

SOUNDS

FRANKIE BANG BACK!

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW ~ CENTRE PAGES



**PLUS: FRANKIE UK
TOUR DATES ~ P.2**

BILLY BRAGG

SUICIDE

**ALBUMS: BAD, WASP,
STRANGLERS**

**BE A
COMPLETE
ROCK BIZ
BASTARD
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**LIVE: THE SMITHS,
ZZ TOP, ROBERT CRAY**

NEWS ■ VIEWS ■ REVIEWS ■ GIG GUIDE ■ CHARTS ■ FEATURES

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DUCKS DELUXE, pub rock pioneers from the '70s, have reformed for another sortie round the London circuit, which just happens to coincide with a compilation coming out on RCA called 'Don't Mind Rockin' Tonite'.

Founder members Martin Belmont (later with The Rumour, Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe's Cowboy Outfit and Highway Patrol), Sean Tyla (The Tyla Gang and The Force) and Micky Groome (The Nashville Teens, Joan Jett, The Force and Psychic TV to name but a few) are joined by drummer John Clark.

They kick off at Hackney Lord Cecil October 31, and then play Fulham Greyhound November 1, Fulham King's Head 5, Putney Half Moon 7, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 8, Finchley Torrington 9, Herne Hill Half Moon 13, Camden Dingwalls 14, Croydon Cartoon 16.

BAD COMPANY have reformed — without vocalist Paul Rodgers.

Guitarist Mick Ralphs, drummer Simon Kirke and bassist Boz Burrell have teamed up with former Ted Nugent vocalist Brian Howe, and release an album on Atlantic this week called 'Fame & Fortune' (see review — page 25), produced by Keith Olsen and Foreigner's Mick Jones.

The band have started playing dates in America but there's no news of a British tour as yet.

QUEENSRÛCHE, the Seattle rockers, fly in for three dates with Bon Jovi on their British tour this month.

They'll be playing a solo warm up date at Burton-On-Trent Central Park on November 23 before joining Bon Jovi at Hammersmith Odeon 24-25 and Bradford St George's Hall 26.

THERE WILL be an "organised" solstice ceremony at Stonehenge next year.

English Heritage, which looks after the stones, has promised to allow a ceremony, although it is standing firm against any kind of pop festival.

Chairman Lord Montague said at a press conference last week that English Heritage were pleased that the "violent confrontation which marred the 1985 solstice at Stonehenge was avoided.

"Next year we plan to have the monument open to an orderly one-day solstice ceremony which will be completely separate from any idea of a pop festival."

But the vexed question of where a pop festival could be sited within reasonable distance of Stonehenge has still to be resolved. The festival has been banned for the last two years at a cost of over £2.5 million to Wiltshire ratepayers.

HARD ROADS

Frankie Goes To Hollywood set to tour Britain in January

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD, who crashed straight into the album charts at number three this week with 'Liverpool', will be touring Britain in January — two years since their last shows here.

The band have been promoting their album and 'Rage Hard' single around Europe, and will be playing live for the first time since their last tour on this Friday's edition of *The Tube*.

They have a new single out on ZTT next weekend, 'Warriors Of The Wasteland', taken from their album.

Dates confirmed for their British tour so far are at Manchester G-Mex Centre January 10, London Wembley Arena 12-13, Birmingham National Exhibition Centre 22.

Tickets are £9 and £8 available from the box offices. Wembley tickets are also available by post from Mac Promotions, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Add 50p per ticket booking fee and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

More dates are likely to be added to this schedule, including a hometown gig.

Kate's Compilation...



KATE BUSH, who releases a new single this week called 'Experiment IV' (see review — page 13) has a compilation album out on EMI next weekend called 'The Whole Story'.

It includes the new single plus a remixed version of her 1978 number one 'Wuthering Heights', which has a newly recorded vocal. The video compilation follows shortly.

BILL DRUMMOND, the man behind Echo And The Bunnymen and The Teardrop Explodes, bows out of the music business with his first album on Creation this week called 'The Man'.

Drummond, a member of that seminal Liverpool band Big In Japan (with Holly Johnson), founder of Zoo Records, and manager of the Bunnymen and the Teardrops before becoming an A&R consultant at WEA, describes the album as "the undisciplined emotional rush of a man hitting his mid-30s".

It was recorded live at Newton Stewart in Galloway, a town not best known for its rock and roll connections until now, and features most of The Triffids and a host of backing musicians.

COCTEAU TWINS have confirmed the London dates for their British tour. They'll be playing two nights at Kentish Town Town And Country Club November 16 and 17 followed by Kilburn National Ballroom on the 18th. Support is Dif Juz plus one other band.

They also have an extra provincial date at St Austell Cornish Leisure Centre on November 14.

The Twins' collaboration with American pianist Harold Budd achieves vinyl status next weekend with an album on 4AD called 'The Moon And The Melodies'.

The album was recorded in the spring after they'd met up during an American tour last year. Simon Raymonde also makes an appearance on Budd's own new album, 'Lovely Thunder', which was released by EG (through Virgin) last week.

THE MISSION, already flushed by the chart success of their 'Stay With Me' single, now have the pleasure of adding another London show at Kilburn National Ballroom on November 25 because their Kentish Town date on the 2nd has sold out.

AAA

Jerry Dammers' Clapham Common event covers only half its costs

JERRY DAMMERS, the special activist behind the massive Artists Against Apartheid rally on London's Clapham Common last June, has run into an embarrassing problem — the voluntary collection made during the event only amounted to half the cost of staging it.

To put it bluntly, the Anti-

SOUNDS

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TOP OF THE POPES

SIMPLE MINDS have the song they premiered at last year's Live Aid - 'Ghostdancing' - released as a single by Virgin this weekend.

The single is in aid of Amnesty International, which the band have been sponsoring during their world tour which finishes in New Zealand this month. As Jim Kerr says, "It's time to use our power as a positive end."

The song will also be part of an Amnesty International album which will be released by Phonogram shortly.

UB40 have had to rearrange the Scottish dates on their upcoming tour because they've extended their visit to Russia. And they've also persuaded the Russian authorities to allow their audiences to get up and dance - something of a cultural/ideological breakthrough.

They now play Edinburgh Playhouse December 2-3 and Glasgow Barrowlands 5-6. They've also added Irish dates at Belfast Ulster Hall November 28 and Dublin RDS 29.

AFTER TONITE, a new Coventry band put together by former Specials and Fun Boy Lynval Golding, break cover after spending three years getting it together in a room above a pub.

They release a single this week called 'Time For A Change' on the newly formed IDK Records, which features another 2-Tone hero, Neville Staples.

They've also got a batch of dates lined up at Bath Moles November 7, Bristol Moon Club 8, Bradford College 13, Birmingham Aston University 14, Worcester College 15.

And they'll be making their London debut at a launch party for IDK at Charing Cross Players Theatre (Villiers Street) on November 17 with label-mate Matt Fretton.

They have one other date at Manchester Polytechnic on November 29.



THE FARM jump straight back in the saddle, following the death of their drummer Andy McVann in a car accident, with another batch of dates in support of their 'Some People' single and 'Pastures Old And New' compilation.

With a new drummer, not as yet named, they'll be playing Hull Adelphi October 31, Liverpool Polytechnic November 8, Sheffield University 13, London Covent Garden Rock Garden 14, Manchester Boardwalk 27, Leeds Duchess Of York December 5.

THE SCIENTISTS, whose newly recorded retrospective album 'Weird Love' finally comes out on Karbon this week after a couple of weeks delay because of pressing problems, have gigs at Fulham King's Head October 29 and Brighton Zap Club November 20.

But they'll be playing them without bassist Boris Sujdovic who has had to return to Australia. More dates are being lined up.

DOCTOR & THE MEDICS' London Hammersmith date on their British tour is on December 22 instead of the date given last week. And they're playing Manchester Ritz on the 23rd.

THE SHRUBS are at Carlisle Stars And Stripes November 14, Birkenhead Stairways 20, Retford Porterhouse 21, Bedford Contemporary Archives 22, Leicester Princess Charlotte 28.

NEW ORDER, who begin an American tour this week, leave behind a remixed version of 'Bizarre Love Triangle' as a single on Factory this weekend.

FELA KUTI, out of prison and back on the road, comes in for a London gig at the Brixton Academy on November 20 as part of a European tour.

He'll be bringing in a 35-piece band and so tickets are £7, but economies have been made - he's only bringing in five of his wives.

Fela has signed a deal with London Records and an album produced by Wally Badarou should be released early next year.

Mark E Smith writes a play about Pope John Paul I - starring The Fall!

MARK E SMITH, not content with driving The Fall (pictured left) through their busiest year so far, has also found time to write a play called *Hey! Luciani*, which is being staged at Hammersmith's Riverside Studios from December 6-20.

The four-act play is about the life and mysterious death of that well-known rock personality, Pope John Paul I.

Not only has Mark picked the cast for the play, which includes members of The Fall, Leigh Bowery, Lanah Pelay and Lucy Burge, but The Fall will also be playing songs from their 'Bend Sinister' album, plus some specially written material.

Tickets are £8 from the box office.

IRON MAIDEN had to cancel their Ipswich Gaumont date on October 18 after singer Bruce Dickinson went down with bronchitis.

He was warned to rest his voice for at least three days or risk ruining the entire British tour. In the event, he was able to continue two days later at Nottingham.

The band are unable to reschedule the Ipswich date because they are fully booked until next May. But they've promised to include the town on their next tour. Ticket holders leaving their names and addresses with the box office when collecting their refunds will receive a signed poster of the band, by way of an apology.

GHOST DANCE, who release a 12-inch version of their 'The Grip Of Love' indie hit this weekend on Karbon, with two new tracks on the B-side, have added more dates to their British tour at Huddersfield Polytechnic October 29, Leeds Warehouse 30, Brighton Polytechnic November 19, Portsmouth Polytechnic 20, Canterbury Kent University 21, Letchworth Plinston Hall 22.

They are also lined up to join Spear Of Destiny's Christmas rally at Hammersmith Palais on December 21.

Suzanne's Night Moves...



SUZANNE VEGA has added three more dates to her British tour next month at Norwich Anglia University November 20, Edinburgh Ulster Hall 24, Belfast New Vic 27.

She has a new single coming out on A&M this week called 'Gypsy' backed by a live version of 'Cracking'. The 12-inch will also have a live version of 'Night Moves'.

But her second album, 'Tom's Diner', will not now be out until early next year.

THE FEELIES, who've just broken a six-year silence by releasing an album on Rough Trade called 'The Good Earth', produced by R.E.M.'s Peter Buck, come over for a London concert this month.

The band, who haven't been heard of since their 'Crazy Rhythms' album on Stiff at the beginning of the '80s, will be playing University Of London Union on November 14, supported by antipodean outfit Died Pretty.

GIANT SAND and The Band Of Blacky Ranchette, who both come from Arizona and have new albums out on Zipco, both featuring Howe Gelb, return for a London concert at Harlesden Mean Fiddler on November 2.

RALLY LOSES £25,000



Apartheid Movement is £25,000 down on the rally and Jerry is making a personal appeal to raise the shortfall.

"We didn't charge admission because it would have spoiled the spirit of the day," he says. "We used the minimum

equipment necessary to put on a professional show and these things don't come cheap.

"We hope to sell the video rights but these things take time and the Anti-Apartheid Movement needs the money now."

He's asking everyone who enjoyed the show to send "pounds rather than pence" to The Anti-Apartheid Movement (Clapham Common Appeal), 13 Mandela Street, London NW1.

Jerry has also pointed out

that *Sounds'* recent survey on record companies' dealings with South Africa was inaccurate when it said that CBS records were no longer available there.

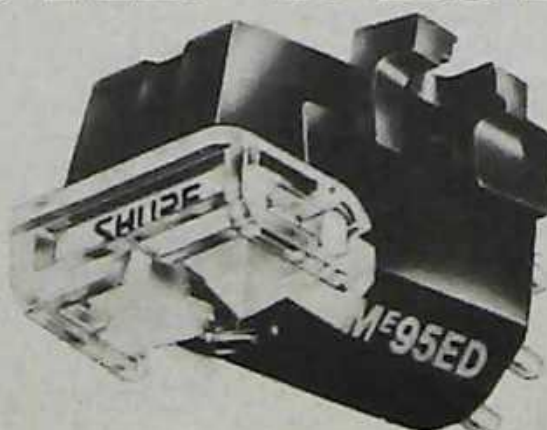
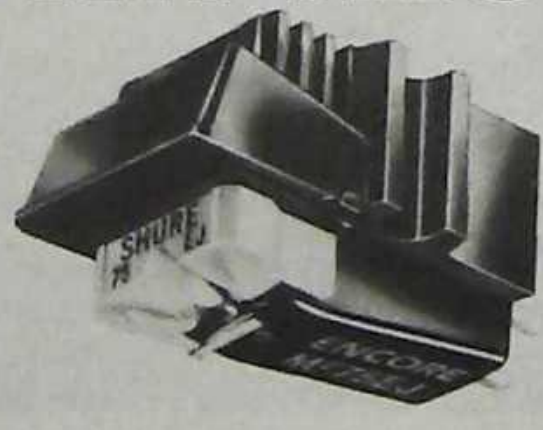
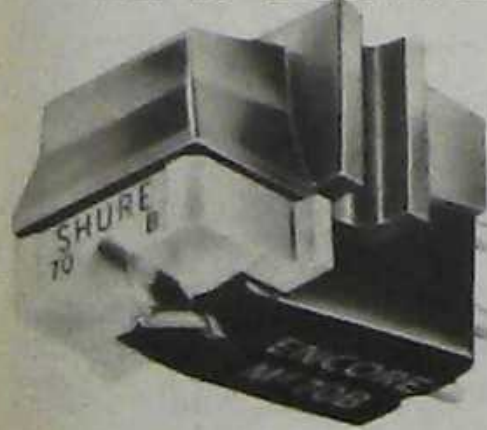
Although CBS is ending its trading links, South African distributor Gallo retains the right to sell CBS artists until their current contracts expire or are renewed.

There's more rock and roll assistance in the struggle against apartheid from Davy Lamp Records, who are

releasing a 10-track compilation called 'Not Just Mandela', featuring tracks from Billy Bragg and The Neurotics (together on 'Africa'), The Housemartins, Porky The Poet and Attila The Stockbroker.

The album, available through Jungle and the Cartel, also features several bands from Davy Lamp's hometown, Harlow. The label was originally set up to raise money for the miners' strike and has decided to continue, switching its focus to South Africa.

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BACK OF BEYOND



HOLLYWOOD BEYOND have postponed plans for a November British tour due to recording commitments.

Their record company, WEA, announced details of the 17-date UK jaunt last week but then withdrew the story as *Sounds* went to press on Monday.

A WEA spokesperson said that work on Hollywood Beyond's debut LP was behind schedule and it would now be necessary to rearrange shows for early in the New Year. Their album will be released to coincide with the dates.

Apparently the band will be playing

similar dates to those announced, and they include university and theatre venues in Birmingham, Liverpool, London and other major centres.

Conceived around vocalist Mark Rogers (above) with "auteur and lyrical collaborator" Jamie B Rose and engineer Cliff White, Hollywood Beyond played a series of summer dates around London before leaping into the charts with their first single, 'What's The Colour Of Money', in August.

The band will release a new single before the end of the year.

SONNY ROLLINS, the living legend of the tenor sax, comes over for one British concert at Croydon Fairfields Hall on November 2. He'll be backed by a piano/guitar/bass/drums quartet and tickets are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50.

WAYSTED throw their tight trousers back in the ring when they guest on the Status Quo tour this month.

Led by the indomitable Pete Way, who has now surrounded himself with Paul Chapman guitar, Danny Vaughn vocals and John DiTeodora drums, the band have just signed to Phonogram. They'll have an album out to coincide with the tour, which now has extra dates at Bournemouth International Centre November 26, Liverpool Royal Court 29 and St Austell Cornish Leisure Centre December 19.

VENOM, who make Motorhead sound like Howard Jones, start their next world domination campaign by changing their line-up.

Out goes guitarist Mantas, who had "not been contributing to the progression of the band", according to singer and bassist Cronos.

He's been replaced by two guitarists - Jimi C and Mike H - who will "expand and diversify the entire Venom sound".

They will begin this daunting task with six concerts in Brazil in front of a quarter of a million people. The press release goes on to speak of elaborate security arrangements to protect the band in "this highly religious country".

Finally, the entire population of Brazil will be asked to judge whether Jimi C and Mike H have indeed expanded and diversified the entire Venom sound on an hour-long TV special.

Sadly, it appears that the band have been unable to organise a satellite link for British fans. They'll have to make do with a 21-track double live album from Hammersmith Odeon (hang on, haven't they already released that? Oh, never mind) and New York called 'Eine Kleine Nachtmusik'.

As Cronos says, "This signs off the Mantas era."

DAGMAR KRAUSE brings her Supply And Demand cabaret show of Brecht songs - recently released as an album by Hannibal - to London's Queen Elizabeth Hall on November 28.

She'll be accompanied by her musical director Jason Osborn and musicians featured on the record. Tickets are £6, £5.50 and £4.50.

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS have lined up another three dates following the success of their recent British tour.

They'll be playing London Astoria November 22, Leeds Polytechnic 23 and Nottingham Rock City 24. They'll be supported by The Wild Flowers at all dates plus Freight Train at London.

HUGH MASEKELA plays another benefit for his Botswana International School Of Music at Oxford Polytechnic on November 8. Tickets are £5.

He has other dates lined up at Manchester International November 4 and Leicester Haymarket 5.

SPANDAU BALLET, who have the title track of their upcoming album, 'Through The Barricades', released by CBS next week, have added a second night at Bournemouth International Centre on December 14.

KILLING JOKE have added more dates to their British tour at London Hammersmith Palais November 23, Nottingham Rock City 25, Coventry Polytechnic 27.

RICHARD THOMPSON has cancelled his Edinburgh Queen's Hall date on November 23 and will be at Aberdeen Venue instead.

Grace's Manhattan Cocktail...



GRACE JONES emerges on a new label - Manhattan (through EMI) - this weekend with a single called 'I'm Not Perfect (But I'm Perfect For You)'.

Produced by Grace and Nile Rodgers, it follows her one-track album 'Slave To The Rhythm'. There's a new album (number of tracks unknown) due out at the end of November with the possibility of gigs next year.

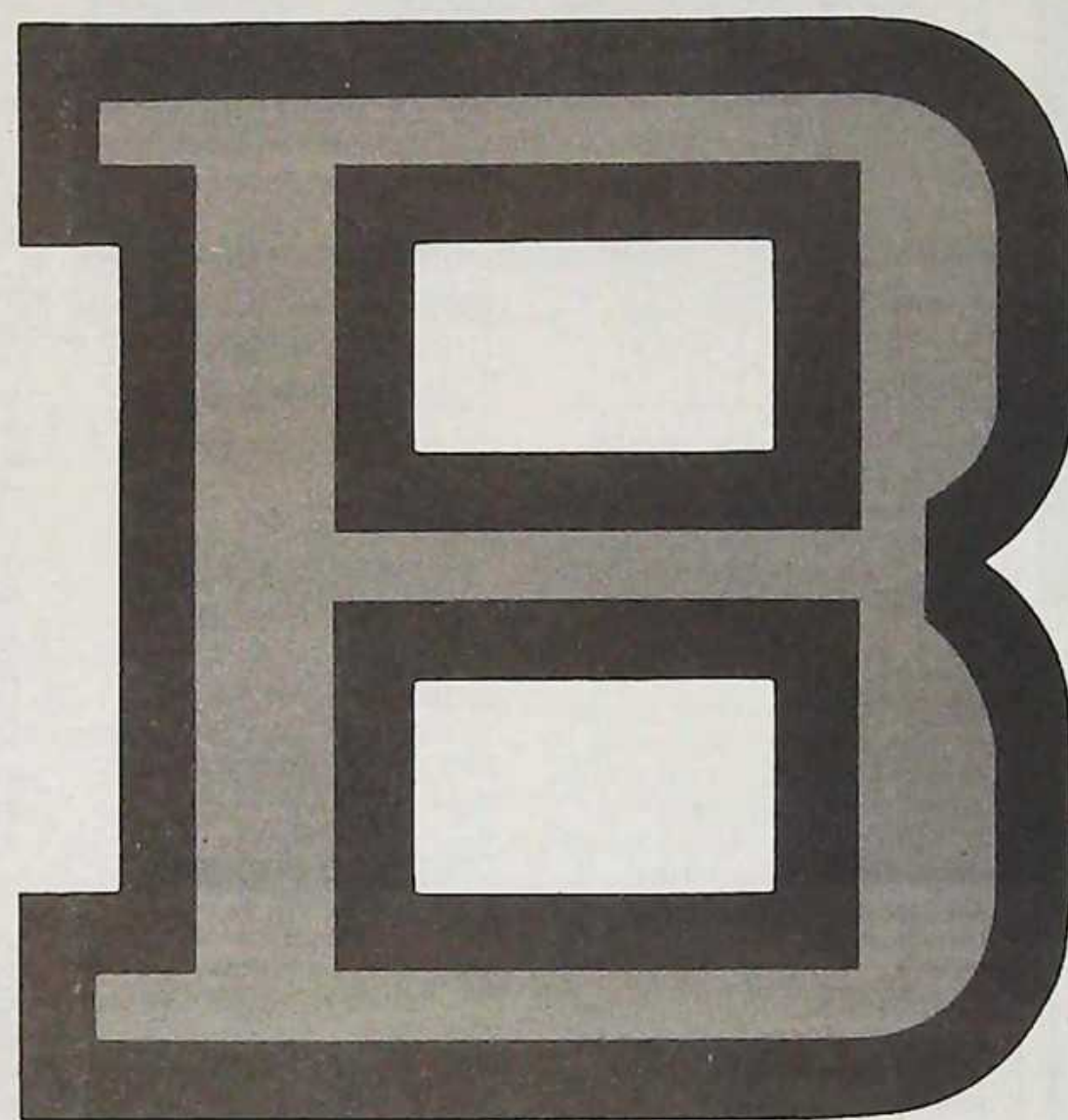
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- Volume 5 - Men At Work Overkill, The Police Driven To Tears, Bombs Away, Miss Gradenko, Stevie Nicks/Athena, Pride And Joy, Love Struck, Baby Pat Travers Boom Boom (Out Go The Lights), Michael Sembello Maniac (from "Flashdance"), Rosanne Cash/Albert Lee My Baby Thinks He's A Train, Judas Priest You've Got Another Thing Comin' Night Ranger Don't Tell Me You Love Me.
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GIRLSCHOOL

with guests **Onslaught**

CHROME MOLLY

Saturday 1st November, 7.30pm

Tickets £4 in advance, £4.50 on the night

RECORD NEWS



NONFICTION, a San Francisco band who established their reputation with a single called 'Dead Into West Virginia' last year, have their eponymous debut album released over here this week by Demon.

FORCE 21/3, a Manchester underground band who've been experimenting with a self-devised computer system "similar to the generation of fractal computer graphics", have a single out on New Nature music this week called 'Where Are You Now'/'My Sweven'.

SQUIRREL BAIT, a bunch of sophisticated Kentucky punks whose first single excited Hüsker Dü's Bob Mould, have a new single called 'Kid Dynamite' out this week on homestead, who are also releasing singles by Volcano Suns and Antietam.

BATMOBILE, Coffin Nails, The Caravans and Torment are all featured on 'Stomping At The Klub Foot - Volume III' which comes out on ABC this week. The first edition comes with a free 'Volume IV' containing tracks from Frenzy, Restless, The Guana Batz and The Pharaohs.

SURREAL ESTATE, a Liverpool quartet who received a helping hand from a couple of Bunnymen on their first EP, have recorded their second single, 'Curtain Call' all by themselves. It's released on Readymade/Letharge (through Red Rhino) this week.

THE SINISTER CLEANERS from Leeds release a 12-inch titled 'Goodbye Ms Jones' on AAZ (through Red Rhino) next week.

BURNING SPEAR has a new album out on Greensleeves this week called 'People Of The World'.

STUMP put out a six-track mini-album called 'Quick Out' on their own Stuff label this week.

THE BLOODY MARYS, a Bristol band with Hull connections, put out their debut single on Mess (through Revolver) this week titled 'Paris'/'Party Hour'.

ERIC JOHNSON, a Texas singer/guitarist who has impressed no less a beard than Billy Gibbons, has his debut album out on Warners this week called 'Tones'.

HANS JOACHIM ROEDELIS, who back in 1968 founded Berlin's Zodiak centre, which gave birth to Tangerine Dream, Ashra Temple and others, has an album of piano music out on Cicada (through Rough Trade and Making Waves) this week called 'Like The Whispering Of The Wind'.

BACKTRACKS

AARON NEVILLE's early '60s recordings for Minit have been collected onto an album for Stateside called 'Humdinger'. Despite Allen Toussaint's pervasive presence only 'Over You' came remotely close to a hit, probably because Neville was still working out his vocal style.

THE UK SUBS, Action Pact, The Adicts, Urban Dogs, Fallen Angels and The Enemy have their indie hits on Fall out over the last four years gathered up for an album called 'Radio Active'.

'THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SUPERTRAMP' on A&M puts the emphasis on their 'Crime Of The Century' and 'Breakfast In America' albums which occupy more than half this compilation. But then they did yield the bulk of the group's hits. That leaves room for a couple from 'Even In The Quietest Moments' and one from 'Famous Last Words' and 'Brother Where You Gone'. Which means nothing from 'Crisis What Crisis'?

THE CHORDS, who were at the forefront of the mod revival at the end of the '70s, have a posthumous live album out on Unicorn (through Nine Mile) called 'No One Is Listening Anymore'. Taken from their 1980 Rainbow Theatre gig (with The Vapors), it features live versions of four of their five Top 60 hits including 'Something's Missing'.

J B LENOIR, master blues craftsman and protest singer from Chicago, has a "fly on the wall" album of a 1962 home session with Willie Dixon and some live recordings released by JSP called 'One Of These Mornings'.

UNIVERIA ZEXT, who were also the first incarnation of Magma, have their 'The Unnameables' album reissued by madrigal (through Recommended).

CBS have launched a 12" tape series with ten 30-minute doubleplay cassettes from different artists. Michael Jackson's tracks all come from 'Thriller' (surprise surprise) while Cyndi Lauper's are all from her debut album. Wham!, Paul Young and King have extended mixes of their biggest hits. Even The Clash get caught up in the marketing game, offering five of their tamer hits (including last year's 'This Is England'). There's also work from Meat Loaf, The Psychedelic Furs, The Stranglers and the SOS Band.

NERVOUS CHOIR from Aberdeen celebrate Hallowe'en with their first album on their own Choir Cuts label (through Fast Forward) called '1060 - Hold Everything'. It's dedicated to Al Jolson(!).

BILLY IDOL has some verbal vinyl out on Flicknife (through Spartan) this weekend called succinctly 'An Interview With Billy Idol'. Flicknife are also putting out another Hawkwind album of studio and live cuts called 'Independent Days Volume 2'.

A WITNESS, who are reaching "the parts that others hardly dare mention", have their first album out on Ron Johnson this week called 'I Am John's Pancreas'.

DANSWORKS, a band formed by ex-Weapon Of Peace members, issue their first single this week called 'Say That You Mean (What You Say)' on Revolver.

LA DREAM TEAM, the leading West Coast rappers, have signed to MCA and release an album this week called modestly 'Kings Of The West Coast'.

ATOMKRAFT, who now feature former Avenger vocalist Ian Davison Swift, issue a five-track EP called 'Queen Of Death' this week on Neat.

LENE LOVICH & NINA HAGEN

Tuesday 18th November at 7.30pm
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KILLING JOKE

GUANA BATZ

Sunday 23rd November, at 7.30pm
Hammersmith Palais

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the STING RAYS

MY BLODY VALENTINE THE PURPLE THINGS

The Wigs

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THE TURNPIKE CRUISERS
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TOUR NEWS



THE RED BEARDS FROM TEXAS have covered Slade's 'Goodbye T' Jane' for their next single (with Jimmy Lea producing) and have gigs lined up at Burton Central Park November 1, Dudley JB's 2, Birmingham Aston University 7, Birkenhead Stairways 8, Stourbridge Town Hall 20, Ayr Pavilion 28, Wishaw Heathery Bar 29.

CUTTING CREW, who've just released their second single, 'I've Been In Love Before', have lined up a lengthy tour, starting at Stoke Shelley's November 4 and continuing at Birmingham University 5, Oxford Polytechnic 6, Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic 7, Manchester University 8, Swansea University 10, Bristol Polytechnic 11, Brighton Sussex University 12, Chippenham Goldiggers 13, Uxbridge Brunel University 14, Colchester Essex University 15, Norwich East Anglia University 16, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 18, Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall 19, Coventry Polytechnic 20, Hatfield Polytechnic 21, Guildford Surrey University 22, Nottingham University 23, Durham University 24, Leeds Polytechnic 25, Blackburn King Georges Hall 27, Newcastle Polytechnic 28, Sunderland Polytechnic 29, Redcar Coatham Bowl 30, London Astoria Theatre December 1.

ROYTERS, the band formed by former Eater vocalist Andy Blade with guitarist Gary Stedman (ex-Classix Nouveaux and A Flock Of Seagulls), bassist Ty Holding (ex-Crown Of Thorns) and drummer Symeon Fenton, play Brixton White Horse October 30, Fulham Greyhound November 5, Walthamstow Royal Standard 11, Hornsey Town Hall (anti-heroin benefit) 26, Westminster Central Hall (anti-apartheid benefit) 28.

THE MAN UPSTAIRS, Birmingham popsters, have gigs to promote their 'Consumers' EP on Sideline at Aberystwyth University November 7, Brighton Club Savannah 13, Sunderland Polytechnic 15, Newcastle University December 5, Guildford Surrey University 14.

SLICKAPHONICS, the New York funk/dance band featuring trombonist Ray Anderson, come over for their second British visit and play dates at Hoxton Bass Clef November 13, Kentish Town Town And Country Club 15. More dates are being lined up.

THE ADAMS FAMILY, an alternative rock group from Runcorn who were formed a couple of years ago by Jaki Florek from Shattered Dolls, prepare for a single early next year with gigs at Liverpool Neptune Theatre November 4, Runcorn Cherry Tree 5, Warrington Parr Hall 10, Widnes Players 14.

WILD FLOWERS have added more dates to their British tour at Warwick University November 8, North London Polytechnic 11, Port Talbot Raffles 13, Bath Moles 14, Bournemouth Academy 15.

THE EX, whose '1936 The Spanish Revolution' record/book package has been reissued by Ron Johnson, have dates lined up at Birmingham Burberries November 25, Preston Rumble 26, Nottingham Garage 27, Manchester Boardwalk 29.

ESPIRIT, a commercial rock band from the West Country, tend their roots at Bournemouth Bacchus October 31, Bristol Fleece And Firkin November 2, Gillingham Red Lion 15, Poole 141 Club 21, Exeter Crown And Sceptre 21, Poole Mr C's 26, Salisbury Fisherton 28, Bridgewater Blue Boar 29, Bristol Crown December 19, Yeovil The Gardens 24.

THE WEDDING PRESENT, who have a Peel Session coming out on Strange Fruit, are touring at Liverpool Polytechnic November 1, City Of London Polytechnic 4, Mile End Queen Mary College 5, Middlesex Polytechnic 6, Newcastle Riverside 10, Nottingham Garage 13, Birmingham Polytechnic 14, Sheffield Polytechnic 19, Manchester International 20, Dudley JB's 21, Hampstead Westfield College 26, North Kensington Bay 63 27, Woolwich Thames Polytechnic 28, Brighton Escape Club 30.

THE METEORS, those psychobilly supremos, promote their 'Sewertime Blues' album at Nottingham Trent Polytechnic November 1, Croydon Underground 2, Penzance Demelzas 3, Colchester Works 5, Derby Rockhouse 6, Huddersfield Polytechnic 10, Stoke Shelley's 11, Cardiff Neros 12, Bristol Bier Keller 13, Central London Polytechnic 14, Retford Porterhouse 15.

