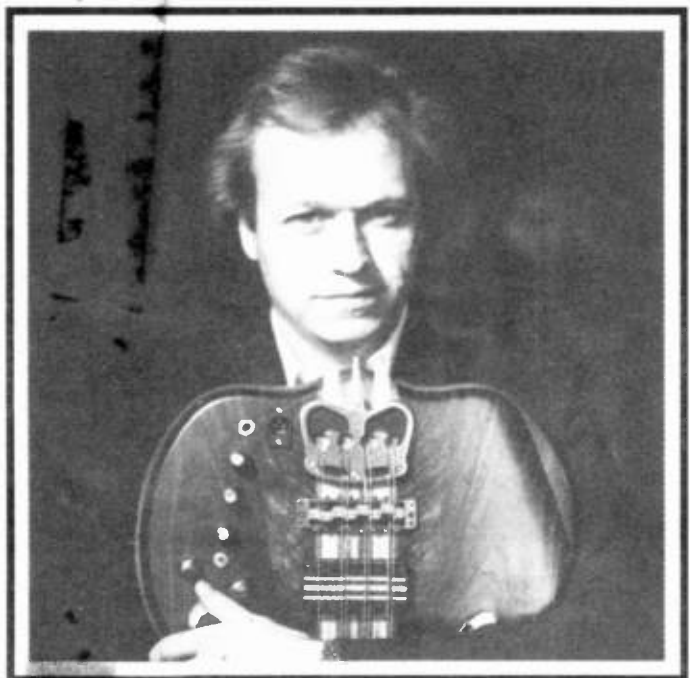


FREE WITH THIS ISSUE—THE SHOWCASE 2 EP

SOUNDS



LEVEL 42

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**U2 RETRO
DAVE BALFE
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ANDY WARHOL**

**NEWS EXCLUSIVE:
BON JOVI TO PLAY
DONINGTON – P.3
TOP MAN QUILTS
THE TUBE – P.8**

THE CULT

"We're coming out with all guns firing.
We're going to put British rock music
back on the map!"



NEWS · VIEWS · REVIEWS · GIG GUIDE · CHARTS · FEATURES · INSTRUMENTS

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 LONDON NW1 7QZ

U2, who've just released their 'Joshua Tree' album, headline an Irish special on *The Late Late Show* which will be screened by Channel 4 on March 9 at the not so late time of 2.30pm.

They'll be joined by **The Pogues** – making a similarly rare TV appearance – **Christy Moore**, **The Dubliners** and **The Fureys**.

CONFLICT OF INTEREST

CONFLICT are teaming up with former **Crass** member **Steve Ignorant** for a "mega-benefit bonanza" at the **Brixton Academy** on April 18.

It's something of a departure for **Conflict**, who say they are unofficially banned from performing in London, to play a 5,000 capacity venue, but band member **Colin** told *Sounds*: "It's time to stick our necks out and play 'them' at their own game. We're not scared to do it, we can do it, we will do it. If you want it to work, be there".

The alternative movement has already rallied to the gig and more than 20 stalls have been allocated to various causes.

Tickets will be £2.50 (as opposed to the normal price of £6.50) and **Conflict** will be unveiling their new line-up in a two-hour set as well as playing a selection of **Crass** material – possibly for the last time – with **Steve Ignorant**.

Steve confessed to being nervous of playing such a large venue, particularly as he hasn't played live for three years.

"It seems to be the opposite of all we said. But unless you have a go, you never find out. The banning of bands such as **Conflict** is a subtle form of racism (eh? – Ed) which should be stopped. This event is an important landmark in the history of punk".

CRAZY DAYS



CRAZYHEAD'S ANDERSON (right) and Kev

Greg Freeman

CRAZYHEAD, the Leicester louts whose musical thuggery has already caused **Zodiac Mindwarp** to dispense with their services on his upcoming gigs, have lined up their own tour to celebrate their first single, 'What Gives You The Idea That You're So Amazing Baby?' on Food.

Whether it goes ahead, however, will depend on the outcome of discussions that were being held at press time about a possible support slot on the **Cult** tour.

If they get the slot, then their own planned dates will have to be rescheduled.

At the moment, however, they start at **Bristol Tropic** March 5 followed by **Coventry Polytechnic** 7, **Croydon Underground** 8, **Leeds Warehouse** 10, **Nottingham Garage** 11, **Greenwich Tunnel** 12, **Egham Royal Holloway College** 14, **Kennington Cricketers** 16, **Barnet Red Rag** 21, **Birkenhead Stairways** 26, **Brighton Zap Club** April 1.

And just to show that they can still be a polite support act (!) they'll be doing the honours three times at **Kentish Town Town And Country Club** during March – on the 15th with **The Pink Fairies**, the 19th with **Tom Verlaine** and the 22nd with **Xmal Deutschland**.

LATIN QUARTER play three benefits for the **Nicaraguan Solidarity Campaign** at **Cambridge College Of Art** March 14, **Brixton Fringe** 16 and **Birmingham Triangle** 20. They then leave for a lengthy European tour but they'll have a new single out later this month and their second album is set for May release.

NICO pays a tribute to **Andy Warhol** who died suddenly last week (for appreciation see *Scanners*, page 30) at the **Brixton Fringe** on March 12.

There will be slides of **Warhol's Factory** in the early '60s (featuring **Nico**) plus various **Warhol** videos.

Nico will be joined by **Eric Random** And **The Bedlamites** plus **Richard Strange** and his band, and tickets are £5 (£4 unwaged).

ANC: 'No Shift'

THE PAUL SIMON/Anti-Apartheid saga refuses to lie down. Despite assurances from **Paul Simon** at a London press conference last month that the **African National Congress** had "totally reversed their position" over his 'Graceland' album, the son of **ANC** president **Oliver Tambo** has denied that the **ANC** have changed their position and says they have no intention of "clearing" **Simon**.

"Paul Simon has broken the cultural boycott and in so doing has made a mockery of the suffering of the people of South Africa," **Dali Tambo** said last week. "He has further added insult to injury by misinforming journalists about the attitude of the **ANC** and the people of South Africa whom he has at no stage consulted.

"I salute the commitment of the vast majority of musicians who support the struggle and sacrifices of the people of South Africa."

Paul Simon had not replied to the allegations at press time, but the presence of prominent **ANC** figurehead **Miriam Makeba** on his current tour, together with 20 other South African musicians, would seem to indicate a continuing rift in the **ANC**.

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News

BON DONINGTON!



Chris Walter/Photo features

BON JOVI are lined up to headline this year's Donington Festival on August 22.

A spokesperson for the band told *Sounds* that they had been offered the top spot at the festival but couldn't confirm that they'd accepted. *Sounds* understands that they've agreed to play, however.

The New Jersey rockers appeared at the '85 Donington Festival which was instrumental in giving their British career a quantum leap forward. Their latest album, 'Slippery When Wet', has now sold over half a million copies in Britain and their tour here last year was an

instant sell-out.

But their American popularity has now equalled their British success and their current US tour is causing riots and mayhem at virtually every gig. In New York, thousands of fans went on the rampage at 3.30 in the morning while queueing to buy tickets for a concert in April.

Their hectic touring schedule means that there's unlikely to be a new Bon Jovi album this year. But a new single from their 'Slippery When Wet' album is due out on Phonogram shortly.

Cult Quartet

THE CULT, in the Top 20 with their 'Love Removal Machine' single, have added four more dates to their British tour at Poole Arts Centre March 27, Ipswich Gaumont 28, Oxford Apollo 29, Leicester De Montfort Hall 30. Tickets are all £6.

Strangers Warm Up For Odeon . . .

THE STRANGLERS have added a third Hammersmith Odeon date to their British tour on March 31, as well as warm-up dates at Reading University March 15, Coventry Warwick University 16 and Norwich East Anglia University 17.

Support on all dates will be Hurrah! who've just released a new single off their 'Tell God I'm Here' album, called 'Sweet Sanity', on Arista.

Alarming Folk

THE ALARM have announced a back-to-the-roots British tour in late April, under the banner of The Electric Folklore Tour.

They start the 16-date tour at Manchester International on April 24 and continue at Liverpool Royal Court 25, Cardiff Ritzy 26, Bristol Studio 28, Brighton Top Rank 29, Portsmouth Guildhall 30, Leicester University May 2, Birmingham Powerhouse 3, Nottingham Rock City 4, Leeds University 5, Aberdeen Ritzy 7, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 8, Kilmarnock Palace 9, Newcastle Mayfair 10, Sheffield University 12, London Kilburn National 13.

Tickets are £5 everywhere except Kilburn which is £6.

Taking A Solo Test . . .

TEST DEPT take temporary leave of absence from their Ministry Of Power concept to play their first "solo" London show for more than two years at Kentish Town Town And Country Club on March 12.

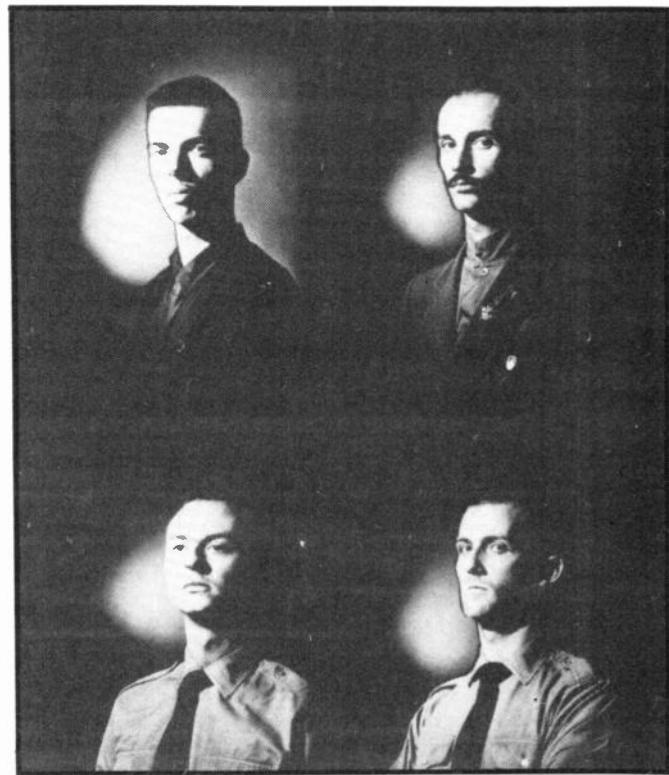
Not that they will be appearing entirely alone. They'll be backed by a brass section led by John Eacott of Loose Tubes, plus bagpipes, bombarde and didgereedoo.

And contributing musicians will include bugler Gene 'Scotty' Muir who resigned from the army in 1979 over "racist promotional bias", Alan Sutcliffe of the Kent mineworkers and Sarah-Jane Morris.

Tickets for the show, which will be recorded for later release, are £5.50 (£4.50 unwaged).

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD had to cancel the last few dates on their European tour last week after singer Holly Johnson's voice gave out. He's returned home for medical tests and may face an operation to remove nodes on his throat.

Laibach And Enjoy It . . .



LAIBACH, the Yugoslavian agit-pop band who appeared with dancer Michael Clark at London's Sadlers Wells last autumn, are back for more concerts in April.

They'll be starting off with another counter-cultural performance at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall on the South Bank on April 1 followed by club gigs at Liverpool State 2, Manchester Boardwalk 5 and Brighton Zap Club 9. Shows at Southampton and Newcastle have still to be confirmed.

Laibach, who've just returned from a "promotional" trip to Moscow and Leningrad, have a 12-inch single out on Mute next week – a German language cover of Queen's 'One Vision' called 'Geburt Eine Nation' – and an album called 'Opus Dei' the following week.

CAMPER ON THE ROAD

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN, America's own "he-devils on wheels", come in for an action-packed four day visit in mid-March to find out if what they've been told is true – and vice versa.

The band's two Rough Trade-released albums so far – 'Telephone Free Landslide Victory' and 'Camper Van Beethoven' – have attracted hip rock writers like Boy George attracts tabloid hacks, and a "missing link" album called 'II & III' will be out to coincide with their trip, having been re-recorded and re-mixed for British ears.

They'll be staging a music journals-only gig for a select band of liggers at London's Break For The Border on March 16.

This will be followed by more public appearances at Camden Dingwalls 17 and Harlesden Mean Fiddler 18.

In addition they'll be recording a Janice Long session for transmission on the 17th and a *Whistle Test* slot on the 18th which will feature their latest single – now available in 12-inch – called 'Take The Skinheads Bowling'.

"THE BEST NEWS FOR ENGLISH ROCK SINCE THE CLASH" THE TIMES

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News

WEAPONS OUT

Discharge Cancel

DISCHARGE, precursors of the thrash-metal movement, had to cancel their British tour last week after their new singer was prevented from appearing with them.

The band had lined up Wrathchild vocalist Rocky Shades, aka Rob Berkley, to replace singer Kelvin, who has just quit after seven years. But "management complications" from Wrathchild's end prevented the transfer from going through and Discharge have been left in a state of flux while they wait for the next development.

They apologise to all those fans who showed up at the cancelled gigs, which they hope to rearrange later.



TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY follows his auspicious TV debut on *The Tube* by landing the support slot on the Simply Red tour which starts next week (see right). He's just released his first single on CBS called 'If You Let Me Stay', and has another *Tube* slot coming up this week.

IQ HEAD FOR THE HEIGHTS

IQ have signed to Vertigo and will be playing a couple of dates next week, at which they'll be showcasing material from their new album due in May.

The band, featuring P L Menel on vocals, will be playing Bristol Granary March 10 and London's Marquee 12.

The new album is called 'Nomzamo U' and has been produced by Ken Thomas who has worked with Psychic TV, The Damned and The Cult.

Jazz Effectors

EARTHWORKS, Bill Bruford's latest jazz ensemble, have scheduled the release of their self-titled debut LP, produced by Dave Stewart and Bruford, out on EG on

March 16.

The quartet, consisting of Django Bates and Iain Ballamy, from Loose Tubes, plus Mick Hutton, will be playing a one-off gig in London at Ronnie Scott's on March 8.

TUBE CHIEF QUILTS — SEE PAGE 8

Simply Sex

SIMPLY RED's second album, 'Men And Women', will be out on Elektra on March 9 in time for their upcoming 30-date tour.

Produced by Alex Sadkin, the album has ten tracks including the current hit 'The Right Thing', and two tracks credited to Hucknall-Dozier-Hucknall — a collaboration between singer Mick and legendary Motown songwriter Lamont Dozier.

There's also a cover of Bunny Wailer's 'Love Fire' and Cole Porter's 'Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye'.

Following their British dates, Simply Red will be undertaking a major American tour.

MARC ALMOND has had to cancel his three International AIDS Day gigs on April 2-4 at London's Donmar Warehouse because of a

"misunderstanding" over the technical requirements for the show, which the warehouse cannot satisfy.

Marc said, "I am upset, disappointed and angry that this has happened. I'll be organising something of my own for the cause."

PRINCE CHARLES AND THE CITY BEAT BAND, who've been quiet since their 'We Can Make It Happen' hit last year, while Charles wised up on audio engineering and MIDI-programming skills at New York's Center Of Media Arts, return this month with a new single on Carrere called 'I'll Be There For You'. There are plans for a tour here later in the year.

Twins Set To Return . . .



THE THOMPSON TWINS, now down to Tom Bailey and Alannah Currie, emerge from a year's exile with a new single on Arista next week called 'Get That Love'.

Following the band's last disastrous world tour a couple of years back, which was beset by nervous breakdowns, album and tour postponements (including the cancellation of all their British dates after the promoter went bust) and culminated in the departure of Joe Leeway, Tom and Alannah retreated to Ireland where they've been working on an album due out in the spring. It's been produced by Rupert Hine and is said to be a "distinct departure in style".

There are plans for a British tour in the summer, preceding another world trek.

PETER GABRIEL has added two more London Earl's Court shows on June 27 and 28 and another at Birmingham NEC on July 2.

London tickets are £14.50 and £13.50 and Birmingham's are £13.50 and £12.50. They are available by post from Peter Gabriel Earl's Court or Peter Gabriel NEC, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Cheques and postal orders should be payable to Harvey Goldsmith Ents Ltd. Enclose an SAE and allow five weeks for delivery.

Shocked Nation

MICHELLE-SHOCKED, currently tramping over the indie charts with 'The Texas Campfire Tapes', sets out on her first nationwide tour this week.

She has dates lined up at Aldershot West End Centre March 7, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 8, Bristol Bierkeller 16, London Astoria 18, London Sir George Robey 20, Manchester International 21, Glasgow Daddy Warbucks 22, Edinburgh The Venue 23, Newcastle Riverside 24, Brighton The Richmond 25, Leicester Polytechnic 26, Birmingham (venue to be confirmed) 27, Leeds Polytechnic 28.

She'll be recording a new album during the tour and is lining up a week-long London residency in April.

Rare Beef

SLEEPY LaBEEF, legendary six and a half feet tall Arkansas rockabilly, brings his full 250 pounds over here this week for the first time since 1961.

He'll be playing two London gigs at Camden Dingwalls March 6 and Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 7 before appearing on Hank Wangford's Channel 4 series *The A-Z Of C&W*.

He will then be setting out on a British tour with Hank.

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23/24/25/26 SIMPLY RED
25 HOWARD JONES
26 ALIEN SEX FIEND
27 TIM BUK 3
28 THE BOOGIE BROTHERS
28 GREEN ON RED
29/30 TOM ROBINSON
30/31 THE STRANGLERS
30/31 LEVEL 42 (Wembley)

APRIL
1/2 GARY MOORE
1/2 SIMPLY RED
3 PHYLIS HYMAN
4 WAYNE SHORTER
4 THE METEORS
6/7/8 LEVEL 42
10 HANK WANGFORD

MAY
6 BLOW MONKEYS
13 THE ALARM
13/14 ALISON MOYET
18/19/20 DURAN DURAN
21/22 THE PRETENDERS
23 RUN DMC
23/24/25/26 STEVIE WONDER
28/29/30/31 STEVIE WONDER

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16/17 MAY

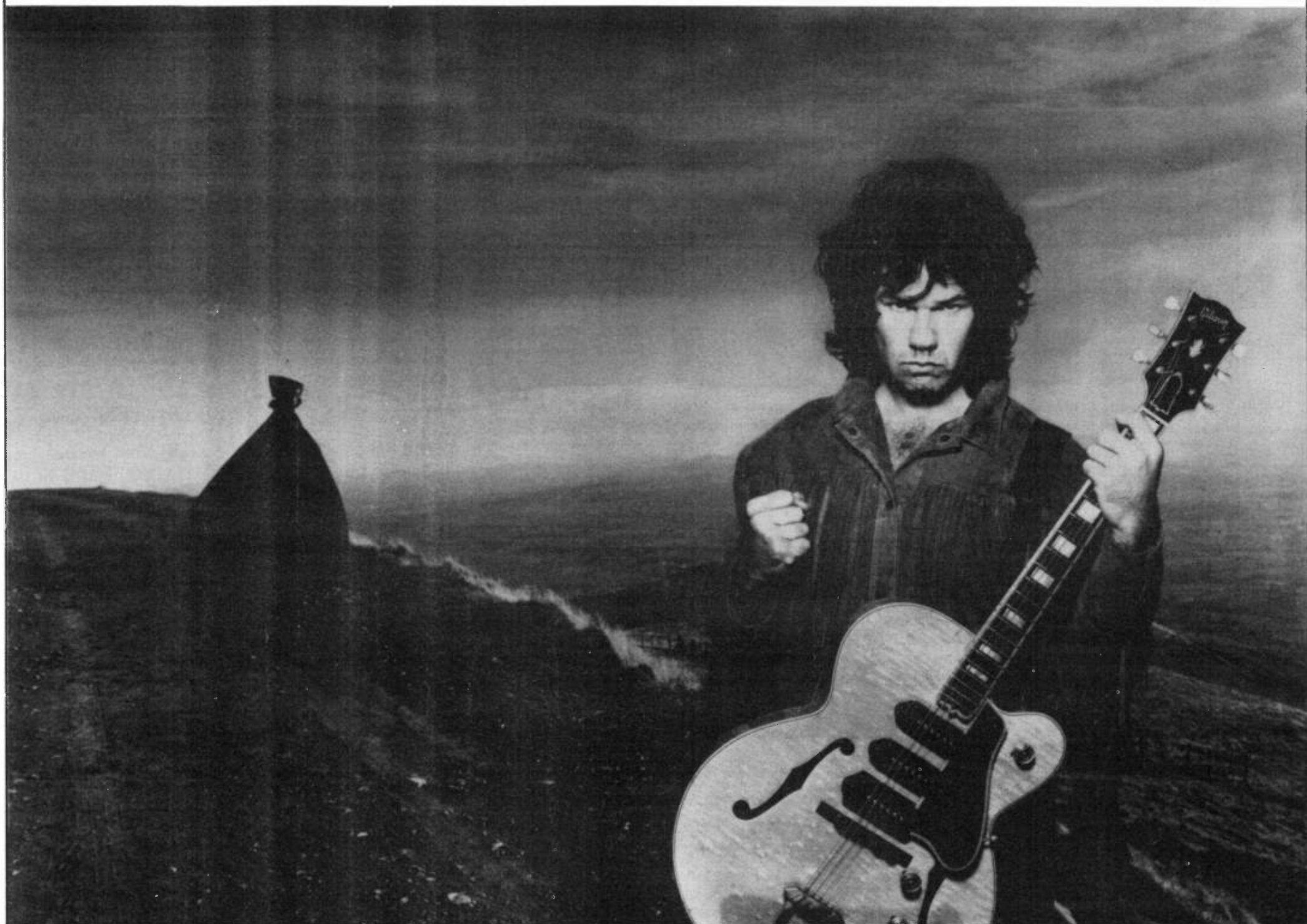
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THE CULT — 16 MARCH
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SUN · 29: SHEFFIELD · CITY HALL
MON · 30: NEWCASTLE · CITY HALL

APRIL

WED · 1: LONDON · HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THURS · 2: LONDON · HAMMERSMITH ODEON

News

Rock 'N' Roll O'Chi Brown . . .



O'CHI BROWN revives 'Rock Your Baby', which was a hit for George McRae back in the early '70s, for her new single on Magnet this weekend.

PYJAMA PARTY from York have a single out this week on their hometown label, Track, called 'Aim To Kill'.

SNOWY WHITE releases the finished version of 'For You', which got picked up by Radio 1 last year, as a single this week on Legend.

THE QUICK, who've been producing tracks for an album by former Wham! bassist Deon Estus, have a single of their own out on A&M this week called 'I Needed You' from their 'Wah Wah' album.

THE OTHER ONES, the Australian/German sextet, have their eponymous debut album out on Virgin this week which includes their 'We Are What We Are' single.

JANA POPE, the Czech superstar who defected to Britain a couple of years ago after she suddenly became a "non-person", has signed to Polydor and releases her first single here this week called 'I'm Losing You'.

SIRENS OF 7TH AVENUE, the electro-rock pioneers who are lining up a raunchy tour, gird their loins with a single called 'Shine On' this week on New Rose who are also putting out an EP from Canadian "electro-dirty" outfit Psyche called 'Unveiling The Secret'.

THE WARD BROTHERS, who are supporting The Psychedelic Furs on their British tour, have a new single out on Siren this week called 'Why Do You Run'. Their album follows in the spring.

STARPOINT, American dance specialists who include four brothers in their line-up, have their debut album out on Elektra this week modestly titled 'Sensational'.

THE FORCE, the Glaswegian quartet, release their self-titled debut album on Valentino (through WEA) this week.

DEIHM & HOROWITZ, a duo combining a Persian ballet dancer and an electronic composer/Moroccan ney flute specialist (!) have their self-titled debut album out on Crammed this month.

BILLY BRAGG, The Oyster Band, Brendan Croker, 3 Mustaphas 3, Ted Hawkins and The Copper Family will all have tracks on the 'Square Roots' compilation which will be released through Topic next month although Folk Roots readers will be able to avail themselves of a cheap mail order offer.

A&M launch a new dance label called Breakout this month with singles from Janet Jackson - 'Let's Wait Awhile'; Vesta Williams - 'Don't Blow A Good Thing'; and original A&M maestro Herb Alpert - 'Keep Your Eye On Me'.

BLINDING TEARS, an American duo who worked with John Cougar Mellancamp during his early career, have signed to Riva and have their first single out this week called 'Heaven Only Knows'.

TAJ MAHAL, the influential roots stylist, is back after a lengthy absence with a new album called 'Taj' on Gramavision (through Sonet) this month which reflects his current base in Hawaii.

MATT BELGRANO, whose ludicrous Mohican has been seen in every gossip column in the last three months, finally gets down to the business of releasing his first single on Music UK this month called 'In The Night'.

RECORD NEWS

HIRAM BULLOCK, the Japanese-born guitarist who learnt his craft from Pat Metheny and has just appeared with David Sanborn at his London concerts, has his debut album out on Atlantic this week called 'From All Sides'.

THE DELTAS, who've been purveying their psychotic blues for the past five years, have an album out this week on ID called 'Mad For It'. They are lining up gigs to promote it.

FULL CIRCLE, a five-piece dance outfit from New York, have their debut single out this week on EMI America called 'Workin' Up A Sweat'.

BB KING has his 'Standing On The Edge Of Love' track from *The Colour Of Money* soundtrack issued as a single by MCA this week.

THE JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET, featuring former Prisoners Jamie Taylor and Allan Crockford, release their first single on Re-Elect The President (through Backs) this week called 'Blow Up', an instrumental of The Yardbirds song from the '60s movie *Blow Up*, although The Yardbirds' original was actually called 'Train Kept A Rollin'.

CHRIS AND COSEY have their eighth album, confusingly called 'Take Five', on their own LD label (through Red Rhino) this month.

THE BALCONY launch new Liverpool indie label Pink Pop with a single this week called 'Redder Than Burning Coals', along with Amir whose single is 'Lines Of Love'.

SAD LOVERS AND GIANTS confirm their reformation with a three-track 12-inch on Midnight (through Rough Trade) this week called 'Seven Kinds Of Sin'. An album and tour are in the pipeline.

BROTHER BEYOND have released their second single on EMI. Its title is 'How Many Times'.

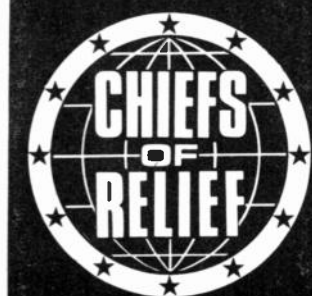
DAVID KNOPFLER this month releases his third solo album since quitting Dire Straits. Entitled 'Cut The Wire' it is on Greenhill and contains the single 'When We Kiss'.

CARLENE DAVIS, the lovers rock chanteuse has her 'Winnie Mandela' single - already high in the Jamaican charts and presently top of the New York reggae charts - released over here this week by Greensleeves.

Flower Power . . .



THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE follow the success of 'Velveteen' with their fifth single on Fire this weekend called 'Always There'. The 12-inch also has their version of The Doors' 'Waiting For The Sun'.



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News

BACKTRACKS

'THE IKE AND TINA TURNER SESSIONS' on Kent focuses on their 1964/65 stay with Modern as they tried unsuccessfully to follow up hits like 'A Fool In Love' and 'It's Gonna Work Out Fine'. There's a couple of unreleased songs as well as a frantic version of 'Goodbye, So Long' which they later performed in the Milos Forman movie *Taking Off*. But it was The Ikettes who had the hits and they are featured on the companion Kent album 'Fine Fine Fine'. They scored with 'Peaches 'N' Cream' and 'I'm So Thankful' (which allegedly features PP Arnold) and there's a dozen other tracks which could have been hits as well if Ike Turner hadn't kept the trio exclusively for his own Revue and sent out trios of anonymous session singers to promote the singles instead.

SHANE FENTON AND THE FENTONES, Alvin Stardust's pre-Beatles bid for fame are resurrected by See For Miles for a collection called 'I'm A Moody Guy'. That was the title of their Number 22 hit in 1961 and although they soon toned down their teddy boy roots in the search for more success – coming closest with 'It's All Over Now' (no relation to the Stones hit) and 'Cindy's Birthday' – the album pertinently includes two tracks which show surprising similarities to subsequent Beatle songs 'No Reply' and 'I Me Mine', although it's probably a bit late to start suing for breach of copyright. There's also The Fentones' 1962 Top 50 instrumental hit 'The Breeze And I' although no sign of 'The Mexican' which did marginally better earlier the same year.

AL GREEN, whose entire Hi catalogue is now out again, has his original 'Greatest Hits' collection reissued to stamp out inferior (and illegal) European pressings currently being imported. It features his first four British hits, 'Tired Of Being Alone', 'Let's Stay Together', 'Look What You Done For Me' and 'I'm Still In Love With You' as well as The Bee Gees' 'How Can You Mend A Broken Heart' but doesn't have room for 'Sha-La-La' (Make Me Happy)', 'LOVE' or 'Take Me To The River'.



BE BOP DELUXE, the vehicle of Bill Nelson's innovative talents in the '70s, have a 'Best Of' compilation out on Harvest called 'Raiding The Divine Archive'. It starts with the two seminal tracks from '74's 'Axe Victim' – 'Jet Silver And The Dolls Of Venus' and 'Adventures In A Yorkshire Landscape' – before getting stuck into the real meat of 'Futurama' and 'Sunburst Finish' with 'Maid In Heaven', 'Ships In The Night', 'Life In The Air Age' and their signature tune, 'Sister Seagull'. Side two consists mainly of tracks from 'Modern Music' and 'Drastic Plastic' as Nelson's dreams expanded beyond the confines of the band and highlighted by the obscure single 'Japan' from '77.

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND's 'Another View', the album of legendary "lost" sessions that finally came out in their four-album boxed set last year, has now been released in its own right by Polydor. It includes the studio version of 'We're Gonna Have A Good Time Tonight' together with the original 'Rock And Roll', 'Ferryboat Bill' and 'I'm Gonna Move Right In' from '69, two versions of 'Hey Mr Rain' and an instrumental version of 'Guess I'm Falling In Love'. The boxed set has also been re-released after being available as a limited edition and all four albums are now out separately as CDs.

JIMMY CLIFF has three of his mid-'70s albums originally released by EMI condensed into a compilation on See For Miles called 'Fundamental Reggay'. But although the album opens with the title track, the songs owe more to his growing reputation in Africa and South America than to his Jamaican roots. And although there are some international hits such as 'Under The Sun, Moon And Stars' and 'House Of Exile', they failed to register in Britain or America.

LOVE have their 1967 eponymous debut album reissued by Edsel who've noticed that it's no longer in Elektra's current catalogue. One of the definitive albums from the folk/blues/rock fusion period it contains ferocious versions of 'My Little Red Book' and 'Hey Joe' (nicked from Manfred Mann and The Leaves/The Byrds according to purists) as well as the heroin-flavoured 'Signed DC'. The original sleeve has been preserved, right down to the quaint "stereo" label.

LITTLE RICHARD, who has had a spate of reissues in recent months, gets yet another on Ace called 'Hey Baby Don't You Want A Man Like Me'. The tracks were recorded shortly before the legendary Speciality sessions for Peacock who recorded him with his own Tempo Toppers and with The Johnny Otis Orchestra as his formative R&B style creeps ever closer to rock and roll. There's four tracks from each line-up plus a couple of alternate takes from the Otis sessions. The remaining four tracks feature Billy Wright, a singer who introduced Richard to the Peacock label, not to mention a few hair-curling and make-up secrets.

ADVANCED COPY DATE
March 14th Issue
The copy date for the above issue is as follows:
Noon – Thursday
March 5th

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INSIDE STORIES

PLUGGING THE SPACE BETWEEN YOUR EARS

IN A world accustomed to hype and the subtleties of televisual salesmanship, flogging a record remains something of an anachronism.

Despite the multi-media spivmanship of the likes of Sigue Sigue Sputnik, a simple fact remains; telling somebody to listen to a record just isn't the same as making them hear it. And a spin on Radio 1 is worth a barrowful of full page ads in *The Face* and any number of hyperbolic reviews in the music papers.

To get their product under the consumer's nose, the record

If you want your record played on the radio the chances are you'll need a plugger. ROY WILKINSON talks to two pluggers about their widely differing approaches to securing airplay

companies have got to get (preferably daytime) airplay for their wunderkinds, and to do this they must solicit the attention of those lock keepers of the airwaves, the disc jockey and their producer.

To seek out the interest of this frequently bored DJ — someone who is often operating on a kind of self-promotional auto-drive, getting

by with startlingly little knowledge of the business that provides their *raison d'être* — the record companies employ pluggers, specialist radio salespersons.

These pluggers either operate on a freelance basis or work in-house, within a record company. They work with records of wildly varying status and are driven by any number of motives from money to a love of the music they are promoting.

Gary Farrow is a plugger, or as he puts it a "PR and Promotion Consultant", running a three person outfit. Only he knows if he has a deep fondness for the records he works with but his plush Park Lane office and a list of acts that includes George Michael, Elton John, Paul Young and Duran Duran indicates that he's working at the big money end of the plugging spectrum.

This fluid-tongued 30-year-old, with his tempered Del-Boy drawl and the look of a successful footballer, has a very self-assured manner. But even so, his conversation is littered with self-promotional asides.

"I've been offered £3,000 for my address book... I've got everyone from Bob Geldof to Princess Margaret... I turn down £2,500 of work every week."

When I spoke to him he'd had the most airplayed record for six weeks in a row and had just notched up his 29th Number One with George and Aretha's 'I Knew You Were Waiting'.

In Mr Farrow's world, Radio 1 is, without doubt, the prime market.

"I give 85 per cent of my time to Radio 1. I see one play on there as equal to seven plays on any ILR station."

He is evidently on good terms with the Radio 1 DJs and breaks off our conversation to phone Simon Bates to thank him for a play.

"The Radio 1 guys are mostly friends, not that that makes them more likely to play a record that I give them."

Gary works on a long term arrangement with bands and has contracts with some of them, although "with people like Elton, a gentlemen's agreement is enough".

He points out that he gives a comprehensive service and provides a file on the record's plugging history. And what does he get in return for all this? Why "a fair living" of course.

THE ANGLO-IRISH plugging company is headed by (Anglo) Gary Blackburn, 29 and (Irish) Paul White, 24. Both are feverishly

enthusiastic about the records they're working with and when I express a mild distaste for one, they argue and plead with me by turns until I change my mind.

The records that they plug can be a lot more problematic than Gary Farrow's roster, a case in point being The The's last three singles.

The first, 'Heartland', went to Number 29 and was a Radio 1 'Chartbuster' for a week. But the following, 'Infected', fell foul of Radio 1 prudishness with its "*from my scrotum to your womb*" line and was banned. It took the last single, 'Slow Train To Dawn', to re-establish Matt Johnson and convince Radio 1 that he's not taking the piss out of them.

Anglo Irish have something of a tradition of working with overtly left



ELTON: A gentleman's agreement is enough



BATES: "THANKS Si, old chap"

Top Man Quits Tube

THE LIKELIHOOD of *The Tube* ever returning to your screens after its present series is now in serious doubt following the resignation of its top man, Malcolm Gerrie.

In what appears to be yet another vote of no-confidence in Tyne Tees Television, Gerrie — *The Tube*'s executive producer — has told TTTV that he doesn't want to renew his contract when it expires in August. Ideally, Gerrie would like to leave sometime in May, shortly after the last *Tube* on April 24.

Insiders claim that Gerrie, at 36 generally regarded as one of TV's best rock producers, is bitter about the oppressive regime at TTTV headed by new managing director, David Reay. Money and editorial constraints on *The Tube*, sackings, suspensions and the recent resignation of programme controller Andrea Wonfor — a stalwart supporter of *The Tube* — are apparently the cause of a rift between Gerrie and senior management.

While Tyne Tees press office are playing down Gerrie's

JAMES McNALLY talks to *Tube* producer MALCOLM GERRIE about its — and his — future.

departure by saying he has been enticed away with a better offer, it is thought Channel 4 are unhappy with this latest company dog-fight. Even more significant is that the deal for C4 to take Tyne Tees' *The Tube* includes a "keyman clause", naming Gerrie.

If he goes, so does *The Tube*.

When contacted by *Sounds*, Gerrie was surprisingly tight-lipped, presumably because of the dressing down he was given following an outspoken interview with a Newcastle paper.

"Channel 4's view is they want *The Tube* — or a programme of its ilk, whether it's updated or revamped — for its next series," he explained.

But whether it comes from Tyne Tees is in doubt. Gerrie has been offered two jobs and it's thought one of them would include taking *The Tube* with him. Gerrie, however, is reticent to confirm this.

"Obviously, if I was asked to do it, because I've been there from day one, I would think very

seriously about it. And I think Jeremy Isaacs would be mad if he let the name go. Which other programme has delivered ten international awards, seven front covers of *TV Times*? It's noisy, it's controversial, sometimes it's brilliant and sometimes it's crap — everything rock 'n' roll should be.

"If *The Tube* is taken away from Tyne Tees all those guys who helped make it what it is, lose out... as well as a lot of people losing their jobs."

For Gerrie, the future is exciting. As contracts have not yet been signed, he is unable to comment on his job offers. Considering he started his TV career at Tyne Tees almost ten years ago, he has understandable regrets at leaving.

"I'm bitterly sorry to go," he said. "It's a fantastic company in terms of the blokes that actually make the programmes because they're 100 per cent committed. There's an energy there that's

absolutely unique.

"And because Tyne Tees has got a history of pop music going back to '64, the guys know what they're doing."

But with the departure of Andrea Wonfor and now you, doesn't this signal the end of Tyne Tees as a music channel?

"It would be terribly pompous and arrogant of me to say yes to that question. The talent that made those programmes tick is obviously still there — at the moment."

Considering the corporate structure at Tyne Tees, is there the opportunity to make the programmes?

"The real answer to that is whether or not Channel 4 will be inclined to give Tyne Tees work, or indeed, ITV1.

"There's a big debate at the moment about the *Chart Show*, which is ITV's answer to *Top Of The Pops*, and I was asked if I wanted to produce it. To everybody's surprise, I declined because of the time scale. They wanted it ready for May and I've got eleven *Tubes* to make..."

"Secondly, the union have invoked status quo, which means that as far as they're concerned



GERRIE: EXCITING future

the two guys who were sacked are officially still in the building. I can't do the job of somebody who is technically still there.

"Of course the power that would afford, to be the Michael Hurl of ITV, is not to be sneezed at."

With this double blow for the *Chart Show* and their flagship *The Tube* under such a cloud of doom, Tyne Tees' future in rock TV looks bleak. And with such a good track record, it would be shortsighted of them to strangle the creative talent they have left.

"Looking around at what else there is," commented Gerrie, "you've either got wall-to-wall videos, which is cheap 'n' easy, or you've got the *Whistle Test* with smug Mark Ellen. And that's just for American acts."

"What you'd do for British music, I don't know..."

Perhaps David Reay has that answer.

INSIDE STORIES



THE HOUSIES: it's in the bag

wing bands like The Redskins and Easterhouse. And surprisingly, it was this that led to their biggest success to date – The Housemartins, who they've plugged right from 'Sheep' to 'Caravan Of Love'.

Anglo-Irish take on very few new records each week, which means they can easily run a promotional campaign for eight weeks. They have been known to plug bands free because if they are successful, the chances are that the record company will come back for more.

But even on the records they are paid for, the fees aren't astronomical. When The Bodines' 'Therese' was first released they carried out an eight week campaign for around £200 and are "still waiting for Creation to cough up".

These fees pale in the light of those commanded by a top daytime oriented plugger who can be paid £350 per record per week and then get bonus payments of £500 for a Top 50 place, thousands for a Top 20 and a small fortune for a Number One. Some pluggers are even paid on a percentage of record sales.

But for those who say money corrupts, every plugger I spoke to ruled out any direct financial inducement being used to get airplay.

