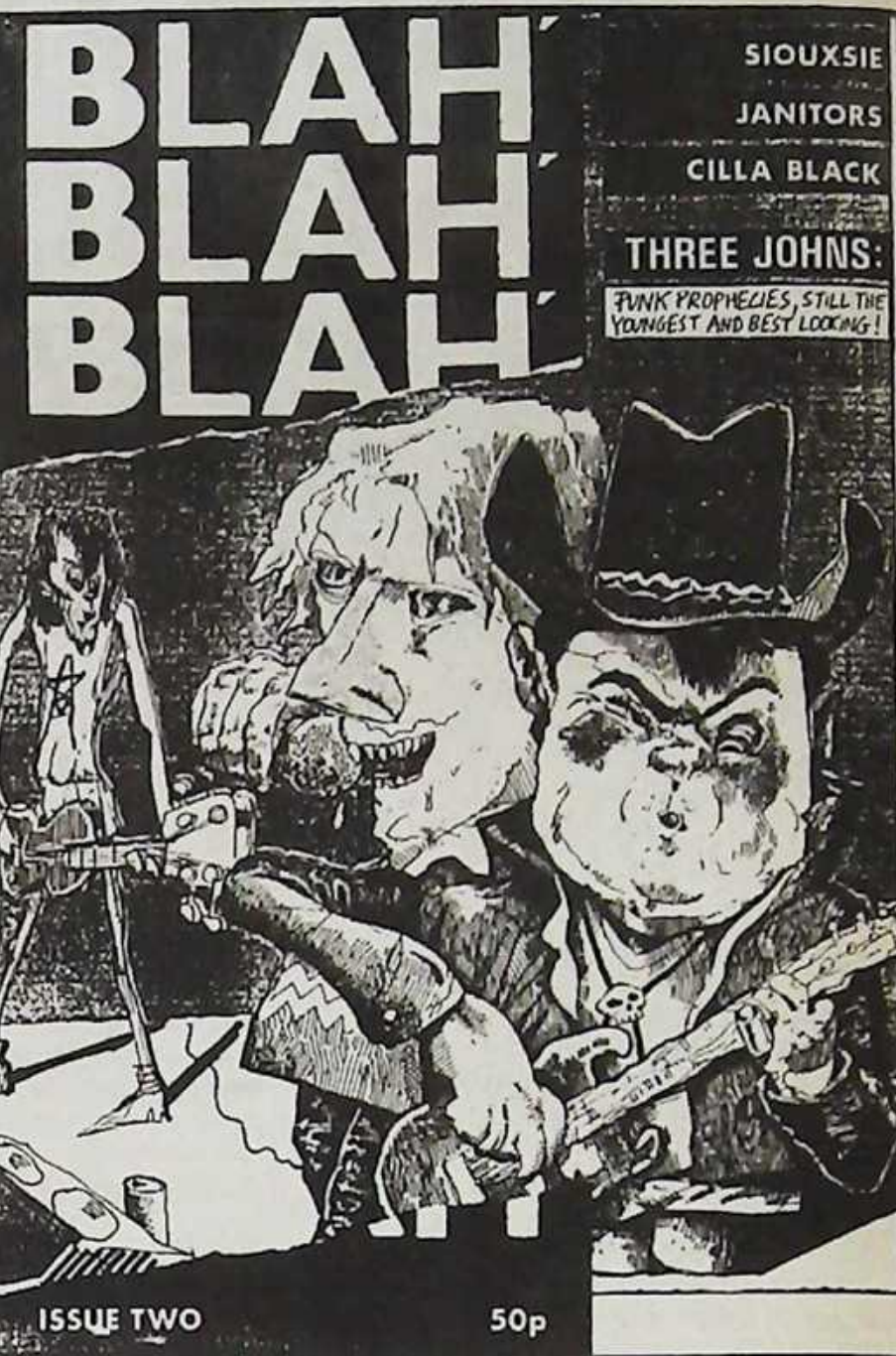
"It was a breeze. Just the odd twinge,
but nothing really."

Like most of his generation whose
lives revolved around Haight-Ashbury or
Greenwich Village in the late '60s, he
never thought he'd make 25, let alone
40. Many didn't, but Loudon had two
epic failed marriages (to Kate
McGarrigle and Suzzy Roche) which
provided him with more songwriting
material than he could possibly have
crammed into 25 years.

"I wrote some very good love songs
about a very shitty first marriage."

He's even started writing political
songs, something he didn't do even
during the bitter days of the Vietnam
War.

'Hard Day On The Planet', like most
of the songs on his imminent album
'More Love Songs', is a bit of a downer.
It suggests that a nuclear war might be
the answer to all our problems, leaving



GOING UNDERGROUND

TWO OF the best underground magazines in Britain are *Debris* (Manchester)
and *Blah Blah Blah* (Penge), and that's because they appear *not* to want to
remain underground. Both are unashamedly witty, imaginative, and daring, and
neither ram their awareness of these qualities into your face in the same self
congratulatory style most fanzines disappointingly cling to.

If a little flat in the past, *Debris* 12 cruises like a shiny culture-crossing
Cadillac, glinting with articles on Test Department, the British media, The
Pastels, Paul Morley, Twang, and Vietnam. And that's not smoke spluttering
from the engine, it's style.

Blah Blah Blah is the mag that Iggy actually named his new LP after. The most
refreshing layout I've seen in a fanzine for years, *BBB* veers clear of 'the music
only' cul-de-sac and splits up articles on The Three Johns, The Janitors, The
Shop Assistants and The Banshees, with thrilling and grilling pieces on *Blind
Date* - probably the best TV show ever, London football grounds, the World
Cup, and the Russian occupation of Afghanistan.

Debris, issue 12, 40p plus large SAE, 3rd Floor, 48 Princess St, Manchester,
M1 6HR.

Blah Blah Blah, 50p plus large SAE, 33 Greens Lane, Penge, London, SE20
7JX.

JAMES BROWN

IN

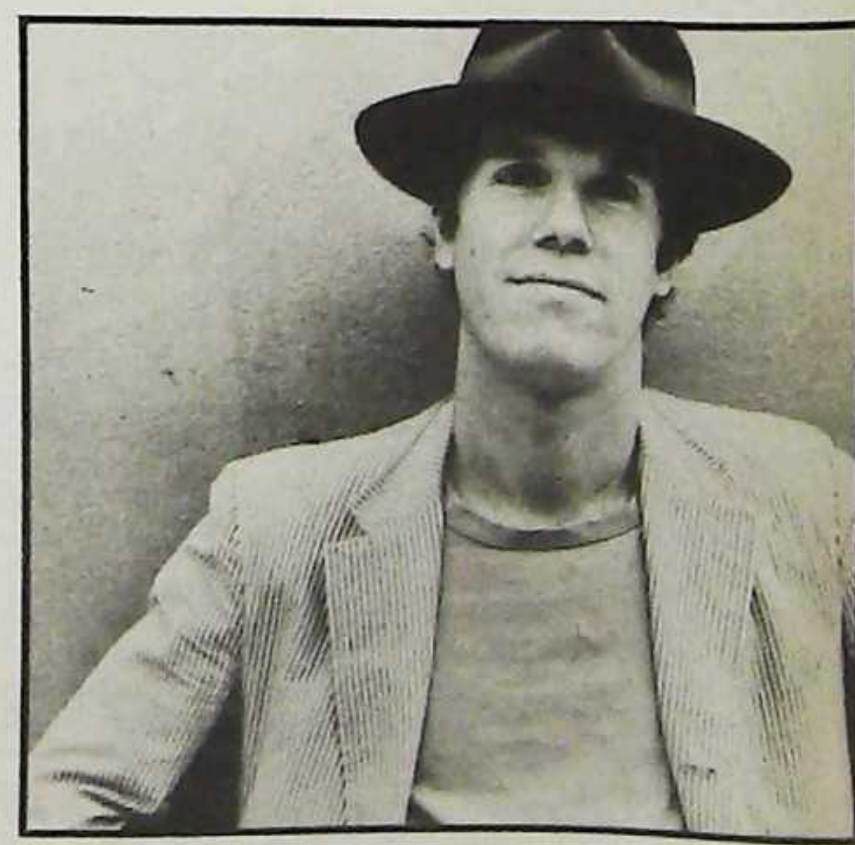
New Journalism
Russian prostitutes
Doing the honours
Family planning
Fred The Barber
Being connected

BITES... BITES...

● AFTER THE offer in his singles
column a couple of weeks back
of a *Police* single to the first 27
people who wrote in, Roger
Holland, 49, has been swamped
with requests. The only one
sensible enough to send an SAE
was Matthew Swain, so he will
get the Holland swagbag. No
more requests... please.

MAKIN' 'EM

Loudon Wainwright - 40, could have been the
new Bob Dylan. But after two epic failed
marriages and a lot more besides, he favours
nuclear extermination instead. Hugh Fielder
reports



WAINWRIGHT: Loudon clear

RADIO'S WONDERFUL ONE SPEAKS

"I'm going to be every bit as cocky as that dick Noel ever was"

"THAT WAS a recording of me writing off my very expensive motor car – which I'm not allowed to mention but I will anyway – at Silverstone last weekend. Of course, I'm only telling you about it because I want you all to understand that I'm a Very Important Person with a Truly Exciting Lifestyle, whereas you're all a bunch of mindless scum who should have been out of bed at least ten minutes ago.

"I mean, God, you make me sick! Look at me. I'm a superstar, right? But you don't hear me moaning about having to get up at five o'clock every morning, do you? 'Course you don't, because I'm a worker, I am.

"Do you know how hard I worked to get where I am today? Do you? I had to stand out in the pissing rain for three years letting that smug git Edmonds rip the piss out of me. Three years! I had to let that bloody moron have the last word for three years! I had to pretend to enjoy having little brats puke all over my Kickers! I even had to pretend that I didn't mind being mistaken for Keith Soddin' Chegwin! CHRIST!

"Yes, I worked damn hard to get here, and now I'm here I'm going to be a total pain in the arse. I'm going to be every bit as cocky as that dick Noel ever was. I'm going to be even more insufferable than Dave Lee Travis could ever be.

"I'm going to be radio's biggest clown. I'm going to play a load of sludge that nobody except me and the other yuppie DJs here at Wonderful Radio One would ever listen to. Read

had his guitar, I've got my synth-drum ... and I'm gonna play it, you geeks.

"I'm going to patronise you until you bleed. I'm going to steal the best stories from the gutter press and read them out as if I disapprove, whereas we all know that really I couldn't give a toss what the papers do, so long as they find room to mention me twice a week.

"And then, to add insult to injury, every morning I'm going to ring up some poor sod just 20 minutes before he's due up anyway – to go to the factory where he pickles his brain 40 hours a week for less than I make in a 20 minute personal appearance at his local disco and pretend to be somebody else in an attempt to ruin the poor bugger's day. Ha!

"Coming up soon between the news and 8 o'clock, we've got Meat Loaf from 1979, the Thompson Twins from 1982, an old Simon And Garfunkel B-side and the brand new release from The Police.

"In a minute we'll have yet another totally unfunny practical joke phone call.

"I'm told that up in Burnley there's a thick northern bastard called Tom who's just got off the nightshift and should have been in bed for just about ten minutes now. So I'm gonna ring him and tell him his dog's dead, his wife's just been raped and his house is on fire. Should be good, eh?

"But first, here's a recording of me shaving earlier today ..."

NICKED CORTINA



Illustration by Simon Cooper

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

● **IGGY POP** came within inches of death last week as he stepped out into the path of an oncoming vehicle. Only the lightning reactions of UK poet and novelist **Chris Roberts** prevented one of pop's most influential artists from being splattered all over the streets of London.

SQUIRM

the way clear for the survivors (ants? rats?) to make a fresh start.

"I think that's an optimistic ending," he retorts. "After all, there's a real good chance that we are going to manage to blow ourselves up, so we might as well get behind it."

Loudon has based himself in England for the last couple of years.

"I wanted to get the hell out of America for a while. I've always had an ex-patriot fantasy, and there were some personal reasons.

"But I like it here. They speak English. I've been trashed a few times by the media, but generally I've been allowed to ply my trade."

And ply it he will, on a British tour later this month just as soon as 'More Love Songs' comes out on Demon.

The album includes 'The Home Stretch', the follow-up to 'How Old Are You?', and more of Loudon's own brand of optimism – "At least you're a has-been and not a never-was".

"I like my job and I think it's important," he says. "Somebody's got to do it. Somebody's got to make 'em squirm out there."

● DID YOU spot **Bruce Dickinson**, 16, in the crowd at the *Horse Of The Year Show* the other night? We didn't either because we don't watch that sort of crap. But somebody did, and they phoned us up to say he was there because two of his *Close Relatives* were participating in the event. *Jaws* thinks they're just trying to stir up a load of trouble.

● THE BEST news *Jaws* has received all week is that the *Tears Fuffears* song 'Everybody Wants To Rule The World', the one in which they drove a pink car across the desert, has been played over the US airwaves no less than 546,000 times. That's 1,638,000 minutes, 27,300 hours, 1,137½ days, or just over three years. And it's still a heap of crap.

● RECORD COMPANY um-and-ah men dressed in rubber, leather and vinyl? What's the world coming to? Well, last Wednesday, it looked like the world was trying to come to Zeta's, a club in Putney run by ex-Embassy boss **Mark Fuller**. The occasion – a party for pervers organised by *Skin Two* magazine – had a special atmosphere about it, and not just because trendy fetishists have had nowhere to uncloset since Soho's Maitresse closed down.

Because the event also saw only the third gig by **Atomage**, hot tipped for megastardom by all who've seen them. Taking their name from the late **John Sutcliffe's** renowned perv-clobber-and-publications emporium, but pronouncing the 'age' French-style, Atomage (who boast two ex-members of Bow Wow Wow) don't just dress in the regalia of S&M – they belt out vigorous tribal-influenced pop with the kind of confidence and charisma that guarantees they'll be a band to watch this winter – not the least by **Beggars Banquet**, the first in a long list of companies reportedly itching to sign them.

● **ZIG ZIG SpankIt** PR, the leggy Miss **Magenta De Vine** rang us last week and said:

"We can only send you tickets for the gig if you are really going to use them, because we're very short." Ha ha ha hahahaha ...

● THE CLASH were caught with their trousers down last week when they turned up at Wisley airfield to shoot a video on the £750,000 set of **John Boorman's** film *Hope And Glory*. "It's alright ... we've cleared it with John Boorman," they told the man on the gate. "I am John Boorman," they were told, plus one or two other things which revolved around the concept of them getting the hell outta the place.

BLAZE OF MUSCLE

Dave Henderson talks to The Bolshoi, the band who want more domestic violence

Bonfire'. It's a colossal blaze of muscle and manhandled melodies – played over a waltz rhythm

"A lot of people couldn't understand that one."

So, how come The Bolshoi toy with diversions better left to Victor Silvester – God rest his monogrammed baton?

"We're just diverse characters. We like different things. Like the Bad News tour said, We're not sitting on the fence, we're kicking it down."

Wow! Anarchy! "There isn't enough

conflict around," says Trevor. "There aren't any real bands. We need more domestic violence."

Are The Bolshoi's antics revolutionary, then? Do you wave Mao's little red book at the audience?

"No. More like an Edna O'Brien novel."

Tanner is an intellectual with a non-accent. His favourite supermarket is Sainsbury's. He reads *Viz* comic. He's a "private young man" who wants to be hideously successful.

"Hey, and I didn't go to public school."

WHO KNOWS the secret of the big black vinyl? Who knows the dance routine of The Bolshoi?

As their debut album proper (they did a mini some time back), 'Friends', gains a five star awegasm from our very own Kez Owen, The Bolshoi are tanning their brows in the spotlight. Other, lesser scribes, however, haven't been so kind.

"We get some strange reviews," mutters Trevor Tanner, lead Bolshoi and man from Bath. "Some people just can't understand us, they say we're too diverse or that we lack direction."

Of course, uneducated beings can't quite see The Bolshoi's versatility. Take their new single 'Sunday Morning', or their previous anthem 45, the triumphant 'Books On The



THE BOLSHIES: too diverse?

Toni Wroblewski

MAN WITH TWO HATS SHAVES BEARD OFF

Magnum are currently basking in the upper end of the metal charts. Now they're hoping to follow Bon Jovi into the big league and Paul Elliott reckons they're good for it. ... not bad for a converted bunch of scruffy doo-dahs!

IT SOUNDS unlikely I know, but don't be surprised to see Magnum take advantage of Bon Jovi's foot in the charts door pretty soon.

'Midnight' is the second single to be lifted from their spanking new 'Vigilante' album, and it's a bloody good 'eadbang if ever I heard one.

No, just my little joke. It's actually a crisp, rather classy follow-up to 'Lonely Night', the sort of tune that threatens to make these Brum bandits (I said Brum bandits...) outrageously popular.

Not that it'd go to their heads if the loot *did* start pouring in. Magnum just aren't overawed by the trappings of success, a

point illustrated by bassist Wally Lowe's impressions of Montreux (Switzerland, dummy), where they recently recorded the LP with Queen's Roger Taylor twiddling the knobs.

"You'd get up in the morning, go out on to yer balcony and think Oh, bloody mountains again."

And lead (ahem) axeman Tony Clarkin is equally unmoved by the luxuries of life, as he proved when we chatted at Guildford's delightful Civic Hall recently.

"We've got a big Cadillac outside. It's really long. We've gotta have one of those false waving hands fitted in it."



MAGNUM: BRUM bandits, the lot of them. ...

Anyway, enough of the small talk. What I really want to know, lads, is what's happened to the old image? The starched bell-bottoms? The 1974 World Cup Grandstand expert panel shirts? The silly perms?

Singer Bob Catley: "Well, our manager told us that we were a scruffy bunch of doo-dahs

and that it was about time we smartened ourselves up, and we were pleased that we did. Before, the idea of the band as an image had never really entered our heads."

Would you shave the beard off, if asked, Tone?

"No. In fact, the crazy thing is, I shaved it off. They didn't

want me to, but I did coz of ZZ Top, y'know? ZZ Top had become so popular in the last year or so and I thought Oh, no, so I shaved it off completely. I walked into the manager's office and he fainted."

Bob: "He said Ooh, no, you look much better with yer beard on, Tone."

How many hats have you got, Tone?

"Two. Did you think I'd got millions? No, it's just two, and they're both the same."

Do you wear them all the time?

"Nah, I'm in bed now and I'm not wearing it, am I?"

BIGGUN



THE LATEST issue of Lindsay Hutton's *Next Big Thing* has more the weight of a Stephen King novel to it than the flimsiness of the usual fanzine fodder. What distances *NBT* from its rivals is the sheer scope and knowledge to be found in its 100 pages, more of a handy reference tome to alternative and essential listening than a mere xeroxed soapbox. Plus, out flops a Good Vinyl Guide, a Demon Records checklist and a Baboon Dooley comic onto your lap as a bonus. For £1.35 how can ya lose? (20 Albert Avenue, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire FK3 9AT, Scotland). EDWIN POUNCEY

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

● JAWS GETS a special award for services to mankind this week with the announcement that Andrew Ridgeley, 4, is to give up trying to be a racing driver. And it was obviously the twin attack of his girlfriend Donia Florentino, 2, blabbering on about it being bad for his health and the petition, complete with 625 million signatures that Jaws sent him last week, that did it.

"I'm choked," he told us from the exhaust chamber of his Lotus Esprit. "I didn't even know 625 million people knew who I was ... I thought it was more. But yes, I'm packing it in."

● DO YOU remember the pleasantly plump woman from the Boothill Foot-Tappers? Where has she been since the Bottles hit No 63 in the charts with 'Get Your Hands Out Of My Drawers'? Well, Wendy May (that's her name) has been down London's Town And Country Club being a DJ.

And she's been so good at it that Capital Radio have given her Gary Crowley's job.

"It's a gap that badly needed filling," says Wendy, who reckons she will be playing "student music" - The Smiths, The Redskins, Billy Bragg, "people like that."

wop-bop-aloo-bop-alop



LITTLE RICHARD, 692, flew in the other day and was treated, by his record company, WEA, to a star reception at a very posh restaurant in London. Everything went outrageously well. Drink was drunk, food was scoffed and only two celebrities were spotted being sick in the bogs. Richard enjoyed himself anyway, and took great pleasure in meeting comedy types Ben Elton, 61, and Rik Mayall, 44.

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SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

BETTER DEAD THAN FRED



JESSE (MARK Patton) discovers the dangers of not buying your gloves at British Home Stores

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET PART TWO: FREDDY'S REVENGE

(Palace Pictures)

FREDDY'S RETURN was hailed by the gorhounds who read top splatterzine *Fangoria* as a stinker, and on viewing it first hand, I have come to the same conclusion.

Nightmare On Elm Street was blessed with a sneaky streak of perverted imagination, where the barricades of reality and dreams were broken down and even sleep was no place to hide from the boogey man called Freddy Krueger. Wes *The Hills Have Eyes* Craven scored a direct hit and sent the punters home looking over their shoulders.

Naturally, with the scent of the almighty dollar in the air, Freddy would have to rise again; trouble is, Craven was lost in the *Twilight Zone*. Enter Robert Shaye and Jack Sholder, together with a story that isn't so much a sequel, more of a remake of the original *Nightmare*.

Alas nothing, apart from the swimming pool boiling over this time round. The cast of fresh faced yuppies all deserve to die horribly and

some of them are gracious enough to do so. A heroine, Kim Myers, who looks the spitting image of Meryl Streep, has been chosen to conquer the evil Freddy with a kiss, Freddy having taken up lodgings inside the frame of her noxious boyfriend (Mark Patton). Yes, it's *Beauty And The Beast* crassly revisited, which made me yawn with terror.

The original's geyser of blood is replaced on *Nightmare Two* with, of all things, an exploding budgie, and there's an unhealthy obsession with sado-masochism, as a dominant sports master is bound, gagged and slashed open in the showers by the vengeful Freddy that's pulsing inside another, younger bod.

The sense of helplessness that the first *Nightmare* convinced its audience with is sadly lacking in this production. Freddy is nothing other than a man with a latex head; he can pull all the brains he wants out of the top of his skull, but it still looks fake and *Nightmare On Elm Street Part Two* is still only a movie.

For what pretends to be an excursion into terror, that's bad news. Worst yet, I've got a horrible feeling that he'll be back.

EDWIN POUNCEY

BASIL - THE GREAT MOUSE DETECTIVE

(Walt Disney Pictures)

NUMBER 26 in a world beating series of full length animated motion pictures from the home of *101 Dalmatians* and *The Aristocats*. And if *Basil - The Great Mouse Detective* is not actually the best of the bunch, then it certainly isn't the worst.

Below stairs, well, below the floorboards actually, at 221B Baker Street, resides one Basil, the celebrated sleuth of the title, who curiously bears no resemblance whatsoever to the quintessential screen Holmes,

Basil Rathbone. And just as the two legged giant upstairs seems preoccupied with the menace of Moriarty, so our great mouse detective is obsessed with the spectre of his deadly rival, the flamboyant emperor of rodental crime, Professor Ratigan, a cruel and cunning if slightly snobbish rat.

It is the year of the Mouse Queen's Silver Jubilee, and the evil Ratigan has devised a particularly fiendish plot to usurp Her Mousejesty and seize the throne for himself. However, Basil is on his trail. And with the invaluable assistance of Doctor Dawson

(hmmm, just back from the Indian Wars, don't you know) who is, happily, based upon the time-honoured whipping post Watson - Nigel Bruce - this mouse will move mountains in his fight to foil Ratigan and save the mouse world.

Using the joys of animation in a lighthearted way, this latest Disney classic is built upon a wealth of humour, parody and invention. Young children, as always, will love it, and there's no reason why you shouldn't too. After all, that was you I saw at *Pinnocchio* in the summer, wasn't it?

ROGER HOLLAND

TREASURE AH-OY-VEY!

PIRATES

(Canon)

COCKNEY PIRATE Captain Red (played with blunderbuss imprecision by Walter Matthau) and his faithful sidekick The Frog (Chris Camplon) are adrift in a raft on a becalmed sea.

The peg-legged Red is all "shiver me timbers" and "gold dubloons" whereas The Frog is a more philosophical character; well he has to be when faced with the over-the-top excesses of his captain. A life of plundering and blundering have left the two of them stranded on a bit of wood with just a sea chest and no food. But, arh-har, what's this, me hearties? A Spanish galleon on the horizon. They jump aboard and it's lights, cameras, and slapstick action from here on in.

The ship's carrying a solid gold Aztec throne which immediately sets Red's eyes rolling around their sockets with glee as he conspires to relieve the Spaniards of their treasure. He gets the throne; he loses it; he gets it again. But somehow, despite the obviousness of the plot, director Roman Polanski - not exactly renowned for his light touch - has managed to keep the film as fresh as the day Douglas Fairbanks Jnr first swashbuckled his way through two hours of escapist adventure.

Pirates, while containing all the standard ingredients, is not a dull retread of a dead genre, but a lively and well crafted piece of pure entertainment. Steal yourself a slice soon.

RICKY KILDARE



CAP'N MATTHAU, arh-har

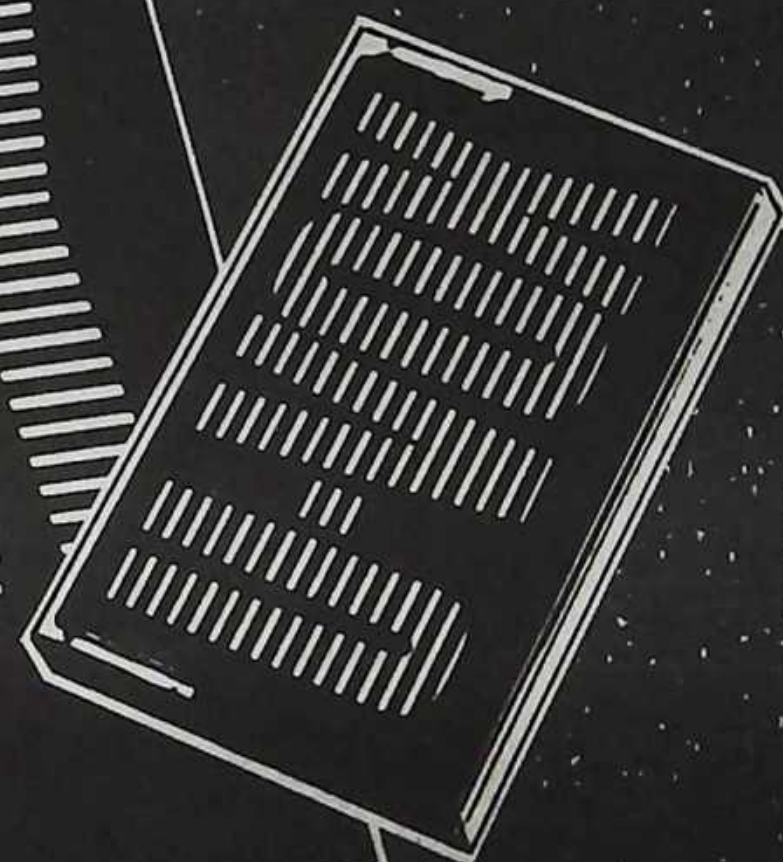
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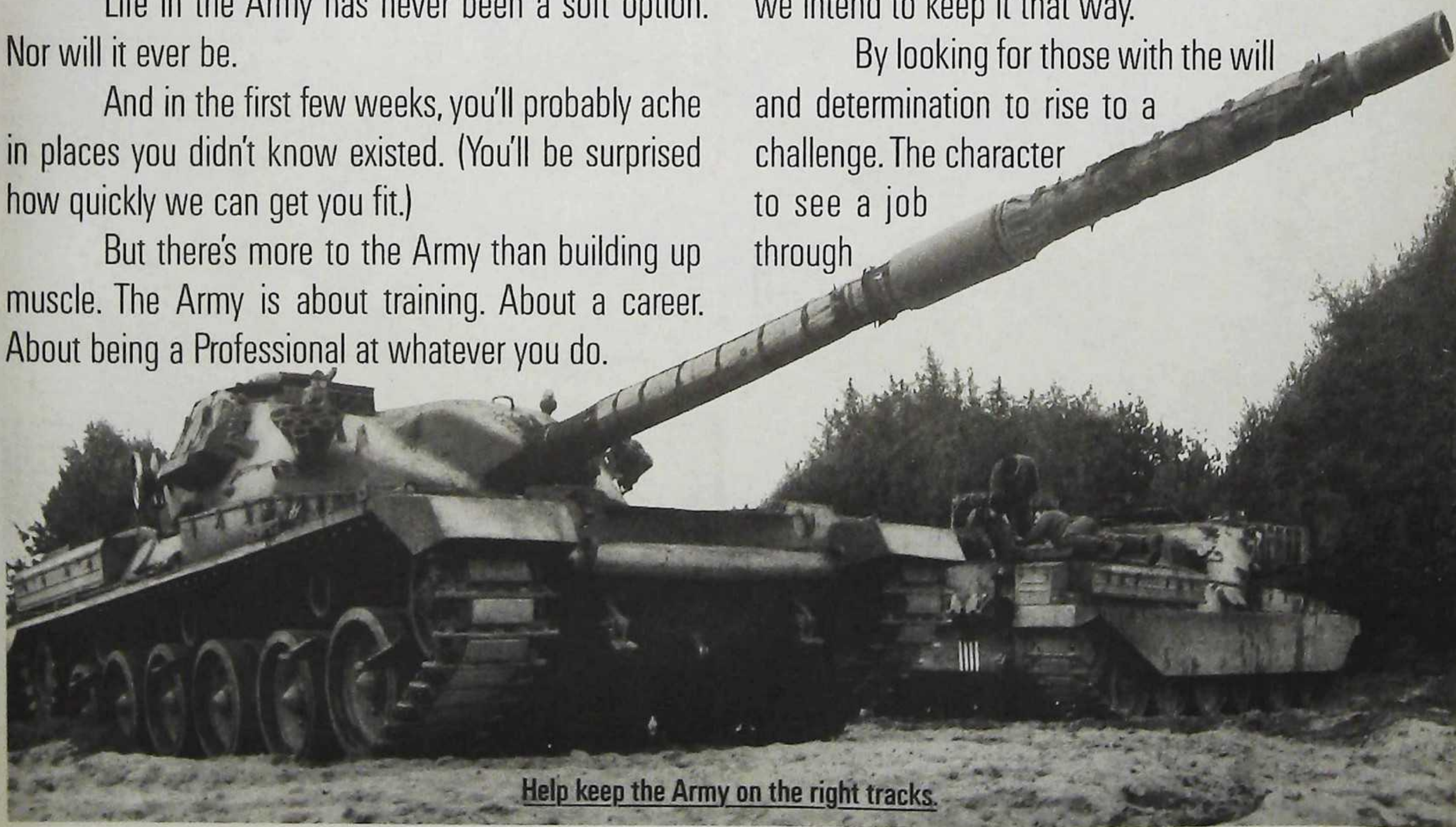
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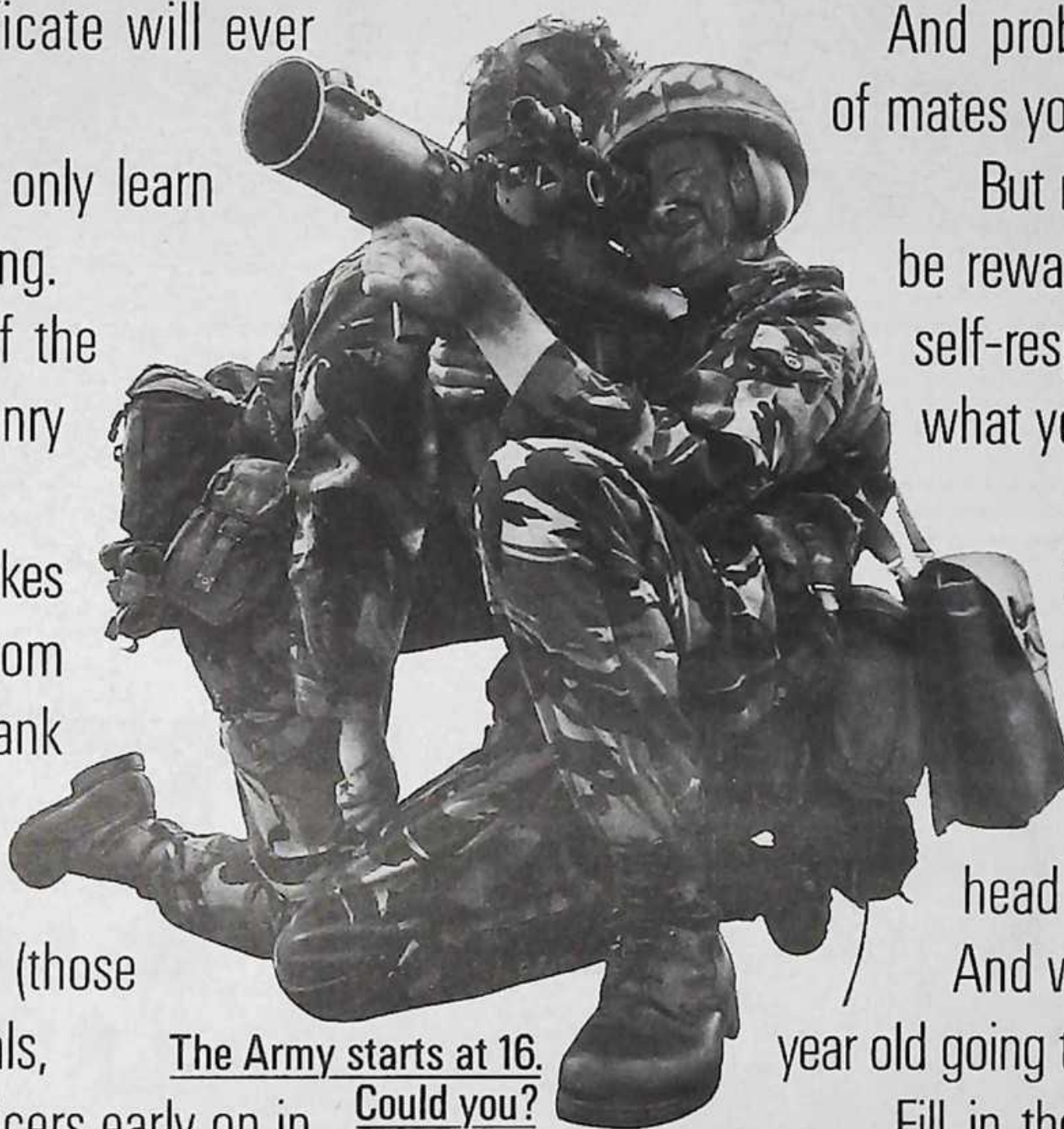
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S I N G L E S

Reviewed by Andy Hurt



A PRIMITIVE lets rip

THE LEATHER NUN 'Pink House' (Wire) **THREE ANGRY POLES** 'Motorcycle Maniac' (Play It Again Sam) **THE EXECUTIVE SLACKS** 'Rock 'N' Roll' (Play It Again Sam) Rocking all over the

world, or what? A few Brit bands are beginning to flex their muscles, but here are hordes of foreigners kicking sand in the faces of weaklings, and about time too.

