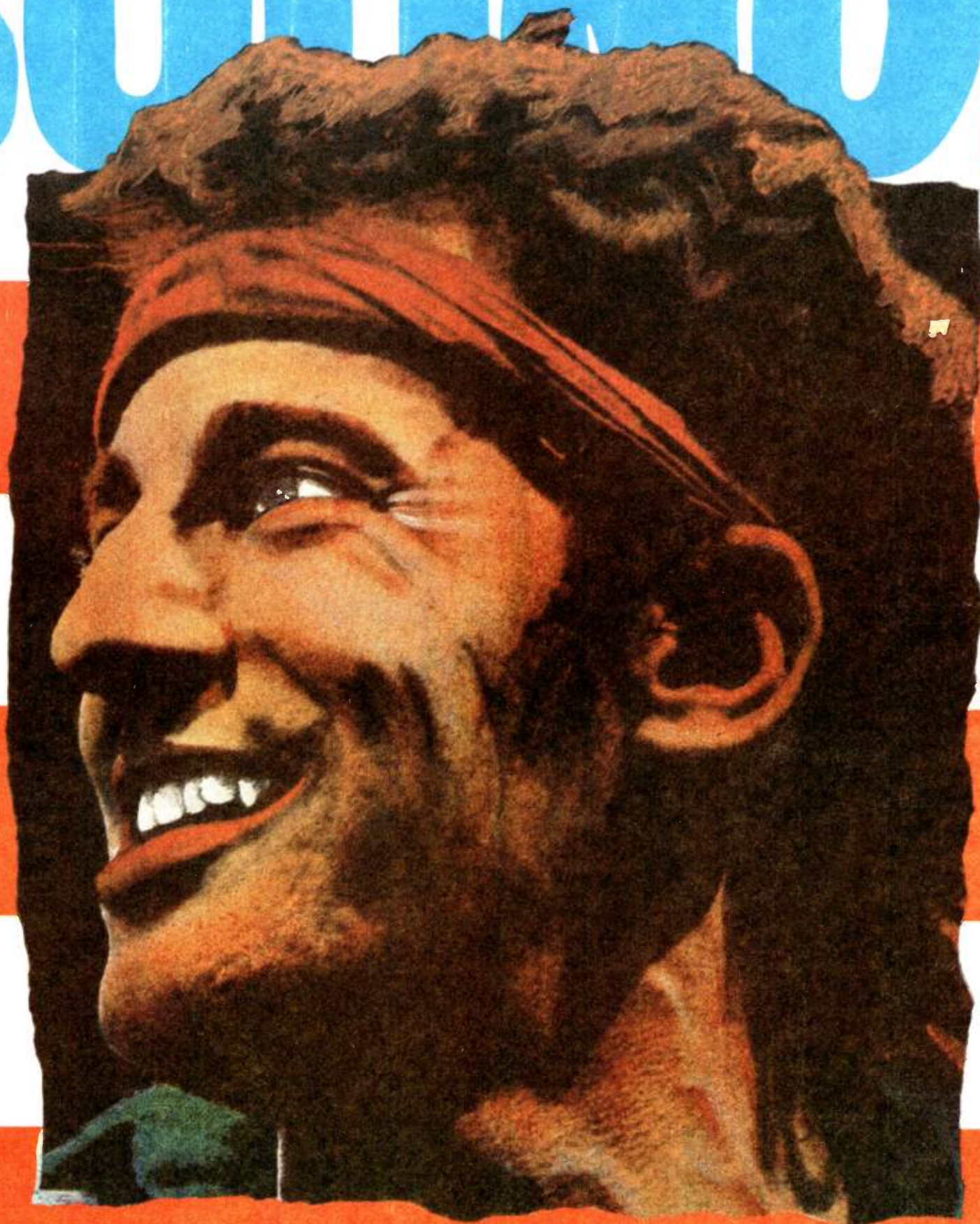


JULY 6, 1985 50p

ART OF THE STATES

FAITH BROS, FRANK CHICKENS, TEARS FOR FEARS DATES

SOUNDS



SPRINGSTEEN

The Power And The Glory

NILS LOFGREN OZZY WAYSTED TOYAH

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN pic by Steve Rapoport, hand tinting by Ronnie Randall

Faiths do a quickie

THE FAITH BROTHERS have lined up a quick tour this month to cash in on the accolades being heaped on their first single, 'A Stranger On Home Ground', which has just been released by Siren.

Following their slot at the Jobs For A Change Festival at Battersea Park on July 7, they then play Southampton Riverside 8, Sheffield Limit 9, Manchester Gallery 10, Derby Blue Note 12, Birmingham Xanadu 14, Stoke Shelley's 15, Hammersmith Town Hall (benefit for local community projects) 16.

They will also be playing Tufnell Park Savoy Rooms on July 29 as a benefit for the Nicaraguan Solidarity Campaign.

A longer British tour is being set up for October to coincide with the release of their debut album.



FAITH BROTHERS: bigger tour to come

Cole deliveries

LLOYD COLE And The Commotions, who are currently ensconced in the studio transferring new songs onto vinyl, will be playing their first tour of the year in September.

They get stuck straight in at London's Hammersmith Odeon on September 1 followed by Bristol Studio 3, Manchester Apollo 5, Liverpool Royal Court 6, Sheffield City Hall 7, Glasgow Barrowlands 9.

There's no news of any upcoming record releases from the band, but it's highly unlikely that they'll start

touring without a record to back it up.

● THE SOUND return to Britain this week after a three-month trek around Europe promoting their 'Heads And Hearts' album and will be making a guest appearance with Midnight Oil at Hammersmith Palais on July 8.

● ORANGE JUICE's compilation, 'In A Nutshell', which is released this weekend, contains only material taken from their four Polydor albums. Polydor wish to point out that no original Postcard recordings are featured on the record.



FRANK CHICKENS: becoming scrutable again

Chickens wing in

THE FRANK CHICKENS return from a sojourn back home in Japan and get themselves acclimatised to British Summer Time with a series of concerts over the next three months.

They start with a couple of shows at London's Bloomsbury Theatre on July 12 and 13 where Mark Springer will also be making a guest appearance playing solo piano.

They appear at Basildon Gloucester Park on August 4 as part of the Festival For Peace and then have a gig at Glasgow Third Eye Theatre on the 8th, before settling into a residency at the Edinburgh Lyceum Theatre from the 9th to the 21st as part of the Edinburgh Festival.

Further ahead, they'll be playing Oxford Pegasus Theatre September 13, Manchester Town Hall 19 and Greenwich Theatre 21. Their next single will be released in August.

Live Aid at the Lock

CAMDEN DINGWALLS is staging its own Live Aid show on July 13 - with a cast list nearly as long as the Wembley bash but without all the stardust (no offence lads!).

Between 11am Saturday morning and 3am Sunday morning the following have promised to show up: the Boothill Foottappers, Man, Lemmy, Guana Batz, John Cooper Clarke, Dirty Strangers, the Hurt, the Deadbeats, Johnny Thunder, Rick Wakeman, Denny Laine, Zak Starkey, Jim Davidson, Jim Diamond, the Pretty Things, Lazza, Wilko Johnson, Geno Washington, Colin Blunstone, Nick Lowe, Doctor And The Medics, Bad Manners, Peter

Green's Kolours, Edwin Starr, Brian Connolly, In The Flesh, and Any Trouble.

That list could even double by the day and many more celebrities will be dropping by to sell autographs, auction memorabilia etc.

All the equipment is being provided free and musicians will be able to turn up and plug in.

Most important of all, the bar will be open for the duration of the festival.

Admission will be free (to avoid the Government grabbing any VAT) but you will be 'strongly encouraged' to give a donation by the bouncers on the door.

Communards' debut gig

THE COMMUNARDS, Jimmy Somerville's new band, play their first gig at the Brixton Academy on July 12 - but it's an invitation-only affair.

Part of the Inner London Education Authority's ILEA Alive celebration of the International Year Of Youth, the invitations are being distributed through ILEA Youth clubs and youth service organisations.

But a limited number will also be available for UB40 holders from County Hall this week.

Also in the show are the Mint Juleps and Irish band In Tua Nua, together with several 'surprise guests'.

● THE SKELETAL FAMILY

head out for a series of gigs this week, for no reason that the News Page can work out apart from a love of live performance.

The Bradford balladeers kick off at Derby Blue Note on July 3 and then move to Hull Unity Club 4, Wishaw Heathery Bar 5, Aberdeen Victoria Hotel 6, London Camden Electric Ballroom (with the Armoury Show) 8, London 100 Club 9, Brighton Purple Haze 10, Preston Paradise Club 13.

● CYNDI LAUPER unveils her first recording since the success of her 'She's So Unusual' album this week on Portrait. It's a single called 'Goonies 'H' Good Enough' and it's from the soundtrack of the new Stephen Spielberg film Goonies which has just opened in America.



PICKETS: all this and bomb threats too

Pickets by the pier

THE FLYING PICKETS return to kick sand in your faces through August when they undertake a tour of seaside resorts.

They'll have a new EP out to coincide with the dates which start at New Brighton Floral Pavilion on August 1 and continue at Southport Theatre 2-3, Blackpool Grand Theatre 4, Hastings White Rock Theatre 8-11, Worthing Assembly Hall 13, Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre 14, Margate Winter Gardens 15-17, Guernsey Beau Sejour 21, Gloucester Leisure Centre 24, Newport Centre 25, St Austell Cornwall Coliseum 27, Poole Arts Centre 28, Peterborough Cresset 29, Lowestoft Sparrow's Nest 31, Folkestone Leas Cliffie Hall September 1.

Reading Festival cancelled

THERE WILL be no Reading Festival this year - for the second year running. Negotiations for a new site near Reading ran out of time last week although promoter Jack Barrie is hopeful that the festival will be revived next year.

After Reading Council repossessed the Thames-side site the festival had occupied for 13 years two years ago for redevelopment - ironically the site remains deserted - Barrie failed in his attempts to move the festival up to Oundle in Northamptonshire last year.

This year he resumed negotiations with Reading Council and agreed in principle to stage the festival on a site at Smallmead. But talks finally foundered over how much rent the council wanted for the site.

"The new site is a disused rubbish tip which the council can't build on for at least ten years and we have to provide all the infrastructure required for a festival - water, electricity and drainage," Barrie told *Sounds* last week.

"Because the site required considerable investment we

wanted a reduced rent for the first year although we were prepared to pay more later on. We made an offer which was acceptable to the Labour and Liberal members, but rejected by the Conservatives who have a majority of one.

"We made a second offer which was again unacceptable to the Tories. Then we asked how much they wanted, but they wouldn't say. It's very difficult to conduct any meaningful negotiations in that manner and time was against us so we've shelved the festival for another year."

The Conservatives' fragile hold on the council could well be wiped out by next May's local elections and the Labour and Liberal parties both seem better disposed towards the festival.

"We intend to build the festival back up from its established roots," added Barrie. "Reading isn't a one-day mega-bash, it's a weekend of rock music. But the facilities for the fans are just as important and if we're developing a new site we want to be able to grow steadily and with comfort."

Old folkies never die pt 94

FAIRPORT CONVENTION stage their sixth annual reunion at Cropredy, near Banbury, on August 9 and 10.

The band they could not hang have been preparing themselves with an American tour in the company of Steeleye Span and Renaissance - does this mean the Yanks will beat us to it with a folk-rock revival?

They'll be playing two sets - the first on the 9th comprising the 'Full House' line-up of Richard Thompson, Simon Nicol, Dave Swarbrick, Dave Pegg and Dave Mattacks, plus Cathy Lesurf from the Albion Band guesting on vocals.

The second set on the 10th will be a big band affair that will also feature Trevor Lucas (coming over from Australia for the show), Gerry Donahue (from Los Angeles) and Bruce Rowlands (from Denmark).

Other bands performing at the reunion include the Balham Alligators, Home Service, the John James Band (with Dick Heckstall-Smith), John Bennis, Mosaic, Neil Innes, No Right Turn, Robin Williamson and Swarbrick's acoustic band, Whippersnapp.

There will be camping facilities at the site and copious quantities of Wadworth's real ale.

Tickets are priced at £12 before August 1 and are available by post from Woodworm Records, PO Box 37, Banbury, Oxon. After August 1 they will be £15.

Fairport's new studio album 'Gladys' Leap', will be released by Woodworm in September.

WINSTON REEDY, who is currently working on a new single and a disco 45, has three London dates this month to prepare him for a trip to Jamaica's Sunsplash Festival, not to mention a Belgian festival and a series of Californian dates.

He'll be appearing at the Brixton Festival on July 6 followed by Deptford Albar Empire 21, Finsbury Park Sports And Cultural Group Festival 28.

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AND GUESTS

One Day Festival in Ostend
Thursday 15th August

£39.00 includes Festival ticket, Luxury Coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry.
Departs early AM 15/8. Return AM 16/8

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Friday 22nd November

West Germany.

£69 includes? Concert ticket, 1st Class Hotel in Cologne, Luxury Coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry.
Depart eve 20th Nov Return a.m. 25th Nov.

Send £20.00 deposit per person, £5.00 each personal and concert cancellation insurance, made payable to M.G.P. to secure a place. Please indicate in the correct box the no. of places required.

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Tears for the autumn

November UK dates replace earlier cancelled gigs

TEARS FOR FEARS, who are just about to take a break in Hawaii before setting off on the next leg of their world tour in Japan and Australia, will finally get back to Britain in November – and will immediately set out on another batch of dates here.

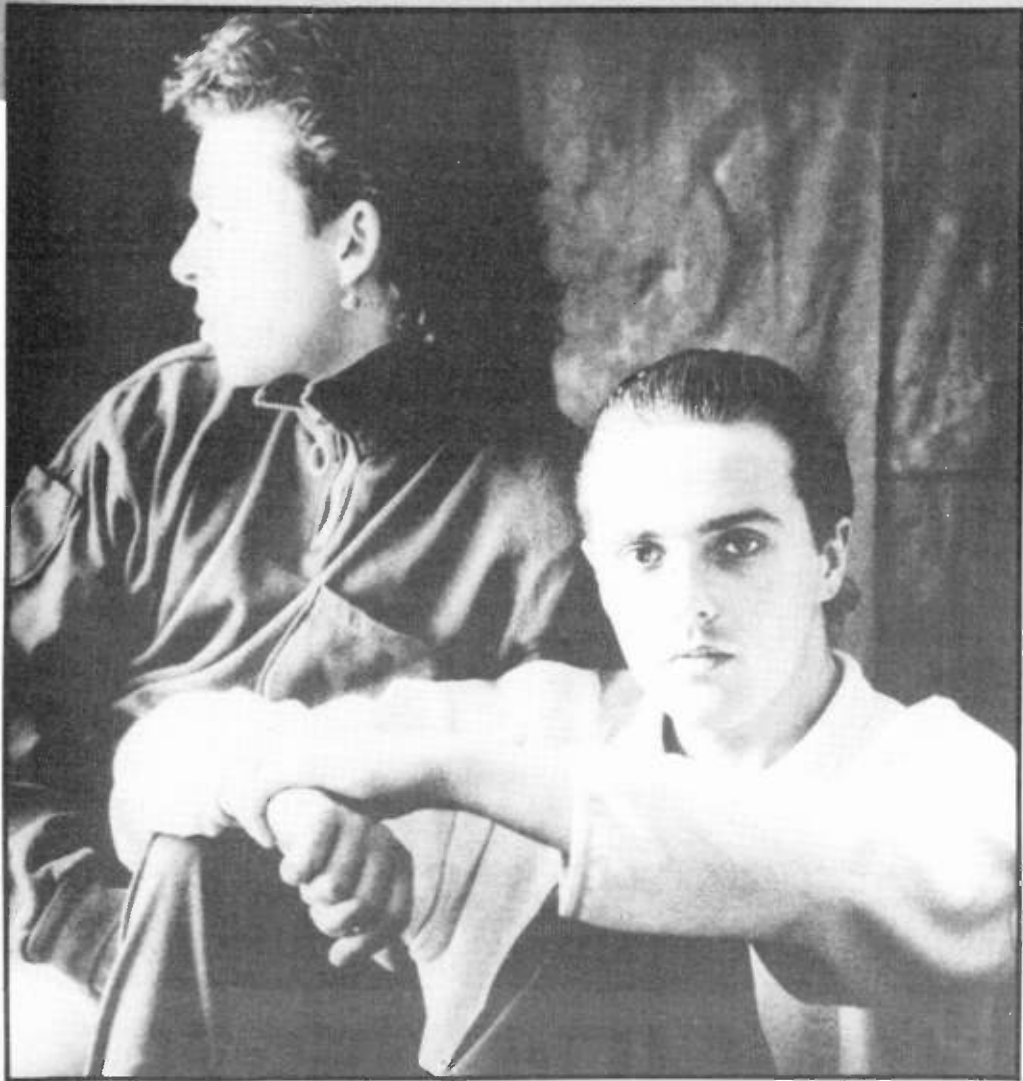
Their six-month trek across the globe has given them a Number One single in Germany, Canada, Belgium, Australia, Holland, Switzerland, New Zealand, Israel and America where the album is currently at

Number Two with a bullet.

The British gigs start at Brighton Centre on November 9 and then take in three nights at Birmingham Odeon from 10-12 and five nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon from 14-18.

Tickets are priced at £5 and £6 and go on sale this weekend from the box offices.

Some of the dates are to make up for the cancelled concerts earlier this year when the band were laid low by illness.



TEARS FOR FEARS: real little workaholics

● **ANDY KERSHAW**, rising young compere around the *Whistle Test* and numerous gigs and festivals, gets his own radio show starting this weekend.

He'll be taking over the *In Concert* slot on Radio One at 6.30pm Saturdays and the first show this weekend will feature a session from the *Screaming Blue Messiahs* among the plethora of non-playlisted records.

● **IQ**, whose 'The Wake' album crashed straight into the Heavy Metal chart at Number One last week, will be donating all the proceeds of their London Marquee show on July 13 to *Band Aid*, whose Wembley bash is on the same day.

Both the band and the club will be donating their share of the takings to the charity and the gig has now been upgraded to a 'party night' with special events.

● **AZTEC CAMERA** have had to pull out of the *Jobs For A Change Festival* at London's Battersea Park on July 7 because their bass player Campbell Owens is ill.

Fresh Mint

THE MINT JULEPS, those doo-wop soul sisters from Stepney, release their first album this week on Stiff.

It's a live album called 'One Time' recorded at the Euston Shaw Theatre and includes their 'drippity drop' versions of 'Jimmy Mack', 'One Bad Stud' and 'Shout' among others.

The girls, fresh from supporting *Sister Sledge* on tour, have some more gigs this month at Soho Wag Club July 4, Brixton Ace 6, Mersea Island WOMAD Festival 21, Camden Lift 29.



MINT JULEPS: a tasty bunch, eh?

Early starts for Bruce

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, who returns to Britain this week after touring Europe, will be on stage at Wembley Stadium at 6pm for his shows there on July 3 and 4.

But he'll be going on earlier – at 4pm – on the 6th and he'll also be starting at 4pm at Leeds Roundhay Park on the 7th.

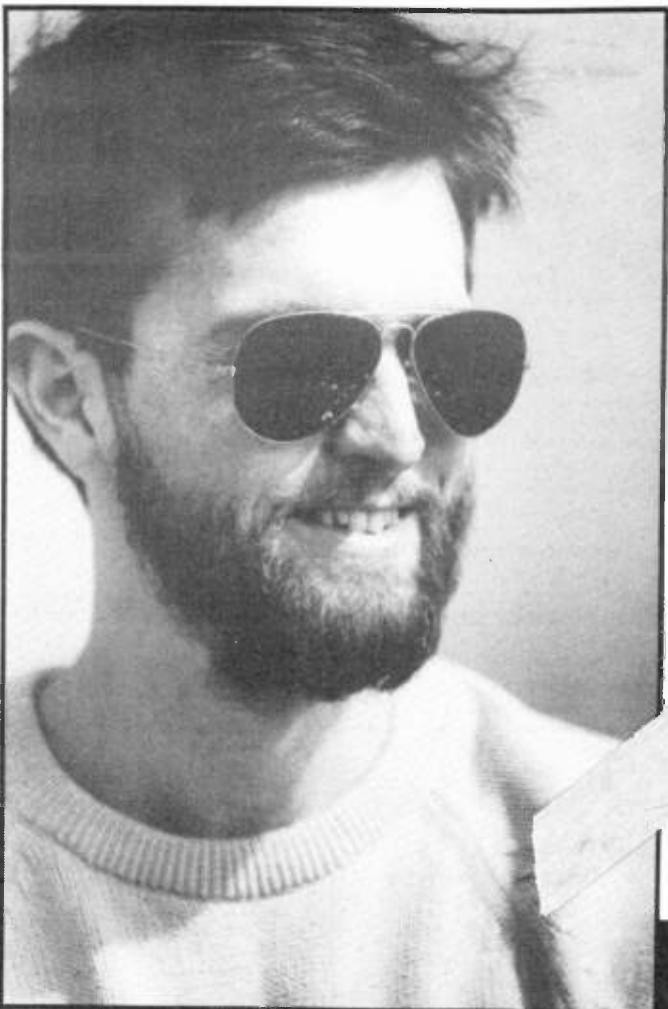
All concerts are sold out and all successful applicants should have received their tickets. Disappointed punters should have had their cheques returned but if there are any problems, the number to ring is (01) 491-0044.

Meanwhile all seven of Bruce's albums are currently in the Top 75 with 'Born In The USA' leading the way at Number Two last week. 'The River' was next to 22 followed by 'Born To Run' 26, 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town' 40, 'The Wild The Innocent And The E Street Shuffle' 48, 'Nebraska' 65 and 'Greetings From Asbury Park NJ' at 71.

No sales figures are available for the bootleg of his Newcastle concert last week which was on sale in London within four days of the gig. But then after Dylan, Springsteen is the world's most bootlegged artist with more than 50 unofficial recordings of concerts and studio out-takes in circulation.

THE VIBRATORS have more dates lined up this month, ostensibly to promote their new single on Ram, 'Blown Away By Love', but as the single has been released under the pseudonym 'V' they could have a hard job putting the connection across.

But they'll be doing their best at Aylesbury Maxwell Hall July 4, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 11, Fulham Greyhound 13, Manchester Gallery 19, Plymouth Ziggy's 20, Greenwich Tunnel Club 24.



PADDY PREFAB: stunned by good reviews

Sprout out

PREFAB SPROUT, stunned by the glowing praises for their 'Steve McQueen' album, will temporarily forsake their Durham lair to play a few gigs later this month.

With a single from the album called 'Faron Young' out on Kitchenware – and the 12-inch version has a previously unreleased track 'Silhouette' – the boys step out to play Birmingham Triangle Arts Centre July 16, Manchester International 17, Leeds Warehouse 18, Sheffield Leadmill 20.

There's also a London date in the pipeline which hasn't yet been confirmed.

Loft conversion

THE LOFT have split up, just as their debut single, 'Up The Hill And Down The Slope' fades from the indie charts.

The journalistic half of the band – bassist **Bill Black** and guitarist **Andy Strickland** – are now free to concentrate on their prose after being jettisoned by singer **Pete Astor** and drummer **David Morgan**.

Bill Black's reaction was short – particularly after being told he wasn't being paid freelance rates for it. "Pete Astor believes his songs will be better served without me. I'll continue to admire him as a musician. As a person, less so."

Andy Strickland provided more explanation: "Pete seems to have decided that he's bigger than the band, which is a mistake and a shame after all our hard work over the last year or so."

"The Loft could have been a great band in another six months but it's all in the past now. I'm looking forward to starting afresh, hopefully with people who appreciate each other's input more than Pete did. It's not the end of the world, just the end of the Loft."

What name Pete Astor's new band may go under hasn't yet been revealed.

(At least it means we won't have to use that same bloody picture again – Ed.)

A **PUNK** who displayed the lyrics to a *Discharge* song on his jacket on London's Kings Road was fined £25 last week for 'exhibiting a profane representation'.

Stephen Riley, aged 19, from Aberdeen, who had come to London to look for work, had written in inch-high letters on his jacket: 'Well, you a*** crawling b*****, s*** my a***, religious Jesus Christ. It's all a f***ing farce' and 'We don't want your f***ing war'.

Riley claimed it was freedom of speech but the magistrate at Horseferry Road Court excercised the freedom of the law and fined him £25, warning him that he would get to jail for a week if the money wasn't paid.

SEPTEMBER

Debut Single

The Lover In Me

7" TEN 62 12" TEN 62-12



YOUR MIND ISN'T THE ONLY THING HEROIN DAMAGES.

Skin Infections

Mental Problems

Aching Limbs

Blood Diseases

Wasted Muscles

Liver Complaints

Constipation

It can also have some pretty nasty effects on your body. All of which you can start suffering long before you become addicted.

You'll probably start looking ill, losing weight and feeling like death. You'll begin to take heroin not to get high any more, but just to feel normal.

And, as you lose control of your body's health, you could lose control of your mind too.

Until one day you'll wake up knowing that, instead of you controlling heroin, it now controls you.

So, if a friend offers you heroin, use your brain while you still can.

And say no.

HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP

RECORD NEWS

JIMMY JIMMY, a duo of James Kemp and James O'Neil, release their second single on Epic this week called 'I Met Her In Paris'.

MARTIN NEWELL, the 'garage pop visionary' who is already notorious for the **Cleaners From Mars**, has a new cassette out this month via the Satellite Network called 'Songs For A Fallow Land'.

LAST ROUGH CAUSE, a Darlington punk trio, have a four-track single called 'The Violent Few' out this month on their own LRC label (through Jungle).

FLO SULLIVAN, a Liverpool lass who was previously half of **Shiny Two Shiny**, releases her first solo single on Red Flame this week called 'Higher'.



THE EL TRAINS, (above) who consists of London DJ **Jay Strongman** and his partner about town **Paul Stahl**, release their first single on War Records (through PRT) this week called 'Action Style'.



STARTLED INSECTS, (above) the Bristol avant garde trio, have a new single called 'Underworld' out this month on Embryo (through Revolver).

FREDDIE KING, Johnny 'Guitar' Watson, Little Esther, Little Willie John, the Five Royales, Wynonie Harris and Hank Ballard And The Midnighters all have albums originally released on the King label in America in the Forties, Fifties and Sixties re-issued over here by Charly this month.

MAXIMILIAN SCHIEFELE, Rob Kruit and Peter R Peterson are among the artists featured on 'The Winners Pieces', a compilation of the eighth annual Synthesiser Tape Contest which is available for £4.95 from Synsound, the Sound House, POB 37b East Moseley, Surrey KT8 9JB.

ELISA WAUT, a trio who've been described as 'charismatic', 'modernist', and 'totally original', have a self-titled mini-album coming out on Statik (through Pinnacle) this weekend.

KEVIN KITCHEN releases his second single for China Records this week called 'Tight Spot'.

ARETHA FRANKLIN has her first album for two years out on Arista this month called 'Who's Zoomin' Who?' and the single 'Freeway Of Love' features a sax solo from **Clarence Clemons** of the **E Street Band**.

THE BURMOE BROTHERS release their first single called 'Skin' on Some Bizzare (through the Cartel) this week which features **Marc Almond** guesting on vocals.

THE SHOCK HEADED PETERS have their debut album, 'Not Born Beautiful', released this month by E1 Records (through the Cartel). The same label are also putting out a 12-inch single by Momus called 'The Beast With Three Backs'.



THE DANSE SOCIETY (above) emerge from a 12-month break this weekend with a single called 'Say It Again' on Arista.

BOOK OF LOVE, a sophisticated dance quartet from New York, have their first single called 'Boy' out on Sire this week.

MAINFRAME commence their vinyl assault upon the nation with a single called 'Five Minutes' on Polydor this weekend.

DEL AMITRI, who are just about to play a gig at London's Electric Screen in Portobello Road on July 6 supported by **The Last Picture Show**, have a single out on Big Star (through Chrysalis) called 'Sticks And Stones Girl' this week.

WHITNEY HOUSTON has her self-titled debut album out on Arista this week which includes a couple of duets with **Jermaine Jackson** and another duet with **Teddy Pendergrass**.

FRAGILE FRIENDS have their second single released next week by KC Records (through the Cartel) called 'The Novelty Wears Off'.

OLD GOLD RECORDS, the leading nostalgia label who've already released over a thousand classics on singles, move into the compilation market with four albums this month - 'Teenage Love Songs Of The Late 50's', 'Pop Hits Of The Early 60's', 'Flower Power Hits Of The 60's' and 'Silky Soul Hits Of The 70's'.



ANNIE WHITEHEAD, (above) who's played trombone with the **Fun Boy Three**, **Elvis Costello** and the **Style Council** to name but three, has her own solo album called 'Mix Up' released on Paladin (through Virgin) this week.

SOMO SOMO, **Bosca**, **Manu Dibango**, **Hugh Masekela** and **Fela Kuti** are among the acts featured on the 'New Africa' compilation which is being given the full Street Sounds treatment this month.

ANNA DOMINO launches the new Operation Afterglow label (through Pinnacle) this month with a single called 'Rhythm'.

MILTON SMALLING, the Jamaican-born British resident poet, releases his first single on CSA this weekend called 'Fighting Spirit'.



DEBBIE BONHAM, (above) sister of the legendary **John**, launches her own record career with a single called 'Sanctuary' on Carrere this week. There's an album coming in August.

SWIFT NICK, **Kool Knotes**, **Saboteur**, **Attack On Bzag**, **Raw Raor Ranting** and **Poison Frog** all have contributions on a cassette called 'Watch Out... There's A Poet About' which is available from Aural Assault, 124 Bath Road, Cheltenham Gloucestershire for £1.50.

PARADISE NOW! a Newcastle quintet who claim to have 'the sound of '85 and the attitude of '76' (!) release their first single this month titled 'So Glad (I Found You)' on their own Scratch label.

ANIMOTION release the follow-up to their 'Obsession' hit this weekend on Mercury called 'Let Him Go'.

BROKEN BONES, the punk metal specialists, have their first single in nearly a year released this week by Jungle called 'Seeing Through My Eyes'.



SHANNON, (above) who had three monster hits last year, releases her first single of 1985 this weekend on Club (through Phonogram) called 'Stronger Together'.

ALEXIS KORNER has a posthumous live recording from 1980 in a Paris jazz club released as an album called 'Testimony' by Thunderbolt (through Magnum).

MICHAEL CRETU, a Rumanian singer/songwriter now living in Germany has a single out on Virgin this week called 'Silver Water'.



THE BAND OF BLACKY RANCHETTE, who hail from Tucson, Arizona, have a self-titled album crawling out of New Rose this month, together with Texas' answer to **James Brown**, **Dino Lee**, whose album is called 'The King Of White Trash'.

THE BOOTHILL FOOT-TAPPERS, **Helen And The Horns**, the **Screamin' Sirens** and the **Orson Family** are all included on an 'alternative' country compilation called 'Leather Chaps And Lace Petticoats' on Anagram this weekend.

THE PET SHOP BOYS, who signed to Parlophone back in the Spring, have a new single out this week called 'Opportunities (Let's Make Lots Of Money)' which may or may not indicate their musical philosophy.

B-SIDE, who is 'a seasoned graduate of the Bronx rap academy', releases her first album on Celluloid this month called 'Cairo Nights'.

THE LOVED ONE, (above) a duo who were apparently 'too weird' for Some Bizzare and then had the pleasure of being signed and dropped by polydor within two days, have decided to release their first album on their own Metaphon label (through the Cartel). It's called 'Locate And Cement'.

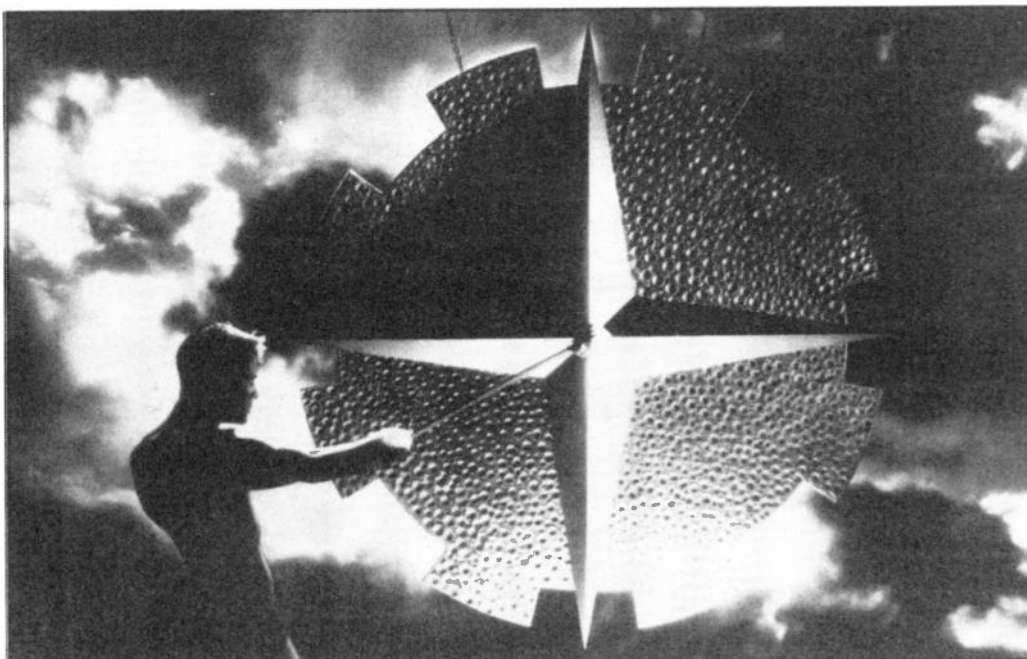
ONE WAY, a Detroit band featuring **Al Hudson**, have their riské dance-floor hit 'Let's Talk' released by MCA this week.

PEABO BRYSON, a South Carolina singer who numbers **Roberta Flack**, **Natalie Cole** and **Chaka Khan** among her special buddies, has a new album out on Elektra this week called 'Take No Prisoners'.

FREDDIE MERCURY has a new solo single called 'Made In Heaven' out on CBS this week.

TIPPER IRIE (below) has a new single out on Greensleaves UK Bubbler label next week called 'Compalin Neighbour'.

PERSON TO PERSON



STRONGER THAN REASON

"Mammoth rhythms... potent pop, classy soul and even dizzy jazz"

Frank Worrell
Melody Maker



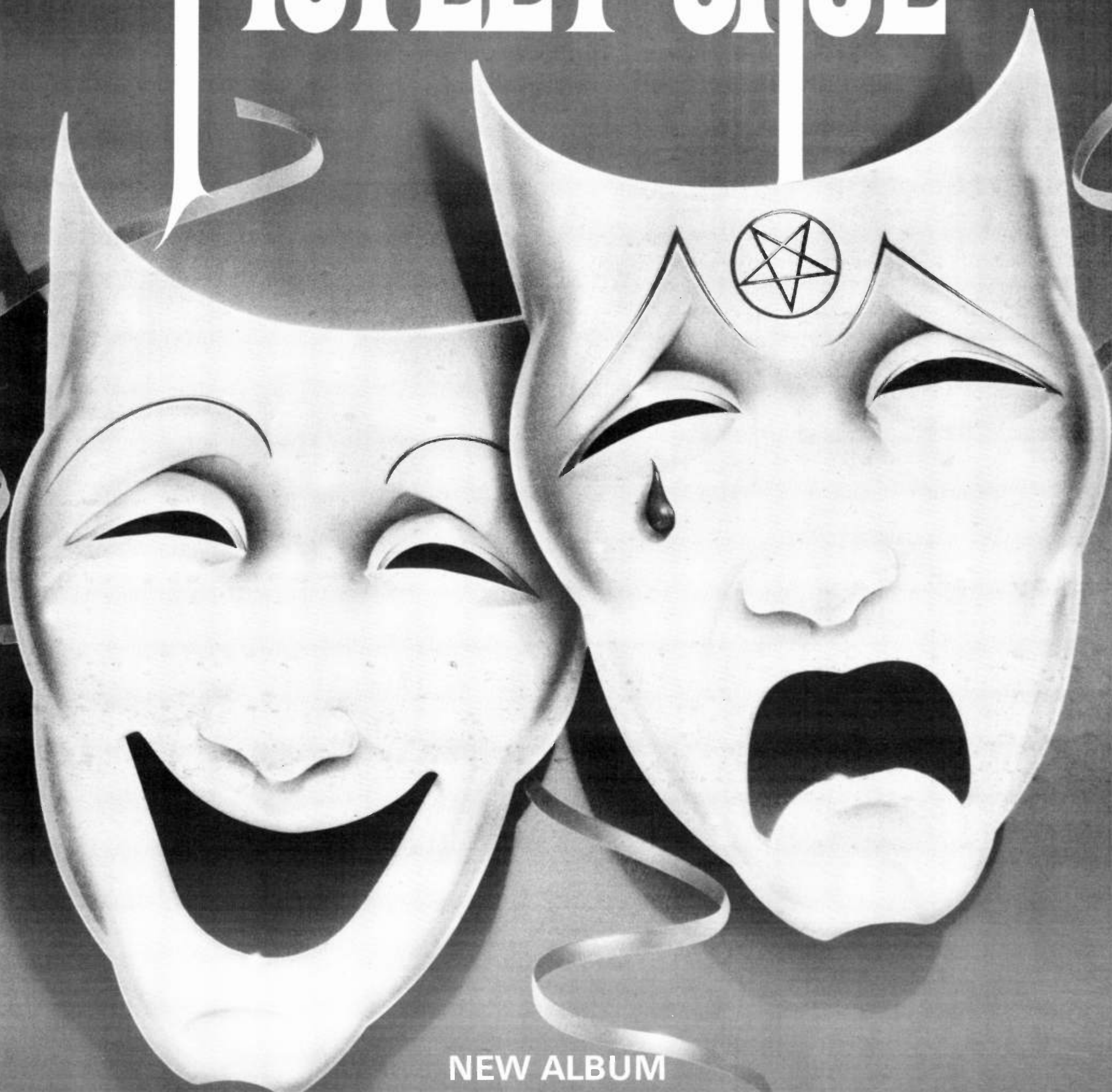
"If Person to Person were a horse, Lester Piggott would be riding it"

Garry Johnson
Sounds

THE ONE THEY WANT TO BAN
"BRIGHTON BOMB"
THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS
Available Now
Distributed by
Cartel
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MÖTLEY CRÜE



NEW ALBUM

THEATRE OF PAIN



Distributed by wea Records Ltd. W A Warner Communications Co.

T TOUR NEWS

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG, whose debut album 'Night Of A Thousand Candles' is released by Imp this week, take part in the Capital Radio Music Festival at Harlesden Mean Fiddler on July 4, the GLC 'Cowboys For Jobs, Not Cowboy Jobs' festival at Battersea Park 7, Sheffield Leadmill 13, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 15, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 19.



BUDDY CURTESS And The Grasshoppers follow up their recent stint with **Roy Orbison** with gigs at East Sheen Bull July 5, Leatherhead Riverside 14, Herne Hill Half Moon 19, East Grinstead Ravenswood Inn 20, Camden Dingwalls 22, Alconbury Aquarius Club 26, Hastings Crypt 27, Brixton Fridge August 9, Islington Pied Bull 10.

TREDEGAR have lined up gigs this month at Walthamstow Royal Standard July 19, Rushden Wheatheaf 20, Northampton Old Five Bells 21, Gravesend Red Lion 27, Brighton Richmond Hotel 28, Thatcham Silks 29.

THE ONE THEY WANT TO BAN "BRIGHTON BOMB" THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS
Available Now
Distributed by
Cartel
CAT/GM3010

PICTURE FRAME SEDUCTION, **External Menace** and **Reality**, who all have tracks on a compilation album due out on Rot Records this month, have lined up a series of gigs together at Glasgow Venue July 12, Edinburgh La Sorbonne 13, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 14, Manchester Jilly's 15, Hull Unity Club 16.

SEDUCER, who have a new album due out in September, keep their hands in at Shepherds Bush Wellington July 11, Dover Louis Armstrong 12, Nottingham News House 25, East Ham Ruskin Arms 26, Northampton Old Five Bells 28, Macclesfield Beehive 29, Barnsley Benders 30, Ripon Brontes 31, Bradford Wheatheaf August 1, Sheffield George IV 2, Chester Monroes 6, Bolton Space City 8, South Shields Marsden Inn 9, Darlington The Bowes 10, Oxford Pennyfarthing 15, Norwich Whites 16.

WULF, a Telford 'powerful heavy rock band', will be promoting their 'Feetfirst' cassette at West Bromwich Coach And Horses July 5, Kidderminster Market Tavern 6, Chester Monroes 9, Telford Ironmasters 10, Telford Lakeside Tavern 12.

GUILTY PARTY, a Wolverhampton trio who've been recording with **Noddy Holder** twiddling the knobs, break out for gigs at Wolverhampton Woodhaves July 5, Fulham Kings Head 7.

THE FOLK DEVILS, who've just released their third single, 'Fire And Chrome' on Karbon, take a break from playing trendy London gigs to appear at Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush on July 25.

LADY PANK, Poland's top rock band who've just signed to MCA and have an album out called 'Drop Everything', play a couple of London gigs at Camden Palace July 2 and Harlesden Mean Fiddler 3.

SWEET REVENGE, a band formed by ex-members of **Vice Squad** who have just released their first EP 'Nothing Ever Goes (The Way It's Planned)', play Fulham Greyhound on July 5.

THE MAGIC MUSHROOM BAND join in the Alice In Wonderland Mystery Trip on July 6 and then have gigs at Camden Dingwalls 9, High Wycombe Nags Head 13, Guildford Royal 26.

THE LOST LOVED ONES, who've decided to hang on to new bassist **Sam Williamson** permanently, play Brixton Fridge July 5, Camden Electric Ballroom (with the **Armoury Show**) 8.

THE COLD PHAROAHs continue to tantalise the record company A&R men at Mayfair Embassy July 11, Covent Garden Rock Garden 18.



ANGEL WITCH return to action after an absence of nearly three years with an album called 'Screamin' 'N' Bleedin' on Killerwatt and a batch of dates at Stoke Shelley's July 3, Birkenhead Stairways 4, Northampton Old Five Bells 5, Wantage Ridgeway Rock Festival 6, Croydon Underground 9, Derby Rockhouse 12, Warrington Lion 13, Southend Zero Six 15, Thatcham Silks 22, Walthamstow Royal Standard 26.

THE FAITH BROTHERS and the **Neurotics** will be playing a free concert in aid of Nicaragua at London's Jubilee Gardens on July 4 with **Porky The Poet**, **Skint Video** and the **Cryptic Twins**.

ONE THOUSAND VIOLINS from Sheffield come south to promote their 'Halcyon Days' single on Dreamworld at Acton Bumbles (with **Go Service**) July 5, Deptford Crypt (with the **TV Personalities**) 12, Old Kent Road Ambulance Station (with **Mood Six**) 20.

ENIGMA, a new wave progressive band from Southend, play Rochford Roachways July 5, Basildon Roundacre 15, Rochford Roachways 19.

THOMAS MAPFUMO has confirmed the dates for his British tour at London Battersea Park July 7, Bracknell Capital Radio Festival 9, Norwich Pennies 11, Manchester International 12, WOMAD Festival 20, London Hammersmith Palais 21, Birmingham Triangle 22.



FLOYD, who has just released his first album, 'The Little Man' on the Compact Organisation, supplements his weekly bash at the Tufnell Park Tavern with gigs at Finsbury Leisure Centre July 6, Herne Hill Half Moon 18, South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall 20, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 31.

THE ROARING BOYS have added more dates to their British tour at Hammersmith Palais July 18, Slough Fulcrum Centre 19.



BONE ORCHARD, who have an EP coming out on **Jungle** called 'Princess Epilepsy', play Hammersmith Clarendon July 5 with **Johnny Thunders** and then appear at Manchester Gallery 19, Fetcham Riverside 28 and Brighton Richmond Hotel 29, all with the **Inca Babies**.

IK, the West Yorkshire band, are playing a trio of gigs this weekend to promote their first single, 'When The Rivers Break' on Offbeat (through Red Rhino). They paddle through Halifax AEU Club July 5, Glasgow Sound Cellar 6 and Newcastle Stewarts Club 7.

FINAL ACADEMY, a 'passionate commercial pop/rock band', play Mayfair Embassy Club July 8, Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush 17, Covent Garden Rock Garden August 4, Wokingham Angies 17.

ORCHESTRA JAZIRA, the Boothill Foot-Tappers, **Sugar Ray Ford** and **The Hot Shots**, the **Neurotics** and the **Outer Limits** are all appearing at a free concert in Basildon's Gloucester Park on July 6 to mark International Youth Year.

LEGACY, the London heavy rock trio, stomp their way through Shepherds Bush Wellington July 4, Bethnal Green Green Gate 28.

BUSTER JAMES, an East Anglian boogie trio who have a single out called 'Fools Like Us', play Braintree Institute July 12 and Ipswich Caribbean Centre 19.

VIOLET CIRCUIT Make their last appearance before disappearing into the studio at Covent Garden Rock Garden July 9.

THE POGUES, **James, Microdisney** and the **Popticians** are all appearing at Hood Festival '85 at the River Dart Country Park, Ashburton, South Devon from July 5-7.

SECONDS OF PLEASURE, who've been getting the odd kick out of reviews for their 'Pull Me Up' single on Paladin, play Battersea Latchmere Theatre July 5-6, Ashburton Hood Festival '85 7, WOMAD Festival 21, Bristol Clifton Kings Arms 24, Herne Hill Half Moon 25, Hackney Chats Palace 28, Bristol Cabot Club August 3, Brighton Zap Club 17-18, Greenwich Tramshed 22.

HAZE, the progressive rockers, have confirmed gigs this month at Camden Dingwalls July 10, Stockport Manchester Arms 12, York Spotted Cow 16, Birmingham Railway Club 24, Cirencester Fairford Club 25, Cardiff Bogies 26, Bristol Granary 27, Kettering Rising Sun 28.

YOUR DINNER, a rock/reggae band who've just released a single called 'Power Over You' on Foodgun, play Peterborough Peacock Club July 15, Cambridge Cadets Club 27, Peterborough Gladstone Arms 30.



THE LUCY SHOW warm up for their debut album at the end of the month with gigs at Herne Hill Half Moon July 5, Mayfair Embassy 10, Fulham Greyhound 16, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 22.

THE BLUES BUNCH, a co-operative band from Swansea featuring former members of the **Lee Kosmin Band**, **Alkatraz** and the **Flying Aces**, play Caerphilly Pulsars Club July 6, Ebbw Vale The Level 7, Ystalyfera Masons Arms 20, Swansea Working Men's Club 26, Cwmavon Sports Club August 3, Tonypandy Naval Club 31.

THRASHING DOVES, a London quintet, will be supporting **Paul Young** at the St Austell Coliseum on July 9-11.



Out Now - The Brand New Single by



ADAMANT VIVE LE ROCK



Side features 'Greta X' 12' version of 'Vive Le Rock' Remixed by Steve Thompson and Michael Barbieri

MEET YOUR DESTINY!

FINDING THEIR sealegs (just below their seahips), a massive Jaws contingent of two and a half cruised along to The Basin in Portobello Docks for Spear Of Destiny's post-Palais party. While reluctantly accepting the free turkey dinner and as many bottles of wine as pockets/handbags could hold, rehearsals began for the pronunciation of "Mick who??" for when Mr Jagger arrived. At the gig earlier, Jagger had been accosted by a half-cut Irish disciple who accused him of being exactly who he was. "Me?" shirked the rubber-lipped warbler. "Yeah, lend us a quid for a drink, mate," came the instant reply. And, having a heart of gold, the great man did. This may have been all the cash he had on him, explaining why he couldn't get a taxi to dockland.

Meanwhile, those eyes that were still open and not incurably fixated on glacial blondes happened to notice Ian Astbury, Rusty Egan and Janice Long mingling with verve and gusto. The Spears arrived to find Terraplane, um, being there, but handsome Kirk Brandon hid his fatigue and muttered, "Well, is *Sounds* gonna give us another slugging, then?" "No, it was really very, very good tonight," one replied, because it was.

It is, of course, conceivable that Jagger made an entrance after we left, but this seems unlikely as by then the dawn chorus was on its fifteenth concept album.



ABOVE RIGHT, young Kirk smilingly chomps on a little something he tore off a hack's arm while, above, The Cult's Ian Astbury is still wearing that C&A's rainhat . . .

JAWS



Pix: Andy Phillips

IS THIS really what Peter Powell wakes up to?

