

# THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE SPECIAL!

# SOUNDS

## NOW THAT'S WHAT WE CALL CHRISTMAS...

We pluck the feathers and strip the meat off the bone of '85

# Holiday Dinner



DEE C LEE  
CLICK CLICK  
BOB GELDOLF  
JOHN COUGAR  
DEAD CAN DANCE  
SHOP ASSISTANTS

RE-ANIMATOR-THE MOVIE  
SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS  
RAMSEY CAMPBELL GHOST STORY



NATIVITY SCENE BY PETER ANDERSON

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**Morticia Wax** spits at Christmas, while **Billy Mann** gets off at Mornington Crescent with **Bruce Forsyth** and a host of other TV game shows. **Pages 12 & 13**. **Joe Bloke** brings you all the inside stories in his **Bizzerk** column. **Page 14**. Famous people get shown for what they are, plus **What's In** and **What's Out** on **pages 16 & 17**. The **1985 Personal Top Ten** charts appear on **pages 32 & 33**. The legendary **Jaws Awards** come clean on **page 39**. How to become a cult band gets **page 40** and **Les Bunnymen** and **Jack Barron** share an afternoon at Silverstone on **page 40 & 41**. And if all that wasn't enough for ya, we've got 'straight' music stories on the **Shop Assistants**, **Dead Can Dance**, **Click Click** and **Starship**, on **pages 26 & 27**. Phew! If you can get through that lot then you really must be ideologically sound... see **page 38**

## SCANNERS

**Sandy Robertson** sharpens his nails and scratches out a run-down on what's on TV this Christmas. Plus a film starring **Lou Reed**, videos of **The Chameleons**, **Tears For Fears**, **Flesh For Lulu** and **Elvis Presley** and pages of hard print including the latest offering from **Mick** 'it was really me who started punk' **Farren**. **Pages 20 & 21**

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MORGAN-GRAMPIAN PLC 1985

# ICA PRESENT PAUL'S



MICRODISNEY: care of Tracey and Ben on New Year's Day



THE RAPIERS: Jerry Dammers' choice on January 4

**JOHN MARTYN** celebrates his 20th anniversary as a professional musician with a month-long tour of Britain in February.

He has a new album coming out on Island next month called 'I Am John Wayne'.

He'll be touring with his new band at Norwich East Anglia University February 1, Ipswich Gaumont 2, Newcastle City Hall 4, Edinburgh Assembly Rooms 7, Aberdeen Capitol 8, Glasgow Pavilion 9, Ayr Pavilion 10, Guildford Civic Hall 13, Canterbury New Marlowe Theatre 14, Cardiff St Davids Hall 16, Cheltenham Town Hall 20, Brighton Dome 21, Southend Cliffs Pavilion 22, Oxford Apollo 24, Bristol Hippodrome 25, Manchester Apollo 26, Hanley Victoria Halls 27, Nottingham Royal Centre 28, Birmingham Odeon March 1, London Hammersmith Odeon 2.

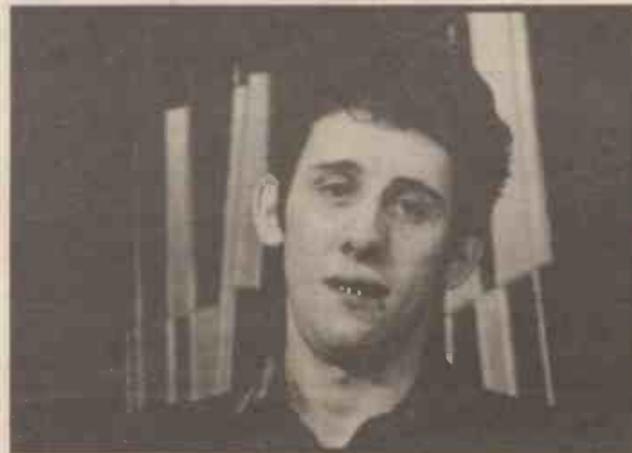
More shows will be added to this tour, which marks the start of a world trek that will cover Europe, America and Australia, before returning to Britain for festival appearances in the summer.

**MARILLION** have added a seventh night at Hammersmith Odeon on their British tour on February 1. Tickets are priced at £5.50 and £6.50 and are on sale now.

**RING OF ROSES**, who've been supporting **Rain Parade** and **The Blow Monkeys**, play London's Embassy Club on December 23.

They'll be releasing their first single on RCA, called 'Weatherman', next year.

## Eire On A G-String...



**THE POGUES** will find themselves in Ireland when they sober up after Christmas. They will also find that a tour has been laid on for them with dates at Waterford Bridge Hotel December 27, Tralee Hollands Hotel 28, Dublin SFX 29-30, Belfast Ulster Hall 31, Dundalk Fairways January 1, Claremorris Beaten Path 2, Limerick Savoy 3, Galway Leisureland 4, Cork Sir Henry's 5. They will have a new single out at the end of January.

**IAN DURY** joins the cast of the GLC's Christmas Party for the unemployed which is being held in a giant circus tent at Finsbury Park on December 21.

He'll be appearing alongside **Madness** - the first time they have joined forces.

They top a bill that also includes **Gregory Isaacs**, **Marc Almond**, **Imagination**, **The Frank Chickens**, **Toure Kunda** and various surprise guests.

The show runs from 3pm to 11pm and tickets are £2 from County Hall on production of a UB40 and £8 for the employed via usual outlets.

**FLESH FOR LULU** narrowly escaped death last week in Spain when a coach taking them to a gig in Barcelona swerved into an oncoming juggernaut on a motorway after its brakes failed.

The coach was written off in the accident but the band...

# BAND AID: THE

**BAND AID** have a picture disc version of 'Do They Know It's Christmas?' released through Phonogram this week, incorporating a cut-out map of Africa and the guitar-shaped logo that was used for Live Aid.

A limited edition, it features, on the B-side, 'One Year On (Feed The World)' which incorporates a narration by

**Midge Ure** giving an update on the project and where the money raised so far has gone.

The two Band Aid ships, **Band Aid Express** and **MV Band Aid Carrier**, have just unloaded 100 tons of equipment and 400 tons of food raised by School Aid in Africa, and both boats should be making another journey before Christmas.

Meanwhile the Band Aid

Trustees have been examining various long term development projects in Ethiopia and Sudan, with assistance from experts in famine relief and African affairs, and should be donating funds to help a number of these projects soon.

But the fund-raising continues, the latest being Visual Aid in which a hundred leading British artists have been

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# CRYSTAL BALL

**WELLER, Dammers, Bragg and friends host hopefuls' nights at the next ICA Rock Week, under the banner *When You Wish Upon A Star***

**PAUL WELLER**, Jerry Dammers, Billy Bragg, and Ben and Tracey from Everything But The Girl will present their star predictions for 1986 at the next ICA Rock Week under the banner *When You Wish Upon A Star*.

They've each chosen three acts which they will introduce on their own night at the ICA at the beginning of next year.

Zeke Manyika gets the Rock Week under way on December 31 with Charlie Assah Papa's Graffi Jazz, Same Animals and International Rescue. The bar will be open until one am for New Year revellers.

Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt will be presenting Microdisney, Discobolisk and Primal

Scream on January 1, while Julie Roberts from Working Week will be presenting a jazz and soul night on the 2nd with Courtney Pine Quartet and two others still to be confirmed.

Paul Weller's picks for '86 are Dee C Lee (surprise, surprise) Black Britain and Jazz Defectors, who will all be appearing on the 3rd.

Jerry Dammers has chosen Potato 5, The Friday Club and The Rapiers to play on the 4th, and Billy Bragg winds up the week with a folk night featuring The Watersons, June Tabor and The Oyster Bar.

Tickets for each night are £4.

The following week the ICA has set up an equally diverse programme of music which includes a performance by former Pere Ubu frontman David Thomas on January 7, former Rip Rig And Panic pianist Mark Springer on the 8th, a live premiere of the music for *A Zed And Two Noughts* by The Michael Nyman Band on the 9th and 10th, and young Belgian composer Wim Mertens on the 11th.

managed to drag themselves out of the wreckage, shaken but remarkably unscathed.

They even went on to play that night's gig but subsequent dates were cancelled while new forms of transport were sorted out.

But the band have already lined up two London dates for the New Year at the Marquee on January 3 and 4. Support act for both nights will be German psychedelic pop band The Multi-Coloured Shades, who have an album called *'House Of Wax'* on Hybrid in February.

**THE ADICTS**, who've just released an EP called *'Bar-Room Bop'* on Dwed/Fall Out, have lined up their Christmas Party at London's 100 Club on December 24.

But the rest of the country will have to wait until 1986 to see the boys live - a British tour is now being set up and dates will be announced shortly.

## Torme And Toreros ...



**MARC ALMOND**, who'll be giving the unemployed a glimpse of his pink sequined jacket at Finsbury Park on December 21, has a new single on *Some Bizzare* (through Virgin) out on December 23.

Called *'The House Is Haunted (By The Echo Of Your Last Goodbye)'*, it was discovered by Marc among his collection of Mel Torme albums.

It's available as a double-pack seven-inch with *'Broken Bracelets'*, a new Almond composition, *'Cara A Cara'*, recorded in Spain early in 1984, and *'Unchain My Heart (Medley)'* which also includes *'Black Heart'* and *'Take My Heart'* and was originally recorded for a Janice Long session.

The 12-inch, which has an *'Ectoplasmix'* of the title track, includes an additional track - *'Burning Boats'* - which first appeared on Willing Sinner Annie Hogan's *'Kickabye'* EP.

## Boothill Feet Tap No More ...



**THE BOOTHILL FOOT TAPPERS**, who've just completed a massive 60-date trek around the country, are splitting up.

For once, musical differences are not given as the reason for the band's demise. Instead the arrival of a baby Boothill and 'the pressures of parenthood' mean that touring is no longer a viable proposition for the band.

The band's finale is at the Kentish Town Bull And Gate on December 19 when they will be joined by Jamie Wednesday.

A farewell statement from the band says: 'We would like to thank everybody who has bought our records and supported us live up and down the country, both on this tour and on our previous outings.'

**WHITNEY HOUSTON**, whose *'Saving All My Love For You'* reached Number One on both sides of the Atlantic, has lined up *'How Will I Know'* from her self-titled debut album as her follow-up on Arista next month.

And she's planning a British tour in the spring following her own American tour and other tours with Luther Vandross and Jeffrey Osborne earlier this year.

**FEARGAL SHARKEY** follows his Number One hit *'A Good Heart'* with another single from his album called *'You Little Thief'*.

The song was written by Tom Petty's keyboard player Benmont Tench, allegedly in response to his former girlfriend Maria McKee's composition *'A Good Heart'*, which was apparently about him. So much for true love!

Feargal will be appearing on *Top Of The Pops* and *Razzmatazz* over Christmas before getting down to rehearsals for his first solo tour which starts at the end of January.

**THE JAZZ BUTCHER** stage their Christmas show at Covent Garden Rock Garden on December 21, supported by The Outskirts.

# SPRING TRICKIN'



**CHEAP TRICK** will be joining Mötley Crüe on their British tour in February.

The band have just returned after a lengthy absence from the scene with a new album called *'Standing On The Edge'*. And three-quarters of the group's original line-up remains intact: guitarist Rick Nielsen, singer Robin Zander and drummer Bun E Carlos being joined by new bassist Jon Brant.

They've been touring America this autumn and will be linking up with Mötley Crüe at The Theatre Of Pain Tour at Manchester Apollo February 6, Newcastle City Hall 7, Edinburgh Playhouse 8, Birmingham Odeon 9, Cardiff St Davids Hall 12, Sheffield City Hall 13, London Hammersmith Odeon 14-15.

Tickets are £5.00 and £4.50 everywhere except London which is £6.00 and £5.50.

# STORY SO FAR

selected to produce a work of art on the theme of Christmas, which will be combined onto one silkscreen print with a limited edition of 500.

The artists include Peter Blake, Dame Elizabeth Frink, David Hockney, Howard Hodgkin, John Hoyland, Patrick Hughes, Ron Kitaji and John Piper.

Band Aid has also been

taking steps to stamp out bootleg versions of the Live Aid concert, most of which are being made in Indonesia and selling in the Middle East, earning some £2 million along the way.

Bob Geldof is hoping to put pressure on the Indonesian Government to clamp down on the illegal tapes, particularly as the Government has issued

sales tax stickers to the pirates and collected tax on all those sold in Indonesia.

Unfortunately, complex copyright problems have made it impossible to release the official video of Live Aid made by the BBC, which would go some way towards eliminating the problem.

Bob Geldof interview - see pages 8 & 9.

# DAYS LIKE THESE

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# METEOR STORM

Singer Paul Fenech gets fine and suspended sentence after fight at gig



THE METEORS, in a record company promo pic, show the style that got Paul (right) where he is today

**THE METEORS'** singer Paul Fenech was sentenced to nine months in prison — suspended for two years — and fined £1,000 after being found guilty of causing an affray and possessing a truncheon as an offensive weapon at Stafford Crown Court last week.

He was arrested after fighting broke out at a Meteors gig at Walsall Burntwood Recreation Centre back in May. He was also charged with possessing a swordstick as an offensive weapon but found not guilty.

The prosecution said that fighting had broken out between a local gang and the group's own supporters, known as The Wreckin' Crew, after three songs. Truncheons and sticks were used as weapons. An axe was wielded and a CS Gas canister exploded during the fracas. And a cymbal was thrown across the stage 'like a frisbee'.

Several fans were hurt during the fight and were treated in hospital later for headwounds. Fenech himself was also taken to hospital suffering from the effects of CS Gas.

Fenech, who denied all the charges and spent two days in the witness box, admitted that the band wrote horror songs and used horror images but denied approving of violence.

"It just looks like it because of what we do.

But that's just an image," he said. He used the truncheon on stage for "pseudo violence".

He said that when the band played outside London, local fans sometimes liked to have a go at them. But as the band took the stage he'd said "We are the Meteors. If you want to fight, piss off."

The jury were shown a copy of The Meteors' 'Wreckin' Crew' album which shows members of the group wielding a truncheon and a baseball bat, but Fenech claimed he had 'no control' over the photograph that appeared on the sleeve.

Judge Clive Tayler said that Fenech had saddled himself with a violent image for commercial purposes, which had attracted followers he would have been better without.

"You have got very close to being sent to prison. You behaved at the very least recklessly. You were allowing an image to develop around your group which suggested violence and you allowed yourself hangers on who were clearly disposed to get involved in violence if the opportunity arose."

One other fan at the concert was given a six-month prison sentence after the fight and two other fans were sentenced to 180 hours of community service each.

**CHOIR MILITIA**, a band formed by ex-Ruts guitarist Paul Fox and singer Harry Matthews, make their debut at Uxbridge Brunel University Sexmas Ball on December 17 with *The Babysitters* and *Dirty Strangers*.

Fox and Matthews have already had a song called 'Sharpen The Knife' released on a compilation album on Rusty Egan's War label under their own name.

Their new outfit, which includes ex-Howard Devoto drummer Pat Ahern, will also be playing Fulham Greyhound on New Year's Eve.

**CHAS AND DAVE** have organised a free Christmas knees-up at their own The Chas And Dave, in Stoke Newington Green Lane, on December 18.

It will be organised on a first-come-first-served basis with the pub opening at 5.30pm and the concert starting at 8pm.

Chas And Dave also have TV appearances over Christmas on *3-2-1*, *The Krankies* and *Jim'll Fix It*.

**THE DAMNED** have added another date to their festive jaunt around the country at Manchester International on December 20.

**ERASURE** have added one more date to their British tour at Canvey Island Gold Mine on December 20. They are also lining up more dates for the New Year to coincide with the release of their album.

**SLIM GAILLARD**, The Deep Sea Jivers and Marie Murphy are all appearing at the Hammersmith Clarendon on New Year's Eve under the banner *You Stayed Alive in '85 - Get Your Kicks In '86*.

The ballroom will be transformed for the night by Andrew Logan, stylist behind the *Alternative Miss World* contest.

**MARK ANTONY AND THE CENTURIONS**, a band drawn from former members of Adam And The Ants and The Monochrome Set, make their first public appearance after four and half months of 'lies, stupidity and cowardice' (1) at Brixton Fridge on December 28. They'll be supported by Danielle Dax.

**CIRCUS CIRCUS CIRCUS**, who've been working hard in the studio, break off just in time for a Christmas gig at Herne Hill Half Moon on December 24. They'll be joined by sundry special guests.

**TOURE KUNDA**, the Senegal band now based in Paris, follow their spot at Finsbury Park GLC Xmas Party (for the unemployed) with a gig at Camden Dingwalls on December 23.

**THE MEMBRANES** have ended their label-less spell by signing to In Tape. They celebrate with a gig at Newport Stowe Hill Labour Club December 23 with Bogshed and The Mekons.

**DAVID CROSBY**, on the run from Texas police for two weeks after being found guilty of cocaine and gun possession charges, gave himself up in West Palm Beach, Florida, last week, just as the FBI were about to launch a nationwide hunt for him.

Crosby, who faces up to ten years in prison after failing to show up for his trial in Dallas last month, was held by local police while the Texan authorities came to collect him.

His addiction to cocaine was recently cited by Neil Young as the reason why Young will not rejoin Crosby Stills And Nash.

**BOB DYLAN** joins the box-set generation with a five album collection called 'Biograph' on CBS this week.

Among the 53 songs which stretch back to 1961 are 18 previously unreleased tracks including some studio tracks, although most are live versions of known songs.

There's also a 36-page booklet including an interview with Dylan and unreleased photographs.

**KING**, who have played 99 gigs this year, bring the number up to a round 100 with a show at Glasgow Barrowlands on New Year's Eve.

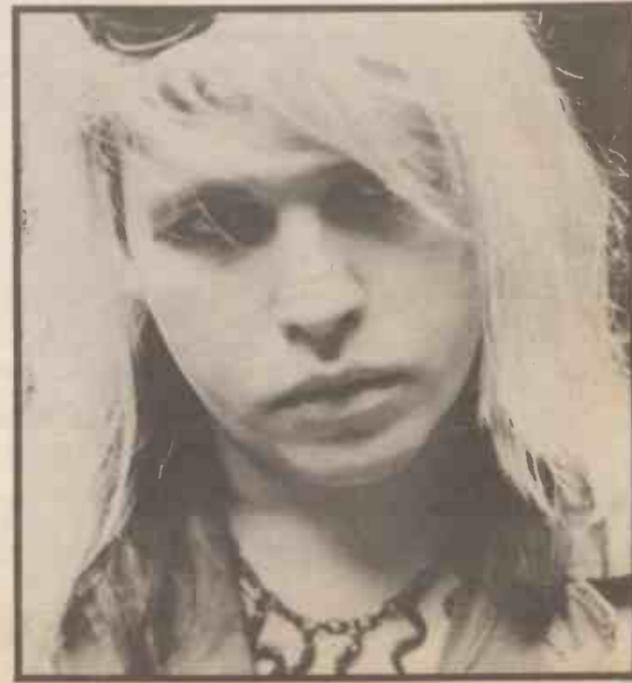
They'll be going on stage at 11pm and their performance will be screened live on BBC2's *Whistle Test* that night.

Tickets are priced at £5 and are available from Glasgow Barrowlands, Virgin and The Other Record Shop, Edinburgh Ripping Records and TOCTA agencies throughout Scotland.

They are also available by post from Regular Music, Castle Cliff, 25 Johnson Terrace, Edinburgh EH1 2NA.

King also have a new single coming out on December 27 — a totally remixed version of 'Torture' — and the first 10,000 12-inch copies will contain a free 1986 calendar.

## Pierce Of The Action ...



**JEFFREY LEE PIERCE** leaps into festive action with a gig at Hammersmith Clarendon on December 27. He'll be supported by The Scientists, Bone Orchard and Shadowland. Tickets are £4.

With his 'Flamingo' EP just released by Statik and recording sessions lined up for next year, Jeffrey and his quartet are likely to be previewing plenty of new material.

## Some Time, Some Place ...



**BELOUIS SOME** manages to cram in his only London gig this year at the Marquee on December 17.

He'll also be supporting Midge Ure at Wembley Arena on December 23.

A new single called 'Imagination' will be released by Parlophone on January 6.

# 'SIXTH STONE' DIES

**IAN STEWART**, 'the sixth Rolling Stone', died suddenly last Thursday of a heart attack in a London Harley Street Clinic. He was 47.

He'd gone to the clinic for a check up because he hadn't been feeling well and suffered a heart attack in the waiting room.

A founder member of the Rolling Stones on piano, he was phased out of the group's live line-up early on because manager Andrew Loog Oldham felt his craggy features didn't fit the band's image at

the time.

Instead he became their road manager while continuing to play on their records. By the mid-'70s he was back on stage with the band as their piano player and was restored as a full member again.

He was also active in recent years with Rocket 88 and played his last gig with them in Bracknell less than a week before he died. He'd also been helping out a young Scottish band called Blues 'N' Trouble because they reminded him of his own early days.

First reaction came from Bill Wyman who said: "Without him there would have been no Rolling Stones. He will be absolutely irreplaceable as a person and a member of the group."

"He was as well known within the music business as any of us but the public really had no idea how important he was to us."

"He and Brian Jones were the first movers. We could not have delivered what we have without his undivided input and loyalty."

**THE TIMES** celebrate what would have been Joe Orton's 53rd birthday (if his boyfriend hadn't taken a fancy to him with an axe 18 years ago) with a gig at London's Heaven on New Year's Day.

The band recently released a four-track EP called 'Boys About Town' while the soundtrack album to Joe Orton's play *Up Against It*, which features songs by Edward Ball of The Times and Tony Conway of Mood Six, is set to come out in the first part of next year.

The play itself finishes a run at the Islington Old Red Lion on December 20.

**GENE LOVES JEZEBEL** have recruited guitarist James Stevenson on a permanent basis after he stepped into the breach on the band's recent American tour.

He flew out to join the band at 24 hours' notice at the beginning of their tour, listening to the group's songs on his headphones on the way over, after Ian Hudson suddenly quit the band.

Stevenson, who has previously played with Kim Wilde, Chelsea and Generation X, was originally intended as a second guitarist for the band some time ago but will now stay for good as lead guitarist.

The band, who released a single called 'Desire' on Beggars Banquet a couple of weeks ago, will be back in the studio after Christmas recording demos for a possible single.

**ALAN PRICE** celebrates 21 years as a solo performer — interspersed by stints with The Animals and Georgie Fame among others — with a concert at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall on January 4. It makes the beginning of a British tour, dates for which are now being lined up.

**RAY CAMPI AND THE ROCKABILLY REBELS**, last seen over here at the end of the '70s, come over again from their native Texas for another revival attempt.

Serious Cadillac collector and acrobat Campi will be lugging his double bass over for a pre-Christmas gig at Harrow Clay Pigeon on December 22.

They have more gigs arranged next month at Kennington Cricketers January 3, Sunderland Catholic Club 4, Gloucester Whitminster Hotel 10, Camden Dingwalls 11, Hammersmith Klub Foot 18.

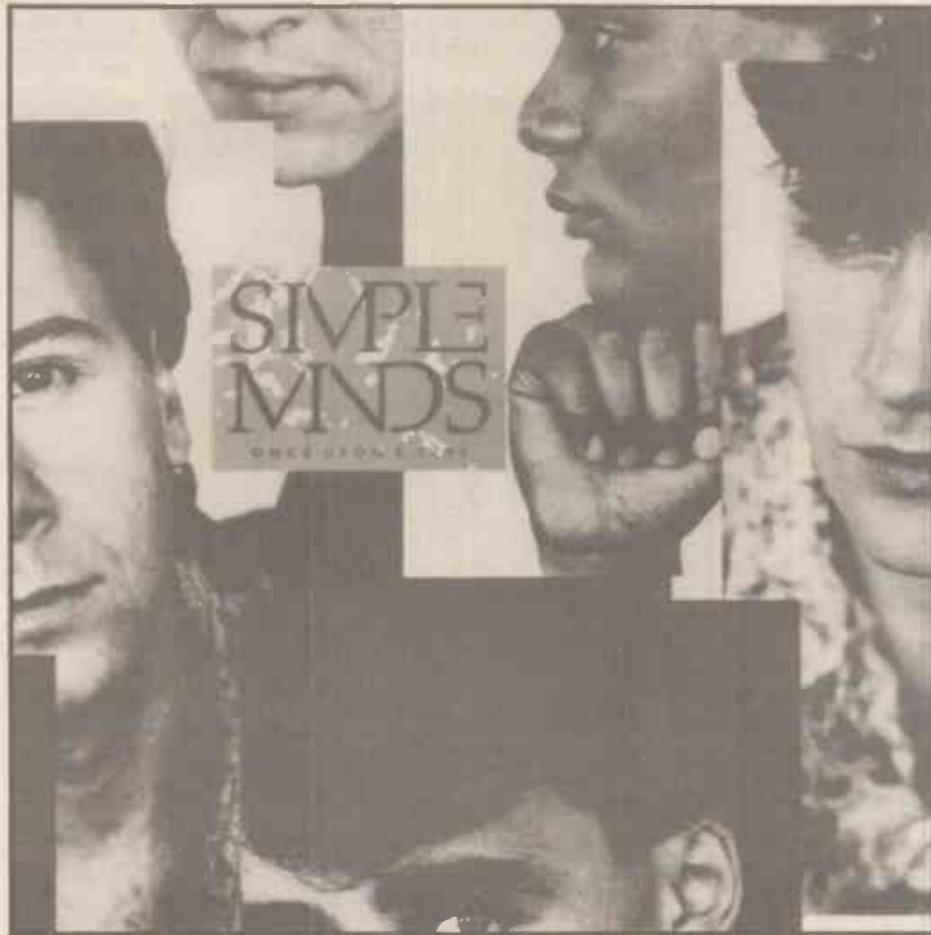
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THE PRICE OF BLOOD

# SIMPLE MINDS



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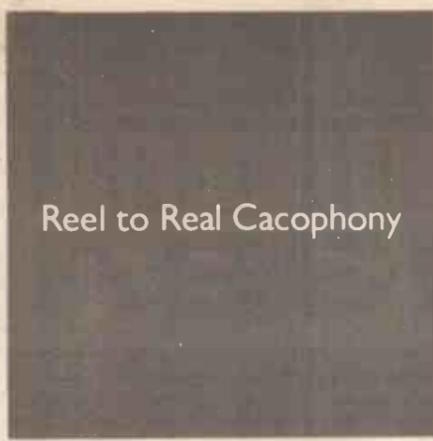
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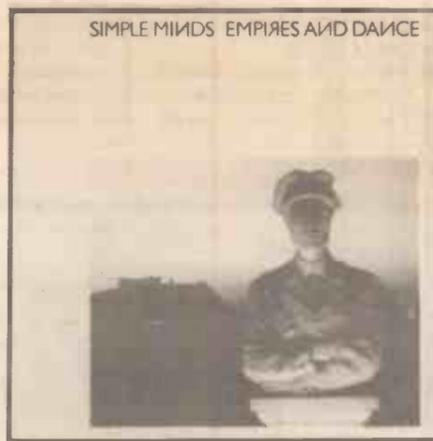
## (Don't You) Forget 8 other classic Simple Minds albums



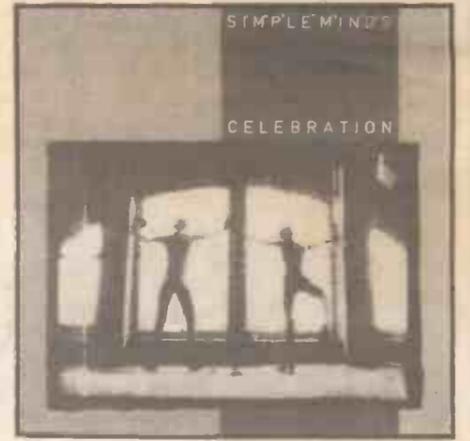
Life In A Day



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Empires & Dance



Celebration



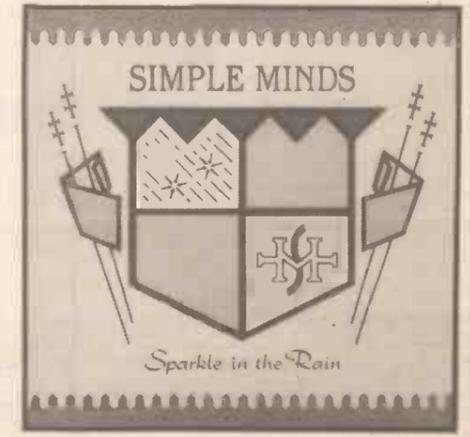
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# RECORD NEWS

**GIANT SANDWORMS**, a Tucson, Arizona band created by Howe Gelb and Scott Garber which also includes the notorious Blacky Ranchette, have their first single released by **One Big Guitar Records** (through Pinnacle and Making Waves) this week called 'Don't Turn Away'. **One Big Guitar** are also releasing a three-track EP by **Opal**, a band formed by ex-Rain Parade member David Roback and ex-Dream Syndicate member Kendra Smith, called simply 'Opal'.

**THE DRUMMERS OF BURUNDI**, Thomas Mapfumo, Somo Somo and Nigerian juju star Dela Abiodun all have tracks and explanatory articles on the second **WOMAD Talking Book** album, 'Introduction To Africa', which is released this week through **Revolver**.

**ZAZOU BIKAYE**, masters of transcultural dance music, follow their warmly received 'Noir Et Blanc' album and 'M'Pasi Ya M'Pamba' single with a mini-album called 'Mr Manager' on **Crammed** this week.

**MIKEL ROUSE BROKEN CONSORT**, a young New York composer, has seven contemporary pieces for a small classical/electric ensemble called 'A Walk In The Woods' released by **Made To Measure** this month.

**EUGENE CHADBOURNE** gets back to his roots for his first post-Shockabilly album called 'Eugene Chadbourne's Country Protest' which is released by **Fundamental Music** this week. It features Lenny Kaye on pedal steel, among other luminaries.



**VIRNA LINDT**, Floyd and The Sound Barrier are all included on the second annual edition of 'Teach Yourself Compact', a boxed set of singles which also includes excerpts from the soundtrack of *Dance With A Stranger*.



**RUBY TURNER**, who's been tipped to beat the American soul singers at their own game for a couple of years now, will be releasing a three-track EP on **Jive** next month called 'If You're Ready (Come Go With Me)' which has been produced by **Billy Ocean**.



**CHERELLE** joins forces with **Alexander O'Niell** this week for a single called 'Saturday Love' which comes from her second album, due out next month, titled 'High Priority'.

**ZAC ZOLAR AND ELECTRIC BANANA** have the song featured in a recent *Minder* episode - 'Take Me Home' - released as a single on **Butt** (through **CBS**) this week.

**ANN PEEBLES** has a compilation album called 'Tear Your Playhouse Down' released on **Hi** (through **Demon**) this week, together with an album from **Bill Black's Combo** called 'The Untouchable Sound Of...'

**HEX**, a protest punk band, have a five-track demo called 'Poison In The System' available for £1 (or a C60) plus an sae from **Hex**, 8 Willimson Terrace, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland, Tyne And Wear.

**THE ISLEY BROTHERS**, who've scarcely paused for breath since they formed back in 1959, release their first album since signing to **Warner Brothers** this week called 'Masterpiece'.

**THE FITS** have a compilation mini-album called 'Fact Or Fiction' featuring all their singles released this week by **Trapper** (through the **Cartel**) who are also putting out a single from **The Test Tube Babies** called 'Wimpeez'.

**JOHN CALE** has a different mix of 'Satellite Walk' released as a single this week by **Beggars Banquet** to coincide with his London gig with **Nico**.

**C-BANK**, three New York avant garde musicians/performers - **Eleanore Mills** vocals, **Tom LeClercq** keyboards and clothes design and **Diva Marina** backing vocals and choreography - have a single out on **10** this week called 'Good To The Last Drop'.

## DEATH IN JUNE

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AND MURDER LOVE

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7 and 12 inch

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**Billy Bragg**  
**Frank Chickens**      **The Hank Wangford Band**  
 Friday 27th December, 7:30pm  
 The **APOLLO** Manchester  
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 The **ODEON** Birmingham  
 Tickets £3.50, 4.00, 4.50. Available From: Box Office, Telephone: 021643 6101  
 Sunday 29th December, 4:30pm  
 The **Hammersmith Odeon**  
 Queen Caroline Street, W6.  
 Tickets: £4.00, £4.50 and £5.00, are available from the Theatre Box Office Tel: 01-748 4081, or: London Theatre Bookings, Tel: 01-439 3371, Stargreen, Tel: 01-437 5282, Albermarle, Tel: 01-580 3131, Keith Prowse, Tel: 01-741 8989, Premier Box Office 01-240 2245.

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**KlubFoot** (CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W6)  
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**1999** NINE NINE NINE  
 SATURDAY 28TH DECEMBER 7:30PM £3.50  
**THE VIBRATORS**  
**THE NEUROTICS** FIELDS OF NEPHILIM

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**GUANA BATZ**  
**ROCHEE & THE SARNOs**  
**THE OUTER LIMITS**  
**SKIFFSKATTS**  
 Saturday 21st December at 7:30pm, £3.50

**Alice in Wonderland goes to Heaven.....**  
**DOCTOR & the MEDICS**  
 ring of roses - zodiac mindwarp & the love reaction apple mosaic  
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 VILLIER'S STREET, NEAR CHARING CROSS STN.

**SECRET TROOP** have a 12-inch EP called 'Junction 16 EP' released by RS Records this week.

**CHARLIE SINGLETON**, previously the main force in Cameo, releases his first solo album on Arista this week called 'Modern Man'.

**DEATH IN JUNE** release their own Christmas single called 'Come Before Christ (And Murder Love)' on NER this week. It's available in two different sleeves.

**REGGIE TSIBOE**, formerly lead singer with Boney M, has a solo single out on Arista this week, his version of Paul Simon's 'Mother And Child Reunion'.

**THE CONCEPT**, Colonel Abrams, Brass Construction, David Grant And Jaki Graham, Princess, Evelyn King and BT Express have all been gathered together for 'Streetsounds 15' which is out this week.

**IAN MESSENGER**, a London singer-songwriter and avant garde poet, releases his debut single on Quincy Jones' Qwest label (through WEA) this week called 'Livin' In The Night'.

**RENALDO AND THE LOAF**, the Portsmouth duo who've released a series of albums on the American Ralph Records, have set up their own UK label, Rotcod Productions through Rough Trade, and issue a compilation album of retrospective and unreleased material called 'Oilleh Oilleh Rotcod' this month.

**LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**, still basking in the success of his 'I'm Alright' album, has his 'Album III' reissued by Edsel this month. Other Edsel revivals include a Cliff Bennett And The Rebel Rousers' compilation 'Slow Down', Taj Mahal's eponymous solo album originally released in 1967 with Ry Cooder in attendance, and Son House's 'Death Letter' album from 1966.

**DOUG E FRESH**, still recovering from the success of 'The Show', has two 1984 tracks - 'Just Having Fun (Do The Beat Box)' and 'The Original Human Beat Box' - released on a 12-inch single by Streetwave this week.

**ULTIMA THULE** release their first single this month on Thunderbolt Records called 'Hard Time'.

**SEVERED HEADS**, who've just released a new 12-inch called 'Stretcher', are issuing a double album collection of material recorded between 1979 and 1983 called 'Clifford Darling, Please Don't Live In The Past'.

**BUDDY GUY** and Junior Wells, Muddy Waters, Koko Taylor, Mighty Joe Young and JB Hutto are all featured on the 'Chicago Blues' soundtrack album which comes out this month on Red Lightnin'. The label is also putting out an album by harmonica player Greg 'Fingers' Taylor called 'Harpoon Man'.

**FULL FORCE**, Tricky Tee, Roxanne Shante, DJ Born Supreme Allah, Run DMC and LL Cool J are all featured on the latest 'Electric 10' on Streetwave.

**THE UNTOUCHABLES** have a rare early single called 'Tropical Bird', originally released on an American indie label, issued as a limited edition and shrink-wrapped to their current 'What's Gone Wrong' single on Stiff.



**MASQUERADE**, the British Funk outfit, release their new single on Streetwave this week called 'One Nation'. It's based on the Parliament Funkadelic classic songs and the band have also decided to use the single to launch their own anti-racist initiative, and have 'reclaimed' the Union Jack for their own multi-racial propaganda.



**BILLY CONNOLLY** releases a live album from his recent British tour called 'Wreck On Tour' on Phonogram this week.



**THE CONWAY BROTHERS**, a Chicago group who had a Top 20 hit earlier this year with 'Turn It Up', have a single out on 10 this week called 'Raise The Roof'.

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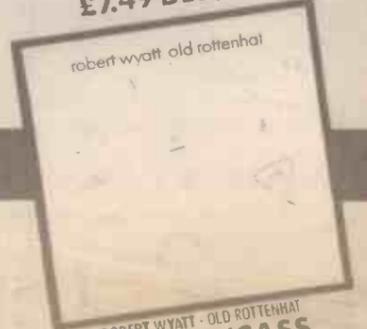
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# BOB

## the good samaritan

**G**IVE ME all your money!" rang around the world and the world gave.

That was Live Aid: a monumental, almost religious event, the scale of which still hasn't sunk in.

For once, the platitudes of 'caring' and 'changing the world' which regularly drip from the mouths of ego-inflated rock stars were put into practise.

They actually did, dramatically, change a part of the world.

Ethiopia, a country hit by a crippling famine, received life saving funds and the rest of the world enjoyed the greatest rock and roll concert ever staged.

The man responsible for shaming the heads of every developed nation with his fund-raising prowess is a scruffy, loud mouthed leader of a dubious cabaret punk rock outfit from Ireland called The Boomtown Rats. They once had hit records - 'Mary Of The Fourth Form', 'Rat-Trap', 'She's So Modern' and the Number One 'I Don't Like Mondays', inspired by an American schoolgirl who tried to assassinate her classmates.

But by 1984 Bob Geldof had been put out to grass musically.

He was being referred to as Paula Yates' boyfriend, her role as a TV presenter having eclipsed the memory of his fame. Watching breakfast television one morning, he saw Michael Burke's report from drought ravaged Ethiopia. The rest is history.

One year later he's been canonised by the world's media and credited with the power to heal. The irony is that he's broke, and faces the difficult task - impossible perhaps - of reviving his own career.

He's finished with singing for someone else's supper.

**W**E MEET in Rome's Hilton Hotel. He's due to play some dates in Italy with the Rats but already he looks exhausted. The tail end of his Band Aid duties, three weeks in Africa, followed by a stint of bureaucrat-baiting at Strasbourg and tying up loose ends in America and Australia, have taken their toll.

"I'm tired of all this Live Aid, Band Aid stuff," he says. "I've been so sick of doing it that playing again is like a catharsis for me. Also I've got no money so the band have to record. Paula keeps me alive with money. When I travel, I ask the airline company for a free 'plane and hotel, that sort of thing."

How does it feel to be a saint?

"People come over and think they're talking to the Pope," he sneers. "I can't be what people want me to be, but people having trust in me is nice. For example, when I'm on a 'plane, people come up and give me money; that trust is a terrible responsibility. However, let me tell you something, this thing (pointing to his head) is called a halo and haloes get very heavy and also very rusty."

So where did the Live Aid funds end up?

"The first step was trucks for Sudan. We bought 120. We gave three million dollars to

UNICEF for inoculation of the children all over Africa. We immunised 30 million children against seven diseases. Malnutrition makes them very susceptible to such things as meningitis and typhoid.

"Then there is the constant everyday emergency relief. We have five Band Aid boats in permanent use. If we break the figures down, 20 per cent of the money is used for immediate relief like food, shelter and transportation, 20 per cent is for logistics such as shipping, trucks and planes, and 60 per cent is used for long term development which is not very exciting because it takes years to see."

That two headed monster called the media has not been slow to show its other face with snide comments about the lack of tangible results.

"They always say, What are you spending the money on? You're not spending it very fast!" he mimics, "and I always say, Do you know how long it takes a tree to grow? For a child to become an adult? It takes 20 years, so if you want to watch the tree grow, go to Africa and film it."

This is not the first time musicians have attempted to alleviate the suffering of the third world. George Harrison had the same dream with his concert, record and film for Bangladesh in the early '70s but it ended in a horrible mess of lawsuits and court-frozen funds.

"I didn't really think about Bangladesh," Geldof responds. "It was the press who asked me how I was going to avoid the mistakes of that concert. I avoided the lawyers. With Bangladesh everything was legal; people thought: We just play, we're musicians. Bullshit! You must organise and be pragmatic, set up a system to make the thing work and then you do the concert."

"For instance we only talked about a Live Aid concert because if you start thinking about filming or recording the event you have to deal with a lawyer from the band, a lawyer from the publisher and a lawyer from the record company. That was the problem with Bangladesh and there were 73 bands in Live Aid which equals 219 lawyers."

"After the concert all the artists came to me and said, When is the film coming out? and I said, What film? Then a film company guaranteed 20 million pounds and it became a moral responsibility for me to go to the artists and say, I know I said no film but if we do this then we'll raise more money to fight famine. So the film might be a possibility after Christmas."

But no plans for a Live Aid record?

"No. But we have made a deal with Pepsi Cola. They paid us a lot of money to use the name Band Aid on their tins which offered a special album of Band Aid classics. They asked ten people who were in Live Aid to give a track for the compilation. We gave 'I Don't Like Mondays', Ultravox gave 'Vienna' and so on. But it's not live and we get all the money."

**A**T THIS point I hesitate. Geldof is a dominant, threatening personality. It's easy to see how his bullying nature pulled together all the strings of voluntary co-operation to make such a mammoth event possible. But, fearing for my scruples, I had to mention that the global occasion had also helped the flagging sales figures of certain acts and had certainly helped repromote The Boomtown Rats.

"Bullshit," he explodes. "Unfortunately we

are not selling. The one band who suffered from Band Aid were the Rats. I'm busy with this all the time so the Rats can't tour, we can't make records, we can't write and we can't do any TV promotion. We've done no work this year, not one recording or rehearsal. We did do a lot of gigs in January because we'd brought out our LP 'In The Long Grass' in December, but because the Band Aid single was Number One, I had to stop promoting the LP because people would think we were capitalising on the success of Band Aid."

Aren't people still going to make those comments now you're back with the Rats?

"So what? I can't help it, it's like saying that Demis Roussos organized the Beirut hijacking to promote his career."

Prior to the show the biggest talking point was the selection of the acts. What was the criterion for including or excluding artists?

"Sales... with the exception of us," he answers firmly. "I wasn't going to appear, I didn't care. But we choose the acts on their popularity so that more people would watch."

There weren't many of the popular black acts on the bill.

"Well, Teddy Pendergrass was there, he's a big star. It was his first show after his accident. The personal commitment from him was fantastic, because he'd lost his legs. Then there was The Temptations' Ruffin and Kendrick, and Lionel Richie, he's a big black star. Stevie Wonder wanted to come and then his manager said no," Geldof claims. "Michael Jackson and people like him" (Prince maybe?) "just wouldn't do it."

Why?

"You ask them, not me. I asked them."

Were there any other defections?

"Huey Lewis wasn't there because his wife gave birth prematurely. As far as Tears For Fears are concerned, they were abandoned by their band two weeks before the concert. They wanted to use some tapes and I said, Boys the show is called Live Aid."

"Boy George? Well I got in touch with him after four weeks of trying. He said he would play but the band wouldn't. He wanted to do a duet with Jennifer Rush but she went on tour. Then he had to talk with Bill Graham. He talked with Bill and then said he'd play. Does he want me to say, Thank you George, thank you George? F\*\*\* off! It wasn't a problem, nobody missed him."

"Springsteen said he wanted to have a break for his honeymoon. He got married at night and the next day he started the video 'Glory Days'. He worked on that for three days then flew to Ireland to start his three week European tour."

"He had three weeks off between the end of that and the start of his American tour so I asked him if he'd appear at Live Aid. He said he'd had no time with his wife and he'd like to have a honeymoon, but if I really needed him he'd be there. He said, You don't need me to sell the tickets, the TV and so on."

"But you know, the idea was important. You had 25 years, the history of pop music on that stage. The greatest pop acts ever, from the earliest pop with BB King to the latest with Duran Duran or Spandau Ballet. My idea was to have the greatest collection of artists."

**H**AS LIVE Aid heralded a new dawn in the mentality of the music business?

"At first rock people were outlaws, now the outlaws have become heroes, although

to some, getting drunk and taking drugs was considered heroic. They chose to live on the edge of normal life, which they thought meant taking a lot of drugs, screwing a lot of women and getting drunk. I think that's a facade. To me, living on the edge means pushing yourself to the extremes of your capabilities. You've got 70 years in which to do things so you must always test yourself."

"But I don't think that the image of pop music has changed, I just think that Live Aid highlighted an aspect of people's characters that isn't usually mentioned in the media, probably because the press are more interested in the scandal."

Can we expect a second Live Aid?

"No, I don't want to do it again. You can't recreate that emotional impact which to me is more important than money, it created a global lobby of compassion."

But more Aid initiatives, in other areas, are planned. Fashion Aid was one example of how the idea can be kept going. At what point does the plea for charity reach saturation point?

"There is the risk that people become bored. I call it compassion fatigue. The trick is to make the events interesting; that's the clue - the event, not the cause. It must stimulate the imagination so that people respond."

"As far as other initiatives are concerned, in the New Year we'll have Art Aid in which the great collectors give a piece of art to Band Aid and the great contemporary painters paint a special piece which we exhibit in the galleries of Europe and then we auction internationally. At Christmas there is Visual Aid in which we have one great canvas with 100 original images from different artists. There will be limited edition prints signed by everybody and then we'll sell the one-canvas."

"In May, next year, we have Sports Aid in Birmingham. The idea is to bring together the biggest sports in the world for a week, a sort of miniature Olympics. It won't be country versus country but teams of sportsmen from different countries. What I want to do is take an ember from one of the fires in the camps in Ethiopia and take it all the way across Europe to England. Then we'll light the Sports Aid flame and it will go back to Ethiopia."

"School Aid is very simple, which is the way I like it. There are 40,000 schools in Britain and Ireland; each school writes to Band Aid and sends £4. They get six sacks which have 'Love From Band Aid' printed on them and they must fill them with white flour, sugar or lentils. Each school has its own Band Aid committee so the organisation revolves around the kids, not their teachers - they are directly involved. In return the schools can have a Band Aid film with David Bowie talking about Band Aid and Elton John narrating a story about some Ethiopian kids who are the same age as the children in our schools. Then British Rail take the sacks, for free, to the ports where the Band Aid boats are and then they're taken to Africa."