Barmy biker Jonas gloats over Sweden's 1-0 trouncing

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE PRIMITIVES 'Really Stupid' (Lazy) Golly gosh, this record is so good, this sentence should really have an extremely rude word before the 'good'.

Having just spent the year at the bottom of a well in the Kalahari desert, I'd never heard this lot before, but now I am an instant fan. Hardly any chords at all, barely a trace of anything resembling a lead guitar, the faintest smidgin of backing vocals and those oh-so girly tones.

'Really Stupid' is a completely dead good record, leaving the two B-side tracks facing a pretty hopeless task, in which they duly fail...

But not by much. 'We Found A Way To The Sun' charms its way into the brain the third or fourth time around, and the funny time signatures in 'Where The Wind Blows' confirm what I'd suspected - that there is (relatively) a sophisticated side to The Primitives. Can't say any more than that, really.

of England as he selects a track from the new Leather album (most tasteful sleeve design of '86) for his latest single, the misleadingly restrained 'Pink House'.

'Speed Of Life' is more to my liking, real Harley Davidson stuff. The 12-inch

bonus track, 'Lucky Strike', features the daftest solo I've heard since Eric Clapton, circa 'Disraeli Gears'.

Take one measure Revolting Cocks, one measure Kid Montana, one measure La Muerte and have yourself a cocktail of knock-

out potency.

Any song that starts "Ooh bay-beh, ooh bay-beh, ooh bay-beh, ooh bay-beh" must be brilliant. Motorbikes again, outrageous feedback disco that really rocks. Get this.

Blimey, a cover version I like. The Executive Slacks stick pretty close to the original in terms of sound, but what's more important is that they tune into the spirit, a factor that is deliberately overlooked by producers looking for a hit cover. Dance to this one, pop kids!

THE CHESTERFIELDS 'A Guitar In Your Bath EP' (Subway)

Oojamaflop has a great voice. Tremulous is the word. Or quivering. A jolly chorus of "I don't like you" makes 'Sweet Revenge' the stand-out example of Chesterfields Peelipop, just short-heading the equally jolly 'What's Your Perversion?' for the songwriting honours. Music lives.

THE SOUP DRAGONS 'Hang-Ten! EP' (Raw TV)

Until now, I had contrived to go through life without ever hearing The Soup Dragons, a feat to match that of never having seen Sam Fox's blubber pods on the printed page.

Yes, the singer does sound rather like Pete Shelley. No, they do not remind me too much of Buzzcocks; they do remind me of Hello, one of the undeservedly lesser lights of the glam rock age.

The Soup Dragons are not as good as Hello, but this remains a compliment, nonetheless. Pretty good, if unspectacular.

HULA 'Black Wall Blue' (Red Rhino)

While we ponder the enormous future that awaits The Soup Dragons, The Primitives and their ilk, it's worth remembering that, not so long ago, Chakk and Hula were going to stand the universe on its head.

'Black Wall Blue' is almost Shriekback in its quirky funkiness and is quite the best thing I've heard from them.

ALIEN SEX FIEND 'Smells Like...' (Anagram)

AUSGANG 'King-Hell' (Shakedown) ... Did you spot the missing word? Yes, children, the word is *shit*.

The Sex Fiends give you the 'Shit Mix' on one side, while the other features an inspired 'Plip Plop Mix' (true).

Usual disco-punk formula from a band who have made better jobs of their previous singles. The shit hasn't hit this fan.

Ausgang pick up a point for sending me their latest workout, even though I slagged them off mercilessly a while back. This is actually pretty reasonable for goth, yet I remain unconvinced.

EXIT 13 'Over The Bridge' (Squad)

Gentle, thoughtful stuff with cellos and without drums, and not quite a patch

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on Thirteen Moons (severe numerical coincidence, eh?), but in the same fertile field.

MARTIN STEPHENSON AND THE DAINTIES 'Boat To Bolivia' (Kitchenware)

I reviewed his last single; this is a case of *Tuffus Tittus*, but it is not my fault Martin Stephenson is a twerp.

This effort is not so bad in fact, even if it is white reggae.

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY 'Cut Down' (Red Rhino)

Gods, of course. But it is a *Sounds* convention to crucify their singles...

I prefer their faster numbers, but here are two slowies and I reckon they stuck the A on the wrong side, 'Running Fever' being the one for me.

PSYCHEDELIC FURS 'Heartbreak Beat' (CBS)

And here are those furry fellows.

By a cruel twist of fate, the lad Butler was born with the voice of a berk. In his dreams he is Bowie, who in turn is Iggy. The disc remains on the deck for its duration and thus is no turkey, but we know it is fake.

THE COMMODORES 'Goin' To The Bank' (Polydor)

LIONEL RICHIE 'Love Will Conquer All' (Motown)

"Yeah, I'd like to make anuvver wivdrawl," pipes a voice halfway through the newie by that most American of groups, The Commodores.

The replacement for Lionel is a Watford boy wot sung wiv Heatwave, and this song does the works on the pop/soul front. Communards indeed!

Renegade Commodore

Richie releases a track from his recent "get down to Our Price"-tailored album. By the time you read this, every radio station in the land will be flogging it to death, so you can make up your own mind. Slowish.

THE MISSION 'Stay With Me' (Mercury)

Ah, a waltz! Johann Strauss would have loved this strict-tempo 3/4 beat, with its rollicking singalong chorus, and doubtless the Andy Ross band will soon be knocking it out on *Come Dancing*.

Closer in spirit to the Furs than The Sisters, but this bothers me not. Chart potential even.

THE THE 'Infected' (Some Bizzare)

Matt Johnson runs around in circles for three minutes-odd without appearing to get anywhere, but similar behaviour doesn't seem to have done Steve Cram any harm. Good dance noises and a probable growler chorus of extreme understatement.

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'It Sells Or It Smells' THE

WOLFHOUSES 'The Anti-Midas Touch' THAT

PETROL EMOTION 'Keen' MCCARTHY 'Red Sleeping

Beauty' (Pink) You certainly can't criticise Pink for not having an identifiable label sound; guitars that in most circumstances would be Ethiopian in their undernourishment stomp confidently over beds of drums.

The Wolfhounds, McCarthy, Rumblefish and the much-maligned Jamie Wednesday slug it out in a battle-of-the-bands sampler EP, which

produces no clear winner but no losers either.

The Wolfhounds hit the rudder and steer a course towards The Fall with their latest bunch of five.

'One Foot Wrong' features an accurate impersonation of Mark Smith by singer Callahan, while 'The Anti-Midas Touch' does the biz on the chorus front.

I know a young lady who breaks into rivulets of calf-straining, orgasmic sweat at the mere mention of That Petrol Emotion. The freshly-recorded 'Keen' warms the heart of my cockles, but my forehead remains mysteriously dry.

The 12-inch includes a version of Captain Beefheart's 'Zig-Zag Wanderer', and 'tis this that gets my vote.

In terms of ranking in the Pink league table, McCarthy are holding their own around midway, not bad for a team new to the first division. The drums roll incessantly to beef up the most gossamer of guitars, with 'From The Damned' shining as the brightest beacon.

THE SAINTS 'You Can't Tamper With The Temple Of The Lord' (Polydor)

The Saints have always been hamstrung by the fact that their first ever release, 'I'm Stranded', was a landmark in rock. Chris Bailey no longer says "c'mon" at the end of every sentence and he has discovered what a horn section is. Augurs well for the new album.

ORAN 'JUICE' JONES 'The Rain' (Def Jam)

Whoa! You just don't know where you are with these Def Jam boys, do you?

A quite magnificent modern soul record, the best black record of the year, a

peach, a beaut, thoroughly deserving of a number one slot, which it won't attain because three dodgy boilers who can't sing a note between them will be there with a Stock/Aitken/Waterman production of 'My Old Man's A Dustman'. Art and beauty 0, boom-crash 4.

CHICAGO '25 Or 6 To 4' (Warner Brothers)

BOSTON 'Amanda' (MCA)

BERLIN 'Take My Breath Away' (CBS) Chicago hump their tired and crooked bodies chartwards once more. With '86 being the year of the cover version massacre, the seemingly bizarre concept of groups covering their own songs (eg The Police) takes on a Spock-like logic. Chicago play Chicago - familiarity breeds cash.

Boston - another city, another bunch of ageing dickheads. Taking a leaf from Chicago's tree, Boston place their bid for a last-song-at-the-student-disco clincher in the mould of 'If You Shag Me Now'. Terrifying.

The Berlin wall of sound is provided by Giorgio 'Whatever Happened To...?' Moroder, who should be thoroughly ashamed for having anything to do with *Top Gun*, to which this is the (inevitable) 'Love Theme'. Gunk. Hit.

THE LOOTERS 'Cross The Border' (Alternative

Tentacles) A major departure for Alternative Tentacles in two respects: 1) this is disco-funk; 2) this is a really duff record. Can't win 'em all.

DEAD DOG LTD 'Devious Woman' (Island)

It has been pointed out to me that this

sounds like the demo given to the A&R man in the Kit-Kat advert ("you can't sing, you can't play" etc), so watch out for this lot in the charts real soon.

PETER MURPHY 'Tale Of The Tongue' (Beggars

Banquet) The latest by Murphy is far better than I'd feared, with a dainty plink-plonk keyboard riff and a guitar that goes "whe-owwww".

ALWAYS 'Ariel Atlas' (E1)

THE WALLFLOWERS 'Blushing Girl Nervous Smile' (Mantre) THE SERVANTS 'The Sun, A Small Star' (Head) In the dense rain forest of jingle-jangle, Always is a bird of paradise, leisurely dropping droppings on the uniformly uninteresting vegetation far below. Or, this record is better than most in the land of the diabetic guitar.

The Wallflowers feature The Pete Brickley, as he once was known, and The (for short) knows how to write a great tune, even if it is more spazzo wimpo nambo-pambo jangle. Magic. Shucks.

More strumming courtesy of The Servants. Rumour has it that ego problems may threaten the existence of this quartet - a pity, as the sounds fit the bill. The title track twitters nicely, and 'Meredith' has long been something of a treat.

KIM WILDE 'You Keep Me Hangin' On' (MCA)

It goes without saying that this rendition pisses all over The Supremes and outrocks the Vanilla Fudge version.

Awful enough to be a hit, but to make extra sure, I suggest Kim joins the cast of *EastEnders*.

BON JOVI 'Livin' On A Prayer' (Vertigo) EUROPE 'The Final Countdown' (Epic)

I was under the impression that Bon Jovi rocked. Hal This record is boring and Van Halen do it better.

Europe, surprisingly enough, also do it better if 'The Final Countdown' is any indication. A disgustingly catchy *Kerrplonk!* rock/pop anthem. *Rocky 5*, anyone?

UNITY STATION 'My Skin' (Restless) RED LETTER

DAY 'Released Emotions' (Last Generation) Two sets of post-punk hopefuls, four songs apiece, and valiant efforts all with Red Letter Day's 'Killing Ground' collecting the Oscar.

WANG CHUNG

'Everybody Have Fun Tonight' (Geffen) This'll make you laugh... this record is good! Jeez, I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd say such a thing about Wang Chung, but by current chart standards (what standards?) this is great.

CHINA CRISIS 'Arizona Sky' (Virgin)

Frank Bough and his cardigan would scare the pants off these boys; they make Martin Stephenson sound like Lemmy.

OK, so I quite like it, but that doesn't mean I sleep with men... very often.

Par for the China Crisis course, slowish, niceish.

ERASURE 'Sometimes' (Mute)

Is it my imagination, or is this Erasure bloke really beginning to sound like Alison Moyet?

Most of Vince Clarke's songs sound the same to me, but this one will add a touch of class to the airwaves.

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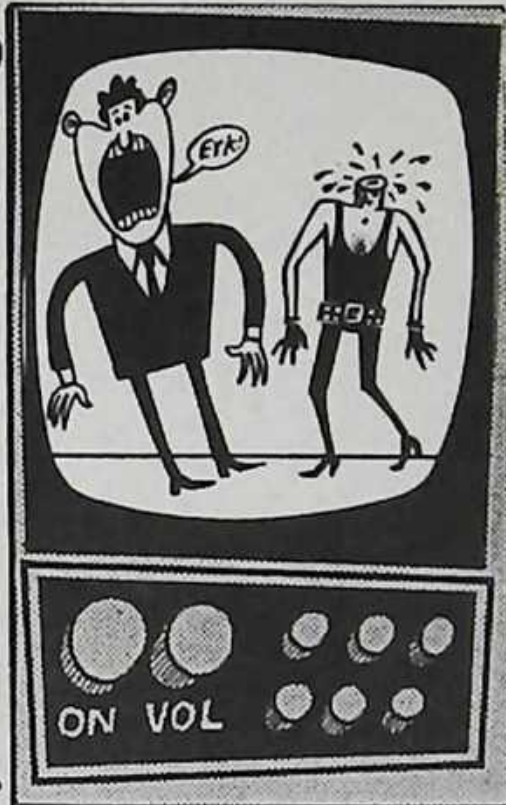
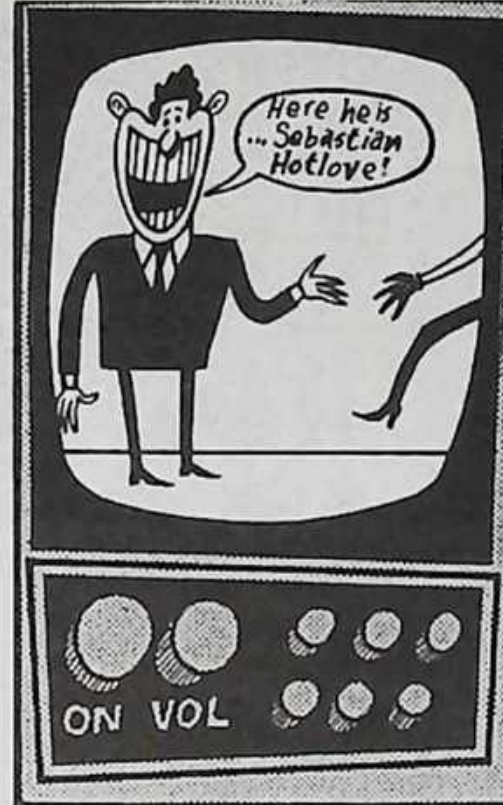
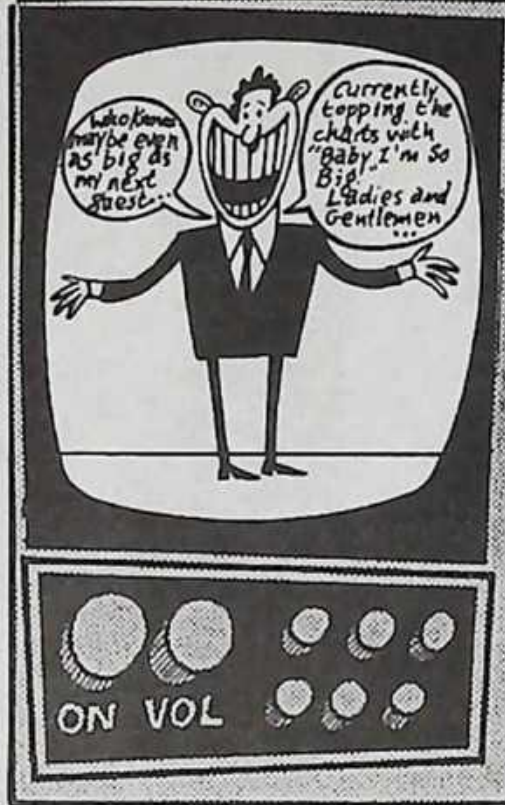
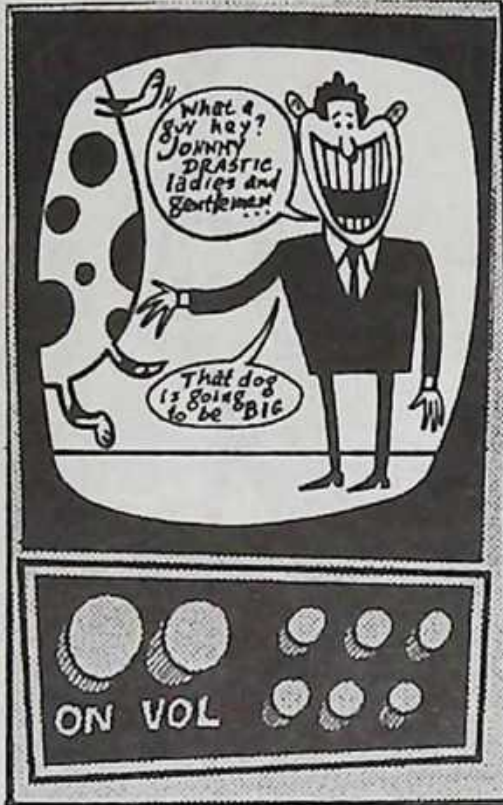
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23 LONDON HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

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9 PORTSMOUTH RITZYS

7" CRAY 1 - 12" CRAY 112



WEATHER



Rise and shine! Time to bask in the sunshine that THE WEATHER PROPHETS have brought back to rock 'n' roll. ROBIN GIBSON gets the full forecast from PETE ASTOR. Window on the weatherman by PETER ANDERSON

IF PETE Astor hankers after nakedness, there's plenty of assistance down in the bowels of the Croydon Underground tonight.

Creation mouthpiece Alan McGee is wandering round berating the dismal attendance (pockets of Weather Prophets devotees and the odd out-of-time Goth couple snogging on the sticky floor) and failing to relate it to The Weather Prophets' "phenomenal base sales".

Disgruntled bar staff are wrestling the shutters down before the first number finds its stride, and bassist Greenwood Goulding has broken a string before the third is up for consideration.

All of this might unhinge lesser types completely, and then, to the beholder, it would scream failure forever. But The Weather Prophets, when forced into rags, are resourceful and inspired and instead it's a foot on the gas, a leg-up to the stars and the key, somehow, to one of their best sets.

The Weather Prophets — a traditional kinda rock 'n' roll group — are already great and, despite tonight, on their way to becoming big potatoes. Pete Astor knows it.

"Brilliant gig!" he grins afterwards through his orange juice.

A few days before this, in the Creation office (at least twice as large as the last time I saw it), Pete Astor is igniting a Marlboro Light and sending out for pear nectar. He's also waxing lyrical about W.A.S.P. on the TV while working out just what's wrong with heavy metal.

"It's not what it could be. Like a lot of really powerful music, it's like filling up a cup, when you're trying to put more and more water in, and once it's full... it's full. There's nothing in reserve because the pitch is like, full tilt, to begin with. It doesn't excite me as much as something that's got places to go."

When The Weather Prophets were beginning to mull over their route maps, about a year ago, the avowed intention was to improvise and improvise again. The fact that they don't ramble like they did six months ago, and that they've come to a compromise between concise pop melody and in-song sonic highwire-walking, is a good indication of how they've already exceeded Astor's original goal... feeling their way into beauty rather than battling round within predefined limits (like his old group, The Loft).

THE WEATHER Prophets — Pete, Greenwood, Oisín Little (guitar) and Dave Morgan (drums, Loft survivor) — started out as Pete's declared dictatorship,

PETE ASTOR: something's burning!

VAIN

but they've ended up more comfortable as a group.

"We've been through playing songs at great length and I'm glad we did it — but in a way, it did get a bit boring. I mean, I'm not interested in being a guitar hero. I think I could summon up maybe five or ten minutes of inspired guitar playing in a given evening. And there was a stage where I was having to do it all the time, and I'm not even halfway good enough. But we did it, and I think it gave us a unity that we wouldn't've had. We've settled organically rather than everything being put into place immediately."

First proof: the non-appearance of Pete's much-vaunted late-night-low-life solo LP, which has just "melted into" The Weather Prophets, a musical overcoat copious enough (so far) to accommodate any textural variations he fancies.

Second proof: their new single 'Naked As The Day You Were Born', a great shimmering slice of resonant guitar pop. Not the dippy pop currently in vogue — more expansive, more durable and very attractive, in fact, if we're going to talk kitchens. It's produced by the ex-Patti Smith Group guitarist, Lenny Kaye, which immediately lets Pete Astor indulge himself in describing his lineage. Something he likes to do.

"Thrilling? I don't know... it was interesting. On the thrilling level, it was weird — because he's Lenny now, rather than Lenny Kaye, but I can remember buying 'Horses' when it came out. I can remember seeing them (the Patti Smith Group) on *Whistle Test*, and that was one of the most exciting things I've ever seen. It was the night before my maths CSE exam, and it was really late, and I thought, Well, f*** this, I'm gonna stay up, I just don't care."

Reel back in outrage. Did you pass the exam?

"No, I didn't. But in the end, I think it was immensely more beneficial for me to watch that. But to get back to that Lenny thing, I remember looking at him and thinking he was somebody I'd really looked up to at the age of 15, or whatever... they all seemed so self-possessed, and none of them were wearing flares or anything. And I remember thinking, Christ, I wish I had the guts to be like that, or I wish I was old, or I wish I came from New York, or I wish I wasn't a pathetic overweight schoolchild. Like everybody, I suppose..."

The thing I've heard said most of 'Naked As The Day' is that it sounds — ulp — like The Velvet Underground. Wrong — it just *behaves* like them.

"He (Kaye) was drawn to us because the way we *did* the songs was similar to The Velvet Underground — in that it was very unstated, it was the restraint in the way we did it. I don't sing like Lou Reed — the thing is that I sound more like him than I do like Bono!"

IF PETE Astor admits he's a physical coward (through he's no slouch at looking mean if the occasion demands), then he'd like to point out that he ranks himself pretty high in the emotional courage stakes. But if 'Naked As The Day' is a song of resolve, it's also very private and, like a lot of his songs, more a conversation with himself than a broadcast. What I like about Pete Astor's songs are that they don't see themselves as analysts-cum-crutches.

"No, I really wouldn't wanna do that. I think all you can do is, as Kate Bush said," he grins, "just share the experience... if I can try and avoid pre-empting anything in any way, then hopefully it'll be as straight as possible."

The Weather Prophets could still occasionally be guilty of being a little too polite, if only because their power is something lurking below the surface rather than splurging out all over the floor.

"I've never been somebody that can

scream and shout and roll about. So I have to commit myself by trying to be as embarrassing as possible in lyrics — or, not embarrassing, as *honest* as possible. That's my way of revealing myself; that's my variation on the *real extreme performer* angle.

"I think I'm too English to be a visionary. The way I see the world is really quite normal and mundane. There's glimpses of higher things all the time, but it's like, when I hear sex-and-death music... I mean, my life is not consumed with sex and death."

Pete Astor, 26, has led a not very startling life, moving to London after his predictably screwed-up middle class upbringing, and did all the usual things before rock 'n' roll saved his life.

He knows music, and if he wants to avoid being tagged an eclectic or worse, a pilferer, then the number and nature of the names he checks, from the cool (Ornette Coleman) to the perennially inspirational (Rolling Stones), doesn't help.

His lyrics hint of a certain sexuality.

"A lot of my songs are bodily, physical rather than mental."

But their sex is subliminal, rather than overt.

"Yeah... but there are quite a lot of sexual references in the lyrics, actually. There are a lot of references to lust and things like that."

"I think there's more sex in us than in a lot of bands these days... so many of them seem to be that real kind of white-boy-no-sex-music..."

PETE ASTOR admires David Lee Roth and thinks The Weather Prophets play more from the hip than anywhere else. Behind us, for some reason, a wall full of Madonna pin-ups is watching.

"I do, I quite like Madonna. I mean, I really like brassy women, I suppose, which is quite ironic. But that's really typical, that's like the typical inhibited male, liking brassy women."

Do you frequent them?

Sheepish: "No, not really, no. In reality, I probably don't like them at all... I probably like the idea. I suppose it's just like, you play with that image. I think a lot of people of my ilk — a lot of sensitive young men — probably think they like brassy women."

Your ilk being... normality?

"Yeah, which is what I'm interested in. I'm not interested in kind of camp-freak emotions and songs. Like Morrissey's stuff is much more the camp individual, and I can't really relate to that. A *side* of me can — you know, the part of me that's never got over adolescence, which I think is true of most people. But basically, yeah, I'm a lot more well-adjusted than he is. Hopefully our songs are... normal emotions, rather than twisted, sick, depraved emotion!"

Pete Astor's songs are lonely, wistful, elated and despondent. Mostly simple, they're articulate but not self-consciously literary things. He never reads books, anyway.

But he can't think of what else he does, except walk around town on half-arsed errands and watch schools TV in bed, with his girlfriend and some food. He likes slapstick, perversely enough, rather than dialogue, and he laughs most at people falling from bikes, because he imagines it's the worst thing that could ever happen to him. Which is why he's loath to say that The Weather Prophets — about to make an LP for the New Year to be produced again by Lenny Kaye, and just about hooked up to a rather bigger concern than Creation — are going to rock the nation's ass.

Even so, I think it'd be wise to watch behind. The Weather Prophets are approaching at a fair velocity, but better, they're not the sort that'll be past in a flash. Pete Astor loves music, and he talks about it most.

"I know, that's right... and it makes me sound so *earnest*, doesn't it?" he groans.



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TALKIN' THRASH



ANTHRAX LEFT to right: Scott 'Not' Ian and Joe Belladonna

THRASH METAL equals hard cash? Maybe...

But Venom blew it. We'd even got to the stage of having black metal over breakfast (courtesy of 'fokin' Mike Read) and still they couldn't capitalise.

Metallica made it, bursting the banks of public awareness with three hammer blows of whiplash thrash. Let's just hope that they can overcome the death of Cliff Burton in time to salvage their future.

And Anthrax are up for it, in a big

way. Where there's mosh, there's brass. (Moshing n. a specialised form of dancing, as practised by thrash metal fans; incorporates regional variations). Or so Island records would appear to think, having tempted the five New Yorkers into becoming the first thrash act to sign to a major label (their debut album, 'Fistful Of Metal', was released in '85 by Music For Nations, who also distributed the current LP, 'Spreading The Disease', until Island took a more active role in promoting the band).

Out in the afternoon sunshine, on a few suitably hefty Marshall stacks, shortly before Anthrax took a

jackhammer to the Hammersmith Odeon as support to Metallica a while ago, guitarist Scott 'Not' Ian and singer Joe Belladonna spoke lucidly about their own position and also cleared up a few of the myths surrounding thrash, leaving little for me to add by way of explanation.

The two have often put emphasis on the street level 'roots' appeal of thrash. How were they going to hold on to this as their career developed into a serious financial concern?

"Because we'll stay the same people," Scott insisted. "We've been with Island for a year now and made great strides, and we really haven't changed."

"If anything, being with a major gives us more freedom to do what we want because we don't have to worry about so many things now - we're not starving. When you're just coming up, a lot of bands will just try to follow something, jump on a bandwagon, because they think that's the way to get successful."

Do you think that thrash has its roots in the blues, as is claimed of regular heavy metal?

Scott: "All thrash is really - my definition of thrash - is faster heavy metal, that's all. More aggressive."

Will it be the last big thing in metal?

"No, because four years from now there'll be a new wave of something. We'll be playing six nights at the Hammersmith Odeon like Iron Maiden are now and there'll be something new coming up that'll keep us on our toes so that we don't get lazy."

When did you first begin writing superfast tunes?

"It was basically around '82, I think. The band formed in '81, and when Charlie (Benante, drums) joined he'd already been listening to a lot of the punk stuff whereas I was more strictly into metal, and we just started fusing things together, it started coming out heavier and faster."

"Nowadays all five of us write, and we've got actual vocals on it, not just somebody belching or screaming, which is what sets us apart."

DO PEOPLE have difficulty understanding your music?

Joe: "Yeah, a lot of people can't understand how we can play all this... crazy shit."

Scott: "Y'see, over here the same kids who'd go to a Bon Jovi show could come to this show, whereas in the States things are so much more diversified and categorised. Six months ago a Bon Jovi crowd had no idea that Anthrax even existed, but now, as we've become more commercially accepted, people see that it's not just some crazy shit with singing about Satan."

"Some people are afraid, y'know," Joe deadpans. "The ones that do know won't come to see us."

Scott: "When an Iron Maiden album comes out, they'll sell a million copies in the States, whereas 'Spreading The Disease'

sold 100,000. So, there's 900,000 kids that bought Iron Maiden albums that still don't know about Anthrax, yet generally your Iron Maiden fan is gonna like us."

Do people understand your sense of humour?

"Yeah, most people do. That's what's helped us. People really take it the right way, they love it - the 'NOT' business and all that (a joke arising from confusion over Scott's name)."

Do you think, with so many of the younger bands blasting out riff upon riff without any semblance of song structure, that thrash is in danger of burning itself out?

"It is a big problem, 'cause you get all these independent labels in the US and over here, and they sign every single band. A band can get together on Monday, write all their songs on Tuesday, record 'em on Wednesday, have the album released on Thursday and go on tour on Friday - that's how it is these days."

"You get a band, they have a name like, uh, Satan's Armpit, they've got all their leather and spikes on, and they put out an album full of the most ridiculous garbage you could ever hear. And it's usually just a 100 dollar demo tape that they transfer to vinyl."

"There's kids who don't know about it and they'll go out and spend their money on a piece of crap when they could've got something of real quality. It is bad, it floods the market with crap."

"All this Satanic stuff is like a big fad. The biggest Satanic band was Venom and they died out, which'll probably put an end to a lot of that stuff."

WILL YOU continue to move further and further away from basic thrash in order to reach more people?

"Well, with the new stuff we've really accentuated the heaviness, we've gone back to our early Sabbath roots and it's real, real heavy."

"When you break into something like that live the people love it, they get moshing. It hasn't caught on over here yet, but in the States they form these big circles and they go around and around with everybody slam dancing. On these big heavy parts it's like a popcorn machine, the oil gets hot and the kernels start going off and it's just bodies flying everywhere."

"We just wanna keep the heaviness, have good lyrics and, of course, musicianship's important too. Us in Anthrax, we can all play our instruments real well and that'll come out on the new album too."

The new album, written this August and ready for recording in December, is scheduled for a March release.

There are no Deep Purples in thrash metal. The 'oldest' of all the bands and the first to succeed, Metallica, are still only three albums into their career. Is youth a vital part of thrash's appeal?

Scott: "Yeah. Like, in '82, Metallica first came to New York and we were rehearsing together in the same building and practically living together for two weeks, and it was just great, the fact that here were

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MEMORY BANK

Sunday October 19

- 1944** Birthday of **Peter Tosh** (Winston McIntosh), in Westmoreland, Jamaica.
1960 Birthday of **Woody (Dan Woodgate)** of **Madness**, in London.
1979 The first 2-Tone national tour opened at the Brighton Top Rank, featuring the **Special AKA**, **Madness** and **The Selecter**.

Monday October 20

- 1953** Birthday of **Tom Petty**, in Gainesville, Florida.
1964 **The Rolling Stones** played their first Paris gig, at the Olympia Theatre. Rioting fans caused £1400-worth of damage, and 150 were arrested.
1971 The **Doug Yule**-led line-up of **The Velvet Underground** (after the departure of **Lou Reed** and just about everyone else you care to remember in the band), began a UK tour.
1973 **Van Morrison** returned to Ireland for the first time since he'd left for the UK as lead singer of **Them** in 1964. He came back as a US superstar.
1976 **Led Zeppelin**'s movie *The Song Remains The Same* had its world premiere at Cinema One in New York; a charity opening which raised 25,000 dollars for the Save The Children Fund.

