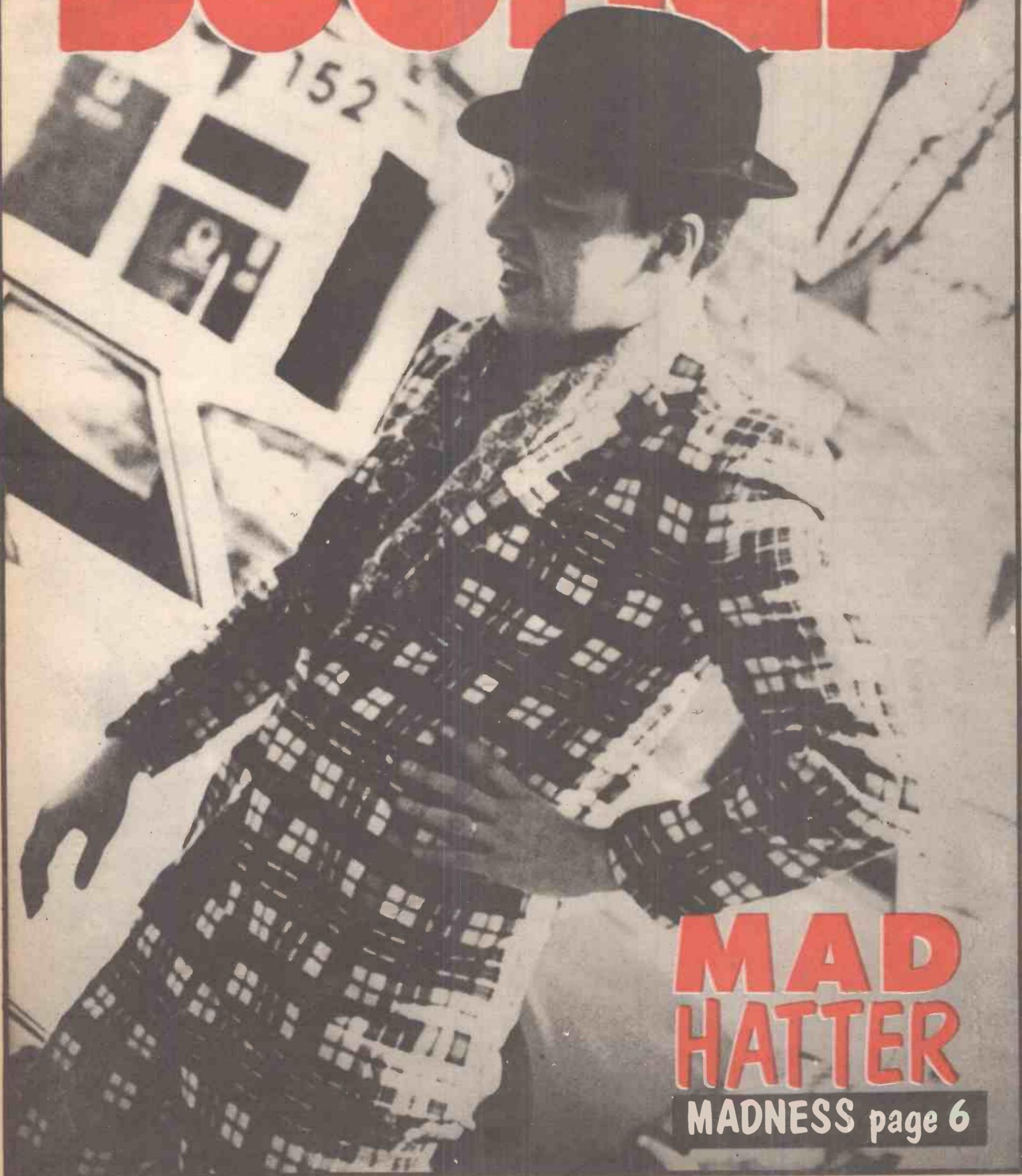


JANUARY 1, 1983 35p

AEROSMITH ■ GYMSLIPS ■ EURYTHMICS ■ SAVAGEPENCIL

CRASS ■ LOOK BACK ON '82 ■ ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

sounds



**MAD
HATTER**

MADNESS page 6

Purple pro's revisited

THE GREAT Deep Purple Reunion Saga is back again after an absence of over a year. The band have been rumoured to be reforming almost as many times as Elvis Presley was coming to tour Britain, but with all the members vigorously pursuing their individual careers the rumours had died down.

The new initiative is reported to have come from the Ritchie Blackmore camp and is conditional on the agreement of all group members and a pledge that the band will 'get into shape' for the tour and not be 'five old men trying to relive their former glories'.

Bassist Roger Glover's participation could be assumed as he's the longest serving member of Blackmore's Rainbow. Vocalist Ian Gillan has just disbanded his group after a couple of years (and according to the rumour mongers is getting fit for the reunion) and drummer Ian Paice recently left Whitesnake and has no commitments apart from the Gary Moore band at present.

That leaves only keyboard player Jon Lord who seems firmly committed to latter day Purple vocalist David Coverdale's Whitesnake. As Blackmore's participation is conditional on the reunion being complete the whole thing may hinge on Lord's agreement.

The plan is for the group to get together for rehearsals early next year and play a world tour in the summer taking in major venues across America and Europe.



CLASSIC PURPLE line-up: reunion dependent on Jon Lord now?



MUSICAL YOUTH: a London matinee

Youth for kids

MUSICAL YOUTH (above) — the kids from Brum — will be playing a matinee show at London Hammersmith Palais on December 31.

The band, who had to cancel a recent tour when they discovered that most of their

fans were too young to go out in the evening, have promised that the show will be over by 5pm.

Tickets are priced at £1.50 and are available to anyone between the ages of eight and 15.

Maiden over

IRON MAIDEN returned to England this week after having undertaken one of the largest world tours ever by a rock band.

The 'Beast On The Road' tour began in Dunstable way back in February and finished in Tokyo on December 10, taking in 179 concerts in 14 countries.

It is estimated that the band played to over a million people in all and covered 60,000 miles

by road and 35,000 miles by air.

During the tour over 1 1/2 million albums were sold worldwide and the band picked up two silver, eight gold, one double gold and two platinum albums.

The band are now resting (!) before going into the studios, where they are expected to cover about seven miles, three months of recording time, and play to houses of over nine people.

The incredible shrinking Cure

THE CURE are now down to a duo following the departure of bassist Simon Gallup for reasons that haven't yet been explained.

The band now consists of guitarist Robert Smith (currently standing in for John McGeogh in the Banshees but definitely not a permanent replacement) and Lawrence D'Oliveira who used to play

drums but is now taking up keyboards.

The twosome will be releasing a four-track EP in February and are planning selective dates in March with other chosen musicians. Smith is also working on a compilation album that will be made up of remixed and overdubbed tracks from the Cure's past.

HYMN BOOKINGS

ULTRAVOX, whose British tour ended last week, will play three more dates in the New Year before undertaking their European tour. They'll play Glasgow Apollo (which was

originally postponed after the theatre flooded) on January 12, Nottingham Royal Centre 13 and Cardiff St Oavids Hall 15.

Mackenzie's mix

THE ASSOCIATES, who've just released a remixed and repackaged version of their highly rated 'The Affectionate Punch' album, are currently involved in solo projects but they will be getting back together afterwards to record a follow-up album.

Alan Rankine is producing albums by Delmontes and the Cocteau Twins while Billy Mackenzie is finishing off an album with Stevie Reid from Scottish band Orvidog which is tentatively titled 'Billy Mackenzie Sings Orvidog'!



CUNNING STUNTS FROM HOLLAND

FOLLOWING A mention in Sounds recently of the two-girl outfit Boiling Point who 'do things' with the Damned, we received a seductive missive from two young ladies calling themselves Special Effects who are based in Amsterdam and claim they've been doing it longer and better.

Cindi Marla and Hazel Amazing (above) have recently added their particular visual delights to gigs by bands like Herman Brood, The Time Bandits, Soviet Sex and Impulse, and their repertoire includes such diverse activities as fire eating, whip tricks(!), acrobatics, seduction(!) and dance.

They offer 'consultation' and 'advice' to anyone with problems of the kind likely to be encountered by Dollar playing to an Exploited audience or vice versa and they'd just love to come and perform for all you wonderful British music fans. Serious offers only, please, c/o Sounds.

LAST ORDERS PLEASE

THE BRIXTON ACE, which is striving to establish itself as the major South London rock venue and has been used by Channel Four's Whatever You Want series to film bands in concert, received a blow to its hopes last week when it was refused a late bar licence.

An application for a 3am drinks and entertainment

licence was supported by a petition and personal appearances in court by Lambeth council leader Ted Knight and the head of the Lambeth Amenities Committee Ian Pickton but a GLC solicitor Todged an objection without giving any reasons (he wasn't obliged to apparently) and the application was refused.

Prince takes six

PRINCE will be over for British dates at the end of January. America's bendable disco poet has just released his new album '1999' in the States and it will be released here to coincide with the visit. He'll also be bringing his 'sexy female trio' Vanity Six over with him and dates will be announced in a week or two.

London shoot out

THE LONDON COWBOYS, whose line-up includes ex-Pistol Glen Matlock on bass and ex-Glitter Band drummer Rob E Lee, play their first date in this format at the Fulham Greyhound on January 1.

Special guests at the gig will be another ex-Pistol, Paul Cook, and a 'name' guitarist. Album debut will be in Spring.

FREE!
MUSICIANS
CLASSIFIEDS
FROM THIS
WEEK
SEE PAGE 32
FOR DETAILS

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Thursday 30th December £2.00

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Tuesday 4th January £2.00

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+ SPECIAL GUESTS

Thurs 6th Jan '83

COMBAT 84

Tues 11th Jan '83

TO BE ANNOUNCED

100 Oxford Street, London W1

Manfred on safari

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND make one of their increasingly periodic returns to the scene this month when they release a new album called 'Somewhere In Afrika'.

The tracks include previous singles such as 'Eyes Of Nostradamus' and 'Tribal Statistics' as well as versions of Sting's 'Demolition Man' and Bob Marley's 'Redemption Song'. But the African theme predominates with 'Africa Suite' taking up all of side two.

The band will be undertaking a European tour during the early part of this year and there could be British gigs to follow

although there's no confirmation as yet. Neither has the new band line-up been announced although it's believed to include vocalist and guitarist Chris Thompson.

Bowie in the spring

DAVID BOWIE is to embark on a full scale world wide tour in the Spring of next year. Specific dates and venues have not yet been arranged but he will play in Great Britain, the Continent, North America and the Far East through to November. Preceding the tour will be a new album which Bowie is presently working on in Europe.

Fans will be able to see the Thin White Duke on celluloid in

January when his latest film *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* is released in this country.

Klubbing together

THE EXPLOITED, who are currently suffering from a lack of record company finances and have been rumoured to be on the verge of splitting up, forget their troubles with a gig at the Hammersmith Klub Foot on January 6.

Clash Euro-trek

THE CLASH, who are recovering from their Stateside jaunt, will take off again in the New Year on a large European tour which will include some British gigs. Meanwhile, Mick Jones and Joe Strummer have been helping to produce a single by Futura 2000.



The Pleasure principle

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE (above), who recently released their debut album called 'Into The Rain' on Polydor, have lined up a club and college tour this month.

The quartet, who'll have a new single out to coincide, begin at Portsmouth Polytechnic on January 13 and then play Retford Porterhouse 14, Nottingham Whispers 15, Stockport Technical College 19, Sheffield Limit Club 20, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 21, Preston Warehouse 22, Ashford Wye College 26, Newport (Shropshire) Harper Adam College 28, Bristol Polytechnic 29, Exeter University 30.

UFO sightings

UFO are about to embark on a mammoth world tour starting in Poland in January. Their itinerary includes such exotic locations as Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, Bangkok and Hawaii, but they will also be playing a series of gigs in Britain in March. Their new album, tentatively entitled 'Making Contact', should be released in late January/early March. The band have not yet replaced bassist Pete Way but apparently the bass honours were performed by rhythm guitarist/keyboard player Neil Carter on the album.

Pat adds two

PAT BENATAR has added two extra dates to her UK tour. She now plays Birmingham Odeon on January 26 and Newcastle City Hall 27, in addition to an extra date at the Hammersmith Odeon on January 21. Tickets for the most recently arranged gigs are priced at £3.75 and £4.75 and are available from box offices and the usual ticket agencies now.

Van in transit

VAN HALEN will be coming over for their first British tour since 1979 in March. But dates published elsewhere are wrong. So far the itinerary hasn't been confirmed, but the complete list of venues will be announced early in the New Year.

The band are not likely to have a new album out to coincide with the tour. Their last effort was 'Diver Down' almost a year ago, although Eddie Van Halen turned up recently on a track on the new Michael Jackson album.

Essex Showcase

DAVID ESSEX has lined up the following dates for his 'Winter Tour': Ipswich

THE CAVE	
NEW MERLINS CAVE, MARGERY ST., LONDON WC1 (Five minutes from Kings Cross Stn)	
Thursday 30th December	£1.00
PERSIAN FLOWERS	
Friday 31st December	
NEW YEAR'S EVE DISCO FREE	
Saturday 1st January	£1.00
TRILOGY	
Sunday 2nd January	£1.20
TONY McPHEE BAND	
Monday 3rd January	£1.00
XERO	
Tuesday 4th January	£1.00
SAM MITCHELL BAND	
Thursday 6th January	£1.00
ILLUSIONZ	

RECORD NEWS



DELUXE - A - (above), a Shrewsbury based duo, release their first single this week on EMI called 'Boys On TV'. The single was produced by Classix Nouveaux's Sal Solo.

LEVEL 42 have a new single out on Polydor this weekend called 'The Chinese Way', available in seven and 12-inch formats.

THE BEATLES' 'Please Please Me' is the next single to get the EMI 20th Anniversary Picture Disc treatment when it's re-released on January 20 (120 years on etc). Are they going to re-release every Beatles single in this fashion we wonder?

IMPULSE, a London band fronted by vocalist Mike Andrews who were formed about a year ago, have signed to Polydor and will be releasing their first single at the end of January.

HAWKWIND's classic 'Silver Machine', which brought them a Top Three single back in 1972, is being re-released by EMI this weekend in a choice of seven-inch, seven-inch picture disc and 12-inch.

JESS COX, former vocalist with the Tygers Of Pang Tang, and Lionheart (with former Iron Maiden guitarist Dennis Stratton), are among the bands featured on 'Heavy Metal Heroes Volume 2' which is released by Heavy Metal Records.

Other bands included on the compilation include Mantle-Swallow-Palmer (with Carl Palmer's brother Steve), Overkill (who played at the last Reading Festival), Bristol band Shiva (who've been supporting MSG), Twisted Ace from Wigan, Witchfinder General, Persian Risk and No Quarter

from Wales, Mendes Prey from Leeds, No Faith from Birmingham and Scottish band Pallas.

PAUL YOUNG AND THE FAMILY, who've just finished supporting Tom Petty on his British dates, release a new single on January 7 called 'Love Of The Common People' - a version of Nickie Thomas' 1970 hit. It features a guest appearance from Rico.



THE GAS (above), who've spent the last four months touring and recording in North America, will be releasing their second album 'early in the New Year' although they haven't yet divulged what label it will come out on.

THE TWINKLE BROTHERS release their first ever dub album on their own Twinkles label (through Jet Star) called 'Dub Massacre' which has versions of earlier group tracks such as 'Jahoviah', 'Give Rasta Praise', 'The World Was One', 'Set Some Example' and 'Hell Break Loose'.

SEVENTH SEANCE are lining up a 12-inch single called 'The Incision' for release towards the end of January on their own Icon label (through Rough Trade and the Cartel).

JOHNNY MOPED returns with a new band and a cassette called 'The Second Official Bootleg' which includes vintage live material and some new tracks featuring the likes of Captain Sensible, Slimey Toad and Xerxes. It's available for £1.50 from the Johnny Moped Office, 52 Birdhurst Road, South Croydon, Surrey CR2 7EB.

Mr Moped threatens a few one-off gigs during 1983 but there will be no tour as he doesn't want to give up his day job as a professional toilet cleaner.

OMEGA TRIBE have a four-track EP called 'Angry Songs' released by Crass Records this month and the band will be touring with Conflict in February by which time they'll have a live cassette available.

GEORGE ALLISON, Jamaican born singer who started out singing for Sonia Pottinger in the Sixties and was a member of the Highlites (later known as the Mad Lads) before going solo in the Seventies with producer Carlo Prince, releases his first solo album called 'Exclusive' on Gibbous Records (through Rough Trade) this month. It was recorded at Channel One with the help of Sly Dunbar, Robbie Shakespeare, Robert Lyn, Winston Wright, Willie Lindo and Dougie.

TELSTAR RECORDS, a new TV album company with close ties to RCA, have launched themselves with a series of compilations. Pride of place goes to two Motown collections - 'Dancin' - 20 Original Motown Movers', which is what it says, and a double album (which sells for the price of one) called 'Midnight In Motown' which contains the next best 32 tracks.

There's also 'The Magic Touch Of Odyssey' and 'Direct Hits', a K-Tel rival with tracks from Kids From Fame, Pale Fountains, Simple Minds, Japan and Haysi Fantayzee.

MANIA, the Sheffield punk band who recently released a five-track cassette called 'Madness And Outrage' through Rough Trade, have also made it available by mail order for £1 from Rot Records, 2 Milton Court, Ravenshead, Nottingham.

HEAR

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MUSICIANS CLASSIFIED FROM THIS WEEK

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THURS 20th MANCHESTER APOLLO
FRI 21st ROYAL COURT LIVERPOOL
SAT 22nd BIRMINGHAM ODEON
MON 24th HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TUES 25th SOUTHEAST CLIFFS PAVILION
WED 26th GUILDFORD CIVIC
SAT 29th IPSWICH GAUMONT
SUN 30th LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL

FEBRUARY
WED 2nd CARDIFF TOP RANK
THURS 3rd BRISTOL COLSTON HALL

All tickets £3.50 except London £3.50/£4.00

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

The 'Marc Bolan Safe Driving' award: Princess Grace Of Monaco (posthumous): Runners-up: Teddy Pendergrass, Simple Minds road crew.

Todd Rundgren 'Sack Of Potatoes' award: Pete Murphy of Bauhaus

'Biggest Boost To The British Pub Industry' award: Channel 4. Runner(s)-up: Garry Bushell's chins.

The 'Thank You For Being A Great Audience - BOTH OF YOU!' award: Joan Jett. Runner-up: Channel 4.

The Oliver Reed 'I Think I Must Have Been Dead Drunk That Month' award: Robin Eggar (*Daily Mirror*). Runners-up: Alex Harvey (posthumous), Pete Townshend.

The John Bindon 'Look, No Hands!' award: Michael Schenker.



Simon Fowler

PAULA YATES

The 'Live Televised Abortion Of The Year' award: *The Tube* (Channel 4). Runner-up: Paula Yates.

'Biff Byford Golden Hosepipe In Trousers' award: David Lloyd of Rage.

The 'Gertrude Schilling Advances To Onstage Millinery' award: Brian Johnson. Runner-up: Elton John.

'Failed Bank Clerks Of The Year': Paul Weller, Depeche Mode, *Sounds'* Philip Hackman.

'Dodgy Boiler Suit Of The Year' award: Kevin Rowland.

'Barbara Woodhouse Animal Trainer Of The Year' award: Ozzy Osbourne.

'Baden Powell Knot Tier Of The Year' award: Beki Bondage.

The 'Black Flag Pests Of The Year' award: The Damned. Runners-up: Andrea Miller (*Sounds*), Tony Brainsby.

Sounds' 'Guitar Virtuoso Of The Year': Michael Schenker's roadie.

The special *Gay News* in collaboration with Boy George 'coming out' award: Ross Halfin. Runner-up: Valac Van Der Veene.

'Things Go Better With Coke' award: John Belushi. Runners-up: James Honeyman-Scott, John De Lorean.



Gwyn Kirk

PETE WAY

The 'Arthur Askey Legless' award: Pete Way.

The 'Left In The Lurch Jilted John' award: Fast Eddie.

'ET Go Home' award: Johnny Waller.

Lynyrd Skynyrd 'Safe Acrobatic Flying' award: Randy Rhoads.

'Patriotism Is Not Enough' award: Cock Sparrer.

Lord Lucan Of The Year: Garry Johnson. Runner-up: Joe Strummer. Runner-off: Jaz Coleman.

The 'Popstar Weekly Longevity' award: Noise!

'Joan Of Arc Strike A Light' award: Richard Prior.

'Wide-eyed And Legless' award: Marty Feldman and Arthur Askey.

'Judas Iscariot Loyalty Award': Eric Fuller and Betty Page.

Greenham Common 'Save The Gay Single Parent Whale' award: Crass

The Annual 'Boot Hill' award: Marty Robbins.

Those we have loved: Silverwing, Sex Gang Children, 'Willie Whitelaw's Willie', 'Big Bad Bill Is Sweet William Now', 'Peace Artists'.

Last Year's Thang: Oi, Blue Rondo, dope, roller disco, indies, Sony Walkmans.

'Too Much To Soon' award: Yellowman for releasing five albums in three weeks.

'Edward Heath Three-Day Week' award: Hugh Fielder, Tony Mitchell.

'Margaret Thatcher One-Day Week' award: Sandy Robertson

'Chas And Dave More Rabbit Than Sainsbury's' award: John Opposition.

Sex Gang Children 'Rebel Without A Clue' award: Johnny Waller.

'Rebel Without An Overdraft' award: Kirk Brandon.

'Hi-Di-Hi Holiday Camp' award: Eddy Grant.

It's All Our Own Work, Honest John' award: Musical Youth.

The first 'Woy Jenkins Changing Horses In Midstream' award: Plasmatics. Runners-up: Rejects, Garry Bushell.

THE JAWS AWARDS OF THE YEAR



The predigested contents of this elegant Jaws dog bowl, specially commissioned from Plastisnak, purveyors of pet food tableware to Her Majesty the Queen, will be presented to each of the nominees in this year's awards.



Paul Cox/LFI

MARTIN FRY

The 'John Collier Window To Watch' award: Martin Fry.

The 'Admiral Belgrano Sunk Without Trace' award: Kate Bush, Pinkees, Andy Philips.

The Brixton Memorial 'Honestly, Black People Are Some Of My Best Friends' award: Paul McCartney, Combat 84, Skrewdriver.

The Paul Kossof 'Dangerous Habit Of The Year' award: Pete Makowski. Runners-up: Fashion, Rocco Barker, Johnny Thunders.

Rod Stewart 'Sucker Of The Year Luckylips' award: Marc Almond (also 'Milkman Of The Year'), Steve Strange.

Emanuelle 'Dress Designers Of The Year' award: Virgin Prunes. Runners-up: Twisted Sister, Stu P. Didiot.

Special 'Alfred Hitchcock Memorial Stomach' award: Fat Larry. Runner-up: Vince Moran.

'Rot Around The Clock' award: Bill Haley (posthumous).

'You Look Like A Million - All Green And Crinkly' award: Steven Spielberg.

'Home Taping Is Killing The Industry' award: Bruce Springsteen.

'For Services To The Sri Lanka Tourist Industry' award: Duran Duran.

'Pilot Of The Airwaves' award: Geoff Barton.

'My Name's On The Door, Honest' award: Michael Fagan. Runner-up: Chris Carr.

The Commander Trestrail 'Turn The Other Cheek' award: Boy George, Tank.

Joe Bugner 'Nose Bleed Of The Year': Jenny Topping.

Most Unexpected Heavy Metal Gig Of The Year: Neil Young at Wembley.

'Pearl Harbour, Hirohito's Revenge' award: Tony Mitchell.

'Another Prick In The Wall' award: Bob Geldof.

Sounds Annual 'Quit Now And Give Us A Rest' award: Haircut One Hundred. Runners-up: Flock Of Seagulls, Chas And Dave.

The Liz Taylor/Richard Burton 'Tiff Of The Year' award: Mick Karn and David Sylvian. Runners-up: Soft Cell, the Associates.

Wimbledon 'New Balls' award: Cliff Richard.

The General Ludd/Tom Dolby 'Smash The Discos' Award For Services To Progress: Musicians' Union

The *NME* 'Don't Mention The Front Page' award: Blue Rondo A La Turk

The Saville Row Taylors 'Never Mind The Music' award: Blue Rondo A La Turk

The 'Paul Rodgers Frequent Giggling' award: Blitz

'John McEnroe Courtesy And Modesty At All Times' award: Cockney Rejects

Hype Of The Year: Psychic TV. Runner-Up: Twisted Sister



Brian Aris

ROB HALFORD

The Millets 'Camper Than Our Bell Tents' award: Imagination. Runner-up: Rob Halford.

'Liberace Fancy Stage Clothes' award: Rob Lloyd of the Nightingales

The 'Betty Page See You In The Divorce Court (Once A Week)' award: Tony Mitchell

The Richard Branson 'But Will Their Video Pay For Their Record?' award: Blancmange.

The James Joyce award for 'Lucidity In Music Journalism': Dave McCullough.

The 'Monkeys On Typewriters' award for song writing: Simple Minds.

Annual 'Lump Of Teak' award: Bouncers at the Venue.

The Xaviera Hollander 'I Love It When Your Stubble Tickles My Tummy' award: Steve.

The Mungo Jerry Medal for services to the art of camp-fire revivalism: Dexy's Midnight Runners.

The 'It's Never Too Late To Look Back' award: Human League - for taking a year to write a 60s hit single 12 years after the event.

The 'Saturday Night Live Is A Slight Exaggeration' award: John Belushi.

'Maggie Thatcher Young Tory Of The Year' award: Sir Micky Fitz OBE. Runner-up: Jay Williams.

The Koo Stark 'My Secret Past' award: Sarah & Keen (Bananarama, ex-'donkeys'), Alf of Yazoo (+ Little Roosters).

'The President Designate Of Battersea Dogs Home' award: Mike 'there's a dog the office' Sharman.



VI SUBVERSA

'Sex Object Of The Year': Vi Subversa.

'Patric Campbell Award For Public Speaking': Bernie Tormé, Gary Barden.

'Ruck Of The Year': Schenker v Halfin.

Cockney Rejects Memorial 'Legs Do Break' award: Anti-Nowhere League.

'William Shakespeare Trust Award' for lyrical sensitivity: Coming Blood.



Paul Cox/LFI

BOY GEORGE

Wendy O'Williams 'Dodgy Boiler Of The Year' award: Cheetah, Natasha, Paula Yates (again), Boy George.

JAWS

“I’ve seen the future of rock ‘n’ roll . . .”

Shock revelations from the prophecies of Nostradamus

SOUNDS RECENTLY drew your attention to that little known work by astrological prophet Nostradamus *The Charlton Diaries* written when the sage played centre forward for Charlton Athletic FC back in 1663.

Here, you may recall, were revelations about such senses-sapping subjects as the root cause of **Ozzy Osbourne's** madness, Nostradamus holding that ‘the minstrel Osbert’ will leave his band ‘Black Sherbert’ to record a ‘sensitif parsturel operatic by name of ‘Dairy Of A Milkman’ played on a grammyphone’ only to be sent ‘bonkers by what the seer refers to as ‘a grosse spellinge mistack’.

Since then there have been claims made by some experts that *The Charlton Diaries* are actually a very clever forgery written by the legendary 1940's Charlton goalie **Sammy Bartram**, but before such nonsense attains Bacon-Shakespeare levels of controversial longevity I'd like to knock it on the head.

For starters, at one stage the *Diaries* refer to World War One being won by ‘the combined mite of Germanie and Ceylon’ following the invention of ‘the taktikal nuklear wepan’, which had they been written in the 1940s would reveal an ignorance of history of mind-boggling proportions. And secondly, it's a well known fact that Bartram could neither read nor write though he was, apparently, a dab hand at bar billiards.

Finally, and I feel conclusively, the *Diaries* are littered with references to ‘transevestight men and uffer gaye creatures’ which are known to have figured prominently in Nos's life and not at all in Bartram's. Thus it's with confidence in their authenticity that I turn to the *Diaries* for a definitive guide to the New Year's forthcoming events.

Chief amongst the savant's predictions are claims that:

***Phillip Mogg**, large of nose leade singer with the bandd **UFO**, will leaf and joine up wif the delightfule **Tom Robinson** to haf a huge popular hite wif the song ‘Lites Out In West Hampstead’.

***Lemminge** of the devylsh noize makers **Motorhead** will joine up wif the **Aunty Nohair Leage** to records a vershion of ‘Singing Inn The Raine’.

***The Puck-like Steve O** will conneth much money from a magor record companie by syning up his own grandmother playinge a ukeylailee to be recorded on the revolutionarie monofonic sound sistem.

***David Coverdull** will leaf his bande **Whitesnake** and joine up with the punke singer **Charley Harpic** to tour the taverns and carsels of the lande in the gize of **Chaz and Dave**; they will bee on the frunt page of the paper *Soundz*.

*The getarist **Bernie Tormont** of the bande **Elektrik Gipsees** will be made **Speaker Of The House Of Commons**.

*The bassist of the **Five-Skins** **Hoxton Thomas** will joine the bande **Soft Cell**.



BERTIE BINGO gets the low-down on the coming year's events from the lips (or what's left of 'em!) of 17th Century seer Nostradamus

*The minstrel **Micky Fitz** of the band the **Business** will provide entertainment at the **Conservatif Partie Conference**; he will haf a bigge hite wif the song ‘Work, Ryot Or Vote Conservatif’.

***Deepe Purple** will reform and playe in the Americas; **Elvis Presley** will tour Englande, the **Beetles** will reform.

*The sexee singer **Joana Jet** will play the **Arena** at **Wemblee**; two people will attend.

***Covent Garden** in **Centril Lundun** will be gripped by ryots organized by the **Anti-Vegeterean Leage**; helf foode shops will be raised to the ground and vegetereans will be force fed with **Wendee Burgas**.

***Boddy Rondinelle** of the bande **Rainbow** will change his name to **Ron Dinelee** to helpe the ageing news editor of *Soundz*.

*The popular bande the **Gonads** will haf a **Top Ten** hite.

*A fiff channell will be opened on the devylishe tellevision; it will be devoted only to vegetariens, transevestight men and uffer

delightfule gaye creatures.

*The minstrel **Osbert** will bite the heade of the corrupt pollytishen **Saggy Fatcher**; a woodentop called **Ben** will be elected **Prime Minister**; **Prince Charles** will commit **Hari Kari** at the **First Officielle Herberte Festival**; the **Princess Diana** will marry the poet **Attila The Stocktaker**.

*The bande **Kiss** will be unmasked and exposed as the **Villig Peple**.

*The pop bande **Crass** will haf a **Top Ten** hite with a vershion of ‘**Oklahoma**’; their followers will organise a massiff festivale at **Yassar's Farm** in the Americas and a quarter of a million peopel will attend; they will be wiped out by the first bombe of **World War Three** which will also destroy the worlde.

*Before that **Charlton** will win the **FA Cup**.

Happy Xmas!

BERTIE BINGO

HOLLYWOOD HIGHS

AIN'T THAT PETULIA: That's the trouble with having 'all that hair in your eyes; you think you're getting **Debbie Harry** until it's too late. . . . The next **Ramones** album will feature a collaboration the likes of which the world hasn't seen since **Sonny met Cher**, **Sting met Stevie Nicks**, **Rod met Britt**: **Joey Ramone** and **Petula** (“**Downtown**”) **Clark!** Would **H. Highs** lie to you? **Pet** was hanging around their studio, apparently, something to do with talking to **Richie Cordell** (**Joan Jett's** engineer and now the **Ramones' producer**) about turning the knobs on her own upcoming pop comeback, when who should she bump into but our **Joe**. The result: a ditty titled ‘1,2,3,4’ on which she croons backing vocals and other **Pet Sounds**.



THE THOMPSON TWINS: getting the full razzamatazz treatment in LA

MAKE MINE A DOUBLE: More twin-sets than a church social in town this week as **Hollywood** got ready for the first appearance of the **Thompson Twins**. Frustrated promotion men wept with joy as they were able to organise such classics as **Twin Fashion Dance Contests** and **Best Dressed Pairs** at all the finest **LA dance clubs** (these being the establishments that have made the group a **HIT** over here). Even managed to toss in a **Most Outrageous Lie** competition with the winners getting to meet the stars, and give free disco tickets to cute **American dress-alikes**.

In between shaking hands with contest winners, making personal appearances at dance clubs and signing autographs at **Vinyl Fetish** and the **Odyssey** One disco where thousands turned up to a ‘**Tribute To TT**

evening, so the promo men told me, they actually managed to fit in a couple of shows at the **Roxy** — fine things frequented by celebs such as **Ava Cherry**, **Missing Persons** and the **Go-Go's**.

After the **Saturday night** show, the **Twins** hung out with **ABC** down the ‘**At Sunset**’ after-hours joint, whiling away the time from three ‘til dawn singing songs around the piano with their rivals for pop stardom, after a power cut put paid to more electronic partying.

A ROTTEN HEADACHE: Next to a pic of a hapless youth in a **PiL T-shirt** bent on sudden death, the headline in this week's **Weekly World News** claimed ‘**Loony Teens Bash Their Brains Out In Sicko Dance Craze**’. The very same week that the **TV prog Quincy** featured someone slam-danced

to death, the noble **American Press** was reporting: “like jungle beasts gone bonkers, our freaked-out teens are bashing their brains out over a new sick dance fad that's turned **Saturday night fever** into a **dance of death!**”

Of course this punked-out version of headbanging originated in England. “While the screech of rock music pounded in their ears, wild-eyed young people bounced around on dance floors shaking and jerking their heads in a brain-jarring frenzy of self-destruction. Before long the loonies were banging themselves over their heads with mopsticks, knocking themselves silly with garbage can lids. . . and of course, it's now sweeping the States, leaving “untold dozens of teenagers dead or maimed for ever.” **To PiL music. . . ?!**

BEAT IT: At least it stops him singing for a while — **Lae Ving** of **Fear** (don't forget to get their ‘**F*** Christmas**’ holiday single) has landed another movie role, this time as a scuzzy dance-club owner in **Flash Dance**.

A FRIEND IN NEED: Talking of **PiL**, the **LA Reader** reports that their **LA opening act** **Savage Republic** weren't too impressed with the way the headliners played stars. “We naively thought that **PiL** offered an alternative to all the rock and roll bullshit”, they're reported as saying, “but we were quickly proved wrong.” Apparently they had problems with **John** and co onstage and off and felt the band “didn't want to have anything to do with us.”

SYLVIE SIMMONS

PRINTOUT:

The strangely loathed **Duran Duran** — the very mention of their name in the *Sounds* office is to encourage a rain of hurled ashtrays and derision! — have a book out entitled (imaginatively) **Duran Duran — Their Story**. The text takes the band “right from birth to the end of their recent 160-date **World Tour**”. It's packed full of delights for fans, including 60 colour pix and personal pictures by members of the band — all for a reasonable **£1.95**.

RADIO PUNK:

Latest success for the **Campaign For Punk Radio** comes down **Bristol way**, where **Riot City Records** supremo **Simon Edwardes** has won a two-hour punk show every **Friday night** between 8 and 10pm on **Radio West** with co-presenter **Lynne Mullen**. The story's not so good nationwide and the organisers say they're still waiting for the indie punk labels to fund a national campaign meeting to decide the way forward.

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT:

Rumours reach us of a club with a definite difference opening in **London's Charing Cross Road** in late January. We hesitate to speculate on exactly what will be going on there but one of the organisers, a delightful young lady called **Leslie**, recently went out and purchased **£100** worth of, ahem, ‘**Latex leisure garments**’ to wear on the opening night. Reportedly, apart from playing “an intriguing mix of modern music” the club hopes to show movies like **Maitresse** and **Dressing For Pleasure** as well as attempting to score early episodes of **The Avengers** featuring **Honor Blackman**. “**Nobody's done anything quite like this since the sixties**”

claims **Leslie**, who confesses to more than the odd moment of pleasure when wearing her skintight black rubber catsuit. Presumably, then, those of you who feel that your lives have been lacking sufficient discipline of late should watch for further details! **Tony Mitchell** certainly will be . . .

POP POOP:

We'd planned to run a fairly extensive review of the fab new **Iggy And The Stooges** biog / **Need More In Jaws** this week. It's patchy and a bit 'spensive at **£7.99p** import prices, but nevertheless boasts many pix, stories and pure lg commentary from the boy's own ruby-reds. However, we should be talking to him at length about that and other topics in the next couple weeks! Watch these pages etc.

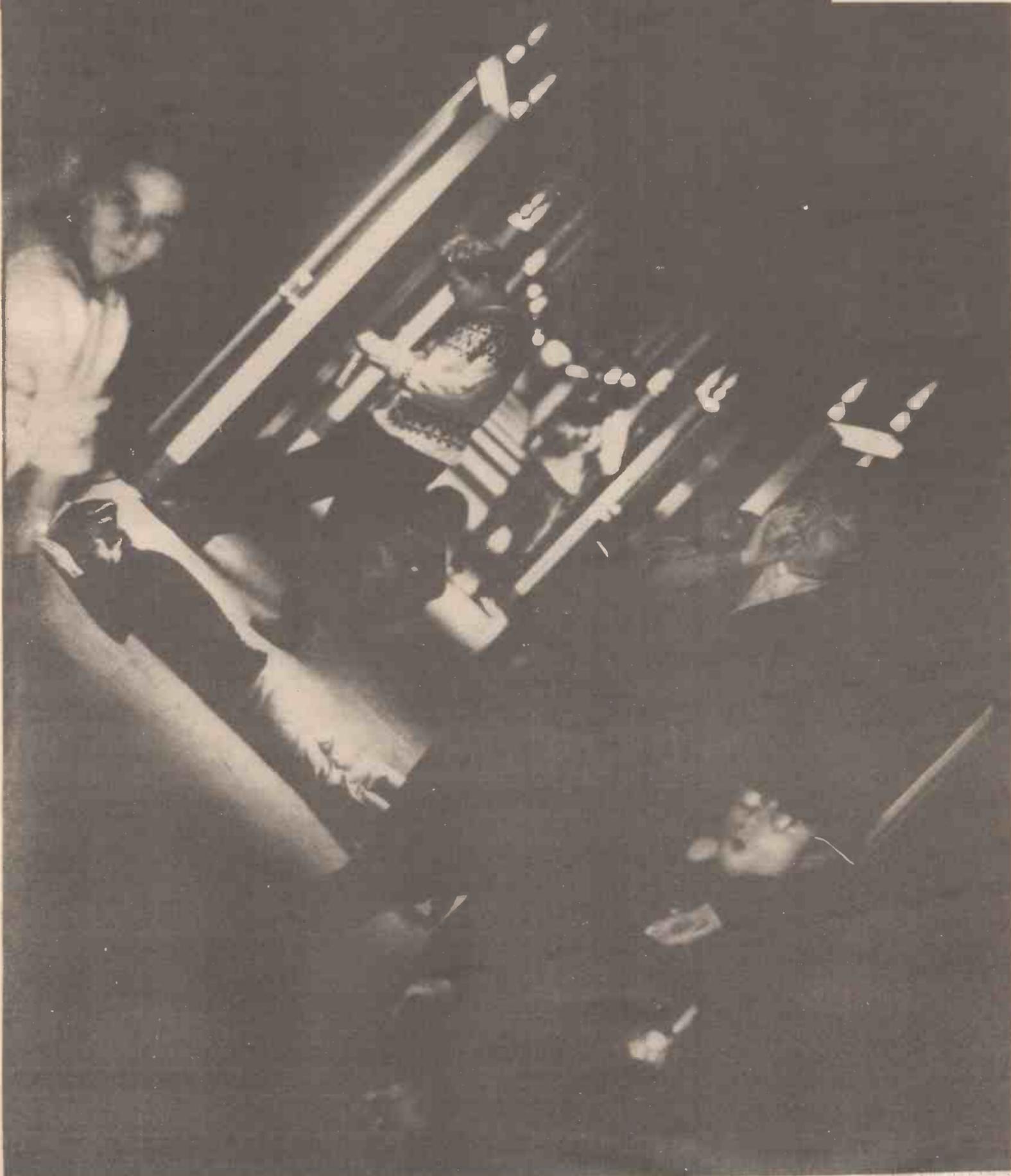
NOT ALRIGHT:

We wouldn't dream of giving any publicity to the appalling **Steve Wright** and his turgid **Chas And Dave** soundalike single — the drossy ‘**I'm Alright, etc**’ — but something strange caught our eye on the press release dispatched to this very desk . . . Why, we ask, is it captioned — ‘**Young Steve And The Afternoon Boys** — a latter-day **fairy tale**? Backs to the wall in the corridors of power, eh **Steve**?

FREE!
MUSICIANS
CLASSIFIEDS
FROM THIS
WEEK
SEE PAGE 32
FOR DETAILS

MADNESS HOUSE

CHRIS BURKHAM (words) and HARRY PAPADOPOULOS (pics) climb over the Berlin Wall with MADNESS



"NOT GOOD:" was the pronounced opinion of the East German border guard, his voice clipped and precise, his manner stereotyped. Perhaps he had seen one too many revisionist Hollywood movie, where any official of the Warsaw Pact is invariably stern and unapproachable.

THE OBJECT that was the cause of such scorn was Carl Smyth's (aka Chas Smash) Irish-green passport. Initially it had been a rather dumpy, ginger haired guard (who had the task of checking that faces matched photos, resulting in a comical flickering of eyes from visage to document, and back again: repeatedly) who noticed one of the pages attached to the spine of the passport with a strip of sellotape.