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29/30 O.M.D.	12/13 WES MCGHEE	29 DAVE ARTHUR
29/30 JIMMY SMITH TRIO	12/13 JOHN MARTYN	DECEMBER
30 JAZZ BUTCHER	14 ROBERT CALVERT	1 CUTTING CREW
30/31 NOV/12 TOM ROBINSON	14 MAMAS & PAPAS	12 COMMUNARDS
31 ALIEN SEX FIEND	15 BATMOBILE	23/24/25/26 STATUS QUO
31 DAVID THOMAS	15 BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE	4 THAT PETROL EMOTION
31 PETER CASE	15/16 PATTI LABELLE	5 SHAKY STEVENS
NOVEMBER	16/17/18 COCTEAU TWINS	5/6 LEVEL 42
1 JULIAN COPE	17/18 LENNY HENRY	6 RESTLESS
2 GIANT SANDS	17/18 BON JOVI	6 THE WOODENTOPS
2 W.A.S.P.	17/18 SUZANNE VEGA	7/8 PSYCHEDELIC FURS
3 MISSION	18 NINA HAGEN	8/9 THE POGUES
3 I'M TALKING	19 OWEN PAUL	11 BIG COUNTRY
3 THE SAINT	20 EASTERHOUSE	11/12/13/14 PAUL BRADY
3 STRANGLERS	20 RICHARD THOMPSON	12/13/14 KOKO & THE GANG
5 DIED PRETTY	20/22/23 ALEXANDER O'NEIL	14 THE GO-BETWEENS
5 SHOP ASSISTANTS	21 THE DEAD CAN DANCE	14 ANDREAS VOLLENWEIDER
5/6 ULTRAVOX	22 MIGHTY LEMMONDROPS	AND FRIENDS
6 LONE JUSTICE	22 ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE	17 XIGGY POP
7 RUBY TURNER	22 GEORGE BENSON	21 SPEAR OF DESTINY
7 EDWYN COLLINS	23 LAW & THE LEGEND	22 DR & MEDICS
7 UB40	23 LATIN QUARTER	22/23/24/25/26 SPANDAU BALLET
7/8/14/15 BLUES BAND	23 THE MEN THEY COULDN'T	28 CHRIS REA
8 ROBERT CRAY	HANG	29/30/31 AHA
8 GAZ'S ROCKIN' BLUES	23 KILLING JOKE	JANUARY
9 ANNETTE PEACOCK	23 ALICE COOPER	3 LINDISFAIRNE
9 KING KURT	25 MISSION	6/7 ERIC CLAPTON
9 IRON MAIDEN	27/28 HAWKWIND	12/13 HUMAN LEAGUE
9 DAMNED	28 HARVEY & THE	APRIL
9 CURTIS MAYFIELD	WALLBANGERS	5/6/7/8 GO WEST

ELVIS COSTELLO - 22/23/24/26/27/28 JAN

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THE METEORS

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NOT QUITE THE EAGLES

Ronnie Randall gets an earful of The Larks' sweet birdsongs, compares them to The Fab Four and collapses as they ridicule poor Picasso's name, as if they can talk

"MOST STUDIO bands can't play live for shit."

Pardon?

"I said, who cares what we've got to say, how long we've been together or who our influences are? It's what we do and how we do it that matters. End of story!"

The Larks, a super six-pack of self-assured organisation on stage, disintegrate into a shambles of inefficiency under the mildest interrogation and the simplest of camera lenses.

They're a blustering blitzkrieg of blistering Staxarama, a live wire band on a rollercoaster to hell; and remember, the Devil has all the best tunes.

Considering the music business is increasingly a breeding ground for new, young film directors, designers and ad-men rather than new, young musical talent, The Larks are a revitalising elixir with sweat and performance mattering more than make-up and machines.

You can appreciate the boys' cynicism of a trade that ignores the phenomenal success of their non-stop



EYES DOWN for The Larks

gigging in preference to the easy packaging of video-age pop pap.

Their legendary Marquee performances stir up a *Rocky Horror* atmosphere, with the whole (I swear) audience in tune with each nuance, each inflection of Tommy Barlow's dip and dive, duck and cover cartoon antics. Participation is simply unavoidable.

Forget the sub-Madness nonsense of their disappointing video for the self-released 'All Or Nothing Girl' single, because the frenetic tornado of enthusiasm they whip up live is a unique brand of evangelism all of their own.

But what of this political content in the lyrics?

"It's not a political thing, it's social. There are obvious rights and wrongs in society. We state the case, not the solution."

Forgive me, but the

football chant 'Maggie, Maggie, Maggie (Out, Out, Out)', flip side of the debut 'Billy Graham' single sounded like the problem and the solution to me, boys.

The Larks is an unfashionable name for a group, I suggest.

"It might be easier with a name like Fuzzbox or Half Man, but once the music gets through the name becomes irrelevant, simply a corporate identity. Look at Picasso, now that is a stupid name."

And so the Lark corporation marches on, no flim flam, just 100 per cent commitment, determination and belief. They may not sound quite as catchy as John, Paul, George and Ringo, but one day Pete, Mark, Dave, Phil, Eric and Tommy could be as familiar to you as The Fab Four. Mark my words, The Supa-Six, hot poop indeed.



"EH! RIC, can ya stick yer wee Visa card number on the back" IN A touching ceremony recently that well known giraffe impressionist and Cars singer Ric Ocasek presented a cheque for the grand total of £159,668.40 to well known short person and do-gooder, Midge Ure.

The cheque was not, as first thought, made out to Midge on condition that he promises never to release another Ultravox record, nor indeed was it a small contribution to the Bob And Paula Wedding Appeal.

It transpires that the princely sum is the profits on The Cars' 'Drive' single which, as promised, were pledged to Band Aid.

Nice one, Ric.

KNUCKLE DUST

ALL HAIL the mighty Flash Bastards, Trivia Kings of Camden Town! All hail David 'Bastard' Balfe, the flash ex-Teardrop turned music business mongrel turned goal poacher extraordinaire! All hail Nigel, the big bastard ex-Meteor stopper with a solo album to plug at the centre of the defence! All hail Roger Holland, stupid bastard and outrageous self-publicist currently available on a free transfer! And all hail Andy Hurt, captain, renowned clever bastard and midfield genius of this parish!

It was a hard fought contest. Crack teams from all over North London had converged upon the top piss head's favourite hostelry, The Devonshire Thingy (just over the road from TV-am) for the annual Trivia Pursuit World Championships, unofficial version. Ace trivia strikers changed hands for astronomical sums just before the transfer deadline (7.20pm!), and those arriving late found themselves locked out until the last ten minutes!

After an indifferent start, Captain Hurt's ad hoc team found itself struggling halfway down the table. But inspired by their leader's rallying cry ('Play up you chaps, it's not a sprint, y'know, it's a marathon!') they got down to some serious battling and gratuitously violent tackles. More than once the dirty bastard Holland went in way over the top in futile attempts to mislead close rivals, the well-drilled all-female Silver Dollar outfit.

From the semi-final stage onwards there was only ever one team in it. First of all, Cap'n Hurt struck a fine blow for justice in suggesting to the question master that perhaps it might be fairer if a rival team were prevented from reading all the answers off the back of the question cards. And then, with a quite dazzling display of fine teamwork and sheer genius in front of goal, his squad responded by kicking the stuffing out of their opponents in the final, so that their proud skipper could go up to lift that great trophy, the Camden Trivia Rose Bowl, to ringing applause from all present, including Shane and a number of fellow Pogues who would have entered themselves if only they'd brought along their manager to fill in the entry form.

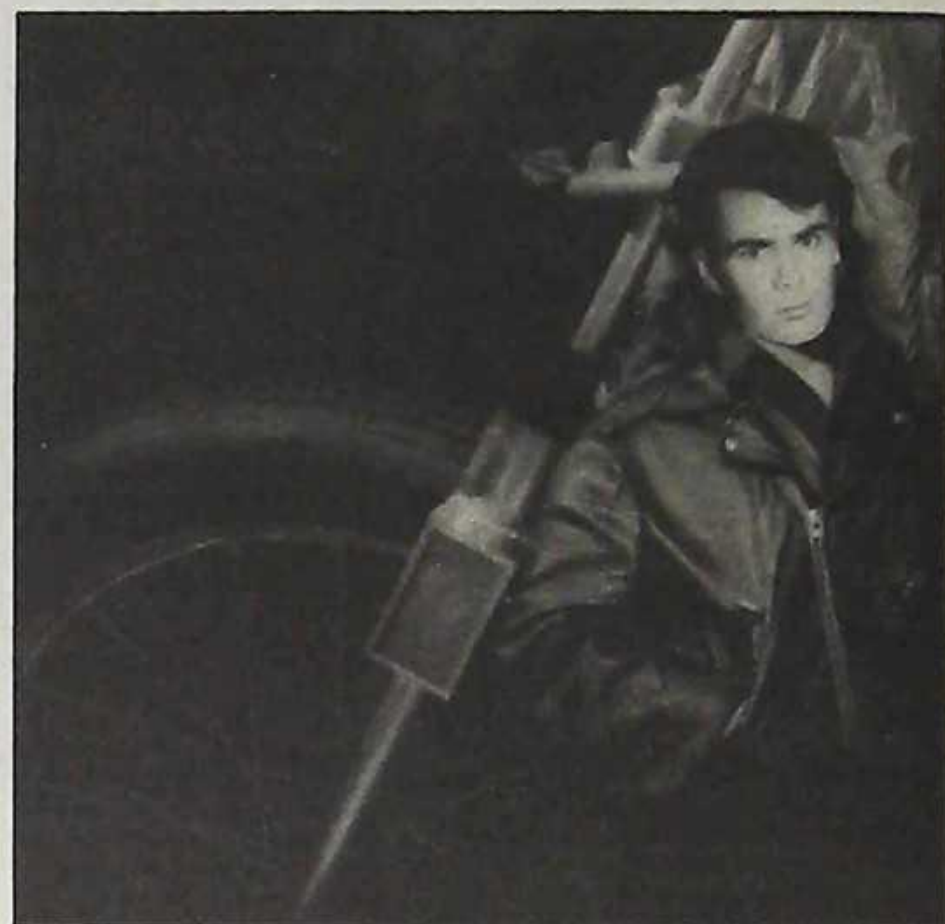
CHRIS DOUBLE

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

●BILLY IDOL's current tour to promote his chart climbing album 'Whiplash Smile' got off to a bad start when the plane scheduled to carry 'The Lip' was grounded for four hours in Majorca due to an Air France industrial dispute. Rumours that the delay enabled Billy to write two new albums worth of material are grossly exaggerated.

●WE WOULD like to be the 92nd to add our congratulations to the very wonderful Wendy May, late warbler for The Boothill Foot Tappers, who has been rescued from obscurity to act as stool pigeon to Jools Holland on the forthcoming series of *The Tube*.

MIDGET IN DRUGS SCANDAL



NIK KERSHAW yearns for the day when he'll be able to ride his new bike

IN A startling confession this week that shook the very foundations of the rock world (almost), that mighty midget of pap - sorry, pop - Nik Kershaw admitted to being a closet cocaine fiend.

A disappointed *Jaws* was sad to hear tales of the little fella's misdemeanours, him being such a wholesome (make that halfsome) chap an' all. Particularly disturbing were the bits about him and his mates sitting round with Biro's, filling their noses before filling their hankies... with bits of their noses. I mean, let's face it, there's not much of him in the first place, he'd be a fool to be parted from what little the Lord blessed him with. And as the stunted one so shrewdly points out, "I really believe that cocaine does you serious damage mentally." Sound advice from one who knows.

We here at your conscientious *Jaws* would also like to point out a few of the more obvious drawbacks caused by evil drugs. For starters, did you know that Nik Kershaw was once a six foot four Linebacker for the Chicago Bears before suffering the ravages of coke?

In the same vein... sorry, we mean on the subject of drugs' lesser known side-effects, heroin would appear to enlarge one's proboscis going on Pete Townshend's evidence, as well as making your hair fall out (Boy George), while LSD turns you into a city centre according to Julian Cope.

You have been warned.

COLD WINDS BLOW ON "You'd think some people had only

Dave Henderson discovers The Passmore Sisters aren't real sisters, worse still they're men, but are they the new Buzzcocks?

"HEY," BLUSTERS Passmore Sisters bass player Howl, "we're, like, stuck in this ghettoised independent scene, it's like being in the Scottish Premier division of indie bands."

Er, yeah, I suppose we can see what you mean, Howl. But I always thought The Passmore Sisters were, like, hot property. People are always talking about them, your ears must be

burning.

"Well, I'd heard that too, but nothing very much ever seems to come of it. After our 'Three Love Songs' single last year everything just fell apart, the media literally ignored us."

Janice Long liked the record.

"And we did a Peel session which is going to be released on the Strange Fruit label."

So, how come the Passmores never got elevated to flavour of the month?

"I don't know. It's like suddenly someone in the press will decide you're the new Buzzcocks and you can't do anything wrong. Maybe our turn hasn't

come yet."

But let's not lose hope because 'Violent Blue', their brand new 12-inch four-track on Sharp, is already making a few ears bleed. And it's the title track that reveals the group's pointed awareness of the emptiness of most pop music. I mean, these Passmores are opinionated guys.

"Yeah. We've got lots to say through our music. Take the track 'Admission' we did for Food's 'Imminent 4' compilation, that dealt with the South African issue long before its current escalation in press attention. From what you read, you'd think some people had

BITES... BITES...

●THAT WELL known reptile lover Marc Almond was thrown into a tizz when he recently appeared on TVS' kiddies' programme No 73. Just prior to Marc performing they ran an item that included several dangerous spiders, during which a camera-shy Black Widow decided he'd had enough and promptly vanished. Now, as you are well aware, these chaps are rather... how shall we put this?... deadly, and not surprisingly Marc and co were a trifle nervous about sharing screen time with a wandering Widow, hence the anxious glances floorwards. But to this day the anarchic arachnid has failed to reappear and the town of Maidstone has become a town in terror.

Anyone spotting the diminutive demon should... run like hell.

WE HERE at the vibrant, young, go-ahead *Jaws* were bowled over, nay flabbergasted, or to be more precise, hysterical at the results of a nationwide survey to discover students' all time favourite records. We all know they're a dodgy lot, but you'd think Spandau Ballet had never happened. What follows is the top ten choices as voted by the nation's youth (well 24,000 of them anyway), and in the words of Jeremy Ball, director of university Radio York, whose brainchild the survey was, "I think the final list will surprise quite a number of people." You're not wrong, Jeremy, you're not wrong.

- 1 STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN Led Zeppelin
- 2 BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY Queen
- 3 ROMEO AND JULIET Dire Straits
- 4 BAKER STREET Gerry Rafferty
- 5 SUPPER'S READY Genesis
- 6 TELEGRAPH ROAD Dire Straits
- 7 BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS Simon And Garfunkel
- 8 GOING UNDERGROUND The Jam
- 9 BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf
- 10 FREE BIRD Lynyrd Skynyrd

SAXON GRAVES UNEARTHED

BUILDERS have uncovered ancient graves, possibly Saxon, on the edge of Epsom Downs.

They were revealed on Friday when foundations were being excavated for sheltered accommodation for the elderly off Headley Drive.

Now experts from the Bourne Hall Museum, Ewell are at the site to see if there are further graves.

"There are no objects with the bodies, so they are difficult to date", said Steve

Nelson, of the Nonsuch Antiquarian Society.

"They could be early Saxon - there are signs they're pre-Christian, but as they're in a group buried east-west they could be Christian. It's hard to tell."

This is not the first find in the area. Two years ago a group was found in Fir Tree Road and in 1929 there was an earlier discovery where many of the skeletons had objects with them identifying them as early Saxon about AD400.

SAXON WERE at the centre of a major architectural controversy recently according to a report in the *Leatherhead And Dorking News*. We knew that they were a bit long in the tooth but even we were relatively surprised by revelations about their formation date, AD400. Even Cliff Richard wasn't around then.

While on the subject of Saxon, we would like to draw your attention to a particularly disturbing development on the Biff Byford balanza front. It appears that over the years Biff's appendage has led a somewhat nomadic existence, popping up first on the left and then on the right, while on a few odd occasions it disappears altogether, only to reappear down some other member's unsuspecting strides.

Where will the adventurous thingy turn up next? Keep 'em peeled.



BIFF: HERE'S to the left leg



RIGHT ON

POP'S HOT PROPERTY just discovered apartheid



THE PASSMORE sisters: Wot, no furniture?

only just discovered apartheid."

But the Passmores are still left with the same problems: can they cut

it as the next Buzzcocks (the only likeness being that they have guitars and write damn fine pop tunes), and will they

BE A COMPLETE MUSIC BUSINESS BASTARD

Andy Hurt takes you on a guided tour of the music industry, pointing out the pitfalls and parasites, hereafter known as bastards

EVERYONE HAS read horror stories about the music business - the rip-offs, the exploitation, the double-dealing.

But it should be noted that it takes a mug to get ripped off, and it's not always the poor, defenceless bands that fall prey to the nefarious activities of others.

There's nothing to prevent bands from being unscrupulous, unprincipled and unpleasant - thoroughly *un*, in fact. The main problem facing fresh-faced musicians is that they generally start at square one without knowing the rules of the game - and you need to know the rules intimately to be able to bend them effectively.

But if you've got something others want, and providing you never autograph any of their wads of photocopied A4, you can have the rules explained to you as you go along, and then you call the shots.

Contracts are psychological weapons in themselves. They say "we have qualified people at our beck and call who actually understand all this bilge and you are but tiny fish in a big sea and there are thousands more where you came from".

They are often right in this assumption, as a glance at the current Top 50 will reveal - interchangeable, talentless geeks have to play the game to survive.

If, on the other hand, you have genuine talent, a perusal of these contracts may pay dividends. You will notice that, after a page or two of the usual "the party shall hereinafter be referred to as" rubbish, you're into two dozen sheets of shopping lists, O level history essays, recipes and the like.

Not signing contracts can get you a long way in the bastard stakes - you can blow out small-time managers, small-time gigs, small-time record and distribution deals (affectionately referred to as the independent network).

OK, so I'm being cynical -

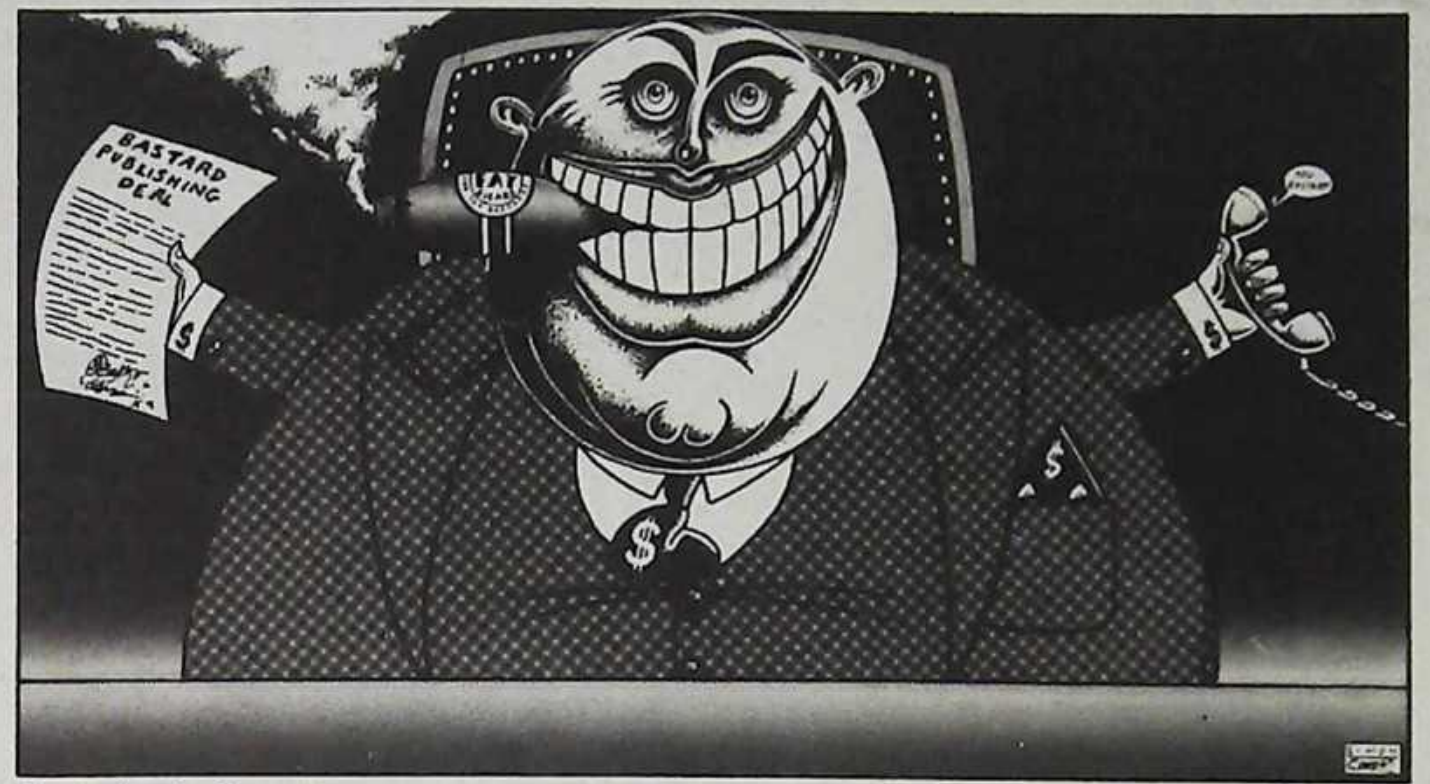


Illustration by Simon Cooper

New Order have done alright without (so legend has it) ever signing anything, and without having to take the major route. But we're talking real bastards here, and friends and fans are easy meat when it comes to doing the dirty.

A new band's first encounter with the ranks of the professional bastard usually comes during the course of playing gigs.

In my experience, the majority of promoters are as straight as a die, but you have to take them on their word as to the evening's takings, since it's impossible to estimate the size of an audience with any degree of accuracy.

Your manager could possibly sort out such problem areas, but then it's always possible he'll pocket a slice of the proceedings anyhow! It is worth noting here that having a manager you can trust might get you precisely nowhere, since it helps to fight bastards with bastards - and it's better the devil you know...

Perhaps the most impenetrable area of the business for the newcomer is publishing, or to give it its official title, *money for old rope*. The attitude of most acts when offered a publishing deal is "how much can we screw them for?" as though swiping a few grand up front is a coup as audacious as The Great Train Robbery.

But these guys don't hand out

any money for nothing, and it should be realised that the only way publishers and record companies stand to lose in a big way is by an act flopping. Though it is to be assumed that the act intends to succeed and make money, and that *this* is the reason for the dangling of those juicy five-figure carrots.

The complete bastard publisher will angle for an over-the-odds percentage deal over as many years as can be wangled out of the saps, in exchange for a down payment of a few big ones. A better move for the sap is to tout around and force the best possible deal.

Of course, unlike performing royalties (which are divided equally between band members), publishing is due to the songwriter. The songwriter of a band can take the view that - as part of a group - he should share the royalties with his colleagues, or perhaps take a slightly larger share; but a real bastard will cop the lot and thereby earn as much as four or five times more than any of the other guys from a hit record.

If a band should become a burden (ie fail to shift units), bastardry can swiftly be put into practice by *not* making a promotional video, releasing a record without decent advertising and low-priority plugging - generally cutting losses and getting the thing out of the way.

If, on the other hand, the bosses decree that a hit is required, all manner of stunts

may be pulled in order to mould the raw material into the desired shape; one currently fashionable manoeuvre is to 'suggest' that a band do a cover version, rather than rely on the original material the act was presumably signed for in the first place.

Eventually the product hits the streets, which is where the complete bastards have a disproportionately large say. Increasingly monopolistic retailers push top selling ranges at large discounts in order to squeeze out the opposition; such chains care little about the personal touch, and even less still about *what* they're selling. Consequently, less profitable lines (anything remotely specialist and singles outside the Top 50) are shelved - or rather they're *not* shelved, if you get my drift.

Bastards! I love 'em!

Whoops, nearly forgot to mention *ourselves*. Writers may be regarded as something of a joke by those who wield the most powerful cheque books, but they are an essential part of the framework and as such are prone to bouts of bastardry.

Perhaps some writers are occasionally guilty of striving for a healthy bank balance rather than a decent interview, and then there are the free lunches (cue chorus of "there's no such thing as a free lunch") and the much sought-after freebie trips abroad.

But we're none of us perfect, are we, ahem...

... BITES... BITES...

● IN A packed *Jaws* last week it appears we didn't even have space to credit the flame haired *Jayne Houghton* whose pic accompanied the Great Frog piece.

● THOSE WONDERFUL psychedelic chappies *The Cult* are off to explore further foreign horizons and boldly go where millions have gone before. We're talking more US of A here. It seems the lucky Cults are to record their next album with *Rick Rubins*, he of *Def Jam* and *Beastie Boys* fame, twiddling things. But I'm afraid you're going to have to wait until next year to hear the results. Sorry.

● TALKING OF *The Cult*, head man *Ian 'The Hat' Astbury* was innocently making his way to the Limelight, having just endured *Sig Sig Spankit* at the Royal Albert Hall, when he found himself under savage attack from one of three dogs belonging to a passing bag-woman. It transpires the vicious hound took a chunk out of his treasured leather jacket. When we last heard, both the jacket and the dachshund were satisfactory.

WHAM! SCAM

HOW DO you fancy being offered 500 nicker for one little word? Ridiculous, crazy, could never happen. Well, this here is the wacked-out world of rock 'n' roll we're talking about.

The case in point is the story of that svelte svengali of the indie scene, young scamp *Daniel Treacy*, the man who has been first more times than *Seb Coe* and current proprietor of *Dreamworld* records.

Back in the hazy daze of '81, Dan and fellow fearless pioneer *Ed Ball* of art-pop combo *The Times*, started a little vinyl venture known as *Wham!* This label was responsible for the first pieces of plastic by such well known degenerates as *Doctor & The Medics*, *The Pastels*, *Marine Girls* and, of course, Dan's very own mega-legendary *Television Personalities*.

Meanwhile, in another part of the capital two other young guns were still sharpening their kebab swords, playing with scalextric and trying to grow themselves some stubble. But three years later, messrs *Michael* and *Ridgeley* realised that *Wham!* and *Whaam!* were very nearly the same word, and what with them being mega stars an' all they weren't going to stand for this. So the mighty machinery of the British law was called into play and Dan found himself in dispute with the bad boys over a name originally nicked from a *Roy Lichtenstein* pop-art painting.

Of course, in a case like this it's not the facts but the figures in your bank balance that speak for themselves, and here's where the pay-off of £500 was offered. Dan knew that *Wham!*'s management were worried and held out for a far more substantial sum, and got it. But the legal conditions were that he didn't make any careless whispers himself to anyone about these dealings.

Wham, bam, goodbye Dan.

But now, two years later and with *Wham!* fallen by the wayside, he's decided it's time to get his name in the papers again and tell the whole story. Of course, the real irony is that the money eventually funded *Dreamworld* and those new darlings, *The Mighty Lemon Drops* and *1000 Violins*. Sweet British justice; it's just got to be seen to be done.

RICKY KILDARE

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SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

THE CINEMA OF
ROBERT DE NIROJames Cameron-Wilson
(Zomba Books £6.95)

AS A side issue to his quest for personal anonymity and public screen perfection, the enigmatic De Niro begs many questions. Most of them are raised here; few are answered. Cameron-Wilson too often concludes a debate with "God only knows why", and his critical sloppiness is not poetic, eg "The King Of Comedy should, by rights, be called The New King Of Comedy". Oh dear.

Lacking an interview with Bobby himself, the book is mainly a catalogue of key facts and safe assumptions. However, I found myself devouring it from cover to cover, not solely for the resonant photos and stills.

There are some wonderful stories concerning De Niro's obsessional dedication. During his undercover taxi-driving stint as preparation for the Travis Bickle role, one passenger piped, "You're the actor, aren't you? Guess it's hard to find steady work". Before *The Last Tycoon*, he spent weeks "just walking around the studio dressed in these suits, thinking, This is all mine". And the *Raging Bull* self-punishment is legendary; his fattened neck was still not proportionate by *True Confessions*.

As a film critic, Cameron-Wilson is far from objective (he's a fan, bless him), but he does avoid the trendy trap of underestimating the precise and elegiac *Falling In Love* and the restrained emotion of *Once Upon A Time In America*. He clinches respect by focusing on the two crucial scenes of the latter: the tenderness of the rape and the tension of the tea-stirring.

Rounding off with a few clues as to *The Mission* (with Jeremy Irons) and *Angel Heart* (with Mickey Rourke and Charlotte Rampling, director Alan Parker), this is a readable if superficial effort, high on backdrop details but low on psychological insight. But then Bobby is writing that book himself, with glances, nods and silences.

CHRIS ROBERTS

I USED TO BE AN
ANIMAL BUT I'M ALL
RIGHT NOW

Eric Burdon

(Faber And Faber)

OH, HI Eric, do sit down. I've been going through the first draft of your manuscript and it looks... er, promising, but there's a few points we need to go over first.

Now, I know you say at the beginning about not keeping a diary and relying on memories and hallucinations instead, but it does get a little confusing at times.

I mean, it's a very amusing set of anecdotes and I might try an egg session with the missus sometime when the sheets are due to go to the laundry.

And you certainly don't need to plod through The Animals' career single-by-single because there's already a book that does that, but it would be interesting to have your opinion about some of the strange deals you got caught up in. This manager character Mike Jeffery sounds a real rascal - our lawyers were relieved to find out he was dead, I can tell you.

It starts getting really fuzzy after The Animals break up and you start forming your own bands because it's hard to distinguish between them, although the women are still quite interesting.

Another thing - my manuscript ends with the death of Jimi Hendrix and you giving that horrendous, stoned interview on television the next day. The chapter covering the last decade and a half, not to mention The Animals' reunion tour and how you still didn't get on, seems to have gone missing. Still, I'll have another look for it at home.

Anyway, I'm sure you'll be able to sort all this out for the second draft, Eric. Eric? Wake up. What do you mean, this is the final manuscript...?

HUGH FIELDER

IT'S MORE THAN SEX! A SURVIVAL
GUIDE TO THE TEENAGE YEARS

Suzie Hayman

(Wildwood House)

THE PREVAILING trend for well-meaning advice for the developing youth market continues. And if you or your younger relatives are the sort of people who could use a friendly, chatty helping

hand in the shape of 200-odd pages of straight, and often rather plain talking on such subjects as sex and drugs and leaving home and all that sort of stuff, then you, or they, could do a great deal worse than dip into Suzie Hayman's comparatively comprehensive exploration of all those things likely to disrupt what everybody reckons should be the best times of your life. Even zits!

ROGER HOLLAND

THE HARDER THEY COME



PENELOPE SPHEERIS: directing the damned

THE DECLINE OF
WESTERN
CIVILISATION

(ICA)

ALTHOUGH THIS rock-documentary would be better served up as a television film of half its length, it's entertaining and worth sticking with if you have any interest at all in LA punk.

The manager of the Germs summed up the film's philosophy when she described her job as "just like trying to look after four three-year-olds". The film provides an insight into the drug-crazed lifestyles of some of the most important California hardcore bands, and considering it was shot over six years ago, it has aged remarkably well.

Director Penelope Spheeris (*Suburbia*, *Boys Next Door*) tries hard to get to grips with why everyone in the punk movement felt so alienated, yet despite getting tantalisingly close to the answer, she keeps moving on to feature another personality or band.

The film, which features Black Flag, Germs, X and Fear, is well shot and manages to convey the very atmosphere that was meant to shock, frighten and excite all at the same time, through interviews with club owners, concert entrepreneurs, fanzine writers, and the bands themselves.

This is a film that is so nearly there, but it hasn't quite made it.

But see it, if not for the music, then for the tremendously entertaining interviews. I left, not humming my favourite tune, but with the words of the Germs' manager ringing in my ears: "We've been trying to get the vocalist to sing into the mike for years!"