"We expect to have three million pounds worth of free food. We're doing this in France, Holland, Belgium, Germany and I hope to include Italy as soon as possible."

**P**OWER CORRUPTS, but have you ever been tempted to use your influence to back a different horse - the miners' cause or the anti-apartheid movement, for instance?

**BOB GELDOLF** has used the power of music more successfully than anyone before him to bring about real social change. But while Band Aid and its spin-offs are still coining it for the hungry, Geldof himself is broke, and it's time, he tells **FRANCESCO ADINOLFI**, to start looking after Number One again

# GELDOF

"I didn't agree with the miners' strike, I thought it was a lost cause. I don't like Arthur Scargill, he's a Stalinist, he leads men into the abyss and then he just abandons them, then he goes and makes some other speech getting more power for himself. To me the reason why Band Aid is successful is because it isn't a political argument. With hunger, innocent people die and we have all the food in the world. It's a moral question, there is no political problem, it's just wanting to help.

"The Style Council's single 'Soul Deep', released in support of the striking miners, reached number 29 in the charts. That was its highest position because 80 per cent of the English people didn't support the strike. With the Band Aid record, people believed in the idea.

"As far as South Africa is concerned, I think that country is an insult to humanity; the sooner South Africa falls in the face of our contempt the better."

**1** 985 WILL be remembered as the year of Geldof. But the establishment still finds it hard to accept that such a colossal humanitarian gesture could come from such an unlikely saviour.

His (dis)respect for government representatives is well documented, and the beloved Prime Minister will testify to his forthright manner of getting things done. Perhaps this is why the powers that be have steered clear of any official recognition of his achievements, although he was tipped as a possible candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize.

How would the man with more lip than Jagger react if it were offered?

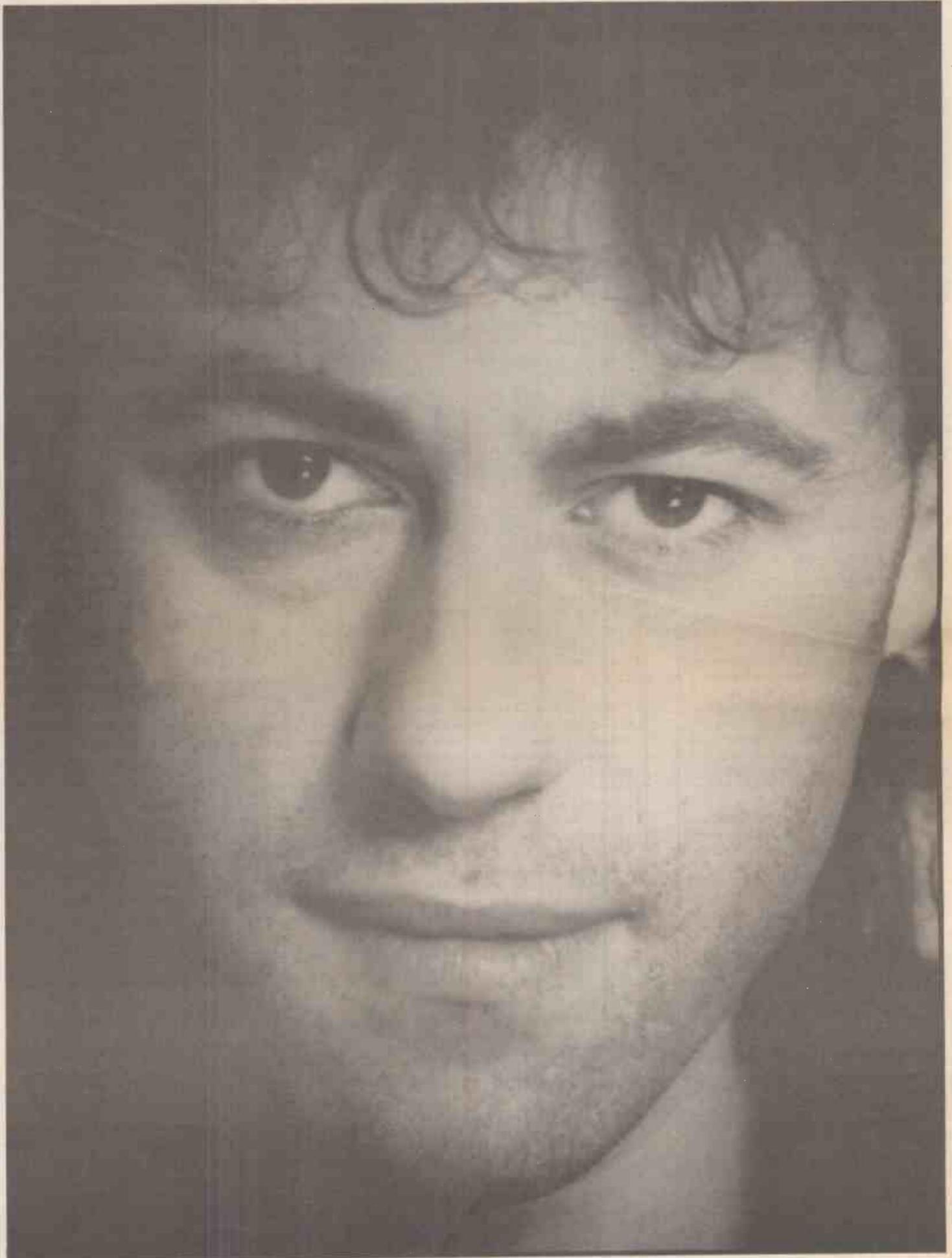
"It would be a great honour, the ultimate honour. For a person to be listed with people like Martin Luther King or Mother Theresa from Calcutta would be very special. There are very few things that are really important in one's life.

"A few weeks ago I was in New York and the Black politicians and business men of America gave me an award for this year. I'm the first white man ever to get that. I was shocked and really honoured. But as far as the Nobel Peace Prize is concerned, I don't think I will get it because the nominations had to be in before the first of February, so I don't think it's possible this year. If I do get it, I'm going to go out and get drunk; it won't change my life."

Geldof has performed his miracle, changing the groove into grain. He's certainly taken himself and many of his colleagues to the extremes of their capabilities during the past year in order to realise his dream. Where does he go from here?

"I'll keep on making records. That's all I want to do because Band Aid and Live Aid were only an aberration in my life. But I will keep saying to people: Look, it's not stopping, we need to do more. Now everybody knows that, Sports Aid can be organised by someone else, not me. I will be chairman of Band Aid.

"This was my one year in which I had the possibility to say what I liked. I represent no constituency, I don't have to look for votes and so it's nice to be able to effect a small change because next year I won't be able to."



# J A W S

EDITED BY GLYN BROWN

## GO! BILLY GO!



Mr Braggins with His Latest Flame and Go! Discs' MacDonald

Steve Double

SO WHAT exactly were we doing in Kentish Town on Sunday? Ah yes, this **Go! Discs** promotion. And imagine a promotion with no guest list on account of all money going to the Greenham Common women. Stout personalities, these **Go!** people.

But of course you know why we were there, no? Well, this rumour had it that unheard of mystery guest **Melvyn Goat** was to become, by some clever word association trickery, none other than singing frog **Billy Bragg**. And it turned out to be true. Flanked by **Go!** **Go!**'s two other stunning pop ensembles, **The**

**Housemartins** and **His Latest Flame**, the barded one performed something old something new, etc, etc, etc.

It also turned out that we were to be privy to the first annual reunion of something called **Riff Raff**, who soothed us with a song known as 'Back In The USSR'. Drinking in the lobby was at least one half of **Jamie Wednesday** but a whisper from **Mr Go! Discs** himself, **Andy 'Just Watch This Mother Grow' MacDonald**, that **Elvis** had popped in for a swift pint was of course a complete lie. Still, we wish him luck, and the same to all who gloriously sail in him.

**JOYEUX NOËL**, cheres petits dejeuners, and bienvenue. I am toying with writing the whole column in Esperanto ce matin, but then half the world won't understand, and the half that does will think the page is written just for them, and I can't have those suspicionist tactics. Last night was also rather taxing in an alcoholic kind of a way, which means that a backdrop of carabinieri are firing and shooting at each other inside my head. Uh-ouch. Take it slowly.

Have you prepared for Christmas, that is the question. Adequately? No, well, you can't stop it now, it's on its way, it's almost very nearly here and with it the turkey the mince pies and pudding the cake the booze oh God.

The 12 days of Christmas — and I don't understand why it can't be 13 — almost never seem to come to an end.

**ON THE** first day of Christmas it becomes clear that running away is out of the question, but running away has worked in other situations, and I mean in the recent past, chickens (as I know you like to be called). Do you believe that angel **Whitney Houston** was booed off stage in America days ago for introducing the mayor of New York at her show? This was in New York, needless to say, and it can only confirm what we knew already about the inhabitants of the land of the free and the home of the brave, ie that they are a lot of people who don't like mayors. Miss 'Saving All My Love For No One But You You Sweet But Married Record Producer' **Houston** shouted gallantly at the mayor, "Ignore them! I'm really very proud to have you in attendance at my show!" Then she ran off-stage in floods of tears.

**ON THE** second day of Christmas you think seriously to yourself and possibly even mention to others that setting fire to your body and your clothing would make a nice distraction for Christmas Eve and with luck might — just

might — get you carted like a dying goat very quickly to hospital. Hospital is the place where, while the rest of the world is sitting bored to stupidity in front of **Digby, The Biggest Dog In The World** and **Moonraker**, famous personalities come along and entertain you. It seems that **Rose** of the infamous and now, revelation revelation, apparently inflammable **Strawberry Switchblade** tried the fire method last week. Not content with having fallen from a tree a while ago and cracking her ribs, we now find her front room has gone up in flames. Devious, no? **Sneaky**. Much musical equipment was destroyed (ie she cannot now work over Christmas-time — devious, eh? **Sneaky**) and *all of her husband Dru's* clothes were burnt. But the best part for those of us not lucky enough to be blind when watching **S Switchblade** of **Top Of The Dots** is that many of **Rose's** polka-dot horrorshows of dresses were *also* totally destroyed. Phew! Relief, eh? It also seems, my sources alert me, that **Rose** has a sneaky collection of **Crowley** (as in **Aleister**) books of dark and meaningful inkiness. My black-cloaked informant on these things looks up and intones, "They who ride with the **Devil** always get their haunches burnt." Mystical?

**ON THE** third day of Christmas you say to yourself if I could only look different not a soul would know where the heck I was, or who, for that matter, and I could leave the country without the usual flurry of scandal. **Elton John** is our trial tester here, and he's starting with a special new polymer hairspray which invents coconut matting where previously there existed a spider's web and a ribbon. "It's wonderful stuff and coats each individual hair with an organic covering," says a Harley Street specialist. "A close friend of **Elton's** named **Renata** purchased a selection of colours for him just five weeks ago." So keep that one under your hat ...

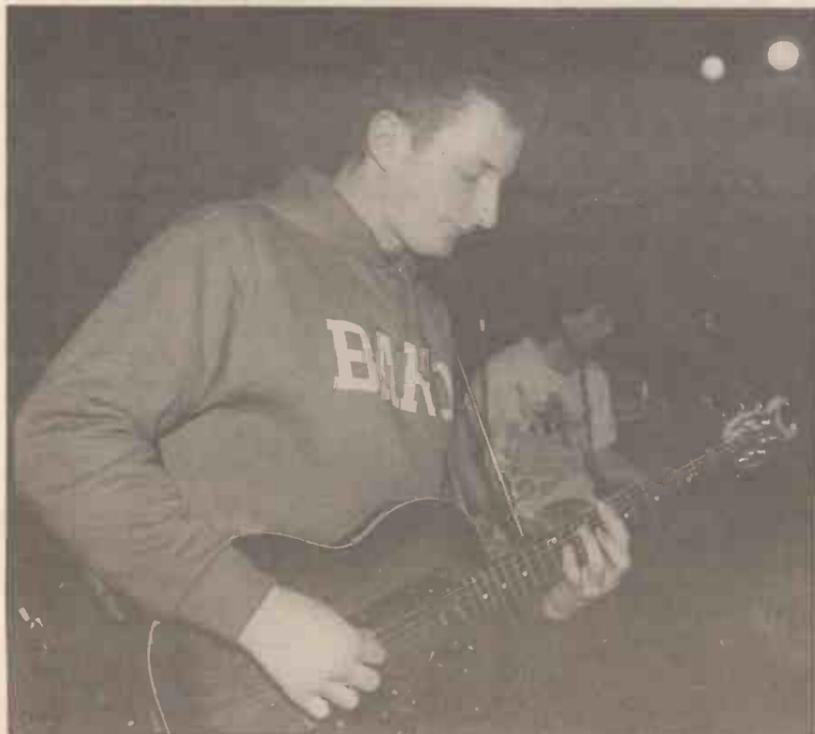
heh heh heh.

**ON THE** fourth day of Christmas ... what's new? Nothing has worked and you're still here, available for the merriments.

Misery, misery, misery — discover that the number communicated last week to fans of the famous **Reverb Brothers** about their strange loss of equipment was **WRONG**. Hang head in deep shame but maintain PR (now learning just what they do, don't like it) was racing to catch **EastEnders** while telephoning to us. If any loiterers amongst you know about this strange loss of equipment, make ring the telephone answering to number 01-403 1274. That's it. For now, got to escape. Must get away. Start to pant and shiver dramatically. No sympathy is available because everyone is up to the same old trick.

**Samantha Fox** has had a perm and no one recognises her. **Kate Bush** discovers her fear of flying does not, luckily for little **Kate**, extend to trips on **Concorde** — that would have been just too awful, wouldn't it? She can get away, OK. **Paul King** announces plans to host Christmas Day 'special' from a hospital ward. We're still pretty healthy (relatively).

**ON THE** fifth day of Christmas racking brains in attempt to find plausible illness but only succeed in hurting head. Losing ability to think clearly and starting to talk in short sharp jerky sentences. All shops naked of gifts, wrapping paper, Sellotape and gas canisters with easy use, self-administration instructions. Distressed to hear terrible things are occurring in buying places and this story concerns corruption of Noddy band **Roman Holiday** and wife. Or, more pertinently, just wife. Blonde secretary **Mrs Paula Bonhomme**, wife of **Brian Bonhomme**, one-time guitarist (?) of said band (?) has taken from **HMV** store in **Oxford Street** a £7.49 music tape for which she paid only £5.99 (after switching price stickers). After hearing at



Billy with a Riff Raff

Steve Double



Nessa Cuthbert

Marlborough Street Court, couple said it was not a Roman Holiday tape. As well they might. Hear about famous people stooping to amazing lows in order to appear disabled. Wander past interview room at *Sounds* to hear **Ian McCulloch** telling hack: "No I don't think I'm the coolest person in the world myself, but it's partly to do with having really bad eyesight. You tend to walk into places in a different way to if you can see, y'know. You do, people notice you and you don't notice them. You work within your own environment and mine stops about six inches in front of my face." Mac gets adulation and a special room for Christmas. Too late for eye test booking.

**ON THE** sixth day of Christmas hear about selfless persons who don't care for their own health and are prepared to nurture others through the holocaust. **Carl Bean**, once Motown star of '70s, is rediscovered calling himself the Reverend Carl Bean and operating out of a church in LA, where he is involved in counselling black AIDS victims. Carl decides to put out a single called 'I Was Born This Way', proceeds to AIDS research. I was born a blood-sucking vampire who detests the idea of other people having fun and no one's making any kind of music for me. Do you understand?

**ON THE** seventh day of Christmas feel I am losing my sense of humour and this mustn't be allowed to occur. Hear from Mr Seaside **Spike** at Making Seaside Waves, the seaside record company, that funky **Texas**

from the seaside **Skiff Skats** removed his trousers during a wild gig in seasidey Bournemouth, to the horrified screams of the crowd. He has been approached by *Penthouse* for a photo session while funky *Country Life* refuse to interview the band, claiming they (funky seaside Skiff Skats, that is) are "currently unsuitable". Unable to smile. No one has seen my teeth this week. Leaflet through the door about something called Skinhead Productions. Seems this company requests only £30 to send to the door of your best friend or editor an assortment of shaven-headed personalities to, uh... Ring after several tawny ports to see if there's a funny recorded message, and man called **Peter Crain** answers, saying, "We just tell yer boss if 'e knows what's good fer 'im 'e'll give 'is workers a rise." Put the phone down and return to drinks cabinet with mind full of ideas.

**ON THE** eighth day of this nasty little joyous time enter offices to find that **Billy Mann** has bought a small plastic Santa Claus dervish to hang above our desks. The final indignity. I am expected to work with this monstrosity dangling over my head like an inflated pig. The famous **Johnny Waller** of the wildly famous Twist And Shout record house wanders in from the biting cold that means the festive season is here to tell me that his proteges, **Pulp**, will not be appearing in any shape or form for a while due to a serious injury suffered by vocalist **Jarvis** (sounds like a good name for a spider). App-air-ently the careless whisper fell out of a second-

storey item. Too bad! Try to leap from broomstick on journey home, but stupid thing keeps catching me and breaking fall. Just too well trained, I guess, little ipso factos.

**ON THE** ninth day of this obscene pagan ritual, am accosted in street by two tiny boys asking for a penny for the guy. They answer my question by saying this is for Mr Guy November 1986. Dispose of them swiftly and efficiently and feel slightly better.

**ON THE** tenth day of the nightmare see that **Liberace** is still unable to decide if he has a killer disease. Mentally note that, while I cannot mention the name of this disease for fear of litigation (people get touchy about anorexia), he'd get better advice and more religious help if he hadn't picked watermelons for his chosen fetish. Dig?

**ON THE** eleventh day of living Armageddon, wake up at four singing 'Feed The World'. Look in fridge. Nothing. Messenger crow drops missive saying **FLESH FOR LULU TOUR STOP BRAKES FAIL ON COACH DURING MOTORWAY JOURNEY INTO BARCELONA STOP COACH CAREERS INTO ONCOMING JUGGERNAUT STOP BAND STILL MANAGE TO PLAY THAT NIGHT'S GIG STOP**. Sit back unable to take it in.

**ON THE** 12th day of the end of the world send off for Scandinavian fall-out shelter. Fill it with liver sausage and black pudding. Heh heh heh. Wait for next Christmas.

MORTICIA WAX

## Lord WAISTREL

CHRISTMAS IS traditionally the time when honest plebs like you, dear reader, are conned out of your hard-earned savings by disreputable rogues – so-called Christians, charity workers, carol singers, the Sally Army and the like.

And that's why it gives me so much pleasure to recommend at least one entrepreneur with only your best interests at heart. Ladies and gentleman, look no further – House Of Waistrel gifts are back!

And this time, my philanthropic factories have come up with these amazing seasonal goodies to whet your appetites – and lessen the tiresome weight of your wallets:

**BRUCE-O JEANS!** Stylishly hand-stitched by unemployed steelworkers, these tatty denims are guaranteed to give the richest rock star the street credibility of an *EastEnders* extra. Yours for just £479!

**PRINCE PERSONALITY POWDER:** From the makers of Morrissey Pep Pills, this secret recipe (made from the crushed leaves of a rare Bolivian wild flower) is certain to make you as merry and extroverted as the Purple Pain himself! Just £1,000 a gram – PLUS money back guarantee! (Valid only in Bolivia.)

**ESSENCE OF MONKEY GLANDS:** As pioneered by Tina Turner, this spray-on juice extracted from the bodies of newly butchered Kenyan apes will take years off your life – and remove the worst stains from the stubbornest of underwear. A Japanese designed Waisto-Nip product, it sells for just 33½p a gallon and comes with taped recommendations from ROD

STEWART! MIKE READ! And SIR ROBIN DAY!

**SPRAY-ON BEARD:** Looks just like a normal three days growth, but this spray-on stubble will make anyone over 18 look like the spitting image of Bob Geldof – without any of the debilitating worry usually attached to saving the world, your career, or other lost causes. Yours for a small donation – no lasting ill effects!

**READ-O ERECTOR CREAM:** Why spend good money on sex aids when with a small jar of this Norwegian-pioneered lotion you can be as virile as the country's leading DJ! Yes, for a mere £2,850 you get a 75 ml jar, which comes with the added essence of Der Brewen Droopen and unscrews to the sounds of *Icicle Works*.

**WAISTO BEAUTY PILLS:** Love pulling the birds, but think you'll never turn them on with your mundane looks? Save pounds and get the girls running with these ICI-sponsored Waisto-pills! Hand-made from finest horse manure, they are guaranteed to make you look like DEE SNIDER! And they can be yours for a mere £37.98 for three. (NHS-APPROVED!)

**SAVE POUNDS** with the MADONNA-MISTRESS, a half-price Scandinavian-built life-like Madonna with in-built electro-stun device to wake you up during the boring bits!

All these hand-picked Waisto-gifts come with a money-back guarantee. Just take proof of purchase to Waisto-Services, 7 Mount Everest, The Himalayas!

And oh yes – happy Christmas! Toodle pip!

THE ARMOURY SHOW

as

Album & Cassette  
'Waiting for the Floods'

also includes  
'Castles in Spain' & 'Kyrie'  
as seen on the Tube



# "COME ON stupid bastard



The totally sincere and amazingly witty Jim Bowen gets Bully's thumb's up . . .

**A**T SOME time over the Christmas holiday you're going to hear those three big words. It'll probably be primetime Christmas Eve or Boxing Day. You'll be crashed out, all glazed and euphoric in front of the TV, and they'll slobber up and heave all over you: "COME ON DOWN!"

The TV game shows have crept in, thick and fast, over 1985 to become the all-pervasive, all-round television monster. You only had to be down at your local waiting for a game of pool and some big slob would shout, "Billy Mann . . . Come on down!"

You'd be playing darts and some geek would think it really funny to shout "HIGHER" every time you missed double top.

You know it's only a cheap laugh — they always are — but in 1985 it has become a particularly loud and irritating one.

The TV game shows evolved from the TV quiz shows which evolved from the radio quiz shows. It didn't take long for someone to notice that the ominous silence produced while radio contestants struggled for an answer was nowhere near as gripping when translated to TV. This meant that the ordinary clever-dick who could rattle off all the answers and amaze radio listeners became a boring know-all when he appeared on TV.

What TV required was people who didn't necessarily know the answers to any of the questions so long as they looked really tortured and full of intellectual angst when they tried to answer them. This turned the TV quiz show into a theatrical performance rather than a test of knowledge, and the better you could act — if you could make your glistening temples pump feverishly, for example — the more appreciated was your contribution.

In Britain, because we're so snobbish and superior and like to think everybody is interested in how clever we are, it took us a while to catch on to the fact that people watched the quiz shows for their drama and conflict. But in the USA they picked up quickly; the 64 dollar radio question became the 64,000 dollar TV question and the monster had been born.

The TV game shows which have evolved in America are almost entirely consumerist propositions, while here in Britain we tend to see an overlap between the quiz (*Mastermind*, *Blockbusters*, *University Challenge*) and the game show. The BBC don't like to appear too mercenary so in *Bob's Full House*, for example, you actually have to answer a set of serious questions in order to win your beautiful four foot table lamp.

ITV hold no such pretences and their game shows hit new highs in low every week.

If you don't believe me, cast your eyes over their new baby *Blind Date* which takes 12 million punters with it.

TV gameshows have never been more popular nor more moronic. As the great general public queue up to make absolute prats of themselves in front of millions of viewers, **Billy Mann** explains why the price is high to play your cards right

# DOWN!"

## general public



**T**HE ONE thing all the not-so-weird-and-wonderful game shows share is contestants, and the golden rule of game showmanship is that the contestants cannot be trusted. If the contestants are members of the stupid bastard general public the best thing you can do is get rid of them altogether, or at least make them do as little as possible so they don't wreck things.

This is what happens on *Blankety Blank*. The contestants get to say one or maybe two words – depending on whether the question is a "blank" or a "blankety blank" – and lumpy old Les Dawson and his brace of witty star guests get to do all the interesting stuff, like give the answers. The contestant's success is not judged on what *their* answer is but on whether it happens to agree with the ones given by the brace of witty guest stars (which always includes Sandra Dickinson).

The stupid bastard general public get to do even less on *Punchlines*, *Play Your Cards Right* and *Winner Takes All*. And some shows hit the ideal and do away with them altogether.

On *Give Us A Clue* a brace of star guests get to play charades. When the show first started each team (Girls vs Boys, Una Stubbs vs Lionel Blair) contained a member of the general public.

Several years older and wiser and *Give Us A Clue* today is for witty and glamorous stars only; the bigger (Carol Drinkwater) and the more frequent the tossing of tits (and these can be anyone's) the better. Ragbags like Suzanne Danielle are invited to appear on *Give Us A Clue* with amazing regularity purely because she can thrust and flash her sexless body in ways that allow the show to take on pornographic dimensions.

*Give Us A Clue* averages eleven million viewers, about the same as *Dynasty*.

Some game shows rely on neither the general public nor the brace of star guests for the answers. Shows like *Family Fortunes*, *Play Your Cards Right* (lifted from the US shows *Family Feuds* and *Cardsharks* respectively) and the *Supermatch* segment in *Blankety Blank* use a vox-pop survey. A typical question on *Play Your Cards Right* might be "Out of a survey of 100 couples, how many said they did not have sex on their wedding night?" Questions like this open up a whole can of smutty remarks, all of them designed to

promote the rapier wit of game host Bruce Forsyth. But they also scrutinise the contestants to see if they flinch when asked about, y'know, thingy.

This is common in game show questions. They tend to bully the contestants into some sort of personal confession, the more intimate the better.

Some TV companies, however, feel obliged to treat their general public contestants with a bit more respect – on the surface, at least. One is the BBC, who like to think they know what's decent. The other is Granada TV.

*Busman's Holiday* tries to liven things up by pitting three members of one profession against three members of another profession. They have to answer questions about each other's jobs and it is not uncommon for the airline hostesses to know more about arc-welding than the arc-welders do. What's amusing about *Busman's Holiday*, though, is that the contestants all get to wear what is popularly perceived as being the uniform of their trade. Now this is OK for policemen and hotel waiters, but what do taxi drivers wear? Do they *all* wear those diamond-knit sweaters under their donkey jackets?

**T**HERE IS an argument that our TV game shows reflect our culture, and Clive James gave us all a good chuckle with his clips from TV shows in which the Japanese contestants poured fish food all over their faces and then dipped their heads in a pool of Piranhas. We saw the Swedish shows full of swinging tits and saggy bare bums. We saw the British (natch) copy the US who seem to have this psychopathic fascination for domestic appliances, motor cars and money.

I'm not sure these shows reflect our cultures as much as our willingness to turn into greedy bastards at the drop of a laugh.

First there are all those lovely consumer prizes. Some critics regard these as symbols of gross commercialism and confirmation of the root strength of the capitalist system. I prefer to see them as the merging ground between programme and advert.

As the TV advertisers have learned to cajole and entertain us with subtle and often brilliantly styled campaigns (we *all* have our favourite TV ad), the TV game shows, under the guise of

Light Entertainment, do what the ads used to do with a bare-faced, hard-sell approach.

In shows like *Play Your Cards Right* and (particularly) *The Price Is Right* the prizes are given a full television spectacular of their own. Glamorous women sensually stroke some porcelain phallus while Leslie Crowther tosses the pervert blimps around. If you never wanted a porcelain phallus, you do now.

Even when you get to win one of these exotic prizes there's a good chance you'll still end up a loser. If you've got a beard you're bound to win an electric shaver. If you can't drive, you're up for the Mini Metro.

A lot of the prizes are simply useless or a duplicate of something you've already got. But nobody says so. A canteen of cutlery is knives and forks in a leather-bound box. You use knives and forks to eat your dinner. Haven't you got any? You pig! What! You haven't got a lawnmower either? You live on the seventh floor? Well move, you idiot! Nobody says they've already got an electric kettle, they pretend they need a new one or that it's always useful to have a spare. And when they win the speedboat they suddenly reveal their plans to move from the Yorkshire Moors to a little village on the South Wales coast.

**O**K, SO I exaggerate. Not much, though. These shows deal in consumerism in its ugliest garb – greed. The contestants are greedy because it's OK to be a greedy bastard in front of 12 million people. It's OK to lick your lips and rub your hands with glee over some stupid household contraption. It's OK because it's only a game. Once it's all over, you can go back to pretending you're a real good old-fashioned carling sharing type.

You're not; you're a greedy sonofabitch.

Game show contestants don't stop at being greedy for the prizes; they're also greedy for celebrity. And as the shows get more and more like pantomimes with bigger and bigger audiences your appearance guarantees you stardom.

The problem with this – as I have already said – is that the stupid bastard general public have this terrible habit of messing things up. In fact, the only thing they don't make a mess of is humiliating themselves into thinking they can actually entertain the great British viewing public.

In *The Price Is Right* they leap up and down, shout at the audience and generally goofball their way along. They get really hammy and come on like they're doing something a whole lot more than guessing the price of a travelling alarm clock. In *Play Your Cards Right* they tell old Bruce the cute little anecdote they rehearsed backstage. They giggle and bounce like zombies thinking we're all really interested in the fact that he got cramp at the point of no return on their wedding night.

What's even more wonderfully



Leslie Crowther and his unbelievably glamorous 'hostesses' . . .

sadistic about the TV game shows is that while all this public humiliation is going on the cameras are picking up every little squirmy detail. When Leslie Crowther calls out "CISSY WATSON . . . COME ON DOWN!" it's as if he had just announced the last helicopter out of Saigon in 1975.

Old Cissy – and you can be sure she's *right* in the middle of a row – claws and scratches and kicks her way through the audience; she stamps on people's shins, falls over flashing her old granny-style bloomers but recovers sporting the desperate, breathless, impulsive look that makes her the greediest stupid old bastard in the world. It's hilarious. Her horrible big, fat, flabby bits grow bigger and flabber under the eye of the camera. That hideous dress she thought looked OK now looks like it was built for someone two sizes smaller. That spot at the corner of her nose is now Kilimanjaro. The camera never lies.

You might think people like Cissy Watson deserve all they get. But let's face it, they're not really doing anything more than looking for a short-cut to the things we spend all our lives working for. One of the great qualities of honest toil is – as Mrs Thatcher keeps telling us – that it gives you dignity. But these days it's a false dignity and most people live their lives according to that old American proverb which says when push comes to shove you'll be judged by what you

own. Don't worry about *how* you get it, just get it.

So maybe through our game shows we just purge ourselves of those aspects of our lives we are ashamed of. We would like to be moral as well as practical capitalists but morals don't count for shit these days – you are what you got.

**Y**OU'VE PROBABLY noticed one or two conspicuous omissions in this analysis. The wonderful *Child's Play* for example, the awful *3-2-1* and the totally dreadful *That's My Dog*. In the space given it would be impossible to do more than hint at their characteristics.

Despite being very good, *Child's Play* still pulls out the 'star guests' to assist the members of the stupid bastard general public; as do *What's My Line*, *Looks Familiar* and countless others. *Bullseye* boasts a bale full of consumer durables despite being one of the few 'skill' games left on TV. And *The Fame Game* watches the contestants become celebrities for all of ten seconds.

I'm not going to start pretending I have all the answers because if I do I will have turned into a would-be game show contestant and sooner or later Leslie Crowther is bound to clobber me with his three big words. So I'd better shut up.

How much are travelling alarm-clocks these days, anyway?



More grease than a chip-pan with Bruce and Uncle Bob . . .

# JOE BLOKE'S LUKE WARM Bizzzerk

## Le Bon and Co abandon ship



DURAN DURAN have broken up. Women, children and EMI executives wept openly as the news was announced by a crestfallen Simon Le Bon (left) at a press conference last week.

Le Bon blamed 'musical differences' for the split. "Some of the lads decided they wanted to play music," he explained, "but I felt, why spoil a good thing now, you know?"

He added that it was likely that the Taylor brothers - John, Roger and Nick - would be working on another Power Station-style project, but denied that the new band would be called Taylor Taylor.

The future of Simon's own solo project, Acacia, was currently in doubt, too. "We're really short of lyrics," he explained. "So if there's anyone out there who fancies himself as a bit of a poet, like, get in touch now."

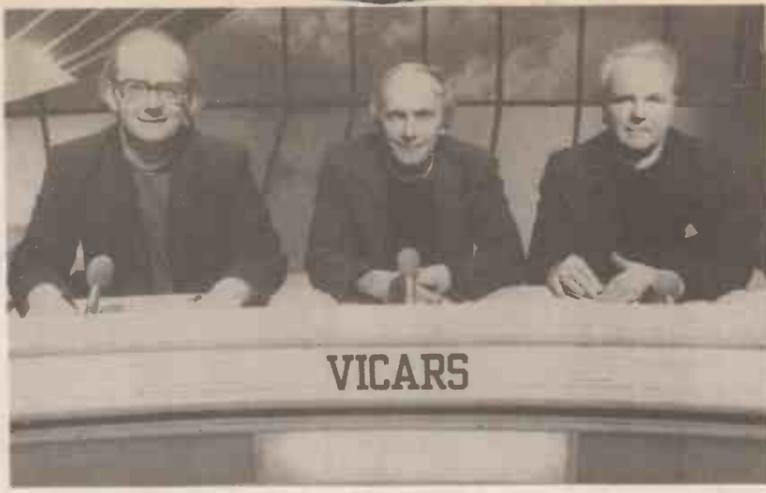
**BIZERRK's Big Ones from '85:**  
Prince: he may be only pint-sized but his talent comes by the gallon!  
Madonna: the best argument yet for lacey-faire economics!  
Divine: let's face it, he's big every year!  
Thompson Twins: They sold out everything except their tours!  
Bobby Geldorf: he may not have got the Nobel Prize, but he sure got a peace of the action!  
Little Midge Ure: all credit to him for staying in the background!

Jimmy Somerville: he may not remember how to spell his own name, but his songs are a real squeal!  
Sade: she may once have gone out with Robert Elms, but it hasn't stopped her getting to the top of the tree!  
Elvis Presley: he may be dead but he's got a big underground following!  
Lorette Largebreasts: The name may mean nothing to you, but her ample charms and generous disposition have already made her a big hit around here!

## MADONNA AND CHILD

POP queen Madonna is quitting the music business, and that's, er, official.  
Wacky Madonna, who has lately taken to wearing crocheted loo seat covers on her head, has announced her intention to open a chain of drive-in artificial insemination banks across the USA, under the name of Immaculate Conception Inc.  
She is also considering a film offer to play Maria in the upcoming Aaron Spelling remake of *The Sound Of Music*, tentatively titled *Nun But The Brave*.

## Vicars are off!



I PREDICT that a three piece with a Christian message of peace and love will have their first big hit early in the New Year.

Called The Vicars, the group has a single out next week on the new C of E label, a rip-roaring dancefloor number using digital technology to give a new slant to the traditional Gregorian chant.  
Called 'I Don't Need This Surplice On', it's a plea for Christian thinking to encompass modern ideas. The accompanying video features the three-man group modelling a number of high-fashion vestments designed by up-and-coming couturiers from Hyper Hyper and Kensington Market, and offering genuine crisis counselling to down-and-outs under London's Charing Cross arches.  
The record company biog reveals that The Vicars have adopted a liberal stance which is bound to be controversial.  
"We believe in letting people find their true selves," says the group's statement. "If that involves drug-taking, perverted sex and urban terrorism, so be it - as long as it doesn't hurt anyone, of course."  
The Vicars' single is taken from their debut album entitled 'If The Cloth Fits' and you'll be able to catch them on their Divine Rites tour which'll be playing at a cathedral near you soon.

Bratpack hubby Sean Penn, meanwhile, is taking time off from thumping gutter press photographers to join Prince and Michael Jackson in recording an album of acapella versions of various Culture Club songs.  
Boy George, fresh from his secret marriage to sexy Selina Scott, will be producing.  
Finally, we understand that Bob Dylan has been signed to play the part of a tedious ex-protest singer in a forthcoming episode of *Miami Vice*, in a storyline which results in him being eaten by Sonny Crocket's gator. Can't wait.

**COCAINE** is fast becoming the fashionable drug of the upper set. The drug, which comes in white powder form in little paper packets from record companies who want to get their acts covered in the papers, is usually sniffed through a McDonald's straw or a rolled up Five Pound Note. Users say it produces a pleasant sensation of clear-headedness followed later by bankruptcy or a change of employer.

### What's in a name?

BAND names are getting stranger and stranger. Just look at some of the strange names to watch in '86.  
Echo And The Bunny-men, Lick The Tins, Crispy Ambulance, Jefferson Airplane, Boney M, Lother And The Hand People, Def Leopard, The Velvet Underground, The Driving Stupid (a fave rave of Wham!'s Andy Ridgeley, surely?), Prefab Sprout, Frumious Bandersnatch...

## WHY I HATE JONATHAN KING

By A Rational Guest Columnist  
I HATE Jonathan King. I can't abide the egomaniac, self-opinionated garbage he shovels at us every week under the guise of pop journalism.  
I am sick to death of him whining on and on and on *ad nauseam* about bloody Band Aid, just because he wasn't sharp enough to think of the idea first.  
And I'm bored to tears with his continual griping about Radio One and *Top Of The Pops*; of course they're rubbish, but they'd be a bloody sight worse if we had to suffer Jonathan 'Big Mouth' King popping up on our screens every Thursday night - at least *Entertainment USA* keeps him off our shores!  
And I'll scream if I see any more of his pompous comments about the state of the UK pop charts - they're a bloody sight better than when we had trivial dross like 'Johnny Reggae' dribbling out of our radios.  
Despite all this, I feel that Jonathan King is a reasonable man, and I'm sure he'll respect my right to state my opinions - whether or not they coincide with his.

THE Jimi Hendrix Experience are to reform. My spy in Ireland, where original Hendrix bass-player Noel Redding now lives, tells me that Redding and drummer Mitch Mitchell have been laying down backing tracks in a country studio while the search for a Hendrix replacement gets under way.  
The new Hendrix will have to be tall, dark-skinned, with an Afro hair style and American accent, and preferably very well endowed.

- WHAM! wildman Andrew Ridgeley, sidekick of sexy George Michael, is known to like the odd drink. Here are the ten things most likely to render him incapable:
- 1 Champagne
  - 2 Babycham
  - 3 Orange squash
  - 4 Castrol GTX
  - 5 Cherry B
  - 6 Peter Stringfellow
  - 7 Weak tea
  - 8 Advocaat
  - 9 Pepsi (the cola, not the sexy songbird)
  - 10 Cod liver oil

## FUZZBUSTERS!



Here's something for readers who like a bit of challenge. Can you guess who the famous celebrity is behind the beard in the picture above? Clue: this person is not yet over the hill.  
Answer: Kate Bush

IS Paul McCartney really dead? New evidence is offered in a book out this week, which backs the 17-year-old theory that Macca was run over on the zebra crossing outside Abbey Road studios and died shortly afterwards in hospital.  
The book, *Where Is My Husband?* by Linda McCartney (no relation), with photographs by Linda McCartney, published by Maccamillion (autographed copies available at only £49.95), lists the following evidence to support this startling claim:  
1) The real Paul McCartney never wore slippers  
2) In an unguarded moment, "Paul" once muttered "Who is this John Lennon character anyway?"  
3) Only a dead person could have written *Give My Regards To Broad Street*.  
What do you think? Is Paul McCartney really dead? Are any other famous popstars actually deceased? A quick poll of the Bizerrk office produced this list of well-known people who might well be dead: Lionel Ritchie; Steve Strange; Andrew Lloyd Webber and Richard Stilgoe; Bob Geldorf; the whole of Spandau Ballet; Jimi Hendrix.

**COCAINE** is fast being replaced as the fashionable drug of the jet set by so-called designer drugs like Ecstasy and MDA. These chemical cocktails, which are said to produce such dangerous effects as feelings of well-being and kindness towards your fellow men, have been widely condemned by cocaine dealers everywhere, and are not yet widely available from record companies.

# VIDEODRONE



Pics by Steve Rapport



**POOR ROBERT.** I should never have let him choose his own contact lenses. And I wish he'd wipe the condensed milk off his mouth after a good suck at the tin



**GEORGIE PORGIE**, such a character. That's his pet chinchilla Reggie on his head. He was a bit upset in this piccie, cos the director claimed he didn't know who George Clinton was. I didn't like to tell him that if it weren't for Tom Dolby, we wouldn't, either

**PAULIE POPS** up in this one. As a cheeky schoolboy, of course. This shot was even more interesting from the back



Bryn Jones

**AND THIS.** My favourite still, from last year's *Sounds* Christmas staff party. This isn't, of course, out on video. But it is available on shaky Super 8. In a plain paper wrapping, of course, chequitas. . .

**AND WE** all know just what *those* will be, don't we. Those nasty little oblong shapes that we'll find poking out of our latex rubber Christmas stockings this Xmas Eve. But within one inevitably finds . . . videos. Sighs of relief from my mince pies as they are saved from the fate of watching Christmas *Blockbusters*. Instead, we shall feast them on some new brand of breakfast cereal called **Hüsker Dü**. Yet, as my flickering mono cathode ray tube dims, I seem to remember other images we loved and laughed at, ones never captured within a publicly available package. And no wonder. **Bono** dressed as a ham sandwich. **Van Halen** drinking neat Perrier. **The Jesus And Mary Chain** as bottomless choirboys. Ah, yes, these little skin flicks *Jaws* – and no one else, unless the cheque bounces – have had spread before their yellow eyes. But some . . . some little snapettes of the stars *have* slipped through my talons . . . and whoops, here they are in print. How careless.

**CANDELLE WAX**



**AH YES**, one of my favourites. Dear Lloyd Cole. But then, he never had much to say, anyway. . .



## IF YOU STICK TO THESE FOR TWO YEARS YOU'LL BE OFF THE ROAD.

Nowadays you can't ride around on a motor cycle for ever on L plates.

In fact, you've got 2 years to pass both parts of your test and get your full licence.

If you don't, it'll be 12 months before you can get another provisional licence and so get back on your bike.

To pass the tests, however, isn't difficult if you're properly prepared. All over the country there are training courses available. And they are designed to help you pass your tests first time and make you a much better, safer rider.

You'll find details of training schemes from your motor cycle dealer or the Road Safety Officer at your local council.

So if you want to stay on your bike don't stick to your L plates.

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT

# EXPOSED!

## so much for the 'Boy'...



Miss Michael Jackson in *Lui*

TEENAGE GIRLS throughout Europe have been stunned by revelations in a French magazine that both Michael Jackson and Boy George are GIRLS!

Colour nude photographs of both Jackson and George appear in *Lui*. And they leave nothing to the imagination!

At first it was thought these were only lookalike models. But a close friend of a Paris newsagent unreliably informed us that the American and British pop stars actually **POSED** for the pictures but swore the photographs to complete **SECRECY!**

*Lui* make no such claim. Bearing in mind French libel laws, which carry a minimum penalty of ten years in the French Foreign Legion for convicted editors, they are understandably cautious in print.

A secret music business contact hidden under Jack

Barron's mysterious black beret claimed that the explicit pictures showing **BREASTS and PUBIC HAIR** are to boost the ailing careers of the stars. Our source also alleged the photos finally confirm their dubious gender.

Why do you think, he asked, are neither ever seen in public with **FEMALE ESCORTS?!**

"It's about time both of them came out of the closet," he added unkindly. "The pop business is a dirty game and you have to be man enough to admit you're a woman!"

But press officers for Jackson and Boy George strongly deny they are women.

"I can, with my hand on my heart, say that I've been in George's hotel and I've seen him in his knickers," a Virgin spokesperson said. "And he's definitely a boy... unless he stuffs something down his knickers!"

Said a spokesperson for Epic Records: "As a man who first met Michael ten years ago, I can categorically state that it is absolutely untrue he is a woman!"

But Jackson has had trouble growing a moustache? we probed.

"Well... yes... I'm not sure he's ever going to develop a nine-to-five shaving routine. But just look at his top lip..."

We have. And...

"He's quite hairy... In a wispy sort of way."

Meanwhile teenage fans of Jackson and George are camped outside their record company offices in London. Their chilling wails can be heard a mile away as they wait for more news. Hundreds of bonfires made up from copies of *Lui* keep them warm at night.

"The photos are really

disgusting," one 14-year-old girl snarled. "It is really terrible that some woman could pretend to be either Michael or George. I have told my daddy never to read that magazine ever again!"

Eminent publisher Eric Fuller informed us that he considered the pictures offensive, in bad taste and "in no way could anybody believe these disgraceful pictures are anything but models posing. I personally know somebody who knows both Mr Jackson and Mr Boy, and he assures me they are, like myself, perfect gentlemen. Cheap titillation of this nature is no substitute for thrusting journalism".

He added: "I shall confiscate this magazine and keep you all in lunch-time detention for being so unbelievably gullible, not to mention stupid."

# virgin on the ridiculous...

Sleek bodywork, built for speed, pop's provocative new goddess made time in her busy schedule to tell her British public the facts about love, life and the sordid hotbed of perversion and depravity that is New York at night. Read on as Nick Datsun and Maurice Minor, the cars who get the stars, give you the facts on this year's hottest property! (Government health warning: This interview has been censored.)

**T**HE DUMB lamppost that had been by my side for over 20 minutes finally decided to speak.

"You got twenny minutes, tops," he said, ushering me into a hotel room somewhere in London. He closed the door behind us and stood there waving me forward to the well-known American woman sitting by the window drinking Campari. I have been told "for good reasons" that I cannot tell you her name. Why, I wondered in her direction?

"Hey, I dunno really," she drawls with a shrug. "I just think it would cause a lot of trouble for lots of people if you did. This way we can pretend you made it all up and I still get to talk to the people in England."

Would it be OK if I called you the Virgin Queen, then? She laughs powerfully from the bottom of her mouth and the lamppost slaps a murderous glance across my face.

"Oh sure, I suppose that's OK. It still sounds like you made it up, so I reckon that's OK. I'll probably break down laughing if you say it to my face, though."

You're not really known for your sense of humour, are you?



Our mysterious Lady flashes her fleshy bits

"Well no, I guess not. I am to my friends, but the people here in England probably know me for other things."

Like being a Virgin Queen?

"Ha ha ha, you really gotta stop saying that..."

Or having recently changed the direction in which you comb your eyebrows...

"No I haven't..."

Yes you have, you fibber.

"I did that ages ago but I guess it takes you journalists a bit of time to catch up with

things."

Miaow.

"And I didn't actually change their direction, I just got to making them sort of square in the centre and finer at the ends instead of one uniform crescent shape all along."

Yes, but why is what I'm asking you?