This piece of sticky subversion obviously called for the opinion of someone with more authority than he, so a superior was called for to examine the offending article. Still no decision could be reached as to whether the bearded Carl was a *bona fide* tourist intent only on visiting the Deutsche Demokratik Republik, or someone hoping to smuggle a body (living) out of their country.

Finally it was a telephone call that decided Carl's fate, he was obviously too risky a type to let loose in East Berlin and was refused entry.

It was dusk, and there was a slight veil of mist over Checkpoint Charlie which contributed to the overall effect that this was not 'real life' but a scene from a spy thriller — was Karla about to step out of the shadows to be met by George Smiley?

The atmosphere outside the border hut may well have been pure movie-land cliches, but once inside the customs area the remaining six members of Madness were confronted with a vision that was total sit-com routine.

She was one of those big, hard, busty jobs who wouldn't look uncomfortable sparring with Joe Bugner — she was more than a caricature of the ultimate muscle-bound, Teutonic *Putzfrau*, she had to have been an hallucinogenically created cartoon strip version. An official who had been marinated in officiousness, this Wagnerian harpy was loud,

ugly and aggressive.

Bearing down on me like the human equivalent of a German tank I was ordered to extinguish my cigarette, she motored around me a couple of times before she was satisfied that authority had been seen to be obeyed.

It took approximately an hour to gain visas, have the regulation DM25 changed from Western to Eastern currency, and be submitted to patently *stupid* questions (was Lee Thompson's can of spray paint a 'gift' for an East German citizen?) before entry into the DDR was permitted.

With just over an hour to spend in East Berlin the most pressing goal was that of actually *spending* the money that had been exchanged at the border. The shops were not exactly the best stocked in Europe, and the main department store had static queues at each counter thereby insuring that none of Madness would bother to wait to purchase the goodies — who's got the patience?

So it was in a cafe that the bulk of the cash was spent, the novelty of this particular eating house being that it was devoid of any seating.

Standing around the chest level tables the delights of East German cuisine were sampled; baked beans (in vinegar instead of tomato sauce) hard bread with processed (ersatz?) cheese, perhaps washed down with a glass of Grog (brandy, hot water and sugar) or a tot of neat *Wodka* — a fierce version of the spirit, which makes Smirnoff taste like lemonade.

If Mr and Mrs Graham McPherson (aka Suggs and Bette Bright) had wanted to buy their daughter, Scarlet, a toy from the sparse selection in the shops it would have to have been a toss up between a jigsaw puzzle or a tank — with which she could have had hours of fun playing '*Drang Nach Osten*' (post-war chauvinism can provide a wealth of off the cuff quips, especially when everyone over 50 seems to bear more than a passing resemblance to Oliviers' portrayal of Der Weise Engel in *Marathon Man*).

It was enamel badges and dolls from the Souvenir shop, and raw, unsmokeable cigarettes from the supermarket that were ultimately bought — hardly a great economic boost, but every little pfennig helps with the revitalisation of the Communist dream.

BERLIN IS a city that has to live under two shadows, on the one hand there is the omnipresent communist 'threat' (although that does depend on which side of the party line you stand), then there is the brash neon splurge known as West Berlin.

It was a pity that only an hour was spent in the East, for as Chris Foreman concluded, "It's definitely a bit funny, there's a funny atmosphere", but when it is compared to the klutzy jumble of hamburger joints, peep shows and jewellers that comprises West Berlin (which, at times, resembles little more than a glorified shop window of the West for the East), it follows that there *must* be more the Eastern Bloc than this fleeting glimpse suggested.

It must be on the Eastern side of that famed wall that Madness should feel more keenly the truth of Dave Robinson's (head of Stiff Records) statement that: "In a couple of years time Madness could split up, and then they'd just be 'That group who had a couple of hits'."

On the 'other' side Western culture is best known through blue jeans, 'Beatles band' records and Pepsi Cola (or so we are told), while back in the West, baby, they are stars of the entertainment industry.

The previous evening, as we booked into Berlin's Penta Hotel (warm and tepid piped porn videos — aha! The decadent west!), our arrival coincided with the

delivery of what looked to be a sugar coated rabbit suffocating beneath a blanket of cellophane — this sweetmeat could, no doubt, have fed an entire East German family for the duration of the next five year plan! — attached to the corner of this package was a tag with the suggestion that Madness have a "jolly time" in Berlin.

The gift-sending fans of Madness were not the only ones who were anticipating that night's concert at The Metropole, both the German and English speaking radio stations were judiciously spicing their playlists with Madness songs as tasters for those partaking in the evenings' entertainment. With the importing of The Top Twenty, John Peel and *The Old Grey Whistle Test* (which enabled me to catch Miami Steve Van Zandt's ludicrously funny Big Bad Apple posturing again) for the British population of Berlin, the city should provide a number of people with more than a passing knowledge of groups such as Madness.

This year Madness have touted their wares around Australia and Europe, released a Greatest Hits LP and video, recorded their fifth album and achieved their first number one single.

Still very much on the go, and the only band to have emerged from 2-Tone who are consistently successful (although The Beat definitely deserve to be) and who have snubbed extinction, Madness are quite firmly settled into being one of Britain's major pop bands. Surprisingly enough Madness could almost be considered part of the establishment (if, that is, such an institution could truly exist within the fast food mentality of the music business).

The release of 'The Rise And Fall' goes a great way to suggest the *solidity* of Madness, there is a much firmer air to their music, not, as some have said, one of having grown up — 'Seven' is equally as 'grown up' as 'The Rise And Fall', but the latter does differ in its *musical* maturity.

Though even to say that it is a more musically mature record is a misrepresentation, for 'Grey Day' or 'Embarrassment' are no less 'mature' than the new songs, it is the fact that 'The Rise And Fall' is a *whole* record, one that is complete with no loose ends.

On the concert stage Madness can let the more jagged, less tightened version of themselves take control. Their live shows are a jumped up mixture of the music from the records and their characters from the videos, charged together these two aspects of the band can then create vibrant, strong dance music and an edge of Vaudeville performance.

Suggs and Carl (all the best entertainers work in pairs: Laurel and Hardy, WC Fields and His Bottle) work across the front of the stage like two showmen who have lost their carnival; one will sing, the other will grimace; one will dance and the other will shout. Veering more towards being frenetic than frantic, their two stage personas seldom obliterate the characters of the rest of the band.

Madness' image is built upon the varying characters of each member of the band, instead of on their clothes, or sense of fashion(able) stance, and the individualism of each of them does give them a greater amount of leeway when attempting to present one public face — because there is no one image of Madness that can, alone, depict them.

"WE DO have a very strong group identity, we work off

the fact that there are seven of us, and it is definitely a group although Suggs naturally gets a lot of attention because he's the singer. But he isn't always in the spotlight and that is a policy that we've always

wanted to keep. Suggs especially," agreed Mark Bedford (aka Bedders) "as the pressure is usually on him to do all the interviews, to be the public face of the band."

"It does take a lot of pressure off Suggs," added Daniel Woodgate (aka Woody) "as he is immediately associated with being the front man, which is nobody's fault, it just happens that he stands at the front and sings the words. If all the attention was on me I'd think the world was mad."

Woody and Bedders were taking a break during the filming of CBTV for Thames Television three days after they had left Berlin. Surrounded and pestered by children who were to fire questions at them in 'The Hot Seat' later on, they distributed autographs and smiles for an age group who could well have been too young to even know who Madness were four years ago, when 'The Prince' was released.

It had proved difficult to settle down to an 'interview' in Berlin due to the chaotic organisation of The Seven in Germany. A breakfast at the hotel with Chris Foreman (aka Chrissie Boy) had turned out to be a farcical bout of hungover answers and mumbled questions, which ended up leading nowhere pretty damn fast and resulted in the necessity to speak to someone in London.

Madness' ability to work with an inherent naturalness in front of cameras is best seen through their videos, but also on live television they seldom slip into the run-of-the-mill pop star banalities. This lack of inhibitions while being filmed and their apparent lack of concern about the cold eye of the camera proves that the medium of television would be a natural progression for Madness.

"A TV programme is, I think, the one we want to go for. We get ideas for it, and Chris writes down a lot of stuff and we always keep in mind anything that may crop up. Finding funds for it is happening at the moment, we've had a few offers and we're twisting a few arms! TV would be the best step to take next, not another feature film because that costs too much money and takes up too much time."

The video for 'Our House' (clambering up the Christmas charts even as I type) is a set of visual japes which have been strung together along one theme to produce a rib tickling, visually attractive foil for their music to work off. Their video technique is not one of packaging the song for TV consumption, but off adding to the songs' original strengths and creating a piece of tape that can stand on its' own as well made pop entertainment.

The time is definitely ripe for Madness to stretch themselves out and venture into an area that they obviously have the skill and knowledge to use for its' maximum effect. This isn't to belittle their achievements they have gained so far, but now that their position in the musical world has been consolidated they should — if only to do justice to themselves — take the next step, the obvious one.

Madness are now an 'old' group, they have four years behind them (which could only be considered a 'long' time in the music business) and it is for this very reason, their continued longevity, that Madness should take advantage of their situation.

Bedders: "It makes you feel really funny, because you start saying I remember doing this, or doing that, or making our first album, and it makes it sound as if it was all years and years ago."

Woody: "One feels the experience of the years behind you, but one is still really young. I still feel really young, but I could talk like an old foggy in the music business."

Bedders: "I must admit that I feel detached

sometimes from what is going on, you don't realise that you're *in the heart of it*."

Woody: "The other unfortunate thing is that the music business is our life, and you can fall into the trap of continually talking about music and it can sound terribly 'Yah-yah!' It's not that way at all, it's just that it is your life — you don't often go traipsing round the supermarket, unless you get time off, so what else can you talk about? You can get too wrapped up in it all, and that is a major worry."

Bedders: "That is why doing something like TV would be good for us, to get away from that trap. It's funny because now we can watch someone like Culture Club on *Top Of The Pops*, and you try and remember how it was going on there and having your first hit!"

Was it very gratifying when you got your first number one?

Bedders: "It wasn't as much as I'd thought it would be, I'd expected that we'd go mad once we had a number one and we'd have a big party. But it was more a sigh of relief than anything else, it wasn't so much a case of jubilation as relief that we'd actually done it."

Woody: "It is a bit like putting your foot on the moon; what do you do next? Once you've got your number one, well, you've done it!"

Bedders: "That's always the way this band works, once we've made an album that is it, and we go on to something else. We do one thing and then just keep on going."

Do you find yourself under pressure to continually re-create your success?

Woody: "No, because I don't think that we ever go out to look for success, success isn't the thing that we're after, it's gratification and satisfaction for ourselves musically that we want. Obviously you've got to appreciate what is going to be popular and what isn't, but that's in single sales. When it comes to an album it's nice to be able to sit back and do exactly what you want to do."

"We had a big discussion once about America, because it seemed at the time that there was a lot of pressure on us to write material for America. We were told that we could crack America if we wrote a bit more commercially in their style, and we sat down

and realised that we'd rather just continue making good music for ourselves, and if the Americans get to like it one day — well, that would be very nice! We don't have to write for anyone."

Bedders: "It's very hard, when you think that you've written a song that is popular to a lot of people, to grasp hold of the *why* End *wherefore* of that success."

Would you agree that is the very 'Englishness' of your music that has contributed to your relative lack of success, compared with that you enjoy in Britain, in Europe and America?

Woody: "That is what we have been told, but the again I think that music is music all around the world and that is a bit of a feeble excuse sometimes. Why did The Beatles do so well? Their wasn't a particularly American music, it became a part of American music because it became popular. I mean, what is Heavy Metal music all about? 'Hey man, I went jetting on an aeroplane to LA and got my rocks off — yeah!', now that isn't exactly relating to the people who buy the records at all. So I think *that* argument falls flat on its face most of the time."

"Maybe character-wise in the band, our look and just the sound in general might particularly appeal to people in this country — although I've absolutely no idea what the reasons are for it!"

Is it not sometimes slightly strange to continually be under a microscope, and have your every move analysed, reviewed and questioned?

Bedders: "I think that you run out of things to say. There's only so much you can really say: 'Yes we're a group, we write this, we play that, we do this' — what more is there that we can say? You're attitudes may well change a little bit over a period of time, but not a great deal."

Woody: "It's also dangerous with seven individuals, seven different characters, that one person might say something in an interview and it's immediately associated with the whole band. We are very lucky in that the band has got a general mode, a general direction in which we all think and feel musically but it doesn't take away from the fact that we all have individual thoughts and feelings about life in general."

THIS INDIVIDUALITY is one of the bases for Madness' success,

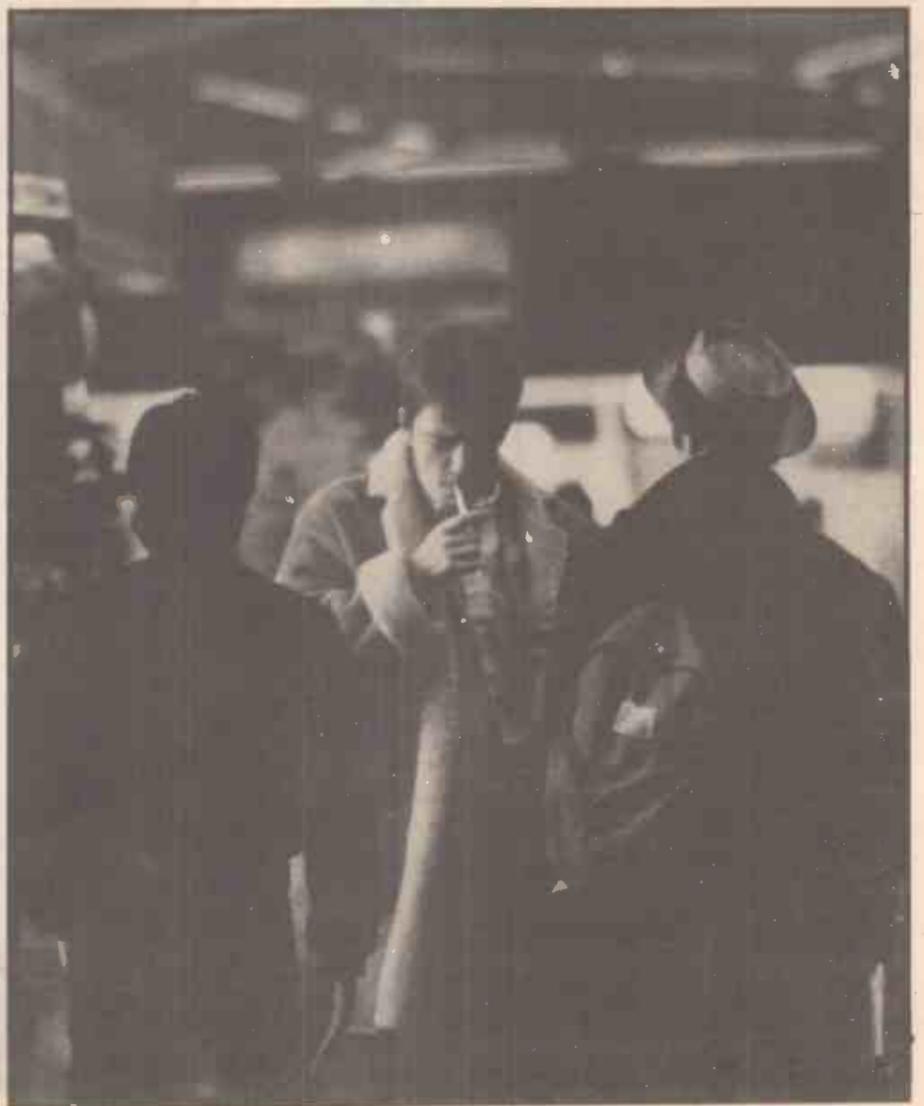
without seeming at all fractured by the differences within the band each different component adds, rather than detract from the group (as a collective) that is Madness. While Harry Papadopolous organised the band for photographs they were, at first, a touch wary and unnatural in front of Harry's prying lens. Then they relaxed and started to work off each other, while one would stare, with a fixed, deadpan grin, straight at the camera another would be crouching down almost as if he were not involved with the proceedings.

It is their understanding of each other that leads to the spontaneity of their actions and music, seldom do they appear to come across as anything other than a fresh blast of entertainment. It cannot be said enough that Madness are, more than anything else, *entertainers* — they could never be considered purists in any sense, as there is more to the constitution of Madness than just popular music) and are always beckoning their listener/viewer with promises of more to come.

'The Rise And Fall' is, almost perversely, a summation of their musical career, a tidying up of any rough edges that may have still remained. From this they *have* to incorporate a new aspect to their populist spectrum. There are plans to enlarge their current live act, but any ideas they do have are being kept "under wraps" and, as Chris Foreman pointed out, "It has been enthused about, but it's still got to be carried out."

Madness should not have to still push themselves around from country to country, attempting to 'open new markets' and 'promote their product' — that would ultimately be more detrimental to them than anything else. Maybe it is their habit of hiding their ingenuity beneath layers of (apparent) simplicity that suggests to some that Madness have no more to offer than precision crafted pop songs — but this false modesty belies the possibilities of the band.

Still, whatever Madness do pull out of their box of tricks, just over the Wall madness is a state of mind — what is *all the fuss* about? Sometimes I wonder.



Olde Mac's Almanac

1983

The SOUNDS team's predictions,
collated by Dave S McCullough (ha ha)...

his new book entitled 'Punk's Dead'. He plans to make a series of 53 videos capturing the 'death and decline of the punk movement', and edit an encyclopedia of 'The Great Punk Downfall' in ten volumes, to be printed in coffee table format...

"Bushell then re-invents mono records. 'It's an act of mass catharsis and a reiteration of proletarian values' he says... Hey, Gal (???) would never say that. He doesn't know what 'values' or 'of' mean.

Val continues his note of inter-paper intrigue: "Blancmange send their entire record company to Egypt, while they stay at home and invite the press to snap them on a special trip to Tooting...

"...All the second hand record shops in London go bust. Journalists are made destitute overnight. Record companies in response set up soup kitchens..."

Oh you CAT, you, Valac! Positively feline. Valac is somehow not part of the shallow scam.

These were, incredibly, the livelier forebodings for the great dark '83; the rest verged in varying degrees to rigor mortis.

Wait though, Ed Pouncey has good taste:

"I predict that very little will change in the coming year.

Prepare for a death in the rock world as Mick Jagger is struck down from on high by a severe heart attack. Both Blues and Country music will be highly influential among the pop brats in the coming year.

"Expect a huge Ennio Morricone interest to emerge..."

The World Cup was LAST year, Edwyn!

"...this time for real. The Gun Club will appear on TOTP.

Champion Doug Veitch will terrify the nation. BA Robertson will be ritually slaughtered on 'Saturday Super Store'. There will be another AC/DC feature in Sounds. A Punk revival? No longer will it be cool to have your picture taken in a grave yard. Watch out for... Don Carlos, Ochi Candy, Wall Of Voodoo (still), The Residents (eternally), Drum Records, Queen Ida, Meat Puppets etc..."

Queen Ida is no relation of Valac Van Der Etc's. Edwyn resides in a cardboard box on an eastern peak of the Himalayan range.

What about Johnny Waller, I hear you forget completely to ask? Has this veritable darkly veil of ominous thoughts overtaken this cheerful little bod too?



Steve Rappart



Tony Mottram

Gun Club soon to be on Top of the Pops? Lives of Angels, Walthamstow's answer to Peters and Lee? Rock Goddess tipped by Lawrie McMenemy! Newtown Neurotics, an active offensive?

PERHAPS THE split up of the Jam, at the tail of '82 was the final indication of a trend that a few members of Sounds staff had been noticing, off and on, for some time — to quote young Burkhams, the music scene in '82 was at last confirmed as resembling a "splintered mirror", the centre had finally fallen out, everything was confusion.

At the reverse end of the Sounds aesthetic opinionating, even (even!) Hugh Fielder I have heard lately referring to the utter 'fragmentariness' of popular rock and pop. Hugh is a man who likes Genesis and Judie Tzuke, when HE sees things cracking up from the norm, believe me he means it (and rushes out to change his shares to Marillion).

The Jam implosion, then McClaren's brilliant attitudising, half a pose sure, but his remarks to the effect that rock and pop as music PER SE were deadly boring old-fashioned concepts, and that movies like ET and Blade Runner were "more rock 'n roll" — he seemed very close there to putting his (entrepreneurial) finger on the tone of the change of climate.

Sounds' '83 predictions confirm it. For the first time I can remember there is a noticeable scantness of lists of bands reamed off in the hope that they'll be Next Year's Heroes. Or worse.

The would-be expert hacks are (at last?) scratching their heads, or both their heads in the case of Valac Van Der Veene, and replacing their conservatism with admissions of defeated orthodoxy.

"Like, what's GOING ON?" they all cry and winge, while smug scribes like yours truly have known what's going on all along... or have we? I recall reeling off a record number of 'hot tips' for '82. This year?

This year zilch. I'll stick to being sarcastic at the rest of this lot's expense.

Burkhams the dooziest, the truest sounding... "Last year — which could be '81 or '82, depending on the way you want to look at it..."

Chris is a REAL rock 'n rolling journalist! The professed and

professional BOZO!

"...it would have been incredibly easy to rattle off a list of bands that were unknown, and probably destined to stay so... Now that The Top has been exposed for the SHALLOW SCAM (my italics) that it is..."

Chrissie boy is a quick learner; he's spent 24 months and three days being quick...

"...perhaps it would be more correct to name the famous faces who will, hopefully, become populist croppers.

"I don't care" (I could, in a fit of nihilism, end the sentence there) "for crystal ball tactics, the more rationalised and predictable that pop/rock/roll gets the less I feel for it."

And believe me, HE FEELS FOR IT, PEOPLE!!! Death to the shallow scam.

In league with Burkhams, though still living apparently, is the already referred to 'Valac Van Der Veene', the office's very own multi-sexual, multi-hair-styled, multi-national, multi-V-ed gossip columnist.

Though Valac, real name Ron Noakes, treats his despondency with great lashings of good humour that will see him through the upcoming depression while Burks is still trying to get out of bed:

"In early Spring men will come and remove the last Sounds type-writer — despite the fact it's been declared a protected species. Staff write next edition in 12 point copperplate with salvaged Sheaffer pens, later changed to quills. A certain sub-editor comments, 'Glad things are back to normal...'

"Boy George teams up with Alfie of Yazoo to record a killer dueting single. They sing it together at the Royal Variety Performance, the Queen Mother meets them backstage nibbling pre-digested fish fingers(?)

"Paul Weller 'comes out' and teams up with Nick Hayward, they record a song about buying Y Fronts in Woking while the multi-storey car park is burning down..."

"The Virgin Prunes sign to Channel Four..."

"Bushell signs a mega-dollar deal for the exclusive rights of

NOCHANCEJIMME! Well, not apparently so, though it's the task of the Rock Critic to debate hereabouts if Jimmy Wallensend's pix to clix have not after all the distinct wiff of rotting corpses and blocked up sewers...

"...Electronic wave to continue, headed by Soft Cell... Blancmange, Tears For Fears (Three Top Tens and a stormer debut album), OMITD to return with a stormer 4th LP.

"Most truly exciting music will come from bands no one except me has heard of yet. Guesses go on Lives Of Angels, The Young Ones..."

"Poison Girls sign major deal, as will Blitz... Sex Gang Children to communially bugger me real good and har..."

He didn't rilly say that, folks... "Toyah will finally produce the brilliant LP she always has had in her. And maybe then when I say this and she reads it, she'll become my loved one, or better still I'll get between the ole sheets with her and I'll have liddle Toyah kiddies who'll say 'Waller' without mispronouncing it..."

Nor that: JW is an excellent footballer full stop. (Fool stop?) David Henderson, real name Valac Van der Smith, has been a regular at Sounds only a matter of minutes. He's a nice wee soul but even he seems to have contaged the dire bleakness of vision the second he walked through the front door-

"I hate to spread doom and despondency..."

Go on, spread it.

"...honest..."

The nice wee soul sheds a debut tear.

"...but the beat for '83 seems to be moving out of the dancefloors and into your living rooms. Who would have thought that GBH or Virgin Prunes would have been smirking from your 22?"

If Steve Hackett, who is much better than those cruds anyway, can do it, I suppose they can, Dave.

"Now that TV programmers have discovered that music is the food of youth there will be mucho frantic televising of twangers far and near and the sales of dressing gowns and slippers will

greatly increase in Marks and Spencers. The decreasing attendances at live gigs will surely close the smaller venues and leave only the Wembleys and Hammy Odeons to cater for those who will venture past their front doors. Gigs will be transmitted to your local pub and giant video screens will replace dart boards. The larger, more extravagant bands will concentrate on videos which you'll be able to rent from your local Tesco's. New groups will be unable to break through and will retreat to their provincial hamlets.

"After three months of hibernation and the introduction of cable TV a minor rebellion will occur in Cleethorpes. When a pub landlord books a local trio, because the Goddam video has broken down again, like lemmings to the cause a flood of unknowns will creep from the woodwork to save the day."

And Jimmy Wallsend will write about this: NO THANKS. (Fashion note: the very worst writer in the 'music press' is Jimmy Reid of 'Record Mirror'.)

Over in what is laughably known as the 'sexist corner' of *Sounds*, our two belles lay-out wimmen of the office, Carole Linfield and Robbi "What's that Valac Said About Second hand Floggers Shops Closing Down?!" Millar have apparently little in the way of new Au Pairs and Slits to bring us.

Robbi points hopefully at little groups called 'Gymslips' and 'Rock Goddess' (which sounds like a lager Lawrie McMenemy would advertise) who in my humble opinion are to the sexist cause what 'Houseparty' is on television. Still...

Both wimmen are concerned atrociously about the fate of Paul Weller. Brandishing their maternal instincts, they both suggest the skinny Mod man will "team up", Carole thinks with Malcolm McLaren and Robbi with Jerry Dammers. Personally I think it'll be a fifty fifty partnership between Paul and Alexei Sayle, or else Princess Beatrice of Denmark...

The duo then each ramble on in what is, noticeably, the straight, traditionally bright and optimistic style of *Sounds'* predictions of yore.

"Spandau to split... Japan reform... platform shoes to come back... Ozzy to appear on *Corrie*... Blue Rondo finally have hit..."

BORING! It is tempting to suggest that both wimmen have been stunted in their progress, sensitivity wise, for, while the great hunking males of the staff foresee doom ahead, each and every one of 'em, these two chirp merrily along like a year ago. I blame it on Bileshell's 'Page Three' posters personally.

hånds down (Hans Dhan: First Dead Cult theoretician, born 1709 died 1710) in their gloom and despondency. They'll praise 'Quincey' as a seminal TV show... Maybe not.

Still more Barton: "The first f--- will be uttered on *Coronation Street*. And *Sounds* will stop putting --- in a particular swear word."

And instead we'll have to put £££. That's progress.

Back at the raunch again, Barton's lieutenants make trifles out of their respective jellies.

Paul Suter, who is 67 and still in there as good as ever, and can currently be seen playing the hippy in 'The Young Ones', writes after Prof. Stanley Unwin and so I can't very well make out his prognosis for '83.

Through the Suterian fug I can... yes! I can just about make out: Cheetah, Diamond Head 'finally something get their something deal'...

"The success something of *Survivor* may well point the way into '83 though secret the isn't going be to the material cultivated in the gaga gaga he says nobody's got the cash to buy all the albums."

Thank you, Paul. He says Wendy And The Rockets will be big; they come from Australia; they sound like musical Herpes, methinks.

"Balancing the books so to speak as it were perhaps should be the process of possibly *Missing Persons*; a smartass blend of sparkle and bounce as well as rock power could enjoy across the board success yes indeed cheers."

Suter is definitely part of the "horrid sham", as expressed à la Burkhams. He writes like a crazed lawn mower.

Now Dave Roberts is the sort of boy I'd like to take home and cuddle. He is WHOLESOME. Sort of the Cliff Richards of HM. Dave?

"I presume I'm writing this column to predict a few bands who I think will prove successful in the coming year..."

Dave is a born again Christian.

"...I believe HM as we know it will go through a change of face."

Gillan will lose two pounds in weight?

"...I can only hope for a fresh outlook from bands and (especially) audience alike. No doubt the current dinosaurs like Whitesnake and Rainbow will keep their status, but the grass roots are likely to wither and die in no uncertain terms. One alternative will be punk-metal-trash-rock, led by Hanoi Rocks."

"Bushell will become vegetarian... Blackfoot will devastate the UK, Schneker's roadie will appear in 'Guitar Heroes'."

"Wall Of Voodoo will be extremely popular."

"Cozy Bonnet will split up. ANWL release 'Singing In The Rain'."

Following our Yeatsian theme of the "the centre cannot hold" we arrive, with fitting poetry, at Bushell's camp (author has his knees immediately broken in six places for 'cheeky use of the word camp, guv').

Not much of a showing here, I'm afraid. Just The Chief and side kick, that drunkard John Opposition, née Oppo. Ole Gal's on a bit of an upper at any rate:

"1983 will be a bad year."

To quote Burkhams, he could have ended it there and then. But no, the mobile Chin And Tonic of the office rolls on doomily.

"...Thatcher is here to stay and musical nowhereism will keep a corresponding grip on the charts. So -- more pop blandola, more transparent record company trends, more desperate pseudo hedonism..."

More lager, Gal? Not yet...

"More re-runs for musically and ideologically bankrupt resurrections like Pomp."

Jay Williams heads for the hills.

"In general pop/rock opposition to Big Biz will stay as unfocused and out to lunch as the Left's opposition to Thatcher, e.g. the Crassites veggie communes; or Div Mac's phoney Polytechnic-and-pullover-pseudo-radical-fringe bands..."

What about the beer Gal?

"...but '83 will also see an overdue offensive from genuine street socialist bands like Newtown Neurotics, Attila, Red London etc which could unite with the more positive Oi/punk bands blah blah burp..."

WHERE IS that lager top Gal???

"Most 'punk' will get dumber and more inward looking, a self enforced gutter-ghetto..."

I admire that alliteration, for which The Chin has become famed. It is a universal mystery why he wasn't christened Garry Gushell or Barry Bushell or Gutter Gushell or Garry God. Even his seven chins have been each named with the same initial...

"...blah blah burp only bands to break out of the punk



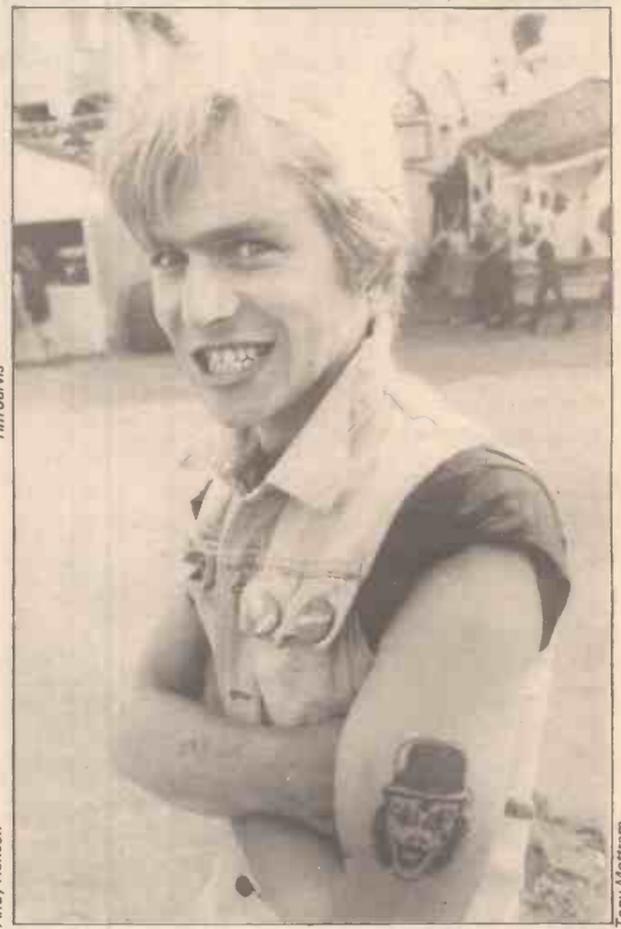
Paul Slattery



Tim Jarvis



Andy Hanson



Tony Mottram

Wall of Voodoo and the cowboy revival. Sex Gang Children and Southern Death Cult still holding flames. The Adicts even tipped by boss of all bosses.

Meanwhile, back at the raunch, or on the decided other side of the fence from the above wimmen, the *Sounds* HM Action Squad, all bespectled and wearing bicycle clips, prepare for action in '83. Yeehaah!

This lot live in a kind of jelly that's outside time. It's like asking Radio Three listeners what'll be big next year, asking this and more again from the main stream of rock and pop in '82, their predilections will become more hysterically gruesome and their predilections will become more hysterically gruesome and awful to the rest of us, they'll increasingly resemble those nit wits who dress up as cowboys and who come from Bolton... and their number will get ever bigger.

There's something in that detachment and that, in every possible sense, GROSSNESS that is wickedly appealing, it has to be said (cont'd any recent Malcolm McLaren interview).

Barton first:

On the way up: Rox, Marillion/Pallas Solstice etc., Motley Crue, Coneyhatch, Warrior (underlined!) Magazine, Adam Ant, country music, John Cougar...

Shurely shome mishtake here, boss? No, no mistake... Vandenberg, Hughes-Thrall, Kiss, Adicts..."

One has to admit, yes even me, that Hughes-Thrall is a bloody excellent name and it's they who consistently crop up as next year's contender's in the HM predictions. Colour front cover right away!

More Bartonisms -- "On the way down: ABC, Yazoo, Culture Club et al (under-lined), but not the Human League. Renee and Renáto, Video Games, heavy metal in general (after an early 80s overdose)..."

WHAT??? First Bumshell, now Barton, it's getting like a morgue in *Sounds* office. More so than usual, that is. I have visions of the two Bs excelling in their duo of musical dead ends in a Beckectian way that'll amaze supposedly 'heavier' rivals in its philosophical, certainly Phillip Bell-like, death and overall profundity.

They'll lecture at universities on 'Dead Cult Forms And How They Should Be Kept Alive!'. They'll beat Factory and the likes

Dave Roberts is clearly the Marxist influence of HM. 'Red Dave' you could call him. Why, if Dave had his Marxist way you'd all have an inch and a half cut off your hair!

"Punk/Oi continue to stagnate. Holding flames: Danse Soc., Sex Gang Wallers, Southern Death Cult..."

"Tranmere Rovers will win the League Championship after being brought into the First Division by a consortium of Liverpool based pop groups. Clough will assassinate Robson to become England manager..."

"Happy New Year to you all!"

Like I say: WHOLESOME. Knowarrimeanjohn? Somebody called Mark Putterford is sweet as well. His name evokes rain pattering on top of a steel roof; he lives in Essex.

"I haven't much time to do my predictions, Dave..."

Too busy being speechless in front of Ozzy, eh? We KNOW your innermost secrets, Mark.

"Cockney Rejects, Stampede, Baron Rojo, Aerosmith, Hughes-Thrall... wouldn't be surprised if UFO split up."

I have never heard a UFO record in my existence. And this 'Baron Rojo' sounds like a carpet. HM these times is becoming a kind of grown-ups 'Sooty Show'. Really rather silly.

"Sorry I can't answer more fully..."

You BASTARD! WHY can't you answer more fully? Probably a Marxist HM cohort of Dave Roberts... I'll cut their hands off next time I see 'em.

Finally, another office newcomer, punky Jay Williams sort of aligns himself with the HM faction, though (subtle, barely detectable difference) he's... KNOWN TO BE INTO POMP ROCK!

It could be just the way he walks.

Jay -- "Princess Diana will have another baby, a boy this time, they'll call it Basil."

"Cozy Powell will leave Whitesnake, join Gary Moore's band, leave that, re-join MSG and then form his own band with Graham Bonnet called 'Cozy Bonnet'."

ghetto will be burp street socialists and THE BEERY ESCAPISTS...

At last, a nation heaves a sigh, John Oppo smiles revealing his broken teeth, Margaret Thatcher hides in her broom cupboard in fear. Gasp the... BEERY ESCAPISTS! This is radical stuff, veritable alcoholic terrorism, viva Foster's lager!

While Fatman flounders, Robin, in the criminal shape of Oppo, proves his musical taste buds are almost equally diseased. With a pithiness you wouldn't have expected, except possibly from someone who used to be Attila the NME Contributor in his spare time, old Ops dashes across the new year like an astrological David Hemmery:

"Adicts, Newtown Neurots., Macc Lads, Action Pact, The Church, Dexys (of course/again!), Halibuts, Albanian football, fruit bats, Garry Bushwacked's beergut, Dave McCullough to join the ANWL!"

Har har. All these writer's senses seem so totally DULLED by the task of having to write for a musical paper. The guilt of not having to do REAL WORK seems to come across in the unerring dullness of what they contribute. We all pay the price. Go back to ranting, Oppo!

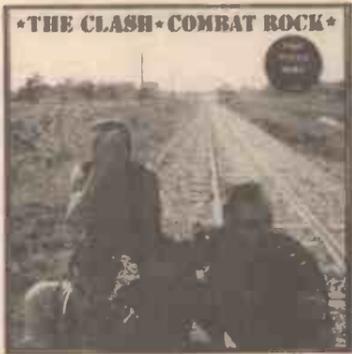
Tidying up what is left of the predictions (space limitations and a huge headache call for this) I notice Robertson, Sinclair and Dwyer again all crossing the narrow rock/pop confines and agreeing that, music isn't about music. All very McLaren still.

Sinclair muses over John Arlott (dying), Arthur Askey (a statue, or a half of a statue...), Channel Four again... Dwyer has a go at TV, likes Philip K Dick, while Sandy sticks with Fowley and Crowley and his regulars.

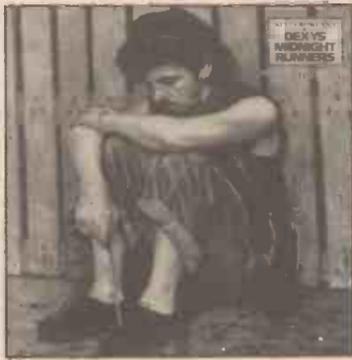
It all points to the necessity for change in the politics of *Sounds* and like-minded (conservative by nature) institutions in, as they say, 'the rock field'. Otherwise they'll get left behind.