- 1977** A plane carrying **Lynyrd Skynyrd** crashed in Gillsburg, Mississippi, killing band members **Ronnie Van Zant** and **Steve Gaines** and backup singer **Cassie Gaines**, and injuring the rest of the line-up.

Tuesday October 21

- 1940** Birthday of **Manfred Mann** (Lubowitz), in Johannesburg, South Africa.
1941 Birthday of **Steve Cropper**, the master Stax guitarist, in Willow Springs, Missouri.
1957 Birthday of **Julian Cope**, in Der, Glamorgan.
1958 **Buddy Holly**'s last studio recording session was held at Pythian Temple Studios, New York, producing three of his most enduring tracks: 'True Love Ways', 'Raining In My Heart', and the ironic 'It Doesn't Matter Anymore'.
1965 Death of **Bill Black**, **Elvis Presley**'s bass player of the 1950s, aged 39 following brain surgery in a Memphis hospital.
1971 Birthday of **Jade Jagger**, daughter of **Mick** and **Blanca**, in Paris.
1978 **The Clash** severed their business relationship with manager **Bernie Rhodes**.
1958 **Carl Perkins**, with assorted friends like **George Harrison**, **Eric Clapton** and **Dave Edmunds**, played for a TV special at Limehouse Studios, London, shown at Christmas time and subsequently released on video.

Wednesday October 22

- 1945** Birthday of **Leslie West**, of **Mountain** fame, in Queens,

- New York.
1946 Birthday of **Eddie Brigati** of **The (Young) Rascals** and **Disciples Of Soul**, in New York.
1964 **The High Numbers**, soon to become **The Who**, were turned down for a recording deal by **John Burgess** at EMI.
1982 **Van Halen** Day was declared in Worcester, Massachusetts, by mayor **Sara Robertson**, after a 25,000-signature petition from local fans who wanted the band to add another show to their tour.

Thursday October 23

- 1953** Birthday of **Pauline Black**, in Coventry.
1962 **Stevie Wonder**, aged 12, recorded his first single for Motown, 'Thank You For Loving Me All The Way'.
1969 **King Crimson** made their live debut in the USA, at Goddard College, in Plainfield, Vermont.
1978 **Sid Vicious** attempted suicide whilst being held at Riker's Island Detention Centre, New York, after he was charged with the murder of girlfriend **Nancy Spungen**.
1982 **Yoko Ono** signed a long-term solo recording deal with PolyGram.

Friday October 24

- 1936** Birthday of **Bill Wyman** (Perks), in Lewisham, South London.
1970 US President **Richard Nixon** made a speech to a broadcasters' conference urging that lyrics of rock songs

should all be screened, and any which encouraged drug use should be banned.

- 1973** **Keith Richards** was fined £250 for the possession of drugs and a number of unlicensed guns at his London home, by Marlborough Street magistrates.
1980 **Paul McCartney** was presented with a Rhodium Disc by the Guinness Book Of Records, in recognition of his being the best-selling songwriter and recording act of all time.

Saturday October 25

- 1944** Birthday of **Jon Anderson** of **Yes**, in Accrington, Lancs.
1964 **The Beatles** won five simultaneous Ivor Novello Awards: Most Outstanding Contribution To Music; Top-Selling Record ('She Loves You'); Most-Broadcast Song (ditto); Second-Best-Selling Record ('I Want To Hold Your Hand'); and Second Most Outstanding Song ('All My Loving').
1973 **John Lennon** sued the US government with a claim that wire taps and surveillance were being employed against him and his lawyer Leon Wildes, as part of a campaign to enforce a deportation order against him.
1974 Death of singer-songwriter **Nick Drake**, aged 26, apparently from a suicide drug overdose.
1982 **Ian Gillan** was reported as being interested in buying a share of Reading Football Club.
1985 **New Order** topped the bill of a benefit concert at London University in aid of the victims of the Mexico earthquake.

all these 17 and 18 year old guys - we knew we were on the right track, that Anthrax and Metallica were gonna get bigger and bigger and things were gonna happen.

"Now I look at myself and sometimes I think, Wow, I'm 22 already! But we're still young compared to most I suppose. Youth definitely helps."

Are there many thrash acts who, like yourselves, are into skateboarding?

Joe gets his second and last line in. "It seems to be picking up."

Scott?

"The whole skateboard thing was big throughout the '70s and then just sorta died out. About two years ago it started picking up again and in the States it's bigger now than it ever was. It's not gonna die out now 'cause it's not a fad anymore."

"And basically, a kid who's gonna ride a skateboard is at that age where he's gonna be listening to this type of music. They just go hand in hand, although there's no really serious connection. When we were interviewed in Germany, some people thought the skateboard was a symbol of anarchy, sorta anti-establishment. It's just fun, y'know?"

IS THE thrash audience digging its own grave (sic) though? How long will it be before certain 'authorities' try to stop your gigs in an attempt to curb all the slamming and moshing?

"They won't, because a lot of the places we're playing now, like the Odeons, mean that it can't happen anyway. But yeah, a lot of the clubs where you could get slamming and moshing are starting to restrict it 'cause of insurance problems with kids hurting themselves and the promoters getting sued."

"I mean, I love it. My favourite thing in the world is like when we play the Ritz in New York, it holds about 2,500 people, and that's the craziest crowd in the world. It's our New York crowd and that's the ultimate. There's always stage-diving there. I dunno, they must have some kinda great insurance policy."

"The problem is, you get your metalheads, your longhairs, your skins, punks - everyone started to get into slam dancing and moshing and a lot of these kids didn't have any idea what they were doing. When you stage-dive you generally try to land on the crowd and a lot of these kids just go flying off the stage without a care in the world and they land on their heads on the floor and that's where people get hurt."

"Diving and moshing may not look like it's organised but it is - the kids are diving where people'll catch 'em. A lot of kids think slam dancing is like playing American football. They go running through punching and kicking and they end up getting beat up. The problem is just with people who are unaware..."

Simple really, innit?

There's a new disease round town called **Thrash Metal!** First it goes for your head, then for your feet until your whole body is taken over. Next thing you know, you're a slam dancer, a skate boarder and an **ANTHRAX** fan. **PAUL ELLIOTT** diagnoses this most virulent of viruses. **STEVE DOUBLE** keeps taking the tableaux

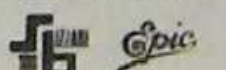
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DECONSTRUCTING THE FABLES



PETER BUCK and friends

BY SOME miracle I'm still wide awake even though my brain is telling me that I must be dreaming.

Texas has to be the dream state of America, everything, even the poverty, looms larger than life. The cliché, the butt of so many bragging American jokes back home proves to be totally authentic.

The airport bus bounces along past matchstick shacks and numerous Lamb Of God centres, while on the brow of the next hill, like some wicked giant's crystal castle, looms the towering financial might of Houston.

Never before have I seen so clearly a defined line dividing the haves from the have-nots. An hour later and we're guests of the giant who puts us up in a spare turret and feeds us monstrous cheeseburgers. . . Suddenly, the phone rings and we're off.

Back home I should be fast asleep but in the dream state the night is still young.

R.E.M. ARE playing Astro World, an entertainment complex that's crowned with a silent roller coaster.

It's a lot like the Milton Keynes Bowl gig they played way back when, and the déjà vu makes my poor tired brain feel rather giddy. I reach for a rail only to be told by an official in badge and shorts that slouching is an offence. I crumple onto a hard tin chair and try to convince myself that this is only a dream.

It must be a dream, there are people sweeping up litter in pitch blackness and R.E.M. are doing a version, of all things, of 'Goo Goo Muck'. Michael Stipe's imitation of Lux Interior's gibbon howl snatches me from the tugging fingers of sleep and hoists me to my feet again. I have to laugh at the craziness of it all and how my illusion of R.E.M. being a thing of smoke and shadow has

blissfully evaporated.

'Goo Goo Muck' shows the humorous side of R.E.M., a clown's face at the end of a long dark tunnel. My fear that the dream could turn into a nightmare now gone, I run straight towards it and into the light.

I've hitched a ride on the crooked back leg of R.E.M.'s latest journey across their homeland. The tour is a quest that will hopefully give the songs on their new album, 'Lifes Rich Pageant', a fresh airing to convert both newcomers and faithful followers alike to the band's rich, ripe harvest of melody.

The whimsy of their previous Joe Boyd-produced LP, 'Reconstruction Of The Fables', has been put on the backburner to make room for the rockier rumble at John Gehman's control. The fourth, full blown R.E.M. record has true grit blowing through its grooves, the kind of windstorm of sound that cuts its way through to both your heart and soul.

BACKSTAGE IT's beers all round and affable banter as we edge into the rim of the R.E.M. circle. Although I ache for my feather bed back at the giant's castle, guitarist Peter Buck urges me to accompany him to see Clifton Cheneir, king of zydeco at a nearby chicken coop of a club. Yeah, I yelp, and in walks Michael Stipe who looks at me as if I've come from Mars.

For all I know I have, the dream's just swirled back and through it I'm talking to him about toy wheels while he, in turn, is telling me of a gigantic red leather stegosaurus made entirely out of car seats that lurks in a certain part of Houston. . . I leave for Clifton thinking that, as ridiculous as it was, our first conversation together had been interesting.

As was the club that Peter Buck dragged us to; a rocking joint awash with prime Mexican brew and dotted with eccentrics. Like the wiry, ancient drunk who's rolling on his back like a beetle in front of us and then, when righted, has a half-hour conversation with Peter where the only thing he says is, Bullshit!

Clifton hobbles on, a ghost of his former self, and goes through the motions of playing his accordion with pain creasing his brow. Not a pretty sight and one that I'm happy to erase with sleep.

We say farewell and step out into a night air that's up in the 80s. This dream apparently goes on forever.

NEXT DAY we're in Dallas. . . and another amusement park. The mighty Texas State Fair is on the brink of flinging open its doors and, any day now, the gears of the rides with such names as Round The World and Love Bug will be grinding. The Texas State Ferris wheel will be lit up and revolving and the air will be perfumed with the sickly sweetness of cotton candy.

Right now it's more like a huge, silent prop for the film adaptation of a Ray Bradbury novel. Starved of people, the scenery seems more sinister. Close up, in full daylight, the crudity of our surroundings could be the work of a whole asylum of madmen pumped to the gills with

LSD.

Michael Stipe shadow-boxes for photographs and requests that his movie camera be brought to him so that he can document the strange scenes inside this visual gold-mine. Some of his footage might end up on a forthcoming R.E.M. video; the film he shot for the latest single 'Fall On Me' has, I am told, been deemed revolutionary in the realms of promotional video making.

It's easy to see why: the eye looking through the lens of the camera knows exactly what it's looking at, not what it wishes it could see by groping in the dark. Michael Stipe is a dreamer by nature, but a practical dreamer who pumps to the surface everything in his head he can use. His attention is focused on his art, his music and R.E.M.. He'll never stop talking about the passion.

PETER BUCK's vision is more melodic. In his head a vast warehouse of musical history and style is permanently stored.

I'm no muso, so naturally I'm instantly impressed when he brings out a beautifully carved dulcimer and starts coaxing Stones standards out of it. Although he assures me that it's easy to play the thing, I'm still secretly in awe. Snapping back, I decide to plunder Buck's warehouse.

How important is a sense of musical history to him and his role in R.E.M.?

"Well, in my case it's real important, but in Michael's case I don't think it's important at all. His knowledge is so fragmentary that, literally, we'll do soundchecks and I'll be playing 'Gloria', or something by The Troggs, and he'll go, Hey! That's great man, I've got some great words for that! And that was a number one hit 20 years ago, everybody knows it."

"I think you can learn from the past. . . I was talking to someone on the crew last night about how all those '60s stars are either dead, burnt out or crazy. Why is that? Janis Joplin sold less records than we have, why did she go the big star tripper and die, and why are we still puttering along? You learn from mistakes and there have been a lot of them made in rock 'n' roll."

Are the cover versions you slip into your stage shows and on to your records performed as a joke, for nostalgic reasons, or are they meant as a musical history lesson for your audience?

"It depends on the song, but usually all three. We do that Wire song, 'Ex Lion Tamer' and probably 90 per cent of the audience won't be familiar with it. Unless I surprise him by starting too quick, Michael will try to make a point of saying, Well, this is from 'Pink Flag' by Wire, then maybe some kid will go out and buy the Wire album. That was one of my favourite albums in 1977. Michael and I just played that album obsessively — you can't really tell that in our music but it's there."

"That's kind of an affectionate look back and a history lesson. Sometimes it's just taking the piss. . . I mean, I love The Cramps, but how can you seriously do 'Goo Goo Muck' unless you're The Cramps?"

We did it and we're just making fun of ourselves, but the audience always digs it."

Do you feel that R.E.M.'s contribution to popular music has caused a new breed of rock band to evolve?

"I don't know, I don't think so. . . In England, you're always reading about the American New Wave and how we lead it, but it just doesn't mean anything. I grew up with music from England, from Nashville, California, New Zealand and Australia. . . I don't think about borders or countries, I just see a bunch of bands who are my peer groups who, probably because they are not as successful as we are, are seen to be following the pack."

"My favourite right now is Sonic Youth, and you certainly can't say that they have anything to do with us at all, except that I just love their records. We're each in our own way deconstructing rock 'n' roll and rebuilding it in our own images."

IN A garden setting, fringed with indestructible monkey grass and populated by songbirds, sits R.E.M.'s voice, in the shape of Michael Stipe. He doesn't resemble the picture I had of him in my mind at all; his whole physical appearance seems to have undergone some transformation.

"It does that a lot. My hair and things change; you may as well have fun with it. I think I've always wanted to be one of those people who has found the perfect uniform for their life. Henry Rollins (of Black Flag fame) is a friend of mine and he has a particular pair of boots that he buys at Sears, he has a particular kind of shorts and back-pack that he carries around. He's got his life trimmed down in this kind of Gandhi fashion, to the bare essentials."

"I'm kind of like the De Niro character in *Brazil*. All these pieces of paper are flying at me and sometimes they cover me up. One day I'll just disappear in a wisp and there'll only be these little pieces of paper left."

Would they be blank pieces of paper or would you have left some visual record of your previous existence?

"No, I'm extremely visually oriented, probably more than any other kind of thing, and so a lot of the songs stem from that. I saw 'Driver Eight' before I wrote it, and 'Feeling Gravity's Pull' came from a hand gesture, a hand, I just saw it and then I wrote a song around it. I really focus on detail more than the grand picture and that detail is what becomes the words of the song."

"Given the detail I guess it's left to the listener to spot it in, put a frame around it and see the whole thing."

"I'm extremely aware, in the live show anyway, of the stage being like a large postcard and the band being like the fish inside an aquarium. There's a very definite invisible line between the performers and the audience, and the most exciting thing is when the big ropes are flung out from one side to the other and that connection is made. That's when it really happens and I think we're really good at flinging and catching those ropes."

Are ropes flung and caught in the

recording studio?

"Well, in the studio, what comes out and what gets stamped down for eternity is the result of what we are when we go into the studio, what state of mind we were in, what the situations were like."

"When we did 'Reconstruction Of The Fables' we were in London, which was a very strange environment to us. It was very cold and wet and we come from a very hot, wet climate. It was really strange for us to be there and to have to travel by tube to get to the studio. By the time we got there, we were exhausted and didn't have enough energy left."

"We weren't really sure that we wanted to continue being a band at that point; our vision was somewhat blurred by not knowing exactly what we wanted to do or whether we wanted to continue doing it. All of that overriding environment was on the finished record, which is kind of dark, dank and very paranoid."

Did you and producer Joe Boyd feel out of your depth with that particular record?

"I think so. I think all the misery feeds off itself. It's not that we were miserable, but we were definitely at a low ebb, and Joe, being a part of the group at that time, was at a fairly low ebb too. We were all just sniffing around and bumping into things in the dark, not really knowing where we were going or what we were doing. In that context, the result was a very fine record. It's probably better than a lot of the stuff that was revered last year."

"I have a continual disrespect for popular music these days. I just don't think that anything coming out, especially out of rock 'n' roll, is worth a shit. I think there's very little really inspiring stuff coming out. . . I'm not insinuating that we're inspiring and are rising above all that, but at least we're trying. We haven't just accepted the myth like a lot of people have."

Was it a more satisfying experience to work with John Cougar Mellencamp's producer John Gehman for the new album?

"He was the first person that has pulled me aside and questioned what I was doing. And that can be really good, to have some objective voice saying, Why this? It wasn't the kind of thing that I had to answer, but he was just placing that seed there for me to think about, or change. I had more time to sit around and when it hit, I would just say, I'm gonna sing right now, and I would walk in and it would work."

"The vocal part on 'Just A Touch' was completely untouched. We didn't have to add anything or take anything out, we just stuck a little reverb on it and there it was."

That sounds almost like a field recording technique you've described there. Are R.E.M. consciously crafting songs to be passed down to future generations, as in folk music?

"Well, . . . that's a little heady to think that. Obviously anyone who makes something would like to think that it's going to last or that it's going to be of importance later on, but that's not always the case — things come and go. We're certainly not writing songs to be passed on to future generations, if people pick

Their sight fully restored with the release of their latest creation, R.E.M. are looking straight ahead once more and enjoying 'Lifes Rich Pageant'. EDWIN POUNCEY wakes up in the big heat of Texas to find himself talking to PETER BUCK and MICHAEL STIPE about the lay of their land. Hot shots by PETER ANDERSON

them up, then I think that would be great.

"Everyone wants to be immortal in some way, it's part of the human nature. Maybe I'm just going to shift my heel around until the footprint I might leave gets bigger! I don't think I could retire from music right now because I feel like I'm still progressing with it and I like that feeling."

How close are R.E.M. to the history and folklore of their country?

"I personally have a problem there because I'm extremely patriotic, but towards an ideal, not a reality."

"I guess Alfred Hitchcock would be American folklore to an extent and so, in that way, I'm very interested in it. I just take in a lot of information and I think a lot of it isn't typical information. It's there to be had but most people draw from what's given to them by television and the newspapers."

How do you feel about the response from such media and their reaction to what you are doing?

"I'm really happy that there are people that feel we're worth writing about, and a lot of the writers are very generous towards us. This last record has developed a few backstabbing incidents and some of our critics find 'Lifes Rich Pageant' a fine opportunity to beat our heads into a pulp. Their arguments don't hold water with me so it doesn't affect me, but I read them. I read what's written and some of it can be very enlightening. A lot of times I find out what exactly it was I meant."

"Going along with the Henry Rollins school of what I need and what I don't need, I've always wanted to be one of those people who had a complete vision and then simply carried it out. It's not like that at all; a lot of the time I'm grabbing around and bumping into things. I'll throw them together and something will come out that's a combination of conscious and sub-conscious. A lot of times I figure something out after it's happened."

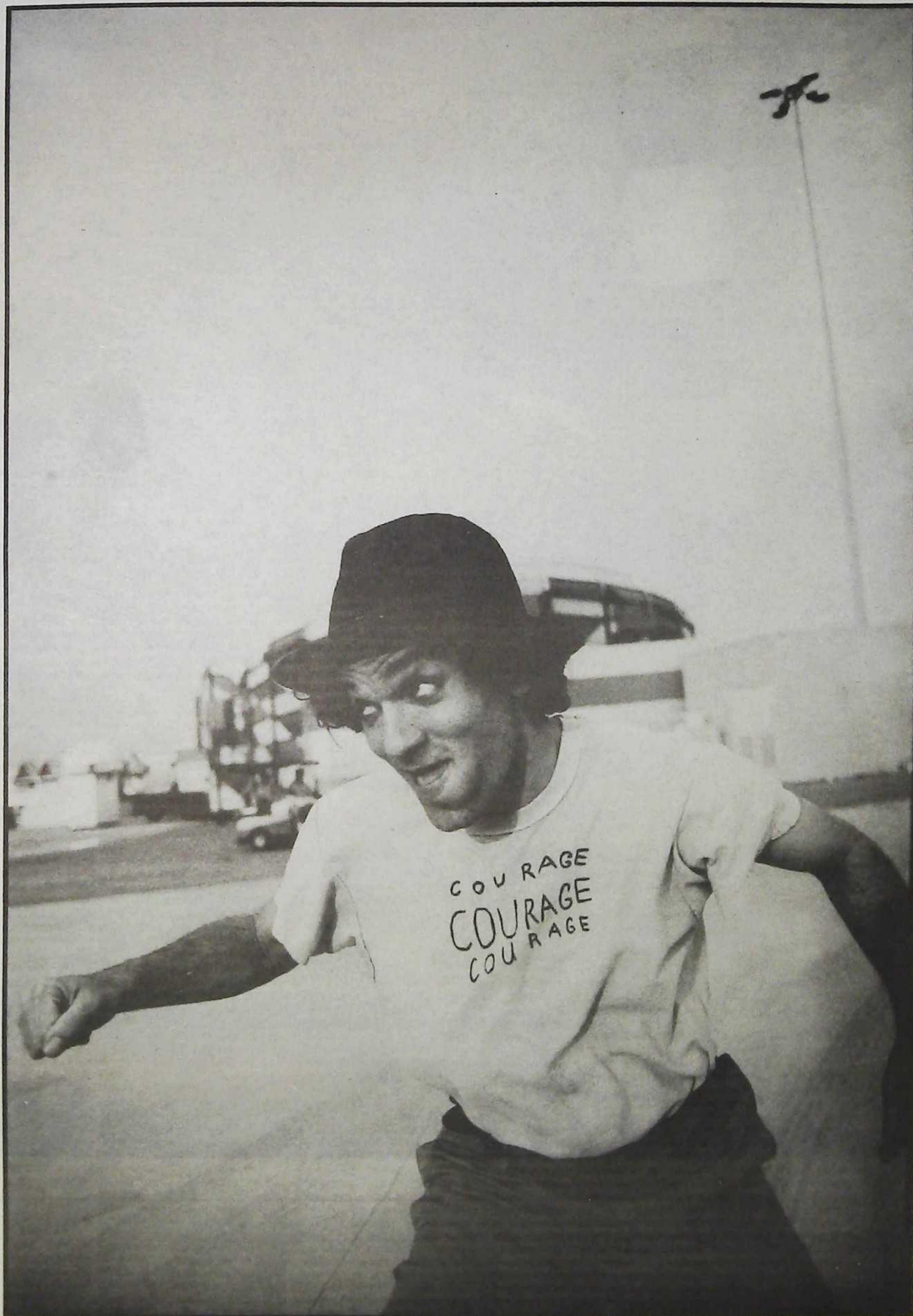
"The things I really appreciate are extremely primitive by today's standards and I would like to maintain that primitivism within the things that I'm associated with because I think that it's much truer."

THE DREAM is nearly over, just one last bow and we'll wake up forever.

On stage R.E.M. battle with the nightmare of an overly excited crowd intent on crushing the life out of each other. Michael hauls out a fainting fan from the sea of bodies and seats her backstage, his concentration interrupted, his frustration mounting. There would be no 'Goo Goo Muck' spread about tonight. The flames were fanning in the wrong direction and R.E.M. were getting all the heat.

Peter Buck topples his amp and the resulting howl of feedback signals an end to the crowd's buffoonery. A slightly sour note to go out on for sure, but one that will undoubtedly have faded by the time their bus reaches the next location on the tour schedule.

Tomorrow another adventure begins, another episode of R.E.M.'s pageant will be staged. And life will, hopefully, be richer for it.



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THE LEATHER NUN: eat your heart out, Deborah Kerr

LUST PROPERTY

THE LEATHER NUN 'Lust Games' (Wire Records WRMLP 200)****1/2

THEY'VE GOT a grip on me now, and I can feel their icy fingers tightening around my heart.

'Lust Games' is what the outrage of 'Fist F***** Associated', the excesses of 'Gimme Gimme Gimme' and the anger of 'Prime Mover' have been leading up to. Not wild, but it's as if The Leather Nun now have complete control.

Their last London gig apparently saw vocalist Jonas indulging in a display of drunken rock 'n' roll petulance, while Jools Holland openly expressed his dislike for the band on the last Tube special. Making friends has never been high on the Nun's list of priorities. They just get on with it.

So listen to 'I Can Smell Your Thoughts' or 'Jesus Came Driving Along', and laugh at Jonas' creamed-jeans crooning and be amazed at the simplicity of it all. This debut studio album is only six tracks long, but it lingers on the edge of The

Leather Nun's usual full-blown assault, making it all the more dangerous.

"He parked his car. I had to ask him if he could make me a star," says 'Jesus...'. and now we know the secret of their success. 'Lust Games' achieves a fantastic poignancy that could, indeed, be God-given, except the dirt and grime and sleaze is still all here, creeping just below the surface.

Mysterious, mythical Leather Nun, the Viking bad boys, have come clean at last. 'Lust Games' gives a clearer look into their collective soul than anything they've done before, and it's a glorious vision. 'For The Love Of Your Eyes', a fragile ballad, is the antidote to the hump and grind of the other five tracks, a brief respite from the overflowing passion of 'Pure Heart' or 'Pink House', if only the calm before the storm.

Embrace The Leather Nun if you haven't already. They want to have sex with you.

NEIL PERRY

JAMES BROWN

'Gravity' (Epic SCT57108)***

SO THE Holy One does everything right, he plays it by the book and fleshes out that formula, he does the steps. So why isn't it burning the house down?

I blame that loser Dan Hartman, myself. I have never been a big Dan Hartman fan. Neither has anybody I know. Dan Hartman has a dodgy recording past, and here he somehow finds himself writing and producing the whole new James Brown album, on the strength of the success of 'Living In America'. Also gilding the lily are Alison Moyet, Steve Winwood and Stevie Ray Vaughan. All of whom look sploidy but none of whom look as sploidy as Mr Hartman.

So the tracks (six funk fervour, two sob saunter) are all quite good, or not bad, or pleasant. There's no crashing off the rails or falling to the knees in a shivery sweat, as in the halcyon nights. There's no kissing stars or sucking leaves of grass. 'Gravity' is a serious attempt to channel James Brown's rediscovered

drive and energy (the source of recent apocalyptic live shows) into a marketable G-plan unit.

James isn't at fault (apart from his not writing any songs) — each shriek and squeal and yelp and beefy touch goes from static A to irrepressible B — but skating on a marsh like this, he can't lift off. The new single (title cut) is moderately perky, 'Turn Me Loose, I'm Dr Feelgood' has its shots, and the two ballads, 'How Do You Stop' and 'Return To Me', serve to recall former capricious capital glories.

'Gravity's rainbow is pale, with one eye on the crock of gold. Wrong choice of nurse, James. Is there a good foot left or has someone half-inched it?

CHRIS ROBERTS

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA 'Beware (The Funk Is Everywhere)' (Tommy Boy 253092-1)***1/2

IT HAS finally happened! An album has been made which plucks, distorts, chews up and spits out virtually every musical style bar the proverbial kitchen sink... splash! Correction, there goes

the Armitage Shanks cracking in the background as the leader of the Zulu Nation kicks out the jams. Beware indeed, this record isn't so much a funky fireshot as a felony.

Looking for the perfect beat in order to knock the planet off its orbit has taken Mr Bambaataa from a minimalist stripping down of Kraftwerk — which is echoed here albeit in lush electronic surroundings in the form of 'Theme (Assault On Precinct 13)' — to the hoary grappling guitars of stadium rock.

I've got a lot of time for Mr Bambaataa because he's one of the godfathers of the whole hip hop, electro, scratching, rapping dancefloor detonation. Having said that, Michael Jackson certainly affected the whole of black American music when he roped in Eddie Van Halen to inject some six-string steel into 'Beat It'. Since then, Run DMC have hitched a ride on this gravy train of cross-pollination, but it's with this album that the whole idea reaches its crass zenith.

Afrika Bambaataa doing a cover of The MC5's 'Kick Out The Jams' in a brain-grinding

manner has to be heard to be believed — '60s trash rock collides with '80s electro and all that is left behind is rubble. Ironically, though, it's one of the most manic moments on 'Beware' and definitely preferable to the simplistic sentiments of '(We Wanna) Rock America'.

If you don't like it then 'Funk You' is the Zulu Nation's attitude as they run down a history of Godfather Bambaataa and elsewhere delineate all the qualities which they say makes them special. You know the sort of thing: harder than the rest, we've got this and we've got that etc. In no other form of music I can think of do lyrics amount to little more than shopping lists or have so many self-referential devices.

As one of the few positive voices in ghetto America, Mr Bambaataa has my respect. But with 'Beware', maybe the time has come to strip the beast down and start again. How about following the lead of his name and appropriating some Afrikan elements? Now that could be interesting. In the interim, I'm donating this record to Kerrang!

JACK BARRON

ALAN RANKINE 'The World Begins To Look Her Age' (Les Disques Du Crepuscule TWI 672)****

THE ASSOCIATES, of the period before Alan Rankine left Mr MacKenzie alone with his hysterically ambitious larynx, often spoke of writing scores for imaginary films. It seems that Rankine has kept this goal closest to his heart because with this, his first solo album, his music takes on a decidedly filmic tone.

This is seen most clearly on the opening and closing instrumentals, 'Elephant's Walk In The Morning Glory' (that's got to be a parody of an Eno title) and 'Love In Adversity'. The former begins with some deft acoustic guitar and banjo ramblings, then bursts into a grand orchestration that marries Dr Zhivago to Elgar. Very David Lean. The Satiesque 'Love In Adversity' is just as cinematic in its own way, with an ambience that recalls the Sylvian/Sakamoto of 'Merry Christmas, Mr Lawrence'.

Sandwiched between these two are six songs in the pop format. 'Mission For The Don' (which may or may not be tipping a nod to Leonne and De Palma) is a seamless slow funk which reminds of latterday Bowie and reveals Rankine's voice to be effectively sinuous in its understatement.

'Your Very Last Day' is another effortless groove which houses some neat wordplay ("I don't want much, I just want more of it") in its folds. Here, as on the rest of the album, Rankine plays virtually all the instruments. Then follows the direct love song, 'The Best In Me', which is a sort of cross-fertilisation of 'Perfect Day' with Bill Withers.

Honed down and infectious, 'World' contains all the class that you'd expect from someone who contributed to the claustrophobically perfect 'Sulk'. See it as soon as possible.

ROY WILKINSON

A-HA 'Scoundrel Days' (Warners 925501-1)****

GOOD TASTE. A-ha have it in cartloads. Whether giving blank answers to silly little girls' questions on Superstore, bashing together costly but wholly justifiable videos or churning out singles of quality and distinction — haunting snippets of a long and distinguished pop history, one hopes — they rise above the chart mire by virtue of

JASON AND THE SCORCHERS 'Still Standing' (EMI America TC AML 3110)***

'STILL STANDING' is one of those records you either don't love or don't hate with an equal lack of passion. Jason And The Scorchers strut up to the wild frontiers of country and rock 'n' roll with the uppity authority of a six-week-old puppy who arrogantly patrols his back garden, poking his snout through the perimeter fence only to get it severely pawed by the local tom, and scuttling back indoors with a petrified floppy tail wedged firmly between his legs.

Side one presents a singer who is Eddie Large playing at being Hank Williams and a guitarist who is unmistakably Sid Little doing his Keith Richards routine. Flip it over and stone me if it ain't '19th Nervous Breakdown'... well, almost.

There is much to quite like about a band dabbling in musical forms which are themselves perennially quite likeable. What is different about this lot, along with Los Lobos, The Blasters and co, is that they're better known than the countless other country-blues-bar-boogie-tacos-rock-and-western bands out yonder, and they're more famous largely because they've had more money spent on them.

The Rave-Ups, Soul Asylum, The Othermothers and the incomparable Barrence Whitfield are but a few of the genuinely exciting groups burning their branding irons onto the rump of a typically middle-American sound, bands who really do scorch. The Scorchers merely singe.

I'm not averse to the occasional bit of singeing, mind you — The LeRoI Brothers do this particularly well without whipping up the media into a rabid lather. But the Scorchers fare immeasurably better on their more ponderous, countrified numbers, Jason Ringenberg's very Mick Jones-style languorous delivery and Warner Hodges' naffo 'Honky Tonk Woman' string-bashing falling well short when it comes to setting the world alight.

All things considered, though, this album is... alright.

ANDY HURT

ULTRAVOX 'U-Vox'

(Chrysalis CDL 1545)*1/2

THE LEAST we could ask for is something pretty. Here, nothing's pretty. Out of these nine songs, forged out of the soul of 'Vienna', Ultravox present an empty, squandered world. If these beaten breasts weren't so commonplace, the material would be chilling.

Their songs bark out images of huge, cliff-top idealism: the tales of 'Dream On', 'The Prize', 'Follow Your Heart' and 'All In One Day' are threads from the never-ending story — a better world is just a heartbeat away. If there were a scrap of irony in it, there might be something to chuckle about.

For a much-liked man and a witty conversationalist, Midge Ure makes cruel, humourless records. By the time the bludgeoning climax of 'All In One Day' has arrived, the Valkyries are

their ability to instil in the listener a sense of well being. They are not easily dismissed.

The current hit, 'I've Been Losing You' (a highspot on the cheekily titled 'Scoundrel Days'), may well eventually be deemed the group's finest to date. It's something about the way those keyboards quake with pomp and circumstance while Morten's fragile vocals drift tragically in their wake. So good it's unbelievable.