John Peel, a Radio 1 DJ who's been there since the station's inception and someone who is wont to speak out on any iniquities in the world of broadcasting, says that bribery simply does not exist.

"There are times when decisions are taken which you wish were made for criminal reasons. You could respect them more if they were made for financial gain rather than out of sheer stupidity."

But even if the DJ is not always aware of his position of power, he does, to some extent, control what the public hears and therefore effects the sale of records. A DJ who never inspired anyone to buy the records they play would be a failure by their own definition.

So DJs and their producers have to share the record companies' hope that the records they play will sell, merely because their taste and judgement is confirmed and the audience will continue to tune in.

Giving good phone

ROY WILKINSON looks at the proliferation of telephone 'petlines' and assesses the career prospects for girls who don't wear knickers

MANDY'S BEEN job hunting and she's just dying to tell you about it. "Well, I wore this tight leather skirt and, as it was a hot day, I didn't bother with no knickers. Just to make sure I got the job, I gave the boss a flash of a bit more than my stocking tops."

I don't know if Mandy's sartorial enterprise got her the job but in February last year it did get her in all the papers and had dozens of angry women picketing British Telecom's London headquarters.

Mandy worked for one of the many 'petline' telephone message services – recorded monologues from a miscellany of page three models – which are promoted mainly in *The Sun* and *The Star* and usually found up by the sports pages.

This particular service came from EMAP (East Midlands Allied Press – home of *Smash Hits* and *Q*) and was discontinued after a campaign from *The Mirror*.

These phone services rely on a relationship between the privatised British Telecom and the firms providing the garrulous girlyies at the other end.

Once the company has obtained its bizarrely titled Value Added Service Licence from the Department of Trade And Industry (to you, £100), it enters a lucrative arrangement with BT. The calls are racked up at the Northern Ireland rate of 38p a minute (25p a minute off peak) and then the loot's divided up.

With one company – Communications And Media Ltd (home of *Bitchline* and *Pillow Talk*), which receives over 5,000 calls a day – this will not be insubstantial.

BT are scrupulously open handed about this enterprise.

"Any private firm can approach us for a number and in the interests of free competition we are not prepared to discriminate between applicants."

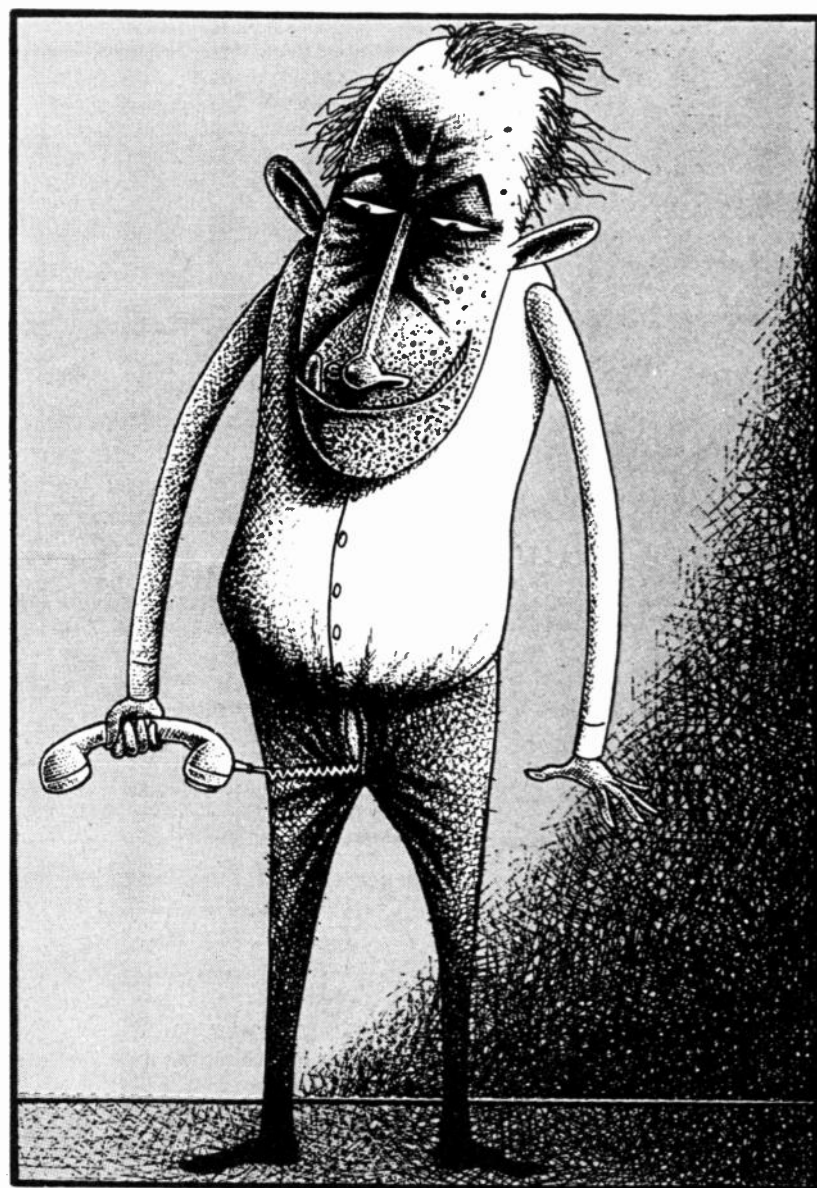
But not everyone agrees with BT's entrepreneurial platform. Take the organisation Women Against Violence Against Women.

"These lines are like any other sort of pornography," they say.

"Men make money out of it and men masturbate over it. As usual women have no control."

WAVAW, who organised last year's picket outside BT, are worried at the implications of petlines.

"All petlines follow a pattern: the girl gives her name, occupation and then talks about her body and clothes and make-



"Mandy, take a call"

Illustration by Simon Cooper

up. Men go on from that and begin to think of women as just objects."

This conclusion seems a little premature, however, when applied to most petlines because the much vaunted denouement ("please listen to the end and I'll tell you something I've never told anyone before") is usually something of an anti-climax.

Carole-Anne tells how she failed her driving test twice and Suzanne confidently reveals that if born a boy she'd have been called John.

But if EMAP had qualms and finally discontinued their service, other operators appear a lot less circumspect.

Communications And Media Ltd and Broadsystems Ltd (*Lust In The Hayloft*, *Chateau De Vice*) have carried on and revel in their tack with all the nudge nudge fervour of a *Carry On* movie, as illustrated by CAM's *Pillow Talk* with its tortuous sporting analogy: "When I play a man, I expect him to last a full 90 minutes. And if he doesn't

score more than once, I want to know why."

Aside from their questionable content, these phone services have attracted criticism from another angle, one that highlights the double-edged nature of the free market spirit the Government unleashed when privatising British Telecom.

Few people are prepared to pay for the services with their own money and it's no secret that the majority of calls are made from offices, using company phones.

Thus we have one private enterprise living parasitically off others. And this, combined with their dubious moral status, has led to some pressure to have petlines cut off.

Such a move would delight WAVAW but put the petline girls out of work. Still, perhaps Mandy's got a new job already and if Carole-Anne picks up her driving test at the third attempt, then her employment prospects will soar as well.

DOING A ROIR-ING TRADE

GOOD NEWS for good music lovers everywhere! At long last, Reachout International Records is to be launched in Britain during March.

Despite the name, ROIR releases are not available on vinyl, or on CD, but only on cassettes which come with lavishly attended full colour packaging, collector documentation and lengthy liner notes.

ROIR cassettes have a long tradition of excellence and an exemplary back catalogue which underlines their value to devotees of the unusual, the unlikely and the utterly wonderful.

They concentrate on otherwise unreleased material – both studio productions and classic concert recordings by the likes of The Dictators, New York Dolls and Television.

The first two new releases over

here will be an hour-long Johnny Thunders concert recorded at New York's historic Mudd Club for the soundtrack to *Stations Of The Cross*, a film by Lech Kowalski, and '21st Century Dub', an improbable but well wicked collision between Jamaican and Japanese dub styles, which features Sly and Robbie, Augustus Pablo and both the Channel One and Tuff Gong posses.

Subsequent releases will include a cassette from DOA, the US hardcore band, and several New York compilations featuring early tracks from the Beastie Boys, Bad Brains and so on.

Previously priced at £12 on import, ROIR product will now cost just half that and will be distributed through Red Rhino and The Cartel which means you should be able to find them in all the better record shops. Good hunting.

ROGER HOLLAND

INSIDE STORIES

SMYJ

This week by
ANDY HURT,
BILLY MANN
and **MARY**
ANNE HOBBS

BIGGEST NEWS of the week concerns **Sly Stallone**, who has apparently cast a men's fragrance in a co-starring role in his new blockbuster (yawn) *Over The Top*.

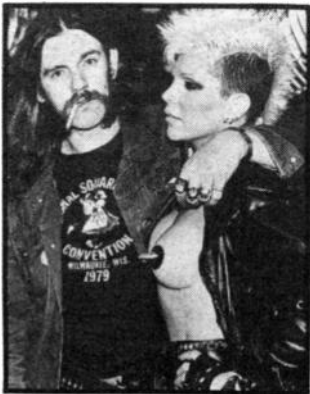
Doubtless mindful of the under-arm unpleasantness associated with the film's chosen area of machismo – arm wrestling – Sylvester has enlisted the help of Brüt 33. And I bet he didn't receive a cent for his efforts.

"Brüt has always been associated with hero figures, and Sylvester Stallone certainly fits the bill," says **A Spokesperson**.

Quite, reminds me of the scene where **Superman** says to **Lois Lane**, "sorry, I would have stopped the safe from falling on your head, only I was smelling a bit whiffy at the time and had to splash on some Brüt".

Shane MacGowan has solved the problem of a flyaway hairstyle by cropping his barnet into a neat suedehead. And while we're on the subject of those fun-loving toppers **The Pogues**, a little birdie tells me they're in with more than a squeak of landing the plum support to **U2** on the latter's summer European tour.

In the meantime, The Pogues are getting into the mood by accompanying



LEM 'N' FRIEND

Bono in celebrating 25 years of **The Dubliners** on Ireland's *The Late Late Show* this week.

Big-hearted **Arthur** of **The Blubbery Hellbellies** has apparently added a neat new trick to his stage repertoire – setting fire to his pubic hair. Sounds like a load of bollocks to us.

Cherubic **Crazyhead** singer **Anderson** is up before the beak this week, accused of criminal damage (not guilty, it goes without saying).

The innocent was out with fellow Leicester frontpersons **Mary of Gaye Bykers On Acid** and **Dentover** from **The Janitors** when Anderson hit a high C and a couple of adjacent windows shattered. Honest.

No sex please, we're hoteliers. High jinks in a hotel somewhere in London, where a temporarily homeless **Lemmy** has been staying of late. A cleaner (allowed in once a week only) entered the Lemmy abode to discover his bed strewn with, er, candid polaroids of the **Motorhead** chappie and a **Lady Friend** (I guess they took it in turns to play **Snowdon**).

A week or two later and a naked Lemmy is seen running down the corridor pursuing a similarly-clad **Young Lady** with a water



ROSIE: HAVING a passionate affair

pistol.

The drinking man's **Billy Bragg** – **Nigel Lewis** former Meteor and Tall Boy – was almost Kentucky-fried at a recent Dingwalls performance in London. It seems the tall fella had the misfortune of plugging into an unearthed PA (not standard Dingwalls procedure, we'd like to point out) an act that resulted in some rather titillating electric shocks every time Nigel attempted to play his guitar or sing into the mike. His condition is reported to be 'drunk'.

Unlikely pop stars dept. **The Fall** are being repeatedly mobbed on their current tour of Germany. Their next single is rumoured to be a cover of The Brotherhood Of Man's 'Figaro'.

Meanwhile, the next **Pop Will Eat Itself** EP is expected to bear comparison with the yobbo metal rap of the **Beastie Boys**. True!

American hardcore peddlers **Agnostic Church** have had to decline the offer of supporting **Megadeth** on their next tour. The reason? They couldn't get the time off school.

News has just been flown in that cheekbone popsters **A-ha** refused point blank to change out of their blue jeans and dress up to meet the **King Of Sweden** recently.

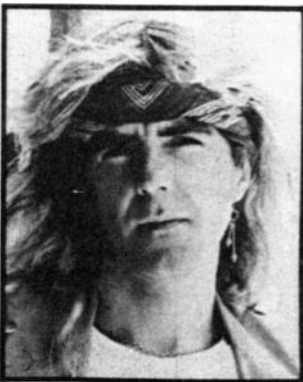
And rumours of a split have been compounded by the revelation that **Morten** – he's the one with all the rubber bands around his wrist – has been developing a severe case of egomania and has been whispering to



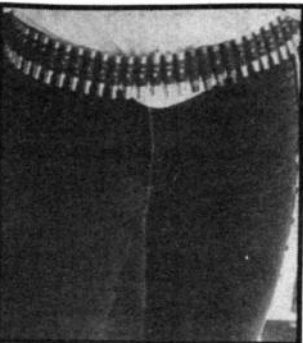
THESE 'MEN' are motor mechanics trying to be pop stars

his pillow something about a Solo Career.

Balding screen genie **Jack Nicholson** was spotted dining in New York



BIFF: BUT where's the rest of him?



THIS IS not Stephen Pearcy

with another in a string of shapely 18-year-olds. But Lord knows, there'll be trouble if **Angelica** catches him.

And whilst we're on the subject of illicit affairs, it's been revealed exclusively to *Jaws* that sumptuous **Rosie Vela** has been enjoying a passionate affair with an A&M big wig.

Joe Strummer has, it seems, been taking his acting career far more seriously since the death of his mother at Christmas. His next role will be in an upcoming **Alex Cox** movie written about a prominent 19th century Nicaraguan politician.

Wayne Hussey, the ugliest man in goth pop today, is reportedly suffering from water on the brain cell after falling into a pool during their recent video shoot, and is now seriously considering asking **Donny Osmond** to support **The Mission** on their next tour.

Chris Stein and his devoted lover **Debbie Harry** were spotted in London last week shelling out a serious

£500 updating their collection of occult books.

It seems that **Sean Penn** really ain't such a jealous guy after all. Apparently, he's still best of friends with Madonna's ex **Jelly Bean**, and the pair of them are said to be spending a lot of time watching baseball with **Michael J Fox**.

Did you know that both **Biff of Saxon** and **Ratt's Stephen Pearcy** stuff their crotches. God, how the truth always hurts.

Buttz Babysitter and **The Queerboys'** singer **Spike** are opening a new heavy metal club on Tuesday nights at Gossips in London.

Phillip Lewis of **The Electric Gypsies** has just acquired a blue Moroccan lizard (named **Sid**) to add to his unusual collection of pets which includes an African toad, two boa constrictors, five bats, **Britt Ekland** and a black widow spider.

For two months now our investigative team here at *Jaws* has been sweating over a story with the working title 'Whatever Happened To **Zig Zig Spankit**'.

Well, it appears that they intend to re-launch their non-career with a cover of **David Bowie's** 'Rebel Rebel' and have been recording their new album in the back seat of their white stretch Cadillac.

It is reported to be the sound of its misfiring engine that will replace the now legendary Spankit repeating raygun sound. We wish them luck.

SMYJ

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Therese

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THE INVISIBLE TOUCH TOUR

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JULY 1ST - 2ND LONDON WEMBLEY STADIUM

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD BALFE?

DAVE BALFE, manager of Zodiac Mindwarp, owner of Food Records and unashamed capitalist, with his Max Headroom hairstyle and MOR leather jacket, cuts a convincing managerial figure these days.

His entrepreneurial self-image manifests itself both in his eagerness to explain what he's doing and in his requests to photographer Greg Freeman.

"I'd like a sort of John Betjeman, corporate image, armchair thing. No, I'd rather have face on than profile; it's more businesslike."

But things haven't always been quite like this, as he illustrates by referring to his time as keyboard player with The Teardrop Explodes.

"The Zodiacs all think of me as a businessman and I have to remind them that I did *Top Of The Pops* on acid – I've done stuff far weirder than them."

Balfe – as he's universally known – was a member of the Teardrops during their most chemically pronounced "weird out" period. He took part in all the lunacy – the 15 tabs of acid at 30,000 feet on the way to Australia – and the limitless paranoia. And, of course, it was Balfe who drummer Gary Dwyer chased over the Welsh hillsides with a loaded shotgun during a Teardrop recording session.

Balfe now sees Dwyer's behaviour as quite unreasonable. What he forgets is that it was triggered by his own decision to aim three house bricks at the drummer's head, one of which cracked him squarely on the temple. But as he says, he doesn't have a very good memory.

Balfe was in the Teardrops at their wildest. But even then, what he calls his "boring, middle class monetary attitude to life" was exerting itself. He wasn't consumed by drugs and he didn't wed – thus sparing himself the marriage break up both Gary Dwyer and Julian Cope suffered.

When the Teardrops finally exploded in February 1983, Julian took on the solo career and the debts and Balfe began to devote himself to the managerial side of the pop industry, something which at 25 he already had over four years experience in.

BALFE'S MANAGERIAL career began back in Liverpool in 1979 at a time when the formative Bunnymen and Teardrops were beginning to approach their grand ambitions by actually playing some gigs. Balfe was the young, wide-eyed kid from the Wirral who had joined the legendary Big In Japan just before they split.

After this, BIJ founder member Bill Drummond was setting up a record label and the pushy but "terminally unhip" Balfe asked if he could come in with him. And to his eternal amazement, Drummond agreed.

Soon afterwards, Zoo Records was born, the Teardrops and Bunnymen debut 45s – 'Sleeping Gas' and 'Pictures On My Wall' respectively (produced by Balfe and Drummond) – both became Single Of The Week in *Sounds* (the first paper to run features on the bands) and Balfe's talent spotting career had begun.

After 'Pictures On My Wall', in a move

that typifies Balfe's business style to date, the Bunnymen were signed to Warners' subsidiary Korova, with Balfe and Drummond retaining their management and striking up a publishing deal whereby they got – and still get – about one third of Warners' publishing royalties on the Bunnymen.

Thus, barely out of his teens, Balfe was joint owner of three companies – Zoo Records, Zoo Management and the publishers Zoo Music – and effectively working for Warners as a freelance A&R man.

After three Teardrops singles on Zoo, Balfe and Drummond recorded and produced their debut album 'Kilimanjaro' and sold it – after completion – to Phonogram.

Balfe looks back on those days as his "wild youth", where they took what he now sees as unjustifiable risks.

"If I'd known then what I know now I

wouldn't have done it. At the time, I just felt it would work. And with Bill six years older than me, there was somebody to give me some confidence."

Even then Balfe's self-confessed materialism was running alongside his naivety, as Bill Drummond explains.

"Balfe had idealism and yet, because he wasn't from the hippy generation, he was pro wealth and pro glamour. Every time we'd put a record out, Balfe would start planning where he was going for his holidays."

After eleven Teardrops gigs, keyboard player Paul Simpson left and Balfe stepped in as a temporary replacement, only to stay – on and off – right up to their final dissolution.

Balfe's position in the band was always problematic, further complicated because he was not only managing *them* but also arch rivals, the Bunnymen.

The other Teardrops resented Balfe's



BALFE: HIS ambitions are Branson sized

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6 MARCH LONDON KINGS COLLEGE

DAVE BALFE once did *Top Of The Pops* on acid when he was a Teardrop. Now he sits comfortably behind an office desk and presides over a growing musical empire. In the second of our **TALENT BROKERS** series, **ROY WILKINSON** charts the wheels and deals, **GREG FREEMAN** shot the corporate image

professionalism, his dogged insistence on putting tunes in the songs and his ambition to get 'Kilimanjaro' sounding like Blondie's 'Parallel Lines'.

Disagreements between Balfe and Cope were largely responsible for Cope's decision to bring the band to an end. But Balfe was not unduly worried because Julian had been persuaded to take on the debts. And anyway, Balfe never really saw himself as a pop star.

"I can't really enjoy excitement without a stable base. And I must admit, I was never entirely happy as a performer. It's incredibly destabilising and something I prefer to remain on the edges of.

"It's great managing Zodiac, who is totally f***** wild and has a genuine existential approach to life. If he had my approach – which is that existentialism is a good toy to play with now and then – he wouldn't be half as good as he is."

Zodiac met him on a bus one day – I think he knew him through Youth – and gave him a cassette of 'Wild Child' that was seven minutes long and really horrible, and Balfie phoned him up and said, 'I'll be really generous and give you 500 quid for your publishing. For three years. And he'd buy him a guitar as well, as long as it wasn't over £200.

Kid: But Balfie got a BMW out of it, which was his 20 per cent of our advance, and he still had a bit left over to get an artificial lawn laid.

SLAM THUNDERHIDE and Kid Chaos:
Sounds, January 3, 1987

OF HIS original trio of companies, only Zoo Music really remains a working concern. He replaced the other two with Dave Balfe Management and Food Records.

As well as managing King Zed, The Bikerdelic Warlord, he currently manages Crazyhead and co-manages Voice Of The Beehive with Andy Ross who runs Food.

Food released the debut singles from The Woodentops, Brilliant, Zodiac's 'Wild Child' and his 'High Priest Of Love' mini-album. But so far, they've fought shy of long term involvement with bands.

"To date, Food has really worked as a loss leader for the management and Zoo Music – we've only worked with bands for short periods of time."

So, Balfe really has been working as a talent broker, setting up bands and quickly signing them to a larger label, a service for which he receives 20 per cent of the signing fee. But that doesn't mean he plans to work like this forever.

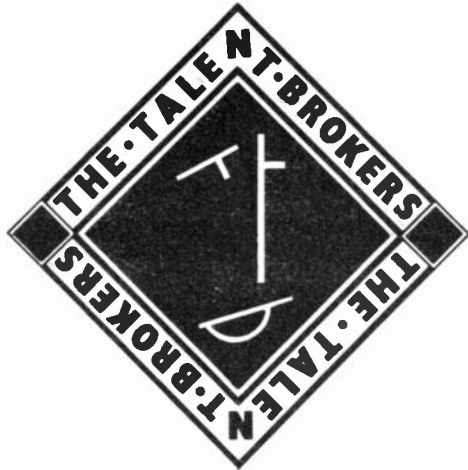
"I am trying to create a large organisation but have really only concentrated on this over the last two years. My ambitions are Branson sized. A lot of major labels that people now take for granted were just one person projects that got off the ground with one or two groups – Chrysalis with Jethro Tull, Virgin with Mike Oldfield, Beggars Banquet with Gary Numan and Factory with Joy Division and New Order."

With Zodiac, Balfe had an artist of similar potential. But as he explains, when Zodiac took off, Food simply didn't have the infrastructure to support him.

"Suddenly Zodiac became huge, with every record company in London trying to sign him. The figures got ridiculous and I just couldn't justify keeping him on Food."

Voice Of The Beehive are now in a similar position, with everyone after their signatures. But Food is still unlikely to grow in size with the band.

"When I heard Voice Of The Beehive I



said, This is the band that could make Food a big label. But in a way we were too quick in getting the ball rolling.

"If we were worse at our jobs, it would take a year to get going so the label could grow with the band. But they've grown so rapidly that if they stayed with Food they'd be stunted."

NOW, HOWEVER, Food have a group with whom they think they can grow – Crazyhead, the Leicester scuzzy Seedlings who are being heralded by everyone from Julian Cope to our very own Neil Perry.

Crazyhead are a band with the songs and the spirit to take advantage of the current rockward swing in this country.

"Those scummy bastards – the ugliest band I've ever seen – are the first band that I really see Food growing with. If in the past we've gone too far towards one-off deals, we're making up for it this time – they've signed on for five albums."

Plainly Balfe isn't working purely for the love of it – a fifth of Zodiac's still undisclosed signing fee hardly amounts to peanuts. And with Voice Of The Beehive seemingly bound to emulate Zed, Balfe won't be taking any lemonade bottles back to the shop. He drives a BMW, owns his house and is reputedly "minted", although he won't be drawn on just how minted.

"My approach is a bit more right wing capitalist than most people who might be considered my peers. Right wing as far as money goes... not in any other way."

Our manager, Colonel Uncle Tom Madolf Bulf, was perfectly right that Zodiac was getting out of hand, but the problem was, we got our advance and that money belongs to us, not our manager.

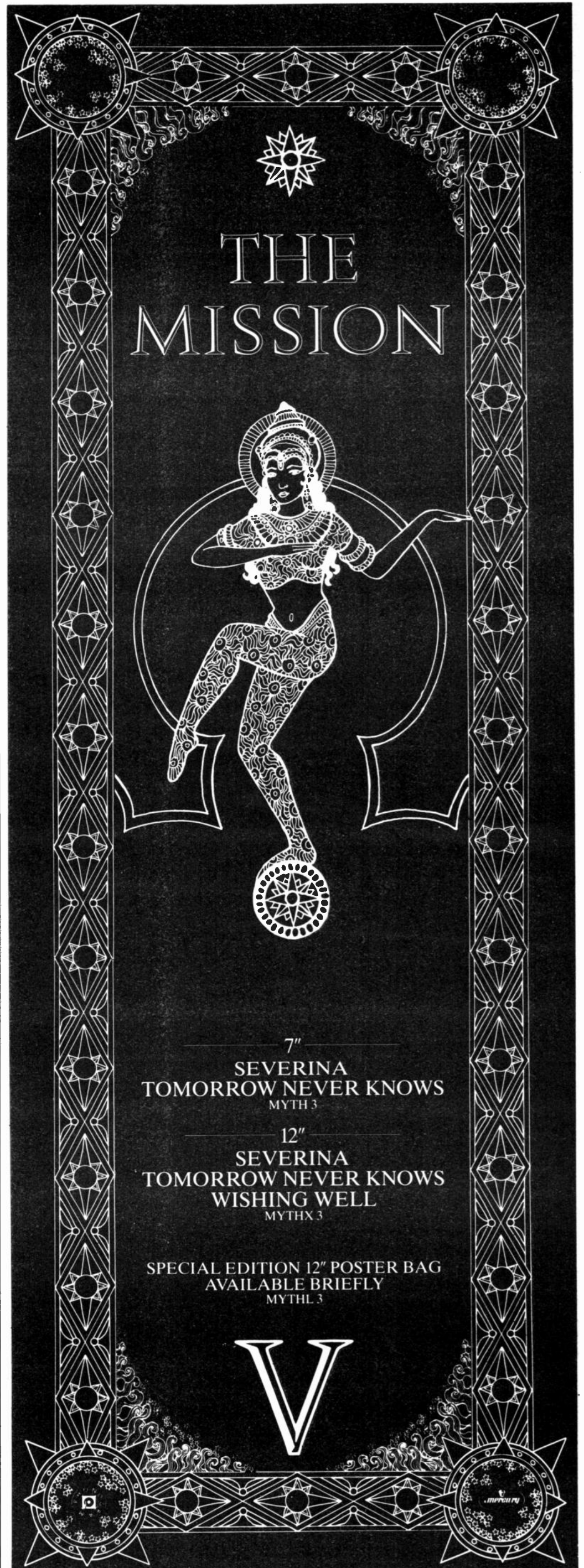
We used to go see Balfie being all naive, going. Oh wow, men with big cigars have just given us a quarter of a million quid. And we'd go, Balfie, can I have a set of guitar strings and a roll of gaffer tape please? And he'd go, No, f*** off. And we'd go, Yes, Balfie, sorry, Balfie.

KID CHAOS: *Sounds*, January 3, 1987

"Up until two years ago, I panicked a bit about the future. But I now think I'll always be here because I think I'll be able to do a good job in the music/entertainment business."

"Bands just aren't very well organised – the psychology that goes with a creative talent is often accompanied by a weakness in direction and I think that my understanding of that area is one of my strengths."

NEXT WEEK: STEVO



LIFE IS A MINESTRONE

SOUP MEANS MURDER

POKE THE power button, slide in the disc and prod the keys.

We are here to profile popular Scottish popsters, The Soup Dragons and, as all carnivores will tell you, Soup Means Murder! So get your bibs on or have your Paisley shirt stained.

In their Newcastle University dressing room a blushing little student man is sitting at my feet blubbing excuses for why he's just done a painfully wet interview with Sushil K Dade, bass player of this easily approachable independent band.

Johnny Student Fanzine Writer, a two-bit, pop-infatuated pillock who couldn't utter a word of interest on pop music if he was being gang raped to a bloody pulp by the ghosts of The Undertones and Alan McGee, climaxes his warbling with the somewhat pathetic but ironic, "I just hate rock music".

'SCUSE ME WHILE I KISS THE SKY

IT'S IRONIC because The Soup Dragons have just finished their set with a seemingly serious rendition of Jimi Hendrix's 'Purple Haze', a heavy slab of churning, '60s guitar rock.

The Soup Dragons aren't closet hippies but ambitious young men. Their singer is as lippy as Redskin Chris Dean and keen to impress on me that his band are a rock group playing pop.

By playing 'Purple Haze' live and recording only rock classics like The Who's 'The Kids Are Alright' for a recent John Peel session, the band are undertaking an amusing attempt at putting some distance between themselves and myth-addicted Pure Pop fans.

Sean: "Will you write on this bit of paper for my fanzine, Sean? Ach they can shove it up their arse. That guy said he hated rock music? He's just a wanker then."

Jim: "It's good to fly in the face of that anti-rock attitude."

No one could really have slapped all those early wishy-washy, sweetly adjectives onto the band if they'd bothered to take notice of Sean's character.

He is pushy, intelligent and confident; and, above all, he never, ever, shuts up. For three days I am constantly subjected to a thrusting balance of crap jokes and considered musical comment.

"Actually, I was the first person in Scotland to own a pair of Levi 501s," he boasts. "I was working in Flip, which was the first shop to stock them, and we weren't allowed to sell them for six weeks so it would tie in with Levi's TV advertising. I just got myself a pair the first week we had them."

"In fact, it was those trousers that got me the sack from Flip. I'd accidentally put them on display and was showing some to Bobby Gillespie of Primal Scream when the manager came in and shouted at

Forget the twee pop reputation because **THE SOUP DRAGONS** are *hard*! With their third single, 'Head Gone Astray' being their biggest seller, **JAMES BROWN** joins them in Newcastle. **IAN T TILTON** gets canned in the memory or Warhol

me to take those trousers down! I thought he wanted me to take my own trousers off so I told him to f*** off. He didn't like that much and the whole thing turned into a nasty argument and pretty soon I was on my way out. I never went back."

'SCUSE ME WHILE I STEAL YOUR CAR

TAKE THE fire escape out of Sean's endless conversation and you might get to hear from the rest of The Soup Dragons.

Sushil, who used to write the brilliant *Pure Popcorn* fanzine, remains surprisingly quiet through our interviews but, like Sean, rarely shuts up the rest of the time we are together. Sushil is a polite young man who likes Microdisney and The Go-Betweens, and who admonishes me for routing Johnny Fanzine.

Behind guitarist Jim's baby-face there hides a cool, mature resident of Motherwell. A wee darling in his desert boots, T-shirt and red corduroys, Jim shatters this innocent image by taking me on a whirlwind trip of raunchy, high society Glaswegian literary parties in a 'borrowed' Metro hatchback.

A man whose own motto is 'Never Trust A Casual', Jim encourages me in my torment of the rock hater. Although a Northern Soul fan, he is the fiend responsible for the band's rendition of 'Purple Haze'.

Ross is a beefy, straggle-haired drummer who carries fine art text books in his holdall and wears a mutilated Soup Dragons tour T-shirt over his shoulders. Ebullient and almost rubbery in physique and character, Ross looks like Douglas Hart of The Jesus And Mary Chain and is a fan of Stump, Love and early David Bowie. He enjoys evenings in with the family and his hobbies include croquet, gardening and making pencil-cases out of dead animals.

Now that you've met this week's contestants I hope you'll...

'SCUSE ME WHILE I PREACH A LITTLE

BROTHERS AND sisters the time has come for each and everyone of you to decide whether you are going to be the problem or whether you are going to be the solution.

I wanna hear some noise, I wanna hear some revolution, I wanna hear you dance.

British pop music is lazy, it's been dithering around for too long now, resting its guitars on its laurels and its weary head on the mythical pillow of punk - a pillow that has started to suffocate it. It has lost its sense of direction, infection, corruption and attraction.

I see no British Prince, no British Madonna and no real Ramones or Blondie. Where is the backstreet bite? Not that I'm calling for imitators, just talent. Britain does have quality acts but few who can rival the world beating charisma and brilliance of Prince, Cameo or Madonna. No sex or exhilaration, just too much posing and not enough ambition.

The Soup Dragons don't offer to change all that but they'll make sure none of the same weedy standards manages to crawl into their camp.

The most important thing about The Soup Dragons is the confidence the band have in themselves. It's a calm, patient confidence not loud and excitable. Confidence that chills not thrills. An attitude that



"Glasgow is a place where people don't just think about things, they get up and do them."

encourages them to admit that when they released their first single they were, "Crap. Well, not crap, naive".

The band have long-term plans with substance. Sean compares their proposed development to the changes The Undertones went through from 'The Undertones' to 'Sin Of Pride' — which is no bad path to beat out for yourself.

Having already scored indie hits with 'Whole Wide World' and 'Hang Ten', they've just completed a nationwide tour to promote their third and biggest selling single, 'Head Gone Astray'. For both The Soup Dragons and support, My Bloody Valentine, it has been the

first really successful and serious tour.

The Soup Dragons have been testing out material for their forthcoming LP and the reaction has been favourable. Aside from the entertaining cover of 'Purple Haze',

TO THE monumental list of bands with whom The Mighty Lemon Drops have been associated — Echo And The Bunnymen, The Teardrop Explodes, Wah!, The Doors — I venture to add two more.

For 'Out Of Hand', a superior re-mix of the *Record Mirror* freebie which is to be the band's fourth single in April, bears distinct similarities to both The Searchers and The Beatles.

It's very easy to accuse a group of plundering its music from some sound from the distant, or not so distant, past. Put a label on it — er, yes, 'shambling' will do for this outfit — put it in a pigeonhole with similar records and forget about it.

And why not? After all, didn't Otis Redding spend years trying to sound like Sam Cooke? Didn't Bowie once mimic Anthony Newley? Didn't the Stones provide the model for Aerosmith and The New York Dolls to ape?

But what is important is that progression can come out of imitation.

So why doesn't anyone who writes about The Mighty Lemon Drops like them anymore? Does a less than innovative first album damn you forever? Or is it that the music media thrives upon celebrating the unknown and then defecates on them when they sign to a major label and go for gold?

THE MIGHTY Lemon Drops have neither denied their musical influences, nor their desire to be successful. And someone up there has faith. A major tour in America looms and £20,000 has just been blown on a video by Derek Jarman and his protégés.

In the make-up room, this faith hardly leads to enthusiasm or excitement. Not even to a confident smile.

David Newton (guitar) perches awkwardly on the arm of bassist Tony Linehan's chair. Vocalist Paul Marsh leans forward uneasily, and Keith Rowley



which immediately provokes questions about the band's *true* musical background, the best non-single tracks played live are 'Soft As Your Face' and 'Can't Take Anymore'. Both, it turns out, are

examples of their most recent material.

Loud and raw but noticeably competent, The Soup Dragons are now a far cry from the bumbling second-rate efforts of many of their ex-associates at Subway records.

'SCUSE ME WHILE I SOCIALISE

DO YOU not think that by making it so obvious that you consider yourselves rock musicians playing pop you might alienate a large part of your original audience?

Sean: "No, I think if people see that I like Marc Bolan then they will respect me for liking a good songwriter in the same way I'd respect someone else who liked Marc Bolan."

Ross: "I know what you're getting at though. There is a hard core, or you could call it a soft core, of our audience who cling onto the pure pop attitude. Like when we were mainly a support band we used to get a lot of that anorak thing, but now we've developed a bit our audiences seem to be more adult in a way."

Sean: "Marc Bolan is a good example because I'm really into him at the moment. My older brother

used to have all his records and for about two years Marc Bolan was just God. It was just 12-bar boogie, getting into the groove. He was just so laid back, the way he used to present his TV show. He looked brilliant, that leopard skin suit and those enormous pointy gold lapels. Just sitting like that waving at you from a bike . . ."

Ross: "And riding straight into a f***** tree. Bang! Ha ha ha! I hate Marc Bolan! Look at his hair."

About two years ago I came to Glasgow and was really impressed by the way there were so many exciting things happening. Like there was the Splash One club putting on 23 Skidoo, Wire, Big Flame and The Loft. And there were lots of good bands like The Pastels, the Mary Chain and Primal Scream making a noise for themselves. And there were exceptionally good fanzines like *Slow Dazzle* and *Pure Popcorn* writing about it all.

Do you think that Glasgow has been a creative springboard for you in any way?

Ross: "Possibly. I think it's a lot to do with confidence. If you live in a place where there are good bands then it gives you confidence to do things yourself. It shows it can be done."

CONTINUES PAGE 26

'AGE OF CHANCE SOUND LIKE A DISHWASHER'

Bravely outspoken, THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS seem to be distancing themselves from their indie cousins and going big time. SHAUN PHILLIPS takes down the evidence. Mug shots by GREG FREEMAN



THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

(percussion) is sprawled out at their feet, oblivious to the interview.

Once an exotic ambition, going to America now becomes a moral obligation.

David: "The record company insisted."

Paul: "You see, over here we're signed to Blue Guitar, but over there we're with Sire. Part of the contract is to do two major tours."

Twenty-four gigs in a month, with a two day break in New York, and a trip to Niagara on the way to Canada.

Tony: "We're Number One in Montreal. I don't know in what, but we're Number One in something. I think it's a local radio station, with a most requested single or album."

At last something stirs Keith from his fascination with picking fluff out of the carpet — "I'm interested to see what it all means, like it might be just ten

people listening to that station" — and we get a fleeting vision of an upturned face beneath an uncropped mop-top.

Probably more than ten. David tells me with pride that their album is currently number three in the *Rolling Stone* College Chart, above New Order and Billy Bragg.

He also adds that their new single is "our best record yet".

Tony attempts to justify this sudden burst of enthusiasm. "This is the first time we've gone into a studio just to produce a single since 'Like An Angel'. When we did the album we recorded about 14 tracks."

Ah yes, the album. "We got it out pretty quickly," explains Paul. "It was a good representation of our first year. If we did it now we'd spend a lot more time on production."

The word production goads David to a more critical position. "Steve (Street) produced it

('Happy Head') all — or he *didn't*, because it's all very flat. This new sound is a bigger sound. It certainly wouldn't sound out of place on Radio 1.

"It was great in the *Record Mirror* Poll ('Best New Act'). People were voting for It Bites and Cutting Crew and us. The Bangles were number six and we were number seven, above Cutting Crew. . ."

"It's no good competing with bands like The Wedding Present," Tony adds. "You've got to compete with The Bangles to sell records."

At last the flood gates burst open.

"It's no use — I've got to say it," blurts David. "I saw the Age Of Chance the other night. I wasn't very impressed with them at all. They sounded like a shambling indie band."

Hang on, haven't I heard this somewhere before?

"They didn't sound like

anything more to me. It's all very well doing covers of 'Kiss' and 'Disco Inferno' but to me it sounds like. . ."

"The dishwasher." Keith speaks for the second time!

"Yeah, a tumble dryer," David beams.

Tony continues the assault. "The Barron Knights of the indie scene. Are they gonna keep releasing covers? It's a real albatross."

"All night the crowd cried for 'Kiss'. They did it the song before last. The first thing they did in their encore was 'Kiss' again."

Dave obviously was not impressed.

The Mighty Lemon Drops *have* moved on, however.

David: "When we played the Astoria, the crowd was a real cross-section. Nowadays we seem to attract a lot of people who go and see U2, The Chameleons, the Bunnymen, The Smiths, New Order. . . genuine music fans."

Tony: "They're the people who buy records. They don't treat music papers as the Bible. Not so snobbish."

David: "And we're not going to be snobbish. We don't care who buys our records."