Some already have, Fielder, Lewis (no relation, though he sleeps with the other one) and Tony Mitchell all wilfully neglected to service moi with predictions. Considering that, given age and subsequent hearing handicaps, most of them think next year will be 1972, this is scarcely surprising

ALBUMS OF



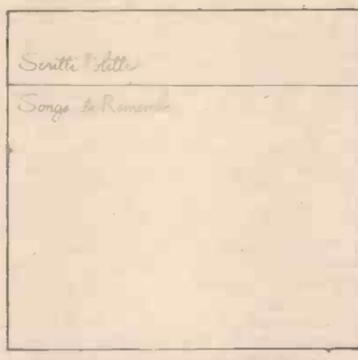
1 **COMBAT ROCK**, Clash, CBS



2 **TOO-RYE-AY**, Dexys Midnight Runners, Phonogram



3 **NEW GOLD DREAM**, Simple Minds, Virgin



4 **SONGS TO REMEMBER**, Scritti Politti, Rough Trade



5 **UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S**, Yazoo, Mute



11 **PETER GABRIEL**, Peter Gabriel, Charisma



11 **JUJU MUSIC**, King Sunny Ade, Island



11 **TROPICAL GANGSTERS**, Kid Creole And The Coconuts, Island



14 **SCARRIED FOR LIFE**, Rose Tattoo, Carrere



15 **MIAMI**, Gun Club, Animal

THE ANNUAL SOUND

GEOFF BARTON

- 1 BATTLE HYMNS, Manowar, Liberty
- 2 CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, Kiss, Casablanca
- 3 KILLERS, Kiss, Casablanca
- 4 THE WILD ONES, Cockney Rejects, AKA
- 5 METAL ON METAL, Anvil, Attic
- 6 ABOMINOX, Uriah Heep, Bronze
- 7 ROCK IN A HARD PLACE, Aerosmith, CBS
- 8 PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant, Swan Song
- 9 MIAMI, Gun Club, Animal
- 10 DIVER DOWN, Van Halen, Warner Bros
- 11 ROUGH DIAMONDS, Bad Company, Swan Song



- 12 TOO FAST FOR LOVE, Mötley Crüe, Elektra remix
- 13 VANDENBERG, Vandenberg, Atco
- 14 CONEY HATCH, Coney Hatch, Mercury
- 15 SIGNALS, Rush, Mercury
- 16 HELLCATS, Hellcats, Radio Records
- 17 CODA, Led Zeppelin, Swan Song
- 18 BLACK METAL, Venom, Neat
- 19 RESTLESS BREED, Riot, Elektra
- 20 I CAN'T STAND STILL, Don Henley, Asylum

CHRIS BURKHAM

- 1 COMBAT ROCK, The Clash, CBS
- 2 RIP IT UP, Orange Juice, Polydor
- 3 SAX MANIAC, James White And The Blacks, Animal
- 4 MI CYAAN BELIEVE IT, Michael Smith, Island
- 5 COMPLETE MADNESS, Madness, Stiff
- 6 SONGS TO REMEMBER, Scritti Politti, Rough Trade
- 7 IMPERIAL BEDROOM, Elvis Costello, F Beat
- 8 FRIEND OR FOE, Adam Ant, CBS
- 9 MOVING TARGET, Gil Scott-Heron, Arista
- 10 SKIDIP, Eek-A-Mouse, Greensleeves
- 11 THERMONUCLEAR SWEAT, Defunkt, Hannibal
- 12 MESOPOTAMIA, The B-52's, Island
- 13 MIAMI, The Gun Club, Animal
- 14 NIGHT NURSE, Gregory Isaacs, Island
- 15 GREATEST RAP HITS VOLUME TWO, Various, Sugarhill
- 16 NEW CHAPTER OF DUB, Aswad, Island
- 17 CHEWING THE FAT, Blue Rondo A La Turk, Virgin

- 18 UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S, Yazoo, Mute
- 19 JUJU MUSIC, King Sunny Ade, Island
- 20 ICE CREAM FOR CROW, Captain Beefheart And The Magic Band, Virgin

GARRY BUSHELL

- 1 SCARRIED FOR LIFE, Rose Tattoo, Carrere
- 2 ROCK IN A HARD PLACE, Aerosmith, CBS
- 3 VOICE OF A GENERATION, Blitz, No Future
- 4 THE WILD ONES, Cockney Rejects, NEMS
- 5 WE ARE THE LEAGUE, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 6 SLADE ON STAGE, Slade, RCA
- 7 TALK OF THE DEVIL, Ozzy Osbourne, Jet
- 8 BLACK METAL, Venom, Neat
- 9 NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 10 EVACUATE, Chelsea, Faulty
- 11 FILTH HOUNDS OF HADES, Tank, Kamouflage
- 12 JOB LOT, Chas 'n' Dave, Rockney
- 13 UNDER THE BLADE, Twisted Sister, Secret
- 14 POWER OF THE HUNTER, Tank, Kamouflage
- 15 NIGHT NURSE, Gregory Isaacs, Island
- 16 SOUND OF MUSIC, The Adicts, Razor
- 17 RESTLESS BREED, Riot, Elektra
- 18 IRON FIST, Motorhead, Bronze
- 19 MIAMI, Gun Club, Animal
- 20 OI OI THAT'S YER LOT, Various Artists, Secret

HUGH FIELDER

- 1 PETER GABRIEL, Peter Gabriel, Charisma
- 2 JUJU MUSIC, King Sunny Ade And His African Beats, Island
- 3 NEW GOLD DREAM, Simple Minds, Virgin
- 4 TROPICAL GANGSTERS, Kid Creole And The Coconuts, Island



- 5 WELL KEPT SECRET, John Martyn, WEA
- 6 SONGS TO REMEMBER, Scritti Politti, Rough Trade
- 7 ENGLISH SETTLEMENT, XTC, Virgin
- 8 IMPERIAL BEDROOM, Elvis Costello, F-Beat
- 9 ON THE LINE, Gary US Bonds, EMI America
- 10 TALKING BACK TO THE NIGHT, Steve Winwood, Island
- 11 NEBRASKA, Bruce Springsteen, CBS
- 12 THREE SIDES LIVE, Genesis, Charisma

- 13 SHOOT OUT THE LIGHTS, Richard And Linda Thompson, Hannibal
- 14 THE GOLDEN AGE OF WIRELESS, Thomas Dolby, Venice In Peril
- 15 HELLO, I MUST BE GOING, Phil Collins, Virgin
- 16 WORLD OF ARTS MUSIC AND DANCE, Various Artists, WEA
- 17 ALL THE BEST COWBOYS HAVE CHINESE EYES, Pete Townshend, Atco
- 18 THE NAME OF THIS BAND IS TALKING HEADS, Talking Heads, Sire
- 19 SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE, The Beat, Go Feet
- 20 GRAND PASSION, Doll By Doll, Magnet

DAVE HENDERSON

- 1 UNTITLED, Marc And The Mambas, Some Bizzare
- 2 GREATEST RAP HITS VOL 2, Various, Sugarhill
- 3 BIG SCIENCE, Laurie Anderson, WEA
- 4 SONGS TO REMEMBER, Scritti Politti, Rough Trade
- 5 BOX SET, Throbbing Gristle, Fetish
- 6 WOMAD, Various, WEA
- 7 SOUTHERN SOUL BELLES, Various, Charly
- 8 FORCE THE HAND OF CHANCE, Psychic TV, WEA
- 9 THERMO NUCLEAR SWEAT, Defunkt, Hannibal
- 10 SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE, The Beat, Go Feet
- 11 RETURN OF THE McHANOCKS, Tony Hancock, BBC
- 12 DUB ME CRAZY, Mad Professor, Ariwa
- 13 FUTURE FUNK, Alfonia Tims, ROIR
- 14 A DISTANT SHORE, Tracey Thorn, Cherry Red
- 15 POW WOW, Stephen Mallinder, Fetish
- 16 RICE MUSIC, Masami Tsuchiya, Epic
- 17 BURNING AMBITIONS, Various, Cherry Red
- 18 8th WONDER, Sugarhill Gang, Sugarhill
- 19 DIFFERENT SHAPES, China Crisis, Virgin
- 20 IF I DIE . . . I DIE, Virgin Prunes, Rough Trade

DAVID LEWIS

- 1 HIGHWAY SONG, Blackfoot, Atco
- 2 SCARRIED FOR LIFE, Rose Tattoo, Carrere
- 3 LOVE OVER GOLD, Dire Straits, Vertigo
- 4 COMPLETE MADNESS, Madness, Stiff
- 5 LIVE AT LAST, Q-Tips, Rewind
- 6 THE NAME OF THIS BAND IS, Talking Heads, Sire
- 7 JUJU MUSIC, King Sunny Ade, Island
- 8 PETER GABRIEL, Peter Gabriel, Charisma
- 9 UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S, Yazoo, Mute
- 10 THE EAGLE HAS LANDED, Saxon, Carrere
- 11 PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant, Swan Song
- 12 THE BLURRED CRUSADE, The Church, Carrere
- 13 SAINTS AND SINNERS, Whitesnake, Liberty

- 14 ROCK IN A HARD PLACE, Aerosmith, Columbia
- 15 FANFARE, The Skids, Virgin
- 16 THE BEST OF, Sensational Alex Harvey Band, RCA
- 17 THE SLIDE AREA, Ry Cooder, Warner Bros
- 18 MOTOR BOYS MOTOR, Motor Boys Motor, Albion
- 19 DRY DREAMS, Jim Carroll Band, CBS
- 20 SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE, Judas Priest, CBS

CAROLE LINFIELD

- 1 HAPPY FAMILIES, Blancmange, London
- 2 CHEWING THE FAT, Blue Rondo A La Turk, Diable Noir
- 3 SEE JUNGLE, SEE JUNGLE etc, Bow Wow Wow, RCA
- 4 DR HECKLE AND MR JIVE, Pigbag, Y



- 5 PELICAN WEST, Haircut 100, Arista-Clip
- 6 TROPICAL GANGSTERS, Kid Creole And The Coconuts, Ze
- 7 LA VARIETE, Weekend, Rough Trade
- 8 KISSING TO BE CLEVER, Culture Club, Virgin
- 9 UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S, Yazoo, Mute
- 10 QUARTET, Ultravox, Chrysalis
- 11 RIO, Duran Duran, EMI
- 12 LIVING MY LIFE, Grace Jones, Island
- 13 KISSING IN THE DREAMHOUSE, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Polydor
- 14 THE BIRTH OF Y, Various, Y
- 15 IF I DIE, I DIE, Virgin Prunes, Rough Trade
- 16 COMBAT ROCK, The Clash, CBS
- 17 THE SKY'S GONE OUT, Bauhaus, Beggars Banquet
- 18 SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE, The Beat, Go-Feet
- 19 I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, A Certain Ratio, Rough Trade
- 20 ONCE UPON A TIME - THE SINGLES, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Polydor

DAVE McCULLOUGH

- 1 PIGS ON PURPOSE, Nightingales, Cherry Red
- 2 7 SONGS, 23 Skidoo, Fetish
- 3 THE PLATEAU PHASE, Crispy Ambulance, Factory
- 4 COMBAT ROCK, The Clash, CBS
- 5 THE GREATEST HIT, Blue Orchids, Rough Trade
- 6 PELICAN WEST, Haircut 100, Arista
- 7 IN THE KEY OF DREAMS, Section 25, Factory
- 8 FRIEND OR FOE, Adam Ant, CBS

- 9 TOO-RYE-AY, Dexys, Phonogram
- 10 SONGS TO REMEMBER, Scritti Politti, Rough Trade
- 11 THE LEXICON OF LOVE, ABC, Phonogram
- 12 ENGLAND'S TRANCE, Placebo, Aura
- 13 IMPERIAL BEDROOM, Elvis Costello, WEA
- 14 H2O, Hall And Oates, RCA
- 15 SULK, Associates, WEA
- 16 LILLIPUT, Lilliput, Rough Trade
- 17 THE DOLLAR ALBUM, Dollar, WEA
- 18 SEND ME A LULLABY, Go-Betweens, Rough Trade
- 19 WILD THINGS RUN FAST, Joni Mitchell, Geffen
- 20 PRAYERS AND PILLOWS, Various Artists, Cherry Red

ROBBI MILLAR

- 1 TOO-RYE-AY, Kevin Rowland And Dexys Midnight Runners, Mercury
- 2 THE FUN BOY THREE, Fun Boy Three, Chrysalis
- 3 WESTWORLD, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
- 4 FABRIQUE, Fashion, Arista
- 5 THE LEXICON OF LOVE, ABC, Neutron
- 6 SCREAMING BLUE MURDER, Girlschool, Bronze
- 7 THE PHILIP LYNOTT ALBUM, Phil Lynott, Vertigo
- 8 SQUEEZE - SINGLES, 45's AND UNDER, Squeeze, A&M
- 9 COMBAT ROCK, The Clash, CBS
- 10 FANFARE, Skids, Virgin
- 11 MUSIC OF QUALITY AND DISTINCTION, British Electronic Foundation, Virgin
- 12 NON STOP ECSTATIC DANCING, Soft Cell, Some Bizzare
- 13 COMPLETE MADNESS, Madness, Stiff
- 14 CHILL OUT, Black Uhuru, Island
- 15 DIFFERENT SHAPES AND PASSIVE RHYTHMS, China Crisis, Virgin
- 16 SCARRIED FOR LIFE, Rose Tattoo, Carrere
- 17 NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 18 SANCTUARY, Passions, Polydor
- 19 SET, Thompson Twins, T Records
- 20 AVALON, Roxy Music, Polydor

TONY MITCHELL

- 1 IMMIGRANTS, Sandii And The Sunsetz, Sire
- 2 THE GOLDEN AGE OF WIRELESS, Thomas Dolby, Venice In Peril
- 3 THE LOVE THAT WHIRLS, Bill Nelson, Mercury
- 4 NEUROMANTIC, Yukihiro Takahashi, Alfa (UK)
- 5 SOLID STATE SURVIVOR, Yellow Magic Orchestra, Alfa (UK)
- 6 1999, Prince, WEA
- 7 WAXWORKS/BEESWAX, XTC, Virgin
- 8 HEAT SCALE, Sandii And The Sunsetz, Alfa (UK)
- 9 NON-STOP ECSTATIC DANCING, Soft Cell, Some Bizzare
- 10 UNTITLED, Marc And The Mambas, Some Bizzare
- 11 NEW GOLD DREAM 81 82 83 84, Simple Minds, Virgin

- 12 MURDERED BY THE MUSIC, Yukihiro Takahashi, Statik
- 13 VANITY 6, Vanity 6, WEA
- 14 THE PARTY'S OVER, Talk, EMI
- 15 RICE MUSIC, Masami Tsuchiya, Epic
- 16 FANFARE, The Skids, Virgin
- 17 WHAT, ME WORRY?, Yukihiro Takahashi, Alfa (UK)



- 18 FABRIQUE, Fashion, Arista
- 19 TOKYO MOBILE MUSIC, Various Artists, Mobile Suit
- 20 RADIO FANTASY, Ippu Do, Epic

JOHN OPPOSITION

- 1 TOO-RYE-AY, Dexys Midnight Runners, Mercury
- 2 PLASTIC SURGERY DISASTERS, Dead Kennedys, Statik
- 3 THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Adicts, Razor
- 4 THE LEGENDARY MACC LADS TAPE, Macc Lads, tape
- 5 THE GIFT, The Jam, Polydor
- 6 MILLIONS OF DEAD-COPS, MDC, Alternative Tentacles
- 7 DEGENERATES, The Passage, Cherry Red
- 8 MI CYAAN BELIEVE IT, Michael Smith, Island
- 9 STILL OUT OF ORDER, Infa Riot, Secret
- 10 VOICE OF A GENERATION, Blitz, No Future
- 11 WARGASM, Various, Pax
- 12 THE CHURCH, The Church, Carrere
- 13 MUSIC FOR A NEW SOCIETY, John Cale, Ze
- 14 POP GOES ART, The Times, Wham!
- 15 THE BLURRED CRUSADE, The Church, Carrere

(1982 was the year. The year of mindless, unchallenging thrash and bland, unchallenging "new pop" dross. So few worthwhile albums were released this year that a top 20 is a non-starter and this top 15 contains many records that would stay well down the pile in a good year. Let's hope '83 is a lot better - otherwise things will be nigh unbearable . . .) (Ah! shaddup! - rest of Sounds staff)

EDWIN PONCEY

- 1 MIAMI, The Gun Club, Animal
- 2 CALL OF THE WEST, Wall Of Voodoo, Illegal
- 3 UNDER THE BIG BLACK SUN, X, Elektra
- 4 MEAT PUPPETS, Meat Puppets, Thermidor/SST
- 5 ICE CREAM FOR CROW, Captain Beefheart And The Magic Band, Virgin
- 6 JUJU MUSIC, King Sunny Ade, Island

THE YEAR



5 IMPERIAL BEDROOM, Elvis Costello, F-Beat



7 ROCK IN A HARD PLACE, Aerosmith, CBS



8 COMPLETE MADNESS, Madness, Stiff



9 THE WILD ONES, Cockney Rejects, AKA



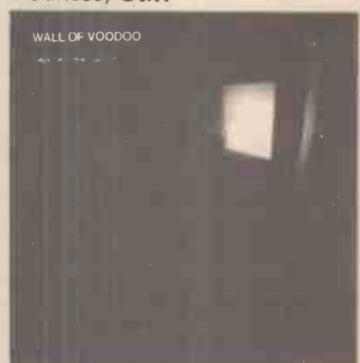
10 LEXICON OF LOVE, ABC, Phonogram



16 HIGHWAY SONG, Blackfoot, Atco



17 HELLO, I MUST BE GOING, Phil Collins, Virgin



18 CALL OF THE WEST, Wall Of Voodoo, Illegal



19 LOVE OVER GOLD, Dire Straits, Vertigo



20 BIG SCIENCE, Laurie Anderson, WEA

SOUNDS LP ROUND-UP

- 7 LIVE AT ACES, Yellowman And Fathead, Jah Guidance
- 8 OF HUMAN FEELINGS, Ornette Coleman, Antilles
- 9 THEM NEVER KNOW NATTY DREAD HAVE HIM CREDENTIAL, Don Carlos And Gold, Hitbound
- 10 WASN'T TOMORROW WONDERFUL?, The Waitresses, Polydor
- 11 NIGHT NURSE, Gregory Isaacs, Island
- 12 MUSIC FOR A NEW SOCIETY, John Cale, Island
- 13 13.13, Lydia Lunch, Ruby
- 14 LOVE HAS FOUND ITS WAY, Dennis Brown, A&M
- 15 UNDER THE FLAG, Fad Gadget, Mute
- 16 INTERMISSION, The Residents, Ralph
- 17 BIG SHIP, Freddie McGregor, Greensleeves
- 18 THE DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES, The Dream Syndicate, Ruby
- 19 THERMO NUCLEAR SWEAT, Defunkt, Hannibal
- 20 HEX INDUCTION HOUR, The Fall, Kamera

MARK PUTTERFORD

- 1 HUGHES-THRALL, Hughes-Thrall, Boulevard
- 2 ROCK IN A HARD PLACE, Aerosmith, CBS
- 3 DIVER DOWN, Van Halen, Warner Bros
- 4 THE WILD ONES, Cockney Rejects, AKA
- 5 HELLO... I MUST BE GOING, Phil Collins, Virgin



- 6 MAGIC, Gilan, Virgin
- 7 DIARY OF A MADMAN, Ozzy, Jet
- 8 STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, Rainbow, Polydor
- 9 TALK OF THE DEVIL, Ozzy, Jet
- 10 BEFORE I FORGET, Jon Lord, EMI
- 11 LIVE AT KILBURN, Deep Purple, EMI
- 12 NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 13 THREE SIDES LIVE, Genesis, Charisma
- 14 SAINTS AND SINNERS, Whitesnake, Liberty
- 15 SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE, Judas Priest, CBS
- 16 BLACKOUT, The Scorpions, Harvest
- 17 VOLUMEN BRUTAL, Baron Rojo, Kamaflage
- 18 PETER GABRIEL, Peter Gabriel, Charisma
- 19 BROADSWORD AND THE BEAST, Jethro Tull, Chrysalis
- 20 PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant, Swan Song

SANDY ROBERTSON

(What a year! It may have been flashy, but it stunk. Consequently, I can't find 20 albums that merit my personal nod of indulgence; so this list includes items of material in places that are not discs — tapes, books, etc. — but which have values I admire. Like it or leave it!)



- 1 FORCE THE HAND OF CHANCE, Psychic TV, (Some Bizzare/WEA) LP w/free album
- 2 CAT PEOPLE, Paul Schrader, (Universal) movie
- 3 TABLETS, The Decorators, (Red Flame) album
- 4 EDIE: AN AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, Jean Stein/George Plimpton, (Knopf) book, USA copy
- 5 THE ENVOY, Warren Zevon, (Asylum) LP
- 6 I NEED MORE, THE STOOGES AND OTHER STORIES, Iggy Pop/Anne Wehrer, (Karz-Cohl) USA book
- 7 BREAKFAST WITH WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, Me And P-Orridge, (Chelsea Arts Club) event
- 8 ET, The Classroom Scene Kiss, S. Spielberg (bootleg video) movie
- 9 CARESS P-ORRIDGE, Gen And Paula Productions, (Goddess) youngest girl I ever fell in love with!
- 10 WRITING STORY ON ALEISTER CROWLEY, Me, (Sounds) pulp
- 11 NASTASSIA KINSKI AND THE SERPENT, Richard Avedon, (Gallery Prints) photograph
- 12 DIFFERENT SEASONS, Stephen King, (Macdonald) book
- 13 ADOPTING A KITTEN CALLED 'PUSSY', Me, (Home) moveable mess
- 14 THE SOFT PARADE/AMERICAN PRAYER, The Doors, (Elektra 2in1 Cr02) tape reissues
- 15 MASTER THERION READINGS, Frater Perdurabo, (OTO) tape
- 16 OPENS FIRE, Bill Burroughs, (Compendium) tape
- 17 LOVE SIGIL, Janine Laperch, (Post) long distance...
- 18 LUCIFER RISING, Kenneth Anger/Bobby Beausoleil, (Puck) film/soundtrack
- 19 HOLLYWOOD TRASH, Kim Fowley, (Freeway) cut from H. Kubernik's LA poetry LP
- 20 VELVET UNDERGROUND LIVE '66, w/Nico, etc. (bootleg) tapes of improvisation

MICK SINCLAIR

- 1 PEDIGREE CHARM, Lora Logic, Rough Trade
- 2 PAL JUDY, Judy Nylon, On-U
- 3 VOLKSKUNST AUS DEM KNABENBERGIRGE, Detlef Diedrichsen, Konkurrenz
- 4 BIG SCIENCE, Laurie Anderson, WEA



- 5 WASN'T TOMORROW WONDERFUL, The Waitresses, Polydor
- 6 PALAIS SCHAUMBURG, Palais Schaumburg, Phonogram
- 7 LUPA, Palais Schaumburg, Phonogram
- 8 THEY WALK AMONG YOU, New Math, 415
- 9 SONG OF THE BAILING MAN, Pere Ubu, Rough Trade
- 10 MICHAEL NYMAN, Michael Nyman, Piano
- 11 LIES TO LIVE BY, Del Byzanteens, Don't Fall Off The Mountain
- 12 LES TEUERS DE LA LUNE DE MIEL, Honeymoon Killers, Crammed
- 13 CALL OF THE WEST, Wall Of Voodoo, Illegal
- 14 A DISTANT SHORE, Tracey Thorn, Cherry Red
- 15 SULK, Associates, WEA
- 16 RECOMMENDED RECORDS SAMPLER, Various Artists, Recommended
- 17 HAPPY FAMILIES, Blancmange, London
- 18 MUSIC FOR A NEW SOCIETY, John Cale, Island
- 19 JOHN ARLOTT TALKS CRICKET, John Arlott, Charisma
- 20 MADNESS, MUSIC AND MONEY, Sheena Easton, EMI

WINSTON SMITH

- 1 MARK OF THE MOLE, The Residents, Ralph collector's edition



- 2 WOMEN AND CAPTAIN FIRST, Captain Sensible, A&M

- 3 STRAWBERRIES, The Damned, Bronze
- 4 A KISS IN THE DREAMHOUSE, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Polydor
- 5 COMPLETE MADNESS, Madness, Stiff
- 6 LAST ORDER — JD LIVE AT YOUR PARADISE, Joy Division, Raven bootleg
- 7 ERASERHEAD, Original Film Soundtrack, IRS import
- 8 COMBAT ROCK, The Clash, CBS
- 9 HERE NOTHING SEE NOTHING SAY NOTHING, Discharge, Clay
- 10 PERFECTION, Charge, Kamera
- 11 CITY BABY ATTACKED BY RATS, Charged GBH, Clay
- 12 JAMES BOND'S GREATEST HITS, Various, Capitol
- 13 THE COLLECTION 1977-1982, The Stranglers, Liberty
- 14 PRESS THE EJECT AND PASS ME THE TAPE, Bauhaus, Beggars Banquet
- 15 SINGLES, 45's AND UNDER, Squeeze, A&M
- 16 RALPH RECORDS' 10th ANNIVERSARY RADIO SPECIAL, Various, Ralph
- 17 FOR MADMEN ONLY, UK Decay, Fresh
- 18 BLOOD AND THUNDER, The Outcasts, Abstract
- 19 HELL COMES TO YOUR HOUSE, Various, Riot State
- 20 TUNES OF TWO CITIES, The Residents, Ralph

KAREN SWAYNE

- 1 TOO-RYE-AY, Dexys Midnight Runners, Phonogram
- 2 DR HECKLE AND MR JIVE, Pigbag, Y
- 3 NEW GOLD DREAM 81-82-83-84, Simple Minds, Virgin
- 4 MAVERICK YEARS, Wahl, The Wonderful World Of...



- 5 SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE, The Beat, Go Feet
- 6 TROPICAL GANGSTERS, Kid Creole And The Coconuts, Ze
- 7 FABRIQUE, Fashion, Arista
- 8 UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S, Yazoo, Mute
- 9 RISE AND FALL, Madness, Stiff
- 10 IMPERIAL BEDROOM, Elvis Costello, F Beat
- 11 COMBAT ROCK, The Clash, CBS
- 12 SULK, Associates, WEA
- 13 A DISTANT SHORE, Tracey Thorn, Cherry Red
- 14 SONGS TO REMEMBER, Scritti Politti, Rough Trade
- 15 A BROKEN FRAME, Depeche Mode, Mute

- 16 LEXICON OF LOVE, ABC, Phonogram
- 17 A KISS IN THE DREAMHOUSE, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Polydor
- 18 FRIENDS, Shalamar, Solar
- 19 SENSE AND SENSUALITY, Au Pairs, Kamera
- 20 WOMAD, Various, WEA

JOHNNY WALLER

- 1 NEW GOLD DREAM, Simple Minds, Virgin
- 2 LEXICON OF LOVE, ABC, Neutron
- 3 IMPERIAL BEDROOM, Elvis Costello, F-Beat
- 4 WHERE'S THE PLEASURE, Poison Girls, Xntrix
- 5 WESTWORLD, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
- 6 UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S, Yazoo, Mute
- 7 FICTION, Comsat Angels, Polydor
- 8 FOREVER NOW, The Furs, CBS
- 9 TOO-RYE-AY, Dexys Midnight Runners, Phonogram
- 10 JUNKYARD, Birthday Party, 4AD
- 11 TRY OUT, KaS Product, RCA
- 12 COMBAT ROCK, The Clash, CBS
- 13 INTO THE RAIN, Music For Pleasure, Polydor
- 14 THE GREATEST HIT, Blue Orchids, Rough Trade
- 15 A DISTANT SHORE, Tracey Thorn, Cherry Red
- 16 WHO DARES WINS, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
- 17 RISE AND FALL, Madness, Stiff
- 18 PIGS ON PURPOSE, Nightingales, Cherry Red
- 19 SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE, The Beat, Go-Feet
- 20 IF I DIE, I DIE, Virgin Prunes, Rough Trade

JAY WILLIAMS

- 1 HIGHWAY SONG — BLACKFOOT LIVE, Blackfoot, Atco
- 2 TALKING BACK TO THE NIGHT, Steve Winwood, Island
- 3 LOVE OVER GOLD, Dire Straits, Vertigo
- 4 HARD TIME, Millie Jackson, Spring
- 5 HELLO, I MUST BE GOING, Phil Collins, Virgin
- 6 MIDNIGHT LOVE, Marvin Gaye, CBS
- 7 PETER GABRIEL, Peter Gabriel, Charisma
- 8 LIVING MY LIFE, Grace Jones, Island
- 9 COMBAT ROCK, The Clash, CBS
- 10 NEBRASKA, Bruce Springsteen, CBS
- 11 CALL OF THE WEST, Wall Of Voodoo, Illegal
- 12 UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S, Yazoo, Mute
- 13 TOO-RYE-AY, Dexys' Midnight Runners, Mercury
- 14 RAPPED UPTIGHT, Various Artists, Sugarhill
- 15 CODA, Led Zeppelin, Swansong
- 16 PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant, Swansong
- 17 WOMEN AND CAPTAIN FIRST, Captain Sensible, A&M
- 18 PLUG IT IN, Mama's Boys, Albion/Ultra Noise
- 19 NEW GOLD DREAM, Simple Minds, Virgin
- 20 PEARLS II, Elkie Brooks, A&M



SINGLES OF THE YEAR



- 1 THE MESSAGE, Grandmaster Flash, Sugarhill
- 2 COME ON EILEEN, Dexys Midnight Runners, Phonogram
- 3 STRAIGHT TO HELL, Clash, CBS
- 4 BUFFALO GALS, Malcolm McLaren, Charisma
- 5 THE BITTEREST PILL, Jam, Polydor
- 6 FEEL ME, Blancmange, London
- 7 LUMIERE URBAN, Champion Doug Veitch, Drum
- 8 EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor, Scotti Bros
- 9 BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG, Pretenders, WEA
- 10 PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS, Dire Straits, Vertigo
- 11 UNCERTAIN SMILE, The The, Some Bizzare
- 12 DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WESTWORLD, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
- 13 A TOWN CALLED MALICE, Jam, Polydor
- 14 AFRICAN AND WHITE, China Crisis, Inevitable
- 15 HEARTACHE AVENUE, Maisonettes, Ready Steady Go
- 16 LOVE PARADE, Undertones, Ardeck
- 17 LET ME GO, Heaven 17, Virgin
- 18 LOOK OF LOVE, ABC, Mercury
- 19 PEEL SESSIONS, Nightingales, Cherry Red
- 20 KLACTOVESESDSTEIN, Blue Rondo A La Turk, Diable Noir

- SUMMER OF '81, The Violators, No Future
 DEADRINGER, Meatloaf, CBS
 IRON FIST, Motorhead, Bronze
 PURE PUNK FOR ROW PEOPLE, The Gonads, Secret
 ENGLAND, Cock Sparrer, Carrere
 WAR ACROSS THE NATION, Chelsea, Faulty
 RUN TO THE HILLS, Iron Maiden, EMI
 MARGATE, Chas 'n' Dave, Rockney
 NELLIE THE ELEPHANT, Toy Dolls, Volume
 GANGLAND, The Violators, No Future
 COCKTAILS, Attila The Stockbroker, Cherry Red
 KISS ME, Tin Tin, WEA
 JOHN WAYNE IS BIG LEGGY, Haysi Fantayzee, Regard
 SHIPBUILDING, Robert Wyatt, Rough Trade
 DRUMBEAT FOR BABY, Weekend, Rough Trade
 LOVE IS THE GREATEST PRETENDER, Animal Nightlife, Inner Vision 12"
 DA DA DA, Trio, Mobile Suit Corporation
 WHITE BOY, Culture Club, Virgin 12"
 I CAN'T FORGET (A MOTHER'S CRIME), The Climb, Rialto
 THE BOILER, Rhoda Dakar And The Special AKA, 2-Tone
 MAN OUT OF TIME, Elvis Costello, F-Beat
 THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON, Frida, Epic
 CRIMSON, Rudi, Jamming
 BUTTON UP, The Bloods, Exit
 THE APPLE STRETCHING, Grace Jones, Island
 NO REGRETS, Midge Ure, Chrysalis
 SHOCK THE MONKEY, Peter Gabriel, Charisma
 SEE THOSE EYES, Altered Images, Epic
 STORM THE REALITY ASYLUM, Rip Rig And Panic, Virgin
 ABRACADABRA, Steve Miller, Mercury
 PAPERLATE, Genesis, Charisma
 VALERIE, Steve Winwood, Island
 JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED, Mari Wilson, Compact
 THEME FROM HARRY'S GAME, Clannad, RCA
 NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI
 WHY, Carly Simon/Chic, WEA 12"
 ESCAPE, Prophetic Four, Nightsun Discs 12"
 STRANGE LITTLE GIRL, Stranglers, Liberty
 DEMOLITION WAR EP, Subhumans, Spiderleg
 BABYFINGERS EP, The Residents, Ralph/WEIRD
 EVER SO LONELY, Monsoon, Phonogram
 MONEY'S TO TIGHT TO MENTION, Valentine Brothers, Bridge
 PILLAR TO POST, Aztec Camera, Rough Trade
 RELIGIOUS WARS EP, Subhumans, Spiderleg
 EMPLOYERS' BLACKLIST, The Business, Secret
 EMPIRE SONG, Killing Joke, Malicious Damage
 REASON FOR EXISTENCE EP, Subhumans, Spiderleg
 NO SURVIVORS, Charged GBH, Clay
 NO DOVES FLY HERE, The Mob, Cross

OTHER GOODIES

- GLITTERING PRIZE, Simple Minds, Virgin
 SOMEBODY'S BABY, Jackson Browne, WEA
 POISON ARROW, ABC, Phonogram
 VIDEOTEQUE, Dollar, WEA
 PARTY FEARS TWO, Associates, WEA
 FRIEND OR FOE, Adam Ant, CBS
 GYODIE TWO SHOES, Adam Ant, CBS
 ASYLUMS IN JERUSALEM, Scritti Politti, Rough Trade
 THE BEAST, Section 25, Factory
 NOBODY'S FOOL, Haircut 100, Arista
 JACK AND DIANE, John Cougar, Riva
 DIRTY LAUNDRY, Don Henley, Elektra
 DAWN OF SHOCKABILLY, Shockabilly, Rough Trade
 ALICE/FLOORSHOW, Sisters Of Mercy, Merciful Release
 MELT, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Polydor
 CACHARPAYA, Incantation, Beggars Banquet
 CHINESE TAKEAWAY, Adicts, Razor
 LOVE ME TOMORROW, Chicago, Warner Bros
 SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE, Thomas Dolby, Venice In Peril
 MARKET SQUARE HEROES, Marillion, EMI
 TIL THE END OF THE DAY, Cockney Rejects, AKA
 AFRICA, Toto, CBS
 WHERE THE HEART IS, Soft Cell, Some Bizzare
 DREAMS OF IMMIGRANTS, Sandii And The Sunsets, Sire
 WHO'S ASKING YOU, White And Torch, Chrysalis
 FLAMING DESIRE, Bill Nelson, Mercury
 THE MEMORY OF YOUR NAME, Private Lives, Chrysalis
 SAY HELLO, WAVE
 GOODBYE, Soft Cell, Some Bizzare
 BAMBOO MUSIC, Sylvian/Sakamoto, Virgin
 NIGHTPORTER, Japan, Virgin
 TALK TALK, Talk Talk, EMI
 INSTINCTION, Spandau Ballet, Reformation
 MIRRORMAN, Human League, Virgin
 WOMAN IN DISGUISE, Angelic Upstarts, Anagram
- MINDLESS VIOLENCE, Newtown Neurotics, CNT
 BLEED FOR ME, Dead Kennedys, Statik
 PEASANT ARMY, Redskins, CNT
 SUICIDE BAG (EP), Action Pact, Fallout
 DEAD HERO, Samples, No Future
 VIVA LA REVOLUTION, Adicts, Fallout
 WARRIORS, Blitz, No Future
 RUN LIKE HELL, Peter And The Test Tube Babies, No Future
 TAKE NO PRISONERS (EP), Red Alert, No Future
 FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, AC/DC, Atlantic
 HOUSE OF FUN, Madness, Stiff
 DRY COUNTRY, Blackfoot, Atco
 LIFE DURING WARTIME, Talking Heads, Sire
 URGENT, Foreigner, Atlantic
 GOLDEN BROWN, The Stranglers, UA
 LET'S GET IT UP, AC/DC, Atlantic
 PRIVATE EYES, Hall And Oates, RCA
 STOOL PIGEON, Kid Creole And The Coconuts, Ze
 STATE OF INDEPENDENCE, Donna Summer, Warner Bros
 HARVEST HOME, Big Country, Phonogram
 REALLY SAYING SOMETHING, Bananarama, London
 A CELEBRATION, U2, Island
 STREETPLAYER, Fashion, Arista
 IT AIN'T WHAT YOU DO IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU DO IT, Fun Boy Three With Bananarama, Chrysalis
 IN THE NAME OF LOVE, Thompson Twins, T Records
 I CONFESS, The Beat, Go-Feet
 NIGHT NURSE, Gregory Issacs, Virgin
 STORY OF THE BLUES, Wah!, Eternal
 THE DEVIL LIVES IN MY HUSBAND'S BODY, Pulsallama, Y
 PALE SHELTER, Tears For Fears, Mercury
 MAMA USED TO SAY, Junior, Mercury
 WALKING ON SUNSHINE, Rockers Revenge, London
 REAGAN SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF, Doug Kahn, Raw flexi-disc

FAIR DEAL

AFTER THE GOLDRUSH

AT THE beginning of August I ordered four tickets to see Neil Young at the Wembley Empire Pool on Sunday September 26. My application was addressed to promoters Mac Promotions.

I've written to Mac twice now, with no reply, and have also contacted the Post Office to see if my postal orders were cashed. Eventually, their investigations have revealed that my crossed postal orders were paid into Mac Promotions' account at Barclays Bank in Wardour Street. How do I get my refund? — A. Lancaster, Redcar, Cleveland

IF YOU don't already have this important information provided by the Post Office in writing ask for this proof by sending full details of postal order numbers, their investigation and their findings to Postal Order Service, National Girobank (POCAF), Bridle Road, Bootle, Merseyside G7R 0AA.

But you probably will have a letter from the GPO stating the fate of your postal orders quite clearly and this is all the proof you need to enable Barry Dickens of Mac Promotions to break the long silence, check his records of Young ticket applications and resolve your problem. Send a copy of this confirmation to Barry Dickens, Mac Promotions, 113 Wardour Street, London W1 with your refund request. If need be, we'll chase 'em up for you, provided you keep in touch.

If anyone else is still owed an outstanding refund as a result of applying to Mac for Neil Young tickets, we'd like to know.



Industrial disease

SO FAR I've had two faulty copies of the Dire Straits album 'Love Over Gold' and have now decided to buy a tape of this material instead. I'd like my money back from the shop where I bought the album and exchanged it once, but am not sure if I'm forced to accept yet another copy, which could be just a duff. Where do I stand? — Vic Bigger, Manchester

WHILE THE poor old dealer is the person responsible for ensuring that the customer is satisfied and is obliged to exchange a dodgy pressing for a hopefully better copy, you're not forced to try another record if you'd prefer a refund. Provided you return to the shop where you bought a defective album or single as soon as possible after the event you are quite entitled to ask for and be given your money back. In law, you don't have to accept an exchange.

Collared by a shirt

MY FRIEND and myself sent away £10.00 to Adrian Hopkins Promotions, 77 Barton Road, Oxford for what were advertised as two T-shirts for the Genesis dates in September. It was stressed that these T-shirts would not be for sale on the night of the gigs.

The shirts which arrived were not official tour T-shirts, but had "I've got my Genesis tickets" written on them in small letters in the left hand corner.

I feel that we were cheated as we were led to believe that the shirts would be regular tour style with dates on the back. Furthermore, along with the shirts, we were sent another brochure, advertising yet another T-shirt for a fiver! There must be other people who're unhappy about the same experience — Billy McCaffrey, Duncan Luke, Argyll

GOOD NEWS. A spokesperson for Adrian Hopkins Promotions couldn't flash back to that pre tour T-shirt advertising at this late stage, but tell us there was certainly no intention to mislead.

an address. Same goes for anyone else who'd like a free copy of this useful sheet. Enclose an sae.

It should be possible to qualify for free or cut-price consultation under the special green form scheme, which assesses contributions on a sliding-scale according to your income — or lack of it. Ask for details when you make contact.

Improvement Grant

WE'RE PLEASED to say that DL Grant, who offered records for sale on a mail order basis from an address in Altens, Aberdeen, but seems to have been unable to provide any of them, has now refunded people who've complained to Sounds.

But we'd still like to hear from others who've sent him money for apparently non-existent rock videos to an address in Tillydrone Court, Aberdeen, last year.

Lax wax

THANKS TO all the record buying readers who've sent us details of your own gory experiences at the hands of the manufacturing moguls. Any more for any more? The best of your comments on those horrors of the wax museum will be published soon. Write to Is This A Record?, Fair Deal, Sounds, 40 London Acre, London WC2.

Do you have a problem you'd like us to investigate? If you're stuck, try our free 'Fair Deal' service for some action. Write to Susanne Garrett, Fair Deal, Sounds, 40 Long Acre, London WC2. Or ring us on the hotline — 01-836 1147

What now? Weeks have passed and you may even have worn the dateless torso warmers, making it too late for an exchange.

But, as a gesture of Christmas goodwill and seasonal stuff, two brand new tour shirts, the ones with the dates on the back, are in the post, courtesy of Adrian Hopkins Promotions. Details on tour leftovers are available for the price of an sae from Adrian Hopkins Promotions, 77 Barton Road, Oxford.

I sought the law

OUR GROUP needs some specialist advice on a contract which we've been offered but have no idea of where we can contact a music business lawyer. Can you help? Also, as we're all either unemployed or on very low incomes, would we be entitled to legal aid — J. Brown Surrey

FAIR DEAL has a list of music biz lawyers qualified to offer guidance and advice on contracts, located primarily in the London and Manchester areas, which we'll send on if you give us

THIS IS SQUAT WE WANT!

Crass beat the system and play for free at London's Zig Zag Club. WINSTON SMITH was there...

WORD WAS out early last week. Crass (accompanied by several experienced squatting organisations) were occupying the Rainbow Theatre at Finsbury Park, and an all-day event was being planned for Saturday the 18th. Short, but sweet ...

Wednesday morning things had changed; Crass had been evicted and were searching frantically for an alternative venue. A hotline was set up and three days later, on the morning itself, the answer-phone message was bold, clear and full of optimism: they were now squatting in the disused Zig-Zag club in London's Westbourne Park, and from midday until late it was round to Crass' new place, for the party of our lives ...

'Squatting this venue is not a last ditch stand to get a gig, the music business would love us all to be down at the Venue paying their bar prices: On the contrary, we hope that today's gathering will provide inspiration and impetus to people everywhere to take similar opportunities and open up and take back the property that belongs to us all ...

'We hope that today we will be able to demonstrate that together we can begin to reclaim that which is ours ... Freedom, free food, free shelter, free information, free music, free ideas ... Freedom to do whatever doesn't infringe on the freedom of others.'

By 2.00pm things were beginning to happen: a large group of people had already arrived and the free vegetable soup was on the boil and being distributed to hungry, happy young ragamuffins. Meanwhile down the Portobello Road, word was spreading like wildfire.

With no admission charge, no age restrictions and no dress regulations, the partygoers arrived in their hundreds; bags of chips, biscuits and all manner of booze piled up high in their hugging arms and rotting rucksacks.

AS THE first of many bands came on and the party really started to swing, police were waiting around outside, no doubt wondering just what the hell they ought to be doing about it all. Someone went in and gave them a leaflet, which they did seem to be genuinely interested in.

'... We have not employed security today, and we believe that no security will be necessary ... It is up to us together to make it work. Treat others as you would expect to be treated and leave the place as it was when you arrived. We can only claim the right to use places if we are prepared to take responsibility to see that they are well looked after. We are here to be creative; we can leave destruction to the authorities ...

Everywhere the emphasis was on responsibility: posters cropped up all over the place encouraging the crowd to pick up litter, refrain from vandalism, and generally be sensible. It all seemed to impress the police who, putting an end to rumours of an imminent (unlawful) eviction/break-in, wandered off back to their station, leaving just a couple of friendly coppers behind to keep a (very) discreet eye on things.