But as I write, the hotbed of talent that is A-ha continues to go unrecognised. The critics, the unbelievers, the philistines who see only the glossy posters and the fancy haircuts, will persist in sneering at these Scandinavian saucepots with all the insight and perception of a tree.

Ten years from now, A-ha will have you thinking back to autumn '86 with awe and affection. They'll have you in tears, the biggest defunct cult pop combo in Europe. Learn to love them now.

MR SPENCER

MILES DAVIS 'Tutu'

(Warners 925 490-1)****1/2

IN THE midst of his most metallic, synthesised record ever, there is the fierce, hammered elegance of Miles himself. 'Tutu' is a tour of another Marcus Miller hi-tech funhouse, full of staccato machine beats and synthesisers you need shades

PAP

ready to ride into view. Ultravox are always rehearsing for The End: their dramas are as bare and lifeless as stones. The music is gaseous with bad ambitions. They've never heard of melodies, so they club hapless chord sequences into what sound like songs.

All this is done in studios where it costs deutchmarks just to blow your nose. So you know your money's been spent, at least. 'U-Vox' isn't an ugly record. It could almost be chamber music, everything scrubbed and shaven. There's just this terrific, faceless din that keeps striding into your skin.

Midge probably called the first track 'Same Old Story' just to give hard-pressed writers a punchline for their copy. Does he believe in Ultravox? It makes no difference. 'U-Vox' is no difference, no nothing.

RICHARD COOK



ULTRAVOX: more Gdansk than Vienna

to even listen to. But Miller is producing Miles Davis, and there's the hooded maestro in the storm's eye.

Trumpet excepted, Miller plays nearly everything himself. This is 'Tutu's great departure from Miles' past: every other Davis record has brewed some sort of playing empathy, but the only 'live' track here is his trumpet.

Miller has sewn a Frankenstein jazz out of glittering, dismembered funk charts. The tunes are little more than clever riffs, neatly chopped chords, but that's all that Davis has worked with for years. It's high tribute that he finds so much to play.

'Full Nelson', 'Backyard Ritual' and 'Splatch' are prickly little stomps that the production sets up and leaves, the rest being turned over to Miles. The old man's energy and insight are amazing. His muted horn probes the closed corners of the tunes or simply trails beautiful filigree lines over their surface. 'Portia' is the only one you could call a ballad, with its slow harmonic vapour almost dissolving over the bare beat, Miles waxing his most lyrical musings. Listen to how he drags the tempo of his lines over the stretched theme: a master's pleasure.

He casts a severe gaze over pop music, and finds something to play.

RICHARD COOK

TOOLS YOU CAN TRUST 'Again, Again, Again' (Red Energy Dynamo T801)****

TOOLS YOU Can Trust have mastered the skill of panel beating and channelled it into the art of percussion. Theirs is a steelyard sound dogged by the sort of scruffy but persuasive bass and occasional guitar normally left to stew in the original '50s rock 'n' rollers' gin-faded memories. A life support machine, a decent lashing of hub cap thrashing, the *Batman* theme sucked inside out, the screams of tortured industry.

Despite still being stuck with the grimmest of grim and predictable Mancunian fashions – short hair, quality secondhand leather shoes, grey tweeds, no teeth – Tools You Can Trust have left nothing in the musical layby.

They've dragged the DAF beat out of the disco, through the kitchen, and into the workshop. They growl, they snarl, they bite. They are the musical equivalent of a Gibbs toothbrush, with iron bristles.

There's a deliberation to this band, a cut that others miss out on. How many other mixtures of bass, vocals and percussion can recreate the howlings of the Underground tunnels as the trains rattle through them? Few indeed. If they've suffered saleswise it's because TYCT have kept away from Factory and stuck

with the factories. And filthy-ridden and disgusting as it is, Hulme, Manchester, is yet to be recognised by the outside world as the Northern parallel of The Isle Of Dogs, London, or Kroezeburg, West Berlin.

First time Tools You Can Trust users may be forced into metal dance or find themselves being violently sick. However, it will only be a short period of time before the pain becomes part of the pleasure.

JAMES BROWN

SMILEY CULTURE 'Tongue In Cheek' (Polydor POLD 5200)***

IT'S CRAMMED full of words, this record. Bouncing, bubbling language, tumbling over itself and riding the reggae pulse on the tongue of Smiley Culture. Sometimes in Jamaican patois, sometimes in caricature cockney but always fast and rhythmic, the latest dancehall MC to make the charts motormouths his way through 40 minutes of prime-time vinyl.

It's Polydor's first shot with a reggae artist and Smiley Culture's big chance to be more than just a one hit wonder. But, maybe because it aims too high, 'Tongue In Cheek' misses the mark on a number of counts. And it's down to those damn words. It's one thing to be able to chatter with great finesse but it's another actually to say anything.

all up into one big evil crime.

There are a myriad examples of this mixed-up morality on the record. If the music itself was outstanding, these gripes would be mere nit-picking, but with songs which are often plain ordinary and in some cases jaded through age, the cracks in the facade are begging to be prised open.

Smiley Culture? I don't know what he's got to grin about.

RICKY KILDARE

Q5 'When The Mirror Cracks' (Music For Nations MFN 64)****

TECHNICAL ECSTASY... with a heart. It would've been so easy for Q5 to flush this album down the pan with cold gimmickry and steely excess, but, like Seattle stablemates Queensrÿche, their songs bend rather than break under the combined weight of brawn and invention.

Guitarist Floyd Rose is so 'up' on his instrument (!) that he's developed his very own tremolo system – that's the kind of ability and expertise Q5 deal in. However, as GTR have proved, all flash and no songs is piss boring. Luckily, 'When The Mirror Cracks' is virtually wall-to-wall with strong, emotive songs.

In many ways, 'Cold Heart', a flighty pop number, is the most important track on the album, acting as a release valve to let off some of the steam built up by the surrounding highbrow battery. 'Cold Heart' is a welcome breath of air amidst the intense, lacquered buzz.

In addition to good songwriting, the sheer exuberance of Q5's delivery ensures that this near seamless powerplay doesn't get clinical.

It's metal minus bluff and

machismo. One look at the cover (a skit on sex as a sales pitch) tells you that much. And unlike Rogue Male's slate grey sneering, this is alternative metal that you can live with.

Get cracking!

PAUL ELLIOTT

VENUS IN FURS 'Real Moral Fibre' (Backs NCHLP 12)****1/2

VENUS IN Furs grant you not only "seven different ways of looking at yourself" but also a slate quarry full of echoing audio mirrors. Which is generous, wouldn't you say?

Times, who is thin and angular, writes and performs with guile and shrewdness. There will be New Order and Cure comparisons but these are pre-empted by flip parody, an occasional "ooh" or "aah". This doesn't refute the sheet-metal blankness of his own post-romantic vision. Fatalism and graphic realism merge on the smoky tales 'Your Lover Just Called' and 'Verve'. The most harrowing introspection bleeds on 'Wunderkind' and 'Mishima's Sepukko', the latter a miraculously frail construction of wisps and beams in which style and subject converge and agitate.

Rhythm usurps and cackles on 'New Terrorists', while 'The Hand That Squeezed The Heart' is a bitter, brooding leviathan throwing its weighty neck around.

The *main* thing is that the cover, title, feel and *attitude* let you know that Venus In Furs, more than temperamental copyists, are warming to their task of becoming as really inspiring as they are conceptually faultless. One for *all* the family, unless you're Kafka's father, or one of Sister Sledge.

A sleek slice of chic.

CHRIS ROBERTS

STAND AND DELIVER



JASON AND THE SCORCHERS: singing for their supper

(You Can't Tamper With The)

Temple of The Lord

Polydor

GENERAL PUBLIC 'Hand To Mouth' (Virgin V2395)***
THERE COMES a time when everybody has to get to the point or else words, music, art or knitting become ends in themselves without saying, meaning or achieving anything. Dave Wakeling and Ranking Roger hit that barrier with sub-metal guitars on their first skimble-skamble post-Beat album, 'Rage Hard', two years ago. Here they just keep rebounding till their heads fall off with trying and the result is an old woolly jumper of a record.

It really shouldn't be like this, though. After all, the credentials of the guests on 'Hand To Mouth' are impeccable: Saxa, Gaspar Lawal and Pato Banton among others. Also, the band have a couple of new members in the form of the Minardi brothers. Unfortunately, never have so many trip-wire rhythms, mountainous melodies and subtle words been wasted on such an anaemic, lethargic and turgid veneer of sound. Their mouths are open but there is nothing in their hands bar a fistful of faded notions.

Dave Wakeling remains super-articulate lyrically but to little avail. Other than the (ironic?) tale of seeing the religious light of Jesus Christ while reading The Bible in a hotel room on 'Come Again', what unfolds are metaphorically clouded messages about being anti-military, pro-unity and all those good things anybody in their right mind would be anyway.

What's worse, even when the song subjects are more personal — the mawling lost affair blues of 'Love Without The Fun' or the polar house of 'Too Much Or Nothing' — one doesn't hear any ire or fire but lyrical and musical resignation. And though 'Hand To Mouth' has some brief flashes of finery, it reminds me of one of those introverted singer-songwriter records where the artist indulges in his self-inflicted problems without ever getting annoyed enough to break out of them or get to the point.

Sorry chaps, being nice guys isn't enough, 'Hand To Mouth' is a case of too little too late.

JACK BARRON

GOING PUBLIC



GENERAL PUBLIC: and the Beat goes off...

She has one cat and one dog. Beckoning to presumption? Maybe. But there but for the accidents of slouch and nicotine go you or I...

A gratifying, yearning set of disciplined love songs, this is nothing new but everything fresh. Lone Justice, The Bangles, Lauper, Nicks... all these wear tour jackets. But here is the best thing your boring cousin who works in systems analysis ever did; here is the time she cried under mistletoe years back.

Now, heartened by company car, Cousin F O Passion goes cha cha and la la, warbles unforgettable lines such as "You can take my youth and leave me old / Take away my clothes and leave me cold" and "I find it quite funny the mess you're in" and... there you are, your foxy ears are smirking.

Plush precision provokes palpitations; much marvellous silliness about pride and tears and devotion. "And it's alright by me if you throw everything we shared into absurdity." Oh you yummy faceless pop group. I believe what I'm told, which is that the only reason Fruits Of Passion aren't saturating the charts is because they don't care for ligging with the right journalists. Ha ha ha, here's one of the wrong ones only too gleeful to skip to the coy mannerisms of this conservative cheerleader, at least for the ephemeral vignettes of 'Take What You Want' and 'Kiss Me Now'.

CHRIS ROBERTS

KILL UGLY POP!
'Leatherface Gets Religion' (Dead Man's Curve DMC 004)***

YOU ALMOST expect some of the usual indie grime, some more of that self-apologetic rowdiness that's OD'd on Beefheart and yearns for public sympathy. But this is different. Kill Ugly Pop are a nightmare, one giant horror comic, screaming out for some special attention.

I expected some Beefheart-meets-Cave-meets-Bo Diddley vandalism, but KUPI launch into some unexpected corners. The opening 'Let's Get Real Gone' starts like it wants to be Echo And The Bunnymen by the end, but then starts chucking milk bottles at the walls. By the actual end, the Ugly ones leave behind a clutch of half-chewed human bodies and a pile of guitar strings.

This record becomes getting more and more twisted, each song growing increasingly more demented with every battered chord. Kill Ugly Pop! more convincing now than during their earlier Fever outbursts, play a distinctly disordered r'n'b, as in rabid and bruised, rambling and bastardised, ragged and bloodshot.

But, I hear you mumbling, haven't we had enough of this real gone, bashed-out screwball pop? You can't make love to it, you could never stick it on to relax after another day's graft, you couldn't even annoy that interfering old nit-picker next door with it because she could never tell the difference between The Fall and Frankie Laine anyhow. But, if you really like annoying yourself, winding yourself up to breaking point, then here's another record that will do the job fine. More tunes than Swans, faster than The Fall, less intimidating than Foetus, file it in the 'Hate Me And Shower Me With Abuse' section of your collection and end up punching yourself until you fall asleep.

Kill Ugly Pop make a great pile of noise and an ultimately forgettable piece of plastic and I love them, every last stupid square inch.

JONH WILDE

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'A Baker's Dozen From Vindaloo' (WEA UK YUS 8 240 992-1)***

THE VINDALOO Summer Special was, or were, your entire cast of Vindaloo All-Stars, Ted, The Nightingales, Fuzzbox et al. And their 'Rockin' With Rita' was a pretty cracking little summer non-hit. Novelty at its best. Whereas The Nightingales left to themselves can only manage 'Let's Surf', an inept B-side. Novelty at its worst.

Launching themselves with 'XX Sex', the ugly little Fuzzboxes immediately endeared themselves to absolutely everybody, myself included, but those of us with a degree of discernment soon waved them off on their downward spiral to Nowhere City, Boredom, USA. Hear 'Aaarrggghhh' or even 'Fever' for reasons why. But hear 'XX Sex' to understand why we all made the mistake in the first place.

Once upon a memory, The Nightingales were the band I used to dream about. Hot, hard, humorous and quite relentlessly brilliant, 'Pigs On Purpose' was perhaps the album of its year. Today's Nighties sound just like the old ones played in a hopped up country style by half of Dr Feelgood. Why couldn't they have left my dreams alone?

The less said about Bob 'n' Vi and The Bumbites the better. Not only because they're quite appalling, but also because it leaves me just enough space to underline the fact that, if anybody from Vindaloo is ever going to be star, we all owe it to ourselves to make damn sure it's Ted Chippington. Hear his droll, mellow, conversational brilliance just once and elect him anything he damn well wants to be.

There are five good reasons for buying this album of otherwise unexceptionable quality, and four of them are Ted Chippington.

ROGER HOLLAND

FRUITS OF PASSION
'Fruits Of Passion' (Siren SIREN LP3)****

IN THE world according to Fruits Of Passion, this "love's glory" stuff is no more or less than the film of clear spit on the tip of the ruby tongue. And the consequence is: it can happen anywhere.

So white they're black, Fruits Of Passion come from glamorous Glasgow. Impeccable singer Sharon, formerly an impeccable librarian, hosted the party where the group first met.

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EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

WILD LIFE

The crazy cuts of John Otway

ONE OF the more offbeat enquiries I've had to this column over the last two or three months was one from Carl Francis of Wembley who asked if I could put together a discography of John Otway – "both solo work and the albums and singles he made in partnership with Wild Willy Barrett", says Carl. Since I'm pretty certain that there has never been a discography of Otway published, I'm indebted to John's manager Chris France for coming through with what I'm now fairly certain is the complete info.

Singles, as usual, first. I've listed these chronologically, which means that the duets with Barrett weave in and out of the solo stuff:

County COUN 215 'Misty Mountain'/'Gypsy' 1972

Track 2049 111 'Murder Man'/'If I Did' (with Barrett) 1973

Viking YRS CF 01 'Louisa On A Horse'/'Beware Of The Flowers' 1975

Track 2049 133 'Louisa On A Horse'/'Misty Mountain' (with Barrett) 1976 (These were obviously different versions from the earlier Otway solos)

Polydor 2058 916 'Racing Cars (Jet Spotter Of The Track)'/'Running From The Law' (with Barrett) 1977

Polydor 2058 951 'Cor Baby, That's Really Free'/'Beware Of The Flowers (Cause I'm Sure They're Gonna Get You, Yeh!)' (with Barrett) 1977

Polydor 2059 001 'Geneve'/'It's A Long, Long Time Since I Heard Homestead On The Farm'

1978

Polydor 2059 060 'Baby's In The Club'/'Julie, Julie' 1978

Polydor 2059 105 'Frightened And Scared'/'Are You On My Side' 1979

Polydor POSP 143 'Birthday Boy'/'What A Woman' (with Barrett) 1980

Polydor 2059 250 'DK 50/80'/'It's A Long, Long Time Since I Heard Homestead On The Farm' (with Barrett) 1980

Stiff BUY 101 'Green, Green Grass Of Home'/'Wednesday Club' 1980

Stiff Indie BUY A LOT 'Headbutts'/'Live Version Of Headbutts' (with Barrett) 1981

Empire HAM 3 'In Dreams'/'You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet' 1982

Empire HAM 6 'Mass Communication'/'Baby It's The Real Thing' 1983

Strikeback SBR 1 'Middle Of Winter'/'It Makes Me See Red' 1983

All the above were 7-inch singles only, but Otway and Barrett have also had one 12-inch release which is strictly classifiable as an EP, since it contained six tracks:

Empire HAM 5T '12 Stitch' Tracks: 'Headbutts' (live at Capital Radio)/'Best Dream Jingle'/'Auld Lang Sammy'/'Headbutts Jingle'/'Headbutts' (original version)/'Racing Cars' (jingle) 1982

There are also some assorted singles in the 'odds and ends' category, firstly a couple of American releases:

MCA 40081 'Murder Man'/'If I Did' (with Barrett)

1973 This was the same as the UK Track release, though even more obscure!

Stiff American OWN 2EP 'The Man Who Shot' Liberty Valance'/'Birthday Boy'/'Racing Cars (Jet Spotter Of The Track)' 1980 This also appeared in Canada on the Stiff/Epic label, number E 48415

The Americans also got an Otway and Barrett 12-inch EP, one of several of John's releases which appeared through Stiff in the US but didn't make it in the same form here:

Stiff America NEW 3 'I Did It Otway' (with Barrett) Tracks: 'Running From The Law'/'Turning Point'/'Headbutts'/'Green, Green Grass Of Home'/'Highwayman'/'I Did It Otway' 1981

Coming back to UK releases, there was also a freebie 7-inch and a promotional 12-inch EP made for radio. The single was given away in the first 2,000 copies of the album 'Deep And Meaningless' in 1978; details as follows:

Polydor OT 1 'Racing Cars (Jet Spotter Of The Track)'/'Down The Road' (with Barrett) 1978

Polydor OTTERS 1 'Where Did I Go Right?' Tracks: 'Frightened And Scared'/'Makes Good Music'/'It's A Pain'/'The Highwayman' 1979

And so, on to UK albums:

Extrack Records EXLP 1 'John Otway And Wild Willy Barrett' 1977 (This was reissued later in the same year by Polydor on 2383 453)

OBL 1 'Otway And Barrett Live At The Roundhouse' 1977 The rarest Otway album, this was on the White Label, and was an ultra-limited edition of 250 numbered copies.

Polydor 2383 501 'Deep And Meaningless' (with Barrett) 1978 (First 2,000 copies had a free single, as already noted).

Polydor 2383 532 'Where Did I Go Right' 1979

Polydor 2383 581 'Way And Bar' (with Barrett) 1980

Polydor POLS 1039 'Gone With The Bin: The Best Of Otway-Barrett' 1981

Empire HAMLP 1 'All Balls And No Willy' 1982

SOUNDS October 18 1986 Page 31

Strikeback SBR 4LP 'Greatest Hits' (with Barrett; some tracks solo) 1986

There was also an Otway album released by Stiff in the US:

Stiff America USE 5 'Deep Thought'. Tracks on this were: 'The Man Who Shot' Liberty Valance'/'Body Talk'/'DK 50/80'/'Cry Cry Cry'/'Day After Day'/'Beware Of The Flowers (Cause I'm Sure They're Gonna Get You, Yeh!)'/'Murder Man'/'Really Free'/'Geneve'/'Louisa On A Horse'/'Can't Complain'/'Cheryl's Going Home' 1980

Similarly, Stiff Canada had an album compilation, which was basically an expanded version of the US Stiff 12-inch EP.

Stiff Canada RIP 209 'I Did It Otway'. Tracks were: 'Makes Good Music'/'Josephine'/'If I Did'/'Running From The Law'/'I Did It Otway'/'Headbutts'/'Turning Point'/'Green, Green Grass Of Home'/'Misty Mountain'/'Highwayman' 1981

A quartet of compilation albums have also featured John Otway or Otway-Barrett tracks. The hit single of 1977, 'Really Free', plus its flipside 'Beware Of The Flowers', were on the Polydor new wave hits anthology '20 Of Another Kind' (POLS 1006) in 1979. Otway's revival of Gene Pitney's 'The Man Who Shot' Liberty Valance' could be found on the American Stiff compilation 'The Last Stiff Compilation' (Stiff America USE 3) – an album which featured several other non-Stiff acts, like The Damned with 'Smash It Up' – in 1980.

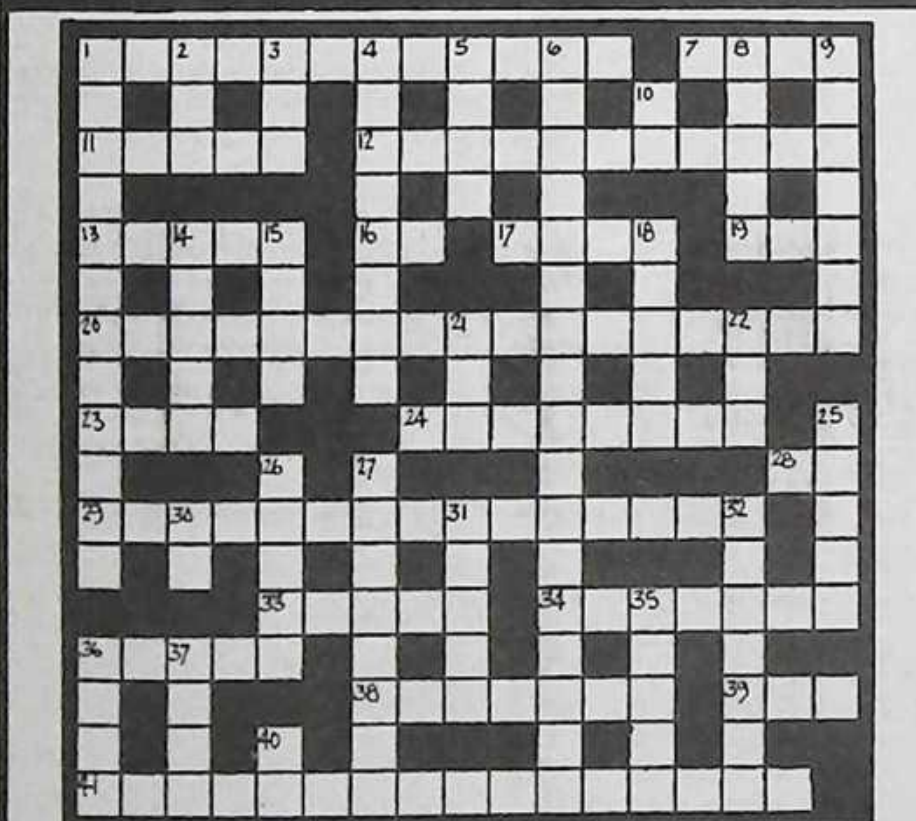
Perhaps more easily overlooked was Otway's contribution to Morgan Fisher's 'Miniatures' album project on his own Pipe label (PIPE 2) in 1980, which featured a whole host of artists performing ultra-short (mostly instrumental) tracks. John's piece was 'Mine Tonight'. Finally, his revival of Bob Lind's 'Cheryl's Going Home' was on A&M's 'Urgh! A Music War' (AMLX 64692) in 1981, where he was in the company of everyone from The Police to Devo, The Cramps and 999.



JOHN 'N' WILLY: the wild bunch

XWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. The Range Rider? (5,7) 7. Bang it for famous electric camembert (4) 11. Do it to Cars' cars (5) 12. He broke blues, was creamy and shot law men (4,7) 13. How Sam was related to Suggs (5) 16. Downing ... not street (1,1) 17. Their heaven's on fire (4) 19. E. Starr's famous soul plea (1,1,1) 20. INXS demand close attention (6,4,7) 23. What squeezed cats are (4) 24. Angry Jon's tapes? (8) 28. Double it for Washington dance music (2) 29. Press that pause button, say The Housemartins (5,3,1,6) 33. Direction of David C's wind (5) 34. Whose '60s Hermits? (7) 36. Queen spent a day at 'em (5) 38. Some hostile bacon comin' Sabs' way (3,4) 39. Famous night runners (1,1,1) 41. Through which we watched 'World Of Sport' eating at least half a biccie (6,6,4)

DOWN

1. Pet Hate's pet hate (3,4) 2. Jon Roth in beautiful imagery (3) 3. Tiger's one on survivor? (3) 4. Motorhead goin' OTT? (8) 5. Georgie Jimmy always hits it head on (4) 6. ... but S Winwood books into the Hilton ... again! (4,2,3,4,4) 8. Hall's pal (5) 9. Invisible touchers (7) 10. Double it for Stevie W's land (2) 14. Dawson's Smallpiece/Creedance Clearwater Revival's Clifford (5) 15. Garden for Kane Gang? (4) 18. They passed in the night for aptly-named Nelson (5) 21. Just Hensley (3) 22. Morrison in the forefront? (3) 25. This Chemists shop was made for walkin' (5) 26. Lean on Red ones (5) 27. Diamond Head lived on this time (8) 30. ... and D Dekker paired this with 'Mek' for a big hit (2) 31. Producing Peter, once of Gordon fame (5) 32. Rubbed-out in Wonderland? (7) 35. Whole lotta lady for AC/DC (5) 36. Canned Heat were on it again (4) 37. N Rodgers led this smart outfit (4) 40. Lady ... Ross ... well inshort anyway (2)

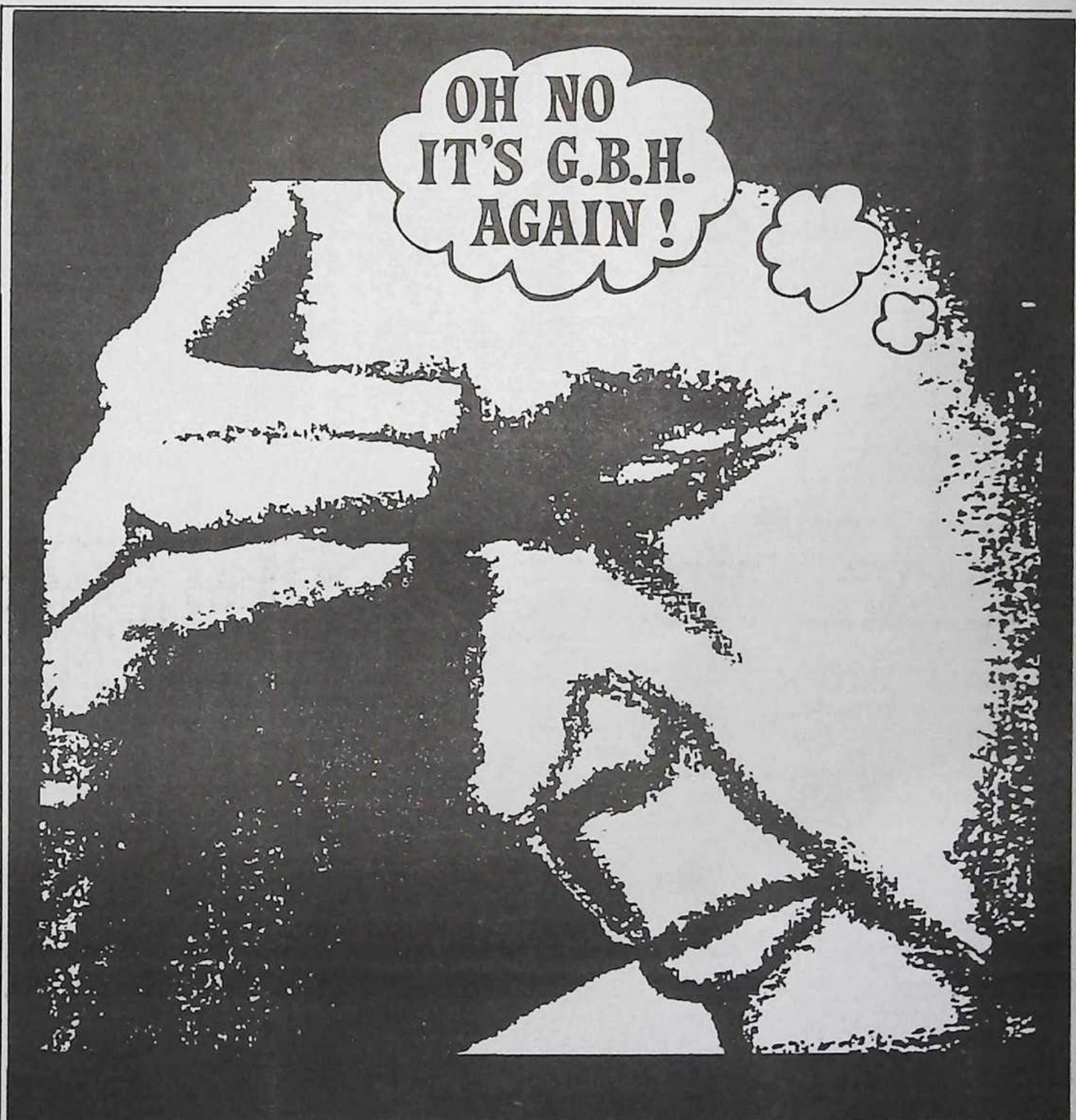
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Don Johnson 5. Ashton 9. Eric 10. Sweet Dreams 13. Commodores 16. Jam 17. Ungovernable 20. Agent 21. Smith 22. Air 23. GTR 25. Major Maltfunction 31. Easton 32. Cricket 34. Green 35. Twist 36. Tramp 38. Stranger 39. Howard

DOWN

1. Dreams 2. Neil Conti 3. New Model Army 4. One 6. Shep 7. Time 8. Idle 11. Smooth 12. Somethin' Stupid 14. Owner 15. Dear 16. Joe 18. Big Fun City 19. USA 24. Nick 26. Answers 27. O'Connor 28. Low Life 29. Clint 30. League 33. Stan 37. Aja



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L I V E S

**THE SHOP ASSISTANTS
University Of London
Union**

WOW! SOME kind of happening!

If an enterprising heavy metal fan had dropped the bomb on ULU last night, he would have wiped out the entire indie scene at a single stroke and ensured himself a lifetime of HM front cover stories. Everybody was there, every fanzine in the home counties, every pop star in the western hemisphere and every 'journalist' on the planet. Well, you get the idea...

So, the place was packed out but the joint was far from jumping. The Shoppies are now middling enormous, and their popularity has become something of a problem. Stop me if you've heard this before, but theirs is a music which benefits from intimacy. And in a disused aircraft hanger like the big hall at ULU, the girls from behind the Boots No 7 counter had about as much chance of getting intimate and personal with their audience as your average Peke might with a bad-tempered St Bernard.

There was no real link between those four static figures on the stage and the sold out audience at their feet, and The Shop Assistants had no idea how to breach the gulf. Singer Alex made no attempt to make friends with her fans and consequently lost a few. David Shop Assistant stood meekly to one side, which is fair enough, but he took his guitar with him allowing a top-heavy bass stumble and a lifeless drum tattoo to hog the proceedings. That guitar should have dominated everything and everybody in the building except Alex.

'I Don't Wanna Be Friends With You' is a wonderful single, and the encore where The Shangri-Las really do meet The Ramones on the epochal 'Train From Kansas City' suggests that the Shoppies have a lot more yet to offer in terms of pop brilliance. But before they go any further, they're going to have to come to terms with the fact that they're no longer playing for a close circle of intimate chums and learn instead how to spread their charms more widely without appearing so very lifeless.

ROGER HOLLAND

**ALIEN SEX FIEND
Finsbury Park Sir
George Robey**

WHEN NIK Fiend appears in all his tacky glory – face smudged white with contrasting black lips and dungeons for eyes, red beret nestling cutely atop a mess of inexpertly butchered hair – it's nothing short of miraculous.

And when this ghoulish beanstalk figure comes out with a greeting along the lines of "Ow ya doin', so where's the bloody drinks then?", it kind of throws you a bit.

And then they turn your brains into putty, just the three of them, Nik screaming, abusively and at random, backed by Yaxi Highrizer's hellfire guitar and Mrs Fiend's earsplittingly corrupt synthesisers.

In fact, the missus controls

BACK TO THE FUTURE



Ross Halfin/Repfoto

IRON MAIDEN: *let there be light!*

**IRON MAIDEN
Oxford Apollo**

ON THE opening night of the British leg of their world tour to promote an album called 'Somewhere In Time', Iron Maiden play like pirates, and inside the Apollo approximately 2,000 heads shake – not in some sort of neanderthal waltz but in a pogo. The entertainment is squeaky clean, so is the audience, and the energy emitted is undeniable. There's no blizzard of dandruff, no air guitarists: two myths under the bridge. Is this the Stone Age or the future?

"Are you ready to rock?"

Well...

Firebombs explode. Adrian Smith and Dave Murray, hornets hot to trot, buzz around each other and trade six-string stings of ever increasing complexity as each attempts to outfret the

other. Meanwhile, singer Bruce Dickinson bounces about like some hybrid of Norman Wisdom and Sebastian Coe. He pauses to simulate grinning cannibalism by chomping on the dismembered arm of a leather jacket which has been thrown onstage. In their inspired moments, Iron Maiden are sheer vaudeville comedians.

"Come on Oxford, you can do better than that!"

Maybe...