And so the conversation continues. Damning pompous indie bands (The Primitives were cited here), revelling in their ability to drink people under the table (The Mission mentioned here) and smash up hotels, and lamenting their inability to "pull the women" (The Mission named again, as being responsible for nabbing them all). . .

Tales of sneaking into Wolverhampton races without paying, Doctor Martens sprayed gold and black, and staring in awe at the Spandau Ballet gold discs on the CBS office wall. . .

And the future? Cope has earned his place in the sun, though whether he'll make it to the top before he turns into a shopping precinct remains to be seen. The Mighty Lemon Drops? Despite being labelled as last year's flavour by the mighty music press, they look ready to take a ride on his escalator to the music-market.

But so what? After all, Carl Perkins made it in the '50s by jumping on the Elvis escalator, and he only wrote 'Blue Suede Shoes'.

a king in his castle

LEVEL 42 were no overnight success, but now they are one of Britain's most valuable rock exports. RICHARD COOK visits MARK KING's house and discovers not only a musician's musician but the astute business brain behind the band. Photo by PETER ANDERSON

IF THERE is an enduring myth about pop stars, it's how easy they have everything.

Work for a living? Get away. Mark Knopfler's 'Money For Nothin'' crystallises the attitude: that ain't working, that's the way you do it.

Now here is Mark King of Level 42, doing interviews in his own home – because?

"I'm trying to work at the same time. If I drive up to Polydor to do a couple of interviews, it kills a day. I like to work from midday till six up here, and I can explain how we made the last album if anyone asks that."

And this is supposed to be their time off before starting a year of touring. Has he always worked hard?

"I think so. It seems funny, really, because musicians are pretty lazy people on the whole. You work hard because you get scared of being left behind – left high and dry."

IT'S BECAUSE of a relentless work programme that King and Level 42 have wrestled their way into a position of enormous chart strength. They are now as valuable an export as any of our more glamorous ones. The EEC blandness of their sound has the inner power of great pop composing, a skill they've learned over eight LPs.

This band are giants, and they are inescapable.

The hits of 'World Machine' and the almost monotonous mastery of the forthcoming 'Running In The Family' album have something of Abba's omnipotence: Level 42 can be encountered anywhere, and the quartz gleam of their sound is becoming a standard in pop production.

Mark King, their bassist, main composer and vocalist, is also becoming one of the best-liked celebrities in British pop.

In his well-appointed rather than luxurious workroom, he is the sort of host who puts the fun back into the interview routine. If he's tired by a promotion machine in full swing, it seldom comes through. There's still a south coast rustic edge on his voice and he unreels stories and opinions almost unprompted.

"I remember when I first came to London, going on 19 or 20, I just drove up there in a van – I don't know what I was expecting to find. I thought, Christ, what am I going to do? I'd been told by all these old men who used to go to the Isle Of Wight for summer seasons because it was good for their backs – London's frightening, mate! Full of great players. They've got frightening 'ands."

"I'd think, Bloody 'ell. I had visions of London just being a pack of musicians fighting to get into a shop window to play! Billy Cobham's over there, doing his

stuff... of course, it wasn't like that at all.

"If I do work hard, it comes from that time of coming up and *panicking*, really. I finally got a job in one of the music shops in Charing Cross Road, selling basses. I was a drummer at the time."

Level 42 toiled through the '80s as what looked like a typical 'playing band' – jazz-funk showmanship wedded to a minor pop base. They sounded too bound up in technique to nail the simplicity of chart pop.

"Initially, I was very serious as a musician. We all were. The nice thing about having a band with friends is that you believe in each other, you take solace in each other. You're right, we're great! Nobody else understands, I can't believe it! We didn't even sing, to start with."

They took their quantum leap with 'World Machine' and its two international hits, 'Leaving Me Now' and 'Something About You'.

Drifting through their records, it's possible to hear a shatterproof pop system coming together. The appealing lightness of King's voice, the clever but unflashy melodies, a rhythmic footing too shallow to be funky yet too insidious to evade. They assembled, unit by unit, one of those vast, invisible and influential audiences that follows the likes of George Benson and Europe. And 'World Machine' took them to the top floor.

"We'd been together five years," explains King, "had a success, levelling off at about 60,000 to 100,000 in each country on a good album. Where was it going?"

"We were lucky only inasmuch as we sat down and said, We do need stronger singles. When you're in the Top Ten, you know it's OK, that that's a *hit*. When you're not quite there, it isn't. We'd had one Top Ten hit with 'The Sun Goes Down', but we didn't learn from that. Very good way to be going, guys. Nice songs, good tunes. A bit like Mozart, the libretto aspect – *do something that people really want to hear*."

"And we actually hit on that. It did take five years. You might think we're a bunch of bloody dullards. But it's 1987, our eighth album – and that's not a *lot* of experience, not from borrowing your gear to this. From the engineer going, *ssh!* – *what's that noise?* and everyone shutting up in the studio"

He looks round his loft, with his guitars and keyboards and machines sparkling in it.

"Well, it was bigger than this room. And we were so serious about the idea of living up to being artistes that we'd have to stay

in the club till four in the morning before breaking down the gear. How could you pack the gear up at midnight and say to everyone, Yeah, carry on dancing while we do this?"

MARK GUFFAWS at the memory. He is a fidgety, stocky man with soft and kindly features. A shiny suit hangs on him rather shapelessly. Sometimes there are glimpses of a sadder man inside: a laugh will die away on his lips and he'll look down, as if seeing himself and what he's saying and deciding it's not so wonderful.

He reflects on his line of work with an unpretentious clarity: the fortune he's making from Level 42 is the sort you can see disappearing into studio time, promotion and touring fees. He's watched the business grow hard and intractable and seen competitors quickly fade.

"It's easier to see how it's changed in the time of our awareness of it, since we were kids. Seeing news footage of The Beatles rolling into somewhere and having the same effect on girls that Duran Duran are supposed to have. Those days are all gone. Anything that happens like that is manufactured to look that way. Money's not there in this business. You can't have a Number One hit and make a million."

"Think of Kajagoogoo," he says, spreading his hands, "and compare them with Curiosity Killed The Cat. They've both got a nice song, they're attractive to young girls – but having got to know both bands quite well in speaking to them, I think there's quite a difference in attitude. Look at what happened to Kajagoogoo. Limahl left the band in a frenzy of sexual mystery – was he dodgy or not? Whatever it was, it amounts to the same thing: they couldn't hold it together, or their management couldn't. They blew it, on the crest of the wave."

"Now, Curiosity Killed The Cat. I know there's no sexual mystique, except, perhaps what's going on with Bob Geldof's wife and Ben, who's he knobbing next? The song's alright, they're nice guys – but they can sort of wink at the whole thing. It'll be interesting to see what happens, but I think they'll hang in there. *Then* it comes down to how good their songs are."

The price on the modern pop star: to be a good businessperson and be able to keep delivering the good tunes. The new hardware, which adorns King's writing boudoir, smooths the process. He picks up a guitar and strums it: it suddenly looks like

a stone age instrument.

"Seven years ago I'd've sat here with this guitar and it would be up to me to come up with an inspiration and take it to the others. Now technology is here. I've got Phil Gould's drums in this machine..."

And he launches into a favourite party trick, standing at an expensive drum console. One button is pressed and a snare sound drives into the head like a rivet.

"I'll turn it down a bit or it'll scare the shit out of everyone."

With this drum machine, a keyboard and its memory, King builds up a perfectly serviceable backing track inside two minutes. It's little short of astonishing.

"And that's just messing around. I've got the ability to work out all the complexities of songs right here. And if you don't realise that... if you go into a studio and spend £120,000 making a record, you have to sell 60,000 just to break even and then there's nothing left for promotion. If you don't play their game, you're not going to go too far. If it's a good song, you're alright."

How many multitudes of sins can technology cover?

"It depends. You still have to be creative. It's difficult for me because I'm not a lyricist. Phil and Boon do the words and their lives are very different to mine – they're forever going through tremendous emotional upheavals with women."

THERE'S SOMETHING peculiarly attractive about this side of Level 42.

'World Machine' is a collection of ashen-faced songs, souls sunk in misery; 'Running In The Family' isn't much more upbeat. If Level 42 sound like a jolly group, their songs are doleful matters. Actually, 'Running In The Family' is a record about – what else? – work. There's nothing very remote or enigmatic about Level 42. Mark King admits that the drudgery of touring can affect anything.

"I get depressed sometimes, and it shows through when I'm on the road, if I'm homesick. Doing the show is great, but most of the other 22 hours are horrible. I suppose it's like going back to being a child when everyone loves you. There's times when I've come off stage and thought, Oh, f*** it all, why did I ever leave the Isle Of Wight? I'd be happier getting up without a hangover and cleaning up the cowshit. It's more honest."

"But if everything's going well... there are three things, the band, the audience and the road crew. Inevitably, two of them are fine and one's wrong. You can be on stage and know you're playing like donkeys and the engineer comes out and goes, Great show! And the crowd loved it. Or you come off going, Woah, the old fire's still there boys! And the soundman says, very quietly, Well... I don't know. You bastard! Or we all love it and it's, Well, what's the matter with the audience?"

Though they embrace the new

"You might think we're a bunch of bloody dullards. But it's 1987, our eighth album – and that's not a *lot* of experience..."



technology with no regrets, Level 42 are, ironically, one of the last of the old-time touring bands. They came up on the mountainous slog of a never-ending gig circuit. It is a dying art.

"Yeah, I was thinking about that this morning. Percy Sledge and Ben E King in the charts, Jackie Wilson. How are these songs going to be performed? There's no band for any of these things.

"There's something about it, when the band come onstage and launch into the sound. It's still magic. The *level* of sound that hits you. Perhaps it is dying. Shame.

"It's not as important now, for us, because the singles do the work. They give you the visibility. At first, you have to do month after month of touring. Now we're reaping the benefits, but it's a very long-winded way of working. You'll be out in

Bavaria somewhere and saying, We did this last year. Do we have to do it again? (In German voice) Yes, you vill. Till you have a hit, you vill."

KING SAYS he is not especially in demand as a writer/producer, though with their current supremacy it seems surprising. But it's the way companies can be caught unawares that amuses him.

"The way it works is it gets left to the last minute. Someone has a hit and they've got nothing else ready. Quick! What've you got for Pepsi & Shirlie? You go, God, I dunno! Erm. . . (hunches over keyboard and sings), 'I've got a hard-on. . .' No, that's no good for Pepsi & Shirlie!"

In any case, Mark King is always at work on his own band. He points over to a stack

of tapes filled up with little ideas that may yet be polished into other global pop hits. It's time and industry that will tell.

"I don't think you can relax. You've got to keep going. A good example of that is Peter Gabriel. I saw an interview where he said, there weren't many artists like him who wouldn't put a record out until they were completely happy with it. But I'm sure he's still at home working on it all the time. You don't get to 'Sledgehammer' by just sitting down and out it comes."

MARK TREATS himself to another big laugh. There seems little enough to discuss in Level 42's music: it's among the most straightforward of pop, despite the sophistications that King's astute musical mind has injected.

So the talk always turns to the business. It is his gift that he's able to make all the headaches and corporate strategies seem human and funny when he's talking about them. Candidly, therefore, how many more records will Level 42 be good for?

"A bloody impertinent question! For Level 42, two more. So get them in now! Perhaps that'll be the great selling point, like hoarding! I don't know, really. You never know."

And after those two, if it is only two, there is always another solo album. Mark says he did the last one to get an advance to buy a house. What did Polydor say when it was delivered?

"They said, what's this? That's it, mate. A £20,000 solo album.

"Well, what do you want? It's only a three-bedroomed house!"

MEMORY BANK

Sunday March 8

1945 Birthday of **Mickey Dolenz** of **The Monkees**, in Los Angeles.



1954 Birthday of **Cheryl Baker** of **Bucks Fizz**, in London.

1957 Birthday of **Clive Burr**, drummer with **Iron Maiden**, in London.



1958 Birthday of **Gary Numan** (Webb), in Hammersmith, London.

1969 **Mick Jagger** was enrolled as a 'Friend Of Covent Garden Opera House'.

1973 **Paul McCartney** was fined for growing cannabis on his farm in Campbeltown, Scotland.

1973 Death of **Rod 'Pigpen' McKernan** of the **Grateful Dead**, aged 27, from liver failure, at his home in Madeira, near San Francisco.

Monday March 9

1945 Birthday of **Robin Trower**, in London.

1948 Birthday of **Jeffrey Osborne**, in Los Angeles.



1958 Birthday of **Martin Fry** of **ABC**, in Manchester.

1967 **Brian Jones** of the **Stones** went into hospital with what were described as "respiratory problems".

1972 At the LA Forum, liberally-inclined artists like **Carole King**, **Barbra Streisand** and **James Taylor** performed in a benefit concert for Democratic Presidential candidate **George McGovern**. The event was a success, but not McGovern; he was whitewashed at the polls by 'Tricky Dicky' Nixon.

1977 **Sex Pistols** signed their ultra-shortlived recording contract with A&M, on a trestle table outside Buckingham Palace - a significant venue, as the band had just recorded 'God Save The Queen'.

Tuesday March 10

1940 Birthday of **Dean Torrence**, of legendary surf duo **Jan And Dean**, in Los Angeles.

1966 *Record Mirror* reported that former **Beatles** drummer **Pete Best** had had 48 singles out in America as 'Best Of The Beatles'. We're still awaiting confirmation of that one. Maybe they meant he'd sold 48 singles.

1972 **Allen Klein** presented UNICEF with a million-dollar cheque as the first royalty payment from the 'Concert For Bangladesh' live album, which had featured **George Harrison**, **Bob Dylan**, etc. There were supposed to be five dollars donated for every set sold, so since the boxed set had already shifted over 2,000,000, people began to murmur that the cheque should already have been for more than ten million dollars. . .

1984 **Ian Gillan** left **Black Sabbath** after nine months as lead vocalist.

Wednesday March 11

1961 Birthday of **Bruce Watson** of **Big Country**.

1961 Birthday of **Mike Percy** of **Dead Or Alive**.

1967 It was announced that there had been 446 recorded cover versions of the **Lennon/McCartney** song 'Yesterday' in the 19 months since the release of the original. It went on to become one of the world's all-time top five most-covered songs.

1977 **The Slits** played their first gig, supporting **The Clash** at the Harlesden Roxy.

Thursday March 12

1933 Birthday of **Mike Stoller**,

of the **Leiber/Stoller** rock songwriting team, in Belle Harbor, Long Island.



1940 Birthday of **Al Jarreau**, who performs the theme from TV's **Moonlighting**, among other things.

1957 Birthday of **Steve Harris** of **Iron Maiden**, in London.

1957 Birthday of **Marlon Jackson** of the **Jacksons**, in Gary, Indiana.

1969 **Paul McCartney** married **Linda Eastman** at Marylebone Registry Office, with Paul's brother **Mike McGear** (of **The Scaffold**) as best man.

1974 **John Lennon** and **Harry Nilsson** disrupted the **Smothers Brothers'** act at the LA Troubadour Club with an impromptu duet of 'I Can't Stand The Rain'. They were chucked out, and then had a fracas with a photographer in the street.

Friday March 13

1960 Birthday of **Adam Clayton** of **U2**, in Eire.

1965 **The Beatles** flew to Austria to shoot the Alpine sequences for their film **Help**.

1969 **George and Patti Harrison** were arrested for possession of marijuana, following a police raid on their empty London house in which were found 120 joints.

Saturday March 14



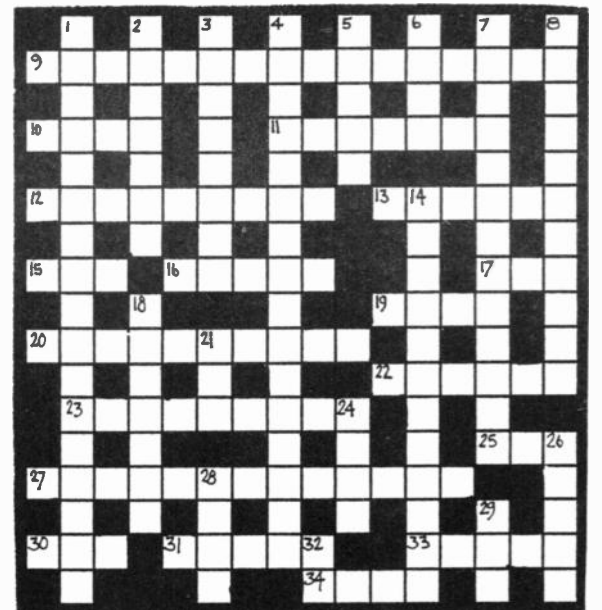
1933 Birthday of producer **Quincy Jones**, in Chicago.

1945 Birthday of **Jasper Carrott**, in Birmingham.

1971 **The Rolling Stones** played a farewell concert to UK fans at London's Roundhouse, before moving into tax exile in France.

1981 **Eric Clapton** was taken into hospital in St Paul, Minnesota, for treatment of bleeding ulcers, causing a 60-date tour of the US to be cancelled.

X-WORD



By Sue Buckley

ACROSS

9. Why the Creepers creep to confession (9.7) 10. David Speedie fan changes coin (4 anag) 11. A painful one for the Crüe (7) 12. Beach Boys' fave choc biccie? (9) 13. Alice proclaimed it 'out' (6) 15. Sails/Guitars/Noise (3) 16. Specifically, what Madness like to drive (2.3) 17. Kershaw in Nike trainers? (3) 19. . . . and Kristofferson in freak risk (4) 20. A typically boring effort from McCartney (7.3) 22. The Doors saw 'em on the storm (6) 23. Katrina waves and steers sun apart (3.6 anag) 25. Steely Hartman (3) 27. How to get your suburb? (4.3.6) 30. George/Toy (3) 31. Fiery effort from Slade (5) 33. Rainbow's woman turns to tar (5 anag) 34. Aerosmith found 'em in attic (4)

DOWN

1. A combined effort from This Mortal Coil (8.3.6) 2. . . . but a girlish hit from T Rex (7) 3. . . . and a double effort from The Vibrators (4.4) 4. They bring doomsday for the deceiver (7.3.6) 5. World harvesting brothers (5) 6. Bogey-man Sid turns tons back (4 anag) 7. He wanted us to all f...f...fade away (4.9) 8. Uli Jon comes from beyond 'em (6.5) 14. If we watch Lear sit about he'd be on a famous drum stool (7.5. anag) 18. Clarke/Laurel/Port (7) 21. Do this to 'em and smile (3) 24. Gaz's army's way to TV prog (4) 26. Direction of David C's wind? (5) 28. It hath no fury for Rock Goddess (4) 29. Martin's pan (3) 32. UFO's fave movie of all time? (1.1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Eat Itself 6. English 9. Robin 10. Vertical 12. My 14. Songs And Stories 17. Ali 19. Blonde 20. Beach 22. Speed 23. Typical Male 25. Sylvester 28. Lee 29. Close To You 30. OV 31. Mia 33. Ice 34. Obsession 36. Genie 37. Four, Sore 38. Shoe

DOWN

1. European Sun 2. Tubes 3. Tin 4. Elvis Costello 5. Faron 6. Eric's 7. Lol 8. Hayes 11. Alone 13. Kid Charlemagne 17. Nobody's Heroes 16. Dee 18. I Feel Love 21. Peter Asher 24. Cats 26. Eloise 27. Revenge 29. Cliff 32. Fish 35. Sir

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THE SHAMEN
READY MADE
GUANA BATZ
THE DELTAS
BEAT POETS
THE BOLSHOI
POTATO FIVE
MICRODISNEY
TALL DWARFS
SHREW KINGS
O-OH CHONGO
PHIL WILSON
BIM SHERMAN
THE IKETTES
HUMAN BEINZ
THE CATERAN
NOT FOR SALE
VICIOUS FOUR
THE TOASTERS
WORLD COLUMN
EVETTE MONEY
BAD TUNE MEN
JERRY MCIN
MYSTERY WARD
SEVEN SECONDS
ELEANOR RIGBY
MY BABY'S ARM
BLACK ANGLIAS
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HOW TO ENTER

Will our generosity never end? Another free Showcase EP on the front and yet another opportunity to win some fantastic Sansui hi-fi equipment – this week another £450 Midi-35CD system, plus three CD V550R Compact Disc players worth about £270 each.

For the chance of being one of our four winners, just answer correctly three simple questions, fill in your name and address and make sure your replies reach us by first post Monday, March 23, 1987. They should be clearly marked *Sounds-Sansui Competition 2, Keyboard Mailroom, Unit 5, Seager Buildings, Brookmill Road, London SE8 4JT*. Remember, it is essential to mark the envelope *Sounds-Sansui Competition 2*.

The Midi-35CD will go to the first correct entry opened, and the three CD V550R players to the next three.

QUESTIONS

1. Which Shop Assistant recently left:
a) Alice ☐
b) Arthur ☐
c) Alex ☐
2. Name the famous film director of The Mighty Lemon Drops' new video 'Out Of Hand':
a) Andy Warhol ☐
b) Derek Jarman ☐
c) Ken Russell ☐
3. The lead singer of The Woodentops takes his name from which chocolate sweet:
a) Rolo ☐
b) Aero ☐
c) Bounty ☐

Place a cross in the box next to the answer you think is correct.

Name.....

Address.....

RETRO

IRISH CREAM

On the eve of the release of their new album Ireland's finest, U2, get their back catalogue rummaged through

OUR DISCOGRAPHY spotlight this week turns on U2, arguably Ireland's most substantial-ever contribution to rock music. Now a band of huge international repute both live and on record, with massive worldwide sales assured for the forthcoming and long-awaited album, their recording history nevertheless reveals a low-key start followed by steady consolidation rather than flash-in-the-pan success. Indeed, as the singles listing below makes clear, their first two releases were only issued locally in Eire, and even a lot of the much more familiar Island catalogue is now entering the realms of sought-after collectors' items, as the result of the later generation of fans becoming aware of early 12-inchers, double packs, etc.

In the listings which follow, everything is on the Island label unless otherwise indicated. We start, as usual, with the singles, and note again that the first releases on CBS were distributed in Ireland only, not the UK. Singles are 7-inch unless noted.

CBS 7951 'U2: 3' (EP) 1979
Tracks: 'Out Of Control'/'Stories For Boys'/'Boy - Girl' (Also released on 12-inch with precisely the same catalogue number; a neat Irish trick - how did shops know which they were ordering?)

CBS 8306 'Another Day'/'Twilight' (also on 12-inch, again with same number) 1980

WIP 6601 '11 O'Clock Tick Tock'/'Touch' May 1980

WIP 6630 'A Day Without Me'/'Things To Make And Do' August 1980

WIP 6656 'I Will Follow'/'Boy - Girl' October 1980

WIP 6679 'Fire'/'J Swallow' July 1981

UWIP 6679 Gatefold-sleeved 7-inch double-pack version of the above, coupling the single with a live EP featuring: 'Cry'/'The Electric Company'/'11 O'Clock Tick-Tock'/'The Ocean' July 1981

WIP 6733 'Gloria'/'I Will Follow' (live) September 1981

WIP 6770 'A Celebration'/'Trash

U2: 'Eleven O'Clock Tick Tock' (Island). Surely soon to be acknowledged as a peerless modern pop force, the irresistible U2 continue in the vein of their fine 'Out Of Control' import EP, teaching the vastly over-rated Cure a thing or three about songs that are generally labelled 'evocative' or 'atmospheric'. 'Eleven O'Clock' comes on loan from your subconscious, sketching dreamy scenarios enriched by lilting vocals, a gently gripping five-note guitar line and ethereal child choirs. Floats like a butterfly, stings like a hit.

SOUNDS May 24, 1980

Trampoline And Party Girl' March 1982

WIP 6848 'New Year's Day'/'Treasure (Whatever Happened To Pete The Chop)' January 1983

12 WIP 6848 12-inch version of the above, with extra live tracks 'Fire'/'I Threw A Brick Through A Window'/'A Day Without Me' January 1983

UWIP 6848 Gatefold-sleeved 7-inch double-pack version of the above, with the three live tracks from the 12-inch on the second disc January 1982

IS 109 'Two Hearts Beat As One'/'Endless Deep' March 1983

12IS 109 12-inch version of the above, but with different B-side



BONO AND co enjoying a day in the country

containing lengthy US remixes (by Francois Kervorkian) of 'Two Hearts Beat As One' plus 'New Year's Day' March 1983

ISD 109 7-inch gatefold-sleeved double-pack version of the above, coupling the standard single and a second disc containing the US remixes March 1983

IS 207 'Pride (In The Name Of Love)'/'Boomerang I' September 1984

ISP 207 7-inch picture disc version of above; same tracks October 1984

ISD 207 7-inch gatefold-sleeved double-pack version of the above, the second disc containing '4th Of July'/'Boomerang II (instrumental)' September 1984

12IS 207 12-inch version of the above; same tracks as the double-pack September 1984

ISX 207 Additional 12-inch pressing of the above, with the additional track '11 O'Clock Tick Tock' October 1984

IS 220 'The Unforgettable Fire'/'A Sort Of Homecoming' May 1985

ISP 220 7-inch (approximately!) shaped pic disc of above; same tracks. May 1985

12IS 220 12-inch version of the above, with extra tracks: 'The Three Sunrises'/'Bass Trap'/'Love Comes Tumbling Down' May 1985

ISD 220 Gatefold-sleeved 7-inch double-pack version of the above; same tracks as 12-inch. May 1985

Arabesque U2PAC 3 'Pride (In The Name Of Love)'/'4th Of July'/'Sunday Bloody Sunday'/'Two Hearts Beat As One'/'Boomerang II'/'Love Comes Tumbling'/'60 Seconds In Kingdom'/'3 Sunrises' (7-inch quadruple-pack in gatefold sleeve. The last two tracks are previously unissued out-takes) April 1986

One import of note which should also be mentioned is a US 12-inch only EP, which has been widely imported into the UK, and has a couple of otherwise-unobtainable tracks:

U2 'Boy' (Island ILPS 9646)**½**
AS A river flows downstream, so the Irish have an inbred feeling for passion, power and popability. U2 are no exception - they're shining examples of the art. And the allusion to flowing waters is not accidental. These boys are poetic too. If colours gave musical tangibility, then theirs would be emerald green: warm, rich, healthy and glowing. Sounds wet, I know, but it's not - they've achieved a rare mixture of innocence and aggression.
What 'Boy' is all about, rather than being a collection of songs, is an overall feeling of loving care and energy intertwined with simplistic and direct hooks and chords. U2 have already been dubbed 'Irish Skids', which is no insult, but they share a jingly feel without having the harder core. 'I Will Follow' sweeps in with Magazine-inspired drums, Adamson-style guitar, but there's Bono's echoingly individual voice which owes more to Billy Idol than Richard Jobson. He lets rip in 'Twilight', after dramatic building of guitar from The Edge, the word bursts forth with a vengeance, verging on histrionics. Then it cools right

down again with spine-tingling use of light and shade. Mr Edge is yet another example of an innovative new wave plucker.

The gentler, more abstract 'An Cat Dubh' actually segues into 'Into The Heart' by means of a dreamy, almost psychedelic guitar passage and twinkley glockenspiel doodlings. Naively pretty with a lullaby quality, it proves they're all hopeless romantics. 'Heart' itself continues their concern with youth and innocence: 'Into the heart of a child/I can smile/I can go there' following on from 'Twilight' when 'boy meets man in the shadows.' It comes as no surprise that the cover of the album is a photo of a disarmingly pretty young boy exuding a disturbingly knowing look from his eyes.

Powl With a surge of pure Skids comes 'Out Of Control', a wall of sound from a trio and a voice sounding almost evangelical - whereupon it dips right down again for a middle passage of harmonics and wispy echoes. Same goes for the vintage 'Stories For Boys' (there they are again), shades of Kerrang muted by reflective interludes; uppers and downers. Down further goes 'Ocean', a brief episode of swirly peaceful neo-Fleetwood Mac rhythms complete with background bubbles and creaking boat noises. Come back 'Albatross'!

Zapl Up again goes 'Day

Without Me', Irish eyes smile, this is happy music. Double guitar harmonics rocket from a bottle to produce triple-textured pop rock with a simple hook, and haunting melodies in 'Another Time, Another Place'. Rapid fire guitar and thudding drums force without venom through 'Electric Co' while Bono swoops up and down the scale like a demented Peter Dinklage, sounding like he's trying to fight his way out of the mix in his enthusiasm.

Calm yourselves down, though, howabout some jangly acoustics? 'Shadows And Tall Trees' gives itself away via its title. Less sap, more flowery simplicity and floaty vocals; solid rhythms though a tad laid back. Shhhh - they drift out on a passing echo.

You want peaks - you've got em. You want trophies? Dig down deep. U2 don't fear softening up and mellowing out cos they can burst back on up, just when they feel like it. Popwise, maybe their multi-layered sound might steer them off the chartwise course, but if it's plain simple feeling you want, there's cupfuls in here. There's a fear that U2 could cut the strings altogether and float off into downstream psychedelia, but as long as they've got that Edge, U2 will zoot too.

BETTY PAGE

SOUNDS October 4, 1980

US Island 90279-1A 'Wide Awake In America' (EP) Tracks: 'Wide Awake In America'/'Bad' (live)/'A Sort Of Homecoming' (live)/'The Three Sunrises'/'Love Comes Tumbling Down' May 1985

Other imported 12 and 7-inch singles duplicate only UK-released tracks, though sometimes in different configurations, in different picture sleeves, and offering tracks unusual to singles. This is dedicated collectors' fare, and not particularly relevant to our listings here.

On, then, to the band's albums, all on Island:

ILPS 9646 'Boy' (on CD as CID 110) Tracks: 'I Will Follow'/'Twilight'/'An Cat Dubh'/'Into The Heart'/'Out Of Control'/'Stories For Boys'/'The Ocean'/'A Day Without Me'/'Another Time, Another Place'/'The Electric Company'/'Shadows And Tall Trees' November 1980

ILPS 9680 'October' (on CD as

CID 111) Tracks: 'Gloria'/'I Fall Down'/'I Threw A Brick Through A Window'/'Rejoice'/'Fire'/'Tomorrow'/'October'/'With A Shout (Jerusalem)/'Stranger In A Strange Land'/'Scarlet'/'Is That All?' November 1981

ILPS 9733 'War' (on CD as CID 112) Tracks: 'Sunday Bloody Sunday'/'Seconds'/'Like A Song'/'New Year's Day'/'Refugee'/'Drowning Man'/'Two Hearts Beat As One'/'Red Light'/'40'/'Surrender February 1983

IMA 3 'Under A Blood Red Sky' (live) (on CD as CID 113) Tracks: 'Gloria'/'11 O'Clock Tick Tock'/'I Will Follow'/'Party Girl'/'Sunday Bloody Sunday'/'The Electric Company'/'New Year's Day'/'40' November 1983

U2 5 'The Unforgettable Fire' (on CD as CIC 102) Tracks: 'A Sort Of Homecoming'/'Pride (In The Name Of Love)'/'Wire'/'The Unforgettable

U2: 'A Day Without Me' (Island) Now, this is alright. Emotion, I said, helps even modern boys along amid the darkness of synth, guitars and turbulent echo. Not great, though, and that's a problem.

SOUNDS August 16, 1980

Fire'/'Promenade'/'4th Of July'/'Bad'/'Indian Summer Sky'/'MLK'/'Elvis Presley And America' September 1984

There are also one or two tracks by U2 of particular note on compilation albums. Before they signed to Island, 'Stories For Boys' was included on an Irish new bands compilation titled 'Just For Kicks', on (appropriately) the Kick label (KK1). This was, I assume, the same recording of the track which appeared on the first Irish CBS single. A couple of years later, when U2 first visited the States, a live version of 'An Cat Dubh' from the first album was recorded on stage in Boston, and although never given a full release by Island, this was issued on a compilation cassette in the NME mail order series, titled 'Dancin' Master'. Four years later, the NME connection surfaced again, when another otherwise unavailable cut, the "Celtic Dub Mix" of 'Wire' (in its original form, a track on 'The Unforgettable Fire') was on a free EP given away with the paper in May 1985.

A handful of other tracks, mostly singles A-sides, have also appeared on Island and other LP and tape compilations, but all of these merely duplicate material from U2's own releases, so are not particularly relevant here.

A couple of outside projects by lead singer Bono are worth noting, both of them humanitarian projects: he was one of the featured vocalists taking a couple of lines on 'Do They Know It's Christmas' by Band Aid, and also sang vocals on 'Silver And Gold' on the 'Artists United Against Apartheid' album. He also teamed up with Clannad, and was given joint label credit, on the single 'In A Lifetime', which was a top 20 hit at the beginning of last year. Full details of that release are:

RCA PB 40535 'In A Lifetime'/'Indoor' January 1986

RCA T 40536 12-inch version of the above, with extra tracks 'Northern Skyline' and 'New Grange'

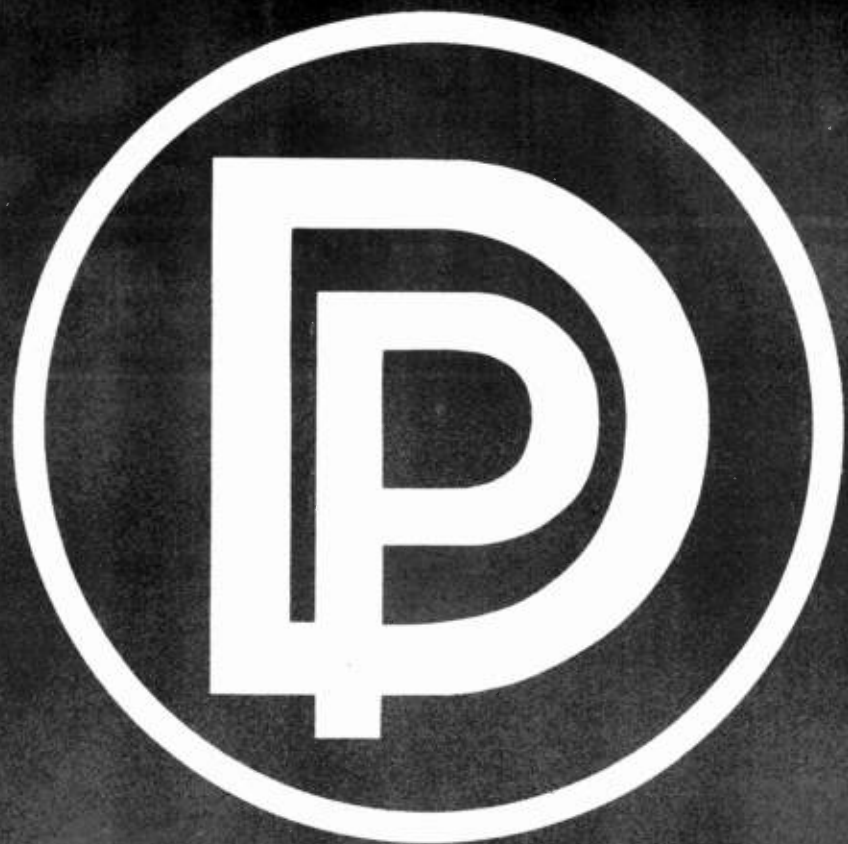
Finally, U2 have had two huge-selling commercially-available videos, the earlier one on Virgin being filmed live and essentially the visual version of the album of the same title, and the Island release being a compilation of promo clips from its namesake album:

Virgin VVD 145 'U2 Live At Red Rock: Under A Blood Red Sky' (12 songs; 61 mins)

Island Pictures UWV 2 'U2: The Forgettable Fire Collection' (5 songs; 51 mins)

U2: 'A Day Without Me' (Island). This needs more talk than it's had. The production is positively CRIMINAL. Steve Lillywhite, get lost quick! The song is a gem though, making it all the more wretched that it's been wasted on a tinny and characterless treatment that might fire them chartwards, but, like Teardrop, won't have a lasting effect. U2 are wonderful and essential, but egits like myself are probabl y giving them butterflies through too much production-talk. Do it yourself! Tell me what to do! I expect so much of U2 but it can all happen. Their pop dream must not sink in this false, uncontrollably pressure-induced way. Give me blood next time!

SOUNDS September 6, 1980



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THRASH LAW

When it comes to thrash metal, ANTHRAX are the law. With the old firm quaking in their cat-suits, MR SPENCER meets these ferocious New Yorkers. Dredd photo by GREG FREEMAN

MY FIRST ever thrash style interview – a rapid volley of dialogue and then out.

Anthrax are under pressure; the soundcheck is at five and things have got to be just right for their biggest ever headlining show at the Hammersmith Odeon tonight.

Already it's sold out, which is amazing when you think it was only last year that the band were opening for Metallica, who were themselves playing their first UK headline gig at the same venue.

Things are moving fast in this particular corner of rock 'n' roll.

The new metal disease is spreading like wildfire, pulling in the crowds and bringing even the most devoutly anti-metal music lovers around to a whole new way of looking at things. The old firm must be quaking in their spandex cat-suits as the hordes converge upon shows by ferocious young bands with enough energy in their riff-hungry little fingers to blow away the likes of Whitesnake and Scorpions forever. Nothing is out of the question.

With just hours to go these five New Yorkers are already slipping into overdrive, shrugging off their grotty head colds with a contempt more suited to discovering an unsightly crumple in one's trousers.

In classic style, the show must go on.

SO LET'S GO – ONE...

FRANK BELLO (bass): "We'll sweat it out."

Scott Ian (guitarist and disciple of horror novelist Stephen King, whose *Apt Pupil* inspired the writing of a new Anthrax song, 'Skeleton In The Closet'): "We had to cancel a show in Dusseldorf on Friday because one of us was really sick, a stomach virus, but usually when you get onstage the adrenalin just..."

Dan Spitz (guitar): "The adrenalin just knocks it out of you."

Scott: "We don't drink a lot really and we don't do much partying so we avoid having too many hangovers. I can see that drinking every night would be impossible – we'd never be able to do this."

Do you try to live life as if on a skateboard?

Dan: "Very much so."

Scott: "Yeah, moving fast and taking a lot of chances – we do that. We're livin' on the edge kinda guys."

You never wear fancy stageclothes and you always go on dressed in your daytime gear. Is this some kind of statement?

Frank: "We don't like stage gear."

Charlie Benante (drums): "It's just false."

So whereas some bands go onstage and become animated by a whole different personality...

Charlie: "Posers."

... Anthrax don't.



ANTHRAX's Scott, Frank, Joey and Charlie

Scott: "Right. We're always the same, because onstage, if anything, the kids like it more if they see you're just a regular guy in search of a good time. They see you're not trying to be a big star or go over their heads or anything like that."

"You can always tell the attitude when you go into a gig or something and you spot the guy who wears the sunglasses inside the dark club – then you know there's an image problem. The only time I wear dark glasses is when I have to drive and it's sunny out."

TWO...

SO PRIOR to Anthrax were you sitting cursing all these big bloody superstar bands?

Charlie: "I hated them. Actually, I was into the underground stuff more than anything else. I didn't really ever like the big groups."

Dan: "Kiss were good."

Scott: "Yeah, because when they first came out it was a big theatrical thing. They were totally original back in 1977 so that was great, almost like going to the movies or somethin', but a thousand bands came after that and just copied the whole thing."

Who were the underground bands you followed?

Charlie: "Well, the first thing was when the Sex Pistols came out – I was into all that but I never got into the look."

Dan: "But Motorhead, when they came out – they were completely... wow! That's cool."

Scott: "When I saw The Exploited in 1980 it was the first time I'd seen slam dancing and I just freaked – I mean, woaargh, this is amazing! I wanted to run in there and do it too. My friends wouldn't let me though, because there were all these guys with mohawks and skinheads and I was just a kid, y'know?"

"And then in 1983 a scene in New York started to evolve, like at CBGB's when metal kids began going and getting accepted. Then around '84 the scene really emerged and the metal and hardcore scenes really crossed over."

It sounds like one big happy family.