"Oh, I just felt like a change and I'd started letting my hair go a bit flatter and when my hair's flat it makes my face look really round so I decided to square my face up a bit by

doing my eyebrows that way."

And your thighs look a bit hefty as well.

"I beg your pardon..."

Your thighs, they look a bit plumpish.

"Are all people from Liverpool as cheeky as you?"

Cheekier, I'm the quiet one. Is it because you've been doing less dancing?

"Is what because...?"

Your chubby thighs.

"Oh... yes. I don't know whether you paid so much attention to my thighs the first time I came to England but they were far more muscular then. Although I've never actually stopped dancing, the type of dancing I've done has gotten progressively more routine to the point where, for example, when I'm singing a ballad I don't move hardly at all. So I guess some of that muscle has kinda transformed into fat. I guess I'll have to start exercising more regularly and get them back in shape."

Yes, they've definitely seen better days.

And one of the things I noticed about the *Penthouse/Playboy* photos was how muscular and athletic your legs looked.

"Why thank you Nick, that is just about the neatest way I've heard anybody bring up the subject of those photographs... and before you ask, no, I'm not ashamed of them."

You've no reason to be. But don't you look at them and wish you still had those lovely thighs?

"Ha ha ha... of course I do. Don't you look at photos of yourself when you had hair and wish you'd still got it?"

OK. 15 all. Tell me something about your home life. Do you have any pets for example?

"Well, yes, but I'm a bit embarrassed to talk about it."

Why?

"Because it's the kind of pet journalists would make a big deal of my having."

You don't mean you've got a snake?

"How the hell did you find that out?"

I just guessed. What's so dodgy about having a snake anyway?

"Well, psychologists and all those guys

So now we know. Those fine upstanding pop stars of the people are in fact exactly what they seem, if not more so. Read our shocking but hugely satisfying story, brought to you by roving reporter **Tom Wilfe**, for a blow-by-blow account of the cover-up job of the decade.



sa peau  
trée palpitante  
lésir,  
ton glisse  
encieusement,  
ouvrant peu à  
des abimes

A Boy . . . gets coy according to *Lui* magazine

reckon it's kinda sexual to have a snake as a pet — particularly if you're a woman. It's supposed to mean you secretly wished your boyfriend's or husband's was . . . y'know . . . a bit bigger. All that phallic symbol shit. If a guy has a snake as a pet, though, it's supposed to mean something a whole lot worse."

Oh yeah?

"Come on, you know what it means — at least you should do, lookin' at you."

Oh thank you very much. And what about your husband? Doesn't he get stick from his mates about what his wife needs a pet snake for?

"Ha ha ha, I've never really thought about that, I guess I'll have to ask him. Do you think they'd give him a rough time?"

I should think so, especially when he's already got this reputation for being chained to the sink.

"Really? Come on, I'd never do that to him — well, not to the sink, anyway."

Speaking of sinks, what's he like around the house? Does he wash the dishes and make the bed and all that?

"Oh, yeah, he's swell at washing dishes and making the bed. I'm hopeless. He's a good cook as well. His speciality is that beef burgeoning stuff. We have that about once a month. We eat it while we're watching *The Dating Game*. D'you get that show here in England?"

Yes, but it's called *Blind Date*, it's the staple diet of the educationally subnormal.

"Really? I never miss it. But you English are such snobs about your TV. If it isn't Shakespeare, you people don't rate it."

And, being a member of the famous 'Brat Pack', does your husband give you tips on your acting?

"Sure! The latest thing he's been teaching me is Method Acting — y'know, that's what people like Al Pacino and Bobby De Niro do."

What is it exactly?

"Well, I've really only just started learning about it. I got a book outta the library yesterday and it says that what it involves is you have to kinda become the character you're playin', otherwise all actin' is a highly sophisticated kinda lie. I think it was Bette Davis who said that good actin' was all about being a convincing liar. But with Method Acting you have to actually live the life of a drunk or a hooker or a mother with ten kids before you can play the part."

So that's why you got pregnant . . . if you did?

"Ha ha ha . . . not quite."

At this point the lamppost moves forward and tells me I can ask one more question, a short one, which rules out the long discussion about taking virgins as lovers.

You've been almost universally interpreted as The Material Girl yet I once read a quote in which you said that's exactly what you're not.

"I'll stick by that one."

Are you The Virgin Queen?

"Ha ha ha . . . that kills me. But yeah, sure, if you want, for today at least."

Can I quote you on that?

"Ha ha . . . you're not seriously gonna print any of this crap, are you?"

Here's looking at you, princess.

# INS & OUTS

Organised dwarf snatches

Julie Andrews

Demanding Christmas kisses

New Order

Knowing all about wine

Perry Como

The Undertones

Pease pudding and savloids

Needing a vodka

Foaming at the mouth

Shouting "sellout"

Virgil in Thunderbirds

Precision pooing

Being downed by a lorry's wing-mirror

Machiavellian plots

Nigel "randy arse" Bruce

Triangles

Andy Williams

Toe extensions

Concealing dwarves in your sports bag

Water on the knee

Being unemployable

Doing a runner from Indian restaurants

Tony Byrne

Luton Reisling

Poets

Smugness

YOP's Santa Clauses

Looking like Lenin

Making your dentist recoil

Fainting suddenly

Going a long way to watch cricket

Having a cobbled street

Performing ears

Cheesecloth

Flying saucers

Fortune telling

Sitars

Saturday Review

Big Audio Dynamite

The 70s

Jimmy Pursey

Stonehenge

Real pirates

The Gulag Archipelago

Kaftans

Prince Michael Of Moldavia

Books about Ringo Starr

Pockets full of bits of paper

Living in a tent

Knitting

Janis Joplin

Batik

Tatler

Ravi Shankar

Killer Bees

The Andrex Puppy

Kaftans for men

Robin Day

Vests

Busking

Peas and Gravy

Brylcreem

The Beano

Snooker hooligans

Emigrating

Advertising "real dwarves" in your pantomime

Knowing three countries that begin with A but don't end in A

Office do's

Appalling after-lunch flatulence

Being a bit of a lad

Gregarious folk

Scrap metal dealers

Involuntary emissions

Wondering how things could possibly be worse

Disgusting breath

Justifying everything

Successful relatives

Underwear empires

Perfect balance

Après ski yarns

Botty pinchers

"Can I fondle your buttocks" badges

Resembling Greville Starkey

Dying unexpectedly

Hiding your gran's false teeth

Bus queue fiascos

Dutch Elm disease

Deliberately electrocuting yourself

Ken Barlow's lass

Snowballs with no Martini in them

Blurting things out

Great big heaving boozums

Nostalgic scousers

Inspector Lestrade Of The Yard

Leo Big Gob on *Howards Way*

Shouting "shame"

Using subsidised feminist coaches to get to London

Being unaware that you stink

Odd ankles

Crushed velvet

Halley's Comet

Trivial Pursuit

Guitars

The Tube

Earthquakes and volcanoes

The 60s

Bob Geldof

Donington

Pirate Radio

Australia

Mini skirts

Prince Charles

Books about John Lennon

Filofax

Squatting

Computer games

Patsy Kensit

Paisley

Fanzines

Jimi Hendrix

AIDS

Rambo

Leather trousers

Max Headroom

T shirts

Live Aid

Peace and love

Hair Gel

Magazines for boys

Football hooligans

Rioting

# WATCH THE BIRDIE

## BY RAMSEY CAMPBELL

CHRISTMAS IS traditionally a time for ghost stories.

More so than Halloween, Christmas Eve is the most haunted day in the calendar. You're more likely to see something flit by in the dark or hear stone hinges shift on the lid of a tomb that night than on any other. Ghost stories were told round the fireside by such literary celebrities as Charles Dickens and M R James for the entertainment of an invited audience during that spectral evening.

Today the threat of nuclear destruction and scenes of violence, disaster and famine make the power of ghosts seem somewhat futile and the art of the ghost story has slipped into obscurity. There are those, however, who understand its power, and have through the year unravelled the secret of writing fine examples.

The late Robert Aickman was the ghost story's final champion it seemed, where the thin line between poetry and the supernatural became miraculously entwined. When that line snapped the end must have surely been in sight for the ghostly tale.



Richard Croft

RAMSEY CAMPBELL

It is a relief to know then that Ramsey Campbell is carrying on the tradition, bringing new life to what once was thought dead. It has taken him some time to develop into the force he is today but, as you will discover, he has learned his craft well. *Watch The Birdie* was originally published as a 100 copy chap-book by Rosemary Pardoe's Haunted Library. It was re-printed in the USA in Karl Edward Wagner's *The Year's Best Horror Stories*.

EDWIN POUNCEY

*This piece was written over the last two days of April 1983, at the request of John Meakin, then the landlord of the Baltic Fleet, a pub on the dock road in Liverpool. He published an intermittent newspaper called The Daily Meak and was known to his friends as the Admiral. The account that follows was to be published in his newspaper.*

— Ramsey Campbell

### WATCH THE BIRDIE

I HOPE I shall not be blamed if a true story has no proper ending.

Let me start by explaining that I'm in the business of making Merseyside disappear. No, I'm not a town planner: I create horrors as a writer instead. Many of my tales have been set in Merseyside, and a disconcerting number of the settings no longer exist, rather as the model in the Poe story died as soon as the painter had achieved her likeness on canvas. For example *The Companion* takes place in the old Tower fairground at New Brighton: *The Show Goes On* is set in the Hippodrome cinema, last seen in a series of skips; my novel *The Face That Must Die* shows Cantril Farm through the eyes of a paranoid schizophrenic, though it looks pretty much as it does to the rest of us, and now they've changed the name of Cantril Farm. And my first novel was set in Toxteth. You will appreciate that I have yet to write about the present government.

My novel *To Wake The Dead* (known in America as *The Parasite*, though I haven't room to explain why) contains a chapter set in the Grapes in Egerton Street, during the reign of the Meakins. That's how I came to be in the Baltic Fleet recently, to present a copy to the Admiral. The place was packed with office celebrations and planners discussing how many trees

they could plant in the car parks next year, and so it wasn't until closing time that I had a chance to make the presentation. The Admiral locked the doors and offered me a coffee, and we settled down by the parrot for a chat.

The parrot had been dozing so soundly that nothing had roused it, not even the cries of anguish from the dock road as someone else discovered there was no way into the Baltic Fleet car park. Now it blinked at us with the balefulness of a Member Of Parliament woken by question time, and croaked something that sounded vaguely Russian to me. "I don't know where he got that from," the Admiral said.

I had a momentary impression that I should know, but couldn't think why: something I'd seen in the pub? I glanced round at the deserted tables, smudgy now that clouds like sludge were flooding the sky outside, and wondered aloud if the pub had a resident ghost. "Could be," the Admiral said.

My interest quickened and so, I imagined, did the parrot's — listening for something worth repeating, I supposed.

"You've seen it?"  
"Heard it. That was enough."

He didn't seem to be joking. "Good places to hear ghosts, pubs," I suggested.

"That's all I'd been drinking," he assured me, tapping the coffee mug and earning himself a slow reproving psittacine blink. The pub was growing dimmer.

"Tell me about it," I said, "and maybe I can write about it for your newspaper."

"I was sitting here one afternoon drinking coffee . . ." The pub had been locked and deserted, the sun had dazzled the windows so that he couldn't see the deserted interior without moving from where he was sitting, and quite without warning he'd heard

someone coming upstairs from below.

You must have seen the steps that lead down to the toilets and their famed graffiti, or if you haven't yet you're bound to: stone steps that look as if they might lead to a vault or a catacomb. He'd heard footsteps where he knew nobody could be, and so he didn't call out, just reached for a weapon. He was still hoping that he wouldn't have to find out if it would work under the circumstances, when the footsteps faltered and went back downstairs. When he made himself go down, of course there was nobody to be seen.

Again I felt there was something in the pub I should have noticed, again I couldn't think where. "What did the footsteps sound like?"

He pondered. "Not as heavy as they ought to have sounded," he said finally, frowning.

"Incomplete?" I suggested, trying to bring my description to life.

At last he said, "Big and slow, but as if they weren't quite there."

He didn't seem happy with that either. "And how was the parrot behaving while all this was going on?" I said.

"Nervous." Then he grinned. "Talking to himself, God knows what about."

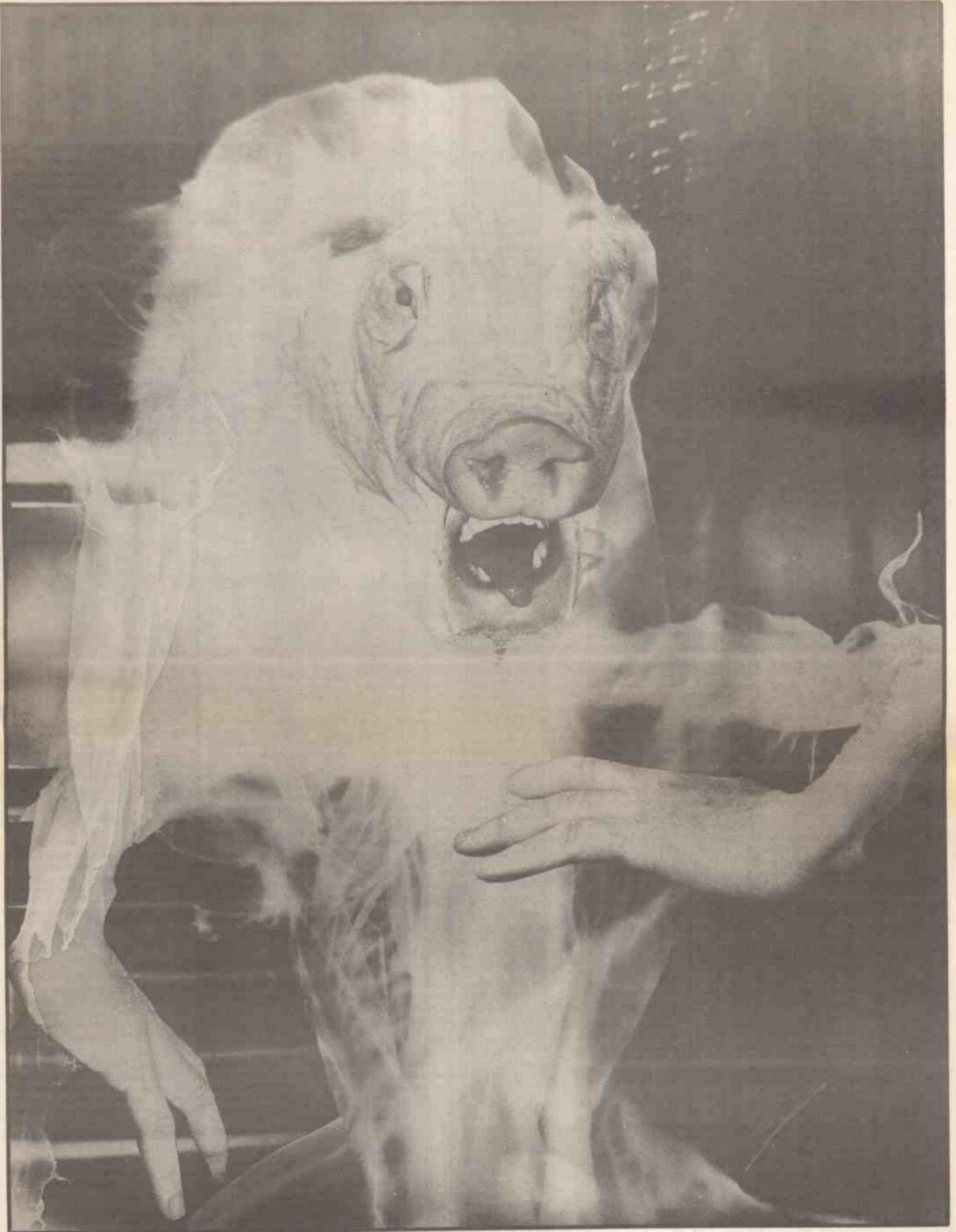
Suddenly I thought I knew. "That Slavonic stuff he was repeating before?"

"Could well have been. How did you know?"

I wasn't sure yet, nor sure that I wanted to be. "Hang on while I have a wee," I said, as I've found one tends to say when one is the father of toddlers.

The steps to the basement were even dimmer than the pub. Somehow the dimness made my footsteps sound muffled, timid. I wished the Admiral would switch on the

continues over



"THE FOOTSTEPS plodded back to the basement"

Illustration by Martyn Strickland

# WATCH THE BIRDIE

Continued from page 18

lights; I wished I hadn't found an excuse to go and look at what I thought I'd seen, instead of inviting him to look for himself. I couldn't help remembering that whatever he'd heard on the steps had come back down here, couldn't help remembering what I was almost sure I'd seen.

It had only been graffiti in the Gents: a few scrawled words among the collectible wit. I'd hardly noticed them except to wonder in passing what they said, for I'd been distracted by the creaking of one of the cubicle doors: I'd thought for a moment that someone had peered out at me, a large pale face which had made me think of a pig leaning out of a stall, in the moment before I'd seen there was nobody. I remembered that now, and suddenly the basement seemed colder. That must have been why I shivered as I went quickly into the Gents.

You've seen the graffiti for yourself, or you've been told about them. No wonder customers come upstairs with a smile on their faces and their heads full of quotes. But all I could see just then were the words in a language I recognized now, scrawled in the midst of the jokes. I'd heard those words more than once, I realized, and I had a good idea of what they meant and what they could do. I started forward to the nearest cubicle, for a handful of paper to wipe them out. I was nearly at the cubicle door when it creaked open and something squeezed out to take hold of me.

If I'm ever tempted not to trust my instincts I shall remember that moment. Instinct made me close my eyes tight while I lurched out to reach, toward the scrawled words. I kept my eyes on the words as I rubbed at them frantically, with my hands, since that was the quickest way. At the edge of my vision I had the impression of a figure so swollen it filled the doorway through which it was trying to struggle, arms that seemed to be lengthening as they groped toward me, groped then rose toward the large flat face that appeared to have no features. They poked at it, and then it had eyes - holes, at any rate. Then I'd rubbed out the last traces of the words, and I was alone but for the creaking of the door of the empty cubicle.

I admit it didn't take me long to climb the steps, yet by the time I reached the top I'd managed to persuade myself that I couldn't have seen all that, couldn't have seen anything like it. The pub looked as dim as the steps now. I might have asked the

Admiral to put on the lights, but just then I wanted to ask my questions and get out of there. "Have you been crossing any Russians lately?" I said, as lightly as I could.

"Not unless you count selling Vladivar, no."

He thought I wasn't serious. "Just think about it. You haven't had trouble with anyone Slavonic?"

"Not in the pub, no."

I could tell he was remembering. "Outside?"

"Might have been. They could have been Slavs. A couple of sailors pulled knives on each other in the car park one night, and we had to sort them out, that's all."

"They couldn't have sneaked in here afterward, could they?"

"Not a chance."

"That makes sense."

He stood up to switch on the lights. "Going to tell me about it?" he said.

"When I've told you how I know." Both his gaze and the parrot's were making me uncomfortable. "You see," I said, "I once did some research for a novel about the basis of all the vampire legends, until I found someone else had already written it. One thing I did was talk to a specialist in Slavonic languages who told me some of the old Slavonic incantations. There were a couple I wouldn't have used even if I'd written the book; not once he told me what they were supposed to call up.

"Well," I said, glad to get it over with, "one of them was written on the wall in your Gents."

He jumped up. "It's there now?"

"It was until I rubbed it out."

He sat down again and gave me a doubtful look. I could see he thought I was making up the story for his newspaper.

"How come you can read Slavonic writing?" he said suspiciously.

"I can't. I copied the stuff I researched down phonetically, and that's what whoever wrote it in the Gents did. Don't you see, whichever sailor wanted to get his own back on you sent someone in to write it for him, told him what to write. And that's not all they did. . ."

But there was no need for me to go on, for the parrot had started croaking - croaking the words it had already tried to pronounce. I pointed nervously at it while the Admiral frowned at me, then I punched the cage to interrupt the bird before it could finish.

The Admiral's frown was no longer puzzled but dangerous. "What did you want to do that for?" he demanded.

"Didn't you hear what it was saying? Whoever was sent in

here didn't just write the words on the wall, they must have spoken them as well when there was nobody to hear - nobody but *him*," I said, nodding at the parrot, which glared at me. "Couldn't you tell it was Slavonic?"

The Admiral wasn't convinced. "You haven't told me yet," he growled, "what it was supposed to do."

I couldn't go into that, not then, not there. "Let's just say that if you used the invocation in a graveyard, what it called up would be dreadful enough, but if you weren't in a graveyard it would be something even less human," I said, but my last few words might well have been inaudible, for he was turning his head towards the steps. I saw his face change, and knew what he was hearing before I heard it myself.

I should have known that the footsteps would be terribly slow. "They're bigger," the Admiral whispered, and I could hear what he meant, though I was hearing them for the first time: they sounded as if they were growing as they lumbered up the stairs - as if they were putting on more substance. I had disliked the dimness, but now I wished desperately that he hadn't turned on the lights: at least then we would have been spared seeing. The footsteps came up halfway, unsteadily but purposefully, and I saw what might have been the top of a head, something white and rounded that seemed to be having trouble in keeping its shape. I was praying to be able to look away, to be able not to see any more, when the white dome jerked downward, the footsteps plodded back to the basement. Interrupting had achieved something after all.

Well, I told you at the outset that I couldn't promise you a proper ending. I still visit the Baltic Fleet, for the food as much as anything, but not after dark. I admit I keep a sharp eye on the parrot and the graffiti, and sometimes I need to be spoken to twice. I know the Admiral doesn't take kindly to people hitting the parrot's cage, and so I can only suggest that if you hear the bird speaking what sounds like Slavonic you do your best to interest it in something else. Quickly.

*I delivered the story to John Meakin at the beginning of May 1983. I visited the pub several times during that year, but the newspaper hadn't yet been published. Close to Christmas 1983 I arrived at the pub to find it locked and shuttered. It reopened under new management this year. Nobody seems to know where John Meakin is.*

# SCREEN GEMS

**SANDY ROBERTSON** sorts through this year's Christmas box offerings for movies not to miss, and previews the first half-decent hogmanay show in living memory



BILLY CONNOLLY gets a little horny

HEAVILY TOUTED as a comedy-and-rock alternative to the usual mind-numbing Scots New Year TV shows, Channel 4's *At Last It's Hogmanay* hits the spot at least 50 per cent of the time. Let's make it clear, though, it's the comedy half that cuts it, not the 'serious' 'rock' music.

To tell the truth, Billy Connolly and Robbie Coltrane (as Ollie and Wally McCauley, two kilted hacks hosting a bash at the Shandy McHarg Memorial Hall) really *don't* have much competition when you consider just how dire the usual festive twerps compering these things are: a few "f\*\*\*s", a couple of coarse tales and they're well away.

Still, there's delight to be had in the way that the whole structure of the show unerringly takes the myth out of the Jimmy Logan/Andy Stewart/Moira Anderson/Jimmy Shand/Alexander Brothers type of debacle denizens of Scotland have had to suffer since the year dot: a tenor named 'Colin Ewe' crooning about the Highlands being "extremely high indeed" is painfully close to reality.

But it's the rock rubble that dots the proceedings which stops *At Last* . . . from being a *real* hit. Guys like Dave Mattacks and Jimmy Jewel make for a smooth back-up team, but if Connolly and chums think that rock in '85 is represented by Gallagher & Lyle, Jim Diamond, Midge Ure, Rab Noakes and Maggie Bell, then they're as ripe for parody as the stuff the comedy half of this show sends up.

## THE TURNPIKE CRUISERS *The Trevor Whiteside Showcase*

(Jettisoundz)  
WITH FICTIONAL TV anchor man Trevor Whiteside introducing the proceedings, The Turnpike Cruisers launch themselves into a selection of their rather dog-eared psycho goth.

The over riding setback to events is that the Cruisers don't actually write classic tunes - which is more than evident when their compadres Way Out West out-gun them on their self titled guest appearance.

Sure, the Cruisers are a 'laugh'. And some of the songs are OK, but you'd have to be pretty keen to last the course. Some of the effects are interesting and shooting is pretty good, but this prude found the 'humour' a little too bland for human consumption.

Whether the Cruisers will outdo King Kurt and the Cramps is doubtful, but, if you've got nothing better to do than watch the world rotate, you might just enjoy this video (purely in a sicko-psycho-twango-billy kind of way, of course).

DAVE HENDERSON

NOW IS the traditional time for the teevee moguls to bombard us with the fruits of their buying forays into the world of cinema, and while 1985 is spattered with the usual collection of flops and old chestnuts like *The Great Escape*, *Bridge On The River Kwai* and *A Fistful Of Dollars* (yes, they're on again), the selective viewer who really can't face *The Magnificent Seven* another time should be able to get square-eyed with critical faculties intact.

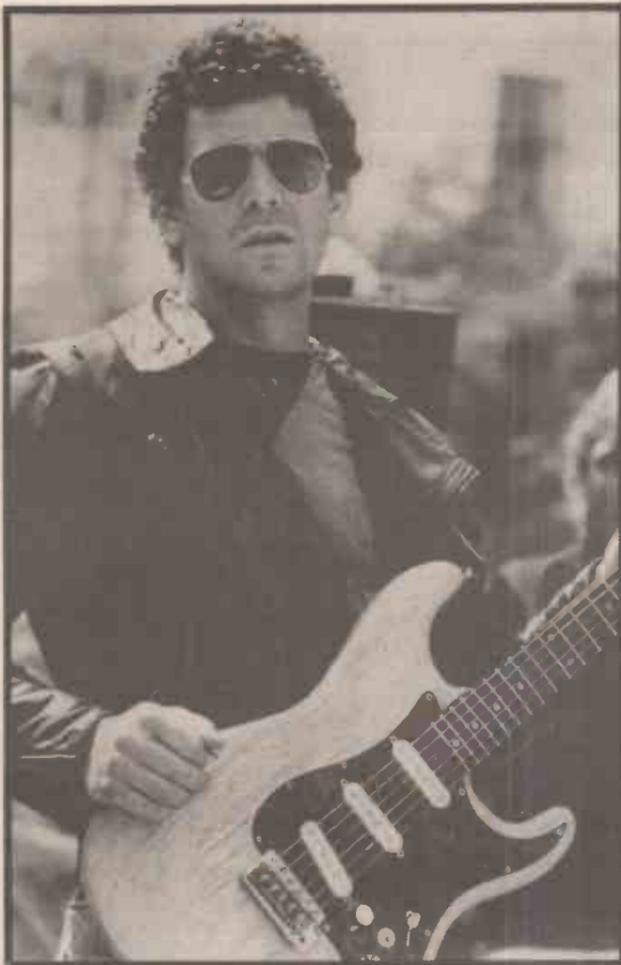
Anything decent on the main commercial channel will no doubt be hacked to bits as usual, but Channel 4 have a few gems. Xmas day at 4.45 sees a specially restored version of the silent *Thief Of Baghdad* with a new score by Carl Davis. Sadly, they have little else of interest. Perhaps that's why they're called an alternative TV station? Yes – in spite of all the oldies, once more the Beeb has come up with the best bets.

The Sunday before Christmas may be blighted by BBC1 having Neil Diamond's muddy remake of *The Jazz Singer*, but you can flip to BBC2 for the TV debut of Meryl Streep's *The French Lieutenant's Woman* as compensation. Next day BBC1 has John Carpenter's underrated horror romp *The Fog*, while BBC2 has the lumbering yet compelling Liz Taylor epic *Cleopatra*, as well as the small screen premiere of Roman Polanski's wonderful *Tess*, starring Nastassia Kinski as the pouting, put-upon poor gal.

Christmas Eve and Beeb 2 boasts the classic version of Henry James's *Turn Of The Screw* (no, not the one where Stephanie Beacham bares all), and Jack Clayton's *The Innocents*. On Christmas Day BBC1 has the fine Sydney Pollack drama *Absence Of Malice*, with Paul Newman as a dubious businessman pursued (in more ways than one) by pushy reporter Sally Field. BBC2 has two highly regarded art dazzlers, one new, one timeless. That's Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane* as the latter and French trendsetter *Diva* being the former.

Boxing Day's gem is on BBC1: an animated *Sherlock Holmes And The Baskerville Curse* with Peter O'Toole as the voice of the sleuth. Next day the same channel has *Ben-Hur*, all treachery 'n' togas, and on the 28th there's *Watership Down* and *Death On The Nile*. The big one, though, is obviously the Sunday 29 screening on Beeb 1 of *Ghandi* starring Bendi Kingsley as the fasting man alive.

The day after that, BBC2 has the disappointing screen adaptation of Doctorow's *Ragtime*, and on New Year's Eve BBC1 features *Gone With The Wind*. And while it does look to be a rather sparse holiday for horror and fantasy fans, it's worth noting that Channel 4 has gotten hold of two episodes of *Twilight Zone*. They'll be shown on December 22, snooker permitting, and there's a New Year's Day treat when BBC1 shows Ray Harryhausen's animation fantasy on a Greek mythology theme, *Clash Of The Titans*.



LOU REED: playing an Auden-ary guy in *Get Crazy*

## REED ALL ABOUT IT

### THE CHAMELEONS Live At The Camden Palace (Jettisoundz)

THE ARGUMENT In favour of live videos is still flimsy and one which most video makers don't bother to press very strongly – content with simply presenting a gig as straightforwardly and as conventionally as possible.

In the case of The Chameleons, who seem to play so very rarely, perhaps a video is a reasonable alternative for fans suffering from Chameleon deprivation, although this is a very pale imitation of their usual lurid colours.

Filmed on a Sunday afternoon at the Camden Palace, the mood is a hundred times less frenetic than in real life; even the audience look self-conscious as if they're wondering where all the seediness and sweat went. If only there were some way of videoing a gig without anyone knowing.

Tracks like 'Pleasure And Pain' or 'In Shreds' are great testaments to the Chameleons' hard-edged but always understated tactics, but there's a sense of uneasiness running all the way through this. When the inevitable backing singers haul themselves out of the

audience for 'Splitting In Two', there's a tired, almost cynical feeling about the whole thing.

JANE SIMON

### TEARS FOR FEARS Scenes From The Big Chair (PolyGram)

HMMM, A most enlightening video. Apparently, if you're Tears For Fears, then a Japanese TV programme sponsored by Honda will pay you £60,000 to play your hit single live in front of Blenheim Palace. Even though that song is the theme to an advert for Suzuki!

Still, nice work if you can get it. And a most enlightening video all round. Promotional films and live footage (Hammersmith Odeon, anybody?) are interspersed with short segments of interview and explanation and brief shots of the making of various video clips. In which Roland Orzabal, Curt Smith, Ian Stanley, Manny Elias and just about everybody else connected with the thinking schoolgirl's Wham! prove to be ordinary, averagely amusing and intelligent young people.

And to have a fine repertoire of quite acceptable modern electronic pop songs.

ROGER HOLLAND

## ONE NIGHT WITH ELVIS

### ELVIS PRESLEY One Night With You (Virgin)

GONE, BUT certainly not forgotten, as yet another slice of the Elvis Presley phenomenon is rescued from a well ransacked vault.

This episode is from part of the Elvis TV spectacular of 1968, which was designed to act as the second coming of the King, following his long absence from any TV or live work. It consists of the leather clad Presley sitting down with a few of his old chums, including

Scotty Moore, to bash out some of the ol' faves, surrounded by a small gathering perched on the edge of the platform.

The whole thing is meant to represent an evening in with Presley and mates, as the idle banter between tracks gives a feel of contrived spontaneity. The raw sound captures much of the spirit of the early Sun recordings, even though by this time Elvis' voice was a lot richer.

There's a nice touch when one of the audience mentions the lip and Elvis duly obliges

# SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

### GET CRAZY

(Heron Home Entertainment)  
'WHAT ANIMAL House did for college and *Airplane* did for flying... *Get Crazy* does for rock 'n' roll', goes the blurb on the box art of this video movie – and that's not too far from the truth.

The plot, insofar as there is one, concerns promoter Max Wolfe's determination to stage the New Year's rock show to end all rock shows, in the face of his arch enemy's plans to reduce his Saturn Theatre to rubble and build a skyscraper on the site.

The show features a motley collection of punks, LA rockers, hippies and Chicago bluesers, with Brit glam-rock represented by Reggie Wanker, played Quay Lude-style by Malcolm McDowell(!). It's the perfect excuse for cramming every conceivable rock movie pastiche into 88 minutes of insanity.

Amid all the craziness are quick-fire cameo appearances by Paul Bartel and Mary Woronov (both of *Eating Raoul* fame), plus Lou Reed, sending himself up as a recluse electro-folkie who spends the whole movie taking the scenic route to the gig, and arriving after everyone else has left (but still in time to sing a number over the closing credits).

All very silly really, but more entertaining than when rock takes itself too seriously.

TONY MITCHELL

### THE BLACK LEATHER JACKET

Mick Farren  
(Plexus books)

THE INTUITIVE feeling that one's oldest, most precious black leather jacket is not merely a second skin, but more a dear friend, a lover even, has never before been fully explored.

In *The Black Leather Jacket*, Mick Farren traces the origins of this most appealing of garments from German First World War flying-aces, through to the macho gays of today – discussing en route post-World War Two discontent and the subsequent arrival of be-leathered outlaw bikers, plus '50s greasers, New York motorcycle-cops, early Beatles, Sid Vicious, and

leather fetishism.

Farren's book is a documentation of 20th century youth culture more than anything else – using the leather jacket as a symbol of deep potency through which the author projects his images of crumbling morality and (best of all) hordes of indignant 'responsible citizens'.

Mouth-wateringly illustrated and blessed with a sharp and understated wittiness, *The Black Leather Jacket* comes pretty near to explaining the romance of the natural ageing process (the aesthetic value of a good scuff) and provides a fascinating guide to the history of self-expression-as-way-of-life.

MR SPENCER

## TATTOO PEOPLE

### TATTOO

Photographs by Stefan Richter  
(Quartet)

### TATTOO ART – SKIN FANTASIES ON TATTOOED WOMEN

Photographs by Chris Wroblewski  
(Edition Brandstätter)

### MUSIC AND SEA TATTOOS

(Tattootime)  
HERE COMES a new craze, same as the old craze... *Tattoo*, a sumptuous hardback with a price to match – £35 – is the ideal Christmas present for those who are fascinated by tattoos, or just connoisseurs of excellent photography. Richter's work – all in colour, natch! – slides from soft-core femme fatale shots to imaginative setting – a personal favourite is the tattooed butcher caught amidst a mound of meat, or the naked executive pictured at his desk, complete with secretary and full-body tattoos.

Not just the tattooed, but the tattooists too: caught at work, or just posing, are some of the finest artists today: Mr Sebastian, the late, great Greg Irons, Lal Hardy and other luminaries too numerous to mention, though a special mention for London's George Bone, caught among coffins, skulls and the other paraphernalia that surrounds his shop.

But be warned: buy a copy, and your body will never be the same again...

Chris Wroblewski's book is, as its title implies, more of a specialist work. Concentrating more on the tattoos than an art setting, it reveals the extent to which tattooing has become one of the fashion accessories, a mark of individuality. An excellent introduction by Andy Cooper discusses the sociology of tattooing, and includes earlier portraits of tattooed women from the Fairground Generation.

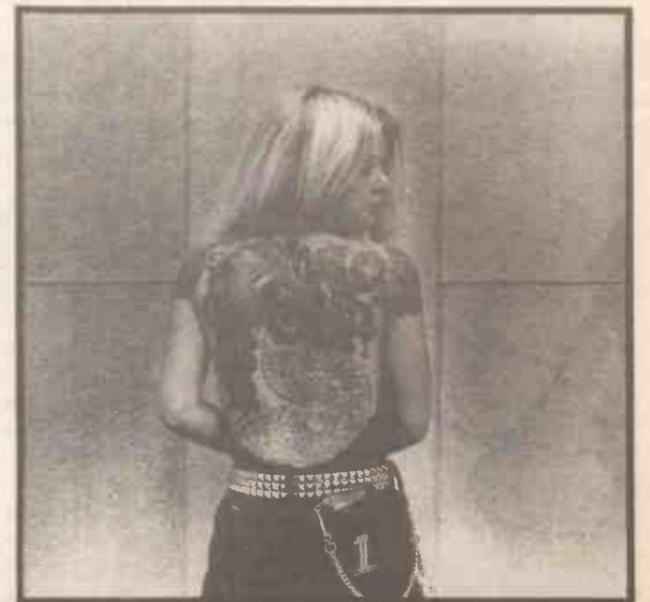
As an Introduction to the art and cult of the tattoo, it's unlikely that you could get any better start than the above two books.

While most *Sounds* readers might not find too much to catch their interest in the *Sea* section of the third volume, anyone with even a passing interest in the ephemera and life style of punks, skins, rockabilies and the avant-gardists will find a wealth of information and imagery here.

Profusely illustrated and informative articles by Lal Hardy of London, and Leo Zulueta and Bob Roberts of America discuss the social and fashion roles played by tattoos in youth culture, and a host of stars – Billy Idol, Mick Jagger, Stray Cats – and undergrounders – Lydia Lunch, Beki Bondage, Steve Jones, Black Flag's Henry Rollins – are all pictured displaying their designs.

Essential if you want to understand the appeal and extent of a phenomenon that is reaching new peaks of popularity, *Tattootime* is available from Compendium in London or from Tattootime, 1850 Union St 36, San Francisco CA 94123 USA for \$11 including air mail postage.

TIBET



PHOTOGRAPH from Chris Wroblewski's *Tattoo Art*

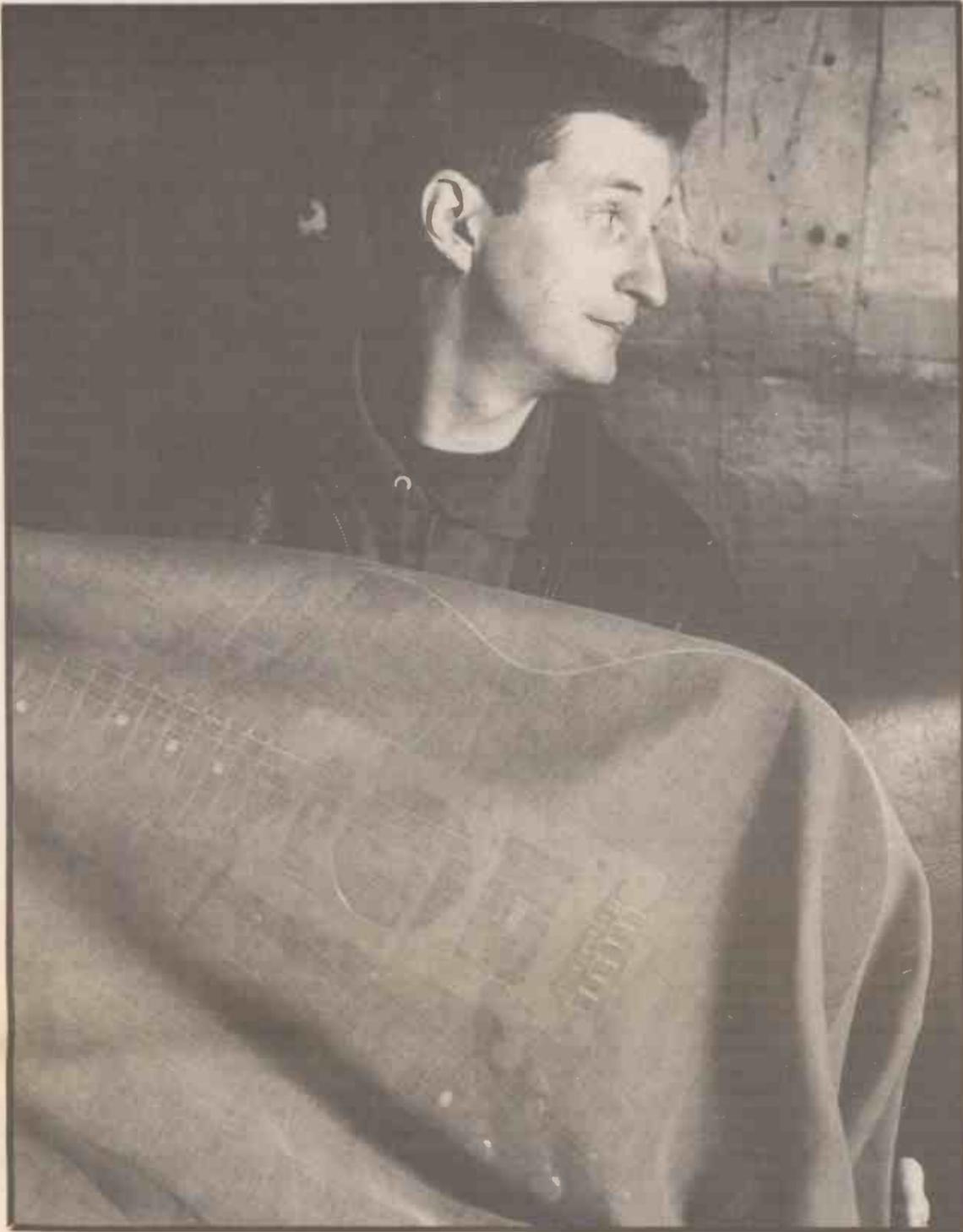


TURNPIKE CRUISERS:  
dog-eared

KEVIN MURPHY

# BILLY BRAGG

## or wedge presley?



**ROGER HOLLAND samples the fruits of BILLY BRAGG's Labour and asks him, what's brewing? Still life by DOUGLAS CAPE**

**P**ICTURE A local radio station in Leeds. Picture a 'studio'.

It's ten o'clock on a Sunday night and Radio Aire's token 'alternative' programme has just begun.

And although the studio is quite full – there's much more activity than usual – only three of those present need concern us.

1. The Disc Jockey. A marketing assistant by day, he doubles up as a presenter for these three hours a week.

2. The Hanger-On. A friend of the Disc Jockey, a near-unemployable harbouring journalistic ambitions who turns up each week to make the tea and criticise the DJ's choice of music.

3. The Artist. A travelling player of angry guitar and singer of fine songs. He has an album of both political and emotional wit and sensitivity to his credit.

The Disc Jockey has been championing the Artist locally for some time. Finding him gigs in the area and providing sofa and breakfast as required. And tonight as the highspot of this campaign, the Artist is going to play a number of songs 'live' across the airwaves of West Yorkshire.

The Hanger-On is going to make the tea.

Now read on . . .

**P**ICTURE A pizza joint in Kentish Town. It's half past five on a Sunday afternoon several years later. Billy Bragg and I are meeting for only the second time.

That Disc Jockey is now a Television Personality with his

own show on Radio One and a huge collection of Long Ryders LPs. Billy Bragg is now all but a household name. He's been in the charts, he's been on *TOTP*, he's been on *Wogan*, and he's definitely been on *Whistle Test!*

And the Hanger-On still suffers delusions of journalistic grandeur.

So I show Billy Bragg a review which I wrote long ago that suggested that, in spite of all his obvious talents, it was highly unlikely that he would ever achieve any great success. And I ask him just how successful he has become.

"Well, 'Life's A Riot' has sold about 130,000 copies. We've got a gold disc for that one, and 'Brewing Up' has got a silver disc, so we're not doing badly. "But for me personally, I should say that the gigs have been more of a success."

Have you been surprised by your own success?

"Oh yeah, of course, me more than anyone I should think. You see, I didn't really set out to build a career out of all this. It really was just something to stave off boredom.

"And it was such a desperate scrape to get 'Life's A Riot' out in the first place. It seemed like such a long time between the actual inception of the idea and the actual release, and I seemed to be working so very much on my own that I thought I'd be giving it all up for health reasons after a few months."

A question which often comes up when more than three people meet on a street-corner is, so when is Billy Bragg going to get himself a proper band?

"Well, it'd be stupid to say no, never. It'd be like saying I'll never go on *TOTP*. Because I really do enjoy it whenever we get a few people on stage and thrash the f\*\*\* out of some poor bastard song.

"But really, I think that getting some sort of band together would shut my options down. Because I could never have afforded to go to America if I was a band, but I've been four times on my own. I've been to Japan this year. And I'm hoping to go to East Germany next February to do a political song festival.

"And if I was a nasty, horrible western rock band they wouldn't let me in. But because I am a solo performer and I play the guitar, then I must be a folk singer; so they've invited me."

**O**F COURSE there are two very good reasons why Billy Bragg and I have been thrown together, like cars on the contraflow system. The first is that he has just released a new record.

A three track single selling at just 99 pence, 'Days Like These' is a great song – a song you should already know. But don't these cut prices give Virgin/Charisma – who distribute his label Go! Discs – severe cramp of the bank manager?

"Oh yes, if you could see what happens at Charisma every time we tell them how much the records are going to sell for, well . . ." Billy's face paints a

picture mere words cannot express.

"So they just pay us three-quarter royalties."

Mind you, I suspect this adoption and adaptation of a GLC-style 'Fare's Fair' policy has paid off in sales and returns. So while you acknowledge their stand in setting such a tariff, don't feel obliged to bleed for them.

The second reason for our little get-together – and I'm sure Billy will forgive me for this – is considerably more important than the release of another record – albeit a really good record. For young William "I don't want to change the world, I'm not looking for a new England" Bragg is very much at the front of a new campaign to establish a broad base of support for the Labour Party for the next election.

Launched this very month, the still developing Red Wedge is set to recruit a host of the best comedians, actors, poets and even journalists – as well as those ubiquitous musicians – in its attempt to promote the socialist ethic through the medium of popular entertainment.

"Originally, having done all those gigs for the GLC and the miners, I didn't want the idea of political gigs to disappear. So I approached the Labour Party about doing something with them, and they said yes, they'd like to, and provided me with a very nice backdrop.

"But I didn't think it was quite enough just to go out in front of this big backdrop saying 'The Labour Party Is Cool And Groovy – Hip, Hip, Hooray!', and so I talked them into letting us have a couple of MPs at each gig in the hope that those people in the audience who were interested would take the opportunity to meet and talk to a Member Of Parliament.

"And we had information about joining the Labour Party and stuff like that at the back of the halls. And really, yeah, it was a matter of trying out all the ideas that have now born fruit in Red Wedge."

**T**HE NAME Red Wedge comes from a painting by the Russian El Lizzitski (or so they tell me), but surely a name like that will worry the Labour Party hierarchy as they go about their business of denying their socialism in the attempt to win over the press?