Three thousand or so fists soar skywards, some clenched, others with forefingers and pinkies pointed like devil antlers as we sail the choppy seas of Iron Maiden's interpretation of Coleridge's epic, 'The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner'. The backdrop is a galleon, and as we become as still as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,

tattered sails envelop the stage. Fantasy blown out of all proportion, this is the first of several set pieces. Iron Maiden sometimes verge on the operatic and the Wagnerian spectacle is everything.

"I wanna see everybody dancing!"

Mmmm, perhaps...

The roadies appear to sing choruses – everyone is invited to this party, there is no style discrimination – and just in time too, because the strap of Steve Harris' bass breaks. "Are there any girls in here whose straps are breaking?" inquires Dickinson with a leery wink. Silence. "Oh, there obviously aren't any girls here tonight." There are, in fact, lots. They too jump up and down as old rocks such as 'Run To The Hills' and 'The Number Of The Beast' slap against the pebbles of new material.

"Come on, you're not singing loud enough!"

Alright...

Cocksure and macho in pose, though never sexistly offensive, as the hour passes it becomes clear that Iron Maiden are one of the last of their ilk. They sound old even with every note perfectly raised. Whereas Metallica and the new deaf jamming thrashers have stripped the idiom down to its primal pulse, Dickinson and co glory in pomp and circumstance. Lyrically, they focus on historical figures, or a mishmash sci-fi future, too often. Maybe this is why, despite all their technical ingenuity, I find Iron Maiden's music essentially soulless. There is rarely a reference point to emotional life beyond the notion of rock as a catharsis as in 'Running Free'.

"Are you having a good

time?"

Uhm, it's interesting...

Until now, that is. Nothing can prepare one for the fun of meeting Eddie the mascot. The band surge into their theme tune, 'Iron Maiden', Nicko McBrain zildjans his cymbals as his drum podium begins to rise... and rise... and rise. Clawed hands inflate from either side of the PA stacks and... here's Eddie in all his ghoulish glamour.

"What do you think of that?"

Yeah, Eddie makes me smile! As for Iron Maiden, they are a century of guitar solos – neither Stone Age nor the year 2000 bound – which are spectacularly adrift in a time-zone of raucous entertainment.

"Thanks a lot, see you again soon!"

I fear not, once is enough.

JACK BARRON

the lot. Twiddling a button here reduces hubby's vocals to a helpless gargle, another twist and the guitarist's strumming becomes a wall of demonic reverb.

Down the front, the PA's swaying precariously, it's uncomfortable, hot and seedy. An hour passes by like a couple of minutes. Alien Sex Fiend are just warming up, their cosmic gutter punk switching into overdrive, steaming on and on, an oppressive and only vaguely co-ordinated mincing up of rock 'n' roll history.

It's unique, it's mental, it's even radical, but only myself

and a pub full of sweaty misfits are in on the secret. You have to laugh, otherwise you'll swallow your eardrums.

MR SPENCER

**GENESIS
New York Madison
Square Gardens**

"PHIL'S GOT a great band with him now," said one imaginary Yuppie to another. That's poetic licence. It's also an indication of just how enormous Phil Collins is Stateside. This month's *Playboy* interview sees him trying to squirm his way out of the 'Mr Nice Guy' image but inevitably he ends up

even more cuddly and even more nice.

Interesting fact: 16 albums with Genesis have shifted five million units while Phil's three solos have sold twice as many. Bet you didn't know that...

I am not prepared for such a youthful, colourful audience. The new buzzword seems to be 'enjoy'. Everyone whoops it up. I am not prepared for such a dichotomy. Old and new material. Revere the former, dance to the latter. Since when did people dance at Genesis concerts? Has this been going on for some time?

'In The Cage' is followed by a medley of greatest hits, offering a pleasing respite to all the MOR-isms. But where Genesis once incited wonder, now they barely tingle as the band seemingly go through the motions.

The lights are pretty. Someone shouts "rock and roll!". Chester Thompson has been with Genesis for ten years. Think of that. The one who looks like Graeme Souness has been with them for nine years. I suddenly realise that 'Invisible Touch' sounds like Yes, which is not a pleasant discovery. They do a medley of pop classics for

an encore, which is totally unsurprising in a surprising sort of way.

Forgive me, but Genesis have long lost their magical *raison d'être*, that invisible touch. As Peter Gabriel continues to pursue inventiveness, like the good missionary, Genesis tinker about in the studio and play a few concerts, whenever Phil has the odd month to spare.

The good old US of A has always been some sort of refuge for ageing rock bands. Sad to see a once interesting one join the queue.

DAVID ELLIOTT

SUICIDE**New York CBGBs**

THIS IS where it all once happened and sometimes it still does. It happened tonight, in this long, dark, graffiti-strewn hellhole of a place called CBGBs...

That first blood-splattered album. I remember scaring Julie with those psychotic, echoed "uh"s and "ah"s, and good old Frankie's screaming teardrops. Frankie goes to hell. Poor Julie didn't want to come, went on home to New Jersey. Could I blame her? Suicide is dangerous.

If I'd had any doubts, they were dispelled as soon as Rev switched on his rhythm machine. For many it was Vega who embodied the spirit of Suicide, the would-be star heavy with rock 'n' roll irony. But for me it was always Rev and his between-the-stations AM throb, the kind of sound the very first synthesiser would have made. It filled the room, rumbled its way along floor and walls, turned our stomachs inside out like some bubonic Kraftwerk.

It's reassuring that, in this age of techno-masturbation, Rev's gear hasn't changed in eight years, and it's still more powerful than anything else around.

The tension and edge and danger remain. I saw a girl shaking uncontrollably, another one crying. When Vega sang 'Cheree', it was as beautiful as Beethoven's 9th. After 40 minutes, an hour (I don't know), he'd had enough and tossed the microphone into the crowd for the screaming to continue. From then on it was pretty much Dante's *Inferno*.

On my way to a leak, I passed Vega collapsed in a chair; he didn't look too well. Meanwhile, Rev revved on...

DAVID ELLIOTT

THE DROOGS**Oval Cricketers**

AT THIS late stage in the fortunes of white boy rock, does a band like The Droogs matter? This thought nagged my insides right up until the moment they climbed on stage. But what the heck, I like The Droogs, I admire their tenacity. In the face of overwhelming odds, they've maintained a belief in their vision over a dozen years without a shred of success (if that commodity is measured in terms of megabucks and mass popularity). No mean feat!

A cult then – and there's even the danger that The Droogs will turn into the very thing that their new single warns of: a collector's item. But it took them just 50 minutes to dispel my fears – something special was happening up on that stage. Ric Albin may be looking a little on the podgy side nowadays to be a convincing teen hero but his vocals, when they cut through Clay's guitar mangle, carried a heartfelt of soul, sorely lacking

CLARK DONOVAN

WOODEN HEAD



ROLO WOODENTOP: would you give him your last sweetie?

Steve Double

MARTIN STEPHENSON AND THE DAINTIES
Astoria Theatre

THERE ARE few true showmen in British music at the moment. And there are even fewer gifted, natural singer-songwriters who have a fraction of the charismatic aura and deceptive persuasion of Martin Stephenson. Serving out his apprenticeship on Kitchenware, Stephenson has now developed his writing to blend with his music, with a result which intrigues,

deceives and, most importantly, pleases.

Stephenson's Dainties draw from traditional roots music like blues, folk, jazz, reggae and swing, placing them in a modern white pop theatre setting without tarnishing the wholesome heart of the music with the squalid overtones that pop too often produces. The soul of the songs is allowed to dance, the warmth permitted to touch and be touched, whilst the voice flows slowly like melting caramel. These are the Dainties' distinctive

qualities: their precision is never calculated but still it gracefully clicks throughout.

And then there's Stephenson himself, who accomplishes with the acoustic guitar what Billy Bragg does with the electric. He stands alone playing 'Rain' and pitter-patter melodies form watery puddles of sadness.

Sometimes, Stephenson is too self-assured, he's too aware of his talents, and at times you can see his modesty barely managing to suppress his own thirst for

THE WOODENTOPS/JAMES ICA

IN THE Habitat shop of an interior that makes up the ICA, The Woodentops are once again teetering on the edge of something, and they've got a four night residency to do it in, and they've got the whole place decked out in their caveman-meets-Conran graphics. But right now, James are making all the running.

James beg analysis whilst at the same time defying it: "We consider it to be fun and quite simple." Fun it undoubtedly is, but there's definitely something cerebral, not to say contrived, lurking beneath the surface.

There's another clue in 'Really Hard': "If it's true, it can't be spoken." Yes, James are a difficult one, because it is really hard to talk about them without probing at the underlay and that can easily lead you away from their joyous, unaffected simplicity. So we turn to football and a useful analogy courtesy of Factory's Tony Wilson.

It's just like the mercurial Holland team of the early 70s who performed miracles and put it all down to effort. The next generation of Dutchmen tried to perform the miracles and the inspiration promptly left for Denmark.

James could well be the Johann Cruyff of the pop format because they know that "the nature of our world is to impress", and they try to detach the ego from the soul and smile beneficently and seek serenity, and they get halfway there. They have songs like 'Really Hard' and 'Hymn From A Village' that make the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end. James are an instrumentally fresh conundrum who put the feeling in fun and do it so simply that it's startling.

The Woodentops, with their pulsating, hypnotic skiffle, have a massive, compelling sound that is demonstrably their own. They have an album, 'Giant', which is chock full of class and could even claim to be important. They also have a problem and it's their singer Rolo, the wellspring of much of this worth.

Live, Rolo simply destroys The Woodentops. For the first four songs, which take in 'Love Train' and 'It Will Come', he keeps quiet. But after that, his personality is exerted and his ridiculous shimmying bursts of catharsis and breathless, affected links begin to distract from The Tops' deftly bludgeoning wall of finely layered sound.

His charmless attempts at an ecstatic state and the lyrics' directionless questing ('It Will Come' – what will? 'Travellin' Man' – where to?) effectively put paid to what could be a truly outstanding performance. This might sound like undue attention to peripherals but, for me at least, he completely flaws a live band that otherwise would be reasonably unstoppable, and that's pretty sad.

ROY WILKINSON

applause. He acts the country bumpkin but we all know better. Sometimes his songs hark back to the simple theory of living life as easily as possible. Then he'll produce something harder, more resilient, like 'There Comes A Time'.

From there onwards it's genius all the way, the scanty new single 'Boat To Bolivia' jogging over a reggae backbeat. The Dainties finish with a rush of exclamation marks, guitars playing games, whilst Stephenson allows a little insanity to put the bite into the end of an evening that's been packed with wonderful strokes.

RON ROM

HOW WE LIVE
Marquee

USUALLY IT'S easy to tell what type of band are about to play by the dress sense and hairstyles of the crowd. But if you'd walked into the Marquee tonight, you'd have found it bloody impossible.

The audience, you see, comprised of coloured, spiky hairstyles, a girl wearing jack-boots, arty fannies, pessimistic housewives and cravat-wearing tourists – a pretty mixed bunch, huh? Either How We Live can't be categorised, or their recent tour with Chris De Burgh has attracted a highly diverse following.

Their music is breezy, middle of the road, cool calypso, plus both smoochy and lively rock – although listening to their recent single, 'All The Time In The World', you'd never guess that this band could offer such a mixture.

Elfin frontman Steve Hogarth draws the crowd in. He sings loud yet effortlessly, and springs, crouches and writhes, energised by the sounds around him. He plays piano and the notes tinkle like a waterfall with cymbals making metallic splashes among the guitar lathered waves. Each song is markedly different and there's hardly a break between each finger-clicking number.

How We Live know how to live. It seems that life is there to be enjoyed rather than merely endured, and they do their best to help loosen up the unwilling.

KEZ OWEN

PINK
Charing Cross Road
Busby's

PINK ARE five, no seven, no six lads from Japan, who turned up in London virtually out of the blue last week to play a single showcase gig before hotfooting it back to Tokyo where they are apparently "doing quite well".

Their quick-as-a-karate-chop visit was organised by Brit label LOE, whose association with 'new age' music could have meant this band turning out to be nought but a bunch of Mantovanis. Not so, however.

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FURNITURE'S Jim Irvin: definitely not pop's answer to MFI

Steve Double

SOULS 'N' HEALS

What Pink presented to an audience that seemed to contain at least half the Japanese population of London was a bright and bouncy set that veered from modern western pop to modern western funk, delivered with the tight precision one has come to expect from Japanese bands.

But, like so many Japanese bands, Pink also fell down in the vocals department. Aside from the simple difficulty of understanding lyrics which were all, with the exception of a forthcoming UK single, rendered in the mother tongue, there was the inescapable feeling that most of the songs would have sounded a thousand times better delivered by a voice of more soulful character and melodious persuasion.

Boyish and grinning our exponent may have been, but at the end of the night, he was more memorable for wearing a pair of jogging

pants with a built-in willy-warmer dangling from the crutch, than he was for any great charismatic presence. The musicianship was never short of faultless... but I'd drop the conga solo from the single if I were you, chaps.

TONY MITCHELL

THE HOUSEMARTINS Kilburn National Ballroom

THIS IS weird. The Housemartins are HUGE! A couple of thousand people are dancing and most of them are men.

Why do so many young men so regularly and religiously pay to watch other young men entertain them? Is it because they find them attractive; is it because they are living proof of the 'anyone can make it' dream; or is it simply because they want to get inside them, their ideas and their emotions?

There are far more girls here than at most rock

concerts, but it's the men who are whipped into a sexual pop frenzy when Paul Heaton drops an 'H' and begins 'Happy Hour'.

The Housemartins sound almost as rough as kindergarten Clash being played by The Monkees, PD Heaton having taken on special responsibilities for developing a voice that would easily scare Al Green. They are a late '80s embodiment of the Brit pop public's fetish for squeaky clean living. Nice cheeky white kids who don't like the government but who do play fast and soulful pop, who aren't too witty but who're undoubtedly young and cuddly.

Splitting council estate grim bitterness with playing field passion, The Housemartins' music offers a perfect escape from the very British dull reality of their lyrics. Already popular with Saturday night England, these four boys from Hull will

guest on *Blind Date*, appear on the next Labour party political broadcast, and then guiltlessly skip from HUGE! to MASSIVE!

JAMES BROWN

RADIO PARIS IN CHAINS Brighton

ZOOOOSH! IS it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's another time change. Radio Paree's rhythm section sounds like a nervous typist with delirium typing three letters simultaneously for a bet. Their music explodes through its framework towards

FURNITURE

Coventry Polytechnic

IT MUST be a bewildering day for these brand new boys and girls, plucked from the bosom of their homes and hurled into the carnival of college life. So, of course, it's not surprising that more than a few seek immediate refuge in the bottle to loosen their tongues and hips for this induction service, this chamber of horrors known as the freshers' ball.

Twice in the half-light of this student sports hall, alcohol-glazed eyes mistook me for Jim Irvin, the man behind the chromium strands and glistening silver slides that make up the lead voice of Furniture. Not necessarily surprised, though definitely flattered, I wondered just what Furniture were doing here, in this hall of hopeful debauchery.

Of course, they were here to entertain, to scrub our souls clean and make them shine in the fresh morning light of their songs. Just like waking up next to someone you met last night and discovering that they're beautiful, Furniture rush up the spinal cord and explode in your head, all pink love and sensuality.

Young Jim Irvin knows the value of his perfect wiggle, even if the static young things crowded down the front don't, and he also knows that it's only one of many things that are perfect about this group. The small moments of infatuation – like the new single, 'Love Your Shoes' – are hauled up and made to blossom when Furniture perform in the flesh, their years of obscurity thrown off with one flick of the shoulders and a bold laugh to the sky.

After the last ringing, swirling notes of 'Brilliant Mind' sank into the pit of my stomach, all I could hear was a voice quietly whispering behind me.

"Was that their hit?" it said, and I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

RICKY KILDARE

previously uncharted space, casually waving goodbye to previous competitors as the band reaches for hyperdrive.

You can just about see the launching pad through the haze: the seriously crazy end of jazz, vigorously filtered through a good, wholesome post-punk row. This healthy lunacy results from the band's roots. Seasoned goths will spot familiar ex-Skeletal Family faces grimacing behind the turbo-charged musical fury. But this is bomb-throwing, anarchic music, music without walls. If you have ever felt like

destroying western civilisation and starting all over again with a more sensible project, this is the band for you.

Visually, the band look like a refugee column from some sci-fi psychedelic war, with joke haircuts, nerve gas style dancing and asylum inmate chic. They raise drunken howls of joy: everyone in the audience knows this is sheer madness.

Go to see Radio Paris, buy their records, make them rich. Fasten your seat belts and enjoy.

CHRIS MANTHORP

BROTHERLY LOVE

NEW ORDER

Royal Albert Hall/Kentish Town
Town And Country Club

"WHATEVER YOU think of me/You listen hard I will make you see" ('As It Is When It Was').

I remain a New Order fan. Friends think this is a condition of temporary insanity, but when the band play live it's like discovering a new terrain of the soul. There is nothing consistent about the group, every set varies because they perform each gig like it was their last day on earth. Sometimes they die artistically, but more often than not they rush you upwards to a fleeting nirvana.

This is why I felt compelled to catch both their London dates. Here are some notes...

Kentish Town: this audience is drunk! I recognise the symptoms. New Order are locked into the blue cell of intense mental concentration – which some people erroneously interpret as evidence of aloofness – fanning their inspirational spark into a conflagration of sound.

Virtually the only comment comes from Hooky: 'Who's throwing flowers at us? Who do you think we are, The Smiths?'

Tonight, the music is doing the talking. In the scrum at the front, time and rationality give way to a sense of feeling spontaneously awake as we are buffeted in a song surfer of compassion, anger, vehemence and mystery.

When New Order perform like this – generally reckoned to be their finest effort for the past couple of years – they tap a nerve that only aesthetic brutalists such as Swans and Sonic Youth can uncover. Pretty neat for a synth-pop group, I reckon. They rock like bastards.

Inside the pleasuredome, everything about the Albert Hall – from the oversized mushrooms masquerading as ceiling lights to tier upon tier of red, white and gilt boxes and the seething mass of humans in front of the stage – spells *event in progress*. The last night of the proms was never this exuberant, only, as 'State Of The Nation' rattles like a cough in an iron lung, it's clear the music is as yet unfocused. The magic is still waiting in the wings.

Perhaps nervous, New Order are positively garrulous, dedicating, if I interpret the terrible echo right, 'Weirdo' to Princess Di. 'Paradise' and 'Confusion' come and go. Barney strips his shirt off, the confrontation with our expectations becomes physical. "And I've never seen anyone quite like you before."

And then, suddenly, on 'Temptation', the magic is wheeled out of the wings. It's the moment when everything clicks: Barney's resilient singing and scything guitar, Hooky's incanting bass, Stephen's infernal beat machine and Gillian's keyboard cascades all fit like a glove around your heart.

With Hooky now shirtless, the rush upwards continues through a two song encore, 'Bizarre Love Triangle' and 'The Perfect Kiss'. An erratic evening admittedly. But while most bands are content to walk you around the garden of the familiar, New Order are intent on opening the door to Eden – a strange and wonderful emotionscape – and sometimes it takes a while to find the right key.

Basically, though, they rock like bastards. Just listen hard and they'll make you see.

JACK BARRON

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LETTERS

BRANSON'S PICKLE

HERE'S ANOTHER tale of Johnny record-buying public going to his local record hyperstore with intent to purchase.

On this occasion he moves with purpose, picking his way expertly round the racks of records to make his selection. Handing his dosh to the dish on the cash-desk he beams like a goofy schoolkid, really looking forward to a long night at the turntable. He's so anxious for new sounds that he opens all the plastic wrappers on the way home. Having saved time he rushes into his bedsit and switches on the juice and settles back with a little light refreshment – and the first sound to greet him is... CLUNK! SWISH! cursing, he tries again and again, but the song remains the same... CLUNK! SWISH! with every disc. Warps and infernal pressing faults. He offers prayer to The Great God Branson... The End?

Come on Dicky, check out the backyard of your own business before you start scrubbing other streets. You've got the clout, I'm sure you could start the revolution. How about it? We're all sticking with you. – **Stuart John Smith, aka Plug, Muswell Hill, London**

FALL GUY

I FEEL I must take issue with Jack Barron concerning his review of The Fall's latest effort, 'Bend Sinister'.

While I do have a lot of time for one of the most genuine and most shit-stirring groups ever to have come out of this country, I feel he fell into the trap of praising them purely because of their antagonism and anti-commercialism, and never really assessed the album in the context of their previous work.

He seems to believe this is "the band's most eclectic and accessible work yet". I would disagree and feel the LP was something of a disappointment, with the music of the "magnificent musicians" scarcely in evidence on the majority of tracks, as the music degenerates into some horrible new sub-genre not a million miles away from the hated hip-hop. Despite a few sparks of brilliance ('Bournemouth Runner', 'Shoulder Pads', 'Mr Pharmacist'), it falls well short of, say, 'This Nation's Saving Grace'.

In my view, 'The Page' was blotted by a lack of guts to criticise a band who should never be beyond reproach. Why didn't you get your anarchic new reviewer Chris Double to write about it? He seems to have caused more reaction with one review than anyone else has for the last year, and he is so threatening to the journalistic establishment that you have repeatedly denied his existence! He can't really have been boring old Roger



Now Mr Wilde, about that review of us... are you sure you won't change your mind?

'HEAD HUNTERS

I AM writing this letter to complain about the review of Motorhead's Hammersmith Odeon concert in your paper (Sounds October 4).

I was present at this concert and Jonh Wilde's article could not have been further from the truth. It would not have been so bad if he was only incorrect in his comments, but the childish and

deliberately malicious remarks about Motorhead and ourselves, the fans, were completely uncalled for.

It became blatantly obvious that Mr Wilde does not like the group from the very beginning of the piece, but as a reviewer doing his job properly, this should not have affected the article, because a completely unbiased representation of the

concert should have been the result.

Motorhead, as usual, were excellent. The crowd, myself included, thoroughly enjoyed it. – Matt Wisdom, Rochester, Kent

"LOUD AND useless"? "Slosh around like seasick in a bucket"? "Motorhead are dead"? Don't make me sick you prat!

What made you go to the

gig, because it's obvious you've something against Motorhead? Why bother spouting such shit as "the newish troops can't make it", when it's obvious to everyone who went to the gigs and bought 'Orgasmatron' they can. That night's gig was a blinder (easily in my top ten Motorhead gigs), and everyone else seemed to agree, except you, shitface! If you'd have said it was

"loud and useless" to me in the shitter, I think I might have kicked you very hard in the nose – bastard child of a gay shit-sucking dog that you are.

Next time Sounds, send someone who is unbiased, then we might be able to read a decent review of a Motorhead gig (hopefully December 20 at the Academy). See you there shitters. Yours with hate – Ste Fenton, Rochdale

'The Todger' Holland could he?

I hope The Fall aren't going away because they still have much to offer in these times of musical catatonia, and anyone who advertises their new album in 2000 AD can't be all bad, can they? – **Louden Forthright XII**

BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

I PEN this epistle after reading the rave review and then buying Mr James Osterburg's new long player, 'Blah-Blah-Blah'.

I think the reviewer has gone slightly overboard giving it the five star treatment. We all know that Iggy's last two collaborations with Mr Bowie have bought us probably the best two pop (as in popular) music records in the last ten years. And although Iggy has been my guru for a long time now, I'm afraid this latest effort is his worst so far – bland American rock.

What Mr Jones, an ex-Pistol, is doing on here, God only knows. I thought he was the man who stole all Mr

Bowie's guitars from a gig in 1975, but I suppose they have patched things up.

Well, Mr Pop, I can only ask, Where is the spirit that brought us such classics as 'I'm Bored', 'I'm A Conservative' and 'Pumpin' For Jill'? All timeless masterpieces produced this side of '77.

This is not progression, this is depression, a major let-down of 1986. It's just BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!! – **R Andrews, Brentwood, Essex**

NORTHERN UPRISING 1

CONCERNING ROGER Holland's singles reviews (Sounds October 4): is the Singles page for reviewing singles or for you to dismiss record companies? I could understand your dismissal of a label if it was called Fascist Bastards Unite, but slugging a label for calling itself the Leeds Independent Label is incredible.

The fact is that LIL is an independent label from Leeds, so what could be less pretentious than simply

calling it the Leeds Independent Label? The trend-setting, risk-taking Sounds describes that title as "a ridiculously self-importantly self-righteous sort of nonsense".

From that statement I think it's reasonable to assume that you had a bias against the label before you listened to the single. LIL does have a couple of average bands signed, but along with Hang The Dance (who are also on LIL), Flowers For Agatha are one of the best bands to come out of Leeds for a long time.

"Leeds?" I hear you snigger, but the 'Leeds scene' is buzzing with varied, excellent bands at the moment, but what concern is that of yours? You're only a music paper.

Not that you've got a southern bias in your paper, but in the same issue as the LIL 'review', the furthest north any of your live reviewers managed to get was London! – **Mick (Somewhere in the undiscovered regions of Leeds)**

NORTHERN UPRISING 2

RE: REVIEW of Flowers For Agatha.

I have, in my time, read some fairly dodgy reviews in the music press, but it's subjective opinion and therefore it is fair enough. To slag off the music produced by bands signed to LIL is your prerogative, but to slag off the label itself when you obviously know nothing at all about it, is quite incredible!

The man behind LIL is, without putting too fine a point on it, a hero in the music business. He puts everything he has into the business, often at the expense of his family's comfort. He could quite easily have got out ages ago and been quite well off, thank you very much!

Sure he is in it to make money but, much more than that, he is a genuine lover of music.

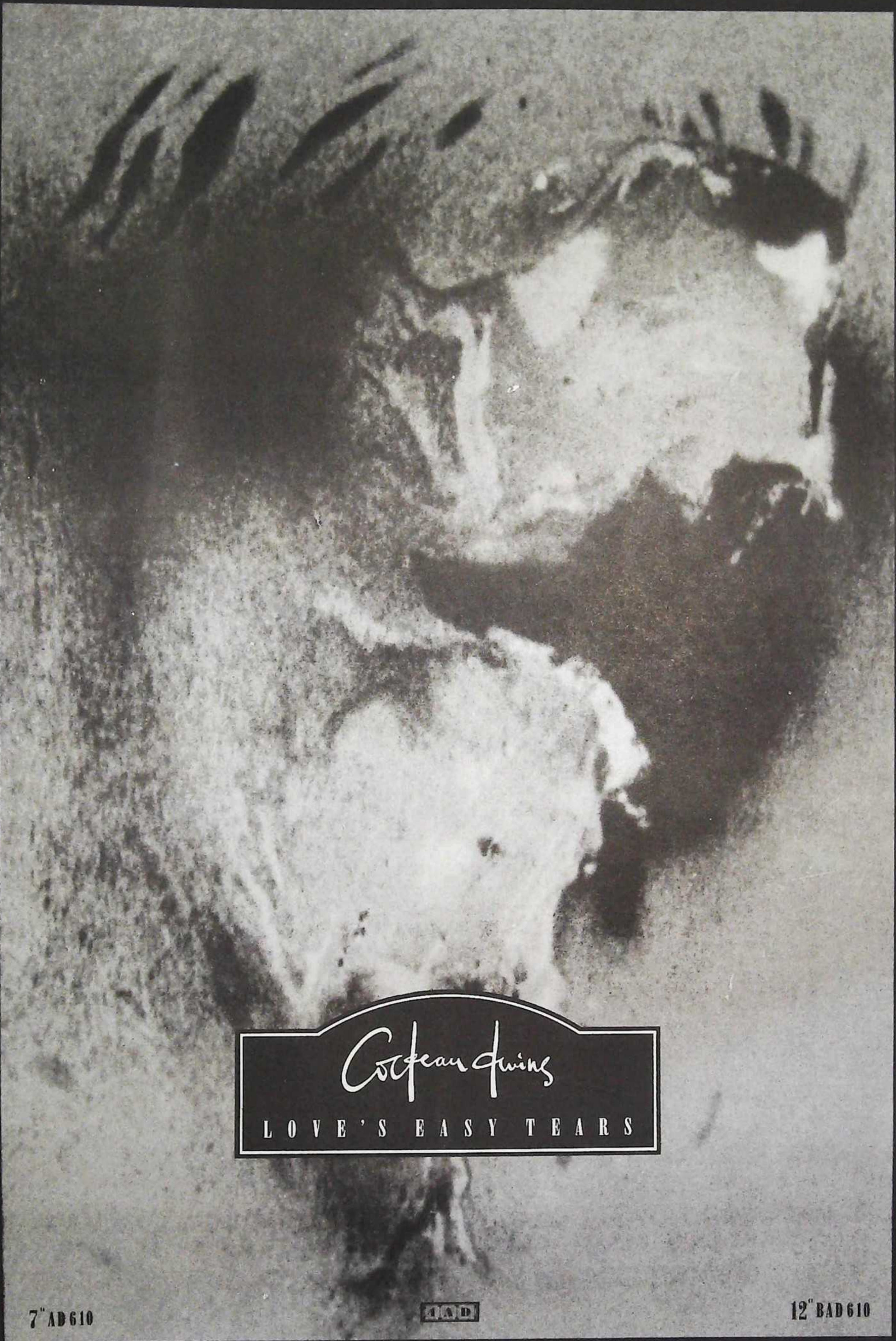
We need many more companies like LIL. We need to encourage, not destroy. Even if your destruction is merely verbal it does nothing for the development of a healthy Independent scene.

I look forward to your feature on all the good work that LIL is doing against all the odds. – **Steve McCann, Leeds**

BACK TO OXBRIDGE

THAT LONG awaited World Domination Enterprises interview was a big let down. I hate this sycophantic manner your writers have adopted in interviews and reviews. It renders all material into an unfortunate sickly mess and absolutely nothing is revealed about the bands discussed. Never mind, just send them all back to Oxbridge for a refresher course and then put them to the ultimate task – a Rubella Ballet interview without any mention of biscuits or high-rise flats. I'll be waiting. – **Marie Kropotkin Kandinsky Sheard, Wales**

So what else is it you do or don't like about Sounds? If you feel inclined to sound off about the paper, the state of rock or your fave raves, then write to Sounds, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.



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TUNNEL VISION

OUT NOW 7" SINGLE
GABS 5 - Distributed by Pinnacle

THRASHING DOVES

LIVE AT MIDNIGHT THURSDAY 16TH OCT
DOORS OPEN 9PM - 1A CAMDEN HIGH STREET NW1 - ADMISSION £4

THE CAMDEN PALACE PROUDLY PRESENT THE ONLY LONDON APPEARANCE OF THE LEGENDARY

S U I C I D E

plus d'as psych-oh rangers

THURSDAY 30TH OCTOBER - TICKETS £5 FROM THE BOX OFFICE
DOORS OPEN 9PM 1A CAMDEN HIGH STREET NW1 OVER 18's ONLY MANAGEMENT RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ADMISSION

JOHNNY IN THE CLOUDS

Adm. £4.00

LIVE AT MIDNIGHT THURS 23rd OCT
DOORS OPEN 9PM - 1A CAMDEN HIGH ST NW1 - MANAGEMENT RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ADMISSION - OVER EIGHTEENS

PHIL McINTYRE PRESENTS

SMITHS

ST AUSTELL CORNWALL COLISEUM
FRIDAY 17 OCT 8.00

Tickets: 6.50 (4.50 UB40 Card Holders), Available from B/O Tel (072681) 4004, Virgin Records - Plymouth, For Coach & Travel Information Tel Concert Travel Club 0271 74447

LLANDUDNO ASTRA THEATRE
TUESDAY 28 OCT 7.30

Tickets: 6.50 (4.50 UB40 Card Holders) Available from B/O Tel (0492) 76666, For Coach & Travel Information Tel Liverpool Royal Court 051 709 4321

The LARKS
NEW SINGLE

"All or Nothing Girl"

7" & 4track 12" LARK 2

Distribution: Pinnacle

OCTOBER TOUR DATES

- 1 MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY
- 2 LANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC
- 3 ESSEX INSTITUTE
- 4 OXFORD POLYTECHNIC
- 5 MARQUEE, LONDON
- 10 QUEEN MARY COLLEGE, LONDON
- 11 CAMBRIDGE ART COLLEGE
- 12 BRIGHTON ESCAPE CLUB
- 13 BOURNEMOUTH ACADEMY
- 14 SIR GEORGE ROBEY, LONDON
- 16 LEICESTER PRINCESS CHARLOTTE
- 17 SOUTH WALES POLYTECHNIC
- 18 CARDIFF HANGING GARDENS
- 19 SWANSEA UNIVERSITY
- 20 BATH MOLES CLUB
- 21 BRISTOL (l.b.a.)
- 23 IMPERIAL COLLEGE, LONDON

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

THE ENID

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
TWELFTH NIGHT
PLUS NEW AGE ARTIST
JOHN THEMIS

FRIDAY 17th OCTOBER
7.30pm

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

TICKETS £6.00 £5.00
AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748 4081
AND USUAL AGENTS

S H E L L E Y S
Presents Live On Stage

Megametal Mondays Monday 27th October STATE TROOPER Monday 3rd November ENGINE	Alternative Scene Tuesday 21st October THE EXPLOITED + SUPPORT Tuesday 28th October KING KURT MADHOUSE Tuesday 4th November CUTTING CREW
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For Coach travel arrangements West Midlands and Shropshire ring for further details.
EDENSOR RD, LONGTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT. Nr. JUNCTION 15 OFF M6.
Tel: 0782 322209

DNA ENTs. in association with Diamond Promotions presents
JULIAN COPE
+ SPECIAL GUESTS
PRIMAL SCREAM
Tuesday 28th October
at THE DIAMOND SUITE
(The Irish Centre) Digbeth Birmingham
Doors: 8.00 p.m. Tickets: £4.00 adv. £4.50 door
From: B.O. 021-622 2314, Cyclops, Oasis, Odeon B.O. or by post from
DNA Entertainments P.O. Box HP2 Leeds LS6 1LN (Enc. S.A.E.)