"That's right. We'd play the Ritz and we'd have a mixture of everyone from metal kids to skinheads and kids with mohawks and punks and posers. Then a skinhead band like Cro-Mags will play there and get the same exact crowd. You don't even have fights anymore. All the skinheads have long hair now, and all the long-haired kids shaved their heads. Everyone just sorta changed over. It's cool."

Are the crowds wilder in the States?

Charlie: "Whew LA! Those kids just don't care."

Scott: "It's true. Even in San Francisco, we had one of the craziest shows ever. It's so packed and these kids they come up and they jump into the air – they don't dive they jump – and they run, they run over the tops of the other kids' heads like Jesus walking on the water, I swear! In LA they dive off

the PA system 15 feet up in the air. It's like a diving competition. Well, I'm gonna do a triple somersault with a back twist... onto that guy's head! It's sick, really sick up there."

But don't people die?

"Yeah, they do, broken necks, broken legs, everything."

Do you think this disregard for their own lives is symbolic?

"I think it's symbolic of LA just because there's a totally different atmosphere out there. I think it's simply a case of the kids being bored with life in the suburbs and they just have nothing better to do than throw their bodies against the floor."

THREE...

ANTHRAX ARE constantly evolving. Just now they're undergoing major changes which more than anything underline the replacement in 1985 of early singer Neil Turbin by current vocalist Joey Belladonna.

Turbin, according to the group, was into "fighting, killing, Rambo and all that crap. We're not into that now at all. The lyrics are just about everyday things: girlfriends, politics, jobs. Any kid who picks it up can read those lyrics and hopefully get a message out of it."

This rejection by Anthrax of their old blood 'n' guts, death 'n' destruction approach can be sampled on their forthcoming Island album 'Among The Living', and a brilliant new single, 'I Am The Law'. In a radical step forward, this latest

sizzling slab of vinyl rejects the gratuitous use of human suffering as a means of shifting records and preoccupies itself instead with cartoon characters blasting away at each other.

Do you ever wake up with a buzzing in your ears, Scott?

"Wake up! I live with a buzzing in my ears. I hear birds tweetin', it's like a busted radiator or somethin', a never ending whistle."

Charlie: "And you can't wear earmuffs onstage because you don't get the same feel."

Scott: "I suppose 20 years from now I'll be deaf as Pete Townshend, and he's pretty deaf from what I understand. I don't care – people will just have to talk loud to me. Either that or I simply won't talk to anybody."

What if in the end you can't hear a damn thing?

"It doesn't matter, I can play without hearing anyway."

The interview is completed in the time it takes to fall off a thrashbanger's skateboard.

Later, regardless of their stinking colds, Anthrax blow the Hammersmith Odeon's roof off and blast the foundations into the sewers. Their name instantly moves up to a position on a par with Metallica and a thought-provoking two or three down from Iron Maiden.

They're really doing it, they're wiping the slate clean. Anthrax are going to be huge but in a non-wanky way; they'll do it in jeans and sneakers and, most of all, they'll do it at speed.

THE SOUNDS SHOWCASE EPs



THE MISSION

Next week we present the third and final **SOUNDS SHOWCASE EP** featuring **The Mission**, **Gangway** and **The Leather Nun**.

Showcase 3 is available next Wednesday with our issue dated **March 14**. An exclusive remix of one of **The Mission's** finest recorded moments takes up one side of the EP; **Gangway** perform the excellent, '**This Can't Be Love**'; and **The Leather Nun** offer a specially recorded live version of '**Jesus Came Driving Along**'.

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If you've been impressed by this week's issue, next week's is just as exciting. In **Performance** there will be a special review of the new **U2** LP, '**The Joshua Tree**'. There will be a third instalment to our **Talent Brokers** series, and **Retro** will trace the blood-splattered career of **Iggy Pop**.

If you're wondering exactly what is the relationship between **The Cult's Ian Astbury** and **Wayne Hussey**, then you'll find out in an exclusive report of **The Mission** in Europe.

"There's no way I could be such a wild man of rock," he claims. "I'd be dead by now if I was... and I don't think I'm dead, just yet."

Finally, and not least of all, there will be a further opportunity to win some more of **Sansui's** space-age hi-fi technology.

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Billy: "I feel particularly good about this record, so at the moment I'm in two suits of armour and a crash helmet. I just can't wait. Glasgow Barrowlands, here we come!"

the return electric



n of the warriors

With their forthcoming LP, 'Electric', THE CULT are going to put British rock back on the map. NEIL PERRY listens to their words of steel. Photos by PETER ANDERSON

HE HAS presence, does Ian Astbury. When he's talking, you listen. When he's not, you're trying to determine whether the humming you can hear is the traffic outside the window or the machinery of his mind working overtime.

Billy Duffy, the rough, gruff and intensely likeable guitarist, strides around Peter Anderson's studio drinking coffee, asking for cigarettes and nodding his head to a tape of the new Cult album.

"We've been trying to think of good ideas for tour merchandise. We were considering Cult dog-tags..."

Ian is having to fill in a questionnaire for the tour programme.

"What do I listen to? Oh, Metallica recently. Best musician? Billy Duffy..."

He does this while his girlfriend-cum-make-up artist fixes his face and grooms his shiny black mane, remaining impassive as she gathers up huge bunches with pink hair-grips. Billy patiently waits his turn, miming to one of his own guitar solos, perhaps safe in the knowledge that if this rock band thing never gets off the ground they could both clean up in shampoo adverts.

THE CULT'S new sound is raw, painful, almost animal in its composition. From the polite pop scuffle of 'She Sells Sanctuary', we now have the thrusting, heaving machine that is 'Memphis Hip Swing' or 'Peace Dog'.

Two years ago The Cult were the medallion that swung across rock's hairy, sweaty chest. Now, they have designs on the very heart itself.

The new single, 'Love Removal Machine' (the title of which has no connection whatsoever with the last album, 'Love') is possibly the least exciting moment from the forthcoming album 'Electric' – a record which doesn't let up, not once, in taking the hammer from the Gods and bashing out a new formula for much-maligned rock 'n' roll.

With 'Electric', The Cult have stirred the primordial soup and added their own bolts of lightning. Ian strains, Billy goes mad, Jamie and Les batten down and tighten up. The band have possibly set themselves up yet again, but only because *no one else is doing it*.

As Billy puts it, "There are many ways to squeeze a lemon..."

"Everything having an angle has got a bit dated," he adds. "There's a lot of people out there who are afraid of the image associated with rock, because they don't know or understand it. All of a sudden The Mission were Number Eleven in the charts and a load of journalists shit their pants."

BUT OF course the affinity between The Cult and The Mission has always been strorig. 'Blood Brother', Wayne Hussey's

B-side to 'Stay With Me' last year, was to all intents and purposes an ode to Ian Astbury, with Wayne's anguished cry of 'Astbury... your love!'

Has Wayne managed to have his wicked way with you yet, Ian?

"HHHe's tried to. He's had his tongue down the back of my throat. He's like Caligula."

Billy: "I mean, he grabs you and you can't get him off. He's like an over-amorous puppy!"

"Gaye Bykers On Acid, Crazyhead, Zodiac, The Mission and The Cult – there's five bands who probably share the same wah-wah pedal and the same record collection," Billy continues. "We probably don't own a motorbike between us, but the people who are most ahead at the moment are the general public, they are buying the records, they're not concerned as to whether it's tremendously stylish."

"We started to push towards this when we did 'Love'," explains Ian. "It was all pretty much there when we began, it was just a case of not knowing what we wanted it to sound like."

"It became more evident as things went on what our influences were, what we all really enjoyed – those classic rock influences."

But the source of those influences is, of course, a moot point, something I wouldn't have mentioned, had Ian not raised the subject himself.

If The Cult have one fear, then it's of being accused of taking the names of the past and present rock 'n' roll stars in vain – Led Zeppelin, AC/DC... These are the truly great bumpers and grinders whom The Cult view as soul mates.

"I mean, Deep Purple doing 'Highway Star'," Ian continues enthusiastically, "the energy coming off that is amazing. It pisses me off so many times when we refer to our influences and people go, What are you trying to do, revive it? You can't revive soul like that. There was *soul* power going down then, energy. We're not trying to recreate anything."

Billy: "God forbid! It *never* entered our heads, whatever anyone says, we've just taken it upon ourselves to say what we like and why."

OK, OK! A lot is being got off various chests here, I realise. So is there a large untapped audience who will go for this?

Ian: "A lot of rockers may be put off by the papers saying we're an alternative band, they might expect Bauhaus or whatever. The Cult's audience is from all walks of life, from the 14-year-old Durannie to the 31-year-old beer drinker. It's open to all sorts."

"But yet again the voice of America has come across the Atlantic and said, Let There Be Rock, and the British public is going out and buying rock records. Anthrax and Metallica and Bon Jovi happen, and happen big."

Does America like The Cult?

Ian: "America loves The Cult. America can't get enough of The Cult. They have a real affinity for English rock music. Led Zeppelin are still God-like over there. We

state them as one of our influences, but get so much flak because we do; for holding that banner of... *rock the house!*"

What Ian doesn't like to do is talk specifics, as I discovered when asking about the lyrical power behind 'Love Removal Machine'. From past experience, it seems the Astbury banners are raised more often than not.

"It's an anti-war song in a nutshell. I had this image of a prostitute in a room, representing war. Heavy concept, eh?"

Do you take great notice of what Ian writes, Billy?

"Never, never ever. Nine times out of ten I come up with a riff and that suggests a beat or a mood which gives Ian a clue."

So if he started singing "I want to put my dick in a cheese-grater" it wouldn't bother you?

"I know what you mean... we never... no, no."

But do you ever sit him down and say, Tell me about 'Love Removal Machine'?

"No, because I don't really believe that lyrics by anybody should be hung, drawn and quartered in that way. It doesn't mean to say we go onstage and he's ranting about neo-Bolshevik brain surgery. Rock 'n' roll is a sum of the parts that go into it, and it's a beat and a riff – hopefully, a good one – and the singing that bounces in and out of that."

Ian: "I don't write this is this, I usually pay attention to what's going on."

Billy: "It all goes in the logbook."

Ian: "I don't just write about my knob."

Billy: "I do. Suffice to say they're all about something, and the one person in the world who knows exactly what they're about is him. I get what I need from them."

Ian: "You put me on the spot about 'Love Removal Machine' but I see things, feel things and write about them. It isn't about baking a cake. People ask me, What's The Cult about? Who knows?"

His handsome lips form into a mischievous smile.

WHAT GIVES you the most satisfaction, Ian?

"I really dig being slagged off by the media. All this cynicism surrounding us, flung upon us, and then we come up with the goods and say, Argue with that."

What are Billy's most redeeming

features?

"His nose. His capacity to drink so much Jack Daniels."

And Ian's?

"His love handles."

When did you realise that guitar solos could be good fun, Billy?

"When I could do 'em!"

Ian: "When I saw Billy in Theatre Of Hate, what impressed me was all his feedback shit, and occasionally when he did a few leads and the main man would turn round and scowl at him! I thought he was brilliant."

"It was that old positive punk mentality," laughs Billy. "We will *not* have guitar solos! There will be *no* Marshall amps!"

Ian: "I remember in Southern Death Cult I was so precious about things like that. We will *not* go in those teeny mags."

Billy: "I remember when we used to say, I can't get in that car, it's too flash. That whole thing about how we should get the number 13 bus to the Hammersmith Odeon, you can't be seen in a limo, it's the cocaine-ridden mayhem hangover from the late '60s. All those taboo subjects, it's a load of crap, I don't think the general public gives a toss anymore."

Did you like Ian from the first time you met him?

"He dressed dead weird... the 'gothic' scene hadn't even happened then. I was the token Northerner in Theatre Of Hate, Mr Eee-By-Gum on lead guitar, so when I met Southern Death Cult, who were all from the North, we could relate over things like meat pie, chips and gravy."

"The North West has got to be a great bond. He's not from Yorkshire you see, he's from Merseyside, we could almost say Lancashire if they hadn't f***** the boundaries up!"

Was there a great need to strip down your sound?

Billy: "Yes. It took Rick Rubin to step in and listen to it objectively. He said he doesn't actually like British bands. Rick was very dominant, and we would have done it eventually ourselves but it would've taken a lot longer."

"You see, we thought we'd go back to England, do the next album in a residential

CONTINUES OVER

"Trying to start your career off the arse-end of Southern Death Cult and Theatre Of Hate has been a mighty task..."



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electric warriors

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

studio, very down to earth and keep away from all the showbiz/nightclubbing bullshit and make the record like we did 'Love'.

"It ended up with us going to New York, right in the middle of Greenwich Village in the busiest environment you could possibly imagine. Bon Jovi were in the studio, Bryan Adams was down the road, people were coming and going."

Ian: "All Rick did was hold up a mirror and say, 'Have a look at this, do you like it? Yeah? Well, let's record it then.'"

Billy: "And we're going, Shouldn't we do that or this? And he's going, No, no! The last album had been on 48-track, and that for a three-piece band is a joke, and we couldn't even see it, those nonsensical layers of rubbish."

Ian: "We were trying too hard. We were doing our dirty laundry in public, we didn't have the opportunity to sit away somewhere as a new band, planning our attack, getting all our shit in a bag and going, Wooargh! This is it!"

"We started, made a noise, and went, Whoops, sorry general public, we didn't quite get it right that time. We did it all in public. But we've got a lot of skeletons out of the closet. I feel completely confident with this; before I was a little wary of what people would say. Now I couldn't give a shit."

Billy: "I can listen to any second on that record and be happy."

LOVE', FORMATIVE though it may have been in the band's progression, has always seemed fairly sexless to me. With 'Electric' the mood is different - The Cult are hungry, The Cult are vibrant, The Cult are sexy. I don't mean it's a rutting-pig, 'Slide It In' mentality, but it sure is a seducer.

Ian: "It's definitely more sensual. We stripped away all the contraceptives and got to the grunt and grind of it."

Billy: "If you've got this airbrushed, modernistic reverb-enhanced sound that's swooshing by you, then there's nothing particularly sexual about that."

Ian: "In the late '70s, sensuality and sensitivity became taboo. The covered body was cool - to be spotty and degenerate and messed up was cool. Music is becoming more sensual again."

Have you got thick skins nowadays?

Billy: "Yes . . . umm."

Ian: "In places."

Billy: "It's proportionate to how good we feel about the record we've made. I feel particularly good about this record, so at the moment I'm in two suits of armour and a crash helmet. I just can't wait. Glasgow Barrowlands, here we come!"

"In the past we haven't felt so good about ourselves because we haven't been totally convinced by what we've put on

record. But when you get that right . . . the skin gets thicker."

Do The Cult deserve to stand alongside AC/DC, Led Zeppelin, whoever?

Ian: "Yes, because we're good! No beating about the bush."

What is the basis for a good band?

"Knowing yourself, what you really enjoy doing. Your own abilities, when you're trying too hard, when you're not trying hard enough. Gone is the day when we'd go around cap in hand saying, Excuse us. We know we can wipe the floor with most bands, we just don't go around saying it. Perhaps now is the time to start saying it."

"We understand exactly what we're doing, where we're going and we're not just here for 15 minutes. We're about longevity as well, it's a long term thing and multi-dimensional. We're a glamorous anti-glamour band, I think."

Has the die been cast now?

Ian: "Anything could happen, but we have set the foundations."

"I mean, Led Zeppelin did bump-start their career off the arse-end of The Yardbirds, but trying to start your career off the arse-end of Southern Death Cult and Theatre Of Hate would have been a mighty task. You couldn't have said, This is the new Theatre Of Hate, people would have thrown fish at us!"

Have you stopped opening up as much, Ian?

"Yeah, because in the past it took away from the main thing. The soul power of the music, the whole picture, people were paying too much attention to what I thought about North American Indians or whatever. You know, what was my perspective on life? My interest in Indian culture helped me, I've been guided certain ways by certain parts of their culture."

"Britain has had so much good music, and when something good happens it's always for no reason whatsoever. But people at the side always say, Why? Too much thought goes into it."

So I shouldn't be asking why, just turning it up loud?

Billy: "That's always a good idea."

And Ian can sum up.

"We're coming out with all guns firing. We're going to put British rock music back on the map."

THE CULT have done their growing up, and that's a certainty. Ian Astbury and Billy Duffy can swamp you with their enthusiasm and confidence, warm you with their humour and scare you with their hard-nosed attitudes. But after all, honesty is their only excuse; they've put all their cards on the table, and want you to do the same.

Never trust a man with a weak handshake, I was once told. We shook hands before they left. They've got grips of steel!

FROM PAGE 15

Sean: "It's also a lot to do with Glaswegian audiences who always seem to give a band a chance. A lot of people were running clubs and getting up off their arses and doing things. Glasgow is a place where people don't just think about things they get up and do them. Before there were the clubs, you'd just meet people in bars and chat to them and gradually a lot of people started realising that there was a common trend in what they liked."

In my eyes there are so many people being so precious about the pop music they are making that they're forgetting to inject important qualities like humour.

Sean: "I think there is a lot of wit in our songs. Like 'Hang Ten', the way it has the religious meaning and the way it has the surfing meaning. It's a play on the way you can either

have fun and go surfing, or have no fun and go and get into some heavy religious thing. It's not witty as in Ha Ha I fell on my face, but it is witty."

Jim: "It's like the cover versions. People look for a deep meaning in them but that's all a load of shite."

Ross: "It's quite funny talking to you at length because we do have confidence and we do know what the future of The Soup Dragons is going to be like so we don't feel a great pressure for us to have to say it too much."

Jim: "We don't have to justify ourselves."

Ross: "We aren't frightened that if we don't have a chart single then we'll have to split up. We're very much aware that the whole thing is about what we put into it and what we want out of it."

PUNK'S NO EXCUSE FOR A SHEER COLD FUNK

ALTHOUGH THE Soup Dragons' songs need more shots of excitement before they'll reach the high standard of their role models, the band are sure enough of themselves to guarantee this will happen. For the moment, 'Head Gone Astray' (head gun ashtray?) is proof that the band aren't mere witless, Shelleyan orphans.

Whether or not The Soup Dragons will achieve chart success is currently as much in the hands of Radio 1 as the band themselves. Despite settling in the 70s after a week's night-time broadcasting alone, the controller announced that the record was 'too punky' for daytime airplay, which is pathetic. It's a grave reminder of just how conservative, cold and disinterested our 'premier' pop station is.

Hopefully, it's a climate The Soup Dragons will set about defrosting.

MINESTRONE

PERFORMANCE SINGLES

McCARTHY ‘Frans Hals’

(Pink) This is far too breathtaking and radiant to be labelled political pop music. It’s a divine cruise through a sea of classical beauty and, like all of McCarthy’s previous jewels, there’s a seductive, dreamy streak running through the intricate guitar melodies. This record hypnotises you and draws you into a spectrum of gorgeous and highly individual sounds.

McCarthy are creating the most natural, harmonious and unblemished music in Britain right now. *Almost* Single Of The Week.

PRINCE ‘Sign ‘O’ The

Times’ (Paisley Park) Just when I was beginning to think that His Royal Badness could do no wrong, he returns not only minus The Revolution but with a terribly disappointing single.

After last year’s crop of classics, ‘Sign ‘O’ The Times’ never gets going. It doesn’t even tease or tickle, systematically moving from A to B with an unassuming ease, carrying Prince’s new social conscience along the way. Only the lyrics save this grey message about life in the streets of New York where “a skinny man died from a big disease with a little name and his girlfriend picked up a dirty needle and died the same way”. All this leads me to believe that Prince has been reading too many newspapers recently, and this new found role of liberal social commentator doesn’t suit him.

The B-side, the oddly titled ‘La, La, La, He, He, Hee’, is much more fun, with Prince doing it doggy-style and having a good time in the process. More of the same next time, please.

THE STYLE COUNCIL

‘Waiting’ (Polydor) When you were young, you used to fall in love with everyone. But now you’ve reached the twilight of your career and are approaching the same MOR sentimentality you once so vehemently opposed, you stay loyal to just the one lover.

‘Waiting’ tries so hard to be an all-time soul classic. But the sad fact is, Paul Weller *isn’t* one of the great crooners of our time, and he simply isn’t believable when portraying Luther Vandross. If this becomes The Style Council’s biggest hit to date, which it could well do, then The Cappuccino Kid had better start re-evaluating his position in the music business before he becomes everything that he once feared and abused.

GENESIS ‘Tonight, Tonight, Tonight’ (Virgin)

It’s becoming increasingly hard to tell the difference between Phil Collins’ solo efforts and Genesis. Here, Collins, the most consistent pop songwriter in Britain, lets his soulful voice warble over a stark Genesis backing.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK



VOTB: never mind The Bangles . .

VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE ‘Just A City’ (Food) Withstanding fierce competition from all sides, this week’s most exhilarating pop moment belongs to Voice Of The Beehive, who are the most talked about independent girl pop group in Britain at the moment, despite the heart of the band being American. One of the highlights at the last ICA Rock Week – alongside Crazyhead, who share the same label – Voice Of The Beehive emphasise their position as one of the premier ‘great unsigned’ acts by releasing their debut single that’s in a superior class of its own.

VOTB are a *fun* pop group. And ‘Just A City’ is a highly polished gem of a record which dances with glee, chuckles with charm and totally belies the band’s independent status.

‘Just A City’ is an underplayed tale about the big city’s heartlessness and the effect it has on a lost young girl. There’s a sense of bewilderment mixed with a puzzled sadness in Tracey’s dazzling voice as it tenderly lulls the listener. And the accomplished song structure shows a natural ability to compete with the big names.

If I said that ‘Just A City’ reminds me of ‘Manic Monday’ by The Bangles, the Beehive girls would come around and poke me in the eye for making such an easy comparison. They’d say their music is far too intelligent, descriptive and deceptively careless for such crass pigeonholing, and I’d have to agree. ‘Seven Shocks’ and ‘I Walk The Earth’, on the B-side, show a greater awareness than most would give them credit for.

When the shimmering guitars peter out and the tambourines jingle to a halt, Voice Of The Beehive are the pot of gold at the end of pop’s rainbow.

The video will probably be shot in black and white and feature a few close ups of the moon reflected off the top of Phil’s head.

IMMACULATE FOOLS ‘Tragic Comedy’ (A&M)

This single wouldn’t be so bad, really, if we didn’t know that it was by the Immaculate Fools. They still sound morbidly like The Psychedelic Furs/Sisters Of Mercy, but without the mystery.

THE GAP BAND ‘How Music Came About (Bop B Da B Da Da)’ (Total Experience)

Like Kool And The Gang, The Gap Band realise that the essence of a universally popular soul record lies in both how far it can underestimate the IQ of its listeners and its ability to provide an infectious chorus that they’ll never be able to get out of their heads. With “bop b da . . .” (now this is important) “. . . b da da”, we not only have one of the great lyrical inanities of our time, but we also have a chorus that irritates like tight pants.

HOWARD JONES ‘Little Bit Of Show’ (WEA)

Wild men of pop, part three. Howard Jones’ story is a sorry tale of pop stardom gone bust, his songs having lost their appeal for people growing out of disposable nappies. Like the turgid Nik Kershaw, Howard wanted to be taken as seriously as Elton John; why else would he release a slow ballad which relies solely on a piano and his voice for effect? The effect, by the way, is tiresome. The boy has lost it and he’ll do well to survive ‘til the end of the year.

THE BIG SUPREME ‘Please Yourself’ (Polydor)

Supposedly the acceptable face of insubstantial noise

chasing daytime radio, The Big Supreme believe that a stomping Northern soul beat, operatic backing vocals and a dash of ‘Club Tropicana’ will get them into the Top 20. The result is something between Katrina And The Waves and Wham! Yes, it’s that bad.

THE COMSAT ANGELS ‘The Cutting Edge’ (Island) CUTTING CREW ‘One For The Mocking-Bird’ (Siren)

The Comsat Angels were a band before their time. Before the time when it became acceptable and financially sound to be a faceless, unaffected white rock band elevated from the pub circuit by a complete American overhaul. Like Talk Talk, It Bites and Cutting Crew – who are no better – The Comsat Angels are dour-faced young men trying to cling on to a piece of integrity by sounding bored with their own creations. ‘The Cutting Edge’ is as dull as the Comsats’ continued existence. Even so, it’s ten times better than the melodic rock of Cutting Crew.

HURRAH! ‘Sweet Sanity’ (Kitchenware)

This is a re-release of the best track on the so so ‘Tell God I’m Here’ album. Their record company is obviously trying to capitalise on all the favourable press these three great leather bomber jackets of Tyneside have received recently. It deserves to be a hit, if only for the sake of perseverance.

VIRGINIA ASTLEY ‘Some Small Hope’ (WEA)

Virginal whispers from the very wholesome Virginia Astley, helped out here by David Sylvian. It’s a charming, flickering example of atmospheric music at its best and it wouldn’t sound out of a place at a midnight mass.

A little too schoolgirlish for my liking, though.

SKIN ‘One Thousand Years’ (Product Inc)

The two ugly ducklings from Swans, Michael Gira and Jarboe, break away from that beast to produce some of their most majestic music to date. The intensity of Swans is still there but it has been hushed down somewhat to allow Jarboe’s evocative voice to search through a box of secret, and possibly dangerous, delights. Exquisite.

KRAFTWERK ‘The Telephone Call’ (EMI)

More highly polished techno-pop for airport lounges, designer furniture and fashionable French catwalks from the master mechanics behind the electronic pulse which has charged the hip hop movement.

Sadly, though, with its electronic bleeps, dialling tones and taped phone voices, this slowly becomes as irrelevant as that nauseating ditty, ‘Pocket Calculator’. This is Kraftwerk treading water gracefully.

EURYTHMICS ‘Missionary Man’ (RCA)

In which Annie discovers sex, burns her bra, shakes her boobs and gets sweaty under the armpits, performing as the last wild woman of rock. Meanwhile, Dave strikes all those power chords, and a magical harmonica pours some Delta blues onto the best track of the tame ‘Revenge’ album. What do we have? A pop record that exaggerates its sleaze content, a pop record that snarls so hard it’s corny and romps so feverishly that it’s ultimately anything but sexy.

ERASURE ‘It Doesn’t Have To Be’ (Mute)

Vince Clarke, the man who pioneered the instant synth ditty, split

Yazoo up only to reform it under the name of Erasure with Andy Bell, who is nothing but a slimmer version of Alf. The results are as sweet as sugar and as bitter as cheap instant coffee from the vending machine of pop music. Still, Vince knows how to put all the right ingredients together to gain a Top Five slushy hit. And it’s a very nice slushy hit too.

TERENCE TRENT D’ARBY ‘If You Let Me Stay’ (CBS)

This week’s new soul hope has a voice that cries out for superstardom and here it relaxes into a song that’s made for midnight kisses, late night discos and sweaty limbs. Smoother than Vaseline and twice as greasy. ‘If You Let Me Stay’ opens the way for a revival of ‘70s club music, spearheaded by the likes of Tavares and George McCrae. Terence isn’t in the same class as Prince – he’s too old fashioned but this boy will go a long way. And this golden scorcher which will rock clubland from dusk ‘til dawn. Be there.

THE MORRISONS ‘Listen To Your Heart’ (Especially Yellow)

This is a little treat of a flexi-disc given away free with *Especially Yello* fanzine. The Morrisons are a cracking pop band, their guitars more than influenced by Edwyn Collins and their songs short, sharp and polite. With a couple of John Peel plays under their belt, The Morrisons are guaranteed instant cult status. I look forward to their next single.

ROBERT CRAY BAND ‘Smoking Gun’ (Mercury/ Hightone)

Cool, casual and sometimes wild, Robert Cray confirms his position as the king of modern blues with a killer, up tempo beat that strides down smart Southern

roads. Juicy guitar licks and Cray’s ever so soulful voice make this a demon example of blues coming to terms with modern demands.

THE MISSION ‘Severina’ (Mercury)

Oh, the romance, the beauty and the mystic charm. The Mission’s kaleidoscope of intrigue spins wildly as, slowly, we hear Wayne Hussey conquering the art of pretentiousness and making for the charts with a song that relies on a melodramatic chorus to stimulate the senses. A sensual record.

BERLIN ‘Like Flames’ (Mercury)

It has been a long time since I’ve heard such rousing whistling at the beginning of a record. Berlin, whose ‘Take My Breath Away’ was a stunning Number One, have a new single which sounds like Kim Wilde being shoved through a mincer. Perhaps that’s why I like it.

THE MISSION/THE LEATHER NUN/ GANGWAY ‘Sounds Showcase 3’

Aren’t we generous here at *Sounds*? After the last two excellent Showcases, which you bought in their millions, we give you another freebie that will knock your socks off.

An exclusive version of one of The Mission’s best moments and, from the land of the midnight sun, Gangway and The Leather Nun. Gangway, with ‘This Can’t Be Love’, are bright, poppy yet ambiguous, whilst The Leather Nun, with a live version of ‘Jesus Came Driving Along’, are dark, sharp and mean.

RUMBLEFISH ‘Tug-Boat Line’ (Pink)

It must be a conspiracy; yet another record from the Pink label which leaves the rest of the bunch standing at the starting line.

Rumblefish were rather overshadowed last year by labelmates McCarthy and The Wolfhounds, but here they come into their own with their best offering yet. Its romantic serenade of classical string instruments which glide graceful through a positively laidback vocal, bursts of trumpet adding a Mexican feel to the cantering beat. ‘Tug Boat Line’ is a beacon of brilliance in this week’s singles pile.

BIFF BANG POW! ‘The Whole World’s Turning Brouchard!’ (Creation)

A melodic joyride back into psychedelia that crosses a Casio organ sound – more commonly associated with the legendary Young Marble Giants – with the pleasant disposability of a *Captain Scarlet* theme tune. Two minutes of jolly ‘60s mayhem from Alan McGee’s solo endeavour which should keep you interested for as long as it’s spinning round.

Reviewed by Ron Rom

ALBUMS

PERFORMANCE

RATINGS: ***** BUY
 ***** BORROW
 *** HEAR
 ** IGNORE
 * DESTROY

COPE AND GLORY



JULIAN COPE: the pope of Tamworth village

Russell Young

JULIAN COPE 'Saint Julian' (Island ILPS 9861/CD)*****
 JULIAN COPE stands by the furnace light in the slush-crusted driveway of GH Cuttler's scrap-metal yard, Tamworth. His arms are opened in crucifixion pose, his shoulders are crowned with car wrecks. Halo'd by a billowing cloud of mist, the Saint is pouting into the dirt at his feet. His leathers are orange and the snow is blue. Would you shag this space cadet?

Rate Julian Cope, rate him very highly; 'Saint Julian' demands it.

By sinking his thoughts into rock 'n' roll as deep and fast as a cobra snaps its jaws into a victim's neck, Cope has produced his hardest solo LP to date. Less classically orchestrated than 'Fried' or 'World Shut Your Mouth', and consequently less charming, the aggressive clap of snare drum and guitar on tracks like 'Pulsar' and 'Trampoline' creates a sound that sticks (and stones).

Cope's songs are already instantly recognisable – the way the keyboards twinkle and scoot across the blazing guitars; the way in which the clarinet so often replaces the lead guitar are both examples of this. That he should arrogantly spank such traits with a sound that is so forthright only helps to build his self-confidence.

Self-exploration hangs like tear-gas over a heavily rioted street throughout the LP. Take the title track, 'Saint Julian'. Scene: confused Cope meets God, decides he doesn't like him, puts him right on the world's wrongs and then finds the original Cope again.

"He said, My mind is overflowing with tales to tell/I've been looking around this world I created it's done so well/I looked at him and said I think I've lost you."

JC garrottes religion and pushes into its place the idea of self before ecclesiastical subservience. Given the choice between a 2,000-year-old geezer with long hair, sandals and 12 nosey mates and Julian, who would you choose for a date?

The exploration goes beyond the mere dismissal of the faith a quarter of the world's population live by. Cope delves in, drags out and splays about the gore and glories of his past three years in Tamworth. His conscience uncorked and left to run, Julian wades in waist high and buzzes and throttles every last drop of exhilaration from his brow. 'Spacehopper' thrusts itself so busily from verse to chorus to primal scream it becomes almost unnoticeable that the lead guitar part has been lifted from The Cramps' 'You Got Good Taste'.

The reason Cope (and Matt Johnson) stand so boldly ahead of the festering pop quagmire is that instead of worrying about what sells records he gets on and works at writing interesting and exciting music. When you're this talented, one naturally comes with the other.

Can we cope with a leather clad pop pope? I'd like to think so.

JAMES BROWN

CRASH 'I Feel Fine'
 (Remorse REMLP 2)*****

DO YOU want the good news first or the bad news? The good news is that Mark Dumais often writes exceedingly good songs. The bad news is that his voice operates on a completely different wavelength to the required notes – sort of Morrissey crossed with Matt Johnson crossed with a dying aardvark.

Dumais, guitarist and songwriter for the band, takes to singing with the sort of aplomb John De Lorean applied to car manufacture.

But that's enough punishment. On the upside, there are those fine, individual songs – four on the trot on side one.

'International Velvet', 'I Go Round', 'All I Get' (featuring the worst singing) and 'Superfly' between them define the boundaries of Crash's musical acreage – deceptively light but with an underlying buzz and drive.

The substance of any group is its material, and Crash have no problems on that count. Once Dumais enlists a pro for the vocal chores, it'll be money in the bank.

ANDY HURT

NERVOUS CHOIR '1060 Hold Everything'
 (Choir Cuts NCC 12-1)***

A DECEPTIVELY bleak-looking first LP from Aberdeen's Nervous Choir, the contents of which, thank heavens, puts paid to the air of humdrum goth so wholeheartedly conveyed by their (perhaps naive) guillotine 'n' gore sleeve.

What makes this dark and brooding outfit a little bit different is the way their almost-but-not-quite plagiaristic style tramples over the bulk of their apparent idols' output.

Whereas Bauhaus steeped themselves in gloom and never so much as volunteered a saucy wink for light relief, Nervous Choir balance their descents into grimness with splashes of uplifting saxophone and an amiable line in self-deprecating humour.

Despite having a minor classic in the prickly 'Al Jolson', numbers like 'Trash Trash Trash' and 'Daddy Says' seem to lack a certain cast-iron strength. But regardless of this, Nervous Choir cut a dash a good deal sharper than most of their contemporaries.

MR SPENCER

GREEN ON RED 'Clarkesville'
 (Mercury GORLP 1/CD)*****

'CLARKESVILLE' WASTES no time in re-drawing Green On Red's boundaries, a territorial niche encompassing a dedicated resurrection of the style of early Neil Young and the West Coast rock tradition in general. The gritty ballads and peppery voice, the soulful harmonies and drifting host of understated touches, equal an American band in firm command.

Throughout 'Clarkesville', Green On Red demonstrate an attention to detail and an outright affection for their roots that turn this album into an intoxicating affair. The delivery is even, exploiting their informed use of influences, welcoming and surprising the listener with well-told stories and the occasional modest flourish.

Green On Red package their style economically, employing humour, histrionics and handsome melodies in equal parts, with a cool grip reminiscent of the old hands they admire.

'Mighty Gun' is 'Clarkesville' all over, retelling the myth of the Wild West more pragmatically,

building to the chorus "This is how the West was really won/With cheap labour and a mighty gun". Intent, harsh but always unhurried, Green On Red manage to hold your attention without resorting to artifice, relying entirely on skill. 'Jamie' has a pith and heart common to all the songs on this album, making

the line "People come and people go, they die in car wrecks in old Mexico" seem somehow wise.

Green On Red litter their lyrics with such moments, spreading them like prickly crumbs between teasingly short guitar solos that enter and exit and leave no mark.

RALPH TRAITOR



THE ICIES: 'too clever by half'

WENDY O WILLIAMS/ PLASMATICS 'Maggots – The Record' (Great Western Records GWLP 8)*** 1/2

THE IDEA has potential. It's as old as science, and as obvious as rock 'n' roll itself, but creating a concept album around the ancient chestnut that man has overstepped the mark and brought about his own horrific and inevitably Freudian downfall still possesses a certain base potential for gross bad taste and loud humour.

In this instance, the threat consists of flesh-eating monster maggots, so obviously Wendy O Williams and her specially reformed Plasmatics are the perfect band to give it a go.

Unfortunately, 'Maggots' – a soundscape soundtrack dressed to thrill and cut to size for a horror movie never to be made – realises only part of its potential.

The theatre macabre script lives up to every kitsch and gross expectation. If Wendy O has read every one of the James Herbert fostered masturbatory exercises that dominate today's 'horror' culture, then I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised. Because the sexploitation inherent in the form is brought well to the fore – amid all the "ample breasts" and "firm creamy white buttocks", you can even catch a glimpse of "large knockwurst sized maggots"!

But the supercharged metal rampage intended to frame and thrive upon this horror show format falls far short of the standards required. The rhythms are too hardcore and wholly insensitive to the theories of balance and dynamics. And it's no good being crass and cold-bloodedly comic while you attempt to make some sort of heavy statement about mankind if you're going to snarl so incoherently that not even an Olympic standard lip-reader can catch any part of your drift.

To see how this sort of thing should be done, check out The Dictators' 'Disease' or 'Science Gone Too Far'. Those boys had class.

ROGER HOLLAND

PERFORMANCE ALBUMS

AGENT STEEL
'Unstoppable Force'
(Music For Nations MFN 66)****

SNATCHES OF this record are so intense that you feel something *must* give under the strain. And if anything it'll be your speakers, because Agent Steel *don't* crack. Even when tuned to maximum overdrive, their iron will and squint-eyed concentration remain failsafe.

Like Metallica and Queensrÿche, Agent Steel strike both with tremendous power and with almost surgical precision. In fact, they're halfway towards being a hybrid of those two bands, if not quite as good as either.

Agent Steel do tend to stray into the pompous, the ridiculous and the overtly serious. And although I'm not too bothered by it all, I expect many will be. Those who find the hoot 'n' howl of Anthrax's Joey Belladonna a bit offputting had best settle themselves with a couple of stiff drinks before tackling Steel singer John Cyriis, a mad mix of Rob Halford, Tweety Pie and a whistling kettle.

Yet for all their shortcomings, these Tampa-based rowdies have a lot of character. Whatever it is he's getting at (the album has a concept loosely based around Atlantis), Cyriis means it, and sweats it.

The band, a classic dual lead guitar formation, are as convincingly tight as they come. The songs are taut, greased, ambitious, explosive and tough as old leather. And even if you really can't come to terms with John's daffy squawk, I'd still urge you to get the record just for the razing instrumental, 'The Day At Guyana'. But mind your head or those riffs'll have it clean off.

Refreshingly, Agent Steel are another of the reasons why metal in '87 – from Poison to Metal Church to Celtic Frost – is as varied, lively and enjoyable as it's ever been.

PAUL ELLIOTT

SQUIRREL BAIT 'Skag Heaven' (Homestead HMS072)****

SQUIRREL BAIT are exponents of a rising new trend in American independent rock 'n' roll, one that promises to redefine rock music in general over the next few years. With Hüsker Dü and The Replacements spearheading the first wave of this new style, Squirrel Bait are keenly following them out of the trenches.

In essence, what we hear from groups like these amounts to a new folk music, an urban folk and blues drawing on common American experiences, finding sounds and words to relate them accurately and then tapping into the rock 'n' roll historical perspective to come up with calamitous and compelling songs.

'Skag Heaven' is Squirrel Bait's second album and it displays their penchant for dismembering and rebuilding melodies with a discipline and intent common to both their previous work and that of their peers.