"Oh yeah, I'm sure that some people are more than concerned about the name. But what the f\*\*\*? I'm certainly not ashamed to admit that I'm a Red. I think that sort of attitude is something the Tories taint us with. As though it's a bad thing to be a socialist. We should be proud to be socialists, proud to be Red!

"And all these differences" (we had also been discussing the issue of the month, Liverpool City Council) "between our own people have just got to be overcome. It's ridiculous to spend all our time battering away at each other like the Tory press want us to do.

GG

"And the Red Wedge is certainly not anti-militant or anti-Kinnock, or pro-militant or pro-Kinnock. There'd be no point if we were. We've just got to be thoroughly anti-Tory. And whatever shade of red people are within that, I really don't care."

Admirable words, of course, although it still sticks in my throat to support those people who have sat on fences and sidelines over issues like the miners' strike and the crisis in Liverpool when, as *leaders*, they ought to have been out there fighting in the front line.

Anyway, the first true positive steps to be taken in the name of the Red Wedge will be a tour by those Communards, The Style Council and, of course, Billy Bragg himself. It will take the form of a whole day's activities organised locally by the Young Socialists of the respective areas the tour visits. But there will be much more to come as this ever-growing organisation strives to take the issues to the people.

"We're not just going to be asking people to vote Labour. The idea will be to create common ground for young people to come into contact with the Labour Party, to examine their programme and to see what they have to offer, and then make their *own* minds up."

Very worthy objectives, and something we will be hearing a lot more about when the time comes. But what about the other side of Billy Bragg? For leaving aside his social and political material he is also one of the most articulate writers currently tackling that most vital subject, love; or, as he puts it, "not getting shagged."

From the very finest of his new estate poetry - 'The Saturday Boy', 'The Myth Of Trust' or 'A Lover Sings' - to the almost pastoral lyricism of 'Saint Swithin's Day', his achievements could easily have been overshadowed by his high political profile.

But apparently not. He feels that if anything, these love songs are the ones which have gained him most popularity and respect. But then he obviously sees a clear common ground between the two areas.

"They're just songs about human frailty. Whether that involves politics or not getting shagged."

And so I reach the final question which, with hindsight, could easily have been the first. After he came out of the army - 90 days basic training following the break-up of his band Riff Raff - what on earth made him pick up his guitar and get involved with all this again?

"Well, I saw Spandau Ballet on *TOTP* doing 'Chant No 1'. And when I realised that *this* was what punk rock had achieved, that *this* was what we had cleared the way for, that *this* was why we'd all thrown away our flared trousers, so that Spandau Ballet could get up on *TOTP* in kilts, well then that was it!

"I can remember storming upstairs to pick up my guitar, and everything else since then has just been a blur until we met you two hours ago."

# THE NEXT YEAR BOX

"'ERE BOSS, Carole sez the only thing the Christmas issue needs is a Next Year Box, an' she's 'opping mad coz you ain't wrote it yet, an' she sez that if we're ever gonna get this paper on the street to tell that lazy friggin' editor to pull his finger out. That's what Carole sez, boss. They're her own words."

"Oh shit! Forgot all about that, didn't I? Too busy censoring *The Jaws Awards*, wasn't I? Let's see now, the features list is under these photos... ah, yes, did I show you my holiday snaps from Barbados? I did? Only *four* times? Right, here we are. Pouncey, Murphy, Millar... what? Sorry, of course it's the staff and not the contents of our New Year Issue. I know that! That's my 'Being rude about the editor in the pub behind his back' list. Funny how all the staff are on it..."

"This is it. Let's see... The Replacements, The Cramps, Keef... God, all by this Mat Snow fella.

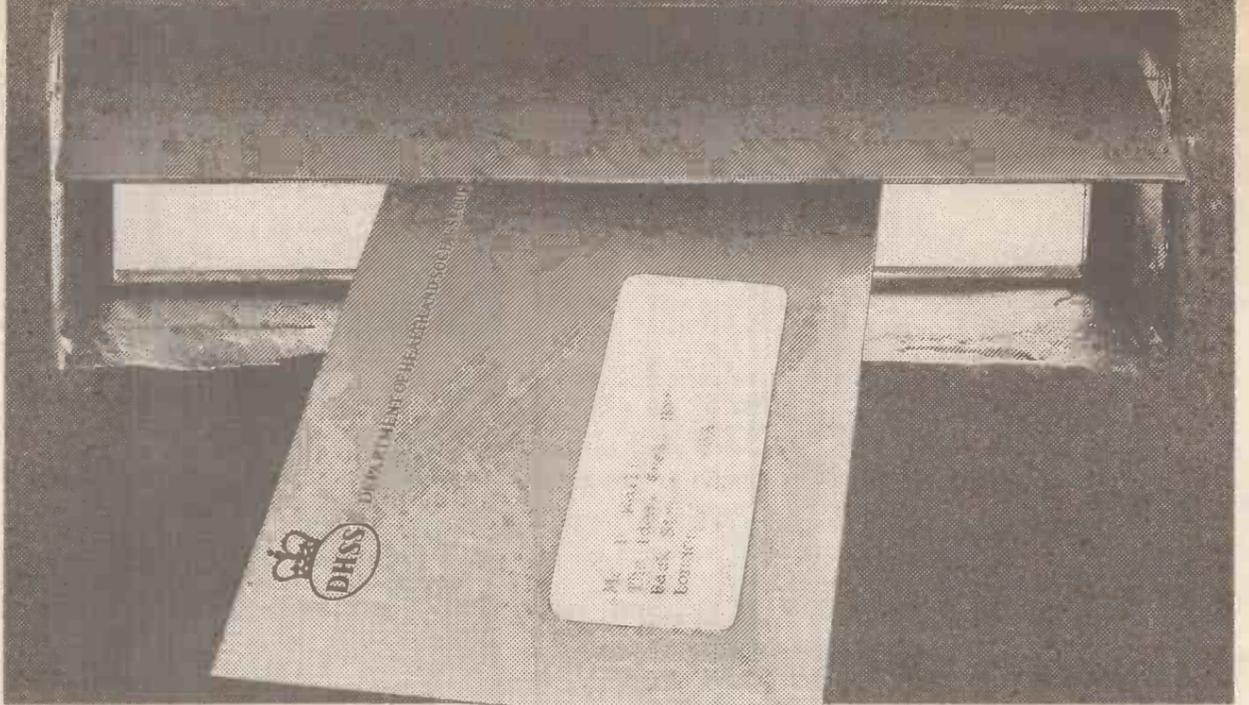
Queer, his name isn't on the staff 'Being rude etc etc...' list. What do you mean he works for another paper? New Mediocre what? That's their features list. Shit! Must have got it out the wastepaper bin. Didn't we do The Replacements? Thought so. Who's this Keef bloke then?

"Do you know something? I don't think I'll tell the *Sounds* readers what's in store for 1986. I mean, last time we trailed anything that other paper went and nicked our ideas. Look at this will you... Jesus, who's this William Hurt bloke anyway? And you think they'll have Stevie Wonder in their Christmas issue? Boring, isn't it?

"Tell you what, jot all that down, I can't think of a better reason to continue reading *Sounds* in 1986. What do you mean it's not very snappy? Just get on the blower to Carole.

"And Eric... do us a favour and get me a coffee on your way back!"

## Merry Christmas from the Government to the young unemployed.



If you're under 26, unemployed, and have recently had to move into bed and breakfast, the clatter of the letterbox may not be bringing glad tidings of comfort and joy.

Because the Government has now re-introduced its board and lodgings rules, and any day now you could receive a worrying letter from the DHSS. It'll tell you that if you moved into bed and breakfast after 25 November, you can only claim your lodgings allowance for a few weeks.

After this, you either move to another area or your benefit will be cut. (Greater London is one such area. So moving from Bromley to Barnet isn't enough).

### What Can You Do?

If you think these changes will affect you, it's important to act quickly.

1. There are some exemptions. Contact your local Citizens Advice Bureau, Housing Aid Centre or Local Authority Housing Department. You'll find their names and addresses in the 'phone book.
2. Fill in the coupon. It's Freepost so it doesn't even cost you the price of a stamp. We'll send you a leaflet advising you on your rights, and showing you possible ways to help you stay put. Or you can 'phone 01-200 0200 and ask for Shelter.
3. Even if the rules don't affect you personally, but you know someone they might, for goodness' sake help by showing them this advertisement.

**The board and lodgings rules are back.  
Get advice.**

**CHAR** HOUSING CAMPAIGN FOR SINGLE PEOPLE  
**HASSLL** Homeless Against Social Security Lodging Laws  
**SHAC** The London Housing Aid Centre

**Shelter** NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR THE HOMELESS  
**CLSSAF** Central London Social Security Advisers Forum

This advertisement has been funded by the GLC out of concern for London's homeless.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Send this coupon to:  
SHELTER, FREEPOST, London SE1 2BR.

SO 16/12

# A STAR

(OR, THEY WERE ONLY A WAIF AND A MANAGER,

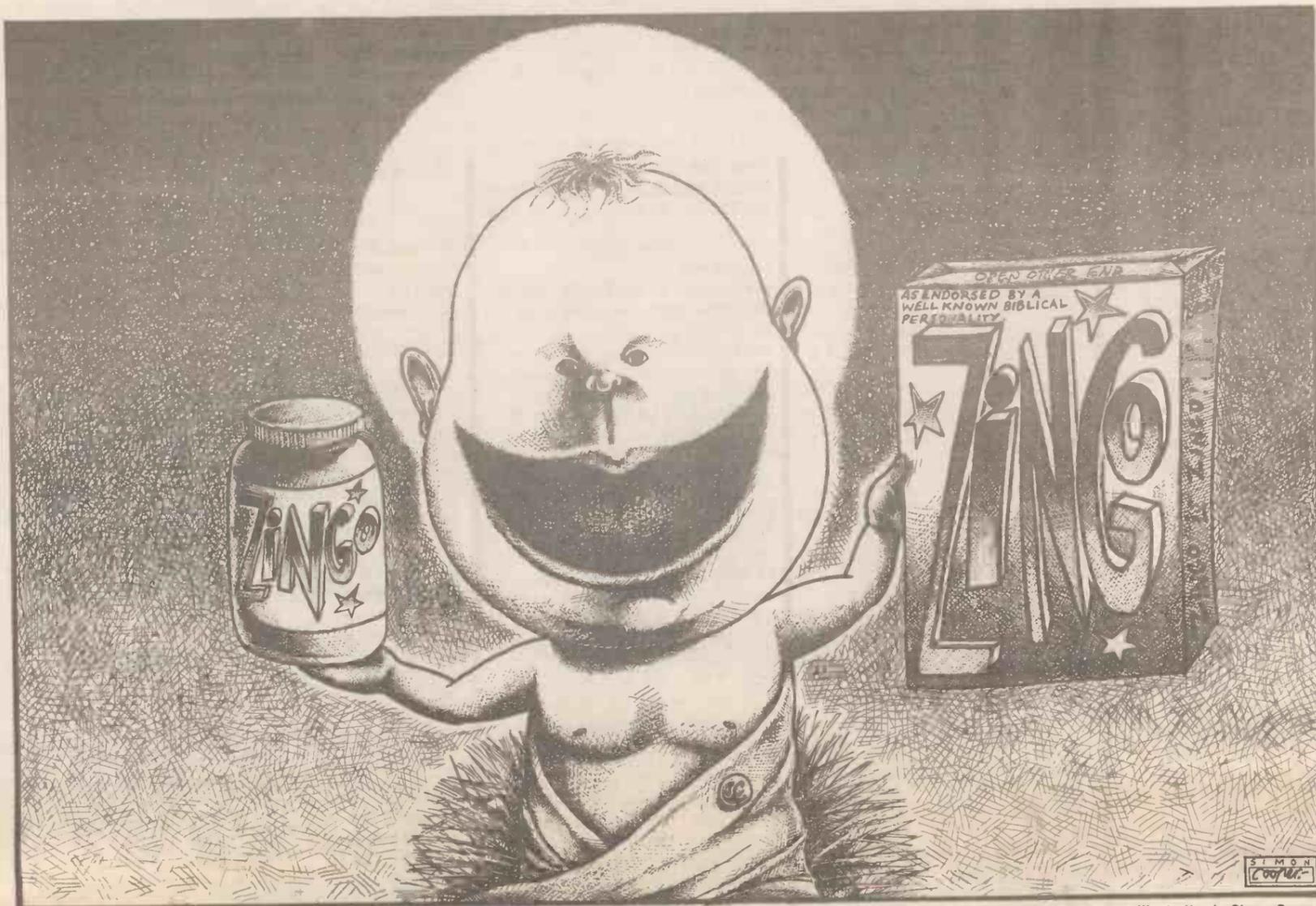


Illustration by Simon Cooper

*The Birth Of Christ* (expurgated version) was first performed at The Mean Fiddler, Harlesden, on February 31st 1966. The director was Tobe Hooper, and the cast was as follows:

**JOSEPH** Robert DeNiro  
**MARY** Nerys Hughes  
**THE INNKEEPER** The bloke from Level 42  
**THE ASS** Montgomery Clift  
**ALL OTHER PARTS** Themselves

WHAT THEY SAID about *The Birth Of Christ* (expurgated version):

"A major artistic triumph. Dazzling. Stupendous" – Martin Luther King.  
 "Puts the 'um' back into humour" – Ludovic Kennedy.  
 "I was moved" – A prop.  
 "That's nothin', mate, I was moved twice" – Another prop.

## ACT ONE Scene One

('Also Sprach Zarathustra' plays, loudly. Lights. The backdrop is a very bright star hovering above a hill. Silence. On the right of the stage is a pair of shoes. A few seconds pass then a voice off shouts, "Alright, which of you stupid

bastards left your shoes on the stage?" Lights fade. Curtain.)

## Scene Two

(Lights. Enter stage manager.)

**STAGE MANAGER:** Sorry about that, ladies and gentlemen.

(Exit Stage Manager. Enter Joseph and Mary and an Ass.)

**MARY:** Who was that, sugarplum?  
**JOSEPH:** I really don't know, fairycake.

**MARY:** Ah well, here we are on the road to Bethlehem, eager to pay our taxes like good citizens. A few nights ago a funny bloke with wings appeared in my living-room and told me I was going to conceive immaculately. Nothing much else has happened. Joe cut himself planing. Boy, are things dull.

**JOSEPH:** Yep. Sure are dull.

**MARY:** Dull as dishwater.

**JOSEPH:** Dishwater City, that's what it is, babe.

**MARY:** Joe . . .

**JOSEPH:** Yes Mary?

**MARY:** Can you stop *doing* that, please?

**JOSEPH:** Doing what?

**MARY:** Always trying to go one better – everything I say you try to put some smart little comment on

the end, don't you? You think you're so cool. I'm just . . .

**JOSEPH:** Up to here with it?  
 (Exit Joseph and Mary, wrestling.)

**THE ASS:** Jeez, these humans.

## Scene Three

(Joseph and Mary approach the inn.)

**JOSEPH:** Look Mez – The Moan And Spittle. Maybe we can crash here for the night.

**MARY:** Suits me; I like a place with a bit of life. Gosh, a table, three chairs, nine Irishmen and 12 beermugs just flew past my ear.

**JOSEPH:** I'll knock on the door.

**MARY:** Good idea, honeyblossom.

**JOSEPH:** Thanks, foxglove petal. (He knocks.) Hello?

**THE INNKEEPER:** Grrrr!

**MARY:** Oh *flip*. It's the Offmeister Bear.

**JOSEPH:** Crikey. How will we be able to work out what he's saying?

**MARY:** Hang on, I think I've got a Bear Language Dictionary in my handbag. Ah yes, here it is. Now then – ask him if he can offer us a room for the night.

**JOSEPH:** Oh, *you* ask him.

**MARY:** Good Lord, Joseph – I'm not speaking to a great big smelly

bear! Now get on with it.

**JOSEPH:** Sigh. Women. Um, hey bear, how's it goin'?

**THE INNKEEPER:** Grrrr!

**MARY:** You're doing well. That means: "Not too bad for a 58-year-old with gout". Carry on.

**JOSEPH:** So, uh, maybe you could offer us a room for the night?

**THE INNKEEPER:** Grrrr!

**JOSEPH:** So?

**MARY:** So what?

**JOSEPH:** So what did *that* mean?

**MARY:** I don't know; I've dropped the dictionary and it's dark so I can't find it.

**JOSEPH** (Aside): Hrrmph. I knew I should've married that Swedish girl I met at the youth club.

**MARY:** At a rough guess, however, I'd say it meant: "Sorry, nice people, no room here. Absolutely chocker. But if you take the second left after the lights you'll find this really neat stable".

**JOSEPH:** Let's go.

**MARY:** OK. Your turn to carry the ass.

(Exit Joseph and Mary and The Ass.)

(The Innkeeper bends down and picks up dictionary. Studies it

diligently for three years. Finds out

what "smelly" means. Tops himself.)

## Scene Four

(Joseph and Mary arrive at the Stable.)

**JOSEPH:** Well, I suppose it'll do.

**MARY:** Yes. I'll have this side then. G'night luv.

**JOSEPH:** G'night.

(Intermission: Orchestra plays 'The Bump' by Kenny.)

## ACT TWO Scene One

(An A&R Man, in office, on telephone.)

**A&R MAN:** Yes? Yes it is. Who? Ah yes, yes I *did* listen to your tape. I, er, think you've obviously been putting in a lot of hard work and you've improved greatly. Oh that's OK, ha ha, I'm just a nice kinda guy. Yeah. Well sure – what I thought was if you could demo me another 8 or 9 songs painstakingly produced over about 18 months then maybe I could play the intro of the first song and laugh then use the cassette for taping a Sade album for the BMW then forget to call you back because I was in a *meeting*. OK? Great,

# IS BORN!

## BUT THE LAWYER'S SANTA CLAUS)

yeah. Anytime, anytime. Patronising? Thanks a lot, I guess I am. And you. See ya.

Phew, what a day. Hello? Hi chief. Yar. You? That's just great. Right - well, I've really stuck my neck on the line with this one. They're from Scotland, they're five really pretty guys in colourful shirts, three of them are gay and two are willing to pretend. Yeah, plucky. I thought so too. Gutsy. Anyway they're called The Boring Bland Useless Malleable Derivative Unsurprising Wankers but I thought we could like *really go for it* and change that to Zap! The! Histrionics! You like it? OK chief, lunch Thursday. You too. So long.

Phew, what a day. Yeah? Hello? Who is this? Wha...? OK, I've got a pen, yeah. Where? Bethnal Green? Bethley Hem? Jesse Christ? Weird. A stable gig, huh? Freaky. You got it. I'll be there.

Phew, what a day. Must work on that American accent.

Hello Linda? Get me on the next flight to Bethley Hem, willya? No, I don't know where the hell it is, I'm following a hunch. Just get me there before CBS, OK?

### Scene Two

(A Press Officer, in office, on telephone.)

**PRESS OFFICER:** Hello, pre-ess! Ah yes, let me see. (Rustles nearest irrelevant scrap of paper.) Yes, Donny's new album and cassette are out on January 21st and will be supported by flyposting and in-store displays... sorry? Why, of course, I'll bike it over to you right away. Can I have your address? Oh I'm sorry, I forgot you gave it to me for the 95th time one hour ago. Oh gosh, that's near where I used to live for a week in '76. Yes, lovely area. Hopscotch in the bomb site, I remember, yes. OK yes - perhaps we could do lunch one day next decade and I can make you squirm with guilt for not adoring a bunch of utterly appalling tapes. Lovely. Bye-ee.

Phew, what a day. Hello? Yes it's me. Oh you know, busy busy busy. (Files nails.) We're thinking of signing a new act? Joshua Crystal? Oh, of course I've heard of them. I love them; they're brilliant. Bethley Where? Oh. Um. Yes. Oh of course, I think it's *crucial* to go down and develop an early rapport. Yes. Is there a swimming pool?

### Scene Three

(A Hack, in bed, on telephone.)

**HACK:** Yeah? Oh f\*\*kit, hang on.

Damn, I've just pretended to spill Drambuie all over the singles reviews. Wait a second while I pretend to take some drugs. Where's me shades? Right. Ready. Yeah? You like that? Really? Well thanks. I think it's very important to put things across to the kids in a straightforward accessible manner, y'know? Yeah well it did take me a while to chisel out those 15 words to accompany the glossy full-colour pin-up, but if a job's worth doing it's worth doing well, that's what I always say.

*Moronic, yeah.*  
What? Uh huh. I see. Sounds terrific. Well no, I haven't actually heard anything by the chick but if you're taking me all the way to sunny Bethlehem on expenses for a fortnight I'm convinced she's artistically valid. Mmm. What? Of course I know where it is. Don't you people read *The Bible*? Yeah, I guess it is a bit long to get through in an evening...

### ACT THREE Scene One

(A bunch of delighted shepherds under a red sky.)

**SHEPHERD 1:** Yum, this is a nice pie.

**SHEPHERD 2:** I am standing by a bush. It's *my* bush.

**SHEPHERD 3:** I am washing my socks.

**CATTLE:** Low, low.

**SHEPHERD 1:** When we want your opinion on the humour, we'll ask for it.

**SHEPHERD 46:** Are the sheep alright?

**SHEPHERD 35:** Yeah, no sweat. As long as you watch them, they're happy. Ruddy egomaniacs.

**SHEPHERD 79:** Look! Hark! What's that?

(Enter Archangel Gabriel, flanked by ranks of cherubim and seraphim.)

**GABRIEL:** Gordon Bennett, I'm workin' like a nigger this week. Listen you dozy farmers, I'm s'posed to tell you about this *really amazing* miracle that's goin' down over the next hill. You should've had a visitation from a star really but the scriptwriter's a bit of a stiff. Anyhow, fall down on your hands and knees an' stuff then leg it down the stable.

**SHEPHERD 63B:** But we represent the common people, the working classes!

**GABRIEL:** Eh? Oh cripes, hold up a minute. (Takes out intercom.) Hi guv, it's me, Gabe. Yeah. Listen, these sheepshaggers are givin' me strife over how they're an ethnic minority or something, I dunno.

Yeah. OK. Got it. Out.

**SHEPHERDS:** Well, wing-features?  
**GABRIEL:** Get moving, scum. Now.

### Scene Two

(The stable.)

**MARY:** Whew, that's worn me out.  
**JOSEPH:** I bet it has. The boys often wind me up after a hard day's shaving and levelling but I never thought it was really on the cards. Nice one, doll, congratulations. Now, what do you want me to do with this placenta?

### ACT FOUR Scene One

(Those other three, who were doing all the phone calls; now somewhere near Bethlehem.)

**PRESS OFFICER:** Hey! Zippy zippy! Wooh! I'm so naturally happy and exuberant! I've got no brain! Isn't it just *great*? Yeah! Wooh!

**HACK:** What's *he* doin' here?

**A&R MAN:** Well, I'm here because... well you see we haven't actually *signed* this character to the label yet but we intend to move fast. Also, the whole contrived thing had to be vaguely related to the *music scene* you see, so I'm sure you'll play ball. Nobody loses out except the next generation's sonic taste buds and we all get a groovy free trip out of it...

**HACK** (wrestling with conscience): OK, fine by me. Where's the pretend booze?

**PRESS OFFICER:** First we have to get to the stable.

**A&R MAN:** How do we do that?

**PRESS OFFICER:** We... (fanfare)... *follow the star!*

(Enter A Star.)

**A&R MAN:** Oh. Right. Yeah.

**HACK:** Facile symbolism; I love it.

**PRESS OFFICER:** Taxi! Taxi! Oh alright then... Camel! Camel!

### INTERMISSION

A word from our sponsors

**ZINGO!** It's the best! When you need a dingo, reach for ZINGO! (Electro music.) Yes kids, ZINGO is the one for you. People ask us - they say - what is a ZINGO? And we just laugh a lot (or grind their faces into the pavement with our heels) and say ZINGO is ZINGO! Because we *know* what's good for you! Because you're the same as everybody else! And we're BLOODY NOISY! Yes, ZINGO will TAKE! YOU! HIGHER! ZINGO is the only answer!

Or, if you prefer, the new album by Paul Young And The Royal Family is available for only £6.99 at a lot of shops which are really very

big and are near you.

### ACT FIVE Scene One

(Everybody is now crammed into the stable. This should provide a touching denouement to the play. I for one certainly hope so. To tell you the truth I haven't a clue how we're going to wrap the bugger up. The thing is you see once you start something like this you find the characters *come alive*, develop personalities of their own, start to react to each other's multi-faceted...)(*Look, just make it quick then f\*\*k off to Wales for Christmas - Ed.*)

**JOSEPH** (addressing the throng): So I gather you guys are all heavily interested in this kid...

**SHEPHERDS:** But he's so *cute!* Oh, look at him! Isn't he a little diddumslikins!

**A&R MAN:** I'd like to make you an offer, Mr Joseph. I'd like to take your little boy away with me; I have big plans for him. In the meantime I'll lend you *two million pounds!*

**SHEPHERDS:** Ooooooh!! (Pause. Joseph and Mary exchange meaningful stare.)

**JOSEPH:** No.

**A&R MAN:** What?!

**JOSEPH:** No. He's our child and we love him.

**SHEPHERDS:** Ye-es! F\*\*king brilliant! This'll have 'em weeping in the aisles! The masterstroke! And it's all so in tune with the seasonal spirit! Magic!

**A&R MAN:** Oh. Oh well. OK then. Bye.

**ALL:** Bye.

(Exit A&R Man, Hack, and Press Officer, in direction of The Moan And Spittle.)

**SHEPHERDS:** This is indeed a joyous occasion. Shall we sing a song?

**JOSEPH:** Thank you, but no. You've been most helpful. Run along and play quoits or something.

**SHEPHERDS:** Righty-ho. Ta-tal! (Exit shepherds. Joseph and Mary recline either side of the cradle.)

**MARY:** Joe?

**JOSEPH:** Yeah, Mez?

**MARY:** That's a lotta dough, y'know, two million.

**JOSEPH:** Mmm.

**MARY:** Still...

**JOSEPH:** Yeah...

(Light fades gradually.)

**JOSEPH:** Well, you never know, he could always turn out to be, say, The Son Of God! Ha ha ha ha ha...

**MARY:** Yes dear.

(Light fades to darkness.)

**MARY:** Boy, things are dull.

(Curtain.)

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# RING IN THE

## dead can dance

## click click



*"Frail of heart/Renounce all fears/  
For you have been/Mesmerised."*

**I**T'S TRUE, it's true. Ever since a friend (a friend, indeed) played me 'Ocean' from Dead Can Dance's eponymous debut LP, I've been captivated.

The magic is intangible. It is a great surge of sound deeply rooted in spiritual conviction, interpreted by a collection of like-minded persons (bloodbrothers of Popol Vuh?), whose nucleus – Brendan Perry and Lisa Gerrard – is attempting to explain things 13 floors up somewhere in East London. The view is breathtaking. Lisa's eyes scare me a little. If my questions carry the barest hint of criticism she becomes intense and then almost resigned. Should they seek to *justify* what they do and how they do it? As with fellow stable-mates the Cocteau Twins, their music just 'comes' . . .

Lisa explains: "I'm honestly starting to question how much control you really do have . . . Personally, I like the form of mantra, which expresses the urge of what you're doing. I use the immediate sound that comes to mind, that expresses the feeling of what I'm feeling."

"It's a medium which relies on sentiment," adds Brendan, the less intense (though he's equally impulsive) of the two.

Dead Can Dance were born in Australia, came to England in the spring of '82 and soon signed to 4AD, releasing 'Dead Can Dance' early last year, followed swiftly by the EP 'Garden Of The Arcane Delights'. The group were lately safely delivered of a second album, 'Spleen And Ideal'.

It is an imposing affair, grandiose even. If a 'theme' exists within these nine exquisite tracks then it is a profound sense of beauty and sorrow bonded as one. Lisa's yang ch'in (Chinese zither) and soaring, wordless voice strike an exotic chord; Brendan's lines offer something more defined; the strings hint at neo-classicism; the whole is timeless, stateless.

"We draw our influences from the world as a whole," explains Brendan. "We're anti-nation. We see that as the main dynamic aspect of our lives."

And the name? Surely shum mishtake? (As they say.)

Brendan: "I know, it's been our proverbial albatross."

Lisa: "We were looking for something to describe the process of creativity, of bringing inanimate things to life, so to speak." But unfortunately you landed yourselves with captions such as 'Bone Shaker Babies'. Laughable now, a little worrying then.

Lord knows what makes Dead Can Dance so special – I have no keys to their souls – but special they most certainly are. Renounce all prejudice and be seduced.

**W**ITHOUT WISHING to knock a town with more than its fair share of problems, it must be said that Luton is hardly the centre of the inspirational universe. The world's eyes rarely trouble themselves in that direction. Indeed, their only recent contribution to popular culture has come courtesy of a certain Mr P Young: hardly a great pedigree.

But bend an ear and you'll hear some strange rumblings from them thar hills; apocalyptic rhythms, haunting melodies and a chilling chant. Demonic scenes are splashed with space, the stride stripped bare as evocative cries weave in and out of unexplored crevices. This is the unforgiving, uncompromising sound of Click Click.

Click Click are the voice of Adrian Smith and the beat of brother Derek E Smith, plus a little help from their friends, in particular Jon Morris. Click Click are not so much a group as a way of life.

"We live it 24 hours a day, otherwise we couldn't produce what we do," explains Derek in tones of conviction.

Click Click have been around for three years in which time there have been two singles, the first a guitar-laden affair, the "second being the all powerful 'Sweet Stuff', whose roots could be traced to the inspired moments of Cabaret Voltaire and Clock DVA, though they claim never to have heard the latter.

They suggest their own influences.

Derek: "We go back to early Beefheart, Stockhausen – anything that's slightly grating wins through. Anything that stands out."

Adrian: "The things that I go back to constantly are Can's albums, Neu, Faust . . . that German period."

Inscribed on the sleeve of 'Sweet Stuff' is Click Click's motto: 'The more you hear, the more you hear'.

Adrian: "The equation is having something that's really harsh but has a nice melody to it. It throws you off balance."

"It's got to be haunting," adds Derek.

Although records have been few, their live work has often been unleashed on an unsuspecting audience.

Derek: "Our forte is live. It's a complete experience. We use as many slide projectors as we can. You've got to entertain people. We believe in taking people out of themselves for 40 minutes, so when they come away it's as if they've taken something weird . . . which most of them have, anyway."

What do you want them to come away thinking?

Jon: "What the f\*\*\* was that?"

Adrian: "F\*\*\*'s a word that has been used."

Derek: "The message is to stand outside of things and to think for yourself. The big time is never going to hit us at all. It's just not going to happen, but there's plenty of room for what we're doing."

Their live shows are also punctuated by self-composed horror stories.

Adrian: "They're my own stories, they're related to the songs, things that happen in your head. The mental dance, that's my term for the music 'cause I don't write it down. It happens in my head and if it's not dancing in there, it's no good."

Click Click, muscle music for those who want to exercise their imagination.

Derek: "Conservatism is creeping in everywhere. What we've got is forceful enough to nullify some of the rubbish."

Adrian: "We want to get something that's not easily discarded."

Click Click, an indispensable part of my future. Make it yours.



**David Elliott dissects Dead Can Dance to discover an ideal for living**

**Luton's Click Click ooze sweet stuff over Kevin Murphy, while Chris Craske goes click**

# NEW the class of '86

## shop assistants

## grace slick



**N**ONE OF The Shop Assistants are shop assistants. Fine. Only about a year ago, I heard the first single by (Buba And) The Shop Assistants – informal, exploratory brainchild of their main (and only) man, David Keegan. 'Something To Do' was a ramshackle but evocative pop blast, and convinced me that there – in some far corner of Edinburgh forever Ramones, Ronettes and racing heartbeats – was something to check on later in term.

And now here we are, me and a proper group – in some far corner of Edinburgh forever the tackiest shopping mall conceived – not quite dancing in the glittering fountains but certainly giggling a lot about being one of the few names on taste-blessed lips. So what did they expect?

Alex: "Nothing!"

David: "No. I hoped something would happen."

Alex: "We kind of hoped we'd get to number one . . ."

Which they almost did last year with 'All Day Long' and its accompanying three tracks. It was the first record by the present Shop Assistants: David (guitar), Alex (singer, female), Sarah (bass) and Laura and Ann (drums).

Like that one, their fine new single comprising 'Safety Net', 'Almost Made It' and 'Somewhere In China' (on 53rd and 3rd Records) catches their raw and changeable character. Fast like a light punk resolution, or slow like a Velveten ballad. Wistful or wired. Girls At Our Best or Chris Montez. Mo Tucker or 'Go Mental' . . .

Alex: "Knowing The Pastels has had a lot to do with it – I think if it hadn't been for them, we'd still be practising in David's bedroom . . ."

Oh, alright – them as well. The pop ethic is certainly borne of kindred spirit. And one more reference point. This is the sort that thinks Wham!'s sort is pointless.

Live, The Shop Assistants can be just as ensnaring as their records, just as entrancing. But they're also *hard* and quite chaotic, too. Maybe it's only dangerous because it's sometimes in danger of falling apart: but in pop that's a good danger.

Alex: "I'd like to be Britain's first woman Prime Minister."

David: "So would I."

Alex and David admit to singing songs

about unrequited love, the odd runaway ('Safety Net') and the odd Nazi ('Switzerland'). That apart, a strong feminist intention has yet to manifest itself successfully. But I'd wager it will come, determined.

Alex: "Something that annoys me is people who think politics are boring, and that feminists all have short hair and dungarees."

Sarah: "And don't wear make-up."

Alex: "Yeah, but look at me: I look like a tart, but I'm still a feminist. I think it's really good if you can actually communicate something seriously, not just be a silly little girl – and yet at the same time, not look like you weave your own lentils . . . David? I've seen that Bullworker . . ."

What's your stance on Bullworkers?

Sarah: "I hate them."

Alex: "I've never stood on one."

David: "I think it depends. In a way, I think if something like that is said really well, then yeah . . . definitely. But then again . . . I'm not sure."

Alex: "I hate Felicity Kendal. She's so coy and twee and disgusting. I hate women who make you feel that everything's alright, because everything isn't alright . . ."

David: "It's just an attitude that everyone should have – but it's got to be called something, it's got to be put up on a pedestal, because so many people are so bloody stupid."

Laura squeals and I notice through the corner of my eye that she's quite small. A *faux pas* is not something I like to indulge in so, to swerve clear away from the physical . . . has anyone grown up?

Various snorts from the assembled 19 to 21s.

David: "Mentally? I don't know. Some really great people, like Bertrand Russell, my hero of all time, always kept this great element of the child. I think it's really bad to decide that when you're 21 you're not a child any more."

Alex: "It's really bad to get middle-aged – I mean, you should be able to be grown-up without becoming . . . stuffy."

David: "But I think 'teenage' is a real fallacy, anyway. No one is a real teenager."

Oh? Don't bet on it. I used to know some. But they're quite stuffy now. And I certainly doubt if they remember much about music that can make you laugh or cry.

**S**OLD OUT? We haven't sold out. We haven't made enough money to sell out."

Grace Slick is not going meekly to the altar of her first American Number One single with Starship's 'We Built This City'. The song's unabashed attempts to seduce the airwaves – the radio promo copies even left out the DJ patter in the middle so that local jocks could insert their own rap – has produced the expected scorn and derision from those critics who can't see the class for the crass.

"We play what we like, we always have," counters Grace, who hasn't been short of a sharp riposte for 46 years. "Perhaps that's why the rock press have never liked us."

But a generation who were scarcely born when Grace was making Cindy Jackson look pathetically demure back in the '60s have no such scruples. They're even packing out the gigs on Starship's current American tour.

"We're playing big places and it's young kids who turn up at those kind of shows. We aren't paying them, they're paying us," she asserts down the line from Charleston, Carolina. "We even put in a couple of Airplane numbers and they always go down well."

Grace is the sole surviving member of Jefferson Airplane remaining in Starship, Paul Kantner – elbowed out last year – having taken the Jefferson tag with him and reportedly charging them 100,000 dollars for the continued use of the Starship moniker.

Grace, who was Paul's wife for seven years (they named their child God until earthly authorities intervened), has no regrets. "You can go a lot faster without chains on your wheels."

But she does have some sympathy for Paul, who has sadly been reduced to sneaking to Starship's San Francisco mansion and gouging out the eyes on group photos: "There's always a tendency to blame the band when you're not happy. Paul is unhappy but it's Paul that's making Paul unhappy."

She speaks from experience, having bailed out herself in an alcoholic haze during a (rare) European tour in 1978. But two years later she was back, dried out and freshened up. And since then Starship have generally managed at least one American hit off each of their albums.

But 'We Built This City' is different in that even the British charts have succumbed to its blatant charms. "We opened to other writers on this album," says Grace. "And we ended up working purely for the benefit of each song. We wanted a good record rather than just me, me, me."

A few years ago that concept – let alone the practicality – would have been unthinkable in Starship, but now the band have proved themselves as flexible as they are durable. And Grace is still getting a kick out of it all, although she doesn't party anymore.

"Watching people blowing smoke at each other bores me to death. I'd rather go to my room and read a book."

Reading also helps to distract her from declining laundry standards in American hotels. "It's appalling. The other day I got back a pair of pyjamas and they'd been starched. Imagine!"



**Robin Gibson goes in search of a Bullworker and gets served by the Shop Assistants**

**Hugh Fielder gets together with the Starship trooper, Grace Slick, to discuss starched pyjamas**

# MESSIAHS

## talking sense

**WE** ARE, believe it or not, a race with two brains.

The thalamus is a small, pinkish cluster of nerves and cells which lies at the bottom centre of the brain.

The thalamus – Greek for 'hidden chamber' – is a legacy from our animal ancestors, and it is thought that here is seated our 'sixth sense', powers of telepathy and intuition, and (yes, there is a point to all this) our appreciation of music.

It is on this extremely sensitive organ that music makes its unique effect, and when the reception of music is good a kind of 'brainwashing' takes place.

In other words, when you hear some sounds and your heart leaps or your spine tingles, your thalamus has decided *this is it* and isn't going to let you forget it.

The sound of the Screaming Blue Messiahs did that to me not so long ago, and when I met Bill Carter, their singer-guitarist, a few days later we talked of the same thing, that . . . *naked singularity*, if you like.

"It's gone anyway, you can't analyse it the next day, it's gone," says Bill. "People try to write a book about it. Some people are up for *that spark*, and others just wanna f\*\*\*in' knock.

"Some people don't want nothing good, because it makes them feel insecure . . . a lot of people have got their own little world, and they don't want nothing to f\*\*\* with it.

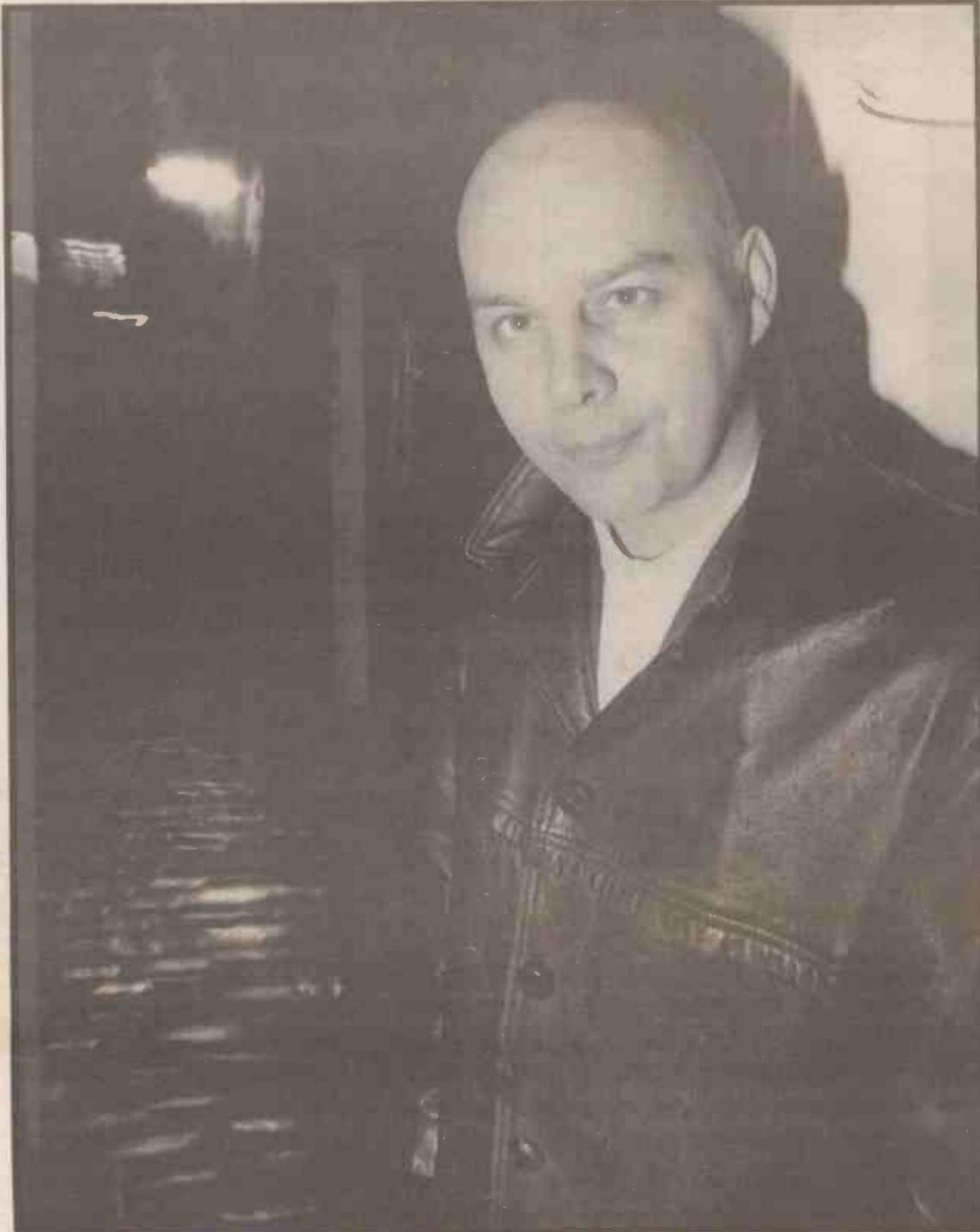
"But if you're still hungry and up and looking for things, life can be a lot more exciting."

Bill is intense in his conversation, as he is with his music. The figure he cuts on stage conjures up all sorts of images – 'vicious', 'hypnotic' and 'disturbing' are the words constantly used to describe him.

"It's getting in a sort of mood. I've got ideas about how I feel. You know like when you see Mohammed Ali and he starts mouthing off, well he probably doesn't know what he's going to say and that's how I feel, I look back on it and think, what was all that about?"

"It's just that I know it feels right when I'm doing it, it feels right, you know that you're hitting the spot. It's a powerful form of music, it's a . . . feeling, a feeling."

**B**ROUGHT UP on a diet of The Yardbirds and Geno Washington, without his music Bill says he would be "staring at the walls".



THE BILL

With their next album due sometime early next year, the Screaming Blue Messiahs have reached, he says, "the end of an era", with the new direction leading off with the recent 45 'Twin Cadillac Valentine'.

Does the physical release stop you killing the cat?

"I've already killed the cat, I dropped my guitar on it." (That'll teach me not to be so clever.)

"No, it makes a lot of things make sense, that's exactly it. It's a bit of everything. Sometimes I think it's funny, sometimes I think it's quite sinister. But it's a powerful way of communicating.

"You can do what you like, say what you like. It's nice manipulating that situation and taking advantage of it, it's interesting and exciting."

Is it ever a waste putting out

that much emotion to people?

"The problem is, you gotta play the record to people, and if they don't have that emotion – and I don't think a lot of people have, 'cos it's sorta been beaten out of them – then you wonder who you're playing to. You wonder who's out there who could be possibly interested."

And what of the people who come to see you?

"I think the audience is great. I like them, because I think they're up for it. You're not there to hurt people or to teach them a lesson. I don't know . . ." (very long pause) . . . I just think *they're not c\*\*\*s*."

**T**HE INCREDIBLE tightness of Kenny and Chris, drummer and bassist, tells of a compelling fusion of ideals.

For all the positivity, I still get the feeling that you could be a heavy bunch of characters if the urge gripped you.

"It is unusual to find three people who get off on the same thing, and can do it together and help each other to do it.

"We don't socialise that much or anything, everyone's got their own lives to lead. I don't see the others that much apart from when we play, and when we do it's like all of us jumping off a building together.

"There is a chemistry there, and we're all hungry . . . all hungry. I've started believing in myself a bit more. Anyway, it's only a guitar, you do what you f\*\*\*in' want with it.

"I think I'm playing less and less as well, which is good because it gets less *musical*."

"I can see how that comes across, but as people we're more than reasonable. It's channelling that side of yourself, that part of you which is in everybody.

"It just happens to be that's what we want to channel. It is a heavy thing, it's a heavy thing for me to do, it's psychologically heavy. That's one of the beauties of it, because you don't have to walk down the street like that."

But for the people who can't . . .

"Exactly, that's why there's so many rapes and murders and stuff, that's why there's a lot of screwed up people."

I compare Bill's stage persona with the man sitting in front of me, and unwittingly open a floodgate, as if he had been bottling it all up.

"When you're on tour and you're doing that every night . . . it's a fine line, a fine line. You can get well psyched out, but I try to keep my feet on the ground.

"You can get far too involved with what you do on stage, and you start behaving like that in real life and become a c\*\*\*.

"It is a powerful position to be in, and you could quite easily start to believe in it.

"I like music, I like the feeling, and to me that's more about being alive than rules, or society . . . I don't understand most of it. I'm not being deliberately obtuse, I just don't get it. So you end up thinking, what can you do? So I play my guitar and do that. It's a job.

"You can sit next to a footballer and say, well you're not kicking a ball around now, are you? He's good at it, so he plays on Saturdays, and that's what I do. I can't walk down the street like that, I'd get put away.

"It's an exaggerated situation, and that's the whole point of it."

**W**E SIT in silence for a while. I remark, perhaps rather flippantly, that he doesn't relish doing interviews and in a brief moment of frustration he retorts:

"Well, would you? A f\*\*\*in' relative stranger asking you loads of questions. F\*\*\* it. . ."

He left me with a few words that have made a lasting impression, words that cut through to the very centre of all we'd talked about, and more.

"You know, I love and respect my parents, I've got some good friends, I try to be a reasonable person.

"I'm not out to prove anything, but I'm a human being and there's a lot of violence in human beings. You have to put brakes on your own personality, because it's endless.