BERNARD ROSE

NEW MODEL ARMY

New Single

51ST STATE

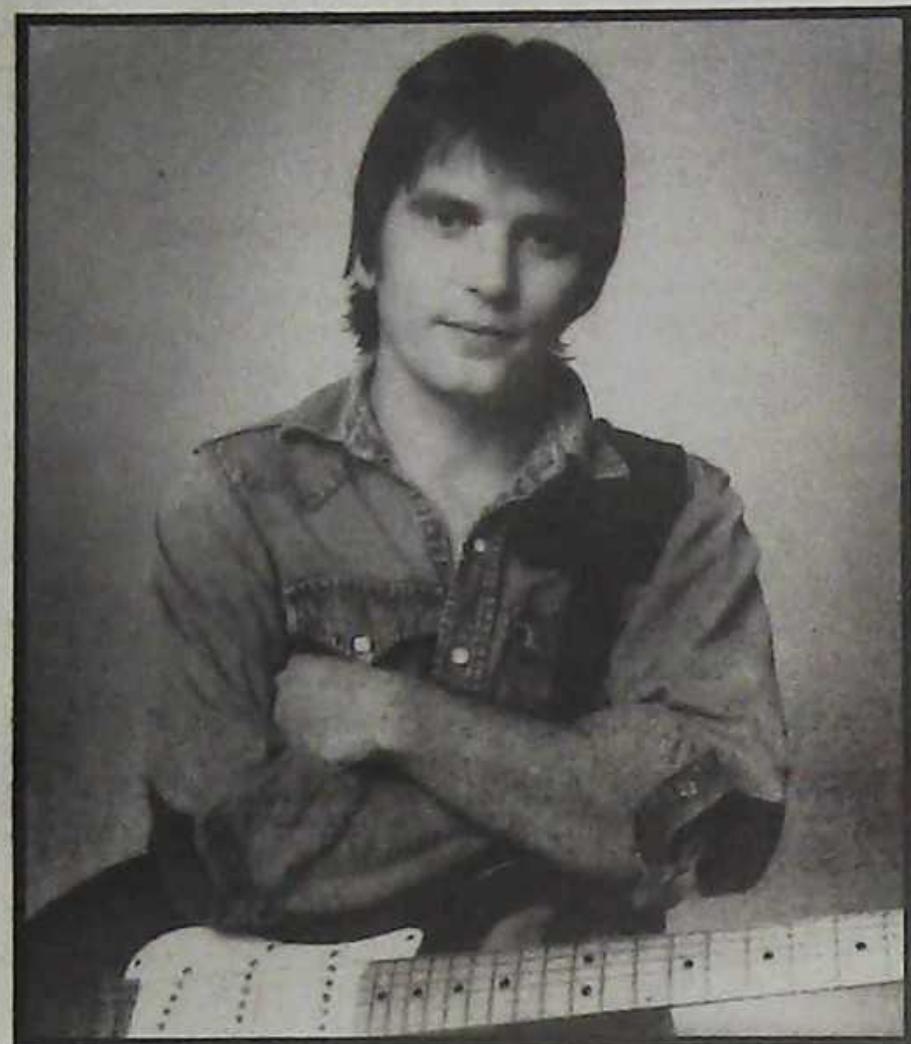
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S I N G L E S

Reviewed by Edwin Pouncey



STEVE EARLE: guitar hero

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

STEVE EARLE 'Someday' (MCA) Quite simply the grittiest 45 on offer this week. While the competition are busy trying to impress the dazed punter by proclaiming how original, modern or cool they are, country boy Steve Earle blows them all away by doing just what comes naturally.

'Someday' is the kind of song you can almost feel your jaw going around, so satisfying is its beefiness. A song in the weathered tradition of The Boss and The Man In Black at their most inspired, a song of hope and ambition that's pounded out by the noisiest acoustic guitar I've heard in an age. Synth-free Steve is selling you one thing: himself, with no artificial additives.

If you've ever fancied a taste of country but could never find anything that agreed with you, step into your record hyperstore and order this special of the week to be served. If you get a taste of Steve Earle then try his 'Guitar Town' album too, from which this is a choice cut. 'Someday' is both rare and well done.

THE BAND OF HOLY JOY 'Who Snatched The Baby?' (Harp) **EDWARD BARTON 'I've Got No Chicken But I've Got Five Wooden Chairs' (Wooden)** All hail the mighty British eccentric, they make the poor single reviewer's burden seem less unbearable with their peculiar behaviour.

Two complete sets of nutters here, or so they would have you believe. The Band Of Holy Joy sound almost like a temperance band let loose in a distillery, and drunken

oomp-pah-pahs and lurching vocals totter everywhere. Pooh poohed by everyone in the office, the open-eyed innocent buried deep inside me somewhere under the blankets of cynicism quite enjoyed hearing this one at play.

Edward Barton is bonkers; his press handout tries to sell him as though he were something out of a specimen jar. Bobbing to the surface comes something that looks and sounds a bit like Wild Man Fischer, pleading to be

taken seriously one last time. Despite my doubts about the originality of Edward's performance, I shall keep in it remembrance of him. Anyhow, it's tons better than...

THE SMITHS 'Ask' (Rough Trade) No, Morrissey, you tell me. I've never been able to figure out why you and your merry men did so well. 'Ask', your latest, hovers reasonably, but when it dissolves into silence, why is there no feeling of warmth

left behind, nothing to let me know that I've spent a couple of minutes in your presence? I think Smiths records are lonely places to be. I'm not frightened or impressed by the solitude they conjure up, just bored.

MADNESS 'Waiting For The Ghost Train' (Zarjazz) **GANGWAY 'My Girl And Me' (Imgardz)** Where the old testament crashes straight into the new testament of pop. One is waving goodbye, the other

hello.

Both are in the British pop-culture industry. Madness are old hands who have decided to retire. As a last fling they've thrown together this little ditty which they hope will please their loyal fans. It should, all the hallmarks of a genuine Madness gold record are there, the modern British music hall's final curtain is as swish as ever. Nothing to separate it from a dozen other Madness turns, however, but a neat enough finale, I guess.

New apprentices Gangway pick up Madness' discarded tool-box and start their own production line. A man in a beret told me with a gleam in his eye that there was something worming through this lot's lyrics which could eventually wriggle into the charts and foul the nest. Couldn't hear anything of that sort here, but I'd like to...

THE BIG DISH 'Prospect Street' (Virgin) Isn't that a steal from 'Born To Run' I hear swishing about in this tropical fish tank? A blatant rip-off that was the only thing to capture my attention as it spun to its doom.

DAVID BOWIE 'When The Wind Blows' (Virgin) Anti-nuke anthem to accompany the film of Raymond Briggs' cartoon story book of the same name. Bowie performed the same service for Briggs' *The Snowman* some years ago, so one assumes they must be chums or something. Briggs has also

written a book about a lavatory attendant. ... Can't wait to hear Bowie get his tonsils round that one. This serves its purpose, but without visual stimulus is quickly forgotten.

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS 'Tuff Enuff' (Epic) Now where have I heard this one before? Badder boogie is to be found on the new John Fogerty album, but throw this hard enough inside your head and some of it will eventually stick.

COURTNEY PINE 'Children Of The Ghetto' (Island) The new jazz sounds pretty much like the old jazz to my untrained ear, but what do I know? As pretty and elegant as it both looks and sounds, I'm afraid I've no stomach for a diet which consists solely of soft centres.

PAULINE MURRAY AND THE STORM 'New Age' (Polestar) Sounds like the Stone Age to me, Pauline, and aren't those dinosaurs backing you there?

DAS PSYCH-OH RANGERS 'The Essential Art Of Communication' (ZZT) Already the texts of ZZT are mouldering into decay and the brave new world of pop has fallen. This drive proves it, its leader a fashion plate prat, its message indecipherable and meaningless. Arty and heartless. The perfect ashtray.

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SUZANNE VEGA 'Gypsy' (A&M) The familiar jingle jangle funereal dirge with Mitch Easter sitting on half the production chair. Another polished stone to add to your collection, flawless but far from being precious.

'TIL TUESDAY 'What About Love' (Epic) Just what the world's been holding its breath for... a pretend Pretenders.

ROBERT PALMER 'Discipline Of Love' (Island) The sound of a man who's tailored himself a musical strait-jacket. No matter how hard he tries, he can't shake himself out of it. This time he's just given up the struggle and swallowed his own medication.

THE SHOWER SCENE FROM PSYCHO 'Explosive Hits' (Elvis Import) 'White Rabbit' (Elvis Flexi) Mania from Melbourne, and it's well worth getting a whiff of this corruption. Imagine the bubblegum of The Archies fused into the skull of a creature like Shockabilly or Butthole Surfers. Wind it up and let it go... out comes Frankenstein pop, disfigured and powered with a bad brain.

'White Rabbit' is the Jefferson Airplane song gone into a tailspin, brilliantly out of control. 'Explosive Hits' rips open wide the shower curtain of pop and starts chopping away. Look for this at Rough Trade in Talbot Road and don't talk to any sweet little old ladies.

SKINNY PUPPY 'Dig It' (Play It Again Sam) Any group that graces its single cover with gothic artist Gustave Dore can't be half bad, methinks, but really that's the only bit of the Pup's record I can truly tolerate. A

beat-box from hell drone propped up with studio effects which neither chill nor thrill.

ROKY ERICKSON AND EVIL HOOK WILDLIFE ET 'The Beast' (One Big Guitar) This one's been out for a while but nobody gave it a glance first time round. Roky sinks his vampiric fangs into a big blue vein and drinks deep, enough to give Robert Cray the heebie jeebies for a week. Even if you hate the record, there's still the gloriously deranged RK Sloane cover to colour in. Make sure you've got plenty of red crayons though, won'tcha?

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS 'My Biggest Thrill' (Blue Guitar) A jollier Smiths. A pity that I find their cheerfulness so depressing, their pop so backward. Young and in the way.

NOCERA 'Summertime Summertime' (Fourth And Broadway) Somebody fire the marketing department... SUMMERTIME? It's winter where I live, with an ice demon pounding on the roof, so up youn and take this horrible Mantronik mess with you. Any soul this once had has been sucked mummy dry many moons ago. Probably last summer.

DEREK JAMESON 'Do They Mean Us?' (Polydor) This got so close to being SOTW that you probably wouldn't believe it. Journalist and broadcaster Derek (or can I call you Sid?) has made the perfect clarion call that all true Brits want to hear. They don't want art, they want toilet jokes, big boobs, friendly jibes at happy MPs and personalities like Sid and his ilk to jolly us all up of a morning. Yer've gorror larf,

aintcha? Like the bloody idiots we are, we do as well, party hats askew, rolling up our trouser legs, getting another round in, huddled round the telly.

So your Mighty Lemon Drops and Skinny Puppys might as well call it a day right now because at last the star Britain's been waiting for has got a record out. It's not even a bleedin' charity record neither, all proceeds from this record go straight into the back pocket of old nicotine choppers. Your Xmas number one for sure... That'd be a turn up for the books, wouldn't it, missis? Get stuffed.

KING KURT 'America' (Polydor) Noisy sewer rats bang on bins for their supper. The Nice and Alice Cooper did this trick far more venomously years ago, lads. Sorry to spoil your fun.

SALLY TIMMS AND THE DRIFTING COWGIRLS 'The Butchers Boy EP' (Tlm) Well-paced set of toons which included a rendering of 'Long Black Veil', a song which has also been revived by Nick Cave on his 'Kicking Against The Pricks' record. Sally sings it in full daylight as opposed to Cave's bleak setting, which gives it an edge over mere mimicry. Worth looking out for at least.

RIC OCASEK 'Emotion In Motion' (Geffen) A vintage Car takes to the road and runs outta gas. Either that or we're cruising in a Low Rider, so snail-like is the pace. Nope, I was right first time. This old crock is going nowhere fast.

MEL SMITH 'Tremblin' (Ten) Genuinely funny fat man Mel Smith of *Alas Smith And Jones* fame steps into Russ Abbot territory and falls

flat on his rump... alas.

HASIL ADKINS 'Haze's House Party' (Norton Import) Maybe Mel should have bent an ear to wild man Hasil before he greased what was left of his hair. This guy gives The Cramps goose-pimples, his EP sounds like it was recorded in a bucket but it beats those fancy studio-produced records black 'n' blue. Another for your Rough Trade shopping list.

PSYCHO SURGEONS 'Give A Man A Badge' (Flexible Response) Somebody like Leatherface leers out of a truck at you and takes your head off with his piece of metal. Hollow-sounding production disfigures this, but the guitar solo is worth waiting for. From the town that brought you the Yorkshire Ripper.

NIKKI SUDDEN AND THE JACOBITES 'Jangle Town' (Regency) The Peter Sarstedt of the now generation. A folk tune that builds into quite an impressive crescendo, with Brian Wilson/Alex Chilton authority Epic Soundtracks hitting a mean piece of skin. Best served when drunk.

THE MULTICOLOURED SHADES 'Teen Sex Transfusion' (Beggars Banquet) Sounds like the title for a must-see sexploitation film but turns out to be a psychedelic novelty item that's lost its squeak. This needs to be screaming with fuzz to get me going at this hour in the morning.

TORCH SONG 'Can't Find My Way Home' (Yll) An interesting and effective cover of a long forgotten Steve Winwood composition with just the right amount of

ghostly melodrama sunk into it. Memorable and haunting enough to stray into the charts.

JUNIOR DELGADO 'Ragga-Muffin Year' (Mango) Heavy duty Rockers production which has Junior dropping in on the world's leaders for an ear-bending of revelatory proportions. Augustus Pablo's touch on the dub of this piece of thunder is both magical and hallucinatory. Flip over and Junior's joined by Johnny Osbourne and a she-devil with danger in her eyes.

UNDER A GLASS BELL 'Over The Moon' (Trumpet) Hello, is that the neighbours banging on the wall? Uhh... oh, it's only the drummer on this record dislocating his shoulder blade. Psycho-gothery which takes itself too seriously and is thus hilarious.

KATE BUSH 'Experiment IV' (EMI) The first lady of progressive rock warbles out another chilling fantasy. Kate crams more into seven inches of plastic than most science fiction writers could fit into a trilogy of novels. An epic to curl up with on some storm torn winter's evening. On the other side is a revamped version of her first smash, 'Wuthering Heights'. I secretly wish she hadn't bothered.

NEW MODEL ARMY '51st State' (EMI) The band who were told they didn't qualify as musicians by the US authorities feebly try to get their own back on this lump of anti-American caca. They apparently claim they weren't granted the necessary papers due to their political beliefs. I'm afraid I find myself siding with their antagonists... New Model Army don't sound like musicians to me, either.



BUSH



VEGA



BOWIE

KING KURT



NEW SINGLE AMERICA

... WHAT A STATE

7" KURT1  12" KURT X 1

ON TOUR

22ND OCTOBER
23RD OCTOBER
24TH OCTOBER
25TH OCTOBER
26TH OCTOBER
27TH OCTOBER

CARLISLE, STARS & STRIPES
GLASGOW, ROOFTOPS
EDINBURGH, UNIVERSITY
ABERDEEN, VENUE
DUNFERMLINE, WAREHOUSE
NEWCASTLE, RIVERSIDE

28TH OCTOBER
29TH OCTOBER
30TH OCTOBER
31ST OCTOBER
1ST NOVEMBER

STOKE, SHELLEY'S
GUILDFORD, SURREY UNIVERSITY
LEEDS, UNIVERSITY
LOWESTOFT, PIER
LOUGHBOROUGH, UNIVERSITY

3RD NOVEMBER
4TH NOVEMBER
5TH NOVEMBER
6TH NOVEMBER
7TH NOVEMBER
9TH NOVEMBER

BRISTOL, BIERKELLER
PLYMOUTH, FIESTA
DUNSTABLE, QUEENSWAY HALL
PORTSMOUTH, BASINS (EX GRANNIES)
BURTON, CENTRAL PARK
ASTORIA, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

LIFE FORCE



SUICIDE LEFT-right: Martin Rev, Alan Vega

After living on a razor's edge for most of their life together, SUICIDE are back and bristling with a fresh charge of electric energy. JOHN WILDE plugs into main men ALAN VEGA and MARTIN REV. Shock treatment from BOB GRUEN

SUICIDE IS 16 deranged years old and still too damned aimless to leave us.

In a hotel room in downtown Manhattan, cohorts Vega and Rev are limbering up for another assault.

"Usually when groups come back," Martin Rev suggests, "they've already made it and then they're coming back to cash in on the history of it. With Suicide, nobody gave it to us the first time, they didn't know what to think of us."

So, for the outlaw Suicide, it's just been a long pause?

"It's like the audience are coming back to us in a sense, they're doing the comeback, because they never finished with us in the first place. We're this entity that they want to have a look at again. We never weren't back together."

It's not just breezing back for the quick buck, at the risk of scraping away at the legend?

"We never said it was over," Alan Vega laughs, "so let them all say we're reforming for money, because it's always been the slowest buck in sight, always will be."

VEGA, CHEST-WIGGED and simply creased with energy, takes occasional shooting glances at the TV baseball and sucks in the occasional, Geeeeee, look at that, will ya!

He's perpetually wired, needing little encouragement to rationalise these 16 years of zip-gun dynamics. Two nights previously I catch him at the Mountaineer's Club, a downtown sleaze-pit, where, in front of 100 cramped observers, he drags his own band out for another bout of mannered frenzy, some more of that famed Vega disintegration.

There's no stage, so he just wanders on out, clutching at the crowd, highly physical and highly frayed by now, ripping into 'Ghost Rider' with all the strangled relish of old. Onstage, Alan Vega is a fallen angel, a riotous dash of comic hysteria, a defiantly ageing r'n'r hero. New York doesn't take him entirely seriously, but he couldn't give a toss for all that, it seems. In person, he's irresistibly engaging, his talk spilling like fool's gold on tap.

In contrast, there's Martin Rev, quietly detached, almost like Vega's alter-ego or conscience, speaking with an extended drawl, stoically hesitant next to the Vega roller-coaster of bashed-up common sense.

"We're like complete opposites, sure," says Alan, "but so similar in many ways, something very close and underlying. When I get my own group out there, I'm the boss, and it's something that comes completely from me. It's much more controlled in a way."

"When I play as Alan Vega, I know what my next line is going to be, the musicians know what I'm going to do. If I veer off into a different thing, they're standing there going, Oh my God!"

"With Suicide, though, I never know what's going to happen. I never know what Martin is going to play. I'll be ready to go into something and he'll shoot into something else entirely. That makes me do something theatrically or even lyrically."

"I could be onstage one minute, then he'll look and see me 20 rows back, screaming my head off, then he starts to shift and we've connected. The connection is the music, like the umbilical cord in a way."

"It's like a work of art, maan. You start a painting, the canvas is empty, but you start going through it. Three quarters of the way through, the painting starts dictating to you what to do. At that point, you're no longer the artist in a sense, you're just following orders."

"Suicide is the same thing. We just put the first notes down and, from there on, every night is different, not just every year or five years."

THOUGH SUICIDE are not, in a strict sense, 'coming back', they are organising themselves for a more drawn-out skirmish.

For the last six years, there's been Vega's regular and Rev's less regular solo output, occasionally chance Suicide performances, but nothing too settled.

Last year was the most contradictory so far for the duo. While Vega launched into ill-advised MTV rock raunch with his 'Just A Million Dreams', Rev was preparing a return to Suicide basics with his 'Clouds Of Glory'.

Not that Vega's offering wasn't without its brittle charms, but it seemed too obviously compromised, Elektra's vain attempt to turn him into another rock stooge, another declining rocker with some flair for melodrama and mawkish power-chord excess. If anything, it signalled the need for Suicide, more than ever before.

"I didn't see it as a step back," Vega protests to me, "because I learned more making that record than any other. Now, when I play with Suicide, I can stay in key for two minutes instead of two seconds."

So you're back to rub people's faces in it, to cause some shock waves, give your audience a sizeable kick to the balls?

"In a way. . . I'm actually giving Martin a kick

to the balls. I've been out there touring for the last five years while he's been sitting on his rump having a good time, so I'm getting jealous here!"

ONE YEAR ago, with Elektra trying to lock him into the tidy fake-outlaw persona, Alan Vega was telling me about his emotional strait-jacket, how he was ready to drop the whole thing and scrape out another racket.

His 15 minutes as powerdriving Mr MTV, bare of all the savage psychosis, swung to an end and, as always, the Suicide spectre was hovering impatiently. Creators of some of the most far-flung, terror-ridden music of the last decade, can they really expect to draw another deluge of sweat, spit and sexbeat from these rancid noise scraps?

Vega's hardly hesitant.

"When you hear Suicide, it still sounds like nothing else on earth. There's still an anger, still a statement, just crazier than ever. The only problem this time round is that we might get too accepted. There's more to fight against now in that sense."

Though the Suicide beat has been driven into many a pop doodle over the last ten years, now it becomes ridiculously blatant. In the wake of Sputnik, the Vega/Rev charge gets recognised as a r'n'r chapter of its own, scrawling rage and tension across its pages with hectic hysteria. Rather different to their burgeoning days as New York's standard rock joke, as unwanted outsiders with even less of a chance than levels of credibility.

"When we started," Alan recalls, "you have to remember how confused people were, just in terms of the music — forgetting the politics of the world, even forgetting what our name was. Y'know, we would have called the group Life, but it would have been too glib, too dumb. But that's what it felt like and that's what it is. It wanted to say, The world is killing itself. The name Suicide was right on. When we came out, no one knew what a f***** drum-machine was, no one knew it existed. Now everyone's got one."

"Every night we walked out then, there was a riot, it was so new. There's two things people do when faced with something new — they either laugh their asses off or they want to beat the shit out of you. We usually got the latter."

"We didn't get too many laughs, but plenty of terror. If I walked out into the audience and touched somebody then, it was like killing them. Now, they're digging us. When I jump out into the audience these days, they rip my clothes off, out of love. It's like piranhas now, they almost kill me with affection!"

ULTIMATELY, SUICIDE are our best grab-bag of tensions, like a fireball chasing across the landscape, charring all in sight. They are a howl of intentional distaste, and they know the hypnotic value of repetition. Suicide are always convulsive, never cold and never ugly.

"Suicide," says Alan Vega, "is like coming in off the street and finding the street again."

"There's no bluff, we've never gone in for that. We've always been more interested in magic than realism, though — we wanted to make miracles happen when we played."

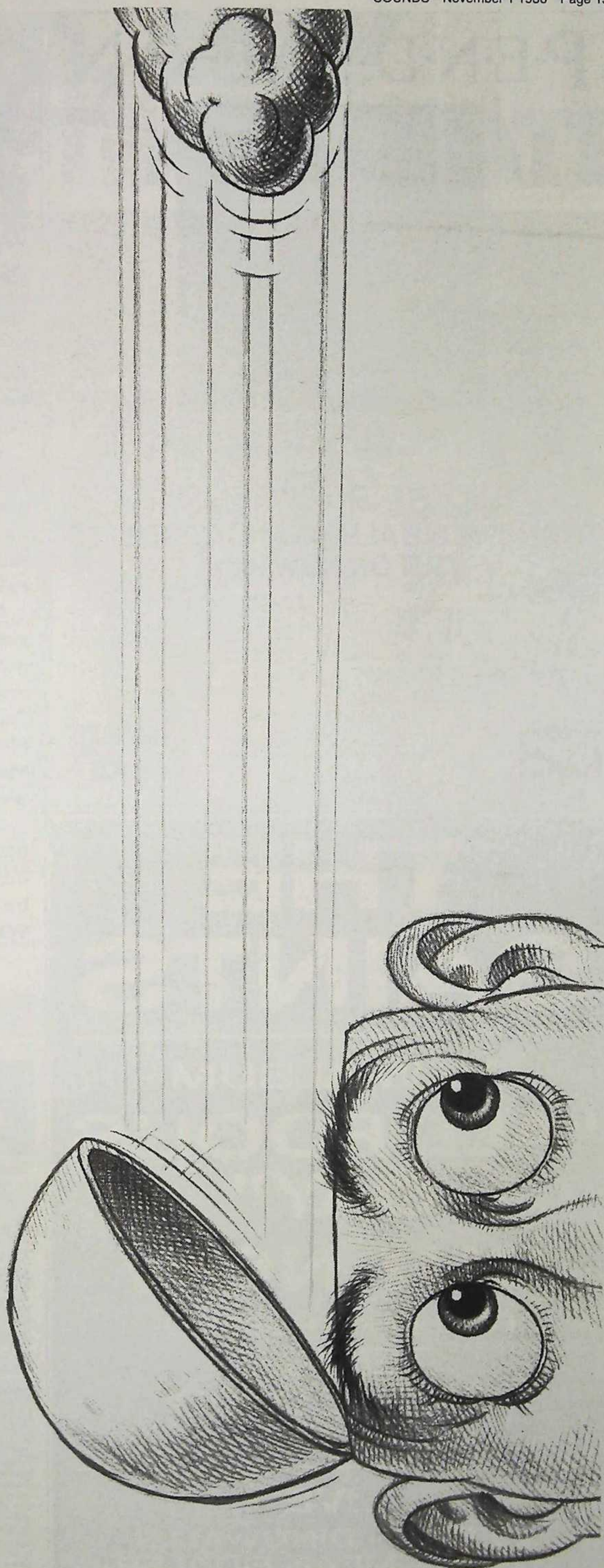
"It doesn't matter what we do, but it has to be something. We're musicians — artists, so to speak. What else are we going to do after all these years? Suicide is like an instinctive thing now, we can hardly stop. It's always been like a push-pull, love-hate thing. Now, we're getting crazy for it again and that can only be good."

It sounds like there's a secret in there, tapping away at the walls, desperate to get out.

"OK," drawls Martin Rev for the last time today, "we'll come clean. For the last five years, we've been doing the cabaret circuit in Cincinnati, done up in blue lamé suits, covering Frankie Valli songs to the scampi and fries generation."

Now that would be the ultimate Suicide.

Rubik's back



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WRITE FOR SOUNDS

Calling all aspiring writers - here's your chance to get your views splashed all over the pages of *Sounds* and get money for it!

We're looking for a fleet of enthusiastic young freelance reviewers from the provinces (that's outside London) so, if you enjoy going to gigs and you really think you can turn in an informative, entertaining and well-balanced review, we'd like to hear from you.

Just write up to 300 words on a live concert you've recently attended, or on an up-to-date news story and sent it, with your name, address and daytime telephone number, to Tony Stewart, Editor, *Sounds*, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. Mark the top left-hand corner of your envelope 'Freelance Writers'.

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WORD

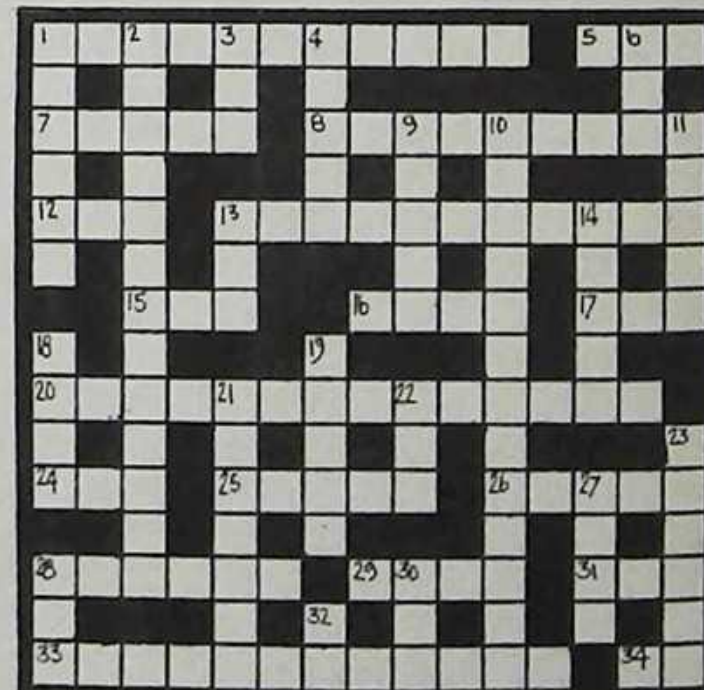
By Sue Buckley

ACROSS

1. It's a good laugh, this sanity (7.4) 5. Reversible LP from Steely Dan (3) 7. Black bird metal band (5) 8. Hardly vintage... but they liked to rock (5.4) 12. She poisoned The Coasters (3) 13. They're gonna get close to you (11) 15. They landed in Tokyo (1.1.1) 16. Club for Ferryman's music (4) 17. Country cousin Joe (3) 20. Hot Elvis epic stops the tide (3.6.5) 24. Boxing decision for US band (1.1.1) 25. ... oh ... incidentally, she gave The Faces a hit (5) 26. They could see our house from here! (5) 28. Wonder's blaster ... of puppets? (6) 29. Joe Sugden's fares on old and new pastures (4) 31. Eugene wielded his with care (3) 33. He danced the fandango! (5.7) 34. Guitarman Cooder (2)

DOWN

1. Blow-man who ego tripped (6) 2. A Furniture plug for Clark's? (4.4.5) 3. Just McCulloch (3) 4. 'Slick' 'land' for Paul? (5) 6. The Anderson who saw three ships ... yes (3) 9. No rig for the Beatle? (5) 10. His word's up (5.8) 11. On which day did Costello write the book? (5) 13. By which status you're in the army (3) 14. Their wheels were on fire (5) 18. What Eric did to the sheriff (4) 19. '60s Tornado who on going solo thought he was just like Eddie! (5) 21. Medieval science for the Straits (7) 22. Just the Dolls (3) 23. So tired blues man John Estes (8) 27. This loaf murdered Morrissey (4) 28. It rules the Sabs (3) 30. Scots funksters who initially cut that cake (1.1.1) 32. Soldier who gave Elvis the blues (1.1)



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Brotherhood 5. Dry 7. Cryme 8. Scorpions 10. Ubu 11. Lonely Night 14. Rio 15. Eno 16. Ravens 18. Mama 20. Hank 21. Iron Maiden 23. Natural Mystics 27. Hot 29. Geddy Lee 30. Fame 32. Try 33. It's No Secret

DOWN

1. Because The Night 2. On Your Own 3. Rust Never Sleeps 4. Ono 5. Dio 6. Yes 9. Pony 11. Lord 12. Grand 13. Trains 17. Nancy 19. Martha 22. Cray 24. Teddy 25. Cheer 26. So 28. Test 31. Bo.

WASTED

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Tuesday 28th October BELFAST ULSTER HALL
Thursday 30th October EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
Friday 31st October NEWCASTLE CITY HALL

Saturday 1st November HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
Sunday 2nd November HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tuesday 4th November DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
Wednesday 5th November BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
Friday 7th November BIRMINGHAM ODEON
Saturday 8th November MANCHESTER APOLLO

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HAWKS MORE

The HAWKWIND saga continues



BROCK 'N' ROLL

"DAVE BROCK has also had a couple of solo singles, as follows:

Hawkfan HWFB 1 'Zones'/'Processed' (this was actually a one-sided EP!) 1983

Flicknife FLS 024 'Social Alliance'/'Raping Robots In The Street' (7-inch) 1983 (also released as a 7-inch picture disc)

"Missing from the Inner City Unit listing were one single and an album. The 7-inch 45 was: **Avatar AAA 119** 'Bones Of Elvis'/'Sid's Song' 1981

"And the album:

Pompadour POMP 001 'Ersatz' 1982

"This was recorded under the name 'The Imperial Pompadours, featuring Inner City Unit with Robert Calvert and Barney Bubbles'.

"Regarding Michael Moorcock & The Deep Fix, there was an additional single:

Flicknife FLS 200 'Dodgem Dude'/'Starcruiser' (7-inch) 1980

"I believe this was Flicknife's first release, though I'm not 100 per cent certain. Also, the flipside of 'Brothel In Rosenstrasse' is titled 'Time Centre', not 'Time Control'; this Flicknife single carried no catalogue number.

"Steve Swindells had an additional album:

Atco SD 38 128 'Fresh Blood' 1980

Plus two 7-inch singles:

Atco K 11532 'Shot Down In The Night'/'It's Only One Night Of Your Life' 1980

Atco K 11605 'Turn It On, Turn It Off'/'Low Life Joe' 1980

"These three were recorded by Hawkwind's Swindells, Simon King and Huw Lloyd

albums:

Egg 900.545 'Crystal Machine' 1977

Egg/Barclay CLAY 7005

'Blake's New Jerusalem' 1978

"He also made at least two very obscure singles, including 'Generator Laser Beam' on Egg.

"Turbo, the band featuring Simon House and Simon King, got a fair bit of press coverage and were reputed to have some labels interested in them, but they never released any records.