'... As the day turned into night, more bands took to the stage, some of them terrible and some excellent. People staggered around sharing food with complete strangers and getting drunk on free beer ... When the Mob came on, the event became *The Event*.

Everybody stood up for the Mob, and 'No Doves Fly Here' was the moment to treasure — the highlight of the day; They were wonderful.

By now the 'house' was packed, though not unomfortably so. A rain of shredded Zig-Zag club tickets fell from the sky and the Poison Girls were doing whatever it is they do, which seems to be quite an acquired taste; although through the jubilant alcoholic haze 'Persons Unknown' just sounded so good, especially whilst persons unconscious lay slumped in exhausted heaps around the floor ...

'Anarchy In The UK' exploded from the midsts of Conflict's opening tape, and my God, never before had it sounded so magnificently right. The drunken hordes floated to the front and had a bloody great time, but *this* killjoy just couldn't see the appeal apart from the brilliant intro to 'Meat Means Murder', and even the subtleties of that soon disappeared beneath the bewildering Conflict wall of noise.

SO OFF they went while Flux of Pink Indians walked on and plugged in. An unusually murky sound tarnished their short set but, even so, the urgency and dynamic flexibility they've always possessed didn't go amiss.



STEVE IGNORANT of Crass

And so with the last of a genuinely harrowing succession of anti-nuclear films already screened, and with those mighty rows of peace/love/freedom banners hanging victoriously, proudly over the stage, it was soon time for Crass.

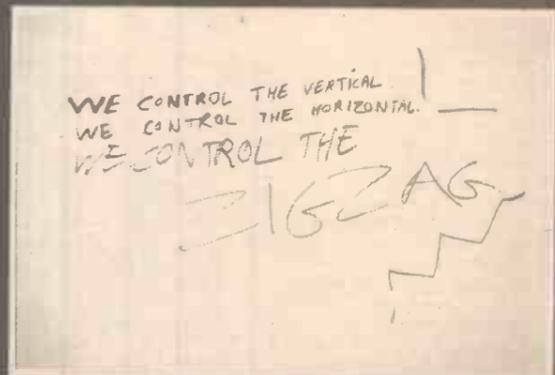
A woman's voice boomed from the speakers denouncing the sacrifice of young soldiers to war and then, like the legends they most definitely are, Crass were bathed in a flash of dazzling white light while they exploded straight into a dizzy 'How Does It Feel ...'

For the crowd this was it, this was pure heaven. Sure, with some notable exceptions, 'Big A Little A' being one of them, it was mainly a monotonous racket but, Christ, Crass were impressive, and so utterly spellbinding, even when making the most horrendous of dins. Style, charisma and sheer impact: believe me, Crass had it all, in bundles.

'Do They Owe Us A Living' sent the hordes into a final frenzied boil, and then it was all over. The phenomenon had become even more phenomenal, and the dream, the dream only Crass and their companions had held any faith in, had come completely, magnificently true ...

NOBODY WAS hurt, no-one suffered, nobody ruled and no-one was governed. For 24 hours Crass had achieved their much-ridiculed vision of a peaceful, creative Anarchy in the most fantastically triumphant, clean, efficient way anyone could have ever imagined possible.

This was truly a Christmas on Earth. It won't be forgotten.



POISON GIRLS



FLUX OF Pink Indians

All pix by TONY MOTTRAM

EURYTHMICS, AS you should know, are Dave Stewart and Annie Lennox. It is now well over a year since they made their first LP ('In The Garden', produced by Conny Plank and featuring contributions from Clem Burke, Robert Gori, Jackie Leibzeit and Holger Czukay) and released it to a forceful round of critical indifference.

Since then three new titles have appeared as singles (usually with three or four additional cuts on the rear-side of the 12" versions) recorded at their own eight-track set up with various cohorts and acquaintances.

Live shows have been infrequent and have mostly featured Adam Williams mixing the sound from on stage and Tim Wheeler — the *enfant terrible* of the classical flute world. These appearances were often lacking in spontaneity due to the precise dictates of the pre-recorded drum tracks.

Recently Dave and Annie have been treading the boards with Robert Crash (an inter-continental commuter who has a studio in Berlin and connections with cable TV in New York) who adds his own special brand of percussion.

His flailing sticks are even used to strike a synth and thus produce notes instead of beats. The currently 'bubbling' under 'single release is 'Love Is A Stranger'. For most of the general public this is the first taste of Eurythmics and its relative success is a result of ears succumbing to the merits of the disc itself rather than minds being swayed by the 'ex-Tourists' slag-tag that has stood in the way of acceptance in the fad-happy rock media.

That very obstacle itself is a symptom of the 'rock and roll circuit' which Dave and Annie are somehow competing with yet not allowing themselves to become a part of.

LOVE IS A Stranger' is certainly the most simple single you've done. The bass and drum rhythm runs steadily all the way through and most of the emphasis seems to have been placed on the performance and mixing of the voice.

It varies from one part of the song to another, actually heightening the impact of the lyrical content rather than just making a nice 'pop vocal' sound.

Annie: "We did decide for 'Love Is A Stranger' that everything in it would be very clear. All that is there is seen to be there and nothing is hidden in a big mush of sound."

Dave: "Using our own eight track we hear a song millions of times and the melody in it is always apparent to us. We realised it might not be so obvious for people hearing the song for the first time."

The actual substance of the songs on your past singles was perhaps intruded upon by so many different things happening in the mix. The clarity that 'Love Is A Stranger' has makes it ideal for radio plays.

Annie: "The best test of what makes a good single is always what it sounds like when it comes on the air over little transistor radio speakers. When I heard 'Belinda' (an early single culled from the first album) on the radio I just knew it wasn't a good choice as a single. There was nothing wrong with the music or the song but it was the way it was mixed and produced and presented. Nothing happened when it came on. Only in that context can I be objective about what should be a single."

"We keep putting out records according to our idea of commerciality yet we get reports back saying that DJ's found it weird, or what we thought of as weird they found commercial. We haven't got the commercial thermometer well gauged, we just work on what we like best as appreciators of music."

Dave: "I'm totally confused as to what commerciality is but if I go out to a club and hear a record which is in the top ten I can immediately see why it's

there." How does having your own studio aid or hinder song composition?

Annie: "It's a baffling process, songwriting, it still bewilders me (the pair hadn't been writing seriously until Eurythmics began). Some of the things we've done have been like jigsaws that get pieced together over about three months. Other things happen quicker."

THE EURYTHMICS base of recording operations has recently been shifted from above a factory in Chalk Farm to a disused church in Crouch End. Dave and Annie have leased a part of the strange premises from a couple of maniac animators who both live and have their animation studio (full of ancient but constantly used equipment) in the building.

Annie: "There is a different kind of creativity going on there and it is very refreshing not to be constantly reminded of the rock and roll circuit. Those two

guys are much older than us yet they have more enthusiasm than people of our age."

Dave: "Not only are they doing their animations during the day but they're actually building our studio for us at night. They have incredible stamina."

Annie: "One of them has been in the entertainment industry since he was a child but has always moved on from one thing to another, keeping up with what was vital at the time like the change from music hall to television. They've not been deadened by making their living at it for so long either."

Dave: "That's because they've always had their own place and not given in to the BBC and become institutionalised."

Annie: "People in institutional jobs always seek what is safe and comfortable within the system. They never stretch themselves."

The photos that you have on the record sleeves propagate a variety of images. There's Annie in her wigs and shades

and Dave in his World War One fighter ace goggles and hand up a french horn.

Dave: "We're totally into many different kinds of influence. Rather than simply be a conglomeration of influences — a hybrid mish-mash like most bands are — we go by how we feel for one particular record and we don't have a constant thing."

Annie: "When you have the opportunity to present something through visual images it can be quite interesting to interpret one song in a certain way and another song in a different way. We have a lot of ideas and visuals are a good way of getting them across."

"All our record covers are different but there is a kind of continuity there as well. If you lay out the picture bags there are a set of visual images running like A to B to C. When a particular idea is finished we burn it and go on to something else."

Dave: "It stops us getting bored. Having been in groups

before we've got past the thing of playing the same songs live every night and always making the same kind of sounds. Someone like Dave Edmunds always has the same sound, he obviously loves it and does it very well but I would just get bored if I had to make 'Love Is A Stranger' a thousand times."

There is no 'progression' in the usual rock speak musical sense from single to single. There are familiar elements such as Annie's voice but generally a person never knows what to expect from a Eurythmics record.

Dave: "At the beginning of Eurythmics I did say to RCA that we wanted to be successful in a way that people wouldn't know what the next record was going to be. It's a bit like Bowie, nobody ever has a clue what he's going to do next, it can be the Bael thing or a duet with Bing. It's that kind of freedom — not being stuck to making a sound like the last one."

Annie: "God! I really hate that. 'Find a style that's selling'

— that's what the music business is based on but you can never say what a hit record is going to be. When a group does get a hit the pressure is on for them to continue that. That's very freakish. We want to get across the river but we want to jump from stone to stone so it can be changeable but with us always in control."

Dave: "It's more inspiring for us. I'd imagine we're in the position now where we could, if we wanted, release an album of me playing 12 string acoustic guitar with Annie singing over the top and it would still be accepted as a Eurythmics record."

"We're a bit like kids who haven't forgotten the feeling of opening the paint box for the first time and having the colours to splash about."

"I like messing around with other peoples songs as a kind of light relief otherwise you get too obsessed with yourself and what you're doing. We used to be freaked-out by the thought of doing other people's songs after what happened with 'I Only Want To Be With You' but recently we've been playing a few things live."

"There is a Françoise Hardy song, a kind of Parisian cafe music that we've done and also 'Can't Hurry Love'. We were rehearsing it when we heard the Phil Collins version on the radio. With our version nobody recognises it until Annie starts singing the words."

Annie: "We take a song and explode it rather than just doing a replica like a cabaret band would. Often other people's lyrics are great, they have the cheek to use the cliches that you would chuck out at once."

Dave: "You can change the cliches though, like a collage where you cut out pieces of paper and stick them back where you want them to go."

CAN YOU explain the ideas behind the 'Love Is A Stranger' video?

Annie: "The video is basically a little cameo story. I would say 'Love Is A Stranger' is a song about love objects. The concept of love in relationships is very often a person projecting what they want onto another person."

"We are all in love with the idea of love but what we want is not always good for us. We might get obsessed with something very dangerous. I wanted to put these ideas into a pop song."

"In the video, a very expensive looking limousine draws up outside a house and a very pricey looking whore leaves the house, gets into the car and is driven away by the chauffeur. Obviously a whore is a very expensive love object for sale. In the car she pulls off the wig to reveal another personality. She arrives at another house as though she's delivering something, like a dealer."

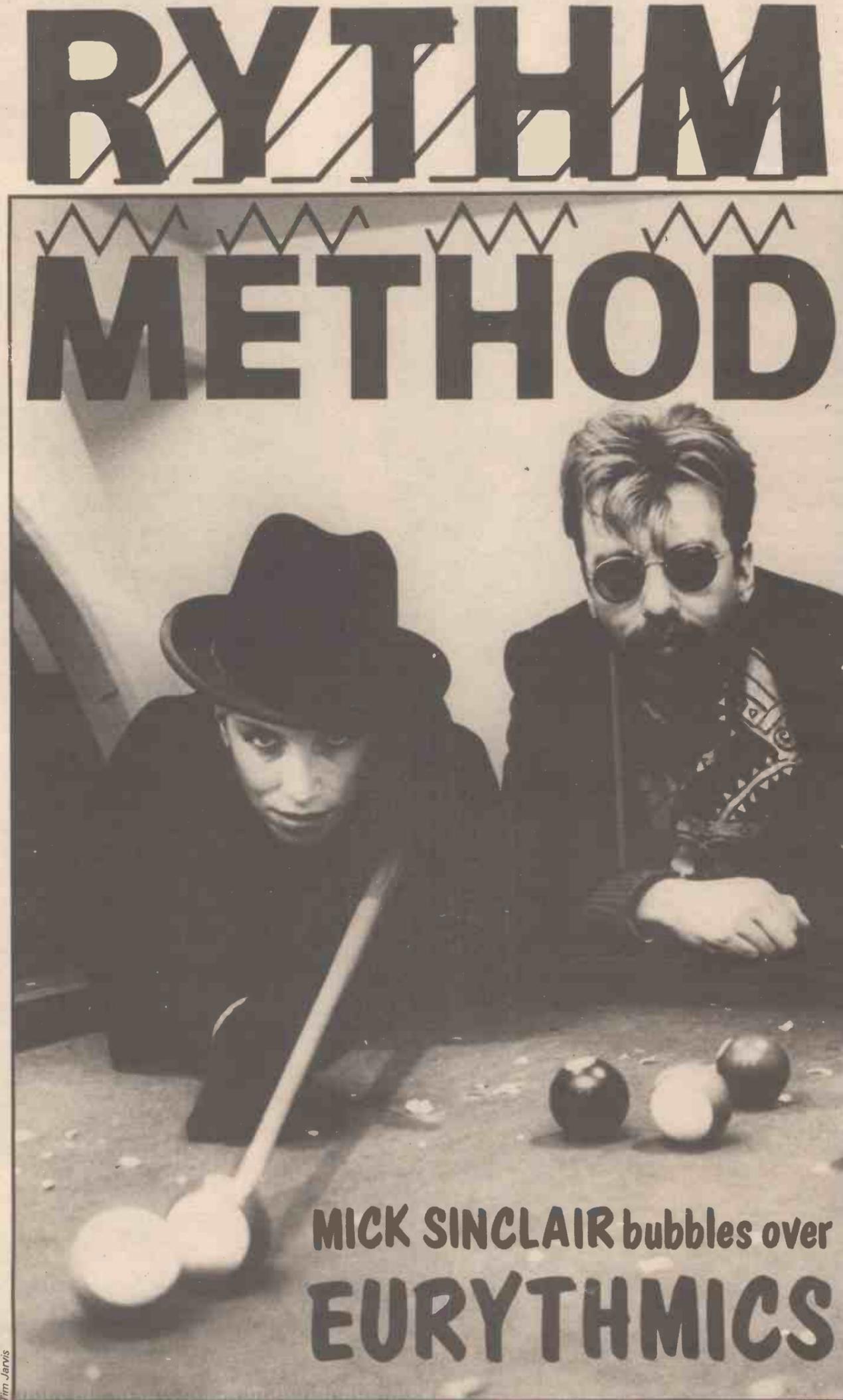
"The person in the house is very sadistic, there's lots of leather around and strange things in the bathroom. When the person leaves that house and gets into the car, the person has become a man. The man turns into a dummy which you see is being manipulated by the driver of the car. That's the idea behind it."

"A very simple idea," sniggers Dave. "To me it's like a contemporary love song. I don't mean written with contemporary music but the lyrics are how things are at the moment unlike, say, the love songs of the 50's. A lot of people nowadays want to be single and separate. The song is a comment on that."

Annie: "The song is about somebody who is obsessed with something which is also a destructive thing. Like the love between an addict and heroin. If we could, we would have had hypodermic syringes laying around in the video."

Dave: "The whole of the new album has that bitter/sweet thing about it. I think that is the way things are in life at the moment. People in their sub-conscious are dealing with horrific things like nuclear war yet still carrying on doing everyday things."

"There is this huge switch going on all the time between massive paranoia and getting drunk at a party. That's what 1982 feels like to me and I suppose that is reflected in the music."



MICK SINCLAIR bubbles over EURYTHMICS

Tim Jarvis

GIRLS TALK

"BURRP!"

I'd been warned about these three, and they'd been warned themselves . . .

"Behave!" was the order from the record company; "Bums!" was the band's heartfelt reply. The long-awaited acid-test was about to commence . . .

"BURRP!"

What'd you say the most obvious question would be for me to ask you?

Karen: "Erm . . ."

Sue: "How long've we been together and all that sort of . . ."

Paula: "Why did you release '48 Crash'?"

Right!

"Oh, have we got to answer it?"

The Gymslips laugh an awful lot, and when they're not breaking wind in some way or another (farting, as guitarist Paula explained, is just *one* distinguishing mark of a true 'Renee') they reveal that a brand new single — 'Big Sister' — is in the proverbial pipeline, and an album, tentatively entitled 'Rocking With The Renees', is due to be recorded in January.

Only thing is, girls just aren't supposed to sing about rude, crude things like the Gymslips do, and as they've discovered, this can lead to problems.

Paula: "We've got this one about our ex-manager, and it's so absolutely insulting and disgusting we couldn't even record it as a demo, I don't even think a studio would allow us to play it; I'm surprised we haven't been stopped from doing it live!"

And not only that, but as bassist Sue explains . . .

"When we did the John Peel session they made us cut out a burp!" Whaa??

Paula: "A burp on 'Pie 'N' Mash'; it was only a little one, it just went 'urp', like that, and they cut it out."

That's not all, for when the band decided to record a version of 'You'll Never Walk Alone' with the line 'hold your bum up high', it also got the chop, yet as the giggling guitarist points out, they were allowed to recite the far more offensive — 'Here we come! Up your bum' elsewhere. It's all very mystifying.

"I don't think they realised though," suggests Sue, "like 'Drink Problem'; 'Whiskey makes you frisky/Gin makes you sin' . . ."

"'Rum makes you come', they left that on." Paula sounds almost as baffled as I am.

THERE WAS a time when the Gymslips numbered seven: that was in 1979 and, as sole survivor from those days, Paula recounts, they played no gigs, and were, as she admits with brutal frankness, "terrible".

In 1980 the line-up slimmed down to a more respectable four, and the band were joined by the now notorious Sue together with (sometimes deceptively quiet) drummer Karen.

Needless to say, by '81 the Gymslips were reduced to a three-piece, and by the Autumn of this year they'd enjoyed their first brush with the tail-end of the charts after releasing a cover of that old Suzi Quatro favourite '48 Crash'; an action which on reflection, an unusually straight-faced Sue appears to have quite a few doubts about . . .

"I wouldn't release it if I had the chance again now," she confesses. "Sometimes it benefits you to release a cover version, because once you've done a cover and people have heard the name of your band, you can get in there and do just what you want to do; like Captain Sensible, he did a cover version first of all and now he does what he fancies and gets in the charts."

Paula: "It was a popular live song, and we did it well, I think."

"I'd rather have one of our own songs out though, because you feel more satisfied when you hear your own song on the

radio; plus I think we write nice songs."

Karen: "I mean I don't feel bad that it ain't done well, but if it was one of our own songs and it didn't do well, then I'd worry."

But what's this I hear about the Gymslips turning down the chance to have one of their numbers featured on the magnificent (I) 'Carry On Oi' compilation LP? Surely the chance of a lifetime . . .

Paula: "We'd just never been able to get away from the label, no matter how we'd changed we'd be classed as Oi, and we're not. We've just got a couple of fast songs, that's all."

"It was probably because we're girls and they'd get all those boring bloke groups all the time. Half the groups on it weren't even Oi anyway were they?"

Previously unknown to me, it emerges that the vivaciously irresistible Sue has been around for a very long time, playing as far back as '77 for an out-and-out punk band called Minnie Ralores.

Minnie Ralores were a regular attraction at the Roxy Club, and over a life-span of around one and a half years, they blitzed numerous young ears with a sound very much "a cross between the Rezillos and X-Ray Spex".

Does Sue prefer the stuff she's doing now to her earlier work?

"Well, you see it's different now, because punk today has just increased its speed by about five times."

"I think I preferred punk then though, because the atmosphere then was . . . I'd go to all the gigs, but now I wouldn't go to half the punk gigs; I'd be really scared to go."

Another subject the Gymslips are happy to raise themselves is feminism, and once again the girls' serious side is revealed; the trio, for a few fleeting seconds only, becoming mildly angry.

Sue: "We're not feminists. Everyone thinks we're feminists; I mean we *are* in our own way . . ."

Karen: "But not as a *band*, we're not a feminist *band*, but we are as individuals."

"Anyway, a lot of feminists don't like us. We did a gig with Soul Sister, and we were the headline group, and *Spare Rib* did a review of it and they didn't even mention us."

Perhaps you don't look right. Maybe you should all wear woolly socks or something.

Paula: "It's because we don't have our top buttons done up."

Karen: ". . . And it's all these terrible feminist groups that complain they never get a chance in music, and if anybody actually heard them . . ."

"We saw this group once, and they didn't have a drummer, they just had saucepans lined up along the stage. This is one of the groups that are always complaining they never get a chance to get records out and all that; but who's going to sign up a *saucepan* band?"

"They say, oh, it's because we're girls that we can't get gigs, but that just isn't true nowadays."

Sue: "It's a load of crap, I mean women get a better deal than bloke bands sometimes. Record companies will usually listen to you more if you're a girl band, I don't know why. It

...dirty. Or at least the GYMSLIPS do



GYMSLIPS: stand clear — farting is just one distinguishing mark

shouldn't be like that really, but there's nothing that's going to change I don't think; not in the foreseeable future."

AND TALKING of record companies, the Gymslips hve got their heads screwed firmly on. Sue recounts a telling tale . . . firmly on. Sue recounts a telling tale . . .

"We wouldn't change ourselves just because someone wanted us to, just to have a hit. I mean Abstract Records wanted us to dress up in gymslips and all that shit, but we said no way!"

Paula: "That was for some photos with the *Daily Star*; they thought we'd get them in."

Sue: ". . . We didn't want to; it's too tacky. I wouldn't do it anyway because of the principle."

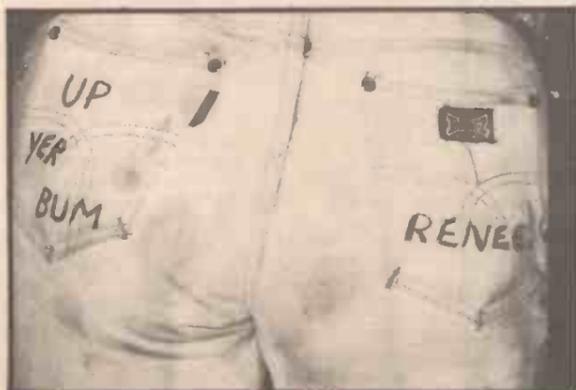
Paula: "But I don't mind releasing our most commercial song for a single, rather than one of our more popular live ones if it's going to help get the group known, but you've got to have a good record company and promoter, otherwise you just end up playing all the clubs . . ."

"What've you done? You ain't farted have you? . . . She has!"

Sue sniffs the air in confirmation and grins the most enormous grin. The Gymslips, on best behaviour for oh, at least 15 minutes now, collapse in ridiculous fits of helpless laughter: True Renee's, every last one of them.

I think I'm in love.

WINSTON SMITH



THE END . . .

GUITAR HEROES

No. 5

RITCHIE BLACKMORE •

MICK BOX of URIAH HEEP •

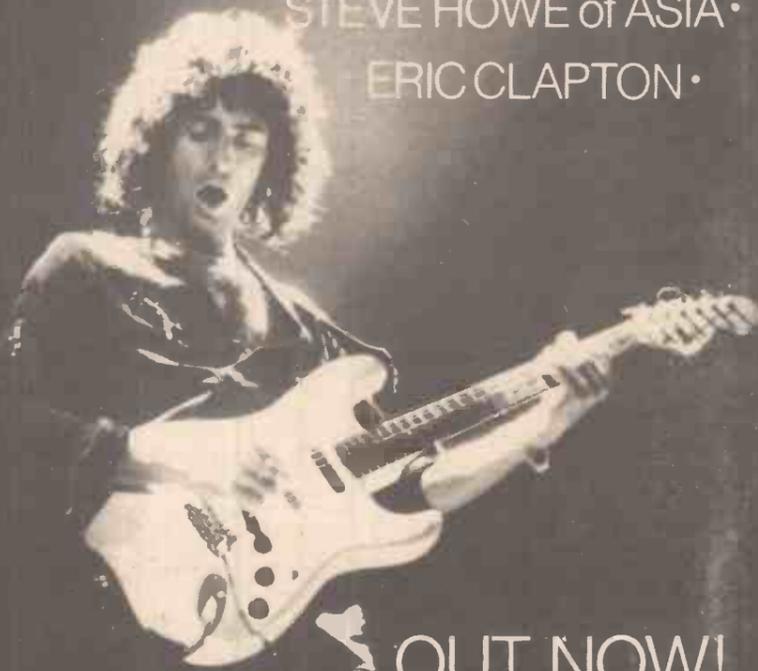
PAUL CHAPMAN of UFO •

MICKY MOODY of WHITESNAKE •

BRIAN TATLER of DIAMONDHEAD •

STEVE HOWE of ASIA •

ERIC CLAPTON •



OUT NOW!

BUBBLING UNDER



STEVE TYLER: pix by Laura Levine

Tim Sommer catches AEROSMITH on the boil

SOME BANDS just don't belong in the '80's. The '70's will come to be remembered as rock's middle age — infancy in the '50's, adolescence in the '60's, middle age in the '70's, probable death in the '80's.

Middle age bred a species of bands that could have existed only then and nowhere else, in this time when rock was just figuring out what to do with its unnecessary expertise, unnecessary decadence, unnecessary money and unnecessary drugs, and these bands had little place outside of this middle age.

And Aerosmith are not one of those bands.

BACK FROM THE DEAD, they belong here today, at least as much as anyone else does. Fact is, Aerosmith have turned out to be one of America's great rock bands; with their new LP, 'Rock In A Hard Place', they have firmly asserted their claim to true greatness. After disappearing for a while, Aerosmith reappeared in the '80's, seemingly the decade they weren't supposed to belong in, 'cos certainly contemporaries like Blue Oyster Cult and Ted Nugent were just plain out of their element in the '80's.

Those bands had made their definitive or necessary statements in the '70's (and don't they seem like period pieces now!) and today are just riding out on their dwindling

momentum from the excesses of the earlier decade. But in 1982, Aerosmith made a New album, a Great album, very much 1982 and very much Aerosmith. They had made it into their second decade as a relevant band, they need not remain a frozen image of 1976 glory.

Welcome back. Where were you?

Steven Tyler: "We spent a good year lurking about in studios, um, I took my heel off in a motorcycle accident, that was a good seven or eight months — it was pretty bad, I was in a cast for seven months,

and I was in the hospital for four, just laying there. I really took a tumble, so I couldn't do much, but the boys were rehearsing.

"We came up with enough songs, we got enough riffs and licks to last us for the next ten years out of all this. So it was a good thing. Besides, there's nothing wrong with taking a break. I think you get stale after a while if you keep on going back to the same Santa Monica Civic Centre for the fourth time . . . between '75 and '80 we played there four times. And it just gets old; it's good to take a break, so we took a break, looked back, saw what we did, and jumped into the '80's, nothing wrong with that."

Aerosmith hobbit Steve Tyler

and bassist Tom Hamilton lurk about in a hotel suite that success like theirs has made affordable (high above Central Park, the view isn't good, it's incredible) a luxurious room four hundred feet up in the Manhattan sky, littered with potato chips and macadamia nuts and other quick snacks.

Initially a bit suspicious, Steve Tyler soon opens up in a real friendly way, and Tom Hamilton was totally amiable to begin with. Tyler's just like you would imagine. He moves around in a firm but sort of elf-like way, he does a lot of crouching on his hind legs and

in general he's pretty cute and quite comfortable with it.

His complexion is a bit of a shock — his skin is a wane, pasty gray-yellow-brown, hollow cheeks and a basic wasted-but-in-control-wasted look.

And Tom's just a nice, normal looking blond. I like 'em both, and I get the feeling that they weren't nice just for me or the sake of the hawk-eyed publicist, but that's just the way they are.

"Rock In A Hard Place" could be definitive Aerosmith, at least it's a good place to start. It showcases their skill as hard rock naturals; scraping solid and fiery riffs plus good humour over ten well-paced songs, it's nothing short of classic;

reminiscent of the easygoing yet hard'n'tough literate sleaziness of Mott the Hoople or the Small Faces, it kicks and it sighs, draws the occasional laugh and the occasional tear, with side two (the real killer side) a firm outpost of good-time, serious/un-serious boozy rock.

Their first studio album in three years, 'Rock In A Hard Place' was recorded over a year-and-a-half period in seven (!) studios. It's Aerosmith's first complete album with guitarist Jimmy Crespo behind the fretboard, and somewhere along the line, Aerosmith

picked up another new frontliner, rhythm guitarist Rick Dufay. Hamilton explains: "He's from New York, and had done a solo album with Jack Douglas. So we were rehearsing, finishing up one of the last tracks, and Jack suggested we check him out, so we brought him over to rehearsal and, uh, so began the task of evaluating Rick Dufay," laughs Hamilton.

"Things are working out pretty good. He came into the band actually at the end of the album. Ninety-nine-point-nine percent of the guitar work is all Jimmy; Brad — I mean, Rick came in and did a couple of vocal parts, back-up vocals, and played guitar on 'Rock In A Hard Place', and I think one

other tune."

Picking up on that little slip of the tongue, former Aerosmith rhythm guitarist Brad Whitford does indeed surface on one track, 'Lightning Strikes'. Was there any chance of him rejoining the band?

"No," Hamilton quickly states.

Tyler: "He was having a good time out there with Derek St Holmes and doing studio work and stuff. Guess he just wanted to calm it down a little (?)." But back to new boy Dufay:

"Rick, he didn't get a chance to do very much on the album.

Not only that, but we liked the idea of going into the studio with one guitar player — seeing as how he wrote a lot of the music — he'd put the rhythm down, and also the leads, so there wouldn't be too much mush."

Hamilton: "Jimmy, when he writes a song, is very particular about how everything guitar-wise goes down. He took over completely, was calling the shots guitar-wise. Hopefully with the next album Rick will get the chance to show his creativity a little bit."

Did you always feel you needed a second guitar player?

Hamilton: "Well, yeah, but we hadn't really thought of it as far as the album went. But we knew we needed another guitar

player for touring, and eventually, as another band member, 'cos we are a two-guitar band."

Hamilton and Tyler continually stress the importance and creative power of Jimmy Crespo's role in Aerosmith — it's interesting to note that they were looking for (and found, in Crespo) a guitarist with a take-charge attitude, as opposed to someone who was going to be a mere replacement, taking a subordinate role in the band.

"Well, they pretty much had to be like that to fill Joe Perry's shoes," Hamilton notes.

"And the amazing thing about Jimmy is that his ideas are . . . it's the shinier side of the coin," Tyler adds, trailing off. "His ideas are just what I've always really wanted as far as guitar playing goes."

Hamilton: "A lot of people don't know that we've already toured with Jim — did a 20 date tour. I remember noticing from the first gig that I didn't get any vibe or feelings from the audience or the people around me of 'Where's Joe?' or anything like that, 'cos Jimmy's a commanding guitar player. Makes our old stuff sound really good, just like the new stuff."

Considering that Aerosmith has changed it's entire guitar line-up, the character of the band seems remarkably unscathed.

"That's because of Jimmy's style," Hamilton notes thoughtfully. "He was into the same kind of music, and into writing the same kind of music that we've always done — and I guess part of it was just plain

"It's just ass-kicking rock 'n' roll"

old luck that we got a guy who fitted so perfectly so that we could still put out a record that sounded like an Aerosmith record.

"People hear the record and I've heard a lot of people say 'Yeah! That sounds like Aerosmith!', and that's really gratifying 'cos we could have come out sounding like a different band; we didn't want that. We didn't want a guy to copy the 'old ways', but we also didn't want to change the whole format of the band. Jimmy worked in really good."

And how important was reuniting with producer Jack Douglas? Some people thought his presence was sorely missed from 'Night In The Ruts'!

Tyler: "I don't know if that was that important — although we were looking for the old home week. We missed him a hell of a lot, we had worked with Gary Lyons, who was real good, but for this album in particular there were some songs that needed a different application, like 'Joanie's Butterfly', and Jack's real good at that, he sussed the flavour of that song out right away."

"He's really adaptable to our style, and also I wanted to get in their a little more than I'd been in the past as far as the way I think things should sound, co-produce it with him, get my hands wet. I guess it was an important move, but more for us mentally — we're tired of shopping around. We kind of liked it, where we were, our nest."

THREE YEARS in that nest between albums, and three years is an awfully long time. Think about all that's changed since 1979! The Metal/Hard Rock market has turned over completely, at least it would seem that way. For instance, let's make the wild assumption that half to three-quarters of your steady buying hard rock consumers are ages 14 to 18. Your 1982 14 to 18's would have been 11 to 15 in 1979 — it's certainly possible (though I wouldn't dare say probable) that a good portion of the current HR market is only marginally aware of Aerosmith — especially in the under 17 bracket.

Someone in that age group would have lived the basis of their hard-rock adolescence so far without an active Aerosmith, the band might almost be an unknown for them (Kiss, for instance, are making the best music of their careers today, but are suffering from a similar — and severe — problem). At least it's a possibility.

"Some of them..." slowly says Tom Hamilton, very tentatively agreeing with my theory. "I could see that being true about some of them..."

Tyler cuts him off. "But that shouldn't really be a problem," he says matter-of-factly, "shouldn't really be a problem at all. We did it before, we could do it again. I don't think it's going to hurt at all getting back out there and doing what we did before. I know they're hungry for it, I know they want it, all the f*in' kids out there want to hear some rock'n'roll."

Hamilton continues with a slightly more in-depth explanation. "You see, over those years that we've been... semi off-the-road — I say semi because we did some club dates when we were doing the album — people have been still buying our records. We've sold a million-and-a-half records in this time that we've been supposedly broken up, or whatever."

"So we knew that there were people waiting for the album out there, plus we've been getting good airplay over the last few years. So we know they're out there, and as for exactly how the market is going to effect our record, it's too early to tell right now, but right now it's doing real good. We've got no reason to expect anything but going all the way with it."

And you're glad to be back — looking forward to touring? "Mmmmmmmmm..." says Tyler, with the kind of emotion usually reserved for food or sex. "Hell, yeah. We was always a

people's band'.

Being off the road sort-of starts getting you down after a while. Not only that, but I found myself getting so used to it — ten, twelve years solid touring, when you finally get home it can be quite boring."

Hamilton: "I can feel the excitement within the band about getting back out on the road, especially about putting the new songs into the set. We've been rehearsing the stuff, and the new songs just slip right into the set real good, they're going to sound really good on stage."

"It's more of a live album anyway," Mr Tyler adds.

"So we're really looking forward to it," Hamilton continues. "We feel that we've proven that we can still do it with our album, and we're going to go out and show them what we can do on the road. We wanna go out and show 'em."

"Kick some ass," Tyler sneers, with just a touch of sarcasm.

Hamilton: "Yeah!"
I don't think that Aerosmith play true heavy metal — very few bands do these days, perhaps Manowar, Motorhead, Discharge, GBH, Blitz.

Aerosmith play very solid rock music, great rock music, and they play it straight and hard and tough and well.

They know how to connect and where to hold back, their music is fresh and snotty and occasionally clever but the key thing is THERE'S NO BULLSHIT. 'Rock In A Hard Place' is one of the best pure (pure! pure!) rock albums in recent memory, with Stiff Little Fingers' 'Now Then' and the Clash's 'Combat Rock' it marks '82 as the year pure rock really came into its own as one of the strongest, most entertaining and most alive forms of music around.

Rock music is rock music, it can be great just for being rock music — no one said it had to be progressive, as long as it's good and somewhat bright and fresh. In '82 Aerosmith and SLF and the Clash proved this.

Possibly the key is that Aerosmith haven't wimped out in any way, shape, or form, 'Rock In A Hard Place' finds them as hard and as solid as ever.

"We never could have sat down and said 'Well, let's see how we can smooth things out', so that everybody would want to listen," Hamilton

explains. "We're not looking for any lowest common denominator. We're looking to stay true to our style, and we know there are plenty of people who want to hear it."

You mention something about being a people's band... how does Aerosmith keep that?

"Um... our style of music has always attracted the masses, y'know?" Tyler says, as modestly as possible. "You say it's refreshing, well, it is, 'cos it's the oldest good of rock'n'roll. I really don't think we've changed the face of rock'n'roll that much, Aerosmith, it's not like a Who, who came right out and kicked it — we've been pretty much doing the same old rock'n'roll with a little touch of Aerosmith, that's the recipe. That's as far as I can see — I'm sure other people can see a lot more."

Then, people do think of us as a 'Walk This Way', 'Sweet Emotion', 'Train Kept A Rolling' band — they don't think of us as an 'Uncle Salty' or 'Big Ten Inch' band."

"Yeah," Hamilton adds. "It's just ass-kicking rock'n'roll," Tyler calmly but firmly adds.

Now that's simple enough,

isn't it?

MY POINT here is that Aerosmith are a real band, a real good band, who didn't just get where they got through convenience or audience trends. They got where they are because they deserved it, because they've genuinely got something. It's a certain something you find lacking in most American bands all through history, perhaps a sense of basics and fun, knowing that the Yardbirds are a good place to take off from and Traffic wasn't.

And there may lie the key to Aerosmith's greatness — not just a hard rock band for the sake of being a hard rock band, like a Mott the Hoople

Aerosmith have their roots firmly in the harder British Invasion bands (an American question: do the British call the British Invasion the British Invasion?) (no — Ed) and the descended post-Brit Invasion bands. Roots with balls and soul (certainly BOC would never have covered 'Milk Cow Blues'). My mention of the Yardbirds elicits a quick and happy yelp of "That's it!" from Steve Tyler.

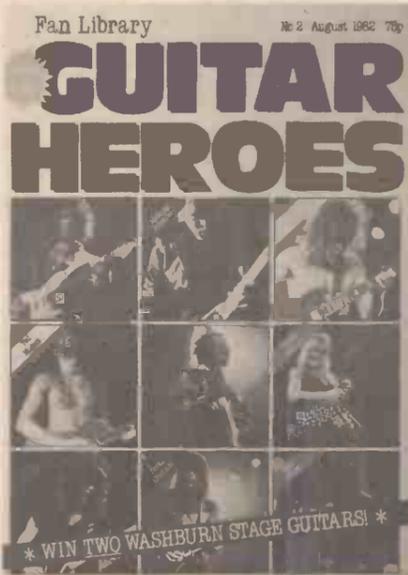
"That's the perfect band to mention," adds Tom Hamilton. "You got it right there," continues Tyler. "Christ, I remember when I was going to high school, one of my best friends, Lee Ritter, and I used to come down and buy all the English imports — the Pretty Things, the Rats — good grief," Tyler sighs with a nostalgic shake of his head.

Hamilton follows with a more concise explanation of Aerosmith's roots: "When we were starting out, like in 1970, we had just spent the last few years listening to bands like the Yardbirds, Ten Years After, really great but really classy heavy English rock bands. Jeff Beck... we thought that was where music was really coming from, those English bands."

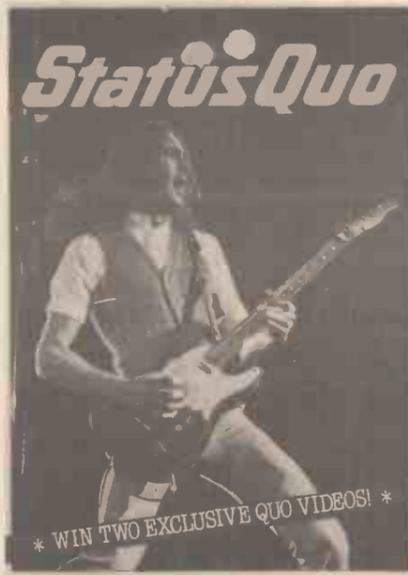
"So we decided we wanted to be an American band that could play loud, fast, and hard, but still have some class in it, some polish, like the English bands. So, without really analysing it more than that or trying to contrive anything, that's how our sound developed, really. We took the kind of style we liked to listen to and it just automatically came through in what we put together for ourselves."

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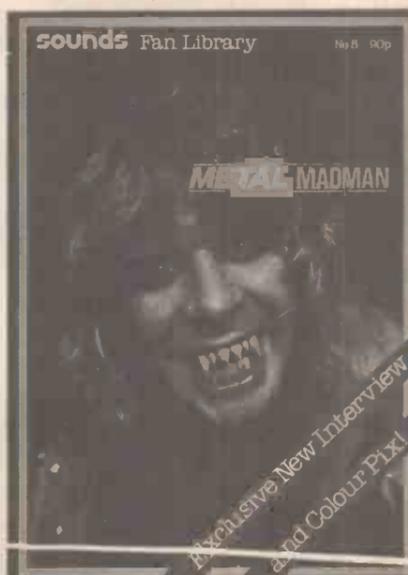
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VERSION POSSE

REGGAE ROUND-UP

ANOTHER YEAR of plastic memories gathering dust on the shelf.

One thing is for sure, nothing in the world has been as admirable as the (Futile? So what!) efforts of the sisters who are even now huddling through a winter of discontent around the barbed authoritarian perimeter of Greenham Common.

This column is dedicated to them. Burn it for warmth since these are only random thoughts reflecting on a decidedly random dozen months.

Under starters orders, the racers-line up in the 45 stakes.

Only the first is favourite, the others tied . . . (1) 'The Message' — Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five Sugar Hill. A record which shook the apathy out of feet and brains simultaneously like no other in 1982.

Rap began and ended here as Flash's subsequent uninspired album illustrated.

Unfortunately we suffered a lot of shit in the meantime.

Drooping dross like the 'Big Leggy' saga which showed you don't have to be a prat to make the charts, but it sure as hell helps.

(2) 'Mash Down Babylon' — Jackie Mittoo. I well remember hearing Peckham's Zulu Warrior Chief, Shaka, spattering this dub plate several times during the year through his shattering sound system — still the most awesomely physical in the land.