"Someone once said this to me, when we were well involved with this and I was well off the case.

"They said, *'don't mess with the infinite. !'*"

**Who killed the cat with his guitar and gave NEIL PERRY a kick in the thalamus? Carter of the SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS owns up as GAVIN WATSON gets him up against the wall**

# 1985

## THE HEAVEN YEAR BITCH

**CHRIS ROBERTS** looks back on the year of Live Aid, Madonna, Brooce and Princess Di, and insists that, despite it all, he still had a good time

**O**F COURSE 1985 fell through the trapdoor rubbing its ruddy eyes to the strains of "feed thuh whirr-hurled", and will probably scurry up the drainpipe on a vaguely identical wave of forced populist awareness...

It's like having to kiss a wrinkled Granny on Boxing Day... Fair enough...

Of course, 1985 was the year of Live Aid, Madonna, Bruce Springsteen, Princess Diana; when pop sold papers and sold itself short; when millions of starving people were saved while George Michael (salt of the earth) sang about sex and it was left to The Jesus And Mary Chain to sing about love...

Of course, 1985 was in many ways despicable.

I had a great time.

Something's wrong with one of us.

**I** THINK it's Princess Di, or whatever her name is, really. I think that's what did it: when the tabloids decided she was 'The Pop Princess'. God, such an accolade (alliterative, even) — for one so wretchedly undeserving. Because she sat through one whole hour of Wembley's Live Aid spectacular on Saturday, July 13. *Oh, don't strain yourself, dearie.*

Jeez, that day I trailed Kevin 'Cram' Murphy round Hampstead Heath for six cruel miles, had a bath, got completely out of it, went to a party, went to another party, missed my lift,

slept in a cellar in Mile End, and still managed not only to get the Bowie bits taped but also to participate in lively ethical discussions about the role of pop music in society for simply weeks afterwards.

The dangerously offensive thing is that when Di invites the Paul Youngs and Phil Collinses of this (that) world to her 'shindigs' (be sure to hold your glass between the correct fingers, but — oh, heavens no — we don't stand on ceremony here), *people believe in it.*

Now I'm sure she's very charming (if a bit gormless), despite the way she appears always to be *struggling not to dribble*, but if teenagers are being weaned on this image of pop music as a nicety, a family hobby, a pet pony for Sundays, then its supposedly immortal spirit and character are being subtly and shrewdly eroded. It's all very pleasant. Paul wears a DJ (preferably a Radio One knob), a bow tie, and a 'cheeky smile'. They shake hands. Wide-eyed kid thinks: "Oh, Paul is even more famous now."

This is bad, really.

Wogan is not entirely blameless — obviously — and the John Blakes depend on this new parasitic symbiosis between establishment figures and careerist pop stars like they depend on oxygen. Major record companies have held this slick and sick and compromising non-attitude for nearly two decades. Punk blew it all away, *but didn't*. Too many today 'subversion' means *crawling* for five years then giving a couple of bob to charity.

Of course it would be utterly facile and naive to say there is no positive rebellion anymore.

There is no positive rebellion anymore.

This is why The Jesus And Mary Chain's semi-accidental image is so crucial and necessary; but you will come to that later, slowcoach.

There is a fair bit of negative rebellion, withdrawal, which is instigated/enacted by the escapists and aesthetes. This is similar to opting out

with pretty clothes on, and is sort of OK as long as they don't fart.

Madonna farts.

You may think. You may think Madonna is a rebel, or even an active protagonist feminist. The wit in 'Material Girl', right? The honest earthiness of 'Into The Groove'? Go get 'em, gal...

Here is why Madonna is not alright (or thin) in my (Great Unfinished) book.

Madonna is symptomatic of the '80s, cultural acceptance of the secondbest and the not bad and the quite funny (Kathy Acker, Dan Ackroyd, Steven Spielberg). Madonna's records are either well-constructed ('Lucky Star'), garbage ('Gambler'), or nothing at all ('Crazy For You'). Madonna edits *The Capitalist Times*. In only (only?) the first few months of her Asset Reign we get *The Movie*, *The Nude Photos*, even *The Wedding*. Sisters are blowing it for themselves. All the trump cards with their heads cut off rushing away, bang bang bang. Rake it in, strive not for longevity or dignity.

Madonna, in 1985, went *boom!* and money fell from the sky. Madonna's career so far is the American Dream.

Marilyn Monroe's career was not, ultimately, the American Dream.

Marilyn Monroe was interesting.

Madonna is not — and this is an easy one to get wrong — Great Shallow Pop Art. True trivial transience only transcends when its minimalism and heartlessness sets off depth, emotion, control, lack of control, *reality*. Soup cans can be opened by monks or junkies. The possibilities are endless.

Blondie were Great. Blondie claimed to be worth nothing, to have no value. Blondie conveyed, among many other nuances, a vast sense of the feel of the late '70s New York underground, moved and adapted with agility from a dirty background to changing musical pulsebeats, patronised pre-hip hip-hop, and along the way made a video (for

**CONTINUES OVER**

“ ‘You’ll Never Walk Alone’ by The Crowd was Number One for two weeks, which just goes to show that football is a far more sentimental affair than world famine ”



TOM WAITS: made the rains of acclaim come down



WHITNEY HOUSTON: deservedly here to stay



SCRITTI POLITTI: as fine a pop equation as any

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

'Atomic') wherein the band played a post-holocaust gig in anti-radiation gear ... some of the audience at this 'gig' had wires coming out of their heads and rubber arms. That's a thought-provoking thing for a 15-year-old to see.

Debbie Harry had style, a yellow plastic mac, and eyes like a wounded kitten.

Madonna has big tits.

Boys, boys, you don't know what you're missing.

**G**EORGE MICHAEL is probably no more obnoxious than 70 per cent of the males in your local tonight. He is one of the New Unromantic Careerists, but says so. He did a clever thing: he got out of Watford. He did another clever thing — somehow it seemed as if Wham! were BIG NEWS all year round, when in fact they were merely touring China and getting their picture in *The Mirror* every day. When 'I'm Your Man' was released (hardly as intense a sexual overture as, say, 'Get It On'), the competition was *nobody*. Unless you count Feargal Sharkey, Jennifer Rush, A-ha and Red Box as somebodies. In which case you have mental disabilities. Or are their mother.

Of course 1985 was the year when Culture Club, Spandau Ballet, Duran Duran and The Thompson Twins died. (Oh glorious, glorious! The Thompsons' plastic palace crumbled in the meekest of material breezes.) Frankie went to Purgatory. No doubt the nose-jobs are proficiently executed there.

Perhaps Live Aid did some harm. Certainly the careers (you see the way that word keeps smartly entering without knocking) of Dire Straits, Sade, Elton John, funny old Queen, and various other Out! Now! Volume! album chart toppers didn't suffer after it. Bryan Ferry diluted himself with Perrier, and his weakest ever album became one of his most successful. Midge Ure became Good Ol' Midge. Geldof got accolades and fatigue, and Paula got the run of independent television.

If you were Tears For Fears, or Kate Bush, you were allowed to arrive late with a note and be forgiven and hugged. If you were a record called 'Holiday' or 'Drive' you doubled your earnings from '84. If you were Simple Minds you went from casualty to geriatric and smugly put on weight as you rested on barely-existent laurels. If you didn't like charity records, you were in big trouble.

'We Are The World' by USA For Africa was Number One for one week in this country.

'You'll Never Walk Alone' by The Crowd was Number One for two weeks, which goes to show that football is a more sentimental affair than world famine.

'Sun City' by Artists United Against Apartheid — a jolly decent record — is struggling to make the Top 20 as I write.

It's even lower than the one about AIDS...

Even though Bruce Springsteen is on it.

The summer, for many inhabitants of these shores, consisted of a few weeks looking forward to *The Springsteen Gig* and a few weeks remembering same.

The critics were unanimous, the punters were a united mouse. Trendy young men who earn their crust describing 'rock 'n' roll' as 'hoary' suddenly underwent a *volte-face* and took to wearing jeans and proclaiming three chord songs with three brain-cell lyrics (though not *always* in the same order) to be 'invigorating' and 'poetic'.

It was really astute of Brooce to know where he'd been born.

Clever one, that.

They cleaned his teeth and put him in videos. He had hit singles. All his albums re-cluttered the charts. Many who should've had more self-respect started referring to him as 'The Boss'. The Boss got married.

I wonder what she calls him?

I saw Bruce Springsteen live once, at Wembley, whenever it was that 'The River' came out. I found it quite entertaining until he did a Status Quo song called 'Rockin' All Over The World'.

That I didn't like.

By a strange coincidence, 'Rockin' All Over The World' was the first song performed at the Live Aid concert.

That was the one The Pop Princess heard all the way through.

Of course another thing that is supposed to have happened in 1985 is 'the American invasion'. This means that bands such as The Long Ryders, Green On Red, Los Lobos, The Blasters, Jason And The Scorchers, The Beat Farmers, Rain Parade, and anyone else with a checked shirt who draws their entire set from Neil Young's 'Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere' are household names now.

Visit your neighbour. Say to them which of the following have you never heard of: Boris Becker, Norman Tebbit, The Long Ryders? You will get my point.

ZZ Top are some other Americans. There are three of them. I know this because as soon as they released some videos which featured 'sexy' women showing off their legs, they became very famous and *reversed as musicians*.

Hang on.

A flash of thigh! A glimpse of stocking!

Good. Now this page is credible and rootsy.

Late on in the year ZZ Top made an LP called 'Afterburner' which quite a few people had to pretend to like to save face.

In January 1985 Dusty Hill shot himself.

In January 1986 he won't have to bother.

I saw ZZ Top live once, at Donington, but I was thinking about something else. I saw lots of things at Donington, 80 per cent of them hilarious once you got the rhythm (sluggish, graceless). At Glastonbury it rained and was muddy and Echo And The Bunnymen played cover versions. At Milton Keynes U2 were apparently so pompous and barrel-chested and tedious that the day has ever since been referred to as 'The Longest Day'.

# 1985

"Whatever happened to Prince?"  
 "Oh, he manages Sique Sique Sputnik now."  
 "Really?"

**F**ROM THE day Foreigner christened the year with 'I Wanna Know What Love Is', it had to be a golden year for AOR (Any Old Rubbish) — Chicago, Glenn Frey, Bonnie Tyler, John Parr, The Far Corporation, Bryan Adams. Sheesh. Me, I've got taste; I picked out that Elaine Paige and Barbra Dickson single as a monster a mile off. Dig out an old issue of *Sounds* if you don't believe me: it's in the one after the one where I adamantly stated that both Madonna and Pete Burns were dismissable as one-hit wonders.

"It was a good year for albums though, wasn't it?"  
 "Yeah, it was, yeah."  
 "And there were some good Australian bands coming through..."  
 "Right, yeah, there were."  
 "Are you OK?"  
 "Me? Fine, yes. Do carry on."

**O**F COURSE 1985 did play host to a few good creations. Like Creation. Like Chakk and Hula. Like the way certain 'veterans' made their strongest and yet most accessible music to date. The Cure convinced with their intelligent, insidious pop. The Fall won convertees and made loyalists weep with joy. Tom Waits made the rains of acclaim come down and Marc Almond (there is a link) sang his heart out, coming to his finely-tuned sensibilities after a fling with the horrendously over-rated Bronski Beat, who split up because they wanted people to think they cared enough about music to have musical differences. Dexy's Midnight Runners' return was greeted with a hail of apathy, which baffles me. 'Don't Stand Me Down' sticks out from the year's albums like a sore terrier. Positive rebellion comes in different guises.

The Smiths went vegetarian and everyone swallowed 'Meat Is Murder' after hearing the first track, 'Headmaster Ritual' on the radio or in a record shop. The rest was trite and phoney, though Morrissey's 'Marry me' gesture on the rapidly-expiring *Top Of The Pops* was a romantic coup de theatre. New Order somehow chiselled out a seriously terrific and melancholy LP in 'Lowlife', while The Cocteau Twins meandered in their own sweet way across terrain nobody understood but everybody wanted to.

Bye bye to the latently magnificent Sisters Of Mercy. Nick Cave didn't go away, and neither did Clint Ruin, while Nico and John Cale came back strong and tall. The Cult filled a vacuum for too many impressionable black sheep.

Of course there were some splendid commercial films... *Crimes Of Passion*, *Beyond Thunderdome*, *My Beautiful Laundrette*, *Repo Man*, *Witness*, *The Man With Two Brains*, *Purple Rose Of Cairo*... and there were the phenomena. *Rambo* starred a physically deformed mental retard with a speech impediment and a woofah's name who

went around killing people. I snarled at a Coke can as I left the cinema. *Desperately Seeking Susan* was a reasonably light-footed comedy which starred Rosanna Arquette. It sent several twats into paroxysms of ecstasy about what a 'natural' actress Madonna is. So she must be.

While it wasn't a classic year for soul/funk. There were moments — James Brown's British shows drew mixed reactions; mine was one of advanced delirium. Al Green made a good record again. The Womacks levelled out. If there were new names, they came up through Streetwave's persistent fresh electro-hunting and one-off silky sapphires like 'Move Closer'.

Whitney Houston is deservedly here to stay and if Ready For The World maintain the standard of their debut album I will invite them (and their girlfriends... or maybe just their girlfriends) to my next Tupperware party. Cameo, a heavy metal group, were mistaken by some for a major soul outfit on the strength of one fine cut ('She's Strange'), while my darlings of '84, Shannon and The SOS Band, did badly and nothing respectively. Ashford & Simpson performed some highly memorable shows, as — naturally — did Maze. Someone called Diana Ross was around for a while.

Ouch.

**O**F COURSE there are a million things I've omitted. I've just counted them and — yes — it comes to a million exactly.

Hüsker Dü and Sonic Youth made constructive noises. The Dead Kennedys resurfaced. Spear Of Destiny roared, motivating some and irritating others. Scritti Politti came up with as fine a pop equation as any since 'The Lexicon Of Love'. Bowie and Jagger was a simple addition which worked out, too. The Clash split again, I think. Prefab Sprout demolished some of the preconceptions about their 'wimpiness' with 'Steve McQueen'. David Sylvian almost became a hippy, which was almost a grave personal loss. Billy Idol did with an amiable sneer what Madonna did with a marketing forum. And Xmal Deutschland were — allow me this — unique.

It was all a bit of a mixture, really.

Of course all theories are hypothetical.

Except the one which says 'Psycho Candy' is perfectly nearly perfect; that if you'd been at North London Poly on Friday March 15 you couldn't possibly disagree with this fact.

"So what can we look forward to in 1986?"

"That's a really glib, music paper Christmas edition sort of question. You can't say."

"But surely it won't all be Sade and Dee C Lee and Alison Moyet and King and glorified pub-rock and Hall And Oates impersonations?"

"Oh no, no. Er... no. No."

"So you're optimistic?"

"I'm getting a new record player for Christmas, if that's what you mean."

"No, that wasn't what I meant."

"Oh. Ask me again then."



PAUL YOUNG: almost criminally pleasant



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: remembered where he was born, forgot to stay there



JOHN PARR: who?

Neal Preston/LFI

Ron Wolfson/Relay



# T O P

**Here they are ! The pickings of '85, as plucked by your favourite superstars . . . plus a couple of people who happen to be in pop groups. All those celebs featured here were ordered under sentence of death to compile their top ten favourite 'things' of '85. This is what was handed back**



**WHERE DO you keep your cream, Lloyd?**

## LLOYD COLE

Things I had in my suitcase in '85

- 1 Mott The Hoople
- 2 Alan Gilchrist
- 3 Sunspel boxer shorts
- 4 Black & White Pluko hair gel
- 5 TS Eliot
- 6 Miles Davis
- 7 Body Shop Sage & Comfrey acne and open pore cream
- 8 Laurie Anderson
- 9 Levi's
- 10 Ricard

## PATSY KENSIT

- 1 'The Girl From Ipanema' – Astrid Gilberto
- 2 'Wild Thing' – Jimi Hendrix
- 3 'Favourite Shirt' – Haircut 100
- 4 'Summer Breeze' – The Isley Brothers
- 5 'Whistle Down The Wind' – Haircut 100
- 6 'Instinction' – Spandau Ballet
- 7 'Rio' – Duran Duran
- 8 'Wishing On A Star' – Rose Royce
- 9 Juicy Fruit
- 10 'Sweetest Girl' – Scritti Politti



**NICE TRANSPORT, Ozzy**

## OZZY OSBOURNE

- 1 *Woman In Red* – the video
- 2 'Brothers In Arms' – a Dire Straits album
- 3 Mercedes 500 SEL AMG – a car
- 4 *Lucky* – a book by Jackie Collins
- 6 *Porridge* – a TV show
- 7 'See The Day' – DC Lee
- 8 *View To A Kill* – a movie
- 9 *Minder* – a TV show
- 10 **Angry Anderson** in *Mad Max – Beyond Thunderdome*

Fave Dislike – *Mad Max – Beyond Thunderdome*

## MR SPENCER

- 1 Being snubbed by Kenneth Williams



**DANNY BAKER (left) gets grilled by Mr Spencer**

- 2 The occasional Spud-U-Like (with coleslaw)
- 3 *Man About The House* re-runs and the great side-burn revival
- 4 **Sisters Of Mercy** on *Whistle Test* and at Royal Albert Hall
- 6 Shooting *Love Kills* in Fulham
- 7 Shaking hands with **Jimmy Greaves**
- 8 Discovering thermal long-johns
- 9 Discussing **Laurel And Hardy** with **Danny Baker**
- 10 Being violently sick whilst watching *The Fame Game* (all ITV regions)



**NICE FLAT, Robbi**

## ROBBI MILLAR

- 1 Escaping the winter depression for the steamy delights of the Rock In Rio festival in Brazil – the music wasn't bad either!
- 2 Buying a tastefully designed, turn of the century garden flat in Richmond
- 3 **ZZ Top, Ratt, Bon Jovi** live at Donington – the only sunny day *all* summer
- 4 **ZZ Top's** new LP, 'Afterburner'
- 5 Managing to avoid *Live Aid!*
- 6 Discovering a fab new Burmese restaurant in South London – name and location kept secret to preserve exclusivity
- 7 **The Iron Maiden** live LP, 'Live After Death'
- 8 Two weeks in Greece
- 9 The sad demise of the *real Van Halen*; the welcome return of the original **Aerosmith**
- 10 The death of Bobby Ewing in *Dallas*

## GARRY BUSHELL

- 1 Death of the Valley. . . closing down Charlton's ground was football's equivalent of nicking the Mona Lisa from the Louvre. And yet still, Phoenix-like from the ashes, the Valiants roar out of the grey confines of Selhurst Park towards First Division glory. When the red, red Robin. . . (cont Kembles Head)
- 2 Death of the **Clash** . . . the dream is over. Sad but inevitable – we never changed a thing, but they didn't half write some red-hot rebel anthems along the way (one of the best being the farewell single 'This Is England'). And at least we've still got **BAD** to call our own
- 3 **Broooooo** at Wembley for Independence Day! What's this? An honest man with feeling and real talent in rock 'n' roll? Nah, it'll never catch on. . .
- 4 **Alf Garnett and Chas 'n' Dave** at the Palladium. The best double act since **Barbara Windsor** met the drinking man's **Robin Day**. Cor! Strewth! Strike a light! Would you Adam and Eve it! Screw me with a rag-man's trumpet (cont Queen Vic).
- 5 *Running Free* – the biography of **Iron Maiden**. Book (*you mean plug – Ed*) of the year or what?! Whoever writ this deserves his own brewery, John, and no mistake
- 6 TV Times. . . card-sharp **Robby Box**; artful **Arfur Daley's** 'death'; *Fawly Towers* and *Porridge* funnier than the rest ten years on. . . Yeah, it's still worth the licence fee
- 7 **Mike Read's** sex life – more of a laugh than *The Hit's* circulation figures. **Icicle Works?! Monica Ramone?! Tony Blackburn** was never like this!
- 8 **The Blood** at Mainsqueeze. The Power and the Gory! Shock rock meets **Benny Hill** in an orgy of stockings, suspenders and sense-shattering sound. Why ain't they massive? (*Because you're their manager – Ed*)
- 9 **Angry Anderson** the actor! We're talking the crazy baldhead's debut in *Mad Max – Beyond Thunderdome*. Like, move over **Sir Laurence** and tell **John Gielgud** the news!
- 10 **Derek Hatton's** suit! You can tell a man's politics by the cut of his whistle – which makes **Mr Militant** razor sharp. No wonder **Seething Wells** is in the SWP!



**THIS IS Bessie isn't it, Glyn?**

## GLYN BROWN

- 1 **Roy Orbison** live and sveltly dangerous at the Royal Albert Hall
- 2 **Cocteau Twins' 'Aikea Guinea'** 45 re-establishing faith after differences of opinion
- 3 'German Art In The Twentieth Century' exhibition at The Royal Academy
- 4 Watching the audience watching **Nico**, Chelsea Town Hall
- 5 Watching **Ferlin and Bessie**, Piscean kittens of distinction, mauling shoelaces
- 6 **Tom Waits**, walking under gold glitter-showers, Dominion July in Paris, Les Halles in brutal sunshine
- 8 **The Vibes** live at Clarendon (downstairs) and similarly electrified haircuts
- 9 Third viewing of **Carlos Saura's Carmen**
- 10 'LA', **The Fall**, live at Hammersmith Palais

## JANE SIMON

- 1 **Big Audio Dynamite** at the Kentish Town Town & Country Club
- 2 **The Cult 'Love'** (Beggars Banquet)
- 3 **The Hoodoo Gurus** in Sheffield and London and both LPs
- 4 **Twenty Flight Rockers** all over the place
- 5 **July 14 'Me And My Gun'** (Greasy Pop Records Import)
- 6 **The Clash** splitting up and **Pam and Bobby** getting back together in *Dallas*
- 7 *Repo Man*
- 8 **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**, Alice In Wonderlands
- 9 *Live Aid* and boys with long black hair
- 10 **Brilliant's** dance routine and the fireworks at Donington

## SANDY ROBERTSON

- 1 *Mishima: A Life In Four Chapters* – movie by **Paul Schrader**
- 2 Going to Dallas to buy a cowboy hat
- 3 **Basil Rathbone** as **Sherlock Holmes** on BBC2



**SANDY BOY** meets fellow members of the **Dracula Society**

- 4 A Goddess In Green flitting through the office
- 5 *The Vampire Lestat* – novel by **Anne Rice**
- 6 **The Jesus And Mary Chain** – riots, 'Psycho Candy', cheek, scams, etc
- 7 Joining the **Dracula Society**
- 8 *Ghosts And Scholars* – a magazine devoted to **MR James**
- 9 **Nastassia Kinski** advertising Lux on TV
- 10 The original **Velvet Underground** albums re-mastered; on tape, too!

## BRUCE DICKINSON

- 1 Wife
- 2 Fencing
- 3 Daydreaming
- 4 Books
- 5 Wife's cooking
- 6 A pint of **ESB** with the lads (or a gallon with the wife)
- 7 Walking the dogs
- 8 Old British black and white films/TV
- 9 Having my head and back scratched
- 10 Sleeping in my own bed (see 1 above)

## ANDY HURT

- 1 Meeting **Ron & Russell Mael**
- 2 **The Rapiers** live
- 3 **Pebbles** winning the Champion Stakes at Newmarket
- 4 Discovering Sainsbury's cheese balls
- 5 Having my Sony Walkman pack up four days after the guarantee ran out
- 6 Writing the sleeve notes to **Dissidenten's 'Sahara Elektrik'**
- 7 *Mad Max – Beyond Thunderdome*
- 8 Interviewing **Jonas Almqvist** of **The Leather Nun**
- 9 'Don't Forget That Beat' by **Doug Wimbish**
- 10 **Three Mustaphas Three**

## CAROLE LINFIELD

- 1 *EastEnders* (I never thought anything could better *Brookside* but **Dirty Den** and the rest have won me over)
- 2 Cruising along the Canal de Midi on a haze of vin de pays listening to "*D-d-d-d-dix neuf, dix neuf*"
- 3 **Talking Heads** – 'Little Creatures'
- 4 Cruising (again) this time in a white convertible along the LA freeway. Listening to **Tears For Fears' 'Shout'** and

# T E N S



**FANCY SEEING you here, Hendy**

'Everybody Wants To Rule The World'; sunbathing in the Californian desert

- 5 Listening to 'Brothers In Arms' live in Israel, while helicopters flutter overhead on their way to the war zone
- 6 **Fine Young Cannibals'** eponymous LP
- 7 The rebirth of **Jimmy Somerville** with 'You Are My World'
- 8 **Los Lobos, The Cure, Hüsker Dü, Lloyd Cole**
- 9 Snickering as **Andy Hurt** was mistaken for **Pete Burns** in a pub on the Norfolk Broads, simply because his bum was hanging out of his jeans, and as **Dave Henderson** was simultaneously mistaken for **Mel Smith**
- 10 **The Hit Parade**, emerging from enforced obscurity into the limelight of 1986



**TONY MITCHELL** in holiday mood

## TONY MITCHELL

- 1 'Cupid & Psyche '85' – **Scritti Politti**
- 2 Any **Go West** 12-inch mix
- 3 'Police Woman' 12-inch – **Lorna Wright**
- 4 'When It's Over' 12-inch – **Adele Bertei**
- 5 *Fruits Of Passion* starring **Klaus Kinski** (directed by **Terayama**)
- 6 *The Dark Summer* photographed by **Bob Carlos Clarke**
- 7 *The Chauffeur* – **Duran Duran** video (directed by **Ian Emes**)
- 8 **Marc Almond & The Willing Sinners** at the Dominion
- 9 **Skin Two** – The Party at the Embassy Club
- 10 Paris in September (New York any time)

## PHIL BOGSHED

- 1 **Mac's** "I was hungry" excuse to landlady for stealing a pork pie in a Peckham pub
- 2 The re-opening of the **Todmorden/Littleborough** tunnel
- 3 Skateboarding on the M6 with **Stan**
- 4 **Mark's** simultaneous guitar solo/nosebleed in Halifax
- 5 **Demis Roussos** singing for his butt on a hijacked plane
- 6 Meeting **Bob Atlas Hodgeson**
- 7 Any **Blackcurrant Breadknife** gig
- 8 Tupperware party fist fight
- 9 Having coal thrown at us at our only miners' benefit
- 10 *Live Aid*



**YOUR LANDLADY** has read that book as well, **Billy**

## BILLY MANN

- 1 **Maugham's** *Of Human Bondage*
- 2 **Orwell's** *1984* after all the other gobshites had finished talking about it
- 3 Getting a job
- 4 **It's Immaterial** at Liverpool University
- 5 An encounter with **Jayne Casey**
- 6 London to Berlin to Dusseldorf to Brussels for **The Bunnymen**
- 7 Lodging with a rubber-clad succubus
- 8 A brown-eyed vision in green
- 9 Gossiping about other journalists
- 10 F\*\*\*\*\* up lists like this with stupid answers like the last one

## HUGH FIELDER

- 1 **Sting** – 'The Dream Of The Blue Turtles'
- 2 **Talking Heads** – 'Little Creatures'
- 3 **Scritti Politti** – 'Cupid & Psyche '85'
- 4 **Bobby Womack** – 'So Many Rivers'
- 5 **X** – 'Ain't Love Grand'
- 6 **Dire Straits** – 'Brothers In Arms'
- 7 **Kate Bush** – 'Hounds Of Love'
- 8 **The Eurythmics** – 'Be Yourself Tonight'

- 9 **Richard Thompson** – 'Across A Crowded Room'
- 10 **The Adventures** – 'Theodore And Friends'



**EDWIN PONCEY** on a day out in **Blackpool**

## EDWIN PONCEY

- 1 'This Nation's Saving Grace' – **The Fall** LP
- 2 'Club Ninja' – **Blue Öyster Cult** LP
- 3 Blood On Brighton Beach – **Sonic Youth** live experience
- 4 Getting treated to a bad burger by **Alan Vega** in New York
- 5 Having *Nyak-Nyak!* released with initial copies of **Wiseblood's** 'Motorslug' 45
- 6 Chewing the fat with **Clive Barker** whose *The Damnation Game* is my horror novel of the year
- 7 *The Sounds Book Of Horror*
- 8 The **Butthole Surfers** at the Ambulance Room – live experience
- 9 'Fire In My Bones' – **The Thirteenth Floor Elevators** Texas Archive LP ('82 will see a deluge of material never heard before by this '60s Texas combo)
- 10 Buying a witchy book for £30 from a tea-shop in Blackpool

## ROBYN HITCHCOCK

- 10 Silence
- 9 Dragonflies
- 8 Lips
- 7 Obsolete Public Transport
- 6 Things That Wiggle In Socks
- 5 Ferns That Grow Through Crashed Aircraft
- 4 Evening Sunlight Through Aquariums
- 3 Bubbles
- 2 Sneering Clocks
- 1 Just Before It Rains

## DAVE HENDERSON

- 1 Eating squid in the south of France
- 2 Rediscovering old Postcard singles
- 3 **Hula** live in Zurich
- 4 'Let Them Eat Bogshéd' by **Bogshed**
- 5 Having a drink in **Dylan Thomas'** fave pub, **Brown's Hotel**
- 6 **Bruce Springsteen** at Wembley

- 7 Confronting the elements at **Acle Bridge**
- 8 **Husker Dü** at the **Camden Palace**
- 9 The great rock 'n' roll magazine swindle (harder than the rest)
- 10 'The Sun Shines' in **Gerrards Cross** by **The Hit Parade**

## IAN ASTBURY

- 1 'Machine Gun' – **Jimi Hendrix**
- 2 'Cashmere' – **Led Zeppelin**
- 3 'Life On Mars' – **David Bowie**
- 4 'Move Over' – **Janis Joplin**
- 5 'Riders On The Storm' – **The Doors**
- 6 'Dear Prudence' – **The Beatles**
- 7 'Deep' – **March Violets**
- 8 'Femme Fatale' – **The Velvet Underground And Nico**
- 9 'People Who Need People' – **Barbra Streisand**
- 10 'Angie' – **Rolling Stones**



**CHRIS ROBERTS** experiences the **Andy Warhol** exhibition

## CHRIS ROBERTS

- 1 **Diana Ross'** entrance, **Royal Albert Hall**, September
- 2 Being bought a photo tin, which is a tin you put photos in
- 3 **Lulu** (my eldest tabby) recovering from her stroke
- 4 **Warhol** exhibition, **Saatchi & Saatchi**, **Boundary Road**
- 5 Being given a tangerine by the divine **Anja Huwe**, hence scoring six goals for **Sounds** football team the next day
- 6 **Chinatown** and **New York** in general
- 7 *Tender Is The Night*, **BBC2** adaptation
- 8 **La La La Human Steps** dancing at the **ICA** or **The Jesus And Mary Chain** playing at **North London Poly**. Same thing, really
- 9 **Lucy's** party
- 10 Everything else. "The girl who can't dance says the band can't play" – Yiddish proverb

## KEVIN MURPHY

- 1 Working for the **Canon Porsche** racing team at this year's 24 Hour race at **Le Mans**, where we came second
- 2 Having a game of darts in the **Rovers Return**
- 3 Moving into my new flat



**KEVIN 'HOTROD'** **Murphy** checks out his new **Porsche**

- 4 Strolling on **Primrose Hill** with **Pete Murphy**, while discussing my fab eyes
- 5 Witnessing **Barry McGuigan** demolish **Eusebio Pedroza** to become the **World Featherweight** Champion
- 6 Being a part of a great cricket team that waltzed through the season undefeated
- 7 Hearing the **Colourbox** album for the first time
- 8 Having a wild windsurfing weekend
- 9 Strutting down the **Champs Elysées**
- 10 Seeing the brilliant **Robert Lindsay** in *Me And My Girl*

## TONY STEWART

- 1 Seeing **Tom Waits** at **London's Dominion** and on the front cover of *Sounds*; 'Rain Dogs' and the video for 'Downtown Train'
- 2 **Jesus And Mary Chain's** 'Psycho Candy'
- 3 Practically everything coming out of the **Beggar's Banquet/4AD** building in **Wandsworth**, but particularly **The Fall** and **Colourbox**
- 4 **Springsteen** at **Wembley**, particularly avoiding the press pigpen for the privileged elite. 1985 and you still have rock hack liggers? Unbelievable
- 5 **The Cure's** 'Head On The Door' LP
- 6 Leaving **NME** to come to *Sounds*. "I am not a number. I am a free man." And to prove it I went to **Portmeirion** for two weeks
- 7 The genius of **Robert Cray**
- 8 Getting round to **Tom Wolfe's** *The Right Stuff*
- 9 *The Mad Max* and *Horror* mags. I have to say it: brilliant
- 10 **Chesterfields**, black coffee... and **Georgia!**

## SOUNDS FREELANCE TOP TEN LIVE ACTS

- 1 **THE FALL**
- 2 **THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN**
- 3 **NEW ORDER**
- 4 **SHOCK HEADED PETERS**
- 5 **HULA**
- 6 **MADNESS**
- 7 **NICO**
- 8 **THE THREE JOHNS**
- 9 **NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS**
- 10 **DOCTOR AND THE MEDICS**

Also ran...  
**BLUE AEROPLANES**  
**TWENTY FLIGHT ROCKERS**  
**THE POGUES**

# DEE C LEE

## the ironing lady

**S**OMEONE CALLS out, "Dee! You're on the countdown," and we drop everything and run down the corridor to the boys' dressing room where they're watching *Top Of The Pops*.

They show about 30 seconds of 'See The Day' at Number Three, Whitney Houston has jumped threateningly to Number Two, and Wham! are predictably at Number One, but of course we don't stick around to watch.

It doesn't take long to develop a chart mentality, I realise.

"All it would have taken was one more *Top Of The Pops* and the single might've got to Number One," Dee bitches. "But because I wouldn't go on live, they wouldn't show the video either. What am I supposed to do? I told them we were in the middle of a tour. They could've shown a repeat of the last time I was on there if they really wanted."

Somehow, Diane Catherine is not as overcome at being Number Three as you might have expected. She hasn't come all this way to be Number Three, thank you very much.

She's wearing a yellow sweater with a big red star on the front, but nobody as yet, seems to have noticed the significance of this.

**T**HE KING George's Hall is a magnificent building of uncertain age in the town of Blackburn — the only town in the world with its own cathedral, the doorman explains, not for the first time, I'm sure.

There are about a dozen kids outside who've been queueing since eleven this morning (if it's possible to be a queue when you're the only ones in it). They haven't come to see Dee C Lee. They haven't even come to see The Style Council. They've come to see Paul Weller. Although they concede that The Style Council have good songs, you get the impression that they'd queue for seven hours in the rain to see Paul Weller pay his phone bill.

Arguably the most well-intentioned man in pop — or punk or soul, or whichever theme park you prefer — Paul Weller has already administered the kiss of death to a clutch of young hopefuls. Tracie Young and The Big Sound Authority, doomed forever to carry around with them gigantic cardboard shadows like a Weller-shaped albatross, wasted no time at all in denying the presence of his guiding hand in their careers.

As for The Questions, A Craze and The Soul Squad — where are they now? God knows.

Dee C Lee, however, is down the corridor doing her ironing.

"There was never any question of me signing to Paul's Respond label," she says firmly. "When I go into a record company to talk business I don't mess around. I say what I think and I don't want to be put into the position of having to do something I don't want as a favour to a friend. Friendship's one thing and business is another, and I know that if I signed to his label we

wouldn't be friends any more."

Weller himself has been wandering about with his new haircut that makes him look like Ade Edmonson, and I ignore him, because I think the novelty of being ignored might appeal to him.

Why, I wonder, has the Weller connection been like King Midas in reverse for practically everything he's touched?

"I think people hate Paul because he's been successful for so long. That's really rare and people don't like that. But I get sick of being referred to as Paul Weller's protégé, and people assuming that he writes my songs for me. I'm not even on the same label as he is; he's on Polydor and I'm with CBS. I'm like any of the other Style Council members — I'm employed as a session musician and that's it."

**W**ELL, ALMOST it...

It was Weller who gave her a way out of Wham! and provided a role in The Style Council beyond that of simply window dressing. It was Weller who pushed her into going solo last year and it's Weller's dad, John, and his sister Nicky who look after her career these days. It was even John Weller who bullied CBS into finally releasing 'See The Day'.

"See The Day" was actually the first song I took to CBS, but when it came to releasing a single, they thought I should go with 'Selina Wow Wow'. I wasn't too sure about that myself, but I thought, well, they're a big record company, they should know what they're talking about — who am I to argue with them? But it didn't do very well anyway.

"I'm a lot happier with 'See The Day' because it's right for my voice. I'm not exactly a prolific song-writer; the next single will almost certainly be a cover because I haven't written anything else yet as good as 'See The Day' and the song is more important than who wrote it. That's why I put 'Paris Match' on the B-side. A lot of the things I write would suit other singers better, I think. Maybe if Bananarama had done 'Selina'..."

She's serious. This is remarkable because it's the first time I've ever heard anyone refer to Bananarama seriously and it makes a nice change. People do get so excited about female singers don't they? First sign of a skirt, and off they go — dusting down the adjectives, furiously comparing everyone with everyone else, as if all girl singers were one big homogeneous lump, and then comparing the lot of them with Billie Holiday. Doesn't that get rather boring for you?

"People do tend to compare me to Sade, but Sade was always more of a face. Didn't she used to be a model or something?"

She went to fashion school and designed men's clothes.

"Oh well, then, there you go. She's always had this really cool, jazzy image and she's used that. But there's no way you could compare her or me with Billie Holiday or any of the greats. We're good singers, but we're not that good."

In the early days, the press desperately wanted Dee to have an image, asking her what make-up she wore, where she bought her clothes.

"Isn't that silly?" says Dee. "I did sit down once and try to work out an image, but it's not really me. I'm just like any other girl, you know.

I haven't got it all worked out. I buy my clothes from all over the place. I'll try anything new that comes on the market if I get a bunch of spots or something."

Apart from being the only member of The Style Council worthy of the name, there was one fashion tip I managed to pick up from Dee and here it is: Dee always takes her socks off to do the ironing.

But she went along with the make-up interviews because record company folk-lore insisted that all press was good press. This was, of course, before the recent *Mirror* exposé which manufactured Paul's slippers under her bed. She's still seething at that one, but her days with Wham! have taught her how to handle it.

"Look, I know George and Andrew, and I know the stuff people write about them isn't true, so why should the things they write about me be true? I just hope everyone else realises that."

With typical capitalist honesty, Dee had vague plans for being a solo singer originally, but then decided she'd be better off charging lots of money for session work. It must have taken a lot of guts to walk out of Wham!'s 'Club Tropicana' boom time.

"Not really. I'm a singer and that's what I had to think of. I was really excited when they came and told me about the first tour. I said, great, when do we start rehearsals? And they said, oh, you won't have to come along until a couple of days before the tour starts. At first I was really flattered that they thought I was so good I could learn an entire set in two days. But then they said, well, actually, you won't be singing. We're getting some American girls to do the singing. You and Shirley just have to move around and look pretty.

"Well, forget that! If they want Americans they can have them."

And now George has become Elton John's backing singer, which is rather a nice touch although, as Dee says, not the same thing at all.

"Backing singers work harder than anybody else," she reckons. "Because that's what you have to do — back people up. You have to be incredibly versatile."

If you can't sing, there aren't many ways for a young black working-class girl to get out of Deptford. What would you be doing now if you were tone deaf?

"I'd probably be married with three kids," she says grimly, concentrating on a crease.

"Maybe — if I was lucky — working in Tesco."

She splts on the iron to make sure it's still hot. It is.

**E**ARLIER SHE'D been waylaid in the foyer by a boy from Blackburn International Youth. Do people automatically assume that you support all the same causes as Paul Weller?

"I've never been interested in politics in that way at all. As far as I'm concerned, none of the parties have ever done anything for me — a black female living in London. Why should I vote for anyone?"

"I know Thatcher's an evil woman, but the Labour Party are in a real mess too — always fighting amongst each other, although at least they're trying. If someone could get the trains running better, and do something about unemployment and give black people a fair deal,

then I'd vote for them.

"I'll probably be doing something with The Red Wedge, and obviously I'd support anti-apartheid, although I'm really only just finding out what that is. They told us a little bit about that in school — like Rothman's are a South African company and Barclays have interests there, so I think to myself, right, I won't smoke those and I won't bank there. It's the same with anti-vivisection — I'm still finding out about it. People show me photos of what they do to animals and I think — is that really what they do to test the lipstick I like?"

Does Paul ever tell you what you should be thinking?

"Paul doesn't ever tell me what to think, or what to do. I make up my own mind."

"The two things I really feel strongly about are sexism and racism, because they affect me. Although there's no point saying anything about sexism because people assume you've got a shaved head and then start going on about Greenham Common.

"But the papers really get to me, the way they stir up racism. Like the way they'll always say if it was a black kid who mugged somebody. They never tell you if the attacker was white. I'm not saying these people shouldn't be punished but, if you're supposed to be reporting the news, you ought to print all of the facts, not just the ones you like.

"Like, my brother and I were in a jewellers in Bond Street looking for a pocket watch to buy a friend. And all of a sudden these guys came out from behind the mirrors or whatever they hide behind and I asked how much the watch was and they said £400. Well, I really didn't think they were that expensive — it was like they were just saying that to get rid of us. But I thought, no don't be paranoid. Anyway we went to another shop and they had exactly the same thing for about £80. But I'm not surprised they acted like that, because the press teaches people to be afraid of blacks.

"We don't want any special favours — that's bullshit — why should we get special treatment? All we want is to be treated the same as anyone else."

She's finished her ironing now and says she needs about half an hour to get nervous before they go on. Being nervous involves lots of coughing and clearing her throat, especially if she thinks she's having an off night. And she always thinks she's having an off night until about half way through.

**P**AUL WELLER, I'm sure, never thought he'd see the day when he'd be upstaged by a session singer. "Her head's so big, we've had to widen the bus doors," he tells the audience. They're absolutely delighted at Dee's success of course but, let's not forget, The Style Council haven't been Number Three for over two years.

Perhaps, I think, Dee C Lee is the first person to survive the mark of Weller because she appears to be the only person in Britain who'd never heard of The Jam. Perhaps Weller got it wrong. Maybe the girl next door with the new soulful voice wasn't Tracie Young after all.

And if Respond never did turn out to be the new Motown, it's interesting to wonder if it might have been had he signed Dee C Lee instead.

Having served her time grooving and crooning with Wham! and The Style Council, DEE C LEE has found solo success and time to do the ironing. Board meeting by JANE SIMON. Pressing by MARTYN STRICKLAND



# RE-ANIMI



DOCTOR HILL loses his head

**1986 WILL probably be a good year for mad scientists.**

Horror movies tend to go in cycles; already we've had the year of the werewolf whose full moon came in the shape of *The Howling*, *An American Werewolf In London* and a pack of other lycanthropic thrills.

1985's year of the zombie resulted in a plethora of gore, most of which has yet to be screened in this country. Look forward then to Romero's *Day Of The Dead*, Dan O'Bannon's *Return Of The Living Dead* and *Re-Animator* which was directed by Stuart Gordon, the guy I'm currently trying to find in the depths of a swanky London hotel.

*Re-Animator* is his first film, an adaptation of a short story by the late HP Lovecraft, (whose literary career was briefly explained in the *Sounds Book Of Horror*).

Gordon's film, unlike other attempts at bringing this particular master of terror to the screen, succeeds because of its respect for the story and the entire horror genre.

Not that *Re-Animator* is a totally serious work either.

During the magazine screening of the film even hardened horror haters were heard to chuckle at certain points. The important thing is that they were laughing along with it rather than at it. There is a difference... and *Re-Animator* certainly is different.

Imagine a film where science goes too far and the dead shriek back into animation; where the gift of life is corrupted into a curse. Imagine a friendly bearded American called Stuart Gordon being partly

more like movie acting. I used a lot of movie effects in the plays. We did a play called *Cops* about the Chicago Police Department; we had bullets blowing up and things shattering, there was a gun fight and so forth. The feeling was that you've seen a million cop things on TV but have you ever been in the middle of one of them?

"In *Warp* — which in a lot of ways was similar to *Star Wars* although we did it seven years before — it was the idea of having all these amazing effects that are actually taking place before your eyes. There's something about that which is very compelling and amazing."

There's also a strain of humour in there too perhaps?

"Yeah, I guess they always seemed to turn out funny somehow. Not all our plays were comedies, but we always managed to find something funny about them. When we worked on *ER* we found that the emergency room doctors — you know, they're in a constant state of people coming in with half their face blown off or something — to survive in a situation like that had to maintain a sense of humour. The emergency room doctors we found were very, very funny."

"I actually worked an eight-hour shift in the emergency room to try and get a sense of what it was really like and the doctors would be sent these memos saying, you can't laugh so much it upsets the patients. I think the thing with *Re-Animator* is the same way with those doctors."

"When I was working on the film I visited some morgues to meet some pathologists and it was the same thing, in order to deal with that kind of a job you've got to have a sense of humour and doctors have the sickest sense of humour of anybody."

The surgery sequences in *Re-Animator* suggest that you did some research in that area. Was that the case?

"It was, that was something that was real important to me. I felt that since a lot of the stuff that happens in *Re-Animator* is so fantastic there had to be a realistic basis for it all. There's a sequence where they're peeling back a corpse's scalp and that is exactly the way an autopsy is conducted. I had a pathologist demonstrate that whole thing to me. Not with a corpse though, but he did show me slides on how the thing looked and so on."

**R**E-ANIMATOR WAS spawned from a short story by HP Lovecraft called *Herbert West—Reanimator*, a series of six tales which were written between 1921 to 1922 as a commission for a small press magazine called *Home Brew*.

The piece revolves around its central character, Herbert West, and his attempts to give life to the dead which ultimately lead to disastrous

results. It's a darker side to the Frankenstein theme that its author (with typical disdain for one of his own creations) regarded as aesthetically disastrous.

ST Joshi in his *Readers Guide* to Lovecraft suggests that "Lovecraft wrote the thing at least partially with tongue in cheek".

The same thing could be said of Stuart Gordon's film adaptation. It goes for both the gut and the funny bone, one second you're screaming with terror and the next with laughter. It works brilliantly, but would a conservative recluse like Lovecraft have approved of the way his story has been treated had he survived?

"I think he would and I'm glad when that line comes up when West says, Damn, he wasn't fresh enough, it gets a laugh. I always think that, Lovecraft would be pleased with that, you know. It's got to be the only laugh he got in his whole career."

Why did you choose one of Lovecraft's lesser tales rather than one of his Cthulhu Mythos stories?