DNA ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
THE SOUP DRAGONS
+ **CLOSE LOBSTERS**
SUNDAY 19th OCTOBER
LIVERPOOL - PICKWICKS
Doors 7.30 p.m. Tickets £3.50
From Probe, Cheverton
WEDNESDAY 22nd OCTOBER
LEEDS WAREHOUSE
Doors 9.00 p.m. Tickets £3.50
From Austicks, Jumbo, H.M.V.
THURSDAY 23rd OCTOBER
MANCHESTER - THE INTERNATIONAL
Doors 8.30 p.m. Tickets £3.50
From Picadilly Records, The International
SUNDAY 26th OCTOBER
SHEFFIELD LIMIT CLUB
Doors 7.30 p.m. Tickets £3.50
From FON Records, Record Collector, The Limit Club, or by post from DNA
Entertainments, P.O. Box HP2 Leeds LS6 1LN (Enc. S.A.E.)

DNA ENTERTAINMENTS Presents at
LEEDS WAREHOUSE
THURSDAY 23rd OCTOBER
Doors: 9.00pm Tickets: £3/£3.50
ROSE OF AVALANCHE
+ SPECIAL GUESTS
THE FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM
THURSDAY 30th OCTOBER
Doors: 9.00pm Tickets: £3/£3.50
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: JUMBO RECORDS, AUSTICKS HEADROW,
OR BY POST FROM D.N.A. ENTs, P.O. BOX HP2, LEEDS LS6 1LN. (Enc. S.A.E.)

DNA ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
STAN RIDGWAY
+ SPECIAL GUESTS
IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS
Saturday - 18th October
SHEFFIELD - THE OCTAGON CENTRE
Doors: 7.30 p.m. Tickets: £4.00 adv. £4.50 door.
From S.U.S.U. FON Records, Record Collector, or by post from DNA Entertainments,
P.O. Box HP2 Leeds LS6 1LN (Enc. S.A.E.)
Sunday - 19th October
LEEDS POLYTECHNIC (City Site)
Doors: 7.30 p.m. Tickets: £4.00 adv. £4.50 door.
From L.P.S.U. Austicks, Jumbo, H.M.V. or by post from DNA Entertainments,
P.O. Box HP2 Leeds LS6 1LN (Enc. S.A.E.)

DNA ENTs. IN ASSOCIATION WITH SOUND ASYLUM
PRESENTS
THE MISSION
Special Guests: THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE
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
£3.50 ADV. £4.00 DOOR) AVAILABLE FROM LOCAL AGENTS OR BY POST
FROM: DNA ENTERTAINMENTS, P.O. BOX HP2 LEEDS LS6 1LN
ENC. S.A.E.



LIVE: HAMMERSMITH ODEON SAT. OCT. 18th



THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, LONDON,
N4 2HX (opp Finsbury Park tube)
01-263 4581

THE LARKS
Support: GATECRASH HEAVEN
Tue 14th Oct
MY BLOODY VALENTINE
+ **THE YOUNG GODS**
+ **A STRANGE DESIRE**
Wed 15th Oct
ANDY WHITE
plus **THE VULCANS**
Thurs 16th Oct
HANK WANGFORD
plus **RORY McLEOD**
Fri 17th Oct
GENO WASHINGTON
Support: LIGHT BRIGADE
Sat 18th Oct
Lunchtime Jazz with IGGY QUAIL
MANIC DEPRESSIVES' DISCO
Sun 19th Oct
IRISH MIST
plus **THE PORCUPINES**
Mon 20th Oct
DOCTOR'S CHILDREN
+ **RHUBARB TARTS**
+ **THE WALLFLOWERS**
Tue 21st Oct
VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE
+ **THE JACK RUBIES**
+ **THE RAW HERBS**
Wed 22nd Oct
Late bar every night till 12.30am (Lz Sun 10.30).
No Admission after 11.00pm
Equipment repairs phone Frank at The Robey.

ELIXIR
THE WELLINGTON
SHEPHERDS BUSH
Wednesday 15th October

NEON FIDDLER LATE NITE
MUSIC VENUE
OPEN 7 NIGHTS
9pm-2am
28a High Street, Harlesden NW10
Tel: 01-961 5490

WED 15th OCT FROM U.S.A. Adm: £4.00
JOHN STEWART
+ **ANDY WHITE**

THURS 16th OCT Adm: £5.00
SANDIE SHAW

FRI 17th & SAT 18th OCT Adm: £5.00
KATRINA AND THE WAVES

SUN 19th OCT FROM IRELAND Adm: £4.00
MARY COUGHLAN
AND HER BAND

MON 20th OCT Adm: £2.50
JAI GREY JAY +
WILLIE SMITHS BEANFIELD
+ **KAREN D'ACHE**

TUES 21st OCT Adm: £2.50
THE MUSCLE SHOAL +
RADIO FUN + INSIDE THE LION

WED 22nd OCT Adm: £2.50
CRY WOLF + HEY DAY
+ **MENTAL HEAT**

THURS 23rd OCT Adm: £2.50
NONO FEAR + PIGEON PEOPLE
+ **AGAIN THE IMAGE**

FRI 24th OCT Adm: £4.00
THE SNAKES OF SHAKE

SAT 25th & SUN 26th OCT Adm: £5.00
ERASURE
VINCE CLARKE, ANDY BELL
COMING SOON
WED 29th + THURS 30th -
JIMMY SMITH TRIO
(World's Greatest Jazz Organist)
FRI 31st from U.S.A. - **PETER CASE**

Under St Pauls Church
Deptford. SE8
THE GRASP
Psychedelic Nites
EVERY FRIDAY
Friday 17th Oct
SAVE US
+ **THE WAIT**
Friday 24th Oct
WEBCORE
+ **DREAM CLINIC**
★ Halloween Rock
★ Horror Party ★
October 31st

THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.
Thursday 16th October
"THE 100 CLUB PRESENTS THE"
10th ANNIVERSARY
PUNK FESTIVAL with
BROKEN BONES
+ **THE INSTIGATORS**
TO CELEBRATE THE
SEX PISTOLS CONCERT
AT THE 100 CLUB IN 1976
The Punk Festival continues
on Tuesday 21st October
with the
U.K. SUBS SHOW
and ends on
Thursday 23rd October with
TOXIC REASONS
(USA)

HARP BEAT '86 Presents
Status Quo



Plus Special Guests
WAYSTED
BRIGHTON CENTRE
MONDAY 1st DECEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.50, £7.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0273 202881, A & N Travel Dept. Chichester,
Stylus Records Hastings, Harveys Travel
Lounge Tunbridge Wells and all usual agents.

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
TUES WED THUR 2nd 3rd 4th DECEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.50, £7.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081/2,
LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989),
Albemarle and Stargreen.

BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
SATURDAY/SUNDAY 6th/7th DECEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.50, £7.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0274 752000
and all usual agents.

SCOTTISH EXHIBITION AND CONFERENCE CENTRE
TUESDAY 9th DECEMBER 8.00 pm
Tickets: £8.50, £7.50
Available from Other Record Shop Glasgow,
Edinburgh Playhouse, Virgin Records Dundee,
Other Record Shop Aberdeen, Sleeves Records Falkirk,
Concorde Music Perth (All subject to booking fee)
or by post from MCP Ltd., PO Box 124, Walsall WS9 8XY,
cheques/postal orders made payable to MCP,
add 30p/ticket booking fee and enclosed S.A.E.

WHITLEY BAY ICE RINK
THURSDAY 11th DECEMBER 8.00 pm
Tickets: £8.50
Available from Ice Rink, City Hall B/O & Volume Records Newcastle,
Pink Panther Carlisle, Virgin & Spinning Disc Sunderland,
Newhouse Music Middlesbrough, Other Record Shop Hartlepool
and Virgin Durham. (All subject to booking fee)
or by post from MCP Ltd., PO Box 124, Walsall WS9 8XY,
cheques/postal orders made payable to MCP,
add 30p/ticket booking fee and enclosed S.A.E.

N.E.C. BIRMINGHAM
SATURDAY/SUNDAY 13th/14th DECEMBER 8.00 pm
Tickets: £8.50, £7.50
Available from B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (Credit Cards Accepted),
Odeon Theatre B/O, Cyclops Sounds,
Ticket Shop Birmingham, Goulds TV Wolverhampton,
Lotus Records Stafford, Mike Lloyd Music Hanley & Newcastle,
Piccadilly Records Manchester, Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham,
Royal Court B/O Liverpool, Town Hall B/O Leicester, Tickets in Oxford.
(All subject to booking fee)

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
MONDAY/TUESDAY 15th/16th DECEMBER 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.50, £7.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0742 735295/6 and all usual agents.

CORNWALL COLISEUM, ST. AUSTELL
SOLD OUT THURSDAY 18th DECEMBER 8.00 pm **SOLD OUT**
EXTRA SHOW FRIDAY 19th DECEMBER 8.00 pm **EXTRA SHOW**
Tickets: £8.50, £7.50
Available from B/O Tel: 072 681 4004 and all usual agents.
For details of coach travel ring C.T.C. on 0271 74447

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
SUN MON/TUES WED 21st 22nd 23rd 24th DEC 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.50, £7.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081/2,
LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989),
Albemarle and Stargreen.

Quo '86
New Album: IN THE ARMY NOW
HARP BEAT
THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME

NIGHTSHIFT

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.

Red Lorry Yellow Lorry link up with The Batfish Boys at Peterborough (Wednesday), London (Thursday), Leeds (Friday) and Glasgow (Sunday), while Peter Murphy fails to see the world fall apart at Brighton (Thursday), St Albans (Friday), Portsmouth (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday) and London (Tuesday).

Stan Ridgway gets some camouflage at Burton On Trent (Friday), Sheffield (Saturday), Leeds (Sunday), and Bristol (Tuesday), and Robert Cray plays Norwich (Sunday), Bristol (Monday) and London (Tuesday).

WEDNESDAY

15

BRABOURNE Five Bells Red Hot
BRADFORD University (33466) New Model Army/L'Amourder
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Fast Buck/Chemical Pleasure
BRIGHTON The Richmond (603974) Bogshed/Violet White/Torture Garden
BRIGHTON Pavilion (682127) The Mighty Lemon Drops
BRISTOL University (735035) World Party
CARLISLE Stars And Stripes (46361) Dr Feelgood
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Mandrake
DUNSTABLE Wheatseaf (62571) Mad Dog
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
GLASGOW Renfrew Street School Of Art (041-332 0691) Working Week
GREATSTONE Seahorse East River Band
HANLEY Victoria Halls Magnum/FM
HARLOW The Square (25594) Gunsupper/The Lady Killers
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (38156) The Big Dish/The Wild Flowers
KINGSTON Grey Horse Hoozoo
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Brilliant Corners/The Shamen/The Keep/Agit Rosta
LEEDS Merion Street Coconut Grove (455718) Dick Morrissey Quartet
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) The Shop Assistants
LINCOLN Oasis The Primitives
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Camden Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) Half Man Half Biscuit/Gone To Earth/Jegsy Dodd And The Sons Of Harry Cross/The Walking Seeds
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Legacy Of Lies/Flowers In The Dustbin/Zephyr Heads
LONDON Clissold Road Golden Lady (01-241 3829) Across The Street
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) 1,000 Mexicans
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) Peter Case
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) My Bloody Valentine/The Young Gods/A Strange Desire
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) High Frontier
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) President Reagan Is Clever/The Civilians
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Blyth Power/Goats Don't Shave
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) Mighty Ballistics Hi-Power
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) The Stiffs/Trumpets And Raspberries/Outside View
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Love's Young Nightmare
LONDON Shepherd's Bush Wellington Elixir
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) The Purple Gang
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) The Escape Club
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Slim Gaillard
MAIDSTONE The Ferryman Technique
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Cosmo/Colbert Hamilton
MIDDLESBROUGH Teeside Polytechnic (45589) Shark Taboo
MONKS HORTON Black Horse Maroonedogs
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) The Icicle Works
NOTTINGHAM University (51311) The Daintees/Foster Pilkington
OCKHAM Hautboy Ob Jay Da
OXFORD St Pauls Arts Centre Chakk
PETERBOROUGH Tropicana Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Batfish Boys
PLYMOUTH Theatre Royal (668282) Harvey And The Wallbangers
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic (819141) The Ticking People
READING Majestic (586093) Surfin' Lungs/Deja Vu/What's This Fish?/TV Slaves
ROMFORD North Street Precinct/Rezz Club (01-597 6181) Skin Side Out
RUNCORN Cherry Tree Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
SCUITHORPE Baths Hall (842332) The Soup Dragons/Psycho Surgeons
SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) The Oyster Band
SUNDERLAND Chester Road Royalty (659930) Isaac Guillory
TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club (432068) Red Beards From Texas
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Kentish Yeoman Wrestling The Blues
UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) This Temple Eden/The Price
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall (21359) The Smiths/Raymonde

THURSDAY

16

ABERDEEN Capitol (583141) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
BARROW IN FURNESS Bluebird Shark Taboo/The Wild Flowers
BENFLEET The Manor Rhythm Badgers
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) The Shamen
BIRMINGHAM Methodist Central Hall The Clark Sisters/Maxine Burrell
BISHOP STORTFORD All Saints Church Vestries Aunt Fortescue's Bluesrockers
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Arts Centre (27272) The Beach Burns
BRADFORD Westgate Checkpoint Akimbo/Dirk Spig (1 In 12 Club PA Benefit)
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
BRIGHTON King's Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Black October/Hunters Club
BRIGHTON Sussex University (698114) Peter Murphy
BRISTOL Bierkeller (22265) The Mighty Lemon Drops
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) The Weather Prophets/Tender Lagers
DUNOON EM Club Chasar
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall (603326) New Model Army/L'Amourder
EDINBURGH University (031-667 1011) Working Week
FARNHAM Bridge Square Farnham Maltings (726234) Toffs
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall (53193) Budgie

HASTINGS The Crypt (444675) The Locomotives
HAWICK Marina Leisure Centre Dr Feelgood
HELSTONE RAF Culdrose Splash!
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nags Head (21758) Bodies In Motion/Life Support
HUDDERSFIELD Black Bull Session
KINGSTON Polytechnic (01-546 8340) The Daintees
LEICESTER De Montfort Halls (544444) Magnum/FM
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Larks
LEICESTER University (556282) The Icicle Works/The Rage
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Bow Gamelon Ensemble (London Film Makers 20th Anniversary)
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse (01-274 5537) My Bloody Valentine
LONDON Brixton Pokes Road Canterbury Arms Underneath What
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Swinging The Blues
LONDON Camden Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Batfish Boys/All About Eve/3,000 Revs
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Love Parade/Fever Tree/Sun House Opera
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) Loudon Wainwright III
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) The Vulcans/Andy White
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) Stone The Giant/Single Factor
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) 1,000 Mexicans/Popular Front
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Year Seven
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Sandie Shaw
LONDON Hendon LMS (01-203 2600) The Brill Band
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) John Etheridge Quartet/Simon Purcell Trio
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Lino And The Yow City Expedition/Four Design
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head Tredegar
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 2052) Elephant
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) All Crucial British Soul Band
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Broken Bones
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Bid/The Wishing Stones/The Submarines
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Fourteen Karat Soul
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Whitney Houston
LONDON Wimbledon William Morris Club The Dubious Brothers/The Deadbeats
LUDLOW Starline (3355) Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys
MANCHESTER Tyldesley Butchers Arms Just F***** Cheese/New Society
NEWCASTLE Broken Doll Head In Hands/Spook And The Ghouls
NEWCASTLE University (328402) Skint Video/Mark Miwurdz/John Moloney
NEWPORT Stowhill Labour Club Toxic Reasons
NOTTINGHAM The Garage (501251) The Soup Dragons/The Kittywakes/The Shells
NOTTINGHAM St James Street Mint Bar Left Wing Rednecks
OXFORD Apollo (44544) TV Slaves
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Hondo
OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) The Big Dish
PERTH Lesser City Hall Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
PETERBOROUGH The Crown Filthy Rich
POOLE Mr C's President Reagan Is Clever
PORTSMOUTH Basins Dance Hall Terry And Gerry
PORTSMOUTH Milton Barn Dr Brown
RAWTENSTALL The Sprintman The Noble Kind
RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (770003) Stitched Back Foot Airman/Thaddeus Cat
READING Paradise Club (56847) Blyth Power/Thatcher On Acid
ROCHDALE Tiffs (31069) The Bodines/Happy Mondays
SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic (760621) The Gathering
SHEFFIELD University Maze Bar (24076) Mr Morality/Lay Of The Land
ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty Tearaway
WALSALL Birmingham Road Wheatseaf The Indigo Blues Band
WATERFORD The Bridge The Housemartins
WESTCLIFF ON SEA Queens Hotel Rent Party
WHITSTABLE Harbour Lights The Group

FRIDAY

17

ABERDEEN Venue (22255) The Shop Assistants
ABERYSTWYTH University (4242) Skint Video/Mark Miwurdz/John Moloney
ALEXANDRIA Ladyton Bar Trident
BASILDON Roundacre The Killer B's
BEDFORD The Angel Pink On Pink
BILLINGSHURST The Railway Ob Jay Da
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Magnum/FM
BIRMINGHAM University (021-455 9777) The Icicle Works
BLACKBURN Limbrick Top Hat Club (51666) Chatshow/Three Men Gone Mad
BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (727898) Original Sin/Last Salute
BRADFORD Wheatseaf (724163) Masquerade
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Jackie Lynton
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Who Said That?/State Of Play
BRIGHTON The Richmond (603974) Andy White/Nick And Tim/Minnsy
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Five Year Plan/Rodney Allen
BURTON ON TRENT Central Park (63265) Stan Ridgway/Rouen
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall (265848) The Dave Howard Singers/Nitzer Ebb/Playground/Blue Water
CLEVEDON The Salthouse (872357) Unity Station
COLCHESTER Essex University (862286) New Model Army/L'Amourder
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Harold Beaver/The Shudders
COVENTRY Warwick University Arts Centre (417417) Harvey And The Wallbangers
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Fingertips
DUBLIN Olympic (754027) The Housemartins
DUDLEY Courthouse Compact Pussicat/Neusan Design
DUDLEY Hen And Chickens (021-552 1058) Trevor Burton Band
DUNDEE University (23181) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
EDINBURGH Preservation Hall Dr Feelgood
ELY The Cutter Switch
GLASGOW School Of Art Working Week
GLASGOW The Venue (041-332 3874) Chasar
GLOUCESTER Pineholt Club Four Design
HARLOW The Square (25594) Between The Lines
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Truffle
HIGH WYCOMBE White Horse (26762) Fair Exchange
HULL Adelphi (48216) Toxic Reasons/Wild Flowers/The Gargoyles/Ginger John
LEEDS Polytechnic City Site (430171) Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Batfish Boys
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Mighty Lemon Drops/The Filberts
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Rent Party/Paul Sallis/Miguel/Boys A-Go-Go
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse Two Fingers Cabaret/Gary Howard/John Dowie
LONDON Brixton Recreation Centre The Clark Sisters/The Wade Brothers/COGIC
LONDON Calderwood Street Woolwich Polytechnic Conflict
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Kokomo
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Fourteen Karat Soul/Al Catraz And The Chain Gang
LONDON Charing Cross Road Godfathers (01-250 3409) Tony Qunta (Lunch)
LONDON Clissold Road Golden Lady (01-241 3829) The All Crucial British Soul Band
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Jazawaki
LONDON Cricklewood Broadway Cricklewood Hotel Kevin MaAler/Janice Perry/Steve Rawlings/Off Beat Women's Big Band
LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt The Wait/Save Us

LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) Loudon Wainwright III
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Soup Dragons/The Primitives/My Bloody Valentine/The McKenzies/Margin Of Sanity/The Bed Bugs
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) The Enid/Twelfth Night
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Katrina And The Waves
LONDON Houghton Street London School Of Economics The Big Dish
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Robin Jones And King Salsa
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) The Len Bright Combo
LONDON Kentish Town Road Wolsey Tavern Screaming Abdabs
LONDON Limes Grove Lewisham Labour Club (01-852 3921) Panic Brothers/Porky The Post
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) Sandie Shaw/Potato 5/The Jazz Butcher/The Fountainhead/Sacred Hearts/The Mint Juleps/Attila The Stockbroker/The Joan Collins Fan Club/London School Of Samba (8pm-8am)
LONDON Margery Street New Merlins Cave The Jasmine Minks/The Submarines/The Poppies
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Wilko Johnson
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Firefly/Stormwarning
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Whitney Houston
MANCHESTER Gallery The Surf Drums
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Blue Aeroplanes/Inspiral Carpets
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Hank Wangford
MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) Strange Brew/Don't Call Me Shirley
NARBERTH Queens Hall Dickens/The Riverside Blues Band
NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells Roots Tech/Sly Wicked And Slick
OXFORD Caribbean Club Soul Agents
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) The Young Gods/Bantu
PAISLEY Hunter Street College Of Technology (041-889 9940) Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
PAPWORTH Pendragon Theatre Stormed/Road Show
POOLE Halfway Club XCess
SLOUGH Stoke Poges Lane Orchard Youth Club Landing Party/Thirty Lashes/I Thought I Saw God But It Was The Hammersmith Flyover
ST ALBANS City Hall (64511) Peter Murphy
ST AUSTELL Cornwall Coliseum (4004) The Smiths/Raymonde
STOCKPORT Technical College The Legion/Inside Edge/Andi Hulme
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) The Shamen/The Timbermen
SURBITON The Southampton (01-399 6107) The Reactors
TREEFOREST South Wales Polytechnic (405133) The Larks
WELLINGBOROUGH Dewdrop Inn Filthy Rich
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Tapan Zee
WICKHAM North Boarhunt The Boars Head (833132) Doctor K's Blues Band/Deaf Boy Hug And The Hearing Aids
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic (28521) The Daintees/Foster Pilkington

SATURDAY

18

BANBURY The Mill Spiceball Park Soul Agents
BEDFORD Bradgate Road Boys Club The Babysitters/The Brain Thieves
BEDFORD Houghton Conquest Village Hall Bordeaux
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) Mad Dog
BIRMINGHAM Accafest Basil Gabbidon's Bass Dance
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Toxic Reasons/Eyes On You/Depraved
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic (021-236 3969) The Big Dish
BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) Tapan Zee/Circus
BRADFORD College Cellar Bar (29415) How Blue Wonders
BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (727898) Heroin And The Needles
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Chuck Farley
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) The Rain Dogs/The Avacados (Lunch)
CAMBRIDGE Riverside Sea Cadets Hall Apes In Control/Hell Sucks
CARDIFF New Bogeys (26168) Dealer
CARDIFF University Hanging Gardens (396421) The Larks
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic (21167) The Mighty Lemon Drops
CROSSKEYS Gladstone Street Insitute (270301) JC Arcud
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Chillon (Lunch) The GB Blues Co (Eve)
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
GLASGOW Douglas Street Albany Hotel Cabin Bar On Location
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union (041-339 9784) The Shop Assistants
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre (36498) The Smiths/Raymonde
HARLOW The Square (25594) Cutting Edge/Camouflage
HENLEY Five Horseshoes (574881) Fair Exchange
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Word For Word
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nags Head (21758) The 147's/The Directors
IPSWICH Gaumont (53641) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
IPSWICH The Old Times Choy Choi
KINGSTON The Swan The Trains/The Kites
LEEDS University (439071) TV Slaves
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Working Week
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Spiky Norman
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) Loose As Juice
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic (051-236 2481) Foster Pilkington/The Daintees
LIVERPOOL University (051-709 4744) The Man Upstairs/Railway Children/The Strawberry Thieves/Skint Video/Mark Miwurdz/John Moloney
LONDON Bolsover Street Polytechnic Of Central London (01-636 6271) Blyth Power/Culture Shock
LONDON Brixton Academy (01-326 1022) Five Star
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Fourteen Karat Soul
LONDON Clissold Road Golden Lady (01-241 3829) The Amazing Rhythm Burglars
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Motivators
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) Loudon Wainwright III
LONDON Finchley Road Cafe Europa Tony Qunta
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) Danger Zone
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Road (01-736 1413) John Otway
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) A Bigger Splash/Major Flood
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Jackie Lynton/Caruthers
BROTHERS Blues Band/Crosstalk
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil Wolfie Witcher
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Stand Back
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Magnum/FM
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Katrina And The Waves
LONDON Holloway Road Lord Nelson (01-609 0670) The Reactors
LONDON Holloway Road Victoria (01-607 1952) Crannog
LONDON Houghton Street School Of Economics The Weather Prophets
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Somo Somo/Flo-ing
LONDON Islington 313 Upper Street d-box/Matt Rambo/Seksmisja/Under The Carpet
LONDON Kentish Town Road Wolsey Tavern The Church Of The Jazz Vicar And The Disciples
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) New Model Army/L'Amourder
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Kokomo
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Brendan Croker And The Five O'Clock Shadows/Howl'n' Wilf And The Vee Jays
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Lino And The Yow City Expedition
LONDON South Bank Royal Festival Hall (01-928 3191) Maxine Daniels
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Whitney Houston
LONDON West Ham Football Club Firewater
LUTON Switch Club Code 7 Victims
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Harvey And The Wallbangers

CONTINUES OVER

NIGHTSHIFT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

NEW MALDEN Duke Of Wellington Hoozoo
NORTH WEMBLEY East Lane The Flag Angie Bowie/O Wow
NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Byron House Erasure
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic (476725) The Gathering
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Number Four Joystreet
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic (819141) Peter Murphy
RETFORD Porterhouse (704981) The Shamen
SELBY Ousegate Gaffers (708284) Charger
SHEFFIELD University (24076) Stan Ridgway
SOUTHEND Queens Hotel The Len Bright Combo
TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club (432068) Truffle
TRALEE Horans The Housemartins
WARRINGTON Parr Hall The Stone Roses/Splash!
WICK Dominoes Dr Feelgood
WIGAN Millgate Raffles (711691) The Great Medicine Men
WIRKSWORTH Town Hall R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
WISHAW Heather Bar (72957) Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
YORK University Derwent College (59861) The Escape Club/Arena

SUNDAY

19

BARNESLEY Stainborough Northern College Skint Video/Mark Miwurdz/John Moloney
BIRMINGHAM Hamstead Kings Theatre Goats Don't Shave
BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) Peter Murphy
BISHOP STORTFORD Triad Cajun Club Arnold
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) The Amazing Rhythm Burglars (Lunch) The Riot Squad (Eve)
BRIGHTON Coasters New Model Army/L'Amourder
BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) The Weather Prophets
CHESTER Gateway Theatre (40392) Harvey And The Wallbangers
CRAWLEY The Appletree Karen D'Ache
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Monday Band (Lunch) Roy Peters (Eve)
CROYDON Fairfield Hall (01-688 9291) Working Week
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) Beki And The Bombshells
GLASGOW Mayfair (041-332 3872) Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Batfish Boys
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre Dr Feelgood
LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside Club (37513) The Rapids/Long Tall Texans
LEEDS Polytechnic City Site (430171) Stan Ridgway
LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistro (051-709 4776) The Bingo Brothers
LLANHARAN RFC (222209) Truffle
LONDON Archway Tavern Crannog (Lunch)
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Panic Brothers
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Big Freeze/Epitaph/Libre/Freezing In Cannes/Under Ice
LONDON Clissold Road Golden Lady (01-241 3829) The Kebab Boys
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Three Colours/Kundalini
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Courtney Pine And The Jazz Warriors
LONDON East India Dock Road Buccaneer The Locomotives
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) Loudon Wainwright III
LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scotts (01-439 0747) Four Design
LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan Angie Bowie/O Wow
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Road (01-736 1413) Little Sister
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Jonestown/Dot Dot Dash
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 4590) Mary Coughlan And Band

LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington (01-445 4710) The Balham Alligators
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Laverne Brown Band (Lunch) Gonzales (Eve)
LONDON Portman Square Pullman Hotel Maxine Daniels (Lunch)
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Whitney Houston
LONDON West Ham Football Club Firewater
LONDON Wood Green TU Centre Kit Hollerbach/Jeremy Hardy/Morris Minor And The Majors
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Varukas/Depraved/Feed Your Head
NEWPORT Centre The Smiths/Raymonde
NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells Wacky Backy Boogie Band
NORWICH East Anglia University (52068) Robert Cray
NORWICH Shirehall (627568) Mole On A Bike
OXFORD Cornmarket Street Dolly (244761) Charmed Life
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Number Four Joy Street
PEEBLES Cross Keys Hotel Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
PETERBOROUGH Gladstone Arms Switch
SCARBOROUGH Stephen Joseph Theatre (370541) The Creepers/Busby Stoop And His Aunties From Loughborough
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Speared Art/Marlowe/Reptile House
SWANSEA University (25678) The Larks

MONDAY

20

BATH Moles (333423) The Larks
BELFAST Queens University (224803) The Housemartins
BLACKBURN Limbrick Top Hat (51666) Toxic Reasons
BRADFORD University (33466) The Primitives
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) First Light
BRIGHTON The Richmond (603974) Blur/Ten Million Quentins
BRISTOL Bierkeller (22265) Working Week
BRISTOL The Studio (25069) Robert Cray/Mary Coughlan And Band
CARDIFF University (396421) New Model Army/L'Amourder
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Eleventh Hour
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Locomotives
DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (62571) Full Moon
KILMARNOCK Burns Park Hotel Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/The Penetrations
LEEDS University Riley Smith Hall (439071) Conflict/Existence/Oi Polloi/Civilized Society/AOA/Chumbawumba (4pm start)
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Elderly Brothers
LONDON Charing Cross Road Falconberg Court The Head Club BMX Bandits/Talulah Gosh
LONDON Clissold Road Golden Lady (01-241 3829) The Starlighters
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Flowers In The Dustbin/Legacy Of Lies
LONDON Cricklewood Production Village Sarean Quartet
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) The Witness
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-437 5782) Never B4/Jude/Unity Station/The Sun/Day For Night
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Red Harvest/Red Letter Day
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Anton/Boom Strip/Mr Thrud/Weeking Messerschmitts/Shadowland
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Raw-Ho/The Rhubarb Tarts
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Fourteen Karat Soul/The Dexter Brothers
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) ZZ Top/Terraplane

MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Pallas
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) The Shop Assistants
NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre (472328) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
PERTH Plough Inn (22251) Dr Feelgood
SHEFFIELD University (24076) Skint Video/Mark Miwurdz/John Moloney

TUESDAY

21

BILLINGHAM Swan Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) Goats Don't Shave
BIRMINGHAM Burberies (021-643 1500) The Mighty Lemon Drops/Rumblefish
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
BRADFORD St George's Hall (752000) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
BRIGHTON Coasters Working Week
BRISTOL Bierkeller (22265) Stan Ridgway
EDINBURGH Lothian Road Rumours The Styngrites
EDINBURGH Moray House Cottage Dr Feelgood
GLASGOW Customhouse Quay Panama Jaz (041-221 0865) Dynamite Club
KINGSTON The Grey Horse Wolfie Witcher
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Toxic Reasons
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Aces Of Rhythm
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Gone To Earth/Jegsy Dodd And The Sons Of Harry Cross/The Walking Seeds
LONDON Clerkenwell Road Turnmills (01-250 3409) Tony Qunta (Lunch)
LONDON Clissold Road Golden Lady (01-241 3829) Dogs Night Out
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Anethyst Kiss
LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) Robert Cray/Mary Coughlan And Band
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Muscle Shoal/Radio Fun/Inside The Lion
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) The Miller Family/Cruise
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Cardiacs/Bad Tune Men/The Beach Bums/Two Lost Sons/Birds Of Tin
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Peter Murphy
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Bouncin' Czechs
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) Kazoom Quintet
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Voodoo Child/Gran Faloan
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) UK Subs
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Nikki Sudden/My Bloody Valentine/The Turncoats
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) ZZ Top/Terraplane
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) The Lettices
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Stage
MANCHESTER Wilmslow Road Mulberry's (061-434 4624) 1/5th Of Heaven
MANSFIELD Brigadoone Interpol
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel Jumpin' And Hot Blues Club Brendan Croker And Steve Phillips
NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells Madonna Kebab/Spiral Garden/Freedom Fighters
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Stop The Bus
NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre (472328) The Smiths/Raymonde
PLYMOUTH Woods New Model Army/L'Amourder
SHEFFIELD University (24076) The Shop Assistants
SURBITON The Southampton (01-399 6107) The Georgia Jazzband
SWANSEA Coach House Aunt Fortescue's Bluesrockers