"It's a job to know where to stop in this area, really. Hawkwind members have played in other bands in great numbers — far too many to go into exhaustively. Enthusiasts should watch out for releases by High Tide (Simon House), Eno (Paul Rudolph and Simon King), Melodic Energy Commission (Del Dettmar), and blues compilations which include the Dharma Blues Band (Dave Brock)."

Similar feedback also came from that other well-known Hawkwind expert Trevor Hughes, of Zephyr Records, and the Hawkfriends and Hawkletter fanzines (PO Box 6, Liscard, Wallasey, Merseyside L45 4SJ), plus Jonathan of Slough, Berks, Michael Wright of Sheffield, Tina Smith of Bulwell, Nottingham, Keith Kniveton of Stoke-On-Trent, Phil Parsons of Devizes, Wilts, Brad of Muswell Hill, Roderick Manson of Gloucester, John Taylor of Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, Paul Shepherd of Kingswinford, West Midlands, and Roger Raven of Wickham Bishops, Essex.

Langton, along with Nic Potter of Van Der Graaf — which makes them almost entirely Hawkwind records.

"Huw Lloyd Langton made two albums and two singles with his Lloyd Langton Group. The singles were:

Flicknife FLS 021 'Wind Of Change'/'Outside The Law' (7-inch) 1983

Ultra Noise 12HUW1

'Dreams That Fade Away'/'It's On Me' (12-inch only)

And the albums:

Flicknife SHARP 015

'Outside The Law' 1984 (This included a limited-edition free single: 'Working Time'/'I See You', on FREE 001).

Gas Records GAS 4014

'Like An Arrow ... Through The Heart' 1986

"Lloyd Langton also plays on all the records by Widowmaker, which comprised two albums: 'Widowmaker' (Jet JETLP15) in 1976, and 'Too Late To Cry' (United Artists UAG 30038) in 1977, along with a couple of singles.

"Tim Blake also had two solo

MEMORY

Sunday November 2

1941 Birthday of Bruce Welch of The Shadows, in Bognor Regis, Sussex.

1955 Billboard published the first American Top 100 singles chart.

1967 The Move and their manager Tony Secunda were in court to hear a suit brought against them by Prime Minister Harold Wilson, after the group had used a mocked-up nude postcard of Wilson to publicise their 'Flowers In The Rain' single. They lost, and all copies of the postcard were destroyed.

1968 Cream played their farewell American concert, at Madison Square Garden in New York.

1975 Bob Dylan, accompanied by Allen Ginsberg, visited the grave of beat poet Jack Kerouac in Lowell, Massachusetts, during the Rolling Thunder Revue tour.

1978 Clash manager Bernie Rhodes managed to obtain a court order stating that all of the band's earnings were to be paid directly to him.

Monday November 3

1948 Birthday of Lulu (Marie Lawrie), in Glasgow

1954 Birthday of Adam Ant (Stuart Goddard), in London.

1962 Birthday of Marilyn (Peter Robinson), in Kingston, Jamaica.

1972 James Taylor and Carly Simon were married by a judge, at Carly's New York apartment.

1977 Elton John announced from the stage of the Empire Pool, London, that he intended to retire from live performances. It ended up as a 15-month break.

Tuesday November 4

1954 Birthday of Chris Difford of Squeeze, in Deptford, London.

1956 Birthday of James Honeyman-Scott, late of The Pretenders, in Hereford.

1963 The Beatles appeared before the Queen Mother, in the annual Royal Variety Show at the Prince Of Wales



ELVIS: KING of country

Theatre, London. The Rainbow Theatre in London opened as a rock concert venue, with The Who as the first bill-toppers.

1973 Pink Floyd played a benefit for Robert Wyatt, confined to a wheelchair after sustaining serious injuries in a fall.

1976 The UK premiere of Led Zeppelin's *The Song Remains The Same* movie was held simultaneously at the Warner West End and ABC Shaftesbury Avenue cinemas, London.

1977 The movie of The Band's farewell concert, *The Last Waltz*, was premiered in New York.

1978 Roger Corman's film *Rock And Roll High School*, featuring The Ramones, went into production.

Wednesday November 5

1943 Birthday of Steve Miller, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

1946 Birthday of Gram Parsons, in Winter Haven, Florida.

1948 Birthday of Peter Hammill.

1981 Paul Cook, Paul Myers and Ray McVeigh of The Professionals were all badly injured in a head-on car crash in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

1982 The first broadcast of *The Tube* on Channel 4 TV.

Thursday November 6

1938 Birthday of P J Proby (James Marcus Smith), in Houston, Texas.

1948 Birthday of Glenn Frey, in Detroit.

1972 Death of original New York Dolls drummer Billy Murcia, aged 21, from suffocation, in London.

1973 Phil Kaufman and Michael Martin, who had stolen Gram Parsons' coffin in order to carry out his wish to be cremated in the desert, were fined 300 dollars each for committing a misdemeanour.

1975 The Sex Pistols, with Glen Matlock on bass, played their first ever gig, at St Martin's College Of Art in London, supporting a band called Bazooka Joe.

Friday November 7

1942 Birthday of Johnny Rivers, in New York.

1943 Birthday of Joni Mitchell (Roberta Anderson), in McLeod, Alberta, Canada.

1979 The Rose, the Bette Midler movie inspired by the life of Janis Joplin, was premiered in Los Angeles.

1980 The original Dexy's Midnight Runners split into two — the Kevin Rowland-led three-man nucleus of Dexy's Mk 2, and the Bureau.

Saturday November 8

1946 Birthday of Roy Wood, in Birmingham.

1968 John and Cynthia Lennon were granted a divorce decree nisi.

1970 Jim Morrison recorded the poetry which would be set to music after his death by the other Doors, and released on album as 'An American Prayer'.

1974 Death of songwriter and R&B singer Ivory Joe Hunter, aged 63, in Houston, Texas.

1981 LWT's *The South Bank Show* showed a filmed special covering Elvis Costello's Nashville recording sessions with producer Billy Sherill, which resulted in the 'Almost Blue' album.

NIK KERSHAW

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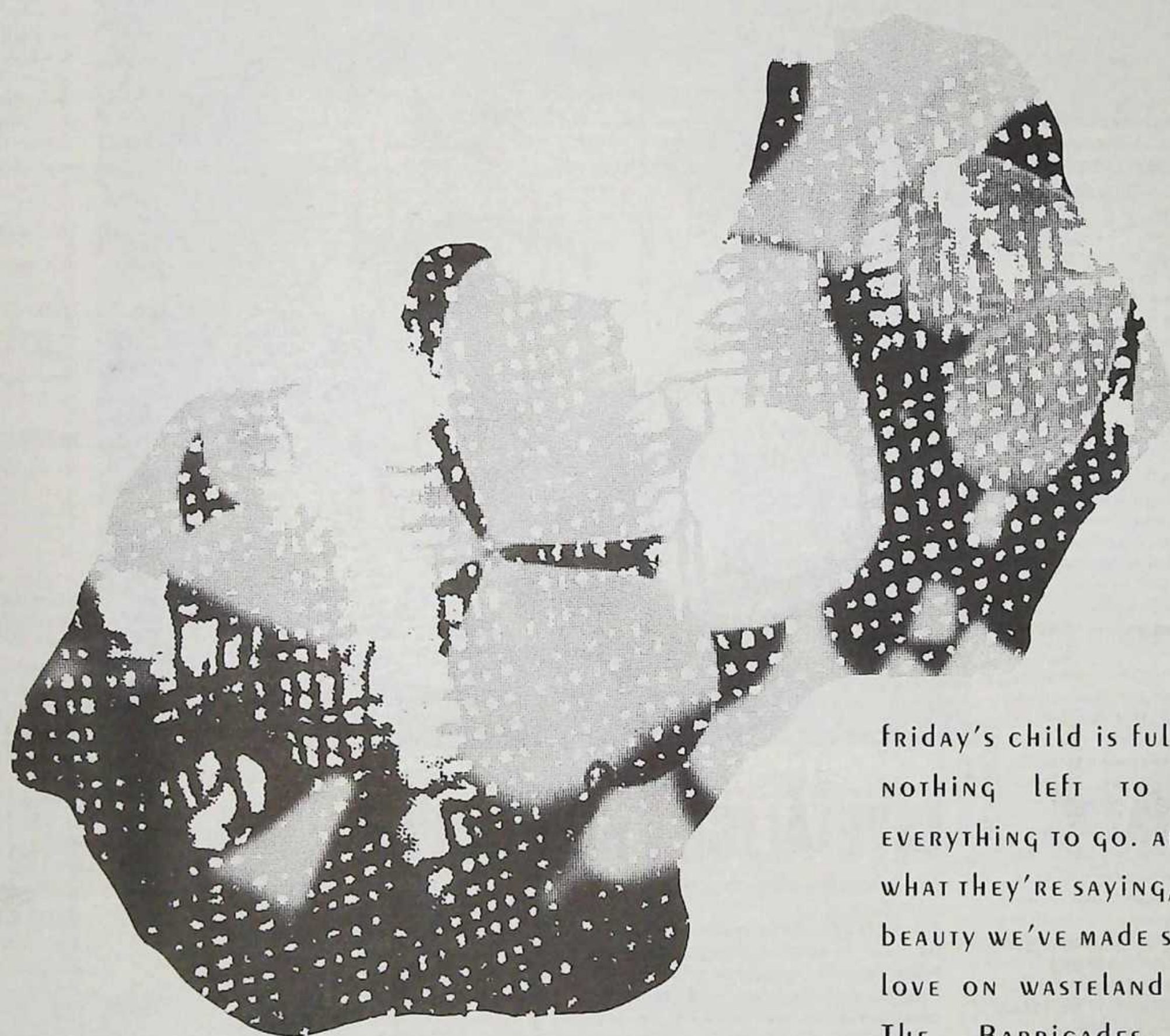
FM1001





SPANDAU BALLET

THROUGH THE BARRICADES



Friday's child is full of soul, with nothing left to lose there's everything to go. And now I know what they're saying, it's a terrible beauty we've made so we make our love on wasteland and Through The Barricades. U.K. Tour December 1986. SECC Glasgow: 6. Brighton Conference Centre: 10. Bournemouth International Centre: 13, 14, NEC Birmingham: 16, 17. G-Mex Centre Manchester: 19, 20. Wembley Arena: 22, 23, 24, 26, 27. Single out on Monday, October 27. 7" + 12" + 7" gatefold picture bag + 12" poster bag (limited edition). Reformation: CBS

LETTERS

READERS SHUT YOUR MOUTH

THIS IS another complaint to add to your *Letters* page, but this time it's directed at the 'other' readers who complain and not you.

Look, you pitiful, whining mish-mash of nothings, stop bloody moaning on and on about your own tastes and how bad this paper is at covering new bands and how crappy the music scene is, OK? Let *Sounds* get on with the work and stop hassling them over such trivial shit. Christ, the way some of you gripe and whinge you'd think that you were forced to buy it! If you don't like a particular piece of writing, don't hail it by talking about it, just forget it.

Take Sique Sique Sputnik, for instance. The only reason they get any press coverage and air play is because you bozos feel it necessary to scream about how bad they are. Surely if you just ignored them they would (hopefully) bugger off!

Let's have some decent wit and criticism, let's be productive in 'our' *Letters* page.

Remember this: *Sounds* and all the other papers are just accessories to the music, their main purpose is to let us know what the new records are and for the musicians to let their fans know what they're doing. Anything other than that is either a bonus or crap. As long as *Sounds* tells us what's going on, then we're doing alright. OK?

If you can't hack it, jack it!! — **Steph the Ref, Abbey Wood, London**

BASTARD SON

I'M WRITING in reply to a couple of letters that appeared in *Sounds* (October 11). Firstly, P Ephgrave of Derby, where have you been for the last three years? We all know *Sounds* used to be more rock orientated, but within the last few years it's proved itself to be the best weekly music paper by including articles on all sorts of music.

I'm by no means an HM fan but found the Metallica interview very interesting as well as a kind tribute to Cliff Burton. Also, *Sounds*, I hope you don't take PE's advice and substitute the Indie charts for the Gallup ones. I think the best advice for this person would be to cancel his *Sounds* and buy *Smash Hits* or *Just 17* instead.

Secondly, with reference to EQ from East Acton's letter, I feel that too many people are content to harp on about the state of the current music scene but do nothing positive about it. At the moment it seems to be the acceptable thing to look back to 1976 and say, Ah, it was OK then, back in the good old days, and forget that the music scene was just as stagnant then as it is now. The difference is that a few young people up and down the country thought, Sod this, and did something about it.

Well, the time has come again for something to

happen. False prophets like the Mighty Lemon Drops and Talulah Gosh are being cited as the next big thing just as, ten years ago, similar no-hopers were. But I feel sure that, even as I write this letter, fresh talent nationwide is cutting its musical teeth, ready to unleash itself.

Oh yeah, before I'm accused of hypocrisy and doing nothing myself, remember the name The Bastard Sons Of Syd Barrett! We and other new bands will save the day and put the fun/reality back into music. — **Neil T**

PEN PAL

I'D LIKE to apologize for trouble my letter.

I'm school-boy I class secondary school in Poland. I have 15 years. I learn English. I like geography. A lot of read about your country. I think that your native lan is beautiful and interesting. I'd like ask a lot of. I'd like to meet girlfriends and boy friends your homeland. I'd like to talk on different themes. I don't know none school-mate which would you like correspondence with me. For that reason I have a favour to ask of you help to communicate with school children. I have only your address therefore very please to address a letter and to post for secondary school.

I will very happy if my letter reach to youth. And if somebody wanted to write to me. I beg your pardon to trouble and I believe to obtain a letter. I wish you very happy. I thank you for help. — **Pawet Sakalski, 93-277 toolz, ul.**

Rodakowskiego 11 m57, Poland

REST OF THE COUNTRY

I JUST thought I'd drop you a line to tell you about this amazing concept you're going to have trouble handling.

If you look at a map of Britain, you'll see that outside London there is this enormous mass of land filling up the rest of the space before the sea. This is called 'The Rest Of The Country', from where such popular bands as The Fall, New Order, Orange Juice, The Specials, The Jesus And Mary Chain, Soft Cell, Human League, The Mission, The Housemartins and The Smiths have come.

There are 'cities' such as Glasgow, Newcastle, Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds. There are suburbs, small towns, resorts and industrial estates. In all of these places there are 'bands'; bands who rarely get coverage because *Sounds*, in its infinite laziness, fails to encourage new writers from outside the capital.

In Manchester you have James Brown; in Brighton Chris Manthorp; in Birmingham Geoffrey Kent. Three writers for the whole of 'The Rest Of The Country'. And you wonder why people don't buy your paper? — **Martin Jarvis, getting bored with boring Southern gigs**



Cooperman

GIVE ALICE THE COOPER

THIS IS an angry letter regarding the Alice Cooper interview in *Sounds* (October 11). If Mr Spencer re-reads his article, he would discover a few things forcing him to regret his conclusion that Alice is still "wonderful". By using producers and musicians from nouveau 'rock' bands such as Ratt and W.A.S.P., it would indicate to me that Cooper is out of originality. He is catering for what people want, what they will buy because they are used to it, rather than providing them with something to kick them up the ass, make them think.

Alice Cooper is now a businessman just like so many other ageing rock stars. Everything is a designer product but real rock and roll isn't a designer thing, or shouldn't be.

Laugh at Mr Zodiac Mindwarp if you will, but go and see him live. He needs no props such as guillotines to shock, he just has real imagination (the sort Alice used to have) and just loves rock and roll. That is how it should be! — **Gary Livesey, Huddersfield**

BLOW 'EM UP!

RE: EVERY rock journalist who has ever written an article in your paper. If I want to read about the socialist ideal, and how it is the only possible solution to our political, economic and social problems, I buy *Socialist Worker*. If I want honest and unbiased reporting of the current music scene, I buy a music paper.

However, my complaint goes a little deeper than this. I fully realise that modern music is an important forum for young people to voice their opinions. I also accept that unemployment is a soul destroying evil which many of the older generation seem unable to grasp. But for a music paper such as *Sounds* to

tend towards the left is not a realistic approach: at best it is preaching to the converted; at worst it will be interpreted by the impressionable majority as 'vote Labour and you too may have a job'.

In my opinion, mass unemployment is here, and here to stay (for the foreseeable future anyway). Such an attitude as yours will inevitably result in disillusionment, and it is grossly unfair of you to pretend to have all the answers in order to expand your readership.

Don't get me wrong, I am a socialist myself, but unlike you, do not believe everything dear Mr Kinnock tells me simply because our political views are similar. Remember, every recession such as this has never been

solved on purely economic grounds: the only solution in the past has been war on a global scale.

Idealism went out in the '60s; this is the time of the cynic. — **Yours, Blondie**

IN THE ARMY NOW

DEAR RIGHT wing paper, Now what's the bloody idea of putting an Army advertisement in a music paper, trying to con 16-year-old kids into joining the army and walking round Northern Ireland shooting other kids or getting blown up? It's bad enough with kids not being able to sign on the dole when they leave school and maybe forced to take a job they'd rather not. Is it another sly government scheme to try and trick people?

Huh — imagine if people

like the IRA had a bit of spare cash, there'd be adverts in *Sounds* to join them, and someone probably would.

Fight war, not wars.
Destroy power, not people.
— **Anon**

THERE IS so much provocative bullshit around to torment those sensitive to it that one could drown in the stuff a hundred times over. For that reason, I usually keep my opinions to myself and ignore blatant wind-ups, but...

What kamikaze'd straight for my unsuspecting eyes from pages 14 and 15 in *Sounds* (October 18) very nearly had me puking in my coffee: a double page spread promoting the army — in a music paper?!!

Has Thatcher rigged a nuke to your typewriter, or is the editor an amoeba?

Yours in despair — **Richard Scutkins, Brighton**

We would not censor legitimate advertisements on 'political' grounds as we are, as you both say, a music paper. The army have as much right to state their case as you do yours. — **Ed**

METALLICA — RIP

HIYA NEIL — I just wanted to say thanks for your piece on Metallica and Cliff Burton. I think it was extremely well-written and very touching...

As stupid or silly as it may sound to people who have never been into Metallica, his death was a tragedy — it's almost inexplicable unless you have heard the greatness, power and strength that is Metallica. It's amazing even to myself how hard the news hit me... I had two friends call from SF the moment they heard, and I was just shocked. F*** — he is so talented, so amazing and so f***** real.
Thanks — **Keith**

VELVET CORRECTIONS

SAW YOUR recent writings on the Velvets and thought I'd set you straight.

Both 'Etc' and 'And So On' are bootlegs. We pay a royalty of 75 cents per record to Mo Tucker and Sterling Morrison through Phil Milstein. So we're able to work with a clear mind.

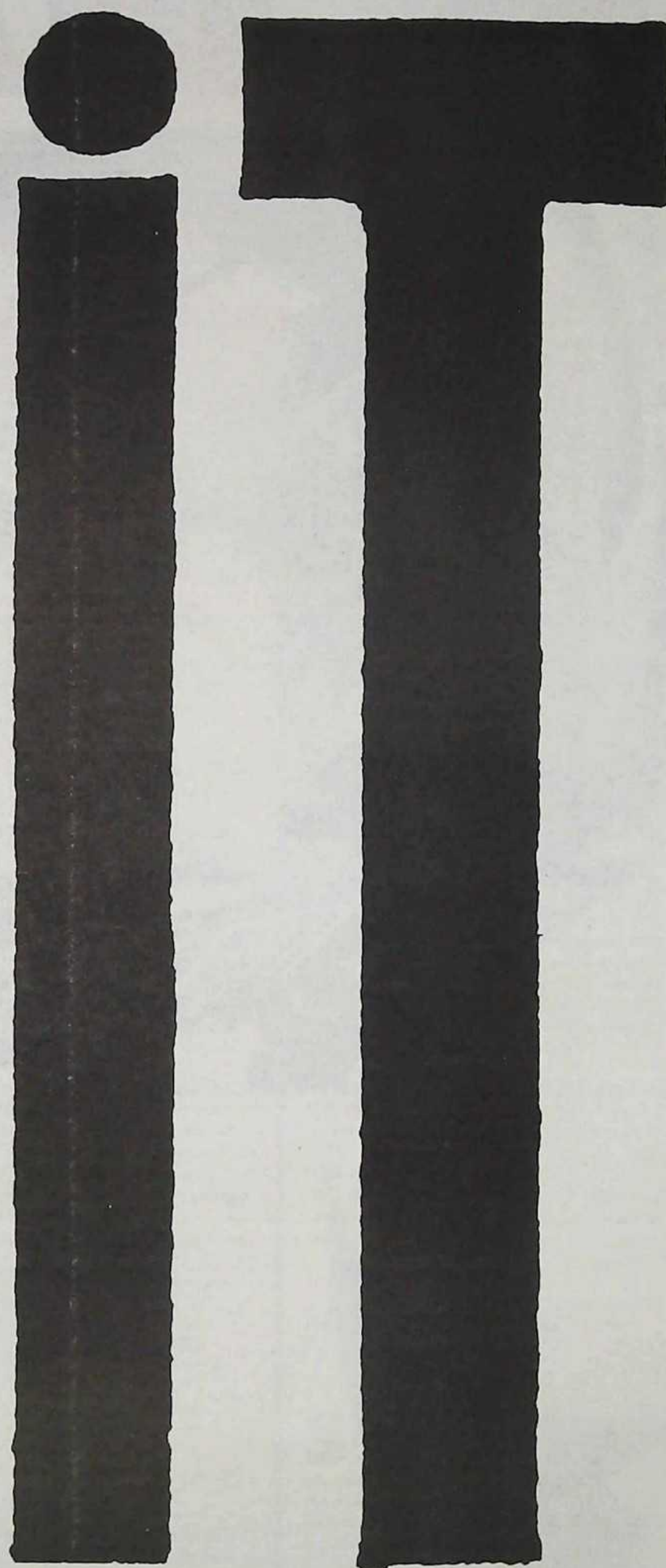
We didn't do 'Et Al' because the 'Everything You Wanted To Know' box and 'VU' covered all the tracks we wanted to use. The only other incredible Velvets stuff around, as far as we know, is stuff that's live in Cleveland. The guys that put out the '68' record a few years ago have hours and hours of stuff they recorded.

Lastly, Phil Milstein didn't issue 'Etc' or 'And So On'. He has not made a cent from their release and won't ever. He is the middle man between us and Mo and Sterling, which he does voluntarily.

Both 'Etc' and 'And So On' are now deleted. The release of 'VU' and 'Another View' must surely have been released largely because of them. Therefore they've served their function. — **Anon, Prahran, Australia**

ALIEN SEX FIEND

UNLEASH



[THE ALBUM]



AVAILABLE Oct 31st CAT NO GRAM 26: 1st 5,000 INCLUDE LIMITED EDITION DO IT YOURSELF 'FIENDZINE'
ALSO AVAILABLE iT [THE CASSETTE] A DOUBLE-PLAY CASSETTE WHICH INCLUDES THE ALBUM "MAXIMUM SECURITY" C GRAM 26

APPEARING AT

THE KLUB FOOT CLARENDON HOTEL HAMMERSMITH ON HALLOWE'EN OCT 31st

STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY (STUDENTS UNION) NOV 22nd

Anagram

A HARD

With 'Liverpool' – the LP – getting a universal critical panning, FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD are clearly no longer this week's most lickable flavour. MR SPENCER joined them on a trip to Europe to go "Wooo!", ride in flash cars and ask about the power of their pop in 1986. Photos by RUSSELL YOUNG



PAUL RUTHERFORD: behind a Harley Davidson

A MARMITE sandwich flies through the air, whistling over the top of a brightly painted backdrop.

It plummets earthwards just inches behind a French TV presenter's head, hitting the stage with a stodgy thump live on air in front of an estimated 70 million viewers.

Holly giggles and scurries over to the backstage monitor, where we've all been observing – with barely concealed amusement – the madcap results of this saucy singer's nutty escapade.

Basically, we're all terribly bored. And any entertainment, however juvenile, comes as a welcome respite from all this waiting. We're hanging around (now without even a savoury snack to ease the tedium) for Frankie Goes To Hollywood's brief appearance on a dreadful Channel One pop extravaganza by and for the French but, for practical reasons, going out from a large barn in Brussels.

You have to laugh. Frankie do. Like, for instance, when earlier today our fleet of chauffeur-driven cars pulled up at the barn for rehearsals, and to our dismay we found that the vehicles would on no account be allowed through the gates. This meant the band would be forced to walk some 20 yards to reach their destination.

Naturally enough, there was much uproar as the group's tour manager leapt

FOREIGN

out and battled with bewildered Belgian security guards, themselves unable to put a foot right having been victims of incompetent organisation from the word 'go'.

All they could do was apologise, but it wasn't good enough.

Frankie sat tight — Holly, Paul Rutherford and the lads doubled-up with mirth at the chaos they were causing, tears dribbling down their cheeks as they watched their spokesman go in for the kill.

Then after five minutes of absolute bedlam, the band simply got out and made the journey by foot, grinning from head to toe, leaving their tour manager fuming.

It's like an episode of *Jim'll Fix It*. Almost like Frankie wrote in asking to be pop stars for a day, got what they wanted and then vanished with the goodies. They've been pop stars now for over two years, although some might say Savile's in hot pursuit and gaining on them fast.

Well, maybe he is, maybe he isn't.

In a flash car now, bombing through the city, making a point of offending the locals. The lads — Mark O'Toole, Gnasher and Ped — are fooling around with tampons and the girl driver's cackling like she doesn't really mean it. It's like, Tee hee hee, you have to laugh or else you'll get flung out at 70mph which wouldn't be altogether nice.

Check the rear-view mirror. No sign of Savile as yet, but then he'll never get his limo back in one piece anyway, not after these nutcases have finished with it. Oh no, they'll not be giving up their bumper haul without a fight.

DATELINE: AUTUMN 1986. Regress a couple of years and Frankie Goes To Hollywood are busy being the greatest rock thing since the revelations of Joy Division's 'Unknown Pleasures' and, before that, the wicked smile on Johnny Rotten's face during his sublime Bill Grundy interview in December '76.

I'd clean forgotten how splendid Frankie had once been. But now, that summer — the summer when 'Two Tribes' came at you constantly but never grew tiresome, where the band appeared on *Top Of The Pops* and actually dirtied it, briefly, with their seedy splash of leather and flesh and Liverpoolian hardnut arrogance — it all comes flooding back to me.

They'd been subversive, crafty, amusing. They'd stormed the world with their gayboy guerrilla tactics and there seemed to be no stopping them. Frankie spelt Excitement. They were the word on everybody's lips, the rascals.

Then there arrived a pretty Christmas release and the top-selling double-album, then the edited down 'Welcome To The Pleasure Dome' single, followed by the debut tour and then silence.

And a year after it all went quiet there was 'Rage Hard', a blistering Top Five single, and now there's 'Liverpool' — an exotic new LP which finds Frankie suddenly emerging out of nowhere with a more restrained outlook — still dynamic and captivating, but no longer a shock to the senses. Unfortunately, it has received widespread critical condemnation.

Today we have to accept them for what they are, and one thing they are not is Bigger Than Jesus — unlike, for instance, Dirty Den, who is.

Frankie Goes To Hollywood: five hooligans from Liverpool; three lovable rogues and two super-snazzy mischief-makers.

I'm squashed up next to Holly Johnson (truly a crown-prince of mischief-making) in the back of our speeding vehicle, watching riot police seal off large areas of Brussels. Something to do with the whole of Belgian society collapsing, I believe.

(Turning to my neighbour) Don't you find this whole thing completely absurd?

"Absurd?" Holly is stunned. "Well, it's no more absurd than there being a Queen or a Margaret Thatcher or you being here talking to me now."

This is true, after all; we're in this together. Frankie After The Bang. Meanwhile, in Brussels tonight there's an unmistakable whiff of anarchy in the air, the kids are taking to the streets and the government's crumbling.

The Frankie Gang, on the other hand, are content with going "Wooo! Wooo!" as their car whizzes through the capital city's tunnels.

It's a lovely sound. It's like the 'Pleasure Dome' cartoons coming to life. What I mean is, this is the world where the big pop stars live, and nobody can touch us, not even that large be-helmeted chap who's jumping up and down and waving a loaded sub-machine gun above his head... YOINKS!

Back at the barn the TV show's now well underway. We all point and laugh upon catching sight of top continental pop-metal band, Europe. Nothing else to do, no Marmite sandwiches left, so it's off to the makeshift dressing-room where Holly almost puts his weight down on a trick chair (its legs have been mangled by some zany prankster!), but fortunately a kindly soul warns him off before any damage is done.

"I'm just having an off day," the stylish singer explains. "It's this strange weather making me feel odd, like just before a thunderstorm, you know?"

It is indeed a bleak day in Belgium. Frankie are preparing to go onstage and mime to 'Rage Hard', which has recently been toppled from the Number One position in the German charts. The locals have caught a glimpse of the band and the vibe's now so intense that the kids are considering standing up rather than sitting down.

Naah! Actually it's like a morgue, and to worsen matters the boys really aren't in the mood for thrill-a-minute pop action. But then I always think it's fantastic when artists perform regardless of illness or exhaustion.

I mention this to Holly during an hour-long respite from sticking two fingers up at people and general looning around.

"I mean, at Hammersmith Odeon I had the raving Russian flu and I was expected to go onstage," the natty warbler recollects with a wince. "But if I'd turned around and said, Look, I want to cancel the next four dates, there would've been murder and outcry. So you tend to just do it, which is of course wrong."

Do your companions' barmy antics embarrass you?

"No, I don't feel any responsibility towards them at all."

Ped (he's the big hairy drummer): "Holly f***** starts it most of the time!" (This is correct.) "He doesn't give a f*** what we do and we don't give a f*** what he does."

You don't feel like a father or a mother figure to the others then, Holly?

"Not at all, that's their trip."

Do you often have to smile at their crackpot capers?

"I laugh about it, yeah. I mean, I've been there and, what's more, I fully understand it."

You see, they're all in this together. Frankie After The Bang.

THE BIG question: at this point in time, are Frankie Goes To Hollywood an exciting phenomenon? Or is it simply the sound of '84 all over again? Or what?

"It is absolutely perfect for that moment," Holly recalls.

You made 1984 really sparkle!

"Well, you see, this is a different year altogether. I think there's quite an air of the dismal about 1986 really, it's been a dreadful summer."

Is 'Rage Hard' another way of saying 'Live Fast Die Young'?

"No, it's saying: don't die quietly, resist the greyness surrounding us at the moment. I do think there is a particular cultural greyness, and this kind of manifests itself in lots of forms, particularly in the way people just wear black these days, as if there's this huge funeral going

on."

Perhaps there is.

"What a pity."

Are you optimistic about the future?

"Sometimes I am and sometimes I ain't."

It strikes me that musically, at least, Frankie are sobering up.

"Well, I mean, I describe the 'Liverpool' album as removing the rose-tinted spectacles of 'Pleasure Dome'. It's a more mature record and a more serious record, but it's a case of like it or lump it, you know? I'm not a performing puppet."

Hmm. Were you indignant at having to leave the car and walk here earlier today?

"No, that didn't bother me in the slightest."

Why? Did you think it would've?"

It certainly bothered me.

"Did it?"

No, I'm only pulling your leg.

"I don't think you should take yourself too seriously in that respect — Oh I'm a Star! I can't walk those few steps — because with that attitude you'll soon be back on the street. You just get on with the job in hand."

(To Ped) Don't you think it's potty, a bunch of geezers like yourselves being treated like royalty?

"Oh yeah, it's a good laugh, and you take all the advantages out of it that you can."

Do you enjoy being able to do things you wouldn't normally get away with?

"We'd mostly be doing the same things anyway, only no one'd be there to look at us doin' them."

I suppose so, yeah.

Holly: "Actually, sometimes it is unreal, but you see I lead a pretty ordinary life when I'm not working. Nobody bothers me round where I live really, except just the once when 'Rage Hard' came out. I'd lived there for six months and no one'd said boo to me, then suddenly it was incredible, the difference in attitude that the people in the corner shop had."

What did they say?

"Ooooooh, c'mon! Give us your autograph — all that kind of bullshit."

And you just wanted to buy a can of beans!

"Yeah!"

But not a jar of Marmite?