WHIP CRACKIN'

Fresh from recording their third album, tentatively titled 'Whip It Out', the London Cowboys have just announced that new members drummer Gerry Nolan (formerly with the New York Dolls) gorgeous ex-Girl guitarist Gerry Laffy and bassist Alan 'Reg' D'Avarez are playing with singer Steve Dior and original guitarist Barry 'Blind Melon' Jones on a three-month jaunt around the globe.

Partying mile high with Venom and Divine on a recent flight to Lapland to support Jason And The Scorchers and Uriah Heep, the Cowboys did, however, confirm a rumoured late summer series of UK showcases with a view to clinching a new deal, which will follow stints in Europe, New York and a special guest appearance at the Tokyo Fashion Show! Bet those Nips can't wait. . .

DIPLOMATIC EMBASSY:

All the usual liggers turned up for the recent Embassy anniversary party - yer Phil Lynott, the ridiculous Neil Murray, tarty Terraplane, big-hearted Bruce Foxton, sad Jimmy Sham, and hunky Hu Gadsdon.

But the highlight of the long night was Dan Higson doing a lap of honour and boasting about the exclusive 'Me and Jay Aston' story he'd just flogged to the *News Of The Screws*. Natch, that was before Dan learned the story had lost him his PR job

and earned only one fifth of the dough it should have . . .

WESTMINSTER ROCK:

Jaws was there at the Palace of Westminster when Neil Kinnock and Katherine Hamnett held a press conference to launch their T-shirts to advertise Labour Youth policy on jobs. Ginger-nut Neil turned up with three huge skinheads in tow - turned out these were from the Grey Organisation, left-wing alternative artists who told *Sounds* exclusively that they'd also be designing the Redskins LP sleeve.

VIDEO CAFE SOCIETY:

The in-place to go if you like star-gazing with your meal is definitely the Video Cafe. Spotted last week: Mike Peters of the Alarm, Noddy Holder, Gary Glitter, Ring of Roses' James Vane (apparently the new man in the life of Angie Bowie), DJ Gary Davies, Gareth Hunt, friend of the stars John Blake, Harvey Goldsmith, Koo Stark and dancer Wayne Sleep . . . phew! Tubby Isaacs, beat that! We here at Jaws reckon they must be putting something in those legendary chicken burgers . . .

BLACK OUT

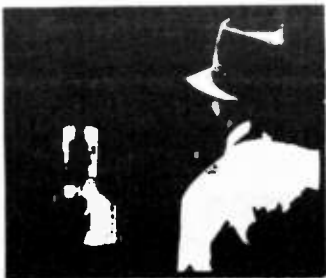
Gasp? Your Jaws correspondent nearly fainted when Ritchie Blackmore strolled into Dingwalls last week to check out the *Sounds* championed Tarazara and perhaps pick up one or two pre-Knebworth tips from TZ axeman Jeff Williams.

Midnight Oil

'Red Sails In The Sunset'

The New Album & Cassette Featuring The New Single
'Best Of Both Worlds'

CBS 26355
CBS 40-26355



FESTIVAL BLUES: Paunchy Ian Gillan wasn't too happy with the distinctly rockist orientation of the Knebworth bill. "We shouldn't be putting music into boxes," the ancient one grumbled. "I'd love Deep Purple to play a festival with Eurythmics and Big Country."

But 'tweren't to be, as Eurythmics were wisely taking in U2 at Milton Keynes instead, along with Mike Peters from the Alarm, Rusty Ego and others of even less note...

BIG DRAG: As if Divine weren't enough, now Mountain's hideously fat guitar star Lesley West is getting into acting. The ginormous gut-bucket debuts in a movie called *The Money Pit*, later this year. Worse, the plays the guitarist in a band of transvestites and has to squeeze his delicate frame into a bridal gown...

PRINCE OF PAP: Last week's *Mirror* reported that Prince is now the world's highest paid pop star next to Paul McCartney. That's as mebbe, but not after just three albums as claimed in John Blake's ludicrous column. The Minneapolis wonderboy has released six albums to date, which just goes to show that even some of our highest paid gossip-mongers evidently think the world began with '1999'. We, of course, all know that's when it ends.

HOOT HEEP: Okay, we know Uriah Sheep's keyboardist John Sinclair is a chap with fire in his belly, but even he was flummoxed when their truck went up in flames en route to Coventry last week. Highly trained Epic scientists say there's no known reason for the blaze - which cost Heep their keyboards, a bass and a brace of guitars - but we here at *Jaws* reckon 'twas the work of Shi'ite music lovers. Or an act of God, at least...

THE ONE THEY WANT TO BAN
"BRIGHTON BOMB"
THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS
Available Now
Distributed by
Cartel
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VI-BRANT!

Poison Girls' Vi hits the big Five-O with a bang. . .



Alastair Indge

Vi and the girls - that's Gem Stone And The Sirens - boogie on down

BEING 50? Being abrupt... "Well, basically, I feel fine. There's nothing wrong with it. It isn't really all that different from being anything else and it's just one of those concepts that's come from... God knows where. And it's all a load of crap!"

Nevertheless, a bedazzling Vi Subversa chose to blow out her 50 candles in style last week at Brixton's Ritz, taking time out to wind the whole thing up with a raw, razor-sharp Poison Girls set and a cake, after indulging an assemblage of collaborators and friends in a hefty share-out of other good things.

Which meant, mumbling variously into microphones, the increasingly wonderful Toxic Shock; a momentarily transformed Rob Lloyd, turning in a sweet sorta jazzy set; Tony Allen (the genius?) who was, of course, crap and come the revolution will probably look after the creche.

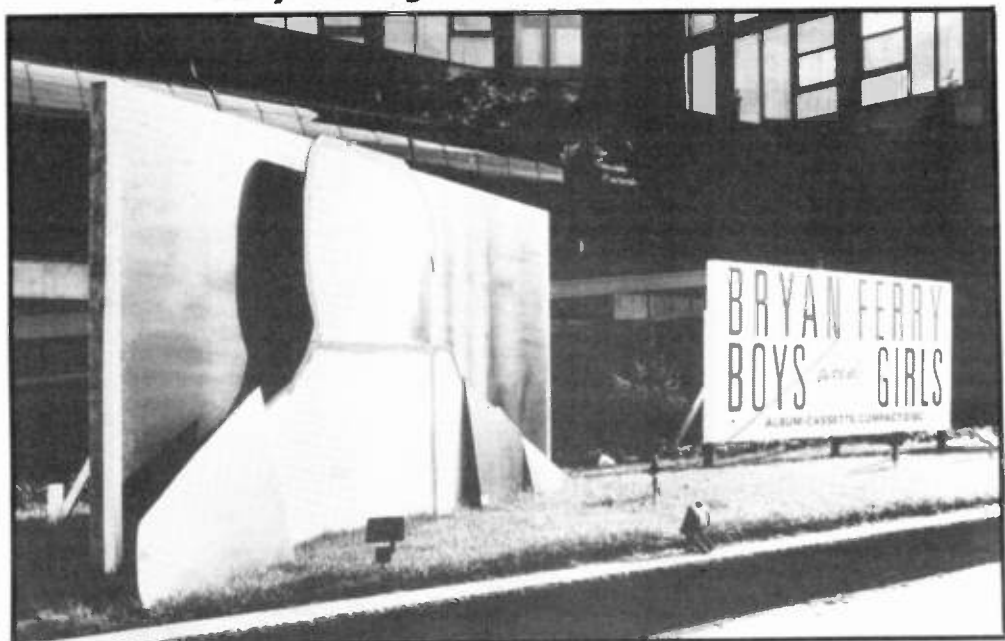
And all sorts of others - Akimbo's Deb'bora treating us to a remarkable handling of the Poisons' 'Too Proud'; a curious acapella choir doing fine justice to 'Old Tart's Song' and the rather marvellous Marvels, who were as pertinent in their

Small Facesishness as it's humanly possible to be. A resplendently befringed Lance D'Boyle vaguely compered things.

Also present were around 500 presents (majority anonymous) about which Vi'd like to say a few words: "Yes, there is a particular message. It made me realise who the audience is, in a way that can't happen with ticket prices. I got all these weird and wonderful presents, and the feeling I got was that it's a very bizarre group of people, with fantastic imaginations who are... very warm-hearted. And, thanks."

PYJAMADRAMA

Ferry's head goes walkies in night raid



HEYYY, BRY'S a popular guy, right? So popular, in fact, that a real big fan (and we mean big, with a capital B,) took a stroll with a 15 by 8 1/2 foot effigy of the crooner. The Capital's largest billboard site - on the Cromwell Road - is not Ferry empty... dur...

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD:

Ecstasy, the so-called 'designer drug' which has been quietly replacing cocaine in many of our popsters' hearts (not to mention livers, spleens and so on) for the last few years, has just been banned by the US Government, despite petitions from the psychiatric fraternity who have been using it successfully to treat various communication-related problems.

People in Britain who have had access to the expensive white capsules are quick to confirm that it possesses all the qualities ascribed to it namely a feeling of euphoria, clear-headedness, affection for your fellow beings, lack of inhibition, mild psychedelia and downright horniness for anything up to 12 hours, in its more potent blends. Claims by the 'anti' lobby that it has been proven to cause emotional despair and 'depression' are dismissed by

its disciples as typical of the authoritarian propaganda directed against anything that actually makes people feel good.

Whatever the truth, it's too late to find out for yourselves if you haven't had the chance already, darlings, since reliable sources report that the US ban inevitably means an end to any traces of the drug in Britain. Oh well, back to smoking banana skins again, eh?

EURYTHMICS 'REVOLUTION' SHOCKER:

Guaranteed non-Krishna devotee Annie Lennox is the latest in a long line of pop stars trying to get into the movies.

Seems Annie is set to symbolise the very spirit of Liberty itself, playing the tattooed Liberty Girl in a film called *Revolution* currently being shot up in King's Lynn by Hugh Hudson.

Only trouble is Annie's heady role involves her getting soaking wet - and so she was drenched for hours on end for a part that will finally end up showing on the screen for literally a couple of minutes...

GREEN SCENE:

Green ice cream and grotty green hot-dogs were the sort of grub dished up to meganames like Eddie Murphy and Bianca Jagger when they turned up at Noo Yoik's Radio City last week to celebrate a night of Disney Summer Magic.

Seems the theme of the do was the Emerald City from the *Wizard Of Oz* - geddit? If they think that's new, they should see some of the muck certain Camden kebab houses serve up every day...

SIGUE IT AGAIN

The night the Red Stripe ran out... that was when *Sigue Sigue* Sputnik turned Portobello's Electric Screen into a Hollywood opening, and Johnny Thunders was positively identified dancing in the front row and handing flowers to the band. For their first full-length assault on the capital, the self-made Svengalis started as they meant to go on - back-combing the boogie into tortuous perfection. The guest list numbered a mere 120, over 100 more were turned away and The Electric promoters hoped nobody would notice they didn't have a music licence. Among the curious lucky enough to gain entry were a couple of *Alarms*, some *Killing Jokes*, room-mates *Stiv Bator* and *Mike Monroe*, *Don Letts*, *Pete Wyllie*, while the A&R men were rumoured to be arriving in a convoy of Securicor vans. This story will definitely be continued...

ANY OLD IRONS:

Now actor Jeremy Irons is getting on the video act. You can clock his talents as a director on the vid for the soon-come *Carly Simon* single 'Tired Of Being Blonde'.

Lord WAISTREI

THERE IS much I should speak to you of this week, not least my valiant infiltration of the Bucks Fizz auditions, where I was narrowly pushed into third place by 'sizzling' Shelley Preston and 'luscious' Laura Forsyth solely because of my advanced gout.

Well, there was also some mention of my handsome girth and a few objections to my whiskers but, before we go into that, Ascot, and all the other rot, I am forced to raise a more pressing matter - viz the distressing 'cutting' of your favourite column, and I don't mean Nelson's.

For a while I believed the snivelling *Sounds* subs themselves were responsible. But then I realised that the bits 'cut' were always the jokes and punchlines, which suggests something altogether more sinister.

Watch this for an example. What did Cindy Jackson say to the Household Cavalry?

See what I mean? The punchline has been brutally removed before our very eyes! It's obviously sabotage - the work of the same fiendish Shi'ite terrorists responsible for the heartless release of Demis Roussos!

So what am I to do? Surround my copy with fierce eunuch guardsmen? Remove all hint of witticism so the column reads like the *NME*?

The question was still plaguing my noble cerebrals as I arrived at Milton Keynes last Saturday for the Longest Day mud-bath. But I was soon distracted by the other pleasures on offer. There was the Island Tent, Judy Totton's Tent, and even better the Special Enclosure Tent where they had champagne on draught.

The best fun of all was to stand inside the Special Enclosure making faces at the oiks in the common Guest Enclosure, who largely had to buy their own drinks!

Only two vulgar liggers managed to get past the highly trained security men protecting our rightful privileges - *Kerrang's* tiny David Dickson, who tied himself to the underbelly of a poodle, and this organ's Garry Johnson, whom gentlemen promoter Maurice Jones decided to let in for sheer 'persistence' after he had been discovered trying to dig a tunnel.

Apart from this putrid pair the only Special Enclosure drawback were the acts themselves. The most offensive of course, was Kirk Brandon, who proved his third division status by surrounding himself with *consiglieri* like crusty Ru Ego, wearing clothes Robert Elms burned last summer.

I was just about to venture into the masses and bribe a few to barrack the swine when I was reproached - quite rightly, might add - by MCA's bubbly Sheila Sedgewick, for lowering the tone of this column by coming to such a plebeian event in the first place.

To make matters worse, she had also spotted me on the frightfully vulgar Breakfast TV the previous Thursday! Yes, I must admit that was I at the grand opening of Chas and Dave's public house! I thought could sneak in unnoticed to prepare a report for *New Society* on the simple pleasures of the proletariat but next thing I know, I'm there in full view of Britons, exposed as some sort of 'jolly Cockney'. It would have been quite amusing if question hadn't been asked in the Club and my membership suspended indefinitely!

So from now on this column will be going 100% up-market again, old beans, starting with swift stint at the jolly old Cent Court. In the meantime, here's exactly what Cindy Jackson to the Household Cavalry...

Drat, it's happened again! Toodle pip!

LIFE WIV THE FIENDS BY JIM

HAVING SPENT 40 YEARS ON A TINY PACIFIC ISLAND, AND STILL BELIEVING JAPAN TO BE AT WAR, PRIVATE HIROHITO SAKYMOTO FINALLY CONSTRUCTS A RAFT AND SAILS 2,000 MILES BACK HOME TO TOKYO....

... ONLY TO FIND THAT JAPAN HAS BEEN INVADED BY WEIRD WRAITH-LIKE ALIENS...

BACK TO THE FIENDS
LIQUID HEAD
AAAIEEEAGH!!
FIEND
ALIEN SEX FIEND

YOU WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE YOU ALIEN SEX FIENDS!
NO! WE NOT ALIEN SEX FIEND - JUST NO 1 FANS!
FEARING AN IMMINENT AND UNPLEASANT DEATH, HIROHITO PREPARES TO COMMIT HARI KIRI

ANYWAY, THERE'S NO NEED TO TAKE HONORABLE LIFE JUST 'COS YOU MISS BLOODY CONCERT
ALIEN SEX FIEND HAVE RECORDED WHOLE SHOW FOR POSTWITTY AND IT'S IN BRITISH SHOPS NOW!
LIQUID HEAD IN TOKYO! THE NEW MID-PRICE ALIEN SEX FIEND ALBUM: RECORDED LIVE IN TOKYO IN FEB '85. CAT NO MGRAM22

ZZ TOP



THE SUMMER HOLIDAY E.P.

— FEATURING —
TUSH · GOT ME UNDER PRESSURE
BEER DRINKERS & HELL RAISERS
I'M BAD, I'M NATIONWIDE

ALSO AVAILABLE

THE BEST OF ZZ TOP



Ⓢ K56598 Ⓜ K456598

ZZ TOP'S FIRST ALBUM



Ⓢ K56601 Ⓜ K456601

RIO GRANDE MUD



Ⓢ K56602 Ⓜ K456602

TRES HOMBRES



Ⓢ K56603 Ⓜ K456603

FANDANGO



Ⓢ K56604 Ⓜ K456604

TEJAS



Ⓢ K56605 Ⓜ K456605

EL LOCO



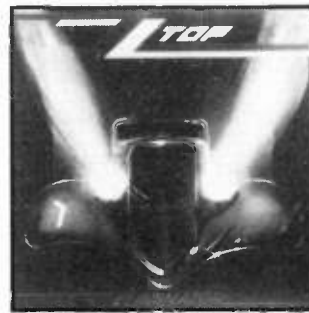
Ⓢ K56929 Ⓜ K456929

DEGUELLO



Ⓢ K56701 Ⓜ K456701 CD K256701

ELIMINATOR



Ⓢ W3774 Ⓜ W3774-4 CD W3774-2



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 AT DONINGTON PARK
 AUGUST 17TH**



MODERN ROMANCER

RICHMAN, YOU'RE A BABY! Bill Black takes a rare opportunity to explore the eccentric psychology of a modern lover

WHEN I put what has become a routine call through to the Rough Trade office requesting an interview with Jonathan Richman, I fully expected the ultimately futile runaround I received during his last visit in the summer of '84.

A string of relayed messages along the lines of "Jonathan will meet you tonight after the show in Bath and, if he likes you, he'll do the interview in Birmingham tomorrow" finally and frustratingly came to nothing, so imagine my surprise when the nice promotions lady said "Jonathan's doing a press conference". Ah, so simple. Or at least it should've been.

Most of those who'd gathered in RT's loft-like third floor 'open space' had already passed on the rosé (it was 11am, after all) and were downing apple juice and strawberries when the beefy Richman made his entrance with two of his current band, drummer and producer of the latest Modern Lovers album 'Rockin' And Romance' Andy Paley and guitarist and ML of old, Asa Brebner.

They took their seats at one end of the room facing ten or twelve squirming journos and the questioning began. A few moments for all concerned to limber up and get used to the strange 'does the panel think' style procedure? Not a bit of it.

So pity, please, the poor unfortunate who started the bidding with some innocent remark about JoJo's songs being happy.

JR: "You say all my songs are happy songs?"

Poor unfortunate: "Er, they seem that way, yeah."

JR: "You haven't been listening quite closely enough. Maybe you need one more chance. Next."

Another teeth-chattering piece of cannon fodder enters the fray. "Are you ever angry?"

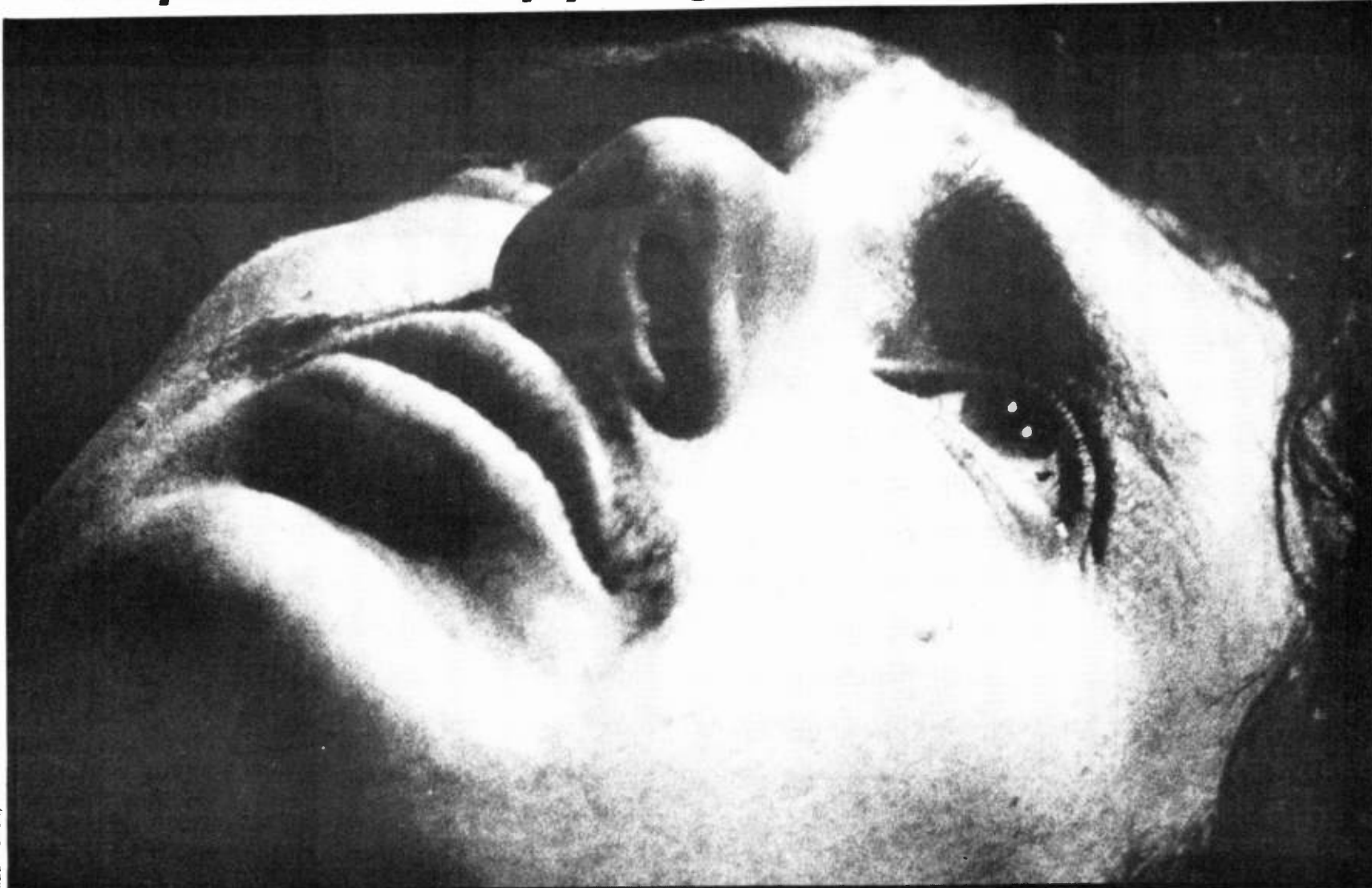
JR: "SURE!"

Cannon fodder: "Do you tend to bottle it up?"

JR: "No way. If some journalist asks the wrong question they could get knocked out. Next, please."

The more wary are already shuffling their chairs backwards towards the door as JR lowers himself from his and adopts a patented 'psychological warfare' kneeling position.

"You seem to preach a lot



Klad McNulty

JONATHAN RICHMAN looking for divine guidance

about honesty . . .

JR: "I do? When? Name the songs, any of 'em."

"Er."

JR: "So at some time or other you've noticed me preaching to other people . . ."

"I'm not saying preaching . . ."

JR: "You said PREACHING!"

"OK then, you seem to value honesty a lot."

JR: "Value! That's even better than preach!"

"Do you agree?"

JR: "What, do I value honesty? Well, if I was dishonest I'd say that I was honest, right? Let's try another question. Anyone?"

At last, a man with iron in his heart and a fully paid-up BUPA card in his pocket. The man from *Time Out*: "Could you please tell us why you refuse to do personal interviews?"

JR: "Sure, they're a drag!"

Time Out man (putting his fingers in his ears) "This is a drag."

JR: "Then get outa here! Whatya doin' here?"

"I've sat in on some press conferences before, the Stones an' people like that. And they're not a drag. This way people will get to read 12 different accounts of this an' they'll be able to tell who's lyin' and who's tellin' the truth."

No time to argue that hokum (how could they tell unless they were there themselves?) but as good as any for *Sounds* to throw away the list of questions and get involved.

"So do you envy performers like Prince and Madonna who, by virtue of their stature, can turn down all meetings with the press?"

JR: "I could have nothing to do with the press . . ."

"But then nobody would write about you."

JR: "Who cares?" (Pause.)

"Howya all doin' out there. Havin' fun?"

"Would you like to be number one?"

JR: "I dunno. I just wanna play with my band all over.(!) Sure it would be nice to be number one, but it ain't important."

"Were you surprised your breakthrough came in 1977 at the height of punk?" (Who's asking these questions?)

JR: "I've never thought about it." (Pause.) "So can we wrap this up? I'm saying going, going . . ."

"Why didn't you have any hits after 'Egyptian Reggae'?"

JR: "They released 'Morning Of Our Lives' after that and it went top thirty but the one after that didn't do anything at all."

"Why?"

JR: "Don't ask me! I'd never pick 'Egyptian Reggae' to be a hit so don't ask me about singles."

"Would interviews have helped?"

JR: "Hope not!"

Just about now, the Buddha-like presence of the *NME* makes himself felt. Thankfully free of the knitted

brow syndrome, he coasts up to the Big Question by enquiring where Richman had been the couple years prior to his triumphant return to these shores last year with 'Jonathan Sings' and some stunning live shows.

But this JR is having none of it, refusing to answer any questions from representatives of the *NME* until the paper apologises for publishing what he claims was a totally fictitious interview with him last summer.

"You've got to draw the line somewhere. If you guys are gonna make up stories about me, I'm gonna resent it. So why don't we wrap this up? Any burning questions people have got they can't bear to have unanswered?"

Enter the dumbest to date: "What do you think of today's music?"

JR: "Uh, pretty good. I don't hear that much. Thank you." And with that, he's diving into the strawberries

and avoiding direct questions from a few 'the-story-or-bust' hacks.

SO NO opportunity to ask the *real* questions. Like, was he in a mental home following his departure from Berserkley records and his arrival at Sire and 'Jonathan Sings'?

And are we right in thinking that 'Rockin' And Romance' - boasting the Official Crummiest Sleeve Of 1985 - is verging on self parody with songs about frayed Wranglers and chewing gum wrappers?

Never mind, the man from the *NME* - already suggesting the whole press conference was arranged so 'JR could embarrass his paper in front of others, has the last laugh.

When the apologetic promo lady comes round with the conciliatory plonk he sighs, "No thanks, I think we've had enough whining for one day." Touché.

Out Now - The Brand New Single by

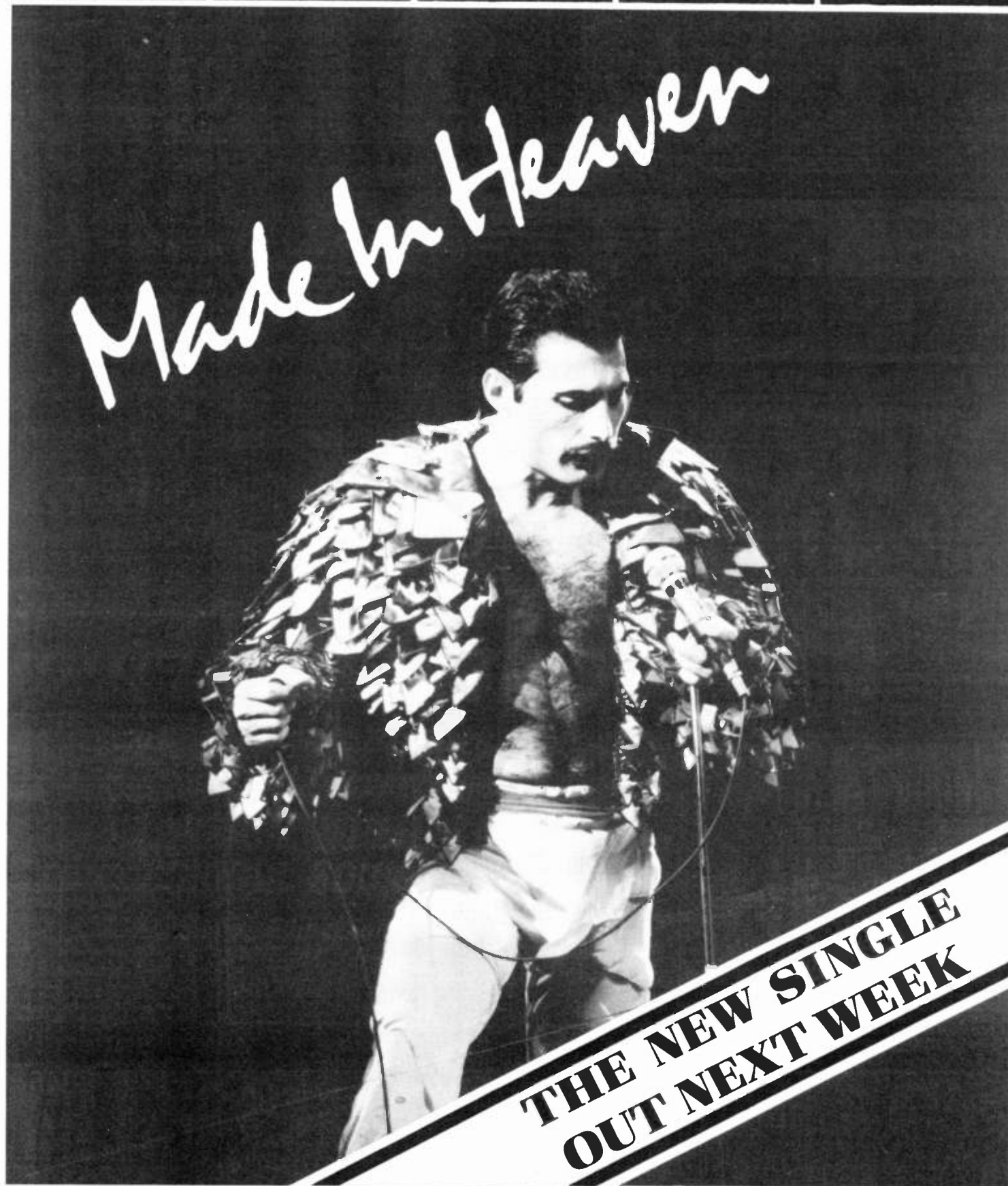


ADAMANT VIVE LE ROCK



B Side features "Greta X" 12" version of "Vive Le Rock" Remixed by Steve Thompson and Michael Barbieri

FREDDIE MERCURY



ON

7"

MADE IN HEAVEN

(Brand New Remix)

SHE BLOWS HOT AND COLD

(Brand New Track)

A6413



ON

12"

MADE IN HEAVEN

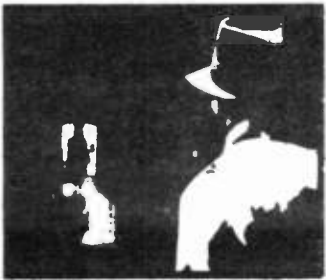
(Extended Remix)

MADE IN HEAVEN

(7" Remix Version)

SHE BLOWS HOT AND COLD

TA6413



ALTAR STATES

The Wedding emerge from the protective wing of Rusty Egan as the thinking man's Big Country. Pete Picton attends the reception

IF THE Wedding were a football team, they'd probably be Telford United – banging on the door for admission to the big league. They are a brash young four-piece, full of ideas, and the aggressive, melodic whirl of their music is starting to attract attention.

A year of playing the minor London circuit has paid off: Rusty Egan has signed them to his WAR (Where Artists Record) label.

Singer/guitarist Robert Farrell has a sickly appearance and embodies the nightmarish qualities that David Lynch's film *Eraserhead* evoked so well. He's a lean and frail Glaswegian with the typically Scottish big, boomy guitar sound. Fellow guitarist Mark Riley celebrated his first day with the band by collapsing outside Camden Palace and breaking his nose. His melodic semi-acoustic fills the gaps in the band's sound.

Drummer Jeff Delay provides the guts in the powerful, driving music. The surprise in the line-up comes in the shape of a, gasp, female bass-player, Susan Keywright. A Scouse by birth, she spent a couple of years with the 'worst Liverpool band ever'. No names, no pack drill.

In a live situation, Robert's rude, violent guitar playing raises a few nods and people gradually start to take notice.



THE WEDDING: the bells are ringing

But, musically, isn't Rusty a different kettle of syn-drums of The Wedding?

"He's not narrow-minded as far as his tastes go and he gets about 400 ideas a day. He wanted to produce us but his production sounded a bit too much like Kraftwerk or Visage. Anyway, we've got so many other people interested and involved in the band that we're not just his plaything. We've got a good working relationship with him."

More than that, Robert has quite definite ideas about The Wedding's future.

The band have been compared to Simple Minds and the Bunnymen (the dry ice doesn't help). But then, it's too easy to categorise guitar groups.

On 'Who Is Calling' it's the two differing guitar styles that give the band their identity. Robert's punctuates with brittle stabs, Mark's flows through the cracks.

"We've been compared to other bands but that's bound to happen to begin with," opens Robert when quizzed about The Wedding's hard noise. "Our sound will grow with us. We're basically a live band. I don't want to make overproduced Trevor Horn singles that we can't play live."

At first sight, it's hard to see what The Wedding and Rusty Egan have in common. "Originally, I was worried

about the type of fashion-orientated bands Rusty was associated with," says Robert. "We had our doubts about the bands he'd signed before and their success rate. We didn't want to be another of his small bands, and we made it clear that we weren't just interested in independent chart success. So we talked it through and after exchanging a lot of different contracts he offered us a good deal. So far, there's no problem."

"We're going to be more of an albums band. Albums bands haven't been around for a long time. Record companies are going for out and out singles bands – they don't spend time developing the groups. Acts come and go, and that suits the record companies, but it doesn't suit the public."

Robert is adamant that the band aren't going into the pop market, but they aren't going to ignore it either.

Drummer Jeff's view was that the band aren't "sitting down and trying to plan what will become a number one".

Rhythm guitarist Mark compromised by saying:

"We sound melodic, and that will come out as a commercial sound."

They refuse to be drawn on comparisons regarding their sound. Robert doesn't listen to new bands on the radio anyway, though they admit that bands like The Cult are breaking the ice for them.

They're also honest enough to see that their first record will only serve as a pathfinder for what they are doing.

Heavy touring will be needed to break the band. But, as Robert says:

"As long as we're not being manipulated, we want hits."

So, are this band good enough for promotion? Having seen them a number of times over the past year, it's obvious to me that they learn fast. There is room for them in the market place – hopefully, as a thinking man Big Country. The Wedding are no marriage of convenience.

Craig Hunt

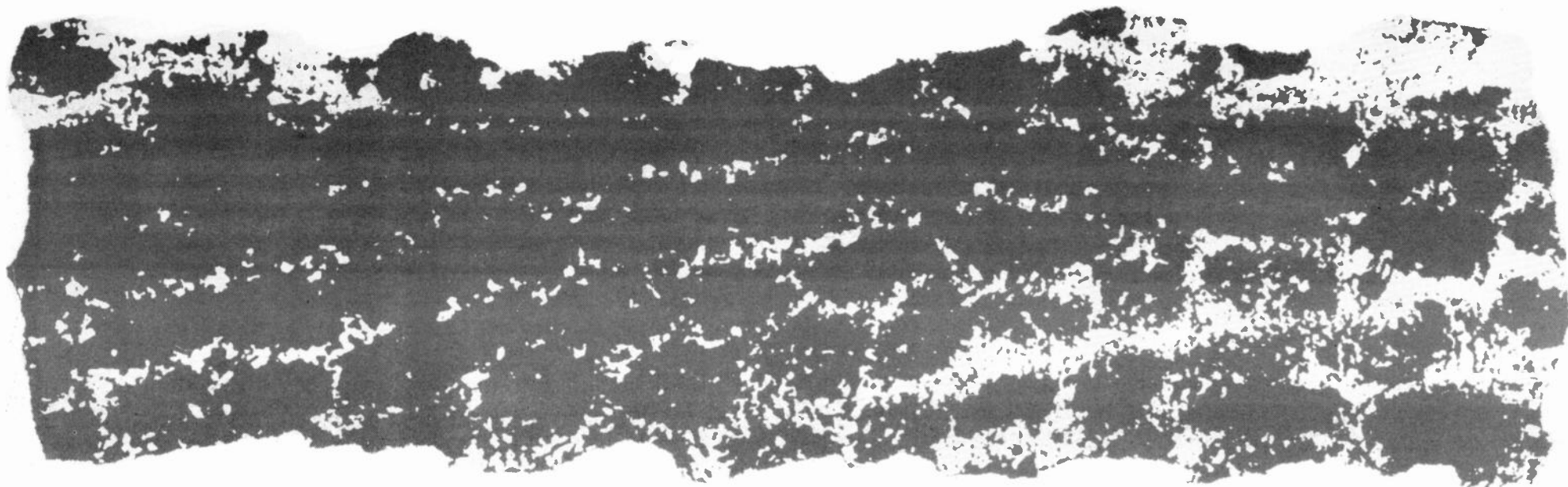


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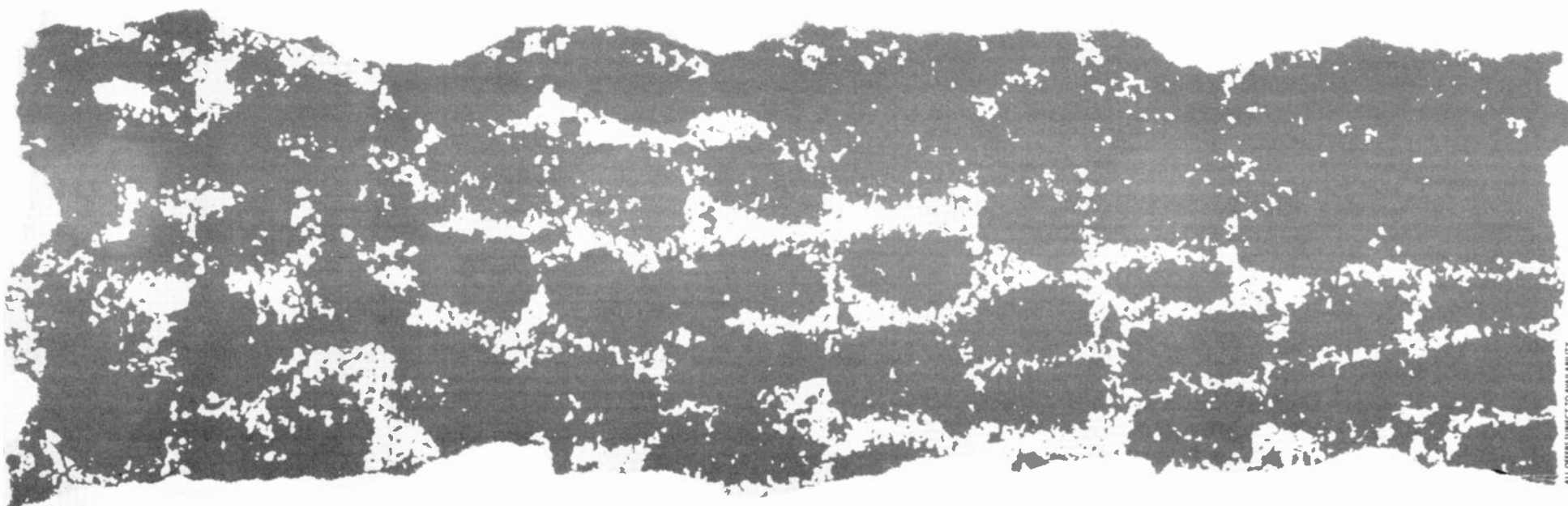
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THE THREE BUSK-A-TEERS: (left to right) Kevin, Curly and Terry

IN THE past few years the 'Soaps' war has really hotbedded up, with the arrival on the scene of 'new wave' operas like *Brookside* and, more recently, *East Enders*, as well as our glossy cousins from across the water.

Both *Brookside* and *East Enders* were introduced to try and cream off some of the massive audience that is religiously glued to the ITV screens on Mondays and Wednesdays for the king of them all – *Coronation Street*. The others introduced sex, blacks, gays and all those issues the *Street* seems oblivious to, in an attempt to win over viewers. But with little success.

So what is the magic of the *Street*? Why do 18 million people tune in to find out whether Gail and Brian will have another tiff?

With the demise or departure of most of the familiar faces, there's a whole new generation propping up the bar of the Rovers. So your intrepid viewer went to track down three of the new young stars; Curly (Kevin Kennedy), Kevin (Michael Le Vell) and 'our Terry' (Nigel Pivaro) to find out what life was like on the *Street*, or away from it – if there was such a thing.

In Granada's Manchester studios I was ushered through a maze of corridors before arriving at their dressing room. Curly was immersed in a book but it wasn't long before he revealed that he used to be in a band with Johnny Marr and Andy Rourke before the arrival of the celery cruncher.

"I was at school with them before the band. Andy didn't play bass originally, I did. Then we swapped over."

"I was at college with Graham Fellows (Jilted John). So I've always had a link with music. I was in another group once," Curly enthuses. "Now, what were they called?" There's a brief pause for thought. "The something Valentinos... Anyway they were crap. Then I was with Jez Kerr from A Certain Ratio for a while. I have a band at the moment, country and western, it is."

Enter Terry attired in that

The story of three simple lads from Wetherfield. Kevin Murphy discovers how *Coronation Street* transmits to 18 million lost souls

STREET LIFE

familiar green combat jacket. But his tough image was somewhat shattered by the addition of some hefty make-up.

"What ya talkin' 'bout?" he inquires. Well, I was kinda wondering how you lot felt about the *Street*?

Curly: "It's great cos it's part of our heritage. No matter how much you pooh pooh it, it's still part of our heritage."

But how does it compare with *Brookside*, with its broader moral outlook and the inclusion of homosexuality and blacks?

Curly: "You can't do that in the *Street*. It's like a safety valve, viewers can relax for half an hour knowing no-one's going to get blown

away (Ernie Bishop excluded), and there's not going to be a vicious rape scene. Which is not a bad thing."

Don't you ever relish the thought of a nice passionate love scene?

"That would be great."

Anyone in mind?

"Ooooooh... Felicity Kendall."

EVENTUALLY WE'RE joined by a young-looking Deirdre (Anne Kirkbride), minus glasses, and the irrepressible Jack Duckworth (William Tarmey), whose off-stage manner differs little from his on stage. The dressing room takes on many of the intimate qualities of a rush hour tube.

"We're just actors at the end of the day, learning our lines. We've got very little influence to say 'let's tackle a few contemporary issues'. It's not down to us," explains Terry.

Deirdre: "It's getting too intelligent in here. I'm off." Exit Jack and Deirdre. OK, back to the light stuff.

What's the last record you bought?

Terry: "It was a Rolling Stones one, I think. No, I tell a lie, it was 'Fans'."

Curly: "Dire Straits, the live album."

What about going out to gigs?

Curly: "When I get time. Last time I was in London I saw Hank Wangford. I couldn't believe it, they were

brilliant."

Just then, a slurring Kevin staggers in with an apologetic, "I feeeergot all about it. I wuz out fer a couppla pints with me mates..."

"I'm doing a record," forwards Kevin, a statement that was greeted with a great rousing chorus of "Oh no," by the assembled masses.

"Yeah, for Ethiopia. Some bloke from Bath asked me."

"He must be bleedin' tone deaf," chirps Curly.

"This bloke sent me this record by some group... um... um... um, somefing," continues Kevin, "It's okay. It's very, very sexy. There's this very nice woman. She looks very nice. It's quite a dirty record, lots of heavy

breathing." "Je T'aime" for Ethiopia. What a prospect.

Kevin: "He's got these people from Bath; Peter Gabriel, Tears For Fears and he wants me. I don't know why."

"He's sending me on singing lessons. He wants to find out what key I sing in."

"Yale," jokes Curly.

DON'T YOU, as actors, yearn to do something more challenging?

Terry: "I guess we've all got ambitions to go on and do other things, but I still hold a lot of respect for the *Street*. I mean, why would 18 million people tune in if it weren't up to much?"

"You do get spoilt, though. There's a danger of being seduced by the safeness of the job."

But what about the safe, insular path the *Street* takes?

"I think they're scared," offers Kevin, "they've tried all them things before, like swearing, sex and that and the public didn't like it. This has been going 25 years, they know what the public want and don't want. If they want sex and violence they'll go to *Dallas* and *Dynasty*."

In the dressing room, there's a large pile of fan mail on the table. Are there such things as *Corrie* groupies?

Kevin: "There was this girl, she sent in this picture of herself with white shorts on, rolled up, they were. She said she got her uncle to take the shot and that her parents had gone away and would like to visit her, sort of thing."

"And what about that guy you took home," interjects the even newer boy, Martin, who's just popped his head round the corner.

"That was nuffing," quips Kevin.

Martin: "'My Homosexual Romps', by Mike Le Vell."

Kevin: "Shut up. You'll get me a bad name. Take no notice, I'm not a poof... It's not for the lack of offers, though. I got this bloke wrote in once. He sent in a picture and he was in this leather capped T-shirt and a pair of black leather shorts. He's stood there trying to look dead butch and it says 'How 'bout a good banging session behind the Rovers?'"

Somehow, the *Street* will never seem the same again.

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TEMPEST FUGIT

TOYAH looks back on her first ten wild years – and unflinchingly forward to the next ten. . .



Pic by Mike Morton

TOYAH: is this the new non-image?

THE MAN from *Penthouse* had already left by the time I arrived, which was a great pity because it sounded like an interesting confrontation.

"Oh, I always get good reviews in *Penthouse*," Toyah reassures me. "When I did *The Tempest* – I mean, *The Tempest* of all films to get a good review in *Penthouse* – it said, you must see it, to see Toyah Wilcox's voluptuous body. I thought God, they must be hard up for good looking women!" The sleek, expensive person sitting opposite suddenly dissolves into a familiar Toyah cackle and the interview begins.

After a year off from making records, which she spent working on three films for television (including John Fowles' excruciatingly pretentious *Ebony Tower*, screened last December), Toyah's back with her latest single 'Soul Passing Through Soul' following her recent hit 'Don't Fall In Love (I said)' and an album to follow. The break has been a blessing in more ways than one.

"Oh yeah, I was totally disorientated. I was being followed by fans *all the time*, it was just driving me mad. I had to keep the curtains drawn in my house because I couldn't bear all these faces staring. So I took time off, I had to go away and think, do I really want all this, and I realised that I did. I had terrible withdrawal symptoms from singing and acting, and I thought, yeah, it is what I want, I've just got to learn to control it."

And in another way, it's put her bubblegum past one more year behind her. After a career that's nearly ten years old, this cool professional in the designer suit is still waiting to be taken seriously. The new non-image will help, too.

"All the trouble I've ever had has been caused through the image. I felt at one point that the image was alienating the audience from my songs. And the music's got to come first. The image is so transient, it'll be remembered for three months at a time and then forgotten and I don't want people saying, oh she's got red hair, the music'll be crap. I want people to see me for me, not red hair. I'm going to keep up with fashion, I couldn't bear not to do that – I'm too vain to forget about fashion – but the image has got to be

secondary. Whatever I do, it'll be a spur of the moment thing."

Already, this new policy has run into a few problems, though, like a photo-session the day before which had set out to capture the natural Toyah.

"They wanted an 'at home' look, and I said, well it's going to be a lie because at home I don't wear clothes. I refuse to dress at home – at all. Unless a stranger walks in and I have to put me dressing gown on. And I'm not posing naked for anybody."

WITH HER 27th birthday just around the corner, the transformation of Toyah has been an inevitable process. She cringes at the memory of the punky, speedy character of Kate in that episode of *Minder*, so kindly repeated the other week. The actress in her comes to the rescue again when I remark that her last single sounded like the kind of thing Elaine Paige would record.

"Really?" she says, opting for an expression of cool surprise, rather than flattening me, Trafford Tanzi style. "It's very different to Elaine Paige. I mean, the image and the approach has got that calmness to it, but it's totally different because it's remained true to rock. It's still got a bit of the old me in it."

"And the character of the album is immense – it goes from the commerciality of the singles to really diverse political songs. And lyrically, I don't think you'd get Elaine Paige singing about penises the way I do on this album."

"What I wanted to put across in the lyrics was that I'm slightly feminist, but I'm a feminist to a point where I think women should look like women – it's what their power is. I think a woman is dangerous when she's playing the sexy creature – as long as she knows what's going on up there in her brain. These sex kittens who haven't got a brain – it's just a waste of time – but when you see someone like Fiona Richmond who *does* know what she's doing, it makes it all much scarier."

When Toyah reveals that she bared her midriff on *Pebble Mill At One*, I start to recognise the parallels between her and Madonna. Both are known only by their exotic first names. Both see sex as a weapon. Both are combining careers as singers and actresses. But, most significantly, both of them started out with that same naked greed for fame.

"In the beginning, I didn't care how I got it and I didn't care what the fame was for."