It almost literally reduced me to a blob of twitching ectoplasm with its power. I would dearly like to get hold of a copy. Any offers?

(3) 'English Girl' — Sister Audrey Shaka. A more than timely chant against the government's heinous new registration regulations for people who aren't the same skin colour as the most evil band of motherf**ers in the land — Thatcher's cabinet. A slow throb of indignation which is still in the reggae charts and shops.

(4) 'Jah Jah You/Pain' — Brigadier Jerry Jwyanza. Yet another DJ who didn't fulfil expectations in the flesh despite the enormous hype of a Capital Radio joke. Even so, the guiding light of JA's Jah Love Muzik sound definitely has a blooming talent. And irrespective of this record's many merits, Biggy has a large entry in my '82 diary for being the only artist to try and ponce money off me for a story . . . I tried to explain he got it the wrong way round.

(5) 'Whole Heap A Daughter' — Cultural Roots Music Works . . . and indeed it does. In a reggae stylee, 'Daughters' was the sweetest vocal harmony performance of the period. Gunsmoke's arrangement/production was impeccable. Luscious, I believe, is the right word, as was his work with the Mighty Diamonds on the 'Roots Is There' album.

(6) 'Shipbuilding' — Robert Wyatt Rough Trade. I'll have to see how this sails into the future, but it could well be one of my favourite singles of the decade. Long may Robert's wheelchair run. It's certainly not a soft machine. Voice of the year, easy.

(7) 'Summer Of '81' — The Violators No Future. Rearing its ugly head just recently and perhaps a portent of things to come. After all, history repeats itself increasingly quickly these days.

A soundtrack to give heart as the decay spawns struggle. The only punk single to seriously disturb my hearing. Say hello, wave bye bye, Violators.

(8) 'Your're Nicked' — Laurel and Hardy Top Notch. A chuckling ironic stroll down the Old Kent Road rhythm with the bandits in blue giving chase. People who portray the everyday reality of state oppression, yet make you laugh in the process, are rare in any branch of music let alone reggae.

(9) 'Night Nurse' — Gregory Isaacs Island. A sublime voice to match a choking song. I must admit to not being overly impressed by most of the Cool Ruler's performances in November. I prefer to remember his visit to our shores this way.

Lover's single of the year? No competition . . . except for . . .

(10) 'Sexual Healing' — Marvin Gaye CBS. I play this every morning when I get out of bed and each evening when I climb back in. Simply a good feeling and a healthy comeback.

In the 33 groove, all the albums I came across were flawed in some way except for this one . . . (a) 'Imperial Bedroom' — Elvis Costello F Beat. An outstanding example of crafty artisan melody. Pure magic, as was his performance at Oxford which I will fondly carry to the grave.

(b) 'Seven Songs' — 23 Skidoo Fetish. Mixing clues from the Art Ensemble Chicago fashion with cut up Bill's, the youthful psychick tempers were nothing if not adventurous. Louder in concert than Motorhead, and more disorienting than kissing a fast moving sledgehammer, the Skidoo's wisely decided to split up.

Subsequently, I discovered where they filched the silly name from — 'Leviathan', otherwise known as part III of the *Illuminatus* by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson. It means . . .

(c) 'Night Nurse' — Gregory Isaacs Island. See above.

(d) 'Midnight Love' — Marvin Gaye CBS. Ditto.

(e) 'Earth Rightful Ruler' — Augustus Pablo Message. It was only some weeks after praising this Far Eastern promise to the skies that I realised its true appeal: the first ambient supermarket reggae music par excellence. Not so . . .

(f) 'Beyond The Realms Of Dub' — The Mad Professor Ariwa. Neil Fraser has rightly acquired a reputation for being the producer with the most ghoulish ears on the planet.

Despite his monicker, you won't meet a saner man. Craziness is highly overrated as an artistic stimulus. Just look at the trash Lee Perry is tossing out at the moment compared to this dubonic dust remover.

(g) 'Not Satsified' — Aswad CBS. A less militant platoon of songs than usual which led to arguably the world's greatest reggae band taking a nosedive in some critical circles. I like it. That's enough.

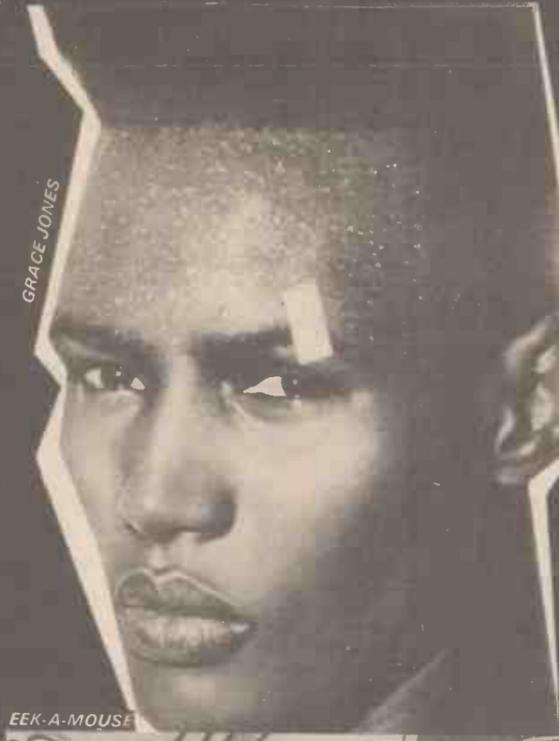
(h) 'Mr Yellowman' — Yellowman Greensleeves. A real DJ jamboree was '82. Unfortunately, apart from exceptions like Pappa Tullo's 'At Home' album, most paled after one spin. The Yellow fellow though shone like a rhinestone in a puddle of puke. "No gimmix, gimmix, just lyrics, lyrics," he boasted. And it's true.

(i) 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' — Michael Smith Island. This smouldering verse illustrated the bankrupt most DJs suffer from in the imagination department by bettering them on every front. Although Michael deserves to be huge in '83, he won't be. Poetry will remain about as popular as trouser ferreting. Shame.

(j) 'Chill Out' — Black Uhuru Island. Essentially a holding action after the bloody splendour of 'Red', Puma and pals still taste tuff after all these years. Hence they pass the test. JACK BARRON

THE YEAR of 82 saw the fashionable trend of dance-hall records making a bigger impact on the reggae-charts. The year also saw DJ records reach their ultimate peak with the release of live DJ albums.

Soul music took a forward step with some great rappers and electric funk records making a delightful alternative



to the lightweight pop-soul that dominated the charts. The Top Single of the year had to be 'The Message' by Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five — why this wasn't No 1 was an injustice — the album was a fair debut with their hit singles and the excellent 'Scorpio'.

Musical Youth came and swept all the old dears off their feet with their teeny-bop hit 'Pass The Dutchie', a number one in no time with their debut album following exposed a lot of musicians in this country, proving they can sing and play their instruments competently.

As usual Sly and Robbie made the most forward music of 82, producing my album of the year in 'Living My Life' by Grace Jones.

Grace and her co-producers finally came up with the right blend of funk-reggae-rock rhythms, her voice sounded at the right level, thus giving the album more warmth than previous attempts.

Sly and Robbie's other great works included tunes by Carlton Livingstone, The Tamlins and Black Uhuru. 'Chill Out' produced good tunes in 'Darkness' and 'Emotional Slaughter'.

Black Uhuru's Brighton gig was the best organised show, with so many bogus artists lined up to do shows. This ignorance turned many reggae shows into a farce.

The year also saw one of JA's top sound-systems, Jah Love arrive with Brigadier Jerry, Colonel (who left this reviewer impressed), Jeremiah — a strong team of MC's and I-Lawi — sound operator, the best gig I caught them at was on the Front Line in September.

Welton Ire finally put his DJ talents to good use on records with the hit 'Army Life'.

Peter Metro also came and conquered, 'Army Life' was originated by him. 'This Old Man' and 'What Kind Of World were fine examples of his work.

On the sound-circuit Welton Ire/Peter Metro were niceing it up on the Gemini set along with Ringo, Squidly Ranking and Buru. This squad of DJ's maintained Gemini position as top sound.

Another DJ due for a break is the excellent Bobby Culture who was seen in action on a clip of a recent *Deep Roots* programme. 'Healths And Strengths' was a good debut disc and like Peter Metro he improved his talents on record.

Legendary U-Roy's sound system Stur-Gav produced two wild DJs in Charlie Chaplin/Josey Wales, two for 83.

Women were at last encouraged to DJ with the likes of Junie Ranks, Sister Charm, Ranking Anne and Sister Nancy who was the most successful, being Brigadier Jerry's Sister she will always have inspiration.

On the home front Jah Shaka and Neil Fraser's efforts were probably the most creative talents in this country, producing some bizarre dub albums and their best work to date the excellent 'English Girl' by 'Audrey'.

Cornell Campbells 'Boxing' was the most used rhythm of '82, like its predecessor 'Shank I Shek' the rhythm of last year. Its continuity was like a recharged Duracell battery, the tune was first released about this time last year and up to this day there are still versions floating around the best being 'Them A Fight I' — Barry Brown, 'Thousand Things On My Mind' — Danny Mangaroo, 'Yoyo' — Johnny Osbourne, 'Work So Hard' — Little John and the tune to wound all of them was by the curious named DJ Sharp Knife with 'Unruly Liza'.

One of the hilarious tunes of the year was 'Two Lesbian Hitch' by Ringo, a big scandal that rocked the Jamaican weeklys, Ringo's other good sides were 'Coconut Woman'

and 'Working Class'. On the vocal side both The Diamonds and Cultural Roots did well in the Disco and LP Charts.

The Diamonds 'Pass The Kouchie' was swinging this time last year and their LP 'Changes' was doing a fair trade as well. At this time of writing they are storming the reggae-charts with 'Unruly Pickney' and 'Morgan The Pirate'.

All the mentioned tunes except 'Morgan' were admirably produced by Gussie Clark.

The best of the new vocalists were sing-jay artists Icho-Candy, Echo Minott and Danny Mangaroo.

Junior Murvin returned with a vengeance on 'Badman Possee'. Unfortunately the LP of the same name didn't reach the same heights of the hit single.

'Live At Aces' — Yellowman And Fathead started a new trend that is going to be bigger next year, most of the lyrics these days are usually dropped first at dance sessions.

Vocalist and hit-producer Linval Thompson produced a series of hard Dance hall sets by Eek-A-Mouse, Freddie McGregor and himself. His neighbour Junjo Lawes also had a good year with good sets by Michigan And Smiley, Wayne Jarrett and some good singles by veterans Alton Ellis and John Holt.

Barrington Levy's 'The Hammer' just missed out in the top singles list.

We can't really leave out Joe Gibbs who produced some delightful discos and singles by Barrington Levy, Sammy Dread, Cornell-Campbell and Ranking Trevor.

Joe Gibbs studio portrayed Dance hall music perfectly in sound and tempo.

Little John and Billy Boyo had a busy year in the charts that kept the youths in progress, Little Harry and Beeny Boy are my tip to follow them next year.

Roots music took a beating this year but still managed to turn out good new acts in Reggae George, Voice Of Progress and Wayne Smith.

You can't keep out Dennis Brown and Gregory Isaacs either. Dennis scored with a string of hits as usual, 'Hold On To What You've Got', Love Light, Oh Girl, Love Has Found Its Way and his current smash hit 'If This World Were Mine'.

Gregory had national success at last with his 'Night Nurse' set, one thing for sure is they will both be going strong next year.

- TOP SINGLES 82**
- 1 The Message, Grandmaster Flash, Sugarhill
 - 2 Pain, Brigadier Jerry, Jwyanza
 - 3 Army Life, Welton Ire, Hitbound
 - 4 Two Lesbian Hitch, Ringo, M.C.
 - 5 English Girl, Audrey, Jah Shaka
 - 6 Unruly Liza, Sharp Knife, Crazy Joe
 - 7 Bad Man Possee, Junior Murvin, D.A.T.C.
 - 8 Boxing, Cornell Campbell, Joe Gibbs
 - 9 Real Love, The Tamlins, Taxi
 - 10 Hold On To What You Got, Dennis Brown, Powerhouse

- BEST GIGS**
- Uhuru at Brighton
Jah Love on the Front Line

- TOP ALBUMS 82**
- 1 Living My Life, Grace Jones, Island
 - 2 Drift Away From Evil, Cultural Roots, Reggae
 - 3 Chill-Out, Black Uhuru, Island
 - 4 Live At Aces, Yellow Man, Fat Head, Jah Guidance
 - 5 Dance Hall Style, Nicodemus, Black Joy
- MICHAEL ROOTS

1982 * That Was The Year That Was * Edited by ~~David Frost~~ * * * Johnny Waller

» JANUARY



Mr Brandon I presume?

HALLO, GOOD evening and welcome.

1982 — a year that I'd thought had been adventurous, exciting and vital, but on looking over the back issues of *Sounds*, I realised it had been pretty much the same old shit . . . heavy metal bands splitting up and re-forming as super-groups (hal), punk bands moaning and thrashing about, and most of my own fave groups either did ABSOLUTELY NOTHING or, like Tears For Fears, came from virtually nowhere to become overnight stars.

But really, nothing much changes . . . Pete Way was rumoured to be leaving UFO to join the Cockney Rejects as a rhythm guitarist, Tank admitted to Garry Bushell that they only formed "to get pissed", the Scorplions' tour was postponed because of vocalist Klaus Meine's throat operation and Garry Bushell appeared on BBC2's 'Riverside', hardly the cultural event of the year, but count those chins!!

'The Boiler' by Rhoda Dakar and 'Do You Believe In The Westworld?' by Theatre Of Hate both released, Buck's Fizz appeared on the cover of *Sounds*, Rat Scabies was reported to have left the Damned, PiL rumoured to have split and the Jam announced a UK tour. The Human League stayed at number one in both album and single charts while *Sounds*' readers were debating the respective merits of AC/DC singers, Bon Scott and Brian Johnson. In a live review, Tommy Udo reckoned "Simple Minds are the new Barclay James Harvest" — no wonder HE doesn't write for us any more!

On a bizarrely morbid note, Wavis O'Shawe was reported to have died from mercury poisoning after a wacky stunt misfired! And while this was going on, the Bunnymen were planning their third LP.

» FEBRUARY



Janet Macoska

Bon Scott: "SHIT"



Ross Halfin

Brian Johnson: "SHIT"



The Skids: SPLIT

A GOOD month for drummers — Dru Stix quit Exploited and was replaced by the UK Subs' Steve Roberts, while Status Quo eventually chose Pete Kircher to fill John Coghlan's drum-stool. Glyn Warren quit the Upstarts on doctor's orders due to "increasing deafness" — pity it wasn't Mensi! Julz and Alan quit the ever-dwindling Delta 5, leaving no-one to take issue with the Rods boasting as they took a stand against drugs and booze — "we're not really into either of those; just hardcore sex. It's more fun — and cheaper!" Perhaps Robbi Millar might not agree, as according to one reader's letter "perhaps she is not too interested in sex, but the rest of us are, and she could at least leave us alone to enjoy it". Or join in, like Phil and Joanne of the Human League, rumoured to be getting married. Other revelations in February came from Ozzy Osbourne (who pledged profits from his tour to the World Wildlife Fund) and Kiss who revealed a secret about 'The Elder': "we were going to call him Geoff Barton!"

On more mundane levels, the Skids finally called it a day (I think it was Tuesday), but OMD denied they were splitting, as did PiL. Another great quote came from the Virgin Prunes, who told our resident 'man in a frock' Valac Van Der Veerie, "we're not just about releasing records, it's a life-style — as far as the sexes go, I think there will come a time when you won't be able to tell the difference." Amid all this frivolity, one youth was stabbed and 60 were arrested at a Last Resort gig in Kings Lynn.

But as the Bunnymen struggled to write enough new songs, the final word must go to reader Wadd of Aberdeen with the immortal and astute proclamation "Let's face it — AC/DC with Bon Scott were shit; AC/DC with Brian Johnson are shit — and will be for as long as they exist". Give that man a job here — quick!

1982

MARCH »



The late Randy Rhoads

FIRST THE bad news — Melody Maker denied they were going under. Now the good news — Jaz of Killing Joke disappeared. Most of what happened in mad March was of a depressing or



David Wainwright

Frying tonight



The Dynamic Yazoo

negative nature — the senseless death of Randy Rhoads in a flying prank (Garry Bushell penned perhaps his finest work in the epitaph: "he was a rare talent; a maestro behind the mayhem. With his death, rock'n'roll lost a gentleman of considerable ability."), Teddy Prendergrass being paralysed in a car crash, Enid Williams leaving Girlschool, Adam firing all of the Ants except Marco, Ronnie Lane being hospitalised with multiple sclerosis, Ramona leaving the Mo-Dettes and Annabella of Bow Wow Wow apparently being kidnapped by McLaren and "forced to have sex with the guitarist" (according to the *Sun* — and we know how reliable they are!).

More good news was Q-Tips splitting up, andd Wavis O'Shawe reported to be better now — alive and well in a Sunderland psychiatric ward! Pity poor old Gene October, who tried to butt in on one of the century's greatest historical moments (David Bowie meets the Exploited!) only to be told by the thin white duke, "you know your trouble — you've got a pretty face, but a brain the size of a peanut!" Also unamused was infamous skirt-wearer Stu P Didiot, who — as the 'Men In Frocks' craze swept along encompassing Virgin Prunes, Julian Cope and original proponents Tommy Bolin and Bowie himself — was arrested wearing a dress outside Kings Cross Station "on suspicion of soliciting".

Graham Bonnett was revealed as new MSG vocalist, which immediately inspired a Bonnett vs Barden debate in the letters page. Wadd of Aberdeen, where were you when we needed you?

Martin Fry of ABC told Sandy Robertson "when you get to number 19, all you can see is another 18 groups you've got to wipe out to get to number one." Meanwhile Tight Fit were replaced at number one — by The Goombay Dance Band!

The Threats, Infa-Riot, Vice Squad, the Anti-Nowhere League and the Exploited all played together at the Gathering Of The Clans in Glasgow, while Tank, the Fall and the Jam all got 5-star reviews for their new albums. As Yazoo released their debut single 'Only You' and the Fun Boy Three released their first LP, Rush, Motorhead and Ian Gillan topped the readers' poll, to create almost a clean-sweep for heavy metal, apart from Altered Images who pipped Rose Tattoo as "best new band".

Maybe one *Sounds* reader saw it more clearly than most when he suggested that Ozzy looked like Benny from *Crossroads!*

APRIL



Ross Harkin



Denzo Hoffman

Ace Frehley quits Kiss. Twinkle avoids BEF fiasco!

HOLD THE front page — there was a gnashing of teeth, grown men openly weeping and all of the staff at *Sounds* were shocked and stunned (get on with it! — ed) well, brace yourselves for the saddest, most desperately cataclysmic event of the year — Ace Frehley leaves Kiss. No, make that ACE FREHLEY LEAVES KISS! (Is that over the top enough, Geoff?). (Uh, yeah, but he's back in the band now, Johnny. — Ed.)

Away from the face-masks and love-guns, life continued normally . . . Stevo stripped nude at Jock McDonald's birthday party, Uriah Heep got a five-star review from Geoff Barton for 'Abominog', occasional *Sounds* freelancer Garry Johnson releases his 'Story Of Oi' book and Yazoo do their first ever interview.

Ozzy Osbourne enlists B-B-B-Bernie Torme as temporary replacement for Randy Rhoads and tells Garry Bushell "They ain't gonna stop me now, unless I cop it, I won't ever stop. I've been at it two years and I have nightmares every night — but I'm never gonna give in!" A live review from the Clarendon by Steve Keaton is the first-ever mention in any rock paper of the brilliant but reviled SEX GANG CHILDREN.

While BEF were dredging up old stars like Tina Turner, Sandie Shaw and Paula Yates to appear on their 'Music Of Quality And Distinction' mish-mash, the one true gem they missed — the lovely Twinkle — released her own come-back single, a version of 'I'm A Believer'.

Laurie Anderson and the 4-Skins released debut albums, Wes Magoogan joined The Beat, Kenny Hyslop left Simple Minds, ex-Buzzcocks Steve Diggle and John Maher formed Flag Of Convenience, and Kelvin left Delta 5.

A reader's letter accused that "Garry Bushell is still helping to manipulate punk into a cheap money-consuming fashion", but this didn't stop the Lurkers re-forming! And Trevor Griffiths' played 'Oi For England' being screened by ITV!

Motorhead and Tank played a very loud and dubious double-bill at Hammersmith Odeon. Tears For Fears were single of the week with 'Pale Shelter', a Bernie Torme/Jannick Gers debate was stirred up in the letters page (quick Wadd — what do you reckon?) and Japan denied rumours of their demise by announcing a 23-date tour for October.

Ian McCulloch took time off from the studio to promise Hugh Fielder that the third Bunnymen LP would be "the greatest work of art ever — better than Michelangelo!"

MAY



Alison Turner

David Weirwright

Strummer goes missing, Bunnymen still recording, Meatloaf still slimming.

COME BACK, Joe, all is forgiven! The Clash's Joe Strummer suddenly disappeared and manager Bernie Rhodes explained "his personal conflict is — where does the socially concerned rock artist stand in the bubblegum environment of today?" Where indeed — certainly not at the Camden Palace, where the opening night witnessed Steve'n'Rusty welcoming such "socially concerned rock artists" as Martin Fry, Marc Almond, Boy George, the Belle Stars and . . . oh, I can't go on writing this rubbish — I bet you want the real MAN's stuff like Big Jim Paterson leaving Dexys, Fast Eddie Clarke quitting Motorhead after a row over Lemmy's duet with the Plasmatics, Wendy O'Williams on 'Stand By Your Man', Bernie Marsden exiting from Whitesnake, and Cozy Powell leaving the Michael Schenker Group.

Dave McCullough was particularly influential this month — firstly awarding the Associates' 'Sulk' LP five stars but writing a review that no-one — including the Associates — could understand a word of, then (six months ahead of everyone else as usual) making Wham single of the week and finally, justly giving the Clash's 'Combat Rock' five stars and coining a cliché "astonishingly, it's astonishing." This phrase so moved Joe Strummer that he returned from Paris in time to kick out drummer Topper Headon and fly out for an American tour with Terry Chimes as replacement.

The best thing in *Sounds* all month was a superbly cynical review of Meatloaf by Chris Burkham, which stirred up more reactionary indignation than anything else all year. Succinct and worthy of reader Wadd, Chris reasonably suggested "Let's cut Meatloaf down to size and call him Meat. Meat is a pig. Pig-ugly. Pig-stupid. Pig-loud. If Meat is rock'n'roll, I'm a vegetarian." Chris Burkham weighs 6 stones 3.

May seemed to have its more-than-usual quota of pointless releases — especially Killing Joke's 'Revelations' LP, a record so dull and pathetic, it was surpassed only by their own live LP 'Ha' later in the year. Meanwhile, that good ole boy Dave Lewis was foaming at the mouth over the "true snarling fury" (snigger!) of a live Saxon LP.

Anvil, Thomas Dolby and the Exploited all got five stars for their new album and the Raincoats played their first London gig in over a year. But if Mood Six signing to EMI or 'Ebony And Ivory' getting to number one was depressing, you can always trust *Sounds* readers to stir up some healthy nonsense — first Steve Arrogant went Crass-bashing (to be followed by a deluge of both anti- and pro-Crass replies) then another reader bemoaned the lack of stupid band names around, quoting Crispy Ambulance and the Hypothetical Prophets as inspired monickers. That leaves the question of the year — whatever happened to Polceman With A Loaf Of Bread? (And will Echo And The Bunnymen — now what kind of name is that for a group? — ever finish that bloody LP?)

JUNE



LFI

Steve Rapoport

Mick Jagger reveals all, Crass go flexible.

CRASS HIT BACK! Writing from their peace-loving commune somewhere off the A10, Penny Rimbaud scrawled a missive in pig's blood on dried papyrus reeds — "I said it five years ago in my first letter to *Sounds* and I'll say it again now — *Sounds* is a journalistic disgrace!" But while Crass are bashing us, they're taking a battering themselves over their anti-Falklands flexi, a gentle little ditty with the sort of rhyming couplets for which they are cherished; "When we're finished with the sheep in the Falklands battle/We'll invade Argentina and bugger the cattle."

Two more tragic deaths occurred — James Honeyman-Scott of the Pretenders and jazz saxophonist Art Pepper at the age of 57. Two less tragic splits occurred — Rossington Collins and TV21.

Two of the year's biggest shocks happened in June — firstly Siouxsie was told by a throat specialist in Sweden to stop singing for six months or risk losing her voice completely, and secondly a long-awaited Gonads gig was cancelled at the last moment, with a tearful Gal Gonad whipping off his triple-chinned mask to reveal none other than Garry Bushell. Well I never! (Actually I did once, but that's another story.) Amid anti-Crass letters, Penny Rimbaud found support from an unlikely, establishment source — the Press Council, who upheld a complaint against *Sounds* that we printed a "depraved" picture of Wendy O'Williams with accompanying text that was "salacious and unsuitable for young readership" We aim to please! Some of Crass' better ideas, meanwhile, were being awesomely demonstrated at a huge CND rally in Hyde Park, with Tony Benn, Vi Subversa and Captain Sensible!

Almost un-noticed, Sex Gang Children released their live cassette 'Naked', but you could hardly help but notice that the Rolling Stones were on tour — Fleet Street went mad, and Hugh Fielder, our resident OAP and man with Sun under his arm, managed to corner Mick Jagger (who he? — rest of *Sounds* staff) on a train and extricate such earth-shattering revelations as "you could say that, yeah."

After a 3-year absence, Marianne Faithfull played her first major UK concert — she should have waited longer! Same goes for Tank!

But while Troy Tate and Ron Francois were being edged out of Teardrop Explodes, Chris Burkham was going to New York with his teddy bear, Brian Robertson was joining Motorhead and Thomas Dolby was appearing in *Playgirl* — the month was saved by the Bunnymen announcing an autumn tour to tie in with the release of their third LP, and Geoff Barton became editor of *Sounds*!

JULY

POSSIBLY the most exciting, adventurous thing to happen to *Sounds* since punk rock — I joined the staff! Perhaps this is what prompted **Nina Hagen** to exclaim to **Karen Swayne** "but you're so young — I thought everyone at *Sounds* was old!"

Meanwhile, youngsters being what they are, there was all sorts of goings on in the wacky world of R'n'R — jolly capers like **Topper Headon** getting arrested for stealing a bus stop, **Jilted John** appearing in *Coronation Street* as an admirer for **Gail**, *Sounds* making a disastrous mistake by putting **Journey** on the front cover (we're sorry, honest — it won't happen again!) and **The Business vs Tank** drinking competition being called off.

Music-wise, there was the brilliant **Costello LP 'Imperial Bedroom'** ("some kind of peak of peaks" raved **Dave McCullough**), **Big Country's** debut gig at the Membership Club and the highly original **WOMAD** festival (featuring **Peter Gabriel**, **Simple Minds**, **The Beat** and a host of foreign-culture artists), which sadly went into liquidation.

Bands continued to split and re-form... two saxophonists left **Dexys**, **Aztec Camera** left **Postcard** and signed to **Rough Trade**, **23 Skidoo** split in half, ex-**Penetration** vocalist **Pauline Murray** joined **Whitesnake** (no, sorry — I made that last one up!).

Madness played a secret gig at the Bull and Gate pub in Kentish Town as a warm-up for their gala performance in front of **Prince Charles**, while **Adam Ant** warned his fans not to buy his 'Nine To Five' single from the 'Jubilee' film soundtrack.

Reader **Bertie Dwight** asked "what is so good about **Ross Halfin's** photographs — surely it doesn't take that much "skill" to persuade brainless HM acts to get drunk and drop their trousers?"... I totally agree, Bertie, but this — I'm afraid — is what the readers seem to want!

Still, never mind, the **Bunnymen** album will be out soon!



Aztecs leave Postcard/Madness in Kentish Town/23 Skidoo split in two.

AUGUST



Dollar to split? Van Day replaced by Mensi/Sex Gang Children release first single.



Steve Rapport

POSSIBLY THE most exciting, adventurous thing to happen since I joined the *Sounds* staff — 'The Message' by **Grandmaster Flash** was at last given a UK release after being available on (expensive) import only for a month. Against all the odds, it got into the top ten!

In the heavy metal-go-round, **Anvil** proved to be a non-event at Donington, **Snowy White** left **Thin Lizzy** to be replaced by **John Sykes** (ex-Tygers Of Pan Tang) and **Pete Way** left **UFO** — for real this time! — to form a band with **Fast Eddie Clarke** and **Topper Headon**, while **Twisted Sister** made their UK debut.

Elsewhere, there was a real stink over a *Bodymist* ad which used **Sting's** 'Don't Stand So Close To Me' — so he took **Virgin** to court and later proclaimed "I hate *Bodymist*. I think it stinks. I think **Virgin** stinks too."

Down in Cornwall, **Siouxsie And The Banshees** were playing at the **Elephant Fayre**, possibly their "last-ever gig" depending on the result of **Sioux's** throat op, but reader **Tom Lynn** reckoned that "surely the **Clash** must be the best live band in the world." **David Van Day** was rumoured to have left **Dollar** to be replaced by a certain **Thomas Mensforth**, and **Johnny Waller** (that's me!) quit **Jaws** in disgust, while blonde bombshell **Carole Linfield** joined *Sounds* from **She**, where she was known as a "crinkly punk".

Yazoo released their debut LP 'Upstairs At Eric's' and **Dexys** got to number one with 'Come On Eileen' — their first since 'Geno'. **Blondie** cancelled their UK tour because of poor ticket sales, **Sex Gang Children** released their debut single — immediately slammed by **Geoff Barton** as "a monumentally awful display of self-satisfied whining" — and the **Bunnymen** compounded my misery by postponing their UK tour because their LP wasn't finished!

SEPTEMBER

THE POWER of the press! A Campaign For Punk Radio launched by that dynamic duo 'Uncle Gal' **Bushell** and **Bev Elliot** garnered a massive 400 signatures — amazing really, when you think that *Sounds* only sells ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND copies a week!

To cheer himself up, **Gal The Lad** slammed **Blitz** for "acting like two-bob ponces" and lauded the live **Blackfoot** LP as "timeless". Yeah, like history!

Back in the real world, **Simple Minds** released the classic 'New Gold Dream' LP and **Scritti Politti** had their debut album 'Songs To Remember' out on **Rough Trade**. **Gal** burst into tears of joy as both the **Vibrators** and **Cock Sparrer** re-formed.

Spider, a minor HM outfit, boasted that they'd "rather shag some old dog, with glasses an' black teeth, right, than have a wank" — and just as I was about to send for **Wadd of Aberdeen** again, came the righteous **Jane Kane** of London, in support of my stand against HM hordes "like **MotorHod**" (great pun, Jane!) and **Manowar** — these are the sort of people we should have writing on this rag! Or maybe reader **Sue Love** who praised us thus "The quality of your paper is very good. The picture of the **Rods** burnt extremely well, with the minimum of smoke. It gave me great satisfaction."

Well, you can't please everyone, but there was some good news when **Geoff Deane** quit **Modern Romance**, though bad news when the rest of them decided to continue. **Dee Harris** quit **Fashion**, the **Upstarts** left **EMI** for **Anagram** and **Siouxsie's** voice recovered enough for the **Banshees** to announce a UK tour.

Despite me proving my worth by completing a three-mile race at Hampstead Heath, **Linda** of **Edinburgh** reckoned my **Castle Donington** review was the "biggest load of balls" she'd read for ages, not caring that I was almost a shattered man after the indecently hasty departure of **Trudie** "dusky thighs" **Baptiste** from **King Trigger**!

Futura 4 lumbered along like a white elephant with **New Order** and the **Damned** headlining and **Graham Bonnet** quit **MSG** after a matter of a few months! Apparently he bared his bum on stage and then suggested that a roadie — and not **Schenker** — played all the guitar solos!

But the month went out on a succinctly humorous note courtesy of reader **Harry Escoffey** who is awarded the **Wadd Trophy** for Wit. Referring to **Helen Fitzgerald's** claim that she interviewed **Matt Johnson** of **The The** "last year when we were both relative nobodies", **Harry** innocently asked "excuse me... but who is **Helen Fitzgerald**?"



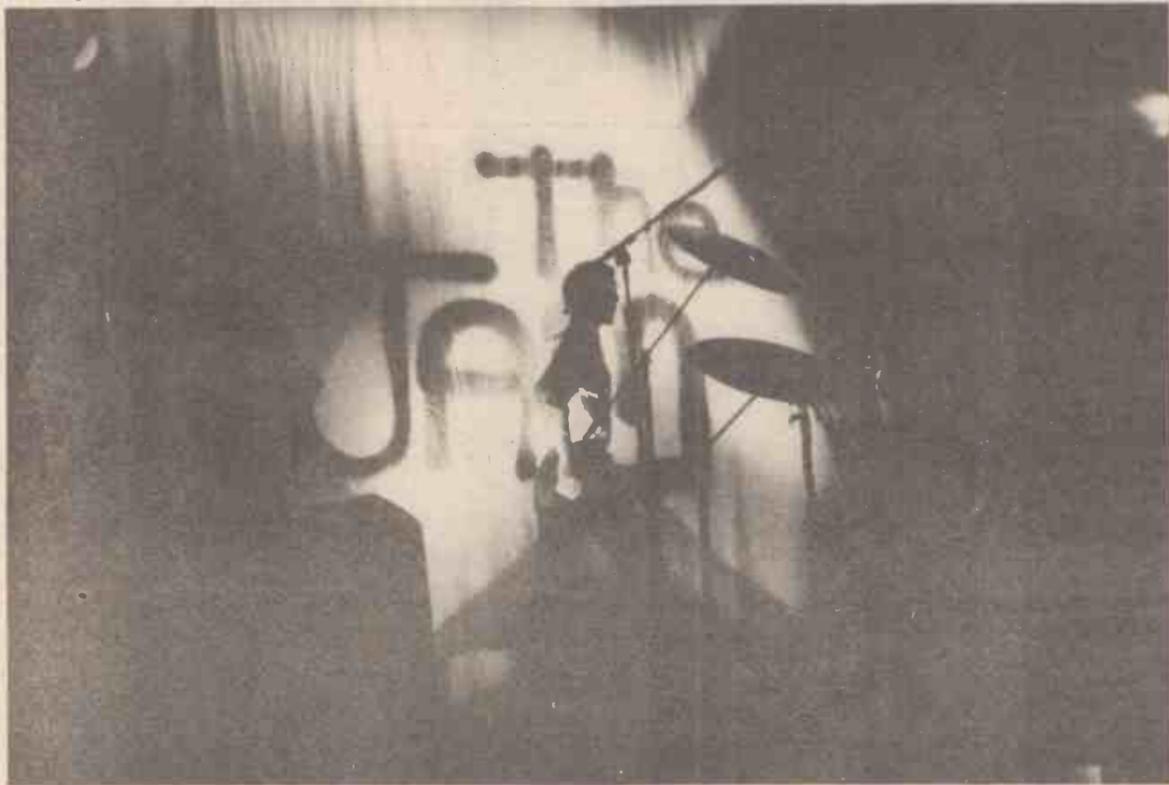
Ross Halfin



Kevin Cummins

Rods, as subtle as herpes/Banshees on the mend/Blitz get thumbs down from Bushell.

OCTOBER



LF

End of an Earner

A month for conclusions and clever allegorical reasoning. The Jam, Theatre Of Hate and Squeeze all decide to split on amicable basis. "I'd hate us to end up old and embarrassing like so many other groups" explained Paul Weller. "You don't stay on the train when it's at the end of the line" quipped Kirk Brandon, announcing plans for his new group, Spear Of Destiny. "The horse has run its course, it's time for the jockeys to find new mounts" added Squeeze, but no-one knew what this meant, so their record company quickly released a greatest hits LP instead!

Other departures included Sketch leaving Linx, Martin Roper being chucked out of Anti-Pasti, Mood Six splitting, Black Sabbath being rumoured to split, Lester Square exiting The Monochrome Set and bassist Jane Munro quitting the Au Pairs. Oh, and Jimmy Page was being tipped to join Whitesnake as a replacement for Pauline Murray!

Peter Gabriel and Genesis made Hugh Fielder and about, oh, six other people happy by performing together for the first time since 1872 when they played at Milton Keynes Bowl in a benefit for the bankrupt WOMAD organisation.

Troy Tate joined Fasion, Q-Tips announced they hadn't split! The Bunnymen were supposed to be touring this month, but it got delayed — something to do with that brilliant third LP, but Gun Club ("a filthy slab of brilliance") made their UK debut, Yazoo went to America and had to shorten their name to Yaz. Ian Gillan tried to become the chairman of Reading Football Club, Beki Bongage appeared topless on the cover of Sounds, Hugo Burnham (Gang Of 4) got married and Mari Wilson insured her beehive for £100,000. Aren't these pop people wacky?!

With Blitz releasing their debut LP and Adam Ant releasing his 'Friend Or Foe' LP, both Bushell and McCullough should have been delirious — but not so! While editor Geoff Barton was swanning off hosting 'The Frlday Rock Show' on radio one, Garry was clearing his desk, moaning that punk was dead and THREATENING TO LEAVE SOUNDS, while Dave attacked Blancmange's trip to Egypt to make a video for their single and opined "Pyramids, even throw in Stonehenge and Niagra Falls, these cruds won't have a hit."

DECEMBER

Sounds prints retraction about the Schenker "ghost guitarist" when it becomes obvious the roadie behind the amps is merely tuning the guitars and playing some minor rhythm accompaniment. The record company has to calm down a raging Schenker, who had threatened to cancel his UK tour!

The Sounds staff was equally incensed at the news that Dave Henderson had joined the staff on a free transfer from Noise — it was rumoured that he has a roadie hidden behind his desk to do all the difficult lead designs! Henderson hit back by cancelling his Covent Garden tour of pizza restaurants.

While Rough Trade were announcing redundancies due to "recent financial setbacks", Crass were expanding by occupying the vacant Rainbow Theatre and planning to play a free concert.

A pathetic wrangle broke out between the world's three ugliest bands, Twisted Sister, Hanoi Rocks and Manowar, ending with twisted vocalist Dee Snider threatening "we want a physical confrontation". Valac Van Der Veene offered to hold the coats! Meanwhile, Valac's favourite group, the Virgin Prunes, were being slammed for "filth and depravity" by Mary Whitehouse. Oh yes, she goes to all their gigs.

Garry Bushell shocks the nation by writing an article proclaiming that "punk IS dead", but a subsequent debate featuring Jello Biafra, Mensi, Vi Subversa, Beki Bondage and Steve Drewett decides it's getting better! Pete Way finally agreed to play in Ozzy's band, much to the disgust of Wadd of Aberdeen, while the last-ever Led Zeppelin album 'coda' made its appearance in Geoff Barton's life.

BBC2's 'The Young Ones' — the best thing on tv all year — ended its six-week run, and Sharon left Coronation Street, but throughout Christmas and New Year, your spirits can be sustained by the confirmation that the Echo and the Bunnymen LP has been completed!

Rock 'n' roll ... phew!



Paul Slattery

The TV man cometh. Rik Mayall from 'The Young Ones' / Virgin Prunes on Channel 4.

NOVEMBER



Ross Hallin



Virginia Tebutt



Schenker exposed / Pauline Murray joined Whitesnake / Elton joined the army.

'Living On The Ceiling' by Blancmange, went into the top twenty, eventually reaching no 9 in the singles chart.

Channel 4 began broadcasting, and despite critical sniping, they came up with worthwhile moments like 'Whatever You Want' and 'The Tube'. Abba celebrated ten years in a Mayfair night club (no, not celebrating being in a night club for ten years, it means ... oh, forget it!) and Whitesnake eventually confirmed their new line-up, featuring two ex-Raincoats, Pauline Murray and Gaye Advert.

Records-wise, there were new LPs from Madness, the Banshees, Adicts, Nightingales, Venom and Human League released 'Mirror Man', their first single for a year.

Breaking up is hard to do ... but Teardrop Explodes finally exploded totally while Jane 'n' June quit the Mo-Dettes.

Elton John toured the UK for the first time since he was a lad and had hair, the Exploited couldn't tour because Secret Records wouldn't give them financial support, and both the ABC and Grandmaster Flash shows — long-awaited by fans — proved to be disappointments.

Ian Gillan, told to rest his voice for 9 months, became centre-forward for Reading and scored a hat-trick to knock Liverpool out of the cup.

Graham Bonnet's accusations about Schenker not playing his own guitar solos are brought up again when a photo of a roadie playing from behind the amp-stacks was printed in a German magazine.

Japan played their last-ever tour. The Bunnymen didn't. Haircut 100 denied they were about to split. Possibly the best line of '82 came from radical ranter Attila The Stockbroker, who admitted to Dave McCullough "Until I heard Dexys, I thought Wilson Pickett was a Labour party demon!"

While old punks the Stranglers signed to Epic Records, old punks the Banshees suffered a set-back when guitarist John McGeoch was rushed to hospital with nervous exhaustion. Old punk Robert Smith of the Cure stepped in temporarily. On a sycophantic note, who would dare argue with the reader who wrote "Geoff Barton? I loved every dark brown moment he was on the radiol!"?

COMING SOON
1983
BEST

ALBUMS

.....IndispensableWorth buyingWorth listening toBoringJunk

BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND

'The Distance'
(Capitol EST 12254)

ANY SUSPICIONS that Bob Seger might have opted for some blander comfort after finally hitting paydirt several years behind his contemporaries can be crisply dispelled by 'The Distance'.