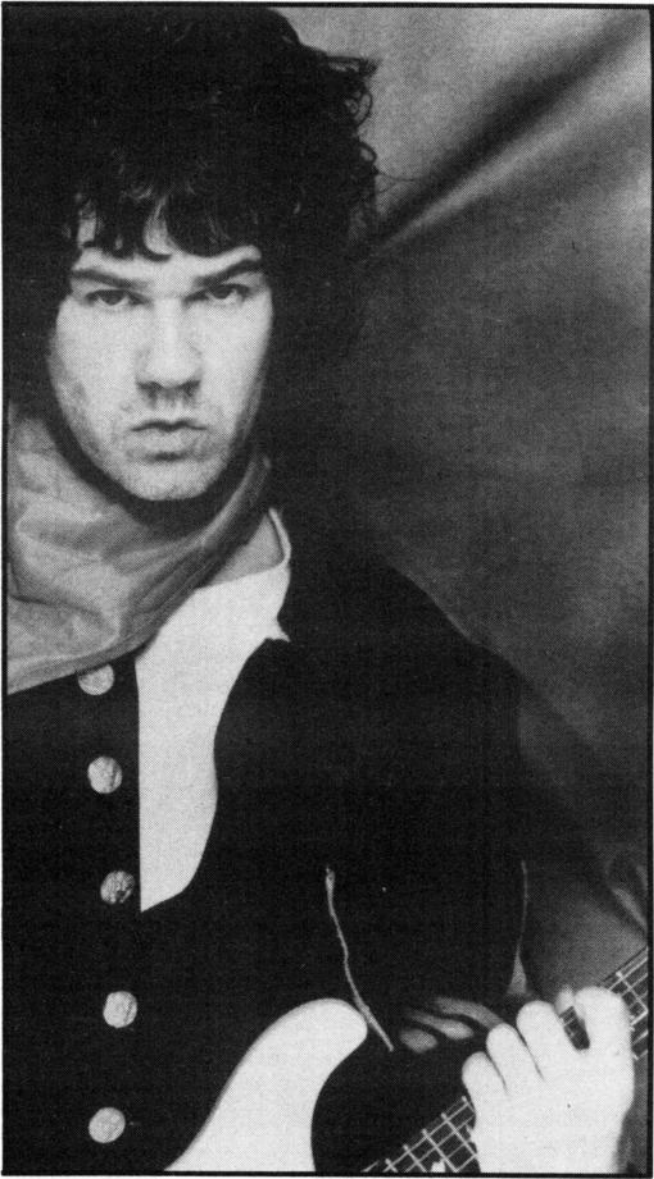
'Kid Dynamite', entering on tumultuous drums and coda that would be at home on the Hüskers' 'New Day Rising', triggers off this series of songs, each piling into the next without a breath between them. The drumming style doesn't allow the material to relax for long, egging on the fuzz guitars urgently.

Vocalist Peter Searcy has one of those threadbare voices where you expect pieces of larynx to fly from the grooves as the needle hits them. And there are moments when the punked-out heaviness invites parallels with the late '60s Detroit sound, notably The MC5, but there's no pretending that these fellows are anything but '80s progeny.

This whole record flexes and shivers as one deep sonic sigh, neither pretty nor ugly, merely nakedly modern. Right now, that's as valid a contribution as we can use.

RALPH TRAITOR

A BOUQUET OF BLACK ROSES



GARY MOORE breaks for the border

GARY MOORE 'Wild Frontier' (10 Records DIX 56/CD)*****

"FOR PHILIP." Two words and a guitar say it all.

"I remember a friend of mine/So sad now that he's gone/They tell me I'll forget as time goes on." – 'Wild Frontier'.

Of course, Phil Lynott won't be forgotten, least of all by Gary Moore, and not even by that stupid old bugger called rock 'n' roll. 'Still In Love With You', 'Military Man', 'The Boys Are Back In Town': *all* cut much too deep to fade from the memory easily. They still sparkle. And they've inspired Gary's finest work to date.

At its most reflective, 'Wild Frontier' is full of melancholic charm. At its rowdiest, it's as uplifting as rock has ever been.

Pleasingly, Moore has relieved his music of its old, slightly cumbersome metal plating to let it breathe in more warmth and colour. He's also feeding off his Irish heritage like never before, a sense of tradition spreading through the folk jig feel of 'Over The Hills And Far Away' to a newfound lyrical maturity. You have to go back to '79 and Thin Lizzy's 'Black Rose' to find Gary's roots showing so strongly through the songs.

Whispers of 'Black Rose' play continually on old memories, and the tumultuous 'Thunder Rising' recalls both 'Warriors' and 'Emerald', but this isn't the shameless, self-indulgent, sentimental plunder that it might sound. Moore has simply slipped out of his rusty metal shackles to grasp that emotive quality which made Lizzy unique.

'Wild Frontier' is possessed of a burning yet never gushing romanticism, at its clearest on 'The Loner' and 'Johnny Boy'. I've never been one for virtuoso rambles, but during the 'The Loner' – a misty-eyed instrumental with, dare I mention it, a delicate Parisian flavour – that guitar *talks*. And by that, I don't mean that it babbles the kind of gassy gibberish with which Eddie Van Halen and his imitators are still fiddling frantically.

After years of muddling, Moore has at long last found a style of his own which isn't a vice on his exceptional ability. Seizing on the spirit that Big Country lost track of halfway through 'The Crossing', 'Wild Frontier' smokes, soothes, rocks, rouses and satisfies. It's the kind of record that might have made a certain old rocker very happy.

"When I look to the West, out across the River Shannon, I can still see you smiling, Johnny Boy."

PAUL ELLIOTT

NYAH FEARTIES 'A Tasty Heidfu' (LYT Records DOP LP 001)****

IF YOU were stranded in a wasteland of glossy rock 'n' roll blandness without bands like Nyah Fearties to pull you back into insanity, you'd be very very *fear*t indeed!

Nyah Fearties, the Wiseman Brothers of Lugton

in Ayrshire, combine the wit of Ivor Cutler and the intensity of Test Dept to create an accurate, grating and stimulating form of modern folk.

'A Tasty Heidfu' is the folk music of rain-stained concrete housing complexes, unfinished inner city motorway flyovers, and boarded up dockside bar windows. Nyah Fearties are as charming as the painful end of a blunt sand shovel, and, in being so, are totally in character with the lives and times they are chronicling.

"Robbie wiz a madman he'd kill ye in the pub/He'd be staninthere aw quiet/Then he'd get up and smash yer face in" – 'Rantin' Robbie'.

Brother Wiseman, cuts his tongue from a tale of eating chicken beneath an Isle O'Arran waterfall, 'Glen Ashdale Falls', to a definitive attack on the hypocrisies of religion with 'Hallelujah!'.

Abrasive, gruff and passionate, Nyah Fearties are everything Elton John never was. Their very existence is uplifting, a crucial brew which should be canned, ring-pulled and downed immediately.

JAMES BROWN

ED KUEPPER 'Rooms Of The Magnificent' (Hot HOT 1027)****

AFTER HIS previous career as a vital constituent of both The Saints – and The Laughing Clowns – Australia and the world's most criminally unrecognised post-punk band – Ed Kuepper could well be forgiven for thinking, How do you follow that?

He could be forgiven for thinking it, but, being a genius, such a notion would never enter his head. In fact he's already made his entirely plausible follow on with his first solo album, 'Electrical Storm'. 'Storm' is a remarkable record but this is better still.

'Storm' was recorded practically single-handedly, but for 'Rooms', Ed returns to a group format, backing himself up with a small band and an enthusiastic horn section. This album takes on board elements from his previous solo album to produce something which, though evidently very much in a traditional songwriting vein, is essentially stateless.

From the title track opener, with its barroom piano and recurring guitar motif, this record is given a

life of its own by Ed's nasal voice and his position as an intimately involved yet simultaneously dispassionate narrator. It's this that gives 'Rooms' its air of resignation and melancholy, and it's this that makes Ed Kuepper such an intuitively brilliant songwriter.

ROY WILKINSON

BOGSLED 'Tried And Tested Public Speaker' (Shellfish SHELF 3)***

A DEFINITE case for falling between two stools. Not as dreary as Mark E Smith and not half as humorous as Stump, Bogshed look destined to end up in the we-talked-about-them-last-year-but-let's-be-honest-they-weren't-very-good box.

'Tried And Tested Public Speaker' is a six-track mini LP consisting of two sessions recorded for John Peel. They follow Rev's favourite remedy, disjointed earache guitar riffs and repetitive symbolic statements with disposable lines like *"At 21 my lovely daughter, I don't suppose you've got some water?"*.

This record is best played alongside something visually stimulating.

SHAUN PHILLIPS

POMP FROM THE 'POOL

THE ICICLE WORKS 'If You Want To Defeat Your Enemy Sing His Song' (Beggars Banquet BEGA 75/CD)***

TOO CLEVER by half, The Icicle Works' silvery guitar pop is full of sweet moments, yet it's also much too fond and full of itself to really get on with it and make a point.

Although it tends to be as anonymous as it is individual, The Icicle Works have, to an extent, carved out a sound that's their own, if only because it's reminiscent of nobody else in particular.

If the awkward title of their third LP is anything to go by, the Liverpoolian trio's sworn enemies are The Mission when stone cold sober, Julian Cope on a particularly bad trip and the Righteous Brothers singing Big Country. They may also bear a grudge towards Echo And The Bunnymen.

What is certain is that, far from living up to their past billing as a near perfect singles band, The Icies, as they're not known, have struggled and in places failed to produce songs of any real presence. And whilst it's no

disaster, there's little here that's *special*.

Inevitably, aside from an inspired touch of banjo (ukelele, whatever), it's mainly the handful of overworked melodies which stick in the mind. 'Evangeline', the new single, is one such blankly repetitive example.

Smarter than The Cult or The Mission, The Icicle Works should, with their knack for tunes and resounding guitar lines, do better. They fall down when Ian McNabb affords himself the luxuries of being too affected, quaint, grandiose, stiff-lipped and very (Northern) English.

The Cult's latest might just as well have fallen off 'Highway To Hell' or 'Sticky Fingers', but at least it *kicks* and gets noticed. Over a whole album, The Icicle Works let drowsy rock slumber snuff out their sparkle and unlike, for instance, T Rex, have no idea how to be both languid and electric.

Ah, T Rex. Now *there* was a perfect singles band.

PAUL ELLIOTT

PERFORMANCE

COME IN ANDY – YOUR 15 MINUTES ARE UP

"Andy Warhol," said David Bowie, "looks a dream. Hang him on my wall." Richard Cook looks back on a legend

THE DEATH of Andy Warhol in New York last week brought a most famous "15 minutes" to an untimely close.

His heart failed, not long after he'd undergone gall bladder surgery; he was, perhaps, 55, a gaunt-looking man with the silvery hair he had worn most of his famous life. He leaves behind a legend that persists in art, cinema and rock, even though his innovations and masterpieces belong to two decades ago.

"If you want to know all about Andy Warhol, just look at the surface of my films and paintings and me, and there I am." If Warhol was a brilliant self-publicist, his fame had an inevitable, divine quality, as though he was actually fashioned from his era. A reticent, soft-spoken man, with big lumpy features and anxious eyes, Warhol's notoriety – his weirdness, as the '60s saw it – looks like the by-product of a genuine artistic impulse.

He was one of those artists who gauge instinctively the step of their time, refract it through their work . . . and become a symbol of the time themselves.

The bits and pieces of Warhol's work – from his soup cans to his rock videos – suggest a detachment, an especially cool appraisal of a society's dependence on its media and its images.

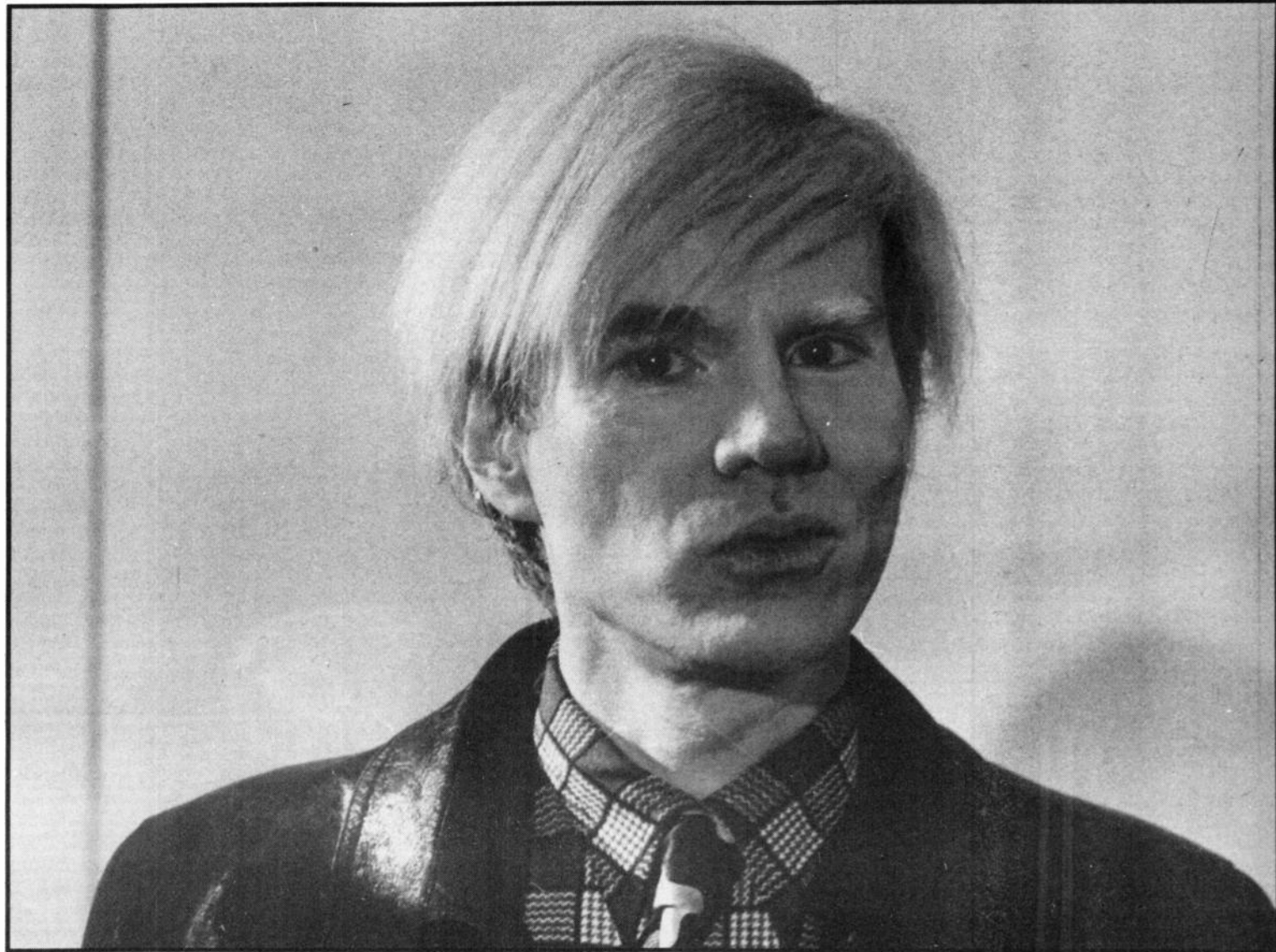
But Andy was lionised into becoming a star himself; and his mystique slowly drifted away.

He was born in Cleveland, of Czech parents, and he began earning a living in commercial art in the '50s. Some jazz album sleeves from this period remain Warhol classics, like the shirt and sax cover of Johnny Griffin's 'The Congregation'.

But it was the onset of the '60s and its frenzied American myth-making that spawned the real Warhol. Some aligned him with the pop-art movement, but the cartoon canvases of Roy Liechtenstein weren't saying anything that interested Warhol. It was the mute, endless consumer images themselves that fascinated him; and he devised an art out of repetition.

Paintings of Campbell's Soup cans were made by a stencil process that he helped create, called silk screen printing. Besides the many soup cans, there were pictures of Coke bottles and dollar bills; of Elvis and Marilyn; or, in the notorious *Death And Disaster* series, of photographs of horrifying car smashes, electric chairs or a woman who jumped off the Empire State Building.

"What interests us," said Marcel Duchamp, "is the concept that wants to put 50 Campbell's Soup cans on a canvas." They are pictures that impel one to



ANDY WARHOL in his heyday: the medium was the message

Press Association

scrutinise every detail of a familiar image in an unexpected context. Warhol asks: what triggers are pulled by such multiple numbers of the everyday?

IT WAS a short step from the silk screen to the movie camera. Warhol's films of the '60s aren't designed to outrage, they're meant to stupefy: "My films are just a way of taking up time." The eight hours of *Empire*, a single shot of that building, or the six hours of *Sleep* (a man sleeping) are pretty numbing. Some critics were particularly outraged over *Sleep* when they discovered that the film was actually made up of the same three hours shown twice!

"Watching my movies, you could eat and drink and smoke and cough and look away and look back and they'd still be there."

But his films changed: with *Kitchen*, *Chelsea Girls*, **** (a 24-hour film shown only once in its original form), *Bikeboy* and others, Warhol assembled a repertory of Greenwich Village freaks and tragedians and beautiful creatures: Viva, Nico, Gerard Malanga, Edie Sedgwick, Joe Dallesandro, people who hung around Andy's Village workplace (the Factory) and made themselves into stars. They tormented, seduced and preened before each other, mostly on camera.

The films are technically shabby and disarmingly truthful. They can also be very funny, and in *Lonesome Cowboys* – a kind of innocent, bizarre satire on the western – Warhol strung together a clumsy masterpiece.

How else to reflect a brainwashing consumer culture but with brainwashing

art? Except Warhol's work was far more intense. And, inevitably, he turned to rock to introduce another visceral layer.

"For once a happening really happened, and it took Warhol to come out from New York to show how it's done."

The quote is from a report mentioned on the sleeve of 'The Velvet Underground And Nico', and it refers to the group's stint as the house band for Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable, an audio-visual club experience. Warhol used Lou Reed's combo to soundtrack a brutal variation on the hippie trip, an experience where savage frequencies and lights could blitz a person's senses.

Warhol was credited as producer of the first Velvets LP, though it's hard to say exactly what role he had in the making of the record.

ANDY WARHOL'S great era passed on with the '60s. For the rest of his life, he more or less pottered through the celebrity circles that never forgot his name. He never entered another 'period', in the manner of the great artists. He put his name to many things, but his actual participation in them was somewhat vague: a novel called *a*, the *Interview* magazine, sundry New York happenings.

He was overtaken by his times. Because he never set out to be especially 'outrageous', he had little affinity with the art punks who sometimes dropped his name. The nihilism of the Sex Pistols was alien to a Warhol philosophy: he was intrigued by boredom, not enraged by it. But he maintained his links with rock, with

occasional designs or appearances. He designed the sleeve of The Rolling Stones' 'Love You Live' LP, a crude piece of screening that managed to suggest a classic Warhol stroke and a disguised dig at the Stones' rebel postures.

In the mid-'80s, though he seemed invisible from a British viewpoint, Andy Warhol was actually busier than ever. He shuttled all over his country, at work with video and cable and computers and corporations. His annual income from active work was enormous. He still found himself courted by rock, working with Debbie Harry and turning up in a number of videos (such as a particularly amusing cameo as a bartender in a Cars episode).

The last band he worked with was Curiosity Killed The Cat. He produced the video for their single, 'Misfits', and it was obvious that his involvement in such projects never failed to impress.

"We were thrilled when we met him and couldn't believe someone so famous wanted to work with us," said singer Ben Volpeliere-Pierrot.

Talking about his *Death And Disaster* portraits, Warhol said: "I still care about people but it would be so much easier not to care, it's too hard to care."

It's hard to say how much he cared about what happened to his work: his later films, like *Heat*, *Trash* and *Bad* aren't really by him, they just have his name on them; his designs and methods were copied as faithfully as he did his soup cans.

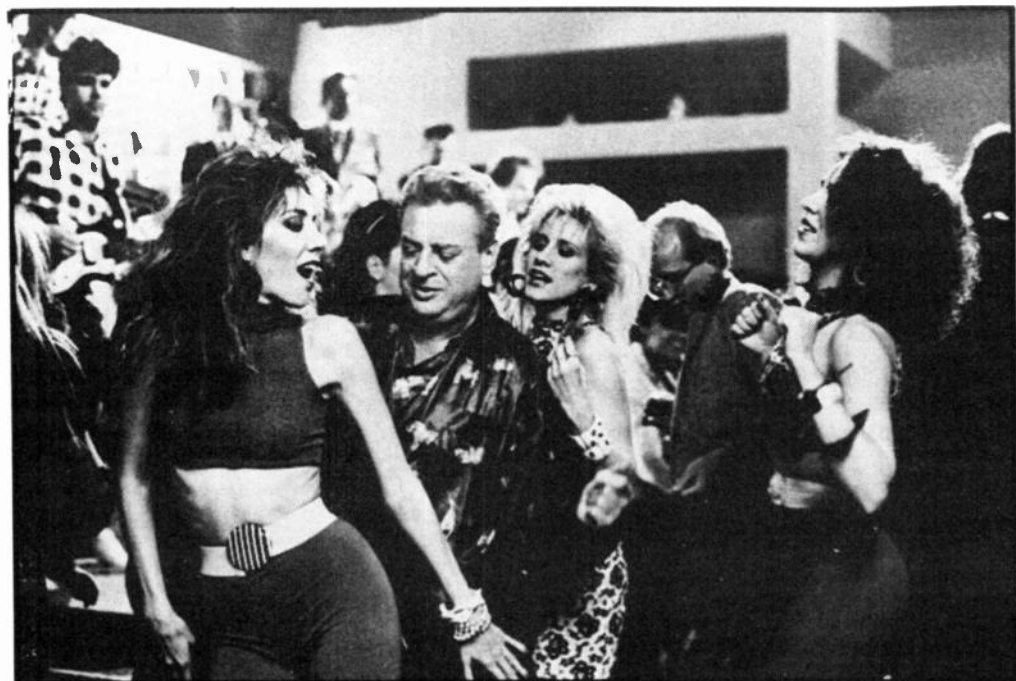
For all the outrage that collected around Andy Warhol, his art remains as something reflective and silent. He collected America, in his silkscreens, movies and feedback rock noise, and those sounds and images remain.

PERFORMANCE

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT



RODNEY DANGERFIELD studying anatomy in *Back To School*

BACK TO SCHOOL

(Orion)
AMERICAN COMIC Rodney Dangerfield, for whom *Back To School* is the latest in a line of successful television and film vehicles at home, where he is highly regarded by the collegiate crowd, was a latecomer to glory. After years of treading clubland's uneven boards, Rodney's fame and fortune finally began to rival his girth in the late '60s and has since mushroomed.

Dangerfield is an American comic classic, revelling in his image of the hapless schmuck who gets "no respect". *Back To School* is his first film where there is an element of serious acting required of his role – that of Thornton Melon, self-made tycoon, whose single regret is his lack of an education.

Thornton heads off to his son's university, initially out of curiosity, but ends up staying on as its oldest and weirdest freshman after discovering that his beloved son is *persona non grata* on campus. Melon Sr is determined to rectify this, thereby supplying an ample premise for the ludicrous nonsense

which ensues.

Thornton, as played to the hilarious hilt by Dangerfield, flaunting his wealth and streetwise wit profligately, becomes an in-crowd item for some and a source of derision for others, staff and students alike, as he champions his son with gormless panache. Melon enlists a team of experts, meanwhile, to help do his own homework (including Kurt Vonnegut, who makes a cameo appearance), as he is unable to divert his attention from the fun he is having.

Lou, Melon's loyal guttersnipe chauffeur, leavens and laughs, while Sally Kellerman, as Melon's schoolboy crush English prof, and Ned Beatty, as the unscrupulous Dean Martin (geddit?!) aid and abet the farcical proceedings with evident relish.

Thornton recalls, "My school was tough! After they sacked you from the football team they went after your family!". If you just laughed at that, then forego all self-respect and catch *Back To School*. Its grotesque endearments will charm you.

RALPH TRAITOR

LYRICS 1962-1985

Bob Dylan

(Jonathan Cape)

DYLAN HAS been the proverbial roving reporter for more than 25 years now, and American popular music's finest one for fully 20 years of that. Unfailingly, Dylan has filed insightful dispatches, taking his own metaphysical temperature and that of America, the land he has alternately loved and hated throughout his career.

Even the much castigated reborn Christian period which Dylan has recently played down yields lyrics of considerable interest, if variable quality, providing an accurate and relevant reflection of a growing American phenomenon, that of the vociferous overnight convert. Dylan describes the euphoria and challenge of spiritual transformation as well as he portrays spiritual crisis, sparing no detail or effort as he unearths for us this realm of inner discovery.

Of course, the outstanding treasures are quite inestimable, from that stunning capsule diagnosis of

the West, 'It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)', through to the poetical narratives of 'Blood On The Tracks', included in this updated edition for the first time. These songs grow in a stature with the passage of time, their imagination, integrity and insight, especially where we find Dylan at the height of his power, marvellous mirrors of their times.

Dylan is a major popular poet, probably the greatest of his generation, and no one will read these lyrics and be less than amazed.

RALPH TRAITOR

TINA TURNER Break Every Rule

(Picture Music International)
NO ONE has ever seen Tina Turner without a wig. From those early Diana Ross efforts through to the plastic armadillo of recent years, a rug has always perched proudly on Tina's pate.

Tina Turner is in fact. . . Marvin Hagler. What else could explain the fighting-fit physique, those athletic legs and that peculiar dance style favoured by the ageless one

in *Break Every Rule*?

By far the smartest visual touch is effected on Mark Knopfler's 'Overnight Sensation', which for some curious reason is chosen as the soundtrack to a monochrome recreation of those 'River Deep, Mountain High' days while three black Ikette dolls shimmy, and on top of all this there's Marvin and his marvellous mini looking just peachy keen.

This is immediately followed by the clear musical zenith of the package; the version of Sam Cooke's 'A Change Is Gonna Come' reminds cynics such as myself that Turner sure can belt out some *real* soul, with the bonus of Robert Cray's sympathetic guitar.

Much of the rest is the sort of crass, adequate yuppie pop which has proved to be Turner's fortune, with the entire cast of an average Saturday at Camden market roped in to brighten up the crowd scenes. And it's all brought to you by the good grace of Pepsi. Now, doesn't that just make ya feel great?

ANDY HURT

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

(Blue Dolphin)

SHOWN IN the London Film Festival three years back, this is a film I'd despaired of ever seeing on release. So all credit to Blue Dolphin.

The setting is Spain, the early '60s, where a supposedly enlightened landowning class are bringing miserable sops of 'privilege' to the peasants who work on their estate. These holy innocents are obliged to eke out a dreadful existence while the bosses pat their heads. In the lowly family is a mentally crippled child and a child-like old man who keeps a pet bird and pisses on his hands to stop them chapping in cold weather. The only comforts are at the big house; but events move inexorably towards an extraordinary tragedy. Only in the affecting epilogue is hope reaffirmed.

The director is Mario Camus, who is at least the equal of Carlos Saura and Victor Erice in painting the severe Spanish countryside, and his sense of detail and atmosphere gives the film an unforgettable texture.

Human faces tell the story, in tableaux that are sometimes worthy of Goya. The simplicity carries a spellbinding charge.

Camus's cast are

remarkable, most of all Francisco Rabal as the old man. This grim, poetic picture is a European masterpiece.

RICHARD COOK



RECOMMENDED way to view *Arcadia* video (centre)

ARCADIA

Arcadia
(Picture Music International)
DEBONAIR DUO, *Batbon* and *Rhodin*, storm Europe. Fifteen months of blood, sweat and tears result in *cultural* mediocrity to match their music. Five promotional videos, loosely sandwiched between left over scraps. A shot of a director saying "cut", three make-up scenes, some glamour models looking bored, some special effects geniuses practising with bows and arrows, and lots of

speeded up footage of the passing countryside.

There's insight into filming techniques – how you get someone bored out of their mind to look sexy for Simon – and subtle clues to our cap(p)ed crusader's heroes. Cocteau, Wagner, Vivaldi, these boys are so sophisticated that only once does the Brummy accent slip out.

And so to the promos. 'Election Day' comprises actors with stupid horses, heads on, the boys wonder dressed up as the aristocracy, and girls, girls, girls. 'The Promise' is a virtual plagiarism of Sting's 'Russians', and 'Goodbye Is Forever' of *Willy Wonka & The Chocolate Factory* meets *Mary Poppins*. 'The Flame' follows a similar line in uninnovative ideas, this time the Agatha Christie spoof meets 'Thriller' video.

But the day is saved by Dean Chamberlain, whose direction of 'Missing' results in a masterful piece of fantasy. An animation technique, using Polaroid stills and moving lights, creates a clever illusion of the passing of 400 years.

It's such a shame that *Arcadia* doesn't have more missing, like the first 35 minutes.

SHAUN PHILLIPS

APOCALYPSE NOW



RIK MAYALL leading an elite SAS catering squad raid in *Whoops Apocalypse*

WHOOPS APOCALYPSE

(Virgin)
WHOOPS APOCALYPSE is seeking to duplicate the deserved success and acclaim accorded its TV progenitor, pushing the executive toilet humour to a point where the joke is stretched so thin that it snaps back at itself.

The style of satire used is obvious, topical to a fault, and sacrifices taste for attack. Characters like the CIA man who proves his courage by holding a candle to his genitals populate this gormless spree, causing more smirks than laughs. The exaggerated stereotypes devouring themselves are racy but also frequently predictable.

The plot of *Whoops Apocalypse* revolves around the superpower machinations that ensue after the kidnap of Britain's beloved Princess Wendy by a terrorist in the pay of the evil Maguadorans, the latter having just had their invasion of a British possession reversed by the Empire's oversize counter-invasion force.

Sound familiar yet?

The Americans, led by President Barbara Adams (Loretta Swit), urge their allies to be patient while they track down the Princess, and the Soviets, covertly building a missile base off the Florida coast, inevitably become embroiled in a tense face-off, pending the Brits' use of nuclear weapons to spoil Maguador's neo-fascist fun.

Alexei Sayle, as the man in charge of the secret missile base, an island populated entirely by agents in loud tropical shirts, is as you'd expect – and there it is, too much of this film plays too eagerly to the preconceptions and expectations of the audience.

Saving grace is Peter Cook as the dotty, imperialistic British PM Chris, a man who tells his Cabinet that unemployment is caused by "evil pixies" and who has opponents summarily crucified publicly.

As apocalyptic satires go, *Whoops Apocalypse* is 1987's answer to *Dr Strangelove* – with the laughs but without the class.

RALPH TRAITOR

LIVES

PERFORMANCE



CYNDI LAUPER shows her true colours

Greg Freeman

SAFE SEX WITH CYNDI

CYNDI LAUPER
Hammersmith Odeon

THE TWIST of fate that tossed Cyndi Lauper and Madonna into the ring at the same time did Cyndi no favours. Her quirky character and sense of humour stood no chance against Ms Ciccone's ruthless groin-level bombardment.

Despite tonight's full house, there was a notable absence of hysteria, from five rows back at least. The crowd was not the anticipated *Smash Hits* brigade either – many of them looked beyond any music paper and most were hard to classify as regular gig-goers.

So the first half hour passed quietly. Cyndi belted her heart out and the audience tried to reconcile the animated puppet/poppet prancing in front of them with the searing, impassioned vocals assailing their ears.

It took 'Iko Iko' to break the ice, for reasons I still can't fathom. She only got a modest

response in her attempts to encourage us to sing along, but when it was over, the applause was long and loud and the gig was in her pocket – not that her ridiculous hoop skirt had room for one.

Perhaps that's when the penny dropped. Because seeing is believing with Cyndi Lauper. She's not peddling any five-fingered fantasies – she's promoting the real thing, complete with all its emotional strings and roundabouts.

She never flirted, though she left us in no doubt that she can when she wants. When she took off her hoop skirt to reveal a skin-tight number somewhere between a girdle and a mini, that was girls just wanting to have fun, not a sexual invitation. And the crowd seemed to take it as such. She was able to hold the outstretched hands of the front row without being shadowed by burly minders and only one guy's clutch ever looked like getting desperate.

And her songs took on a new vitality live.

'What's Going On' made perfect sense on stage in a way it never quite manages on album.

Likewise 'Boy Blue' and 'Calm Inside The Storm'. Her band were cosy too, enlivened by all-American axe-hero Rick Derringer.

Cyndi's voice was a continual triumph of conviction over technique. The shrieks and the bum-notes were all part of it, because when it mattered – on 'True Colors' and 'Time After Time' – she was able to tweak the most cynical tear duct.

After the final party fling – with 'Money Changes Everything', a 12-inch mix of 'Girls Just Wanna Have Fun' and a romp through Jackie Wilson's 'Baby Work Out' – Cyndi came back alone, said she hoped she'd got the right feeling across, and sang an unaccompanied chorus of 'True Colors', just to make sure. She really is so unusual.

HUGH FIELDER

KEVIN MURPHY

TERENCE TRENT
D'ARBY/BOYS
WONDER
Brixton Fridge

WITH VIEW From The Hill, Hothouse and Paul Johnson already out of the tunnel, the exotically handled Terence Trent D'Arby now emerges as part of some sort of new British soul train.

He doesn't look or sound like any Tel that I know, but favours the heavenly melt of Prince's ambiguous boy-meets-girl looks and a throat somewhere between the warm rasp of Little Richard – singing, not screaming – and the sensuous edge of Al Green.

Can't imagine it, I know, but whatever pegs you choose – and there are plenty – the point is there's one real soul voice operating here.

The touted single, 'If You Let Me Stay', offers a glorious throwback to the light, black pop style of the early '70s where George McCrae used to work, and once in your head it just refuses to quit. The whippet movements are self-consciously mannered and modelled on everyone from James Brown onwards – there are splits and even the foppish use of a kerchief to

dismiss the sweat – but the voice is already taking those chances, leaving gaps and then rushing in at a different angle.

On the downside – and there's gotta be one, right? – his group Hardline seem unable to push him high or hard enough so that the loose, sweaty 'Seven Long Days' misses out on the true tension it craves. They seem content to just be there, but the boy wants something more.

As this was a Friday night dance crowd, Boys Wonder must have strayed in from another film together, straining belief by mixing the '60s mod chording of, say, early Who, '70s Sweet tack and '80s hindsight and calculation.

Partly redeemed by the length of their sideburns and a sense of humour that has them singing about platform boots, for instance, they banged their heads against an uncomprehending wall for 20 minutes or so and then buggered off to the bar. The reasons behind their frustration remained unclear but I think there was something of the 'malchick' here. We'll probably never know.

PETER KANE

BLOOD UNCLES
Edinburgh Hoochie
Coochie

BLOOD UNCLES have to be Edinburgh's most severe rock act, and yet there's not a drum kit in sight. If living proof were needed of life beyond punk, then this is it.

Drum machines don't necessarily bring with them a DIY smudged eyeliner kit and a soundalike guide to the collected works of Soft Cell and Depeche Mode. No sir, and these blood relatives play a totally different ball game. . . to their own set of rules. It's a game where the spirits of Martin Rev and Black Flag's Greg Ginn fight it out hand to hand, while the voice of vintage Joe Cocker barks at the moon.

This family that plays together are symmetry in motion; a right-handed guitarist, a left-handed bassist, and as for the man in the middle. . . well, it's about halfway through the show before it finally clicks. Jon Carmichael, the gravelly charmer with the untamed, spidery mass of hair, is a dead ringer for Nina Hagen during her 'TV Glotzer' days.

But I'm confused. Are these the real white punks on dope or are they three desperate men, deadly intent

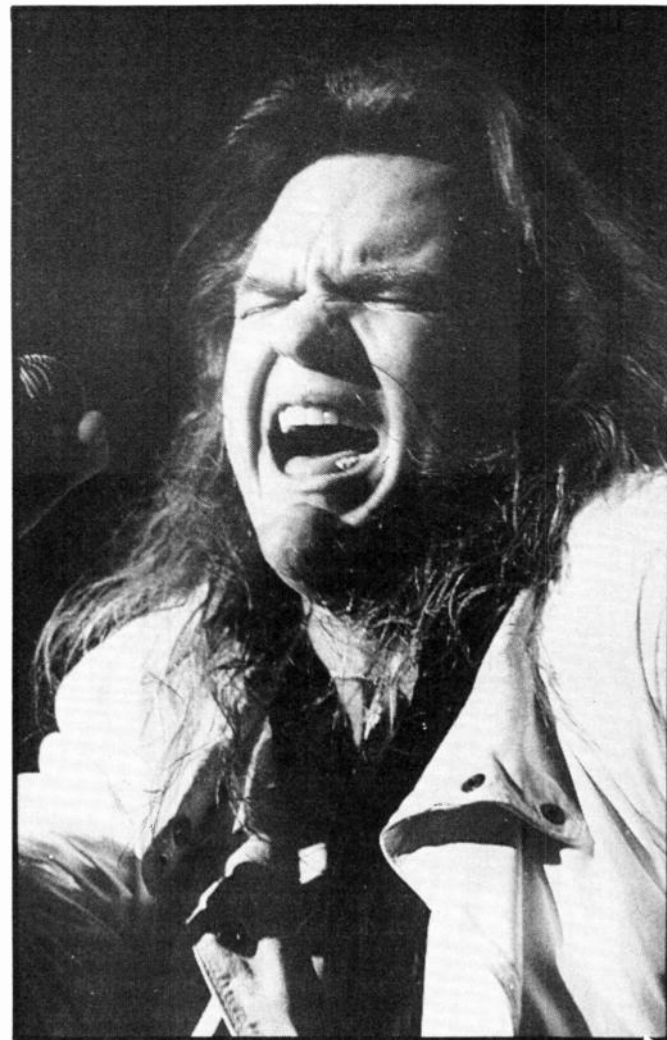
on swabbing the audience's ears out with paint stripper and running off into the sunset with a fistful of credit cards? I try to crack the riddle, but it's way past the time for rational thought. And dammit, why worry? Whatever this is all about, it's obviously working!

Just listen to those brutalised guitar lines, and they're there on any song you care to mention, from the bastardised blues of 'Under Your Heel' through to the unmitigated metallic assault of 'Swallow'. Then reflect on this: there's only one guitar visible yet it sounds like six.

When 'Big' John Duncan touches the strings, it's a head on collision between Jimi Hendrix and Johnny Winter. A godforsaken wash of noise of such scale that it stamps Blood Uncles as the Scottish cousins of the most dangerous men in Chicago, Big Black.

Songs come and go, but the beat in the Blood Uncles box goes on forever. Their chromium-plated hard core a go-go should be available on prescription. Until then, protect yourself; you know it makes sense.

GRAHAME BENT



MEAT LOAF: Iard help us!

David Trc

PERFORMANCE LIVES

NEW MODEL ARMY Manchester International

I BLINK and then rock is suddenly back in vogue. Don't the kids know that Led Zeppelin were full of hot air, and that The Mission are just dandruff and piles of long hair!? Now that pop has eaten itself, we are left with bands representing every conceivable style of rock that's ever been.