I didn't think about credibility, I didn't think about people liking me, or anything like that. But slowly, through time, the value of fame has changed. When you're so famous you can't walk down the street without being mobbed by grannies, even. When the people who swear at you when you're on the telly in their living room come up and say they love you when they see you in the flesh – you know it's false. That wasn't what I wanted for the rest of my life.

"I want people to like me and to hear what I do, and I'd like to reach people. To write something that makes them *feel* something."

The obvious comparison between Madonna's global domination and Toyah's more home-grown success could also be made, of course, but for someone who left Edgbaston Church of England School For Girls with a solitary 'O' level in Music to her credit, Toyah's not done too badly.

Her Barnet home runs to a gym, in the best *Dynasty* style, a design studio, two recording studios and a library where the workaholic likes to bury herself whenever possible.

"In the early years I was very lazy – I had to force myself to work. It was like a school syndrome – I'd had to do so much work at school, I didn't want to work any more. But now I've got over all that and I can't stop working. I love it."

"I've had to put aside some energy for writing and mental activities which I've never been very good at doing, because I've always felt that my writing has suffered because of it – I'm always hiccupping along. I'd go rusty, and then I'd start writing again. So it's an exercise – I keep my mind going all the time in that area, because one day I'd like somebody to sit down and say, God, she's a good writer – and I haven't had that yet."

"I take myself very seriously as a writer, whether the critics agree or not. I think it's something I've learned to accept. In the early days, the criticisms just destroyed me, but now it has to be water off a duck's back. I know I'm getting there. I know that with time, and with me getting older, one day I'll be a good writer. At the moment, everything's practice, but I'm not going to give up."

ANNIE ANXIETY

Willing Sinner ANNIE HOGAN worries about her voice and about Being A Solo Artist. Tony Mitchell offers encouragement



ANNIE HOGAN: close to the Marc

FROM THE earliest brave fumbblings of the Mambas to the present polished perfection of the Willing Sinners, pianist Annie Hogan has enjoyed a unique creative relationship with Marc Almond and a special place in the hearts of his fans.

Her petiteness and paleness, the way she seems always to be dwarfed by her grand piano and synthesisers on stage. . . these things suggest a frailty of character which is belied by her articulacy (she studied International History and Politics at Leeds University) and enhanced by a disarming modesty.

Her meeting with Marc in Leeds in 1980 was one of those happy accidents which often provide the basis for the best creative endeavours and, not surprisingly, after a certain amount of "friendly persuasion" and a couple of false starts, she has finally ventured on to vinyl in her own right.

Her five-track debut platter, 'Kickabye' (on Doublevision), features vocal contributions from Nick Cave, Budgie and 'Raoul' himself. It also sees Annie venturing into vocal territory herself for the first

time – an experience which evidently gave her more than a few sleepless nights.

"The singing side is what I find the hardest and the most embarrassing," she says with typical candour. "It's like torture – and listening to it afterwards is even bigger torture! I sound just like a 12-year-old boy. 'Drowning Kittens', the first vocal track, was recorded back in 1983 and the other one, 'Kickabye' itself, was done this year, but I don't think either of them are particularly wonderful."

I doubt that this will greatly deter Hogan fans, however. Annie has long been appreciated for her overall musical contribution – playing, writing and arranging – to the various Almond projects, and her individual style comes across as strongly on this EP as on anything she's done in a band context. Plus, of course, there are those distinguished guest appearances.

"Actually, it worries me a bit," she says, "the way people have been picking up on that angle, as if it were 'Annie Hogan Plays With The Stars' or something. As far as I'm concerned, they're just friends who've really done me an honour and a favour by helping me. It certainly wasn't a 'mafia' thing."

"I mean, I really love working with other people. I played with Yello (on 'Stella')

and on Zeke Manyika's album 'Call In Response' as well. I love doing that with people I know, but I wouldn't like to do session music. I'm not good enough, for a start."

There goes that modesty again. Well, okay, what would she like to do, then?

"I want to carry on working on my own stuff and I want to write my own lyrics. I'm a very political person, a socialist and a feminist, and I feel I've got things to say. But I love working with Marc. I've been doing it for four years now; I love being in the band, I love travelling around with them and I have such a good time, I don't want to give that up. I know it sounds a corny thing to say, but I really do like the rock 'n' roll lifestyle."

"I suppose I could go after a major deal but, if I did, I know I'd end up making a lot of compromises. I'm not really cut out to be a pop star – I don't see myself on Top Of The Pops singing a hit of my own. If I ever do get famous, I'd like it to be on my own terms. I'd like to write soundtracks or something like that, but I'd like to do it as well as carrying on with what I'm doing with Marc."

Writing soundtracks is, of course, a very fashionable ambition for popsters at the moment, but Annie's desires in this direction are rooted in lifelong musical tastes.

"Ennio Morricone and John

Barry are my heroes. When I was three, I used to stand on top of the settee and conduct John Barry records on the radiogram. And I had the 'Persuaders' LP when I was really little. That's always been my favourite music."

"I hardly like anything that's around now. My heroines are people like Billie Holiday, Judy Garland and Nina Simone. I know it's all the usuals, and I know it's really fashionable to mention all these people at the moment, but . . . tough shit, really – I don't care."

But can she see herself doing solo shows as well as solo records, albeit with a little help from her friends?

"I don't know. I s'pose I'll have to, in the end. But the thought of sitting in front of a load of people, playing the piano and singing, just turns me black! I can't imagine it at all. I don't even know if I could play the piano and sing at the same time!"

Long though it may have been in the making, and imperfect though it may seem in the eyes of its creator, 'Kickabye' more than hints at the atmosphere that makes Willing Sinners performances such a pleasurable experience, and has enough warmth and emotion in its grooves to be worth the full benefit of the doubt. It may not be the be-all and end-all, but it's certainly a beginning.

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Sinner turns saint? Will Ozzy Osbourne observe the Sabbath Day in Aid of charity? Robbi Millar speaks to the Devil



Pix: Mark Weiss

"I made a row with Sabbath for eleven years. I'm sure I can do it for 20 minutes" – Ozzy.

THERE IS a school of opinion amongst rock's more blasé cynics that a certain percentage of the genre's dependents would mortgage their grandmother for the price of a new Ferrari. Maybe that's a bit extreme, but don't doubt that this often greedy and fickle biz breeds a strain of opportunist happy to boost a flagging career or a wilting wallet by castrating the conscience and taking

to the stage with peers they'd not normally acknowledge.

So is it any wonder that Live Aid's line-up inclusion of Black Sabbath (albeit 'featuring Ozzy Osbourne') has set tongues wagging from New York to Knebworth (how apt!), the Sabs' less than illustrious recent career and Ozzy's ten-month absence from notoriety only adding strength to suspicions?

Certainly it's a *ludicrous* foundation for future success. Anyone who's ever spent any time with Ozzy, however brief, will have been treated to his often hilarious views on Sabbath's guitar giant – "boring" being the least wicked – while the strained relationship between the Osbournes and Don Arden (BS manager) is scarcely the music industry's best kept

secret.

Nevertheless, truth is often stronger than friction, and if Purple can...

"There are *no* definite plans about a permanent Sabbath thing. Forget it! We're all *different* people now. I'm a different guy, I've grown up a lot since then, and I'm not gonna have someone telling me what to do. I'm not a band member anymore, I'm a band leader. It's a whole different ball game."

Ozzy Osbourne doesn't just deny the rumours, he positively *denounces* them. But remember: this is a man who's known to change his mind more often than his musicians. I remain a little sceptical. Ozzy remains adamant.

"Say it *did* happen, say we went out and got an advance, a new record deal... I've got a perfectly good deal *now*. And if you start talking about

finance, then it *stinks*, the whole thing just leaves a bad taste in your mouth. The Deep Purple thing: let's face it, the bottom line is all down to *money*. It's not a very just cause."

A far more worthy cause, naturally, is Live Aid – at least the profit ends up in the right hands. Even so, Ozzy has previously remained as healthily cynical as his pal Jonathan King on the subject ("I don't really trust these things; I always wonder if *all* the money's gonna end up where it's needed") and, during more tired and emotional periods, he has cracked jokes on the subject well worthy of excommunication from the church of Geldof.

So isn't it rather hypocritical to join the bandwagon? Is it something Ozzy really *wants* to do?

"To tell you the truth, I

can't understand the logic behind it. I don't understand what it's gonna prove."

Ozzy is hesitant. He claims the idea was cooked up between wife/manager Sharon and Geezer Butler, and dropped on him during band rehearsals.

"I said, 'Absolutely *no*, no way, not *at all*. I mean, *why*? Why have I spent so much time breaking away from all that, only to... I've got an equally big, no, *bigger* following now than I ever had with Black Sabbath. Why turn the clock back? Why give those guys a break?'"

A flurry of arguments ensued, and then someone (wouldn't you love to know *who*?) leaked the idea to MTV. Ozzy was trapped.

"It was like a Catch-22 situation. I couldn't get away from it then. I mean, if I back out *now*, I'll be the only *bad* artist in the world to turn

around and say 'F*** it!', and that's a situation I don't want. My life's been reasonably peaceful for the last 18 months; I don't want people saying, 'Look at this f***ing moron, he wouldn't play for Ethiopia!'. That sort of thing has an effect. People don't want to work with you. So I'll do it. I won't take it too seriously, though!"

When Sabbath *do* finally step out onto the Philadelphia JFK Stadium stage after a few days of historical (hysterical?) rehearsal, they'll be armed with 'Paranoid', 'Iron Man' and... well, it partly depends on which songs Ozzy can recall.

"I'm gonna phone up Ian Gillan and ask him for his piece of paper that he used to read the lyrics off onstage!"

Lyrics are some of the few things holding up the

continues page 24

RETURN TO OZ

"I don't want people saying 'Look at this moron, he wouldn't play for Ethiopia'."



"You need young guys – why should I want old farts around me?"

THEY'RE BACK

TYGERS OF PAN TANG

'THE WRECK-AGE'



'The Tygers are on better form than ever before' — Mary Anne Hobbs

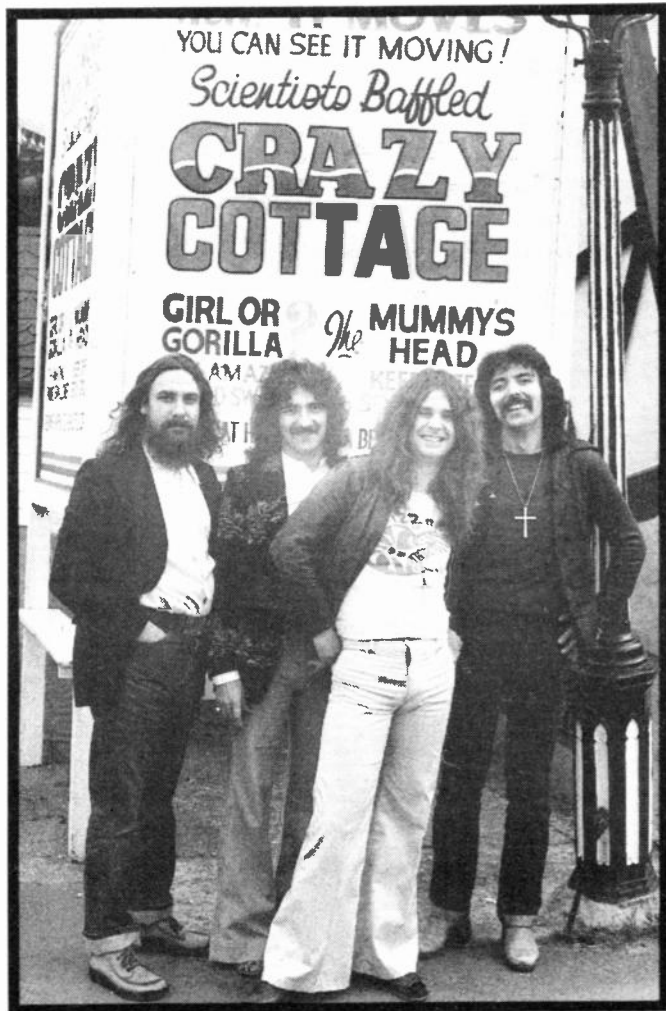
...SOUNDS

NEW ALBUM OUT NOW ON MUSIC FOR NATIONS — MFN 50

OZZY

from page 22

BLACK SABBATH loon around



progress of the next (much delayed) LP, hopefully due later this year. Provisionally titled 'The Ultimate Sin' – the 'Killer Of Giants' idea has been dropped, along with a "ridiculously out of control" *Jack And The Beanstalk* stage show joke/idea – it's a ten song collection that even the notoriously self-critical Osbourne reckons to be "good stuff".

"There's some regular headbanging shit: 'Killer Of Giants' is like a really heavy sound, kind of like an early Sabbath thing. And there's one song called 'Thank God For The Bomb' which should cause some outrage... but it's funny, you can take it either way. If we didn't have the bomb, everybody'd be killing each other with regular guns. At least it is a deterrent. CND? F*** 'em! I'll have the anti-nuclear squad, the RSPCA, the God Squad, all after me."

"And there's no ballads, not after the last one. I mean, you're bound to get a cross-section audience and in the end, you have to make up your own mind what you're about. I was talking to Jake" (E Lee – long standing guitarist) "about it – Jake was really unhappy about 'So Tired' on the last album and he's very much involved with this record, more so than I am, he's spent hours on it. That's why I'm not gonna jump for a name producer. I don't care who does it as long as I can sit down at the end of the day and be pleased with the result."

PRODUCERS HAVE always been a headache for Ozzy. He wavers between harking back to the 'good old days' when he "just went into the studio with an engineer and did the album and put it out" and admitting that he's hard pushed to "produce a fart". While he needs a producer to take away pressure in the studio, he's f***ed if he's gonna pay a guy £250,000 to sit there and go "Yes, no, yes, no..." Confused? You bet.

Who'll get the job is anyone's guess – contender Martin Birch is supposedly involved with Whitesnake, while Tom Werman's in the running, 'cept Ozzy's none too keen on the Mötley Crüe album sound (this week) – but meantime, work goes on in the Music Farm rehearsal studios, a few miles outside Brighton: a chance for me to catch up on what's happening and meet the new Ozzy lineup.

Yes, you read that correctly; another year, another band, although this one's certainly easier on the eye and, promises Ozzy, set to last... "till tomorrow!". Don Airey's left the camp, part of a move towards a "heavier sound", Tommy Aldridge said goodbye après the Rio festival, and Bob Daisley's headed for pastures new, although he may well still help out with the LP's arrangements.

In come ex-Lita Ford drummer Randy Caspillo, the survivor of two auditions ("the first time, in America, he had a broken foot; ever seen anyone try to drum with a club foot?") and on bass Phil Soussan, a veteran of numerous club bands, most recently playing with Robin George and a diehard ligger in the Neil Murray mould. Ozzy's pleased with him because, besides being "a great bass player" he is, like Jake, "quiet".

And under 30. Youth plays an important part in the new Ozzy band. He's definitely had enough of the old timers.

"You need young guys – why should I want old farts around me? I'm old enough. But having young guys in the band keeps me young, it keeps me in touch with what the kids are about. I was reading about Mick Jagger: Jagger doesn't employ anyone older than 30 in his organisation. I really think that that's the only way to keep up with the younger generation!"

"I can hold my own. I'm 36 years of age but I don't feel it. I just get on with the job. I'd

much rather have young musicians with me than when you look to the back of the stage and see all those bald patches. It's like the old Whitesnake band: great musicians but they looked like an old blues band. And the older generation don't buy the records like the younger kids do."

With an eye on the more mature market, Ozzy's come up with a new (part-time) musical direction – though I'm still holding out for a cassette to confirm that this isn't a wind-up – namely, swing!

It's a collaboration between the Osbournes and one-time Morgan Studios owner and swing luminary Monty Babson, taking in versions of 'Crazy Train', 'Mr Crowley' and, slightly more aptly, 'So Tired'. (Can you cope with this?)

"It's turned out f***ing good, a real professional big band sound – it's really interesting. We're thinking of doing an album, 'Monty Swings Ozzy', with a picture of me hanging on the sleeve. Just think of the novelty of it – it's hysterical."

"I'm gonna send a copy of it to Sinatra; well, you never know. Wouldn't it be a trip to see him do it? Something like 'So Tired', I reckon he'd really go for that style of song. Believe me, it's a great one for a party!"

True to form, Ozzy subsides into giggles. He's undoubtedly a more cheery character than at the Rock In Rio fest in January. Then, having just gained freedom from the infamous Betty Ford drink/drugs rehabilitation centre, he sat rather gloomily by the hotel pool, nursing a solitary beer and summing up the gathering of rock glitterati as: "A veteran's camp; if you put all the ages here together, you'd end up with a prehistoric animal!"

These days, bombarding his hapless new band with stink bombs, he's almost back to normal. A reasonably settled recording situation is, I'm certain, partially

responsible – Ozzy's delight in his newly recruited sidekicks and near completed LP material doing as much to banish ideas of a Sabs reformation as any negative statements – as is his to-hell-with-it decision to down the occasional drink.

But is this a happy compromise or a failure for Betty Ford?

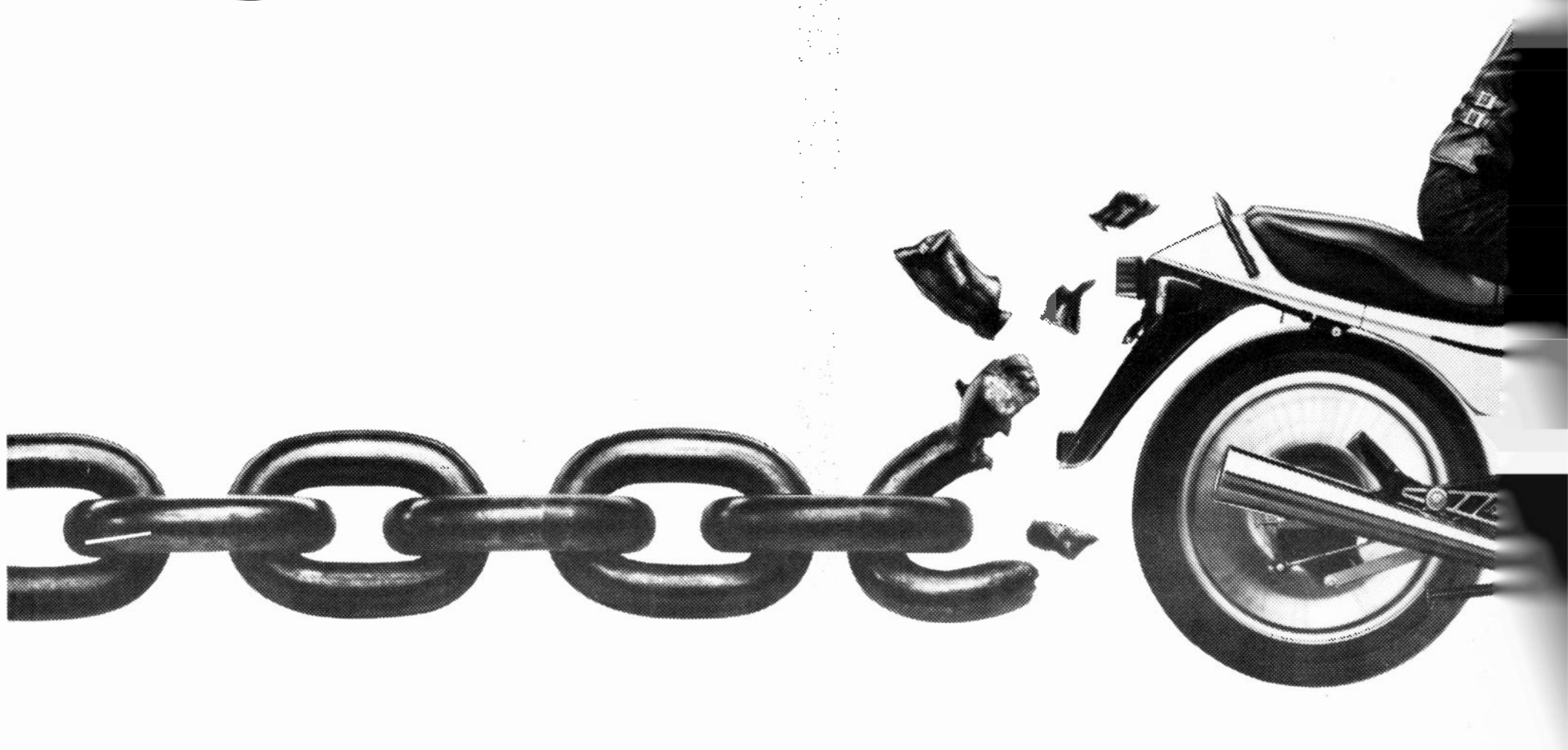
"My time at the clinic educated me. It was the first time I'd spent any time away from drink and drugs but, in this business, you can't avoid a drink. And I've never been a born-again type of person. At least now I monitor it. If I say no, that's no for the whole day. If I have a drink, then it might as well be a bar full – I'll drink till I drop. But as long as you can accept being an alcoholic, and I am an alcoholic..."

Ozzy admits that, when the pressure's on the increase, the boozing builds up accordingly. Thus: "When I heard about this Sabbath thing, I went straight into a bar and drank a f***ing bottle of Scotch!" So he's unlikely to be weathering a dry spell as the rumours roll, rumours which, considering the Osbourne history of changeability, probably won't die until he once again takes to a British stage with action-packed accomplices and a spanking new vitality to match.

"When we played Donington last year, that was one of my greatest gigs ever. The energy level was phenomenal; I hadn't enjoyed myself so much in years, not since the really early Sabbath gigs. Black Sabbath could never top that!"

And with that, Ozzy launches into one of his daft anecdotes, pulling the whole shebang into perspective, telling of how one close family member, on hearing of the imminent Sabs Live Aid plans, enquired: 'But who's gonna be the singer?' Maybe blood really is thicker than water.

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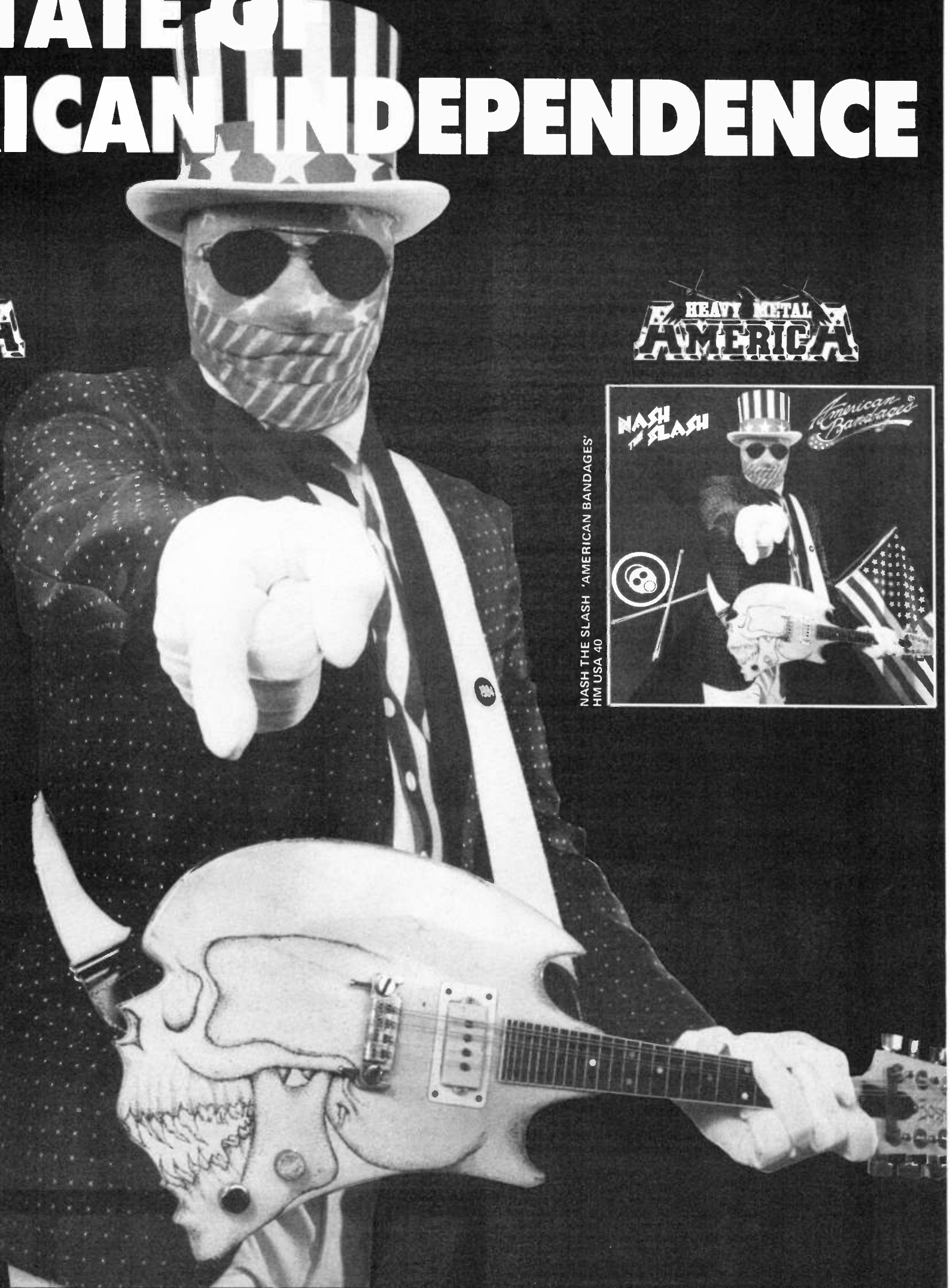
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USA NOVA!

The biggest star since Halley's Comet lights up over Wembley this week. Johnny Waller ploughs through his research and charts the meteoric rise of Bruce Springsteen

HE'S BACK!! After a four-year absence on these shores, Bruce Springsteen is playing live concerts in Britain again. Following his recent – long overdue – string of sudden hit singles and last autumn's trek across the sprawling territory of the USA, 'The Boss' is the man of the moment.

It's virtually impossible to tell people who have never seen him play just how ecstatically draining and inspirational Springsteen's shows can be. But if he delivers just a *fraction* of the excitement, atmosphere and sheer exhilaration of one hot steamy night in New Jersey last August, it will be truly phenomenal!

At that time, demand was so overwhelming that he sold out an incredible *ten nights* at New Jersey's Meadowlands, a huge indoor sports arena that holds 15,000 screaming rock 'n' roll fans.

This totally ridicules the "amazing" feats of certain British acts in filling the puny Hammersmith Odeon a couple of times and is a long, long way from an earlier Bruce group called Dr Zoom And The Sonic Boom, who once even supported the Allman Brothers!

Dr Zoom featured a very fluid line-up (it changed each evening, depending on who could be bothered to turn up) and also a Monopoly set!

"That was to give people who don't play anything a chance to be in a band," recalled Bruce with a laugh. "You know, so they could say 'Yeah, I'm in Dr Zoom. I play Monopoly.'"

Back then (this was 1971), hardly anyone cared – or even *knew* – about Bruce Springsteen. Now, as his latest world tour reaches Britain, *everyone* wants a ticket!

And no wonder: his fabulous, energetic, celebratory four-hour show brings back the excitement and adventure to rock. A Springsteen show is an event, one to be cherished and remembered. It is a show packed with highlights. . .

Right from the opening song – the anthemic 'Born In The USA' – Bruce and the E Street Band are on full throttle and they don't let up until everyone (musicians, audience. . . hell, even the popcorn vendors) are drenched with sweat and totally spent.

THE GROUP, of course, is stunning. Miami Steve has departed to concentrate on solo ventures, but his machine-gun guitar heroics have been taken up by the irrepressible Nils Lofgren – impish and brutal, spraying

jagged shards of fierce splintering squeals into the night air as the scarves tied to his guitar neck flutter like his own personal flag.

And Clarence Clemons: the big man with the big heart and a saxophone soul as vast as an ocean. He and Nils are the perfect foil for Bruce as they carve melodies around his stories and act as the fall-guys for his jokes and anecdotes, then go duelling with the Boss on cross-charges across the stage, their guitars tilted like lances poised with street honour and urgency, as Clarence blows his sax to heaven.

The power and passion of the whole show – even when Bruce has barely started his third song (and the order and choice of material changes every single night) is touching, almost tenderly so at times. Despite the staggering *noise* of this music, you can hear the piano peals like Spector's Wall Of Sound. If you don't like this, you're dead!

Springsteen takes rock 'n' roll clichés – the thundering beat, the swaggering boastfulness, the emotional lyrical narratives, the great swooning melodies that really are love songs – Bruce takes all these things from his own personal history of rock, he cuts them down and he re-invents them. He loved all the early artists, from Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis to the Beatles and Dylan – this was the music he grew up on. No matter what you choose to call it, this is *rock 'n' roll*.

"Sometimes people ask, who are your favourites?" Bruce told *Creem* magazine in 1978. "My favourites change. Sometimes it's Elvis, sometimes it's Buddy Holly. Different personalities. For me, the *idea* of rock 'n' roll is my favourite. The feeling."

"Rock 'n' roll came to my house when there seemed to be no way out. It just seemed like a dead-end street, nothing I liked to do, nothing I wanted to do, except roll over and go to sleep or something."

"And it came into my house, snuck in, ya know, and opened a whole world of possibilities. Rock 'n' roll motivates. It's the big gigantic motivator, at least it was for me."

And, for 15,000 kids going absolutely crazy each night, it is too. Just for a night, everyone gets that special feeling inside. Every time Bruce moves to one side of the stage (or even the back) one section of the crowd goes nuts – at one point he drops into the crowd at the front and a crazy girl hurls her body at him, embracing him with joyful release, while he grins sheepishly and tries to do what the characters in his songs do – just keep on going.

"The characters ain't kids," said Bruce in an interview, "they're older – you been beat, you been hurt. But there's



Steve Rapoport

CLARENCE CLEMONS:
Soul of E Street



LF

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: passion, sweat, lust and desire

still some hope, there's always hope. They throw dirt on you all your life, and some people get buried so deep in the dirt that they'll never get out. My music's about people who will never admit they're buried that deep."

Most of the audience are filled with a babbling spirit that transports them into a frenzy of participation – the show is like a cup final crossed with a revivalist meeting – while others seem to be dumbstruck by the sheer magnificence of this man: he's a supreme communicator.

He feeds off the energy of the crowd and drips sweat. He's De Niro and Scorsese combined, a blue-collar American dream once proud, still unbowed and struggling against frustration and deprivation. The heart of America pumps.

AS ELVIS Presley was to the young Brando – all sneers and disdainful energy – so Springsteen is De Niro's counterpart in extraordinary situations. He elevates mundane everyday life to the level of romantic myth by concentrating not on actions (like sex, cars, drinking) but on dreams (freedom, travel, romance, love, pride).

"The point in a lot of my songs is that they're like scenarios, they're like plays. And the power is not so much in the immediate imagery or the immediate physical picture that's presented as it is in a certain battle being waged between just whatever forces are in the songs. So generally, I write things on a bigger-than-life scale in a certain way.

"Plus, I write about moments – I don't write about the everyday. . . I write a lot about action moments, moments when people are pushed into a certain action, to do something to get out of their present situation or circumstance or predicament – to step out, to break loose. And I think there's a certain romanticism and a certain kind of everyday heroism that is inherent in this. It's something that's very real to me."

But it's a *tough* romanticism, not goeey or schmaltzy – he's not afraid to show the tender side of being a man's man, but he avoids the excesses of sentimentality.

This is perhaps best expressed in songs like 'Badlands' where he sings "I believe in the faith that can save me" or on 'Dancing In The Dark' – "you can't start a fire without a

spark" or on 'Trapped' (an old Jimmy Cliff song) which is transformed into an anthem of defiance and resilience.

"Someday I'll walk out here again. . ." Bruce sings, and at an unseen signal the band drops out, leaving just a religious organ underpinning the reverence of it all.

On 'Prove It All Night', Bruce's wailing guitar work really comes to the fore, when Clemons' solo is more than matched by Bruce's own, and he seems to be ripping redhot beams from the guitar neck.

And on the next couple of songs, there is the awe-inspiring sight of Springsteen and Lofgren swapping lead lines so you can't tell which is which, they gel so perfectly.

This isn't slick, it's just perfectly rehearsed and wonderfully harmonious – mesmeric!

The first part of the show closes with Bruce sliding on his knees – guitar still screaming the song of the brave – straight into Clarence's arms!

I came to the show with an attitude that mixed doubt, interest and desire – and suddenly I found myself shaking my head in disbelief, wondering what the hell this band, this man, this incredible rock 'n' roll performer could possibly do in the second half that could prevent the show now becoming an anti-climax.

But as soon as the band blasts off with the raunchy 'Cadillac Ranch', which sees five of them (there are eight in the band) leaping down to the front, you know that they'll simply give you more of what you always wanted. This is Springsteen's secret: he's brought rock 'n' roll – with a feeling of energy and emotion – back from the stars and given it back to the people.

'Glory Days' sums up the feeling and pride perfectly, a re-enactment of American youth: brash, confused, sometimes heroic, wild, anxious and arrogant. But Springsteen can never become a parody of heroic rock, simply because he is the real thing – maybe the last American hero. *Rocky IV*?

'Used Car' and 'My Home Town' admittedly stray dangerously close into the slush of John Denver country, but always the sentiment is more important than the sentimentality.

Every member of the band plays with consummate skill and empathy for the overall sound rather than trying to outshine each other – there are enough solos to go around, and the audience obviously identify really closely with members like Clarence and Nils.

BUT IT'S not all cosy vaudeville – when Bruce and Clarence leap over the monitors together at the high point of the crashing 'Thunder Road', it's like an over-the-top spearhead – *combat rock*!

By now, unfortunately, Bruce's voice has begun to sound worn and hoarse, though still tinglingly evocative, but it almost adds to his aura of being worn down by the day's labour, bloodied but refusing to surrender while he can still draw breath.

And that's the core of Springsteen's appeal and success. He certainly isn't the greatest singer of all time, nor the sharpest guitarist, and occasionally even his songs sound decidedly second-hand. But like John Fogerty, Bruce is a working man with dirt in his fingernails and dreams in his heart.

"Are you hungry inside?" he demands before firing into 'Hungry Heart' – and the crowd are putty in his hands. Every mention of New Jersey gets a roar of approval from the partisan audience.

When Clarence and Nils play solos, Bruce himself seems as great a fan as anyone else: that's part of his universal appeal, the everyman!

But he's aware of his own importance and of rock 'n' roll's proud history, constantly cross-referring to his own songs, to American cities, to girls' names.

Because of the round-the-stage theatre setting, (with audience at the back), there is no back-drop, no flashy dramatic theatrical device – the theatre of the event is in the *performance* itself.

And the performance is in the marvellous songs. 'Because The Night', 'Fire' ("burning in my soul" the key phrase for the whole of the evening, and maybe for the whole of Springsteen's work), 'Racing In The Streets' – the enthusiastic crowd somewhat ruining this with their boisterous lack of respect for such tender emotions – and the songs just keep on coming. You want fast rock 'n' roll? Here's 'Pink Cadillac'! You want slow anthems? Here's 'Jungleland'! You want hit singles? Here's 'Dancing In The Dark'. What more could you want? Blood?

Admittedly, there are no flashbombs, no dry ice, no elaborate theatrics – just passion, sweat, lust and desire. And that's the way it ought to be.

Because, as Bruce himself once said, "You see, what those guys don't understand is that there was *supposed* to be an Eleventh Commandment, and all it said was: *Let it rock.*"

N

DESPERANDUM

On the eve of Springsteen's London dates Ralph Traitor tracks down Nils Lofgren, the latest resident on E street

Steve Rapoport



THE MANY faces of Nils Lofgren

NILS LOFGREN, pop-punk prodigy turned career cult artist, is fortunate enough to have spent the majority of his professional life successfully bronco busting those ever-diminishing circles in which everything is orbiting. Since his debut with Grin in 1969, Nils has shown his mettle repeatedly as a songwriter and has also shared stages with Neil Young and, now, as a fait accompli and crowning glory, Bruce Springsteen.

It's certainly poetic and artistic justice that finally Nils is in a niche that is bigger-than-life and better than anything else he's sampled. And, naturally, the renaissance for this man began much longer ago than one might expect.

"Well, Bruce and I met about 13 years ago at an audition night at the Fillmore West and stayed in touch, off and on, since then. About four or five months before this tour (the Born In The USA World Tour) started, I was up in New Jersey and stopped to visit Bruce for a few days. I told him if he ever needed a guitar player, I'd like an audition; it was a passing thing, but I wanted him to know that. About five weeks before the tour started, he asked me to jam and I went up there and passed the audition, and I was very happy about that — it was a very special day for me. I went to work then. I had a lot of work to do."

Well, for a fellow with 15 years of distinguished solo work to rest his laurels on, Nils' self-deprecating attitude is somewhat disconcerting. Especially seeing as 'Flip', a new solo project, is on the rocks.

"My commitment's to Bruce and the band, and when they're not working I just go back and pick up where I left off with my own solo thing; there's no decisions to be made — it's that simple. To me, it's not a sacrifice at all, it makes it more fun and easier to do what I'm doing, and it's given me more confidence."

Recorded at Philadelphia's Warehouse Studios during a six-week break from touring with Springsteen, 'Flip' is a direct job of melodic rock 'n' roll, the type of which Nils excels in delivering. Less bluesy and down-tempo than

some previous winners, it's patently a radio rock album which concentrates on mature components, from the band of hardened session boys down the line to producer Lance Quinn, known for his work with Talking Heads.

Nils expresses his extreme pride in the new product, considering it the best work of his career. But there will be no solo tours for as long as The Boss is ready to roll. Typical of all of Bruce's associates, Nils feels a strong loyalty to his leader and, to some extent, current mentor.

"My whole life, really, I've been a frontman so this to me is a refreshing change. I love bands and I'm more of a band person — I missed playing in bands, that's why I put together so many temporary ones. The allegiance Bruce gets is deserved, he returns it, it's a two-way street. He earns that kind of allegiance by the way he carries himself as a human being."

When asked about the consensus on Springsteen's supremacy and that of his band, Nils smiles knowingly.

"Just being a part of it, it's a real special treat that comes along, sometimes never, sometimes once in a lifetime. I've been very lucky. I got to admit, I'm pretty impressed. Y'know, it's nice to be a little more objective because it's not my songs and all that; I have been a fan of his for a long time, it's just personal taste, but I find myself laughing sometimes on stage because it's just such a great band."

NILS' RELAXED appreciation of his privileged place must have some effect on his next solo stretch. With so much positive energy focused on his album, I asked about his approach.

"I'm singing a lot better — most of the vocals I did live while we cut the tracks, which made for more of an emotional performance. For, whatever cracks or bad notes I might have hit, I'm looking past that now and trying to capture the emotion because I've learned that, when I take the time to make things technically correct, then I look back and realise they don't feel as good as the imperfect part I did live. I lose something when I overdub, so this album I made a point of recording everything up front."

At home with his success and proud of his work, Nils Lofgren may only just be beginning to tap a whole new vein. Anyhow, he's confident... and you can't argue with a confident man.



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so, too, is the question of the risk incurred by sovereign borrowers. It is important to put this question into context. There are good reasons why banks should wish to lend to governments, private corporations and banks in other countries, in the same way as they do to any other customer. In some cases we have relationships going back over many years involving trade finance. Often, too, lendings have resulted from the support of major export projects, whether from the United Kingdom or other countries in which we operate.

The finance required for major projects has also become larger — for instance equipping an airline with a new jumbo jet and its spares costs £45 million and the 750,000-ton tankers now in service cost some £40 million each. It is also true that the world is becoming a riskier place in which to do business.

think of the heart of the matter of what we produce in Japan. Our exports to the European Community with...

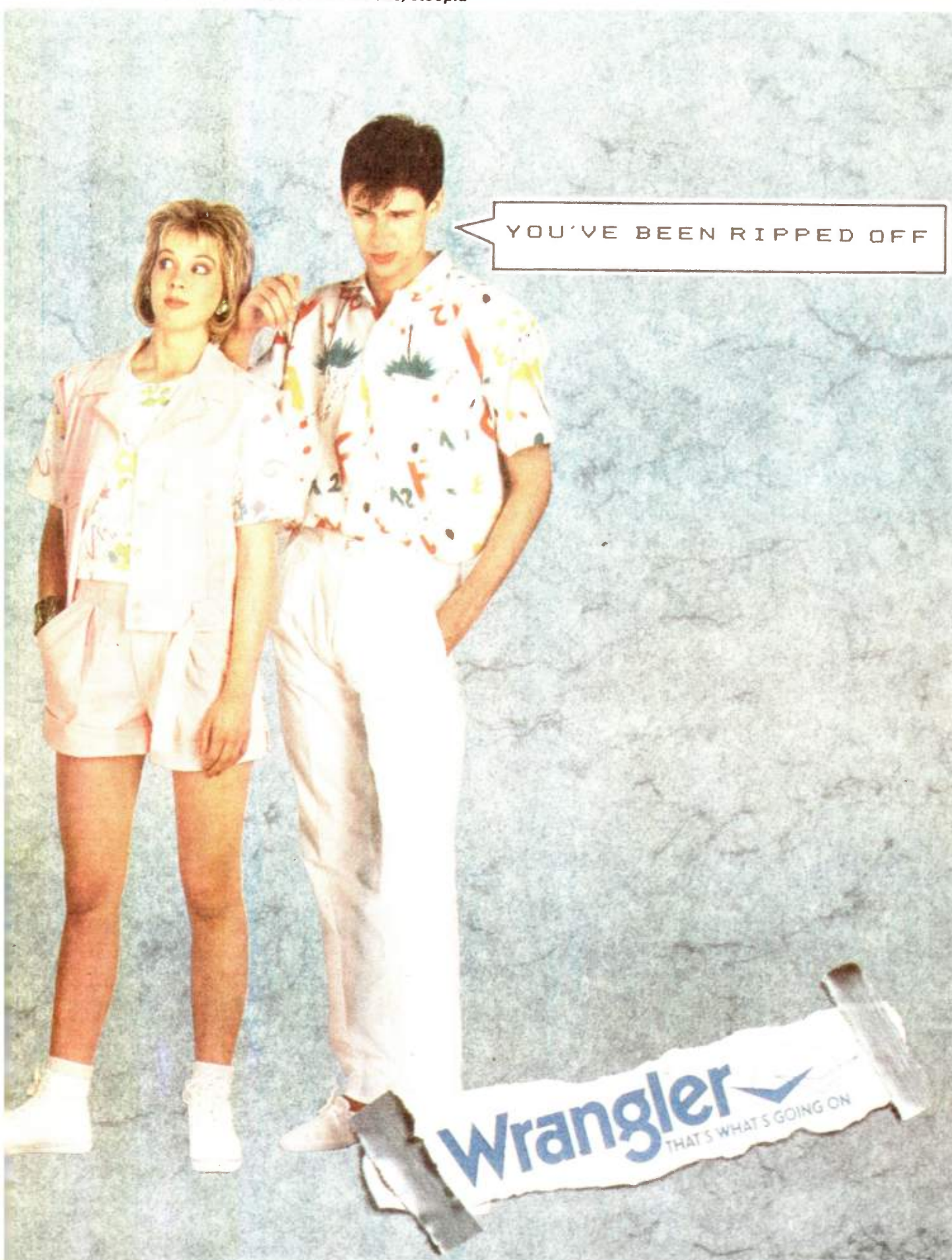
Our previous trade diminished in importance to exports to the Commonwealth in 1980 compared with almost 10 per cent in 1970. The job is now to build on the new trade to try and return to a previous strength and is beyond recall.

Finally, our most important element is before us. For the universities in this country, the characteristic of the students are...

Can Waysted ever stop doing the "horizontal shuffle" and be taken seriously? Kev Hellrazer checks out the facts about getting drunk in public, hard-rock style. . .



WAYSTED: watch the birdie . . . Not that one, stoopid



"VICK AND Lucozade, the meaning of life!" Thus spake Fin, lead warbler and the token sober man with rock 'n' roll mercenaries Waysted. The young urbanite is all wide-eyed about the glories of the foursome's upcoming elpee — that's why I'm crouched in the plush London squat of Music For Nations, deciphering the guy's northern accent.

For me — despite rumours that this platter sees the band move away from their sloppy image toward take-me-seriously-I'm-yours *real* rock territory — 'The Good, The Bad, The Waysted' is no more than a competent effort covering little new ground. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't, one supposes.

I get off to a good start by comparing the lads to Aerosmith! "Do you *really* think I sing like Steve Tyler?" says a puzzled Fin. "Does Paul Chapman emulate Joe Perry? I suppose you have a point in the Waysted lifestyle but, musically, I see little comparison. I guess we party in the same kinda way that got Aerosmith their reputation, but that's all."

Stepping on dangerous ground, I suggest that Waysted will never get taken too seriously when Pete Way continues to do the old horizontal bop every time he's seen in public. Eh? Fin considers the query. "Pete has had a lot of bad press because of this, but nobody sees him as the talented individual that he is. I mean, no-one could last as long as he has in this business without a stroke of genius. He's one of the nicest guys I've met and has inspired my confidence throughout our short career. You'd be amazed if you knew how helpful he's been to his younger protégés."

"He even felt that our name leant too heavily towards him, crediting him more than the band as a whole. This says it all." (Thank goodness — Features Ed.)

More over, Saint Bob! It's the vinyl that counts however and, though I'd prefer a return to the 'Vices' sound 'n' image, I *did* get a tickle outta the Springsteenish 'Heaven Tonight'. By the way (no pun intended) who is this guy Broooce in the scheme of things, Fin?

"I personally see him as rock 'n' roll's mentor. If anybody stinks of rock 'n' roll, it's this man! He spits 'n' shits talent like a baby does rucks!" (Give this kid a job! — Features Ed.)

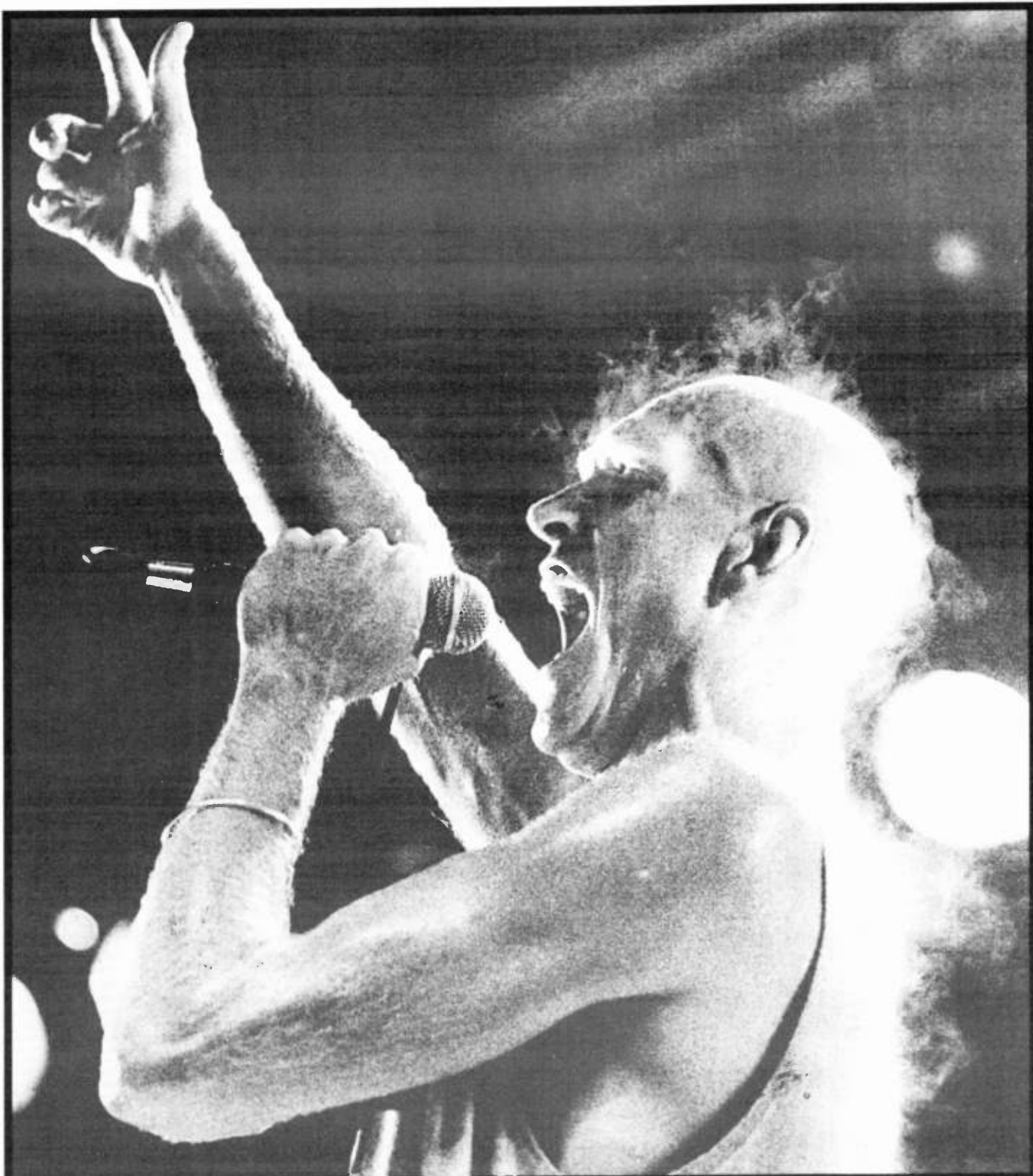
Oddly enough, for a member of a band themselves considered a joke for a long time, Fin has little regard for the trash-trash outfits purveying the 'worst band ever' vibe. Venom, frinstance! "When bands like *that* manage to shift sales then times are obviously changing for the worse." Some would say the same about Waysted. . .