True, his last studio album 'Against The Wind' showed a few traces of the dreaded Californian fabric softener in Seger's rock and roll Hotpoint but, after another lengthy lay-off, he's come back with an album that's as hard as all the rest.

After a decade or more of polishing up his own style, there's almost no way Seger can avoid sounding like a cliché — particularly if you don't happen to like the cliché in the first place — but he meets the problem by tackling it head on and freshening things up.

A few changes among his Silver Bullet Band have helped to keep the songs on their toes. Although the rhythm section is kept pretty constant (apart from the obligatory Muscle Shoals track), there's a variety of guitarists such as Waddy Wachtel and Don Felder brought in to add a stinging edge to the sound wherever necessary.

He doesn't let the keyboard seat get monopolised either, bringing in the likes of Roy Bittan or (more usually) Michael Bodekar to donate their different personalities for the cause.

But most of all, it comes back to Seger tackling his craft with the same enthusiasm and dedication he's always shown. So the introduction to the opening cut 'Even Now' is a beefy but subtle improvement on the monumental 'Hollywood Nights' which I'd hitherto considered unbeatable.

Or you can go straight to side two, track one for the latest in a seemingly endless line of on-the-road songs, 'Roll Me Away'. It sounds like it's heading for every lyrical cliché in the book but he still manages to duck away from most of them at the last minute and give it another twist of the screw.

If all you know of Seger are the smoochy ballads that get put out as singles — and needless to say the best of them, Rodney Crowell's 'Shame On The Moon', is the first choice from this album — then you're missing out on 80 per cent of what he has to offer.

The heads-down-no-nonsense rock 'n' roll tracks such as 'Makin' Thunderbirds' have that vital blend of class and brute force and the harsh, raunchy but deadly accurate guitars that crawl all over 'Boomtown Blues', 'House Behind A House' and 'Little Victories' are the lean, tough stuff of which the American rock and roll dream is based on.

If the dream means anything to you (and if it doesn't how the hell did you get this far?) then you'll be doing yourself a big favour with this album.

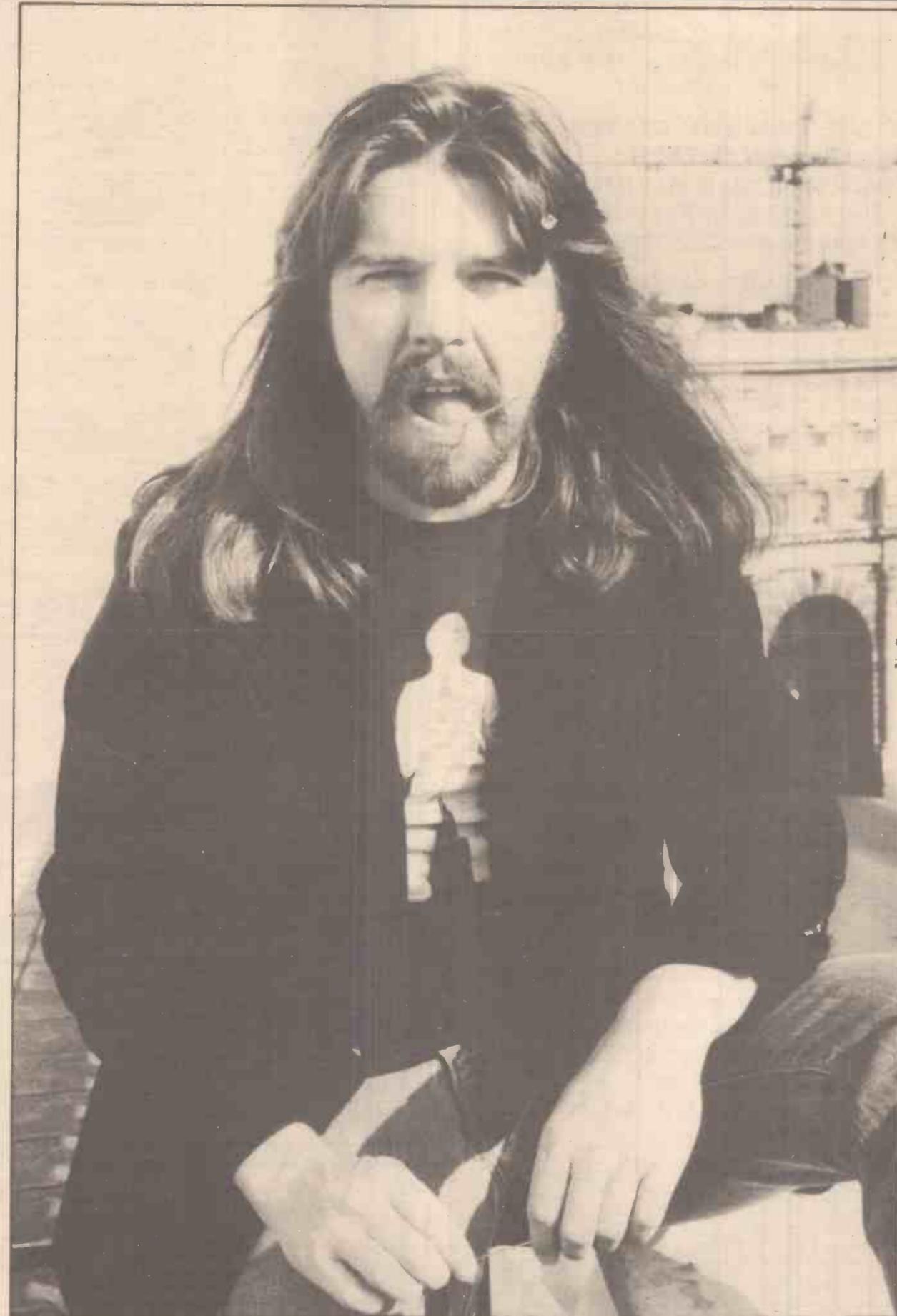
HUGH FIELDER

THE WALL

'Day Tripper'
(No Future 0221)***½

FLIMSY, CHEAPO sleeve and, yes, the title track is a cover of the Beatles number; first impressions are not very good at all. But over two sides, the enigmatic Wall are actually quite interesting. Apart from a long-standing consciousness of the name, I know absolutely nothing about them yet after a few listens, I'm quite glad I made their acquaintance through this album.

Having said that though, there's nothing stunning on



BOB SEGER prepares to entertain his dentist

Keep your distance

offer here even if 'Ceremonies' comes close with the words of marriage service set to music in a surrealistic and vaguely sinister fashion. 'Hall Of Miracles' is interesting too, with its wavering, Theatre Of Hate-style chant.

Flip the record over and haven't I heard that one before somewhere? Yes, folks, a Slade cover — 'When I'm Dancing' — and, though it brings back a few fond memories, I don't think Slade covers are a good idea for any band. All that happens is that unfavourable comparisons are made between the vocalist of the band concerned and Noddy Holder,

archepal shouter/ranter extraordinaire. Andy of the Wall certainly comes off second-best.

JOHN OPPOSITION

MERCYFUL HATE

'Mercyful Hate'
(Rave On RMLP.002)

I GET this album by default. Jay 'son of Hugh Fielder' Williams was terribly upset by the record's lyrical content which is, I suppose, a bit strong! But I think it's all

fabulous.

There is a problem in that the producer is terminally incompetent and has shredded the mix, but the answer's simple: Put the poor old deaf sod out to grass immediately and ban him from recording studios! (Brutal yes, but I believe we should be firm about these things.)

Back to the noise which is so marvellously depraved! Take a heavy rock five piece with twin loud steaming guitars, add a rhythm section who tend to pump iron as it were, and top with a vocalist who appears to have lost his balls in a Kenwood Chef accident. He sounds

suitably aggrieved.

You get a great, lurching, fat, venomous lump of darkness, full of crashing guitar chords, insane but melodic harmony, runs, frenetic axe solos and strangled vocals.

I am electrified. I love its grossness.

Mercyful Hate sing of Diabolical Forces — "I'll take you to Hell, you're inside my spell, Devil eyes," and so on which is all good stuff.

In 'Doomed By The Living Dead' we get a dose of "Rising flames, Satan, confusing mirrors, dark minds, evil nights, and Holy Angels". I wish to God they were intimidating

enough to live up to their wonderful symbolism. As it is, the poor dears try very hard, but I find myself, slightly understimulated!

We get to the track which caused a rumpus in the Sounds office, 'Nuns Have No Fun'. Any fool will tell you this is a ritualised assault on the very ethos of the Catholic Church. For too long, we've had the bold voice of the New Wave gently sniping at the overbearing, constraining voice of parochial Catholicism and, for once, the whining, pathetic bleats of liberalism are smothered under a healthy blanket of chaos.

For once, we witness ritualised turmoil, but it doesn't go far enough.

"I'm gonna give her my cross," they screech. Where and how, I ask? "Faster breathing, she wants more," they pant! Show me the video, say I. Hate should realise, having gone so far in the debauchery stakes, nothing short of a total experience will do.

Having established that this band is a nicely developed hunk of nastiness, I'll give them some final words of advice.

Your drummer needs whipping because he's not very good. It is not beyond the wit of mankind to keep a healthy bass drum pattern going, as well as crash and ride cymbals at the same time.

And you all need a lesson on image. Straggling moustaches are not demonic, they are lazy. And the guitarist with the divine bone structure verges on the plump — which again is not very hellbound.

Having said that, Hate (who shouldn't spell their name with a Y) are slicker than Venom nastier than Motorhead and beat the leathers off most of the ersatz heavies doing the circuit.

I can only offer myself for immediate sacrifice!

VALAC VAN DER VEENE

FREE

'Absolutely Free'
(Island ILPS 9719)

DO ISLAND want everybody in Britain — nay, the world — to possess a copy of 'All Right Now' in some form or other?

I wonder how much say the surviving members of Free have in the repackaging of their material. Anyway, let's just say that the profusion of stars have not been awarded to Island for their latest Free compilation. They go to the band, as was.

There's little point in giving a run-down of the tracks, as most people will have them already.

There is a marvellous (previously unreleased) version of 'I'm A Mover' with some searingly fluid guitar from Kossoff and, apart from that, all the greats are there — 'Fire And Water', 'Wishing Well', 'The Stealer', 'The Hunter' etc.

Free were the blueprint for a whole generation of chest-beating, guitar 'hero'-orientated bands, most of whom never managed to emulate the original Free sound.

Considering the limited technological studio techniques Free had at their disposal, they did well. Paul Rodgers' voice, one minute mournful and genuinely blue and the next throat-hurtingly powerful, remains untarnished by what must now be considered amateur production work. Similarly, the inventive bass lines of Andy Fraser run on, unspoilt by too much fuzz.

It's far too late to write another eulogy. If you missed out on the other compilations, then this is indispensable. Even if you've got them, or most of the tracks, I'm not going to write this off. After all, Free shook the lethargic self-satisfied music of the early Seventies and gave it real balls instead of more cotton wool.

JAY WILLIAMS

ON THE ROAD



JOHNNY LYDON ponders the problem of viewing the world through nicotine-stained contact lenses

Erich Mueller

Public Image Limited
San Francisco/
Los Angeles

Assault and PEPper

THE GALLERIA, San Francisco. Backstage, a youth runs past door-security screaming "Johnny Rotten, Johnny Rotten, there is only one thing greater in the world than you and that is Keith Levine."

The fanatical fans of Public Image Limited surfaced for this return performance after more than two years of absence, along with quite a few who had never heard a PIL record but read the advance press about the return of 'Johnny Rotten'.

Public Image gained entrance to San Francisco, the avant-garde headquarters of the States, amidst fanfare, press and television wherever they went.

They've come back, more solid than ever. No, not a bunch of pasty-eyed popsters, but a professional corporation who competently handled an American tour through the independent circuit of promoters, radio and venues. (Quite a feat, considering the state of independent channels.)

John Lydon, Keith Levine, Pete Jones, Martin Atkins and Bob Tulipan (management-cum-partner) have all taken off the last two years from heavy touring to devise and build a small corporation entitled PEP (Public Enterprise Productions) which is first and foremost a record label for PIL (and Brian Brain, Martin Atkins 'other band') as well as a self-contained accounting, production, management and booking agency run by and for the band.

Frustrated with the many injustices served to them by major record labels PIL are now solely responsible for the successes and problems they may incur.

"I actually knew a guy at our 'major' record company (Warner Brothers) who had been told *not* to let our record receive good distribution. He

did, however, and was subsequently fired for doing so. His mistake was actually believing in the music on his label," says John.

"Our records were not to be found outside of New York or Los Angeles and only marginally in San Francisco, and the company was telling us that our records didn't sell. Well, how could they when they weren't available in any stores?"

PEP was formed as a result of this type of treatment, and the band now know where their records are available and are capable of control in an area where bands rarely see the light of day.

PIL are about to release their first record through PEP, so only time will tell the efficiency of this format.

PIL performed in San Francisco at the Galleria, a show produced by independent record label GO! Records, a San Francisco-based operation. The Galleria is by day an interior designers' showplace for the newest in camel hair sofas et al, but it is occasionally known to put on gay disco stars in the large foyer.

APPROACHED BY GO! with a proposition for an 'art performance group' presentation, the Galleria allowed PIL's show to be held at their location.

Expecting a sock hop, or at worst a gay disco, the Galleria staff didn't realise what they had gotten into until time to open the doors to 3000 punks, hippies, trendies, doctors and lawyers. However, despite last minute panic on the venue's part, the show went off splendidly.

"We've been rating our shows on a scale of one to ten... this show has necessitated a new rating system," said Keith, who fitted the bill as punk-pariah for the evening.

A few nights later, however,

in Los Angeles, the gig was a near disaster, as police from all over Los Angeles county sprayed a rather thin audience with mace and tear gas, causing injury and discomfort to many.

"It was ridiculous how the crowd was handled."

Public Image performed with an unexpected fervour, actually seeming to enjoy what they were playing (unusual, thinks I, for the image they tend to portray), and John had quite a bit of fun with any of the audience who dared to join him on stage.

Performing mostly older material, it would have been good to hear their new, unfamiliar songs — however the band refrain from public performance of new numbers due to a paranoia regarding bootlegging. As John says: "Bootlegs are always bad quality and cost a lot." (Bands also do not receive royalties for bootlegs.)

Public Image did this tour, not to back up a new album as is the norm, but to raise the capital to release new material. Their new 12" EP titled 'Commercial Zone/Blue Water' is ready and will be in the stores around Christmas. The EP is also part of a forthcoming LP which ought to be available sometime in spring '83.

Two blonde silicon Valley girls to Johnny: "Did you get the leather underwear we sent you?"

Johnny: "Yes..."

Girls: "Will you wear it to your next performance?"

Johnny, deadpan but theatrical: "NO!"

Weeping girl to John: "My boyfriend died driving home from last week's concert. Would you dedicate two minutes of silence to him?"

John: "Absolutely not. You think 3000 people want to keep quiet for two minutes for some bloke they don't even know? It would cause a riot."

The seemingly selfish and

harsh answers Mr Lydon is known to give are unusual and abrupt. One wonders why and how he can deliver them to his fans. When asked about his, he replies "I am here to perform my music, and I can't waste my time on usually self-indulgent questions or requests."

Quite true when one witnesses the press conferences where mainstream journalists actually ask such questions as "Where do you buy your shoes?" (For those wondering, it's Florsheims where the boy-wonder purchases his soles.)

The band reports that almost all American press conferences consist of the same sort of dribble questions; very rarely is there a good selection of queries. This I find surprising considering the sudden acceptance of PIL by the so-called mainstream press.

However, their questions seem directed to the Sex Pistols rather than PIL, a situation the band would rather not be in since, as a result, John is still a bigger star than the others.

Comparisons have ranged from Bertol Brecht to Lotta Lenya concerning John's vocal style which has not changed much throughout the course of Public Image. However, Keith has become much more extroverted in the last few years; more of an entity unto himself. His playing is powerful, and he has opened up enough to allow glimpses at a man with quite a sense of humour (albeit deadpan and sarcastic).

Keith was a founder member of the Clash as well as part of Cowboys International, a band which recorded an excellent album in Washington DC and were never heard from again. (It seems, however, that they will reform to record another album soon.)

I wanted to talk to Public Image about — the inevitable question — the message in their music. (Keith's favourite song is Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message'.)

"There is no message in our music. Its purpose is to entertain, just as rock videos these days are supposed to do. But we haven't seen one that we like; not *one*. No one is utilising the field and format of video tape as it should be. We are in the process of making a video which fully utilises the medium. Especially computer graphics."

IT'S INTERESTING for me, and possibly a bit disappointing, to see this band, which upon first impression is the *ultimate* message band, state that they have *no* message. This is in itself a statement. Possibly the music of Public Image is the least part of their importance.

Here you have these four talented people who, most unusually, handle their own business and image. It is very strange for a musician or artist to be willing or able to handle promoting themselves; it's human nature not to want to overtly promote oneself.

I find this to be a positive development, possibly prompting more musicians to become involved in the making of their careers and future.

As for the PIL video, I have not seen it but can only imagine its content to be visually stimulating. I seriously doubt, however, that the band can avoid a message when combining the audio and visual aspects of PIL. Will it be commercial enough for M(us)ic T(ele) V(ision)? I wonder if PIL will make their newly found self-containment capable (or desirous) of making the format fit the seemingly endless stream of mainly adverts for an album or label. Will it be just another commercial?

Don't get me wrong, Public Image want to sell you records, John wants very much to be a millionaire. But on their own terms. PIL want you to buy their records because you like their music and not because of

psychological manipulations.

The band now live in the United States, having moved from mother England about a year ago. "Europe is dead right now, things are happening in the States," says John.

But ask any of the band about political feelings towards the US and they side-windingly respond: "We love President Reagan and we believe in nuclear power. Next question please."

I assume that these are only self-protective statements. PIL are in a position to be threatened for America does not like punk or any derivative thereof, particularly when youth admires its figureheads.

When arriving at a San Francisco radio station for an interview, they were greeted by a rather surly Texan woman wielding a disclaimer form which rendered the band liable to pay ten thousand dollars were they to say any 'four-letter words'. The band refused to sign, not because they are incapable of communicating without obscenity but on principle, saying that if they were to let any such profanities slip out, they of all people would be fined the full amount.

Even though Annabella (of Bow Wow Wow) signed the form and, in disgust with the stupidity of the interviewer, proceeded to curse up a storm and march out of the station with no repercussions ensuing.

Is this paranoia valid? The band feels so, especially in the 'new regime'. But they are serious about nuclear power plants: "If you gave them up, the Russians would crawl all over this place."

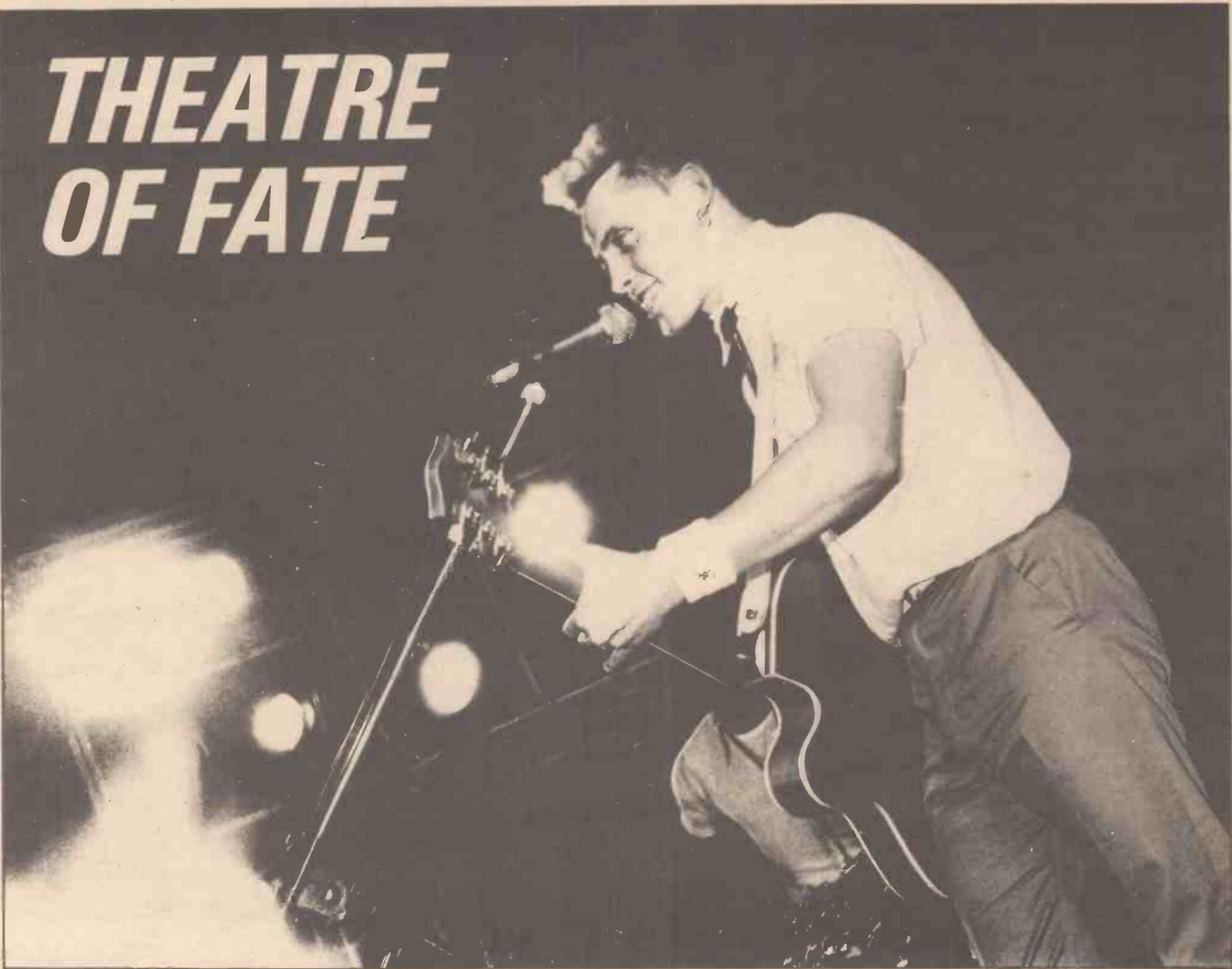
I don't know. I get an eerie feeling that Johnny Rotten has grown up and that Keith Levine was always there. This jaded attitude may indicate a change in the substance of Public Image.

Will they continue in the path they have forged for themselves singing songs about Analisa and other equally entertaining personalities, or will they go the route of hit bands with songs like 'Don't You Want Me Baby'?

We can only hope they don't choose the latter.

OLGA GERRARD

THEATRE OF FATE



KIRK BRANDON: caption guaranteed free of ear references

Spear of Destiny Brixton Ace

FROM THEATRE Of Hate's final curtain call to Spear Of Destiny's initial thrust, it's been no time at all. The metamorphosis has been a natural evolution rather than a violent re-design.

And so to Act II, with a change of scene, change of mood: SOD are an altogether more approachable, looser aggregate than TOH. There are giant gaping gaps in the music, pauses for reflection, spaces to move in and out, to explore.

With new, shorter, sleeker haircuts, Kirk Brandon and Stan Stammers looked sharp and ready for action. Kirk, especially, seemed confident and relaxed to the point of complacency at first, as though he were expecting fans to fall for his new beat vision simply because it is new and here and now!

Thankfully, after a couple of promising but languid new songs, Kirk pronounces (self) mockingly "hello brothers and sisters — we have been to the mountain and we have come back down!" and the show takes off with 'Poppies', full of renewed bite and bounce.

As Spear Of Destiny's manifesto unfolds, it becomes a fascinating spectacle, a curious bastard offspring of punk and Stax; if they were ever to cover a song, it would have to be 'Dock Of The Bay'.

Brandon has eased out of his

frantic desperation into a committed casual crusade where he wields his guitar like an evangelical chainsaw, cutting through the morass of mediocre competition.

Spear Of Destiny have a purity of soul, a cleansing strength stripped bare of rock's cosmetic sludge. Momentarily, I was reminded of Neil Young, with his stark honesty seemingly both restricting and fuelling a compulsive, compelling body of work. Like him, Brandon is a sole/soul survivor.

Musically, the change is slight and subdued but self-evident: The haunting, drifting songs seem to hang in the air, waiting for a saxophone or guitar to grab the moment and wring out a fiery solo, while Brandon's soaring, sub-operatic voice has an eerie, tempting detachment.

But Spear Of Destiny aren't at all about gloom. In fact, the overall mood is of spirited, optimistic determination as displayed on another new song which claimed "ain't nobody going to heaven/cos nobody wants to die". Maybe then, it seemed a backward step to rekindle old flames with 'The Hop' (a blazing triumphant best of the night) and the overwhelming 'Love Is A Ghost' as reminders of the old Hate.

But having surged forward with a set of almost completely unheard material, Spear Of Destiny had succeeded with their rigorous purity of soul and compassion, somewhere between Dexys and the Clash on 'Straight To Hell'.

SOD it! See them yourself! Immediately!

JOHNNY WALLER

Blancmange Glasgow

AN UNSEEN DJ plays smooth Caribbean samba, a perfect shallow reef to disguise the deeper waters we look forward to. Three screens stare with unblinking opacity, bandaged in canvas curtains. Stephen slips on scarcely noticed and 'Can't

Explain' creeps out of the machines.

The music still only has half a life as the excitement mounts for the appearance of the fall guy, the balance of this happy family. Now back to the proper minimalist two, Neil ducks out from behind the curtain and launches immediately into the number, unkempt and distracted, shaking and lurching with intensity, the blue smoke curling up from his trade-mark cigarette, matching his spiky chin.

Blancmange are charting the troubled waters of their soul. It's so sad and desperate it could break your heart; but only if you take it seriously.

Which the duo don't: The light relief needed to keep the audience from bursting into tears of uncontrollable sympathy is always present. Neil is the comedy guy, Stephen the straight man and, together, they give a performance of Jekyll and Hyde proportions.

From the depths of despair in 'Kind', to wiping away a sham tear in 'Cruel', Blancmange change from melancholy to merriment with disturbing ease. The meat and potatoes of it is being washed up on the shore of heartbreak at the beginning of each number, an opportunity to wallow in misery.

Blancmange present their dark pleasures with a smiling face. The unhappiness of 'Happy Families' is there in full force, reproduced almost exactly with the aid of backing tapes. The girl singers are ghostly voices which Neil is constantly grimacing at — their timing is not always perfect.

From the ponderous 'I've Seen The Word' to a hilarious rendition of 'Sad Day' with that awkward guitar solo, the album is there in its entirety, the high point being a superb live version of 'Feel Me', frantic and confused and falling easily into chaos.

There is a sprinkling of previously unknown numbers breaking the tension; a compelling dance song called 'Running Free' and the brand new 'Blind Vision' which

reminds me of 'Feel Me' in its stuttering intensity. Delighting in more suffering, they are demanded back for three encores — 'God's Kitchen', and repeats of 'Feel Me' and 'Living On The Ceiling'.

Even if they have run out of material, there is no shortage of drama. Blancmange are a delicious sorrow.

ANDREA MILLER

Iggy Pop/Stolen Pets Venue

ANYONE OVER the age of 21 really shouldn't call their band Stolen Pets. This is clear.

Especially when one of their members (sic) has spent vast amounts of hard-earned advance in trying to look like a cross between Rod Stewart and Mike Ronson.

I actually heard them a year ago, and they were trying hard. It comes as no surprise that, after 12 months, they're still very trying.

As we turned to the bar, the ominous sounds of Iggy's backing tapes welled over and through the auditorium; and the man himself intoned a slow rap about cardboard boxes. My loins stirred. For since the penultimately punky 'Lust For Life', there has been little of equivalent strength in the NYC Trash Stakes. Just what could we expect?

There on stage, staggering under the erratic spots, Frank Infante and Rob DuPrey on gutter guitars, Big Mike Page on bass and Larry Myslewicz on drums — and Ig, now contorting spasmodically so his mutated shadow beamed on the peeling Venue walls, as 'Rain & Power' slashed the night in a hail of feedback.

Slick this was not. The guitarists went through three guitars a number due to string busts and general wreckage. Those familiar Noo York tones grated familiarly. Have you noticed his voice? It's warm and strong, full of a certain American meaning — the

American talent for making an event from the purely vacuous.

Iggy never sold out. Iggy meant no harm. Iggy was the Ziggy who's feet were bound by clay. Iggy was born for abuse... but should he parade his masochism in the Eighties? Watching this, as the crowd pulled him offstage for the third time, the thought crossed my mind that he was in fact an inflatable rubber symbol rather than an act of rock realism.

So we had the warm voice — "that was very gratifying, thank-you" — "involving us all". We had 'Speed Crazy' with its plaintive "I'm helpless, I'm crazy, help me" lyric and I'm reminded of Alice Cooper meets Bill Burroughs, equalling a certain dissemination of a particular kind of culture.

And when he said "I go crazy over your leather boots (but I know that's not normal behaviour)" it just highlighted the appalling fact that 'Lust' didn't achieve the acclaim it surely deserved.

The set ranted on, lurching alarmingly from the harsh neon brilliance of 'Angry Hills' and 'Bang Bang' to the abnormally soft countrified angst of 'Angry Heroes'.

As the atmosphere tensed, the Ig, the symbol pointed angrily to the audience and yelled: "In the space age the village idiot rules." And I thought it is so rare an artist can actually understand his role in the great scheme of things.

VALAC VAN DER VEENE

The Danse Society Retford

SO FAR, the Danse Society have had things all their own way. They've courted the vampire of stardom assiduously and with a keen eye for the main chance, rising from the lower echelons of the Barnsley music scene (I) to their current indie chart status without putting a foot wrong.

Recently, however, I've begun to have second thoughts. On balance, I think

the Danse Society are a fairly unremarkable group with a narrow (though admittedly quite powerful) musical focus and a singer who consistently fails to deliver the goods, no matter how pretty he may be.

Tonight's gig, a brief respite from the rigours of the Killing Joke tour, gave me a chance to reassess the Society in reasonably intimate surroundings. The boys walked onstage in a loose phalanx, dressed in 'Seduction' T-shirts and trendy Robert Elms-style ripped Levis, and began to dispense their own slightly dissonant brand of punk noir. Instantly, the room came alive with sound.

Musically, the Danse Society follow their own individual views and directions. Their songs are the sound of urban life — siren scream and metallic clanking. They are intense but one-dimensional; danceable but lacking in warmth or intimacy. A welter of tentative, half-formed impressions, full of odd metallic tones. Backing tracks to existence once removed.

Vocalist Steve Rawlings is the weak link in the chain. He still hasn't learnt how to target his voice, how to direct it. When he does, the Society will take a quantum leap forward. Until then they're operating at a reduced level of efficiency.

Tonight's gig was only sparsely attended and Rawlings et al were obviously miffed at the poor turn-out. Their performance was sullen to the point of arrogance; the rapport with the audience almost non-existent.

"I don't know why we're doing this," said Lyndon Scarfe as the band returned for their first encore. "Cos you don't deserve it." At this point, I left.

This review is not merely another example of rock journalism's beloved build-'em-up-and-knock-'em-down syndrome. I still think the Danse Society have bags of potential but they have yet to live up to their own hype. As Dorothy Parker once remarked: 'There is less here than meets the eye'.

PETE SCOTT

FREE!
MUSICIANS
CLASSIFIEDS
FROM THIS
WEEK
SEE PAGE 32
FOR DETAILS

THEO MET THE WHITESNAKE



Andre Csilling

**Whitesnake
Newcastle City
Hall**

THERE WAS a charge in the air that would have been more appropriate at a farewell concert. The charge manifested itself initially in loose playing and rushed introductions but when a band start off on the wrong foot they can either plunge into deeper and more awful chasms, or they can shine. Zap, I almost needed sunglasses.

Coverdale's obvious delight at the way things have turned out had him hitting notes with a power which until now had never been fully used; and with the addition of Mel Galley as a second singer there is a greater depth to the songs, something that was lacking in prior line-ups.

The Newcastle crowd were uncharacteristically subdued — maybe they were just curious as to the outcome of the changes, as both Mel Galley and Colin Hodgkinson are not names that the every day rock fan would be familiar with — but as the

set progressed their individual talents began to emerge and their experience helped to add further cohesion to the unit.

I think it would be fair to say that too much emphasis was placed on solos — but again, these dates are really showcases. I have never found drum solos particularly endearing, but Cozy's session was literally breathtaking. Pomp and circumstance ran amok as '633 Squadron' soared from the speakers. People looked skyward, expecting to see a *Junkies* cruise dangerously close to their heads. Beacons exploded, runway lights warned of imminent landings and Cozy kept the beat with an uncanny accuracy, considering the havoc which surrounded him. I was impressed, but my contact lenses begged to differ.

The new material was given a good airing — the most outstanding number of which was undoubtedly 'Here I Go Again', Jon Lord's keyboards capturing the mood perfectly and not (thankfully) being submerged after the haunting intro, and the older stuff sounded fresher than ever. "This is your song, sing it,"

said Coverdale as he introduced 'Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City', and the Geordies sang. What a great sound, the sound of a thousand voices singing 'Ci-e' rather than 'City'.

What of the new faces then? Mel Galley's guitar work contains more potential venom (remember the *Gibson* advertisement?) than Bernie Marsden's ever did. His solo during 'Crying In The Rain' was adventurous — he toyed with the beat, hanging on to the note or playing it marginally before time and bending it back in — and it fitted in well. Later, the interplay between Micky Moody and Mel Galley was intriguing simply because of the total difference in their respective styles. Mel's style is poles apart from Micky's and consequently the end result is much more interesting than just watching two guitarists trading riffs.

Colin 'Bomber' Hodgkinson's bass solo was startling. Initially playing as a rhythm support to Micky's slide spot, the emphasis shifted to his own dexterity and feel for the music. Where would the fingers to next, I overheard one

flummoxed punter shout to his equally bewildered mate, Micky Moody played some of the best slide I've heard since the marauding Rick Medlocke and Blackfoot last plundered these shores — 'the instrument of the devil' is right.

A lot of important decisions have been made by Coverdale over the last year, and I'm glad that he has returned with a band who seem shot through with enthusiasm and complete dedication. It's early days yet to speculate about the stability of the band, but there is a passion involved here, and passion is not something to be lightly bandied about. Talking to the band, they all express a belief in what they now have — and it is a belief shared by the many who clapped and sang with them tonight.

I personally believe that there is something else involved here, and that's unity. For their third gig together, the band was strong, convincing and accomplished. There were mistakes, but you don't have a go at an old friend just because he's over glad to see you again.

JAY WILLIAMS

**Kan Kan
The Slammer**

HAVING SEEN Kan Kan support A Flock Of Seagulls a couple of weeks ago, I was more than keen to trek into the unknown once more to witness their fine brand of (electro) pop.

When I say the unknown I must clarify that I have been to Richard Strange's 'new' club before but you never quite know what to expect when the Doctor Of Madness puts on an evening of entertainment.

The Slammer is situated in Gullivers, a former disco, in Mayfair. Once past the dickie-bows on the door, it's a short stumble to the cellar where tonight's events will take place.

It's an odd place with tables and chairs scattered here and there and a video screen which shows bands whose records aren't being played. There's no

running order as such and Dick just strolls onto the non-existent stage to announce the acts.

First up are Kan Kan, bottom of the bill again, but probably prime-time for this kind of place. Patric Dineen looks nervous, the audience are very close, but, as the revox swings into action, he takes on a stage persona like a veteran.

Kan Kan's songs are all little epics but it was always going to be an uphill struggle with an audience of renegade beatniks and general degenerates. Soaring synths and the man's enchanting vocals hold attention, ably supported by Graham McGill and Andy Walworth on a variation of guitars, bass and synths.

'Laugh Clown Laugh', 'Marching Marching' and 'Changing Trains' build the set with charm and panache, the audience in some cases transfixed. The killer punch

comes with the anthem-like 'Apartment 100', a trickle of applause and it's over.

It wasn't as good as the Lyceum but as they were playing under duress with a tiny PA, what can you expect?

More unrelated videos follow and Dickie ambles on again to announce "with great pleasure" Fran Landison. Who is Fran Landison? She is a middle-aged American who whooped the audience into a chuckle with a few poems. After about ten minutes of rather predictable humour that focussed on saying *naughty* words, the lady introduced her son. Mother and son continued with him playing guitar and her reciting poems.

Yet more excitement, Fran walked off to be replaced by her son's 'friend' who played bass. The terrible twins, accompanied by a drum-machine, bludgeoned through half a dozen immediately

**Budgie/
Chinatown
Hammersmith
Odeon**

DUE TO the vagaries of London Transport, my cross capital dash resulted in me arriving half way through Chinatown's ever improving set. A damned shame, thought I, finding the Oriental ones' spunky promise infinitely preferable to Bernie Torme's solo saturated caterwauling and Budgie's sleepy brand of Grandad Rock.

Having finally got my act together, my timely entrance coincided with Chinatown's 'Time Will Tell'. This mournful, delicately tinged 'ballad of the band' showcases Danny Gwilym's swooping, weaving lead which perfectly compliments and fuses with Steve Pragnell's vocals.

Straight out of the DiMino/Perry mould (but minus the US wimpishness), it is Pragnell's distinctive warbling coupled with Mr Gwilym's dashing lead which, to my mind, made Chinatown a cut above the turgid, bland, gratuitous rifferama which was otherwise on view.

Forgive the pun, but whilst time will indeed tell whether Danny Gwilym will cut it in the guitar hero stakes, my money's on him lasting the distance.

'Show Me The Way', elevated out of the ordinary by Pragnell's sparkling, brittle voice, was somewhat marred by John Barr's trudging bass. Whilst the band as a whole has improved immeasurably over the last six months or so, the hustling bassist seems to have stagnated and generally thumps around to little effect.

Practice makes perfect, the old adage says, and Barr might be wise to heed the advice.

The message is clear: Chinatown are hungry, they've got the will to succeed and with a few cosmetic changes (to the rhythm section?) a deal will hopefully be upcoming soonest and the promise fulfilled.

In stark contrast to Chinatown, Budgie left me stone cold. I found them colourless both musically and visually. To me, it seems that they can't decide whether to stick with their early blues-based format, cash in on the NWOBHM or prostitute themselves to America amidst a welterstorm of keyboards and pomp.

Budgie held it in their hands before the punk explosion, but blew it all in search of US mega-bucks. On this showing, they won't make it with their second bite of the apple either.

But, to end on a somewhat lighter note, was Burke Shelley singing in Polish, or was it just a naff PA?

JUSTINE COLE

**Dumpy's Rusty
Bolts/Fortune
Marquee**

DUMPY'S WHAT? Sounds more like the title of a *Playschool* story than the name of a blues-rock band! But, with a name like that and the insistent waves of praise lapping at these ears, I finally decided to give the South London outfit a butchers. I'm glad I did.

Fortune proved to be confident and classy curtain-raisers, with a slick, stylish set as tight as Arfur Daley's wallet which defied the fact that this was only their fourth gig. But Dumpy and his Rusty Bolts weren't to be overshadowed and sent a small but enthusiastic gathering home, grinning in tittering reminiscence of a fine, fun-packed explosion of blues and hard rock'n'roll.

Biking songs like 'Ride With Me', 'It's Got To Be Blues', 'Just For Kicks' and, my favourite, 'Nightrider' projected this enterprising trio well, and provided neat opportunities for

the band's mucho impressive young drummer Chris Hussey and bassist Jeff Brown to punch out pounding beats for raucous singer/guitarist/raspberry blower and Lemmy/Ian Anderson lookalike Dumpy to play over.

But what comes across more than anything from Dumpy's Rusty Bolts (or whatever) is the carefree, giggle-a-minute attitude they take. Songs like 'I'll Honk For You, Baby', for example, the constant witty collaborations with the crowd by Dumpy Dunnell (wearing a *Dollar* T-shirt? Surely not!) choosing to bring the dated "We love you all" cry up to date with the occasional "Cheers w*kers!" and even a sham disco instrumental.

Yet don't get the idea that the band are just a kind of Hell's Angels cabaret act, for the whole show pivoted around some tasty blues with a generous sprinkling of solid rock'n'roll.

A good band, a good gig, and I can certainly say that Dumpy Dunnell is... Game For A Laugh!

MARK PUTTERFORD

**The Birthday
Party
Glasgow**

CONTRADICTION. Upstairs, frantic dancing on the floor to post-punk classics sets the tone for a party evening. In a corner, Nick Cave prepares his own mind with the help of a bottle of tequila. No-one disturbs, or even seems to notice him.

Downstairs, the band prepare for the set with apathy and despair. "Sometimes I feel I've no belief in what we do," says Cave. I didn't believe him at first.

Ten minutes later, they are onstage hanging around while Cave tries to persuade the audience that they are here to see a band. "If you want us to play for more than one minute then f***ing behave." You tell 'em Nick.

They launch into the set; Nick launches into the audience to satisfy his own brand of masochism — hardly worth playing if you don't get your head kicked in is it? Amongst the crowd, a Birthday Party skinhead ligger winds the audience up from within and shoves the helpless body of Nick back onto the stage when it looks like he can't handle it himself.

The audience turn on their own wind-up with a 'let's get him lads' mentality and the guy down the front who Nick's kicking repeatedly in the face is loving it! That's what they're here for — an orgy of violence, hate, self hate and sadism.