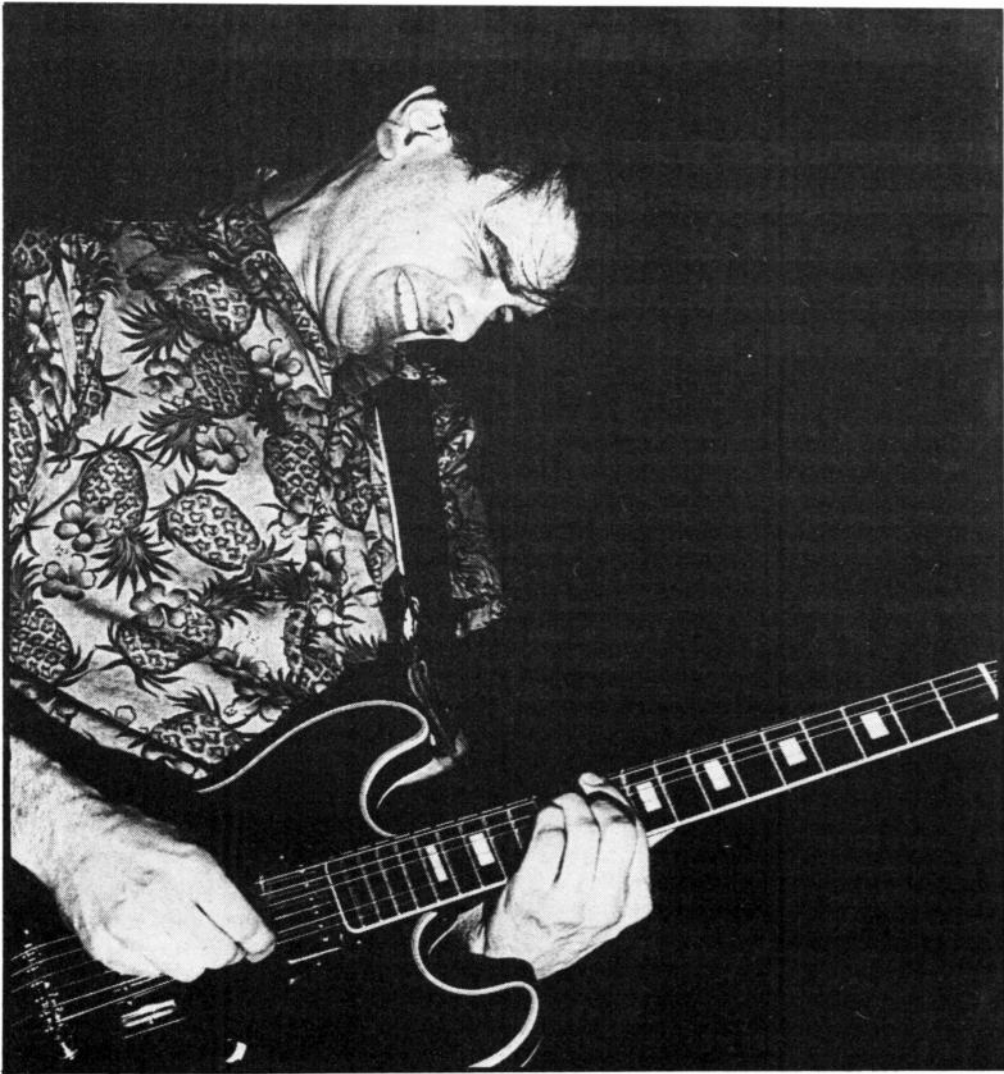
New Model Army are a post-punk bass-driven rattle, they are clog-dancers dancing around the political maypole that's driven firmly into the foggy mid-'80s apathetic turf. But at their best, like on 'No Rest', they can be quite vicious.

A rare sight these days is a character, and Slade The Leveller is a ferociously ugly frontman. He stands on the stage, scraping hell out of his poor guitar and gobbing off about the state of the world, only pausing to spit out a couple more teeth from his evil Dickensian skull. Wrapped in a large red billowing cape and with his hair scratched back, he looks like the Dracula of the Bradford mafia.

Meanwhile, Robb belts out the chicken dance beat on the drums, inciting the least appealing looking audience in rock history to a sweaty frenzy of flailing flabby arms. Coachloads of goths are sending the temperature soaring.

If New Model Army seem to be getting a bit slick in parts – music like this thrives on being rough – huge dollops of angry sound still compete with the light show for attention. If NMA weren't as dangerous as they could be, the convincingly narked vocals of Slade, nailed to the

MARITAL PROBLEMS?



THE WEDDING Present's David: looks like his shirt's given him eyestrain

Steve Double

THE WEDDING PRESENT/CLOSE LOBSTERS Reading Majestic

FIRST THINGS first: The Wedding Present are a fine guitar band. In the year since I last saw them, they've grown into a band who do bona fide tours with real T-shirts, jump straight into the indie charts at number three and command full pages in this paper. Live, they've developed into an effectively direct unit who have in their possession a pretty distracting wall of guitar noise.

They could be accused of seeking a panacea in the sheer fury of their noise, a *raison d'être* in their ever-escalating, faster, faster, faster credo, but it's just this that their predominantly teenage, predominantly male audience find so attractive. The Wedding Present are a very likeable band. . . although I can't help wishing that I could like them more.

For all their self-deprecation, this band are prime contenders in their field, standard bearers for this country's intelligent, emotive rock sector, and it's understandable that people should look to them for some sort of salvation. But to tell the truth, their spirited bag of tricks is already turning in on itself: they're being held to a goalless draw by their own lack of ambition, their own reluctance to admit that they're dealing in a medium that's at least halfway special.

In the end, all you can look to is their relentless barrage and, in desperation, tip them as the first indie thrash crossover band: speed death whimsy.

Supporting Caledonians, Close Lobsters might just have enough arrogance to avoid The Wedding Present's condition. They're still young enough to go around shouting 'We're stars!' and, to their credit, they're doing just that. Though, in many ways, they're arch indietypes, they do at least suggest that they have some importance.

Songs like 'Going To Heaven To See If It Rains' have strong tunes, as they say, and despite the fact that they're fashioned in a very well defined orbit, their lyrics, with their implicit ambition, tip the balance and leave you thinking that there's some purpose at work here.

Hopefully, in a year's time, Close Lobsters won't be shouting about themselves – by then they should have someone to do it for them.

ROY WILKINSON

BLIND DEVOTION

MEAT LOAF Birmingham NEC

WITHOUT BEING too fat-sobbist about his enormous bulk, this good ol' boy is larger than life in more ways than one. Ever since 'Bat Out Of Hell' was released so many aeons ago, Meat Loaf has awarded himself a starring role in a comic opera which is akin to *The A-Team* set to music.

Prowling from one side of the stage to the other, he glares at the audience like a TV wrestler sizing up a particularly feeble opponent. To help him achieve victory, he has assembled a bunch of rock 'n' roll mercenaries who appear to be so shellshocked and battle-weary that they haven't had a change of uniform or weaponry in a decade or more. (If K-Tel ever release an album of the 'golden sounds of the '70s', they'll know where to find the models for the ads.)

Needless to say, the NEC is a pushover – falling over and playing dead from the off. For the most part, the audience is comprised of people who gave up the search for new musical horizons at roughly the same time they became old enough to go into pubs. Caught forever in a time warp, they rely on their old favourites to feed them the same old baby food *ad infinitum*. In this respect, Meat Loaf has a lot in common with, say, James Last – another fossil who, nevertheless, can be guaranteed to put spreading bums on acres of expensive seats.

And let's face it, in the cold, cruel, commercial light at the end of the night – when they try to sell you a poster or T-shirt – that's all that really matters about music on this scale: taking quids off punters and handing them over in huge bundles to people with extreme delusions of grandeur.

By that criterion, the tediously long three-hour set stuffed with bits from 'Bat Out Of Hell', bits from the latest 'Blind Before I Stop' album and singles like 'Deadringer' will be seen by the man's fans as representing good value. Personally, I wish a curse of obesity and flatulence on everyone who owns one of this dinosaur's records.

GEOFFREY S KENT

foot-stomping beat, still sounds plenty powerful.

In fact, with a new melodic twist enhanced by occasional sensitive acoustic guitar breaks, New Model Army have a varied method of attack with which to win rock's civil war.

JOHN ROBB

TWO NATIONS London City University

WHILE DAVE Wakeling and Ranking Roger are making big bucks in America with General Public, and old rubber legs guitar and his Fine Young Cannibals are attempting to relaunch themselves into the charts, the latest Beat spin off, Two Nations, are setting sail with some low-key performances.

The sole Beat boy in evidence here is keyboardist Dave Wright, and with his muted presence, he represents the most subdued Beat connection of any of the offshoots to date. It's a little strange then that Two Nations have the most prominent Beat content of the three.

With their 2-Tone infused, uptempo dance moves and overt political content, this lot keep the spirit of Wright's previous incarnation intact. Naturally the instrumentation is spotless, what with the dub-tinged bass, the catchy stun funk/wah wah guitar and the rest of it, but you can't help feeling that Two Nations are a little short on distinguishing marks.

Fronted by a baggy trousered, beret-topped vocalist, their run of relentless, optimistic dance music is alright as far as it goes, and it certainly goes far enough to get a large section of tonight's crowd on its feet. But in the end, Two Nations are just a rather anonymous good time dance band with a conscience.

ROY WILKINSON

THE WARD BROTHERS Hammersmith Odeon

UNDOUBTEDLY, IT is a daunting task to face the Odeon for the first time without feeling lost, but to their credit, The Ward Brothers didn't seem intimidated so much as bemused. Still, their songs – lengthy pop prefabs tastefully hemmed with a conservative amount of excitement – didn't communicate anything substantial. Despite the confidence of their performance, the music just wasn't convincing.

The impression was of students of pop who had crammed long and hard, finally regurgitating a processed pool of anonymous pop dance music.

The Ward Brothers' line-up lacks a bass player – surely a brave omission given the broad beat of their music – but instead features two imposing banks of synthesisers and keyboards that play too much and contribute too little.

The songs are chart-worthy, chorusing to themselves with fervour, broken up by brief guitar pieces that could be extended to offset the feeling of witnessing an ill-conceived monster 12-inch on the rampage.

But until The Ward Brothers learn to mix their essential pop ingredients more cunningly, balancing triviality with banality against personality, their journey will be all uphill.

RALPH TRAITOR

THE BATFISH BOYS Charing Cross Road Astoria

LAST SUMMER, when the Gatting crew were blackwashed by Viv Richards and co, they were greeted with cynicism. And what was the upshot? Gat the gut and his hearties pounded the living daylights out of all and sundry not nine months later! It's not so different in rock 'n' roll . . .

The Batfish Boys have suffered from being guinea pigs in the research development programme that has of late constructed the platform from which loosely-affiliated bands may spring. Simon Detroit and his cohorts *found* the market, but they then failed to exploit their discovery.

In the burgeoning world of ass-kicking rock 'n' roll, The Batfish Boys may have lost that initial test series, but now they're bouncing back. Their Astoria rendition of Steppenwolf's pivotal (yeah!) 'Born To Be Wild' lodged their convincing application for membership of an exclusive *real rock* club.

SS Batfish does not – as yet – fire on all cylinders: while the Gibson guitarist looks appropriately sullen, the Yamaha guitarist does not – a late '70s Jasper Carrott wielding an axe. Detroit has yet to thoroughly capitalise on his imposing physical presence, but this blackest of the black sheep of the Hickock family obviously has the right qualifications for the job.

ANDY HURT

CRASH/CLIVE PIG AND GRAEME WALL/PETER PANIC

Finsbury Park Sir George Robey

RARELY IN the field of entertainment, has so much been given to so few, by so many.

Peter Panic combine first year drama school acting with Gary Numan-style fixed stares and ridiculous dancing, a six foot pre-pubescent bassist with an antiquated guitarist who could be Bruce Foxton's smaller brother, and a pop stutter (as in James) with a sense of humour.

Mr Pig (or is it Billy Pigg?) and Graeme 'call-me-Dylan' Wall traverse from lightweight comedy to serious folk without provoking animosity from the 20 strong audience.

But Crash, they're artists rather than entertainers. An REM tune from Rowan Atkinson lookalike Mark Dumais, a Doors type rhythm and the Velvets' 'Waiting For The Man', all mixed into a set that's happily free from ego.

The music approached implosion, the three guitars threatening to merge into white noise. But somehow they cling tenuously to a tune that becomes indelibly etched in your mind.

You'll leave with a little earache, but you'll be humming that tune on the way home, remembering the autumn hues of their tasty cardigans, hard pushed to remember a night when £2.50 was better spent.

SHAUN PHILLIPS

LIVES

PERFORMANCE

OH NO! QUEEN KURT



TWO FUZZBOXES cock it up

Greg Freeman

WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT!

Camden Palace

SO WHAT is the point? The point is, there is no point to Fuzzbox anymore. These days, they're an increasingly nauseating rubbish tip of post-punk stupidity thinly disguised as pop music.

I really can't appreciate 'XX Sex' or 'Jackie' or their cute, right-on, feminist messages when I've just walked through a foyer with posters of the girls selling at a couple of quid a time. Where do the rules and regulations begin, and to whom do they apply, girls? Or is it another case of 'do I say and not as I do'?

Fuzzbox have become a pitiful 'alternative' Bananarama, using credible morals and ideals in

the same way Madonna uses the crucifix hanging coolly over her belly button.

Watching them on *Saturday Superstore* recently – giggling and messing around like a bunch of St Trinian's schoolgirls on a day trip – I realised how willingly the pop establishment has taken to them. Just as advertising agencies have 'adopted' punks and skinheads to sell everything from bank accounts to designer jeans.

Watching them tonight, going through most of 'Bostin' Steve Austin' with a tighter buzz and a new supporting horn section, parodying all the clichés of pop music – from Showaddywaddy to Roxy Music to The Ronettes – in an attempt to look superior to their Top 40 cousins, I realised

that Fuzzbox are slowly becoming the King Kurt of girly pop.

Yeah, girls still just wanna have fun, and you can't help but laugh at their zany, wacky (snigger, snigger) stage antics. The fact that they look like an amalgamation squashed fondant fancies and a box of melted liquorice all-sorts underlines their appeal. But if Fuzzbox were once a refreshing alternative – which they were – they are now nothing but toffee apple pop at its hypocritical worst.

The sad point of all this is that, there's still a potentially great pop band at the heart of their fumbling noise, and it's just waiting to get out. Wise up, girls, before you seize up.

RON ROM

THE ICICLE WORKS

Manchester International

WHY DO The Icicle Works hold back? Are they scared of letting go? Or of opening themselves up too much? They seem to be almost paranoid and this is frustrating!

For they can be so exhilarating when their guard is dropped, when they lock together, instruments flying heavenwards, guitars and ice cold keyboards blending with those wondrous rolling drums, all topped with Ian McNabb's soaring vocals. Just listen to their big hit single, 'Love Is A Wonderful Colour', or their opening salvo, 'Hollow Horse'.

Tonight, emotions were stirred, fists were clenched and arms waved. Anthemic in their construction and delivery, these songs set toes tapping inside the packed International. These are The Icicle Works' best moments: a solid gel of Liverpoolian pop and American acid rock. Only, too often they stumble into trad rock manoeuvres; slow, plodding affairs which meander around the well-worn framework of 'rock classics'.

The Icicle Works are the UK's answer to the American invasion of Green On Red or The Long Ryders. Although they are not bad, they lack the intense charisma or the unusual twist in their style to lift them out of the ordinary, to make them truly special.

JOHN ROBB

THE WISHING STONES

Charing Cross Road Astoria

THE WISHING Stones, the band with the laudable ambition of fusing Richard Hell with The Band, and Bill Prince, the man who used to write about it and now does it, have evidently done themselves not one iota of harm supporting Microdisney on their first rock tour.

The last time I saw The Wishing Stones, their understatement was getting

the better of the group to the extent of rendering them transparent. Now, though, they could hardly be accused of over-selling themselves; they've acquired a calm air of authority to match the undemonstrative erudition of their music, a music that amounts to a well ordered ramble through the past two decades' guitar styles.

During his time as a writer for *A N Other* rock weekly, The Wishing Stones' frontman Bill Prince was a

quietly authoritative figure with a love of subdued American songsmithery that stretched from Dylan and Gram Parsons through to Verlaine and Hell and Television and the Voidoids. Nowadays, he could be accused of substituting a guitar for his pen and playing about it instead of writing about it, such is the weight of references cropping up in The Wishing Stones.

From the relatively poppy 'Beat Girl' through their

rockier numbers, picked out with some lovely minimalist guitar solos, The Wishing Stones are a great rock reference book but one that might have a bit of trouble with copyright.

The Wishing Stones are very likeable, but because they're so riddled with homages, you can only like them so much. It may win me few points but I'll say it anyway: this is not the future of rock.

ROY WILKINSON

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

Wolverhampton Cleveland Arms

A 'SECRET' gig to give the Droppies a home town send-off before their first American tour. The venue is a pub room that's more used to the rituals of wedding receptions and anniversary parties than tonight's rather less traditional rite of passage. From local hopefuls to local heroes, the band have already crossed a number of significant frontiers in their remarkably brief career.

Tonight's gig marks another of those frontiers. Perhaps more than any date which they'll play across the Atlantic, tonight's the night when they can allow themselves to move up a gear, push the pedal down and leave their small-time status choking in the dust.

'Like An Angel', 'The Other Side Of You', 'Happy Head' and others rub familiar shoulders with newer material such as their next single, 'Out Of Hand'. And it's with the newer songs that – for the first time – they appear stretched onstage: challenged and challenging in turn.

They win the contest with themselves by getting angry in their music. High volume, high speed guitar and violent rhythms combine to create an effect which is deeply exciting, almost dangerously unbalanced, yet still unquestionably the mighty Mighty Lemon Drops.

What Uncle Sam will make of their forlorn antagonism, feedback and fury – not to mention their haircuts and Black Country accents – is anyone's guess. But on these shores, their return promises to shock a few of those faint hearts who've recently started to cant that the Lemon Drops are last year's event. In truth, they haven't even started.

GEOFFREY S KENT

SWEETS FOR UNCLE SAM



THE MIGHTY Lemon Drops: acid dreams

David Travis

LONE JUSTICE

Soho Marquee

SEEMS LIKE a few people breathed one big sigh of relief when those two little words 'country rock' could be thrown around again on the likes of Jason And The Scorchers, The Long Ryders and Lone Justice. Feted like GIs liberating us from years of domination by synthesisers, mock jazz and just about everything else, they handed out the mythical West – replete with good beer, bad women and open roads – to the suburban cowboy.

With 'Shelter', however, Lone Justice lost the scent of the trail and seemed as much spooked by the ghost of Fleetwood Mac as by that of Gram Parsons. Those big stadiums and even bigger dollars were beckoning, but still theirs is a sound that's really best suited to a foaming room like the Marquee.

It's boys' music, of course, and Maria McKee plays up to this as the woman-child.

Standing centre stage, bathed in cruel white light, she hits the most perfunctory of guitars and shows all the self-absorption of the Ciccone girl. The blonde tresses are pinned so loosely that, with the slightest shake, they're covering those blue eyes and that pale angel face.

It doesn't seem to matter too much that the songs are some way back from wonderful. Even so, the burning tease of 'Ways To Be Wicked' and the joyous, almost gospel 'I Found Love' trash reservations as McKee pitches between a coy Rachel Sweet and an excited Dolly Parton.

The finish is 'Sweet Jane', and Maria goes body-surfing on the only too eager upstretched hands of the crowd like she really doesn't care. She is Lone Justice, and with those looks, a voice capable of flaking paint at 20 paces and this much confidence, she's not gonna take no as an answer.

PETER KANE

LETTERS

KILLING MARC

THERE HAS just been released a tragic record. The first record I've ever returned to a record shop and by the artist who is the last person whose work I would ever have imagined returning.

The record is the Tony Visconti 1987 re-mix of the T Rex classic 1972 single 'Children Of The Revolution'. What he has done, in conjunction with the 'fan' club, is remix that track and two other T Rex songs, 'The Slider' (from the album of the same name) and a B-side song, 'Free Angel'.

It's bad enough that they feel the need to mess about with the much missed Marc Bolan's work – do they not think the original's good enough? Are these people really Bolan fans or just very commercially minded?

The re-mixes are either muggy, in the case of 'Children', or tatty, in the case of the other tracks, whatever, they are just unnecessary! Oh, when I say commercially minded, I don't mean getting exposure for Bolan (this kind he doesn't need!) I'm talking £/s/d.

The 'fan' club need investigation before they destroy Bolan's name... and worst of all is that I fear they'll do it in this the year marking the tenth anniversary of Bolan's death.

Just thought you should know – **Brian Young Dixon, Lewes, Sussex**

SUPER TRASH

HAVING JUST read Guy Flesh Superstar's letter in *Sounds* (February 14), I find it hard to believe you printed this trash.

This Guy fails to realise he has bands like The Doors and Led Zep to thank for a lot of today's music. And how can anyone, regardless of musical taste, slag off Jimi Hendrix who is probably the greatest player of all time?

As for the *Sounds* Poll, it just shows that not everyone jumps on the chart music bandwagon, there are still some original music lovers left in the country.

In future Mr Flesh Superstar, stick to watching *Top Of The Pops* and wearing women's clothing, and don't soil our *Sounds* Letters page again! – **An angry Dorset goth**

BRILLIANT ESCAPE

I AM writing in response to a most marvellous review in *Sounds* (February 21). It was the review of the Comsat Angels/Escape Club gig at the Boston Arms, Tufnell Park by Andy Hurt.

Yes, Comsat Angels were a touch boring and the band that preceded them were brilliant and made Comsat Angels seem more ordinary for being so.

It's great when a critic has the courage to say fine things about a support group to the detriment of the main band, especially when the fact is so patently obvious.

His review really captured the excitement, the freshness and originality of the support band and really spelled out what was so apparent to the

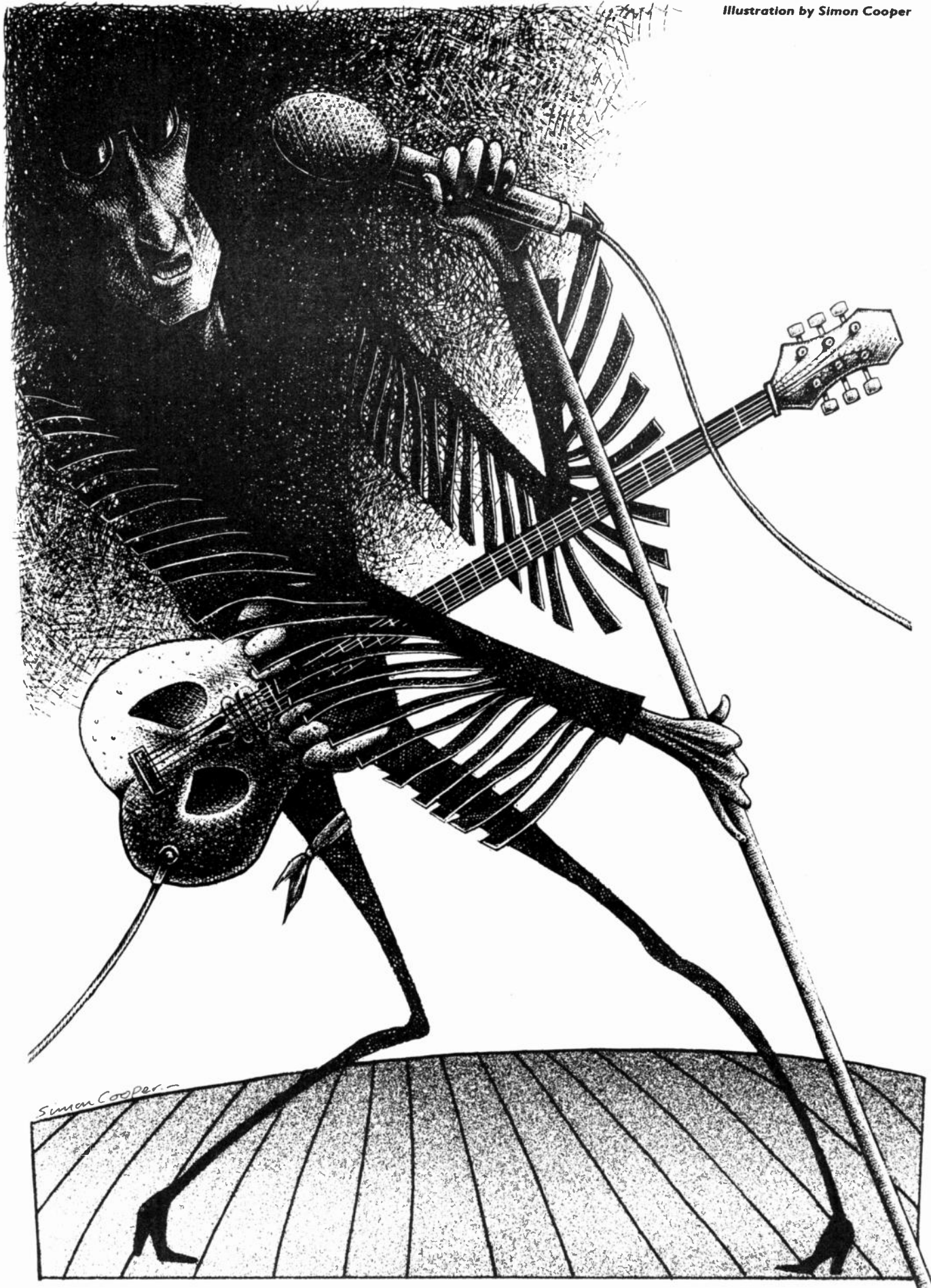


Illustration by Simon Cooper

LET IT ROCK!

THE CONSTANT whingeing of *Sounds* readers about The State Of Rock, the general 'turd' rating of your writers and, not least of all, the magnificence of their own favourite bands, really makes me wonder whether they have room to let in their heads.

Over recent weeks, readers' letters have degenerated to the lowest form of abuse and I must assume that not only are their arses dragging along the ground but so too are their brains. While it's often assumed only nutters write to the music press, hence the passion of their hatred, let me be the exception to that rule. Because *Sounds* readers should count their blessings as it seems to be the only music paper that's effectively doing its job.

1987 promises to herald a new and exciting wave of rock energy and, since January at least with that spectacular Zodiac story, *Sounds* has been the only paper to realise this.

Neil Perry, Paul Elliott, Mr Spencer, Roy Wilkinson and

audience, the promoters and the bands on the night of the gig. So – bravo Andy Hurt! Nice one...

... But I could have sworn the support band were Living In Texas. – **Spike Summers, Fulham, London SW5**

ANIMAL AID

IN *SOUNDS* (February 21) we're told about the 'Wembley AIDS Day' and a 'Hit Of 86' album, all proceeds to AIDS Research.

Peter Gabriel is to feature

even daft old Roger Holland have been hinting as much. Crazyhead, Gaye Bykers On Acid, Loop, Anthrax, Metallica (such a brilliant front cover) and Megadeth are leading the young rock vanguard. And along with Beastie Boys (who even James Brown has now discovered, and don't we know it!) and Run DMC there's a new vitality to the music scene.

None of these new acts owes so much as a riff to the old guard of geriatric metal merchants who brought the good name of rock into disrepute with their tedious sexism and blatant exploitation.

Though I may be accused of being one of the spoilt London fans, I've never known such an absolute rush of sheer excitement in the last few years. And if even The Cult are about to abandon their dreary goth image for heavy metal, then you can be sure something really is going on.

If you give *Sounds* a chance, they'll tell you about it. – Paul Gray, Islington, London

on the album. My point is, Peter Gabriel released an anti-vivisection number called 'Shock The Monkey'. Now he is contributing to research, of which a large part involves the abuse of various types of monkeys. Hypocritical?

Furthermore, some other artists taking part are veggies, and who have in the past stated their support for Animal Rights. Are such people simply jumping on these bandwagons for a) profits b) fame and c) improvement of image?

The powers that be continue with this outdated and certainly far from satisfactory use of animals in research. A cure might already have been found for cancer, for example, if the 'vested interests' only steered in other directions.

But profits are the name of the game for large chemical/pharmaceuticals – massive funding to keep scientists in top paid jobs. Virtually nothing is put into 'alternative research' and when you consider the technological advances of man, it is both sickening and outdated that we still use animals for invalid tests.

I'd like to know Peter Gabriel's views on his anti-vivisection and vivisection songs. Is he a wanker? – **Mr J Ball, Wolverhampton**

PS: I like genuine people like Conflict/Chumbas, etc. More coverage for Animal Lib.

BURN BABY, BURN

DEAR GEOFFREY S Kent, you f***** dickhead. I am writing, of course, about the live Chumbawamba review in *Sounds* (January 31). In this review ignorant Geoffrey slagged off the band in such a way that he nearly made me throw up.

It is totally obvious that he doesn't know the first thing about Chumbawamba, or the Anarcho punk scene for that matter. Geoffrey slagged off the burning of the flags and, I quote, "It's hard to see what they hope to achieve by ripping up the logos of big companies like BP and ICI".

Well, has he never heard of the statement 'Protest To Survive'? Chumbawamba know what they are about, and they're one of the few bands around still standing for what they preach.

I suggest, Geoffrey Kent, you go and talk to James Brown (*Sounds* writer, not pop star) about them. After all, he seems to realise what they are saying, which is more than I can say for you. – **Chris (certainly not a Bon Jovi fan) Brown from Macc**

BEATNIK BOY

WHY DOES Toy Boy Wilkinson always write about such amazingly wild bands? Is he the only *Sounds* hack hard enough to tackle the aggressive super yuppies Microdisney? Is he the only kid confident enough to come to verbal blows with XTC? And as for Jesse Garon! Wow! Not that they're a wimpy band or anything – great single! – but the Green Party? And talking about willies? Cor! Rock and roll and plants and penises!

If 'psychotic media thug' James Brown called them 'Anoraky In The UK' then he wasn't far wrong.

Who is next on Rockin' Roy's agenda? Supertramp, Felix (brilliant cartoon last week!), the *Blue Peter* team? How about an *Inside Story* from Roy on Children's TV or Fashions? He could even model them on *Breakfast Time*. Here's to the Frank Bough of Goth! – **Penelope Tree, Whitechapel, London E1**

OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm

marquee

ADVANCED TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FROM CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY

90 WARDOUR ST. W1
01 437 6603

LICENSED BARS

Thursday 5th March (Adm: £3.50)
Shimmie & Shake
COLBERT HAMILTON
Known As Black Elvis 2000
Plus Jim Jiminee

Fri 6th & Sat 7th March (Adm: £4.00)
Japan's Premier Rock Band
VOW WOW
Plus Wild Passion (6th)
Plus The 401 (7th)

Sunday 8th March (Adm: £3.00)
HOWARD HUGHES & THE WESTERN APPROACHES
Plus Support

Monday 9th March (Adm: £3.00)
Pop Rock
G.I. ORANGE
Plus Rouen

Tuesday 10th March
TO BE ANNOUNCED
Wednesday 11th March (Adm: £3.50)
Hard Rock
CHARIOT
Plus Elected

Thursday 12th March (Adm: £4.00)
One Night Only
I.Q.
Plus Support

REDUCED ADMISSION TO STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS AND MEMBERS

FRI. 6TH MARCH

THE PRIMITIVES

TALULAH GOSH
BRILLIANT CORNERS
APPLE MOSAIC

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
Hammersmith Broadway DRS. 7.30 PM. tickets £3.50 adv. £4 drs.
Clarendon (opening hours) Rough Trade Records/Stargreen: 734 8932
L.T.B. 439 3371/Keith Prowse: 741 8989/Premier: 240 0771/Rhythm Records

mal

DEUTSCHLAND

ALL ABOUT EVE
CRAZY HEAD

SUN. 22nd MARCH

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, N.W.5
Tickets £4.50 advance, £5 doors. Doors 7.30pm.
Box Office: 267 3334 Stargreen 734 8932 Rough Trade Records: Rock On Records
Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 Rhythm Records

THE CHILLS

ED KUEPPER RAZORCUTS
& The Yard Goes On Forever

THURS 19TH MARCH

Tickets £4 advance, £4.50 doors
RHYTHM RECORDS
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS L.T.B. (SH 101) PREMIER (240 0771)
ROCK ON RECORDS STARGREEN 734 8932 KEITH PROWSE 741 8989
(opposite Tufnell Park Tube Station) Doors 7.30

AT THE BOSTON

LATE NITE MUSIC VENUE
OPEN 7 NIGHTS
9pm-2am

28a High Street, Harlesden NW10
Tel: 01-961 5490

Wed 4th Adm: £3.00
NOVA EXPRESS, MOOD INDEX,
BEAUTIFUL STRANGERS

Thurs 5th, Fri 6th, Sat 7th Adm: £5.00
KATRINA AND THE WAVES

Sun 8th Adm: £4.00
THE BLUES COLLECTIVE
+ THE CONTENDERS

Mon 9th Adm: £3.00
PINK NOISE, TOUGH GUYS DON'T DANCE,
JACK THE BISCUIT, MENTAL HEAT

Tues 10th Adm: £3.00
THE GOSPEL, THE PERFECT STRANGERS,
THE FUNNIEST JOKE IN THE WORLD

Fri 13th Adm: £4.00
HARVEY AND THE WALLBANGERS

Wed 18th FROM U.S.A. Adm: £4.00
CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN
+ SALVATION SUNDAY

Fri 20th, Sat 21st FROM IRELAND Adm: £5.00
SCULLION

Sun 22nd FROM U.S.A. Adm: £5.00
THE SMITHEREENS

Tues 24th FROM U.S.A. Adm: £5.00
STEVE EARL AND THE DUKES

Sun 29th, Mon 30th Adm: £5.00
TOM ROBINSON

Under St Pauls Church
Deptford. SE8

THE GRIP

Psychedelic Nites

Friday 6th March
OZRIC TENTACLES
+ The Lettucess

Friday 13th March
PURPLE WORM
+ Venus Fly Trap

DO NOT MISS THIS
SOP CONS. SU ONLY after 10

Crypt Promotions Presents

GUANA BATZ

+ THE SHOCKWAVES
+ THE REDNECKS
+ Disco

SATURDAY 7th MARCH
at The Angel Centre,
Tonbridge, Kent (0732) 359966

Tkts: £4 adv. £4.50 door - 7.30-12.

Tickets from:
Box Office, Music Room - Tonbridge (357479)
Long Player, Tunbridge Wells (39273)
Long Player, Maidstone (57869)

**NEXT MONTH:
OZRIC TENTACLES**

The Royal Standard 1 BLACKHORSE LANE
WALTHAMSTOW E17 01-527 1968

THUR 5th MAR	ROCK & ROLL	VINCE & THE VELOCETTES + STEVE'S HALLOWEEN HOP	£2.00 £1.50 Conc
FRI 6th MAR	ROCK NIGHT	DESOLATION ANGELS + CARTOON	£2.50 £2.00 Conc
SAT 7th MAR	SAT SPECIAL	LITTLE SISTER + STEVE BOWDITCH	£2.50 £2.00 Conc
SUN 8th MAR	SUN SPECIAL	LONG TALL SHORTY + THE OUTLETS + THE TWILIGHT ZONE	ADV ONLY
WED 11th MAR	JAZZ SPECIAL	JOHN ALTMAN'S JAZZ ORCHESTRA	£4.50 £3.50 Adv

OPEN 8 TIL 12. NO ENTRY AFTER 11.
Opp BLACKHORSE RD. TUBE & BR. BUSES, 58, 123, 158, 230.

TUES 17th MARCH
THE CARDIACS
SAT 21st MARCH
IT BITES

SHELLEYS
LIVE ON STAGE —

Tuesday 10th March
THE METEORS

Wednesday 18th March
KING KURT

Tuesday 24th March
THE GODFATHERS

Tuesday 31st March
FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM

* No Dress Restrictions *
* No Membership Required *

Edensor Rd, Longton
Stoke On Trent
(0782) 322209

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

Wed 4th Mar **KILGORE TROUT**
+ AC TEMPLE
+ THE HOBGOBLINS

Thurs 5th Mar **THE DOONICANS**
+ IAN McPHERSON
+ DON CARROLL

Fri 6th Mar **HOWLIN' WILF**
+ THE VEEJAYS
+ EAST WEST EFFECT

Sat 7th Mar **SLEEPY LA BEEF**
+ WAYNE FORDINO & THE SINCERE TONES
+ CRAYFISH FIVE

Sun 8th Mar (lunch) **Iggy Quail & Friends**
(eve) **MANIC DEPRESSIVE'S DISCO**

Mon 9th Mar **THE RIVALS**
+ THE PANIC BROTHERS
+ MARK WESTWOOD

Tues 10th Mar **JOHN OTWAY**
+ JIM JIMINEE

Wed 11th Mar **THE CASSANDRA COMPLEX**
+ MDMA

Thurs 12th Mar **THE PURPLE THINGS**
+ THE EX MEN
+ NIGEL LEWIS

Late bar every night till 2.00am (Ex Sun 10.30).
No Admission after 11.00pm.
Equipment repairs phone Frank at The Robey.

THE WELLINGTON
Shepherds Bush Green

Thursday 5th March **AQUILA**
+ CHILLUN

Wednesday 11th March **PANAMA**
+ KRISIS

nearest tube **Shepherds Bush (Central Line)**

Admission £2 on door
Open 8pm-11pm

THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Tuesday 3rd March
THE FINGERTIPS

Thursday 5th March
THE WAY OUT
+ THE PICTURES
+ THE NEW BREED

Tuesday 10th March
Rockabilly Rollercoaster!
THE PHAROHS
+ SKITZO + THE COFFINAILS

Thursday 12th March
HOWLING WILF
+ THE VEE-JAYS

THE NEW PORTERHOUSE
20, CAROLGATE,
RET福德. NOTTS.
Tel: 0777 704981

Saturday 7th March
STINGRAYS

Saturday 14th March
IT BITES

Saturday 21st March
FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM

Saturday 28th March
PETE SHELLEY

Saturday 11th April
THE GLITTER BAND
+ SUPPORT

The Dolly
FREWIN COURT,
CORNMARKET STREET, OXFORD.
Telephone: 244761

LIVE AT THE DOLLY

Sunday 1st March	CHARMED LIFE	Sunday 22nd March	PREACHER
Monday 2nd March	FLEXAMUSCLE	Monday 23rd March	THE GRIP
Sunday 8th March	TARGA	Tuesday 24th March	THE EDGAR
Tuesday 10th March	BABYSITTERS	Tuesday 24th March	BROUGHTON BAND
Sunday 15th March	RUNAWAY STRAY	Sunday 29th March	CHARLIE MOUSE
Monday 16th March	MADAMADAM	Monday 30th March	AMAN AMAN
Tuesday 17th March	DENNY LAINE BAND	Tuesday 31st March	JOHN OTWAY

DNA ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

The Hank Wangford Band

SPECIAL TICKET PRICE £3.99

AS SEEN ON CHANNEL 4

FRIDAY 13TH MARCH
LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
CITY SITE

WEDNESDAY 18TH MARCH
MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL

MONDAY 16TH MARCH
SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY
STUDENTS UNION

FRIDAY 20TH MARCH
LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC
STUDENTS UNION

DOORS 8.00 P.M. TICKETS FROM USUAL AGENTS OR BY POST FROM
DNA ENTERTAINMENTS, P.O. BOX 107 LEEDS LS6 1LN PLEASE ENCLOSE S.A.E.

TICKETS: £6.00 - £5.00
AVAILABLE FROM
THE BOX OFFICE
01-748 4081
OR FROM USUAL
TICKET AGENTS
(SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE:
TICKETMASTER
01-379 1432
KEITH PROWSE
01-741 8989
STARGREEN
01-724 8932
ALDENMARE
01-580 3141
PREMIER
01-740 8771
LTD
01-429 3371

THE ITALIAN ROCK INVASION

SUNDAY 8TH MARCH
ODEON THEATRE
HAMMERSMITH
SHOW TIME 7.30 PM

BANDS INCLUDE
TOUCH OF THE DEVIL, LUCIO BARI
CROSSBONES, FUTURETIME, OVERLOAD
LIFE BANGQUET, BLACK SNAKE, ROSEGARDEN
FIL DI FERRO, MYSTIC DESIGN, PROBING POLITIC

CHARIOT

+
ELECTED

Wed 11th March at the MARQUEE

Adm £4 Open 7 pm
Be there early to avoid disappointment

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
KENTISH TOWN

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

TEST DEPT.

LONDON
Plus Special Guest

SARAH-JANE MORRIS

THURSDAY 12th MARCH 8.00pm

Tickets £5.50 (Concessions £4.50 from Town & Country only)
FROM BOX OFFICE 267 3334 STARGREEN CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS 734 8932
& KEITH PROWSE, PREMIER, L.T.B. RHYTHM & ROUGH TRADE

HARP BEAT 87

SPEAR OFF DESTINY

Plus Special Guests

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THURSDAY 30th APRIL 7.30 pm

Tickets: £6.00. Available from B/O
Tel: 01-748 4081/2, LTB Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen.