"Definitely not Marmite, bluuuh!" (Dishy Frankie Frontman Holly Doesn't Like Marmite Shocker!) "Pineapple jam is more my scene." Pineapple jam! Why I only bought myself a new jar last week!

"It's good, isn't it? But don't bother with peach, they simply can't recreate the peach taste."

They certainly can't.

SO HERE we are, utter bedlam, a dump of a dressing-room to start with and now it's even worse, bottles all over the place and the Frankie Gang threatening to drown out the music of their fellow artistes with their own loutish conversation and raucous laughter...

Crash!!! Glass breaking. Crunch!!! Table collapsing. Splash!!! Crappy wine going all over the floor. Gaffaw!!! Someone makes a rude wisecrack about Boomtown Rats keyboard-wizard Johnny Fingers. (It's his name, it's his name, geddit???)

Ped pauses to dip a tampon in a puddle of rosé.

"The jokes we like are absolutely so stupid that everyone just hates them," he grins. "In fact, anything everyone else hates we all enjoy, but we're not so much into jokes as doing stupid things, like kicking people out of cars and all that."

So who's your favourite comedian?

"Someone like Tommy Cooper, because he was so ridiculous it was funny, like."

Ever get reflective, serious, poignant?

"Only when we absolutely have to be."

Does it make you uncomfortable, being serious?

"Oh no, it's not so much feeling



HOLLY JOHNSON: positively beret'd

uncomfortable about being serious, it's more all the little clichés in the pop world, we like taking the piss out of them."

You don't ever rush up to record company folk and kiss them on the cheek, squealing, Daahling!!!!

"Oh God, that's a really bad one, when they say, Oh how are you? Dying to meet you, haven't seen you in ages, and no one really gives a f***. It's just bullshit, all this. We'll have to get together sometime, and they know quite well you won't, like."

Brilliant stuff, love it...

"Anyone who ever does that out of this band, especially us three, they just get a good fist in the kidneys."

Thank!!! This man's a hero!

And off they go, striding through a crowd of admirers up their stairs to a smallish stage in the middle of the Wembley Arena-sized auditorium.

Suddenly the group are alive with enthusiasm: Holly goes amongst the fans and Paul boogies numbly while the others mime their respective instrument parts, with gusto.

Upon finishing, the lads are surrounded by autograph-hunters. After the band have shaken as many hands as possible, we all leap into a waiting car and head for the gates.

They're my new mates, The Frankie Gang, I know it's true 'cos I'm allowed inside their limo. (Ped: "Nobody gets into the lads' limo.")

Holly Johnson, a question: at this point in 1986 do Frankie Goes To Hollywood deserve to be on the cover of a top-selling national pop paper?

"Well, I think the more relevant question is does a top-selling national pop paper deserve to be on the back of Frankie Goes To Hollywood, to tell you the truth."

HARRUMPH!

AFLASH car accelerates towards the horizon with The Frankie Gang forming a human pyramid on the roof. It soon vanishes in a cloud of dust. All is tranquil. Nothing to be heard, just the distant hum of Brussels by night.

Scarcely audible at first, a mysterious huffa-puffa sound breaks the silence. It grows louder and louder, building to a crescendo. And then he appears.

An elderly white-haired gentleman with running shorts and a cigar emerges over the crest of the hill. Barely pausing for breath, he winks in our direction and jogs off into the sunset, in hot pursuit of the Frankies.

What happens next is anyone's guess.

ALBUMS

RATINGS BUYBLAG ...HEAR ..FLOG •DUMP

FALCO 'Emotional'

(WEA WX 75)***3/4
YOU MIGHT choose to dismiss Herr Falco as some European oik (most Britons are xenophobes at heart), but the more I hear of the fellow's work, the further I nudge the pointer on the sliding scale away from complete dork in the direction of misunderstood genius.

On his fourth album, the linguistic schizophrenic happily hopscotches from German to English, throwing in the odd snippet of French, with the assistance of his Dutch production team. As with all second-language English users, Falco delights in catchphrases, curiosities and puns, and occasionally cocks it up completely: "My Ronnie lies over the ocean" is amusing but "sacrify the day" is totally bemusing.

In these glum days of chart lyrics which elevate 3-2-1 clues to the status of poetry, the idea of someone writing a commercial song about a real-life war photographer ('Kamikaze Cappa') can only be admired, even if the words are decidedly oddball.

He also writes about 'The Kiss Of Kathleen Turner', which certainly holds more appeal than a quick grope with Lorraine Chase. And he's got a few decent songs in a fair range of styles. Not bad for a supposed nutcase.

ANDY HURT

IVOR CUTLER 'Prince Ivor' (Rough Trade ROUGH 89)*** **WILLIAM S BURROUGHS 'The Doctor Is On The Market'** (Les Temps Modernes V:XX)***

TWO READINGS from two very individual minds. The first is a Scot, the other American. The Scot thinks he's a butterfly, the American is probably more of a death's head hawk moth. But sadly, there are no surprises on either of these records. There's language, laughter, eccentric behaviour and common sense... but no big surprises.

Hopelessly yet proudly old fashioned, Ivor plugs his ears with his fists to shut out the noisy modern world he



BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE begin to regret their choice of interior decorator

A DAMP SQUIB?

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE 'No. 10, Upping Street' (CBS CBS 40445)***1/2

THE SECRET is not to listen too closely. What Strummer and Jones were good at was the *blur* of rock 'n' roll: in sharp digital focus, all their contempo-rebellion sounded puny. So it is with the second slab of BAD, the reunion of the outlaws with Joe behind the desk.

When you can't quite hear what BAD are doing, when they become a fast, ugly clatter of beats and pieces, it starts to work. Mick Jones hasn't altogether forgotten the value of urgency. 'C'mon Every Beatbox' and 'Limbo The Law' are clumsy crossbreeds, chunks of old rock riff and brash technology, but BAD are so bloody-minded about it that they actually pull off the collision of words and rhythm. 'Beyond The Pale', one of two Strummer-Jones songs, picks out their strength and fallibility. It comes on like a noisy rewrite of The Clash's 'Something About England', betraying Jones' sen-

despises and vainly combs the landscape for a glimpse of sanity. Seeing none he creates his own, except that the Mister Averages of this world are convinced he must be insane.

Ivor Cutler's 'Prince Ivor' plays were originally broadcast to an open mouthed public on Radio Three. They have an ageless, surreal quality to them, especially in the way they have been recorded, and can easily lull you into some other corner of the Cutler imagination. Alas, I found myself getting fidgety after two sides. I politely listened to a few more jokes and then sneaked away while my narrator's attention was diverted by some Radiophonic Workshop sound effect.

Unravel what you can from 'Prince Ivor', but I'm afraid my copy may soon be taken down the Oxfam shop.

W S Burroughs usually bores me to death, but this drably dressed record eventually jerks a tear of mirth to my eye. Its true purpose escapes my poor aching head, but loyal Burroughs devotees will no doubt be thrilled to add another artefact to their collections. The pompously titled Les Temps Modernes will hopefully be a label to watch, one with a much needed sense of adventure in its releases. I wait, with bated breath, to see what else they are going to unearth. Meanwhile, I'll bury

timental heart, but it's taut where the other was flabby.

It needs an ambitious loudmouth to make this sort of thing connect, not a noble savage. Between them, Jones and Strummer should still have hold of the credentials. Significantly, BAD never sound very clean. If Don Letts' cut-ups don't have the wit or dark irony of Cabaret Voltaire, they never devised a real pop base to build on. It takes a kind of dumb pop insight to come up with the wheeze of 'E=MC2'.

So why does the record fall to pieces on side two? After the muscular beginning of 'V Thirteen', it subsides into mediocrity: Jones isn't a jolly man, and 'Ticket' and the stupid 'Dial A Hitman' try to be satirical when everyone should be scowling. If there were two sides as strong as 'Limbo The Law', BAD would be really bursting out of something. As it is, this second blow is an inconclusive struggle to answer: what do they really want to do?

RICHARD COOK

Burroughs' greatest in my record library and let it gather dust for a while.

EDWIN POUNCEY

FREDDIE JACKSON 'Just Like The First Time' (Capitol Records EST2023) ***2/3

A WISE man with an unpronounceable name once said that the meaning of emotions, like the universe and the whole ping-pong game, can't be expressed in words but it *can* be heard in music and is reflected in the arts in general. That, in a precise way, sums up the strengths and weaknesses of Freddie Jackson: his gilt-edged voice penetrates much further into the notion of 'soul' than the actual lyrics he sings which, for the most part, are lame and tame.

Upon the release of the American crooner-swooner's debut album 'Rock Me Tonight', a platinum success Stateside, Freddie was perceived as a hand-me-down heir to the late Marvin Gaye. Being a self-confessed ladies' man with a penchant for burnished ballads and a desire to dish out invitations welcoming one and all to his sexual healing party, Jackson has all the attributes for the role thrust upon him. Yet the fact that he is less openly

sensual, and the innocence implicit in his celestial voice, saves Freddie from being a mere imitator.

'Just Like The First Time' isn't like that at all. This record is altogether more polished than 'Rock Me Tonight'. Indeed, six different production teams have been roped in to provide the high gloss sonic screen. Consequently, from every finger click, through the massed squadrons of Stradivarius violins to the occasional Gucci-shod funk stroll, each note is perfectly pitched.

Against this luxurious musical backdrop Freddie's voice, the equivalent of a cashmere pullover and a silk suit, glides effortlessly over a lyrical terrain of love. Each song on the album is about amour - yearning for it, achieving it, being spurned giving it - to the point where the message gets more than a mite trite.

One can only hope that, in future, Jackson will become more adventurous in selecting the topics for his tunes. For now, his larynx expresses a greater breadth of emotions than his words. A case of the singer, not the song.

JACK BARRON

STRYPER 'To Hell With The Devil' (Music For Nations MFN 70)****

HOLY SHIT! Christian rock's come good.

You think I'm joking? O, ye of little faith! Mind you, I had my doubts too till a tape of 'To Hell' snuck on to my Walkman. And then... lordy, lordy, 'twas a revelation. Sort of.

Sure, I laughed at 'Soldiers Under Command'. I still do. It's far too po-faced for its own good. But *this* is a different story; put across with greater conviction, it's certain of a bigger audience.

Stryper have cobbled together riffs like Dio's, tunes like Angel's and harmonies like Styx's, somehow making it all sound natural and, at times, perfect. It's a bloody miracle! Honestly, you have no idea how surprised I am to be saying this.

OK, it's not without its faults. The two ballads smack a bit strongly of dewy-eyed choirboys for my liking, and I'm also sceptical of the way that the whole album has been built up as a kind of soapbox for their relentless sermonising. But aw hell, erm, I mean *shucks*, I prefer to let the music do the talking.

And doesn't it just. The songs are strong, purposeful and varied, and the sound, the production, is fantastic. From bumptious metal through breezy pop to feathery goo, no two songs are the same, and the self-explanatory 'Sing Along Song' has the most daftly addictive hook of the year.

God only knows how Stryper managed to come up with an album *this* good.

Let's see Angel try topping it. Take it away, Punky...

PAUL ELLIOTT

SPITTING IMAGE 'Spit In Your Ear' (Virgin V2403)***1/2

I SUPPOSE that, putting on my thin and pointy *churlish* hat, it is possible to question the need for this artefact. At best, humour has a limited shelf life, and the topicality of many of the choicer *Spitting Image* vignettes restricts the long term worth of such a record further still. To an extent, the compilers have cushioned the inevitable impact of this pitfall by concentrating on the less ephemeral items.

The format is logical enough, with regular alternation between songs and the spoken word, the strength of the latter generally compensating for the weakness of the former. I guess the songs are doomed to failure because they are essentially one-liners strung out over a couple of minutes, the ZZ Top spoof 'We've Got Beards' being a perfect example.

Obviously there are numerous genuine classics, such as Sir Alistair's 'Someone Famous Has Died', Gielgud and Olivier ranting "dear, dear Ninety" on 'Tea At Johnnie's', 'Coleman Peaks', in which David climaxes his commentary a lap too soon, and lots, lots more. You know the score.

ANDY HURT

NIK KERSHAW 'Radio Muscicola' (MCA FM 1001)***1/2

IN MANY people's eyes, Nik Kershaw shouldn't feel at all welcome on this page. This is an inky rock press page and, as such, could be expected to shun Nik as just another video age, '80s-style pop insignificance. This time, though, that's not really happening.

Nik may be pretty, well mannered and a veritable wellspring of hits for his record company, but he

ROMP STAKES

XTC 'Skylarking' (Virgin V2399) ***

XTC'S PARTNERSHIP with producer Todd Rundgren for this album was reportedly fraught; he refused to countenance anything gutsy or political, insisting on 'relationship' songs.

Maybe that's the reason this is such a 'soft' album, veering back towards that 'English Settlement' countrified whimsy which came as such a shock after the power of 'Drums And Wires' and 'The Black Sea'.

But as well as dreamy songs like 'Grass' and 'Summer's Cauldron', we have a whole section that might be titled 'Swindon Welcomes The Beatles 1966-68', where Partridge and Moulding seem intent on outdoing Neil Innes in the recreation of moods and the reworking of riffs from the 'Rubber Soul'/'Revolver' period. The string section link between 'Ballet For A Rainy Day' and '1,000 Umbrellas' is pure 'I Am The Walrus'; 'Season Cycle' is McCartney at his schmaltziest; 'Big Day' a pastiche of Fab Four harmonies.

There are bright spots among all this retrospection just the same. 'That's Really Super, Supergirl' sports a lively complexity of structure, not to mention a Rundgrenesque guitar break which I suspect is Dave Gregory out-Todding Todd. And side two opens with the best song on the album - 'Earn Enough For Us' - which exhibits the kind of classically tuneful, spirited pop sensibility associated with the XTC of yore.

This is XTC today, then: determinedly English to the point of eccentricity, comfortable, nostalgic, pleasant. This is Pop? Maybe, but more in the fatherly sense than anything else.

TONY MITCHELL

THE STRANGLERS 'Dreamtime' (Epic EPC 26648)****

LUCK IS what Hugh Cornwell recently put The Stranglers' repeated success down to, luck that millions (surely) of people get off on their words and music. Who's to say otherwise?

So it's lucky that 'Dreamtime' is a good record, lucky for The Stranglers and lucky for us. The inveterate Men In Black have made a nervy, twitchy but solid LP that commands your... yes, your respect. To immerse yourself in the hell-fire of the classic 'Five Minutes', say, and then to bathe in the cool of 'Dreamtime' is to understand a certain process, to learn about growing old, to see the wild become the wise.

Courting convention in an unconventional way is the trick, keeping that Strangled atmosphere, and that air of discomfort is the punchline. In ten years The Stranglers have travelled a zillion light years, an orbit of their own making and their own desire, sometimes losing their way but never losing their kudos.

Some facts. 'Dreamtime' is spooky and melancholic, melancholy, but never down, riddled with bleating horns and (a token complaint) swathed in Dave Greenfield's synth swirls which sometimes obscure all the other little touches.

But listen to 'Big In America', a chilly piece of pop darkness, and watch David Byrne realise what he *should* have done on his last record. The slick, mellowed out title track is the perfect foil for something like 'Was It You?', a nasty way of asking a question. ('The famine and the genital disease, was it you?' Dig it!) 'Ghost Train' is just that: it sounds like a phantom engine floating down the tracks in a creepy hypnotic rush.

So 'Dreamtime' is clever and detailed but never obtrusively so, another chapter in the story of four men with, if not a mission, then a definite *method*. The Stranglers are always pushing back the boundary lines, which is good enough for me and you. Good luck to them.

NEIL PERRY

SWEET DREAMS



THE STRANGLERS: lucky chaps

doesn't embrace his position quite as gracefully as his grosser peers. He's really not that happy being just a pop star. What he *really* wants to be is a songwriter and with this, his first self-produced album, he gets halfway there.

'Radio Musicola' is an impressively accomplished collection of pop songs about specifics. The neatly compressed funk of the title track deals with big business delineation of the product, a subject close to Nik's MCA-constrained heart. 'Nobody Knows', with its perfect pop hook, takes the irrelevance of public intrusion in the face of private intimacy and treats it competently, even movingly. Despite his dress sense, Nik is a sensitive soul.

'What The Papers Say' uses a collection of 'found' headlines from an American tabloid (Girl Gives Birth To Alien Baby) for its chorus. David Byrne is taken very seriously when he uses similar devices, so why not Mr Kershaw?

'Radio Musicola' is a fine, even mature, pop work, and if you should find your younger sister listening to it, take a moment to congratulate her on her good taste.

ROY WILKINSON

L'AMOURDER 'Ritual' (Fun After All M AFTER 3)****

ANYONE WHO saw L'Amourder on the recent New Model Army tour won't forget the experience, whatever they thought of them. A complete mess of freaky dancing and wild shouts, banging and jumping and *really* having fun.

Hailing from Finland, they are not constricted by any stuffy old English rules of *cool*—like how *not* to behave on a stage—hence the somewhat awed crowd reception. But L'Amourder are heavy as well, twin guitars growling and howling and rock-bottom drums meeting in a spastic, full frontal collision.

After three albums in their homeland (where they go platinum and are known as Sielun Veljet), the band attack Britain after playing most of Europe and even some shows in Moscow. What the local commissar made of them is anyone's guess.

Here, they mutate on Dylan's 'Blowin' In The Wind' (you won't recognise it), burn up—crazier than crazy—on 'I Have A Dream' and run a wire brush against your nerve

endings on 'Tango Schizophrenia'. L'Amourder are not afraid of anything, not afraid to try out whatever takes their fancy, totally (deep breath) *aware*. The sluggish 'Canoe Song' seems at odds with their frantic tightness but no worry, as this LP should set the mould for many more British blitzkriegs.

Mewling, puking, off-the-wall ruck and roll at its best.

NEIL PERRY

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Imminent 4' (Food BITE 4)**½**

SECONDS OUT! Round four. Another worthy compilation dedicated to exhibiting the varied sounds of new British acts who are launching their hungry assault on fame and acclaim.

Gouty, rank outsiders on the wrong side of the pop wall, like Bogshed and The Janitors, shoot the final, hopeful flares for rock music by vindictively clawing blood from bristling, quirky guitars and mangling old dispassionate formulas with livid obstinacy.

Meanwhile, the current obsession for stifling pop music's progress is maintained here by another crop of groups with

characterless names, long fringes, jangling guitars and pleasantly forgettable songs. The Passmore Sisters, The Rain, The Hit Parade—all bid for distinction but only crowd each other into relative insignificance because they all sound like mild variations of each another. But The Dentists have a potential number one with their 'The Sun In The Sands'.

And McCarthy are a little special because they manage to craft tragedy with playfulness, and their drums sound like big hollow trombones.

The agonising laments of C-Cat Trance, Pulp and The Royal Family And The Poor spread their brooding ecstasy all over side two; music that walks on air, harrowed feelings and breezy, gentle moments. Still, it may be a little too *avante-garde* for people who have never worn leather trousers.

But what about the social cause, you cry. Well, Easterhouse are here as well, making this an album for everyone. The worrying fact is that most of the ideas featured, as good as they are, do little to outline any real or lasting challenge.

RON ROM

CHRISTY MOORE 'Ordinary Man' (Demon FIEND 82)***

CHRISTY MOORE has settled for complete mastery of two out of the three distinct disciplines of Irish music that instantly spring to mind. Not for Moore the diddle-dee-dee jiggery pokery of a Walt Disney Emerald Isle. Christy is, however, a supreme exponent of two song forms so diverse they virtually turn full circle and join up in the middle: the melancholic, philosophical ballad, and the super-frivolous 'Paddy McGinty's Goat' nonsense song.

This album opens with a lament, a Lyle and McGuinness song, 'Sweet Music Roll On', which immediately reveals the innate beauty of Moore's voice. This quality is further demonstrated in 'Ordinary Man' and others, especially 'The Diamondina Drover' and 'Quiet Desperation', two songs which in lesser hands (and vocal chords) would be swimming with puke-inducing sentimentality.

Ed Stewpot frippery abounds to an almost equal degree, albeit with a very adult, dry wit absent from Tom Paxton's kindergarten repertoire, although 'The Reel In The Flickering Light' and 'The Continental Ceil' certainly have that Paxton touch.

A hangover cure for rock and roll nights; a very warm record.

ANDY HURT

BAD COMPANY 'Fame & Fortune' (Atlantic WX69)***

BAD COMPANY celebrate their first seven-yearly reunion and Paul Rodgers doesn't even get an invite. Shocking? Well, maybe old man Rodgers turned them down, but the fact remains—Bad Company *without* him is like *The Magnificent Seven* without Yul Brynner, like Arsenal's '70/'71 double-winning side without Charlie George, like... not as bad as I'd have thought, really.

The man who's stepped into Rodgers' cowboy boots and loud shirts to hitch up with original Bad boys Simon Kirke, Mick Ralphs and dear old Boz Burrell is Brian Howe (English, thank God) who fronted mildman Ted Nugent's band fairly recently. He's delivered an excellent and (I think it's fair to say) face-saving performance.

ANDY HURT

As for the other three—it's hard to believe that they could've been doing anything else over the last seven years.

I don't doubt that the main motive for them getting back together was money; the relative success of The Firm compared to this lot's misfortunes probably explains why Rodgers isn't involved. However, an album that I approached with a mocking disbelief has won me over (to a point), not through sentiment but through quality.

Well, maybe there's *some* degree of sympathy behind it, 'cause whereas Deep Purple raped a pitifully cushy market, these boys (*boys?*) aren't gonna get it easy.

I don't think they have any idea of how little the name Bad Company means in 1986. It'll hurt 'em to find out.

PAUL ELLIOTT

TOXIC REASONS 'Bullets For You' (Alternative Tentacles VIRUS 55)**½**

IF YOU walk with your eyes closed, you'll never see anything. That might sound a pretty obvious thing to say but you'd be surprised at how many people are blind through choice. Toxic Reasons, however, are the bright light at the end of the dark tunnel of your ignorance.

'Bullets For You', is hard, fast and a sure-fire hit. So far as I remember, Toxic Reasons were always aggressively determined and stubborn against those who assume that they are in control, and the fact that founder bass player Tufty and new guitarist Terry Howe are now involved has got to point towards a 'new improved' Toxic Reasons.

It's not a noisy, tuneless punk thrasher, although anti-establishment lyrics might persuade less adventurous types to think so. Nor is it heavy rock, though squealing pitch guitar is akin to it. No, this music is powerful with a snarling, unfulfilled hunger.

If you're dumb enough to miss this appetising course, get to see Toxic Reasons live in October on their 'No More Censorship Defence Fund' tour that is to help pay for The Dead Kennedys' court case costs. If not, you'll have blown a valuable opportunity and will deserve to be blinkered till kingdom come...

KEZ OWEN



MARIA MCKEE: it must be Memorex

GIMME SHELTER

LONE JUSTICE 'Shelter' (Geffen WX 73)*½**

A PLUS point: when it comes to country(ish) rock, this lot defecate all over 10,000 Maniacs. This might be an achievement on a par with clouting Stockport County, but it's better than nothing. Having masqueraded as hip hotshots throughout '85, Lone Justice are now showing their true colours, coming out of the closet to raise the AOR banner aloft.

Obviously, the pivotal factor of the whole shebang is Maria McKee and her incredible larynx. This is a singing voice recorded with Maria sat atop a rabid spin dryer in full flow, with the resultant warble having a cartoon animal pitch to it. Yes, I quite like this voice.

The McKee mouth works its most effective magic on the mid-paced, mid-emotion numbers like 'Reflected (On My Side)', 'Belfry', and the wanna-be-Ritchie Blackmore, guitar-encrusted 'Beacon'. Towards the extremes, though, the lass' bleating becomes mildly irksome. On ballads, it's Melanie plays The New Seekers, an acquired, sugary taste which blandly out totally on the title track. That said, the planolinking 'Wheels' is perhaps the outstanding number, sort of Liberace-meets-Zsa Zsa Gabor during a DIY hysterectomy practical.

When McKee *really* lets rip, however, the world lives in fear: on bagatelles such as 'I Found Love' and the truly unnerving 'Inspiration', the hapless innocent is left stranded as her terrible tonsils sweep across the barren wastes of the listener's lugholes.

'Shelter' is a CD must, melodic and occasionally soulful, with a surprising heart to it. Music for grown-ups, which is fine considering the bilge the kiddies are listening to these days. Anyone for the oral holocaust?

ANDY HURT

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WASP: not to be taken too seriously

ROSIE VELA 'Zazu' (A&M 395016-1)*****

THE INTEREST in this record stems from the reunion, after seven years or so, of good old boys Fagen and Becker — let's face it, 'Zazu' even sounds like a Steely Dan title. The tackiness of the concept is assured by the knowledge that our Rosie is a one-time New York model, and a glance at the sleeve credits hardly raises hopes ("Thanks to God, Jesus...").

And yet this much-vaunted debut lives up to, and easily surpasses, all expectations. An unexpected jolt, this: an addictively playable album of nine songs totally compatible in terms of quality and atmosphere. I guess Steely Dan fans will appreciate a record which manages to pin down that elusive jazz *feel* without ever sliding into the much-vandalised jazz ghetto.

But this is by no means a Steely Dan venture. Becker and Fagen only actually play together on three tracks, and as telling a contribution is made by Rick Derringer. No, this is Rosie Vela, a voice which almost certainly is sultry, expressing chameleon moods which touch on Ann Peebles ('Interlude') and Carly Simon ('Taxi'), while generally evading direct comparison. A publicist's dream of a record.

ANDY HURT

THE RESIDENTS 'Stars And Hank Forever' (Ralph Records RZ-8652)****

PART TWO of a projected ten record set that will take us eventually into the 21st century. Each record features the work of two American composers, both of whom get the fullblown reverential Residents treatment. And this time round, it's country godstar Hank Williams and patriotic marcher John Philip Sousa, the man responsible for much of America's national pomp.

It is the Williams side of this record which works best. The Residents, although clever and ingenious, have trouble extracting anything they can call their own out of Sousa's puddingy anthems, but Hank's a leaner tunesmith and ripe for tinkering with.

'Hey Good Looking' boasts Snakefinger back on guitar, as lithe and slinky as ever. 'Kaw Liga' gets Michael Jackson in on the act and 'Ramblin' Man' could put Nick Cave to shame, so sombre is its funereal plod. Good as this is, though, I still yearn nostalgically for the good old

days when people honestly used to think that these Residents *hated* popular music. There are no screeches of outraged loathing here, nor any major upheavals of any sort, come to that.

The Residents may be older and tamer nowadays but, unlike many of their contemporaries, they're still trying to amaze. For that alone, they should be both applauded and rewarded. I just wish that a rush of the old bile would flood back into their work occasionally.

EDWIN POUNCEY

MILLIE JACKSON 'An Imitation Of Love' (Jive HIP43)*****

IF MILLIE Jackson was your auntie you'd probably spend the whole Christmas break getting pissed and laughing at the rest of the family and talking about absurd ways in which you blew love affairs. It'd be great. Thus her new and possibly most disciplined record has been the soundtrack in my home for the last three days.

'Disciplined' only in that she channels her sassy vitriol through a set of conventional smooth funk gurgles which lick the soles of Stax. But Millie could never be bland — the closest game to 'tame' here is a resplendent reading of Prince's 'Wanna Be Your Lover'. The pause between "wanna be the only one who makes you come" and "running" is cool beyond lasciviousness.

Millie's expertise oozes from the single and opening track, a lush rhythmic 'Juicy Fruit' approximation endearingly entitled 'Hot! Wild! Unrestricted! Crazy Love'. In which she's gonna love you all over, long and profound. I'm spinning.

Ms Jackson's mature wisdom continues to emanate from 'Love Is A Dangerous Game' and 'Mind Over Matter'. Sometimes, Timmy Allen's bright healthy production takes it into Maze/Beverly mode, which is no lifeless thing. But the familiar husky rap keeps it grainy and rooted in realism.

Agile and ageless, she expresses her philosophy of life ("it's a thang") and, of course, this is more than accurate. As a finale we get the eternal paradox: 'I Need To Be By Myself' followed by 'I Fell In Love'. The rap is minimal. Is that a sense of Millie getting more romantic or just an attempt to sell some records for once?

CHRIS ROBERTS

WASP 'Inside The Electric Circus' (Capitol EST 2025)****1/2

'FOR ANIMALS only' reads an ad for this bloodsucker. You have to laugh.

I love the way WASP ham it up, raw meat 'n' all. And I like the way people slowly come round to *their* way of thinking. I too thought they stank at the ass-end of '84 when they roughed up the Lyceum. And now Blackie's hogging the NME's front cover. Things change...

As do WASP, and it's always for the better. Gnarled melodies tied screaming to snowballing powerdrive, this is, at best, epic, unbending stuff. Time after time it stirs up the 'Wild Child' image of Blackie, astride some macho monsterbike, burning a smoky trail over parched desert plains.

'Easy Livin', the old Heep hoarse chestnut, has no place in this landscape. It should've been left as a forgettable B-side cast-off, not made into a heavy-lidded hangover, a rusty reminder of rock's rosey past on an LP that's otherwise as fresh as salt in an open wound.

The other cover is fair enough, a rollicking version of Humble Pie's 'I Don't Need No Doctor' that almost outdoo-wops 'Dressed To Kill'-period Kiss. But it's the originals, and especially the title track (a flawless Lawless boneshaker), that take the honours.

Within the space of three albums, WASP have gone from gorehound buffoonery to deft yet blasting supremacy. Yes, they *can* be unbelievably crass (they seem to go out of their way to prove it on 'Shoot From The Hip') but I really *don't* think a bloke wearing a flame-spitting codpiece ought to be taken that seriously. Do you?

PAUL ELLIOTT

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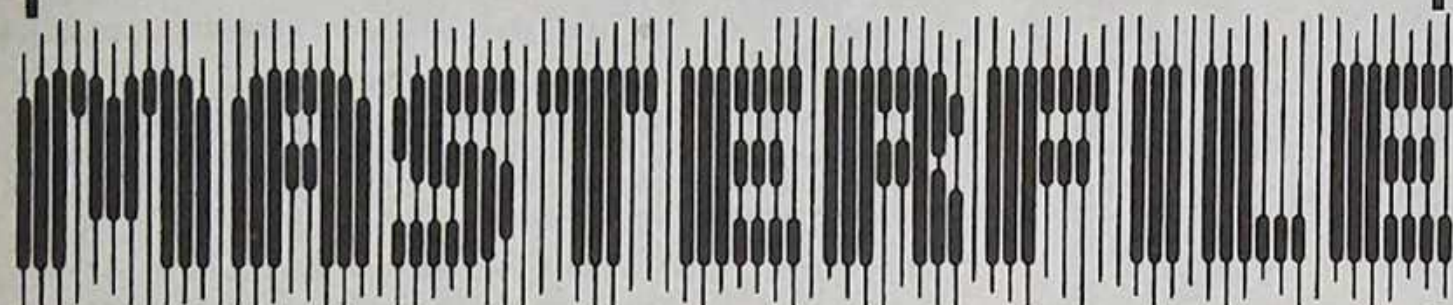
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IF SEX BRAGG

BILLY BRAGG may have a lot to say about the state of the nation, but when it comes to his private life he's surprisingly quiet.

JAMES BROWN finds a jilted lover in Lytham St Annes. Photo by MICK PEEK

BILLY BRAGG is crossing the road back to his minibus.

His raincoat is wrapped around his shoulders almost as tightly as my fingers cling to my tape recorder.

We're in Lytham St Annes, five minutes south of Blackpool. It's 8.30 in the morning and it's cold.

We've just left two mildly amused pensioners putting their way around the miniature-golf course. They're happy because this young man with a Cockney accent has just joked with them in the same cheery sort of way they fondly imagine their own sons talk to old age pensioners. They did not hear him suggest we rush over and push them into the hedge.

Do you have any trouble chatting people up, Billy?

"Yeah, I'm like the world's worst at it. I'm one for spending ages trying really hard to get someone on their own and then freezing and crawling up the wallpaper. Then when I see people just go up to strange women and start talking to them, I think, How do they do that? I suppose it's fear of rejection or something, isn't it?"

The two old women don't know that this was the first time the polite young man had laughed sickly to himself in days. Nor that the night before he'd enthusiastically entertained his Winter Gardens audience to rampant grinning point only to usher two old friends back to his hotel to get miserably shitfaced. The Jack Daniels went out of the

bottle into the glass and down the throat until it went swiftly back up the throat, past the lips and onto the carpet. Hank Williams was on the tape recorder and Billy Bragg was getting grim.