Pretty predictable.

I hate to do them the honour of saying that they do play music but let's play along with the pretence. The three stationed blithely at the back make tight circles of sound with Rowland occasionally finding the energy to make the break into spasmodic guitar noise. Cave bellows and screams above.

Old numbers — 'Big-Jesus-Trash-Can', 'Dead Joe', 'Hamlet' — show their faces fleetingly, lost amongst the chaos and the new songs which give a dull taste of the new album 'The Bad Seed', coming out in January.

The Birthday Party give performance, piss-take the rock fantasy, disturb the listener, spit out their vitriol, exhilarate the lowest instinct. Wait a minute... that sounds familiar. Isn't that what they were doing in '76? Isn't that what they were doing in the Sixties? Isn't that what Nick Cave's been doing ever since he crawled out of a hole in Australia?

The Birthday Party think they can win by being outrageous — kick a few faces and you're famous. They don't shock anymore, and the unoriginal idea of being different is so obviously contrived and so routine for them that they have become a disgusting parody of themselves.

Their present audience doesn't even care; After all, it's hardly worth going to see a band if you don't get your head kicked in, is it?

ANDREA MILLER

BAND AID

WOOD 'N' WONDER

IN A small stone cottage in Cornwall that's so off the beaten track, even the locals are confused as to its whereabouts, guitarmaker Kif Wood toils behind a set of 18 inch thick granite walls to produce his weird and wonderful guitars.

Kif's interest in the subject developed through his art college training for engineering design which ended his formal education. He didn't want to become an industrial designer and, he explains, "I copped out because people wanted me to design things that broke and didn't last, which I didn't want to do at all."

"I vaguely wandered around when I left college," he continues, "knowing that I wanted to do some form of design with an engineering bias. I'd developed certain engineering skills over the years because whenever I wanted something, my father, who's an engineer, would tell me to go into his workshop and make it. He'd say 'there's the tools, go and do it yourself', and I'd protest I couldn't do it, but in a couple of days I found I could. My father would help me, but he maintained the only way to really learn about something was to do it. That taught me how to use tools, and I suppose, an intuitive understanding of materials."

Kif Wood left college to work in London and spent a short time working for Dan Armstrong in order to bone up on guitar making, about which he knew nothing.

"He turned me on to an amazing understanding of the



Both pix: EFR Guitars

LEFT, KIFF WOOD electrics, L-R: 6-string, bass, 12-string; RIGHT, electric cello, 12-string.

basic physics of how a guitar works. Basic rules such as the laws of sustain, ie that the bridge height is inversely proportional to the sustain and that the volume is directly proportional to the bridge height.

"Around that time I heard some terrific slide guitar played by Jerry Garcia and George Harrison and suddenly I wanted to play slide guitar and I came down here to Cornwall about nine

years ago, bought myself a load of tools, and made myself these most peculiar slide guitars with the strings wired into the amplifier. I stuck magnets underneath the strings, earthed all the strings across at the nut, joined the bottom three strings at the bridge, and the top three strings also, in two pairs of three, and joined the two resultant terminals to a microphone transformer which then went into the

amp. The strings actually worked as a pick-up coil. That's how I started playing slide guitar!

I THEN wanted to learn to play fretted instruments, but learning all the shapes with the left hand was too much — I just didn't have the patience. In order to get around that, I built myself a little 4 string guitar around 1973, kind of mediaeval in

shape, and it was at that point that I realised that I wanted to build instruments and play at the same time.

"Aside from pissing around for a year or two, right after that I became a little more serious about the subject. I couldn't find any books on how to build a guitar. Don't get me wrong — people would send me books on my birthday on how to cut out pieces of wood in order to put together a guitar but they didn't tell me why a guitar had to be this shape, why a Strat had to be that shape. Obviously you've gotta have a neck which has to be fretted so you can run your hand up and down it, a neck is a universal thing. My next move was to sit down and write myself a brief: design a thing which will be called a guitar, based on my engineering views rather than traditional ones.

"I went right back to the early craftsmanship, particularly where modern machinery was not employed, and where somebody had spent a long time hand building a musical instrument; lutes for example. I took the lute shape without the rounded back and used my own theme of the guitar as a pump, which pumps out air according to the frequencies that the strings are making the pump operate at. So I started designing an instrument that was a reasonably efficient loudspeaker powered by strings. Very, very simply, taking this triangular shape where the larger part of the triangle has a force or pumping action applied to it, theoretically you're going to get a build-up of compression towards the narrower edge, which is then going to push

the sound out.

"Another difference between my guitars and other people's is the strutting. Mine is asymmetric whereas most others are symmetrical. Beyond that I'd like to keep one or two secrets to myself."

At this point in the proceedings, I feel bound to inquire exactly what Kif Wood objects to in other manufacturers' designs?

"They all look the same to me, and I find it odd in this day and age of amazing innovations in other technology, that the guitar still looks basically the same as it has since way back when. Let's face it, you can rip a good tune out of a kipper box with a violin neck attached to it, and people did!"

But why decide to settle out here in Cornwall?

"Because it takes a lot of time and very little money to do what I want to do, and it's not just to make instruments. Each instrument I build, I like to play for at least 12 hours. I don't want to run a full time guitar business, and what excites me most is making anything with strings on that people want me to make, just purely for the fun of it to see what we can do. That interests me a helluva lot more than sitting behind a production line, cranking a handle, and watching guitars falling off the end of it."

RIGHT NOW Kif is in the process of organising another workshop due to the smallness and the slight dampness of his current workshop in his home.

One of his most famous customers is Marco Pirroni who owns one of Kif's

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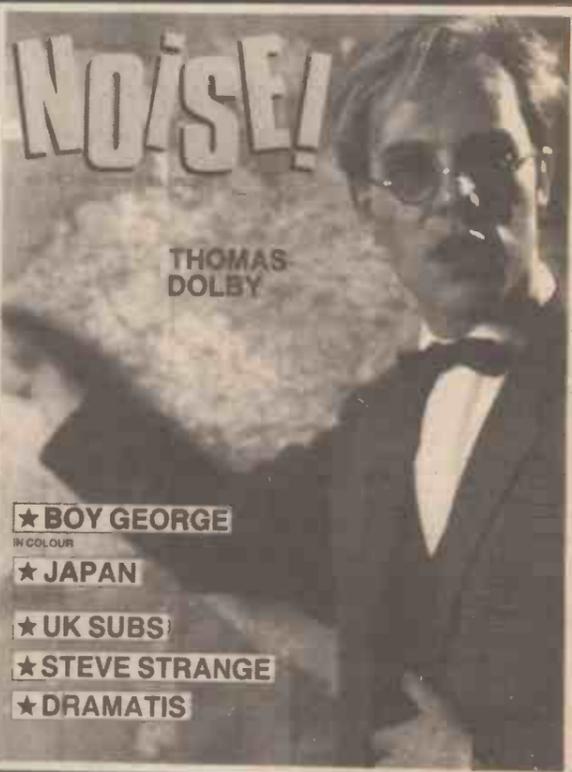
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pan at left and right. With the second pick-up through a wah-wah you've got this constant atmospheric sound with the chorus and the basic note coming out at whatever volume you want and whatever tonal colour. You can play around with the centre sound particularly if you've got in-phase and out-

of-phase chorus or something, and you can get the bass effect. This 12-string has a four coil humbucker in both pick-up positions, which can be split down the middle so that the bass strings are separated from the top strings. The complicated looking switching on the guitar enables me to route

four different pick-ups out of a pair of stereo jacks, so I can have the bridge pick-up coming out of one channel and the neck pick-up out of another. Alternatively, you can have the bottom half of the bridge pick-up coming out of one side and the rest coming out of the other side or channel. In fact I can split

these pick-ups vertically or laterally, and allow myself to use the bass strings as a rhythm accompaniment with the others as a counter-rhythm."

Simple really, then! But how much does it cost to own a Kif Wood creation?

"The electrics, six and 12 I would put out for about £400

to £450, the acoustics about £300 to £350. There seems to be a craze for miniature guitars at the moment and I would like to make one of those for somebody."

If anyone wants to put him to the test, they can contact him on (0736) 66421.

ED PARK

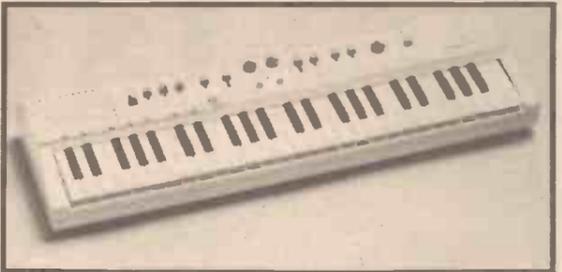
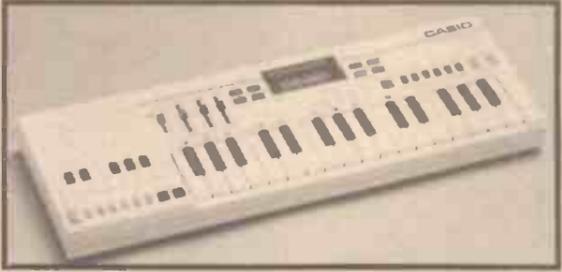
CASIO KEYS INTO 1983

AT AN all-day seminar and press show last month, Casio revealed its new batch of keyboard products for 1983.

Undoubtedly one of the major success stories of the last couple of years, Casio keyboards have become equally established as useful tools for the serious musician and modern, cost-effective replacements for the home organ, for which the death-knell is sounding ever louder.

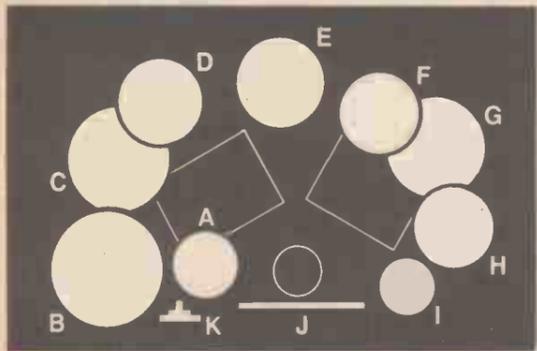
When the first Casiotone products were launched, they had no competition at all, and even now, with Roland and Yamaha moving into the market, it is undoubtedly primarily Casio's market and the company's new lines prove that it has no intention of resting on its laurels and letting the more established musical instrument manufacturers take over. There is increasing evidence of a positive design policy, with the new keyboards giving the impression of being much more the result of applying new technology to musical ideas than of applying musical ideas to new technology.

Products launched for the new year range in price from just £79 to £375, embracing a



CASIO KEYBOARDS, TOP TO BOTTOM: Casiotone 405, PT-30, MT-45, Casiotone 501

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variety of innovations from the first sophisticated programmable mini-keyboard — the PT-30 — to the impressive and elaborate CT-501, a development of the CT-701. Brief details of the new models are included here; reviews will follow in due course.

The CT-405 is a four-octave keyboard to replace Casio's best-selling CT-403, with features claimed to surpass anything available on the market in the same bracket.

The CT-405 has twenty preset sounds and is fitted with the Casio 'cross tonal modulation' circuit to expand these sounds into "completely new dimensions". Sustain, vibrato and delayed vibrato, plus simulated reverb, are available in the effects section.

The keyboard of the CT-405 can be divided into melody and accompaniment sections, the latter offering four choices of bass patterns, four choices of chords, and four choices of arpeggios. A choice of one finger or fully fingered chords, manual bass, plus sophisticated rhythms complete the instrument, which has an RRP of £325.

The PT-30 is a sophisticated programmable mini keyboard developed from the VL-1 and retailing at an amazing £79.

The PT-30 offers eight preset voicings, 12 new rhythms and six arpeggio arrangements. The automatic accompaniment allows the player to choose one of three chord patterns, which, along with the punchy bass section, is synchronised to the rhythm and arpeggiator.

The most exciting feature of the PT-30 is the computer memory, which will store up to 508 steps. This memory can be divided into eight sub-groups which can each be used for individual passages — storing note, chord, and rhythmic information. Furthermore, the sub-groups can be chained to form a much longer and more elaborate sequence, thus an entire composition can be realised. A cassette interface is available to enable storage of the programmed data on a

standard domestic recorder.

The MT-41 is a new version of the very popular MT-40, incorporating revolutionary circuit techniques at a cost of £99.

The MT-45 is the first of two more elaborate forms of mini keyboard. Its 49 note keyboard is split into melody and accompaniment sections that offer the basic voice production circuitry of the MT-41, but with some extra features. There is an arpeggiator, choice of bass patterns, rhythm fills and intros, and all at an RRP of £125.

Near the top of the Casiotone mini-keyboard range, the MT-65 offers a degree of technical sophistication undreamt of just a couple of years ago.

It is fitted with the full four octave keyboard which can be split into melody and accompaniment sections and incorporates the unique 'cross tonal modulation' circuit that provides a whole new dimension to the voicing of this instrument. To this add Casiotone's simulated reverb, a switch matrix system allowing the player to assign from a choice of four different bass voicings, chordal accompaniments, and arpeggio patterns, plus all the standard Casiotone voicings and easy-play devices, and you have a very interesting package for a mere £175.

Finally, the CT-501 at £375, is a four octave version of Casiotone's prestigious CT-701 electronic keyboard. It retains most of the facilities incorporated into its antecedent and the unique bar code music reader is a central feature of the instrument.

The CT-501 provides 20 different preset sounds, 16 rhythm patterns and Casio chord section.

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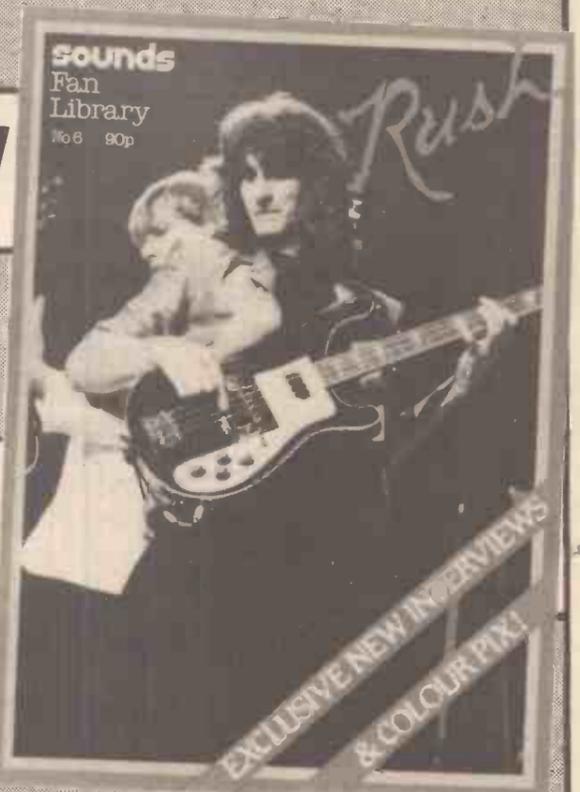
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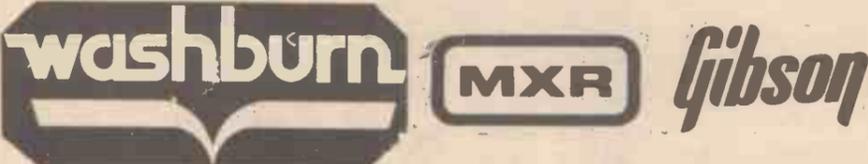
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The information here is correct at time of going to press but may be subject to change. Please check with the venue concerned.

A star denotes a gig of special interest or importance (even if it's only good for a laugh or posing or a drink after closing time).

WEDNESDAY

DECEMBER 29

***ABERDEEN**, Valhalla's, (26706), Lorenzo Marques
***BIRMINGHAM**, Odeon, (021 643 6101), Whitesnake
BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Little Sister
CANTERBURY, Miller's Arms, (52675), The Organisers
CHERITON, White Lion, (78276), Maroon Dogs
COLWYN BAY, Pier Pavilion, (2594), Dagaband
CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Promise
DOVER, Dover Stage, (201001), Two's Company
GATESHEAD, Honeysuckle, (781273), Prelude
HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), Reggae Night
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head, (21758), Howard Jones
LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Solo Sons/Visual Aid
LONDON, Chat's Palace, Brooksby's Walk, (01-986 6714), Chat's Arkestra Christmas Show
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Jah Thomas/Captain Sinbad/Ranking Trevor
LONDON, Frontline Theatre, Atlantic Road, Brixton, Cafe Cabaret with Jeanette/Pete Murray/Markus Jahn
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Escalators/Fear
LONDON, Gulliver's, Down Street, (01-499 0760), Roy Carter And Friends
***LONDON**, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Slouxsie And The Banshees
LONDON, Hog's Grunt, Production Village, Cricklewood, (01-450 8969), Stu Hamer And Karen And The Pineapples
LONDON, Kennedy's, King's Road, (01-352 0025), Rhythm Men
LONDON, King's Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), Basil's Ballsup Band
LONDON, Latchmere, Battersea Park Road, (01-437 5782), Wilma Williams
LONDON, Magic Hour, The Production Village, Cricklewood, (01-450 8969), Chiriac Nelu/Gino Kurucz (lunchtime)
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Marillion
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Ken Colyer's All Star Jazz Band
LONDON, 101 Club, Clapham, (01-223 8309), Intro/E/OJ
LONDON, Pavilion, Battersea Park Road, (01-622 4001), 1000 Mexicans
LONDON, Ritz Cinema, Brixton, (01-737 2121), Richard Strange And Rene Eyre/Event
Group/Nightingales/Iron In Flesh/Ian Smith
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Airstrip One
***LONDON**, Royal Albert Hall, (01-589 8212), Kids From Fame
LONDON, Stapleton Hall Tavern, Crouch Hill, (01-272 7619), Dave Ellis Band
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061 832 6625), Loose Change

GUILDFORD, Wooden Bridge, (72708), Backstage Pass
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Cellar Rock Club, (68272), Clientelle
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head, (21758), Cuckoo Patrol
KIRKCALDY, Abbotshall Hotel, (260803), Pervert's Party, Dizrythma
LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01 603 3245), Liaison/Visual Aid
LONDON, Albany Empire, Douglas Way, Deptford, (01-691 3333), Winter Warmers/One The Juggler/Rhythm Tendency
LONDON, Chat's Place, Brooksby's Walk, (01-986 6714), Chats Arkestra Christmas Show
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967) Flying Pickets/Bouncing Cheques
LONDON, Hogs Grunt, Production Village, Cricklewood, (01-450 8969), Chiriac Nelu/Gino Kurucz (lunchtime) 25th Street (evening)
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington, (01-359 4510), Motor Boys Motor

LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), The Zodiacs
LONDON, Fridge, Brixton, (01-737 1477), Fabulous Trindies/Top 4 Trio/Carla/Near Naturists
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), The Lurkers/Mono Pacific
LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, (01-788 2387), Crannog



NICK HEYWARD of Haircut One Hundred

THE BEGINNING of 1983 starts with a whimper rather than a bang and the gigs are few and far between. As always, it's London that bags the best of what's on with Siouxsie And The Banshees appearing at Hammersmith Odeon (Wednesday) and Haircut One Hundred are travelling up from St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (Wednesday) to play the same venue (Friday).

Meanwhile, out in the provinces, Peter And The Test-Tube Babies are doing the rounds with dates at Manchester Drifters (Wednesday), Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Bierkeller (Thursday) and Nottingham Union Rowing Club (Friday). And Aswad have two dates this week with concerts at Nottingham Palais (Thursday) and London Ace Cinema Brixton (Saturday).

LONDON, Kennedy's, King's Road, (01-352 0025), Cliff Augier
LONDON, King's Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), Jazz Sluts
LONDON, Klub Foot, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454), UK Decay/Actified/Ritual



FISH of Marillion

LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Marillion/Dagaband
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Pinkies
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), The Warriors
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham, (01-223 8309), A Shade Too Far
LONDON, Pavilion, Battersea Park Road, (01-622 4001), Escortz/Orson Welles
LONDON, Pied Bull, Liverpool Road, Islington, (01-837 3218), Nighthawk
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), The Decorators
***LONDON**, Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, (01-589 8212), Kids From Fame
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061 832 6625), Loose Change
MANCHESTER, Gallery, (061 832 3597), French Lessons
***NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE**, Bierkellar, (324156), Peter And The Test-Tube Babies
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, City Hall, (320007), Lindsafarne
NOTTINGHAM, Palais, (51075), Aswad/Jah Shaka
OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Trixta
SADDLEWORTH, Civic Hall, (061 624 0505), The Perfect Day/Bob Dillinger/Kukurudu
SHEFFIELD, Leadmill, (754500), The Mirror Cracked
WALLASEY, Dale Inn, (051 639 9847), Max Ambrose
WORTHING, Balmoral, (36232), Medusa

FRIDAY

NEW YEAR'S EVE

BATH, Moles Club, (333423), Rhythm And Blues Allstars
BIRMINGHAM, Fighting Cocks, Mosely, (021 449 2554), New Year Party Jam
BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Rodeo
CANTERBURY, Miller's Arms, (52675), Dover Skiffle Band
CHERITON, Golden Arrow, Beatles For Sale
CHERITON, White Lion (78276), Keith Harwood
CHRISTCHURCH, Jumpers Tavern, (473995), Truffie
COVENTRY, General Wolfe, (88402), DT's
CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Little Sister
EASTBOURNE, King's Country Club, (21466), Barron Knights
FOLKESTONE, Royal Norfolk, (38246), English Rogues
GATESHEAD, Honeysuckle, (781273), The Wrek
GLASGOW, Doune Castle, (041 649 2745), Jack Easy
HARROW, Northwick Park Social Club, (01-864 5311), Liaison
HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), Talking Pictures
HULL, Wellington Club, Wellington Lane, (23262), Salem-Shalem
LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 1245), Double Vision/North Star
LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford, (01-691 8016), Flying Pickets/French And Saunders/Ronnie Golden (benefit for the Lewisham Academy Of Music)
LONDON, Broadway, The Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-748 1454), Auntie And The Men From Uncle



MARI WILSON

LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Mari Wilson/Studio 2

LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, (01-788 2387), Tony McPhee Band
LONDON, Hog's Grunt, Production Village, Cricklewood, (01-450 8969), Masquerade (evening)
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington, (01-359 4510), KK Khan Band
LONDON, ICA, The Mall, (01-930 0493), Pride/Three Courgettes/Ruby Turner
LONDON, King's Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), SALT/Steve Smith
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Stan Webb's Chickenshack
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Harry Gold And His Pieces Of Eight
LONDON, Pavilion, Battersea Park Road, (01-622 4001), Sam Mitchell Band
LONDON, Wellington, Uxbridge Road, (01-743 4671), Dave Ellis Band
***MANCHESTER**, Apollo, Ardwick, (061 273 1112), Whitesnake
NORWICH, Whites, (25539), Vital Disorders
OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Sunfly
SHIPTON BELLINGER, The Boot, (42279), Truffie
WALLASEY, Dale Inn, (051 639 9847), Hybrid

SUNDAY

JANUARY 2

BEDFORD, Fives Bar, (55565), Solstice
BIRKENHEAD, Sir James Club, (051 647 7828), Dagaband
FAREHAM, John Peel, (281893), First Offence
GLASGOW, Doune Castle, (041 649 2745), Nightshift
LONDON, Barbican Centre, Silk Street, (01-638 8891), Harry Gold And His Pieces Of Eight (lunchtime)
LONDON, Brabant Road Community Centre, Wood Green, (01-487 3440), Benjamin Zephaniah/Foot And Mouth/Red Review/Guilty Innocents
LONDON, Broadway, The Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-748 1454), The Tronics/Brother Of Beat
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Swamp Creatures
LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, (01-788 2387), Little Sister
LONDON, Hog's Grunt, Production Village, Cricklewood, (01-450 8969), Dave Chedler's Victoria Band
LONDON, King's Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), Snatcher
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Little John's Jazzers
LONDON, Pied Bull, Liverpool Road, Islington, (01-837 3218), Swinging Hoovers
LONDON, The Swan, Clapham Road, Stockwell, (01-274 1526), Dingle Spike
SHEFFIELD, Hallamshire Hotel, (29787), Urban Clearway/Exodus
SHEPPERTON, The Goat, Upper Halliford Road, (82415), Mad Jocks And Englishmen
STEVENAGE, Bowes-Lyon House, (53175), Sub-Humans/Destructors/Paramedic Squad
WALLASEY, Dale Inn, (051 639 9847), Tears Of Joy
WIMBLEDON, Wimbledon Theatre, (01-946 5211), Fairport Convention

MONDAY

JANUARY 3

BATH, Moles Club, (333423), One To One
BATHGATE, Greentree Hotel, (52133), Duff Party
BIRKENHEAD, Sir James Club, (051 647 7828), Dagaband
CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Chaps
GREENFORD, Railway Hotel, (01-952 1560), Shakin' Pyramids
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Dynamite Band
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Vitale Voice/Monkey Traps
LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, (01-788 2387), Fairport Convention
***LONDON**, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Whitesnake
LONDON, Horse And Groom, Mitcham Road, Tooting Broadway, Dingle Spike
LONDON, King's Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), Johnny G
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Howard Jones
OBAN, Corran Hall, (64566), Shoot The Moon

TUESDAY

JANUARY 4

CANTERBURY, Miller's Arms, (52675), Rich Reyn
CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Meat Merchants
DARWEN, Craven-Heiffer, (72618), D Notes
LONDON, Broadway, The Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-748 1454), Idiot Ballroom Beach Party
LONDON, Bull And Gate, Kentish Town, (01-485 5358), Quasar
LONDON, Chat's Palace, Brooksby's Walk, (01-986 6714), Chat's Arkestra Christmas Show
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Idle Flowers/Agent Orange/Poguemahone
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), The Symbolix
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Sweet And Bitter
LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, (01-788 2387), Fairport Convention
***LONDON**, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Whitesnake
LONDON, ICA, The Mall, (01-930 0493), Oban/3 Mustaphas 3/Frank Chickens
LONDON, King's Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), Laslo And The Leopards
MIDDLESBROUGH, Cavern, (241995), Destructors



PETER of the Test-Tube Babies

***MANCHESTER**, Drifters, Dukinfield, Peter And The Test-Tube Babies
MANCHESTER, Gallery, (061 832 3597), Crosstalk A/V
MARGATE, The Ship, (20694), Die Laughing
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Bierkellar, (324156), Secret Sex/Deviation/Sweet Trash/Jetset Dance (benefit for Cancer Research)
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, City Hall, (320007), Lindsafarne
OLDHAM, Greyhorse, (061 432 1295), The Relatives
PETERBOROUGH, Golden Fleece, Chaos/Diseases
PORTSMOUTH, Salutation, (82205), Caricature
PORT TALBOT, Starlite Rooms, (894733), General Paralysis Of The Insane
ST AUSTELL, Cornwall Coliseum, (Par 4261), Haircut One Hundred
SOUTHAMPTON, Guildhall, Solent Suite, (32601), Hickory Wind
SOUTHAMPTON, Waterfront, (24320), Jerry Hackett
STOCKTON, Black Cats, (553046), Verba Verba
SWINDON, Solitaire, Commercial Road, (34235), Singles
WARRINGTON, Lion Hotel, (3004), Chinatown
WORTHING, Balmoral, (36232), Medusa

THURSDAY

DECEMBER 30

AYLESBURY, Friar's Vale Hall, (88948), Howard Jones
BIRMINGHAM, Barrel Organ, (021 62 1353), Rage Of Angels
BIRMINGHAM, Opposite Lock, (021-643 2573), Dumas Express Cabaret
BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Chuck Farley
BRIGHTON, New Regent, (27800), Venus In Furs
CHERITON, White Lion, (78276), Dover Skiffle Band
CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Freehand
GATESHEAD, Honeysuckle, (781273), Short Bluesline
GLASGOW, Doune Castle, (041 649 2745), Caribbean Sea

ROCK ALMANAC

Sunday January 2

1936 Birthday of Roger Miller, of 'King Of The Road' fame, in Forth Worth, Texas.
 1942 Birthday of Chick Churchill of Ten Years After, in Mold, Flintshire.
 1963 After their final trip to Hamburg to play the Star Club, the Beatles flew home for a short tour of Scotland.
 1976 A complaint against Beach Boy drummer Dennis Wilson was dropped, after he'd been arrested for carrying a 38 calibre revolver he'd taken off his girlfriend.
 1980 Death of 50s rocker Larry Williams, originator of 'Slow Down', 'Bony Moronie', 'Dizzy Miss Lizzy', etc., of self-inflicted gun-wounds.

Monday January 3

1926 Birthday of record producer George Martin, in London.
 1945 Birthday of Stephen Stills, in Dallas, Texas.
 1746 Birthday of John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin, in Sidcup, Kent.
 1970 EMI released the first solo album by ex-Pink Floyd Syd Barrett, 'The Madcap Laughs'.
 1974 Bob Dylan's American tour opened at the Chicago Amphitheatre, where 6 million applications had been received for 660,000 tickets.
 1980 Death of Bluesman Amos Milburn, aged 52, in Houston, Texas.

Tuesday January 4

1937 Birthday of John Gorman, once one-third of the Scaffold, more recently to be seen looning on 'Tiswas' and 'O.T.T.', in Birkenhead.
 1954 Elvis Presley first visited the Sun studio in Memphis to cut a private acetate.
 1964 Death of British blues pioneer Cyril Davies, of Leukemia.
 1971 The London premiere of the film 'Performance' starring Mick Jagger.

Wednesday January 5

1923 Birthday of Sam C

Phillips, founder of Sun Records, in Florence, Alabama.
 1951 Birthday of Biff Byford of Saxon, in Scissett, Yorkshire.
 1968 Status Quo's first hit single 'Pictures Of Matchstick Men' was released in the UK.
 1968 The BBC repeated the Beatles' 'Magical Mystery Tour' film (in colour on BBC2), despite critical panning of the first showing at Christmas.
 1976 The Beatles' former road manager, 'Big' Mal Evans was shot dead by police after refusing to surrender a shotgun, at his girlfriend's home in L.A.

Thursday January 6

1946 Birthday of Syd Barrett, in Cambridge.
 1947 Birthday of Sandy Denny of Fairport Convention, in Wimbledon.
 1963 Cliff Richard had his most successful chart single ever, with 'The Next Time' hitting number one, and the flipside 'Bachelor Boy' in the chart in its own right at No. 7.
 1964 The Rolling Stones started their first bill-topping tour at Harrow Granada, supported by the Ronettes and Kim Wilde's dad Marty.

Friday January 7

1944 Birthday of Mike McCartney, younger brother of Paul, and for many years better known as Mike McGear of Scaffold.
 1948 Birthday of Kenny Loggins, in Everett, Washington.
 1967 A rumour spreads around the country that Paul McCartney has been killed in a car crash.
 1980 Hugh Cornwell of the Stranglers gets a £300 fine and eight weeks in jail for drugs possession.
 1982 Lynval Golding of Fun Boy Three needed 29 stitches in his face and neck after being knifed in a Coventry disco by a race-prejudiced trio of

nutters.
 Saturday January 8
 1935 Birthday of Elvis Presley, in Tupelo, Mississippi. His twin brother Jesse died at birth.
 1937 Birthday of Shirley Bassey, in Tiger Bay, Cardiff.
 1943 Birthday of Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead, in San Francisco.
 1946 Birthday of Robbie Kreiger, guitarist and songwriter with the Doors, in Los Angeles.
 1947 Birthday of David Bowie (David Jones), in Brixton, London.
 1971 Original UK release date of Eric Clapton's album as Derek & The Dominoes, 'Layla'.
 BARRY LAZELL



BIFF: not as old as some would claim

LET



THE SOUNDS staff at a recent Editorial Meeting

Naked japes

HELLO, SALLY here. Listen I'm sick to my stomach with the sexism *Sounds* is saturated with. Who cares whether Diana Ross is prettier than Linda Lewis? It's what they sing like (and what they're like inside) that really matters.
 And what's this about older women being better in bed? What is this, a music paper or a pervert porn paper? I buy *Sounds* to read about music and musicians, not your writers sexual problems and to see pictures of half-naked women.
 How would you, the *Sounds* staff, like it if someone wanted to print lots of naked pictures of YOU? — Sally Here, Plymouth

he realise he's partly to blame? He may have sincerely wanted to keep punk alive in the true belief that it provides a voice for working class kids, but the resulting number of truly crappy bands has destroyed everything he tried to achieve.

To me there's no sign of a socialist street movement. I go to enough gigs to realise that most of the trouble is caused by skinheads, who are all too often sympathisers with right-wing policies.

At the recent Dead Kennedy's gig at Leicester they were determined to ruin it because the band had committed the unforgivable crime of being American. The fantastically intelligent apes got on the stage pointing to their union jack shirts! It seems these wankers now own our flag, and it's time we took it back!

Bushell runs away when he's most needed, and well, well! He interviews Geoff's poor dead HM groups!

Perhaps you may not be a pessimist in your plush office with your nice safe editors salary, but down here on the ground our music seems to have been destroyed and we can't see why. We need the Jam to put our view in at number one. Though you'll either cut it or not print it, at

least read it. It's the only way open to us to stop *Sounds* falling apart. If by 1983 we can get Thatcher out, Barton out, Bushell back in and the Jam back together, it won't be too bad. Naive! Well I'm not hopeful! — Sean (a heavy metal hater), Leicester

FOOD FACTS

TO THE "non-fish eating non hippy veggie who doesn't buy new pairs of leather shoes" (How much wear is there in second-hand plimsolls?) The world is overpopulated and people in areas of poor food production frequently overbreed.

Simply banning carnivory will not solve problems of starvation since the ignorant masses will breed in increased numbers proportional to increased food supply.

I do like meat and I don't like people forcing their own ideas down my throat (especially rabbit food).

Cow Power Rules! — Wonder Warthog, Newcastle Upon Tyne

THE STARS WRITE

HOW COME you still put Riot City next to our 12" ep 'Perdition' when you do the independent chart (independent is a joke, hardly any of the labels are totally independent) when I told you it was on Disorder records in my last letter?

Also, why haven't you said that Chaotic Dischord is really Vice Squad taking the piss out of us and Chaos UK? I think people have the right to know if they are being ripped off! — Taf, Disorder, Anarchy, peace, freedom and cider.

MACHO MASHER

SO-CALLED IVOR Bigan from Essex, who got a letter published in your Dec 4 issue, you're a zero, you can't write, you can't think, and can't even come up with an original pen-name! Er, by the way, can you read?

You rabbit on about Japan and Soft Cell, slugging them off, and then go on about losers like AC/DC and Rainbow and Status Quo — no, we don't like none of these bands either — but at least they're all doing something. Not like you, you bag of shit!

I know what you look like: long hair, eh, and denims (got your first pair of straight ones yet then, jerk?), oh and training shoes or cowboy boots. Oh yes real ale for fake men is it, corpse?

Painfully hetero macho slob are ya, beergut baby? Do a real man's job, do you, you country bumpkin, you newtown nonentity? Pull all the 'birds' do you, or do they just laugh when your spotty face and ashtray breath get near, like I would?

Reading Festival every year is it, in the mud and shit with all the other nowheres, getting screwed up the arse and loving it? You over 20 or what, fungus brain, or is that just the IQ eh, snotnose?

What a sad pathetic moronic life you just must lead. Don't like the synthesiser then? Nor me. But I play other things: bet all you do is play with yourself. Bet you always have skids in your pants — I can tell your type by the way you write your letters (Ivor Bigan, Essex, is lousy. Try: The Skidmark Kid, nowhere.)

Why not do the world a service — your one chance to do some good in your crap life? Why not write to *Sounds* with full address, and I'll get a certain acquaintance to send you a shooter, put you out of your misery. Not enough guts, eh, Skidmark, no? Then come up the Beat Route on a Friday night, and everybody will give you a hand.

The very expressions you use, like 'music scene' and 'kings of rock and roll' and 'make his guitar dance' (Ho Ho — rolled up somewhat at that one, you've got the literary talent of a dead slug, boy!) just show that you're a complete cret. There is no scene, never was and no kings.

And Rock n'Roll, well kill-joy, what d'you expect after 20 odd years, what? How fresh are your socks after you've worn them that long — have a smell and see: go on.

Make a better sound by doing a wet fart in a beer can? Hey boy, you are a wet fairy in a beer can. Vanish. — Yours (not at all) with hate Mitzl Augustine

VERY 'EAVY, NOT VERY 'UMBLE

SO J of Glasgow thinks Rob Halford only has a vocal range of three feet? Well now it is my turn.

When did Fred Zeffelin last

Buffalo balls

SO MALCOLM McLaren claims (*Sounds*, 2 December '82) that he hasn't changed since the Pistols. We should all change, Malcolm. Still claiming he "stole lots of money" when it's well established now that he let the Pistols and himself be ripped off handsome by an assortment of long hairs and short back and sides.

Ah well, let it pass. It's all over now so hush and let the old boy dream away in peace. But what's all this endless, negative denigration of other people's work? Except very grey, very boring, very English.

And fulminating like a crusty, red-nosed colonel over the younger generation who dare laugh at his art school mores and late sixties' truisms. And why is a semi in Sheffield more "disgusting" than Malcolm's one bedroom flat in Clapham South?

Nor can I let him get away with all these Paul Gambuccini/NME type "O" level History-of-Rock cliches: African roots, white upstarts, seditious youth, primitive energies... all dusty cobwebs soon to be blown away (I hope) by my imminent *The Secret History of Kate Bush*, (and the strange art of pop), Omnibus Press, 1983.

Which apart from suggesting that pop and rock are more about consumerist Romanticism than white liberal fantasies about the "dark continent", also makes a case that Kate Bush (post 'Never For Ever') is a truly important and radical artist, very underrated by the pop media and rock establishment.

I don't deny the excellence of 'Buffalo Girls' — I mean I almost bought it, but everything on 'The Dreaming', is infinitely more profound and courageous. When the chips are down

and turntables spin Kate Bush is a more subversive artist than poor old Malcolm — who keeps on coming, keeps on trying, but finally should go back to the only talent he can match Bush on: visual art.

The guy can draw with the ferocity of Modigliani, paint with the cunning of Picasso, and his designs make Mary Quant look like a pretentious amateur. But can he sing? — Fred Vermorel, London WC2

CLOCKWORK PLEA

I WAS wondering whether with the interest that *A Clockwork Orange* is getting at the moment via Blitz/Violators, if anyone could give me some info. Like what has happened to the film, are there any plans for TV screening or video release?

I've heard there is a soundtrack album, is this true? Have any good books been published on the film? Finally, I borrowed an older copy of *Clockwork Orange* and later on bought my own copy. In my new copy there is no glossary of nadsat terms but a totally new chapter which the old edition does not have. What is going on? — Simon, Loughborough, Leicester

BARTON BACKLASH

THE APPOINTMENT of Geoff Barton as editor of *Sounds* shows exactly how much you've been forced to scrape the bottom of the barrel. Barton's recent singles column was an utter joke. Adam Ant over the Jam? It seems the new trend is to be seen to support the new glossy image bands, complete with equally glossy production, over real

commitment and honesty.

Of course, the Jam splitting up means nothing to you, because you're just as dead as the ridiculous prats you worship. Compared to bands with a real feeling of trying to achieve something, the whole spectrum of heavy metal is one complete void, a waste of time and money.

So Weller's 'rampant pessimism percolates every groove' does it? Did you take the trouble to read the words on the sleeve? If not, read it and then tell me it's pessimistic. How the hell can versions of 'Move On Up' and 'Stoned Out Of My Mind' be anything but optimistic?

Now that 'Gaz' Bushell has abandoned punk for almost any feature you'll give him it seems that *Sounds* is finished. Doesn't



DIV MAC — close encounters of the turd kind

Star writer

HAVE YOU ever thought that the work of Dave McCullough is not so much irrational as clued in to an alien rationality?

Obviously his logic is not of this earth, so one can only presume that neither is David. Is it not clear that Div is actually a poor stranded ET left to survive in a world he does not understand?

Therefore I ask you all to be patient with him. One day he will return to the stars! — Matty the Mighty Mekon, Macclesfield, Moonbase Alpha, The Moon

T E R S



R'N'R Radio Campaigners show how it's done

Radio Punk

IF I read Bushell's 'Punk IS Dead' properly what I believe he actually said was punk as a threat to society is just a con unless it links up to the social forces that really have got the power to change society, ie working class organisation.

This seems just common sense really, but then I never did have any illusions that the Pistols/Clash or Blitz would ever change anything except the charts. And this brings me to my main point, which I think Garry agrees with, that 'escapist' punk has never been stronger.

Never mind all the Motorhead clones, if you want to hear great powerful tuneful punk check out bands like the Toy Dolls, the Adicts, the Crack, Eraserhead, Major Accident, Five-O and of course Chelsea.

Now if any of these bands got radio airplay they'd have chart success and just because Bushwacked's seen through the hip rebel pose I hope it doesn't mean he's going to give up on the Campaign For Punk Radio he championed in *Sounds* and *Noise*.

I'm just one of the thousands of punks who responded by sending in my petition and I wouldn't want to think I'd wasted my time. What we need is a concerted campaign like the rock'n'roll radio campaign of a few years back to force Radio One to take notice with marches, demos, and gigs. And if *Sounds* won't give the lead then may I suggest you pass the petitions over to someone who will — Ricky The Rezillos fan, Wolverhampton

do a single gig?

Nah, don't give me any crap about Priest and Zeppelin coz Priest are ace and Zeppelin belong alongside the Brontosaurus and other dinosaurs in a museum! — El Tig Stratford, East London
PS Keep the Soundhouse going!