"Because it was so tangible, and if you read that story you can see how it can be adapted very easily. In Lovecraft's story the whole thing takes place over a period of 20 years and in our story it's about two weeks, so it was making those changes."

"The other thing is that Lovecraft was not big on relationships or character development, so the main work in the adaptation was to build up the narrator in his story. West's assistant is narrating the story and that became our main character, he was the audience in a sense and we had to develop him and make him a character that you like and care about."

Plus he's got a girlfriend...  
"The girlfriend was invented, there was no girlfriend in the original story, but if you're making a conventional horror movie you've got to have somebody to scream."

"The thing I liked about the original story was the character of Herbert West, I really liked him, what this guy is trying to do is medically very good, what he's doing is well motivated. When I was doing the research for *Re-Animator* I found out that there were doctors that are doing the exact same experiments that West was doing, which is to be able to re-activate the brain after it dies, so it's not far off."

"The other thing about Lovecraft that I've come to appreciate is that although he's regarded as a horror writer he's really a science fiction writer who must have done a lot of homework. We're working on another Lovecraft story now, which we're going to shoot in January, called *From Beyond*.

"The story is about doctors who are not satisfied with the five senses and they have the theory that the pineal gland is the dormant sensory organ, and that if they can stimulate

it they can see all these things that are normally invisible to them. In Lovecraft's world, of course, those things are monstrous but by reading the story carefully it becomes apparent that it's based on Descartes and some of those other philosophers who believed that for a long time. It wasn't by chance that Lovecraft happened to throw this into this story, he must have known all of this and read a lot of stuff which he was making use of."

Are there any other stories of his you'd like to adapt for the screen?

"I would love to adapt his *The Dreams In The Witch House* where again, there's a basis in physics that the witchcraft and pentagram is geometry and that if you have the right series of angles you can travel inter-dimensionally. Again, it's science fiction, he always manages in his stories to somehow connect science with magic."

"I've read these articles about him where they're always talking about how strange it is that Lovecraft didn't believe in magic, but he wrote all these stories about the occult. But they aren't really about the occult, they're about science."

Is what you are doing to Lovecraft in the '80s comparable to what Roger Corman was doing to Poe in the '60s?

"That's what we would like to do, and it's tricky. I mean, the story *From Beyond* is five pages long. What we did was take what was there and use it as a starting point so that his story is basically the first scene of our movie and then we had to expand on that idea. I think that what we ended up with is close to Lovecraft, that it follows his themes and ideas."

Are you hoping to re-animate interest in Lovecraft's writings?

"Yeah, that would be great. I'll know that we've really succeeded when they start reprinting *Herbert West—Reanimator*. It was funny because someone told me about that story, I had read a lot of Lovecraft but never that one. So I went to the library and I couldn't find it. I wrote up a call slip for it and it took them a year to find the book. It was out of print, and it's been out of print for a long time."

"You know I'm hoping... I'd love to see the *Re-Animator* poster on the cover of a book. *Re-Animator And Others*. I mean, that would be great."

**N**OT SO great is the fact that the censor's cutting blade has carved a medium sized hole straight through the UK version of *Re-Animator*. For where sex and violence raises its ugly head, the far uglier profile of censorship isn't far behind in this groovy democracy of ours.

While two of the three cuts can be described as mere nicks, the third — a mock fellatio scene which involves the villainous Dr Hill's disembodied, re-animated head and the hero's girlfriend — is mutilated from the

**Is there life after death? You'd better believe it, preaches director STUART GORDON throughout *Re-Animator*, the sickest and slickest horror flick for aeons. EDWIN POUNCEY gets the facts fresh from the lab floor**

# M A T O R

## labour of lovecraft



RE-ANIMATOR DIRECTOR Stuart Gordon meets the British film censor

footage.

This vandalism was necessary no doubt to acquire a certificate to release the film in this country. In the States, however, *Re-Animator* went on general release un-cut but without a rating. How come?

"We knew that the things that made *Re-Animator* special were exactly the things that the censors were going to want us to take out. So the decision was that rather than cut back on it and end up with a very short movie we would release it un-rated and take our chances. I had never realised that you could do that, I always thought you had to get a rating on a film, but in actuality it's something that the producer imposes on himself.

"When you're un-rated there are certain liabilities: certain theatres will not run an un-rated film; certain

TV stations won't play ads for it or newspapers won't and so forth. It makes it more difficult to sell. But to the credit of Empire, who distributed the movie, they decided to take a chance and release it un-rated."

How do you feel about censorship in general?

"No, I don't like censorship. My feeling is that people should be able to see what they want to see and that it's up to the individual. I don't think it should be decided by the State what is acceptable and what is not. As long as you make it clear in what you're presenting then it's up to the individual to decide for themselves what he or she wants to see."

What do you say to the criticism that horror films are degrading and have an unhealthy obsession with violence?

"I think that it's a question of how

the violence is handled. What bothers me about some violent movies is that there's no pain. I'm talking about Clint Eastwood type movies where somebody gets hit over the head with a chair and gets right up again and continues fighting. Or someone gets hit in the face with a haymaker punch and he comes right back again. Most fights are usually one punch long and it usually ends up with the person breaking the other guy's jaw.

"When they don't show the results of violence then I think you do have a problem, because then I think you make violence seem like fun and it doesn't have any implications. One of the reasons they were so upset with *Re-Animator* was the amount of blood in the movie. To me, if you're going to show a scene where

somebody is shot and they don't bleed you're making the violence clean. I think that if you deal with it, if you show the violence as it really is, then you are more likely to do something positive about it. I think that movies teach people things and I think you have to teach them that if you're going to behave this way there's a price to be paid."

Do you think *Re-Animator* teaches that?

"Yeah, I do. I think it was my intention to make sure it did."

Do you think we need horror films then?

"I do, I think that they serve a very healthy purpose. People have these fears and desires and impulses and they've got to go some place. If you don't give a person any way to express these impulses they build up and bad things can happen. I think

the horror movie is a way to prevent those feelings, in a healthy way, so there's a definite need for them.

"Stephen King put it very well. He said that horror movies are rehearsals for death. We're all afraid of dying but with horror movies we somehow face death... and win."

*Re-Animator* opens in London on January 17, 1986.



HERBERT WEST *Re-Animator*

# THE 'ARE YOU IDEOLOGICALLY SOUND?' QUIZ

**You probably think you're a fully functioning member of your respective social community. Well here's the chance to find out. Do you know all the things you're supposed to, or are you a great pretender...?**

**1. You arrive at a party and discover to your horror that you don't know anyone there. Do you:**

- a) Offer to pass round the tray of macro-biotic cheezey wotsits and asparagus dip?
- b) Amuse everyone with that story of how Lemmy once gave you a light in Aylesbury in 1978?
- c) Choke on your own vomit to get their attention?

**2. The cheap beer flows and people take turns at recounting their most embarrassing experience. Do you:**

- a) Admit to having been a founder member of the Hackney Flemish Language Street Theatre Group?
- b) Tell of the time you went to stay with your girlfriend's family and, having imbibed a little too much of the amber nectar, mistook her big brother's dressing table for the bog and set his personal documents afloat?
- c) Confess to having once laughed at a Benny Hill joke?

**3. A pimply youth sporting a badge with the legend 'Apes Out Of Gibraltar Now!' mentions Marcel Duchamp. Do you:**

- a) Assume he's the captain of the French football team and reply, "Palace are doing well this season, aren't they?"
- b) Chime: "Isn't he that mime geezer with the white face and that poxy flower stuck in his hat?"
- c) Opine: "Well, it's so easy to neglect the invaluable contribution made by his sister Suzanne, not to mention his brother Duchamp-Villon, *n'est ce pas mon vieux?*"

**4. You are invited to lunch with Kate Bush. Do you:**

- a) Gorge yourself on Big Macs beforehand and miss the tête à tête through chronic indigestion?
- b) Say you'd love to come, but you've just seen a documentary on Mishima, have taken up *hara kiri* as a hobby, and you're currently doing an impersonation

of a shish kebab?

- c) Turn up wearing a T-shirt bearing the slogan 'Radishes Have Feelings Too'?

**5. You pass a naked female lying on the beach. Do you:**

- a) Think to yourself "as a *Guardian* reader I find it demeaning for a woman to expose her body for inspection by slaving, brainless males"?
- b) As a regular *Sun* reader turn her over looking for the racing page?
- c) Say: "That reminds me, I've got to feed the cat"?

**6. Jack Barron gives you your favourite band a bad review. Do you:**

- a) Ask a leading scatologist to translate it for you?
- b) Think: "Yes, he's right. They are just a bunch of boring, talentless oiks with small willies, aren't they"?
- c) Load your sten gun and camp outside Mornington Crescent Tube Station with several like-minded friends from the Territorial Army?

**7. If they made a TV programme about your life would it be:**

- a) *News At Ten*?
- b) *Crime Watch*?
- c) *Gardeners' World*?

**8. Who of the following would you consider most likely to be a millionaire's daughter:**

- a) Norman Tebbit, professional sex symbol and part-time cyclist?
- b) Che Guevara, Cuban round-the-world yachtsman?
- c) Margaret Hodge, Islington Council leader?

**9. Which do you hate most:**

- a) Dispatch riders?
- b) People who predict the next scary bit in a horror movie?
- c) Woman with double pushchairs, especially if there's only one sprog in residence?

**10. Some condescending bastard gives you a tip for the**

**Grand National. Do you:**

- a) Reply "here's a good tip mate - don't bet", and then laugh?
- b) Look down your nose and say "actually my mum's Jenny Pitman"?
- c) Snigger "my dad's Red Rum"?

**11. You switch on the TV to be confronted by Jim Dale in *Carry On Again Doctor*. Do you:**

- a) Scream "sexist crap!", switch off and tuck into *Das Kapital*?
- b) Switch channels and choose from *Rozzers*, a cop show featuring a cockney policeman with big tits, *That's My Jamjar*, a quiz show hosted by Mike 'What Shotgun' Reid in which vastly amusing cockneys have to identify their cars after they've been nicked, resprayed and fitted with a spoiler which slows the car down by 15mph, or *Barrow Boy*, about a Cumbrian from Barrow who's standing trial for the manslaughter of the entire darts team of *The Headcase And Sociologist*, Bethnal Green?
- c) Smugly observe "of course it's not a patch on Jim's magnificent portrait of Marshall P Nutt in *Carry On Cowboy*"?

**12. What is your most commonly used expression:**

- a) Peace, love, anarchy and land rights for gay whales?
- b) Here we go, here we go, here we go?
- c) I'm not going if I have to pay to get in?

**13. Does your personal style most resemble:**

- a) Mad Max?
- b) Max Headroom?
- c) Max Bygraves?

**14. You are offered a position with the top pop journal *28, Politically Aware And Really Into Jazz News*. Would you:**

- a) Change your name to The Absolutely Amazing Dermot O'Driscoll O'Casey Django Nkruma Garvey Smith Quintuplets and look up what Norman Willis does?
- b) Change your name to U-Boat, become a wino and form an acapella burp trio?
- c) Change your name to Kim Burgess Blunt MacLean and find out what a gerbil bar is?

**15. Is Chris Roberts:**

- a) A Tottenham Hotspur central defender?

b) A figment of Tony Stewart's imagination?

- c) A truly wonderful human being, warm and loving, caring yet streetwise, pen of the people, sage and wit, a man of principles and conviction, a sympathetic ear, a go-getter with such an irrepressible lust for life that those privileged enough to regard themselves as his friends can only gape in amazed admiration at the zest of this all-round good bloke? (PS - discount c)

**16. Would you sleep with your best mate's girlfriend:**

- a) Only if you were astrologically compatible?
- b) Only if she had a spare ticket to Iron Maiden?
- c) Only if you thought you could get away with it?

**Answers:**

- 1. a)1, b)2, c)3
- 2. a)1, b)2, c)3
- 3. a)3, b)2, c)1
- 4. a)3, b)2, c)1
- 5. a)1, b)2, c)3
- 6. a)2, b)1, c)3
- 7. a)1, b)3, c)2
- 8. a)3, b)2, c)1
- 9. a)3, b)2, c)1
- 10. a)2, b)3, c)1
- 11. a)1, b)3, c)2
- 12. a)1, b)3, c)2
- 13. a)3, b)1, c)2
- 14. a)1, b)3, c)2
- 15. a)3, b)2, c)1
- 16. a)1, b)2, c)3

**How to score:**

Add up your points as shown. Subtract your age if under 17 or your number of driving offences if over 25. Multiply by the number of Smiths singles you can remember by name and add this to the age at which you lost your virginity. Jot this new number down on the back of a copy of *Socialist Worker* and keep it in a safe place. You will need it later.

Now, sidle up to that girl at the bar and say: "Aren't you a model?" If she throws her ice-cubes in your face, double your original total. If she attempts to continue the conversation, phone the *Guinness Book Of Records* and add the square root of their street number to the highest chart position of your favourite Style-Council single.

Meanwhile, soak the beans over night and boil for 30 minutes or until tender. Add the onions, garlic, and soy sauce to taste and serve with broccoli or another green vegetable. Using a medium-sized tablespoon, measure out the number of scoops thrown into the bin after your eleven dinner guests have all had at least three helpings and add this number to your total.

This is your final score. Watch *Gorky Park* on video and go to bed.

**QUIZ SCORE SUMMARY**

**Minus 50-0** You are an international footballer/an ex-member of The Redskins/President Of The USA/a tree frog/dead - delete as appropriate.

**1-10** You may not be ideologically sound, but you sure are cool. When asked by friends how you fared, you will reply "I scored two" and your friends will know you are indeed a very hip dude.

**11-21** You are ideologically sound, but you are not in the least bit hip. You get very cross when your friends score two points in the *Sounds* Xmas quiz because you scored 18. Come to think of it, you've scored 18 points in every quiz you've ever completed. You drink Budweiser.

**22** Two little ducks.

**23-30** What a cop-out! You are 26, have just bought the new Sade album and are considering flogging your copy of 'Capital Radio'. You drive a hatchback, but you have an 'Atomic Power - No Thanks' sticker on the rear window. Either that or you are the editor of *Sounds*.

**31-50** You are Fred Housego or that fat bloke who used to be a tube train driver - you know, the really boring bastard who lives with his mum and now reckons he can make a living as a TV personality. Well, let me tell you (cont p 82).

**Above 50** Your name is Tony Stewart and I claim my five pounds. You really are a smashing chap, a real pleasure to work under (signed, the editor's chair).

# THE J A W S AWARDS 1985

The Wham! Hello Campers Award – Paul Weller

The Pete Murphy Two Left Feet Award – Youth

The Syd Barrett I'm A Coffee Table Award – Joe Strummer

The Bronski Beat Gerbil In Clingfilm Award – Paul Weller

The Pete Burns Plastic Surgeon's Guinea Pig Award – Kate Bush

The Philby, Burgess, McLean Award – Dave Hendy & Pete Picton

The Pete Townshend No Nose Is Good Nose Award – John De Lorean

The Feargal Sharkey Borderline Mongoloid Award – Jimmy Nail

The David Bowie Award For Dentistry – Shane McGowan

The Rubble Without A Chord Award – The Jesus And Mary Chain

The Bobby Ewing Bleep Bleep Bleeep Award – The HiT

The Rock Bottom Award – Freddie Mercury

The Marcel Proust Says Nothing But Looks Good Award – Andy Cox (Fine Young Cannibals)

The Elio Elio Juliet Bravo Award – Paul King

The Lloyd Cole My Mum And Dad Might Own A Hotel And Golf Course But I'm Still A Socialist Award – X Moore

The Billy Grundy Where Are They Now Silver Tea Pot Award – FGTH

The Honestly Darling It Will Be Good For Your Career Just Say "I Do" Award – Paulie & Claudie

The I've Seen The Future Of Rock And Roll And I'm Not In It Award – EMI

The Universal All-Round Slap-head Award – Phil Collins

The Ian McCulloch Who Put That Foot In My Mouth Award – Ronald Reagan

The Feargal Sharkey Catch My Hair-do Award – Jack Barron

The Edwin Pouncey Now That's What I Call Dada Award – Tony Stewart

The I'm Not A Rich Bastard I'm A Real Modest Toofy Grinning Nice Bloke Award – Richard Branson

The James Dean I'm Just Taking It For A Spin Round The Block Award – Andrew Ridgeley

The Cathy McGowan Great Great Really Great And Wonderful And Brilliant And I Love That Award – Janice Long

The Karl Malden Bubbly Nosed Bastard Award – Kevin Rowland

The Oh, Well, You Don't Really Want To Slag Them Off In Case You Bump Into Them In The Pub Award – Andy Hurt

The Guinness (Regurgitated) Award – The Pogues

The Trouble With Speed Is It Goes Too Fast Award – Ramones

The Corpse That Was Too Dumb To Lie Down Award – Ian Astbury

The Elephant Trunk With An Apple At The End Award – John Peel

The Oscar Wilde Dying Words ("Either That Wallpaper Goes Or I Do") Award – Flock Of Seagulls

The Man With The Seagull On His Head Award – Cliff Richard

The We've Got A Right One-Ear Award – Vincent Van Gogh

The Root Of Your Problem Is You Haven't Got Any Award – Sal Solo (runner up: Jack Barron)

The Homosexual Ghosts Who Kept Putting The Willies Up Each Other Award – Bronski Beat

The I Wish You Would Award – Go West

The Diana Ross Link Your Name With Mine And You'll Be Alright Sonny Award – Marilyn

The Bob Geldof Share And Share Alike What's Mine Is Yours Award – Rock Hudson

The Have You Got The Dummy Edwin Award – Tony Stewart

The I'll Just Have One More Glass Of Port And Oh, Go On Then A Mince Pie Too Award – Orson Welles

The Captain Birdseye Who Puts The Halibut On The Poop Deck Award – Simon Le Bon (runner up: Richard Branson)

The Grateful Dead What A Long Strange Trip It's Been Award – Gary Holton

The Pink Floyd Just Another Brick In The Wall Award – supporters of Liverpool FC

The Plaster Casters Wee Willie Winkie Award – Billy Idol (runner up: Paul King)

The Now Magazine Give The Public What They (Don't) Want Award – NME

The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown Stop Arson Around Award – Bradford FC

The Chas 'N' Dave Knees Up The Groin Bloody Good Geezer Who Would Never Sell Out His Socialist Principles For A Fat Paycheck Award – Garry Bushell

The Dollond & Atchison Television Spectacular Award For Attractive Glasses – Eric Fuller

The British Telecom It's For Yoo-Hoo Award – Tony Stewart (rubber-up: Tony Mitchell)

The Nat West Dear Sir It's About That Overdraft Facility Award – Derek Hatton

The Ian Brady Time Flies When You're Having Fun Award – The Sounds Staff

The Eric Fuller Special Memorial Award For Timekeeping – Jack Barron

The John Cleese Ministry Of Silly Walks Award – Eric Fuller (last year's winner: Mike Sharman)

The Roland Hyams Award For Public Relations – Roland Hyams (second year running)

The Denis Thatcher Girls On Top Award – Ian Pye

The EMI Spelt Like This Great Publicity Shame About The Act Award – Guise Guise Spunk It

The Rat Joining A Sinking Ship Award – Sammy Hagar

The AC/DC Lee Award – Paul Weller

The Raise The Titanic Award – Deep Purple (runners up: Aerosmith)

The Dirty Den Does It Again Award – Sean Penn (runner up: Garry Johnson)

The Fisher-Price Speak And Spell Award For Kreativ Jernelizm – Steffan Chirazi (runner up: Mary Anne Hobbs)

The We Were All Really Sorry To Hear About Razzle Award – Mary Anne Hobbs

The Little Red-Spattered Corvette Award – Vince Neil (runner: up Rick Allen)

The Paul Daniels Black Magic For The Nursery Award – Venom

The Toyah Wilcox Speech Impediment As A Route To Stardom Award – Tom Waits

The Memorex Not Quite Live Aid Performance Award – Spandau Ballet

The Gary Holton Is Not Dead Award – Jon Newey

The HiT Here Today, Gone Tomorrow Award – Simon Cheetham

The We Ought To Give The Cult An Award Award – The Cult

The Most Eminently Poachable Group Of People By Christmas Award – Inevitably The Sounds Staff

The Andy Hurt Performing Ear As A Means Of Livening Up Overlong Editorial Meetings Award – Kevin Murphy

The 1985 Jobs For The Boys In Through The Back Door No Questions Asked Thank You Very Much Award – Billy Mann

The Teddy Pendergrass I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down Award – Andy Hurt

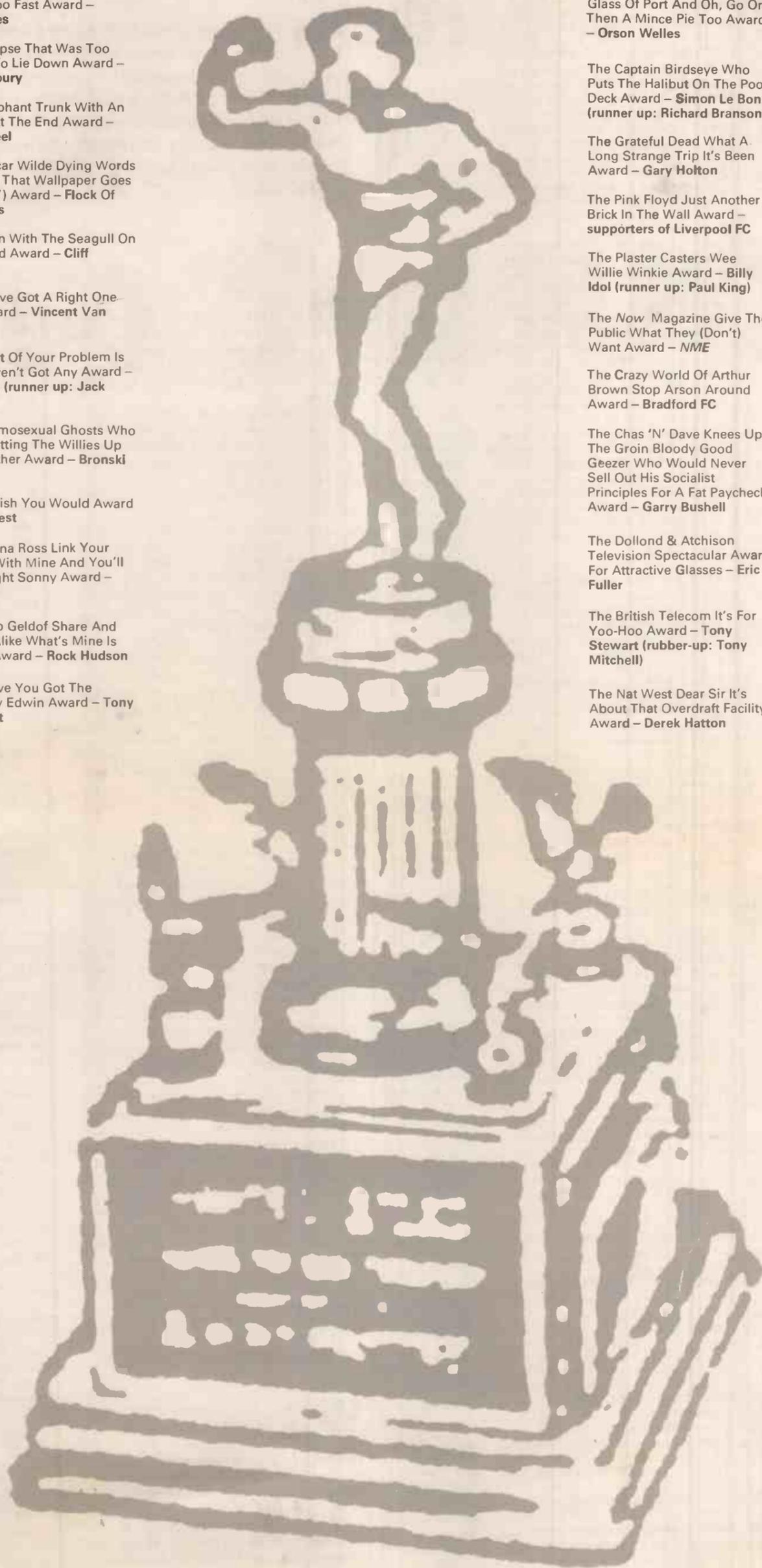
The Golden Flogger Award – Robbi Millar

The I'm Lost For Words Award – Tony Stewart

The If We Won't Go To Watford We Won't Go To LA Award – Tony Stewart

The Let's Get The ABC Figure Up Award – Tony Stewart

The Golden Pass The Valium Award – Tony Stewart





**Joining the ranks of the cult elite need no longer elude you! Ex-Barracuda barnacle Ralph Traitor (and he should know!) rolls up his Paisley sleeves and tells you how to join the Morrison/VU/Syd Barrett brigade. . .**

**I**N THE world of popular music one phenomenon out-ranks all others as an aberration of the natural order and it is the 'cult band'.

Defying all odds, proliferating in the narrow crevices of every genre, these hardy survivors thrive like moss on rocks. A fair analogy, that, because the cult band's craft is the ability to cling tenaciously to the most inhospitable surfaces and, yet more bizarre, having once staked out their territory, flourish, usually invisible to all bar their faithful followers.

What, then, are the prerequisites to culthood? In any group's quest for fame this information is essential for if, God forbid, the aspirants should fail to find a pedestal in pop's fickle pantheon the only honest option is to establish a cult foothold in the kids' consciousness.

**DEATH:** Let's call a spade a spade – its a tough act to follow! But seriously, ladies and ghouls, there's no faster lane to the top than to top yourself. Although accidents, suspicious circumstances or bizarre misadventure run a close second for cause, to really jump from relative obscurity to obscure relativity self-destruction is where it's at. The method is secondary to the madness, although style here is appreciated as much as anyplace else. To die, say, on the eve of completing the (already) legendary debut disc or undertaking the baptismal tour is surefire furore. Of course there's a sacrifice involved but did that bother Van Gogh. Now that guy was cult material. . .

**ZEN CULTDOM:** This is an all-embracing philosophy which inverts the conventional success formula by negating all action; ie not-touring, not-recording, not-publicising, and so forth. To begin with a major label deal to thwart, frivolously, is an asset but not crucial. A typical device of this technique is the non-interview, a segment of which could read thus:

Journalist: What are your influences?  
Cult One: We don't have any. We don't listen to music.

Journalist: Where do you get your inspiration from?  
Cult One: Nowhere. I don't believe in inspiration.

Journalist: What about your fans?  
Cult One: If we cared about our fans we'd have some. . . I feel one of my headaches coming on.

**MADNESS AND SEXUAL PERVERSION:** Seer today, gone Gommorah, as they say! You can be your own portable NOTW filthbucket or basket case in your spare time and culthood is assured. Keep hundreds (dozens?) in thrall with seedy, tasteless nonsense or just latch onto any excuse for mental unorthodoxy and someone will love you for it. I mean, look at all this Gothic brouhaha or psychobilly?! It's grown men doing that schtick, know what I mean? Time, in sanitoriums and prison is well spent and when ruminating over whether or not to invest in designer bondage gear just picture the Lost Tapes sleeve! You know what you have to do. . . let Pete Burns light your way.

**STRANGE METAPHYSICAL CONCEPTS:** Nothing succeeds like excess and since a cult band's resources are materially limited one must draw on the ouija board and bad acid visions to rev up the holy ghosts. Rocky Erikson epitomises ambiguous weirdness. Psychic TV epitomise contrived weirdness. Either way, they get in the papers. Just dig up some reborn, refried or ridiculous ideation to foist on mankind and then dedicate songs, ships and temples to it. Be widely persecuted and ridiculed and eventually a lunatic fringe will adhere to your garment. To be safe vary the formula frequently to sustain interest.

**SPLITTING-UP AND REFORMING:** Physical law dictates that once a cult band has established its niche it will split up. To fulfill the duality of natural law it must, however, someday reform. As often as desired. Line-up changes brought on by traumatised internal differences such as mutual hatred, adultery and petty arguments of all sorts, documented by armies of heartbroken fanzine editors in insufferably accurate interview transcriptions are invaluable for the split phase. Conversely, the reformation should be presaged by equally repulsive accounts of collective poverty, melancholia and loneliness on the part of the dispersed flock, whose followers are meanwhile trying to find their 'last' recordings – provided they ever got it together to record some in the first place. To confuse matters, various unlikely contingency line-ups should play obscure one-off gigs throughout all transitional periods to keep 'em guessing. Never forget that each split carries the seeds of a reformation, each reunion album carries the seeds of a lost tapes compilation, each reunion tour is a guarantee of disintegration. The rule of thumb to this delicate balancing act is: If the patient is terminal he will live. So be it.

**LOST TAPES:** Here's the idea: record something and then, having played it to influential, friendly journalists, peers and fans, lose the tapes. Put 'em under your bed, burn them, bury them or dump them. Just make sure they disappear for a year or so. Encourage bootlegs of some of the material, but never all of it, and ensure that the quality is poor to raise hopes of a definitive, complete collection someday (never comes, yuk, yuk, yuk. . .) If you get bored waiting for your own album you can always find the damn tapes, hopefully when the group splits up for the 'final' time, and stick them out to adoring reviews and joyous fans. Then, once the album is actually out, I mean, what the hell, you might as well REFORM. Yep. . .

**MISSING PERSONS:** A cult band should always be prepared to 'lose' a member at some point in its career, preferably on the verge of mass acceptance and sellout. Nothing is as horribly gut-wrenching as the chief songwriter of a promising cult group going AWOL at the last probable moment. Give the bum a ticket to Paris or his parents place and let him wander. By the time everyone is forgetting you he can come back spot on schedule. Why, he might even have found the 'lost' tapes, recorded a solo demo to bootleg later or found God. To really have fun disappear altogether for months on end, making sure to let odd reports of foreign adventure filter back along with outrageously overpriced imports. Then split up where no one can see you and then reform on your way home and then split up before your homecoming tour. Don't get mad, get lost!

**FOREIGN RECORD RELEASES:** Prophets are always ignored in their own land and the cult band must second-guess this great truism by ignoring their native land in the first instance, a priceless outflanking of fame strategy sure to endear them to the faithful who post themselves in shifts outside their local import shop waiting for the latest release by their heroes. Of course the group will systematically disown all product in turn, always promising the 'real' thing soon. Just exclude a track off each album from somewhere else and soon you have a whole album of 'unreleased' material! Hell, it might as well be a double! And that's without the lost tapes appearing and the new tapes being stolen and the demos being bootlegged. . . I think I'm getting one of my headaches.

# HOW TO BECOME A CULT PHENOMENA

# SCRAPING

Every man's got a dream, brothers and sisters, and Les Pattinson, Bunnymen bassist and superbike owner supreme, betrayed his by breaking into a sweat at the mention of Silverstone Racecourse and a day's free tuition. Here, then, recounted in the words of Jack Barron and set to the visual music of Peter Anderson, we give you the touching story of how one caring paper fixed it for a young lad to get his Christmas gift of a lifetime. Take it away, Jack. . .

**H**AH-HAH, it's just like a scene from one of those old English war films where a bunch of Hooray Henrys are being briefed before they go and bomb the Nazis," chuckled Les Pattinson under his breath.

The bassist with Ego And The Funnymen – as the band are fondly dubbed in the parish of *Sounds* – turned to me and grinned mischievously. Meanwhile, the six-foot-if-he-was-walking-in-a-ditch teacher continued his preamble.

"The purpose of what you're about to do is *not* for you to try and scare the instructor, nor for the instructor to try and scare you," explained Derek Smith in stentorian tones. This beanstalk in red fireproofs is the assistant manager of Silverstone Racing School.

Yep, Christmas came early for Les when, one chilly Sunday morning, he took up our challenge to become the swiftest pop star on four wheels. In fact, so keen was the mad bassist, he'd set off from Liverpool at a time when most musicians are just falling into bed – five am! Needless to say, cruising at a steady 100 mph or thereabouts, he'd arrived at the tarmac'd Mecca of British motor-racing long before your correspondent.

Ironically, it was the fastest Les would drive all day.

As Derek continued his lecture on subjects like "welly, toe-and-heeling, braking areas" and the general mysteries of motor sport, I stared blankly at the map on the wall of the hut in which the initiates were gathered.

The curves of Silverstone's club circuit winked back at me mockingly: names like Maggots and Corpse – uh, sorry *Copse*, caught the eye. Fitting really.

"Why?" I muttered to Les as, post-briefing, we strolled towards the gleaming row of MG Maestros beside the track and closer to the bassist's tussle with destiny.

"Why?" asked photographer Peter Anderson, who'd just arrived in his black Cadillac mafia-mobile.

"Why indeed?" smiled Les as he strapped on his own white motorcycle helmet. "I think you'd better tell me the truth, that I'm here as a replacement for Peter Powell, or whoever was originally scheduled."

This is *not* the truth, however. We were simply three grown men in a goat (*eh?* – Ed), here to knit together a story out of oil and burnt rubber: I was seeking the glamour and thrills of high-powered, finely tuned, sleek racing machines and even faster and better-designed women. . . neither were, as yet, to be seen.

**W**HILE I headed for a showdown with eggs on toast and a cuppa in the clubhouse, Les, his personal instructor Graham Lake-Grange and snapper Anderson strapped themselves into one of the Maestros.

I'd sidestepped the opportunity to accompany them on the logical grounds that the extra weight would slow Les down, though secretly I figured if they crashed someone would have to be around to write about it.

Even so, as the trio sped round the bend and onto the track proper, I was with them in spirit: or at least my tape recorder was. "SCCCRRREEEEEEEECCCHHHH!", a yelp of "Are you sure that's the gearstick you're holding?" and the incessant clicking of an Olympus OM4 seemed to be among the highlights of the first joy-ride.

By then the action was getting hectic and intense in the Clubhouse as Gerry Corbett, manager and chief instructor, filled me in on the hows, whys and wherefores of Silverstone Racing School, which I feel honour bound to relate to you.

The Northamptonshire circuit, which alternates with Brands Hatch as host to the British Grand Prix, began operating just after World War II. In 1948 it was a simple airstrip, surrounded by tons of straw bales, looked after by one employee. Nowadays it's a massive complex of 720 acres of real estate and facilities all owned by the British Racing Drivers Club, who started the School in 1984.

"BBBBRRRRYYYOOOOOMMMMM!" Les' low-rider Maestro (actually only a strengthened production model) interrupted all this as it went screaming past the clubhouse again and rammed into the home straight, flanked by the pits and grandstands. Today the Bunnyman had lucked out with the saloon car introduction, though the School also runs single-seater tuition with a fleet of Van Diemen Formula Ford 1600s.

But, let's be honest, at a price of just over £400 for the full saloon car course and £500 for the single-seater, we're not talking about pocket money investment.

"We've had quite a few celebrities along to be taught, including some members of royalty," resumed Gerry, adopting his hard-sell mode now that the engines were no more than a distant hum.

"I don't think I can tell you which particular *members* of royalty, that's confidential," he hedged. "We do try to treat everybody exactly the same, though, and the youngest learner we've got is 14, the oldest 63. But as a standard it's usually 25 and single for obvious reasons, heh-heh."

I looked around the clubhouse. It was filling with Home Counties Okay Yar Rangers with an average age, I'd guess, of 35. You could tell the trainee James Hunts: they were the ones with the desperate gleam of incontinence in their eyes and, for all I knew, nappies beneath their designer jump-suits.

"Most people who take the courses have ambitions to eventually race for the School," glowed Gerry, a man with 20 years of experience behind him. "The instructors are all current or ex-racing drivers. And we've never had any of our pupils hurt. We have had some accidents, though, which we understand because we're in that sort of business. . ."

The door of the clubhouse swung open and in bounded Les. What a rotter, he hadn't crashed! Bang went my story. I barely had time to accuse him of being a drummer – a brainstorm I put down to overdosing on exhaust fumes since I've seen the Bunnymen many times live – before he was lured out to do some solo lapping.

# LES OFF THE WHEEL



Hours passed like crippled snails for me as Les clocked up £120 worth of mileage. Nobody was sure if these later sessions were buckshee, but the over-excited Les declared he was happy to pay. I looked at the man's report card.

Pattinson, The Prole Of The Pits, had scored well above average, the only black marks being for heel and toeing (an exotic one-footed dance between the gas and brake pedals, apparently). Not for nothing was Les' childhood idol the late Jim Clark.

"Yeah, I always thought he was dead brilliant when I was a kid," admitted the bassist at the end of his burn-ups. "He was my hero when I was into Corgi cars. I had a Jim Clark replica, too - well, it wasn't really - it was just some toy car that me dad painted.

"But even the guy's name was right. If ever there was an all-time racing driver he'd just have to be called Jim Clark. I mean, look at the names of drivers these days. Nigel Mansell! I ask you! He sounds like he has bad problems, like."

**F**INALLY, LAPPING time is over, and I pose the pertinent question. Fancy taking up motor-racing seriously, Les?

"I'm still not as serious about it as about motor-cycling," maintained the bassist, who has a couple of super-bikes himself. "Nor am I going to put any stickers from Silverstone on my car. You know the most difficult thing about today was getting the seat-belt on."

Well, have you got any advice for Andrew Ridgeley, then?

"I don't know how he managed to turn a car over. I was trying me hardest with me foot full down but I couldn't do it. The

**"I don't know how Andrew Ridgeley managed to turn a car over. I was trying me hardest with me foot full down but I couldn't do it"**

thing is, you see, that the cars for beginners have limiter switches which stop you from going above 85 mph. As for Andrew, I think he should take up guitar - that's my advice.

"You know, if I had like millions of pounds, or even thousands would do, and I had a Porsche - a racing thing - I wouldn't have it sitting in me driveway polishing it every weekend. I'd make sure it got a good airing."

Fancy buying a Triumph Stag, going cheap?

"Is that yours? Why don't you take it out on the track?"

Because the bloody thing would fall apart, it specialises in that.

Les seems happy with his motor-cycles, to help pay for parts of which, he's acted as a semi-mechanic in TTs at The Isle Of Man and in Villa Real, Portugal.

"That time when I went to Villa Real was like the best holiday I've had since I was about three or four. I was just helping to change the tyres and look after the bikes and all that, but it was really the other side, being a bike roadie. When I was younger I used to do motor-cycle trails as well which was great. It was like all these old men smoking ciggies and giving you the eye. They do it because it's something to do on a Sunday, an alternative to the pub or like Silverstone.

"You gotta be like the way you really are. You shouldn't pretend like some of the people who are driving today are obviously doing. And that's also what it's like in the record business, and make no

mistake, it's a business.

"You know, when I was building boats, like, I had more idea about music than I have now - more idea of what I wanted to change. Like you'd be listening to shite on the radio and you'd also be going out to clubs like Eric's three nights a week . . . and you just knew who and where you were without trying.

"Whereas nowadays when I have me Sundays off, say, I just want to get away from everything. The thing was, when I

was boat building I had a real enthusiasm for it. If you were doing a job and it was going great you'd keep going at it after-hours because you knew in ten years' time people would still say to you what a fine piece of work it was. I think that's brilliant, far more so than someone humming and hawing over which is your best album. So I'd say you need a physical distraction - boats or bikes or cars - to get the perspective clear."

I suggested to him that we did a runner just in case he had to pay the £120 for his extra laps. He refused. Les Pattinson is not your average pop star.

"At least now I'll know what I'm doing when I bomb along the A-roads home," he laughed.



NOW, I write with me right, so me left's me left . . .

# ALBUMS

RATINGS \*\*\*\*\* BUY \*\*\*\*BLAG \*\*\*HEAR \*\*FLOG +DUMP

## THE BIG SOUND AUTHORITY 'An Inward Revolution'

(MCA MCF3279)\*\*\*  
AN INWARD revolution? Someone's been at the beans again, eh? The only thing that's revolting about this record is the music etc etc... Well, at least that's the line I'd intended to take with this album, but it's really not so bad. It's not exactly a turning point in the history of mankind, but it's far better than the singles 'This House' and 'A Bad Town' (both included) indicate. The best moments come when the horn section answers a call of nature en masse and leaves Burke and Hadwen to it, most notably on the more than passable 'Let's Hold Together'. When they take the history of soul music 1961-73 as their specialist subject, the result is not so much Sam And Dave as Chas And Dave. At best they leave the same indelible mark as Cliff Bennett And The Rebel Rousers; at worst it's The Bluebells with trumpets.

Tony 'Mr Angry' Burke spits venom and vitriol every time he opens his mouth - this man could take his lyrics from the back of a tub of Pot Noodles and still gush with emotion. Julie Hadwen roars with the ferocity of a runt kitten on Mandrax, Kiki Dee's baby sis brought up on *Sing In A Day With Edith Piaf* ("This is a baaya-haaya-heya-yeya-yaaaadd town!"). Strangely, I don't altogether regret listening to it.

ANDY HURT

## CLEANERS FROM VENUS 'A Collection Of Pop Songs'

(Modell Records EFA 1671)\*\*\*\*½  
THIS YEAR'S Award for British Industry should be hovering nicely above Wivenhoe as you read. The outrageously tacky Cleaners From Venus are from Wivenhoe (would you believe) and, once past the plucky letter, dodgy sleeve notes and history of a million cassette only releases, their debut album comes as something of a body blow for mass marketing, the big league, men in pin stripes and other such business-orientated phraseology.

It's an album recorded with patience and charm; slightly self-indulgent but, more important, bulging with fine pop songs. Sure, the name's awful. Yeah, you feel cheated because the bimbo recorded it at home next to his smelly

## FRANK ZAPPA 'Frank Zappa Meets The Mothers Of Prevention'

(Barking Pumpkin Records US Import ST74203)\*\*\*\*  
"WHAT'S THE ugliest part of your body?" asked Frank Zappa way back in 1967 on his 'We're Only In It For The Money' album. "I think it's your mind," was the answer, and Zappa must have been sorely tempted to re-vamp that particular number for this latest, cleverly titled snork of outrage.

At least this time round he's got something to lock what's left of his teeth into. Instead of thumbing his nose at homos, coked up record execs and the like, he's got some *real* ugly minds to lobotomise, namely the PMRC (Parents Music Resource Centre) who want rock music to be rated and sanitised. Rock has been decreed a tool of the Devil, 'outrageous filth' that should be scoured from the ears of a nation's youth.

As the senators, housewives and ultra-right groups go witch-hunting and burn what's left of the 'sacred' first amendment (y'know, the one about free speech 'n' stuff) at the stake, Zappa retaliates by including a track called 'Porn Wars' on his new album. 'Porn Wars' takes the taped transcriptions from the hearing and turns the whole loaded issue back on itself. Sniggering senators are transformed into idiot half pig demons whose corny clichés are whirled up their own assholes.

The whole foolish episode is made to look more foolish, sinister and, ultimately, dangerous. It's the focal point on an album which, for the most part, is mere padding. On 'Freak Out', Zappa mockingly warned that "It can't happen here". I guess that both you and me thought he was joking, huh?

EDWIN PONCEY



FRANK ZAPPA meets his greatest fan

# PORN TO BE WILD

socks on a Portastudio, but lend a lug. 'A Collection Of Pop Songs' is fine, homegrown talent. The Cleaners have no plans to play Wembley next year, although it promises to be a real corker down at the Tesco disco in Wivenhoe.

DAVE HENDERSON

## RAY CHARLES 'The Spirit Of Christmas'

(CBS 26562)\*\*\*\*  
WHEN CURRENTLY uncool types like Jon Anderson or Slade record a dodgy concept (and desperate cash-in) like a Christmas album, they quite rightly get universally slagged off. But when an old acknowledged jazz/soul legend attempts the same scam, the temptation is to gloss over the appalling idea that drains a glorious talented original of credibility.

You couldn't easily accumulate a pile of turkeys as gross as 'Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town', 'Rudolf The Red Nosed Reindeer', 'Christmas Time', 'Winter Wonderland', 'All I Want For Christmas', 'That Spirit Of Christmas' and 'The Little Drummer Boy' (to name but a few of the gems contained within). But yuletide always provides a stinking sackful of the blighters.

I wish I could say something to the contrary, but the fact is that Ray Charles' album is a brilliant working of the tired old formula. The master of controlled and emotional phrasing, he carries out the exercise with such polished aplomb you really *can* forget the awful content of the album. Ray has effortlessly injected the twee twaddle with a wonder drug and transformed them into woolly twiffic twacks. Merry Christmas!

RONNIE RANDALL

## THE ANTI GROUP 'The Delivery'

(Atonal ST 3006)\*\*\*\*½  
WHAT'S IN a name? Simultaneously released with their excellent single on Sweatbox, 'Ha', 'The Delivery' is a live LP recorded in Berlin by Clock DVA maestro Adi Newton - miraculously (and alchemically) transformed into Adolphus Newton in this incarnation.

A music and a concept behind it, full of possibilities. Pulling ideas from the Surrealists, the Divine Marquis, avant-garde music and a host of other areas, The Anti Group deliver a pulsing wall of noise and sound that hovers between structure and

formlessness. The emphasis is far more on jazz in a free form style than the earlier rockisms of Clock DVA, although Adi Newton's voice is so distinctive that when he *does* sing, as on 'Morpheus Baby', you're left waiting for a re-run of '4 Hours'.

The sleeve notes discuss the link between visual and acoustic attack and suggestion; and TAG's music does ask for a visual back-up. Pasolini's 'Salò', Bunuel's earlier films, *Coronation Street* even. The choice is yours. TAG's experiment in sound and idea will either succeed or fail totally. At the moment, it looks like the contest is almost won...

TIBET

## CHARLES BUKOWSKI 'Hostage'

(Freeway/Rhino US import FRWY 1058)\*\*\*\*  
MORE CONFESSIONS from a 'dirty old man'. Charles Bukowski doesn't mince words, he grinds them into your face like a hoodlum would a broken beer bottle. He wants a reaction from his audience. Not for him the passive role of 'street poet' where every word is held on to like a piece of jewellery that's been found in a gutter. Bukowski likes to slap his

audience around with what he has to say.

As he gets drunker, the words become more fierce. In the end he's spoiling for a fight, asking, pleading for trouble so that he can stick more than poetry down his protagonist's throat. The stories told on this record are very funny and very true. Sick, dumb, sexy, pathetic and unique, unlike Steve Martin, Charles Bukowski is no jerk. Hearing him is believing.

EDWIN PONCEY

## THE GODZ 'I'll Get You Rockin'

(Heavy Metal America HM USA 48)\*\*\*\*½  
THE RE-EMERGENCE of the name was enough. I took one look, muttered "boring farts", and condemned The Godz to the bottom of the pile. God, how numbers like 'Chest Fever' smacked as a vain attempt by old men to be relevant. How the slow insertion of keyboards seemed to be an absurd attempt on gaining '80s credibility.