Even his manager kept away.

Why was the Berk Of Barking with the soul of gold acting like a shame-faced and tearful old alcoholic bore? Because, ironically, within a day of my *Sounds* LP review suggesting his life needed a good shaking, he's been chucked.

A good time for me to stick the critical Stanley knife in.

BRAGG'S THIRD LP, 'Talking With The Taxman About Poetry', is the clumsiest stage in his development from frothy sub-Weller Barking Brat into mature but articulate singer/songwriter. What Bragg calls a "focusing of ideas", I call mellowing. The LP isn't without quality songs - what is missing is precision.

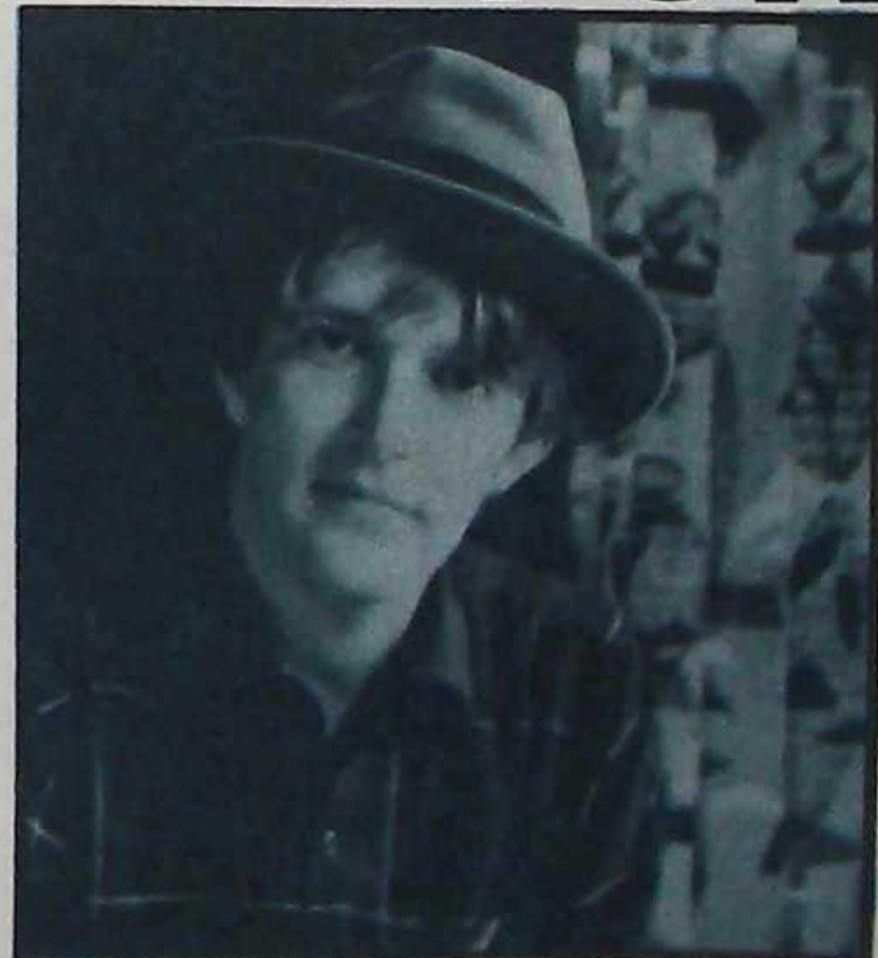
Where Bragg's confusion in the past had been channelled into anger, verbal aggression, and pointedly obvious but biting social and political commentary, it has now been pushed towards an attempt at untangling the harder topic of personal relationships. He still understands his political targets and stabs as deftly and accurately as is expected, but it's the attempted exploration into the wider field of adult relationships that's revealed his bark to be sharper than his bite. And when you've a quality control the level of Billy Bragg's for everything else in life, it's disappointing when your songwriting slips.

Sex, pregnancy, marriage - Bragg's songs increasingly seem more suitable as *Play For Today* scores than as relatives to the yapping puppy dog enthusiasm and social snarling of the 'Life's A Riot' LP.

Doesn't your own break-up make

A CASE FOR

RICHARD COOK meets the country and city guitar picker, **PETER CASE**



WAS TAXED, BILLY WOULD GET A REBATE

a lot of the songs on the new LP seem redundant now?

"No, not really, because when I'm singing them live I think, Yeah, ouch, I can feel that right now. Like 'Honey, I'm A Big Boy Now' is very meaningful at the moment. I'm really cynical when it comes to relationships. Anything really good has to come to an end.

"This is the first time I've just waded in blind in ages and ages and it's all rebounded onto me in a really bad way. And it's my fault because it was me who walked into it so gormlessly.

"I think there's a lot of humour involved in relationships, I think they're very funny. There are few things more hysterical than being naked in bed with someone. It's so serious to so many people, and so important, that for you to be able to admit that you were lying there wondering what time the train leaves is achingly funny."

Why should people put any faith in what you're saying politically and socially when they know so little about your private life?

"They shouldn't. They shouldn't look up to my ideas any more than those of the person next door. As for there being a veil of secrecy around my life, well there aren't any great secrets or anything, but as far as my privacy goes, yeah, I do keep things to myself and long may it remain that way."

THE MOST disgusting thing I have ever seen at a concert is people dancing to a slow Billy Bragg song, out of political empathy.

Utterly styleless and stiff, and completely lacking in life, innuendo, or physical presence, this arseless liberal sloth boogie was revolting, yet it was probably as much an indication of why people like him as anything.

The popularity of The Clash, The Au Pairs, The Redskins, Psychic TV (before B Jones), and The Special AKA, shows that certain people do enjoy the fusion of pop and politics. And while most concentrate primarily on the music, there are Billy Bragg fans who will gladly tell or show you that their main reason for paying the man cash and attention is that they enjoy this



BRAGG: Fencing off the amorous attentions of Young Socialist girls . . .

political polemic.

Your live performances are very sexless. Don't you ever want to go on stage naked so that we can see what it's all about?

"No, because that's not what it's all about, James. That's just sensationalism. It's just the lowest common denominator. Aren't we supposed to be appealing to something a little higher? Don't you think there's enough sex being sold in popular music at the moment without me joining in? I'll quite happily give it out if people want to ask, but me walking onto the stage

stark naked would just be sensationalism."

What I mean is, you don't have people down the front screaming and trying to take your pants off, do you?

"Oh yes I do! At the Young Socialist Conference there was a young girl down the front who grabbed me by the ankle during 'The Marriage' and wouldn't let go."

Well, if that's your idea of sexual hysteria I'll be giving your bed a miss tonight. Throughout the interview I've sat and picked at the seams of my 501s. Now, hours on, standing

all roadfaced and niggling beside the white Bedford minibus, we both know what's been bothering the other.

Bragg understands that my main beef with him is that, instead of getting wild and tearing into the grim reality of our country and our existences, he's decided just to tug away and document it. He knows we're both having difficulty growing up, artistically and personally, and that it's a bit strange. And he knows I think the guitars should be faster.

I know that Bragg is suffering emotionally and that he is extremely

lonely – that's why he puts himself in front of so many people each night. It hardly sweetens the bitterness but it's likely the songs he writes now will be far better than those he's written during his last months of contentment.

It's frosty. We exchange smiles, Bragg smacks me round the head, and the two of us set off in different directions. Him to soothe his jackhammered heart, and me to mend my trousers.

Emotionally disturbed pop stars? For God's sake keep them away.

THE COUNTRY

FROM HIS hat to his toes, Peter Case is comfortable and all-American.

He enjoys old things, old ways: his guitar is new but he likes it because it's made to an old standard.

"It's a Gibson J-45. In the '70s Gibsons were made like big slabs of wood. But two younger guys took the company down to Nashville and they're making them like they were in the '50s.

"The thing about acoustic music is, uh, you try and record it really live. Just set up microphones and play music. Some engineers didn't know how to deal with it. Monitors are always turned up high for huge bands. You take this guitar on and strum it, it blows your hat off."

Case cracks his knuckles and takes out his guitar. The surface shines, like old rosewood. A string is missing.

"I'll put this on while we talk."

HE SPEAKS in a folksy mumble. When he sings, it's in a throaty, cracked-corn voice, telling tales of a recent past he grew up in and is reluctant to leave. 'Peter Case', his first solo record, runs through a stack of such tunes. The music, he says, is "all plucked and hit". Acoustic guitars and percussion make the music chime and glint around Peter's newspaperish lyrics. Produced by that professional eccentric T-Bone Burnett, it's simple and subtle country and city music, USA.

"I was born in Our Lady Of Victory, right on the border of Lackawanna and Buffalo, New York. We used to call it LA. It's a steel town. Used to be a real smoky place, in the '50s and '60s. You could smell sulphur and you couldn't see very well. But when the plant closed down, the air got real clear. It's not the same. Everybody's out of work.

"My father was an industrial chemist. Then his brother sold him an ice cream stand. But they have bad winters there and my father'd be

home a lot because he couldn't sell the ice cream. Then he became a physics teacher and I still meet people who knew him at school. It was just a little town, you know. Little homes."

The string in place, he ripples off some chords. It's easy to be nostalgic about Peter Case's world. Does he dwell in the past?

"That might be true. I'm a nostalgic guy. I mean, no, I don't think I dwell in the past, there's just a whole lot of stuff that's being covered over now and a whole lotta really bad things are happening . . ."

He is making a speech, and puts on an Abe Lincoln dialect.

" . . . I tend to love musics of the past. You don't think Leadbelly called up a thousand people to find out what would make people turn their radio on? He just played what he did. But I don't dwell in the past."

IT'S NOT as if Case has just sprung up from nowhere in America. He fronted the strong and unsuccessful Plimsouls, whose two albums are lost diamonds of pop-rock.

After they broke up, he spent a couple of years driving through America and preparing songs. He loves Blind Lemon Jefferson and Mississippi Fred McDowell, and you can hear the wry sting of the blues at the back of his

work. But he's no revivalist. The LP has a contemporary bite to it, music sharp enough to involve the past and not merely invoke it.

Wrong, perhaps, to label Case as part of a new roots movement. Most listeners don't give a damn about 'roots', anyway. The only thing he really has in common with the likes of Dwight Yoakam, Marshall Crenshaw and Tommy Keene (aside from the point that they all end up with WEA) is a sense of individuality.

He will probably wind up another critics' favourite, a couple of records, a footnote. But Case is worth taking some time and trouble for. He has good stories.

"When I first lived in Hollywood there was a tennis court across the way. Well-to-do businessmen would come down and play tennis and people in my building would shoot at them. I'd be walking out the front door and this cop'd be there with a gun pointing right in my face, hands shaking . . ."

"Another time, these girls were walking out of the building . . ."

This story involves a man called Albert, a ghetto blaster, a man in his pyjamas walking a dog, some marijuana plants, an escapee from Arizona Prison and a bad conscience. There's a song in there, somewhere.

L I V E S

THE PRODIGAL SONS



HUGH CORNWELL: back in black

Steve Double

A CERTAIN RATIO Kentish Town Town And Country Club

FILING ON as the massively accomplished songsmith talents of The Bible still echo around, ACR are looking as gaunt and as removed as ever. But lead skeleton and stage hub, Jeremy Kerr, has something new to say: "We're not The Smiths and we're not New Order. We're A Certain Ratio and we're the hardest band in Manchester."

This recently acquired gift for rhetoric goes down well with a large section of this audience, certainly the largest I've seen the Ratios attract. They've still got their retinue of fatigued funk ascetics but tonight the front is crowded out with followers of a casual, inter-city nature and they're supporting ACR with all the

THE STRANGLERS Edinburgh Playhouse

NEVER BEFORE has the old adage 'like audience like band' proved so true. A year ago at the Dominion in London, The Stranglers were a gruelling spectacle, distant, dreary and tame. A year ago, they were quite plainly going through the motions.

But tonight, amidst a virtually hysterical atmosphere – making even the most debauched of London gigs seem funereal – the band stalk into their revitalised set with an obvious lusty glint in their eyes. Cornwell is sleek and sinister, JJ Burnel taut and supple, Jet Black solid and reliable, and Dave Greenfield, a raven-haired dandy in matching sweat-shirt and long johns, a wee bit odd, but there you go.

To begin with, it looks dicey. Greenfield's keyboards splutter and die, only to burst back into life then fizzle out yet again. But the sheer exuberance of the event itself eventually overshadows, then banishes these initial problems altogether.

Songs from the new and surprisingly vibrant 'Dreamtime' LP are received already like old friends, as is the suave and gently psychedelic current single, 'Always The Sun'.

Latter-day Stranglers material – tunes like the exquisite 'Strange Little Girl', stuff that's revealed the group to be highly competent brute balladeers – doesn't quite click as it should within the live environment, but the snarl work like magic.

'Nice 'n' Sleazy' sees the stage invaded by 30 or so would-be JJs, each mimicking the bassist's curious karate kicks and hip-swivels with a rabid eye for detail, turning the performance into more of a family get-together than the big pop concert I'd been expecting. Cornwell's smiling face says it all.

It's good to see so many people not caring about who's hip and what for and why. It's also nice to find The Stranglers putting out their best music in years, getting to grips with it and having fun. They never actually do anything *startling* but that's possibly where their strength lies: they excel at being artfully ordinary. I'm almost converted.

MR SPENCER

THE ROBERT CRAY BAND Hammersmith Palais

THE BLUES have been blighted over here for too long by the '60s connection. But it looks like Robert Cray has set up a generation gap to judge by the paucity of beat boom survivors at a packed Palais.

And not only did he prove that young men can sing the blues, he did it with considerably more dignity than many of his illustrious forebears have managed.

He looked his audience straight in the eye and they looked right back. He didn't rock out much but then he didn't have to; he has his own kind of intensity, breaking the mould of hackneyed blues lyrics and replacing them with a new poetry.

He didn't move about much either, but sweat was still dripping off his face after a few minutes. It was left to his faithful bassist Richard Cousins to provide most of the movement as he stalked around his master with exaggerated care.

Not that Cray wasn't nifty on his feet when he did try a little dancing. But it was only a ten second burst – he doesn't believe in much

razzamatatz.

Maybe his set was a bit one-paced but I was so pleased by the lack of clichés that I had no difficulty being enthralled. Cray even retuned his guitar in mid-solo, so he must be a real blueser.

HUGH FIELDER

PETER MURPHY Kentish Town Town And Country Club

PETER MURPHY has a treasured home in many hearts. Those for whom he represents some special days gone by and those who pay homage to his exquisite features. All are gathered here to witness the angel dance alone, with no more distractions to steal away self-doubt. They come to see if the spotlights that once illuminated his passion still shine as bright.

The sound of 'Blue Heart' pierces the gloom and a voice teases the senses before its owner appears. His hair plays over his dress shirt while a belt impersonates a cummerbund and make-up cuts deep into his cheeks. He looks like heaven.

Magazine's 'The Light Pours Out Of Me' is given new life as long-suffering boyfriends balance loved ones clutching cameras and

fantasies on their shoulders.

The sound is often complex and clinical, musicianship tearing out the heart. But throughout, Murphy's manicured mannerisms elevate the scene to theatre with a twinkle in those eyes that hints at humour.

When the ghost of Bauhaus is resurrected with 'She's In Parties', it's as if nothing's changed, all hopes are realised. For one so fragile, he strides around with towering arrogance, posing and preening, teasing the lights with contorted gestures, and no one questions his belief.

'Spirit' and 'The Passion Of Lovers' toy with later models, with 'Confessions' coming on like Bowie's 'The Bewley Brothers'.

A change of speed, a change of style heralds the climax as Pere Ubu's 'Final Solution' envelops your soul. The noise eats up and spits out those with reservations, and the balletic twists make for a sweet end as the man is carried off to the wings. For me the night had ended; that they chose to rekindle 'A Kick In The Eye' was incidental.

Seeing Peter Murphy in a bus queue is a treat; witnessing him on stage is a dream come true.

KEVIN MURPHY

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS/THE WEDDING PRESENT/POP WILL EAT ITSELF University Of London Union

ANOTHER NIGHT, another planet...

Pop Will Eat Itself are scraggy, long-haired, ex-

hippy headbangers with songs that chug along like downhill locomotives and explode louder than over-blown bubblegum. They're pleasantly tacky, their squeaky melodies, heavy thudding bass lines, Casio organ ditties and manic surfing drums rattling with dynamic hilarity. They are to

pop what The Minutemen were to hardcore: a blazing double-edged cartoon of insane genius.

The Wedding Present, meanwhile, are hugely underrated. Their uncompromising trashy pop has been left untainted by major offers 'til now, and when it does work, fuzzing

FUNKY GIBBONS

ZZ TOP Wembley Arena

IT HAS to be the coolest, neatest, *sharpest* intro that I've seen to any live show. Ever.

As the curtains swish sideways, a giant sphinx looms, (cheap) Ray Bans obscuring its eyes, a vast dustsheet spilling out of its jaws to shroud the stage. And then: *schluuup!* It sucks the mass of flapping white material up a greedy nose, revealing a manic, mechanical dashboard, fuel gauge pumping in the gas, radio dial tuned permanently to station ZZXS.

And there they are, the three beards. Crazy cartoon characters beaming down to reality. Or at least, as near to reality as ZZ Top can maybe get...

Strange how a band born out of something as basic as the blues should become such a showbiz spectacle. These days, their stagings are funk exhibitionism rather than metal bombast, more Cameo than Iron

Maiden. Everything flows as smoothly as did 'Eliminator' into 'Afterburner', their vinyl progression underlined when the auto stage set mutates into the flight deck of a futuristic spaceship. It's clever, almost *too* clever but for the ridiculous touches that punctuate the package: Billy Gibbons and Dusty Hill disappearing in pantomime puffs of smoke, their furry guitars left spinning in mid-air.

But it's with their singularly appropriate selection and insertion of large slices of their Texan history that ZZ Top *really* show their style. 'Cheap Sunglasses' and 'Jesus Just Left Chicago' need no introduction. But inspired versions of 'Tube Snake Boogie' and 'Ten Foot Pole', Gibbons' strangled vocals pulling the latter to new lascivious lows, cut across the years, linking the old and the new with that irresistible beat and that highly individual sense of humour...

ROBBI MILLAR

KRAFTWERK MINI + MAXI

fervour of the Stretford End.

ACR's new album, 'Force', of which they play half tonight, marks a subtle swing away from the claustrophobic, formalised funk of 'Flight'-time Ratio. Whilst persisting with what is a sombre distillation of George Clinton/Bootsy Collins (compared with, say, Larry Blackmon's cod-pieced crusaders), ACR are nowadays more accessible and less obscure than ever before. Songs like 'Only Together' and 'And Then She Smiles', with its almost rock progression, are even hummable.

A new menu indeed, but still ACR aren't willing to become a Level 42 chicken in a basket. With their five year plan approach to marketing imagery, ACR are, as ever, the chicken Kiev of the dancefloor. They're just more palatable than ever before.

ROY WILKINSON

into an exciting emotional mesh, it knocks the spots off most of their highly acclaimed contemporaries.

Tonight it wasn't to be, though. They sounded cold and the various components seemed strangely at odds with each other. (Though this may be down to the fact that they didn't have time to soundcheck before the show.)

Still, 'My Favourite Dress' shone brightly, an emotional intensity lurking behind their barrage of rushing, itchy guitars.

The Mighty Lemon Drops have obviously been hurt by being labelled *mediocre*, and tonight they played with a determined grudge. 'Happy Head' was harder than usual, and this blistering attack was maintained throughout a set that included both the new album and single. These powerfully emotive songs walloped any misinformed criticism with the ferocity it rightly deserves, as live, The Mighty Lemon Drops are proving to be little more dangerous and threatening than their LP would suggest.

Tonight was no exception. The Mighty Lemon Drops were the best they've ever been.

RON ROM

JAMES KING AND FUN PATROL Strathclyde University

YOU CAN'T keep some people away from dirty old rock 'n' roll. And if we're talking Glaswegian rock 'n' roll, then the name James King is bound to come up sooner rather than later.

These days, Jimmy's back in town with a new band, Fun Patrol, the perfect antidote to the painful silence that followed the disintegration of the near legendary Lone Wolves.

And yet Fun Patrol are no

Lone Wolves Mk II. OK, so they feature Wolves classics 'Sacred Heart' and the inevitable 'Fun Patrol' in their set, but these oldies are given a new lease of life by the new band's sound. A raging whirlpool of mercilessly piercing guitar and relentless power drumming that produces music almost tribal in its energy; an ear-splitting attack on the senses that rarely fails to connect with the solar plexus. And all this without a bass player!

All things must pass, but hold on, how many bands do you know of that can open and close their set with the same song? What else other than their crazed anthem, 'Fun Patrol', if anything even more threatening the second time around? An open invitation to head out on the highway to hell and follow in the footsteps of James King.

The best unsigned band in Glasgow? Sure, that goes without saying, but Fun Patrol promise so much more.

GRAHAME BENT

NEW MODEL ARMY Kentish Town Town And Country Club

THERE'S QUITE a few things you can do during the support act at a New Model Army gig. You can watch the band (but hardly anyone did), you can read NMA's fanzine or just mingle with their disciples, chaps such as Rich from the Walton Militia who knows everything you need to know about Slade and co.

But the lesson's about to begin and the faithful masses crowd to the front, or strip, or climb onto friends' shoulders or, like Liz, tonight's champion groover, do the udder-pulling dance. They all know the routine. The intelligent (like me) pay attention to the gospel according to Slade.

The music's not just loud, it penetrates. The message is clearer than ever before and apathy's definitely out this year. NMA play most of their new album, 'Ghosts Of Cain', and it's more than powerful: drumming like the beat of clenched fists, guitars that lull and then scream, and Slade The Leveller's staring eyes, angry with injustice.

Suddenly, a few bars into 'The Hunt', they stop, but any mistakes seem intentional. "We do requests, you know," says Slade, "but don't bother asking because it's out of the question." All the same, the crowd yell and get their medleys.

New Model Army are the old and the new and, like the very best of pickles, they're scrumptious, even if a lot of people reel back from the stench.

KEZ OWEN

HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS

Hammersmith Odeon

ALTHOUGH 'JACOB'S Ladder' was written by support artist Bruce Hornsby, it actually fits like a glove as the opening track to both Huey Lewis' new LP, 'Fore', and his live show.

But while Hornsby appears to base his career upon the cerebral quality and sophistication of his songwriting, Lewis' appeal is quite blatantly built upon the fact that he's one of the most engaging and likeable performers of the decade. Lewis goes straight for your feet and your heart, his very naturalness striking one huge power chord in your subconscious.

Live, Chris Hayes' guitars are turned up much louder and often played much more aggressively than they are on record. But the central message remains the same.

Because Huey Lewis is all about the simple things. About honesty, about ambition and patience reconciled, and about the power of love. And when he sings about that last one, he brings on the marvellous Tower Of Power horns.

The very personification of those qualities he champions, Huey Lewis is living proof that the heart of rock 'n' roll is indeed still beating.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE QUEEN IS DEAD



MORRISSEY tests the eyesight of those at the back of the Palladium

Jayne Houghton

HATFUL OF HOLLOW

THE SMITHS London Palladium

WOT, NO roundabout? Apparently not. Just because The Smiths were playing Sunday night at the London Palladium, it didn't mean they were going to make an occasion of it. This was a gig like those at the Kilburn National and the Brixton Academy before it. And like the whole tour before that.

In fact, the gig started back in America where they've finally decided to give it a crack. The grandiose operatic aria followed by the classical anthem and bright lights dazzling the audience gave way to a blistering version of 'The Queen Is Dead' with Morrissey waving a placard like a demented demonstrator and Johnny Marr burning his midnight lamp on the wah-wah pedal.

'Panic' followed instantly, Morrissey twirling a noose as he sang "hang the DJ". But then The Smiths don't need a DJ; they're quite capable of plugging the entire 'The Queen Is Dead' album by themselves.

Which is what they proceeded to do. But as they did so, the alacrity gradually waned and the blue and green lights took on the same

murky hue as the sound, which often rendered Morrissey's voice inaudible. You could hear him growl, though.

Occasionally, they delved back into 'Meat Is Murder' for the title track and 'Rusholme Ruffians'. There was a new song too, called 'Is It Really So', but none of them added much contrast. That only happened when Johnny Marr stopped trying to compete with his newly acquired rhythm guitarist, Craig Gammon, and played like the lead guitarist he should be.

Morrissey managed to pierce the dense sound on 'The Boy With The Thorn In His Side' and 'Cemetery Gates' when he overcame his ambivalence sufficiently to start taking off his shirt. Two songs later, he threw the shirt into the crowd and the set was over.

The applause had virtually ceased by the time they came back for four numbers: an instrumental, 'How Soon Is Now', another long break, 'Still Ill' and 'Bigmouth Strikes Again'. These songs were much better. In fact, they should have been in the set. What difference will EMI make?

HUGH FIELDER



ZZ TOP'S Dusty and Billy: Houston meets Cameo

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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
TUES. 25TH NOV. KILBURN NATIONAL

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

HOG PIPE F.X. HUB-CAP



BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE. SCHOOLY D.

SHERRONE & PURE SEX.
SIPHO & D.J. SWIFT WITH MASTER MEL & RODDY ROCK.

POCKET ROCKETS

MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
SUNDAY 2nd NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00. Available from
B/O Tel: 061-273 3775, Piccadilly Records,
Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chester

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT THEATRE
MONDAY 3rd NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00. Available from
B/O Tel: 051-709 4321 and usual agents

NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR SUITE
THURSDAY 6th NOVEMBER 8.00 pm

Tickets: £5.00. Available from
B/O Tel: 091-232 3109, Old Hits Records,
Volume Records, Virgin Durham and
Sunderland, and Pink Panther Carlisle

BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
TUESDAY 11th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00. Available from B/O
Tel: 021-643 4715, Odeon B/O
& Cyclops Records

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
FRIDAY 14th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0533 544444

BRIXTON ACADEMY
SATURDAY 15th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00. Available from B/O
Tel: 01-326 1022, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse
(Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master
& Stargreen

DAMAGE £5

UB 40's 50% REFUND ON DOOR

MCP by arrangement with ITB presents

BON JOVI

Plus Guests

QUEENSRYCHE

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE

MONDAY/TUESDAY
24th/25th NOVEMBER
7.30 pm

Tickets: £7.00, £6.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081, LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen

QUEENSRYCHE appear only on these shows & Bradford. F.M. are guest on all other shows.

MCP presents

LONE JUSTICE

Plus Special Guests

WORLD PARTY

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB, KENTISH TOWN

THURSDAY 6th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01-267 3334, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989),
LTB, Premier, Ticket Master & Stargreen

MCP presents

cutting crew

B · R · O · A · D · C · A · S · T

Plus Special Guests

LONDON ASTORIA THEATRE

MONDAY 1st DECEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01-434 0403, LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen
(Subject to booking fee)

Queen Mary College Students' Union
432, Bancroft Road, London, E1.
Tubes: Mile End/Stepney Green

Friday 31st October
THE TELEVISION PERSONALITIES
+ THE HANGMAN'S BEAUTIFUL
DAUGHTER £3/£2.50 Conc

Tuesday 4th November
THE BODINES
+ THE BRILLIANT CORNERS £2.50/£2

Wednesday 5th November
THE WEDDING PRESENT
+ RIOT OF COLOUR
+ THE DEPTH CHARGE SOULS £2.50/£2

Friday 7th November
BOGSHED
+ POP WILL EAT ITSELF
+ BUICK CIRCUS HOUR £2.50/£2

MCP presents

THE DAMNED

Plus Special Guests

Blue in Heaven

NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
TUESDAY 4th NOVEMBER 8.00 p.m.

Tickets: £5.00
Available from Rock City B/O Tel: 0602 412544, Select A Disc,
Victoria B/O, Lincoln B/O, Revolver Records Mansfield,
Way Ahead Derby and usual agents

IPSWICH GAUMONT
THURSDAY 6th NOVEMBER 7.00 p.m.

Tickets: £5.00
Available from Gaumont B/O Tel: 0473 53641
and usual agents

MCP presents

BILLY BRAGG TED HAWKINS

Plus Special Guests

Brendan Croker & the 50'clock Shadows

PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL Δ
MONDAY 3rd NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £4.50
Available from B/O
Tel: 0705 824255 and usual agents

BRISTOL STUDIO Δ
TUESDAY 4th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0272 276193,
Virgin Records, Revolver Records
and Rival Records Bristol & Bath

CARDIFF UNIVERSITY Δ
WEDNESDAY 5th NOVEMBER 9.00 pm

Tickets: £4.50
Available from the Shop,
Students Union Tel: 0222 396431,
HMV & Spillers

MCP & Dance Factory Presents
Δ ABERDEEN CAPITAL
FRIDAY 7th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £4.50
Available from B/O
Tel: 0224 583141

Δ GLASGOW BARROWLANDS
SATURDAY 8th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £4.50
Available from other Record Shops,
Virgin Records Glasgow 2001 Ayr,
Stereo one Paisley, Rhythmic Records
Greenock, Impulse East Kilbride

NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR *
SUNDAY 9th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 091-232 3109,
Old Hit Records, Volume Records,
Virgin Durham, Virgin Newcastle &
Pink Panther Carlisle

LEEDS UNIVERSITY *
MONDAY 10th NOVEMBER 8.30 pm

Tickets: £4.50
Available from CTS Shop -
Students Union
(Tel: 0532 444972) and Jumbo
Records, Merriem Centre
(Tel: 0532 455570)

KILBURN NATIONAL *Δ
WEDNESDAY 12th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00
Available from B/O
Tel: 01-328 3141, LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards
01-741 8989), Albermarle
& Stargreen

IPSWICH GAUMONT *
FRIDAY 14th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0473 53641
and usual agents

UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA *
SATURDAY 15th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £4.50
Available from UEA Students Union

Now Airing
TALKING TO THE TAXMAN ABOUT POETRY
out now on GO DISC

SOUNDS November 1 1986 Page 33

OUTSIDE EDGE

MARQUEE 5 NOV

MORE ADS ON PAGE 34

MCP presents

THE MISSION

Plus Guests

The Rose of Avalanche

UNIVERSITY UNION,
(GREAT HALL)
CARDIFF
FRIDAY 14th NOV 9.00 pm

Tickets: £4.00 Adv, £4.50 Door
Available from Spillers,
HMV, Hippo Records,
Rockaway Records Newport,
Ticket Office & Union Shop

SHEFFIELD
UNIVERSITY
STUDENT UNION
LOWER REFECTORY
SAT 22nd NOV 8.00 pm

Tickets: £4.00 Adv, £4.50 Door
Available from
Students Union Finance Office
(0742 24076)
HMV & Record Collector

PHIL McINTYRE By Arrangement With FAIR WARNING Presents

WELCOME TO THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS

WASP

SPECIAL GUESTS

CHARLIE

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE
THURSDAY 30th OCTOBER 7.30pm

Tickets: £5.00, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 031 557 2590

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
FRIDAY 31st OCTOBER 7.30pm

Tickets: £5.00, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 091 261 2606

HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
SATURDAY 1st NOVEMBER 7.30pm

Tickets: £5.00
Available from Mike Lloyd Megastores, Tel: 0782 610940
and Lotus Records

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SUNDAY 2nd NOVEMBER 7.30pm

Tickets: £5.00, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081
LTB, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01 741 8989)
Premier, Albermarle & Stargreen

DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
TUESDAY 4th NOVEMBER 7.30pm

Tickets: £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0332 389311
Way Ahead Records Nottingham

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
WEDNESDAY 5th NOVEMBER 7.30pm

Tickets: £5.00, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0272 22957

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
FRIDAY 7th NOVEMBER 7.30pm

Tickets: £5.00, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 021 643 6101

MANCHESTER APOLLO
SATURDAY 8th NOVEMBER 7.30pm

Tickets: £5.00, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 061 273 3775
Piccadilly Records, Vibes Records Bury,
U.K. Travel Chester

New Album & Cassette INSIDE THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS

HARP BEAT 86 Presents ULTRAVOX The U10 Tour

Plus Special Guests **ZERRA ONE**

GLASGOW BARROWLANDS BALLROOM
SATURDAY 1st NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £7

Available from Other Record Shops, Virgin Records Glasgow,
Virgin Records Edinburgh, Sleeves Records Falkirk,
Other Record Shop, Virgin Records Dundee and Stereo 1 Kingsley
(All subject to a booking fee)

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE
SUNDAY/MONDAY 2nd/3rd NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

Available from B/O Tel: 031-557 2590
(Credit Cards and postal applications welcome),
Other Record Shop, Virgin Records Aberdeen,
Virgin Records Edinburgh and Sleeves Records Kirkcaldy
(All subject to a booking fee)

WHITLEY BAY ICE RINK
TUESDAY 4th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £7.50

Available from Ice Rink, City Hall B/O, Volume Records Newcastle,
Pink Panther Carlisle, Virgin Records, Spinning Disc Sunderland,
Newhouse Music Middlesbrough, Other Record Shop Hartlepool
and Virgin Records Durham
(All subject to a booking fee)

LONDON WEMBLEY ARENA
WEDNESDAY/THURSDAY 5th/6th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

Available by postal application from Ultravox Box Office,
P.O. Box 2, London W6 0LQ include S.A.E., Cheque/P.O. made payable to
M.C.P. and allow 30p/ticket booking fee or personal application from:
Wembley Arena B/O Tel: 01-902 1234, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989),
LTB, Premier, Albermarle & Stargreen,
(All subject to a booking fee)

Extra Show NOVEMBER 8th
BIRMINGHAM N.E.C.