STORM TROOPERS ARE PARTY POOPERS

I HAD to laugh at Charlie Morgan's 'commies are as bad as fascists' letter — shame the stupid sap didn't try and back it up with some facts. Because it isn't commies who smash up gigs, and it wasn't commies who killed Sham or attacked the Ruts, Garry Bushell, Garry Johnson, or Attila The Stockbroker!

It was the nazi British Movement who can't bear anyone to think for themselves! The Skunx dream lies wrecked at the feet of these backward

boneheads who'd be hard-pressed to spell "wog" let alone "fascism". See the nazi old boys at play, all pushing thirty, thinking they're big men to beat up little punks.

Like overgrown school bullies the German Movement peddle their pathetic gay nazi wet dreams and anyone who thinks, Garry Johnson, Conflict, Attila, the Newtown Neurotics (the real Oi heroes) threatens their safety in numbness.

They've got as much to do with the sussed skinheads of my youth as their filthy foreign fascist symbols have got to do with patriotism. Make no mistake these, not the commies, are the real enemies of Oi!

'Commie' organisations like RAR and the ANL have only ever helped bands because socialism is for the people and fascism is against us. Do any of you doubt that the real reason Gal Bushell's stopped going to gigs is because of these morons

and their attacks? — Davey Poole, a Mick O'Farrell fan, Romford, Essex

BLITZ MESSAGE

HELLO CHILDREN, thought I'd better write in and clear up a few facts concerning Blitz. For a start we never did split up, much to the dismay of the NME no doubt. As for acting like superstars, I didn't know mixing with the crowd in the bar, before and after a gig, was classed as superstar behaviour, and I doubt if Rod Stewart ever goes on stage pissed and has a laugh with his fans. (Everyone knows that insults are just a joke.)

And to Garry Bushell; it's OK for you to sit behind your typewriter and slag us for not gigging. You don't have to take all the crap like travelling X number of miles to a toilet with a lousy PA system and then getting ripped off by the promoter. People are asked to pay up to £2.50 to see a band like Blitz and for what?

So some dodgy promoter can make a fast £200 (or more). It's the promoters who set the high admission, and the only way the band can protest is by refusing to play. (See above).

As for Senior Bushfire ranting on about punk being dead. Stop whining and get on with it. It would be a shame to see you split up now.

Merry Blitzmans — Nidge, Blitz, New Mills

TANKED UP REALLY HIGH

I TOO managed to catch Diamond Head on the recent Tank UK Tour, and I, too, can't possibly understand why lesser mortals (who are too damned stupid to know what's good for them, anyway) find this super band so boring. I mean, is 'band' the right word?

Does the nondescript word 'band' belittle them? I think it does. Surely a more fitting noun can be found for this 'collection' of talented musicians who although possessing a definite gift of genius, retain the virtue of modesty — for they are not the ones to take themselves too seriously, oh no.

If only other bands had DH's imagination and originality to write such epics as 'From Heaven to Hell', just imagine what a wonderful time we'd all have!

DH's set left me deeply moved — both emotionally and physically — and has altered my whole outlook on life; my opinions, my tastes, my lifestyle — and would you believe it — even the way I sit and... — Simon (A filthy hound — and bloody proud of it), London SW20

TANK STANK

YES, I really do like Diamond Head, I have done since before they ever got a recording contract with M.C.A. and became fashionable. Is this 'Evo' person suggesting that I should stop liking Diamond Heda just because everyone else does?

By the way, I did give Tank a fair chance and they failed with flying colours! — Mark Feldon

C+D CENSOR-PROOF

I'M WRITING to complain — why wasn't my Chas & Dave letter printed in *Sounds*? I sent in a petition signed by ten mates and then read in *Jaws* that none had been received.

This is nonsense, if mine wasn't received it must have been stolen — probably by Barton the Bonehead. That's why I've sent this letter via pigeon post!

Keep up the good work and

make *Sounds* COCKNEY — Chas Davies, Canning Town, East London

UNION FACTS

PERHAPS SOMEONE ought to make a few serious points for the sake of Gus from Edinburgh (Letters 11/12/82). The Union Jack is English, but this doesn't mean it's not Scottish, Welsh, or Irish too.

The Union Jack as a flag representing the Union is out of date anyway. The cross of St Patrick should have been dropped when the bulk of Ireland left the union and where is Wales represented in the Flag?

If Gus (set) really finds Englishmen calling the UJ English offensive, then what about the Scots in Spain who were waving it about and shouting Scotland at the same time?

As for those stupid remarks about English football supporters I just can't take him seriously. Scottish supporters are real angels aren't they? BOLLOCKS! At Wembley all you get if you go is taunts from Jocks who can't hold their drink. I wonder if they'd be so brave without thousands of their own to back them up. Gus, it's you who's the joke not us English.

To definitely settle the score, I'll let Gus keep his two points he claims in his letter. We get 3 points for a win down here and that makes it England 3, and Scotland 2 in my book. — Jim, London
PS If Cock Sparrer are Cockney morons then christ knows what Gus is (It is probably unprintable anyway.)

SOUNDS 'PUERILE' SHOCK CLAIM

SOUNDS, DATED 4/12/82 was, simply, appalling.

Everything, from the tacky quality of the paper, down to the laughably inept attempts at journalism (about as probing and adventurous as Ritchie Blackmores drummers phallus), smacked of an insulting, sickening amateurishness.

The Soft Cell interview typified this, with a style of writing eventually perfected by Enid Blyton, coupled with a nauseatingly condescending "we were there, you weren't — tough" attitude. "Transsexuals" and "transvestites" were mentioned in droves, no doubt to make Joe Punter realise what an exercise in drudgery his life is, as well as illustrating just how open-minded, socially conscious, un-hung up, etc., the writer is.

Garry Bushell's objective, non-groveling views on relevant Ritchie Blackmore were matched only by his "tough", "defiant" (read "self-congratulatory") stand on "punk". Gosh, Garry, you mean punk's really dead? Thank the Lord we're safe at last with the Oi/metal crew — so much easier to manipulate these Govt. approved idiots than that other bunch of nasty, angry, well-intentioned young men.

God almighty, the much slated NME may have its faults, but these seem positively virtuous compared to your juvenile, all-boys-giggling-together mentality. Then again, the readers only get the paper they deserve — amply borne out by the dire Letters page, edited with no imagination and little wit, a perfect match for the typical letter.

Plenty of "shits", "ass-holes" and "f**ers" to keep the presumably like-minded, gormless reader happy. I suppose a communal wallow in ignorance is pretty comforting. Why don't you grow up?

I heartily regret the 35p I shelled out for your exercise in uselessness; I don't begrudge this 15½p at all, though. Stuff you, *Sounds*, I can care if I want to! — Jack Shennan, Edinburgh

STU...PENDOUS

I THINK I should point out to Stu (again) that you don't have to like semolina, that's for the young (pant) toppers (gasp) to like! We just have it spread all over our flimsy bodies! — Sil Lgffinent
PS It's great with prunes in it too...

sounds

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READING ROCK

HUGH FIELDER rounds up the latest in literary offerings

'Album Cover Album — The Second Volume' (Paper Tiger £7.95)

The update of the coffee table tome that brings in the new wave et al. So why does it still have Roger Dean's decidedly dated artwork on the front?

'Marc Bolan — Born To Boogie' by Chris Welch and Simon Napier Bell (Eel Pie £4.99)

The original teenybop legend lives quietly on. Welch and Napier Bell are not surprisingly nearer to the inside facts while Sinclair does a thorough cuttings job.

'Elvis — The Complete Illustrated Record' by Roy Carr and Mick Farren (Eel Pie £7.99)

'Elvis' by Dave Marsh (Rolling Stone Press £14.95)

After the hysteria you can put the myth back into proportion again with either Carr and Farren's painstaking guide through his records or Dave Marsh's all-American slant with hardback cover and magnificent pictures.

'The Who — Maximum R&B' by Richard Barnes (Eel Pie £6.99)

'The Who — The Illustrated Biography' by Chris Charlesworth (Omnibus £4.95)

There's already a dozen Who books out, so who needs more? Barnes has the 'official' version but still manages to keep an objective perspective, while Charlesworth has done plenty of research.

'With The Beatles — The Historic Photographs of Dezo Hoffman' (Omnibus £4.95)

'The Beatles' England' (Columbus £5.95)

'The Long And Winding Road' — The Story Of The Beatles On Record' by Nevil Stannard (Virgin £4.95)

'John Lennon's Secret' by David Stuart Ryan (Kozmik £5.95)

You could fill a tea chest with Beatles books, I swear it. From Dezo Hoffman there's a stylish photo-documentary. 'The Beatles' England' is a fascinating arty Beatles tourist brochure for Americans. Stannard's recorded history fits into a donkey jacket pocket while 'award winning writer' Ryan's account fits inside your head if you're that way inclined (man).

'Rock Bottom' by Muck Raker (Proteus £4.95)

The *Sun* reader's guide to rock and roll. Coy crass crap.

'The Rolling Stones Live' (Sidgwick And Jackson £5.95)

The book of the T-shirt of the album of the tour of the telecast.



'The AC/DC Story' by Paul Ezra (Babylon £1.50)

'AC/DC — Hell Ain't No Bad Place To Be' by Ricard Bunton (Omnibus £3.50)

'AC/DC' by Malcolm Dome (Proteus £4.50)

Three books on the Aussie heavy metal heroes without an original insight between them. None of them talked to the band so they all rely on the same batch of cuttings for the story. The prices indicate how much regurgitation you get.

(The worst books I never wrote! — Dave Lewis)

'Masters Of Rock' by Paul Gambaccini (BBC/Omnibus £4.95)

25 personal appreciations of artists who have played a historic... you know the kind of thing.

'Rock Images' (Best £7.50)

A Gallic look at rock through the pictures of Clude Gassian which means that there's a bit of a bias towards the Stones and Iggy Pop and other French favourites but it makes a change from the styles that monopolise the British papers.

'Led Zeppelin In Their Own Words' by Paul Kendall (Omnibus £3.50)

'Led Zeppelin — A Visual Documentary' by Paul Kendall (Omnibus £4.95)

Paul can relax. Despite having the temerity to write two Led Zeppelin books within a year, he's divulged nothing that could mean him waking up next to a horse's head. The visual documentary is the better bet, the story is told diary fashion.

'The Book Of Rock Quotes' (Omnibus £3.95)

Updated to give the new wave stars a wittier crack at the whip.

'PINK FLOYD LYRIC BOOK'



'The Pink Floyd Lyric Book' (Chappell £3.95)

'Pink Floyd — The Wall' (Avon £5.95)

For dedicated Floyd fans, the lyric book also serves up two interviews with the hermit-like Roger Waters if you feel like reading between the lines. But the collection of stills and words from 'The Wall' serves only to destroy any illusions the film may have created.

'Rock Secrets' by Robyn Bowman (Virgin £1.95)

Think of a form for rock stars to fill in. Send it out. Wait for replies. Publish those who answer. Collect royalties (if any).

'Ted Nugent' by Robert Holland (Omnibus £2.95)

The Motor City Madman rants into the tape recorder and Robert Holland transcribes the results and throws in a few biographical details. If Ted were a superstar he'd be every journalist's dream.

'Neil Young' by Johnny Rogan (Proteus £4.95)

Rock and roll's greatest living punk chronicled with care and attention to detail. Except of course that it misses out the punk's latest twist in heavy metal on his last tour, thus keeping him one jump ahead again.

'The Rock Diary 1983' (Proteus £5.95)

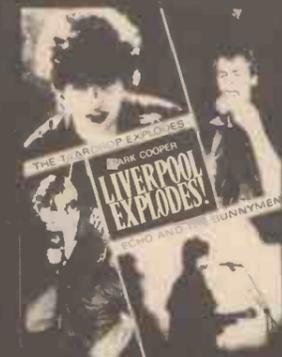
The stuff people normally write in their diaries is bad enough, but to surround it with loads of memorabilia related to nothing except a day of the week seems utterly pointless.

'You Don't Have To Say You Love Me' by Simon Napier Bell (New English Library £1.50)

Japan's manager and Marc Bolan's ex-manager spills the beans on his outrageous career and how to take the biz for a ride. But only the dead moguls get labelled, the living ones are treated with more caution. I wonder why?

'Meet On The Ledge' — A History Of Fairport Convention' by Patrick Humphries (Eel Pie £4.99)

Humphries captures the essence of this volatile and adventurous bunch of folk rock heroes without ever getting close to their style and underlying character, not to mention their sense of wit.



'Liverpool Explodes' by Mark Cooper (Sidgwick And Jackson £3.95)

Affectionately wry account of the rise and rise of the new Liverpool ego as pioneered by Teardrop Explodes and Echo And The Bunnymen. The Liverpoolian motto seems to be 'get cocky and the world will follow you'.

'The Rock Yearbook 1983' (Virgin £5.95)

The third edition of this annual has settled into an entertaining format that allows the mountains of information to breathe with varying degrees of levity. A useful way of catching up if you've been up the Amazon for a year but not essential if you follow the music press... which you do!

'Siouxsie And The Banshees' (Babyon Books £2.95)

The blurb on the back is the most exciting thing about this simple biography that lacks any contact with the band. Pointless.

'Music Manual' (Eccentric Music £4.95)

A pricey guide to the British music industry for its size although it will feed you plenty of addresses of record companies, publishers, pressing plants distributors, management agencies, equipment manufacturers and media.

'The Power Age' by Ross Halfin and Pete Makowski (Eel Pie £4.99)

The terrible twins of HM take a snazzy look at the cranium crunchers in their own inimitable fashion. If the music makes you deaf, this book will make you blind.

'Rock 'N' Roll Times' (Google Flex £5.95)

Photographer Jurgen Vollmer met and photographed the Beatles in Hamburg and stuck around the rockers instead of following the Fab Four into fame and fortune.

'The London Recording Studio Guide' (Knockabout £1.95)

A quick rundown of 99 studios in London plus mobiles, rehearsal studios and a technical glossary. Neatly encapsulated.

'The Story Of A Band Called The Human League' (Proteus £1.95)

The supplement to the tour programme.

'Toyah' by Mike West (Omnibus £2.95)

'Toyah' by Gayna Evans (Proteus £1.95)

Atrocious, sickly efforts that just add more gloss to the gloss. Doesn't Toyah have any fans over ten?

'Your Cheatin' Heart' by Chet Flippo (Eel Pie £4.99)

A racy told but incisive story of one of the first great rock and roll casualties. Eat your heart out Sid Vicious. Oh, he already did.



'Voice Without Restraint — Bob Dylan's Lyrics And Their Background' by John Herdman (Paul Harris £4.95)

There may be someone out there still worrying about the thematic development of 'Visions Of Johanna' as it is evolved through the imagery, and hopefully this book will put him out of his misery.

'The Record Producers' (BBC £6.95)

Your own personal souvenir of the wonderful Radio One series which unfortunately doesn't include the records. For that you should have taped the programmes.

'The Illustrated Encyclopedia Of Rock' (Salamander £5.95)

The rock fan's bible when it originally came out in 1976, this new edition tries to update itself but just sticking a highly selective chapter on the 80's at the end can't paper over the cracks.

'Skinhead' by Nick Knight (Omnibus £3.95)

Another photo-documentary on the strange tribe who are now getting the attention they so desperately seek. It doesn't debunk or glorify the myth. Knight simply writes and shoots what he sees and you draw your own conclusions.

'The International Discography Of The New Wave' (Omnibus £5.95)

736 pages of computer printout. Is this what the new wave was all about?

'Rock 'N' Roll Babylon' by Gary Herman (Flexus £4.95)

The brides stripped bare in a merciless probe behind the spotlight. But it still beats standing in the dole queue. Lots of gory photos to go with the gory words.

'Jah Revenge — Babylon Revisted' by Michael Thomas and Adrian Boot (Eel Pie £4.99)

A romantic, reggae inclined photo-documentary on Jamaica which shows how little things have really changed since the first edition came out six years ago.

'Deep Blues' by Robert Palmer (Papermac £5.95)

The best book I've read on the blues. Using Muddy Waters as a link, it tells the blues story from the Delta to Chicago, concentrating on the characters rather than the music although it still manages to include all the technical background you need.

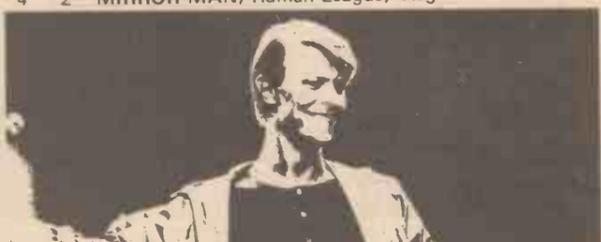
'Lou Reed And The Velvet Underground' (Babyton £2.95)

An attempt to unravel the 'widely misunderstood' character of Lou Reed (which seems to freak out as soon as anyone comes close to understanding it) which never gets far outside the author's own ideas.

All the books mentioned in this column are available by post from the Piccadilly Music Boutique, 70 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1A5 4PJ. Add 75p postage for the first book and 30p per book thereafter.

Or from Mail Order Music, Newmarket Road, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk (60p for the first book and 20p per book thereafter).

UK SINGLES

1	5	SAVE YOUR LOVE, Renee And Renalto, Hollywood
2	3	TIME (CLOCK OF THE HEART), Culture Club, Virgin
3	1	BEAT SURRENDER, Jam, Polydor
4	2	MIRROR MAN, Human League, Virgin
		
5	16	LITTLE DRUMMER BOY/PEACE ON EARTH, David Bowie And Bing Crosby, RCA
6	6	TRULY, Lionel Richie, Motown
7	26	THE SHAKIN' STEVENS EP, Shakin' Stevens, Epic
8	4	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT), Wham!, Inner Vision
9	7	OUR HOUSE, Madness, CBS
10	11	BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, Modern Romance, WEA
11	10	LIVING ON THE CEILING, Blancmange, London
12	8	WISHING (IF I HAD A PHOTOGRAPH OF YOU), A Flock Of Seagulls, Jive
13	9	HYMN, Ultravox, Chrysalis
14	14	BUFFALO GALLS, Malcolm McLaren, Charisma
15	31	CAN'T HURRY LOVE, Phil Collins, Virgin
16	12	RIO, Duran Duran, EMI
17	19	FRIENDS, Shalamar, Solar
18	17	LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT (FROM THE START), Dexys Midnight Runners, Mercury
19	33	LITTLE TOWN, Cliff Richard, EMI
20	49	A WINTER'S TALE, David Essex, Mercury
21	15	THE OTHER SIDE OF LOVE, Depeche Mode, Mute
22	13	I DON'T WANNA DANCE, Eddy Grant, Ice
23	20	WHERE THE HEART IS, Soft Cell, Some Bizzare
24	42	I FEEL LOVE (REMIX), Donna Summer, Casablanca
25	44	ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD, Dionne Warwick, Arista
26	18	(SEXUAL) HEALING, Marvin Gaye, CBS
27	30	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT, Bucks Fizz, RCA
28	39	UNDER ATTACK, Abba, Epic
29	21	HEARTBREAKER, Dionne Warwick, Arista
30	35	DEAR ADDY, Kid Creole And The Coconuts, Island
31	51	CACHARPAYA, Incantations, Beggars Banquet
32	38	HI DE HI, HO DE HO, Kool And The Gang, De-Lite
33	54	SINGALONG-A-SANTA, Santa Claus And The Christmas Trees, Polydor
34	22	YOUTH OF TODAY, Musical Youth, MCA
35	23	MAD WORLD, Tears For Fears, Mercury
36	27	IT'S RAINING AGAIN, Supertramp, A&M
37	28	THEME FROM HARRY'S GAME, Clannad, RCA
38	61	CHANGES, Imagination, R&B
39	25	STATE OF INDEPENDENCE, Donna Summer, Warner Bros
40	42	I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER, Barry Manilow, Arista
41	32	NIGHTPORTER, Japan, Virgin
42	—	ORVILLE'S SONG, Keith Harris And Orville, BBC
43	82	HEARTACHE AVENUE, Maisonettes, Ready Steady Go
44	—	BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP, Singing Sheep, Sheep
45	38	HERE I GO AGAIN/BLOODY LUXURY, Whitesnake, Liberty
46	66	PARTY PARTY, Elvis Costello And The Attractions, A&M
47	25	TALK TALK, Talk Talk, EMI
48	22	MANEATER, Daryl Hall And John Oates, RCA
49	—	HAPPY CHRISTMAS (WAR IS OVER), John Lennon, Yoko Ono And The Plastic Ono Band, Apple
50	36	DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME?, Culture Club, Virgin
51	37	LOVE, John Lennon, Parlophone
52	—	THE LOOK OF LOVE (SCRATCH MIX), ABC, Neutron
53	43	MELT/IL EST NE LE DIVIN ENFANT, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Polydor
54	34	CRY BOY CRY, Blue Zoo, Magnet
55	62	IN AND OUT, Willie Hutch, Motown
56	58	THE MORE I SEE (THE LESS I BELIEVE), Fun Boy Three, Chrysalis
57	47	I'M ALRIGHT, Young Steve And The Afternoon Boys, RCA
58	53	(AND NOW THE WALTZ) C'EST LA VIE, Slade, RCA
59	36	DESPERATE BUT NOT SERIOUS, Adam Ant, CBS
60	45	THE GIRL IS MINE, Michael Jackson/Paul McCartney, Epic
61	80	BIRDIE SONG (BIRDIE DANCE), Tweets, PRT
62	56	LOOPZILLA, George Clinton, Capitol
63	83	MERRY XMAS EVERYBODY, Slade, Polydor
64	63	CHEERS THEN, Bananarama, London
65	46	LET'S GO TO BED, Cure, Fiction
66	76	MAGIC WAND, Whoudini, Jive
67	94	THEME FROM E.T. (THE EXTRA TERRESTIAL), John Williams, MCA
68	79	MANNEQUIN, Kids From Fame, RCA
69	64	I CONFESS, Beat, Go Feet
70	59	THANK YOU, Pale Fountains, Virgin
71	84	OH DIANE, Fleetwood Mac, Warner Bros
72	68	UNCERTAIN SMILE, The The, Epic
73	—	I BELIEVE IN FATHER CHRISTMAS, Greg Lake, Mantecore
74	57	BACK TO LOVE, Evelyn King, RCA
75	—	CHRISTMAS WRAPPINGS, Waitresses, Island
76	77	THE STORY OF THE BLUES, Wah!, Eternal
77	82	OLD AND WISE, Alan Parsons Project, Arista
78	75	SOMEONE SOMEWHERE (IN SUMMERTIME), Simple Minds, Virgin
79	52	LET ME GO, Heaven 17, Virgin
80	—	FAT MAN, Southern Death Cult, Situation 2
81	69	HEARTLIGHT, Neil Diamond, CBS
82	—	POSTMAN PAT, Ken Barrie, Post Music
83	71	SO CLOSE TO ME, Julio Iglesias, CBS
84	66	DO IT TO THE MUSIC, Raw Silk, KR/TMT
85	88	I WANT TO DO IT WITH YOU, Barry Manilow, Arista
86	—	WAR CRIMES (THE CRIME REMAINS THE SAME), Special AKA, Two Tone
87	86	NEVER GIVE YOU UP/BEAT THE STREET, Sharon Redd, Prelude
88	—	THE SMURF, Tyrone Brunson, Epic
89	98	GLORIA, Laura Brannigan, Atlantic
90	67	LOVE IS A STRANGER, Eurythmics, RCA
91	—	CHRISTMAS BOP, Marc Bolan, Marc on Wax
92	55	MUSCLES, Diana Ross, Capitol
93	70	OOH LA, LA, LA (LET'S GO DANCING), Kool And The Gang, De-Lite
94	—	HEAVY VIBES, Montana Sextet, Virgin
95	87	PASS THE DUTCHIE, Musical Youth, MCA
96	73	CAROLINE (LIVE AT THE N.E.C.), Status Quo, Vertigo
97	—	SCORPIO, Grandmaster Flash, Sugarhill
98	—	XMAS PARTY, Snowmen, Solid Stop
99	—	HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS, David Grant, Chrysalis
100	—	IN THE NAME OF LOVE, Sharon Redd, Prelude

VINYLS SCORE

The best of 1982

INDIE ALBUMS



- 1 SPEAK AND SPELL, Depeche Mode, Mute
- 2 UPSTAIRS AT ERICS, Yazoo, Mute
- 3 MOVEMENT, New Order, Factory
- 4 DR. HECKLE AND MR. JIVE, Pig Bag, Y
- 5 STILL, Joy Division, Factory
- 6 TWO BAD DJ, Clint Eastwood And General Saint, Greensleeves
- 7 SEXTET, A Certain Ratio, Factory
- 8 WE ARE... THE LEAGUE, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 9 FOURTH DRAWER DOWN, Associates, Situation 2
- 10 BROKEN FRAME, Depeche Mode, Mute
- 11 CHANGELING, Toyah, Safari
- 12 JUNKYARD, Birthday Party, 4AD
- 13 BEST OF THE DAMNED, Damned, Ace/Big Beat
- 14 THE SINGLES ALBUM, UB40 Graduate
- 15 WARRIOR ROCK (TOYAH ON TOUR), Toyah, Safari
- 16 UNKNOWN PLEASURES, Joy Division, Factory
- 17 UB44, UB40, DEP International
- 18 IN THE FLAT FIELD, Bauhaus, 4AD
- 19 HEX ENDUCTION HOUR, Fall, Kamera
- 20 SONGS TO REMEMBER, Scritti Politti, Rough Trade
- 21 VOICE OF A GENERATION, Blitz, No Future
- 22 CITY BABY ATTACKED BY RATS, G.B.H., Clay
- 23 SEVEN SONGS, 23 Skidoo, Fetish
- 24 THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE 4-SKINS, 4-Skins, Secret
- 25 CHRONIC GENERATION, Chron Gen, Secret
- 26 NOTHING CAN STOP US, Robert Wyatt, Rough Trade
- 27 TROOPS OF TOMORROW, Exploited, Secret
- 28 CHRIST THE ALBUM, Crass, Crass
- 29 2 x 45, Cabaret Voltaire, Rough Trade
- 30 HEAR NOTHING SEE NOTHING SAY NOTHING, Discharge, Clay
- 30 PUNK AND DISORDERLY, Various, Abstract

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 ONLY YOU, Yazoo, Mute
- 2 PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG, Pig Bay, Y
- 3 DON'T GO, Yazoo, Mute
- 4 BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD, Bauhaus, Small Wonder
- 5 DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WESTWORLD, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
- 6 STREETS OF LONDON, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 7 DROWNING IN BERLIN, Mobles, Rialto
- 8 SEE YOU, Depeche Mode, Mute
- 9 I WON'T CLOSE MY EYES, UB40, DEP International
- 10 NO SURVIVORS, G.B.H., Clay
- 11 LEAVE IN SILENCE, Depeche Mode, Mute
- 12 ATTACK, Exploited, Secret
- 13 I HATE PEOPLE, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 14 LOVE IS ALL (IS ALRIGHT), UB40, DEP International
- 15 THE OTHER SIDE OF LOVE, Yazoo, Mute
- 16 SHIPBUILDING, Robert Wyatt, Rough Trade
- 17 SO HERE I AM, UB40, DEP International
- 18 LOVE WILL TEAR US APART, Joy Division, Factory
- 19 TEMPTATION, New Order, Factory
- 20 THE MEANING OF LOVE, Depeche Mode, Mute
- 21 BRAVE NEW WORLD, Toyah, Safari
- 22 WARRIORS, Blitz, No Future
- 23 GIVE ME FIRE, G.B.H., Clay
- 24 WAIT FOR THE BLACKOUT/JET BOY JET GIRL, Damned/Captain Sensible, Ace
- 25 FAITHLESS, Scritti Politti, Rough Trade
- 26 WOMAN, Anti-Nowhere, WXYZ
- 27 I THINK WE NEED HELP, Farmers Boys, Backs
- 28 IN GOD WE TRUST, Dead Kennedys, Statik
- 29 EVERYTHING'S GONE GREEN, New Order, Factory
- 30 HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE MOTHER OF A THOUSAND DEAD, Crass, Crass

Compiled by MRIB

SOUNDS PLAYLIST

- Garry Bushell
 CRY ME A RIVER, Aerosmith, CBS LP Track
 TOUGH SHIT WILSON, Splodge, Razor LP Track
 THE RISING SON OF RANTING VERSE, Swells And Little Brother, Radical Wallpaper
- Dave McCullough
 OUR HOUSE, Madness, Stiff 45
 FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, F.O.S., Jive LP
 HEARTACHE AVENUE, Maisonettes, Ready Steady Go 45
- Tony Mitchell
 1999, Prince, WEA (import)
 IMMIGRANTS, Sandii And The Sunsets, Sire
 WHERE THE HEART IS, Soft Cell, Some Bizzare 45
- Edwin Pouncey
 HALLOWEEN, The Dream Syndicate, Ruby LP track
 HALLOWEEN, MX-80 Sound, Ralph LP track
 HALLOWEEN, The Dead Kennedys, Alternative Tentacles LP track
- Mick Sinclair
 LOVE IS A STRANGER, Eurythmics, RCA 12"
 HEARTACHE AVENUE, Maisonettes, Ready Steady Go 45
 BATTLE FOR DALEK CITY, Dr Who And The Daleks, 21st Century EP

PUNK

ALBUMS

- 1 COMBAT ROCK, Clash, CBS
- 2 TROOPS OF TOMORROW, Exploited, Secret
- 3 WE ARE... THE LEAGUE, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 4 STRAWBERRIES, Damned, Bronze
- 5 CITY BABY ATTACKED BY RATS, G.B.H. Clay
- 6 WESTWORLD, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
- 7 VOICE OF A GENERATION, Blitz, No Future
- 8 CHRIST THE ALBUM, Crass, Crass
- 9 PUNK AND DISORDERLY, Various, Abstract
- 10 STAND STRONG, STAND PROUD, Vice Squad, Zonophone
- 11 HEAR NOTHING SEE NOTHING SAY NOTHING, Discharge, Clay
- 12 STILL OUT OF ORDER, Infa Riot, Secret
- 13 OI! OI! THAT'S YOUR LOT, Various, Secret
- 14 CHRONIC GENERATION, Chron Gen, Secret
- 15 BEST OF THE DAMNED, Damned Ace, Big Beat
- 16 THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE 4-SKINS 4-SKINS, 4-Skins, Secret
- 17 PUNK AND DISORDERLY - FURTHER CHARGES, Various, Anagram
- 18 SOUND OF MUSIC, Adicts, Razor
- 19 HE WHO DARES WINS, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
- 20 WARGASM, Various, Pax
- 21 SECRET LIFE OF PUNKS, Various, Secret
- 22 BULLSHIT DETECTOR VOLUME, 2 Various, Crass
- 23 RECORDED 1979-1981, UK Subs, Abstract
- 24 WHEN THE PUNKS GO MARCHING IN, Abrasive Wheels, Riot City
- 25 BLACK ALBUM, Damned, Ace
- 26 A WAY OF LIVE, Last Resort Skinhead, Anthems
- 27 DEFECTIVE BREAKDOWN, Defects, WXYZ
- 28 FRESH FRUIT FOR ROTTING VEGETABLES, Dead Kennedys, Cherry Red
- 29 BURNING AMBITION - A HISTORY OF PUNK, Various, Cherry Red
- 30 LIVE, Exploited, Exploited

SINGLES



- 1 SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO/STRAIGHT TO HELL, Clash, CBS
- 2 DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WESTWORLD, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
- 3 STREETS OF LONDON, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 4 KNOW YOUR RIGHTS, Clash, CBS
- 5 LOVELY MONEY, Damned, Bronze
- 6 I HATE PEOPLE, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 7 ATTACK, Exploited, Secret
- 8 NO SURVIVORS, G.B.H., Clay
- 9 GIVE ME FIRE, G.B.H., Clay
- 10 OUT OF REACH, Vice Squad, Zonophone
- 11 THE HOP, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
- 12 WOMAN, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 13 STATE OF THE NATION E.P., Vice Squad, Zonophone
- 14 FOR YOU, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 15 SICK BOY, G.B.H., Clay
- 16 WARRIORS, Blitz, Future
- 17 WAIT FOR THE BLACKOUT/JET BOY JET GIRL, Damned/Captain Sensible, Ace
- 18 IN GOD WE TRUST E.P., Dead Kennedys, Statik
- 19 SMASH THE DISCOS, Business, Secret
- 20 BLEED FOR ME, Dead Kennedys, Statik
- 21 NEVER SURRENDER, Blitz, No Future
- 22 HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE MOTHER OF A THOUSAND DEAD, Crass, Crass
- 23 MUTANT ROCK, Meteors, WXYZ
- 24 RUN LIKE HELL/UP YER BUM, Peter And The Test Tube Babies, No Future
- 25 JET BOY JET GIRL, Chron, Secret
- 26 SURVIVAL, Defects, WXYZ
- 27 17 YEARS OF HELL, Partisans, No Future
- 28 DON'T LET 'EM GRIND YOU DOWN, Exploited And Anti-Pasti, Superville
- 29 COUNTRY FIT FOR HEROES, Various, No Future
- 30 COMPUTERS DON'T BLUNDER, Exploited, Secret
- 31 ALL OUT ATTACK, Blitz, No Future
- 32 BALLET DANCE, Rubella Ballet, Xntrix
- 33 REASON FOR EXISTENCE, Subhumans, Spiderleg
- 34 THE HOUSE THAT MAN BUILT, Conflict, Crass
- 35 BEASTS, Sex Gang Children, Illuminated
- 36 I'VE GOT A GUN, Channel 3, No Future
- 37 SMASH IT UP, Damned, Ace
- 38 YESTERDAY'S HEROES, 4-Skins, Secret
- 39 GENERALS, Damned, Bronze
- 40 NO DOVES FLY HERE, Mob, Crass
- 41 CHINESE TAKEAWAY, Adicts, Razor
- 42 THE VISIOUS CIRCLE E.P., Abrasive Wheels, Riot City
- 43 INTO THE ABYSS, Sex Gang Children, Illuminated
- 44 PURE PUNK FOR NOW PEOPLE, Gonads, Secret
- 45 STATE VIOLENCE, STATE CONTROL, Discharge, Clay
- 46 SUICIDE BAG E.P., Action Pact, Fallout
- 47 LOUD PROUD AND PUNK, Various, Total Noise
- 48 EL SALVADOR, Insane, No Future
- 49 LIVE AT CENTRO IBERICO, Conflict, Xntrix
- 50 LIVELY ARTS, Damned, Ace

Compiled by MRIB

HEAVY METAL

ALBUMS

- 1 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 2 1982, Status Quo, Vertigo
- 3 FOUR, Foreigner, Atlantic
- 4 PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant, Swansong
- 5 THE EAGLE HAS LANDED, Saxon, Carrere
- 6 DEADRINGER, Meat Loaf, Epic
- 7 STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, Rainbow, Polydor
- 8 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf, Epic
- 9 ASIA, Asia, Geffen
- 10 SIGNALS, Rush, Mercury
- 11 ONE NIGHT AT BUDOKAN, Michael Schenker Group, Chrysalis
- 12 IRON FIST, Motorhead, Bronze
- 13 BLACKOUT, Scorpions, Harvest
- 14 EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor, Scotti Brothers
- 15 "FROM THE MAKERS OF..." Status Quo, Vertigo
- 16 SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE, Judas Priest, CBS
- 17 THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS, Jimi Hendrix, CBS
- 18 THE CAGE, Tygers Of Pan Tang, MCA
- 19 FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK (WE SALUTE YOU), AC/DC, Atlantic
- 20 HIGHWAY SONG - LIVE, Blackfoot, Atco
- 21 CODA, Led Zeppelin, Swansong
- 22 SAINTS AND SINNERS, Whitesnake, Liberty
- 23 MECHANIX, UFO, Chrysalis
- 24 ESCAPE, Journey, CBS
- 25 MAGIC, Gillan, Virgin
- 26 TIME PIECES - THE BEST OF ERIC CLAPTON, Eric Clapton, Polydor
- 27 ASSAULT ATTACK, Michael Schenker Group, Chrysalis
- 28 BEST OF RAINBOW, Rainbow, Polydor
- 29 CHASE THE DRAGON, Magnum, Jet
- 30 BORROWED TIME, Diamond Head, MCA
- 31 CHURCH OF HAWKWIND, Hawkwind, RCA
- 32 LIVE IN LONDON, Deep Purple, Harvest
- 33 CHOOSE YOUR MASQUES, Hawkwind, RCA
- 34 I LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL, Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Epic
- 35 TWIN BARRELS BURNING, Wishbone Ash, AVM
- 36 GOOD TROUBLE REO, Speedwagon, Epic
- 37 TALK OF THE DEVIL, Ozzy Osbourne, Jet
- 38 CORRIDORS OF POWER, Gary Moore, Virgin
- 39 CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, Kiss, Casablanca
- 40 ONE VICE AT A TIME, Krokus, Arista
- 41 SCREAMING BLUE MURDER, Girlschool, Bronze
- 42 ABOMINO, Uriah Heep, Bronze
- 43 FILTH HOUNDS OF HADES, Tank, Kamaflage
- 44 DIVER DOWN, Van Halen, Warner Brothers
- 45 BLACK TIGER, Y & T, A&M
- 46 EXTRATERRESTRIAL, Blue Oyster Cult, CBS
- 47 KILLERS, Kiss, Casablanca
- 48 MOB RULES, Black Sabbath, Mercury
- 49 LONG AFTER DARK, Tom Petty, MCA
- 50 UNDER THE BLADE, Twisted Sister, Secret

SINGLES



- 1 EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor, Scotti Brothers
- 2 LAYLA, Derek And The Dominoes, Polydor
- 3 I LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL, Joan Jett, Epic
- 4 RUN TO THE HILLS, Iron Maiden, (EMI)
- 5 DEADRINGER FOR LOVE, Meat Loaf, Epic
- 6 WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU, Foreigner, Atlantic
- 7 DEAR JOHN, Status Quo, Vertigo
- 8 CAROLINE (LIVE), Status Quo, Vertigo
- 9 LET'S GET IT UP, AC/DC, Atlantic
- 10 ROCK 'N' ROLL, Status Quo, Vertigo
- 11 FREEBIRD, Lynyrd Skynyrd, MCA
- 12 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 13 FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK (WE SALUTE YOU), AC/DC, Atlantic
- 14 RESTLESS, Gillan, Virgin
- 15 IRON FIST, Motorhead, Bronze
- 16 HERE I GO AGAIN, Whitesnake, Liberty
- 17 STONE COLD, Rainbow, Polydor
- 18 TURN UP THE NIGHT, Black Sabbath, Vertigo
- 19 SHE DON'T FOOL ME, Status Quo, Vertigo
- 20 NEW WORLD MAN, Rush, Mercury
- 21 URGENT, Foreigner, Atlantic
- 22 LOVE POTION NUMBER 9, Tygers Of Pan Tang, MCA
- 24 HEAT OF THE MOMENT, Asia, Geffen
- 25 FOUR FROM BLACKFOOT, Blackfoot, Atco
- 26 RENDEZVOUS, Tygers Of Pan Tang, MCA
- 27 WHO'S CRYING NOW, Journey, CBS
- 28 AND NOW - THE WALTZ, Slade, RCA
- 29 LIVING FOR THE CITY, Gillan, Virgin
- 30 ONLY TIME WILL TELL, Asia, Geffen
- 31 DANCER, Michael Schenker Group, Chrysalis
- 32 SUBDIVISIONS, Rush, Mercury
- 33 HOLLYWOOD (DOWN ON YOUR LUCK), Thin Lizzy, Vertigo
- 34 WORLD WITHOUT HEROES, Kiss, Casablanca
- 35 ALL RIGHT NOW, Free, Island
- 36 IF YOU WANT MY LOVE, Cheap Trick, Epic
- 37 DON'T CALL IT LOVE, Girlschool, Bronze
- 38 NO ONE LIKE YOU, Scorpions, Harvest
- 39 YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMIN', Judas Priest, CBS
- 40 DON'T STOP BELIEVIN', Journey, CBS
- 41 MARKET SQUARE HEROES, Marillion, EMI
- 42 LOSING MY GRIP, Samson, Polydor
- 43 LET IT RAIN, UFO, Chrysalis
- 44 PIECE OF MY HEART, Sammy Hagar, Geffen
- 45 CRIMSON AND CLOVER, Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Epic
- 46 IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT, Diamond Head, MCA
- 47 CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU, Scorpions, Harvest
- 48 PARIS BY AIR, Tygers Of Pan Tang, MCA
- 49 SILVER MACHINE, Hawkwind, RCA
- 50 BURNING DOWN ONE SIDE, Robert Plant, Swansong

Compiled by MRIB

**Boy George or Animal of the Anti-Nowhere League?
Buck's Fizz or Crass? The choice is yours. And you don't
even have to be 18 to vote in the Sounds 1982...**

READERS POLL

BAND

MALE SINGER

FEMALE SINGER

NEW BAND/ACT

ALBUM

SINGLE/EP

GUITARIST

KEYBOARD

BASSIST

DRUMMER

SEX OBJECT (MALE)
Votes for 'Me' will not be counted

SEX OBJECT (FEMALE)
Votes for 'Me' will not be counted

DJ

TV SHOW

TV VIDEO
(Promotional film made by artists to show off their latest singles and shown on TOTP, The Tube, etc. You know the sort of thing...)

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