Surely titles like 'Fire', with their mid-paced beat and disgustingly prevalent guitar breaks, were simply ancient attempts to re-create past glory. All this pathetic, moody 'Love Cage' business had to

be trying to convince us that they could still be naughty.

And the band's moniker! Couldn't they have taken the hint? Bands with old names like The Godz are finished. Christ, do they think we'll still fall for choice lead breaks, great tunes and absurd titles? Do they imagine we'll find this sort of reformation exciting?

I listened twelve more times, threw my preconceptions aside, and *enjoyed* the record. Don't be put off; you won't look uncool if you buy a copy.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

## ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK 'Rocky IV'

(Scotti Brothers CB 281)\*  
HALLELUJAH! BROTHERS, cash in on the new cold war. Witness the mighty proclamations of young America as Survivor again sing 'Eye Of The Tiger' and its twin 'Burning Heart'. So much of the rest could be by them, too. The samey sounds by different artists only serve to emphasise what a totally redundant cliché this pile of overblown pomp really is. The only redeeming feature is a misguided James Brown rendition of Dan Hartman's 'Living In America' which becomes a wonderfully bouncy ball of patriotic, propaganda/waddle. If this package of reactionary right wing ideology is what you need to live in America these days, then I'll take Albania.

RONNIE RANDALL

## VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Swell Up... And Bubble'

(Bigger Bank Balance Records BALANCE 2)\*\*\*\*  
IN WHICH those compilations keep on coming and you don't find *me* complaining... Bigger Bank Balance hang out somewhere in Amsterdam near Leeds, and choose their bands accordingly, blending established family favourites into some of the better thought of young hopefuls.

Those cuddly Three Johns mash up the 'World Of The Workers' live at Leeds University and then follow through bad-style with a taut '666 Pact To Go'. Fellow Headingley legends The Mekons, meanwhile, traipse disarmingly through the collapsing new Marlboro Country of their disintegrating 'Flitcraft' and the instrumental throwaway 'Darkness'. And Robert Lloyd's marvellous Nightingales sing sad, soft, *angry* tales of 'Surplus And Scarcity', of farmers getting fat while millions starve.

Apart from the unnecessary manic bumbblings of Claw Boys Claw who resemble a *charmless* Three Johns, it could be hypothesised that the foreign contingent on this album have derived their codes from the works of The Nightingales. For both Blue



THE SABS: they later donated their jeans to the Billericay branch of the Boy Scouts...

# BLACK CURRENTS

## BLACK SABBATH 'The Sabbath Collection'

(Nems BS Box 01)\*\*\*\*  
AND THAT'S at least five stars!  
Seven LPs from The Mighty Sabbath, all in full colour sleeves (though not the original fold-outs), featuring *the* greatest HM vocalist of all time, Ozzy 'Mr Crowley' Osbourne: 'Black Sabbath', 'Paranoid', 'Master Of Reality', 'Volume 4', 'Sabbath Bloody Sabbath', 'Sabotage' and the posthumous 'Live At Last'.

Seven volumes of ecstasy... knowing where to start to enumerate my personal favourites is impossible, but the title track from 'Sabbath Bloody Sabbath' still chills and cuts, and almost every piece from the massively underrated 'Sabotage' (underrated by fans, that is; critics who slagged them off were too

busy listening to ELP and Greenslade), shall be played and loved to death as the festive season commences.

For volume, power, potency and energy - and that's starting off from 1968, flower children - every LP rivals anything done since or before, whether it wears or wore art school raincoats or not.

But why oh why didn't they complete the set and add 'Technical Ecstasy' and 'Never Say Die'? And remember, all you progressive types: Karl 'Shock Headed Peter' Blake would agree with every word. What better recommendation do you need? Make *your* street echo with 'Paranoid' this Yuletide...

TIBET

# CURVED AIRHEADS



CIRCLE JERKS: enough to drive you round the bend

Laura Levine

**CIRCLE JERKS 'Wonderful'** (Rough Justice JUST 1) \*\*3/4  
ARE THE Jerks on the side of the angels?

Confusion...

It's probably significant that this record is released on a subsidiary of Music For Nations. The 'melodic' and rhythmic lifeline between hardcore and heavy metal has long been obvious. What always differentiates the two camps is an attitude: the gap twixt brain and penis.

Illusion...

The band are an absurdity on eight hairy legs. "Be nice, say thank you and please once in a while/It's a beautiful world we live in so give your brother a smile," they sing like good little jerks for Jesus over a riff forged in the toilet of Hell.

You see, I hear a problem. Are this group of Americans

straight-edged or curved? Songs of conviction or sentiments of satire? There is a strong streak of (im)morality at play. Drugs, the clap, truancy, patriotism, nuclear bomb manufacturing — all get a look in lyrically, but always from the outside it seems.

Concussion...

There is not much talk of adventure between the instruments here. If they lived in England they would go on holiday to Doncaster on a wet weekend. Clang, wang, this is a fridge with an empty freezer.

Conclusion... He who describes an ant and then treads on it is puerile. Voyeurs or do'ers, either way this band are perverted by their own subject matter.

The Circle are Jerks, they never pretended to be otherwise.

JACK BARRON

**Road Back Home'**  
(Making Waves SPIN 208)  
\*\*\*\*

AS YOU are probably aware, Robert Cray and Stevie Ray Vaughan are the only blues singer/guitarists left on the face of the planet. Johnny Winter 'died' years ago, and just who the f\*\*\* are Ronnie Earl and Doug MacLeod anyhoo?

Well, as Cray's company Demon prepares to reissue (via Edsel) Johnny Winter's first album, the legendary sex symbol gives us his latest offering (yes, he is still alive) and demonstrates that there's no logical reason why he should be thought less of today than he was 15 years ago.

Ronnie Earl has emerged from Roomful Of Blues with the dirtiest of guitar sounds

and a magnificently primitive production (achieved at great expense, no doubt). A couple of well wrought Earl compositions slot in snugly with the works of Howlin' Wolf, Gatemouth Brown, Freddy King and others to create a consistent, solid album.

Doug MacLeod dearly wants to be black, and of the three is closest to Robert Cray (ie he's a product of the BB King school of guitar picking). 'No Road Back Home' is a well-balanced record matching soulful blues ballads with R'n'B stompers

ANDY HURT

**VEETDHARM MORGAN FISHER 'Water Music'**

(Cherry Red BRED 68)\*\*\*\* 1/2  
I WAS taken to task on the

Letters page by an indignant Veetdharm Morgan Fisher for not taking his last album, 'Look At Life', seriously (off with his head!). A fair complaint, I concede, even for a man who in his Hybrid days produced 'Miniatures', an album of quirky Pinky and Perky versions of assorted hits, including an unforgettable 'Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?!'

But seriously folks, I really did like 'Look At Life' and I really do like 'Water Music'. This time around, the Oregon Rolls-Royce Owners Club member has pootled into Eno's 'Music For Wardrobes' territory, but Veetdharm's brain muzak replaces impersonality with an element of serenity.

Side one, consisting of 'Ice Melting' and 'The Great

Lakes' is one half electric piano, one half synth and is sorta upbeat ambience (is this possible?). But my preference is for the flipside, Jap musico Pneuma bowing an electric guitar on 'After The Rain' and jangling wind chimes to 'We Are All Water' while the ex-Hoopie tippy-toes over the ivories, the last track almost recognisable as a song, heaven forbid. Instant karma...

ANDY HURT

**COLONEL ABRAMS 'Colonel Abrams'** (MCA MCG 6001)\*\*\*\*

COLONEL ABRAMS is no newfound god of soul music, but dammit if he ain't got a top to toe spotless image: the stature of a basketball player, a thin suave moustache, and a short, groomed head of curls (none of this dreadlocked stuff). The Gianni Versace leather gear is perfect! Abe's sexy deep-from-the-diaphragm voice is the custard on the jam roll.

'Trapped' is the cracker on the album; I haven't gotten so jazzed over a song since 'Just Be Good To Me' by The SOS Band. A galloping drum beat leads to a climax of 'ohs' and a solo on a five key toy synthesiser, and these traits can also be picked up on 'I'm Not Gonna Let'. There's a spelling lesson for all on 'Over And Over', while 'Margaux' seems like a bizarre name to croon, working out nonetheless.

Colonel Abrams has masculinity and idol potential coming out of his ears, and I love it!

MONICA CADY

**EDDIE AND THE TIDE 'Go Out And Get It'**

(Atco 790 289-1)\*  
SCRUBBED AND wholesome pastel shades of mellow rock, akin to a smoother, less quirky Men At Work. Reeking of sun oil and beach barbecues, 'Go Out', with its tales of sterilised teen dreams, will surely strike gold in the gaping American market for liquidised pop.

PAUL ELLIOTT

all that anybody with any interest in Harvey will already know. But it's most unlikely to encourage any new interest because, quite frankly, the time of people like Alex Harvey is long since gone.

ROGER HOLLAND

**FIERCE HEART 'Fierce Heart'** (Polydor POLD 5184) \*\*

A MELTING pot of AC/DC riffs and AOR chest-beating that's heavy on beefy braggadocio and light on intelligence. They're fairly accomplished musicians, but until some songwriting subtleties are chanced upon, Fierce Heart will in all probability remain restricted to small fry status.

PAUL ELLIOTT

**EVELYN 'CHAMPAGNE' KING 'A Long Time Coming'** (RCA PL87015) \*1/4  
**KASHIF 'Condition Of The Heart'** (Arista 207426) \*\*

LET'S D-D-D-DANCE, yow! Wanna boogie on down wit yooo! Uh-huh!

Actually, only the first track, 'Chemistry Of Love', is even remotely that exciting or uplifting. Champagne is supposed to signify glamour, fizz, sparkle, so just how Evelyn King merits the moniker has to be one of the great mysteries of our time. This is an album full of forced emotion, tedious tantrums, and simple-minded lyrics continually repeating 'hook' lines that couldn't catch a plastic duck at a fairground.

Ms King's old producer Kashif at least perks up for the odd track on his generally lethargic exercise in snooze soul gymnastics. Let's talk about sex: 'Stay The Night', 'I Wanna Have Love With You'. Even the instrumental track 'Move Song's heavy sexual groans suggest an obscene telephone call nutcase. This animal lust sits incongruously with 'Botha Botha (Apartheid Song)', and it's immortal line, "Botha, we can't dance 'cause you're standing on our feet"! Kashif's been making music on fantasy island for far too long to attempt making statements about the real world.

RONNIE RANDALL

**JOHNNY WINTER 'Serious Business'** (Sonet SNTF 948) \*\*\*\*  
**RONNIE EARL AND THE BROADCASTERS 'Smoking'** (Making Waves SPIN 205) \*\*\*3/4  
**DOUG MACLEOD 'No**

## GOOD EARTH



RFTW: more than just Purple Rain times six

**READY FOR THE WORLD 'Ready For The World'** (MCA MCF3298)\*\*\*\*

"SEXUALITY IS the lyricism of the masses" — Baudelaire, 1887.  
"It's so dark, but I don't even care girl/I know where to go. I know what to do" — Melvin Riley Jr, 1985.

READY FOR The World are six young men from Michigan. They are all under 21 and look like Prince. Their's is the most accomplished, naked and pertinent funk/soul debut of the year. Genuinely thrilling state-of-the-art stuff, it's sweeter than syrup and wickedly wanton. The recent near-hit 'Oh Sheila' was just a tease... pilfering freely from the more ecstatic peaks of The Isleys, The Gap Band, Clinton, Material and (yes) Prince (but without the excess), RFTW go 1-2-3 and push libido to the fore.

Riley is the main culprit/catalyst. His lyrics are merely suggestive, but his phrasing is filthy. His is the most confident and articulate soul voice to emerge in quite some time. He struts, assumes interests he has no right to assume, pleads, sobs, and if all else fails he lashes out. His lust is so pure and committed, it borders on religious devotion.

The flirtatious fast numbers snap and blaze and spit with precise staccato fire, while the curbed come-on ballads — 'Slide Over', 'Tonight' — have a surprising, magical undercurrent of yearning. "Don't make me wait too long," he sings, like a psychotic nightingale. His partners' performances are peerless.

Is your conservative earth ready to move for this? I have seen the future of my record player for the next fortnight, and it sure beats hosts of golden daffodils.

CHRIS ROBERTS

Murder and (especially) Eton Crop play with all the grace and scratching classicism of, say, 'Pigs On Purpose' — a rolling relentlessness which well complements their own only slightly lighter tones. And they could indeed be said to provide the very best moments on 'Swell Up And Bubble', an assessment which is no insult to the Johns, Meeks and Nighties but merely a recognition of the quality of both Blue Murder and, of course, the Eton Crop.

ROGER HOLLAND

**THE RAPIDS 'Turning Point'** (Nervous NERD 019)\*\*\*3/4

ODZOOKENS! MERE mortals all. The music of the gods is — as usual — brought down to the level of the all-too-human by slapdash execution and panic at the mixing desk. Vaguely passable drumming explodes at the seams through 'Eyes Of Darkness', diverting attention away from a pleasing and much needed change of the mod/rockabilly pace and focusing instead on what Dennis Norden would gleefully describe as the 'cock-ups'.

Considering the album was recorded in less than two hours, Lee's vocals come across loud and clear (possibly too loud) as does the guitar work, while the slap bass is more slap than bass. Still, the range and quality of songs suggest that the choice of album title may have some validity. With the exception of 'Do You Believe', the best tracks congregate on side one, with 'Smile Of A Stranger', 'Hard Luck' and 'Night Out With The Boys' prominent.

ANDY HURT

**U-MEN 'Stop Spinning'** (Homestead HMS 024)\*\*\*\*

SIX CHUGGING rockouts from four-piece US outfit U-Men. Growling John Bigley sounds like he's trying to regurgitate a mistakenly consumed bottle of Domestos, as he heads down an uptempo Nick Cave cul-de-sac. Garbled, with marbles in the mouth, there's more than enough choking irreverence to set the mood, and Thomas Price's guitar ably builds a wall of noise for Bigley to hammer against.

U-Men are a groaning sensation that smacks at the back of the neck, a mouthful of something you want to spit out but feel obliged to persevere with. Uneasy, unsettling but never uninteresting, U-Men are the ZZ Top of new American raunch rock. Wild and weird lyrics, a disturbing note left by a departing spirit, talk of cowboys, indians and cow rock. The second charge to the Mid-West starts here.

DAVE HENDERSON

**THE SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND 'The Legend'** (Samurai Records SAH 041)\*\*\*

THE OLDEST man in rock ever — yes, even older than Charlie Harper — Alex Harvey could be either fascinating or a real pain in the posterior.

With a voice like gravel smeared liberally with broken bottles and blood, he was, when cutting slyly through his rock 'n' roll story time, one of the best of the '70s 'glam' entertainers. But when he swapped those heavy guitar rhythms for merely heavy-handed little cabaret spots, well, then he was one of the most vastly irritating plonkers of all time.

And this latest posthumous collection, 'The Legend' (no exclamation mark), which includes a couple of classics, 'Midnight Moses' and 'St Anthony', and which omits another, 'Boston Tea Party', does no more than confirm

# BONE VOYAGE



FETCHIN BONES: nope, the buses ain't so regular in the USA either...

## SEVERED HEADS 'Clifford Darling, Please Don't Live In The Past' (Ink INK16D) \*\*\*\*

REVIEWING SEVERED Heads albums is a less than straightforward task, comprising as they do of musical textures set to rhythm rather than... now, what's the word I'm looking for? Ah yes, *songs*. Reviewing a double pack of 'obscure snippets' is as easy as reviewing a carton of special fried rice - it's either good or it ain't. I mean, what's the point in observing that the peas are particularly good, or puzzling over the origins of that orangey meat-flavoured sliver you've just dispatched intestine-wards?

'Clifford Darling', then, is the Aussies' 'Faust Tapes', an aural montage of dentist drill synths and dialogue, noise songs which build into an 80 minute disco remix of the last 60 seconds of 'I Am The Walrus'.

The five year, four side span of the material catalogues the inner struggle for supremacy between the Kurt Schwitters collector instinct ('found' tape loops of the eccentric and the mundane) and the consciously awkward/wacko subversion of The Residents. The influence of the top hat and tails dancing-eyes-on-sticks men is reflected in song titles - 'Malt Duck', 'Tiny Fingers', 'Sydney Quads And The Megascop Space Probe', 'Alaskan Polar Bear Heater No. 1'.

Trotting up on the inside rail, waiting for an opening to appear, is the element of (early) Human League synthpop melody which was to get its nose in front for the epic 'Since The Accident', only to drop out of contention for the more earnest 'City Slab Horror'. A few tracks from the 'Blubberknife' cassette and a whole host of weird and wonderfuls. Eat this record.

ANDY HURT

## MALAMINI JOBARTEH AND DEMBO KONTE 'Jaliya' (Sterns 1010) \*\*\*\*1/3 HERBIE HANCOCK AND FODAY MUSA SUSO 'Village Life' (CBS 26397) \*\*\*\*1/2

IT'S LOST forever in the treacle of time, but the angel Gabriel was a dab hand at the kora, and when he plucked it the princess's plaits would dance like Ginger Rogers as she entertained the troops in the court of Solomon.

Solomon became wise the day he said: "If you can lie convincingly, the truth will follow like a dog with its tail between its legs." And the truth about the kora is it's a 21-string hybrid twixt a harp and a lute, unique to West Africa, which sounds like elves making love when it's played with panache.

Panache is what Jobarteh, Dembo Konte and Musa Suso put on their cornflakes, bathe in and blow bubbles with. Gambians all, in their homeland the kora is the musical soundtrack of the griots: the oral repositories of their people's history.

On 'Jaliya' the accent is on traditional beauty and simplicity as Jobarteh and Konte tell of the crocodile ruler and getting lost in the woods. The language is Mandinka, but extensive inner sleeve notes help you to understand what you are singing along to. Pristine.

Altogether more deceptive is 'Village Life', a subtle if uncomfortable fusion of the undoubted genius of Suso's hummingbird technique and the electronic gizmo-tack of Herbie Hancock. Herbie, I'm pretty sure, is not descended from the angel Gabriel. Or if he is, the man hides his wings well.

JACK BARRON

## MIKE AND THE MECHANICS 'Mike And The Mechanics' (WEA 252 496-1)\*\*

ESKIMOS HAVE a large number of words to describe different types of snow. Mike Rutherford has now created a similarly wide-ranging vocabulary for boredom. There's the dullness of finding that every note is in the right place; there's the blandness of finding the guitars, vocals, bass, drums and so on always come in at precisely the correct moment, just when you expect them. And there's the tedium of the songs themselves - yawn-worthy epics of gigantic proportions - all set in an order which follows a far too familiar pattern.

There's not a piece out of place in this jigsaw and nothing to provoke any reaction other than a sincere desire to take the album off the turntable and succumb to sleep. It's a pity that musicians of the calibre of Genesis man Rutherford and his Mechanics - Peter Van Hooke, Paul Carrack, Adrian Lee and Paul Young (no, not that one) - couldn't come up with anything more challenging.

GEOFFREY S KENT

## BAD MANNERS 'Mental Notes' (Portrait BFR40070)\*\*\*\*\*

BAD MANNERS? Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Not very fashionable, huh? Downright laughable, in fact. But hang on a mo, just take a look around.

Hasn't the pitifully arrogant self-aggrandisement of the shooting stars of the punk and post-punk eras left British music on the dungheap? We merrily splash around in a cesspit of diluted reggae, tepid white boy soul, Billie Holiday impersonators and drips massaging acoustic guitars, while a compliant gang of twattish pseudo-journo-apologists lick the bottles of the stars until such time as they land a job on the *Observer* mag. 1985 has seen the industry taking on its greatest challenge to date, that of turning one-time anorak-liner Feargal Sharkey into a sex symbol ("just project a bit more of that funny pattern onto his face, petal... *fabulous!*").

If miracles can be performed on such a seemingly lost cause, what price Buster for Mr Universe? Fat Kojak and his random band of Johnny Ordinaries have somehow put together an album full of faultlessly structured, singalongable pop peaches, and this is no laughing matter...

ANDY HURT

## LEE PERRY 'The Upsetter Box Set' (Trojan Perry 1) \*\*\*\*1/4 "WELCOME ALL you weenie- boppers, this is your musical pappa." Unmistakably Scratch, who has yet to meet his match.

Innovation is undoubtedly the province of the eccentric, and in his two decades plus of distorting the boundaries of reggae out of shape, Lee Perry has had to scrape himself off the walls of his studios many times. If you fly high and fast, the comedowns are always spectacular.

Scratch's publicly conducted altercation with Island last year, coupled with the release of the often barren harmonic clairvoyancy of 'History, Mystery And Prophecy', left me for one baffled by contradictory smoke signals.

Latest news of pioneer Perry is that he has been busy in the recording stakes with various people including the Mad Prof, his wonders to perform, and that some new Scratchings will be surfacing from the dub-mine soon.

In the meantime, we can

savour this handsome boxed set of three albums dating from the early '70s: 'Africa's Blood', 'Double Seven' and the ultra-rare 'Rhythm Shower'. Essentially they bridge the shift in Perry's (and reggae's) music from the last days of rocksteady to the full-blown dreamscape skank of later years.

That's, of course, a gross oversimplification compared to the intricate variations of noise contained herein. Versions galore by the Upsetters, including a splendid buru-drum cover of 'Cherry Oh Baby', plus talkover toasts by the Roys, I and U, Sir Lord Comic and Dillinger, and a snatch of early Augustus Pablo all serve to bolster Lee's legend.

This collection is too sprawling to be perfect but, together with Steve Barrow's fine and informative sleeve notes, it will blast a very pretty hole in anyone's stocking this Christmas.

JACK BARRON

## CHEQUERED PAST 'Chequered Past' (Heavy Metal America HM USA 53) \*\*\*\*

THE COALITION of ex-Pistol Steve Jones with Blondie's rhythm section and experienced singing mercenary Michael Des Barres isn't half as grotesque as could be expected. Egos fettered, Chequered Past were a surprisingly credible 'band' proposition, and the record moves well in places.

However, the emphasis is now squarely on the 'Past'; the album was originally

## FETCHIN BONES 'Cabin Flounder' (DB Records DB 77) \*\*\*\* ZEITGEIST 'Translate Slowly' (DB Records DB 75)\*\*\*\*

FETCHIN BONES have a special slant on the world. This is obvious in the way that they call their songs things like 'Briefcase' and 'God's Hanky' and write their name with egg cartons, tinsel and rubber gloves. Just what sort of a name is Fetchin Bones anyway?

Part of the reason for this might be the fact that they come from Georgia (or possibly North Carolina), but that's not the whole story. These nice, normal American kids draw on ancient forms of rock 'n' roll and hide them behind a girl called Hope. Hope has a voice like a wayward choirboy who was raised by a family of bears with a very good Nancy Sinatra collection.

Fetchin Bones are the people who steal your socks from the launderette and put flies in your lobster bisque when your back is turned. Even a token Neil Young/moving ballad like 'Too Much' winds up wailing "You piss on the chapter of love", which is probably inevitable.

Zeitgeist, on the other hand, are neat freaks. Again, some boys and some girls from (possibly) Georgia but their harmonies actually *harmonise*, their songs are *arranged* instead of being tossed into a corner, and you know that when Zeitgeist cook noodles, they never turn mysteriously pink like they do in Fetchin Bones' kitchen.

Zeitgeist sing of cowboys and freight trains. They drink Budweiser and play cards on checkered tablecloths. Their sound is rather gentle and their fury is like a spring evening in a small town. Pleasant but comfortable.

JANE SIMON

available on import in '84, and since then Des Barres has quit (to feather his nest with The Power Station) which has presumably put CP (permanently?) on ice.

A couple of the songs suggest that Chequered Past had a promising future. Ironically, they often sound like The Power Station toying with hard rock, although it's the looser pop tunes which really hint at something special that might have been.

PAUL ELLIOTT

## STARZ 'Live In Canada' (Heavy Metal America HM USA 46)\*\*

WEAK AND nondescript, 'Live In Canada' is presumably an attempt to create a few new ripples of interest in the dead 'n' buried Starz, whilst also wringing some more loose change out of the band's long-standing devotees.

Onstage mistakes are honestly reproduced but, unlike Maiden's lambasting 'Live After Death', there's none of the requisite tension in the mix to do full justice to the cluster of Starz classics included. Disappointing.

PAUL ELLIOTT

## MISSION OF BURMA 'The Horrible Truth About Burma' (Rose 76) \*\*\*\*

"THE HEAT rolled from the earth like the breath of an oven," said George Orwell. "There was something horrible in it - horrible to think of that blue, blinding sky stretching on and on over Burma."

Could this be the awful truth? This album features ten live tracks recorded around the States during Mission Of Burma's final tour, and I'm sorry I've only found it after the action's all over.

MOB mix US hardcore with experimentalist pipedreams, and were a band, it seems, who knew what to do with feedback to make it an integral part of their sound rather than an ugly intrusion.

The eight minute, 50 second opus 'Heart Of Darkness' rides on a plaintive bassline (copyright Joy Division) and gives the album the air of a classic live recording such as the MC5's 'Kick Out The Jams', even if only a handful of you will ever listen to it.

They also slaughter Iggy's 'I Feel Alright' and break new grounds in frenzied metal riffing on 'Dumbbells'. Of MOB I know not a lot, but they sound as if they could have, should have been a band of monumental importance. Buy this, if only to find out what might have been.

NEIL PERRY

## THE MACC LADS 'Beer And Sex And Chips And Gravy' (FM Records WKFM LP56)\*\*\*\*1/2

I REMEMBER when I was at school, there was a lad from Macclesfield put into our class halfway through one term. His family had just moved into the area and, true to form, he was a real plank. And although he soon lost his Hovis accent and developed some sort of Liverpool attitude, he never escaped

# FILLY

TEX AND THE HORSEHEADS 'Life's So Cool' (Enigma 2062-1)\*\*\*\*  
RELEASED THROUGH Stiff in the UK, 'Life's So Cool' is the second album by Tex And The Horseheads who have something of a reputation for drinking, falling over in public places, and generally smoking more cigarettes than any other band.

Quite an achievement, and quite an album. Fronted by Texacala Jones - a woman who looks like she's been dragged out of bed by her ankles - the tone is decidedly sleazy, and her vocals, excuse the pun, are understandably hoarse. Tex sports holed fishnets and her hobby is unprintable.



TEXACALA JONES: LA's answer to Selina Scott

Chris Amouroux



# JOHN COUGAR



# MELLENCAMP

## the year of the cougar?

**W**ITH THE simple, candid charm of his latest album 'Scarecrow', John Cougar Mellencamp has effectively buried his misguided and impudent past.

As Johnny Cougar, he personified all that Britain – and particularly its press – have traditionally despised about ambitious American rock 'n' roll stars.

Under the auspices of former Bowie manager Tony DeFries, Cougar was projected as an outspoken, swaggering successor to Springsteen. And while this hype and bluster was swallowed whole in his homeland, elsewhere it was recognised that the music failed to compound the legend.

Johnny Cougar's earliest records, 'Chestnuts Street Incident' and 'The Kids Inside', were racked with growing pains, and nowadays provide distinctly uncomfortable listening. His first overriding artistic and commercial success was the 'American Fool Album' of 1982, which bore two big Stateside hits – 'Hurts So Good' and 'Jack And Diane', the latter also establishing a reasonably high profile for him in the UK.

The ensuing and 'Uh-H-Uh' LP in 1984 strengthened his position in America still further, but British record buyers didn't sympathise.

But 'Scarecrow' may redress the balance and help John Cougar Mellencamp to follow the paths of ZZ Top and Bryan Adams in gaining the widespread recognition that has evaded him so far.

Feet up on a low coffee table in Philadelphia's Four Seasons Hotel, a quietly-spoken Mellencamp reflects on this and a variety of other matters; his early life in the Indiana small town of Seymour; the relative merits of punk, Springsteen and Mötley Crüe; the plight of America's farmers in the current climate of Agrarian Depression; the purpose and outcome of Farm Aid (which raised ten million dollars for farming communities, even though its principle intention was simply to arouse more widespread concern for their suffering); Ronald Reagan's influence upon the American people; and, to begin with, John's recollection of his formative recording's almost ten years ago.

**I** TELL ya what it was like, man. How'd you feel if I was to say, Look, I'm gonna give you 16,000 dollars, now you go an' make a record. That was what happened. We thought, we're never gonna get our hands on this kind of money again, so we'd better enjoy it.

"We took the money, we made a record for about four or five thousand, and went out and blew the rest!"

So that's why those first two records were

so bad?

"No, that's not why they were so bad. The reason they were bad is 'cos we didn't know what the hell we were doin'. Even we hated that stuff," Mellencamp laughs.

"It was like, Don't be too serious about it, OK? Uh, we know it's not that great, but we're trying. People would say, John makes fun of his own songs. Well, of course I did. I mean, you want me to play like this is the best stuff ever written when I know it's not?"

"But now I feel like I'm doin' as well as anybody, and I should. How many times do you drive a car till you know how to do it pretty good?"

But now you've reached the stage where your lyrics are raising issues which encourage the listener to stop and give matters some thought.

"Well, you've gotta look at my situation. I was a guy in a band in a bar. I wish I could take you to Indiana, right, and show you what a guy in a band in a bar does. My reality is so much different to yours.

"So, when I started up, I owed nobody nothin' about anythin'. I was a guy in a band in a bar in Bloomington, Indiana. We had tattoos, earrings, and wore leather jackets – that was it. That's all I was responsible to.

"Then what a surprise to find out that you've got millions of people listening to what you're saying, and you're expected to be responsible to those people. I was stuck in a situation where I'd got to make a decision: do I want to rape success, or do I want to try and give it back?"

"I've never really dressed to be cool, I've never jumped on any particular wave – I've always just tried to figure out who the hell I am, and what I'm about, and I'm doin' better at it at 34 than I did at 24.

"At 24 I was just... outta hand; when I was in England I was outta hand. If you and I were doing an interview that I didn't like, I'd just tell ya to get f\*\*\*\*. Why should I want to sit and talk to you? I don't give a shit whether I'm in the paper or not. I don't care if the readers like me or not. That was my attitude – cynical.

"You can't live like that, 'cos you end up – like Joni Mitchell said on record – drunk and borin' somebody to death about how bad you've got. Later, I found this... new responsibility, I guess you could call it."

A responsibility to your career?

"No, that's not true. I got all the dough I want, y'know? If I wanted to make my career better, I'd write songs like 'Hurts So Good' till I'm blue in the face. They wouldn't be honest, 'cos I'm not on the streets anymore.

"I'm trying to stretch my ability as a songwriter. I still can't write the way I want to write, but I do know one thing – the best song I ever write will be the simplest one."

**H**AVE YOU ever lacked the opportunity, or even confidence, to tackle difficult subjects in your lyrics?

"Uh, y'know who Will Rogers is? Will Rogers was a big American folk hero who always wrote about positiveness. He made speeches about feeling good about yourself. I don't want to be Will Rogers, but I want to write songs that make people feel good about themselves. And that can come

in various shapes, colour and sizes.

"They don't have to be songs like 'Laugh And A Tear', which is a positive song even though it dealt with the negative way in which I looked at myself at a particular time. I don't want to write any more songs like 'Hurts So Good' – they only take, they don't give, know what I'm saying?"

One song on 'Scarecrow' called 'You've Got To Stand For Somethin'', begins 'I've seen the Rollin' Stones/Forgot about Johnny Rotten'. On the surface, this appears to be an indictment of punk.

"No. A lot of people think that. I was just trying to say that it wasn't important that it was Johnny Rotten, or Sid Vicious, or The Clash – it was important that it happened. No individual pioneers or spearheads a thing entirely, and I guess the reason I pointed him out is because he seems to want to take all the credit for it. He just happened to be in the band that became the most popular the quickest.

"It's not an allegation against punk rock. I mean, I was looking at it when it was happening, going to The Vortex and thinking, What's this? Hillbilly kids didn't understand this stuff – well, we did, but we played like we didn't.

"It's just that people shouldn't put so much self-importance upon what they're doing – like Sylvester Stallone. It was meant to be taken with a grain of salt and a bit of humour, that's all."

In terms of standing for something, to what extent do you respect what Reagan's America stands for?

"You heard any of my records?"

"Y'see, the thing you've got to understand that makes Ronald Reagan so popular here, and why he's not popular anywhere else, is that he appeals to people's emotions here. Let's not forget that he was an actor, and he knows how and when to be charming. But, asking Springsteen and me to rah-rah Reagan's America – there's no logic to that.

"All you've gotta do is look at what his politics have done and you'll see that it's not rah-rah America. America's made up of millions of tiny people, and his politics have nothing to do with that at all.

"But, he appeals to those people, because of the charm and the emotion; it's almost like the Kennedys. It's like at my show, there's no reason for those people to behave like they do, but they connect with me emotionally. Logically, it's just noise in the air."

In what way has Reagan used you personally to rah-rah 'his' America?

"Well, he asked if he could use a song I wrote called 'Pink Houses' for his election thing. I said no, I'm not interested."

But surely, the words of 'Pink Houses' couldn't possibly add support to Reagan?

"Neither would 'Born In The USA'. He just wanted to use the title of that song, as well as 'little pink houses for you and me' and 'ain't that America' – those are the things he was interested in. He didn't want to use 'there's a black man with a black cat/living in a black neighbourhood'. He didn't think about the segregation that the song talked about."

That's ridiculously short-sighted.

"Oh, sure. Like I said, it's got nothing to do with logic. He's taken only what he

wants to use, and it's not just with my song and Bruce's song, it's with everything he does; which makes him a very dangerous man. He's loved and respected, 'cos people only ever read the headlines, they never read the story.

"So on the surface the American people believe that this is the best man for the job, obviously. When he ran for his last election it was a joke; nobody voted unless they voted for him. You've gotta give the guy credit for that, he's a smart leader, but what he's doing isn't right for me."

**I** N 'THE Face Of The Nation', you say "I don't recognise it no more". What changes in the complexion of American society have affected you, or you think will affect you, most?

"Well, if the small farmer, for example, goes out of business, that's going to affect so much more than people ever realised. The small farmer buys his trucks from the local car dealer, his tools from the local hardware store, his feed from the local grain store, and all these things support each other. If corporate farming takes over, they're not gonna buy from those places, it's gonna become a corporate farming community."

A comparable situation to the developments in British mining communities of late?

"Exactly. I don't know exactly what was affected when all that went down, but I'm sure a lot more suffered from it than just the miners themselves. I imagine that everything that was in a mining town was affected.

"It's like, in '78, the oil corporations told everybody that the world is running out of oil and gasoline, and that they were gonna have to ration it. Gas was about 19 cents a gallon when I was a kid, and then in '78 it jumped from about 32 cents to a dollar 90 per gallon. These people were in control. The corporations said, Hey, we want more money, and we're gonna get it. There was a gas shortage – not that there wasn't any gas, but they just weren't gonna sell it to anybody.

"And it's gonna happen in the farming community, when you or I, or our kids, go to buy a loaf of bread. You guys already pay too much for your stuff, so what's it gonna be like then? It's gonna be sickening.

"Slowly but surely, the face of the nation changes and changes. It has a lot to do with the men that we admire, those that we elect. I don't know about England, but nobody votes here anymore. They don't see the sense in it. Why vote when they're all criminals and corrupt?"

"What's happening with the farmers is that nobody cares about those people. They're not being taken care of by the government, and yet the government in '75 told the American farmers, You'd better gear up, 'cos you'll be feeding the world. Now the government just leaves all the grain sitting wet in storage bins for seven years or more, so rats get in it, shit gets in it, all kindsa varmints are livin' in it – and that's what the Soviet Union gets.

"No wonder people in Europe look at

**CONTINUES OVER**

**Just a good ol' fashioned boy made good, JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP shrugged of his non-committal past in favour of political fervour and Farm Aid. PAUL ELLIOTT furrows his brow and digs in; BRIAN ARIS reaps the photographic rewards**

# cougar

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47



JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP: a shade more daring

America and go, What a bunch of elitist assholes. I understand it completely.

"My political information may not be the whole story, but at least I feel that I have some idea of what's goin' on."

And these impressions are what prompted yourself and Willie Nelson to organise Farm Aid? (Farm Aid was set up to bring nationwide attention to the injustices felt by the country's farmers. Among those who appeared at the rainwashed event were Darryl Hall, John Fogerty, Brian Setzer, Tom Petty, Carole King, Bob Dylan and, of course, Mellencamp and Nelson themselves).

"Me 'n' Willie had our differences, but we came together on the basic philosophy and purpose of Farm Aid. It was to raise people's awareness, not to raise money.

"Money solves nothin'. We didn't want to get artists that were not in the spirit of the thing, and consequently a lot of artists who are very popular weren't asked to do it.

"John Doe (of X) said to me, Thanks for asking me to play, 'cos this is somethin' I woulda usually had to watch at home 'cos I'm not a mainstream act. When I asked The Blasters to do it . . . check *this* out . . . Dave 'n' Phil wanted to do it so bad that they booked a little mini-tour to be able to afford to come from Los Angeles to Illinois. Now, would you say that *they* did it for the right spirit? I certainly would."

**T**HIS IS all such a contrast to your early public image, which portrayed you as little more than a self-assured, cocky upstart.

"That's probably about all I was."

So to what would you attribute this inconsistency in your character? Maturity?

"I would say time. More or less it's learning to understand what living is about, learning to live with yourself. Y'know, it's real easy to stand at the back of an auditorium and throw rocks. It's easy to see a black man and call him nigger as you're drivin' by. That's real easy, anybody can do that.

"But, it's a different thing when you've gotta look at it face to face and say, OK, here the both of us are, *now*, what is really happening here? And I think when I was 23 years old, hey yeah, I was cocky! I thought I could drink more an' all that stuff, and I thought that was important. Y'see, I wanted to live, and I wanted everybody to know that I was alive.

"I was embarrassed about being from a small town: hey, just 'cos you grew up in a big city, so what? I can beat your ass! Then one day I realised that shit don't mean nothin'. Look at you, John, you're acting like a complete idiot here."

A more idealistic viewpoint - yours at 23, for example - might see your change from resentment to affection for small town life as hypocritical.

"Hey, that's the way it is, sports fans. You can't make a decision when you're 20 years old and expect to live by that decision for

the rest of your life. If you *do*, then you're dead. If that was the case with me, then I'd still be wearing long hair and love beads.

"All I had until a few years ago was a big mouth and a chip on my shoulder. I probably still don't have much more than that now, but at least I realise that there's something else to go for, rather than being content with being a guy in a band in a bar."

So your nostalgic roots in the '60s and '70s, your stock in old-fashioned values, and your pride in family and social legacies - these don't make you a somewhat reactionary character?

"No. Listen, if you can build a better car I'm gonna ride in it. If it'll go faster than the one I've got, let's go. But, there's security in heritage. That's why family is so important. I had friends who couldn't wait to get out of Seymour, Indiana, and now at 34 they can't wait to get back."

And you?

"Oh, I couldn't wait either. It was like, Get me out of this stupid, dumpy little town, full of all these hypocrites. Y'know, I once said to my Grandma, I ain't going to church, there's so many hypocrites there. And she said, Well, you go to the bars don'tcha? And they're full o' hypocrites too'.

"Seymour's just like any other small town. It's where my friends are. I just do what I wanna do, people accept that, and that's the end of it."

**A**CCEPTANCE IN Britain, however, may not be so easily forthcoming. Any similarities that you share with Springsteen might be enlarged upon to the point of you being labelled a second-hand, even second-rate, Bruce. You may even get caught in a backlash against the recent Springsteen media overdose.

"Well, we joke on this tour about being the second-best rock show in America, but I'm not in competition with Bruce. I've met the guy a couple of times, he acts like he's my big brother when he meets me, and he's never been anything but nice to me.

"I think if bands like Mötley Crüe could take a cue from Bruce Springsteen they'd probably do themselves a great favour."

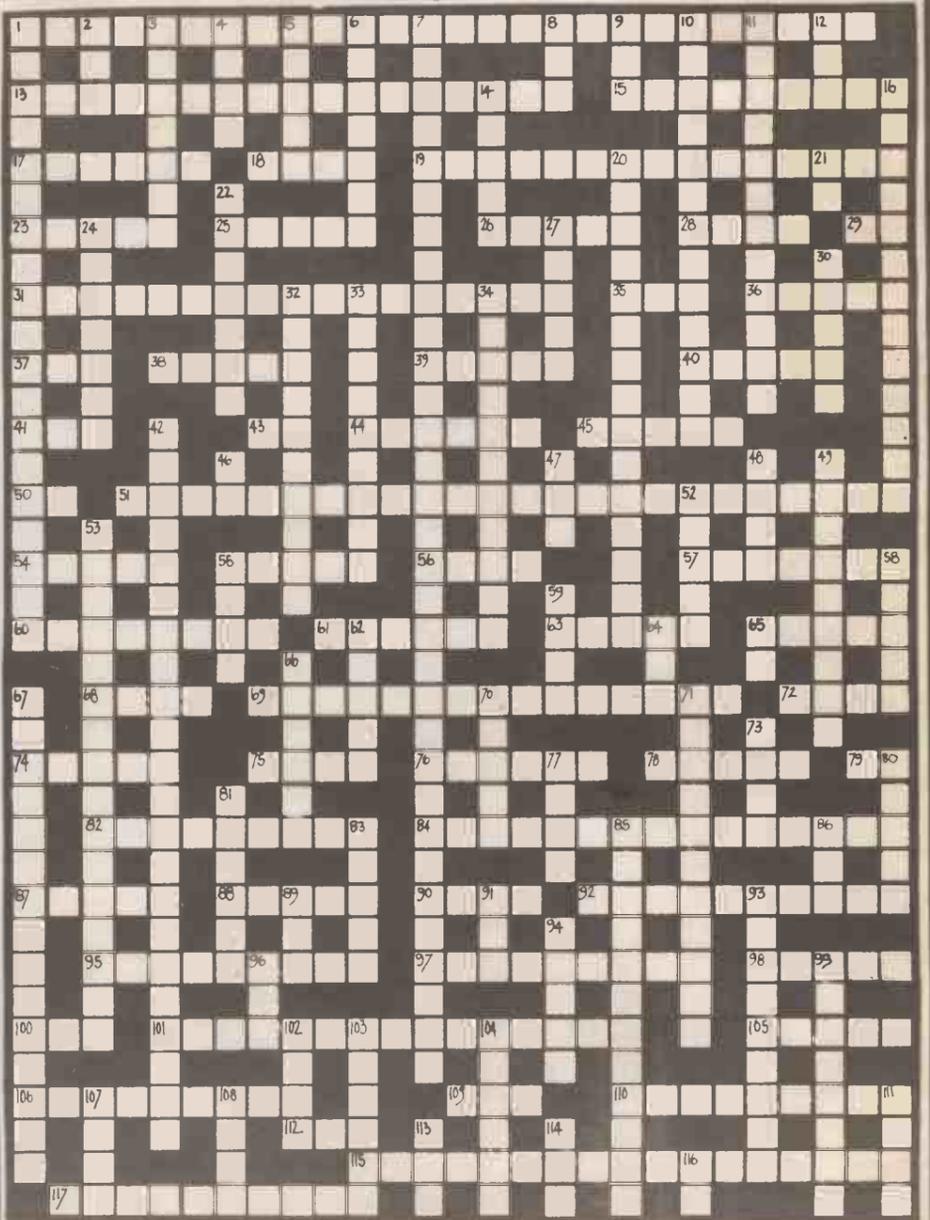
In what way?

"To gain a little responsibility. A lot of these heavy metal bands are just living off what they read about Aerosmith and The Rolling Stones in the '70s, and 90 per cent of that's bull anyway. Nikki Sixx doesn't have to talk about all the women he's gone to bed with in his interviews. Maybe he's telling his audience a fantasy of what he does to women, but the story he's telling is not like something that I'd want to happen to my kids.

"So, as far as being a second-class Bruce Springsteen in Britain . . . well, that's not so bad. I *could* be in a second-class heavy metal band which'd be worse.

"Springsteen's giving a certain respectability back to music, so if that's the new wave then, hell, I'm on, 'cos that's what needs to be done."