HARP BEAT

THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME

SAT 14 MARCH 8-LATE

POTATO 5

JAZZ DEFEKTORS
TWO NATIONS
NIGHT TRAINS

D.J. ARM TU

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9-17 HIGHGATE RD NWS
£4.50 adv. £5.00 door * BOX OFFICE 267-3334
OR USUAL AGENTS * C.C. 734-8932

every FRIDAY at the
MARDI-GRAS
NOTTINGHAM

the best in psychedelic underground bands & music
+ 40's + 50's + Lightshow

MY BLOODY VALENTINE
+ SALVATION £2/£1.50

THE MAGIC MUSHROOM Band
+ Children on Skis £2/£1.50

Be there!!!
GODFATHERS £3/£2.50

+ UNEVEN PLANET

UNDERGROUND £2/£1.50

+ TARRAGON

Open 8-12-Be Early - Ring 0602 862368

EXPLOSION!!!!
AT THE TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 HIGHGATE ROAD NW5
SUNDAY 15 MARCH
3.30pm TO 10.30pm

PINK FAIRIES

LARRY RUSSELL TWINK SANDY ANDY C.

CRAZYHEAD
RECORDS BY THE DOCTOR
OF THE MEDS AND ALICE
IN HOLLAND & YAME!

FLYING TRACTOR BAND

WOODOO CHILD
LITTLE FEATHER

HEADSHOPS
WHOLEFOOD
KOOL AID
STALLS

ADMISSION £5 IN ADVANCE
FROM BOX OFFICE 10/267 3334
KEITH PROWSE 10/741 8989/RHYTHM RECORDS 10/267 0123
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 10/439 3371
AND ALL NOTABLE BOOKING AGENTS

NEAREST TUBE KENTISH TOWN (NORTHERN LINE)

BANDS WANTED
For support slots at the
Electric Ballroom,
Clarendon Ballroom &
Savoy Ballroom.
Please send tape. Photo
essential & short bio to
P.O. Box 52
N.B. Any type of music.

ADVANCED COPY DATE
March 14th Issue
The copy date for the
above issue is as follows:
Noon - Thursday March 5th

the REZZ
ANIMAL
PRODUCTION
01-5774181
MARCH
4th MY BLOODY
VALENTINE
11th BLUE WATER
18th THE HIDING PLACE
OPEN 8.30 - 12.30
27 North St
Preston
Romford

DINGWALLS
Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 267 4967
COMING SOON . . .
Mon 16 **FROM U.S.A. TAV FALCO & PANTHER BURNS**
+ **THE HYPNOTICS**
£3.50 (£2.50 Concessions)
Tues 17 **FROM LOS ANGELES, U.S.A. CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN**
+ **SALVATION SUNDAY**
£3.50 (£2.50 Concessions)
Wed 18 **FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM**
+ **THE CROWS**
£3.50 (£2.50 Concessions)
AND NOT TOO FAR OFF . . .
Tues 24 **THREE COLORS** (From Boston)
Fri 27 **THE PINK FAIRIES**
Sat 28 **STEVE EARLE & THE DUKES** (From USA)
Advance Bookings from Box Office (01) 267 4967
or any branch Keith Prowse (01) 741 8989

NICO
+ **THE BEDLAMITES**
FACTORY
THURS 12 March AT 7.30
FRIDGE
TOWN HALL PARADE, Brixton
TICKETS £5 (£4 Concs)
From Box Office 326 5100
FRI 13 March 9.00 to 2am
THE TOWN HALL,
ALBERT SQUARE,
MANCHESTER.
£4 Advance, £5 Door
From Piccadilly Records

HARP BEAT 87
THE MISSION
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
WEDNESDAY 18th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0114 252956 and usual agents
LEEDS UNIVERSITY
THURSDAY 19th MARCH 9.00 pm
Tickets: £5.00
Available from Students Union, CTS Shop & Jumbo Records
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
FRIDAY 20th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 091 261 2608 and usual agents
GLASGOW BATHS
SATURDAY 21st MARCH 8.00 pm
NOTTINGHAM LOCK CITY
MONDAY 23rd MARCH 9.00 pm
Bristol Studio
TUESDAY 24th MARCH 8.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50 Advance, £5.00 Door
Available from Studio B/O Tel: 01272 71132 Virgin,
Revolver, Vinyl Records, Bristol & Bath
MANCHESTER APOLLO
THURSDAY 26th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50 Advance, £5.00/£5.50 Door
Available from B/O Tel: 061 273 3775, P.azzally Records,
Wave Records, Bury and UK Travel Director
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
FRIDAY 27th MARCH 7.30 pm
Brixton Academy
SATURDAY 28th MARCH 8.00 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Advance, £6.00 Door
Available from B/O Tel: 01 326 1021, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse
(Credit Cards 01 741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen
Tickets for Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester & Bristol are also available by post: LTB
DNA Box, 177A, 177B, 177C, P.O. Box 100, Leeds LS6 1LN
HARP BEAT
THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME

HARP BEAT 87 Presents
GARY MOORE
Plus Special Guests
SHY
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE
THURSDAY 26th MARCH 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)
N.E.C. BIRMINGHAM
SATURDAY 28th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.00 & £7.00
Available from B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (credit cards accepted)
Odeon Theatre B/O, Cyclops Sounds, Ticket Shop Birmingham,
Goulds TV Wolverhampton, Lotus Records Stafford,
Mike Lloyd Music Hanley & Newcastle, Piccadilly Records Manchester,
Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham, Town Hall B/O Leicester,
Tickets in Oxford, Royal Court B/O Liverpool
(all subject to a booking fee)
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
SUNDAY 29th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.00 & £7.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0742 735295 and usual agents.
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
MONDAY 30th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.00 & £7.00
Available from B/O Tel: 091-261 2606
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
WEDNESDAY/THURSDAY 1st/2nd APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.00 & £7.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081/2, LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master and Stargreen
WILD FRONTIER TOUR
HARP BEAT
THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS
TOM VERLAINE
MARCH
PLUS SUPPORT
15th LEICESTER POLY
TICKETS £4 IN ADVANCE TEL.0533 555576 & USUAL AGENTS
PLUS GREEN ON RED
17th BRISTOL BIERKELLER
TICKETS £4 IN ADVANCE TEL.0272 28514 & USUAL AGENTS
PLUS THE BODINES + CRAZYHEAD
19th TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
TICKETS £5 IN ADVANCE TEL.01-267 3334 & USUAL AGENTS
ALL SHOWS START - 8.00pm

MCP, by arrangement with VAT, Presents
erasure
Plus Special Guests
I START COUNTING
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
WEDNESDAY 8th APRIL 8.00 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 091-261 2606
WESTMINSTER CENTRAL HALL
THURSDAY 9th APRIL 8.00 pm
Tickets: £6.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01-222 8010
LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01741 8989),
Ticket Master & Stargreen
BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
TUESDAY 14th APRIL 8.00 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from Venue Tel: 021-6434715,
Odeon Theatre and Ticket Shop
MANCHESTER RITZ
WEDNESDAY 15th APRIL 8.00 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from Ritz B/O,
Piccadilly Records, Apollo Theatre, HMV
BRIGHTON DOME
FRIDAY 17th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 0273 674357
and usual agents
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
SATURDAY 18th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 0272 22957
and usual agents
Discount of £1.00 to UB40 Card Holders
Only Available from Venue

REPUTATIONS IN JEOPARDY
PROUDLY PRESENT
THE GATHERING OF THE 5,000
A MULTI PURPOSE BENEFIT
CONFLICT
AND
STEVE IGNORANT FROM CRASS
IN THE FINAL TRIBUTE TO THAT BAND
WITH
ACCOMPANYING BANDS AND GUESTS
PLUS
THE CRASS VIDEOS AND CONFLICT FILM
THE BENEFIT IS SHARED AND STALLS WILL BE PRESENT BY:
• ANIMAL LIBERATION FRONT • ANTI APARTHEID MOVEMENT •
• LONDON GREENPEACE • IMPRISONED DINERS SUPPORT •
• HUNT SABOTEURS ASSOCIATION • RUPE CRISIS CENTRE •
• THE LONDON JUST FUND • CLASS WAR •
• HOUSING WORKSHOP • PRINTWORKERS FINES •
• LEEDS A.L. JUST FUND • COMPASSION IN WORLD FARMING •
• ANTI NUCLEAR ACTION •
SUPPORT ANIMAL RIGHTS PRISONERS
MORTARHATE INCORPORATE
SAT. APRIL 18TH
ACADEMY BRIXTON
TICKETS £4-£5 £2.50
FROM THE BOX OFFICE: ALBION'S 01226 1022 • THE BUGH TRADE SHOP • RHYTHM RECORDS • ROCK ON •
HOUSING WORKSHOP (MUSON) • RITS RECORDS (22 NEW 3 RD) • SILENT REVOLUTION • FARMERS MARKET •
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WOOLWICH FILMS POLYTECHNIC (THEATRE) • COVERTS AND SPECIAL OUTLETS •
MAIL ORDER: THE ACADEMY THEATRE, WELLS RD., BRISTOL,
LONDON N.5 • MORTARHATE • STEVE P.O. BOX 148, BETHAM, LONDON N.5 • OR P.O. BOX 148, BETHAM, LONDON N.5 •
DOORS OPEN 6 P.M. CONCERT STARTS AT 7 P.M.
• COACHES BEING ARRANGED FROM MOST MAJOR CITIES - SEE PRESS FOR DETAILS •

BURNING
AT THE STUDIO
10th MARCH
BOX OFFICE BRISTOL 276193
SILVER SAND'S
VENN STREET HUDDERSFIELD
13th MARCH
B.O. HUDDERSFIELD 24510
WEST INDIAN
SOCIAL CLUB
20th MARCH
B.O. COVENTRY 552929
THE ACADEMY
21st MARCH
BOX OFFICE ACADEMY 326 1022

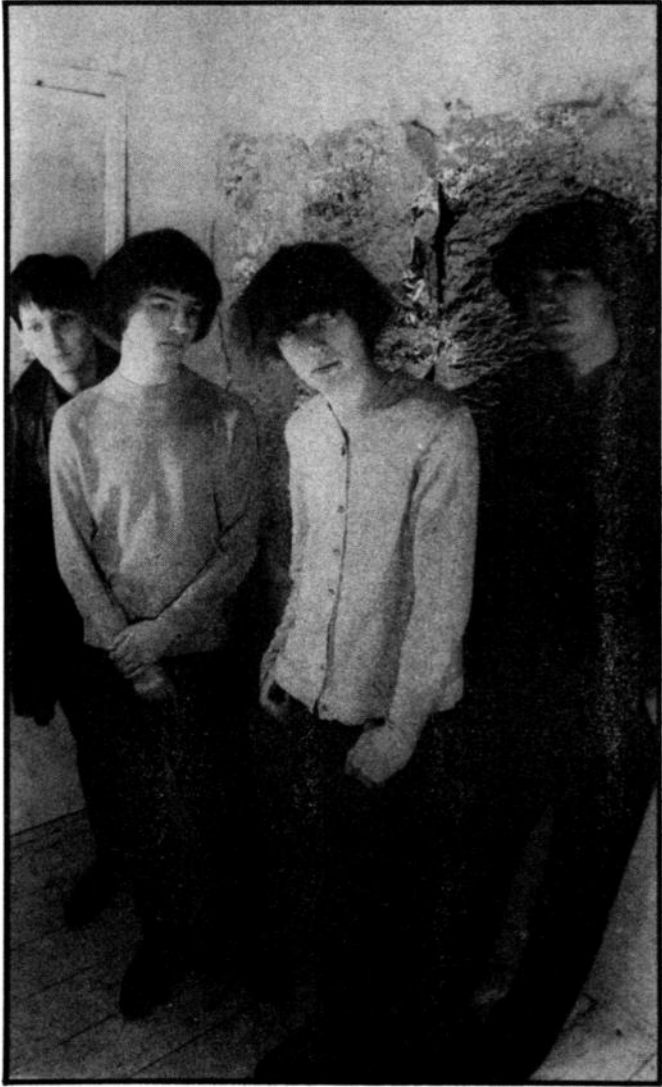
MCP
presents
THE PRETENDERS
Plus Special Guests
WEMBLEY ARENA LONDON*
SOLD OUT FRIDAY 22nd MAY SOLD OUT
THURSDAY 21st MAY 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00
Available by postal application from Pretenders B/O, P.O. Box 2,
London W6 0LQ enclosing SAE, cheques made payable to
MCP Limited and enclosing a 30p booking fee per ticket,
or by personal application to LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen
All subject to a booking fee
NEC BIRMINGHAM
SATURDAY 23rd MAY 8.00 pm
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 Available from NEC B/O Tel: 021-780 4133,
Odeon Theatre & Cyclops Birmingham, Goulds TV Wolverhampton,
Poster Place Coventry, Lotus Records Stafford, Mike Lloyd Music
Hanley & Newcastle, Royal Court Theatre Liverpool,
Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham, Town Hall B/O Leicester,
Ticket Shop Oxford. All subject to a booking fee.
BOURNEMOUTH
INTERNATIONAL CENTRE
TUES 26th MAY 7.30 pm
Tickets: £7.00, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0202-22122

CONCERTS EVERY TUES AT THAMES POLY THE CELLAR BAR
CALDERWOOD STREET WOOLWICH LONDON S.E.18
FORTHCOMING EVENTS
TUES MARCH 10...BROKEN BONES AND SUPPORT
MON MARCH 16...FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM
AND
THE WEIRD THINGS
AND
THE FUNERAL PARTY
TUES MARCH 24 THE NEWTOWN NEUROTICS
TUES MARCH 31...SURGICAL SPIRIT
FOUR FROM THE
AND MENT I CIDE
MORTARHATE INCORPORATE

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM
PLUS THE WEIRD THINGS
AND THE FUNERAL PARTY
Monday 16 April
THAMES POLYTECHNIC
CALDERWOOD ST.
WOOLWICH
BRITISH RAIL-WOOLWICH ARSENAL
DOORS 7.30
£3.00/£2.00 UB40

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.



My Bloody Valentine work their haircuts into a frenzy at Romford (Wednesday) and Nottingham (Friday).

WEDNESDAY 4

BLACKBURN King Georges Hall (582582) Cardiacs/Ginger John
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Tradd Offenus/Silence Names
CANTERBURY Kent University (464724) Black Roots
CARDIFF Ritzy Loose Ends
CARLISLE Sands Centre China Crisis
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Out To Lunch
DUNSTABLE Wheatstheaf (62571) Black Thunder
EPPING Centre Point Hard Road
FAREHAM Fernham Hall The Flying Pickets
HANLEY Victoria Hall Magnum/Heavy Pettin'
HATFIELD Polytechnic (68343) Rouen
KINGSBURY Sports Centre (872330) The Great Express
LEEDS Merion Street Coconut Grove (455718) Richard Isles Sextet
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) World Party/The Word
LEEDS York Road Irish Centre Ted Hawkins/Swampgators
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Das Psych-Oh Rangers
LINCOLN Solomon's Place Surf Drums
LONDON Berwick Street King Of Corsica Theatre (01-724 9319) Wet Paint Theatre Company – Planet Suicide
LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Monday Band
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Voice Of The Beehive
LONDON Charing Cross Road Astoria (01-434 0403) Big Audio Dynamite/The Chiefs Of Relief/Sipho Josanna/Pocket Rockets
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Bridge
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Clash City (01-968 9646) Screaming Marionettes
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Kilgore Trout/AC Temple/The Hobgoblins
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) Ironhead/Double Vision
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Phantasm/Josi Without Colours
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) That Riviera Touch/Boys Own/Word For Word/Danger Zone
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Real Macabre/The Hiding Place/Beat Of The Beast
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Mood Index/
Beautiful Strangers/The Body Politic
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Pat Crumley Quartet/Bill Kyle Sextet
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Shoot!
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) Chatshow
LONDON North East London Polytechnic Urban Warriors/Podomovsky
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Vibrators/Black Cillas
LONDON Palmers Green Fox (01-886 9674) Exit 13/Moon Struck Two/Children Of Cain
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Jesters Foe
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Camouflage/Flaming Orange/Tu Kan Dance/Honest Bros
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-903 1234) Deep Purple/Bad Company
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (01-854 8888) The Lettuces
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Apitos
MIDDLESBROUGH Teesside Polytechnic (245589) Vital Spark
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) The Cult
NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells (711099) Pop Will Eat Itself
POOLE Mr C's (631912) The Godfathers/Fire Next Time
PRESTON Rumble Club The Chesterfields/The Clouds
READING Majestic Frantic Flintstones/Killing The Rose
ROMFORD North Street Precinct Rezz Club My Bloody Valentine
ROWLEY REGIS College Goats Don't Shave
SOUTHAMPTON London Arms Union Street
SOUTHEND Victoria Avenue Reids (343235) The Poppies/Do Ya/Idle Vice
STOKE Shelleys (322209) The Primitives
WORCESTER College Of Higher Education Indigo Blues Band

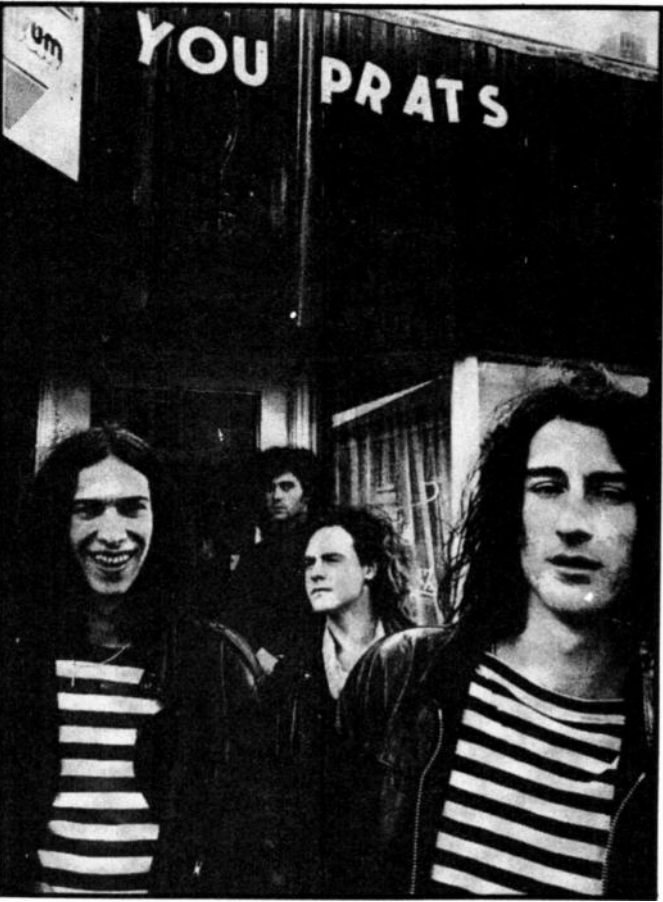
THURSDAY 5

ASTON Lichfield Road Vine (021-327 3705) Great Outdoors/Weeping Messerschmitts
BEDFORD Greyfriars International Centre Robyn Hitchcock And The Egyptians/
Yeah Jazz/Actors And Famous People
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) The Fifteenth
BOURNEMOUTH Bacchus Night Club Piggyzoink
BRADFORD Metropole 1 In 12 Club BGK/Hersey
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Demented Are Go/Splatt
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) The Long Tall Texans
BRISTOL Hippodrome (299444) Phil Cool
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Crazyhead
BURTON Blue Posts (33427) The Great Express/Just Blue
CAMBRIDGE College Of Art And Technology (312518) Attila The Stockbroker/The Sardines
CANTERBURY Art College (69371) 4,000,000 Telephones
CARDIFF Radcliffe Square Club Shark Taboo
CHESHAM Stages Revolution (6939) The Heathcliffs/The Low Gods
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Steve Whalley
CUMBERNAULD Club King Size The Hanging Shed/Book Of Skulls/Pain Killers/The Throat Pamphlet
DERBY Old Bell The Sensitive Children
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Karrier
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) The Cult
FARNHAM Maltings (726234) Hard Lines
HARLOW The Square (25594) Swarf/Pure Pressure/Jayne And David
HARTLEPOOL Labour Hall Taste Of Freshness/Shrug
ILKLEY Rose And Crown T-Dive
LEEDS City Square Colours Nightclub Aida Wilson/That Uncertain Feeling
LEEDS Kirkgate Stallones (752437) The Chesterfields/The Clouds
LIVERPOOL Bold Street Cafe Berlin (051-709 3588) Brother Beyond
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic Haigh Building (051-709 4047) The Primitives
LIVERPOOL Wilsons Bar (051-708 7805) Hammerfist
LONDON Berwick Street King Of Corsica Theatre (01-724 9319) Wet Paint Theatre Company – Planet Suicide
LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Mick Clarke Band
LONDON Brixton Canterbury Arms Underneath What/The Smirking Hyenas/The Will
LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) Dance Like A Mother (Women Only)
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Questionnaires
LONDON Catford Bromley Road Green Man (01-698 3746) Diz And The Doormen
LONDON Charing Cross Arches Heaven Scarlet Fantastic
LONDON Charing Cross Road Astoria (01-434 0403) Big Audio Dynamite/The Chiefs Of Relief/Sipho Josanna/Pocket Rockets
LONDON Dalston Junction Crown And Castle (01-254 3678) The Favourite Game
LONDON Dean Street Gossips (01-968 9646) The Trojans
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Doonicans/Ian McPherson/Don Carroll
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) The Wild Angels
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Kevin Small And The Trousers/English Electric
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) I Start Counting/Incredible Zombie Rockers
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Katrina And The Waves
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Lassoo The Moon
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Jim Mullen Quartet/Simon Purcell Trio
LONDON Islington Upper Street Club Sandino Simon Booth And Jerry Dammers
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Icicle Works/Kevin McDermott/The Chain Gang
LONDON Ladbroke Grove Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Pop Will Eat Itself/The Flatmates/Loop/Bambi Slam
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) Slug The Nightwatchmen
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) The Larks
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Miaoow/Sunday School
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Way Out/The New Breed
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) The Pictures
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Colbert Hamilton (Black Elvis 2000)
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) It Bites/Cardiacs
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Charlie Rouse
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Inca Babies
MILTON KEYNES Central Point Howard Hughes And The Western Approaches
NORTHAMPTON The Criterion Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
NOTTINGHAM Garage (501251) The Weather Prophets
NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre (472328) Magnum/Heavy Pettin
POOLE Mr C's (631912) Blue Cadillacs
PORTSMOUTH Basins Dance Hall (824728) The Godfathers/Jake The Pilgrim
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic (819141) Urban Warriors/Podomovsky
SOUTHEND Victoria Avenue Reids (343235) The Vibrators/Armless Teddies
SUNDERLAND Belford House Sports Club Isaac Guillory
TELFORD Barons Club (546514) Engine
USKVALE Town And Country Ipanema Katz
WHITLEY BAY Ice Rink Spandau Ballet

FRIDAY 6

BASILDON Roundacre (285119) Poisoned By Alcohol/Pump Action/Allegiance To No-one
BATH Longacre Hall (Info Bristol 291066) BGK/Stupids/Ripcord/Bad Dress Sense
BEDFORD Greyfriars International Centre A Better Mousetrap
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Sceptre/Adagio/One Love
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic (021-236 3969) Zoot And The Roots
BIRMINGHAM University (021-455 9777) Triangle Arts Centre Urban Warriors/
Podomovsky Mason Hall The Boogie Brothers
BRADFORD Queens Hall (392712) Instigators/Annihilated/Civilised Society/
Deviated Instinct/Disturbed/Autonomy (Kenyan Water Aid Benefit)
BRADFORD St Georges Hall (752000) Magnum/Heavy Pettin
BRADFORD Wheatstheaf (724163) Skidmarks
BRIGHTON King's Road Arches Zap Club (775987) H2O
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) The Flatmates/The Chesterfields/The Rosehips
BRISTOL Hippodrome (299444) Phil Cool
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Artisans
BRISTOL University (735035) Skint Video
CARDIFF New Bogies (26168) Samurai
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Bad Influence
CROYDON London Road Star (01-684 1360) Trixta
DERBY Duke Of York Just Blue
DERBY Friary Hotel R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers/The Dirty Peckers
DUDLEY JB's Pop Will Eat Itself
EDINBURGH Hoochie Coochie World Party
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Deep Purple/Bad Company
EXETER Bart's Tavern (75623) Hot Dog Dinner (Nicaragua benefit)
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) The Cult
GLASGOW College Of Technology (041-332 0681) Blues 'N' Trouble
GLASGOW Shadows (041-332 8111) Avail
GLOUCESTER British Flag The Company Of Thieves
GREENOCK Subterraneans (892411) The Pastels/Groovy Little Numbers
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Tokyo
HUSBANDS BOSWORTH Cherry Tree Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
KINGSTON Richmond Road Grey Horse (01-546 4818) The Killer B's
LAMPETER St David's University College Black Roots

LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) The Icicle Works
LEIGH ON SEA Grand Hotel The People
LIVERPOOL Mount Pleasant Krackers (051-708 8815) The Lawnmower
LIVERPOOL Royal Court (051-709 4321) China Crisis
LONDON Berwick Street King Of Corsica Theatre (01-724 9319) Wet Paint Theatre Company – Planet Suicide
LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Balham Alligators
LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-236 5100) Pride/Go Blue Polo/Boys A-Go-Go
LONDON Brixton Road Old White Horse (01-274 5537) The Howlers/Norman Lovett/Mike Mulkerrin/Ishamel And Curtis
LONDON Camberwell New Road Union Tavern (01-735 3605) The Ring/Orange Car Test
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Sleepy La Beef/Luddy Samms And The Deliverers
LONDON Camden Macarno Club Kevin Seisay
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Juice On The Loose
LONDON Camden Royal College Street Black Horse Razor Cuts/Jessie Garon And The Desperados/The Bone People
LONDON Catford Bromley Road Green Man (01-698 3746) Steve Gibbons Band
LONDON Cricklewood Hotel The Brighton Bottle Orchestra/Jenny Eclair/Linda Smith/Bob Boyton
LONDON Deptford Osborne Arms (01-692 1782) Heyoka
LONDON Deptford St Pauls Crypt Ozric Tentacles/The Lettuces/We Free Kings
LONDON East Ham Town Hall Sammy Cahn
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays/East West Effect
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) The Pirates
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Shadowland/Kazan
LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire Theatre (01-985 2424) Gays Bykers On Acid/Webcore/Spacemen 3/Real Macabre/Another Green World
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Primitives/Talulah Gosh/
Brilliant Corners/Apple Mosaic
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Flotsam And Jetsam/Megadeth
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Katrina And The Waves
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Shade Too Far
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Cayenne
LONDON Kensington Imperial College Pink Peg Slax
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) The Ocean
LONDON Ladbroke Grove Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Native Spirit
LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington (01-445 4710) Little Sister
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) John Otway
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band/Big Chief/Orchestra Jazira
LONDON Palmers Green Fox (01-886 9674) The Splendid Boats/The Cats/
Company She Keeps
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Deep Sea Jivers
LONDON Southgate Road Dog And Dumplings (01-359 6596) The Crayfish Five
LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road Club Dog Bad Tune Men/The Trudy
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) Attila The Stockbroker
MAIDSTONE Club 32 Hard Lines
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Salem Foundation
NEWCASTLE University (328402) Rouen
NORWICH Premises (660352) Big Joe Duskin/Dave Peabody
NOTSTERFIELD The Freemasons T-Dive
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) My Bloody Valentine/Salvation
READING University St David's Hall (860222) The Gathering
REDCAR The Lobster The Wattle/The Solid Non
REDHILL Harlequin The Flying Pickets
RIVELIN Norfolk Arms Isaac Guillory
RUGBY Blitz Club Strawberry Thieves
SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Spandau Ballet
SOUTHAMPTON University (556291) Shoot The Moon
SOUTHEND Victoria Avenue Reids (343235) Robbie Gladwell Band
SUNDERLAND Chester Road Royalty Ground Zero Sleaze Machine
TAMWORTH Youth Centre (63861) The Great Express
TIPTON Galaxy Gladiator
TREForest Polytechnic Of Wales (405133) It Bites
TWICKENHAM St Mary's College Radio Satellite
WESTON SUPER MARE Knightstone (29075) Desmond Dekker And The Aces/
Ayto
WHALEY BRIDGE Railway Heartbreaker UK
WORCESTER Albion Inn Spiny Dogfish



Pop Will Eat Itself bring their indigestion problems to Northampton (Wednesday) and London (Thursday).

NIGHTSHIFT

SATURDAY

7

ABERDEEN Capitol (583141) **The Cult**
AMERSHAM Annie's Wine Bar **Aman Aman**
BASINGSTOKE Caribbean Club **The Gathering/The Jeremiahs**
BEDFORD Bradgate Road Boys Club (214376) **The Godfathers/Fire Next Time**
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) **Kara/Wolfbane**
BIRMINGHAM NEC (021-780 4141) **Deep Purple/Bad Company**
BLACKBURN King George Hall (582582) **Cardiacs**
BOGNOR Middleton-On-Sea Cabin **Citadel**
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) **Seething Wells/Kevin Seisay/Nick Toczek/Ginger John/Jake The Pilgrim**
BRIGHTON Polytechnic (681286) **The Primitives**
BRISTOL Hippodrome (299444) **Phil Cool**
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) **Claytown Troupe**
BURNWOOD Recreation Centre **Weeping Messerschmitts**
BURY Turf Hotel **Heartbreaker UK**
BURY ST EDMUNDS Corn Exchange (3937) **Runestaff**
CAMBERLEY Frimley Community Centre **Final Demand**
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre (31194) **Goats Don't Shave**
CARDIFF New Bogies (26168) **Black Rose**
CHELTENHAM Brewery Tap **Cut The Wire**
CHELTENHAM Copperfield's Club **Gunshy**
COLCHESTER Arts Centre (577301) **Big Joe Duskin/Dave Peabody**
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic (21167) **Crazyhead**
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) **Dance Stance**
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Dave Markee Band**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Howard Hughes And The Western Approaches**
EDINBURGH Queens Hall (031-668 2117) **China Crisis**
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) **Magnum/Heavy Pettin**
GLASGOW The Halt **Kevin McDermott**
GLASGOW Strathclyde University (041-552 4400) **World Party**
HADFIELD Spread Eagle **Spies**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **Sullivans**
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Shapiro's**
LIVERPOOL University (051-709 4744) **Icicle Works**
LONDON Berwick Street King Of Corsica Theatre (01-724 9319) **Wet Paint Theatre Company – Planet Suicide**
LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Steve Marriot And The Official Receivers**
LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) **Dance Exchange**
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse (01-274 5537) **Desecrators/Bad Dress Sense/Civilised Society/Pro Patria Mori/Decadence Within**
LONDON Camden Camarvon Castle **Wolfie Witcher** (Lunch)
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **The Wigsville Spliffs** (Lunch) **The Chevalier Brothers/Lino And The Yow City Expedition**
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **The Deltones**
LONDON Camden Royal College Street **Black Horse Chris Coe And John Adams**
LONDON Catford Bromley Road Green Man (01-698 3746) **Balham Alligators**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **The Miller Family**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Sleepy La Beef/Wayne Fordino And The Sincere Tones/The Crayfish Five**
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) **The Boogie Brothers**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Living In Texas/The Wigs**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **Steve Gibbons Band/Splashback/Double Zero**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) **Restless**
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Katrina And The Waves**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **The Body Politic**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
LONDON Ladbroke Grove Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) **Gail Force**
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) **Juice On The Loose**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) **Ha Ha Bonk**
LONDON Stoke Newington Albion Road Golden Lady **The Elephants**
LONDON Tufnell Park Road Tufnell Park Tavern JCM Jazz Band
LONDON Wembley East Lane The Flag **Paper Toys**
LONDON Woolwich Coronet (01-854 2255) **Burning Spear**
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (01-854 8888) **The Beloved/Fleur Du Mal**
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) **Simon Fanshawe/Jeremy Hardy/Phil Cornwall/Parker And Kleine/Arthur Smith/Jane Wilkes**
LUTON Switch Club (699217) **Perfect Disaster**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Texas Turkeys**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **The Band Of Holy Joy**
NORTHAMPTON Nene College (714326) **The Clouds/The Chesterfields**
NOTTINGHAM University Buttery (51311) **Ken Wood And The Mixers**
NUNEATON Crown Ratfin' **Bijou**
OLDHAM Bridgewater Hotel **The Z-Birds**
OXFORD St Edwards School (54871) **Harvey And The Wallbangers**
PAISLEY Greenock Road Stringfellows (041-887 6422) **Nervous Choir**
POOLE Mr C's (631912) **Resister**
RET福德 Porterhouse (704981) **The Stingrays**
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) **The Mint Juleps**
SHEFFIELD Ranmoor House **The Slaughterhouse Five/A Bunch Of Old Hippies**
SOUTHEND Victoria Avenue Reids (343235) **The Honky Tinkers**
ST ALBANS Sketch Pad **Clive Pig/GJ Wall**
STROUD Subscription Rooms (4687) **Attila The Stockbroker**
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic (76191) **Rouen**
WENDOVER Wellhead Inn (622733) **Mighty Mighty**

SUNDAY

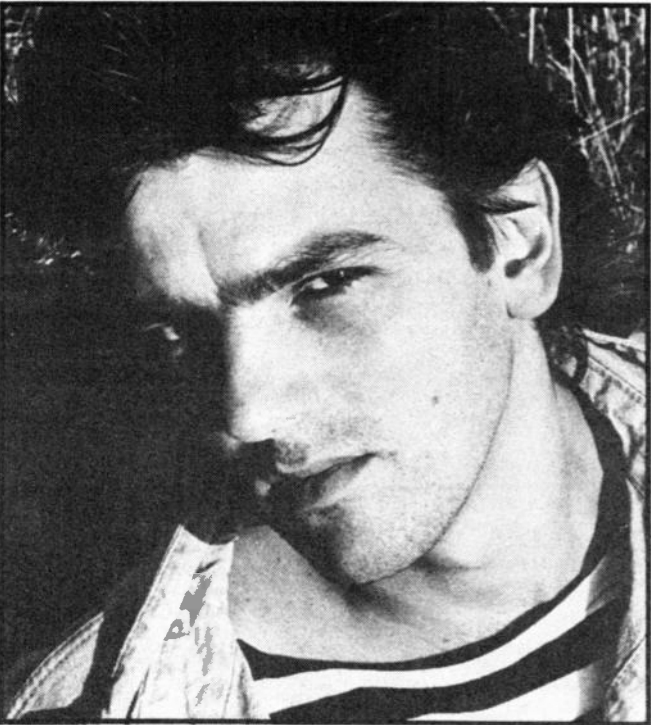
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BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) **All Fall Down**
BIRMINGHAM NEC (021-780 4141) **Deep Purple/Bad Company**
BOURNEMOUTH Coco's **Black Roots**
BRADFORD Keighley Road Spotted House (45158) **The Mighty Flea/Little Brother/The Julian Gregory Quintet**
CAMBERLEY Krooner Park Buzz Club **Brilliant Corners/Blue Train/New Tennessee Waltz**
CARDIFF St David's Hall (426111) **Phil Cool**
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) **The Primitives**
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) **TJ And The Dukes** (Lunch) **The Monday Band** (Eve)
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) **Robyn Hitchcock And The Egyptians/Crazyhead**
DIDCOT Leisure Centre **Frantic Flintstones**
DUDLEY Oakham Wheatsheaf **So What**
DUNDEE Fat Sams (26836) **World Party**
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) **Magnum/Heavy Pettin**
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall (53193) **The Flying Pickets**
HIGH WYCOMBE Wooburn Green Grange Bar **Aman Aman**
LEEDS University (439071) **Vital Spark**
LONDON Brentford Hight Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars** (Lunch) **Micky Moody Band** (Eve)
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Dangerzone**
LONDON Catford Bromley Road Green Man (01-698 3746) **Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers**
LONDON Deptford Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) **Mint Juleps/Urban Warriors/Podomovsky**
LONDON Finchley Road RIMS Club **Joe Louis Blues Band/Shakey Vick**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Iggy Quail And Friends** (Lunch) **Manic Depressive's Disco** (Eve)
LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scott's (01-439 0747) **Bill Bruford's Earthworks**
LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) **The Reactors**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **The Macc Lads/Splatt! And The Knobby Troop**



The Cult take some heavy metal thunder on the road this month, with the Love Removal Machine kicking off at Newcastle (Wednesday), Edinburgh (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Aberdeen (Saturday), Nottingham (Monday) and Bradford (Tuesday).

LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire Theatre (01-985 2424) **Carol Grimes And Iguanas/Frank Chickens/Deltones/Shikisha/Sensible Footwear/Jenny Eclair/Shree Natarajah/Mother's Ruin/Sheila Hyde/Patti Bee And Patti Webb**
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Shanty Dam** (Lunch)
The Blues Collective/The Contenders (Eve)
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Trinity College Big Band** (Lunch)
Paul Carmichael's Flight To LA (Eve)
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-485 5256) **Michelle-Shocked/Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays**
LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington (01-445 4710) **Balham Alligators**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Hershey And The 12-Bars** (Lunch) **Juice On The Loose** (Eve)
LONDON Theobalds Road Yorkshire Grey (01-405 2519) **The Georgia Jazz Band**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **BGK/Feed Your Head/Electro Hippies/Petit Mal**
NEWBURY Clock Tower **Hard Road**
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) **John Otway/The Amazing Wilf**
NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Russells (473239) **Working Party**
PETERBOROUGH Key Theatre Glasshouse (52439) **John Otway** (Lunch)
POOLE Mr C's (631912) **Line Of Fire** (Lunch) **Fester And The Vomits** (Eve)
POYNTON Folk Centre **Isaac Guillory**
READING George Hotel **Bob Fox/Jim Couza**
REDCAR Coatham Bowl (480636) **It Bites**
SWANSEA The Mayfair **Zoot And The Roots**
THETFORD Warrenner **Basic Function**
WELLINGBOROUGH Red Lion **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**



Robyn Hitchcock And The Egyptians go sand-dancing in Bedford (Thursday) and Croydon (Sunday, with Crazyhead).