Despite this new 'quality' and 'together' image they're pushing, Waysted still seem to find simple things a bit beyond 'em. Like, what happened to the tour to promote the new stuff?

"We *had* planned a large tour with Rogue Male supporting, but with our geographical sitings — Andy in LA, Paul in Wales and Pete speeding (!) round Europe — it made things impossible to finalise. But we do hope to be back on the road soon. It really bugged me, as I'd trained specifically for the tour, only to hear of it being cancelled at the last minute." Which brings us back to all that Vick and Lucozade in the intro. Pity it's all been Waysted. . .

WAYSTED TRUTH

MIDNIGHT



PETER GARRETT: a steaming performer on stage and in the political arena

CALLERS

MIDNIGHT OIL have been the biggest thing in Australia for seven years. Having a seven-foot-tall lead singer may have helped, thinks Chris Roberts

THEY ARE, as you would expect, longer than most, and have purple diamonds running up and down the sides. Snazzy trousers! "Thanks, mate." Last time we met you filled me with apple juice. "It's strange, isn't it?" What - apple juice? "No; the way some things seem to have taken place yesterday and yet things which happened yesterday seem a long time ago..." Yes it is. "Yes."

Peter Garrett is a seven-foot-tall bald Australian, and is not a typical anything. His band Midnight Oil have been influential, militant, and the most popular group in Australia for nearly seven years. Their last album '10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1', went triple platinum (though sadly ignored here) in '83, and focussed strongly on the nuclear disarmament issue, as will the soon-to-be-released 'Red Sails In The Sunset'.

Midnight Oil are currently in England, having accepted an invitation to play the Glastonbury CND festival and various other gigs. (Earl's Court thrilled to the news.) Last December, Garrett took his politically effervescent lyrics into the real world with his high-visibility candidacy for a federal seat from the New South Wales state.

His Nuclear Disarmament Party did take one senate seat in the parliamentary elections, and he is now something of a media celebrity, although that's not why he did it. The Oils continue to play benefits for women prisoners, dole queues, Save The Whale, and movements against uranium mining. Manic live performer Garrett sings viciously intense songs about militarism, Vietnam, American foreign policy, middle-class apathy...

Midnight Oil are active idealists.

"There's a Catholic priest I know who works with street urchins. He's been mugged, bashed about... he's an amazing bloke... anyway, these kids needed a house so we did a show to raise money for that just before we came here..."

He's not being pompous or self-righteous, though. When I ask if he can encapsulate the group's motivations and principles concisely, he's swift to shrug off the stream of accolades I'm quoting at him from the Aussie press...

"We should be doing more. Our impetus has always come from a desire to write, perform and make music honestly, without having it treated like a box of soap powder. To bring a kind of pleasure to people without robbing them blind. We've a commitment to our sense of place, to what it is to be Australian in 1985, and to what's going on in the world generally."

Did your recent personal political activity affect the group? And does that matter? Did you have to step outside the music for a while?

"No, I did it in the middle of a big tour!" laughs the Lurch-like one. "I just held press conferences and insulted politicians. Midnight Oil became more of a household name than probably was in order, but at the end of the day I did it really just to get the issue up, to get the major parties talking about it, not ignoring it. And we succeeded."

"I guess it's inevitable that a 'rock singer in a well-known band' running for office is the sort of thing the media just loves, and I admit I made great use of that, to talk hard politics. I had to get up early every morning; that was a pain."

"And I had the CIA following me, newspapers waiting for me to swear - you know, front page: 'Candidate Says Shit!'"

The conservative youth

vote was pushed leftward by Garrett's 'presence', political observers reckon. But his proudest achievement is "that we've lasted so long, and not sold out anywhere along the line. We always said we wouldn't, and we didn't. And now we don't need to. Also, you can now hear a song about, say, El Salvador on Australian radio".

NOW I suppose you'll be wanting to know about the music. How about a kangaroo with a pinball machine in its pouch? I have to mention The Clash, The Surfaris, The Saints, Ultravox, and The Celibate Rifles, but it's more of a commanding, palpitating and peculiar hybrid than even that suggests. Garrett's eerie voice scratches and scrapes over a relief map of Sydney



OILERS assembled

after the fall-out. Crashes and corn.

Sometimes, Midnight Oil are a heavy metal band. (Having said that, only three tracks on the new album, er, overdo it a bit.) 'Red Sails' leaps from grandiose to graphic like Garrett's onstage antics, or '10-9-8... very loud, or a frog on a hobby-horse. From Japanese brass bands to tirades about Jimmy Sharman's Boxers and the shocking effects of radiation. A dozen kaleidoscopic sociopolitical watchdogs bark in disharmony.

"We had to do a song about Harrisburg - that was the one international key word we hadn't used! It's... just a batch of new songs pulling out to different styles. Not too much has changed."

I saw you live in '83 (creek) and thought the subtleties of your records were mangled within inches of their lives by the 200-ton guitars...

"Oh, that's just an English view of an Australian band!" I'm not English.

"Here, you're more intense, you're more aware and critical 'cos you've got so much music to choose from..."

Right - from Black Lace to Blancmange...

"You challenge not just what you say but also how you're saying it. I think we stand up well. Not too many of us Aussie bands are renowned for our subtlety, are we? Apart from the new breed that are doing well over here - The Triffids and others. They probably thrash quite hard too, actually. We just started off playing with all the 'here it is' energy we had, and now I guess we'll always play like that."

Midnight Oil, who quite recently attracted 43,000 people to the Sydney Entertainment Centre, are also Rob Hirst (drums), Peter Gifford (bass), Martin Rotsey and Jim Moginie (twin guitars, as they say). They retain a hardcore following among 'surfers', which is vaguely the Australian for 'punks'.

Why are you here? "I haven't yet absorbed what's happened here politically in the last 18 months or so, but we get some pretty strange versions! We're just looking forward to playing some small joints..." (he means, like, Hammersmith Palais) "...and just being a band, as in 'band'. If British audiences ever do decide to take to the band just 'cos they like the music, that's grand."

Do you still have a hostile relationship with the record industry?

"I think we can relax more now, 'cos what we say goes. But the danger in relaxing too long is that they'll get you when you go home!"

"Are we hard rockers or committed idealists or what? In the middle of all these dichotomies, we're comfortable."

You don't write many love songs.

"There's been a few along the way, but... it's just not the type of thing I'm prone to singing about. It's a well-trodden path, and there are some people that do it very well."

HOW CAN you remain optimistic when visions of holocausts (like the one on the cover of 'Red Sails' - Sydney, post-fallout?) run at least parallel to reality?

"Ah - because I believe positively in the power of humanity to affect changes over its circumstances. It's done so in the past. Despite the madness of doctrines that've led to ridiculous amounts of nuclear weapons, we're still a long way away from people actually blowing up the world. Life is precious, I can't wilfully allow myself to be part of a civilisation which will commit suicide."

"I'm very optimistic. I can't abide this 'no future' attitude. I know kids from five years ago, from this country, who were all saying, 'what's the point? We're all gonna get blown up', but now those five years have gone, with those people having just had terrible lives. When they could've been doing something, not just standing around staring at the ground. We feel quite young, considering we're so very serious..."

Shall we dance? "Oh yes, I do like to get down. I subscribe to the dance and feet theory, as long as the knowledge and feeling are there. Now tell me what's been happening here."

"Oh well, there's been The Jesus And Mary Chain and loads of my friends seem to be getting married and it rains a lot."

"Mmm. And some people will stop being fat while others will stop being thin."

Mmm.

Mmm.

Mmm.

Peter Garrett and Midnight Oil want a perfect world. So do most social workers, electricians, bus conductors, school teachers, and caged pandas. But Midnight Oil make better records, and are not passive purist dreamers. A unique folk phenomenon for modern rockers. Peter Garrett is huge.

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Pig sick of the system, The Neurotics opt for the good life. But will they make Top Of The Chops? wonders Mr Spencer



Tony Mottram

MRS THATCHER and The Neurotics involve themselves with the latest Cabinet re-shuffle

STY COUNCIL

ACTUALLY, THE Neurotics are almost without doubt nothing like you'd expect them to be.

They are a) thoroughly musical and b) very reasonable, and they adore conversation. Yet nothing they say is embarrassing, not even under the influence of alcohol.

In fact, they are probably among the best Punk/Rock/Soul (Soul!) bands in the country, despite the dark cloud of relative obscurity that persists in lingering above their heads – a challenge, if ever there was one.

I freely admit to having heard only two Neurotics records, these being 1982's 'Mindless Violence' single – impressive for the way in which, at certain moments, Steve Drewett's voice trembles ever so slightly with emotion, stamping 'sincerity' all over the thing and filling the listener with a genuine respect – and the brand new 'Repercussions' mini-album, admirable for its compassion, warmth and reasoned argument.

Both discs strike me as being motivated by and infused with a wonderfully engaging *human* quality, which is perhaps what interests me most of all about the Neurotics – this and the exciting story behind the removal of the prefix 'Newtown' from their name.

Tonight, the group are in full flow, eager to dive in at the deep end and wallow up to their necks in words. The English language is lapping all around us, ripples of conversation splash against our skin and, as planned, I begin by drawing parallels between love and violence (mindless or otherwise) – pinching hard on my nose and going under. . .

"A lot of violence stems from the inability to come to terms with emotions which you've never been prepared to meet," says Steve. "Even people who are quite emotional and unafraid to discuss love, after they've talked about it, they go home feeling a little bit shameful; they're baring their souls, it's something that is not talked about. Taboo."

We will return to this later.

Are The Neurotics a greatly misunderstood band?

Steve: "Oh yeah. For instance, we've had so many good reviews, they were coming so thick and fast at one time, people were expecting something. . . I don't know what they were expecting, but there is definitely a situation where, so far as the music-buying public is concerned, one lot of people view us as one particular band, and the other lot view us as another, and both of them are wrong."

"The first prerequisite in getting a band off the ground," the gently paddling singer adds, "is – as someone quite famous once said – Create An Image, and most bands do that. But my attitude from the beginning has been that we're talking about *no bullshit*. There's no way we're going to start being anything that we aren't; we're coming across just as we are, and that may be boring so far as entertainment is concerned, but that is the way it's going to be."

Can you foresee a time where you've yet to make a big impression upon the world, and inevitably you pack it all in?

"No," answers guitarist Colin, firmly and with apparent sincerity, "never in a million years. It may take us longer than other bands, but everything we do, it's always going up a rung. All the time, people are becoming more aware of us. You've got to keep a positive outlook."

As socialists, did you feel a sense of helplessness upon learning of Norman Fowler's plans to 'streamline' the Welfare System?

Simon: "You feel like you're a lone voice standing on the outside, and it doesn't matter how much you shout, nobody's going to listen. It is bloody frustrating, and so many of my friends have been caught out by that it's untrue."

"The Lodgings Bill that just went through – where they take away everyone's lodging money and force them" (people without work) "to move on after four weeks – that was incredible."

Colin: "It's a hard thing to try and rationalise, that the Government of your country is fundamentally *evil*. It takes some thinking."

We argue about the relevance of the word 'evil' for a good ten minutes, and end up discussing the value of Releasing The Pressure.

Does it help, being able to sing and shout and scream about these insane people?

Colin: "Yeah, it's the primal scream. And, apart from this, we know that when we get up onstage we play bloody good rock 'n' roll music for an hour, and people ought to be able to come away with a smile on their face and sweat on their brow."

LET'S TAKE a look at pub-talk. . .

Steve: "A lot of it is concerned with violence; violence is watched on television, is *allowed* on television, and is a point of discussion continually, it's part of the whole fabric of world events."

Colin: "It's openly encouraged."

Steve: "But to actually show nakedness on TV, or sex, or love, is something they just won't have. I mean, the balance between the two reflects the state of this society."

Simon describes to us a recent evening's drinking session, during which a heated argument between two very close friends climaxed with one of the pair striking the other. . .

"And it was a sad and sorry sight," he recalls. "The bloke who threw the punch was bawling, he really did cry, and to me that was so bloody compassionate; it *wasn't* mindless violence."

Colin: "But it really is terrible the way blokes can't show that sort of thing, whereas women can, because they're supposed to be *weaker* and *wetter*, and we've got this big macho image to keep up, whereby you don't cry, and you don't put your arm around another man – that's why thugs have muck-about fights, yet you see women walking down the street arm-in-arm, two best mates, you know?"

Do you adhere to the theory which says that, if men were permitted to cry more openly, a good deal of the bottled-up tension which leads to violence would be relieved?

Simon: "Yeah, I do."

Colin: "I'm an absolute softy. I mean, I watch a wet film on the telly and I'll bawl my eyes out, but I'll feel good for it afterwards."

Steve: "The point is, violence is more acceptable, that's what's crazy about the whole thing."

Simon: "People can accept a bloke hitting somebody, but if they see a man crying, they're going to think, 'My God. . .'"

Steve: "Actually, the worst time is when a person can't do either, that's when it really screws you up, because you come away and it feels like your insides are being destroyed. You're destroying yourself by not having an outlet. People need an outlet."

So, we eventually clamber out of our pool of words, dripping ideas and feeling all the more alive for our vigorous two hour communication session.

We have surprised and enlightened even ourselves. I am impressed.

SWING TO THE LEFT

Rootin', tootin' thrash with a brogue, The Men They Couldn't Hang talk turkey to Glyn Brown



THE MEN look out for NUJ sharpshooters

WITH THE land on its knees to the Tin Woman, it's now as never before we need humour and hope. You'd think that they'd be hard to locate, but I can help you. I've found the loudest laughs, the drunkest grins, and the deepest *real* care for a crippled country – and they're playing music to shiver and sweat to.

The Men They Couldn't Hang thrash out a Pogues-type noise, their punk pulse mixed into folkish cowhand horseplay, but they temper their runaway trains – a hoot of a 'Donald, Where's Your Trousers?', a whiplacker of a 'Rawhide' – with towering, powerful works like their rendition of 'The Green Fields Of France'. A ballad but for the rasp of fury in its anguished lyrics, it's the tale of a young soldier felled in the bloodbath of the First World War. The voice of vocalist Cush caresses the tune like a blunt razor blade. Elvis Costello (on whose Imp label the Men record) must be a proud man.

"It's a magic song," admits joint vocalist/guitarist Phil Swill to his mates, as we chat in a typically cosy Camden inn. "I don't know where the power in it comes from but, each time we play it, it's as if it's the first. And it seems to draw the audience together. It's an amazing feeling."

As the band – Cush and Swill on vocals and guitars, Paul Simmonds on lead guitar and bouzouki, ex-Nip Shanne on bass and Swill's brother Jon from Geschlecht-Akt on drums – are the first to admit, the song was written during the Sixties by Scots-born Aussie Eric Bogle, then recorded by the Fureys before being given its new incarnation. One of last year's finest releases, it is now joined by the rousingly trades-union supporting 'Iron Masters' (single of the week in a recent *Sounds*) and their first LP. A positive stance is becoming apparent.

"We just want people to understand the things we think are important, like unity, and the futility of war..." Swill trails off, almost blushing, no doubt remembering journalistic

criticisms he received a while back. "Those are clichés, I know, but they are important. We are individuals, and we do have our own political views, but they're all slightly to the left..."

Paul: "My politics are Utopian."

That's more than slightly to the left.

Swill: "And I think Cush might be a bit of an anarchist." (Cush, I should explain, can't be with us today – he's up in Inverness, keeping his Boothill Foot-Tapping girlfriend warm.) "Our roadie definitely is." Jon, it appears, is a retired anarchist, forced into all but giving up.

There must be more to it than accepting the steel-tipped boot in the teeth, through? There is. Paul is an ex-dole queuer who put his out of work days to powerful use by spending them in the local library. From that, came an insatiable interest in history and the new single.

'Iron Masters' deals with the invasion into the Welsh valleys of the wealthy landowners of the 1800s.

"It began as a story song," explains Paul, who's of Welsh descent. "I'd read a book about that time in history, concerning an ordinary family just trying to get through. The men who owned the land weren't allowing them a decent living, and at last the family became politicised – awareness of it was forced on them. Finally, they had to split up to search for work. I was writing the song last year, and suddenly realised how parallel it was to the miners' strike." He goes on to tell me further harrowing Chartist histories, all of which occurred in the early nineteenth century but which bear frightening similarities to the situation in Britain today. 'Iron Masters', I remind him, ends with the shout "the Iron Masters, they still get their way!". Is that a despairing end?

"Not really, because the feel of the song is defiant. As long as you've got the spirit to oppose and rebel against repression, those people haven't got their way."

Swill: "But we want to make people realise that the problem is still going on."

And do you think that, while they're leaping about

to the tunes and yelling the choruses – after all, it's fun that the Men primarily give out live – people take in the words?

Swill: "Some do."

Paul: "It's a slow process, but it's certainly feasible. Not many bands do what we do, which is use historical subjects to illuminate the present. Maybe, though, we can inspire people to go and read about it, the way they wouldn't at school, because there it was boring. Then, they might become more aware. It is interesting." He seems concerned that I believe history books hold excitement. I'll go along with it, though I didn't accept it from a teacher.

At this juncture, Shanne's frisky four-year-old, Sigrid, starts yelling the way that only little girls of four can do, and we take it as a sign to get happy, but quick. So who or what inspires you?

Shanne: "Sigrid inspires me." A chuckle comes from under the table.

Swill: "The first thing that ever really inspired me was the Sex Pistols. I lived in Southampton, and it's a bit sheltered there. I read about the band in the papers, then I got the record – 'Anarchy In The UK' – thinking it'd be a laugh for me mates. I nearly cried with excitement when I played it. Couldn't believe it. It gave me hope that I could do something like that, too."

Paul: "DH Lawrence was my inspiration – he was like the Sex Pistols to me. That revolutionary and exciting. When I first read DH Lawrence, I felt the same way that I felt when I first heard the Clash. A brilliant way to look at life. I was young at the time. Optimistic." A wry laugh. "Well, I'm glad it was that I came across, and not something like *Suedehead*!"

Sigrid interjects a laugh of demonic hysteria at the mention of Lawrence. She's obviously still embarrassed by *Lady Chatterley*.

And Jon's inspiration. After a second's silence, he points at big brother and grins.

NOTICE there's a distinctly different feel to songs depending on whether Swill or Cush sings lead.

Swill: "Yeah, we've had a lot of criticism about that from some directions. Not audiences, but journalists – they say it divides the image. But I think it's a strong

point – it gives us a broader range. For instance, I couldn't imagine Cush singing 'A Night To Remember' or 'Walkin' Talkin', and I can't imagine me singing 'Green Fields Of France'. As soon as we write a song, it's obvious who should sing it."

Shanne: "And anyway, Cush's got a yokel sort of accent!"

Which goes some way, perhaps, to explaining the folksy tone at the back of the Men. Though they don't seem to have given much thought to the folk resurgence currently on our stages – the Pogues, the Boothills and so on – they go along with the idea that folk is the age-old sound of this country, a basic thing, as rock has become in the States. Paul comes up with the word "heritage".

Swill: "Just to go back for a minute, I'd say you can't really listen to the people who spout hazy criticisms – what we've done so far is working okay. You have to do what feels right. And that thing about my clichés, like saying we're anti-war – well, so what? We mean it, and we believe it, so who cares if it's a cliché? Music papers are full of them."

Ahem. So they are. Swill has ground his axe, and we press on – or try to. An ear-shattering four-year-old shriek pierces all our eardrums. The band try to behave normally. Why don't you tell me what 'Hush, Little Baby' is about?

Paul: "It's about a one-parent family, the child being brought up by the man – his wife has left him. I don't know if you've heard 'The Ballad Of Hollis Brown' – it's a sort of protest song from the Sixties – it's like," he gulps, realises the only way, since I don't appear to have heard the piece, is to quote, "Hollis Brown, he lived on the outside of town/With his wife and seven children/And a chicken shack falling down" – I can't remember the exact lyrics, but that kind of thing. It's the same theme. In our song, the chap gets so depressed that eventually the "hush, little baby" of the chorus means he's going to kill the kid, and himself afterwards. It's something you often read about in the Sunday papers or something. I read about two months ago of a police sergeant –"

Swill: " – oh yeah, he shot his family –"

Paul: " – he shot his *whole* family, and then he went upstairs and shot himself. Christ Almighty."

I mention the Violent Femmes' 'Country Death Song' as a counterpart. Both these pieces hold a miasma of sickly, brain-snapped pain. Both are magnetic. The conversation is slipping towards the analysis of depression, madness and current suicide figures. We've got to get off politics. Think, think.

Tell me how your name came about.

Swill: "Er... a friend came up with it, but..."

Shanne: "But there's also the old Irish story of the Man They Couldn't Hang. You know it? No? Well, this bloke tried to do himself in, but it didn't work. He was unsuccessful. He ended up with just a couple of bruises on his neck." Oh God.

Just then, Paul gets up to get in a bevy and Sigrid throws herself playfully at his legs, scoring a direct hit on the crotch area. As Paul stands mute, tears welling in his eyes, the men of our jolly little party wince in sympathy and Shanne and I howl with laughter. The feeling has changed like a lightning flash again: the Men have the ability to shift from one mood to another with disconcerting ease. This may be why each serious single has a wild and wacky B-side. Now seriously alcoholically lubricated, we skirt around the new album (apparently, Costello particularly likes the final track, 'Scarlet Ribbons'), the Men's infatuation with Demon records and Elvis' appearance on *Wogan* with the somewhat older-than-teenaged Agnes Bernelle.

And current musical recommendations?

Swill (well-oiled): "The Blubbery Hellbellies – brilliant. No-one takes 'em seriously" (I wonder why?) "but they're a great live show. And us. We're a bit of everything, plus a bit of fun. I think that, if I wasn't in The Men They Couldn't Hang, I'd probably like to go and watch them live. Sometimes we're out of tune, and I break a lot of strings, and sometimes you can see Cush's two false teeth drop out on stage, but..."

Paul: "But a band that's perfect is a bit of a bore." I agree. And so should you.

LETTERS



Illustration by Simon Cooper

CHOIR BOYS

AT the Hacienda in Whitworth Street, Manchester there's a full programme of events booked for the month of June. Gill Scott Heron appears on the 5th; there's a charity fashion show on the 9th and on the 13th The Pogues appear. On the 26th Jesus & Mary Choir and on 27th War make

LOOKS LIKE the Mary Chain boys have toned it down a bit! — John Taylor, Manchester

ANGEL DELIGHT

WHERE THE hell does "A man of true taste" get off calling Peter Gabriel "irrelevant oaf" and "wierdo"?!! I note that his dislike of the "wierdo" didn't prevent him from seeing the band more than once. I agree with his comments about Phil Collins, but in the wake of Phil's amazing success, it seems ridiculous to me that he should need defending. The commercial success of the band since Gabriel's departure speaks for itself.

This "tasteful man's" carefully worded letter indicates that he is under the delusion that Gabriel's career ended with the explosion of 76/77, conveniently ignoring the fact that Gabriel's post-Genesis work is as important as any musical trend which was emerging at that time.

And since he wants to use words like "irrelevant", let's see him deny the fact that the "irrelevant oaf's" more recent work has more relevance than Phil Collins or Genesis could ever hope to have.

A female of better taste. — Pam May, Toronto, Canada

GETTING YOUR OATES

WHAT CAN I say? Many, many thanks for the recent review of Hall And Oates. I was amazed that Sounds actually did it, but to actually give a favourable review of my heroes. Bang goes your credibility with the HM Brigade!!!

Please don't leave it so long next time, but thanks anyway. Hugs and kisses. Jay Lascelles

BOSS SOUNDS

DEAR MR Springsteen, Why do I have to hear that you're prancing in the dark, setting yourself on fire or confirming your nationality everywhere I go? Why do I have to see your mug shot on every street corner? Why did you have to deviate from the esoteric splendour of 'Darkness', 'The River' and 'Nebraska', etc? And why can't so many of the people, the faithful who can mostly relate to your music, not get tickets for the party?

I'll excuse you on the grounds that all of us are prone to incongruous whims but, after missing out for the third time in ten years, I am beginning to question whether your sincerity is not in fact banal hypocrisy. I'll still be around for the next ten years, but ask yourself how many of your Wembley guests will be? — D Lewis, an indignant believer, London

DR DR

I AM writing to you about Chris Robert's recent account in the singles page, of me and my friend Leopold's gig activities, under the title of Doctor And The Medics, Happy But Twisted.

I must say that being a Medics fan I was greatly flattered that you chose to write about us at the last Medics gig instead of reviewing the actual single. As grateful as I am, however, I must point out that your Mr

Roberts seems to be greatly misinformed about the Medics following. May I suggest that he actually attends a Medics concert himself and takes a good look at the audience, which he assumes are all acid crazed, misguided, tree eating, psychopaths. What he will actually see is a hall packed full of everyone from off duty traffic wardens to mohecan Deep Purple fans, all with the old fashioned idea of seeing a good band and being entertained. If Mr Roberts thinks that this many people return time and time again just to get completely brain fried then his estimation of normal people's intelligence must be so low that he should be pensioned off to write for the MM, or maybe he should take a closer look at the behaviour of his beloved The Jesus And Mary Chain's audience. In his review of the single he did mention the music once. He said that it sounded like Motorhead. If he is as journalistically accurate about the music as he is about the fans then I wouldn't be surprised if it sounded like The Art Of Noise.

Love Peace and Bananas — HARI (Shandy Crazy Morris 1100 driver) Oakham

CHINA SYNDROME

AFTER READING an article on 'London Calling', dealing with the Wham! tour in China, in the June 15th issue, I must state that your reference to the 'Chinks' is not amusing. Maybe these revolting, insulting written words are amusing to the author of this disgusting article (is the author by any chance a racist?). It seems ironic after a government report on race relations stating that it is worsening (although it hardly seems surprising with that kind of article). At the same time, one can hardly call this a 'music magazine' which disregards the ethnic minority ie the 'Chinks' (as written in print in your extremely bad-taste article).

Finally, I would certainly not buy this magazine again (if it is possible to call it as such). Yours, disgusted former reader. — A Yeung

RING MY BELL

WITH REGARD to Alastair Philp's letter of June 15. Alastair seems to think it necessary to damn another group, namely The Alarm, in order to give credence to his belief that those ageing rockers The Clash still have something worthwhile to offer the wonderful world of pop.

Now, I cannot deny that The Clash were once the most potent musical force to be found on this island. Yet, by the very nature of their existence, they always burnt on a short fuse. This fuse burned out completely after the uninspired 'Combat Rock' album. Mick Jones realised this and he wisely relented to internal pressure to sling his hook. The fact is that The Clash are a yesterday band and no number of novel ideas to regain public attention will succeed. To many of today's record-buying masses, they are nothing but a memory.

So, where does this leave The Alarm? Well Alastair, I suggest you quit living in a time warp and cut along to an Alarm gig at the soonest possible opportunity. You will find, not 'a bunch of pseudo punks with ace haircuts', but a committed band who perform with honesty and passion. If you find it hard to understand the meaning of The Alarm's songs, I suggest this is a judgement on your intellect and not the band's lyrics. Songs such as 'Where Were You Hiding?' and 'The Deceiver' have as much political vehemence as anything The Clash put on plastic.

I speak as someone who was not a particular Alarm fan until I saw them perform to a half empty hall in Poole and still play with their hearts and their guts on their sleeves. — A Pedrick, Sherbourne, Dorset

TURN IT OFF THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

I DON'T give a shit what programmes the Radio and TV Times recommends us to watch. Here's what I think would make a good evening's viewing:

DALLAS: Ewing Oil collapses. Bobby and JR join the ranks of the unemployed. Miss Ellie discovers she is pregnant. Clayton Farlowe buys Emmerdale Farm.

PANORAMA: Rt Hon Neil Kinnock talks to Robin Day about the lifestyle and function

of an MP. The programme also features his recordings of two Bill Haley songs, made when he was a teddyboy rock 'n' roll singer in Cardiff during the 1950s.

FOOD AND DRINK: This week the team look at cheap meals for unemployed teenagers: scrambled ant eggs, earth worm omelettes and grilled goldfish — plus how to make green caterpillar soup.

THE PRICE IS RIGHT: This week's top prizes include

a migraine headache, a free vasectomy operation, or a copy of the new Loft single.

WHISTLE TEST: David Hepworth introduces a live session of West Coast Crap Rock from CaCa And The Defecators and meets the much-hyped Doc Sausage And The Blowoffs making their first live TV appearance. Richard Skinner peruses the new Afghanistani r 'n' b charts.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY:

Sounds is voted Music Paper Of The Year. NME comes last.

EPILOGUE: Brough Scott reads excerpts from the racing papers and gives tips for tomorrow's meeting at York.

Now why not ask Sounds readers what they think would make a really exciting evening's viewing? Anyone who suggests four hours of TOTP will be hit over the head with a sock filled with set sand, OK? Rave on. — Rockin' Ron O'Shea

POCKET MONEY

JUST LAST Friday I queued for over four hours to get tickets for the Live Aid concert at the Gaumont Theatre in Ipswich. I was told by some locals that the theatre had about 1,000 tickets to sell. I knew that tickets were supposed to be £25 but when I finally got to the door, they were selling them for £25.50.

Am I correct in assuming that this is going straight into the pockets of whoever runs the Gaumont? Surely, if The Who can reform, Phil Collins jet back and forth, and numerous busy people donate time to co-ordinate the whole thing, a box office can handle the tickets without skimming off the top.

— G E Whishaw, 60 Rock Road, Cambridge, UK

STONE ME

HOW CAN anyone have gone to the Glastonbury festival and enjoyed themselves, knowing what was happening at Stonehenge? — Michael, Lincoln

ABBA NICE DAY

HOW THE hell can you let the likes of Ralph Traitor review vinyl by the likes of

Dumtruck, Dogmatics and The Cannibals, and then expect him to give a fair review of Agnetha Faltskog's new LP 'Eyes Of A Woman'? I suppose you all laughed your socks off when he was given that assignment — very funny.

By the way, congratulations on the photo that went with the review — it was only five or six years out of date! — Love, The Crying Angel

METAL FATIGUE

I JUST had to write to you concerning the belated end of the biggest pile of shit ever to reach the nation's screens. I refer of course to the pathetic ECT. As a heavy metal fan I tuned in each week but, after the first two shows, I felt like I was only doing so that I might see it get put out of its misery. What happened to all the good bands that I've seen over the past few years? The whole series was like watching the Bad News Tour for real every week. Since when was Snowy White metal? Or Doctor And The Medics, for that matter?

The only criteria for getting on the show appeared to be if your record company was prepared to grease the way. The line-up of has-beens like Spider and absolute no-chance incompetents like Rogue Male was an embarrassment to any rock fan, and only served to convince all rock haters that metal is a pile of shit played by ageing wimps.

The crying shame was that the opportunity to showcase the real talent around today like Hell's Belles or Tokyo Blade, or most of the new progressive bands, was just missed in favour of the bands with the biggest advances.

So far to this date, Sounds still remains the only sane place to find out what's worth a flying one in today's metal scene. Keep up the work of showcasing new bands and, if there ever is another series of ECT (God forbid), then they won't be able to say they didn't know who the real hot news was. — Pete Carson, living it down in Brixton

NOW LOOK here Sounds! OK, I know you've just moved to pastures green, and I know you've got to please the masses in your rag, but you boyz have got a revolution boiling up right under your sticky little typewriters!

What am I on about? I'm talking about the complete lack of heavy metal in your rag! Do you know I've been a regular reader every week since 1978, but in the last year or so I've

felt happier reading the pop page in The Sun, and I'm not the only one, there's hundreds, nay THOUSANDS of discontented long-haired, foul-mouthed, greasy skull crushers just like me who are giving you one month to sort it out. If not, we're on our way down to your plush new toilet in Naff London to boil you up in four year old Suzuki engine oil, stick you between two slices of bread and throw you at the nearest REO Shitwagon fan.

Come on, get to it, let's have some real heavy metal interviews on bands like Desolation Angels (surely the saviours of British metal?), Chariot, Angelwitch, etc. . .

And, if I should ever smell the likes of Shy, Shitwagon, Lionfart, Hanoi Sucks or any American shit in your rag again, I'll be down on you like a ton of bricks! — Micky 'I beat up Barry McGuigan at school' Thomas, Cambridgeshire. (Mind you, he was 11 and I was 16!)

PS: Don't refer me to your sister mag Kaput, that's like reading the bloody Beano!

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

I AM 22, and live in Barking Essex, where I used to work in a pet shop. I'm a pretty good-looking bloke, always dress in studded black leather, smell of Brut after-shave, free with my dole money and into the usual rockabilly scenes: corporal punishment, collecting toe-nail clippings, shoe sniffing, leather and rubber bondage, eating dog biscuits, nicking clothes from washing-lines and Civil War torture.

I get a tremendous kick out of crawling towards girls on all fours and barking like an alsatian dog, and all the girls I've done this to have been turned on by my canine capers, which I do, even though I say it myself, just like a real dog.

Would any of your female readers like to pretend to a naughty schoolgirl (bottle green gymslip, pleated skirt, navy blue knickers, pig-tails, etc) and let me be the Doberman dog that chases

her? (Slight pause while writer drops to all fours and howls to the ceiling like Lassie begging for his dinner.)

If she would prefer me to a Collie or a Jack Russell terrier, I'll go along with it, or I could quite easily pretend to be a ferocious Bulldog. It's all good fun, quite harmless and more fun than reading MM or NME.

Must split — time to open a tin of Chum. — Ken 'Wolf-Woof' Adams

STRIP WHEEZE

I HAVE just come back from Margate, where I saw the Rattlers perform at the Little Big Horn rockabilly club. Nothing unusual about that you may think. But, I didn't go to shout and scream — far from it! Did you know that group's stage act now includes a sexy little brunette stripping off on the roof of a '56 Chevy? But what upset me most was when she jumped off the car, threw her black leather bra and panties into the audience and — wait for it — invited three or four male members of the Standing Room Only audience to dance with her on stage — and, as you can imagine, the audience went doolally!

In fact, the poor guy standing in front of me was knocked down in the rush, which I found most upsetting. I'm not a 100% Women's Libber, but I don't like to see young girls flaunting their naked bodies in this way. But, to get back to the concert . . . Five guys quickly climbed on stage to dance with the naked stripper. This went on for about five minutes, until in the end she shouted "Bend over, Billy" to the lead guitarist. Then she jumped on his back, legs hooked around his waist, riding him towards the side of the stage like a Texas rodeo rider, one hand stretched high about her head, holding the collar of his leather jacket with the other.

The crowd, sensing the set was coming to an end, screamed for more until their throats were hot enough to boil beer. I saw one bloke banging his head on the wall and

another was dancing on stage with a fire bucket on his head. Well, I guess that about raps it up — I've got to go and buy some more stale rolls, ripe tomatoes, rotten eggs and other forms of ammunition for the next Rattlers gig. Would anyone at Sounds care to join me? If you don't want to, I understand — goodnight, you male chauvinist pigs! — Yours for Spare Rib. June Bateman

IF ONLY ALL FESTIVALS WERE LIKE MILTON KEYNES

AS I write this, I'm returning from the Milton Keynes festival. I've a mixture of feelings of ecstasy and annoyance.

The whole festival, was from where I was anyway, one of good humour and friendship, and having a joke with the bands.

The normal festival plastic bottle throwing occurred, with Billy Bragg winning the audience with his wit, followed by the Ramones who really got the audience going and just ignored the throwing, although Joey Ramone was asking for it when brandishing that baseball bat while singing 'Beat On The Brat'.

Then REM came on, and were subject to the throwing on a larger scale and were booed on many occasions. OK, so there were only a few of us REM fans there, but most of the audience had the attitude that they wouldn't like them before they were given a chance. I must apologise to REM on behalf of this minority or majority. OK it started out as a laugh, but don't you think it went a bit too far when, M Mills, the lead singer had to cover his face for fear of getting hit by glass bottles-fruit? And many were thrown, believe me. REM only played half a set, then that was it. Thanks a bundle. Sod the NME — RE



GAZZA: the Bacofoil kid

ALL THAT GLITTERS

AS PROMISED, I will now expose Britain's latest youth culture, the Bad Taste Revivalists, but first a bit of history. Back in 1970, the pop music industry was almost dead. Everywhere you went you saw hippies sitting in the middle of fields reading NME, singing their mystic meaning-of-life songs about how beautiful the grass was. Even the Beatles and Rolling Stones were so old and stodgy that they couldn't offer any resistance to this movement. Fortunately, one person hadn't lost the true spirit of rock 'n' roll. He was Gary Glitter. As indisputable leader of the Glitter Rock Gang which included Marc Bolan, Slade

and Sweet, Gary overcame the enemy and brought back entertainment and enjoyment to music. The hippies thought that, because it was gimmicky and commercial, it couldn't be much good, but it was. It was dubbed BadTaste to annoy the hippies even more.

In the last ten years, however, since Gary's been away, it's given the hippies of today, such as Billy Bragg, Morrissey and Paul Weller a chance to clog up the charts. But the leader's back. You only had to see Gary live at the Hammersmith Odeon to witness the conviction which is still there and which will lead us in our fight. Remember: music is fun! — Del Martin



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MÖTLEY CRÜE 'Theatre Of Pain' (Elektra 960 418-1)*****

ARTAUD FOR Artaud's sake? Cruelty, pain, speak of sin and you know this is it! No – actually this latest Crüe's ship hasn't hurt me one bit, despite all my worst fears. Up until now I've found the reality behind the sluttish party swagger of the Mötleys to be one big turn-off, guys calling themselves loud rock 'n' roll melody but delivering tatty, forgettable shards of buzzsaw metal. I wanted to like them but...

It seems adjustments have been made. Perhaps chastened by the reluctance of MTV and American radio to feature unadulterated HM, maybe suffering the not unpleasant throes of encroaching maturity, whatever the reason, Mötley Crüe have got their manure together this time, commercially speakin'.

Using Tom Werman, who gave us Cheap Trick's seminal 'In Color', as producer has been a wise move; often maligned, Werman is nevertheless the master of the glittering power-riff and the militaristic drum sound in conjunction with them ol' good toons, and 'Theatre Of Pain' is no exception to his rule.

Technicalities aside, the Sixx/Lee rhythm section combine with guitarist Mick Mars and megamane crooner Vince Neil on a brace of anthemic rock bouts with titles like 'City Boy Blues' and 'Louder Than Hell', the odd ballad ('Home Sweet Home' – sounds like bloody Elton John!) and the typical shrewd cover version: Brownsville Station's spunky 'Smokin' In The Boys Room'. Hit, anyone?

Of course, the clothes are appalling, the deadly dedications and anti-drink/drive nods seem cringe-making in the extreme, and – yes – there is still some out and out bad metal scurf ('Save Our Souls', as if you care). Hell – nobody said it was gonna be perfect.

SANDY ROBERTSON

MOTLEY CRÜE: cracked actors

NATURAL ITES AND THE REALISTICS 'Picture On The Wall' (CSA Records CSLP 18)*****1/2

A COUPLE of summers ago in Headingly, Leeds, the 'Picture On The Wall' 12 inch was quite the most essential record. Perfect, gentle, wide-eyed, melodic. Summer committed to vinyl, and the only known antidote to 'Sweet Bastard Dreams' (Are Made Of Bastard This).

The album of the single is every bit as precious. There is a whole pile of virgin plastic sitting idle in the corner and I can't manage to tear Natural Ites And The Realistics off the turntable.

It's the softly swinging horns, I think, that make this music such a joy. The voices of Ossie Samms, Percy Mcleod and Neil Foster do have that perfect pitch; the rhythm section does do everything just right and that lead guitar does underline their work with precision, but oh, those horns! Pushing the sensuous beat on and on and on, through strident political and religious credos through to lightly delicate romanticisms. Hot.

ROGER HOLLAND

PUSH-BUTTON PLEASURE 'The Vast Difference' (Hamster HAM 14)****

HOW COME everyone's finding bloody harmoniums these days? As a stripling, I went to a youth club which possessed both a snooker table and a harmonium.

Snooker has since become bigger than Morrissey, so what price the harmonium? Latest arrivals on the pedal-pushing scene is/are Hamster recording outfit Push-Button Pleasure. Their harmonium sounds very similar to a melodeon, but it's hard to imagine Augustus Pablo shoving one of these into his gob. Anyway, I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised to discover a close connection between PBP and labelmate Enski Boski – the same meandering instrumental water torture, the same vaguely in tune/out of tune joanna.

ANDY HURT

protest against the plight of under-18s who can't get to see bands in a club. Crusading aside, this is a fine record for a host of reasons.

A granite solid rhythm punch plots a path through the canyons of your mind around which the guitar can resonate. Carbon monoxide disorientation centres may well have to be set up to cope with the casualties 'It Ain't Pretty Down here' will sire. Who knows, it may already be too late.

LINDSAY HUTTON



LEVEL 42 'A Physical Presence' (Polydor POLH 23)****1/2

A BAD move: I've tuned in to a pop music station and my ears are being mugged by the drone of the noxious Richard Skinner.

In a neighbouring chair sits Mark King (in the studio, not my bathroom), who has presumably been drugged, smuggled into the Beeb and strapped into position. So Mark is interrogated by Dicky the Dick about the new double-live Level 42 album. Mercifully, the grating prattle is interspersed with extracts from 'A Physical Presence'.

In the quite unfathomable depths of jazz-funk, Level 42 are deservedly big fish. Although all Levellers are proficient musicians, they've not sunk into the Mahavishnu quagmire of aimless virtuosity. They've got good tunes.

I prefer the studio band, stripped of solos and audience participation/desecration. The involvement of the Amalgamated Union of Referee's Whistle-Blowers and Chorus-Chanters soon becomes irksome. Some irk! Three and one-half stars and away with them!

THE FOURGIVEN 'It Ain't Pretty Down Here' (Dionysus 1D8 S01 US import)*****

WHILE THE Unclaimed seem unable to stray far from their back lot, these three gents are making damn sure we don't forget who they are. Not content with adding lustre to the cluster of recent Vox and Roir compilations, here we find another 12 songs niftily designed to make sure you stay lost in the beat.

This Lee Joseph produced platter will undoubtedly etch this combo's name deeper into the world's consciousness. For a three-piece, they kick up quite a stink.

Rodney Bingenhiemer is already using one of the cuts, 'Don't Be Afraid (To Be Young)', as an anthem to

structures. On 'History', which improves each time you hear it, they get the old-style Sister Sledge thrills down with textbook accuracy and some subliminal fire, but the rest of the tracks follow the formula with less flair.

They're the brainchildren of writers/producers Eric Van Tijn and Jochem Fluitsma, who know the rules but seem to think the idea is never to break them (apart from that glorious five-second flail-out towards the end of the single). No meritorious follow-ups here, but there's a healthy glow about Mai-Tai's naive exuberance which is absent from the gaggles of spotty second-form schoolgirls who are singing "Frankie, dew yew reemembuh meee" every time you go down the corner shop for fags. Peculiar, really.

CHRIS ROBERTS



MAI-TAI 'History' (Virgin V2359)***

FOR YOUR inflammation, a Mai-Tai is a complex cocktail involving rum, tequila and various other terribly sinful fluids, but Dutch girls Caroline, Mildred and Jetty (five stars for the names and six for the grins) gush forth with simple and straightforward soul

ALIEN Sex Fiend: 'meaningless but fun'

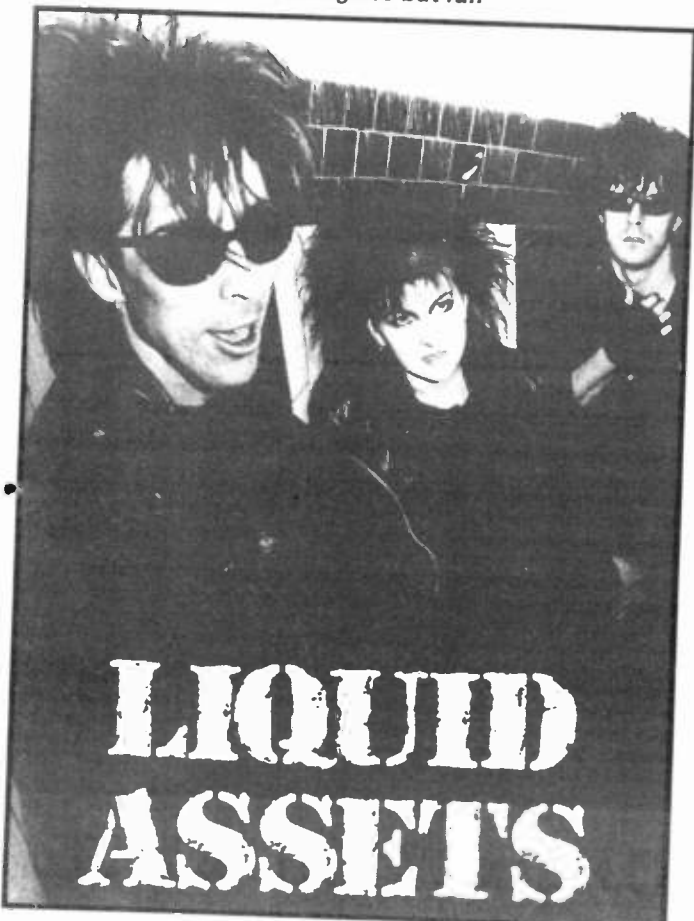
ALIEN SEX FIEND 'Liquid Head In Tokyo' (Anagram MGRAM 22)****3/4

FIRST TIME around, I made a mistake with this Alien Sex Fiend; I didn't play it loud enough. Cranked up really high, it burns.

I do hope ASF are not the sort of people to expect to be taken seriously. I can't see that they can be. Not with names like Nik Fiend, Mrs Fiend, Johnny Ha Ha and Yaxi Highrizer, not with lyrics like these. And I just couldn't take them seriously, anyway.

A sometimes hilarious mutant glam metal psychedelic bash, ASF play (I hope) at pantomime evil, at aural sodomy and defilement of tombs. They are probably pussycats off stage. 'Liquid Head In Tokyo' is a live set, recorded (wherever else?) in Tokyo. It's garbled and jagged, a chainsaw guitar massacre. Meaningless but fun. If you actually like, ASF, you'll love it. As for me, well, I like a giggle as much as the next man (Mr Calder at number 58, as it happens) and I've made a note to catch ASF live next time round.

ROGER HOLLAND



A desert of barren sparseness suddenly turns into a jungle of intense activity, making for an interesting album which would benefit from the added colour of Herr Boski's voice.

ANDY HURT

RUBELLA BALLET 'At Last... It's Playtime' (Ubiquitous Records Dayglo 2)****1/2

I DON'T care what you may have read elsewhere, this dayglo fashion bit is not at all the sort of thing a fellow wants to encounter on an empty stomach. Rubella Ballet look awful! But, and this is a large but, they sound sort of goodish.

Splendid kick drumming and a fundamentally very metal guitar fire a sound which is perhaps Action Pact meets Siouxsie And The Banshees.

'Love Life' paces itself, urgent but controlled running; a pop which recalls short and sweet Buzzcocks B-sides and certain programmes from the vaults of Alternative TV. Whereas 'Death Train', which is fun, marks a prolonged headlong riff into crashing, twisting metal and laughter. And 'Twister' builds up slowly, from a weaving, epic, ethereal introduction into a stridently declaimed harangue and back again, and so on and so forth.