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CHART

UK 50 SINGLES

- 1 33 EVERY LOSER WINS Nick Berry BBC
- 2 1 TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 3 2 RAIN OR SHINE Five Star Tent
- 4 5 YOU CAN CALL ME AL Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 5 8 I'VE BEEN LOSING YOU A-ha Warner Brothers
- 6 16 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 7 3 DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY The Communards London
- 8 14 SUBURBIA Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 9 4 THORN IN MY SIDE Eurythmics RCA
- 10 7 (FOREVER) LIVE AND DIE Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Virgin
- 11 36 ALL I ASK OF YOU Cliff Richard And Sarah Brightman Polydor
- 12 13 TRUE COLORS Cyndi Lauper Portrait
- 13 6 WORD UP Cameo Club
- 14 17 WONDERLAND Paul Young CBS
- 15 9 WE DON'T HAVE TO... Jermaine Stewart 10
- 16 18 MONTEGO BAY Amazulu Island
- 17 26 WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN The Bangles CBS
- 18 30 DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO ME ('86 Remix) The Police A&M
- 19 10 WALK THIS WAY Run DMC London
- 20 24 ALL I WANT Howard Jones WEA
- 21 15 ALWAYS THERE Marti Webb & The Simon May Orchestra BBC
- 22 20 WORLD SHUT YOUR MOUTH Julian Cope Island
- 23 11 STUCK WITH YOU Huey Lewis And The News Chrysalis
- 24 50 THE WIZARD Paul Hardcastle Chrysalis
- 25 12 SWEET FREEDOM Michael McDonald MCA
- 26 19 WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER Queen EMI
- 27 34 BE A LOVER Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 28 — MIDAS TOUCH Midnight Star Solar
- 29 38 THINK FOR A MINUTE The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 30 20 RUMORS Timex Social Club Cooltempo
- 31 25 (I JUST) DIED IN YOUR ARMS Cutting Crew Siren
- 32 46 DON'T GET ME WRONG The Pretenders Real
- 33 39 NOBODY KNOWS Nik Kershaw MCA
- 34 27 LOVE CAN'T TURN AROUND Farley 'Jackmaster' Funk & Jessie Saunders London
- 35 23 IN TOO DEEP Genesis Charisma
- 36 21 GLORY OF LOVE Peter Cetera Warner Brothers
- 37 49 YOU'RE EVERYTHING TO ME Boris Gardiner Revue
- 38 43 LOVE WILL CONQUER ALL Lionel Richie Motown
- 39 — GIRLS AIN'T NOTHING BUT TROUBLE DJ Jazzy Jeff Champion
- 40 22 SLOW DOWN Loose Ends Virgin
- 41 — ALWAYS THE SUN The Stranglers Epic
- 42 28 SAME OLD STORY Ultravox Chrysalis
- 43 — (THEY LONG TO BE) CLOSE TO YOU Gwen Guthrie Boiling Point
- 44 — FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME Sinitta Fanfare
- 45 — C'MON EVERY BEATBOX Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 46 — STAY WITH ME The Mission Mercury
- 47 32 ONE GREAT THING Big Country Mercury
- 48 — RUBY RED Marc Almond Virgin
- 49 40 VELCRO FLY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 50 45 HEARTACHE ALL OVER THE WORLD Elton John Rocket

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 MUSICAL ADDICT U-Roy Ujama
- 2 FIRE FIRE Johnny Osbourne Jammys
- 3 BABYLON BOOPS Lovindeer TSOJ
- 4 COUNTRY GIRL Tiger Thunderbolt
- 5 BALLOT BOX Josie Wales And Admiral Bailey Jammys
- 6 TELL YOU WHAT THE POLICE CAN DO Sister June Jammys
- 7 WAY OF LIFE Gregory Isaacs Wambesi
- 8 CRYING TIME Coco-Tea Jammys
- 9 ALESHA Frankie Paul Powerhouse
- 10 RUB UP PUSH UP The Termites Money Disc

DISCO

- 1 MAN SHORTAGE Lovindeer TSOJ
- 2 BORN FREE Winsome Fine Style
- 3 SHUBIN Frankie Paul Pioneer International
- 4 CRAZY Andrew Paul Digikal
- 5 WHAT THE HELL Echo Minotti Unity
- 6 BE MY LADY Peter Honeygate Street Vibes
- 7 I'LL GET OVER IT Aston Esson Fine Style
- 8 LOVELY FEELING Dennis Brown Blue Mountain
- 9 OPEN THE DOOR/SMILE Ken Booth Blue Mountain

UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 1 GRACELAND Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 2 — SCOUNDREL DAYS A-ha Warner Brothers
- 3 3 TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 4 2 SILK AND STEEL Five Star Tent
- 5 4 REVENGE Eurythmics RCA
- 6 14 SOUTH PACIFIC Various CBS
- 7 6 SOMEWHERE IN TIME Iron Maiden EMI
- 8 10 THE PACIFIC AGE Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Virgin
- 9 7 BREAK EVERY RULE Tina Turner Capitol
- 10 17 BROTHERHOOD New Order Factory
- 11 5 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC VOLUME 7 Various EMI/Virgin
- 12 — WORD UP Cameo Club
- 13 8 FORE! Huey Lewis And The News Chrysalis
- 14 11 COMMUNARDS The Communards London
- 15 24 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 16 16 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 17 15 DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 18 9 TALKING WITH THE TAXMAN Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 19 20 INTO THE LIGHT Chris De Burgh A&M
- 20 19 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 21 12 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 22 27 STREETSOUNDS 18 Various Streetsounds
- 23 13 TRUE STORIES Talking Heads EMI
- 24 — THE POWER OF LOVE Various West Five
- 25 35 TRUE COLORS Cyndi Lauper Portrait
- 26 26 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 27 — THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SUPERTRAMP Supertramp A&M
- 28 21 PICTURE BOOK Simply Red Elektra
- 29 28 BLIND BEFORE I STOP Meat Loaf Arista
- 30 18 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 31 32 THE FINAL Wham! Epic
- 32 46 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 33 — THIRD STAGE Boston MCA
- 34 22 CRASH The Human League Virgin
- 35 25 THE WAY IT IS Bruce Hornsby And The Range RCA
- 36 33 THE HEAT IS ON Various Portrait
- 37 39 HIP HOP ELECTRO 14 Various Streetsounds
- 38 50 BEND SINISTER The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 39 — THE FRANK SINATRA COLLECTION Frank Sinatra Capitol
- 40 37 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 41 31 WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS George Benson Warner Brothers
- 42 36 THE GHOST OF CAIN New Model Army EMI
- 43 — ZAGORA Loose Ends Virgin
- 44 23 CONTROL Janet Jackson A&M
- 45 38 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 46 40 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry And Roxy Music EG
- 47 44 SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 48 — BLAH-BLAH-BLAH Iggy Pop A&M
- 49 30 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 50 — DANCE HITS '86 Various K-Tel

Compiled by MRIB



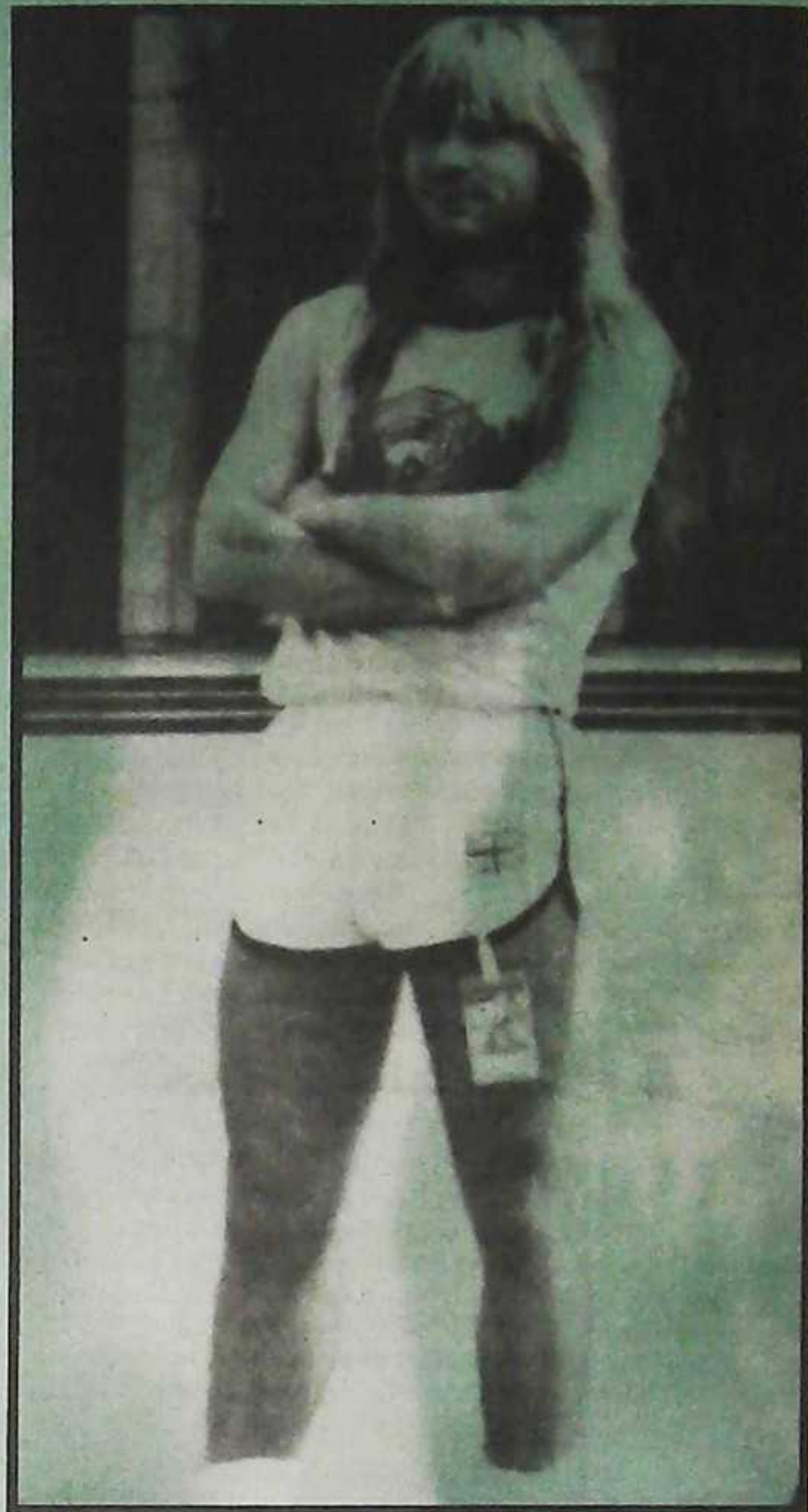
GREGORY ISAACS keeping his hair on

- 10 DANCEHALL VIBES/MARGARET Mikey General Digikal

ALBUMS

- 1 SUPER STAR HIT PARADE VOLUME 2 Various Artists Live And Love
- 2 ROUGH AND RUGGED Shinehead African Love
- 3 ALL I HAVE IS LOVE LOVE LOVE Gregory Isaacs TADS
- 4 LINE UP AND COME U-Roy Tappa
- 5 I ADMIRE YOU Larry Marshall Java
- 6 CAN'T TAKE THE PRESSURE Pinchers Blue Track
- 7 BEGINNING I Threes Rita Marley Music
- 8 VERSION GALORE U-Roy Treasure Isle
- 9 HOLD TIGHT Dennis Brown Live And Learn
- 10 GREETINGS Half Pint Powerhouse

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BRUCE DICKINSON, the George Michael of metal

SOUNDS TRACKS

Bruce Dickinson

- WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER Queen EMI 45
GOING CRAZY David Lee Roth WEA 45
YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Vertigo 45

Iggy Pop

- FRANKLY MR SHANKLY The Smiths Rough Trade LP track
FFF PiL Virgin LP track
STANDING ON A BEACH (especially 'In Between Days') The Cure Polydor LP
NO 10 UPPING STREET BAD Forthcoming CBS LP

Dave Henderson

- WILLOW TREE Corpses As Bedmates Cow-Op tape track
ALL FALLS AWAY The Silos Ha Ha M Waves You Missed Out demo track
PAINTING THE FORTH BRIDGE Slab! Really an Ink B-side

Mr Spencer

- RAIN OR SHINE Five Star Tent 45
I'VE BEEN LOSING YOU A-ha Warner Brothers 45
WE DON'T HAVE TO... Jermaine Stewart 10 45

Ron Rom

- THERE COMES A TIME Martin Stephenson And The Daintees Special live moment
SWEET SANITY hip-hop Hurrah Arista pre-release
ANTI MIDAS TOUCH The Wolfhounds Pink goodie

Jack Barron

- *!!!! Karen Finlay The bluest pre-tape
THE TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD MURDER Died Pretty What Goes On LP attack
SWEET JUMPING LIFE ALMIGHTY New Order A live Kentish Town kick

CARS

- 1 SAAB ALL YOUR LADA FOR ME Renault And Regata
- 2 NISSAN ALWAYS SHINES ON TV A-ha
- 3 AUSTIN MUSIC Sister Sledge
- 4 TIGER FIAT Mud
- 5 (DON'T YOU) CHEVETTE ABOUT ME Simple Minds
- 6 ANY OLD ORION Lorie Doregan
- 7 SHOULD'VE KNOWN JETTA Jim Diamond
- 8 PASSAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT KC And The Sunshine Band
- 9 HOLDING BACK THE GHAS Simply Red
- 10 SWEET LITTLE ROCKY/COROLLA Chuck Berry

Compiled by Savy, Squalo and The Viscount, Inverness

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60 SINGLES

- 1 1 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 2 5 95-NASTY WASP Capitol
- 3 2 WASTED YEARS Iron Maiden EMI
- 4 3 YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 5 4 VELCRO FLY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 6 6 ROCK 'N' ROLL MERCENARIES Meat Loaf Arista
- 7 7 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Island
- 8 12 JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations
- 9 9 GONNA GET CLOSE TO YOU Queensrÿche EMI America
- 10 8 YOU SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LONG AC/DC Atlantic
- 11 11 LONELY NIGHT Magnum Polydor
- 12 10 YANKEE ROSE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 13 14 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 14 — CREEPING DEATH Metallica Music For Nations
- 15 13 WAITING FOR THE NIGHT Saxon Parlophone
- 16 15 RED SKY Status Quo Vertigo
- 17 16 THE WILD AND THE YOUNG Quiet Riot Epic
- 18 20 WILD CHILD WASP Capitol
- 19 18 WE'RE DOING ALRIGHT Van Stephenson MCA
- 20 17 SUMMERTIME GIRLS Y&T A&M



MEAT LOAF gets ready for the next heat of Junior Kick Start

ALBUMS

- 1 3 SOMEWHERE IN TIME Iron Maiden EMI
- 2 1 VIGILANTE Magnum Polydor
- 3 2 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 4 4 ROCK THE NATION Saxon Parlophone
- 5 7 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 6 — BLIND BEFORE I STOP Meat Loaf Arista
- 7 — WHEN THE MIRROR CRACKS Q5 Music For Nations
- 8 5 INDISCREET FM Portrait
- 9 12 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 10 6 VINNIE VINCENT'S INVASION Vinnie Vincent Chrysalis
- 11 11 TRUE AS STEEL Warlock Vertigo
- 12 8 EAT 'EM AND SMILE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 13 24 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 14 10 SPORT OF KINGS Triumph MCA
- 15 27 KILL 'EM ALL Metallica Music For Nations
- 16 9 7800° FAHRENHEIT Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 17 26 ORGASMATRON Motorhead GWR
- 18 18 RATT Ratt Atlantic
- 19 23 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 20 21 SILK AND STEEL Giuffria MCA
- 21 19 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 22 22 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 23 17 POWERSLAVE Iron Maiden EMI
- 24 13 BON JOVI Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 25 16 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST Iron Maiden EMI
- 26 20 RAGE FOR ORDER Queensrÿche EMI America
- 27 — COLLECTION Hawkwind Castle
- 28 25 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 29 14 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 30 14 NIGHT SONGS Cinderella Mercury

IMPORTS

- 1 1 PEACE SELLS... BUT WHO'S BUYING? Megadeth Capitol
- 2 — THE DARK Metal Church Elektra
- 3 — IS BEYOND POSSESSION Beyond Possession Death
- 4 — MENACE TO SOCIETY Lizzy Borden Metal Blade/Capitol
- 5 — PASSION Robin Trower GNP/Crescendo
- 6 10 TRILOGY Yngwie Malmsteen Polydor
- 7 — ENOUGH IS ENOUGH Billy Squire Capitol
- 8 — ROCK FOR THE KING Barren Cross A&M
- 9 — HIDEOUS Krank Metal Blade
- 10 — FIELDS OF FIRE Corey Hart EMI America

Compiled by Spotlight Research



SUICIDE: back from the dead

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 — BROTHERHOOD New Order Factory
- 2 1 TALKING WITH THE TAXMAN ABOUT POETRY Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 3 — BEND SINISTER The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 4 — FILIGREE AND SHADOW This Mortal Coil 4AD
- 5 2 BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE Elvis Costello & The Attractions Imp/Demon
- 6 3 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 7 6 THE UNGOVERNABLE FORCE Conflict Mortarhate
- 8 5 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 9 10 HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 10 4 KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds Mute
- 11 — SUICIDE Suicide Demon
- 12 9 WATCH YOUR STEP Ted Hawkins Gull
- 13 14 GIANT The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 14 — WHO'S BEEN TALKING Robert Cray Charly
- 15 12 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 16 13 ON THE BOARDWALK Ted Hawkins UnAmerican Activities
- 17 — MORE LOVE SONGS Loudon Wainwright III Demon
- 18 — HEAD The Batfish Boys Batfish Incorporated
- 19 7 HOLY MONEY Swans Some Bizzare
- 20 21 STEP ON IT Bogshed Help Yourself
- 21 24 GIFT The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 22 20 ONLY STUPID BASTARDS HELP EMI Conflict Model Army
- 23 8 EXPRESS Love And Rockets Beggars Banquet
- 24 16 THROWING MUSES Throwing Muses 4AD
- 25 19 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 26 22 SACRED HEART HOTEL The Stars Of Heaven Rough Trade
- 27 26 MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 28 11 FRIENDS The Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- 29 15 IDLE GOSSIP Toy Dolls Volume
- 30 27 THUNDERHEAD The Janitors Intape

Compiled by Spotlight Research

DRINKS

- 1 LADY IN WATNEYS RED Chris De Burgh
- 2 SIX-X MACHINE James Brown-Ale
- 3 BORDER ALES Madonna
- 4 AIN'T THAT OLD PECULIAR Marvin Gaye
- 5 MY HOME-BREW Bruce Springsteen
- 6 CARLING ALL THE HEROES It Bites
- 7 THE BITTERST PILLS The Jam
- 8 EVERY BEAT OF MY HARP Rod Stewart
- 9 THE BOY WITH THE THORN IN HIS CIDER The Smiths
- 10 THE RUDDLES Nik Kershaw

Compiled by Ollie Reed

EASTENDERS WEDDING

- 1 LOFTY IS A MORON Jilted John
- 2 SHE'S NOT THERE Michelle With Santana
- 3 NOT QUITE THOSE WEDDING BELLS Godley And Cream
- 4 I WON'T WALK THE ISLE Big Country
- 5 I'M SPENDING THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS BOX Arthur And Bing Crosby
- 6 IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH Demented Are Go
- 7 PASS THE CAKE ROUND THE VIC FROM THE LEFT HAND SIDE Ali And

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 STATE OF THE NATION New Order Factory
- 2 5 THINK FOR A MINUTE The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 3 3 DICKIE DAVIES EYES Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 4 2 THE PEEL SESSION New Order Factory
- 5 — HANG-TEN! The Soup Dragons RAW TV Products
- 6 — STARPOWER Sonic Youth Blastfirst
- 7 42 LOVE AFFAIR WITH EVERYDAY LIVING The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 8 8 WHO DO YOU WANT FOR YOUR LOVE The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 9 4 WONDERFUL LIFE Black Ugly Man
- 10 6 THE PEEL SESSION The Damned Strange Fruit
- 11 13 SUNARISE The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 12 7 MR PHARMACIST The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 13 11 ROMAN P/GOOD VIBRATIONS Psychic TV Temple
- 14 17 LIKE A HURRICANE/GARDEN OF DELIGHT The Mission Chapter 22
- 15 29 DRUGS/COME HERE MY LOVE This Mortal Coil 4AD
- 16 12 THE PEEL SESSION Stiff Little Fingers Strange Fruit
- 17 9 TOKYO STORM WARNING (PART 1) Elvis Costello Imp/Demon
- 18 10 BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD Bauhaus Small Wonder
- 19 — THE GRIP OF LOVE Ghost Dance Karbon
- 20 16 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 21 18 SURF CITY The Meteors Anagram/Cherry Red
- 22 26 YIN AND YANG (THE FLOWERPOW MEN) Love And Rockets Beggars Banquet
- 23 22 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 24 21 SERPENTS KISS The Mission Chapter 22
- 25 33 PANIC The Smiths Rough Trade
- 26 37 GENTLE SOUND The Railway Children Factory
- 27 20 A SCREW Swans Some Bizzare/K.422
- 28 14 WAKING UP IN THE SUN The Adult Net Beggars Banquet
- 29 35 JESUS IS DEAD The Exploited Rough Justice
- 30 15 VELVETEEN Rose Of Avalanche Fire
- 31 25 WILD CHILD Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 32 19 RUNAWAY Luis Cardenas Consolidated Allied
- 33 41 I'M ON FIRE Guana Batz ID
- 34 34 I'M SNIFFING WITH YOU HOO Pop Will Eat Itself Desperate
- 35 38 HAPPY NOW The Stiff Kittens Crisis/Prism
- 36 — THE RATTLER Goodbye Mr McKenzie Precious Organisation
- 37 — 1936 The Ex Ron Johnson
- 38 — WHOLE WIDE WORLD The Soup Dragons Subway
- 39 36 THE PEEL SESSION The Screaming Blue Messiahs Strange Fruit
- 40 24 THE PEEL SESSION Sudden Sway Strange Fruit
- 41 39 THE PEEL SESSION Wild Swans Strange Fruit
- 42 50 TAKE THE SKINHEADS BOWLING Camper Van Beethoven Rough Trade
- 43 30 BOOKS ON THE BONFIRE The Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- 44 44 HEART FULL OF SOUL Ghost Dance Karbon
- 45 27 RAIN OF CRYSTAL SPIRES Felt Creation
- 46 23 A QUESTION OF TIME Depeche Mode Mute
- 47 31 THIS MEANS WAR The Beloved Flim Flam
- 48 48 THIS BOY CAN WAIT The Wedding Present Reception
- 49 49 THOUGHTS OF YOU 23 Skidoo Illuminated
- 50 — I COULD BE IN HEAVEN The Flatmates Subway

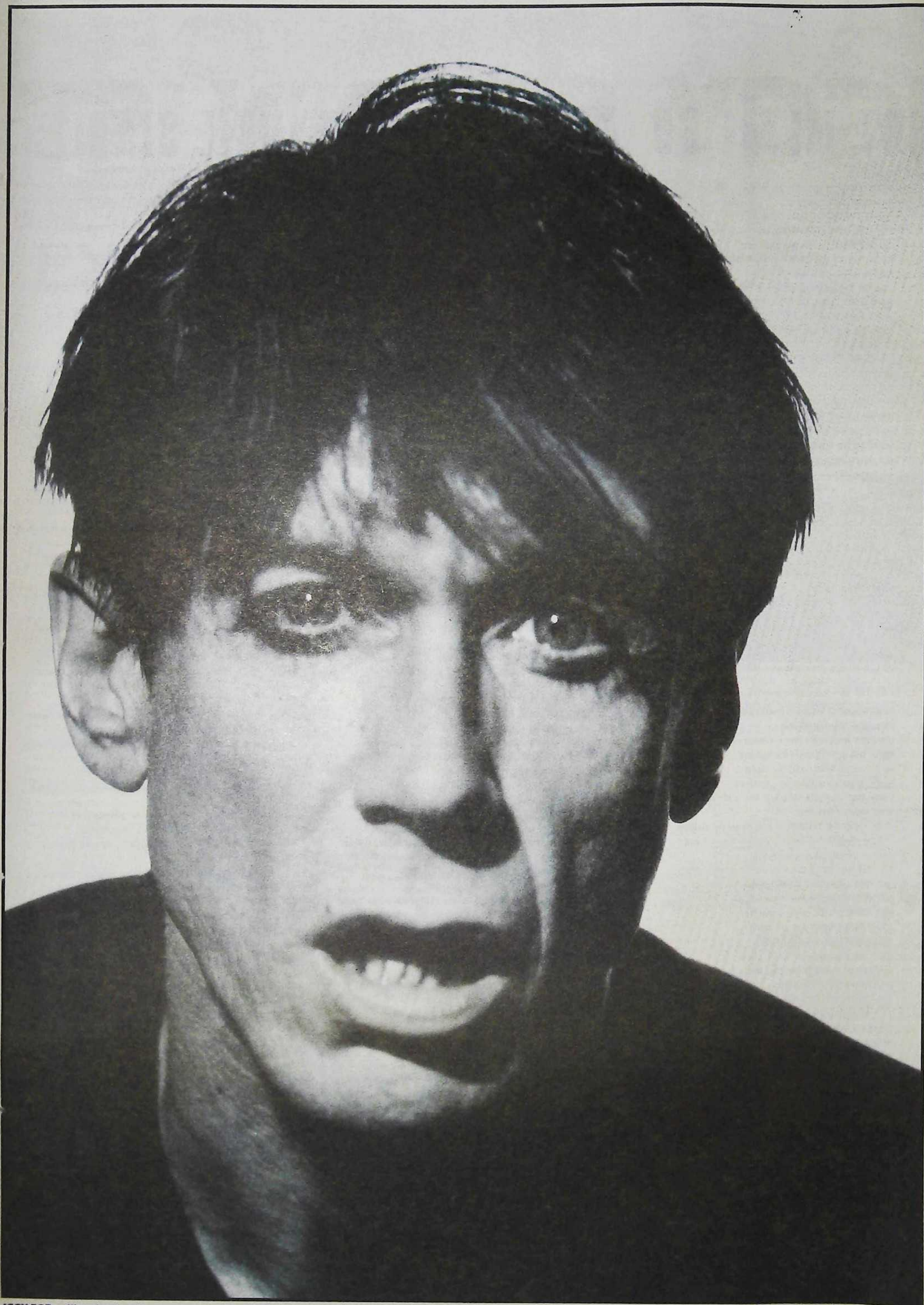
DANILOFF

- 1 THE SPY IN THE CAB Bauhaus
- 2 WATCHING ME, WATCHING YOU Thompson Twins
- 3 HE KNOWS, YOU KNOW Marillion
- 4 BACK IN THE USSR The Beatles
- 5 SPIES LIKE US Paul McCartney
- 6 COME DOWN HARD ON ME Jimi Hendrix
- 7 FRAMED? Alex Harvey
- 8 A SPY IN THE HOUSE OF THE NIGHT Blue Oyster Cult
- 9 INNOCENCE IS NO EXCUSE Saxon
- 10 CONTACT IN RED SQUARE Blondie

Compiled by Gob-Baa-Chef

- 1 Musical Youth
- 8 WHITE WEDDING Billy Idol
- 9 GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME EastEnders Cast
- 10 EVER FALLEN IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE Buzzcocks

Compiled by Bobby Rock and Tony Roll The Silly Billy, London SE9



IGGY POP: still crying tough

IGGY STARDUST

HIS LUST FOR LIFE

"I think I am a little different upstairs, yeah. But so are a lot of people," admits the former King Stooge to one of his most loyal and humble subjects. IGGY POP is back, older but wiser yet as crazed as ever. CHRIS ROBERTS Blah-Blah-Blahs to a true rock icon. PETER ANDERSON idiot glances

IGGY POP is not dead. I know this because five hours ago I saved his life.

"Watch out Iggy!" I shout, because he is walking under a taxi.

We have just passed a pub in London's Green Park with a sign which says, "Soothing Music", so of course I've said, "Look Iggy, soothing music". Iggy, being a man with a curious eye, wants to know what I'm on about, so he twists that wiry non-conformist neck all the way round and the rest of him promptly comes within three inches of the oncoming cab.

What does the legendary Iggy Pop say to the taxi driver?

"Oh, boy! Oh sorry, sorry, sorry. Whew."

It's funny, because I've been telling him stories about boys who walk under cars, and he's been telling me about how Iggy Pop isn't going to live forever, but how he's now stronger and more creative than ever.

I'm on a run of idols-not-being-disappointing at the moment. He talks about a love of modern American dramatists and children's voices, to knowing precisely how great is his new album 'Blah-Blah-Blah'.

On my way to his rented apartment I read a little thing which tells me he has been the following: a heroin addict, a mental hospital inmate, the original punk, knocked unconscious at the Stooges' farewell gig by Hells Angels.

WERE YOU Iggy? I ask Jim Osterburg "I've never acted. I've always done what came naturally."

Are you sure?

"Yeah! Sure! Sure! Always, always. Y'know, I only ever cut myself - badly - once. That happened one night in my life, eleven or twelve years ago. In the interim, many, many nights, when somebody wanted a good rock show that got you off motherf****, I was there. I wasn't wanking about with my hairdryer and curls. I was there."

So about that mythology... are you mad and demented or what?

"I think I am a little different upstairs, yeah. But so are a lot of people."

"Intellectually, I've always been in control; I now find myself more so physically and socially. All those radical attitudes were in me anyway. I've just faced the novel idea of applying sobriety to my art, without stimuli. Instead of ten minutes of wriggling like a fish and then passing out, it'll probably be more of a steady hot-up energy from now on."

Have you conquered your weaknesses and problems?

"Just your very basic gratuitous drinking and drugging, habitual skirt-chasing, reflex breast-feeding and bravado... Just the normal stuff. I've also established a fixed address that's really mine for the first time in my life, and that's real important. I've been stretching my ability to keep to the task at hand and not resent or fear hard work. You don't have to be a cupid freak that's called out for entertainment occasions."

It's not necessary."

What happened to the rebel, the destroyer, the King Stooge?

"I've been really surprised recently in the States... I was under the naive impression that because I was clear about things in my mind, so the people I talked to would be. But instead it's, Here he is - the man who breaks his nose and rolls in glass! I never did feel rebellious; I was just someone who was determined to do it right and do it my way. I knew my music was good. What I was never able to do was attract people in positions of responsibility in the industry to my way of seeing things."

They were afraid of you?

"I don't know. It was probably my methods. I was never... steady. I was shy. I had trouble expressing myself except through my work."

You? Shy?

"Yeah... offstage. If I had to sit and try and talk to somebody for any period of time I'd have real trouble. Unless I adopted an exaggerated posture."

"So really all I ever rebelled against was having to accept someone else's definition of what was a good day's work. That's why I got into music when I was 18; I saw it as a life in the outdoors! An alternative to regimentation and judgement by prejudicial yardsticks."

IGGY POP has learned a lot about the work ethic and professionalism from his friend David Bowie, who has produced 'Blah-Blah-Blah' - as he did the durable classics, 'Lust For Life' and 'The Idiot', which revitalised Iggy's post-Stooges career.

What does Iggy have to say about the Stooges?

"The part of myself I like best is the guy who would dare to sing a song like 'Search And Destroy' in the era I did, in 1969, so soon after 'California Dreamin''; who said, Stick your flower power up your ass 'cos you're not sincere about it. Yeah, that's a side of myself I admire. The other side says, Get it straight, don't blow it all."

And what about your influence with those "original punk" primal screams?

"Feels terrific. Very pleased. It's great if people notice your work; you wouldn't do it if you didn't want it to be noticed."

You're an icon, man!

"I don't know. I try to do good work."

Yeah, OK Jim, you're 'modest' as well.

BOWIE, AS before, has coaxed out the wryest, proudest, most effective Iggy observations. The lyrics throughout 'Blah-Blah-Blah' are a perfect balance of anger, irony and romance. The voice is less abstract but more sinewy and indisputable. Iggy sings, "I like this pain, I like this mirror, I like these shades", and it rings with truth like a fire alarm in a crematorium.

He tells me of Bowie's incredible stamina and "way of taking a good look at somebody and seeing what's important about them. I don't feel uncomfortable in that relationship because he does it so deftly. That's what I call production, not salad dressing."

And what about 'Shades', the immediate

stand-out track?

"I think David saw it as a commentary on the kind of personal growth I've been having in the last few years, on my relationship with my wife. We wrote it after her birthday party."

I reckon you've always had a thing about television. 'TV Eye': "I'll give you television..." And now there are three lyrical cracks on 'Blah': "I have no time to watch TV"; "Bad TV that insults me freely"; and "Raw greed and king TV..."

"TV has sucked the insides out of most people in my country. That's why I started painting - as a reverse TV. Instead of sitting in front of a screen and having all this schmaltz poured over my head till I'm paralysed, I became the television and shot my insides out onto a blank canvas, to reactivate the animation of what's inside me."

"TV's one of the instruments by which people lose the ability to live. If you're willing to sit still while some man harangues you about, Buy the Mercury Cougar and screw the girl in the black velvet dress and turn into a wild animal and jump 90 feet in the air for only 9,000 dollars! If you're gonna actually let thoughts be your thoughts, it becomes a real problem. I'd rather eat brown rice than sip Coca-Cola; at least you have to digest it."