FRIDAY 7th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

Available from B/O Tel: 021-780 4133
(Credit Cards and Postal applications welcome),
Odeon Theatre B/O, Cyclops Sounds, Tickets Shop Birmingham,
Goulds TV Wolverhampton, Lotus Records Stafford,
Mike Lloyd Music Hanley & Newcastle, Piccadilly Records Manchester,
Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham, Town Hall B/O Leicester,
Tickets in Oxford and Royal Court B/O Liverpool
(All subject to a booking fee)

CARDIFF ST. DAVID'S HALL
MONDAY 10th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

Available from B/O Tel: 0222 371236 and usual agents.

ST. AUSTELL CORNWALL COLISEUM
TUESDAY 11th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

Available from B/O Tel: 072 6814004, Virgin Records Plymouth,
Records & Tapes Falmouth, John Olivers Redruth,
and Newquay Motors Newquay

BRIGHTON CENTRE
WEDNESDAY 12th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

Available from B/O Tel: 0273 202881.

POOLE ARTS CENTRE
THURSDAY 13th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

Available from B/O Tel: 0202 685222 and Square Records Wimborne,
Theme One Records Blandford, Acorn Records Yeovil, Nichol Travel Dorchester.

OXFORD APOLLO THEATRE
FRIDAY 14th NOVEMBER 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00, £7.00

Available from B/O Tel: 0865 24475 and Tourist Information Office Oxford.

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.

Here's just a taster, but... Big Audio Dynamite hit Belfast on the first date of their tour (Thursday), Peter Case refreshes the most important parts at London's Mean Fiddler (Friday) and The Mission together with Rose Of Avalanche manage to brighten up most of the country. What are you waiting for?

WEDNESDAY 29

BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) The Stranglers/Xmal Deutschland
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) The Tommy Chase Quartet
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Slippery When Wet
DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (62571) Groundhogs
FARNHAM Apollo TV Slaves
GUILDFORD Civic Hall (505050) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
GUILDFORD Surrey University (71281) King Kurt
HARLOW The Square (25594) President Reagan Is Clever
HULL Adelphi (48216) The Very Things
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club LeRue
LEEDS Merriem Street Coconut Grove (455718) Terry Johnson
LEEDS Trinity And All Saints College (584341) Cardiacs
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) Jazz Butcher/The Dave Howard Singers
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) The Mission/The Rose Of Avalanche
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Soup Dragons/The Soviets
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) Charlie Don't Surf
LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Deep Sea Jivers
LONDON Camberwell New Road Union Tavern Crikey It's The Cromptons/The Jactars/The Da Vincis/One Last Fight/Stars Of Heaven
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Balham Alligators
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Saints/The Stage
LONDON Clissold Road Golden Lady (01-241 3829) The Blubbery Hellbellies
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Shark Taboo/The Stir
LONDON Dalston Junction Crown And Castle Coming Up Roses/Nyah Fearties
LONDON Dean Street Gossips (01-968 9646) Legacy Of Lies
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Purple Things/The Surfadelics/Lazy Daze
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) The Scientists
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Private Viewing/Perfect Day
LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre Shusha And Her Musicians
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Deadline/HQ
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) New Honeycombs
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Senseless Things
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Jimmy Smith Trio
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Jazz Train/Dill Katz Trio
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) My Bloody Valentine/Say You/Cheston Hestons/Strange Desire/Rover Girls
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Fabulous Thunderbirds/The Love Pirates Of Doom
LONDON Leicester Square Hippodrome State Of Emotion/Kalahari
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) Hurrah!
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Cement Garden/Who Shot Sam?
LONDON Mile End Bancroft Road Queen Mary College (01-980 4811) Hackney Five-O
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Yeah Jazz/Weeping Messerschmitts
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington Beki And The Bombshells/Marino And Eastender Simon Henderson/Gregg Parker/Janic Gerrs And White Spirit/Dumpy/Lisa Dominique/Elixir/Alice's Radio Show/The Rampant Egos (Under-18 Drug Abuse Benefit)
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) The Purple Gang
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) House Of Love/The Primitives
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Joan Armatrading
LOUGHBOROUGH Sammy's The Madkat Torment
MANCHESTER Corbiers (061-832 7132) The Noble Kind
MANCHESTER Whitworth Street Hacienda (061-236 5051) The Residents
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Deaf Heights Cajun Aces
NOTTINGHAM Hand In Heart (473957) Uneven Planet
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Peter Murphy
NOTTINGHAM University (51311) Pendragon
OXFORD Apollo (44544) The Robert Cray Band
PETERBOROUGH Tropicana The Shop Assistants
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic (819141) Fleshpuppet
READING Paradise Club (56847) The Creepers/The Heart Throbs
SEVENOAKS The Cavern (460576) Fling Thing
WANTAGE Market Place Swan Charmed Life

THURSDAY 30

ABERDEEN The Venue (22255) Nervous Choir
ASHTON IN MAKERFIELD Pit Pony Hydra
BELFAST Whita Hall (245133) Big Audio Dynamite/Schooly-D/Sipho Josanna
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Street Market Tavern The Indigo Blues Band
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
BRADFORD Frog And Toad Engine
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Legacy Of Lies/Giant Sand
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel (603974) Bob Calvert And Maximum Effect
BURNLEY Cats Whiskers Union Thought/Absolute Recluse
BURTON ON TRENT High Street Jav's Club Think Big Think Dirty
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Makin' Time
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic (22167) The Mission/The Rose Of Avalanche
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Julian Cosgrave
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) The Very Things
CUMBERNAULD Brollies The Thieves
DERBY Green Lane Becketts Just Blue
DERBY The Rockhouse (41154) The Macc Lads
DONCASTER Hot Tub Club The Dave Howard Singers
DUNOON EM Club Tredegar
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre (031-557 2590) WASP/Warlock
FARNHAM Art College (22441) The Bridge
FARNHAM Bridge Square Maltings (726234) Sonny Black's Blues Band
GILLINGHAM Woodlands Tavern Parisienne Blonde
HALIFAX The Old Cock Session
HASTINGS Crypt (444675) Sarean Quartet
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (38156) Budgie
KINGSTON Dolphin (01-546 1630) Black Cillas
LEEDS Merriem Street Coconut Grove (455718) Ronnie Scott Quintet
LEEDS University (439071) King Kurt
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) Ghost Dance/Chickenranch
LONDON Aldgate East City Of London Polytechnic The Primitives/Mecca
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) The Locomotives
LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Living Daylights
LONDON Brixton Canterbury Arms The Birdhouse

LONDON Camberwell New Road Union Tavern I Ludicrous/No Corridor/The Gin Blossoms/The Jade/Persuasion/Live Skull
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Swinging The Blues
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Cardiacs/The Flying Tractors
LONDON Clissold Road Golden Lady (01-241 3829) Wolfie Witcher
LONDON Covent Garden Africa Centre Iron In The Soul/Loves Young Nightmare
LONDON Covent Garden Road Garden (01-240 3961) The Popular Front
LONDON Dean Street Gossips (01-968 9646) The Questionaires
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) The Tom Robinson Band
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) John Cooper Clarke/Fire Next Time/The Bicycle Thieves
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Vulcans
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Kevin Small And The Trousers/The Ashes/The Zephyr Heads
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) The Blubbery Hellbellies
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Stump/Jazz Butcher/Voice Of The Beehive/Close Lobsters/Five Gone Mad/Daydream And The Beast/Twenty Five Miles
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Jimmy Smith Trio
LONDON Hendon LMS (01-203 2600) Heads Under Stress
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Brian Abrahams' District Six/Simon Purcell Trio
LONDON Leicester Square Comedy Store Demented Are Go
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 2052) Mr Gone
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) David Thomas
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) Suicide/Das Psych-oh Rangers
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Groundhogs
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Kick/The Moment
LONDON Portobello Aclam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) The Moodists/The Shock Headed Peters/The High Bees
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Sugar Ray
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington Drive Shaft And Chariot/Gregg Parker/Persian Risk/Marino The Band/Janic Gerrs And White Spirit/The Hellfire Club/Eastender Simon Henderson/Alice's Radio Show (Under-18 Drug Abuse Benefit)
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) The Rapiers
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Joan Armatrading
LONDON Wimbeldon William Morris Club Altar Ego (Live Aid Benefit)
LUDLOW Starline (3355) Red Beards From Texas
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall (061-834 0943) The Smiths
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Stars Of Heaven/Stitched-Back Foot Airman
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Surf Drums
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Lone Justice
NORTHAMPTON St Georges Avenue Mandela Buildings His Wife Refused/Out Of Eden
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Filthy Rich/Ocean Bridge
NOTTINGHAM St James Street Mint Bar That Sucker Punch
NOTTINGHAM The Garage (501251) Age Of Chance/The Sinister Cleaners/Kilgore Trout
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Raindance
OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) Beki And The Bombshells
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic (21312) Fleshpuppet
POOLE Mr C's Truffle
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic (819141) Restless
ROCHDALE Tiffs (31069) Conflict/AYS/Potential Threat
SELBY Ousegate Gaffers (708284) The New Red Hand Gang
SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) The Stranglers/Xmal Deutschland
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic (760621) Peter Murphy
SOUTH QUEENSFERRY Stag's Head Chasor
SOUTHAMPTON Cliff (448547) Red Letter Day/Obvious Action/The Rout
SOUTHEND Cliff Pavilion (351135) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
STAINES The Phoenix Pigfoot/Bob Wood/Dave Benton/Carol And Alan Prior/Graham Larkbey/Miles And Sylvia/Dooda Kapochee (Greenpeace Benefit)
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Lard King
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Firebrand Tamara
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) The Shamen/The Bodines
WORKSOP Old Ship Inn Futile Coats

FRIDAY 31

ABERYSTWYTH University (4242) Pendragon
BASINGSTOKE Canbean Club The Plot The Particles/The Jeremiahs
BATH Wilcott Village Hall Rest In Pain/Depraved/Gutrot/Mulch/Axeogrinder
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
BLACKBURN King Georges Hall (582582) A Certain Ratio/Happy Mondays
BOURNEMOUTH Bacchus Wine Bar Esprit
BOURNEMOUTH Polytechnic Rodney Allen
BRIGHTON Boys Club Attacco Decente/Lynn Thomas
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Royal Assassins/The Bloody Marys
CANTERBURY Christchurch College (63759) Beki And The Bombshells
CARDIFF New Bogeys (26168) Raider
CHERTON White Lion Gizmo
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) The Shop Assistants/Blyth Power
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Fingertips
DARVEL Gowan Park The Penetrations
DUBLIN SFX Big Audio Dynamite/Schooly-D/Sipho Josanna
DUDLEY Hen And Chicken (021-552 1058) Red Lemon Electric Blues Band
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Surf Drums
EASTBOURNE Hampden Park Hall Iyabinghi
EDINBURGH Potterow Article Nine
EDINBURGH St Brides Centre LeRue
ELLSMERE PORT Ellesmere Arms (051-339 4578) Hammerfest
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union (041-339 9784) Lone Justice
GLASGOW The Venue (041-332 3874) Tredegar
GLOUCESTER Pine Holt Club Conflict
GRIMSBY Casablanca Club Stop The Bus
HARLOW The Square (25594) The Hermit Crabs/Burlesque/Risque
HASTINGS Carlisle (420193) Full Moon
HASTINGS Crypt (444675) Fair Exchange
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Goats Don't Shave
HULL Adelphi Unity Club (448387) The Self/The Company
HULL Humberstone College (43007) Shark Taboo/Vicious Circle
HULL University (42431) Peter Murphy
KESSINGLAND High Street Kings Head (740252) Elysian Fields
KINGSTON Dolphin (01-546 1630) Fungus
LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside Club (375713) The Janitors/The Dark
LEDBURY Full Pitcher Persepolis/Trology
LEEDS Haddon Hall (751115) Chocolate Greenhouse
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Primitives
LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Willy Finlayson
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Proj-X 'Big Fun' with Peri Mackintosh
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse Some Like It Hot/Daniel Roval And The Barnies
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Big Town Playboys
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Ted Hawkins/Brendan Croker
And The Five O'Clock Shadows/Big Joe Duskin/Yeah Jazz (9pm-6am)
LONDON Catford Bramley Road The Green Man (01-698 3746) Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys
LONDON Charing Cross Road Godfathers (01-240 6908) Tony Qunta (Lunch)
LONDON Clissold Road Golden Lady (01-241 3829) Tearaway
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band
LONDON Cricklewood Broadway Cricklewood Hotel Skint Video/John Moloney/Mark Miwurdz
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) The Tom Robinson Band
LONDON Finchley Road Cafe Europa Tony Qunta

LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) John Otway/Jim Jiminie
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Jackie Lynton Band
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Living In Texas/My Bloody Valentine
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Motive/Are You Henry
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) Ducks Deluxe
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Beach Bums/Alien Sex Fiend/The Turnpike Cruisers/Saddle Whores
LONDON Hampstead Westfield College The Shamen
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Peter Case
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Cayenne
LONDON Kentish Town Road Wolsey Tavern Steve Fiction And The Rebel Psi-Fi Blues Bastards
LONDON Leyton High Road Assembly Hall Benjamin Zephaniah
LONDON Limes Grove Lewisham Labour Club (01-852 3921) Laverne Browne
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) David Thomas/Wolfgang Press/Live Skull
LONDON Mile End Bancroft Road Queen Mary College (01-980 4811) The Television Personalities
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) The Barflies
LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington (01-445 4710) Little Sister
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Meantime
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox A Bigger Splash/Far Cry
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Royal Holloway College Delicious Poison
LONDON Stockwell Swan (01-274 1526) Crannog
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Tyger Tyger/XCess
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Terraplane
LOUGHBOROUGH University (263161) Blubbery Hellbellies/The Go-Katz
LOWESTOFT Pier King Kurt
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) The Robert Cray Band
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Yargo
MANCHESTER The Gallery (061-832 3597) Perspex Spangles
MIDDLESBROUGH Crypt Stars Of Heaven/Stitched Back Foot Airman
MIDDLESBROUGH Teesside Polytechnic (45589) The Railway Children
NEWCASTLE Byker Cumberland Arms The Beatles
NEWCASTLE City Hall (091-261 2606) WASP/Warlock
NORTHAMPTON Guildhall The Problems/Elusive Curios/Mirage/Phase Two
NORWICH Arts centre (60352) The Wedding Present/Dr Fondle/Dr Stick/Henry Normal
NORWICH East Anglia University (52068) The Mission/The Rose Of Avalanche
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Acid Rose/The Light Brigade
OXFORD Apollo (44544) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Mighty Ballistics Hi-Power
PORTSMOUTH Basins Dance Hall The Chevalier Brothers
READING Bulmershe College Moscow State Circus
REDHILL Lakers Hotel The Last Black Winegum/Agent Black
RETFORD Porterhouse The Stingrays
RIPPON Buckstead Chicken Social Club (4603) Colours Said
ROEHAMPTON Froebel Institute Cardiacs
SWANSEA University (25678) Hurrah!
TOLWORTH Recreation Centre The Bridge
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) These Tender Virtues
YORK The Windmill Gypsy

SATURDAY 1

BEDFORD Spiders TV Slaves
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) Onslaught
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Sacrilege/Napalm Death/Damage Inc
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
BIRMINGHAM University (021-455 9777) The Railway Children
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Sins Of Omission/Bang Out Of Order
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Dave Howard Singers
BURTON ON TRENT SBK Club Just Blue
CARDIFF New Bogeys (26168) Rescue Express
COLCHESTER Essex University (863211) The Mission/The Rose Of Avalanche
COLCHESTER Osbourne Street The Works (570934) The Leather Nun/Bomb Party
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) Tapan Zee/Terraplane
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Shev And The Brakes (Lunch)
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) Hurrah!
CROYDON Star (01-684 1360) Parisienne Blonde
EDINBURGH Usher Hall (031-228 1155) The Robert Cray Band
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) Ultravox/Zerra One
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre (36498) The Stranglers/Xmal Deutschland
HANLEY Victoria Hall WASP/Warlock
HARLOW The Square (25594) The Neurotics
HAVERHILL Scarlet Pimpernell KGB
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre LeRue
KILMARNOCK Cheers Club Chasor
KINGSTON MILL Street Swan (01-549 8998) Shrine
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Shop Assistants
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Wing SS Club R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
LETHWORTH The Leys Pendragon
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic (051-236 2481) The Wedding Present
LONDON Aldgate East City Of London Polytechnic (01-247 1441) The Soup Dragons/The Jackals/Catch The Pigeon
LONDON Belsize Road Abbey Community Centre Skint Video/Mark Miwurdz/John Moloney
LONDON Bethnal Green Green Gate The Love Junkies/Toothbrush Klan
LONDON Bolsover Street Polytechnic Of Central London (01-636 6271) Webcore
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Proj-X 'Big Fun' With Peri Mackintosh
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Akimbo/Kokomo
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) The Tom Robinson Band
LONDON Finchley Road Cafe Europa Tony Qunta
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Groundhogs/Underneath What
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) Ted Hawkins/Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Ducks Deluxe/The Directors
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Eddie And The Hotrods/The Boss/Yamajak
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) Bad Manners/Jo Jo Namoza
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Girlschool/Onslaught
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon Karen D'Ache
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Kings Cross Bidborough Street Camden Centre (01-387 9629) The Albion Band/The Guo Brothers
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Big Town Playboys
LONDON North Wembley East Lane The Flag Kalahari/Dot Dot Dash
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) John Cooper Clarke/Engineers
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Albion Band
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Beki And The Bombshells
LONDON Wood Green Kcardboard Box Oi Polloi/AAO/Gutrot/Axeogrinder/Mulch/Active Conspiracy/Rest In Pain
LONDON Woolwich Polytechnic The Janitors/The Committee
LOUGHBOROUGH University Union Building (266600) King Kurt
LUTON Switch Club (699217) Poison Justice
MAIDSTONE Earl Street Jazz 32 Club Radical Sheiks
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) The Jimmy Smith Trio
MANCHESTER Gallery (061-832 3597) Surf Drums
MANCHESTER Polytechnic (061-273 1162) Delicious Poison
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Stump
NEWCASTLE Gulbenkian Studio (091-232 9974) Ivor Cutler

CONTINUES PAGE 37

NIGHTSHIFT

NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Zanderzan
NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre (472328) Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Byron House The Meteors/Guana Batz
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic (476725) The Highliners
PORTSMOUTH Basins Dance Hall The Ya Ya's/The Shakin' Sharks
RADCLIFFE The Footballers Professor Fate
RAWTENSTALL Queens O'Jet D'Art
RICHMOND Bull And Bush Hoozoo
SCUNTHORPE Baths The Gargoyles
SHAFTSBURY Royal Chase Hotel Number Four Joystreet
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Lone Justice/Rolling Thunder/Another Cuba
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Mighty Mighty/Calling Autumn
STROUD Nailsworth Egypt Mill The Glee Club
SWANSEA St Phillips Community Centre Conflict
THETFORD Breckland Sports Centre The Macoys/STS
TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club (432068) Raider
WARRINGTON Lion (30047) Engine
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horse (021-588 2136) Goats Don't Shave
WEST KILBRIDE Tavern The Penetrations
WISHAW Heatherly Bar (72957) Tredegar
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) Strap On Jack

SUNDAY

2

BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Rodney Allen
BIRMINGHAM University (021-455 9777) The Leather Nun/Bomb Party
BISHOP STORTFORD Triad Cajun Club LeRue
BRADFORD Keighley Road The Spotted House (45158) Tymon Dogg And The Frugivore
BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) The Soup Dragons/All The Daughters
BRISTOL Fleece And Firkin (277150) Esprit
CAMBRIDGE Boatrace Switch
CARDIFF Radcliff's Square Club The Dave Howard Singers
CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers (656444) Owen Paul
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Hollywood (Lunch) The Monday Band (Eve)
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) The Very Things/The Yes Men
DERBY The Malin Just Blue (Afternoon and Eve)
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Ultravox/Zerra One
FARNHAM Bridge Street Maltings 3 Mustaphas 3
GLASGOW Pavilion (041-332 0478) The Robert Cray Band
GUILDFORD Surrey University (71281) Hurray!
HIGH WYCOMBE Heath's Wine Bar Radio Activity
LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside Club (375713) The Creepers
LEEDS Duchess Of York Hang The Dance/The Pleasure Garden
LIVERPOOL Empire (051-709 1555) Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistro The Mighty Lawnmower
LONDON Brixton Academy The Larks
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Claytown Troupe/Confetti Guise/Take The Fall/Lord/The Deep
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) The Tom Robinson Band
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Manic Depressives Disco (Eve)
LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scotts (01-439 1804) Animal Nightlife
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) The Vital Voice/Grimm Facts
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) WASP/Warlock
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Bryce Portions/Wolfie Witcher
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Mission/The Rose Of Avalanche

LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington (01-445 4710) Meantime
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) John Spencer (Lunch) No Pearls... No Passion (Eve)
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Jimmie Crowley And Jackie Daly
LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road TU Centre Skint Video/John Moloney/Marck Miwurdz
LONDON Woolwich John Wilson Street Coronet Curtis Mayfield
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) Big Audio Dynamite/Schooly-D/Sipho Josanna
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Tools You Can Trust
MERTHYR TYDFIL Dollars Night Club Hammerfist
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Bob Calvert And Maximum Effect
OXFORD Apollo (44544) Xmal Deutschland/The Strangers
OXFORD Walton Street St Paul (513401) The Bodines/Miaow
PETERBOROUGH The Manhattan The Frantz/Forbidden Testament
POOLE Britannias Vagabond
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall (824355) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
SAWSTON University Arms KGB
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Loudon Wainwright III
TELFORD Dawley Town Hall Conflict
UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) Morris Minor And The Majors/John Sparkes/Owen O'Neil/Rank Starlets
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horse (021-588 2136) Cairo/Split Beaver

MONDAY

3

BRADFORD University (33466) Pendragon
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) Isabella
BRISTOL Bierkeller (22265) King Kurt
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre Eight Miles High
CANTERBURY Kent University (464724) Hurray!
CARLISLE Stars And Stripes (46361) Bob Calvert With Maximum Effect
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) English Rogues
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Ultravox/Zerra One
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall (53193) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) The Leather/Nun/Bomb Party
LIVERPOOL Royal Court (051-709 4321) Big Audio Dynamite/Schooly-D/Sipho Josanna
LIVERPOOL Wood Street Wilsons Hydra
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Alias Ron Kavana
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Rockin' Rocket 88
LONDON Charing Cross Road Stallions The Very Things/The Yes Men
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Sweet Honey In The Rock
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) Life After
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Cheap/The Politburo
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-437 5782) The Reflection/AOB/The Shine/Bingo Brothers/Boycotts/Lemon Tree Beach
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-553 0675) The Cats
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Airtio And Flora
PURIM And Group/Julian Bahula And The Electric Dream (Two performances - 6.30pm and 9pm)
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) LeRue
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) The Dave Howard Singers/The Blue Aeroplanes
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) Swimming In Sand
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) Lone Justice
MIDDLESBROUGH The Albert Shrug/Dave Johns
NORTHAMPTON Dergate Centre (24811) Lenny Henry/The Mint Juleps
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic (476725) The Railway Children

OXFORD Corn Dolly (44761) Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
POOLE Mr C's Radical Dance
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall (824355) Billy Bragg
SOUTHAMPTON Joiners Arms (225612) Peter Beasley
SPENNYMOOR Recreation Centre Tredegar
STAFFORD Roosters Redman Greenman
STOKE Shelleys (322209) Engine
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horse (021-588 2136) Steve Murray Blues Band

TUESDAY

4

BIRMINGHAM Burberries (021-643 1500) James/The Shamen
BIRMINGHAM University (021-455 9777) Pendragon
BRIGHTON Centre (203131) The Strangers/Xmal Deutschland
BRISTOL Studio (25069) Billy Bragg
CANTERBURY College Of Art Delicious Poison
CANTERBURY Kent University (464724) The Railway Children
DERBY Assembly Rooms (369311) WASP/Warlock
DERBY Darley Abbey The Abbey Just Blue
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
EXETER Arts Centre Sirens
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) Big Audio Dynamite/Schooly-D/Sipho Josanna
GLASGOW Customhouse Quay Panama Jax (041-221 0865) Dynamite Club
HORSHAM Champagnes Flowers In The Dustbin
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Sacrilege
LEEDS Irish Centre (453931) The Robert Cray Band
LEEDS Polytechnic Beckett Park Site (752796) How Blue Wonders
LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) The Mission/The Rose Of Avalanche
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) Lone Justice
LIVERPOOL Neptune Theatre The Adams Family
LIVERPOOL University (051-709 4744) Bob Calvert With Maximum Effect
LONDON Aldgate East City Of London Polytechnic (01-247 1441) The Wedding Present/Wall Flowers
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Jive Five
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Gone To Earth/The Walking Seeds/Jegsy Dodd And The Sons Of Harry Cross
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Khan
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) TJ And The Dukes
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) The Blood Brothers/Secret Society
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Iron Maiden/Paul Samson's Empire
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Raw Ho/The Yes Men/The Mousehounds
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Meteors/Skitzo
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Hurray!/The Jasmine Minks/The Claim
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Amazing Rhythm Burglars
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) Karen D'Ache/Swimming In Sand
MANCHESTER Withington Wilmslow Road Mulberry's (061-434 4624) 1/5th Of Heaven
MANSFIELD Brig O Doune Apache Dance
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) The Leather Nun/Bomb Party
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Splash
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) The Damned/Blue In Heaven
PLYMOUTH Fiesta King Kurt
ST ALBANS City Hall Lenny Henry/The Mint Juleps
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Boxing The Compass
SURBITON The Southampton (01-399 6107) The Georgia Jazzband
SWANSEA Coach House (49228) Peter Beasley
WAKEFIELD Rooftop Gardens (382569) Sex Kittens
WHITLEY BAY Ice Rink Ultravox/Zerra One



**STIKK'EM
 UP, PARDNER
 MORE FABULOUS
 LEGENDS OF ROCK
 STIKKAS FREE
 WITH KERRANG!
 LATEST ISH OUT OCT. 30**

CHART

UK 50 SINGLES UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 1 EVERY LOSER WINS Nick Berry BBC
- 2 5 ALL I ASK OF YOU Cliff Richard & Sarah Brightman Polydor
- 3 3 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 4 2 TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 5 8 WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN The Bangles CBS
- 6 4 YOU CAN CALL ME AL Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 7 20 MIDAS TOUCH Midnight Star Solar
- 8 26 DON'T GET ME WRONG The Pretenders Real
- 9 7 SUBURBIA Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 10 — NOTORIOUS Duran Duran EMI
- 11 11 TRUE COLORS Cyndi Lauper Portrait
- 12 16 THE WIZARD Paul Hardcastle Chrysalis
- 13 — TAKE MY BREATH AWAY Berlin CBS
- 14 13 WORLD SHUT YOUR MOUTH Julian Cope Island
- 15 21 YOU'RE EVERYTHING TO ME Boris Gardiner Revue
- 16 6 RAIN OR SHINE Five Star Tent
- 17 9 DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY The Communards London
- 18 30 GIRLS AIN'T NOTHING BUT TROUBLE DJ Jazzy Jeff/Fresh Prince Champion
- 19 49 TO HAVE AND TO HOLD Catherine Stock Sierra
- 20 24 THINK FOR A MINUTE The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 21 22 TO BE A LOVER Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 22 10 I'VE BEEN LOSING YOU A-ha Warner Brothers
- 23 32 (THEY LONG TO BE) CLOSE TO YOU Gwen Guthrie Boiling Point
- 24 19 ALWAYS THERE Marti Webb & The Simon May Orchestra BBC
- 25 31 STAY WITH ME The Mission Mercury
- 26 12 THORN IN MY SIDE Eurythmics RCA
- 27 29 ALWAYS THE SUN The Stranglers Epic
- 28 14 DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO ME ('86 Remix) The Police A&M
- 29 18 MONTEGO BAY Amazulu Island
- 30 15 STUCK WITH YOU Huey Lewis And The News Chrysalis
- 31 — YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON Kim Wilde MCA
- 32 38 SHOWING OUT Mel And Kim Supreme
- 33 17 (FOREVER) LIVE AND DIE Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Virgin
- 34 — ASK The Smiths Rough Trade
- 35 45 LIVIN' ON A PRAYER Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 36 36 LOVE WILL CONQUER ALL Lionel Richie Motown
- 37 — DON'T GIVE UP Peter Gabriel And Kate Bush Virgin
- 38 23 WORD UP Cameo Club
- 39 46 HEARTBEAT Don Johnson Epic
- 40 40 LOVE'S EASY TEARS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 41 27 WE DON'T HAVE TO... Jermaine Stewart 10
- 42 — FOR AMERICA Red Box Sire
- 43 — ANOTHERLOVERHOLENYOHEAD Prince & The Revolution Paisley Park
- 44 — BECAUSE I LOVE YOU Shakin' Stevens Epic
- 45 25 WONDERLAND Paul Young CBS
- 46 43 INFECTED The The Some Bizzare
- 47 — THIS IS THE WORLD CALLING Bob Geldof Mercury
- 48 — DON'T FORGET ME (WHEN I'M GONE) Glass Tiger Manhattan
- 49 50 HEARTBREAK BEATS The Psychedelic Furs CBS
- 50 — SOMETHING OUTA NOTHING Letitia Dean & Paul Medford BBC