Rubella Ballet's childish imagery does not match their musical stylings. The identity which they retain through various shifts of gear and approach is one of maturity, of consideration. Not every song here works, but the design behind each is evident. Rubella Ballet are not a particularly important band, nor even an overly good one. But they could be.

ROGER HOLLAND



ORANGE JUICE
'In A Nutshell'
(Polydor OJLP 3)

FELLED AND laughing, with such a beautiful expression all the way down. The best of Edwyn Collins and friends? Has that been recorded? As things stand, this indecently premature retrospective, without 'Tenderhook' or 'A Sad Lament', can claim to be worth a mere dozen hatfuls of hollow.

A live version of 'Poor Old Soul', which, thankfully, doesn't sound live, and selections from each of the four albums (yes, 'The Third Album' was the fourth) which respectively threatened to be the greatest album ever made for a few minutes if no-one minded too much. It's facile now to prefer (correctly) the naive striving rush of the earlier songs to the self-conscious gainsaying of the chart and demise sessions, but 'In A Nutshell' as a whole is alive – tell the world. If only Edwyn hadn't got so bitter about being too intelligent. Too sensitive.

The warped and reeling 'Love' froze one Orange Juice, 'Felicity' moves mountains – such a happy record! Zeke (instinctively inventive) contributes 'Hokoyo', while Edwyn catches guitar fever on 'Bridge'. The sneer of 'The Artisans' is counter-productive ('Lean Period' is omitted) but 'What Presence?' dazzles with deep-feeling craft.

So many magical moments. Most of OJ's musical ideas can be traced back to an early Lou Reed solo track called 'Love Makes You Feel'. But what flair, what style, what relevant wit and

panache! What pathos! And what devil-may-care phrasing! A must for every anti-anti-pop household. 'Yes yes yes yes yes!'
CHRIS ROBERTS

MARIONETTE
'Blonde Secrets And Dark Bombshells'
(Heavy Metal LP 38)*****

THE BABYSITTERS
'The Babysitters'
(Heavy Metal LP 35)****1/2

"I'VE GOT my blonde secrets and I've got my dark bombshells/So many black and white memories of so many different girls/So just gimme a whisky/So just gimme a beer/Just gimme anything, but get me out of here!" – 'Too Far Gone', blistering trash thrash.

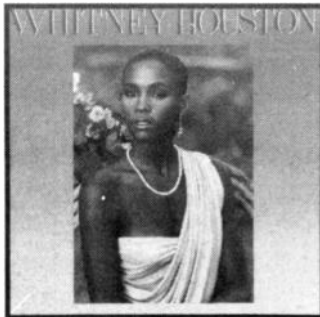
I never dreamt that Ray Zell and his Marionettes could ever pull off anything this massive. This is their world. Where all women are 'bitches', where Ray gets "sticky over the girl next door" and where 'My Baby Suxx'.

Tongues thrust right through powdered cheeks, they swagger a brash path through town, guitars grinding from the crutch, wrecking every bar they come to and 'screwing' every 'bitch' they meet. Crass, stupid, Marionette are ridiculously offensive, shatteringly brilliant. To paraphrase a past hyperbole: possibly the worst rock 'n' roll album of all time.

The Babysitters, who once featured both KK and Pig of Marionette, suffer by such close comparison. Their own idiocies, though endearing, though fun, come very much second best in these great trash-glam stakes. Bo Diddley's 'Pills' becomes a 'Rock En Roll Chicken' and The Rezillos' 'Top Of The Pops' becomes 'Alright OK' – not quite a paean to the Embassy Club.

But The Babysitters are just too clean, to competent, too nice. Whatever it is that Marionette have got, The Babysitters haven't.

ROGER HOLLAND



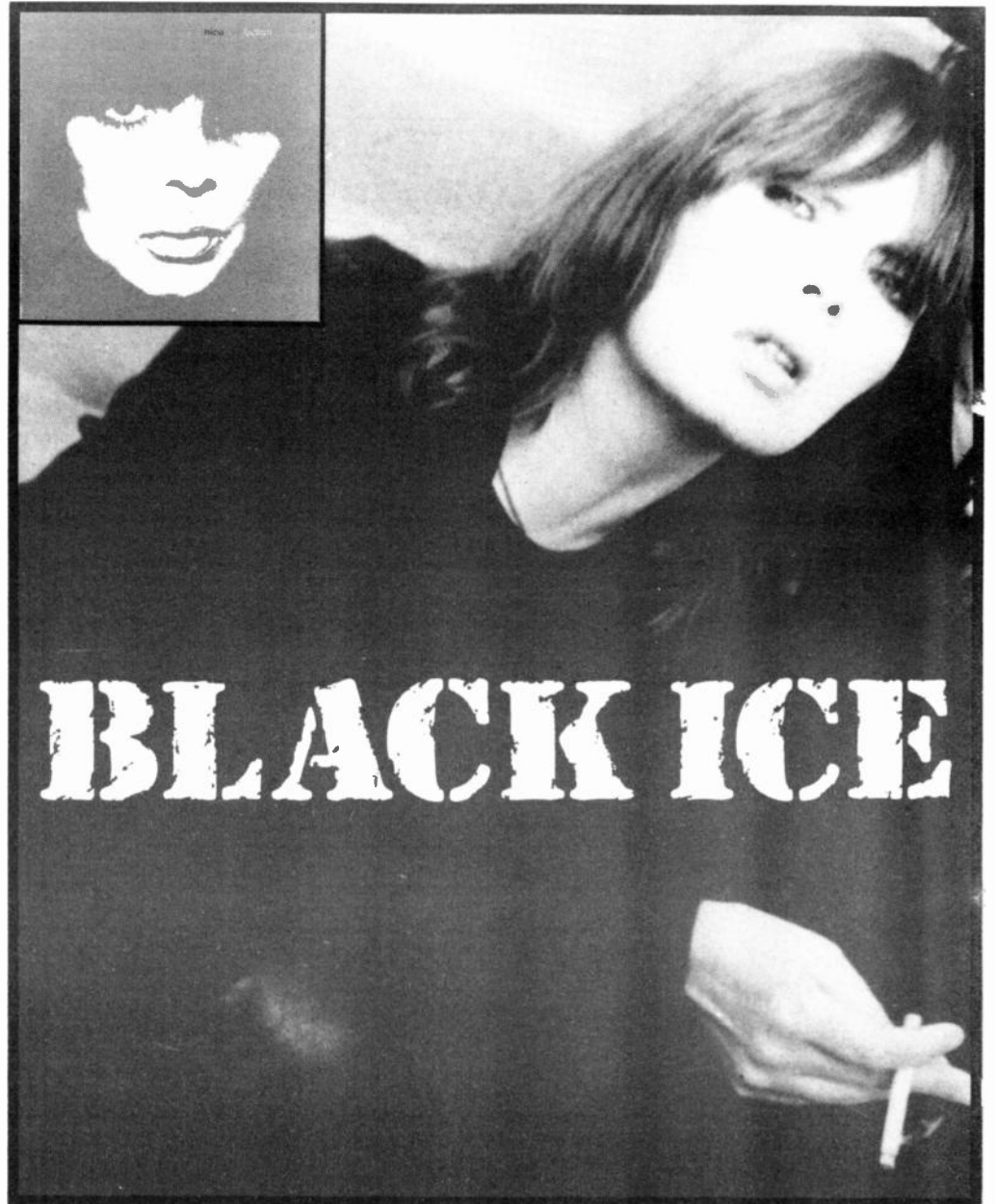
WHITNEY HOUSTON
'Whitney Houston'
(Arista 206978)****1/2

INFREQUENTLY, A voice descends from Angelsville and lifts mediocre pop/soul material onto a transcendent plane; Diana Ross is a longstanding example, Luther Vandross an Eighties one. Whitney Houston, daughter of Cissy and nothing to do with Thelma, possesses one such golden throat. Most of the songs on this debut LP are good or better, so it's a blessed marriage of future queen and loyal subject.

From the subtly driving 'How Will I Know' through to her duet with Teddy Pendergrass on 'Hold Me' (a song that was, in fact, premiered by La Ross on 'Silk Electric'), her class crystallises with restraint proving as crucial as riotous release. She eases across other standards like 'The Greatest Love Of All' with consummate cool cleverness, and further duets with Jermaine Jackson and Kashif, like the splendid single 'Someone For Me', rekindle adolescent dreams.

Other 'big names' drawn in are Michael Masser, Narada Michael Walden and Tom Scott – the whole affair tingles with poise and confidence. It's also slushier than hazelnut yoghurt. Give this woman more earrings or swimsuits or private beaches or producers or whatever – 'Whitney Houston' glistens with an unmistakable superiority that makes a record brilliant to listen to in bed and impossible to write about adequately (you noticed?). Soul album of the month.

CHRIS ROBERTS



NICO LIES back and thinks of Deutschland

NICO AND THE FACTION
'Camera Obscura'
(Beggars Banquet BEGA 63) ****1/2

SOME RECORDS work best when played in the dark, where your concentration is centred fully on the sound coming out of the speakers, your eyes blinkered from the distraction of looking at the album cover. If the record's a bad one you'll inevitably fall asleep, but if the power's there you'll be trapped like a mouse under the lethal gaze of a killer cobra.

'Camera Obscura' is just such a venomous record, a collection of songs that

need the dark to bloom properly; in the cold light of day they tend to fade slightly. Nico made my Single Of The Week slot last week with her interpretation of 'My Funny Valentine' and it is with some relief that the album it was plucked from is equally intriguing.

Backed by The Faction and produced by comrade John Cale (the only person who truly understands Nico 'the artist'), 'Camera Obscura' slowly opens up over its two sides before Nico is fully, yet briefly, in familiar focus with 'Konig', a self-accompanied song for harmonium which sounds like a grain from 'Desert Shore'.

The rest of the time (apart from 'Valentine') is spent hidden behind smooth sheet metal backdrops of engineered and instrumental sound, some of which is quite spectacular. I am particularly impressed by the stylish sitar flecked electro pulse of 'Win A Few', where a dominatrix' synthesised cane constantly threatens while Nico croons some dark secret.

The spells and philtres that caused Nico, The Faction and Cale to join forces must have been powerful because the magic they create together on 'Camera Obscura' is of the highest order. Black magic, natch!

EDWIN POUNCEY



POSITIVE NOISE: a Power Pop revival (UPL!)

WHITE NOISE

POSITIVE NOISE
'Distant Fires'
(Statik STATLP 23)

ONCE UPON a time, the new settled Positive Noise were to release a fab pop album called 'Distant Fires'. Then they didn't. And now they have. I dunno. Time, it confuses me.

Anyway, seeing as a white label of this 'new release' has been flirting with my record player for about 86 years, I've gone through all the stages – suspicion, trust, irritation, acceptance – and it's still,

shall we say, solidly entertaining.

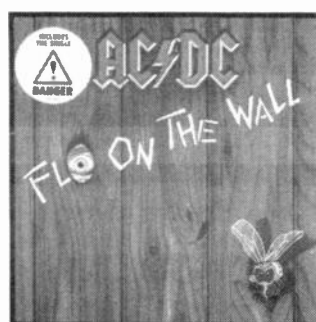
The Glaswegian not-so-furious five mine an effective popism from a plush, considered quarry. They're halfway between ABC and Simple Minds, which sounds worth a wiggle, but they're let down in the charisma zone by hackneyed, if romantic lyrics and a hesitant collective image.

Dave Allen's production crisply allows Russell Blackstock's arresting vocals to soar over the legions of guitars and synths. The ten songs (I thought 'Reckless' was called 'Blanketless') are

impeccably structured and melodically memorable (side two is by far the stronger) and you won't find better choruses on Abba's 'Dancing Queen'.

P Noise make P Furs sound raunchy. P – for pop, power, passion and palaver – is also for pain, their expressions of which are frustratingly one-dimensional. They should be given copies of 'Rainbow Valley' by The Love Affair and 'Promises' by The Buzzcocks. Then they might spontaneously scream, smoothly.

CHRIS ROBERTS



AC/DC
'Fly On The Wall'
(Atlantic 781 263-1)
****1/2

'TIS A cruel world that condemns one to chase an AC/DC album all afternoon. Darn, I don't even like the bloody band that much. They're one of those bands, certainly the only one a deaf person could recognise. And when those heavy DC vibes hit home at the wrong time, they can be one big pain in the arse!

But not today! 'Fly On The Wall' is another floor pumper, yes, with the Youngs still in full control of operations. But it's one of those days when the body is in need of a decent blast of ABC rock, and the title number satisfies gloriously, with plenty of hellishly unoriginal but tasty licks, lotsa Johnson's vocal

kicks. Yeah, get down and boogie baby, this is a grade 'A' DC album.

It takes a few listens to recognise the fact, but behind the subtler 'Danger' and 'Sink The Pink' (that's as in 'innuendo', kids), there lurks that regular mean ol' monster that is the ACDC, and has been for the last decade or so. Christ, it even manages to pump that rhythmic sexual aggression that is the DC hallmark. So what makes this any better?

Hard to say, but the material must take a lot of responsibility, more thought lying behind each number. And would the kids really want it any other way? I doubt it. Yeah, this is one 'Fly' that's welcome on my wall.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

HEAVY PETTIN
'Rock Ain't Dead'
(Polydor HEPLP 2)

LARGELY LEANER than their '83 debut 'Lettin' Loose', this; the second Pettin platter sees those tartan tinkers twirl, kilts hoisted, in a panoramic if somewhat promiscuous direction.

'Rock Ain't Dead' is, however, the proverbial grower. The single, 'Sole

Survivor', featuring explosive bursts of hot-fingered lead guitar (which punctuates Pettin's sturdy rhythm section admirably throughout) and the raunchy riff 'n' rollin' 'Angel' (instantaneously memorable if only for its somewhat sordid lyrical content) hit home hard first spin around. But it takes a couple more earfuls before 'Heart Attack' and 'Walking With Angels' strut, stiletto heeled; into the spotlight.

Although largely responsible for the outfit's distinctive sound, Hamie's searing vocals are something of an acquired taste. But for starters, those unfamiliar with his style should check out his passionate delivery on 'Lost In Love' and 'Dream Time' – a ballad so laid-back that it nearly fell off the couch.

'Northwinds' and 'Rock Ain't Dead' stand proud and tall – anthemic rock 'n' roll torch-bearers – but still pale in the light of 'China Boy', moody, mean and undoubtedly the band's most ambitious and atmospheric penning to date.

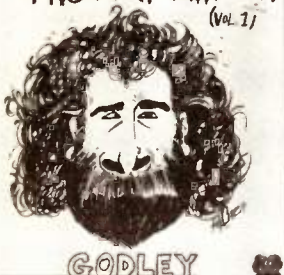
A singular grumble is tempo. Paced at a moderate bounce-banging velocity, the opus does lack a little hot-heeled attack. But it must be said that although they have yet to blossom, Pettin are budding beautifully.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

VINYL OVERLOAD

WE SPIN THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

HISTORY MIX CRY (Vol. 1)



GODLEY AND CREME 'History Mix Volume One' (Polydor POLH 22)**

THE PRESS release positively snaps in its urgent insistence that this is all their own work and nothing to do with Trevor Horn – except that he did co-produce the macabre, fascinating 'Cry'.

Nonetheless, many of 10CC's finest moments are still mixed, rapped, syn-drummed, remixed and generally f***ed out of all existence. To ruin such precious pop, however cleverly, just is not funny. What are these people playing at? All that dancing on your head bit died with last summer and this just isn't a patch on The Art Of Noise, anyway.

Still, never mind, boys. We can't be good at everything and Trevor Horn has never written a song like 'The Dean And I'.

ROGER HOLLAND

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Scum Of The Earth Part Two' (Killdozer KILL002 US import)**

THE BODY count continues. In the finite tradition of 'Back From The Grave' and 'Hipville', Killdozer have seen fit to lay sixteen more tons of fun on your cranium. No drug-induced piddling here, just good rockin' from the very bowels

of the earth

My personal addiction was eased by The Soul Men's 'Roadhouse', but I guess that a good many completists will breathe a sigh of relief to find that the original 'Goo Goo Muck' once more stalks the earth. Ladies and gents, let me introduce Ronnie Cook And The Gaylads. You can also thrill to Kai Ray's 'I Want Some Of That', as another Cramps cat pumps out of the bag. Killdozer is the gorehounds' K-tel. I can't wait for the TV ads, either.

LINDSAY HUTTON

THE OPPRESSED 'Fatal Blow' (Crewcut CREW 1)**

THE BEST number here is the Welsh Oi heroes' cover of Jimmy Pursey's semi-anguished 'Angels With Dirty Faces', and that's chased closely by The 4-Skins' righteous 'ACAB'. But before you mark the band down as a superior skinhead version of The Barron Knights, I'd better add that they also manage to totally slaughter the Cockney Rejects' 'Badman' hit as well.

Side two indicates that they're better with other people's classics than their own songs, which basically stink. It's all cheap speed stuff as opposed to, say, class coke or best bitter. The Oppressed's own material shows that they're five years too late, totally out of date, and oblivious to their fate.

GARRY JOHNSON

FLOYD 'The Little Man' (Compact PACT 8)**

FLOYD IS a 22-year-old 'atomic kitchen-sink drama' singer/songwriter who's worked in Sainsbury's and as a roadsweeper. Inspiration hit him somewhere around Ilford, and his debut album is a sincere if sparse collection of acoustic songs.

His voice is a grimy cross between Bragg and Ziggy (!), and his bittersweet lyrics convey a huskiness of spirit and no

shortage of suss. He can be trite, as on the sub-Sillitoe 'Put The Kettle On', but the wistful 'Cry Ourselves To Sleep' and the savage 'All The Young Artists' suggest this is one little man who'll get bigger once he's cleared those 'heavy' chips from his shoulder.

CHRIS ROBERTS



THE GROUNDHOGS 'Razors Edge' (Conquest QUEST 1)*1/2

SCAN THROUGH Sounds' Night-shift pages any week and there'll be plenty old chestnuts to giggle over: Stan Webb's Chicken Shack, Steve Marriott's Packet Of Three... Tony McPhee's Groundhogs.

At his peak, TS McPhee produced one of the finest albums of the progressive/underground period in 'Thank Christ For The Bomb' – even on the way down, he came up with the quite passable 'Split'. Then he sank without trace, to re-emerge a decade later in the gig guides.

For a man who used to tread the boards alongside John Lee Hooker, times have indeed changed. The once-recognisable voice is now a gruff Knopfler impersonation, and the man plays uninspired, uninspiring rock. Instead of growing old gracefully and resting on his blues-based laurels, the man wears tennis shoes. What more can I say?

ANDY HURT

THE BEACH BOYS 'The Beach Boys' (Caribou Records CRB 26378)**

DESPITE ALL the tragedy The Beach Boys have had forced upon them in previous years, they are still managing to bob around on the surface. There's no plunging to the darker depths of Brian Wilson's psyche, though, on this particular unimaginatively titled platter; it's all surface noise with special appearances by some of pop's more notable overlords.

Both Boy George and Stevie Wonder contribute their 'awe-inspiring' talent to this latest stack of trax and their presence is more of an intrusion than a bonus. Stevie Wonder, in particular, offends the most by dominating the oddment he has salvaged from his musical Oxfam shop instead of letting the Boys have a crack at remodelling it.

Pick through the driftwood that pollutes this album, though, and you'll pick up the odd treasure: both 'California Calling' and 'Crack At Your Love' reassure that the tide hasn't gone completely out. It's just that when I think of the 'Smile' fragments rotting somewhere on a shelf, all of this 'The Beach Boys' material seems so secondary. Finish that one, Brian, and give the world something to be excited about again. Then tell Boy George to hang ten, preferably in shark-infested waters.

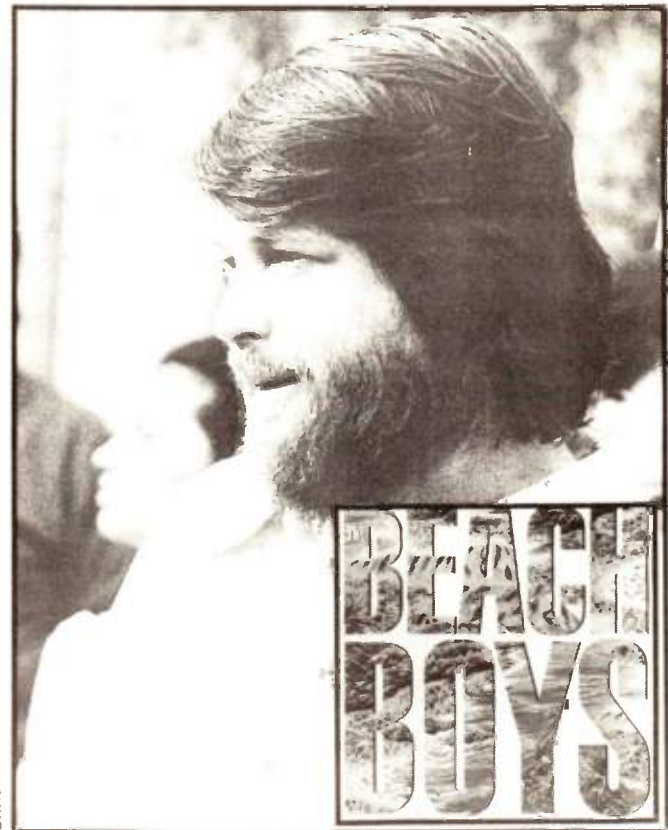
EDWIN POUNCEY

JOE FAGIN 'Love Hangs By A Thread' (Towerbell TOW LP 6)** KENNY LOGGINS 'Vox Humana' (CBS 26221)**

A QUESTION of consumption: just how do you stomach whole albums by people normally tolerated amidst the rolling credits of the big (or small) screen? Keep your eyes glued to the sleeve notes, perhaps? Nope.

In the case of Kenny Footloose Loggins' effort, it's a recipe of indigestion – a mere 16 studios used, the same number of engineers, not to mention contributions from The Pointer Sisters, some DeBarge brothers, Shalamar's Howard Hewett and Philip Bailey, all to little effect.

Spot the rip-offs? Mildly more amusing. Joe Fagin's voice is a coal scuttle trying hard not to look out of place in a centrally heated



Chris Walter

BRIAN WILSON: his psyche remains unscathed here

living room – one decorated with snitches from 'Bette Davis Eyes' ('Younger Days'), 'And Then He Kissed Me' (title track) – and that's in the first three tracks!

Fagin wants to be Springsteen, Loggins wants to be Hall And Oates, I just want out.

BILL BLACK

MAU MAUS 'Fear No Evil' (Rebellion Records REBLP01)**

THE SHEER arrogance of these young punks! Not that I expected false modesty, of course, but there it is on the record label in black-and-white: 'all titles composed by Mau Maus'. Now, while I'm sure the band used all their heroic literary and musical talent to 'compose' such comforting lullabies as 'Wasteland' and 'Rebellion', it will no doubt come as a surprise to Bob Dylan and Phil Spector to learn that the Mau Maus

themselves have written two pop classics in 'Hard Rain's Gonna Fall' and 'Be My Baby'.

But, then again, why shouldn't this furious five steal these songs – they've stolen everything else on this record! The pulsating, almost vicious music recalls a whole host of punk hopefuls (or should that be hopelesses?), from The Damned and Stiff Little Fingers to The Outcasts, with a brief chorus explosion hacked off the first Clash LP.

Unfortunately, groups like Mau Maus will never see the irony and futility of singing songs about freedom and individuality while shackling themselves to a regressive, repressive musical form whose only merit is its energy.

Actually sometimes – just occasionally – I felt a faint stirring at the start of 'Oath Part II' and during the anthemic 'Johnny Boy', but then it faded immediately. As though it had never been there at all.

JOHNNY WALLER

THE RIGHT TIME TO HEAR MAKIN' TIME

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AMES Dudley Street Wolverhampton
HMV Mander Centre Wolverhampton
SUNDOWN Bradford Street Walsall
COPPICE RADIO Church Street Bilston
MILLWARDS Litchfield Road Wednesfield

Of course if you don't live near one of these shops, you could always pop into your local record shop and ask to hear Makin' Time.

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LIVES



SUGAR MINOTT: toothy grin from a lost soul

SPLASH IT ON

SUNSPASH TWO Crystal Palace

OTHER THAN the weight of a lie and the meaning of death, there are three nagging questions left in the universe post London's second Sunsplash. Who are **The Brixton Yo-Yo's**? Does anybody have a walking stick to slap the buttocks of reggae with? And where was Sugar Minott when he was due onstage — genuinely lost or hiding in a game of headlining tactics? Kaazoom! is not an answer...

But it's an approximation of the sensory assault I experienced stepping into Selhurst Park. "Snark, snark," I giggled.

Snark, you may think, is an animal of myth lurking in Edward Lear's imagination. In fact it's an acronym meaning See Now All Round Here, Kids... There are lots of people, you know those two-legged evolutionary disasters designed to transport water, to steal a line. Never mind, just look at what they're wearing!

No longer are skank events dominated totally by the primary tricolour of red,

green and gold: tu-tus, black leather, djebellas, Foreign Legion outfits, Gallini, Gucci etc have been sparkled for display. Sunsplash 1985 is probably the best dressed event of its size I've been to.

So where is the damn noise? Why have I been standing in this queue for ten minutes? Why am I three hours late? Why do the authorities insist on transporting IRA terrorists down roads I want to use? And isn't that my spar Pete Quinn over there, the chap with the gigolo moustache?

Hello Pete. What's been happening? Better still, why don't you become a music critic for a day and relate the first half? It's as easy as drinking a bus. In the interim let's see if we can smuggle you into the VIP enclosure...

"The Investigators had the unenviable task of opening the proceedings for the day," reckons Pete: a solid start. "Their cool lover's music was unfortunately not heard by the majority of people as the audience were rolling in and getting used to the feel of Sunsplash."

"It needed some uplifting

music to get the crowd on their feet and **Paul Blake And The Bloodfire Posse** did exactly that. Their rub-a-dub style and all-action, non-stop stage show confirmed the good reports that had reached these shores about the band. Paul and his posse set out to entertain whichever way they could, but through the conning there was some hard musicianship on stage.

"Next on come the **Caution** band laying down rhythms for two home-grown talents," (hey, a 'weed' pun!).

"Smiley Culture came on to great applause and seemed set to steal the show. I don't know whether it was the lack of practice with the band or his voice being lost in the mix, but tragically Smiley didn't make the impact that his songs merited.

"Resplendent in a bright red track-suit, **Maxi Priest** bounded onstage and crooned and cajoled people with his set. At one point his gyrating brought forth almost as many screams as the master Gregory got later.

"Then, upping the tempo, rocker's style, with knees flying he brought back

memories of last year's Sunsplash and Dennis Brown. Maxi can only get better and it was good to see people respond so well to him.

"The chicken pieces, salad, patties, fruit, rum, wine and beer mixed well (sic) as the threatening skies held off and everyone prepared for **Arrow**. I'd set myself up for a leisurely afternoon when this bleary-eyed figure appeared in the throng. 'Quick,' he said, 'what were the first band like? ...'"

Marvellous, Pete, you related all that without moving your lips once, a bit prosaic though... Back here in the VIP enclosure we've been swamped by hordes of interlopers. Bloody good job too, it livens the place up a bit, this liberation of the Ark.

Flying straight to the heat of the matter, **Arrow**, the man from Monserrat, induced the eternal goooooo time. Like Sunny Ade in 1984, **Arrow** was the event's exception to the reggae-matic slide rule. Twisting our heads with soca hairpins, he turned out to be the one uncageable purveyor of genuine glee, which says much about the man and the

state of skank in general.

The failure of soca — a collision of calypso, soul and funk for the uninitiated — to dent our national charts is indeed a mystery. The history of close but no cigar shots is as long as a panatella. In the past couple of years, hovering on a cloud of Red Stripe carnival mania, Explainer's 'Lorraine' and Arrow's 'Hot Hot Hot' have ended in undeserved beery burps.

Never worry, in the raw this exponent of Caribbean stories proved to be a zippy performer and his assortment of pluckers, pullers and pandemonium artists delivered the most jubilant set of the day. Yes, and even the police were dancing. Give a bow to that man and...

Third World were a cheese sandwich in the bar garnished with stunning harmonies, though annoyingly I had to continually pick nuggets of muzak out of my teeth afterwards. Back in the real world, the sound system was but a transistor hidden behind blue curtains. "Sorry we can't turn it up any louder," explained **David Rodigan**, our comper for the day along with **Barry G**. "We've reached the GLC's maximum noise level." Gaaaaaaaah, bureaucrats!

That dull dictate was immediately ignored by **Sly And Robbie** who set the controls for overload as what were once called **The Revolutionaries** warmed up with Freddie McGregor's locomotive 'Bobby Babylon'. Dunbar's snare spat fire, the syndrums sniggered furtively, while Shakespeare's bass wrote Hamlet in three minutes flat.

Well allllllrrrrriigghht! Erk, well maybe not. The opening salvo by **The Revolutionaries** was one of the few moments of inspired sonic dexterity as the band continued to serve up an artisan backing for the remaining stars until the sun splashed over the horizon and we all went home.

Having trembled from adrenalin watching **Sly And Robbie** catapult **Black Uhuru** through last year's show, it was difficult at times to believe one was listening to the same rhythm generating genius. I don't, however, think the blame for lapses of apathy lies totally or mostly with the Taxi Twins.

Despite having two useful major-label albums tucked under his tam, astonishingly Saturday was **Kamaze's** live debut manoeuvre in Britain. To say he shouldn't have bothered would be churlish but partially correct.

Tunes of the ilk of 'Trouble You' cut like a dentist's drill through the cavities left by **Third World**. Such a remedy is intermittently divine, though annoyingly **Ini** is physically the most static artist I've checked for a while. He hasn't yet played many gigs, that much was obvious from his lack of presence. Polite applause from the

Sounds contingent and...

Krumb... This pint of lager is nearly as long and cool as **Mr Isaacs**. The lonely lover! What's he doing on stage now, the man should be headlining. There I was thinking David Rodigan's PA announcements searching for Sugar Minott had been a tease. The behind-the-scenes politics here must be fascinating.

Like blood from a severed artery, **The Cool Ruler's** life-force gushed with sonic bounty: 'The Storm', 'Mr Brown', 'Soon Forward', 'The Border' and onwards. Gregory flashes his locks and the crowd goes "Oooohweee" except for the surrealist contingent from Wapping who holler "Bananas!"

"It's pretty good," reasoned this mag's editor. "But nearly all of the tunes he has been doing for years. Also **Sly And Robbie** don't seem to have the same balance of dynamics Gregory's songs thrive on."

There is a grain of veracity the size of a pyramid in this. Much though I have castigated them on occasion, the Radics' laconic delivery perfectly mirrors Mr Isaacs' approach. **Sly And Robbie** live are a little too pneumatic for Gregory's delicacies. To emphasise the point a synth-denuded version of 'Night Nurse' slumped pitifully.

"I'm afraid we have to apologise," grumbled Rodigan. "**Sugar Minott** cannot be found and will not be coming on stage." We started to pack. "No! No! we've found him, hang on a minute..."

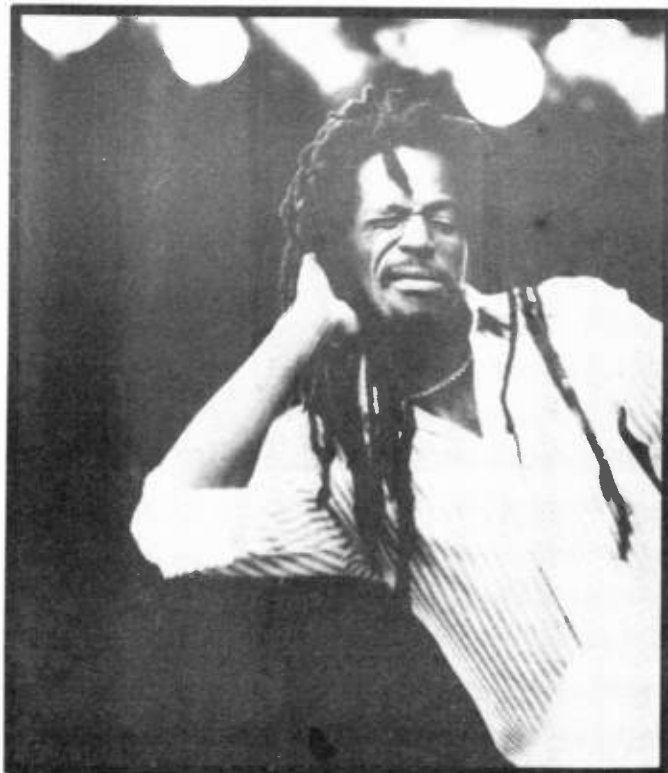
The deejay's voice was drowned in cheers like a parrot out of hell, while minus his bowler but plus a pair of white-framed shades, shrimmied our dose of Sugar. "I am the ram-dance man," Mr Minott proclaimed. I wasn't about to argue at that point.

The singer's vanishing trick had been either the biggest wind-up since James Brown or a deliberate ploy to grab the headlining slot from Isaacs. If the latter was the case then it's fair enough: Sugar's profile has been much higher than Gregory's this past 12 months.

Just to remind us how high, whirly-bird favourites like 'Herbman Hustling' dropped from the sky. Trouble is, if you erect an empire state building of expectation it's liable to fall on top of you. By varying the pace of his material judiciously, through songs such as 'Mr DC', Sugar shored up the tumbling edifice.

The finale blew past virtually unnoticed. The **Brixton Yo-Yo's** had already departed. What would they have made of Sunsplash Two? Something like: up and down.

JACK BARRON (AND PETE QUINN)



GREGORY ISAACS complains about GLC volume control



MAXI PRIEST lets his locks down



SMILEY CULTURE with the cockney translation

TEN YEARS AFTER

MOTORHEAD'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Hammersmith Odeon

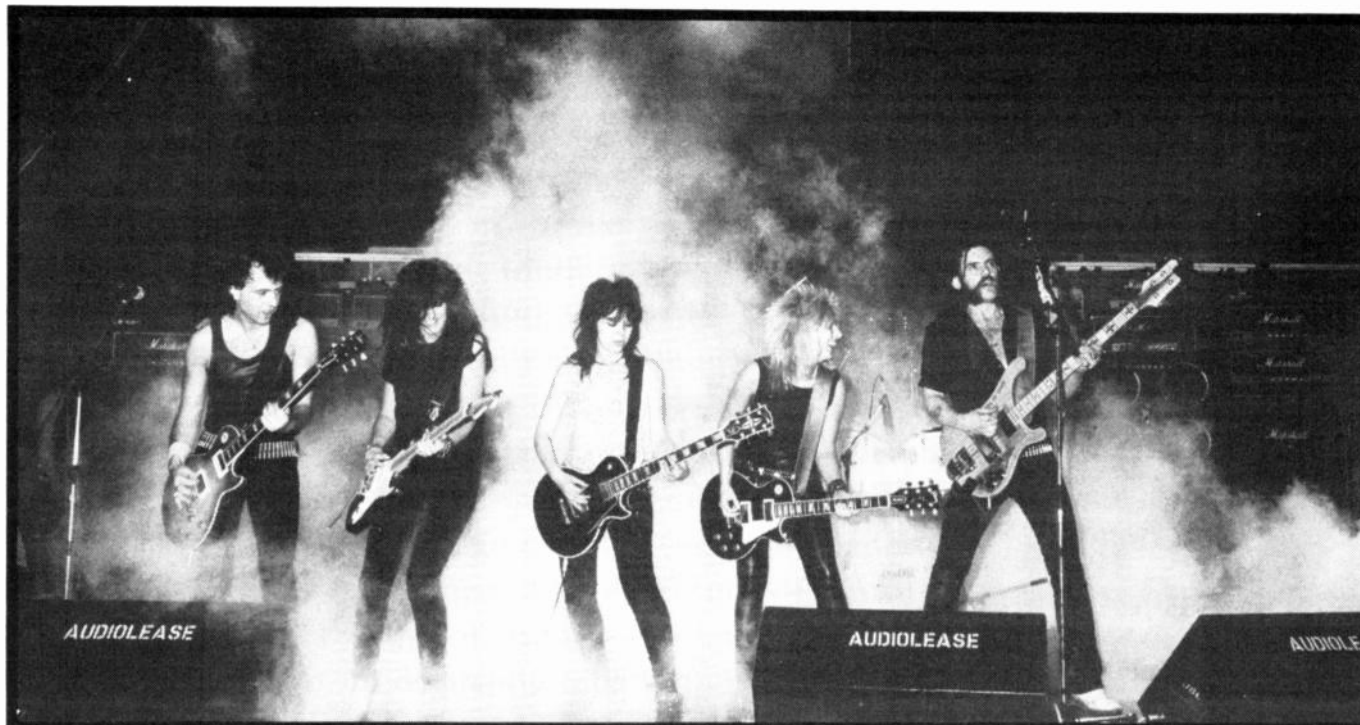
EVERY NOW and then, you need a dose of something you really believe in, to reassure you that beneath the quagmire of tat, glitter and pop there is real substance, and real spirit.

Motorhead, ten years on, are still that vital injection. Through all the various incarnations, the music has been the one constant – honest to God, bone quivering rock and roll, without a nod to any critic, fashion or trend.

The present line-up has hit the musical nail on the head. I'd wager there's no comparison, not with past line-ups or any of the posing preening queens of today's metal. Friday night was good, but Saturday was glorious. The newest tracks definitely stand out from the classics – a blistering 'Mean Machine' and thunderous 'Killed By Death' being truly, dare I say it, awe-inspiring.

'(We Are) The Road Crew' saw the boys bought on stage as backing vocalists, and then the real treat: every member of the band, past and present, hammering out 'Motorhead' with Girlschool joining the fun while the infamous bomber hovered crazily, guns blazing, over the stage. Next time you find the bullshit piling up too fast, you know where to turn. You better believe it!

NEIL PERRY



THE MOTORHEAD Girlschool formation dancing team

Tony Mottram

TARAZARA

Dingwalls

THERE ARE a million and one phenomenal entertainers around the globe, but only a modest handful of real stars.

Quite what it is which justifies that often all too hastily lavished adjective is extraordinarily difficult to pinpoint. Could it be his deliciously sexual and sumptuously throaty vocal technique? That ultimately appealing temperamental, untamed swagger? The charismatic expressionism with which one solitary raised eyebrow can speak volumes? Or even the sheer impact of one perfectly thrown pout. Who knows? But Tarazara's frontman, Danielz, has all the symptoms.

But I can't neglect the remaining members of the five-piece, who are as a unit tighter than a shrunken pair of Levis. Sticks sensation Simon Henderson and bassist Mike Lever power the quintet with an extrovert authority, whilst Andy Street's shock wave of keys ripple vibrantly under the searing precision of guitarist Jeff Williams' luscious licks.

The songs are brash, bold and beautiful. 'Fantasy' and 'Wake Up' illustrate an almost danceable edge, contrasting the murderous emotion of 'Shout It Out' and 'Master Of The Deadly Kiss', whilst 'The Time Is Right', new number 'Sweet Suicide' and 'Hold Me Tonight' fall somewhere between the two.

As for the glamorous image, it's merely cream topping upon the finest gâteau.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

AKHNATEN

London Coliseum

I HATE opera. Let me amend that. If it wasn't for the music, I'd hate opera. All that ham acting and overblown drama masquerading as high art, all those exaggerated, absurd movements of limbs, those *meaningful* looks and poses, the snobbery, the pretentiousness. You'd think that a coming together of music, costume and stage design, libretto and sheer theatre would be the most perfect and natural artistic melange. For some it is. For me, it's more of a melee.

Philip Glass's 'Akhnaten' wasn't quite a mess, if only because the music was so mesmerising in its beauty (though not particularly memorable on reflection). Based on the rise and fall of the Pharaoh Akhnaten and his wife Nefertiti, the production was full of bulbous-headed

'Egyptians' leaping around on a sand-covered stage, performing lots and lots of ceremonies and occasionally building sandcastles.

It was all terribly symbolic and meaningful and serious and so on and so on. . . I repeat, I hate opera. And not even my beloved Philip Glass could persuade me to think otherwise. Incidentally, I didn't realise Akhnaten was an hermaphrodite.

DAVID ELLIOTT

SLIM GAILLARD

Ronnie Scotts

NOT JUST a talented songwriter, musician and singer, Slim Gaillard is also a superb entertainer with a soaring laugh and infectious sense of humour. "I wrote this song before you were even thought of," was his method of introduction to his first ever composition, the fabulous 'Flat Foot Floosie', and from then on the evening was totally at the command of this bearded giant in cream beret, whose energy and presence made it hard to believe that he is now in his 69th year.

His piano playing was enchanting, and when he switched to guitar everyone joined him in singing old favourites like 'Cement Mixer' and 'Dunking Bagels'. The audience was in stitches when he introduced the members of his band – "My very special superfriend. . . what's your name?" – and rapturous when he treated us to some yodelling.

There are very few people that can rightfully be regarded as living legends. Slim Gaillard is one of those few, and tonight with the assistance of some fine musicians, this jazz great showed just why that is.

Hey McVouty!

JOHN EARLS

CHARIOT

Marquee

WHILST ONE might be forgiven for going to the Marquee bar and asking for meat 'n' veg with plenty o' spuds on a Chariot night, the joke stops there. Although they don't claim their gigs are the most outstanding evenings ever to blitz the ranks of originality, a fairly large crowd dig what Chariot have got to serve up. They're good, solid, dependable. Their music is straightforward down-the-line metal and their attitude just as direct.

It really is, in its own way, quite pleasurable to attend a gig without being bamboozled by a gamut of

Yankee clichés. No make-up, hair gel even; just jeans, T-shirts and plenty of denim. Oh, throw in a bit of sweat as well, numbers like 'Learn To Love Or Leave Me' being indicative of the type of furious flurry Chariot fans are expected to indulge in. At the moment, Chariot are just a good heavy rock band. . . perhaps extra thought could lead to something a great deal more.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

THE REVILLOS

Electric Ballroom

THIS COULD have proved disastrous: a dotty, poppy, fun-punk outfit from the Good Old Days get back together and attempt a fresh start. Big questions whizz around my head: will the kids approve? Does there indeed remain a space for the romantic thrills of The Revillos in rock 'n' roll's now absolutely chock-a-block wardrobe?

Well, 'yes' and 'hope so' respectively. Following in the footsteps of their rather ghastly looking backing

group (Glitter Band bump into King and end up crowned by the most ridiculous Brit-footballer haircuts I've ever seen), Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds step into the glare and – it's nice to be able to say this – they look really happy.

A certain panache sets them apart from their companions, despite their equally bad-taste gear. Eugene, still with quiff and shades, hams it up with untold expertise, while Fay wriggles around – her unique and charming voice intact even today – indulging in spontaneous theatrical outbursts with the plastic-clad Eugene, whose own vocals lend a slight undercurrent of menace to the proceedings – necessary, of course, to ensure things avoid becoming syrupy. A tasty contrast.

The Revillos bravely perform mainly new material, only digging out selected oldies (no 'Top Of The Pops', 'Flying Saucer Attack' or 'Good Sculptures') for the third or fourth encore. At this

point the crowd go extremely potty, the music grows a bit wild, and I think to myself: without doubt, this has been a quite spectacular performance.

MR SPENCER

JOHNNY THUNDERS' COSA NOSTRA

Croydon

OH DEAR, we're frisked at the door by a couple of seven foot penguins. It's fun to think that you still look dangerous, years past your prime, but the last time I was patted down like this was on the way into the Heyssel Stadium in Brussels, and you know what happened there.

Tonight there's only one casualty, Johnny Thunders himself. A living legend, but only just. 'Too Much Junkie Business'. He's supposed to have cleaned up his act, but whatever he's on now, he's still absolutely blasted.

The guitar is loud, basic and beautiful. The broken-toothed slurrings he likes to call vocals are as wasted as

ever. And the new band, tight but loose.

The acoustic set, which could be so good, collapses, as usual. Only 'Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory' manages to struggle past its opening verses. Johnny staggers. Johnny sways. Johnny tears off a few strips of simple, snarling guitar and then forgets to sing. 'Personality Crisis' dissolves, a shambles.

And then, suddenly, from nowhere, he produces a thunderous (oops!) mean streak. 'Born To Lose', 'Chinese Rocks', 'Louie, Hang On Sloopy, Louie'. Blam! Blam! Blam! Thank you and good night.

But these moments are not worth the price. I just don't want to witness the slowest death in rock 'n' roll. This is, ultimately, an empty and pathetic spectacle. The empty heads who idolise Johnny Thunders have little better to look forward to themselves.

How can he stand such times and live?

ROGER HOLLAND

GREASE MONKEYS

MIDNIGHT OIL/THE TRIFFIDS

Dingwalls

HOUDINI LIVES! Continuing to escape from all possible critical straitjackets – heavy metal, hard rock, Aussie new wave, politico-rock – Midnight Oil simply burn through all the theorising to ignite a smouldering audience with a performance illuminated by energy, rage, rhythm, wit and melody.

By comparison, even the excellent Triffids – rolling, bluesy, endearing and with great songs – were always destined to be the lightweight support act on the night and they furthermore undermined their own piercing talent by rounding off with a cover version of The Boxtops' 'The Letter'.

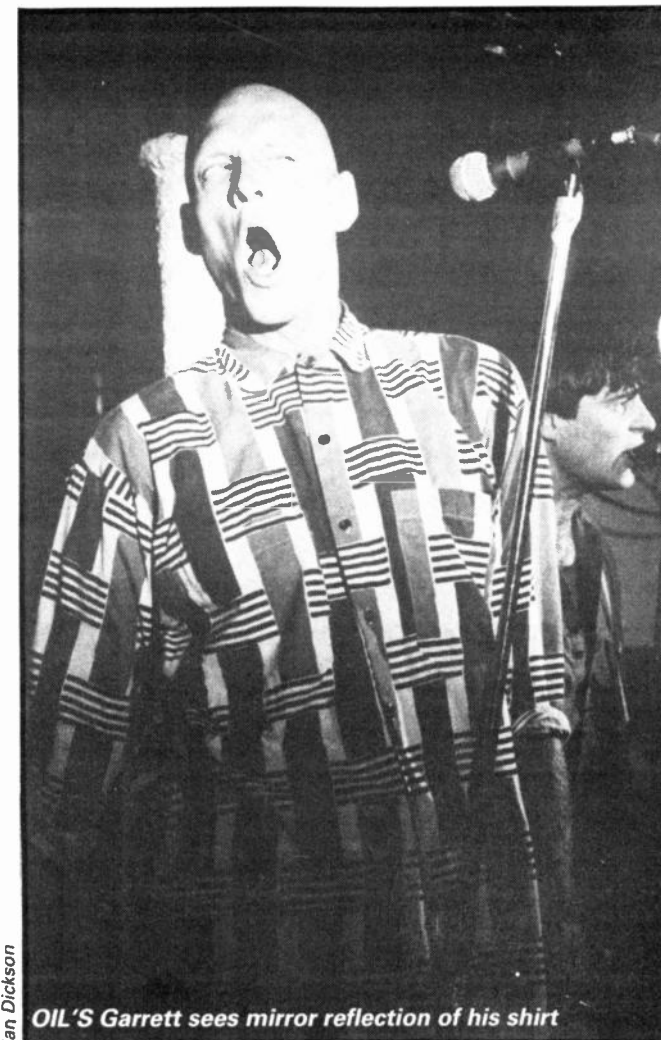
Midnight Oil are heavyweight and no mistake, but their knock-out punch is delivered with style, grace and an irresistible sense of

drama. Sure, the drums pound like a steamhammer and they punch out rhythms that ZZ Top would shave their beards to own, but it's their defiant artistry that sets them apart.

Instrumentally, the band compliment rather than compete – guitars drop out to leave a brooding drum beat, they use harmony vocals to startling effect and then an acoustic guitar cuts through the silence before the organ plays a magical swirling anthem reminiscent of Magazine or The Doors. And all the while, the gleaming dome of vocalist Garrett spits forth a torrent of rage and repartee: his is the poetry of a pugilist as Midnight Oil prefer tough realism over teen romance.

Eventually, in the suffocating heat of a scorching evening, the last song says it all. It is called 'The Power And The Passion'.

JOHNNY WALLER



Ian Dickson

OIL'S Garrett sees mirror reflection of his shirt

MARY HELL



THE JESUS Chain: a pain in the neck?

David Travis

THE BODINES/THE LOFT

Thames Polytechnic SORT OF half a Creation night, these two are fairly violent opposites, but both have a firm (and tightening) grasp on the essentials: rock 'n' roll and the beautiful possibilities of the simple-but-not-banal pop song.