MONDAY

9

BATH Moles Club (333423) **War Toys**
BELFAST Ring's Hall **Spandau Ballet**
CHELTENHAM Everyman Theatre (25544) **The Flying Pickets**
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens (62925) **Cardiacs**
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) **The Gas Boys**
HALESOWEN Arians **Strawberry Thieves**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **Ginger John/Kevin Seisay**
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) **The Clouds/The Chesterfields**
LONDON Berwick Street King Of Corsica Theatre (01-724 9319) **Wet Paint Theatre Company – Planet Suicide**

LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **The Wallflowers/Say You/Greg Trooper Band**
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Joe Louis**
LONDON Camden Royal College Street **Black Horse Talulah Gosh/The Clouds/The Rosehips**
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Alice In Wonderland (01-968 9646) **Incredible Zombie Rockers**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **The Rivals/The Panic Brothers/Mark Westwood**
LONDON Frith Street 50's **Shrew Kings/Nixon The Jukebox**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **SF Go/Chris Ford**
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) **Talking To The World/Taming The Outback/A Month Of Sundays**
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Pink Noise/Tough Guys Don't Dance/Jack The Biscuit/Mental Heat**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Zero Pilots**
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) **Berlin**
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head **Purple Worm/Leggo**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Lick The Tins/John Moloney**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
MIDDLESBROUGH Empire **The Thin Men/Free Beer Tonite/Bill**
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) **Magnum/Heavy Pettin**
NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre (472328) **The Cult**
OXFORD Apollo (44544) **Phil Cool**
OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) **Xmal Deutschland**
POOLE Mr C's (631912) **Jayne County/Thrash**
REDCAR Bowl (480636) **China Crisis**
SOUTHEND Victoria Avenue Reids (343235) **Protokol**
WEDNESBURY Anchor **Gladiator**
WREXHAM Kings Arms (351350) **Hammerfist**

TUESDAY

10

ASHERIDGE Blueball Clive **Product Arms And Legs**
BEDFORD Greyfriars International Centre **Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction**
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Diamond Suite **Cardiacs**
BIRMINGHAM Dome (021-622 2233) **HIM**
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) **Magnum/Heavy Pettin**
BRADFORD St George's Hall (752000) **The Cult**
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) **The Candy Maids**
BRIGHTON Polytechnic (681286) **Attila The Stockbroker**
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) **The Chesterfields/The Clouds/The Friendly Fires**
BRISTOL Moon Club **The Company Of Thieves**
BRISTOL Studio (25069) **Burning Spear**
BURNHAM BEECHES Hawthron Lane Henry's **Aman Aman**
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Winter Garden**
DUBLIN RDS Spandau **Ballet**
EPSOM Playhouse **Big Joe Duskin/Dave Peabody**
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (538156) **Xmal Deutschland/All About Eve**
JORDANSTOWN Ulster Polytechnic (05131) **Skint Video**
LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) **Shark Taboo**
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) **The Folk Devils/Crazyhead/The Crows**
LIVERPOOL Bootle Fire Station **Hammerfist**
LIVERPOOL Milo's **The Pictures**
LONDON Berwick Street King Of Corsica Theatre (01-724 9319) **Wet Paint Theatre Company – Planet Suicide**
LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Fast Buck**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Wilko Johnson/Bill Hurley/Kursaal Flyers/Garrie And The Roosters/Steve Hooker And The Shakers/Blast Furnace/The Engineers**
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Maroon Town**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **John Otway/Jim Jiminee**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Exposure/Riotous Assembly**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **Blitz Krieg Zone/Purple Worm**
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Doctor's Children/The Gospel/Perfect Strangers/The Funniest Joke In The World**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Mood Index/DMC**
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-226 8180) **The Company She Keeps**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Vano/The Escape**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Martin Simpson/June Tabor**
MILTON KEYNES The Point **Black Roots**
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street **Riverside** (614386) **World Party**
NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Russells (473239) **Uneven Planet**
OSWESTRY Golden Tankard **So What**
SHEFFIELD Limit Club (730940) **Mr Morality**
SHEFFIELD Psalter Lane Polytechnic (760621) **The Hays Office**
SOUTHEND Victoria Avenue Reids (343235) **The Primitives/Taming The Outback**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **Glass Echo**
ST NEOTS King's Head Hotel **Isaac Guillory**
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Clouseaus **Hard Lines**

CHARTS

UK 50 SINGLES

- 1

1

STAND BY ME Ben E King Atlantic
- 2

2

WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN Percy Sledge Atlantic
- 3

6

RUNNING IN THE FAMILY Level 42 Polydor
- 4

12

LIVE IT UP Mental As Anything Epic
- 5

8

CRUSH ON YOU Jets MCA
- 6

5

MALE STRIPPER Man 2 Man Meets Man Parish Bolts
- 7

15

SONIC BOOM BOY Westworld RCA
- 8

4

DOWN TO EARTH Curiosity Killed The Cat Mercury
- 9

16

THE RIGHT THING Simply Red Elektra
- 10

3

I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING FOR ME Aretha Franklin & George Michael Epic
- 11

9

COMING AROUND AGAIN Carly Simon Arista
- 12

28

MANHATTAN SKYLINE A-ha Warner Brothers
- 13

31

LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 14

—

I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING Jackie Wilson SMP
- 15

10

HEARTACHE Pepsi & Shirlie Polydor
- 16

13

BEHIND THE MASK Eric Clapton Duck
- 17

19

YOU ARE MY WORLD The Communards London
- 18

7

STAY OUT OF MY LIFE Five Star Tent
- 19

20

SKIN TRADE Duran Duran EMI
- 20

18

ROCK THE NIGHT Europe Epic
- 21

—

EVERYTHING I OWN Boy George Virgin
- 22

—

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE Erasure Mute
- 23

45

(YOU GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT (TO PARTY) Beastie Boys Def Jam
- 24

25

FORGOTTEN TOWN The Christians Island
- 25

47

MISSIONARY MAN Eurythmics RCA
- 26

—

THE GREAT PRETENDER Freddie Mercury Parlophone
- 27

—

I AM THE LAW Anthrax Island
- 28

29

HAVE YOU EVER LOVED SOMEBODY Freddie Jackson Capitol
- 29

14

I LOVE MY RADIO (MIDNIGHT RADIO) Taffy Rhythm King
- 30

11

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY The Blow Monkeys RCA
- 31

34

TRICK OF THE NIGHT Bananarama London
- 32

27

HOW MANY LIES Spandau Ballet Reformation
- 33

—

LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER Nick Kamen WEA
- 34

49

WILD FRONTIER Gary Moore 10
- 35

17

ALMAZ Randy Crawford Warner Brothers
- 36

39

SOUL MAN Sam Moore & Lou Reed A&M
- 37

21

THE FUTURE'S SO BRIGHT I GOTTA WEAR SHADES Timbuk 3 IRS
- 38

35

SHIP OF FOOLS World Party Ensign
- 39

—

MOONLIGHTING Al Jarreau WEA
- 40

—

WATCHING THE WILDLIFE Frankie Goes To Hollywood ZTT
- 41

50

WHEN LOVE COMES CALLING Paul Johnson CBS
- 42

—

WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY Alison Moyet CBS
- 43

23

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT Michael Crawford Polydor
- 44

42

THIS BRUTAL HOUSE Nitro DeLuxe Cooltempo
- 45

—

V THIRTEEN Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 46

—

FREE TO FALL Debbie Harry Chrystalis
- 47

—

RESPECTABLE Mel & Kim Supreme
- 48

22

ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY Vesta Williams A&M
- 49

—

DON'T NEED A GUN Billy Idol Chrystalis
- 50

—

TOWN TO TOWN Microdisney Virgin

UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1

1

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA Original London Cast Polydor
- 2

2

THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATE Hot Chocolate EMI
- 3

—

THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 4

3

GRACELAND Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 5

5

PICTURE BOOK Simply Red Elektra
- 6

4

AUGUST Eric Clapton Duck
- 7

6

SILK AND STEEL Five Star Tent
- 8

12

LIVE MAGIC Queen EMI
- 9

10

GIVE ME THE REASON Luther Vandross Epic
- 10

9

DIFFERENT LIGHT The Bangles CBS
- 11

7

SO Peter Gabriel Virgin
- 12

8

THE WHOLE STORY Kate Bush EMI
- 13

24

REVENGE Eurythmics RCA
- 14

11

BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 15

30

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe Epic
- 16

14

RAPTURE Anita Baker Elektra
- 17

18

DISCO Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 18

20

TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 19

25

COMMUNARDS The Communards London
- 20

17

SWEET FREEDOM – THE BEST OF MICHAEL McDONALD Michael McDonald Warner Brothers
- 21

19

NO MORE THE FOOL Elkie Brooks Legend
- 22

50

LICENSED TO ILL Beastie Boys Def Jam
- 23

15

WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 24

22

SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vetigo
- 25

13

ABSTRACT EMOTIONS Randy Crawford Warner Brothers
- 26

23

DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 27

16

THE COST OF LOVING The Style Council Polydor
- 28

39

SCOUNDREL DAYS A-ha Warner Brothers
- 29

35

JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME Freddie Jackson Capitol
- 30

26

GET CLOSE The Pretenders Real
- 31

36

FORE! Huey Lewis And The News Chrystalis
- 32

33

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC VOLUME 8 Various EMI/Virgin
- 33

27

ZAZU Rosie Vela A&M
- 34

28

THROUGH THE BARRICADES Spandau Ballet Reformation
- 35

21

INTO THE LIGHT Chris De Burgh A&M
- 36

31

EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE – THE SINGLES The Police A&M
- 37

29

INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Virgin
- 38

—

KING OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 39

40

BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE Steve Winwood Island
- 40

38

MUSIC FROM *THE SINGING DETECTIVE* Various BBC
- 41

42

LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 42

32

THE VERY BEST OF ELKIE BROOKS Elkie Brooks Telstar
- 43

45

ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 44

34

IMPRESSIONS Various K-Tel
- 45

46

QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 46

—

INFECTED The Some Bizzare
- 47

44

HITS 5 Various CBS/WEA
- 48

—

ALF Alison Moyet CBS
- 49

—

ULTIMATE TRAX VOLUME 2 Various Champion
- 50

37

MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT The Psychedelic Furs CBS

Compiled by MRIB



WESTWORLD GET happy

SOUNDS TRACKS

The Mighty Lemon Drops
WILD BLUE YONDER Screaming Blue Messiahs EMI (Paul)
THE HARDEST WALK The Jesus And Mary Chain Warner Brothers (Tony)
PEEL SESSION The Slits Strange Fruit (Dave)
SWEET SWEET PIE Pop Will Eat Itself Chapter 22 (Keith)

Shop Assistants
SIX PACK Black Flag SST (David)
SAY A LITTLE PRAYER Aretha Franklin Atlantic (Alex)
WHERE'S THE HAMBURGER RELISH The Dragsters (Laura)

The Woodentops
THE FIRST AND SECOND SUICIDE ALBUMS Suicide Red Star (Rolo)
WALK ON Tackhead On U Sound (Simon)
SOMETIMES George Gershwin (Alice)

The Icicle Works
Ian McNabb
PRIVATE REVOLUTION World Party
MORE THAN A DREAM The Chain Gang
LOVE IS DEAD The Godfathers

Roger Holland
THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE The Smiths Best Ever
CEMETERY GATES The Smiths A Close Second
THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN The Smiths Very Handy To Have Around The House

Roy Wilkinson
MICRODISNEY Premeditated viciousness at the Astoria
PLANET RIDE Julian Cope Island album track
SPACEHOPPER Julian Cope pinches McCulloch's best lines Island

Ron Rom
STOP KILLING ME The Primitives Lazy
YOU'RE A SOLDIER Hüsker Dü Warehouse track WEA
FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT Beastie Boys Def Jam

James Brown
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu Precocious Vinyl pirates!
PAT NEVIN'S EYES The Tractors Probe Plus LP track
SAINT JULIAN Julian Cope Would you shag this space cadet?

Evelyn Court
YOU WIN AGAIN Hank Williams Polydor
LET ME IN The Sensations Pye International
MESSAGE TO PRETTY Love Elektra

Billy Mann
BOY IN THE BUBBLE Paul Simon WEA
MADONNA Madonna WEA
NOT FRAGILE Bachman Turner Overdrive Mercury

CONVERSATION KILLERS

- 1

I'M PREGNANT!
- 2

I'M CARRYING THE AIDS VIRUS!
- 3

YOUR PARENTS ARE DEAD!
- 4

F*** OFF!
- 5

DO YOU LIKE MY PLATFORMS?
- 6

I READ THE TELEGRAPH
- 7

I READ THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH!!
- 8

MINE'S A BABYCHAM!
- 9

I LIKE RUGBY LEAGUE
- 10

YES, MY FAVOURITES ARE RUSS ABBOT, VAL DOONICAN AND THE NOLANS

Compiled by Honest Joe, Cardiff

MUSIC VIDEO

- 1

—

LIVE IN BUDAPEST Queen PMI
- 2

1

THE WHOLE STORY Kate Bush PMI
- 3

2

ROCKING THROUGH THE YEARS Status Quo Channel 5
- 4

—

THE ULTIMATE OZZY Ozzy Osbourne Virgin
- 5

3

ALCHEMY LIVE Dire Straits Channel 5
- 6

—

BREAK EVERY RULE Tina Turner PMI
- 7

—

ARCADIA Arcadia PMI
- 8

RE

BREAKOUT Bon Jovi Channel 5
- 9

5

TELEVISION Pet Shop Boys PMI
- 10

4

WE WILL ROCK YOU Queen Video Collection
- 11

9

EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE – THE VIDEOS The Police A&M
- 12

6

NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 8 Various EMI/Virgin
- 13

8

BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Channel 5
- 14

7

THE COMPLEAT BEATLES The Beatles MGM/UA
- 15

16

LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star RCA/Columbia
- 16

13

GREATEST FLIX Queen PMI
- 17

14

LIVE IN RIO Queen PMI
- 18

15

THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME Led Zeppelin WHV
- 19

17

LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden PMI
- 20

RE

THE FINAL Wham! CBS/Fox

Compiled by Spotlight Research



CHARTS

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 3 I AM THE LAW Anthrax Island
- 1 ROCK THE NIGHT Europe Epic
- WILD FRONTIER Gary Moore 10
- CALL OF THE WILD Deep Purple Polydor
- RED SHOES Pendragon Awareness
- 5 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe Epic
- SHAKE ME Cinderella Vertigo
- 2 FROZEN HEART FM Portrait
- 10 IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES Terraplane Epic
- 11 CREEPING DEATH Metallica Music For Nations
- STILL THE SAME Slade RCA
- 4 LIVIN' ON A PRAYER Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 9 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Island
- 14 OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY Gary Moore 10
- 8 SIX TRACK EP Warlock Vertigo
- 7 FACE THE DAY Great White Capitol
- 12 BLIND BEFORE I STOP Meat Loaf Arista
- 6 BRAIN DEATH Nuclear Assault Under One Flag
- 13 STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND Iron Maiden EMI
- 16 KING'S CALL Phil Lynott Vertigo



ANTHRAX GO climbing

ALBUMS

- 2 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 1 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 3 THE HOUSE OF BLUE LIGHT Deep Purple Polydor
- 4 MECHANICAL RESONANCE Tesla Atlantic
- 5 READY OR NOT Lou Gramm Atlantic
- 6 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 7 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe Epic
- 16 NIGHT SONGS Cinderella Vertigo
- 9 7800° FAHRENHEIT Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 18 BON JOVI Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 11 THE DARK Metal Church Elektra
- 12 TRILOGY Yngwie J Malmsteen Polydor
- 24 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 15 EAT 'EM AND SMILE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 8 BRIGHTON ROCK Brighton Rock Atlantic
- 21 SOMEWHERE IN TIME Iron Maiden EMI
- 19 DOOMSDAY FOR THE DECEIVER Flotsam And Jetsam Roadrunner
- 14 PEACE SELLS... BUT WHO'S BUYING? Megadeth Capitol
- 26 FASHION BY PASSION White Sister FM/Revolver
- 13 FISTFUL OF METAL Anthrax Music For Nations
- 28 DANCING UNDERCOVER Ratt Atlantic
- 10 VINNIE VINCENT INVASION Vinnie Vincent Chrysalis
- 22 TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL Stryper Music For Nations
- 20 ALIVE AND SCREAMING Krokus Arista
- KILL 'EM ALL Metallica Music For Nations
- 17 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN Poison Music For Nations
- 23 GAME OVER Nuclear Assault Under One Flag
- 25 NASTY NASTY Black 'N' Blue Geffen
- 27 WHEN SECONDS COUNT Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 30 CRIMSON GLORY Crimson Glory Roadrunner

IMPORTS

- 1 KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS Helloween Noise
- KILL FOR PLEASURE Blood Feast New Renaissance
- 5 REIGN IN BLOOD Slayer Geffen
- 3 THE LADDER The Ladder Atco
- BEATS FROM A SINGLE DRUM Rose Tattoo Mushroom
- LEE AARON Lee Aaron Attic
- 4 LIVE LIKE A SUICIDE Guns And Roses Suicide
- 9 THE UPCOMING TERROR Assassin SPV
- EUROPE Europe Hot
- WINGS OF TOMORROW Europe Epic

Compiled by Spotlight Research



THE PRIMITIVES go wild

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 BACK IN THE DHSS AGAIN Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 2 UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS The Pastels Glass
- 3 SHABINI Bhundu Boys Discafrique
- 5 THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES Michelle-Shocked Cooking Vinyl
- 2 DIRTDISH Wiseblood Some Bizzare
- 6 QUIRK OUT Stump Stuff
- 9 PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN Chumbawamba Agit Prop
- 7 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 8 ESPECIALLY FOR YOU The Smithereens Enigma
- 10 BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY The Dead Kennedys Alternative Tentacles
- 11 HIT BY HIT The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 16 TAKE THE SUBWAY TO YOUR SUBURB Various Rough Trade
- 12 NME C86 Various Rough Trade
- 15 WONDERLAND Erasure Mute
- HORSE ROTAVATOR Coil Some Bizzare
- 13 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 24 YOUR FUNERAL, MY TRIAL Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds Mute
- 14 WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME The Bible! Backs
- 21 WHAT'S IN A WORD The Brilliant Corners SS20
- 18 BROTHERHOOD New Order Factory
- LIVE IN PARIS Psychic TV Temple
- 20 BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE Elvis Costello And The Attractions Imp/Demon
- 25 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 23 THE MOON AND THE MELODIES Harold Budd/Elizabeth Fraser/Robin Guthrie/Simon Raymonde 4AD
- THE MAN Elvis Costello Demon
- SMOKE SIGNALS MDC Radical
- 17 IN THE PINES The Triffids Hot
- FILIGREE AND SHADOW This Mortal Coil 4AD
- 26 IDEAL GUEST HOUSE Various Shelter
- ATOMISER Big Black Blast First

Compiled by Spotlight Research

INDIE SINGLES

- 12 LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 1 SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE The Smiths Rough Trade
- 4 MY FAVOURITE DRESS Wedding Present Reception
- IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE Erasure Mute
- 5 LOVE IS DEAD The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 8 SWEET SWEET PIE Pop Will Eat Itself Chapter 22
- 2 KISS Age Of Chance Fon
- 7 HEAD GONE ASTRAY The Soup Dragons RAW TV Products
- 10 BRIGHTER The Railway Children Factory
- 6 THE PEEL SESSION Siouxsie And The Banshees Strange Fruit
- 9 INTO THE GROOVY Ciccone Youth Blast First
- 3 EVANGELINE The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 15 THE PEEL SESSION Stump Strange Fruit
- 11 EVERYTHANG'S GROOVY Ciccone Youth Blast First
- 14 THE PEEL SESSION The Slits Strange Fruit
- STOP KILLING ME The Primitives Lazy
- 20 BAMP-BAMP Bambi Slam Product Inc
- 13 BLUE CHAIR Elvis Costello Imp/Demon
- 26 TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER Bogshed Shellfish
- 16 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 19 STUMBO Wiseblood K422
- 18 ASK The Smiths Rough Trade
- 17 SERPENTS KISS The Mission Chapter 22
- 21 THE PEEL SESSION Joy Division Strange Fruit
- 28 LIKE A HURRICANE The Mission Chapter 22
- 30 POPPIE COCK Pop Will Eat Itself Chapter 22
- 23 PANIC The Smiths Rough Trade
- 29 THE PEEL SESSION The Specials Strange Fruit
- 27 IN A LONELY PLACE The Smithereens Enigma
- ROCKCHESTER Fats Comet World
- 45 ANAL STAIRCASE Coil K422/Force And Form
- HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE Alien Sex Fiend Anagram/Cherry Red
- 25 MAHALIA The Bible! Backs
- 22 SOMETIMES Erasure Mute
- 43 COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY The Chesterfields Subway
- 36 TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 35 REALLY STUPID The Primitives Lazy
- 24 HANG-TEN! The Soup Dragons Subway
- GREY SKIES BLUE The Submarines Red Rhino
- 43 COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY The Chesterfields Subway
- 40 SIXTEEN DREAMS Loop Head
- 38 THE GRIP OF LOVE Ghost Dance Karbon
- 33 THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW BMX Bandits 53rd & 3rd
- 32 CUBIST POP MANIFESTO Big Flame Ron Johnson
- THE WORLD'S TURNING BROUCHARD Biff Bang Pow Creation
- 34 THE PEEL SESSION New Order Strange Fruit
- PARALAX AVENUE Slab Ink
- 39 I'M GOING TO HEAVEN The Close Lobsters Fire
- 31 AWAY II The Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- THE PEEL SESSION The Birthday Party Strange Fruit



SOUNDS LIVE WIRE

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Your call will cost 38p per minute at peak and standard times, 25p per minute cheap rate

0 8 9 8 - 1 2 1 3 2 0

TREE II

- 1 YOU SHOOK TREE ALL NIGHT LONG AC/DC
- 2 DON'T LEAF ME NOW Pink Floyd
- 3 WOOD TIMES Chic
- 4 CRY AND BE TREE Marilyn
- 5 BARK IN POCKET The Pretenders
- 6 LEAF ON TREE Red Box
- 7 DON'T LEAF ME THIS WAY The Communards
- 8 TREEBIRD Lynyrd Skynyrd
- 9 DIRTY TREES DONE DIRT CHEAP AC/DC
- 10 TREE MY LOVER Billy Idol

Compiled by Goblin and the Less Noise Boys, Barkingside

INCEST

- 1 I WON'T LET MY MUM GO DOWN ON ME Nik Kershaw
- 2 SISTERS ARE DOING IT TO THEMSELVES Eurythmics
- 3 IT AIN'T LEGAL, HE'S MY BROTHER The Hollies
- 4 LET ME PUT MY LOVE INTO YOU GRAN AC/DC
- 5 OOOOH! DADDY Fleetwood Mac
- 6 WHOLE LOTTA AUNTIE AC/DC
- 7 BROTHERS IN BED Dire Straits
- 8 PAPA DON'T TOUCH Madonna
- 9 MY BROTHERS DICK Free
- 10 HERE COMES THE SON George Harrison

Compiled by Fungie (Fergie) the Mole, Royal Family Retard Research Unit

TOUR NEWS

MOLOKO PLUS play Croydon Star March 10 and Brighton Zap Club (lunchtime) 21.

TOKYO continue their mini-tour with dates at Hereford Market Tavern March 6, Bradford Royal Standard 7, Morecambe Bierkeller 16.

HARD ROAD hit the tarmac with gigs at Epping Centre Point March 4, Newbury Clock Tower 8, High Wycombe Nag's Head 21, Dunstable Wheatheaf 23, Barking Football Club 25, Telford Baron's Club 26, Guildford Surrey University 27.

BLITZ KRIEG 2020 will be promoting their new single 'Gender Man' with dates at Greenwich Tunnel Club March 10, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 16, Coventry Polytechnic 27 and Coventry Busters April 28.

INCANTATION finish up their spring tour of the UK with dates at Rickmansworth Watersmeet Centre March 6, Cardiff St David's Hall 7, Chichester Festival Hall 8.

NIADEMS GHOST are playing dates to promote their album 'In Sheltered Winds' which is now available through Probe Plus at Sheffield University March 11, Liverpool Cafe Berlin 19, London Marquee 30.

THE LETTUCES continue their Psycho Vegetation Tour with dates at Woolwich Thames Polytechnic March 4 and Deptford The Crypt 6.

GINGER JOHN, who's "Redder than the Wedge", marches off on his Pink Fudge Tour starting at Blackburn King Georges Hall March 4, Brighton Zap Club 7, Harlow Square 9, and Deptford Albany Empire 12.

ANTZ AVENUE, a hard-rock blues band, will be introducing their new line-up at Eastbourne Golden Lion March 7, Egham The Compasses 14, Hogs Grunt 18, Kingston Boat Concert 21, Burnham Henry's Club 24, Harrow Apollo 27, Hastings Mr Cherry's 28.

Trudy In The Sky . . .



THE TRUDY, "a space-age group for a space-age time", continue their Hypnotic Space-Ray tour with dates at Wood Green Club Dog March 6, Hampton Court Jolly Boatman 12.

THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS, a five-piece band from London recently signed to Cold Harbour Records, will be promoting their forthcoming single 'What A Girl Wants' at Palmers Green Fox March 6, Islington Pied Bull 10, Wimbledon Whitelands College 20, Walthamstow Royal Standard 25.

HAZE, the hard rock/progressive trio, are out on the road to promote their second album 'Stoat And Bottle' due for April release at Sheffield University March 11, Shepherds Bush Wellington 12, Tonypandy Rock Club 14, West Bromwich Coach And Horses 15, Nottingham Mardi Gras 17, Leicester Princess Charlotte 18, Kings Lynn Eagle 19, Kessingland Kings Head 20, Southampton Joiners Arms 25, Poole Mr C's 26, Penzance Demelzas 27.

SWIMMING IN SAND headline London gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden March 8, Deptford Albany Empire 13, Kings College 15.

DANGER ZONE, an R&B group, play Greenwich Mitre March 4, Camden Dublin Castle 8, Walthamstow Royal Standard 14.

BLACK ROOTS embark on a major tour to promote their third album 'Allday Allnight', at Canterbury University Of Kent March 4, Lampeter St David's University College 6, Bournemouth Coco's 8, Milton Keynes The Point 10, Swansea Marina 12, Deptford Albany Empire 13, Birmingham Thashas 14, Camden Dingwall's 20, Torrington Plough 21, Newcastle Riverside 26, Penzance Demelzas April 9, Portsmouth Basins 10, Weston-Super-Mare Knightstone Centre 11.

THE CATS play their roots soul music at Palmers Green Fox March 6 and Covent Garden Rock Garden 15.

LIVING IN TEXAS return to annoy the hell out of the English public with gigs at Fulham Greyhound March 7, Canterbury Kent University 9, London Comedy Store 11, University Of London Union 12, Bath Nightline 13.

LICK THE TINS, "County Kilburn's liveliest", plan to sock it to 'em at Acton George And Dragon March 5, Swansea Mayfair 8, Kennington Cricketers 9, Covent Garden Rock Garden 13, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 17, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 23, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 26, Putney Half Moon 30.

FABULOUS FREE GIFT ISSUE

No 141 March 5 - 18 90p/DM 5.50

WARLOCK

GIANT
JON BON JOVI
POSTER INSIDE
+ DORO PESCH
PIN-UP PART ONE

EUROPE
ANTHRAX
MEAT LOAF
METALLICA
LOU GRAMM
WHITESNAKE
DEEP PURPLE
AGENT STEEL

GARY MOORE
BREAKS FOR
THE BORDER

FREE

BON JOVI & WARLOCK
POSTERS IN THE LATEST
BLOCKBUSTING ISSUE OF

WARLOCK

ON SALE NOW!

NEWS

EXTRA

PRESS HERE



THE WOLFGANG PRESS play their first gig of the year at Chelmsford Chancellor Hall on March 12. Support acts include A Primary Industry and Catapult.

The band also have a gig lined up at London Villiers Street Players Theatre on

March 23, when they will be supported by A Primary Industry and Perennial Divide.

They will have a new EP out in mid-April which will coincide with more dates in the Midlands and the North before their debut American tour in May.

Time For Kronos . . .

THE KRONOS QUARTET, the flamboyant San Francisco chamber group who've featured in the soundtracks to *True Stories* and *Mishima*, are coming over for a concert at London's Wigmore Hall on April 28.

The Quartet, who deliberately wear fashionable costumes "to avoid looking like cadavers", played the ICA last year and have their first British album released over here next week on Nonesuch, called 'Sculthorpe/Sallinen/Glass/Nancarrow/Hendrix'. It's their tribute to five composers, some of whom may be more recognisable than others.

Tickets for the Wigmore Hall concert are priced at £4.50, £4, £3 and £2.

THE JAZZ WARRIORS, the 18-piece British black jazz combo led by Courtney Pine, return to play London's Shaw Theatre on March 13 and 14.

They'll be playing two new pieces by Pine and one by trombonist Faye Virjv. The show will also be recorded by Island for release on their Antilles label later in the year.

Tickets are £6 (£4 concessions).

TED MILTON, front-man and saxophonist with *Blurt* (who've just released a new album, 'Smoke Time'), will read his poetry at a mixed-media event called *The Marriage Of Heaven And Hell* at London St James Church on March 6.

He'll be joined by agitpoppers *Double Exposure*, percussion quartet *Left Hand Right Hand*, plus the first Russian talkie, *Road To Life* by Nikolai Ekk, and *Wall* a film by Jon Harding.

The event has been organised by *Mother Tongues* and *The Blake Society*. Tickets are £3.

Digital Audio Tape Arrives . . .

THE FIRST commercial digital audio tape recorder goes on the market in Japan this week.

Retailing at 198,000 Yen (about £840), the Technics SV-D1000 signals the start of domestic digital recording, with a performance to rival the most sophisticated CD players.

It is an event that the record industry has been awaiting with some trepidation. But although there is fear in some quarters that DAT will take over from compact disc, most observers believe that it will exist in tandem with CD just as conventional cassette recording has with vinyl.

The Technics machine, manufactured by the giant Matsushita Electric Industrial company, uses a cassette about half the size of an ordinary compact cassette, and employs an analogue/digital (A/D) converter to accept signals from all existing sources such as record players, tuners etc.

But a number of safeguards have been incorporated to discourage a new breed of home taping which the record industry thinks might kill music (or profits, anyway).

The different sampling frequency of CD (44.1kHz) from DAT (48kHz) means that direct digital copies cannot be made from CD. It is not even possible to copy another DAT cassette if the tape carries a copy-prohibit code (as commercial pre-recorded cassettes most certainly will).

At the moment, however, Matsushita have not announced plans for marketing the recorder or the cassettes in the West.

And Compact Disc Breaks Records . . .

OVER FOUR million compact discs were sold in Britain in the last three months of 1986, exceeding all industry expectations. And with 620,000 players sold last year, the CD could overtake LP disc sales within the next five years.

Admittedly the CD has some way to go – CD sales for the year totalled 8.4 million while albums topped 52 million. But a decade ago, albums were selling more than 85 million. And while their sales fell by less than a million last year, they are now generally considered underpriced by the record industry and price rises are likely this year.

In fact if today's album price reflected 1966 levels, they would cost around £11.70, getting on for twice the current price and ironically about the same as a compact disc sells for now.

The good news is that CD prices are likely to fall in the next year, but only by around ten per cent, according to the head of EMI's new CD plant at Swindon, Richard Green.

Cassette sales last year also increased by 25 per cent reaching nearly 70 million, surging ahead of albums. But the value of sales only rose by 18.5 per cent with budget cassettes taking a much bigger share of the market.

The decline of the single speeded up with a fall of nearly nine per cent to 67.4 million. And not one sold enough to qualify for a platinum award.

A FREE convention, celebrating the long-lost but never forgotten blues band which featured Paul Rodgers, the late Paul Kossoff, Andy Fraser and Simon Kirke, has been organised at Tynemouth Park Hotel on March 19.

There will be videos including rare footage from Granada TV. And a group will perform a selection of Free and Bad Company material, some of which will be sung by former Back Street Crawler vocalist Terry Slessor.

Admission will be £1.50.

Club Nicaragua

JERRY DAMMERS and *Working Week's* Simon Booth will be spinning the discs for the opening night of Club Sandino at 144 Upper Street, Islington, on March 5.

The club has been set up by the Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign with the aim of discrediting the Reagan-backed Contras who are trying to oust the Sandanista Government.

The club will operate every week and the music will be latin, jazz, soul and funk. The food will be provided by the local Chilean co-op El Rincon, and the booze at bar prices.

Lynde Sight

THE PRETENDERS have added a second Wembley Arena concert to their British tour on May 21. Tickets are £8 and £7.

PHYLLIS HYMAN has added a second Hammersmith Odeon concert on April 4.

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IN-TECH

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

DRUMS AND WIRES

TONY MITCHELL reports on percussive progress at February's Frankfurt Fair

IF ANY further evidence were needed of the increasing rejection by drummers of pure electronic kits in favour of acoustic or a mixture of acoustic with electronic triggering, then Frankfurt seemed to provide it. The vast array of electronic kits which had appeared for the past few shows in the wake of Simmons' success was pared down to just a few faithfuls this year.

Simmons themselves had two products to show — the state-of-the-art SDX and the Silicon Mallet. Both offer high degrees of creative control to the percussionist — the SDX in terms of pad sensitivity and programmability, the Silicon Mallet as a MIDI controller for triggering other MIDI sound sources — but sadly neither acquitted themselves particularly brilliantly in the demo I saw — albeit with Bill Bruford at the helm of the SDX.

I gather the software for the SDX was not really complete for the show, so we'll have to wait and see what happens there. As for the SM, its demonstration reminded me of the kind of noises keyboard players were making 5 years ago. This was no fault of the product, which obviously ranks with Roland's PAD-8 as a piece of serious hardware. But if that's what mallet users are going to do with MIDI...

Several drummers I talked to felt that the Swedish Ddrum kit — which triggers top-quality samples from a kit with real drum heads and is very simple to control — was still far and away the best of the genre, and I think it's a shame that the small scale of the Ddrum operation, its lack of a high-profile UK marketing and distribution set-up and its relatively high price will limit interest in Britain.

Of the companies who jumped on the bandwagon a few years back, the German Dynacord firm may have seemed an unlikely one to stay the course. But this year, they showed off their ADD-one and new ADD-drive drum amplifier and disc-drive, endorsed by Jeff Porcaro and apparently taking off in no small way in the States.

And Yamaha were there with the production version of their Gigeresque electronic kit. Very late entrants into this marketplace, Yamaha felt that they had have an electronic kit to complete the set, as it were, and I'm sure that it will get massive support from the company's marketing department. Whether it will get much support from drummers remains to be seen.

There was plenty going on in the world of acoustic drums to excite stickmen.

Tama have now completed their revamped, at the head of which is the



PREMIER 2029 Heavy Rock Nine brass snare

Artstar II kit, developed in collaboration with Simon Phillips and Billy Cobham. Features include seven-ply Canadian maple tom shells, nine-ply maple bass drum shell, computer-controlled lacquering, flush bracing and acoustically insulated tension lugs. Finishes are Piano Black or Piano White and the drums are available separately or in kit form.

Other Tama new launches include the revamped Swingstar range — the SS8000 pro/semi-pro five piece kit, Japanese-made with nine-ply birch shells for £799, and the SS7000, also Japanese-made, with a price tag of £599 aimed at the semi-pro market.

Tama's commitment to snare development was evinced by its completely new range of snare drums, including the Artwood Birch (an eight-ply Japanese product fitted with the new Freedom lugs), the 14-ply Artwood Heavy Birch, and two new maple models — the magnificent, antique-look nine-ply Birds Eye whose PAT 30 lugs allow independently tunable top and bottom heads, and the Solid, made from a single piece of 3.5mm thick carved timber supported by maple rings at top and bottom.

PREMIER ALSO declared 1987 to be the year of the snare. Their four new models are led by a massive 9in brass beast called the Heavy Rock Nine, internally laminated with birch to combine the cutting edge of brass with the warmth of wood, and with acoustic damper to cut out metallic overtones. In addition, there are a couple of hand-built, limited edition Piccolo snares — the 2024 14x4in seamless aluminium and 2026 Symphonic (14x6½in brass), plus a new APK 14x6½in mahogany/beech model with black finish.

But far from putting all their eggs in



SIMMONS SDX Computer Percussion System

one basket, Premier had plenty of news on the kit front too, with five pastel finishes added to the Resonator range; the Projector range available as shell packs without hardware to enable low-cost upgrades; the APK graced by a boom stand, better Tristar hardware, new Blackwood lacquer finish and twin mic-ported bass drum head; and a legless hi-hat (!) added to the Pro-Lock hardware range for the convenience of double bass drum players.

Pearl were another company supporting the move to flush-braced drums, and launched their BLX birch kits with Hi-Tension flush bracing system. BLX drums are seven-ply, and there's an eight-ply maple range, the MLX, too. Two snares are new — an eight-ply maple model and 6½in brass variant, there's a hi-tech practice kit called the EK-5, and a new cymbal range — the CK-900s.

Sonor — for so long the king of drum ranges — announced some good news for the impecunious among us, in the form of the International Series of budget-priced kits with Taiwanese shells and German fittings. Five-drum kits featuring double-braced hardware and choice of black, white, metallic blue or metallic red finishes will be under £600 in the UK when they arrive this summer.

Established ranges, meanwhile, received facelifts in the finish department. Signature has Creme and Impala lacquer finishes added, Sonorlite gets Graphite lacquer and rosewood veneer, Performer Plus sports Polaris Oak, Grey Oak or Oxide Red, and Panther sprints out in Memphis Red or Green.

Last but not least from Sonor, some other changes to the Signature range are a choice of Heavy (12mm thick) or Lite (7mm thick and less deep) shells, and the addition of the HLD 590 snare, an 8in deep monster of solid bronze with brass fittings!

Ludwig seemed to be capitalising on their 1986 upturn, with a new Super Classic White maple kit of four-ply construction (priced the same as their six-ply) and, coming soon, a range of lacquer finishes which they've been working on for some time.

ON THE cymbal front, Zildjian launched more new cymbals than you could shake a stick at.

Like Sonor, they've turned their attention to the budget end of the market and have come up with the Scimitar Series — 20in ride, 18in crash/ride, 16in crash, 14in hi-hats and 14in band, all boasting fast response, quick decay and even overtones at a price that won't break the bank.

At the pro end of things, there's the new Z Series China Boys — 18 and 20in models combining Zildjian's unique China Boy design with their Z-computer hammering for substantially increased power.

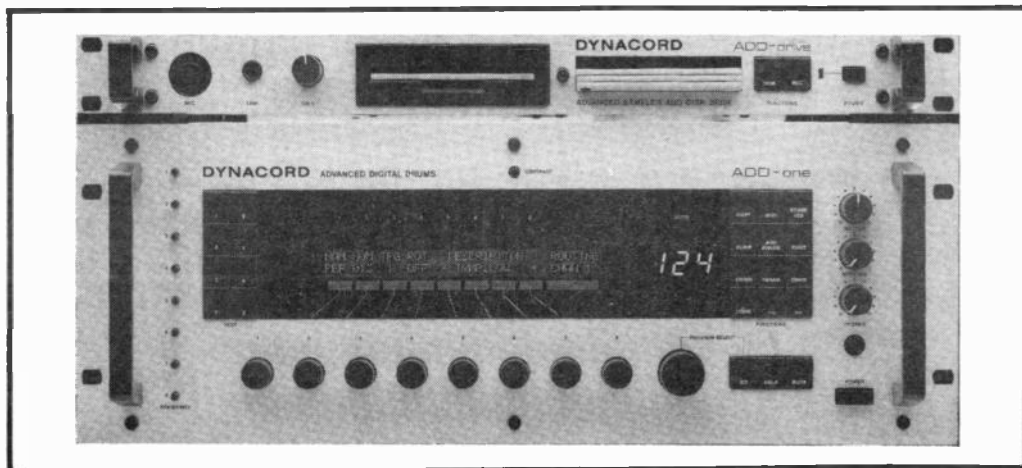
From their Sound Lab comes the EFX No 1 series — a set of three small, heavy cymbals in the A range designed to produce a well defined, high-pitch note with bell/accents applications or heavy splash for hard rock players. Sizes are 8, 10 and 12in.

The new K Custom is the latest addition to Zildjian's legendary hand-hammered line. Available in 16, 18 and 20in variants, it features a clear and pingy sound claimed to be capable of carrying a cutting ride beat but 'opening up' enough to produce the characteristic K 'dry' crash.

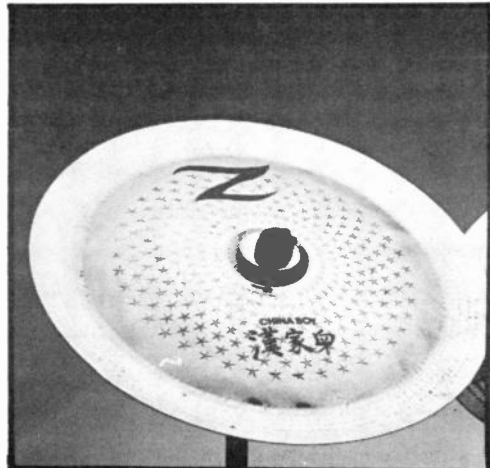
Finally, both A and K ranges are expanded by a series of multiple application cymbals called Z-MACs aimed at marching percussion and orchestral users. Both ranges feature 16, 18, 20 and 22in models, with the addition of a 14in version in the A team.



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