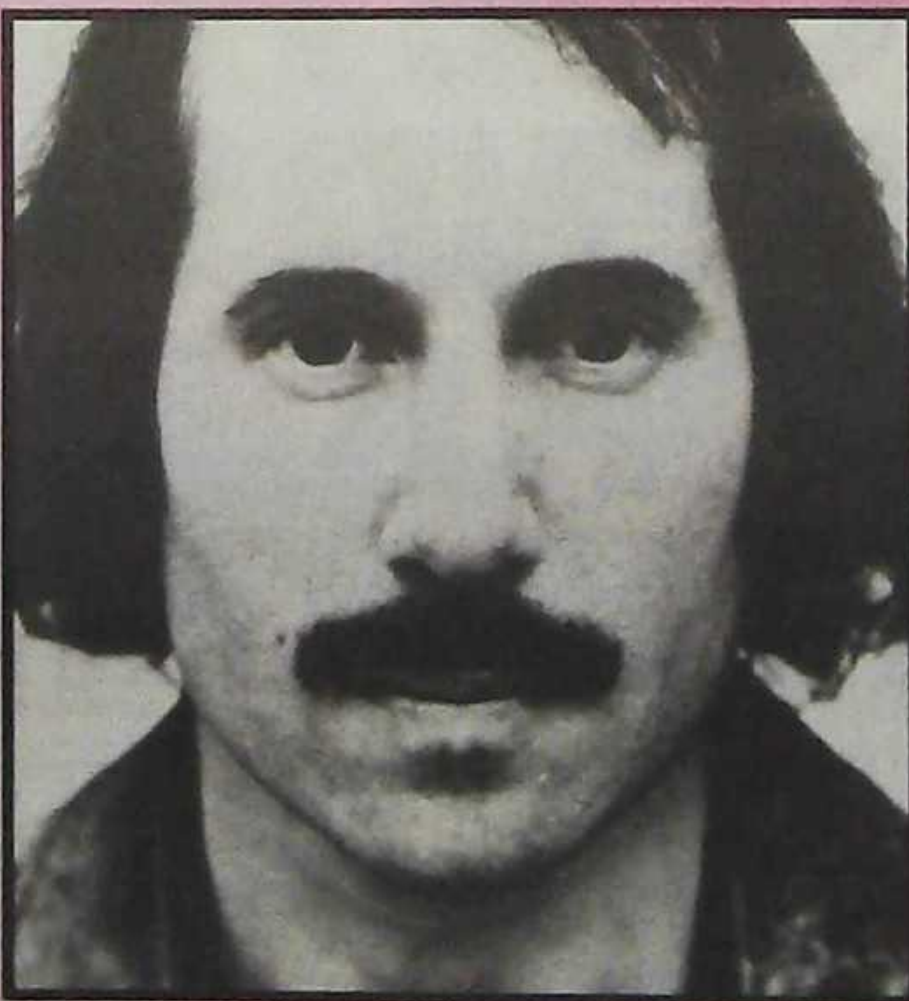
- 1 1 GRACELAND Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 2 2 SCOUNDREL DAYS A-ha Warner Brothers
- 3 — LIVERPOOL Frankie Goes To Hollywood ZTT
- 4 4 SILK AND STEEL Five Star Tent
- 5 3 TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 6 — BETWEEN TWO FIRES Paul Young CBS
- 7 10 THE CHART Various Telstar
- 8 7 SOUTH PACIFIC Various CBS
- 9 12 U-VOX Ultravox Chrysalis
- 10 5 REVENGE Eurythmics RCA
- 11 8 ONE TO ONE Howard Jones WEA
- 12 28 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK — TOP GUN Various CBS
- 13 6 WORD UP Cameo Club
- 14 13 FORE! Huey Lewis And The News Chrysalis
- 15 — GET CLOSE The Pretenders Real
- 16 11 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC VOLUME 7 Various EMI/Virgin
- 17 — WHIPLASH SMILE Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 18 20 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 19 21 THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SUPERTRAMP Supertramp A&M
- 20 38 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 21 14 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 22 18 COMMUNARDS The Communards London
- 23 9 SOMEWHERE IN TIME Iron Maiden EMI
- 24 23 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 25 24 INTO THE LIGHT Chris De Burgh A&M
- 26 15 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 27 17 THE POWER OF LOVE Various West Five
- 28 27 THE FINAL Wham! Epic
- 29 — GIVE ME THE REASON Luther Vandross Epic
- 30 25 DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 31 19 BREAK EVERY RULE Tina Turner Capitol
- 32 26 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 33 31 TRUE COLORS Cyndi Lauper Portrait
- 34 16 ZAGORA Loose Ends Virgin
- 35 22 THE PACIFIC AGE Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Virgin
- 36 35 TRUE STORIES Talking Heads EMI
- 37 29 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 38 — JOURNEY TO THE URGE WITHIN Courtney Pine Island
- 39 33 PICTURE BOOK Simply Red Elektra
- 40 43 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music EG
- 41 34 TALKING WITH THE TAXMAN ABOUT POETRY Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 42 36 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 43 49 SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 44 47 CONTROL Janet Jackson A&M
- 45 30 BROTHERHOOD New Order Factory
- 46 37 THE VERY BEST OF ENTERTAINMENT FROM THE USA VOLUME 2 Various Priority
- 47 42 DANCING UNDERCOVER Ratt Atlantic
- 48 — QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 49 — DIFFERENT LIGHT The Bangles CBS
- 50 — REMINISCING Foster & Allen Stylus

Compiled by MRIB

COMPACT DISCS

- 1 8 GRACELAND Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 2 — TRUE STORIES Talking Heads EMI
- 3 3 SILK AND STEEL Five Star Tent
- 4 2 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 5 — THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SUPERTRAMP Supertramp A&M
- 6 5 REVENGE Eurythmics RCA
- 7 — ONE TO ONE Howard Jones WEA
- 8 — THE PACIFIC AGE Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Virgin
- 9 1 SOUTH PACIFIC Various CBS
- 10 7 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 11 6 TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 12 4 BREAK EVERY RULE Tina Turner Capitol
- 13 — WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS George Benson Warner Brothers
- 14 9 DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 15 13 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music EG
- 16 17 SO Peter Gabriel Virgin
- 17 10 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Virgin
- 18 14 INTO THE LIGHT Chris De Burgh A&M
- 19 16 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 20 — IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo

Compiled by Spotlight Research



PAUL SIMON: a sawn off Chevy Chase



THE BANGLES: The Wilson, Kepple and Bettys of pop

SOUNDS TRACKS

Hugh Cornwell

THE OLDIES Louis Jordan And Bing Crosby Compilation LP
BLAH-BLAH-BLAH Iggy Pop A&M LP
THE GLEE CLUB The Glee Club Demo tape

Jack Barron

WHEN I WAS DRUNK Gangway 86's saddest lovesong Irmgardz pre
YO! The Band Of Holy Joy A rum do Flim Flam
HANGOVER Edwin's final fling The Russell

Chris Roberts

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT Marvin Gaye Motown
TALK OF THE TOWN The Pretenders Real
LADY WILLPOWER Gary Puckett & The Union Gap CBS

James Brown

CRY FOR LOVE Iggy Pop A&M
SCOUNDREL DAYS A-ha Warner Brothers
NOTORIOUS Duran Duran EMI

Neil Perry

THE MISSION The Mission Intimate forthcoming LP
L'AMOURER Town And Country Club Live loonies spelt right
ROGUE MALE Marquee Live ringing in my ears

Kevin Murphy

FINAL SOLUTION Peter Murphy Live ecstasy at the Town And Country
WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN The Bangles CBS
STEPPING STONE Voice Of The Beehive Live George Robey giggle

Ron Rom

HANG TEN The Soup Dragons Live
REALLY STUPID The Primitives Lazy
TERRY WAITES SAY The Fall Beggars LP track

DELETED SWEETIES

- 1 TREBOR BLOBS (PEAR FLAVOUR)
- 2 SPANGLES (OLDE ENGLISH VARIETY)
- 3 SWIZZLES
- 4 TREBOR BLOODSUCKERS
- 5 COLA REFRESHERS
- 6 TREBOR BLOBS (TOFFEE APPLE FLAVOUR)
- 7 SPANGLES (FRUIT FLAVOUR)
- 8 BOTTOMLEY'S LIME TABLETS
- 9 BLACK JACKS
- 10 PEZ

Compiled by N Brown, Yorks NUM

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 1 **IN THE ARMY NOW** Status Quo Vertigo
- 2 — **LIVIN' ON A PRAYER** Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 3 2 **HE'S BACK (THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK)** Alice Cooper MCA
- 4 6 **YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME** Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 5 — **MIDNIGHT (YOU WON'T BE SLEEPING)** Magnum Polydor
- 6 3 **95-NASTY WASP** Capitol
- 7 9 **AMANDA** Boston MCA
- 8 — **THE FINAL COUNTDOWN** Europe Epic
- 9 4 **VELCRO FLY** ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 10 7 **MAD HOUSE** Anthrax Island
- 11 5 **WASTED YEARS** Iron Maiden EMI
- 12 16 **CREEPING DEATH** Metallica Music For Nations
- 13 8 **ROCK 'N' ROLL MERCENARIES** Meat Loaf Arista
- 14 — **LET IT GO** Loudness Atco
- 15 10 **JUMP IN THE FIRE** Metallica Music For Nations
- 16 12 **GONNA GET CLOSE TO YOU** Queensrÿche EMI America
- 17 15 **LONELY NIGHT** Magnum Polydor
- 18 17 **THE ULTIMATE SIN** Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 19 18 **RED SKY** Status Quo Vertigo
- 20 11 **WAITING FOR THE NIGHT** Saxon Parlophone



MAGNUM DO their Rod Stewart impression

ALBUMS

- 1 1 **SOMEWHERE IN TIME** Iron Maiden EMI
- 2 — **DANCING UNDERCOVER** Ratt Atlantic
- 3 4 **SLIPPERY WHEN WET** Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 4 3 **VIGILANTE** Magnum Polydor
- 5 2 **THIRD STAGE** Boston MCA
- 6 5 **IN THE ARMY NOW** Status Quo Vertigo
- 7 30 **NIGHT SONGS** Cinderella Mercury
- 8 6 **INDISCREET** FM Portrait
- 9 15 **DOOMSDAY FOR THE DECEIVER** Flotsam And Jetsam Roadrunner
- 10 13 **ROCK THE NATIONS** Saxon Parlophone
- 11 10 **BLIND BEFORE I STOP** Meat Loaf Arista
- 12 12 **SPREADING THE DISEASE** Anthrax Music For Nations
- 13 7 **WHEN THE MIRROR CRACKS** Q5 Music For Nations
- 14 21 **MASTER OF PUPPETS** Metallica Music For Nations
- 15 9 **7800° FAHRENHEIT** Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 16 — **FISTFUL OF METAL** Anthrax Music For Nations
- 17 28 **ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT** Magnum FM
- 18 — **LIVE AFTER DEATH** Iron Maiden EMI
- 19 16 **EAT 'EM AND SMILE** David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 20 14 **VINNIE VINCENT'S INVASION** Vinnie Vincent Chrysalis
- 21 11 **AFTERBURNER** ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 22 17 **TRUE AS STEEL** Warlock Vertigo
- 23 — **LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN** Poison Music For Nations
- 24 8 **NASTY NASTY** Black 'N' Blue Atlantic
- 25 25 **KILL 'EM ALL** Metallica Music For Nations
- 26 — **SEX CRIMES** Rio Music For Nations
- 27 19 **RIDE THE LIGHTNING** Metallica Music For Nations
- 28 24 **SPORT OF KINGS** Triumph MCA
- 29 26 **ORGASMATRON** Motorhead GWR
- 30 — **FIFTH ANGEL** Fifth Angel Roadrunner

IMPORTS

- 1 — **REIGN IN BLOOD** Slayer Geffen
- 2 1 **THE DARK** Metal Church Elektra
- 3 — **PEACE SELLS... BUT WHO'S BUYING?** Megadeth Capitol
- 4 — **ONLY SAFE PLACE** Abattoir Noise
- 5 — **WHEN SECONDS COUNT** Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 6 — **SAVE YOUR PRAYERS** Wasted Parlophone
- 7 4 **DON'T GET MAD GET EVEN** Victory Metronome
- 8 — **LET THEM TALK** Stone Fury MCA
- 9 — **ZOMBIE ATTACK** Tankard Noise
- 10 — **EPICUS DOOMED METALLICUS** Candlemass Black Dragon

Compiled by Spotlight Research



COCTEAU TWINS: and then there were two

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 **BROTHERHOOD** New Order Factory
- 2 6 **FILIGREE AND SHADOW** This Mortal Coil 4AD
- 3 2 **TALKING WITH THE TAXMAN ABOUT POETRY** Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 4 4 **BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE** Elvis Costello & The Attractions Imp/Demon
- 5 8 **WHO'S BEEN TALKING** Robert Cray Charly
- 6 16 **DOGBREATH** Head Of David Blast First
- 7 7 **THE QUEEN IS DEAD** The Smiths Rough Trade
- 8 5 **LONDON O HULL 4** The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 9 9 **WATCH YOUR STEP** Ted Hawkins Gull
- 10 12 **ON THE BOARDWALK** Ted Hawkins UnAmerican Activities
- 11 13 **BACK IN THE DHSS** Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 12 15 **GIANT** The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 13 3 **BEND SINISTER** The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 14 11 **KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS** Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds Mute
- 15 — **NOT THE CAPTAIN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY** The Damned Demon
- 16 18 **FOREVER BREATHES THE LONELY WORD** Felt Creation
- 17 14 **THE UNGOVERNABLE FORCE** Conflict Mortahate
- 18 10 **SUICIDE** Suicide Demon
- 19 17 **MORE LOVE SONGS** Loudon Wainwright III Demon
- 20 21 **EXPRESS** Love And Rockets Beggars Banquet
- 21 25 **VICTORIALAND** Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 22 19 **SHABINI** Bhundu Boys Discafrique
- 23 24 **ELEMENT OF LIGHT** Robyn Hitchcock And The Egyptians Glass Fish
- 24 20 **HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE** Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction Food
- 25 23 **HEAD** Batfish Boys Batfish Incorporated
- 26 — **LOW-LIFE** New Order Factory
- 27 28 **GIFT** The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 28 22 **HOLY MONEY** Swans Some Bizzare
- 29 30 **MANIC POP THRILL** That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 30 — **WEIRD LOVE** The Scientists Karbon

Compiled by Spotlight Research

ASTHMATIC

- 1 **EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE** The Police
- 2 **WHISPERING GRASS** Don Estelle And Windsor Davies
- 3 **SHEER HEART ATTACK** Queen
- 4 **WHEEZE OF STEEL** Saxon
- 5 **BLOWING IN THE WIND** Bob Dylan
- 6 **TAKE MY BREATH AWAY** Berlin
- 7 **OXYGENE** Jean Michel Jarre
- 8 **THE AIR THAT I BREATHE** The Hollies
- 9 **ALL CHOKED UP** Elvis Presley
- 10 **LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN** Sweet

Compiled by The Moulding Shop Boys, HCP Ltd

OLD TIME FOOTBALLERS

- 1 **BEWARE OF THE BLANCHFLOWERS** John Otway And Wild Willy Barrett
- 2 **BAD FOR OSGOOD** Jim Steinman
- 3 **I WANT MOORE** Can
- 4 **GREAVES LIKE US** New Order
- 5 **I CAN SEE FOR GILES** The Who
- 6 **THE NEVERENDING STOREY-MOORE** Limahl

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 — **LOVE'S EASY TEARS** Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 2 2 **THINK FOR A MINUTE** The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 3 1 **STATE OF THE NATION** New Order Factory
- 4 — **ASK** The Smiths Rough Trade
- 5 4 **DICKIE DAVIES EYES** Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 6 — **REALLY STUPID** The Primitives Lazy
- 7 — **SMELLS LIKE SHIT** Alien Sex Fiend Anagram/Cherry Red
- 8 6 **HANG-TEN!** The Soup Dragons RAW TV Products
- 9 5 **THE PEEL SESSION** New Order Strange Fruit
- 10 — **CUT DOWN** Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 11 7 **LOVE AFFAIR WITH EVERYDAY LIVING** The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 12 3 **STARPOWER** Sonic Youth Blast First
- 13 12 **SOMETIMES** Erasure Mute
- 14 8 **NAKED AS THE DAY YOU WERE BORN** The Weather Prophets Creation
- 15 11 **SUNARISE** The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 16 14 **LIKE A HURRICANE/GARDEN OF DELIGHT** The Mission Chapter 22
- 17 — **THIS IS MOTORTOWN** The Very Things DCL Electric Recordings
- 18 10 **THE PEEL SESSION** The Damned Strange Fruit
- 19 13 **WONDERFUL LIFE** Black Ugly Man
- 20 17 **BLUE MONDAY** New Order Factory
- 21 15 **THE GRIP OF LOVE** Ghost Dance Karbon
- 22 9 **WHO DO YOU WANT FOR YOUR LOVE** The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 23 18 **VELVETEEN** Rose Of Avalanche Fire
- 24 31 **I COULD BE IN HEAVEN** The Flatmates Subway
- 25 — **MICKEY WAY** A Certain Ratio Factory
- 26 16 **BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD** Bauhaus Small Wonder
- 27 22 **SERPENTS KISS** The Mission Chapter 22
- 28 19 **GENTLE SOUND** The Railway Children Factory
- 29 21 **PANIC** The Smiths Rough Trade
- 30 — **ROCKITT MISS USA** Sci Fi Sex Stars Sputnikco
- 31 33 **THE RATTLER** Goodbye Mr McKenzie Precious Organisation
- 32 25 **ROMAN P/GOOD VIBRATIONS** Psychic TV Temple
- 33 20 **THE PEEL SESSION** Stiff Little Fingers Strange Fruit
- 34 29 **DRUGS/COME HERE MY LOVE** This Mortal Coil 4AD
- 35 — **OH NO IT'S GBH AGAIN** GBH Rough Justice
- 36 44 **TRUMPTON RIOTS** Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 37 26 **LIKE AN ANGEL** The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 38 37 **THE PEEL SESSION** The Screaming Blue Messiahs Strange Fruit
- 39 — **LOVE YOUR SHOES** Furniture Stiff
- 40 24 **JESUS IS DEAD** The Exploited Rough Justice
- 41 23 **SURF CITY** The Meteors Anagram/Cherry Red
- 42 30 **RUNAWAY** Luis Cardenas Consolidated Allied
- 43 28 **A SCREW** Swans Some Bizzare/K.422
- 44 — **RED SLEEPING BEAUTY** McCarthy Pink
- 45 43 **THE PEEL SESSION** Sudden Sway Strange Fruit
- 46 32 **TOKYO STORM WARNING (PART 1)** Elvis Costello Imp/Demon
- 47 40 **WHERE THE FLIES ARE** Danielle Dax Awesome
- 48 27 **MR PHARMACIST** The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 49 — **ALL OR NOTHING GIRL** The Larks Exaltation
- 50 — **A NEW RECORD BY...** My Bloody Valentine Kaleidoscope

WOK

- 1 **WOK ON THE WILD SIDE** Lou Reed
- 2 **FOR THOSE ABOUT TO WOK** AC/DC
- 3 **WOK THAT BODY** Diana Ross
- 4 **WOK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN** The Bangles
- 5 **WOK LOBSTER** B-52's
- 6 **WE CAN WOK IT OUT** The Beatles
- 7 **THE WOK** The Cure
- 8 **WOK YOUR BABY** George McCrae
- 9 **WOK AND ROLL** Chuck Berry
- 10 **WOK THIS WAY** Run-DMC

Compiled by The Man Who Wants To Have Cyndi Lauper's Baby, Godalming

- 7 **HIGHWAY TO BELL** AC/DC
- 8 **THIS OLE LOFTHOUSE** Shakin' Stevens
- 9 **MULLERY OF KINTYRE** Wings
- 10 **O'FARRELL** Neil Sedaka

Compiled by Dave 'Looks Like Eric Bristow' Croc's fan club (Albanian Branch)

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Our integrity remains the same.



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SOUNDS IN-TECH MUSICIANS CLASSIFIEDS

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MUSICIANS SEEKING BANDS.
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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 REQUIRED. Hot, inventive, for long-term rock/jazz/alternative cocktail. Phone evening 01-767 1048. S6548

CAN YOU: write lyrics like Sting, sing like Freddie Mercury/Tina Turner, do straddle jumps like Dave Lee Roth or dance like Madonna? If so, call Stuart 01-852 0117. S6547

SIXTIES INFLUENCED bassist and drummer wanted for group with contract. Single currently released, album in new year. Gigs planned. Tom 01-675 4860 Dave 01-992 0988. S6544

SERIOUS ROCK/pop band require keyboard player and lead vocals to complete line up. Into Bryan Adams/Bon Jovi. For further details telephone 0501 32557 immediately. Absolutely no time wasters. S6539

DRUMMERS-TIRED of rehearsals but no results. Unique rock/pop/soul/metal chartbound band need you. Good looking, flamboyant image, big kit, and open minded. Is this you? A label is waiting for full line up. South London 01-737 2884. S6552

DAN-CAN you dig it? EP from meantime, 11, Salutation Road, Darlington, Co. Durham. It's dead good! S6553

MALE VOCAL Urgently requires Drummer, Bass, Lead, Rhythm to form the ultimate band. Influences: Smiths, Stones, Roxy Music. Please write with full details of professional experience to: Mr Gary Patterson, 15 Riverbank, Gatehouse of Fleet, Dumfries and Galloway, DG7 2JY. S6556

BASS PLAYER in Kent wants to start or join "Sputnik" type band. Box no. 650. S6565

NAME SOUTH Yorkshire band require versatile Vocalist Frontman, work waiting. Influenced by NMA, Beefheart, Ruts, Sahb. 0742-394988. S6568

PHONEY AMERICAN ACCENTS need Bassist and Drummer based London. Influences MC5, Chrome, Stooges to James Brown Street Soul. Phone Joe, day 09328-60441. S6583

FRENCH RECORD PROMOTERS SEEK NEW GROUPS (ALL STYLES WELCOME). Send tapes etc to: JEB, 34 King Henry's Road, London NW3. S6584

BIRMINGHAM BASED band seeks dedicated vocalist to complete US style rock band. No equipment needed just bags of dedication. Influences FM, Cars, Go West, various American bands. Interested phone Martin 021-378 2384. S6557

SINGER/FRONTMAN/LYRIC WRITER WANTED. (Guitar player preferred). Iggy, Jagger, Gene Vincent. Tom Waits, to complete line-up of new Rock 'n' Roll band. - All ready to go! - 01-326 4002. S6558

GUITARIST BASSIST for Stooges, Velvet, Dolls influenced band. Dedication, ability essential. Set gigs demo. Based Windsor, London area. Phone David 02816-2449, Nigel 02814-5300. S6559

GUNSLINGERS WANTED to join guitar vox and drum machine into Mission, Cocteau and black hair dye. More info: William 01-885 3100. S6560

DRUMMER WANTED FOR ROCK BAND. INFLUENCES: GROOVIES, STOOGES. TEL: FREDDY 01-622 5080 mornings. S6561

INNOCENT ELEMENTS require Bass player, all styles, own equipment and dedication. Edinburgh area. Phone Mick 0383-412121. Ask for extension 4064. S6562

BASSIST AND/OR Vocalist wanted. SLF, Jam, Clash, Ramones, DKs, Husker Du. Write To Sean, 149 New Road, Dagenham, Essex. No Beginners. S6563

FEMALE DRUMMER required. Help! Please send photo and interests to Box no. C1327, B.U.P., Templeway, Bristol. Charlotte wants you for Christmas. S6564

SPUTNIK SUICIDE Idol type Vocalist and rhythm guitarist wanted M/F Sex Star image essential. Ring Shane 0924-256798 (W.Yorkshire). S6567

ARTIST WITH Record deal requires guitarist and bassist. Influences Kinks, Small Faces who ring 01-668 0493. S6566

MUSICIANS WANTED - GENERAL 223 8845. S6486

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

STRUMMER, ROTTEN, CLASH, OCTOBER, IDOL 77 style band require front man must be committed. Based in the South, Reply to PO Box 132, Acton, London W3 8XQ. S6573

GUITARIST TO Complete energetic, Harrow based, four piece. More like Clash/SLF than Exploited. Dedication essential. 01-868 7011. S6574

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BASS/B.VOCALS to complete 4/ piece melodic h/rock band into DLR V/Halen B/Jovi. Image and transport essential. Phone Nikki (ex-McCoy) 01-998 1782. S6529

BASS PLAYER required for heavy, progressive rock band with excellent material based in Catford. Tim 0689 24307, Nick 01-650 4814. S6554

EXCELLENT ROCK LEAD GUITARIST seeks band with professional outlook, into loudness, Stryper. Preferably no 2nd Guitarist. Tel: 01-514 4679. S6569

MANCHESTER ROCK Band require vocalist. No thrashers or hippies. Must be into latest rock sounds. Colin 061-681 8722. S6571

GUITARIST WITH good looks and gear urgently required for brilliant US style band. Phone Kris 061-835 2254 daytime, 061-792 2264 night-time, now! S6572

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for Semi-Name melodic Hard Rock Band. Recording, tours imminent. If you've got class, image talent and dedication. Ring (0603) 619550 Now. S6570

DRUMMER AND VOCALIST FROM U.S.A. seek Guitar and Bass for Theatre Rock Project, influences Alice Cooper, Kiss, Over 23. Leave message, Steve Michels 01-267 4636. S6586

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BAND SEEKING MUSICIANS. TEL: NU-LINE 01-602 9407. S2695

EXPERIENCED LEAD guitarist seeks band or musicians to form rock band. Must be dedicated. Dave Tamworth Staffordshire 898865 after 6pm. S6506

ROCK GUITARIST seeks form American hard rock band. Journey, Autograph, Night Ranger. Great gear, transport. S. London. Ray 01-733 4817. S6535

RHYTHM/LEAD guitarist very good wants to join heavy metal band. Lots of live and studio experience, good gear and own transport. Mick, Egham 0784 33905. S6542

DRUMMER, OPEN-MINDED, EXPERIMENTAL, DEDICATED, into Birthday Party, Scientists, Stooges, Beefheart, Doors, Jazz, Blues Cabaret, seeks wild band/musicians striving to be undefinable and dynamic. Phone Simon 01-994 5504. S6575

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IN - TECH

FENDER FIVE



CONTEMPORARY STRAT



CONTEMPORARY TELE



SQUIER STRAT



SQUIER JAZZ BASS



ROGERS range of sticks

FOUR NEW Fender guitars and one new bass are now available in Britain.

The new Fender Contemporary Stratocaster features two single coil and one humbucking pick-up, five position selector, single volume and tone controls, System 1 tremolo with fine-tuning floating bridge and nut-lock, and combines rosewood fingerboard with choice of black, frost white (metallic), pewter (metallic) or burgundy mist finish.

The contemporary Telecaster features similar pick-up configuration with the addition of three-toggle switching and coil tap, plus a TBX tone control which increases the output and the highs without active electronics. System 1 trem is again standard, with same fingerboard and colour options as above except for burgundy mist.

The Squier Contemporary Stratocaster has one humbucker and a single volume control, with vintage-style trem, rosewood fingerboard and choice of back or torino red finish, the Squier contemporary Telecaster comes in black, frost white or pewter.

The Squier Jazz Bass features two Jazz-style pick-ups with two volume and one tone control. Fretboard is rosewood, scale 34in and colour options black or arctic white.

UK Fender distributors Arbiter Musical Instruments also distribute Rogers products, and they now have a full range of Rogers sticks in stock, comprising the 150 (for small hands), 300 (same weight but chunkier, for jazz), 500 (rock), 550 (rock, but with balance further towards the back), 700 (fusion, with a ball end), 750 (solid rock), 900 (multi-purpose rock/recording), 950 (marching/heavy rock) and 1,000 (thickest sound, for recording).

More information from Arbiter Musical Instruments Ltd, Unit 8 Eldonwall Trading Estate, Staples Corner, Priestley Way, London NW2 7AF (01-208 0022).

WESTONE'S popular Thunder range of guitars has undergone a revamp, and is now entirely active.

The Thunder 1A six-string has a new high-output pick-up with black hi-tech finish, the brass bridge has been replaced by shiny chrome and the coil tap and phase switches hidden in push-pull posts with new wedge-shaped 'switchmaster' knobs. RRP is £229 and colours available are light oak, black, red and white.

Bass version, the Thunder 1A Bass, has its split pick-up replaced by a new Magnabass model with a more modern sound, and the bridge is now a Magnacast bridge-tailpiece finished in chrome. The series parallel switch is hidden in a push-pull volume knob and price is £239, with finishes available



THUNDER 1A family

as above.

More information from FCN Music, Morley Road, Tonbridge, Kent TN9 1RA (0732 366421).

STEINBERG users will soon have an around-the-clock electronic bulletin board available to them, thanks to a new distribution facility in Oxfordshire.

The facility will also include a studio where users will be able to give feedback to Steinberg's staff, and where hardware/software demos will be organised.

On the product front, a SMPTE generator is due from the company by the end of the year. It will be totally interactive with the newly-revised Pro-24 program and will connect to the ST computer via the RS232 port. The combination is claimed to set new standards in sequencing from timecode, and the generator on its own will be available at around £600.

Other Atari releases due include a music notation/scorewriter program and a visual editor for the Atari S900 sampler, which will include the facility to transfer data for use with Sequential's 2000 and 2002.

Repackaged hardware for Commodore computers means that the Pro-16S, at £239, and the Pro-16S Plus, at £299, will both now include sync-to-tape and graphic editing; the Plus version will also include a scorewriting program. Disk-based software additions include visual editors and sound librarians for the Roland Alpha Junos I and II plus the Korg DW8000.

More information from Steinberg Research, The Spendlove Centre, Charlbury, Oxford OX7 3PQ (0608 811325; computer: 0608 810005).

ONE BILLION harmonicas have been sold by Hohner since the company started making them in 1857. The billionth model off the production line - a Comet, normally retailing in the company's native Germany at 88 marks (about £25) - was

PEAVEY MICS UP



PEAVEY ELECTRONICS have announced two new dynamic microphones - the PVM 38 and PVM 45.

The PVM 38 is optimised for vocal applications, with small size, light weight and dual internal pop filter. The PVM 45 is designed for onstage miking of instruments without crosstalk or bleed problems, although its pop filter and high directivity also makes it suitable for vocal use.

Construction is rugged to ensure long-term

reliability, with junction-locked, case hardened screen assemblies, an advanced shock mounting system and integral hum compensation coil.

Standard equipment for both models include external foam pop filter, stand adaptor, flight-type carrying case and top-grade 25ft low impedance cable.

More information from Peavey Electronics (UK) Ltd, Hatton House, Hunters Road, Weldon Industrial Estate, Corby, Northants NN17 1JE (0536 205520).

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presented to Lothar Spath, Prime Minister of the state of Baden-Württemberg, to be auctioned in aid of physically handicapped young people.

More information from Matth Hohner AG, Postfach 1260, 7218 Trossingen, West

Germany. ROSE-MORRIS has opened a music store in Hemel Hempstead, following the success of its Denmark Street operation.

The new store is at 71 High Street (0442 217 541). Its store

will carry a similar product range to the London shop, which means major agencies like Yamaha, Roland, Korg, Casio, Vox, Carlsbro, Laney, Fender, Gibson, Ovation, Takamine, Westone, Ibanez and many more.

the evidence is mounting ...



RM 29-6-86

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Eleanor Levy

SOUNDS 23-8-86

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Richard Cook

TIME OUT 27-8-86

The Big Dish ... Steely Dan's lawyer would like to hear from you.



MUSIC WEEK 30-8-86

... a band to watch for in the future.

RM 30-8-86

... The Big Dish's first album is unlikely to rate on anyone's *low cred* scale, because 'Swimmer' is a beautiful collection of tunes and stories, held together by some intriguing vocals and guitar.

Eleanor Levy

SMASH HITS 4-9-86

... 'Swimmer' bulges at the seams with potential hit singles, from shiny bop-alongs like 'Prospect Street' and 'Big New Beginning' to tear jerking ballads like 'Jealousy'.

... they certainly have a talent for nifty tunes and rousing choruses.

Nick Kelly

MELODY MAKER 13-9-86

... this is assured, crafted Americo-pop with Stephen Lindsay's wonderfully poignant vocals counterpointing Brian McFie's guitar ...

Tom Morton

MELODY MAKER 20-9-86

... two superbly crafted singles, 'Big New Beginning' and 'Prospect Street' ... The Big Dish, whose debut album 'Swimmer' is out next week, have captured a strong American echo of their own ...

a gentle reminder of the timeless attraction Stephen Lindsay finds in the art of Andrew Wyeth and Edward Hopper ... 'Christina's World' and 'Prospect Street' are titled after two of their works ...

Helen FitzGerald

MELODY MAKER 4-10-86

The Big Dish's album is high quality melodic pop with both sentiment and intellect making the songs a bit special. As crafted melodic pop goes, it's probably the best thing recorded this year.

Tom Morton

NME 4-10-86

The Big Dish: Swimmer (Virgin) ... They are faultless craftsmen, ... Every note is a shining thing, every instrument a silver drop onto the tape-heads.

David Quantick

RM 4-10-86

'A damn fine debut'

Lesley O'Toole



Q OCT '86

... songs like Prospect Street, Jealous and Big New Beginning – have wonderful little melodies that dance all over the place.

Chris Heath

MELODY MAKER 23-8-86

How can you call yourself The Big Dish? ...

Tony James (Sigue, Sigue Sputnik)

'Prospect Street' A fine record by **The Big Dish**

Available on 7" (VS913) and 12" (VS913-12) format. Taken from the album 'Swimmer' (V2374)