OK. The Loft are only Peter Astor tonight, and will be different yet again soon... so right now, there's something basically wrong about the man-alone-with-acoustic-guitar (Nikki Sudden sometimes excepted), but Pete writes good songs, tight and eloquently playful.

And there's something about him, a look in his eyes that says 'I'm serious' but never signals a drop into McAloonish bluff or over-verbosity. Astor is a talent, and once he gets some raw electric motors working with him again, he's going to make even better records.

The Bodines (wonderful name) are still gangly on most levels imaginable, and their singer bears an (unfortunate?) resemblance to Weller: hair, knees, guitar and feet.

They employ a love for stinging, interlocking guitars and the angular, melodic pictures you can paint with them, an over-enthusiastic drummer, a handful of excellent songs and another handful potentially so.

Here is a feel (still searching) akin to early electric, pre-WEA (ie good) Aztec Camera, with a little bit more wildness, a hesitant singer, and two pairs of brown shoes. Pop? Though it's raining, summer is somewhere around.

ROBIN GIBSON

IQ

Hammersmith Odeon

CALL A spade a spade. IQ are another progressive rock outfit, a term bands of this ilk may deride in public while showing little inclination to leave the movement. The music's aimed at the head rather than the heart, hence its college boy audience. But the 'timewarp' jibes are no more relevant than to the Style Council or the Jesus And Mary Chain gang.

IQ, especially, are sussed enough musically to have moved forward, booting the corpse of Gabriel on the way past. Evidence? A danceable 'Thousand Days' or the reggae backbeat of the new single 'Barbell Is In'. And a guitarist, Micheal Holmes, wearing bondage pants? Shome mishtake, surely?

Admittedly they played the odd epic, dispensing their hooks like misers. But at least they have ideas and vitality. If Echo And The Bunnymen and Simple Minds are the successful progressive rockers of the Eighties, then IQ are the missing link stretching back to Yes.

Any support act than can pull a dancing crowd to the front of Hammersmith Odeon and top *Sounds*' Heavy Metal album chart with their new LP, 'The Wake', must have something going for them.

PETE PICTON

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

Birmingham

JIM MORRISON's name has been taken in vain by many over the years. In the current revival of interest in psychedelia and related topics, for instance, his influence has been cited more than a little. But if you want a

taste of the closest thing yet to the genuine article, make The Mighty Lemon Drops your flavour of the month.

In the vocal department, especially, the resemblance is eerily strong. Which is a shame, because the constant comparisons with and reminders of a past greatness get in the way of the band's own considerable songwriting strengths. And the result is a feeling of *déjà vu* that's not totally justified.

GEOFFREY S KENT

SISTER SLEDGE

Dominion

THREE SONGS in and nobody's dancing. The girls are too busy valuing each other's jewellery and the boys, having finished that on the tube, are now engrossed in rolling joints, checking the competition's really funky jumpers and exhaling quite enough dope to rival the only smoke machine not on weekend duty in some muddy field, which is working overtime on Sister Sledge's behalf.

But then, just as we're all getting really laid-back, bathing in the washing layers of this shiny, shiny, bouncy, bouncy, slick and professional laundrette disco, Sister Sledge suddenly swoon 'He's The Greatest Dancer'. And sweep up some plant from the audience to illustrate that not too complex theme. Everybody gets up and gets down.

Similarly, 'Thinking Of You', 'Frankie' (the odd-hit out), 'We Are Family' and 'Lost In Music' are used to salt this otherwise barren landscape and to build up that traditional rock 'n' roll big finish.

An acceptable cabaret. Music-in-a-basket from a group who are really only as

popular as their age-old, and fairly splendid, Chic-induced hits. Acceptable, that is, but for a thoroughly unexpected dip into born-again religion – a jarring and distasteful outburst from four young ladies who devote the rest of their show to slugging it up like real troupers.

ROGER HOLLAND

BIG FLAME

London New Merlin's Cave

I'M STUNNED. Before my eyes, these three ordinarily well-behaved blokes are unleashing the naughtiest sound imaginable, and I am hooked – and more than a little bit disorientated.

The music is intense and confusing. Big Flame play games with rhythm and conventional structures, defying our expectations and our relative conservatism, yet winning us over all the same.

Watching them as they dissect and then re-structure rock 'n' roll – re-designing it to their own specifications – is a fascinating business, and the trick is learning how to adapt for, when this is achieved, one becomes aware of the intelligently biting pop tunes lurking beneath all the jazz-tinged chaos; and then it starts making sense.

Big Flame provide an invigorating respite from the norm – a challenge, even – and surprisingly you can dance to them, but judging by the awkwardly frenzied gyrations of the devotees stage-front, twisted necks and dislocated knee-joints are almost an inevitability, which means this band is quite unusual (an understatement), very special and bloody bewildering.

MR SPENCER

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

Nottingham

THERE'S SOMETHING faintly ridiculous about The Jesus And Mary Chain. They agonise over their instruments as if – in the powerchord thrash – it really mattered whether or not the guitar's in tune. They hire a big and beautiful PA rig and then use it to create levels of feedback that could be annoying if they weren't so neatly, nonchalantly controlled. And they think they're being original in some way by charging people four quid to be present at what's really little more than an open practise in terms of their communication with a real and living audience.

To top it all, their childish posturing and supposedly mean and moody, unsmiling faces are yet another tired and tiresome second-hand device which hundreds of bands have used in the past in an attempt to create charisma on the cheap.

We are not, however, dealing with mere gigcraft here, because The Jesus And Mary Chain are more of an emotion than an entertainment. Behind the shoddy attitudes and shoddier behaviour, their songs capture a gloriously arrogant sense of despair and desperation which almost makes up for their long list of faults.

Unfortunately, if this performance is anything to go by, they seem to be more interested in furthering their reputation as the bastard sons of pop than in furthering their music. And that is totally the wrong way to proceed. Once the shock-horror headlines start to fade, it's the music on which they'll be judged. At the moment, the scales are just about balanced in their favour.

GEOFFREY S KENT

THE FALL

Manchester

"A BOEING 707 is about to laaand."

Eight years on. So The Fall have become boring, have they? It's been a long trek and indeed there have been a few sticky patches along the way, but this triumphant return (significantly, at Manchester's new gigging flagship, The International) saw The Fall professionally and systematically destroying any fears that they had landed in a jaded time-warp. Their vitality and sense of urgency shocked even an old warrior like me.

Mark E Smith's new rocky soundtrack, vamped into ecstasy by the truly wonderful Brix, effectively forces his storyline meanderings to the fore. The band punch along with enthusiastic gusto as Smith deliberately lies low, virtually throwing the attention across stage towards the spotlighted Brix.

Mark E Smith seemed relieved, his delegation of responsibility allowing him to use the spotlight when and where he chose whilst spending much of the set hunched towards the drums. In places he would spin round, catch the attention, flaunt it and lay back again with all the satisfaction and arrogance of a master dictator.

As for the music: simple, imperfect, classic Fall. A basic noise, often exploding (just when you least expect it) into instant poptones. The band expertly grabbed every hook, worked and worked it and took it away just as the crowd had fallen into a danceable mass. Such a frustrating sense of humour, this band. Classic Fall is cagey Fall.

MICK MIDDLES

SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS/IPSO FACTO

Leatherhead

KILL UGLY pop? These Messiahs aren't even pop, they're just ugly! Psychotic pub-rock with bulging veins, monotone vocals, screeching guitar and a bunch of songs about as revolutionary as Dr Feelgood.

These screamers have but one motivation: rage. They bitch and moan and rant and scowl and never ever smile. Nor do they consider such passing attributes as love, hope, ambition, entertainment or even the merest hint of melody as possible weapons of communication.

What SBM try to fob us off with as music is really just National Health self-induced paranoia. They screamed and screamed, but in the end no-one could be bothered to listen anymore.

Perhaps the audience had enough problems of their own, or perhaps they were still bathing in the captivating glow created by Ipsos Facto.

Refining the post-punk melodrama of the Ants and the Banshees, IF reach back to Ziggy for a streak of glamour and to The Doors for a whiff of theatre. They pout, they strut and – with the sublime 'Glass Tigers' – they prove to have the sheer charisma that turns mere onlookers into devotees.

JOHNNY WALLER

PINK PEG SLAX

Leeds SOMEWHERE BETWEEN a brewery site and the den of a Hollywood scriptwriter lies the imaginary land of Pink Peg Slax.

Their songs are musical cartoons, featuring larger than life drunkards like 'Self-Pitying Stan' or too-lively oven-ready chickens, as in 'Foul Fowl'. New numbers such as 'Excuses A Dollar A Time' indicate that their ability to build cute scenarios is still in fine fettle.

The drummer Abner, looking like an inflated Billy Whizz, and slap bassist Chet provide the rhythmic backdrop against which Vince and the fiddle-playing Martin can parade their vocal and instrumental talents. Vince sings in a style which would grace a cocktail lounge or a tap-room skiffle night and plays guitar with considerable aplomb.

The Slax sing of alcohol where more pretentious contemporaries sing of other substances. For Lou Reed's 'Heroin' read Pink Peg Slax' 'Dripping My Love For You', their very own homage to beer-induced agony and ecstasy. Hip hops indeed.

MAURICE LOMAS

MUMM'S THE WORLD

MUMMY CALLS

Bath

THE MEAN, moody and magnificent Mummy Calls! At last a group for whom intros count and textures blend, and so crammed full of ability (nay, near genius) that if you went off to the bar, the loos or to meet your girlfriend, you'd be sure to miss something. Truly a group that can go every which way.

The collection of songs they present give full meaning to the usual failed attempts at romanticism, atmospheric and soul-searching which others have set upon us. Arrangements use the stock of instruments with awesome thought and execution, allowing the

character of players and singer to shine through.

'Unicorn Jones' made the mark, building with the strength of a marble statue. 'Jane I'll Kiss You' had all the presence of a Weather Report tone-poem, with an emulor 'flute' coda that tingled the spine, yet 'Kiss Me' had an all-American drive that even Go West would be proud of. Visually, you could muse to the curious mix of hair and clothes that surrounded the singer, the silent aura of the Oliver Reed lookalike saxist (all contributions counted from him), and the wonder thunk from bassist Andy. But, more to the point, when you hear the sound of Mummy Calls, you have to listen.

DAVE MASSEY

MUMMY CALLS shout it out



Simon Archer

TOX EXCEL

TOXIC'S HEFF: exhilarating feminism (!)



David Travis

TOXIC SHOCK Birmingham

THE FIRST thing you notice about Toxic Shock is that there are only two of them. The second is their unusual combination of instruments: a sax, a bass and nothing else. Then they start to play and you stop noticing everything except the harsh beauty of their performance.

Al and Heff (who seem to be bereft of surnames) play the parts of yin and yang: opposite forces which, when brought together, can more than double their power. Heff's sax is a razor edge skimming over the solid

bassline provided by Al. And when they sing – oozing confidence and capability – your eyes open wide in wonder at the intricate harmonies their quite different tones and pitches can achieve.

Perhaps their energy is a result of their commitment to feminism and the 'breaking down of barriers'. Perhaps not. But whatever the cause, the effect is exhilarating. At the end of the night, they leave their instruments behind and join the audience, singing 'Are You Ready, Are You Ready?'. The answer is a resounding yes!

GEOFFREY S KENT

IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS

Hammersmith Odeon
THE RECURRING Ian Dury limps frontstage and croaks, "Er yes, well, you've caught me on the hop a bit with that question but there's a wry range of animals down the banks of The Nile", then jerks into the (still) jarring, harrowing 'Spasticus Autisticus'. A brilliant opening. The Gazzes and Shazzes who've flocked here to relive their lost youth (five years ago, before the job with Trustees and the first kid – and eternity) don't know how to react. Oh dear, this isn't very nice. In fact, it's a bit repulsive. Does he have to make a meal of it?

But yes! For that beginning I forgave the bits I didn't like myself – the dense bar room mentality and sagging humour of 'Billericay Dickie' and 'Clever Trevor', the floppy jazz-funk of 'In Betweenies'. Uh-huh, all the old hits were flogged tonight but that was the idea of this 'blockbuster reunion'. The music remains smart and over-competent (punk rock? No-one by that name here, mate).

It's on the climax of 'What A Waste' that Dury's rebellious spirit again twists itself free from his worried, worrying G Parker/D Vanian frame, and when he insults the audience for laughing at things they don't understand their response is to laugh louder.

Gaz and Shaz went home happy; I bet Ian Dury went home and, sniffing, wrote a poem about how you have to compromise a lot to communicate a little. "You're so selfish, if you knew anything you'd keep it to yourself." Another boring institution with a different constitution.

CHRIS ROBERTS

NEW MODEL ARMY/ JOOLZ/FOLK DEVILS/ THE OPPOSITION

Electric Ballroom
"ONLY STUPID bastards use heroin!" screams a roomful of T-shirts. Sometimes you really must believe what you read.

Deep down, we know that guitars and slogans will never change the world. But that particular approach to pop music can still be valid, if it's done well and if it makes you want to change the world. And it can achieve excellence as a sublime entertainment if, however briefly, that man on the stage makes you believe that you actually can.

Following The Opposition's limp post-punk pop eclecticism, the Folk Devils proved a juddering wild thing. Intense, fierce, they remember Malcolm Owen and they move me.

Stare New Model Army's brigand breed of rebel rock square in the face. A sullen expression etched deep into a dry, weather-beaten complexion looks out, looks straight past you. The face of a haphazardly rumbling but singularly dull, flat earth pounding.

A driving force which pivots on passion, but which does not recognise compassion, the Army is to be applauded for its unshakeable stance and undeniable commitment. I would vote for this band and, yes, for Joolz and her hardline commonsense too. But I would never buy their records. Colourless, humourless, they do not move me. They do not make me believe, not even for a moment.

But believe this, from a man who died despite the knowledge: "Heroin will f*** your brain." Only really stupid bastards...

ROGER HOLLAND

DEAD BEATS

London Key Club

SPURRED ON by one of the best albums of '85, 'On Tar Beach', I descend into the depths of London's smoochy Key Club to catch/check out/ dig the sound of the Dead Beats.

The belle of the Dead Beat ball is Yankette Suzy May, a woman with realistic pretensions to the crown of Chrissie Hynde, her gun chewin' beasts being guitarist Tony Barrington and Tall Boys Kevin and Mark.

Suzy is initially tense, visibly so, three-quarter-heartedly affecting go-go dance movements, shrugging her shoulders in a vaguely Ted Heath manner. Miss May warms to the task as the set progresses, but looks happiest when she forsakes the mikestand for the safety of the organ or the guitar. When Suzy manages to perform without her security blanket she'll be fabulous. As it is, she's merely very good indeed, with the conviction of a girl who knows full well she's penned a posse of damn fine songs.

There are two or three covers, Billie Davis' 'Yell Him', and 'Swan Lake' (written by a gay Russian); otherwise it's Dead Beats all the way, and a few encores to boost the confidence.

ANDY HURT

WESTERN PROMISE Embassy

WHITE MEN in Bond Street. Dump the car outside the Gucci shop and swagger along and in.

Western Promise's colours are red and black, and they fly them high. They sing of 'Justice' and curfews and Northern Ireland and knowing which side you're on. And although too many of the words are lost beneath their pounding setting and within John McGlone's fervent, snarling performance, I'm sure Western Promise have a firm grasp on their left wing dialectic.

I find it hard nowadays to believe in change through a well struck guitar, but Western Promise are a welcome throwback to the end of the Seventies, with just a hint of those ubiquitous U2/Big Country influences. They flail at their looping, tearaway guitars with all the courage of their convictions.

Every bit as defiantly heroic as the Lost Loved Ones are supposed to be, they prove they already have that white skanked reggae off to perfection with a rousing version of Marley's 'Burnin' And Lootin'. They've yet to approach any moments quite so fine as The Clash's 'Stay Free' and 'Clampdown' or SLF's 'Breakout', but fledgling anthems like 'All The King's Men' and 'Star Of Bethlehem' promise much.

Western Promise, one of your better equipped bunches of six string revolutionaries.

ROGER HOLLAND

PATRICK MORAZ AND BILL BRUFORD

Ronnie Scotts
HAVING SURVIVED a decade of playing with just about every megabore band you could think of, Moraz and Bruford have kept low profiles for the past year or so.

Guilty consciences? Not if this evening's entertainment was anything to go by. With Bruford on drums and percussion and Moraz on piano and synthesiser, the duo played an invigorating, refreshing brand of music that totally belies past criminal activities.

Generally speaking, this was jazz rock but with a well-defined Brazilian/Latin American feel to it. Complex in structure yet simple in delivery, hypnotic yet extremely varied, salsa but not salsa.

A packed Ronnie Scotts loved every minute of it and I for one will be giving 'Flags', their second album together, the attention it obviously deserves. Lend an ear – you may be surprised.

DAVID ELLIOTT

ANGIE BOWIE Dingwalls

WATCHING ANGIE Bowie in 1985, one finds oneself sweetly regretting the sweet passage of sweet time, an' that, and anticipating the pittest of the pits. But! The three little rabbits were in for a big surprise!

"Gosh," said Flopsy (who hadn't been out for a while). "She's visually striking, isn't she? I mean all this leather and corsets lark would be deemed a bit risqué round my burrow..."

"Yes, indeed. And note the way her jaw falls slack to reveal *dangerous* teeth," said Mopsy (the pretentious one). "It's enough to make you ignore the group, who are practically propping her up while presenting a plethora of powerpop plesantries. Why did they start with 'White Light White Heat'? Why does the rest of the set make me want to skip home and play 'Broken English'? What sort of idiots apart from us comes to see Angie Bowie live? Are we all here because this woman has 'had' David? Why is it somehow 'quite good' rather than ridiculous? Whatever happened to Dana Gillespie? If 'Crying' is Ang's new single, does that mean she's got a record deal?"

Then the magic fairy appeared, sudden like, and said, "Yes Cindy, we *shall* mention that we missed Joe Public's support set due to a brief mixamatoxis epidemic".

Sigh, another quiet Monday night in front of the telly.

CHRIS ROBERTS

Malcolm Beth



LIVE FOR THE WEEKEND Manchester

ONE MILE away, a thousand people politely queue to pay homage to their newly acquired heroes, Simply Red. Within the terrifyingly cavernous Solem Bar, the situation is a little different. Live For The Weekend's Simon Broady has recently spent 20 weeks' rent money on an Ovation guitar and, tonight, he wonders why. But as they tear into their brittle funk set,

admirably refusing to fall into the battle for individual recognition, Live For The Weekend produce a tightness which promises to evolve into something quite staggering danceable within the not too distant future.

Their collective input is truly democratic and compares favourably to the better moments of A Certain Ratio's back pages. Ten songs. A near perfect balance between acoustic power and sharp sax. Their confidence improves as the PA fades. For a moment, middle set, both

reach the same level and a stunning backbeat draws attention and empties the bar.

They look like pop stars. They are looking to be pop stars and it all seems eminently possible until the reality reappears during the space optimistically reserved for the encore. The silence is deadening as the band quietly pack their gear away.

But they faired well and, provided they can keep understandable cynicism at bay, the future will see those halls filling slowly but steadily.

MICK MIDDLES

REEDY STEADY GO

WINSTON REEDY Dingwalls

HALF EXPECTING the night to comprise of the usual dedications to the female members of the audience, I was pleasantly surprised by Winston Reedy's performance. Ever since 'Moi Emma Ooh' was released, followed by 'Dim The Lights' and Studio One sound 'Baby Love', his professional attitude and slick appearance have moved him in the right direction: *forward*.

Backed by a talented band, The Rubenites, Winston strode the stage in his neat threads, producing a clever mix of Johnny Osbourne's 'Can't Buy Me Love' and his own 'Gime Jah Love'. Expressing his love for herb and "a girl called Sensi", he captured the crowd's full attention, while 'Never Gonna Give You Up' and 'Daughters Of Zion' showed his ability to cover songs with richness and warmth, enhanced by a spine-tingling shrillness.

Last time I saw Reedy, he was displaying his talents in the studio for BRAFA's chart-topping 'Let's Make Africa Green Again'. But the tempo



Stella Whalley

WINSTON REEDY searches for female fans' phone nos

was taken a little faster tonight, with sounds from the latest album 'Crossover', 'Romantic Girl' and 'Superstar', easing into his recent single, 'Baby Love'.

A casual performer, he dropped the mike from one hand to the other, breaking into a shy skank. As the lights

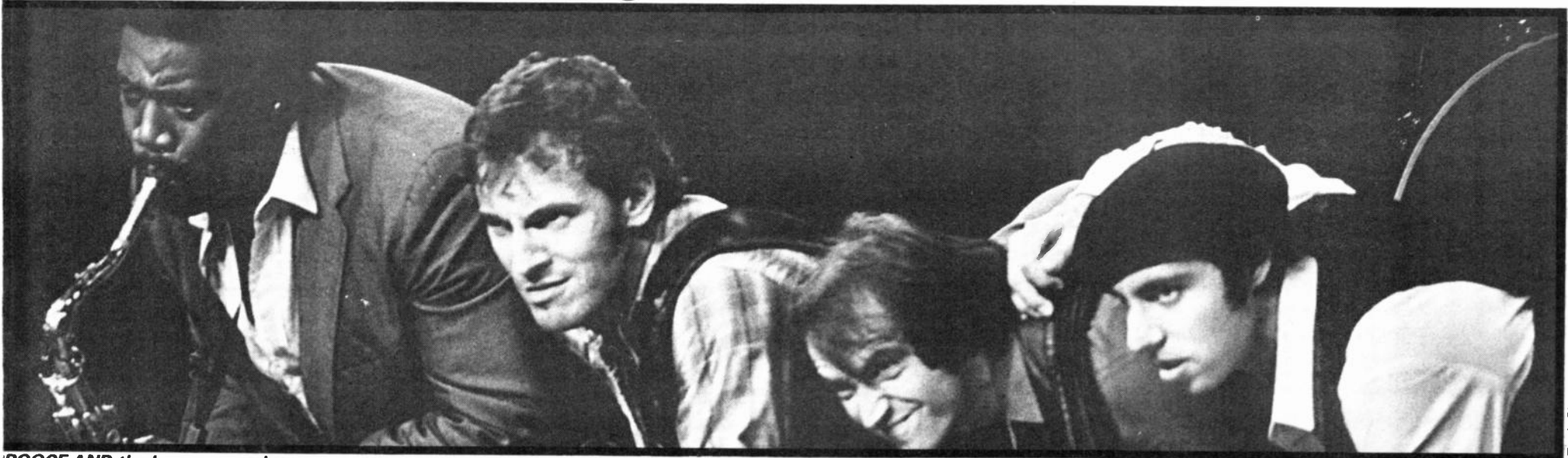
dimmed, he clutched his sweat-beaded forehead in an expression of pain and sadness as 'Dim The Lights' reached the hearts of many. Ending the show with 'You Gotta Have Ambition', this Cool Ruler of British reggae proved he's certainly got it!

STELLA WHALLEY

NIGHTSHIFT

By Dee Pilgrim. Write to Sounds at Greater London House, London NW1 7QZ or telephone 01-387 6671.

The Boss is still knocking them dead this week, in a show that has been described as, quite simply, the greatest rock 'n' roll show. So for those who are prepared to accept second best you can enjoy the aural delights of Jason And The Scorchers and Jeffrey Lee Pierce. Battersea Park hosts a festival including the Red Guitars and the Beat Farmers.



ROOCE AND the boys scrum down

WEDNESDAY 3

ISHOPS STORTFORD, Bakers Dozen, (503781), Pastel Walkers
RIGHTON, Centre, (203131), Dire Straits
RIGHTON, Old Vic, (24744), Only Connect
RIGHTON, Richmond, (603974), Jason And The Scorchers
OLCHESTER, Colne Lodge, (576473), Ugly
OVENTRY, Pilgrim Club, Sir Colin Campbell, (23220), Surf Drums/The
ilgrims
ROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Second Sight
ROYDON, Underground, (01-760 0833), Gene Loves Jezebel/Ipsos
cto
EESIDE, Ferry Fun Pub, (811565), Badger Bell Band
UDLEY, JB's, (53597), Tamed Gypsy
UNSTABLE, Wheatheaf, (62571), Burnessence
PING, Centrepoint, Youth Centre, (75055), The Hive/Mess Mess
EAMINGTON SPA, The Hintons, (37231), Cornflakes For Truth/
hythm Box
EEDS, Adam And Eves, (456724), Peter And The Test-Tube Babies/
oe Public
EEDS, Astoria Ballroom, (490914), Never To Return
ECESTER, Princess Charlotte, (553956), Strange Ideas
VERPOOL, Pyramid Club, (051-236 8941), That Petrol Emotion/The
ecemberists
JNDON, Batcave, Charing Cross, Zero Le Creche
JNDON, Bull, East Sheen, (01-876 2345), Jake Burns And The Big
heel
JNDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454),
mixture/Just Flying Kites
JNDON, Cottonwood Cafe, Great Queen Street, (01-242 8325), The
mates
JNDON, Cricketers, Oval, (01-735 3059), The Groundhogs
JNDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Last Poets
JNDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Lash Lariat And The
ngriders
JNDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden, (01-485 9006), The Chameleons/
slam And The Angel/Easterhouse
JNDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-274 2733), Easter And The Totem
JNDON, Kings Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), The Sound Worx
JNDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Jeffrey Lee Pierce
JNDON, New Merlin's Cave, Margery Street, (01-837 2097), Shady
sal
JNDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), The Textones
JNDON, Royal Festival Hall, (01-928 3191), Pete Seeger/Illapu/Noel
cola
JNDON, Royal Standard, Walthamstow, (01-527 1966), Love Junkies
JNDON, Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park, (01-263 4581), George
elly And John Chiltern's Feetwarmers
JNDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Another Fine
yth/Inspite Of All That
JNDON, Wembley Stadium, (01-902 1234), Bruce Springsteen
ANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), Victor Brox
ANCHESTER, Playpen, Red Turns To...
EWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Edwards Bar, The Edge
EWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Tiffanys, (612526), The Armoury Show
RWICH, Arts Centre, (60352), Ranters, Levellers And Diggers/
aphant Men/Paul Davis
JTTINGHAM, Rock City, (412544), The Damned
JTTINGHAM, The Yorker, (42739), Ken Wood And The Mixers
PON, Brontes, (2266), The Score
MFORD, Rezz, (25566), 80 In The Shade
AUSTELL, Queens Head, (Par 4004), Four Design
OKE, Shelleys, Langton, Angel Witch
OLVERHAMPTON, The Sheraton, (24514), Kit-form Colossus/Crypt
ker 5

THURSDAY 4

HFORD, Stour Centre, (21177), Gene Loves Jezebel
SILDON, Treble Chance, (27901), Big Lynne And Billy Super Duper
NFLEET, Manor, Brunel Road, Fracture Of Joy/The Epics
KENHEAD, Stairways, (051-647 6544), Angel Witch
MINGHAM, Powerhouse, (021-643 4715), The Armoury Show
MINGHAM, Railway, (021-359 2283), No Faith
SHOP STORTFORD, Bakers Dozen, (503781), Hammer And Sickle
ACKNELL, South Hill Park Arts Centre, (27272), The Surfadelics/
rning Lungs
ADFORD, St Georges Hall, (752000), The Damned
RDIFF, St Davids Hall, (426111), B B King
DICOTE, The Bell, (Stevenage 8202 78), Moving Eye
OYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Dante's Playhouse
OYDON, Star, (01-684 1360), April 16
OYDON, Underground, (01-760 0833), Dr And The Medics
RLINGTON, Coachman Hotel, (286116), The Instigators
NHOLME, Rembrandt, (Bradford 832838), The Heads
IDLEY, JB's, (53597), Damascus
INBURGH, La Sorbonne, (031-226 5641), Rhythm System
PING, Treetops, (73322), The Hive
LTHAM, Airman, (01-890 2112), Geneva

FERRYHILL, Kings Head, (51425), Left For Dead
HASTINGS, Crypt, (444675), Chewy Raccoon
HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), Private Party
HETTON-LE-HOLE, Fox And Hounds, (262365), Rega Rega
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head, (21758), The Swamps/The Key
HYTHE, Cricket Club, Parisienne Blonde
IKLEY, Rose And Crown, (607260), Strangers
LANE END, Osborne Arms, (High Wycombe 881755), Fair Exchange
LEAMINGTON SPA, Centre, (34418), Sharks In Italy/Great Outdoors/
The Probes/Still Life/The Hop
LEEDS, Cosmo Club, (623619), The Enid
LEEDS, Haddon Hall, (751115), Vixen
LEICESTER, International, (20471), Jazz Cardinals
LEICESTER, Princess Charlotte, (553956), Hidden Forbidden
LONDON, Bass Clef, Coronet Street, (01-729 2476), European
Connection
LONDON, Bull, East Sheen, (01-876 2345), IQ
LONDON, Camden Palace, Mornington Crescent, (01-387 0428), The
Textones
LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454), There
Goes Algy
LONDON, Cottonwood Cafe, Great Queen Street, (01-242 8325), The
Enforcers
LONDON, Cricketers, Oval, (01-735 3059), Untouchables UK
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), The Last Poets
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Tex Maniax
LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden, (01-485 9006), Green On Red/
Jonathon Richman And The Modern Lovers/Boothill Foot Tappers/
Doctors Children/Andy Kershaw
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Frenzy/The
Rapids/The Rattlers
LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-274 2733), The Glory Boys/Fear
Of Flying
LONDON, Islington Town Hall, (01-609 3051), Western Promise/The
Sentiment
LONDON, Jubilee Gardens, South Bank, Newtown Neurotics/Porky
The Poet/Skint Video/Cryptic Twins
LONDON, Kings Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), Groundhogs
LONDON, Mean Fiddler, Harlesden, (01-961 5490), The Men They
Couldn't Hang/Terry And Gerry/Lash Lariat/Skiff Skats
LONDON, Old Tigers Head, Lee Green, (01-852 9708), Hard Rain/Reiko
LONDON, Old White Horse, Brixton, (01-487 3440), Kudoum
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), The Rage
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Force Majeure/
Only Connect
LONDON, Saxon Tavern, Bellingham, (01-698 3293), Hard Road
LONDON, Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park, (01-263 4581), Morrissey
Mullen
LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/
Jokers Wild
LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), The Barflies/Man
Of The East
LONDON, Wag, Wardour Street, (01-437 5534), Mint Juleps
LONDON, Wembley Arena, (01-902 1234), Dire Straits
LONDON, Wembley Stadium, (01-902 1234), Bruce Springsteen
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), Norma Winstone
MANCHESTER, Gallery, (061-832 3597), All Over The Carpet/Q The
Future
MANCHESTER, Hacienda, (061-236 5051), Johnny Thunders
MANCHESTER, International, (061-224 5050), Dislocation Dance
MANCHESTER, Wilde Club, That Petrol Emotion
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Cooperage, (328286), Slaughterhaus
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Riverside, (614386), The Nightingales
OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Mournblade
PENZANCE, Demelzas, (2475), Four Design
RIPLEY, The Cock, (42391), Thunderchilde
ST ALBANS, College Of Further Education, (Radett 2511), Conflict/
Icons Of Fifth/Lost Cherries/Black Mass
SOUTHAMPTON, Riverside, (436840), Jason And The Scorchers
SOUTHAMPTON, West Indian Club, (36942), Brigandage
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Reids, (343235), The Shakers
STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Dovecot Arts Centre, (611625), The Lovehearts
STOKE, Roxy Roller, (274984), Band Of Thieves
UXBRIDGE, Regal, Jai Gray Jay
WANTAGE, Lairs Barn, Rent Party
WHITSTABLE, Harbour Lights, (275218), Stag
YORK, Plonkers Wine Bar, (55307), The Chorus

FRIDAY 5

ACTON, Bumbles, (01-992 3308), Go! Service/1,000 Violins
BASILDON, Towngate Theatre, (23953), Pat Condell/Janine Booth/The
Coming Fun Revue/Phil Burdett
BATH, Moles, (333423), Beat Farmers
BIRMINGHAM, Old Mill, Northfield, Ken Wood And The Mixers
BIRMINGHAM, Punchbowl, Quinton, (021-427 2276), Certain Circles/
The Wardrobe
BLACKPOOL, Greyfriars, Armoury Show
BOSTON, The Angel, (870315), The Loft
BRIGHTON, Dome, (682127), Dead Or Alive
CARDIFF, Bogeys, (26168), Rouen
CARDIFF, Chapter Arts Centre, (31194), Only Connect
CARDIFF, New Ocean Club, (485600), Larry Miller/Mad Dog
CARMARTHEN, The Alamo, Field Marshall Slug

CHESTERFIELD, Clay Cross Social Centre, (862073), Thunderchilde/
Cold Steel
CHIPPENHAM, Goldiggers, (656444), Divine
CODICOTE, The Bell, (Stevenage 820278), Eddie Monsoon
COLWALL, Horse And Jockey, (40247), Lunatic Fringe/Foreign Legion/
Decadence Within
DUBLIN, National Stadium, (753371), B B King
DUDLEY, JB's, (53597), The Nightingales
EBBW VALE, Beaufort Hall, Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
EDINBURGH, Wilkie House, (031-225 5796), Man/Blues And Trouble
EWELL, North East Surrey College, (01-394 1731), Dr And The Medics
GATESHEAD, Station, (686866), The Sears/Bannlyst/New Blood
GUILDFORD, Royal, (575173), Goliath/Deisel
HANLEY, Black Horse, (281265), Baton Rouge
HASTINGS, Crypt, (444675), Camp Fabulous
HEBDEN BRIDGE, Shoulder Of Mutton, (842780), Engine
HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), La Host
HITCHIN, George Inn, (32779), Mournblade
LEEDS, Astoria, (490914), Jason And The Scorchers
LEICESTER, Oddfellows, (Hinkley 212322), Balaam And The Angel
LEICESTER, Princess Charlotte, (553956), New Union
LIVERPOOL, System, (051-236 8941), Coloured Pencils/This Parade/
Cold Flame
LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford, (01-691 3333), Pepsi Post/Sister
Culcha/Beverley Bell
LONDON, Ambulance Station, Old Kent Road, Ultima Thule/The
Levellers/Panixphere/Marmite Soldiers
LONDON, Amersham Arms, New Cross, (01-692 2047), UK Subs
LONDON, Bass Clef, Coronet Street, (01-729 2476), Cayenne
LONDON, Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, (01-223 8413), Art
Hammer Quartet
LONDON, The Bull, East Sheen, (01-876 2345), Buddy Curtess And The
Grasshoppers
LONDON, Camden Palace, Mornington Crescent, (01-387 0428), The
Roaring Boys/Chewy Raccoon
LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454), The
Fortunate Sons/TV Slaves (upstairs)
LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454), Johnny
Thunders
LONDON, Cottonwood Cafe, Great Queen, (01-242 8325), Heart And
Soul
LONDON, Cricketers, Oval, (01-735 3059), Eddie And The Hotrods
LONDON, Crown And Castle, Dalston Junction, (01-254 3678), Bird Yak
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Leroy Brothers
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Rocket 88
LONDON, Electric Screen, Portobello Road, (01-229 3694), Michael
Nyman Band
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Sweet
Revenge/Fear Of Darkness
LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-274 2733), Lucy Show/Red
LONDON, Kings Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), John Otway
LONDON, Latchmere, Battersea, (01-228 4011), Seconds Of Pleasure
LONDON, Lea Bridge Railway Station, Aunt Fortescues Bluesrockers
LONDON, Loughborough Hotel, Brixton, Excitable Boys/First
Obsession
LONDON, M&M Jazz Bar, Munster Square, (01-240 2430), Mano
Ventura Group/Nick Allums Big Black Cat
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Liaison
LONDON, Marshall Keate, Isle Of Dogs, (01-987 3173), Barflies
LONDON, Mean Fiddler, Harlesden, (01-961 5490), The Higsons
LONDON, Old White Horse, Brixton, (01-487 3440), Soul Assistants/
Kudoum
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Jabula/Pete Thomas
And The Deep Sea Jivers
LONDON, Riverside Studios, Hammersmith, (01-748 3354), Jonathon
Richman And The Modern Lovers
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Dave Howard
Singers
LONDON, Royal Standard, Walthamstow, (01-527 1966), Warfare/Point
3
LONDON, Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park, (01-261 8451),
Moondance/Rockin' Robeys
LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Woolwich, (01-854 2030), The Ringing/
Menticide/Buick Circus Hour/Stiff Injectors
LONDON, Torrington, Finchley, (01-445 4710), Dave Kelly Band
LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Skiff Skats/Cat
Talk
LONDON, Wembley Arena, (01-902 1234), Dire Straits
MACCLESFIELD, Beehive, (24920), Black Diamond
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), Imperial Eye
MANCHESTER, Gallery, (061-832 3597), Peter And The Test Tube
Babies
MANCHESTER, International, (061-224 5050), Green On Red
MELBOURN, Rock Club, (61010), The Groundhogs
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, The Redhouse, Nine Times Life
NORTHAMPTON, Old Five Bells, (711099), Angel Witch
OSWESTRY, The Crown, Dead Wired
PLYMOUTH, Jeffs, The Membranes
RETTFORD, Porterhouse, (704981), That Petrol Emotion
ROCHESTER, The Crown, Legacy
ST HELENS, Triplex Club, Amythest
SLOUGH, Fulcrum, Thames Theatre, (38669), The Enid
SOUTHAMPTON, Riverside, (436840), Marc Riley And The Creepers
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Reids, (343235), Reaction
STOURBRIDGE, Town Hall, Raymond Froggatt
TRURO, William IV, (73334), Four Design
WORCESTER, College Of Higher Education, (422131), Rent Party/Pier
66
YORK, Corner House, (25229), Blues Power

NIGHTSHIFT

SATURDAY

6

ACTON, Bumbles, (01-992 3308), Louisiana Hayriders
 BASILDON, Gloucester Park, The Epics/Orchestre Jazira (lunchtime)
 BEDFORD, Boys Club, (46635), Balaam And The Angel
 BIRKENHEAD, Stairways, (051-647 6544), Badger Bell Band
 BIRMINGHAM, Barrelorgan, (021-622 1353), Joe Public
 BIRMINGHAM, Mermaid, (021-772 0217), Xpertz/Stigma
 BIRMINGHAM, Railway, (021-359 2283), Surface
 BRIGHTON, Upper Gardner Street Boys Club, The Rattlers/Long Tall Texans
 BRISTOL, Granary, (28272), The Groundhogs
 BURNTWOOD, Recreation Centre, (2911), Certain Circles
 CAMBRIDGE, Burleigh Arms, (316881), Mood Assassins
 CARDIFF, Bogeys, (26168), Engine
 CHESTER, Northgate Arena, (812311), The Damned
 CHIPPENHAM, Goldiggers, (656444), Divine
 CHRISTCHURCH, Regent Centre, (479819), Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/
 COVENTRY, Hand On Heart, (618037), The Sears/Bannlyst
 CROSSKEYS, Institute, (270301), Picture Frame Seduction/Metralica
 CROYDON, Star, (01-684 1360), Reiko/Hard Rain
 DUDLEY, JB's, (53597), Here And Now
 DUMFRIES, White Horse Inn, Skanga
 EDINBURGH, Playhouse, (031-557 2590), B B King
 EXMOUTH, Pavilion, (263986), Echo Base
 FETCHAM, Riverside, (375713), The Cardiacs
 FIDDLEFORD, Fiddleford Arms, (0258 72489), Chisza!
 GLASGOW, Sound Cellar, IK
 GLOUCESTER, College Of Art, (24676), The Jazz Butcher
 GUILDFORD, Club Royal, (575173), The Shout
 HAINAULT, Working Mens Club, New North Road, Eddie Vincent
 HARLOW, Spurriers Town Park, Neil Innes/Impossible Dreamers/R
 Cajun/Cosmotheke/Kevin Seisay (afternoon)
 HARLOW, Square One, (25594), The Pastel Walkers
 HASTINGS, Mr Cherys, (422705), Mick Clarke Band
 HEBDEN BRIDGE, Trades Club, (845265), The Answer
 HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), Basil Gabidon
 HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head, (21758), Nashville Teens/Rough Justice
 LEAMINGTON SPA, Hodcarrier, Anonymous Bosch
 LEICESTER, International, (20471), JT And The Soul Destroyers
 LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford, (01-691 3333), Christine Joy
 LONDON, Ambulance Station, Old Kent Road, Ultima Thule/Ring/
 Mechanical Monkey
 LONDON, Bass Clef, Coronet Street, (01-729 2476), Somo Somo
 LONDON, Bull, East Sheen, (01-876 2345), 20 Flight Rockers/Dr And
 The Medics
 LONDON, Bull And Gate, Kentish Town, (01-485 5358), Delicious
 Poison/The Popular Front/Screams And Dreams
 LONDON, Camden Palace, Mornington Crescent, (01-387 0428),
 Vitamin Z
 LONDON, Carnarvon Castle, Chalk Farm, (01-485 7361), Wolfie Witcher
 (lunchtime)
 LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454), Living
 In Texas/Brain Of Morbueus
 LONDON, Cottonwood Cafe, Great Queen Street, (01-242 8325), Heart
 And Soul
 LONDON, Cricketers, Oval, (01-735 3059), Pretty Things
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Apologise For
 Innocence/Fragile Friends
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Pete Thomas And
 The Deep Sea Jivers
 LONDON, Earthmovers Club, Barnet, (01-449 0048), Popular Front/
 Delicious Poison
 LONDON, Electric Screen, Portobello Road, (01-229 3694), 3 O'clock
 Gang/The Axis (lunchtime) Del Amitri (evening)
 LONDON, Enterprise, Chalk Farm, (01-673 8228), June Brides/Go!
 Service
 LONDON, Fridge, Brixton, (01-326 5100), Chewy Raccoon
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Rubella
 Ballet/Joy Of Life
 LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-274 2733), Men They Couldn't
 Hang/Hogavision
 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Dead Or Alive
 LONDON, Hippodrome, Leicester Square, (01-734 4311), Foxes/Soho/
 Gino Lamour
 LONDON, Kings Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), Chickenshake
 LONDON, Latchmere, Battersea, (01-228 4011), Seconds Of Pleasure
 LONDON, Mean Fiddler, Harlesden, (01-961 5490), Alan Jones And
 Ken Duffy
 LONDON, Old Queens Head, Stockwell, (01-737 4904), The Thirty Fifth
 Of May
 LONDON, Old White Horse, Brixton, (01-487 3440), Pop Icons/Social
 Climbers
 LONDON, Plough, Stockwell, (01-274 3879), Elephant
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), The Tempest
 LONDON, Rosemary Branch, Shepperton Road, (01-226 6110), The
 Axis (evening)
 LONDON, Saxon Tavern, Bellingham, (01-698 3293), Blue Russia
 LONDON, Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park, (01-263 4581), Brett
 Carrero Band (lunchtime) Big Chief/Eddie Armani (evening)
 LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Woolwich, (01-854 2030), Marc Riley
 And The Creepers/Alternative TV/The Mission

LONDON, Tom Allen Centre, Stratford, (01-555 7289), Helen And The
 Horns
 LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Morrissey Mullen/
 Respect
 LONDON, Wembley Arena, (01-902 1234), Dire Straits
 LONDON, Wembley Stadium, (01-902 1234), Bruce Springsteen
 MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), Bigtown Playboys
 MANCHESTER, International, (061-224 5050), The Last Poets
 NEW MALDEN, Duke Of Wellington, Kingston Road, (01-942 1304),
 Antz Avenue
 NORTHAMPTON, Roadmender, (21408), Zero Le Creche
 OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Larry Miller
 PETERLEE, Argus Butterfly, (862538), The Edge
 PLYMOUTH, Academy, The Enid
 PRESTON, Paradise Club, (562491), The Membranes
 PWLLHELI, Trawyn Hall, The Ffor, The Chameleons
 RETFORD, Porterhouse, (704981), Jason And The Scorchers
 ROSSENDALE, Public Hall, (217777), The Scene
 ST IVES, Tiringham Arms, Four Design
 SHEFFIELD, Leadmill, (754500), Green On Red
 SUNDERLAND, Bunker, (650020), Instigators
 SWANSEA, Coach House, (54602), Point Blank
 TONYPANDY, Naval Club, (432068), Engine
 WANTAGE, Ridgeway Free Festival, Helder Skelter
 WOKING, Robin Hood, Knap Hill, The Barflies

SUNDAY

7

BALDOCK, The Engine, (892131), Rebecca Wolf
 BIRMINGHAM, Odeon, (021-643 6101), B B King
 BLACKPOOL, GPO, Damascus
 BOURNEMOUTH, Pembroke Arms, (21686), Incubus
 BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), The Torpedoes
 BRIGHTON, Richmond, (603974), The Subhumans
 BRISTOL, Cabot Club, (40491), The Sears/Bannlyst
 COLWYN BAY, Central Hotel, (2017), Badger Bell Band
 CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Smokestack Lightning
 DUDLEY, JB's, (53597), Marks Brothers
 ERITH, Belvedere Social Club, (32346), Eddie Vincent
 FETCHAM, Riverside, (375713), Frenzy/The Rattlers
 HUDDERSFIELD, White Lion, (22407), New England
 KETTERING, Rising Sun, (523463), Mournblade
 LEEDS, Roundhay Park, (661850), Bruce Springsteen
 LLANHARAN, Rugby Football Club, (222209), Engine
 LONDON, Battersea Park, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/Terry
 And Gerry/Aswad/Billy Bragg/Working Week (stage 1)
 LONDON, Battersea Park, The Opposition/Jah Warriors/Frank
 Chickens/Poison Girls/Red Guitars/The Pogues/Men They Couldn't
 Hang/Three Johns/Hank Wangford/The Beat Farmers (stage 2)
 LONDON, Cricketers, Oval, (01-735 3059), Balham Alligators
 (lunchtime) Gonzales (evening)
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Plankton Family/My
 Eyes My Eyes/Grove Toys/American Typewriters
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-483 1773), Pete Thomas And
 The Deep Sea Jivers
 LONDON, Green Gate, Bethnal Green, (01-739 4920), Point Three
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Johnny
 Rizla/London Guns
 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Dead Or Alive
 LONDON, Kings Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), Guilty Party
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), G-Swing
 LONDON, Mean Fiddler, Harlesden, (01-961 5490), Shanty Dam
 LONDON, Plough, Stockwell, (01-274 3879), Radical Sheiks
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Funk Crew/
 Bliss
 LONDON, Ronnie Scotts, Frith Street, (01-439 0747), Simply Red
 LONDON, Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park, (01-263 4581), Moondance
 (lunchtime), Helen And The Horns (evening)
 LONDON, Wembley Arena, (01-902 1234), Dire Straits
 LUTTERWORTH, Shearsby Bath Hotel, (Peatling Magna 202), The
 Firebirds
 MANCHESTER, Gallery, (061-832 3597), The Armoury Show
 NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Stewarts Club, Ik
 NORTHAMPTON, Derrigate Theatre, (24811), The Damned
 NORTHAMPTON, Lings Forum, (32917), Play The Joker
 NORTHAMPTON, Old Five Bells, (711099), Hard Times
 OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), IQ
 OXFORD, Witney Rugby Club, (71043), Liaison
 PEEBLES, Cross Keys, (20748), Skanga
 PENARTH, The Lighthouse, (680317), Samurai
 SHEFFIELD, Hallamshire Hotel, (29787), Adolescent Rogues
 WATFORD, Pumphouse, (01-907 5072), Geoff Bradford
 WOBURN GREEN, Grange Wine Bar, (Bourne End 22646), Fair
 Exchange

MONDAY

8

AYLESBURY, Civic Centre, (86009), Mournblade/Mad Dog
 BIRMINGHAM, Barrelorgan, (021-622 1353), Certain Circles
 BOURNEMOUTH, Academy, (304535), Chewy Raccoon
 BRIGHTON, Old Vic, (24744), Peter And The Test-Tube Babies
 BRIGHTON, Richmond, (603974), MIC/Tower Of Babel
 CHICHESTER, Cathedral Green, Big Jim And The Figaro Club
 (lunchtime)
 CORBY, Sports and Leisure Centre, (69513), Play The Joker/Bandits At
 7 O'clock/Obscurity/Laughing Mothers/The Disturbed
 CROYDON, Fairfield Halls, (01-688 9291), B B King
 DARTFORD, Flicks, (25520), Gene Loves Jezebel
 KIRKLEVINGTON, Country Club, (780345), Jason And The Scorchers
 LONDON, Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon Street, (01-387 9628), Laibach

LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454), Kitsch/
 X-Certificate
 LONDON, Crown And Sceptre, Streatham Hill, Mick Clarke Band
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Red White And
 Phoenix/Blood Sport/Equestrian Statues
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Billy Bremner Band
 LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden, (01-485 9006), The Armoury
 Show/Skeletal Family/Lost Loved Ones
 LONDON, Embassy, Old Bond Street, (01-499 4793), Final Academy
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Money
 Mad Men Say/The Circus
 LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-274 2733), Go Direct/Colette
 LONDON, Hammersmith Palais, (061-748 2812), Midnight Oil/The Sound
 LONDON, Kings Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), Bam Bam/Under Offer
 LONDON, Latchmere, Battersea, (01-228 4011), Antz Avenue
 LONDON, Le Beat Route, Greek Street, (01-734 1470), Jeb And The
 Country Set/Inflatables/Waving Not Drowning
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Zerra I
 LONDON, Mean Fiddler, Harlesden, (01-961 5490), The Textones
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Skiff Skats/Blubbery
 Hellbellies/Cat Talk
 LONDON, Pied Bull, Islington, (01-837 1753), See You In Vegas/The
 Screaming Abdabs
 LONDON, Plough And Harrow, Leytonstone, Many Happy Returns/The
 Only Alternative
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Capitol Twist/
 Sand Boys
 LONDON, Ronnie Scotts, Frith Street, (01-439 0747), Rent Party
 LONDON, Shaw Theatre, Euston Road, (01-388 1394), Daniel Ponce/
 Sonido De Londres/Capoeira
 LONDON, Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park, (01-263 4581), Beat
 Farmers/Melanie Harrold
 LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Buddy System/Get
 Smart
 LONDON, University Union, Malet Street, (01-580 9551), Men They
 Couldn't Hang
 LONDON, Wag, Wardour Street, (01-437 5534), Team 10
 LONDON, Wembley Arena, (01-902 1234), Dire Straits
 MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), John Cooper
 Clarke
 MANCHESTER, Gallery, (061-832 3597), Faith Brothers/Ignition
 MANCHESTER, International, (061-224 5050), Nazca Plain
 NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Edwards Bar, Nine Times Life
 NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Riverside, (614386), Darkness And Jive
 STOKE, Shelleys, Langton, Dr And The Medics
 SUNDERLAND, Club Annabel, (659117), It's Crucial
 SUNDERLAND, Old 29, (58625), Rega Rega
 THATCHAM, Silks, (65562), IQ
 WHITSTABLE, Harbour Lights, (275218), Tarot

TUESDAY

9

BIRMINGHAM, Barrelorgan, (021-622 1353), Kit-form Colossus
 BRIGHTON, Old Vic, (24744), Red Letter Day
 BRIGHTON, Richmond, (603974), IQ
 CARDIFF, University SU, (396421), Denym/Vigilante
 CHIPPENHAM, Goldiggers, (656444), The Damned
 CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Camp Fabulous
 CROYDON, Underground, (01-560 0833), Angel Witch/Sentinel
 DUDLEY, JB's, (53597), Wolfsbane
 GILLINGHAM, Southern Belle, (Midway 50942), Arque
 KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES, Grey Horse, (01-546 4818), Helder Skelter
 LEICESTER, Princess Charlotte, (553956), Rockin' Ronnie And The
 Benny Ruperts
 LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford, (01-691 3333), The Beat Farmers
 LONDON, Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon Street, (01-387 9628), Laibach
 LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454),
 Character Set/Resistance
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Magic Mushroom
 Band
 LONDON, Dominion, Tottenham Court Road, (01-580 9562), Gilberto
 Gil
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Sugar Ray Ford And
 The Hotshots
 LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden, (01-485 9006), Jason And The
 Scorchers/The Blasters
 LONDON, Embassy, Old Bond Street, (01-499 4793), The Torpedoes
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Living In
 Texas/The Vibes/Whiplash Girls
 LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-274 2733), Showya/Ten K Mix
 LONDON, Kings Head, Fulham High Street, (01-736 1413), Armistice
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Zerra I
 LONDON, Mean Fiddler, Harlesden, (01-961 5490), 20 Flight Rockers/
 Heavens To Betsy
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Skeletal Family
 LONDON, Pindar Of Wakefield, Grays Inn Road, (01-837 1753), The
 Only Alternative/Many Happy Returns
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Red River
 Mountain Boys/Violet Circuit
 LONDON, Shaw Theatre, Euston Road, (01-388 1394), Annie
 Whitehead/Phoenix Dance Company
 LONDON, Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park, (01-263 4581), Pyewacket/
 Irish Mist
 LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Corporal
 Henshaw/Rickburners
 LONDON, Sols Arms, Central Club, Hampstead Road, (01-898 7165),
 English Scheme
 LONDON, Wembley Arena, (01-902 1234), Dire Straits
 MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), John Cooper
 Clarke
 MANCHESTER, Cloud 9, (061-832 3350), Dr And The Medics
 PADWORTH, Out Of Town, (713282), All The Rage
 ST AUSTELL, Cornwall Coliseum, (Par 4004), Paul Young
 SHEFFIELD, Leadmill, (754500), The Last Poets
 TWICKENHAM, Mulberry Tree, (01-892 3294), Mick Clarke Band
 WARMINSTER, King Arthur, (702853), The Sears/Bannlyst/Paranoid
 Visions

THURSDAY — ROCK NIGHT at
THE WELLINGTON

Shepherds Bush Green
 Thursday 4th July

SEDUCER

+ Legacy
 + Alices Restaurant Roadshow

nearest tube
 Shepherds Bush (Central Line)

Admission £2 on door
 Open 7.30-11pm

THE SCENE

THE COMBINE

THE MOMENT

THE WAYOUT

SATURDAY 13TH JULY AT 12 NOON
 SAVOY BALLROOM — TUFNELL PARK

ROYAL STANDARD
 opp: Blackhorse Road Tube
 Tel: 527 1966

Wed. 3rd July

LOVE JUNKIES

Fri 5th July

WARFARE

Outlaw Presents
**Lloyd Cole and the
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 Plus The Jazzateers
 at Hammersmith Odeon
 Sunday 1st September 1985
 Tickets £4.50 & £4.00 available from Box Office and usual agents.
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 Premier Box Office 01-240 0771, Stargreen Box Office 01-734 8932
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 + DEMENTIA
 WED. 10. 999 + LAST ROUGH
 CAUSE
 + PATRICK
 WED. 17. BLYTHE
 POWER + Anti-System
 (ex-MOB) + D.K.V.
 WED. 24. SUBHUMAN + INSTIGATORS
 + MIAHMA + Indian Dream
 WED. 31. CHELSEA + dangerous
 PAYHEM
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 Onslaught + Political Asylum + Of Pollen
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marquee ADVANCED TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR CENTRAL SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY

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Fri 5th July (Adm £3.00) LIAISON (Last Show) PLUS PRIDE OF PASSION AND MARTIN BALL	Tues 9th July (Adm £3.50) JOHN COGHLAN'S DIESEL BAND PLUS SUPPORT AND NICK HENBRY
Sat 6th July (Adm £3.50) KOLORS (Featuring PETER GREEN) PLUS SUPPORT AND NICK HENBRY	Wed 10th July (Adm £3.00) HURRAH PLUS SUPPORT AND MONTY ZERO
Sun 7th July (Adm £2.50) JAZZ NIGHTS RETURN TO THE MARQUEE G-SWING plus Glen	Thurs 11th July (Adm £3.50) JOHN VERITY PLUS RAN NELSON AND MARTIN BALL

REDUCED ADMISSION FOR MEMBERS, STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
FRI 5th JULY
Doors Open 8pm

JOHNNY THUNDERS
COSA NOSTRA

CHELSEA
BONE ORCHARD
DEAD NEIGHBOURS

Tickets £4. (Early 1985 1st/2nd/3rd/4th)
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PREMIER: 01 240 0771 - ROUGH TRADE RECORDS

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AMERICAN
Independence Day Celebration
Doors 8pm

From the USA
Green On Red
SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE
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THE Doctors Children

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132 Worplesdon Road, Guildford

Sat 6th July	NEVER B4 + support	£1.50
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THAT PETROL EMOTION (ex-UNDERTONES)
Adm. £2.50

Saturday 6th July
JASON & THE SCORCHERS
Adm. £2.50

Saturday 13th July
DOCTOR + THE MEDICS
Adm. £2.50

Rules of the club.
Must be over 18 years of age.
No admittance after midnight.
Positively no skinhead fashion allowed.

MCP and UNDERGROUND MUSIC presents
MIDNIGHT OIL Plus Special Guests
THE SOUND
& CIRCUS, CIRCUS, CIRCUS
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RUSSELL GONS W1
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Thurs. 4: KITCH + TEAR THE HOUSE DOWN £2.00
Fri. 5: ONE WAY SYSTEM + WHIPLASH GIRLS £2.00
Sat. 6: GUNSLINGERS + DOUBLE "O" ZERO'S + FABU-
LOUR FALLING ANGELS £2.00
Mon. 8: ANDY LOVEBUG + THE TENDERHEARTS +
THE DECADENT FEW Tues. 9: LYNCHMEN + RATTLE CATS

THE CRYPT
Under St Pauls Church
Deptford. SE8
Psychodelic "All Niter"

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Friday 5th July
SPACE PIRATES
+ Support
"All Niter"
9p.m - 6a.m

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Mighty Lemondrops
+ 1000 Violins

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SAVAGE

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& THE STONE ROSES

Tues 9th July £2.50
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+ SENTINEL

Wed 10th July £2.00
TWENTY FLIGHT ROCKERS
+ ROSE OF AVALANCHE

Thurs 11th July £3.00
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Tues - Sats
9pm - 2am

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NEIL KAY'S
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Plus Special Guests
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SAT 6	BRIGHTON BB CLUB, TOWN CENTRE
SUN 7	LEATHERHEAD RIVERSIDE CLUB
SAT 13	LONDON CLARENDON HOTEL, HAMMERSMITH
SUN 21	HARROW CLAY PIGEON, EASTCOTE

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BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH BAND
7.30 SUN 21st JULY
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+ SPECIAL GUESTS
TREVOR BIRTON
+ IN THE FLESH £3.50

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SIX, APOLOGIES FOR INNOCENCE
FRAGILE FRIENDS
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5 NEW ACTS
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MAGIC MUSHROOM BAND
+ THE OUTSKIRTS
+ LIGHT SHOWS
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WED 10
HEAVY ROCK SCENE
LARRY MILLER
HAZE
DIA TRIBE
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THUR 11
JAKE BURNS & THE BIG WHEEL
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
THE DEADBEATS
£2.50 OR £1.50 UNWAGED

FRI 12
MAN
SAT 13

"ALTERNATIVE LIVE
AID BENEFIT"
ANY NAME ACTS INTERESTED CALL
YOUR AGENT OR THE CLUB... ASAP

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TUES 16 THE MOODISTS
THUR 18 BOOTHILL & FOOT-TAPPERS
SAT 20 AL RAPONE'S ZYDECO EXPRESS (from USA)
SAT 27 CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE BLUES BAND (from USA)

MUSIC THEATRE FILM DANCE

Accompanied Children FREE
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DISCO PARTY NITES

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BOYS IN BLUE

THURSDAY 4th-11th-18th-25th-1st AUGUST
THE MILLER FAMILY
THE OUTRAGEOUS
EDDY ARMANI

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LITTLE SISTER

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BILLY BREMNER
THE TORPEDES
STORMY MONDAY
LITTLE SISTER
STORMY MONDAY

SUNDAY 7th
14th
21st
28th

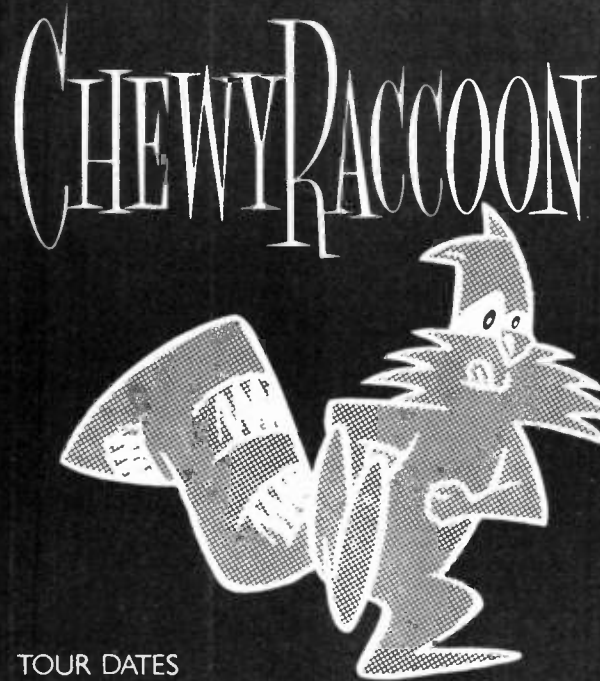
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THE TEXTONES

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Thursday 11th July

U-BAHN-X

Thursday July 25th

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THE ANTI HEROIN CAMPAIGN
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and his jazz band on their debut UK tour

July 2

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8.30 pm

July 3

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8.30 pm

July 4

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8.00pm

July 5

Prince of Orange

118 Lower Road, Rotherhithe, London SE16

9.00 pm

July 6

Prince of Orange

118 Lower Road, Rotherhithe, London SE16

9.00 pm

July 11

Pizza Express

Dean Street, London W1

8.30 pm

July 12

Pizza Express

Dean Street, London W1

8.30 pm

July 13

Pizza Express

Dean Street, London W1

8.30 pm

July 14

Barbican Centre Foyer

Silk Street, London EC2

12 noon

July 14

Wilde Theatre

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8.00 pm

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100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.

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THE RAGE

+ NEW BREED

Tuesday 9th July

THE SKELETAL FAMILY

Thursday 11th July

THE PRISONERS

+ THE MIGHTY SAESARS

Tuesday 16th July

THE URBAN DOGS

+ THE INSTIGATORS

+ SPECIAL US PUNK GROUP

Thursday 18th July

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Wednesday 3rd July

BOB KERRS WHOOPEE BAND

Thursday 4th July

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Friday 5th July

HANK WANGFORD BAND

Saturday 6th July

JUICE ON THE LOOSE

Sunday 7th July

RONNIE BOND BAND

feat: PAUL JONES

Monday 8th July

PYEWACKET

Tuesday 9th July

MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND.

Wednesday 10th July

BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND

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LONG HAIR young male into rock music, love, peace, good vibes seeks lovely female, Yorks area. Box No. 16558.

MALE MOTORCYCLIST (24), longish hair, smart bike, a bit shy, favourite groups: Hawkwind, Dio, Iron Maiden, Hillaage, Floyd, Saxon, Zeppelin, Doors, AC/DC. Seeks slim female (16+) for friendship/night out. Nottingham/Leicester area. Photo appreciated. Box No. 16557.

EUROPE, ANYONE want to cycle around it? Leaving 22.7.85. 4-6 weeks. Four already going. Box No. 16555.

UNTRENDY MALE (22) into Rock, Folk, Blues, Conservation, Searching Peace, Truth, Love. Unhip female. Appearance unimportant. Box No. 16556.

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TWO SHY LONDON LADS SEEKING THREE ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADIES SEEN AT KNEBORTH (SAINSBURYS, MACDONALDS EARLIER). ONE HAD ORANGE UMBRELLA. WERE SITTING NEAR BACK, MOVED FORWARD BEFORE UFO. Box No. 16565.

WENDY THE HAIRDRESSER from MUMBLES Wales remember Jeff at Glastonbury? Why not write. Box No. 16564.

MALE 24 seeks Lady 20+ Offers Honesty, Kindness And Love seeks same London, Kent Area. Box. 16563.

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RICHARD 30 Slim Attractive, seeks girl for fun times. London 794-9595.

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NOW AVAILABLE! The Formula Of Girl Attraction. This unique cassette/talking book gives full, explicit details of how the average man can increase his success with women by at least 50%. For full details send S.A.E. to JUPITER PRODUCTS, 19 Caedmon Road, Holloway, London N7 6DH.

IF YOU WOULD like to live in a country cottage in Wales, and you are keen to help with my animals and general chores, you can. Females only. No Gays Please. Box No. 16567.

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**Reviewed by
Sandy
Robertson**

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

AC/DC 'Danger'
(Atlantic)

Hmmm... sounds a bit like the Scandinavian group Trash, what? Only kidding! The real masters of sluggish thuggery are back and doing what they do best. Sure, it has the searing guitar grit and throat-damaging vocals of every



other AC/DC cut, but from the menacing hiss of the opening rhythm to the final rasping exhortation of "don't talk to strangers" there's a lively we-mean-it enjoyability and catchiness about the thing that spells s-u-c-c-e-s-s in letters of fire.

I guess it has that indefinable magic that confounds critics and delights fans. A hit, even?

THE CLINTONS 'Girl Next Door' (Coyote import)
JASON AND THE SCORCHERS 'Shop It Around' (EMI-America)

Rock 'n' roll with a backwoods twang has settled down to being a regular part of the current musical Americana trip these days, so here's two of the outfits you ought to be seen listening to.

Jason and his merry men pull forth yet another of the oughta-be-hits buried on their cult smash album of the moment, and this time out they're a bit less frenzied than usual with a singalong sass that might see 'em on *TOTP*.

The Clintons are only beginning to plot their campaign of coolness; fuzzy production, bear's-ass guitar sound, quotes from Robert Christgau and *LA Weekly* on their bio... this three-piece are led by the Tennessee grin and curly hair of Clint Clinton and (in spite of - because of? - the sleeve pic of an all girl tits-out burlesque band) will be hip, hip, hip right about... now!

JOHNNY THUNDERS AND THE HEARTBREAKERS 'Chinese Rocks' (Jungle)

Some things never change. While we wait for the new offerings from the human medicine cabinet this'll keep us happy - hell, s'worth it for the cover shot alone.

Some things never change. Thank Gawd.

EURYTHMICS 'There Must Be An Angel (Playing With My Heart)' (RCA)

Another calculated candyfloss confection from the silicon soulsters. Difficult not to like 'em, though when Stevie Wonder stumbles into the studio halfway through, harmonica in hand, one feels they're pushing things a bit far on the nice 'n' easy front.

Still - the Lennox voice saves the play, as always, even in this low-key emotional setting. A hit, of course.

CYNDI LAUPER 'The Goonies R Good Enough' (Portrait)
ARETHA FRANKLIN 'Freeway Of Love' (Arista)
AMAZULU 'Excitable' (Island)

Hey guys!! Have you heard - the gals are takin' over pop! So goes the crasser rock hack gabble every six months or so, usually on the basis of

stuff like this.

Ms Lauper has parlayed one decent song (and the belief that sporting bright clothes and rolling her eyes in 'wacky' manner is endearing) into a career of sorts, which is admirable, one supposes.

This latest piece is from the new would-be blockbuster flick *The Goonies*, but more interesting is the news that Cyndi has just had a stomach operation; whether this was recorded before, after or during the debacle we're not told.

Ms Franklin is a legend. Legends should never make new records (unless they're Bruce Springsteen), I'm afraid.

That famed Aretha voice is hardly taxed here, and we're on a downhill ride all the way after the initial sax blast. Sorry. When I ride on the freeway I listen to Bryan Adams.

Amazulu sound about as excited as an OAP watching *That's Life* and have one of those Portobello Road dreadlocked girl crooners who dances like a chicken with a broken pelvis. Yuk.

The rule: bands who appear on *The Young Ones* suck!

DIRE STRAITS 'Money For Nothing' (Vertigo)
ERIC CLAPTON 'She's Watching' (Duck/WEA)
PHENOMENA 'Dance With The Devil' (Bronze)
UTOPIA 'Mated' (Food For Thought)
SHY 'Reflections' (RCA)

Plodders and Pompsters!

Dire Straits stop to tune up 'til the middle of their comment-invitingly-titled single, before launching into a limp Stones riff rip with very 'low' lyrics. Hard to imagine any song with a mention for a "microwave oven" (several times) being considered outrageous, but it seems the word "faggot" is causing the trouble. Apparently the faggots are upset. No-one else is likely to care.

Phenomena are a concept, sorta aural Stephen King. Sadly it sucks like a vampire, and anyone who has read Mr King knows he'd never be caught dead listening to crud like this, which is like Dave Swarbrick meets ELP.

And how the mighty have sunk! Todd Rundgren devolves onto ever more

obsure labels and looks very old these days. With his Utopia pals he offers a dud that would never have made it to the shortlist in the halcyon era of 'Something/Anything' or 'A Wizard, A True Star'.

Shy, on the other hand, are just starting out, but despite heavy touting they're equally as laboured as Rodd Runtlestuntle. Times is hard for pop stars.

Surprisingly, impossibly aged Eric the C is the liveliest thing here, pounding and confident. Not a classic, but in a week like this he gets high marks...

ANIMATION 'Let Him Go' (Mercury)
THE ROCK-OLAS 'Dizzy' (MCA)
BILLY McISAAC 'Love me Like You Did Before' (Sedition/PRT)
ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE 'Love Is Just The Great Pretender' (Island)
BUCKS FIZZ 'You And Your Heart So Blue' (RCA)

Love, money, pop - it's all the same!

The rather excellent little Animation hype may not extend to mob benevolence towards this follow-up to 'Obsession', especially since a) it stinks, and b) it's rather nipping at the heels of its predecessor.

The Rock-Olas murder Tommy Roe's ditty 'Dizzy' and add not a jot to its amiable dumbness. I hear it's Mike Read doing the bilge here - such conceit to make a record when you can't even do a decent job of playing them!

Billy boy is Midge Ure's old Slik pal if I'm not mistaken, but judging by this dull dirge he doesn't share the wee man's talent for survival via adaptability.

Animal Nightlife, I now notice, have the subhead '85' added to the title of their goodtime ersatz soundtrack - it doesn't help make it any more relevant.

And Bucks Fizz pretend Jay never happened.

Next week: Jay pretends Buck Fizz never happened...

ALED JONES 'Too Young To Know' (Sain)

For all I know he's an OK kid, is little Aled, but the fact that he likes pop music doesn't mean he should sing it too.

The truth is that an unbroken, pure voice like his is suited only to religious

efforts. Waffle like this, flipside of 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' and all, is pushed out for silly old women everywhere with a no doubt smiling condescension from the kid's 'mentors' that says - Hey, we're hip, we can rock out too, ya know!

Barf... Why are we reviewing it? Listen, maaan, Ernest Luff was pretty damn cool, okay?

JAMES 'Village Fire' (Factory)
DEL AMITRI 'Sticks And Stones Girl' (Chrysalis)
A CERTAIN RATIO 'Wild Party' (Factory)

I'm sure I heard silly people saying (groan) that James, silent and enigmatic in the face of the press, were another 'Velvet Underground' band, but apart from the odd underpowered guitar whinny I just don't hear it. Lame songs, lame singer. Lame, like.

Del Amitri are strangely similar, but, despite sounding daft as they cram as many words and notes in as possible to their frenzied span, they at least have some fire and cohesion. At least. And no, boys, that *doesn't* mean I want another feature!

A Certain Ratio are still being tastefully rhythmic in an arty way. You'd think they'd get bored or something...

MAINFRAME 'Five Minutes' (Polydor)

More like five years. The other side is called 'Eric's Revenge'(!) I'm saying nothing that could hurt my chance of promotion in future, mate!

SEPTEMBER 'The Lover In Me' (10)
JOHNNY ROCCA 'I Want You' (Beggars Banquet)

Who is Johnny Rocca? One half of Freeez, I'm told; he mixes September's single and knocks out his own, too.

Only an old Freeez fan will know the difference, I bet!

DANSE SOCIETY 'Say It Again' (Arista)
THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE 'LA Rain' (Avalantic)
BROKEN BONES 'Seeing Through My Eyes' (Fall Out)

Random action. I always think it's such a waste when all this technology gets used to so little purpose. Washes of sound, the odour of computer-type rhythms and... and... you end up

with the bleedin' Danse Society, one of those mobs with artificially deep voices and an apparent need to incorporate every musical style since the advent of rockabilly.

Hence the disco/funk/rock etc, etc clichés. But where's the song, the purpose, the style, the sense, the...?

The Rose Of Avalanche, I was promised by the person who gave me their disc, sound so much like Lou Reed that one couldn't fail to surrender to the crazed cheek of it all. Heck - it worked for Dream Syndicate, right?

Actually, the impossibly drawling, slow-motion guitar slash and slurred vocals do the trick as suggested, despite the fact that old Lou would never sing a paean to LA. Since they're not American, either, I must predict cult status only...

Broken Bones? Three punk-types inform corrupted psychometal screech a la aural Hieronymus Bosch with mental-patient type wordplay. That's only the first 15 seconds, however. After that it's badly sung spikey-top thrash. Pity...

JOHN FOXX 'Stars On Fire' (Virgin)

Jolly tune, anyone? Look - lemme rejoin Ultravox, okay? I'll be good, I'll...

JAKE BURNS AND THE BIG WHEEL 'On Fortune Street' (Survival)

Either he's had voice lessons since SLF or he doesn't handle the crooning here. This doesn't make the record any better, though, and even SLF-whooooaargh punkers won't like it 'cause it strolls along rather chattily instead of assaulting the senses.

Between two stools? Shit...

PET SHOP BOYS 'Opportunities (Let's Make Lots Of Money)' (Parlophone)
UK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA 'Shades' (Food For Thought)

On the first record, pop hacks (printed word division) shouldn't become pop hacks (vinyl division), knowworrimean?

On the second record, musos shuld'n't wear brightly coloured suits and bastardise their classical talents.

And on the third... What? You mean I can go home? Yaaaayyy...

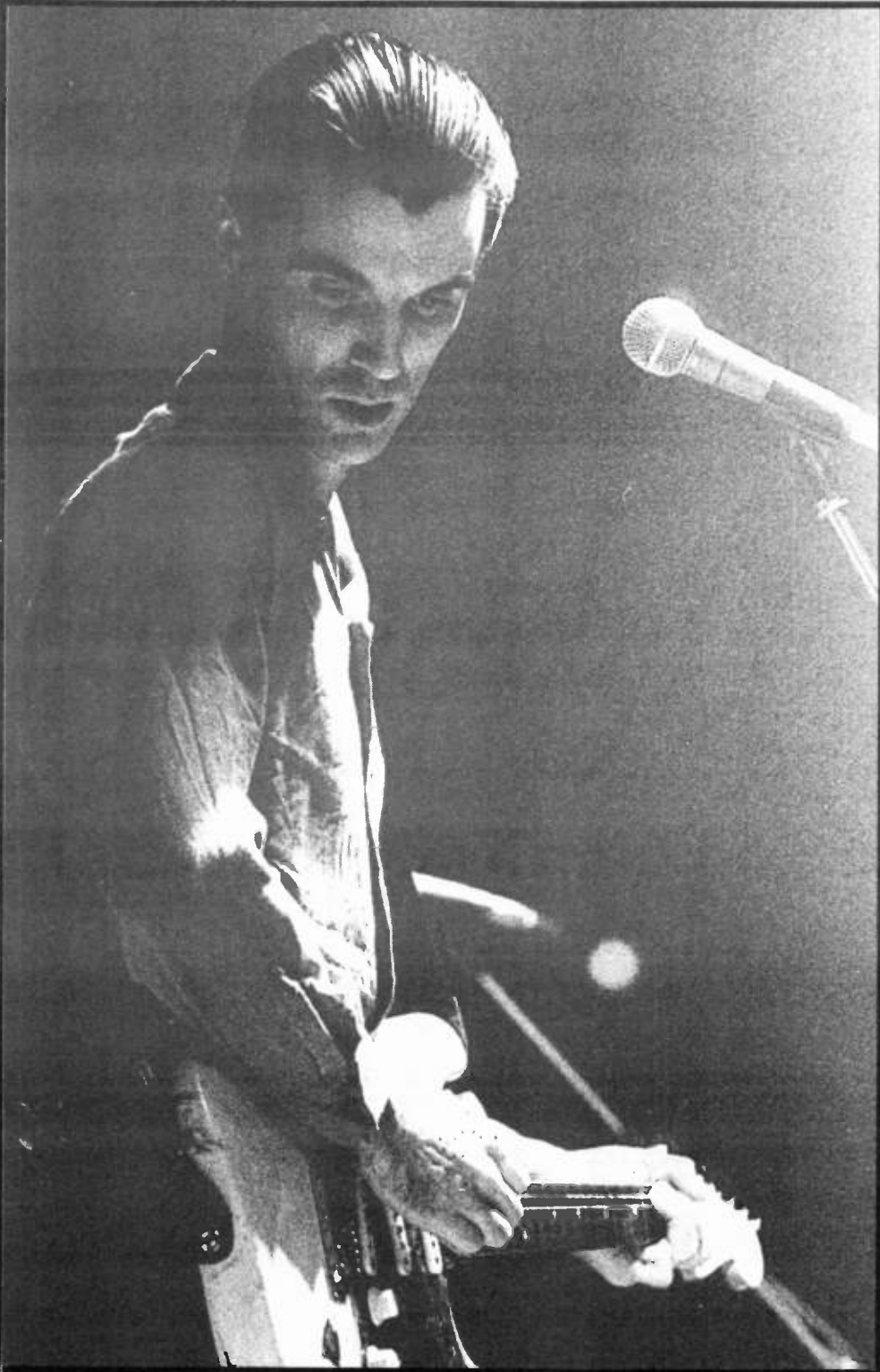
UK SINGLES

- | | | | |
|----|----|--------------------------------|--|
| 1 | 1 | FRANKIE | Sister Sledge, Atlantic |
| 2 | 2 | CRAZY FOR YOU | Madonna, Sire |
| 3 | 4 | AXEL F | Harold Faltermeyer, MCA |
| 4 | 6 | CHERISH | Kool And The Gang, De-Lite |
| 5 | 3 | YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE | The Crowd, Spartan |
| 6 | 8 | BEN | Marti Webb, Starblend |
| 7 | 11 | BORN IN THE USA | Bruce Springsteen, CBS |
| 8 | 10 | JOHNNY COME HOME | Fine Young Cannibals, London |
| 9 | 16 | HEAD OVER HEELS | Tears For Fears, Mercury |
| 10 | 5 | KAYLEIGH | Marillion, EMI |
| 11 | 21 | TOMB OF MEMORIES | Paul Young, CBS |
| 12 | 9 | SUDDENLY | Billy Ocean, Jive |
| 13 | 41 | N-N-NINETEEN (NOT OUT) | Commentators, Oval |
| 14 | 7 | THE WORD GIRL | Scritti Politti, Virgin |
| 15 | 18 | PAISLEY PARK | Prince, Warner Brothers |
| 16 | 26 | LIFE IN ONE DAY | Howard Jones, WEA |
| 17 | 22 | KING IN A CATHOLIC STYLE | China Crisis, Virgin |
| 18 | 12 | HISTORY | Mai Tai, Hot Melt |
| 19 | 20 | IF YOU LOVE SOMEBODY | Sting, A&M |
| 20 | 13 | OBSESSION | Animotion, Mercury |
| 21 | 39 | IN TOO DEEP | Dead Or Alive, Epic |
| 22 | — | COME TO MILTON KEYNES | Style Council, Polydor |
| 23 | 14 | 19 | Paul Hardcastle, Chrysalis |
| 24 | 28 | THE SHADOW OF LOVE | Damned, MCA |
| 25 | 37 | TURN IT UP | Conway Brothers, 10 |
| 26 | 38 | MY TOOT TOOT | Denise Lasalle, Epic |
| 27 | 15 | A VIEW TO A KILL | Duran Duran, EMI |
| 28 | 25 | ALL FALL DOWN | Five Star, Tent |
| 29 | 30 | ACT OF WAR | Elton John And Millie Jackson, Rocket |
| 30 | 19 | OUT IN THE FIELDS | Gary Moore And Phil Lynott, 10 |
| 31 | 45 | SMUGGLERS BLUES | Glen Frey, BBC |
| 32 | 32 | MONEY'S TOO TIGHT (TO MENTION) | Simply Red, Elektra |
| 33 | 33 | BRING IT DOWN | Redskins, London |
| 34 | 17 | LOVING THE ALIEN | David Bowie, EMI America |
| 35 | — | MONEY FOR NOTHING | Dire Straits, Vertigo |
| 36 | 24 | CALL ME | Go West, Chrysalis |
| 37 | 27 | WALKING ON SUNSHINE | Katrina And The Waves, Capitol |
| 38 | 29 | DUEL | Propoganda, ZTT |
| 39 | 49 | SHE SELLS SANCTUARY | Cult, Beggars Banquet |
| 40 | — | LOVING YOU | Feargal Sharkey, Virgin |
| 41 | — | THERE MUST BE AN ANGEL | Eurythmics, RCA |
| 42 | 23 | ICING ON THE CAKE | Stephen 'Tin' Tin' Duffy, 10 |
| 43 | — | LIVE IS LIFE | Opus, Polydor |
| 44 | 47 | OUT OF TOUCH | Hall And Oates, RCA |
| 45 | 34 | MOVE CLOSER | Phylliss Nelson, Carrere |
| 46 | — | GOODBYE BAD TIMES | Philip Oakey And Giorgio Moroder, Virgin |
| 47 | — | SILVER SHADOW | Atlantic Starr, A&M |
| 48 | 35 | LAST TIME FOREVER | Squeeze, A&M |
| 49 | — | DANGER | AC/DC, Atlantic |
| 50 | — | ROUND AND ROUND | Jaki Graham, EMI |

Compiled By MRIB

CHART ATTACK

The greasy haired Talking Head, David Byrne, looks on the floor at all the little creatures that inspired the title of their latest album, currently riding high in the charts as they say



Paul Slattery

UK ALBUMS

- | | | | |
|----|----|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | BORN IN THE USA | Bruce Springsteen, CBS |
| 2 | 1 | MISPLACED CHILDHOOD | Marillion, EMI |
| 3 | — | THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES | Sting, A&M |
| 4 | 3 | BOYS AND GIRLS | Bryan Ferry, EG |
| 5 | 4 | BROTHERS IN ARMS | Dire Straits, Vertigo |
| 6 | 8 | SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR | Tears For Fears, Mercury |
| 7 | 6 | CRUSH | Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, Virgin |
| 8 | 5 | CUPID AND PSYCHE '85 | Scritti Politti, Virgin |
| 9 | 22 | LITTLE CREATURES | Talking Heads, EMI |
| 10 | 7 | OUT NOW | Various, MCA/Chrysalis |
| 11 | 11 | NO JACKET REQUIRED | Phil Collins, Virgin |
| 12 | 13 | OUR FAVOURITE SHOP | Style Council, Polydor |
| 13 | 9 | NOW DANCE | Various, EMI/Virgin |
| 14 | 12 | THE BEST OF THE 20TH CENTURY BOY | Maro Bolan And T Rex, K Tel |
| 15 | 18 | THE RIVER | Bruce Springsteen, CBS |
| 16 | 16 | FLAUNT THE IMPERFECTION | China Crisis, Virgin |
| 17 | 10 | THE HITS ALBUM 2 | Various, CBS/WEA |
| 18 | 15 | SUDDENLY | Billy Ocean, Jive |
| 19 | 17 | THE SECRET OF ASSOCIATION | Paul Young, CBS |
| 20 | 19 | LIKE A VIRGIN | Madonna, Sire |
| 21 | 26 | BE YOURSELF | Eurythmics, RCA |
| 22 | 39 | WORLD WIDE LIVE | Scorpions, Harvest |
| 23 | 21 | BEST OF | Eagles, Asylum |
| 24 | 38 | YOUTHQUAKE | Dead Or Alive, Epic |
| 25 | 14 | GO WEST | Go West, Chrysalis |
| 26 | 30 | WHEN THE BOYS MEET THE GIRLS | Sister Sledge, Atlantic |
| 27 | 20 | SHAMROCK DIARIES | Chris Rea, Magnet |
| 28 | 29 | PRIVATE DANCER | Tina Turner, Capitol |
| 29 | 34 | THE AGE OF CONSENT | Bronski Beat, Forbidden Fruit |
| 30 | 23 | ALF | Alison Moyet, CBS |
| 31 | 24 | AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY | Prince, Warner Brothers |
| 32 | 41 | BEVERLY HILLS COP | Various, MCA |
| 33 | 31 | RECKLESS | Bryan Adams, A&M |
| 34 | 25 | DIAMOND LIFE | Sade, Epic |
| 35 | 32 | STEVE McQUEEN | Prefab Sprout, Kitchenware |
| 36 | 27 | MAKE IT BIG | Wham!, Epic |
| 37 | 40 | BORN TO RUN | Bruce Springsteen, CBS |
| 38 | 37 | LOW LIFE | New Order, Factory |
| 39 | 46 | DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN | Bruce Springsteen, CBS |
| 40 | — | FABLES OF THE RECONSTRUCTION | REM, IRS |
| 41 | 36 | BEST OF | Elvis Costello And The Attractions, Telstar |
| 42 | 33 | EMPIRE BURLESQUE | Bob Dylan, CBS |
| 43 | 50 | WELCOME TO THE PLEASURE DOME | Frankie Goes To Hollywood, ZTT |
| 44 | — | ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT | Aled Jones, BBC |
| 45 | — | THE WILD, THE INNOCENT AND THE E STREET SHUFFLE | Bruce Springsteen, CBS |
| 46 | — | VOICES FROM THE HOLY LAND | Welsh Choir, BBC |
| 47 | — | FLIP | Nils Lofgren, Towerbell |
| 48 | 28 | MR BAD GUY | Freddie Mercury, CBS |
| 49 | 35 | DREAM INTO ACTION | Howard Jones, WEA |
| 50 | 45 | WEST SIDE STORY | Leonard Bernstein, Deutsche Gramophone |

PLAYLIST

Eric Fuller
SENSI CRISIS, Nerious Joseph, Fashion 12 inch
HOLD ON, Half Pint, Greensleeves 12 inch
DUB EXPERIENCE, Sly And Robbie, Island LP

Edwin Pouncey
CAMERA OBSCURA, Nico, Beggars Banquet LP
ROMEO, The Wipers, Trap 45
TIGER ROSE, Robert Hunter, Round LP

Sandy Robertson
CHINESE ROCKS, Johnny Thunders, Jungle 45
RATS, Syd Barrett, Harvest tape track
SAINT STEPHEN, The Grateful Dead, Warners cut

Hugh Fielder
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, Miles Davis, CBS
THE IKE AND TINA TURNER SHOW - LIVE, Ike And Tina Turner, Edsel
CUPID AND PSYCHE '85, Scritti Politti, Virgin

Glyn Brown
SINGER WITH A FLAVOUR, Mickey General, Jah Life 45
SHE' GOT YOU, Patsy Cline, MCA LP track
PEOPLE'S LIMOUSINE, Coward Brothers, Imp 45

Dave Henderson
LITTLE CREATURES, Talking Heads, EMI LP
COMPETITION AIN'T NOTHIN', Little Carl Carlton, Kent 45
FABLES OF THE, REM, IRS

METAL

SINGLES

- | | | | |
|----|----|---|--------------------------------|
| 1 | 1 | KAYLEIGH | Marillion, EMI |
| 2 | 2 | OUT IN THE FIELDS | Gary Moore And Phil Lynott, 10 |
| 3 | 5 | COLD AS ICE | Foreigner, Atlantic |
| 4 | 3 | KNOCKING AT YOUR BACK DOOR/ PERFECT STRANGERS | Deep Purple, Polydor |
| 5 | 4 | SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT | Pat Benatar, Chrysalis |
| 6 | 8 | HOT FOR TEACHER | Van Halen, Warner Brothers |
| 7 | 10 | WISHING WELL | Free, Island |
| 8 | 7 | ANIMAL (F**K LIKE A BEAST) | WASP, Music For Nations |
| 9 | 6 | HEAVEN | Bryan Adams, A&M |
| 10 | 9 | IN AND OUT OF LOVE | Bon Jovi, Vertigo |
| 11 | 18 | SENTIMENTAL STREET | Night Ranger, MCA |
| 12 | 12 | ROCK ME ALL OVER | Lee Aaron, Attic/Roadrunner |
| 13 | — | BLACK NIGHT | Deep Purple, Harvest |
| 14 | — | SMOKE ON THE WATER | Deep Purple, Harvest |
| 15 | — | FIREBALL | Deep Purple, Harvest |
| 16 | 13 | NEEDLE IN THE GROOVE | Mama's Boys, Jive |
| 17 | — | STRANGE KIND OF WOMAN | Deep Purple, Harvest |
| 18 | — | DANCE WITH THE DEVIL | Phenomena, Bronze |

- | | | | |
|----|----|-----------------|----------------------------|
| 19 | 20 | HEAVEN TONIGHT | Waysted, Music For Nations |
| 20 | 11 | CELEBRATE YOUTH | Rick Springfield, RCA |

ALBUMS

- | | | | |
|----|----|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | — | MISPLACED CHILDHOOD | Marillion, EMI |
| 2 | — | WORLD WIDE LIVE | Scorpions, Harvest |
| 3 | 1 | THE WAKE | IQ, Sahara |
| 4 | — | SEVEN WISHES | Night Ranger, MCA |
| 5 | — | THE GOOD THE BAD THE WAYSTED | Waysted, Music For Nations |
| 6 | 4 | RECKLESS | Bryan Adams, A&M |
| 7 | 8 | PERFECT STRANGERS | Deep Purple, Polydor |
| 8 | 5 | 7800° FAHRENHEIT | Bon Jovi, Vertigo |
| 9 | — | THE ANTHOLOGY | Deep Purple, Harvest |
| 10 | 3 | ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT | Magnum, FM |
| 11 | 6 | VITAL IDOL | Billy Idol, Chrysalis |
| 12 | 7 | ELIMINATOR | ZZ Top, Warner Brothers |
| 13 | 10 | REAL TO REAL | Marillion, EMI |
| 14 | 2 | SHAKEN 'N' STIRRED | Robert Plant, Es Paranza |
| 15 | 9 | AGENT PROVOCATEUR | Foreigner, Atlantic |
| 16 | — | BEYOND THE MIST | Robin Trower, Music For Nations |

- | | | | |
|----|----|--|------------------------------------|
| 17 | 11 | TROPICO | Pat Benatar, Chrysalis |
| 18 | — | RESTLESS | Randy California, Vertigo |
| 19 | 24 | HITS OUT OF HELL | Meat Loaf, Cleveland International |
| 20 | 13 | CRIMES IN MIND | Streets, Atlantic |
| 21 | 21 | KILLING IS MY BUSINESS... AND BUSINESS IS GOOD | Megadeth, Music For Nations |
| 22 | — | FIONA | Fiona, Atlantic |
| 23 | 22 | IRON MAIDEN | Iron Maiden, Fame |
| 24 | 18 | POWER AND PASSION | Mama's Boys, Jive |
| 25 | — | GO FOR YOUR LIFE | Mountain, Scotti Brothers |
| 26 | 17 | RAW TO THE BONE | Wishbone Ash, Neat |
| 27 | — | POWERSLAVE | Iron Maiden, EMI |
| 28 | — | AKIMBO ALOGO | Kim Mitchell, Bronze |
| 29 | 28 | BAT OUT OF HELL | Meat Loaf, Cleveland International |
| 30 | 16 | BRAVE THE STORM | Shy, RCA |

IMPORTS

- | | | | |
|----|----|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 | 3 | ILLUSION | Illusion, Geffen |
| 2 | 4 | INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY | Ratt, Atlantic |
| 3 | — | ROCK AIN'T DEAD | Heavy Pettin', Polydor |
| 4 | — | INFERNAL OVERKILL | Destruction, Noise |
| 5 | — | ENDLESS PAIN | Kreator, Noise |
| 6 | 2 | EMPERORS RETURN | Celtic Frost, Noise |
| 7 | — | SALUTE | Orphan, Portrait |
| 8 | — | LES FILS DE LA HAINE | Killers, Devils Records |
| 9 | — | EXPOSE | Taxxi, MCA |
| 10 | 10 | VICTORY | Trance, Ariola |

DEREK & CLIVE



- 1 STILL, IF IT'S AN ENDANGERED SPECIES, I SAY F*** 'EM! - Clive, Endangered Species
- 2 THEY TOOK MY POINT AND LEAD ME BY THE POINT TO THE POLICE STATION - Derek, Parking Offence
- 3 I DIVERTED HIS ATTENTION BY HITTING HIM IN THE EYE WITH A TOILET ROLL - Clive, Parking Offence
- 4 I FIND I'M ATTRACTED BY DEAD POSES - Clive, The Horn
- 5 I SAID 'DEAR MRS THATCHER, EXCUSE THE LANGUAGE BUT I'VE GOT THE F***IN' HORN' - Clive, The Horn
- 6 I PUT 'C**T, LONDON', AND IT REACHED THE DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE BBC - Clive, The Horn
- 7 I'LL BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH MY HORN - Derek, The Horn
- 8 I'LL HAVE TO GO AND SEE VALERIE ABOUT HER COCK - Derek, The Horn
- 9 DID THE BIBLE SAY 'AND LO, JESUS HAD A WEE WEE'? - Clive, The Horn
- 10 LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR - I DON'T HALF FANCY HER TOO AND RUSHING ROUND FOR A QUICK ONE - Clive, The Horn

Compiled by Gum Disease and the Hard Brigade

DAN MASKELL

- 1 THE IMPETUOSITY OF YOUTH PERHAPS
- 2 A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY
- 3 WELL PLAYED, WELL PLAYED INDEED
- 4 A DREAM OF A PASS, A REAL PEACH
- 5 OOH, I SAY
- 6 BACK HAND CROSS-COURT WINNER ON THE FOURTEENTH STROKE OF THE RALLY
- 7 REALLY QUITE REMARKABLE
- 8 THE SUN'S SHINING QUITE BRILLIANTLY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE MATCH
- 9 WHAT A TIME TO SERVE YOUR FIRST DOUBLE FAULT
- 10 EAGERLY AWAITED CLASH

REGGAE

DISCO

- 1 COUNTRY LIVING, Sandra Cross, Ariwa
- 2 HORSE MOVE, Horse Man, Raiders
- 3 LET OFF SUPM, Dennis Brown And Gregory Isaacs, Greensleeves
- 4 OLD MAN RIVER, Dennis Brown, Macabees
- 5 WHO'S GONNA MAKE THE DANCE RAM, Andrew Paul, Fashion
- 6 MR COUNCILLOR/COULD IT BE I'M FALLING IN LOVE, Yellowman and Home, T-4, Island
- 7 LET'S DANCE, Ruddy Thomas, Greensleeves
- 8 MIND BLOWING DECISIONS, Sugar Minott, WOW
- 9 STEP ON THE GAS/TEN COMMANDMENTS OF AN MC, Peter King, Fashion
- 10 I DO/ANCIENT LOVER, Ijahman Levy And Madge, Tree Roots

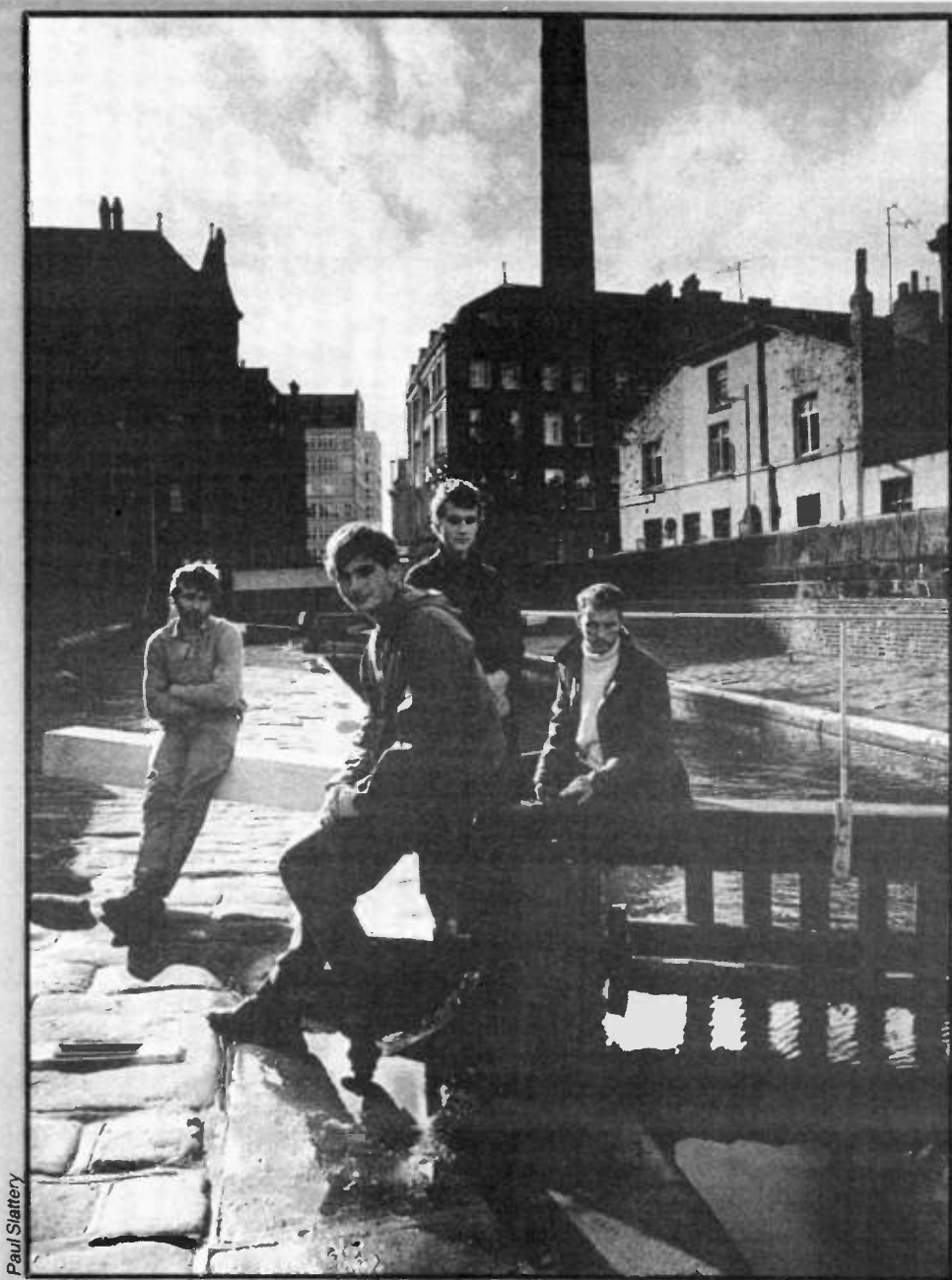
PRE-RELEASES

- 1 FIT YOU HAFTE FIT, Black Uhuru, Taxi
- 2 SHE HOLD ON, Al Campbell, Photographer
- 3 STRUGGLING, The Mighty Diamonds, Live And Learn
- 4 WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW, Al Campbell, S&R
- 5 LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, Junior Brammer, Live And Learn
- 6 LAZY BODY, Echo Minott, Black Scorpio
- 7 UPTOWN GIRL, Home T-4, S&R
- 8 PROMISED LAND, Frankie Paul, Spiderman
- 9 RUN AROUND LOVER, Culture Roots, High Tower
- 10 RUNNING BACK TO ME, Johnny Clarke, Crown

ALBUMS

- 1 YOUR SAFE, Maxi Priest And The Caution Band, Ten
- 2 EASY, Gregory Isaacs, Tads
- 3 SLENG TENG EXTRAVAGANZA, Various Artists, Tads
- 4 POWERHOUSE PRESENTS STRICTLY LIVESTOCK, Various Artists, Greensleeves
- 5 REGGAE HITS VOLUME ONE, Various Artists, Jet Star
- 6 LILY OF THE VALLEY, Ijahman Levy, Tree Roots
- 7 DENNIS BROWN COLLECTION, Dennis Brown, Yvonne Special
- 8 TIDAL WAVE, Frankie Paul, Greensleeves
- 9 PULL IT UP NOW, Michael Palmer, Greensleeves
- 10 CEASE FIRE, Michael Prophet, Move

Compiled by Hawkeye Records, 2a Craven Park Road, London NW10



JAMES: any of you lot seen our barge?