IGGY POP's new single 'Cry For Love' is co-written with ex-Pistol Steve Jones, as is a sizeable chunk of the next album. It's a very optimistic song, saying, "If you're crying for love, then there's still a chance you'll get it."

"It's not just talking about male-female love," Iggy comments. "It's the quest to do what feels right. It's a... wide subject."

It's swept under the carpet a lot.

"Yeah... It's a very naked subject... There's always a danger of being laughed at."

"I've already been laughed at plenty... but... I still wake up the next morning and I'm still alive, so it's alright. It was not easy to write that song. To pull it out. I had a very good acting teacher in New York. She was adamant about me pulling out how it felt inside. She didn't wanna see me shuffling my feet, she'd say Stop that damn rock 'n' roll! Stand still and focus on how you feel! And a lot of emotion poured out of me. That, and being exposed to a lot of raw literature and theatre... Because I saw these people getting very personal in theirs, it helped me get more personal in mine."

"But... even back with 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' I was trying to pull out how I really felt. 'Cos what I was saying in that was, once we get alone and we lock the door, I'm really willing to submit! And that's a pretty dangerous thing to say! Yeah, poetry has to be naked to count..."

So you're a poet?

"I'm just proud to write songs. I hear words musically. I'm a... writer. A singer."

And the eternal underdog?

"As often as not! I've found myself in that position, it's been what's happening. Loads of people fight back. In the neighbourhood where I live, see, there's a lot of... new immigrants. You can't believe the energy these people put out to survive, against prejudices and bureaucracy. I've got a lot of time for them."

America's a pretty hilarious place. Topicality interests me. Did you know there's now 99 different religions you can choose from in America?"

Iggy, a short but powerful man who claims not to be a visionary, goes on to list at least half of them.

"I was lucky, I had two really good parents who took care of me, often against my will. Who made sure I was highly literate at an early age, and polite. All of which I later threw out."

We move on to World War Three.

"It's kinda mixed up. I hope there's no major flames. I have a major stake in being alive."

But does Iggy Pop get to live forever?

"I'm not going to, so it's a moot point. I'm 39 now. Certain things come up and remind me of my mortality. I'm probably halfway between birth and death. I have to take more care brushing my teeth! I have to not smoke too many cigarettes! Though I never breathed that good when I was young..."

"You notice tiny decays of the body and realise that in a way you're on a down slope. So it makes me wanna put my mental capacities together and fight it."

Death means nothing at all, does it Iggy?

"If two people can have a unity, something good, that can live on after each person's body is gone, that can take on a life of its own. Not to get too mystic, but the Hindus or somebody think there are records in the sky, like a little microfilm of everything that ever happened. So it's that same impulse, trying to do something that won't die, that leads you to write, or perform. Like when children play, they're doing it for no reason. They're not expecting a pay cheque for it!"

"There's a kindergarten park opposite my apartment in New York, and their voices drift up to my window. It's a cacophony of shouting, contending, of wheeee wheeee!"

"It's just this great, grand whooping sound and it really relaxes me. It has a salutary effect on my mood."

Would you care to recapture a state of innocence?

"I wouldn't like to change anything. I feel innocent. My experiences have made me wary; I can see things coming before they hit me, but it hasn't made me cynical at all. In fact, I'm probably too romantic."

How's the wife?

"A great comfort in lieu of riches! I may not be rich but my presence has been felt, and I'm happy for that."

IGGY POP, better with age, not a big man, is still going strong. For the purposes of doing his thing, he's "getting a band together" with Kevin Armstrong (guitarist on 'Blah-Blah-Blah' and organiser of Bowie's Live Aid band) who will fling out all manner of anthems from all sorts of eras on the imminent American and European tours.

"I think a lot of work I've done before is terrific, but I do feel unusually capable this year. Complete, kinda new."

Soon after this I get my cue to shout the immortal words, "Watch out Iggy!"

I trust the little Hindu microfilms in the sky got that one.

TOUR NEWS

THE IDES OF MARCH check out the entrails for the progress of their 'On The Face' single at Swindon Level 3 October 6, Bristol Tropic Club 25, Ashton Under Lyne Old Game Cock 27, Brighton Old Vic November 17, Harlow The Square 20.

HAZE have lined up more dates to promote their 'Tunnel Vision' single at Llanharan Rugby Club November 2, Newbury Colony Club 7, Sheffield University 12, Wimbledon William Morris Club 13.

DUMPYS' RUSTY NUTS extend their fifth anniversary tour to include Billingham Swan October 21, Rawtenstall Queens Arms 22, Hereford Market Tavern November 1, Newbridge Memorial Hall 2, Oxford Corn Dolly 3, Woolwich Tramshed 6, Weymouth Verdis 22, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 23.

TUESDAY TOWN will be promoting their delightfully named if tardy 'Jimmy Connors Loves Chris Evert' cassette at Brighton Old Vic October 19.

FILTHY RICH, a Cambridgeshire heavy metal combo, will be "Armed For Action" at Peterborough Crown October 16, Wellingborough Dewdrop 17, Peterborough Gladstone 23, Nottingham Mardis Gras 30, Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall November 1, Melbourne Rock Club 14, Huntingdon Waterloo 22.



THE SHOP ASSISTANTS plug their 'I Don't Wanna Be Friends With You' on Blue Guitar at Leeds Warehouse October 15, Aberdeen Venue 17, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 18, Newcastle Riverside 20, Sheffield University 21, Bradford University 22, Liverpool University 23, Nottingham Trent Polytechnic 24, Colchester Essex University 25, Deptford Albany Empire 26, Birmingham University 27, Peterborough Tropicana 29, Manchester University 30, Warwick University 31, Leicester Princess Charlotte November 31.

LE RUE, an "Appalachia meets the Third World" six-piece made up of ex-members of Queen Ida And The Bon Temps Zydeco Band, plus a couple of Purple Sage and Grateful Dead rejects, are over for a club tour at Weymouth Verdis October 16, Wentworth Rockingham Arms 17, Dudley JB's 18, Nottingham Brownes 19, Bristol Eclectic Music Club 22, Cardiff Rogues 23, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 24, Swiss Cottage Rhythm Room 25, Camden Dublin Castle 26, Brighton Richmond Hotel 27, Edinburgh St Brides 31.

THE MOUSETRAP CONSPIRACY, a Plymuth combo who supported Tenpole Tudor on tour last year, play Launceston White Horse October 24, Bodmin White Hart November 29.

MARY COUGHLAN, who's just shot to fame in her native Ireland with her 'Tired And Emotional' jazz/blues album, comes over to play Harlesden Mean Fiddler October 19 and then supports Robert Cray at Bristol Studio 20 and Hammersmith Palais 21.

THE MEKONS, who've just released a four-track 10-inch on their own Sin label called 'Slightly South Of The Border', warm up for European and American dates at Kennington Cricketers October 23, Mile End Queen Mary College 24, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 25.

DELICIOUS POISON, a London quartet, take their brew of "New Puritan Pulse" to Northampton Nene College October 18, Guildford Surrey University 19, Canterbury Kent University 20, Chelmsford Polytechnic 21, Warwick Polytechnic November 1, Holloway College 31, Manchester Polytechnic November 1, Barrow 99 Club 5, Dundee University 6, Edinburgh Napier College 7, Canterbury Christs College 11, City Of London Polytechnic 18, Central London Polytechnic 22.

THE BRIDGE, a Staines quintet, promote their new haircuts and single, 'The Loveless', at Aldershot Buzz Club October 18 and Brighton Basement (with His Latest Flame) 23.

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER takes his *Libyan Students From Hell* show to Keele University October 16, Wrexham Memorial Hall 24, Bangor University 25, Ashton Under Lyne Thameside Theatre 28, Brixton Old White Horse November 7, Uxbridge Brunel University 9, Cricklewood Hotel 14, Wood Green Trades And Labour Club 16, Norwich Premises 27, Hull Adelphi 28, Brentford Watermans Art Centre 30.

GYPSY, heavy rockers from Scarborough, play Chesterfield White Swan October 23, York Windmill 31.

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*Source: Target Group Index 1985

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NAME BAND, Leicester based, urgently require keyboardist with Top Gear and Inxs, Go West influences. London Management, first single, video in production. Ring Arc Management, 0455-617152 for further details. NOW. S6515

VOCALIST REQUIRED to join two ex pro band members based in home studio. Influences Smiths, Shadows, Motorhead, Gilly Manchester 653 6751. S6513

VOCALIST WANTED. Influences Smiths to Death/Cult/X-Mal to Carmel. No lyrics no experience needed. Ring Stan 029328694 after 7.30pm. S6510

THE VULTURE SQUADRON require shit hot psychobilly bass guitarist, dedicated, quick to learn, own transport, London/Essex. Tel Dave 01-200 1079 or Flo 0702 339471. S6509

GUITARIST REQUIRED urgently for gigs. Record deal imminent. Original material. 6245576 Francesko, after 1.00pm. S6507

NON MUSICIAN wants to form or join band. Sonic Youth, Madonna, Elvis, JAMC, BAD. Nick 703 9068. S6514

GUITARIST INFLUENCES Gen X, Banshees, J.A.M.C. Clash. Must be dedicated. Image Conscious, London gigs. Tel: Reading (0734) 67905 eves. S6447

DRUMMER REQUIRED for Birmingham guitar pop band. Gigs waiting. Contact Mickey 021-745 1729. S6448

NEWCASTLE BASSIST seeks musicians, has transport, gear, enthusiasm, talent? Various influences. Try me. 091-477 3271. S6449

HEAVEN TONITE seek Bass Player in Liverpool area. Studio, Video, and live work waiting. Recording and publishing company interest. Influences: Inxs, Power Station, Looks required. Phone immediately. 051-638 6141. S6452

VOCALIST FOR Newly formed, original, new wave/rock band. Idol, Halen, Lords, Professionals, Sexton. Must be open minded, image conscious, dedicated. Litchfield/Bloxwich area. Phone 0543-252121. S6453

AMBITIOUS VOCALIST wanted for view of major rec/deal, phone me on 558324 Leicester. S6455

GUITARIST WANTED FOR M/C band into Cult Mission Sisters Of Mercy. Beginners welcome. Contact Paul 061-799 6261. S6516

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PART OF THE MEMORIAM GROUP S6434

VOCALIST/FRONTMAN urgently needed by raunchy rock/boogie outfit to complete line up. Gigs waiting. Must be dedicated with plenty of yee haw! No time wasters. 01-278 1240 eves. S6504

RELIABLE, VERSATILE keyboard player required for rock/pop harmony band. Own transport. Phone Anna 01-661 0098. S6503

MUSICIANS WANTED - GENERAL 223 8845. S6486

DANGEROUS DRUMMER wanted in group in East London area, dedication essential. Age 20 preferable influences Beatles, Punk, Animals. Ring Terry 989 7162 anytime. S6487

DRUMMER WANTED for inexperienced but enthusiastic band. Own equipment essential, transport preferred. Stevenage area. Phone Pete on 0438 314129, after 5pm. S6488

KEYBOARDS/TUNESMITH wanted to form nucleus of power house band with singer/lyricist. Ambition, guts, determination needed. Phone Dave 0274 46681 Sat am. Yorkshire area. S6489

CINEMA THE rock band urgently require vocalist. Studio, gigs and management waiting. Manchester based. Phone Steve 061-973 8077 or Jed (03526) 5362. S6490

GUITARIST WANTED influences Birthday Party, Hendrix, Heavy Rhythmic Blues. West Midlands 0384 392433. S6491

DRUMMER WANTED power style for band into Division, Order, with original songs. Enquiries Paul 326-1224 eves, Keith 654-4395 days. S6492

LEAD GUITARIST (Birchill, Edge, Cocteau's) pro-minded, dedicated, talented. For brilliant rock/pop band. Tel Colne (0282) 866644. S6493

GARAGE GUITARIST AND DRUMMER into 60's Garage Garage Pebbles, Nuggets, Back From The Grave. 0277 229763, 01-670 2642. S6508

THE DESPERADOS urgently require vocalist. Influences Hanoi, Thunders, Dolls etc. Paul (0292) 77300 Strathclyde. Set and gigs await!! S6520

GUITARIST WANTED for M/C based band. Into Sisters, Mission, Ghost Dance. Contact Stuart 061-226 3383. S6521

FEMALE VOCALIST and guitarist want musicians into psychedelia from Church to Alien Sex Fiend. Billy, Marc 01-328 4981. S6522

BASSIST WANTED: SLF, Jam, Clash, Ramones. 01-471 4177 Grant. After 7pm. S6523

DRUMMER WANTED for Virg And The Virginettes 01-794 5927 eves. S6524

KEYBOARD PLAYER wanted for Essex based band. Gigs, recording by Christmas, influences T.S.C., Smiths, Jam, Bowie, A-Ha, ring Gary 0376 29214 or Martin 0376 511333 evenings. S6525

MUSICIANS WANTED HEAVY ROCK

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VOCALIST URGENTLY required by commercial sounding rock band with deal. Pete 0422-246027. S6425

DRESSED TO KILL? Deadbeat drummer wants to form/join glam US style rock band - Poison, Sweet Pain, Crue, Surrey, West London. Garry, Weybridge (0932) 43959. S6457

VOCALIST REQUIRED. Radio/ Magazine features throughout Europe. Record/Company interest. (0273) 515373. S6459

TWO VOCALISTS after bands into Leppard, Van Halen, Whitesnake, Tygers, Riot, Jovi or Floyd Sabbath, Steeleye Span. Dave and Steve, Reading 874781. S6460

DRUMMER HEAVY Metal, highly competent required by London based gigging band. Absolute dedication essential. Phone 01-529 1729 after 6.30pm. S6481

EXCELLENT LEAD/rhythm guitarist seeks HM band (English or American styles). Plenty live and studio experience, long hair and good image. Will move anywhere instantly for the right band. Telephone Paul (0723) 361600. S6519

MALE VOCAL requires drummer bass lead rhythm keyboards to form HR band. No time wasters. 061-231 6686. S6495

HOT SHEEHAN/Harris type bassist required by North Essex based band. Influences Ratt/Dokken, with good management, we're heading for the top. Ring Adie 0206 540993 Go for it. S6494.

VOCALIST/FRONTMAN urgently needed by raunchy rock/boogie outfit to complete line up. Gigs waiting. Must be dedicated with plenty of yee haw! No time wasters. 01-278 1240 eves. S6505

HERTS BASED heavy rock band, tour pending, require keyboard player. Dedication essential, no time wasters. Contact Alan, Hitchin (0462) 59930 evenings 58662 day-time. S6501

MUSICIANS WANTED PUNK

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WELL-KNOWN punk theatre company want young people 17-24 to act. Experience not necessary. London based. Profit share. 724 9319. S6511

VOCALISTS WANTED

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DISCHARGE REQUIRE Singer-Frontman to perform old and new material. Dedicated, no lies. Phone: Nick or Garry on 05642 2799 7.00pm to 8.00pm S6500

MUSICIANS AVAILABLE

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BAND SEEKING MUSICIANS. TEL: NU-LINE 01-602 9407. S2695

DRUMMER AVAILABLE into rock wishes to join/form serious heavy band. Own gear/transport. George B 502 2397. S6497

GUITARIST (21) own transport and gear (Ibanez, Marshall, Boss) available for rock band in Reading/Bracknell area. Influences Straits, Rush, Genesis, Boston, etc. Phone 0734 663010 evenings. Ask for Mike. S6498

EXPERIENCED LEAD guitarist seeks band or musicians to form rock band. Must be dedicated. Dave Tamworth Staffordshire 898865 after 6pm. S6506

BANDS WANTED

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BAND WANTED, vocalist lyricist wishes to join group. Doors, Floyd, Stranglers, 60s-70s influenced. Phone Dave, Stevenage, 359558. S6518

BANDS AVAILABLE

15p per word (inc VAT)

TREES HEAVY Rock'n'Roll Garage band want gigs. Tel: 01-789 9972 S6154

INSTRUMENTS WANTED

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DRUMJUMBLE (EUSTON, W.1.) Once-only second-hand Bazaar. Sunday, 26th October, 1pm-5pm. Gandhi Hall, 41, Fitzroy Square (Tube: Warren Street). Sell-off your unwanted percussion - immediate stall bookings half-price: 01-837 7811/01-723 8545. S6526

AMPLIFICATION

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V-AMP VA100 (100w) lead amp and Boss overdrive unit. Any reasonable offer considered. Phone John 444-9405. S6512

AUDIOJUMBLE (EUSTON W11) Once-only secondhand Bazaar, Sunday 25th October, 1pm-5pm, Gandhi Hall (Tube: Warren Street). Sell off your unwanted sound reinforcement. Immediate stallbookings half price. 01-837 7811/01-723 8545. S6496

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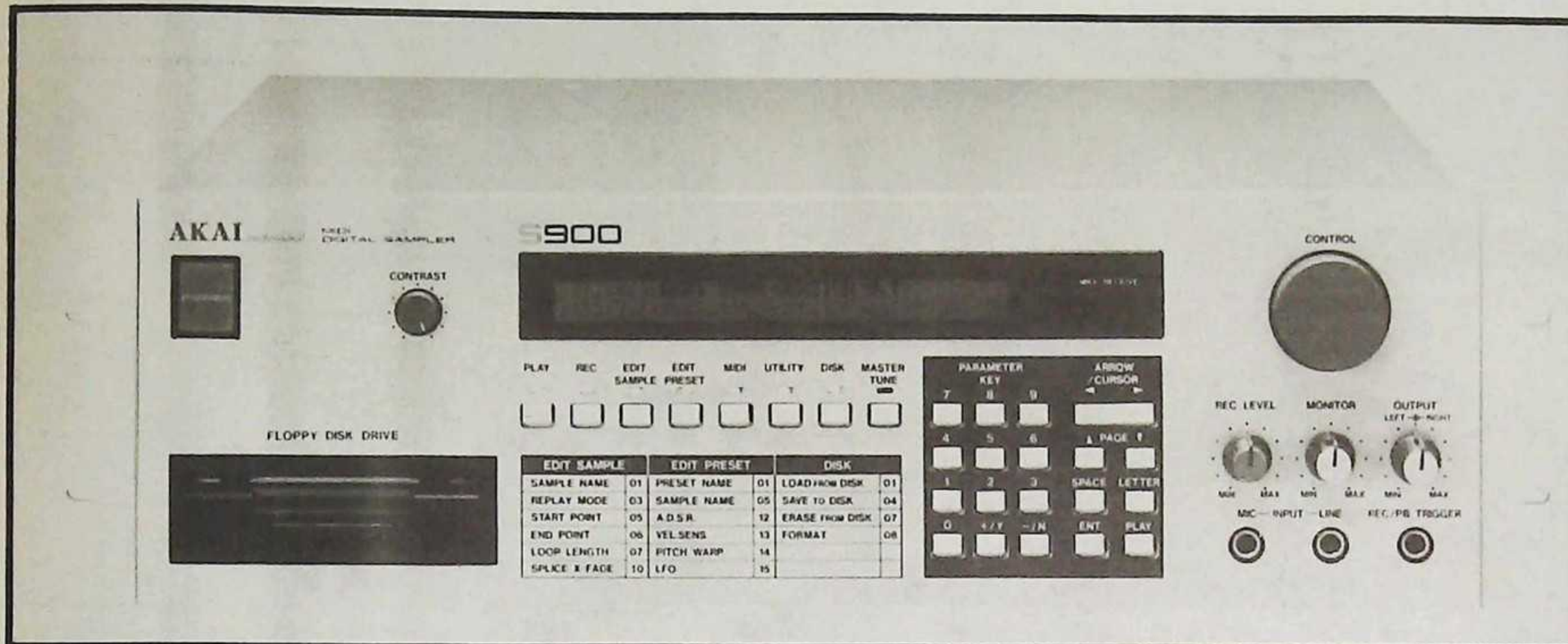
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FREE CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

IN - TECH LOOP THE LOOP

In a spin over samplers? Akai's superlative S900 could be the answer to your prayers, reports Julian Colbeck



AKAI S900 MIDI DIGITAL SAMPLER £1695 QQQ VVV

WELL NOW, from my recent promotional excursions around the country, it appears that the only problem with this new wunderkind of the sampling world, the Akai S900, is getting your hands on one.

So even if I told you that it was a complete piece of trash (which, of course it most certainly is not!), frankly, would it matter?

But, since even those of you who have already placed deposits on one will still have a week or so's grace before the next shipment arrives, you might as well kill time reading my thoughts on the subject. (You could always transfer your deposit if I manage to put you off!).

No, seriously, you're on pretty safe ground with the Akai S900. It is about as near as you ever get to being "the one we've all been waiting for". Sure, other samplers will appear better and/or cheaper; but not for a while, and not easily.

Whereas other companies, notably Roland, produce "the module of the instrument" from time to time, Akai, in their sampling ventures, have produced modules *only*. So as with the earlier S612, model the S900 requires the services of a keyboard (or, conceivably, MIDI drum pads) for triggering sounds.

Unlike the S612 though, the S900 features a built-in disk drive, so additional "hidden" expenditure is

minimal considering that most potential buyers are likely to have at least one MIDI keyboard lying around somewhere. Of course, Akai do produce their own MIDI Master Keyboard (which I used), and there are several reasons why such a dedicated keyboard controller is worth considering.

The S900 is a very professional piece of equipment, and it looks it. With a neat, no-nonsense control panel and roomy backlit LCD, this 3U 19 inch sampler would slot into any topflight recording studio's rack and, unsurprisingly, it has done just that - droves of them have, in fact. But is it applicable to the everyday keyboardist? A reserved yes; there are limitations.

For a start there is disk load-up time: a full 40 seconds for a full disk, which makes the E-II's 17 second wait seem positively brisk. Secondly, any rackmount unit is potentially awkward to look at, to program, to fiddle with.

In an ideal world of course, such a beast is nicely positioned at eye level in a tall rack, but on stage for instance, the chances of this being totally practical are slim. Thirdly comes the business of complexity. Now I have read a couple of S900 critiques that claim this instrument to be as easy to fathom out as walking and chewing gum.

Well either I'm particularly stupid (possible, possible), or else many reviewers have a

somewhat rose-tinted perception of what, to the average musician, is even *remotely* easy.

The S900 is far from "difficult", but neither is it a total doddle. You will need to read instructions carefully, make plenty of mistakes, and so have to suffer the smug little screen flashing up "Ooops!...", and invest a fair amount of time on the machine in order to get the results you want, as opposed to results that'll do.

But, if the above is not daunting, you will not be disappointed. The S900 exudes quality. Provided you know where and how to ask, it will communicate with you on a reasonably day-to-day level and offer plenty of sensible options for the recording, editing, manipulating, and placing along the keyboard of high class samples.

A 12 bit sampler, the S900 offers a maximum sample time of 11.75 seconds at 40kHz. The sampling frequency is variable and when operating in its lowest mode (7.5kHz), you will have more than one minute available.

If all you want to do is snitch sections of 'Owner Of A Lonely Heart' off CD, then indeed, the process is pretty straightforward. The S900 operates on a system of pages through which you scroll by means of Page Forward/Reverse keys.

Each Page will ask questions such as your intended length, strength, and bandwidth of sample.

You simply answer (using the keypad) and move on until you're informed it's time to actually play something. Not having been provided with very much room on accompanying disks, I wasn't able to construct an elaborate multi-sample of my own acoustic piano, but such work as I did whizzed back to me frighteningly accurate.

One of the 900's best attributes is its ability to store so much control information on disk, along with the sounds themselves.

This includes not only the essential positioning (splits) of 32 possible (though extremely short in this instance) available samples across a keyboard, but also individual-sound MIDI channels (up to eight) - features which will really come into their own for those who care to take advantage of Akai's Drum Trigger (£169). With this, each drum in a set of MIDI pads can be programmed to trigger a specific S900 voice.

A sad reflection maybe, but it seems that many people look to a sampler simply as a means of obtaining a high quality library of sounds that other people have spent hours producing.

This is not so much a crime as a waste, but it does place enormous importance upon library disks that can be bought along with, or shortly after the purchase of your instrument. Akai have long announced their 100-plus library and the good news is that the first three boxes of disks should be in the stores

by the time you read this. They are 1: a selection of complex multi-samples (Fairlight type etc) featuring basically one sound per disk, and these will sell for £9.95; 2: a selection of "songwriter" type disks, each featuring a number of useful, general sounds (piano, strings, bass etc) selling for £14.95 per disk; and 3: a studio-based selection, featuring a mixed bag of effects and such like. These too will sell for £14.95.

The astute among you will have noticed that this has not been a particularly technical review. In preference to wittering on about velocity crossfading and glitch-free looping (both of which, incidentally are possible - the latter not performed for you in quite so innocent a manner as on the Roland S-10), I felt it best to dwell on more fundamental issues which may help you to decide whether you are really suited to owning such a sampler or not.

To use the S900 to its full extent will take time. Most things surrounding sampling do take time (loading disks, looping, positioning sounds, waiting for the next shipment!), and these are factors that inevitably incline this type of instrument towards studio as opposed to stage life. That said, the S900, in the right hands, will work wonders. Its basic quality and capability should ensure that it will remain a standard of its type for quite some time to come.

LLOYD RYAN, the drum tutor who's taught the likes of Phil Collins the tricks of the sticks, embarks on his seventh and biggest drum clinic tour this week. The tour takes in a couple of dozen venues throughout the country and extends into the New Year, with further dates to be added.

Lined up so far are Walthamstow Royal Standard (in conjunction with Supreme Drums) October 14, Liverpool Bradford Hotel (Acme Drum Co) 15, Sandown Park (Bill Sanders stand, ABC Music Show) 19, London (venue tbc) 20, Ware St Edmunds College 21, Watford Hammonds (in store) 23, Bedford HMV (in store) 29, Coventry Sound Centre (in store) 30, Lewisham Theatre (drum spectacular with Buddy Rich) November 1, Doncaster Park Lane Club (Scratch Music) 3, Northampton Arts Centre 5, High Wycombe Paul Gee Music (in store) 10, Bristol Arnos Court (Browns Music) 11, Cornwall (with Cornwall Youth Percussion Ensemble) 18-22, Basingstoke Arts Centre 24, Stoke-on-Trent Route 66 (in store) December 4, Romford Monkey Business (in store) 8, Croydon Rock Bottom (in store) January 17, Derby Drumsticks February 17.

Further dates to be confirmed include Manchester and Newport, Gwent. For more information, telephone 01-874 8619.

AUDIO-TECHNICA microphones are now available in several colours.

The company has taken the most popular model from its Pro Series - the PRO22 - and added red and blue options to the standard black finish. All three sell at £42.

The PRO22BL and PRO22R offer dual switchable impedance via a built-in hi-lo-off switch, and come with detachable 13ft shielded single conductor cables fitted with XLRM and standard jack connectors.

More information from John Hornby Skewes & Co Ltd, Salem House, Garforth, Leeds LS25 1PX (0532 865381).

SOUNDWAVE have announced their line-up for the Guitar Weekend at the Barbican Centre, November 14-16.

They'll be taking one of the soundproofed conference rooms on level 9 to show off the recently introduced Mark V range of Trace Elliot bass amplification. Also highlighted will be the brand new MP10 programmable bass pre-amp with graphic.

Status basses will be there too; new colours will be shown on the Series 2000 carbon fibre models and Series II basses, and the Series II five-string will be making its debut.

RATINGS: QQQ - absolute perfection; QQ - good quality; Q - naff; VVV - a real bargain; VV - a fair price; V - definitely overpriced. Prices are full list unless otherwise stated

CALLING ALL JOCKS

A NEW magazine aimed at DJs and dancefloor dilettantes is launched by Spotlight Publications this week.

Jocks is a monthly magazine that'll report on everything of interest to the working DJ, whether radio, mobile or club-based, and will include contributions from experts and celebrities like James Hamilton and Tony Blackburn.

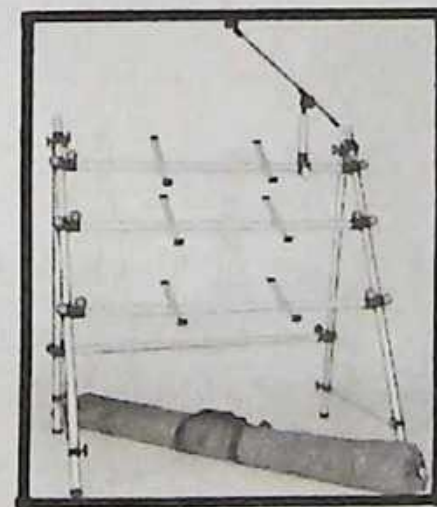
There's regional news, hot scoops from the USA and Europe, UK radio coverage and no less than 31 specialist dance charts

from around the world, all crammed into the first issue.

Reviews and reports on the affordable end of the disco equipment market are also an important feature of Jocks' regular coverage.

The first issue of Jocks will be distributed free to DJs throughout the country, and it'll come with details of how to subscribe to future issues. Jocks will be available only on subscription - at £18 a year - or through specialist record stores and newsagents at £1.25 per issue.

If you'd like to check out the first issue free, send your request now to Jocks Magazine, c/o RM, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. Next issue of Jocks will be out on November 20.



GIG STANDS are a new range of light alloy instrument stands from John Hornby Skewes & Co.

The KS348 (left) is a three-tier keyboard stand 60in high and 48in wide, retailing at £139. The RS110U is a 12U rackmount stand 60in high by 54in wide, selling at £119.

There's also a matching microphone boom which can be attached to either unit. It's the KA10 and it costs £17.95.



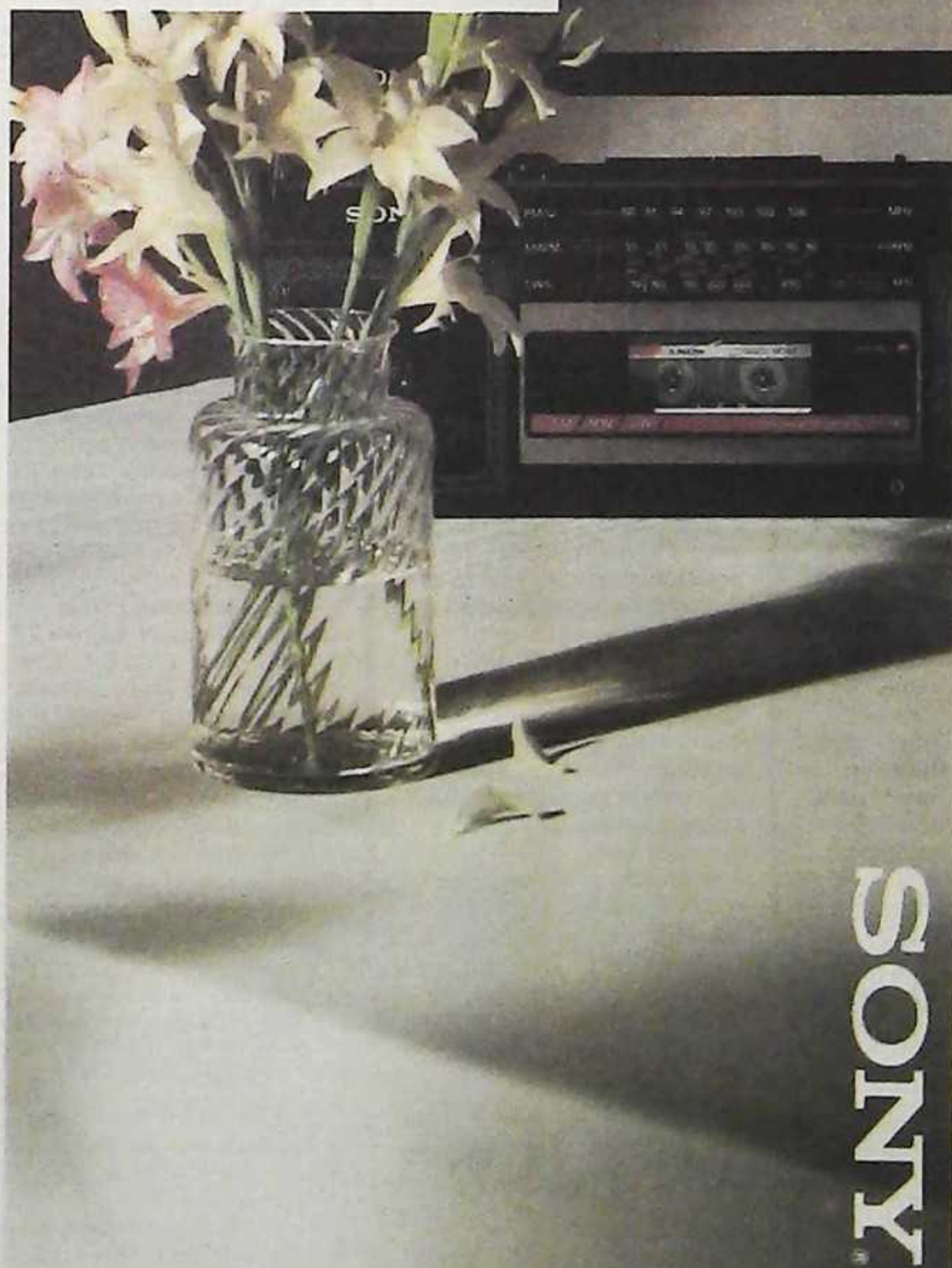
Or £79.95 buys a CFS 3300L with detachable two way speakers and 5 band graphic equalizer.



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