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY, The Cult, Beggars Banquet
- 2 3 THE PERFECT KISS, New Order, Factory
- 3 — VILLAGE FIRE, James, Factory
- 4 2 SHAKE THE DISEASE, Depeche Mode, Mute
- 5 4 MOVIN', 400 Blows, Illuminated
- 6 16 ONE DAY, Vince Clarke And Paul Quinn, Mute
- 7 5 BLUE MONDAY, New Order, Factory
- 8 — VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE, Restless, ABC
- 9 20 THE FINAL KICK, The Tall Boys, Big Beat
- 10 12 SPIRITWALKER, The Cult, Situation Two
- 11 6 HAPPY BUT TWISTED, Doctor And The Medics, Illegal
- 12 — IRON MASTERS, The Men They Couldn't Hang, Imp/Demon
- 13 10 AIKEA-GUINEA, Cocteau Twins, 4AD
- 14 — THE GREEN FIELDS OF FRANCE, The Men They Couldn't Hang, Imp/Demon
- 15 7 DEATH OF THE EUROPEAN, The Three Johns, Abstract
- 16 11 UPSIDE DOWN, The Jesus And Mary Chain, Creation
- 17 23 MY BABY JUST CARES FOR ME, Nina Simone, Charly
- 18 21 RESURRECTION JOE, The Cult, Beggars Banquet
- 19 19 PEARLY-DEWDROPS' DROPS, Cocteau Twins, 4AD
- 20 8 NEW DIRECTION, The Gents, Lambs To The Slaughter
- 21 15 COW, Gene Loves Jezebel, Situation Two
- 22 9 MOVE ME, The Woodentops, Rough Trade
- 23 14 MEGAREX, T Rex, Marc On Wax
- 24 44 UP THE HILL AND DOWN THE SLOPE, The Loft, Creation
- 25 22 IGNORANCE, Discharge, Clay
- 26 27 BE WITH ME, Red Guitars, One Way
- 27 41 NOSTALGIA/IN SHREDS, The Chameleons, Statik
- 28 38 THIS CHARMING MAN, The Smiths, Rough Trade
- 29 33 INCENSE AND PEPPERMINTS, The Adult Net, Beggars Banquet
- 30 32 RADIO AFRICA, Latin Quarter, Rockin' Horse
- 31 30 SHAKESPEARE'S SISTER, The Smiths, Rough Trade
- 32 24 FIRE FIRE/LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, The Meteors, Mad Pig
- 33 17 BALL OF CONFUSION, Love And Rockets, Beggars Banquet
- 34 26 I HAD A DREAM, The Long Ryders, Zippo/Demon
- 35 — THAT SUMMER FEELING, Jonathon Richman And The Modern Lovers, Rough Trade
- 36 13 MOTORSLUG, Wiseblood, K.422
- 37 43 THE PRICE, New Model Army, Abstract
- 38 42 JE SUIS PASSEE, Hard Corps, Immaculate
- 39 34 DEEP, The March Violets, Rebirth

- 40 31 THIS IS NOT ENOUGH, Conflict, Mortarhate
- 41 18 THE WIGWAM-WILLY MIX/THE TEEN-ACTION MIX, Sweet 2th, Anagram/Cherry Red
- 42 35 LOVE ME, Balaam And The Angel, Chapter 22
- 43 40 GERMANS, Udo Lindenberg, Rockin' Horse
- 44 — RATS, Subhumans, Blunrg
- 45 — LET OFF SUPM, Dennis Brown And Gregory Isaacs, Greensleeves
- 46 — CLOTHES SHOP, Terry And Gerry, Intape
- 47 37 PANIC, Coil, K.422/Force And Form
- 48 36 ALL FALL DOWN, Primal Scream, Creation
- 49 — A DAY/STRANGER, Xymox, 4AD
- 50 46 HOW SOON IS NOW?, The Smiths, Rough Trade

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 LOW-LIFE, New Order, Factory
- 2 4 EXPLOSIONS IN THE GLASS PALACE, Rain Parade, Zippo/Demon
- 3 3 GAS FOOD LODGING, Green On Red, Zippo/Demon
- 4 2 THE FIRST BORN IS DEAD, Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds, Mute
- 5 6 WHAT DOES ANYTHING MEAN? BASICALLY, The Chameleons, Statik
- 6 10 TREASURE, Cocteau Twins, 4AD
- 7 9 EMERGENCY THIRD RAIL POWER TRIP, Rain Parade, Zippo/Demon
- 8 5 NATIVE SONS, The Long Ryders, Zippo/Demon
- 9 7 HATFUL OF HOLLOW, The Smiths, Rough Trade
- 10 17 GREEN ON RED, Green On Red, Zippo/Demon
- 11 — ROCKIN' AND ROMANCE, Jonathon Richman And The Modern Lovers, Rough Trade
- 12 18 HEAD OVER HEELS, Cocteau Twins, 4AD
- 13 15 SMELL OF FEMALE, Cramps, Big Beat
- 14 8 VENGEANCE, New Model Army, Abstract
- 15 21 LYSERGIC EMANATIONS, The Fuzztones, ABC
- 16 11 MEAT IS MURDER, The Smiths, Rough Trade
- 17 16 POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES, New Order, Factory
- 18 — OFF THE BONE, Cramps, Illegal
- 19 14 THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, Original Soundtrack, Big Beat
- 20 12 BAD INFLUENCE, The Robert Cray Band, Demon
- 21 24 WILDWEED, Jeffrey Lee Pierce, Statik
- 22 — SOME GREAT REWARD, Depeche Mode, Mute
- 23 — BLUE SISTERS SWING, Flesh For Lulu, Hybrid
- 24 13 SCRIPT OF THE BRIDGE, The Chameleons, Statik
- 25 — IT'LL END IN TEARS, This Mortal Coil, 4AD

Compiled by Music Week Research

MUSIC VIDEO



- 1 6 AN AMERICAN BAND, The Beach Boys, Vestron
- 2 3 THE MAN, Elvis Costello, Palace
- 3 2 BERSEKER TOUR, Gary Numan, Peppermint
- 4 4 THE VIDEO, Wham!, CBS
- 5 15 THE MUNICH CONCERTS, Chris De Burgh, A&M
- 6 1 LIVE IN RIO, Queen, PMI
- 7 7 THE VIDEO SINGLES, Paul Young, CBS
- 8 9 LIVE 'UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY', U2, Virgin
- 9 10 THE FIRST CHAPTER, Bronski Beat, PolyGram
- 10 8 OUT NOW! ON VIDEO, Various Artists, PolyGram
- 11 5 THE VIDEO EP, Madonna, Warner Music
- 12 29 LIVE, The Beatles, PMI
- 13 14 SHOWBIZ AROUND, China Crisis, Virgin
- 14 11 LIVE 21.04.85, New Model Army, PMI
- 15 17 MORE END OF THE ROAD, Status Quo, Videoform
- 16 16 ALL NIGHT LONG, Lionel Richie, RCA
- 17 12 BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, Iron Maiden, PMI
- 18 13 FIRST STING, The Scorpions, PMI
- 19 23 SEVEN BIG ONES, Hall And Oates, RCA
- 20 25 ALCHEMY LIVE, Dire Straits, PolyGram

Compiled by Video Week Research

QUESTION OF SPORT

- 1 IT'S A WOMAN - Bill Beaumont
- 2 OH YEAH! SHIRLEY STRONG, SHE'S FIT - Emlyn Hughes
- 3 SHE'S FIT!... WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT EMLYN? - David Coleman
- 4 GO ON THEN, WE'LL RISK AWAY DAVID - Bill Beaumont
- 5 WE KNEW IT REALLY - Emlyn Hughes
- 6 YOU'LL KICK YOURSELF WHEN I TELL YOU EMLYN - David Coleman
- 7 WELL DONE LADS - Bill Beaumont
- 8 NOT ANOTHER JOCKEY - Bill Beaumont
- 9 SHE WAS ON YOUR TEAM ONLY LAST WEEK - David Coleman
- 10 RIGHT, WE'VE GOT IT, HE WENT FOR THE BALL, GOT IT, GOT TACKLED, HE GOT IT BACK, HE SHOT, IT HIT THE POST AND THE REF GAVE A GOAL! - Emlyn Hughes

Compiled by NHOJ of Glazebury near Leigh, Lancs

A FISTFUL OF TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

- 1 IT'S A EURO ROVER, OLD MAN! - Carlos
- 2 NO SOFT TOILET PAPER IN HOTEL BASTARDOS, YOU WANT SOFT TOILET PAPER, YOU GO TO HOTEL GAYBOY, - Mr Bastardos
- 3 WELL THEN, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE... - Carlos/Miguel
- 4 I DON'T THINK I LIKE THIS PLACE/I DON'T THINK I LIKE YOU/I DON'T THINK I HEARD THAT/I DON'T THINK I SAID IT/I DON'T THINK... THEREFORE I AM! - Carlos/Miguel
- 5 GET POLITICALLY AWARE, WHY DON'T YA?! - Jackie
- 6 I'M A MATADOR, BUT I LOST MY DRIVING LICENCE - Billy Belfort
- 7 WHAT DO YOU CALL A MAN WITH HIS DING-A-LING IN A PIECE OF MELON? ... CHRISTOPHER! - Carlos
- 8 HAVE YOU GOT ANY MANDIES? - Paul
- 9 YEAH! THAT'S ME, BILLY BELFORT, THE MAN WITH NO NAME/IN THAT CASE WE'LL CALL YOU TREVOR! - Billy Belfort/Carlos
- 10 WHAT SIGN ARE YOU MAN?/TROUBLE! - Paul/Billy Belfort
- 11 WHICH ONE'S GIRO? - Billy Belfort
- 12 OH, YOU MAN WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY FOOD? OH BF!, I'M ABSOLUTELY STARVING! - Carlos
- 13 WHERE'S THEM BASTARD WOMEN? - Billy Belfort
- 14 HEY JERKER, WHAT YOU GOT IN THOSE BAGS?/OUR PICNIC LUNCH! - Horse Rider/Carlos
- 15 YOU BE AT MY HOTEL AT 4 O'CLOCK, YOU BASTARD INGLESE! - Mr Bastardos

Compiled by Cod and Chris (two mean ugly gun-slugging bastards), Hotel Unpleasantos

INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

STARSHIP ENTERPRISES

A quickie this week. **R L Savage** of Cotgrave, Notts, says: "I have two queries, one concerning a video release and the other a vocalist. The video is 'Jefferson Starship Live', which I know was released in 1984, but of which I can't seem to find a copy anywhere, even writing to RCA with no reply. Can I get it, and do you know what tracks are included? Secondly, does anybody know whether **Davey Pattison**, who was the vocalist with **Gamma**, has made any records other than with that band?"

The video first, then. Jefferson Starship's live cassette was certainly released last year, and there seems no reason why you can't obtain a copy, except that the band are probably something of a minority taste, and you may need to seek out one of the handful of music video dealers who stock pretty well everything.

You certainly won't find it in the average high street video shop; most of these keep only the best selling twenty or so music videos for sale, because by and large music titles don't rent out as feature films do. I'd suggest you try **Adrians**, of 36, High Street, Wickford, Essex – a regular *Sounds* advertiser, which, usefully, also specialises in mail order. They have one of the largest music video stocks in the country.

I can't give you the complete song line-up on the video, but I do know it contains a chronologically wide range of material, including 'White Rabbit' and 'Somebody To Love' from the old psychedelic Jefferson Airplane days, as



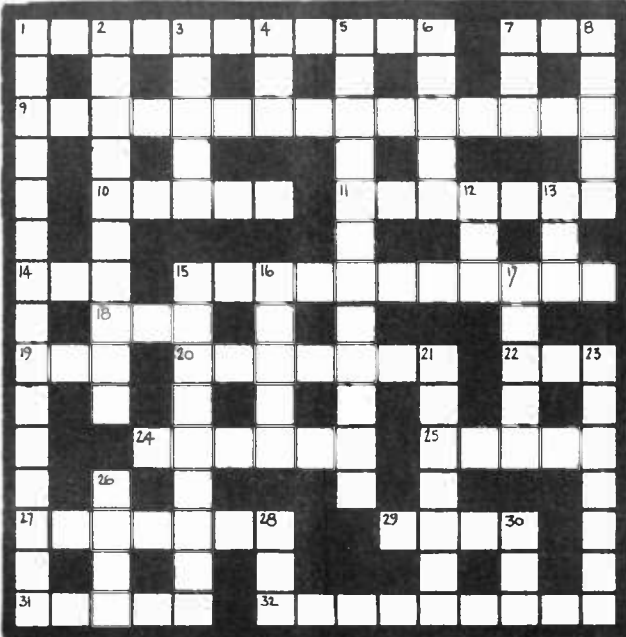
GRACE SLICK: a real Starship trooper

well as later Starship hits like 'Miracles' and 'Jane'. Catalogue number of the cassette is **RVT 10320** on VHS, and **RBT 10320** on Betamax.

As for **Davey Pattison**, he certainly doesn't seem to have done anything on record prior to his spell with **Ronnie Montrose's Gamma** in 1980 (at

least, not according to **Terry Hounsome's New Rock Record**, which is usually a reliable guide to who played on what). He may have moved on subsequently to something of which I'm not aware, in which case somebody reading this will certainly have all the gen. If so, let's be having it.

X WORD



By Sue Buckley

ACROSS

1. Paul knows the secrets of this kind of football (11) 7. Halford in the biro brigade (3) 9. An honest admission from Lynyrd Skynyrd (3.4.4.4) 10. He shows no remorse! (5) 11. Rory Gallagher played with one; but Hank and Bruce were them (7) 14. Beach Boys studied there to cut this LP (1.1.1) 15. He found rock and roll gals up around that bend (4.7) 18. Sayer's star sign (3) 19. Producing Dudgeon (3) 20. They reversed King Midas; rode a carousel and stayed (7) 22. Geldof/ Seger/A Job (3) 24. ... Rock/Earth/Patrol/Waves (6) 25. His boogaloo backed off (5) 27. Tom Petty, as a fifth columnist (7) 29. A very loose band 31. How Jilted John described Gordon? (5) 32. Camel knew a stationary one even though it sounds daft (9)

DOWN

1. Why Scorpions should never visit a Safari Park with iron boots on (6.9) 2. They didn't play metal reggae even though they sound like they could (5.5) 3. Jack, Eric and Ginge whipped it (5) 4. Nightingale of the Beeb (3) 5. They suffer brain death (5.2.6) 6. Elton's Ms. Jean ... goodbye (5) 7. Three for Speedwagon (1.1.1) 8. Accept put 'em to the wall! (5) 12. Kiki's letter (3) 13. Romeo's reggae dream (3) 15. He was vacant, a swindler and ironically a patriot! (4.5) 16. Van, not Heflin, Morrison, or Bedford (5) 17. George's rockin' bird (5) 21. Brew for 3 down (7) 23. How Jake was related to Free (7) 26. Beatles got an awful fright back there (1.1.1.1) 28. Ben/Roland/Scabies (3) 30. A solo singer (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

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BEEN DONE over? Ripped off? Or think you're going to be? If you need some information and advice, press the **Panic Button**. We'll investigate. Write to: Dee Pilgrim, **Panic Button**, *Sounds*, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. This is a free service. Please enclose an SAE to ensure a personal reply.

PANIC BUTTON

AGENT'S SECRETS

MY BAND, **Reaction**, have been gigging for about 18 months, during which time we've built up a solid reputation in the Southend area. We have now reached the stage where we must play in London on a regular basis to further our chances in the rock business and for this we are led to believe that we will need an agent. The question is, what is the best way of getting one? And how do we avoid the con men? And how much would an agent take from our earnings? Can you give us any advice so that we don't get ripped off?

Steve Hexter, Bassist, **Reaction**, Southend

THERE ARE no easy answers on this one and talking to a number of agents in London, it seems there are no easy ways in either. Mike Malley of **Mike Malley Entertainments**, who acts for **Desmond Dekker**, **Chickenshack** and **Jackie Lynton**, explained some of the problems. "It's very difficult for new bands to get agencies, this is mostly due to the financial side of things. The newer the band, the harder it is to get them gigs. I might spend £10 on phoning round, trying to get them places to play and when I do eventually find them something, my percentage would probably only be £2. The usual percentage is around 15 per cent and the only people who get deals for 10 per cent are the big bands who play big venues because then the agency knows their cut will be bigger."

Mike tends not to deal with small bands who are just starting out because it is not a viable proposition. "In my own case, I'm only interested in being an agent for a new band if I'm also their manager. I usually want a long term contract with the band and I'm talking three years here, because it usually takes a year or so to break them."

From the band's point of view, Mike says you should expect to get more gigs once signed to an agency, but you have to be already working. "No-one is going to take on a band who haven't gigged. If you've got a good track record, you've got a better chance. A good publicity kit is a must; demos, photographs, biographies, the works, it all helps."

David Bedford, of **Puma Music**, also tends to act as an agent for bands he manages, **Colenso Parade** being one of them. "There are about ten big agencies in the business, people like **Wasted Talent** and **ITB** and it's highly unlikely that they will take a band without a major record label deal. They will occasionally take on smaller bands, but only if they feel they have something very special to offer. Once you're with an agency, they make your life easier because they deal with that whole side of the business of finding gigs which is very time consuming."

On a more optimistic note, David says that most small bands should be able to find small London gigs by themselves, although this can prove expensive for bands

who are based a long way from the city. If you are bent on getting an agent, David says hassle like mad. "Send in demos, turn up on their doorstep. Get them to come and see you playing live. It's difficult, but non-one's going to do it for you."

Tony Clayman used to work for the **Derek Block Agency**, but now runs his own **Promotions** company although he has moved from the rock scene into the cabaret circuit. He does act for a band called the **Scheme** but, once again, this is because he is also their manager. "It's a **Catch-22** situation. The big agencies aren't interested in bands until they have a record deal. Most bands can't get record deals until A&R scouts have been to see them playing live and they can't play live because they haven't got an agent! It's all a bit hit and miss and most of it is down to luck." But don't get the idea that agents aren't interested; **Tony** points out just how hard their job is. "It's a labour of love, especially when you know a band has potential."

"I used to act for a band who eventually become **Wang Chung** and when they hit it big it was in America, so I couldn't act for them anymore. What does tend to happen is that, as a band grows in stature, they outgrow the smaller agencies and dump them to go to someone bigger who can get them more prestigious gigs." But he feels that if a band and agent can work together in harmony, then both parties should benefit. "A band should expect their agent to get them gigs, help them creatively and help to get them known. If the act has a record deal then the agent should work in conjunction with the record company. The agent should build the band up; if he gets you a gig as support at a venue, he should get you a headline gig the next time round, and you should get more money. You see, there's not much money to be made in gigging, so the agent has to try and get you noticed."

Finally, we move on to the **Bron Agency**, where **Mike Wolfers** deals with such diverse bands as **The Lotus Easters**, **Venom**, **Ruby Turner**, **Kissing The Pink** and **Rent Party**. Being a larger agency, **Bron's** policy is slightly different. "I scout myself and I'm looking for a band who can pull in an audience and who have a professional attitude. I'm looking for acts who are in a market place where there is no other act. Look at **Rent Party**, who are primarily a live band – not many people are doing what they do. I heard about them because their live reputation was so good. If a band builds up a reputation, it's worthwhile going to see them. If we do book bands without a recording deal then they have to be extremely good live. **Bron** do normally tend to deal with bands with recording contracts because they get financial help from the record company for touring."

Apart from scouting himself, **Mike** also listens to demos

sent in to the agency. "It's very rare to get a good demo that is worth listening to. My advice to bands is to look at what's happening on the live scene; which bands are gigging consistently at the medium-sized venues and also to look at the charts to see what is commercially viable. We specialise in the independent type bands and in extreme heavy metal like **Venom**, who can pack out **Hammersmith Odeon** because they are in a specialised area with very little competition."

Bron are also not too concerned about their acts being under contract to them. "We don't manage, we prefer to work with bands who have professional management. A certain amount of our bands are signed to the company but in a lot of cases we prefer to work on trust. On the whole, if you work hard for a band they will trust you."

"An agent must show enthusiasm for his bands; he should believe in them but he shouldn't promise them the moon. He should be realistic about what you, as a band, are capable of. In many cases **Bron** will have a provisional period with a band to see whether they can get on with us and if we can get on with them. There is always a lot of natural wastage in the music business, so we are always on the look out for new bands. We don't want to get left with a lot of dead wood."

Mike is a firm believer in young bands going out and trying to get gigs for themselves and thinks that in many cases they can do as well as professional agents on the college and pub circuit. So, if you're a new band who have done some gigs outside of London and feel the time has come to hit the **Big Smoke**, but don't think an agent would take you on, what can you do? Every week on the *Nightshift* page at the back of *Sounds*, we print details of bands playing live venues throughout the country. As far as possible, we try to print a contact number for each venue. Ring them up, see who the promoter is, find out what type of music they put on and get demos and pictures to them with lists of venues you have already played. It's true that a lot of clubs and pubs have closed down recently and getting gigs isn't easy, but if you believe in your band and are willing to hassle, the opportunities are there.

Last word goes to **Keith Goodwin** of **KG Publicity**, who doesn't actually book bands into venues, but publicises their gigs and tries hard to make them look as busy as possible. Sometimes bands get in contact with him and he doesn't even know where they get his name from.

There was a certain band by the name of **Marillion** who contacted him not so many moons ago. "Fish phoned me up – God knows where he got the number from, I think he'd read my name on an old **Who** programme or something. He didn't ask me to do the band's press, he told me that I was going to do it!" In the face of such belief and self-motivation, how could **Keith** possibly refuse?

SOUNDS

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Sunday July 7

- 1940** Birthday of Ringo Starr (Richard Starkey), in Liverpool.
1952 Birthday of Lynval Golding, in St Catherine, Jamaica.
1968 The original Yardbirds broke up, leaving the name and some still-contracted gigs in the care of Jimmy Page, who rounded up John Paul Jones, Robert Plant...
1975 Keith Richards was arrested in Arkansas for reckless driving and possession of an offensive weapon (a knife).
1980 Led Zeppelin played their last-ever gig, at the Eisssporthalle in West Berlin.

Monday July 8

- 1961** Birthday of Andy Fletcher of Depeche Mode.
1969 Marianne Faithfull overdosed in an attempted suicide attempt while in Australia to make the film Ned Kelly with Mick Jagger. She lost her role to an Australian actress while recovering in a Sydney hospital.
1972 Lou Reed joined David Bowie onstage for an encore at a Save The Whale concert at the Royal Festival Hall, London.
1978 Clash members Paul Simonon and Joe Strummer were arrested in Glasgow for being drunk and disorderly while playing at the Apollo.
1980 Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys ran for Mayor of San Francisco. He lost.

Tuesday July 9

- 1946** Birthday of Mitch Mitchell of Jimi Hendrix' Experience, in London.
1946 Birthday of Bon Scott, late lead singer of AC/DC, in Kirriemur, Scotland.
1956 Birthday of Marc Almond, of Soft Cell and recent Bronski Beat fame, in Southport.
1959 Birthday of Jim Kerr of Simple Minds, in Glasgow.
1971 Jim Morrison was buried at the Pere Lachaise cemetery, Paris.

Wednesday July 10

- 1949** Birthday of Ronnie James Dio, in Cortland, New York.
1964 The Beatles' single and album 'A Hard Day's Night' were released simultaneously in the UK.
1968 Eric Clapton announced that Cream were to break up because of a loss of musical direction.
1974 David Bowie was recorded onstage at the Tower Theatre, Philadelphia, for what later became the 'David Live' album.
1978 Laurence Juber and Steve Holly joined Wings, on guitar and drums respectively.
1979 Chuck Berry was sentenced to four months jail, after being found guilty of tax evasion to the tune of two hundred thousand dollars.
1981 Gang Of Four bass player Dave Allen walked out on the group midway through a US tour.

Thursday July 11

- 1957** Birthday of Pete Murphy of Bauhaus, in Northampton.
1962 The first TV transmission across the Atlantic, via the Telstar satellite - an event which prompted producer Joe Meek to write the 'Telstar' worldwide hit.
1979 Neil Young's movie Rust Never Sleeps had its premiere showing, at Bruin Theatre in Westwood, California.
1980 Former Sex Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook formed the Professionals, with Ray McVeigh and Paul Myers.

Friday July 12

- 1943** Birthday of Christine McVie of Fleetwood

MEMORY BANK



PETE MURPHY: breaking the 27 barrier

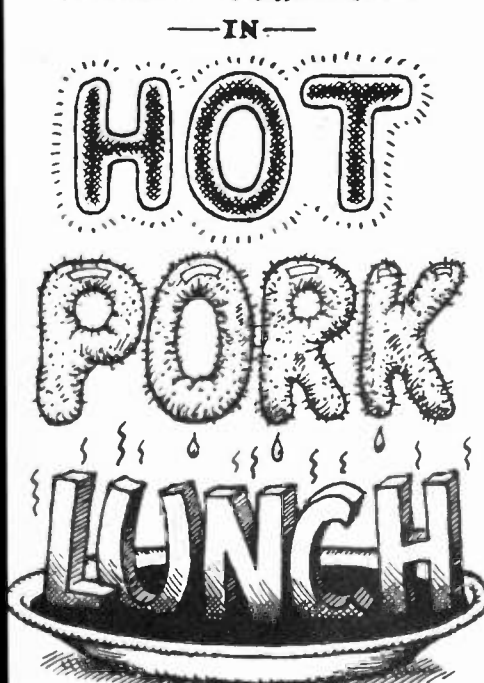
- 1962** Mac, in Birmingham. The Rolling Stones played London's Marquee Club for the first time, filling in for Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated who had copped a BBC radio session.
1969 Blind Faith, the short-lived super-combination of Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, Rick Grech and Ginger Baker, made their US debut at Carnegie Hall, New York.
1976 Kilburn And The High Road, including Ian Dury in their number, broke up.
1979 Death of Minnie Riperton, soul songstress, aged 31 of cancer, in Los Angeles.

- 1979** Ian Palce rejoined former Deep Purple colleagues in Whitesnake.

Saturday July 13

- 1942** Birthday of Roger (Jim) McGuinn of the Byrds, in Chicago.
1978 The third BBC radio ban was imposed on a Sex Pistols single, this time 'No One Is Innocent', which featured Ronnie Biggs.
1981 A 19-year-old youth was stabbed to death during audience violence which disrupted a concert by Black Uhuru at the Rainbow, London.

DRAIN PIG COMIX PRESENT:
DANNY the DRAIN PIG



with SPECIAL GUEST MEGASTAR:
Wayne Lovejuice II

BY

DAN (Where's my fucking cheque?) PEARCE

WAYNE LOVEJUICE, COWBOY SUPERSTAR, HIS GIRL NANCY, HIS MANAGER CARLOS AND HIS PERSONAL ASSISTANT DANNY THE DRAIN PIG, ARE EN ROUTE FOR THE FIRST CONCERT OF HIS BRITISH TOUR...



OK NOW, HERE'S HOW IT GOES...
 ♪ OH I PITY THE PERSON WHO'S A BIT OF A SLOB ♪



♪ ♪
 AND I PITY THE PERSON WHO AINT GOT A JOB...

WOWEE!! THAT SAN COLONICAN SNOW SURE HITS THE SPOT!



YES AND I PITY THE PERSON WHO'S FUTURE LOOKS BLEAK ♪ ♪



WHO AINT GOT NO MONEY AT THE END OF THE WEEK...

WHERE'S SAN COLONICA?



OH THAT'S RILLY BEAUTIFUL, WAYNE... SO TOPICAL... AND COMPASSIONATE...



LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON TEE VEE...

CUT TH' CACKLE, SATCHELMOUTH, YOU FINISHED THAT LYRIC OF YOURS YET?



PRESIDENT TEFLO BIFFO TODAY PLEDGED FURTHER MILITARY AID TO THE SAN COLONICAN GOVERNMENT TO HELP ITS FIGHT AGAINST THE COMMUNIST BACKED GUERRILLA FORCES...



RODNEY: The Premonition II (THE ASTOUNDING AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE MAN WHO WILL BLOW UP THE WORLD IN 1985 !!!)

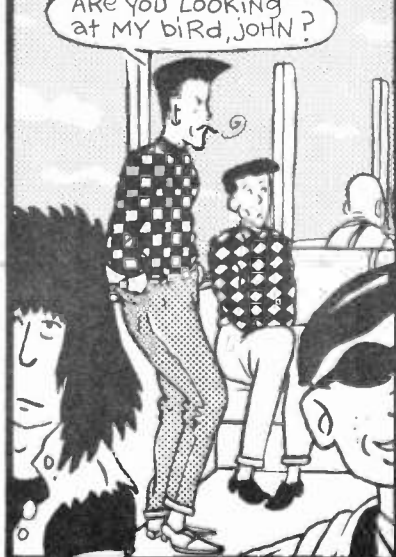
RODNEY'S ARK
 CAPTAINS LOG - 6th July 1985
 -It was difficult to get the inhabitants of my ark to intermix



The rockabilly did not approve of my taste in clothes ~~~



He was also prone to other insecurities



I decided to put him out of his misery



Charlie Trumper © 85

BAND AID MATON PLACE

GARY COOPER discovers bass pleasures from down under

**MATON JB4 BASS
£499 (inc case)
QQQ VVV**

I HEREBY solemnly swear that there will be no jokes about Fosters, Kangaroos, Liquid Laughs, Abbos, Dennis Lilly or Dame Edna in this review. Why? Because the Australian-made Maton JB4 bass is no laughing matter, that's why!

Maton guitars (although they might not be so familiar over here) are one of the world's longer-established makers, having started in the late 1930s. In their current incarnation they date back to 1946, when Bill and Vera May (hence 'May-Tone' or 'Maton') took over. Apparently these two worthies are still in charge today.

I first came across Maton back when dinosaurs roamed the King's Road and I fell over a touring band from New Zealand in a bar somewhere. They reckoned that Matons could eat up most American guitars, and the instruments they had with them certainly looked like Yank-bashing contenders – if only someone would bring them into the UK.

Things being what they are, it took many years and acoustic guitar supremo Ivor Mairants to do that. Mairants still handles the Maton acoustics exclusively (and very nice they are too). Meanwhile the enterprising folk down at Covent Garden's Allbang And Strummit have taken on the Maton Electrics. So if this review tempts you, don't bother trying anywhere else – Allbang are the exclusive outlet for the electrics. This is good news,



MATON JB-4 basses: immaculate fretted version (right) as reviewed, and a fretless too

incidentally, because they're undoubtedly one of the best (and fairest) guitar shops in the country.

Allbang had some of Maton's luscious semi-acoustics and one or two tasty solids. The bass won, however – it looked good enough to – er – steal!

The JB4 is a pretty conventional instrument – but oh so *tasteful*! Finished in a translucent red, the grain of the Maton's body (apparently it's made of something called sassafras) showed through attractively. The rock maple neck is seamlessly glued into the body, a super-smooth joint enabling you to reach the top (20th) fret on the 34½in scale with absolute ease. Faced on to the neck is an ebony fingerboard of the finest quality, fretted with a heavy semi-flat polished wire.

The JB4's hardware is an assembly of the finest. A handmade brass nut, open backed heavy duty Schaller machines and a BadAss Bass II bridge work together to ensure reliability and accuracy.

In case you don't know it, the latest BadAss is a *mother* of a bridge. Each saddle is 'tracked' by a huge centre block into the thickly chromed baseplate (to lock the saddles against sideways movement), and each saddle adjusts for height and string length individually. It's still probably the most simple yet effective bass bridge available from an independent maker.

The Maton's two pick-ups (one 'Precision' type, one 'Jazz/bar' unit) look very much like EMGs – they *sound* like them, too, but are actually made in Italy where some cunning devil has forsaken building Alfa-Romeos or growing vines for producing really fine pick-ups rather conveniently close to this American brand. They carry a logo saying 'Magnetics'. They have a great future!

Strap the Maton up, and, before you even consider plugging it into an amp, just play it for a while. No buzzes – plenty of natural wood-born sustain and sound, with a neck which (perhaps a little chunky in its depth for lovers of determinedly shallow-necked basses) is a sensible

handful. It's quite narrow by some standards (measuring 1½in at the first fret and 2½in at the 12th) which makes it a very fast bass to wrap your digits around – especially as the frets are so well profiled.

Fitted with a set of Rotosound's finest (it comes set-up with them at a low-ish position), my (sorry - Allbang's!) Maton handled like a dream. For some reason I couldn't quite put my finger on (maybe it was the essential simplicity of the design), the JB4 reminded me a little of a WAL – it has a similar sense of purpose and reliability built into it and has a lot of that no-nonsense character which always appeals to me in a real player's bass.

After a while, when you get round to plugging it into an amp, the Maton takes off and shines. The twin pick-ups each have a high output and are usefully versatile in their sounds. Controlling them are three rubber-ribbed rotary controls (easy to grip when you've got sweaty paws on stage) plus a metal flick switch selector.

The neck pick-up comes across deep and warm – emphasising the long sustain from the dense body and neck woods, the glued neck and the fine bridge. The bridge pick-up is sharper, more aggressive in tone – perfect for attacking solo sounds, lead lines and slap effects, but equally capable of reproducing the Maton's sustain and natural resonance.

Overall the Maton JB4 is *definitely* one of the best sounding passive basses I've heard in a long while – making a good few Japanese efforts from the 'big names' sound pretty pathetic by comparison; a few of the more ambitious of which are now approaching the price of this altogether superior (handmade) instrument.

For my money the Maton JB4 is under-priced by at least £200. If it sounds like your sort of bass, buy one now, before either the makers or retailers wake up to their mistake – that's my advice!

Maton Electrics are available only from Allbang And Strummit, 22 Earham Street, London WC2 (phone 01-379-5142).

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*Source: Target Group Index April-Sept. 1984

MUSICIANS WANTED GENERAL

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MUSICIANS SEEKING BANDS. TEL: LINK-UP 01-991 2168. S2675

DRUMMER TO complete band into The Beatles and nothing modern. Write for information. C Jeffries, 21 Thorpe Road, Staines, Middx. S3173

BANDS AND Singers wanted for new independent label. Demos. Biogs to Sounds Box no. 587. S3003

CREATIVE VOCALIST wanted. Band playing Division, Order influenced material. Professional experience immaterial though natural singing ability vital. Enquiries Paul 01-326 1224 evenings. No Kids. S3267

DRUMMER AVAILABLE, likes Smiths, James, Easterhouse. Wants band willing to work hard. London/Middx. Area preferred. Yvette 01-427 5570. S3268

TROPICANA FISHTANK seek red-hot drummer with brain and transport for gigs and recording this year. Practice hall near Donington, Derbs. Influences Soft Boys, Syd, Beefheart, Velvets. Telephone Melbourne 3997. S3269

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KEYBOARDIST WANTED for working band with own material. Own gear, transport essential. Joe Tel: 01-764 2297 evenings (6-9pm). S3259

SINGER/SONGWRITER wants to form rock group. Looking for lead & Rhythm guitar, Bass & Drums. Will relocate to the States soon. Write phone number/address, demographics, and include a demonstration tape to Box no. 596 Enthusiasm, dedication and ambition essential. S3262

GUITAR. DRUMS for slowish atmospheric music, e.g. Mass, Bauhaus (new project) phone 01-452 0734 after six (flat three). S3243

ROCK 'N' RUDDLES Drummer wanted by three other people to use bass drum with imagination. Blues Rock, different songs. S. London (18+ please) Bill: 01-699 6430. S3244

KICKASS BAND need powerful drums, bass, early 20's, into Stooges MC5, Newrace, Radio Birdman are you ready mother f*****! 061-881 8143. S3246

DRUMMER WANTED by band influenced by Iggy, Sisters, N.M.A., Must be dedicated and willing to travel. Touring soon. For further info call Tony 01-952 1549. S3255

KEYBOARDS PLAYER required for commercial rock band. Polyphonic players only. Own equipment and transport essential. Phone John 01-751 2905. S3212

TEENAGE DRUMMER AND GUITARIST required for 'Electrifying' Band aiming for success. Birmingham/W. Mids area. 0922-77486. S3213

POWERFUL FEMALE VOCALIST (18-24) urgently required for modern rock band. Must be prepared to travel. Dominic 01-850 0538 Marc (0622) 78604. Cliff (0622) 43738 evenings. S3214

RHYTHM LEAD and bass for Beatles band. 01-223 8845. S3261

DRUMMER NEEDED

For Iford based band in formative stage. To help create new sounds involving melodic new wave, rock and jazz. Must be powerful, versatile, creative and dedicated. Own transport preferred but not essential. Phone Chris 01-518 0851 or Desmond 01-554 1057. S3328

GUITARIST URGENTLY REQUIRED

for Pro-Minded Christian Rock Outfit based in Reading. Gigs, Studio work shortly. SEAN, Burghfield Common 2221 S3287

COMPETENT BASSIST wanted Hanoi, Gen X, Thunders, style rock band. Good image! No old pros! Glamorgan area. Paul (0656) 69678. Now! S3216

WANTED GUITARIST for fast moving full-time band. Must be imaginative, dedicated and severely sussed. London 01-861 0603. S3339

BASS AND KEYBOARDS wanted to form Jazz-Rock/progressive-rock band. Steve, Hornchurch 59901. S3241

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ST HELENS BASED Cabaret band require keyboard player (person). Local an asset. Phone John St Helens 38526. S3220

DRUMMER WANTED for rock & pop band. Wembley, Harrow, Neasden area. Ring Steven 01-908 2109. S3270

GUITARIST WANTED, Influences fresh for Lulu, Iggy, Thunders, Gen etc. Pone Banbury 65875. S3271

FEMALE BASS Player wanted, experience preferred. Send photo and tape to Box no. 597. Accommodation if needed. S3272

FEMALE KEYBOARD (synth) Player vocal ability an advantage. Influences Banshees, K-Joke, X-Mal. Ed 6656 60737. S3273

KICKASS BASSPLAYIN' Mutha wanted for band into Sweet, Hanoi, etc. Phone Darryl, Basingstoke 465975 after 6pm. S3281

GUITARIST DRUMMER singer required for group. Influences Division, Order, Fall. Ring Neil 021-705 226. S3282

GUITARIST WANTS to form band with Pistol-type power 'n' raunch. Dorking 880417. S3283

GUITARIST WANTED for rock and. Enthusiasm, dedication needed. Phone 01-627 2766. S3284

DRUMMER/BASSIST desperately needs ambitious singer and guitarist, influences Cult, Cure, Bauhaus etc. Bradford 733490. S3286

LEAD GUITARIST wanted to complete commercial/pop band age 19-24. Own transport. Phone Gareth 01-866 6174, Phil 01-866 5407 evenings. S3325

GUITARIST, BASSIST or VOCALIST with ideas, sought by guitarist/assist with view to forming rock and, maybe like Yes & Hendrix & Artyn & "originality"? Phone John 011 741 4527. S3326

SYNTHESIST AND backing vocalists for DOA, Human League influenced heavy sequencer orientated stage band. Phone Brian 01-954 243. S3327

VOCALS/KEYBOARDS required for original rock band. Mark 01-804 56. S3329

FEMALE BASSIST with backing vocals for Pop Rock band. S.E. London area. Tel: Dave 01-690 9858. S3323

VOCALIST WANTED to join dedicated band, varied influences, Michael Schenker, Level 42, U2. Phone Orpington 26446 after 6pm. S3337

VOCALIST WITH Good set of material seeks GUITARIST to form band. Must be T.REX/SWEET influenced. Contact: LEE WILD, 2 Northfield Road, Stamford Hill, London N6 5RN. S3274

ORGANIST WANTED. Influences jazz, Doors, Church, Wire. Single just released. Own rehearsal facilities. No synth knob twiddlers. 40pm. Burntwood 4403 after 4pm. S3275

VOCALIST WANTED Male/female. Manchester based band; inside area playing modern covers/some originals. No time wasters please. Tel: 061-330 8421 or 1-339 0554 anytime. S3276

BASSIST WANTED to join Gtr/Drums, Vocals. Influences: Metal, Psychodelia, space, progressive, jazz-rock. Must be available for 40pm rehearsals. No thumb wasters, cliches or time wasters. Phone 01-871 2986. S3277

VOCALIST NEEDED Urgently. Billie, Gen X, Johnny Thunders, etc. - Kent area - Phone Glenn, Medway 360080. S3278

PIANO/KEYBOARDIST, 20ish, sought by dedicated guitarist/composer to arrange material before forming Album Rock group inspired DeBurgh, Enid, Clannad. Tel: Gareth Thompson 01-540 7255 if you're seriously compatible. S3279

BRADFORD AREA Drummer required for exciting unusual very good rock band with strong songwriting base. Must be technically sound. National gigs in offering. 0535-32 day, 0274-502402 evening. S3280

MUSICIANS WANTED HEAVY ROCK

12p per word (inc VAT)

DRUMMER SEEKS band Leeds Wakefield area, must be ambitious and dedicated. Tel: Castleford 513865. S3257

GUITARIST AVAILABLE - Gear, Transport, - Rob, 01-979 8308 after 6pm (West London). S3159

VERSATILE VOCALIST required for Nottingham based rock band. Varied influences. Own material. Gigs waiting. Bob (0602) 414492. S3288

VOCALIST/GUITARIST in frontman style needed by excellent South Birmingham Rock band. 18-19. Gigs imminent. Kiss, Lizzy, Whitesnake type stuff. Interested? Ian 021-707 3924. S3289

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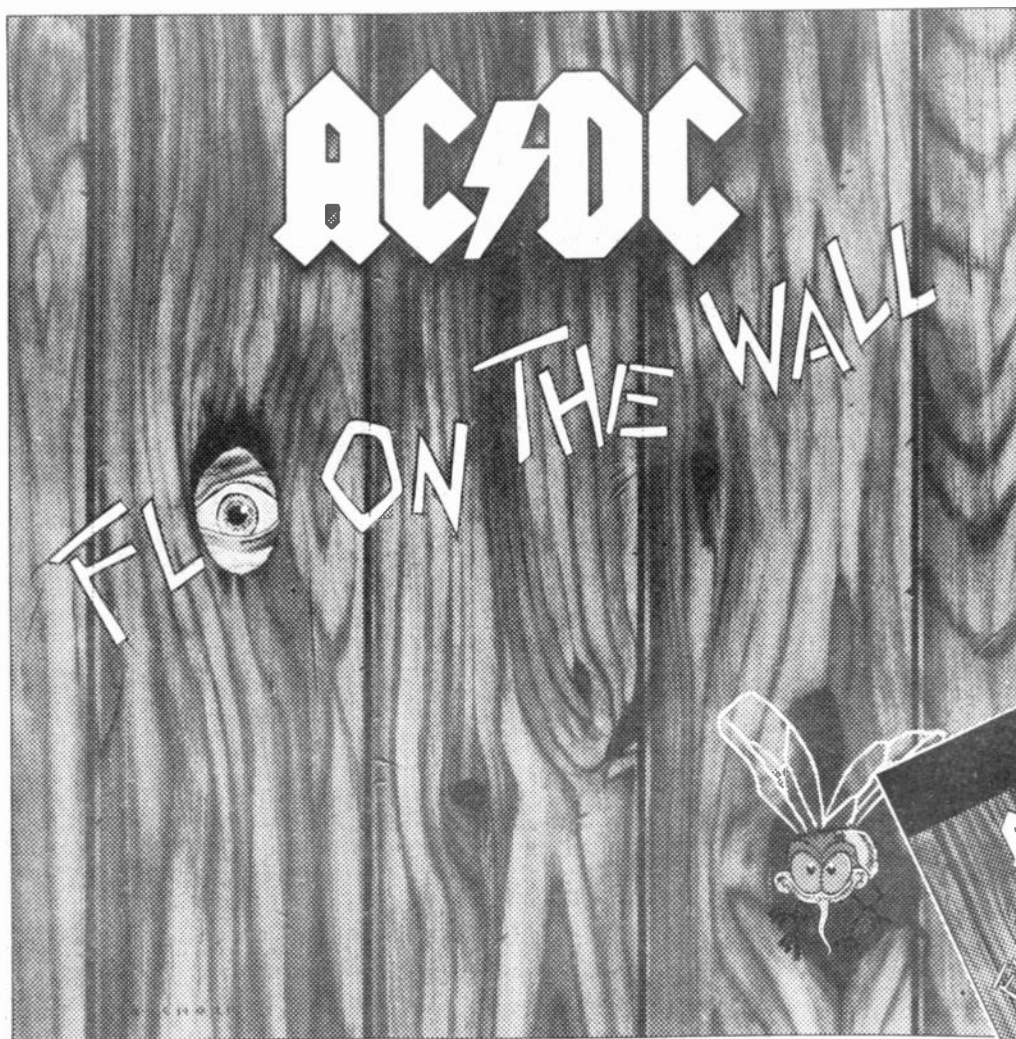
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