# XMAS WORD



BY SUE BUCKLEY

## ACROSS

1. Chuck Berry saw him run . . . must have been that konk! (7.3.3.5.8) 13. According to Animal Nightlife, Beach Boy Mike's got a fine pair of maulers! 15. One member of George Thorogood's band could be a battleship (9) 17. Twisted commander of Costello's army (6) 18. Giles/ Brufford/Invoice/Ward (4) 19. A touch of biblical philosophy from Fun Boy Three (2.4.4.3.2) 23. Hall's mate sounds good at making porridge (5) 25. Cooper in wonderland? (5) 26. '60s faces? (5) 28. Lloyd, the commotion maker (4) 29. Two for Arnold (1.1) 31. Praise indeed from Paul WI (5.3.4.4) 35. Mrs Lennon (3) 36. You might get a 'rough' deal from this label (5) 37. One's as good as a wink to a blind horse (3) 38. Blue-turtle-dreamer (5) 39. Siouxsie's house? (5) 40. One of power provides plenty of horn support (5) 41. By this and that snow dog (3) 43. Doubled by Siouxsie (2) 44. Headon's hat? (6) 45. There's an easy one for two Phils (5) 50. Presley En Espagne? (2) 51. You better watch out, you better not cry . . . this is about to happen! (5.5.2.6.2.4) 54. Someone who provoked Foreigner (5) 55. Bad Manners 'lipped' him up (5) 56. Sabs' knights . . . what a gas! (4) 57. see 9 down 60. Duke Rush might flip your crown topper! (6.2 anag) 61. 'Forms' of things for Gary Moore and the Yardbirds (6) 63. and 52. Motown's godfather (5.5) 65. Bowie went from this to this! (5) 68. . . . and 65. down hired 'em out (4) 69. Caged band? (6.2.3.4) 72. Jake's brothers? (4) 74. They passed in the night for 'Admiral' Nelson (5) 75. Once they were hotter than hell (4) 76. It's cold and makes a band 'work' (6) 78. Brothers/Moody/Mess Of/Band (5) 79. see 65. 82. Leader of the '60s Love movement (6.3) 84. Imperial vaudeville from Bobby (6.9) 87. Boss Maytal? (5) 88. CCR's Mary? (5) 90. Originally it was in Traffic's shoe (4) 92. They declare well . . . well . . . well . . . but aren't blockheads! (10) 95. A stationary one for Camel (9) 97. A mad Chile poet implored a girl not to wear a certain crimson frock (3.6 anag) 98. Soul brothers who were the first to twist and shout (5) 100. Old Tommy's fish eggs (3) 101. To whom was this Smiths epic really dedicated? (4.8.3) 105. Has anyone got one of Wendy Wu? (5) 106. Archetypal, used up, punk outfit (9) 109. Martin from the chippy? (3) 110. Marc Reilly crept here (5.4) 112. Bongo/Muhammed/Campbell (3) 115. Maurice's boys are live and jumping (9.8) 117. Sweet Band with happy feelings (10)

## DOWN

1. A Mixed-bag of goodies from the Pogues (3.6.3.3.4) 2. One that was wet for T Waits (3) 3. Blondie's were plastic! (6) 4. What did Manfred's clown say? (2.2) 5. Rockin' city (5) 6. . . . and a girl for Lizzy (7) 7. Irregular forms and quiet drum patterns might provoke a crisis in China! (9.6.3.7.7) 8. Day before Barry MacGuire's destruction (3) 9. and 57. Little stoned bird from Russia? (3.7) 10. and 49. Moody Blues doing an Indiana Jones . . . They needn't have bothered! (2.6.2.3.4.5) 11. In which the Pogues met their love down by the gas works'croft (5.3.4) 12. see 47. 14. They rode a love train from Philly (5) 16. They've a high infidelity ratio (1.1.1.10) 20. 'C'mon, face the snow like man!' say Aztec Camera? (4.3.2.6) 21. Country for Gary Bonds (1.1) 22. . . . and an eastern one for Zeps (7) 24. Thor heard it in the tundra (7) 27. Anderson, not Jon (5) 30. Don't blame/Nilson (5) 32. Flesh For Lulu's ode to Milton Keynes? (3.3.4) 33. Debbie sold it to The Cure (9) 34. The first one's last . . . ask Curtis Mayfield's old group (11) 42. What did Mick say when he heard that droning voice on his car radio? (1.4.3.2.12) 46. Did he ever get a gig with UFO (1.1) 47. and 12. Country cousin from a fen town? (3.3) 48. He was proud in the name of love (4) 49. see 10. 52. see 63. 53. How 97. sent their SOS (7.2.1.6) 55. How Visage turn to grey (4) 58. Whole lotta woman for 65. down (5) 59. Palindromic Swedes (4) 62. Cocteau Twins put their head over these (5) 64. Label for Eurhythms (1.1.1) 65. and 79. Damn flies on that wall! (1.1.1.1) 66. A possessive soul classic from Otis Redding (2.4) 67. Sound advice from the Staple Singers (7.8) 70. Crimson King Roberts (5) 71. A real chic producer (4.7) 73. King of the Drifters (3.1) 77. Purple aristocrat (4) 80. OK mate, this is Chicago's most famous label (5) 81. Princely rain could leave this patch (6) 83. Older than 75? (5) 85. Molly Hatchett's advice to geriatric rockers? (6.2.4) 86. 'By which' we get Status (3) 89. Japan poured it on canvas (3) 91. Peggy/Perry/Brenda (3) 93. His windows are powerful (4.5) 94. Gary's are empty! (5) 96. BJH's Holroyd (3) 99. A rosy lee might put thunder in your heart (3.5 anag) 102. A series of notes from Zeps (4) 103. Just Carmine (6) 104. Steve from 1066? (6) 107. Billy/Weller (4) 108. Malcolm M collaborated with the world's supreme one (4) 111. Direction for side of squeezed story (4) 113. Snider's river (3) 114. Morrison/Croce (3) 116. The Cooder who bopped till he dropped (2)

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

### ACROSS

1. Back To Babylon 7. Prior 8. Letters 10. Love Kills 12. Looks 13. Gil 15. Hot 17. Brian 19. Street Legal 20. Cow 21. Speed King 23. Tubes 25. Edgar 27. Go 28. Clarke 30. Dry County 31. Stop

### DOWN

1. Bela Lugosi's Dead 2. Think 3. Barely Holding On 4. Balls 5. Little By Little 6. Roses 9. Erotic Cabaret 11. Valerie 14. Dread 16. Tug 18. New 22. Go 24. Sheep 26. Guy 29. My

# GIRLS TALK

The Girlschool story continued

THERE WAS a lot of positive response to the Girlschool discography which appeared in *Info Riot* during November. The girls may have a pretty low profile in this country at the moment, but they're obviously not short of knowledgeable followers. Thanks to Bruce Bullen of Nottingham, Mike Cromie of Frome, Somerset, Patrick Farrell of Tallow, Co Waterford, Eire, Ian Howell of Nantwich, Cheshire, John Tucker of Clapham, London, and 'The Invisible Guitarist' from East London, who all offered additional info on Girlschool releases. I've condensed all the various points into what follows below.

Firstly, because it hasn't actually been released in the UK, I managed to overlook the band's most recent album, 'Running Wild', which came out in the States, of all places, a couple of months ago. It was issued there on Mercury 824611-M1, and has been quite widely imported here into the large record shop chains like Virgin and HMV. The import price, normally between £8-£9, is probably the major put-off for British buyers.

I mentioned the US version of the 'Hit And Run' album in the original piece, noting that it was released there on Stiff. Almost certainly this differed from the UK version in having some tracks from 'Demolition' on it as well as from the original 'Hit And Run'. Certainly this applies to the Canadian version, which appeared on yet another label, Solid Gold Records (SGR 1003). Bruce Bullen has a copy of this one, and he notes that the tracks 'Race With The Devil', 'Take It All Away' and 'Not For Sale', all of which were on 'Demolition' in Britain, are included. The other tracks are 'Watch Your Step', 'Yeah Right', 'Future Flash', 'C'mon Let's Go', 'The Hunter' and 'Kick It Down' - which means that '(I'm Your) Victim', 'Following The Crowd', 'Tush' and 'Back To Start' are all missing from the Canadian LP. I'm pretty sure the same applies to the US Stiff version.

A little more on the band's original single on the City label: the early pressings of 'Take It All Away' were mainly on blue vinyl, but at least some runs of the record were also pressed in red - not sure

how many, but red is certainly by far the rarer colour found nowadays. A later repress in 1981/2 was on plain ole black vinyl in a pic sleeve, although at around the same time a lot of shops were stocking the Irish release of the single on the Mulligan label (LUNS 723), which was also on red vinyl and had been issued at the same time as the original City single appeared in the UK. I assume these copies were brought in through Spartan, who are Mulligan's distributors here, and probably used them to continue filling orders after the original City pressings ran out.

Due probably to inattention I also omitted one Bronze single, which a couple of readers weren't slow to notice. This was:

**BRO 176** 'Burning In The Heat'/'Surrender' (1983) - also on 12-inch as **BROX 176** (same tracks). Other minor points concerning the singles were that 'Yeah Right' was actually the A-side of **BRO 110**, and 'The Hunter' the B-side (though as John Tucker says, 'The Hunter' IS a far better track), while the 'Wildlife' EP (**BRO 144**) was also available on red vinyl, and the versions of 'Tush' and 'Don't Call It Love' on the flip of **BRO(X) 169** were actually newly-recorded studio versions of earlier songs, not live cuts as I suggested.

Bruce Bullen adds: "There are two further 12-inch singles that I know of by Girlschool. Both appeared in sleeves bearing a logo which read 'Hard rock on 12-inch', and both are imports. One is a German pressing of the 'Wildlife' EP, with the same tracks as the UK version; the other has no country of origin mentioned, and has Motorhead's 'Stay Clean' on the A-side, and the Headgirl track 'Please Don't Touch' with Girlschool's 'Demolition Boys' on the B-side."

And finally, John Tucker comments: "I was a little puzzled by Paul Short's remark that Enid Williams only did backing vocals after 'Take It All Away' was first released. I remember her taking lead vocal on quite a few numbers onstage, sharing the chore with Kim McAuliffe and (very occasionally) Kelly Johnson, much as she did on the first two albums."

## MEMORY BANK

COMPILED BY BARRY LAZELL

### Sunday December 22

- 1949 Birthday of twin **Bee Gees**, **Robin** and **Maurice Gibb**, in Manchester.
- 1962 'Telestar' by the **Tornados** became the first single by a British group ever to top the US charts.
- 1967 The Christmas On Earth Revisited live extravaganza at Olympia, London, featured **Pink Floyd**, **The Move**, the **Jimi Hendrix Experience** and much of the burgeoning London 'underground' scene.
- 1973 **Stephen Stills** lost a paternity suit brought by **Harriet Tunnis** of Mill Valley, California.
- 1978 **Todd Rundgren** took the UK Musicians Union to court for barring the radio broadcast of one of his London concerts.
- 1981 **Suggs** of **Madness** married **Bette Bright**. She was given away by **Clive Langer**, with whom she once sang in **Deaf School**.
- 1981 **Sotheby's** held a Rock 'N' Roll memorabilia auction, at which small objects sold for huge sums, including **John** and **Cynthia Lennon's** marriage certificate for £400, and a Lennon self-portrait for over £10,000.

### Monday December 23

- 1939 Birthday of **Johnny Kidd** (**Fred Heath**), of 'Shakin' All Over' fame, in Willesden, London.
- 1958 Birthday of **Dave Murray** of **Iron Maiden**.
- 1966 **Ready Steady Go** came to an end on ITV after three and a half years of 'starting the weekend here'.
- 1968 The Apple building in London hosted a Christmas party for the children of staff and friends, with **John** and **Yoko** dressed up as dual Father Christmases.
- 1978 **Queen's** request to stage an open-air concert at Wimbledon was turned down by the Lawn Tennis Association.
- 1980 **Fleetwood Mac's** **John McVie** and wife **Julie** were arrested at their Honolulu home for cocaine possession.

### Tuesday December 24

- 1945 Birthday of **Lemmy** (**Ian Fraser Kilminster**) of **Motorhead**.
- 1957 Birthday of **Ian Burden** of **Human League**.
- 1964 **Brian Wilson** of the **Beach Boys** was found to be suffering from nervous exhaustion after collapsing on a plane en route to Houston.
- 1974 **Tom Johnston** of the **Doobie Brothers** was arrested in Visalia, California, for marijuana possession.

### Wednesday December 25

- 1932 Birthday of **Little Richard** (**Penniman**), in Macon, Georgia.
- 1954 Birthday of **Annie Lennox**, in Aberdeen.
- 1954 Death of **Johnny Ace**, aged 25, after shooting himself in the head whilst playing Russian roulette backstage at Houston Auditorium. His 'Pledging My Love' is the most enduring R&B ballad of all, most recently heard in the movie *Christine*.
- 1954 Birthday of **Robin Campbell** of **UB40**, in Birmingham.
- 1959 **Richard Starkey** (**Ringo Starr**) got his first drumkit for Christmas.
- 1967 **Paul McCartney** and **Jane Asher** announced their engagement.
- 1978 **Pil** made their live debut, at the Rainbow, London.

### Thursday December 26

- 1940 Birthday of **Phil Spector**, in the Bronx, New York.
- 1963 US Capitol rush-release the **Beatles'** 'I Want To Hold Your Hand', and began a major publicity campaign to break the group in America.
- 1967 The **Beatles'** *Magical Mystery Tour* had its world premiere on BBC TV.
- 1979 **Queen** topped the bill of the first of four benefit concerts for the people of Kampuchea, at Hammersmith Odeon.

### Friday December 27

- 1931 Birthday of **Scotty Moore**, **Elvis Presley's** guitarist throughout the 1950s, in Gadsden, Tennessee.
- 1943 Birthday of **Pete Quaife**, the **Kinks'** former bassist, in Tavistock, Devon.
- 1976 Death of bluesman **Freddie King**, aged 42, of hepatitis, in Dallas.
- 1979 The second Kampuchea benefit concert was headlined by **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**.

### Saturday December 28

- 1947 Birthday of **Edgar Winter**, in Beaumont, Texas.
- 1950 Birthday of **Alex Chilton** (of **Box Tops**, **Big Star** and solo fame), in Memphis.
- 1970 **John Lennon's** primal scream song 'Mother' was issued in the US as a single.
- 1975 **Ted Nugent** was threatened onstage by a man in the front row of a Detroit concert audience brandishing a pistol.
- 1979 **The Who** topped the bill of the third Kampuchea benefit concert.
- 1983 Death of **Dennis Wilson** of the **Beach Boys**, aged 39, from drowning after falling off a boat at Marina Del Ray, California.

## THE NODDY CLUB

EDITED BY SUSANNE GARRETT

### THE NODDY CLUB

WHAT'S HAPPENING at the new Slade fan club? My membership fee, £6 in all, was mailed to the club over a month ago at **PO Box 4YD, London W1A 4YD**. The cheque was quickly cleared in early October, but, at the time of writing to you, I've heard no more. - K Wylie, Loughborough

**NO PROBLEM.** Tevor Slaughter, the current and latest Slade appreciation society organiser tells me that those initial newsletters, including hot news on record releases plus a discography, songwords and a Jim Lea interview, have now been mailed to all members. Why the delay? Multitudes of Slade fans didn't exactly rush to join.

"There was an initial hold-up caused by our need to get a minimum number of members enrolled so we wouldn't run at a loss," sez Trev. "Yet, since the first mailing, membership has risen to 150 strong."

For your six smackers, you'll receive a "regular" newsletter, dependant, of course, on just how much news is created by those grand old men of the British popscene, plus access to an information service of Trivial Pursuit dimensions.

But what of readers and Slade-o-philes still smarting from past experiences of less than speedy club service emanating from the direction of the old-style Slade Supporters Club?

The two ventures are entirely separate, sez Trev, and no special concessions appear to be on offer at present. Even so, if members of the Supporters club feel neglected, let us know and we'll ask Trevor Slaughter to review the situation.

## WAIT MAIL

HOW LONG should I expect to wait when ordering goods through the post by mail order? After seeing a magazine ad, I sent for some records well over a month ago and seem to have lost my money. What are my rights and can you help? - P Brook, Llandudno

**SEND AWAY** money for goods, and you should expect to receive what you ordered, in an acceptable condition, at the advertised price and as described in the ad within a reasonable time from the date you placed your order. No one should expect to wait for longer than 28 days without a word of explanation.

If nothing arrives, complain. To the record shop or dealer; to the Advertising Manager of the publication, newspaper or magazine where you saw the ad, and to **Panic Button** too.

Send full information on what you ordered, including reference numbers, as well as the date when you ordered. Say how much and how you paid. By cheque? Postal Order?

Cutting out and keeping or making a handy note of your order and the advertisers' address before you part with money can save considerable time and trouble later.

# INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

## RUSH HOUR

Rush's mysterious missing catalogue numbers



I SAY have you seen this chord 'ere, it's a killer

Ian Warren of Wimbledon asks: "Can you help me solve the mystery of some apparently very elusive singles by Rush? I have the single numbered **RUSH 1**, which is 'Closer To The Heart', but the next one I can trace is **RUSH 7** - 'Closer To The Heart' again, but a four-track release with different songs on the rest of the record. After that, there was 'New World Man' (**RUSH 8**) and a couple more since, but what happened to **RUSH 2** to **6**? Were all these singles quickly deleted for some reason, or were some of them not issued at all? There doesn't seem any logical reason for jumping from 1 to 7 in a number sequence. To complicate things, there was also 'Tom Sawyer', which had a completely different catalogue number, **EXIT 7**. Can you make some sense out of all this and ease my frustration?" I don't know about easing frustration, but I can explain the strange numberings of Rush singles, partly because I had to do a bit of research work on the band's releases recently for their record company, Phonogram, so I have the info to hand.

The main fly in the ointment is 'Closer To The Heart' released on **RUSH 7**. This was the band's UK debut single, early in 1978, out at a point when they were being heavily promoted to break them into the big time (which worked, incidentally - every album since then has been a smash.) Because this was a special release, it wasn't put into a standard numerical series: the seven-inch release was numbered **RUSH 7** and the 12-inch equivalent **RUSH 12**. At the time, remember, it was the only Rush 45 in existence, so the numbers stood for exactly what they were.

Having established this system, Phonogram tagged along with variations of it on Rush singles over the next three years. The next release was 'Spirit Of Radio' in 1980; on seven-inch this was **RADIO 7**, while the 12-inch equivalent was **RADIO 12**. A year later came 'Vital Sign' - **VITAL 7** on seven-inch and **VITAL 12** on 12-inch. After this was the one you mentioned, the live cut of 'Tom Sawyer' from the 'Exit Stage Left' album, hence its catalogue numbers of **EXIT 7** (seven-inch) and **EXIT 12** (12-inch).

Come the end of 1981, with the *reissue* of 'Closer To The Heart', it was clearly decided to drop these individual prefixes and start a proper series for Rush singles - hence, **RUSH 1**. It may not have been until after this release that somebody remembered that there had been a **RUSH 7** three years earlier, and that the series would thus hit a problem in six singles' time. The solution chosen was the simplest of all - they skipped all the other numbers up to and including 7, and the next single 'New World Man' was issued as **RUSH 8**. The series has carried on from there, the most recent release being last year's '(The) Body Electric' on **RUSH 11**. Since **RUSH 12** was used in 1978 too, for the original 'Closer To The Heart' 12-inch, that may well be bypassed for the next single. On the other hand, nobody at the Vertigo label now may remember the fact! The more recent 12-inchers, by the way, have simply been numbered by tagging a 12 onto their seven-inch notation (so **RUSH 9** was **RUSH 912** on 12-inch, and so on), while the occasional picture discs get a 'P' added to the **RUSH** prefix.

Anyway, that (I hope) solves the problem of the Rush singles that 'never were'.

# LIVES

## THE VIRGIN PRUNES/ PINK INDUSTRY Electric Ballroom

DEATH OF an era; start of a new one.

Gone are the clouds of dust and snow, the overt theatrics of the '84 model. And what is this I see before me? A manic Gavin Friday, dressed like a spastic Prince Charming, Gary Glitter on acid, swinging a cane with a goose step walk, brandishing a fat smiling sun, yellow and inscrutable.

And what is this I hear before me? The Prunes mentally hammering to death Lou Reed's 'Lady Day', dragging it into areas that even warped Uncle Lou would never have thought of. Screaming feedback, the decline and fall and the rising once more.

The Prunes People, the Pig People, seem totally confused. They want what they can't have – and so it *should* be. Confusing expectations as always, the Prunes have become a plastic horrorshow, a Brecht and Brel nightmare, pogo punk music that only the committed would be able to dance to. By the end of the show I feel like being put away myself. The Prunes offer something that no one else can; I only wish I knew what it was. There's no hiding from the blackbird...

Pink Industry reminded me of Sade – the singer, not the writer. Perhaps it was the way that Jane stood...

Pure pop with eccentric overtones, I'm sure that the Ballroom isn't the best place to see Pink Industry; and as such, any comment I could make would be unrepresentative. Suffice to say I'd like to see them again. Till then, amen.

TIBET

## ELTON JOHN Sheffield

BEFORE ME row upon row of people sit like some nightmare of taxidermy; rapt, motionless, they gaze at the man at the white piano.

Occasionally, the man at the white piano stares back,

## THE GODFATHERS Brixton Fridge

PETER COYNE was a miserable, po-faced little git when he was a Sid. Now that he's a Godfather he's a right contemptuous bastard, which is much better. During the first number, instead of singing he checks out the audience (a pitifully small gathering) and decides he doesn't think much of them. Later on he gets to shake his tambourine, look bored and shout a lot. Chris Coyne used to be a Sid as well. Now he looks like both of The Kray Twins fighting over the same suit. You don't get to be number one in this game by doing anything by halves.

Like The Sid Presley Experience, who fashioned themselves from leftover bits of dead pop stars, The Godfathers have also cut themselves some very useful chunks out of other people's anatomies, while retaining custody of The Sids' songbook.

Comparisons, I know, are very feeble and tiresome, but when a song begins *exactly* like 'Stepping Stone' or 'She Loves You' or 'Whiskey In The Jar' I think it's fairly relevant.

Occasionally, they remind me of an underworld version of The Dave Clark Five. Other times I think of Eric Burdon on *Ready Steady Go* being asked: "And what's your name, then?"

The drummer gets himself noticed by being amazingly co-operative – hitting all the right things exactly how you hope he will. He's either psychic or a very good drummer, or both. His name is George – let's make him famous for a minute or two because he's the cement holding this lot together.

I didn't want to like them at all, but they said if I didn't give them a good review they'd send the boys round.

JANE SIMON

# MOB RULES

quizzically, as though seeking a familiar face behind the glare of lights, or perhaps curious as to why these rows of well-tailored dummies should have paid 12 and a half pounds for the privilege of staring at him.

Before him and his piano are arrayed a dozen people, tastefully adorned and of tasteful behaviour, giving their all to embellish his voice and piano, gently or with vigour but, always, with taste.

Between the numbers the audience spontaneously resurrect to cheer and clap, their effusion somehow held in check by decorum. The

man at the white piano greets each accolade by standing and walking, sometimes halfway across the stage and back again; sometimes, strangely, once around his piano stool. Once, he places his right leg on the top of the piano and stares with haughty pride out into the audience as though daring them to challenge his right to do so. No one does.

Outside, three policemen are glued to the windows of the doors into the auditorium. Behind them an usherette stands at a discreet distance, trying to catch a glimpse of the man at the white piano as the two hour ritual continues.

The pleasure they all feel escapes me. I feel like a prostitute who has inadvertently stumbled into a convent meeting.

I leave, discreetly, a few minutes before the end, welcoming the sting of the cold night air.

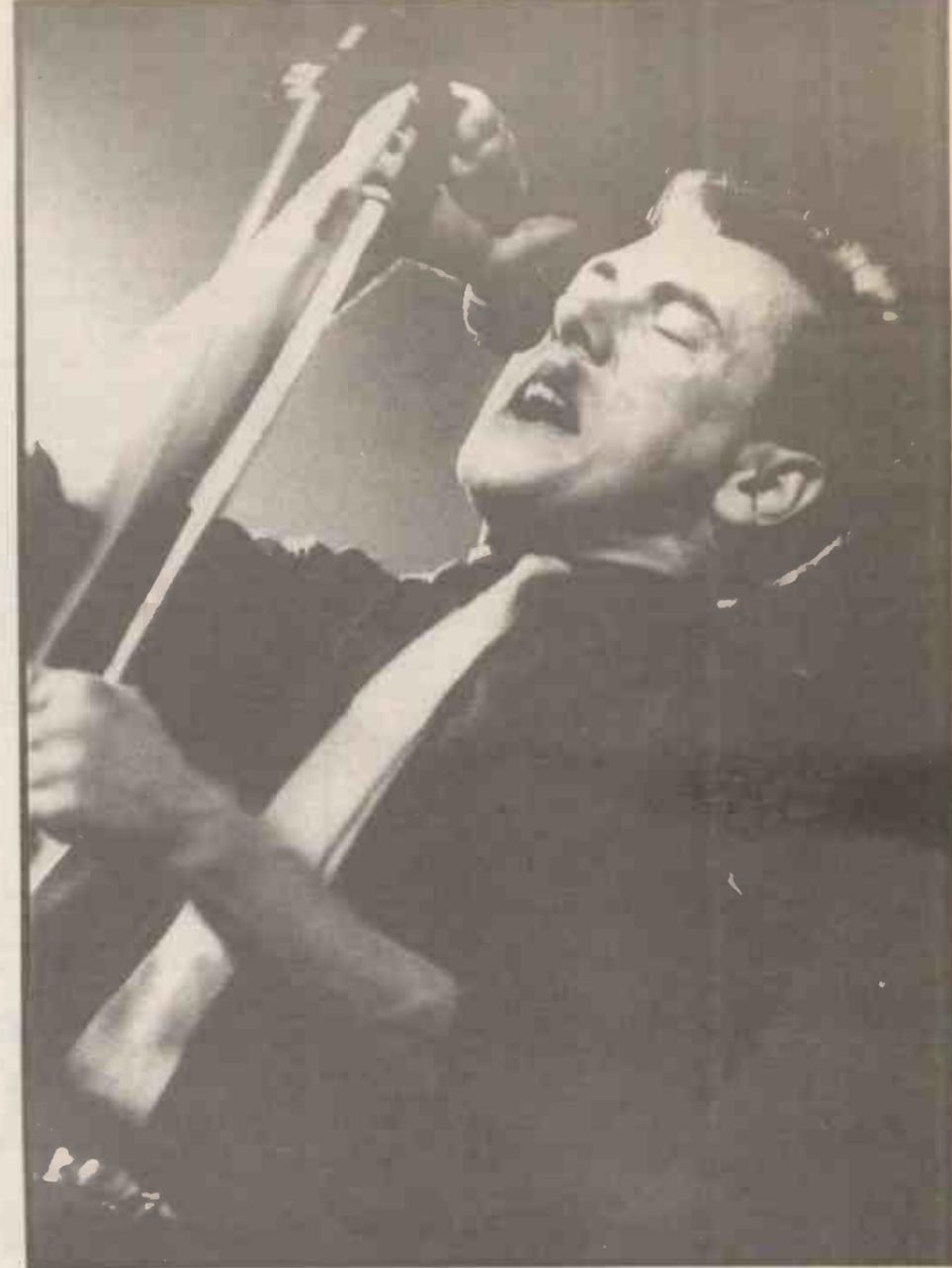
PETE MARCHETTO

## HULA Sheffield

THINGS BEGIN to look interesting: additions made to the traditional live set-up include quadrophonic sound, numerous screens suspended from the ceiling onto which slides are projected, and TV screens which flash from every possible vantage point. Whether this be mere gimmickry or an integral part of the overall performance is largely up to you, pal, depending on your perception or degree of cynicism.

Naturally, Hula's bassy, percussive music can be as grim as the Sheffield city centre skyline, and just as striking. It would be short-sighted, however, to dismiss them as yet another bunch of industrial funksters with the obligatory slide-show.

Indeed, one had the feeling of something truly creative



GODFATHER PETER Coyne: the violin case is on mail order...

Kass

going on – not just a collection of funny noises but jolts of inspired sound which combined effectively with the mesmeric quality of the music. A drum kit added crispness to the taped rhythms, the flitting between different instruments added to the vitality and cohesion, while the vocal remained tormented throughout, hooking onto the rhythm quite nicely to make up for any absence of melody...

Down in the engine room Hula get dirty, while others are content to pounce about on deck.

GARY BELINSKY

## CLOSE LOBSTERS Paisley

IN THE toilet the singer mutters, and he might be reminding his band that they're wasted here. Some bits of Close Lobsters nurse an unfortunate Orange Juice hangover, but let's skip that, because when they burn they blaze... with a big-headed but enigmatic bastard of a frontman (*Aspidistra* dress sense compulsory) and a viciously good guitar interplay that only suffers from too many funny faces.

Is there a retrievable link between The Fall and The Jazz Butcher? Silly question: this is *hard* and when the sinister, Wire-ish abstraction of 'DDR Intelligence Network' (titles are a clear but merely ephemeral forte) gives way to the sharp, good-naturedly cynical onslaught of 'Heaven', tunes, tenderness, amateurism and anger marry quite ecstatically.

When Close Lobsters are brilliant right through, they'll be a unique find. Right now they warble a little too often in deference to tradition to keep up the momentum between cigarettes and corresponding bursts of nicotine adrenalin. But mentally I grinned and

stamped, and I'm sure Close Lobsters – philosophic thugs to a man – punched the odd metaphysical face. True rock 'n' roll irreverence, style and outrageous grumbling live together in the strangest places. In toilets, even.

ROBIN GIBSON

## MAGNUM Manchester Apollo

THEY WANTED to tell me a story again. They've been trying to for the last few years; indeed, they've tried to tell a lot of people. Only a few listened, for those recitals were dated, lacklustre, boring rambles up nowhere alley. Not the way to convey tales. But Magnum have recalled the art of storytelling, and the tales were brought thundering home to me one dismal Manchester night.

I expected an easy evening, a snooze in the offing. But 'All England's Eyes' was the start of one of this year's most devastating sets, a sensurround of dexterity and keyboard waves, a myriad glorious swirling sounds.

The storytellers themselves

looked sharper, fitter and better than ever before, and the boot that's been launched up Magnum's collective proverbial is perfectly timed. They now seem interested in conveying their message, as opposed to being satisfied that people knew they had one to tell.

Polydor should be rubbing their hands with glee at the prospect of future Stateside bucks greasing their sweaty little palms. The time is fast approaching for Magnum to cross the pond and convert America. I reckon that's an easier task than the one they had tonight, converting me. I dutifully submit; the Magnum story is fast becoming a classic. Beats *Jack And The Beanstalk* hands down.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

## SIMPLY RED Glasgow

I HAD my reservations. Simply Red, so easily construed to be just another passing phase. Take Carmel (no, *please* take her), The Kane Gang and a couple of million other young soul

# LUST WEAK END

## LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS Hammersmith Odeon

'IT'S WITCHCRAFT' sings Frank Sinatra as The Commotions fumble around the darkened stage, preparing their standard anti-dynamic entrance. But this doesn't upset tonight's audience, comprised as it is of pre, present and post-university girls galore. They screech at the very thought of the houselights illuminating their svelte svengali.

So just what *is* the attraction? I ask my companion. "Well, he's got a nice bum and big balls. He reminds me of a cute little boy whose pet dog's been run over – I'd like to make him laugh." Some of the fans would like to do a little more than *mother* the man with the snuggest pants in pop, judging by the squeals when he dances with his back to them.

To be familiar with one Cole composition is to be kosher with the lot. Most of the time I can't distinguish one collection of croaking vocal chords and thrashing country cowpoke twangs from the next. But I don't doubt that if you're *into* his groove, the effect is heavenly. The lyrics and material have matured since the last set of sixth form poetry, but lines like "Lord, we academics are not easily discouraged" still grate.

As the night wore on, Lloyd's vocals became a little more varied while the instrumentation flowered – a subtler approach could be detected, even straying towards a deep swamp bayou feel. The Commotions have now learned to save the best until last, so 'Forest Fire' burns up the remainder of the night, leaving the gals gasping – not a dry pair of knickers in the house.

Boys allow their girls to have mental affairs with Lloyd, and your granny would approve. Yes, it's as harmless as that.

RONNIE RANDALL

# BIG CHIEFS OF

## THE REDSKINS Bristol

AS I write, the stock-standard BR clock says 01:01. I'm drinking stock-standard BR tea and I am pondering the stock-standard BR trials and stock-standard BR tribulations of a stock-standard BR timetable that refuses to compromise on its insistence that the next train isn't due until the clock says 03:35.

Not only that, but there's a 'PENGO' machine driving me around the proverbials with

its myriad churnings-out of 'Popcorn' in random keys and time-scales.

On the plus side of things for this particular evening's entertainment, however, were The Redskins and their definitive version of 1980's angry politico/popular music.

But what was it that was so good about live Redskins?

Was it that they could spit nails in a venue which has a nasty habit of regurgitating the sweat and tunes of so many others as mere insipid

rebels, and you'll know what I mean. That and the incessant rub-a-dub reggae drone which preceded the Red's appearance hinted towards attempts to provide a contrast at all costs.

But then it wasn't to be quite as easy as that. Mick Hucknell and co provided one of the most convincing performances in soul circles for some time. Songs such as 'Heaven' (featuring its OTT false ending stretched to the limit), 'Open Up The Red Box' and 'Grandma's Hands' (oh, what a big mouth you have) proved conclusively that Goldilocks should not be underestimated as a vocalist and that Simply Red are very much a live act.

A five song encore which admittedly threatened to become a repeat of the set and, subtly hardly being their virtue, cries of "C'mon, get down" were accompanied by the appropriate response. Shame they haven't been quite so convincing on vinyl.

JOHN DINGWALL

### BLACK BRITAIN Tuffnel Park Penthouse

CHIC BRITHOUSE is the vocalist of Black Britain, and he's built like, well, a tank. An American footballer with padding fitted internally, this is a man I would dearly like to keep on the right side of, and it's probably just sheer coincidence that I think his group is absolutely brilliant.

(Has he gone yet? Thank God for that.) Well, they are pretty good and, in comparison with British bi-racial funk outfits of recent years, they're staggeringly good, avoiding the usual unhappy marriage of worthless poses both black and white, their material blending force, melody, some deliberately curious arrangements and a degree of intelligence. It's a shame, therefore, that the set's most obvious single revolves around a chorus of "oh baby, you drive me crazy".

A selective drummer, assisted by an upstanding percussionist going bananas over his coconuts, bashes out impressively dynamic rhythms upon which bass, keyboards and some recently discovered guitar chords are overlaid. On top we have Claire the wonder sax woman who cannot sing, and the man with hands the size of Sepp Maier's gloves. The one-man rugby scrum possesses a voice uncannily similar to Pete Burns, powerful, slightly nasal and prone to yodelling the last word of every line. Could do better, but not much.

ANDY HURT

### CAMEO

**Hammersmith Odeon**  
"SOME PEOPLE say that Cameo are trying to be rock, do you believe that?" pleads Larry Blackmon. I don't care what they're trying to be. What they are is the greatest,

most exhilarating live show ever. A riot of entertainment with a capital A-mazing.

The four black frontmen battle it out with an at times almost overwhelming, basically white, heavy funk rock band. Gigantic slabs of rhythm accompany the cartoon antics as rubbery bodies enter and exit the stage with bewildering frequency. These effected, exaggerated movements give the impression of total chaos, yet Gene Kelly would be proud of this choreography. An impeccably staged spectacle - *West Side Story* meets *Mad Max* yet they call it Cameo.

The audience is a great steaming stew, bubbling and boiling in the vast auditorium sized cauldron. Rock 'n' soul mayhem at a thousand miles per hour, genuinely breathtaking. Dramatic, carefully considered lighting and flash, pin-point presentation exude pure Hollywood. Who cares what they're singing? Tonight is a visual feast to gorge bulging eyes upon. Power and excess. So far over the top we're in heaven, piercing the storm clouds that bring the house down. It's like Cup Final day and we've just scored in extra time, a second encore clinching the Cup. "I'll be OK, I'll be alright, but I'll never forget what they did last night". They're strange, and I like it.

RONNIE RANDALL

### THE WOLFHOUNDS Chalk Farm Enterprise

HAVE YOU ever had one of those days?

Making the early morning cuppa, still blindly bleary-eyed from the night before, I opted in a fit of spontaneous, subconscious dadaistic innovation to empty the kettle not into the teapot as my cookery book recommends but all over my front. Several minutes of loud and agonising dance about the kitchen later, I looked down to find my family allowance still safe but my stomach and side a particularly generous shade of pink with a vast selection of huge but really rather pretty septic yellow bubbles-cum-blisters just for decoration. Le ouch! (*Get on with it - Ed*)

Still feeling more than a little sorry for myself after a day spent largely lounging about hospitals, crying piteously to myself and receiving short, sharp injections in unmentionable areas, I was perhaps not in the most receptive of moods when I was introduced to The Wolfhounds' abrasive young guitars and stylised, cluttered yelping. But Christ they were loud!

There was nobody dancing, you see. And yet the floor (and this is a first floor venue!) was still shaking and pulsing and bouncing around in time to that bottom line bass-line thud and thump. And their snarling, wild, rabid

# HARE RESTORER



BUNNY MAC marks the end of the Year Of The Rabbit (Liverpool version)

Steve Double

### ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

Liverpool

"THIS ONE'S called 'Villiers Terrace'..." HRRRAAGH! The crowd explodes as if Mac has just offered free cheese and wine at the end of the night, and this is the way most of the numbers are acclaimed by a packed, partisan audience on a foggy night in Liverpool. Before the gig, shady figures emerge from the squall to buy and sell tickets at hefty prices. A hometown appearance by Echo And The Bunnymen, it appears, is something of an event.

Opening to a cascade of lights, smoke and the hurly-burly atmospherics of 'Going Up', the Bunnymen display a full sample of their seven years in showbiz. Oddly, considering the youth of the assembly, it's the older numbers which are greeted with the most frenzied pirouetting. 'All That Jazz', 'Do It Clean', 'Crocodiles' and the much-loved 'Villiers Terrace' keep them sweating in the pits, while 'All My Colours' (or 'Zimbo', to all you traditionalists) reminds you of those rare moments of beauty the Bunnymen used to create. The epic instrumental break in 'Zimbo' and the bit in 'Clay', where he goes "When I fell apart", are two of the finest moments in modern music.

No 'Clay' tonight, nor 'Pictures On My Wall'; no 'Rescue' or 'Back Of Love'. This finally brings it home that the Echomen have a sackful of Greatest Hits in which to delve and would need more than tonight's two hours to cram them all in.

Naturally, the newer wave of output acquainted sweat with

armpit, too. 'Seven Seas' was wonderful, as was 'Killing Moon', with a huge, spangling backdrop of the galaxy giving the song a strange romanticism. Yet the very newest material was greeted, at best, with a muted admiration. 'Dancing Horses', a lover's classic, was too fast and lost its sexuality, while 'Lips Like Sugar' and 'Ballyhoo' just didn't sound like great moments of the future. This could just be the First Hearing Syndrome, but their spontaneity doesn't exactly keep you awake at night.

Ultimately, and as always, it was down to Mac whether tonight was an All-Time Great or an Also Ran, the more so considering that a few weeks previously he'd branded half the city as "scum", after his house had been screwed for the umpteenth time. Usually the Jim Morrison rants in the middle of a tune ("bopshawoddywaddy shake yamoney, ngroovy ngroovy people, 'When I Fall In Love'" etc) leave half the crowd snoring and the other half transfixed. It depends on your genes. This time he trimmed the medley down to essentials and concentrated on "The world's a better place/When you've got nothing to take". Pretty damn poignant, eh?

This newfound wit, allied to the crowd's determination to welcome him back to the fold, made for an evening of unbridled excesses. Mac shimmied, he Jimmied, he Elvised, and he would've twisted if some twat hadn't tied his shoelaces together. He said "I love you, Liverpool" and encored twice. Simple stuff, vintage stuff.

KEY SAMPSON

'Louie, Louie' guitar scurf attack kept tearing jagged edged into my defenceless, bubbling rib cage.

Quite honestly, I was not prepared to risk such old collapsing floorboards for a band as empty and shamelessly volume-obsessed as this. And so round about halfway through I sought sanctuary in the downstairs bar, only to find that all my friends had been driven there quite some time before.

ROGER HOLLAND

### BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS Dublin Castle

AT A time when droves of dozy dickheads plagiarise The Byrds or Julie London, or bowl along in the slipstream of Morrissey, it's hard to criticise the likes of the Big Town Playboys for thrashing out a shamelessly enjoyable set of barnstorming rock and

roll. Well, it's race music really, bluesy jump jive with no hip chip on the shoulder and a full house to celebrate the fact.

The 'zany/wacky' member of the combo - complete with Den Hegerty elasticated eyebrows - is old hand sax man Ricky Cool, who resembles the young Bob Monkhouse and performs with a similar degree of gravity. Michael Sanchez takes a sedentary role, tinkling away at his 88 with a swarthy complexion, smarmy oislick hairstyle and spiv 'tash. Guitarist Andy Sylvester bears the earnest features of a pre-BBC2 monochrome Sheffield Wednesday centre forward, and boyish double bass thumper and John Leyton lookalike Ian Jennings stands three foot six in his platform-heeled boots and does his best to be seen, an accomplishment that eludes drummer John Spinetto.

A better accompaniment to a pint of beer than any flavour of crisps (with the possible exception of sausage and tomato).

ANDY HURT

### BUDDY GUY AND JUNIOR WELLS/BLUES AND TROUBLE Dingwalls

WHAT A night... what a party. Dingwalls was already jam-packed from end to end when Blues And Trouble, Britain's meanest and cleanest blues merchants, took the stage.

Blues is blues is blues, you either can't get enough or it bores you to tears. Tonight we were up for all we could take and more, and B'n'T laid down a superb

foundation for what was to follow. Blues And Trouble gave us their hearts, wrapped up in a speedy, stomping, gut-wrenching brand of blues unequalled by anyone in this country.

And so to the stars of the show. Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, two blues legends in the flesh. Compared to the sledgehammer approach of the evening's openers, Guy and Wells show a lifetime's skill - they postively ooze the blues from every pore.

Laurel And Hardy with guitars, they tease, they fool around, and then Blam! They hit us with it like only old masters can, aided in the latter part of the show by a certain Mr Eric Clapton. As near as I'll ever get to heaven on earth.

NEIL PERRY

### BILLY McISAAC Glasgow

HA! AS if anyone who'd previously been involved with Salvation and Slik could be taken seriously.

The Midas, a small and decidedly narrow bar in the heart of Glasgow, is packed with the curious, critics, well wishers and fans who in their infinite wisdom have made their way to the front where the decibel level is limitless.

McIsaac is the Phil Collins/Joe Jackson figure now pushed to the rear to make way for recent addition John Reid, an impressive pop singer who suffers from a broad Glaswegian accent.

Naturally if hardly by default, all this and McIsaac's obvious experience, persistence and maturity should gain him merit. On Midge's life.

JOHN DINGWALL

### THE POGUES Hammersmith Odeon

HATS AT which we smile. Outside, I spot a young scal of my acquaintance. In trainers, cords and tweed jacket he looks every inch the part - if a little cold. Only his Guinness sweatshirt and Pogues ski-hat give him away. However, this terrace terrorist garb is to prove a portent of things to come.

Prices at which we scoff. Pogues ski-hats are modelled upon those notorious football designs of two seasons ago. But they now sell for twice as much.

Atmospheres we savour. This was our Cup Final, Brian. The packed crowd sway and sing their football chants. Mods from all over London in team shirts and colours clamber across row upon row of seats in their efforts to defy the bouncers and reach the stage. The best crowd at a concert I have ever seen in London.

And the worst bouncers! Dinner suits at which we chortle. In the very best of formal evening attire, The Pogues arrive hand in hand with their backing tape. The big time already.

Thuggery. Folkery. Arms aloft. Tricolours unfurled. Madcap dancing and singing.

"Forward!" shout the troops as they pour towards the stage. "Where's your ticket? Get back to your seat, you scumbags," reply our laugh-a-minute pals in security T-shirts.

And "Hello, we're The Pogues" say The Pogues at intervals. As indeed they were, which is all you really need to know by now.

ROGER HOLLAND

# RELIEF

blatherings? Was it that the polemic did not have to carry the pop? Was it the guttural bastard of a voice emitted by Chris Dean that made you look and listen.

It was, of course, all of the above and more: the two pieces of brass, the merry bass. It all lead to Mr Dean asking whether we had homes to go to, and after only two encores.

We did. Even if some of us arrived a bit later than expected.

RICHARD PUTLER



CHRIS DEAN: go on, just a little wider

Jonny Thatcher



WEATHER PROPHET Peter Astor: Hedex or Valium, son?

Kass

# HEAVY WEATHER

THE WEATHER PROPHETS/FELT/PRIMAL SCREAM

Tufnell Park Savoy

A FEW hundred kids with leather jackets and spiky hair get off the train with me, and I think: this is very odd for a Creation showcase. As it turns out, they are going to see GBH next door.

But Creation showcases attract some very strange people, too. The boy behind me is trying to figure out how to fit a one-eared dog in Swiss Cottage and some windswept Jews into his review of Primal Scream. "Genius!" gush his friends. They are fairly typical of the assembled throng. Luckily, I have come in my disguise as an Intellectual And General Purpose '60s Person and am able to blend into the scenery without being commented on or jotted down in anyone's stupid bloody notebook.

Primal Scream are — and let's not mince about being clever — unbelievably dull. One of them plays a tambourine, and as this is the only mobile object on stage I stare at it.

After a long time, Felt come on and I begin to suspect an Alan McGee style practical joke, for Felt are even duller than Primal Scream. For reasons of no interest to me or you, Felt aren't enjoying this one little bit and they make damn sure nobody else does either. The drummer gets up and leaves halfway through the last song and I sympathise. I think of other bands I have seen in this venue — Death Cult, The Lords Of The New Church — devastatingly unhip, but at least you knew when they were on stage and when they were not.

The Weather Prophets, having drawn the short straw, are last on. A relief, briefly: they have impact and a rhythm guitar, and they're all wearing leather trousers. They look ridiculous. The effect is not so much Joey Ramone as a middle-aged motorcycle cop. Leather trousers, don't you know, are a state of mind. You can't just put them on. You either are leather trousers or you're not.

Since sacking The Loft, Peter Astor no longer sings out of key, but he could hardly blame the others for the fact that he was permanently flat. The Weather Prophets make a nice sound, but I feel sorry for anyone who considers half an hour in their company to be entertainment. For the first time I could see some merit in the idea of a Jesus And Mary Chain. GBH were still playing when I walked past. They sounded very very good.

JANE SIMON

## THE ALLIANCE

Manchester

ANOTHER BRITISH hope for the American market, and a rather more feasible one than the likes of Lionheart. The Alliance seem to possess the songwriting promise that so many of their peers lack, and although the material is designed for the USA, it's nothing too far above (or below) a British audience.

The Alliance's biggest problem is their stagecraft, but seeing as this is something that can be easily rectified through a steady flow of gigs, it's not quite as big a danger sign as it seems.

To quote an age old cliché, The Alliance may be small fish in a big sea, but on the strength of this gig they can count themselves as bright young contenders.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

## THE IMMACULATE FOOLS/THEN JERICHO

University Of London

THE BAD seeds of sterility have grown into a long winding weed that wraps itself around any young flower of life. These superficial good times make for bands like Then Jericho and The Immaculate Fools and their glossy, pompous and fastidious form of post-Genesis rock. It's all so clean and wet.

Then Jericho and The Immaculate Fools are both of the same uniform, harmless up and coming rock bands that have major labels behind them to push and style. Both produce calculated elephants of dud noise interlaced with repetitive verbal diarrhoea about nothing in particular.

There is no threat, no outcry, no inkling of creative ideas beyond the confines of dullness. Both bands are more concerned with presentation than elation, both have silly haircuts, silly songs, silly lyrics that fifth-year DH Lawrences wouldn't even put their names to. Collectively, both are a perfect example of the sign of the times.

RON ROM

## NICO/JOHN CALE

Kentish Town Town And Country Club

AGE SHALL not weary her, nor the years condemn. Nico strolls on, greeted with rapture and adulation. To the smart Ales at the front, a brief aside: "Shut up; don't you know that Germans have no sense of humour?". Charismatic still. A happy ghost, wandering across stage with a self-deprecating little smile, or hunched over the keyboards, wailing her long painful dirges. The band are just right: understated without being anonymous, providing the most sympathetic backing you could wish for.

People go to see Nico more for the legend they've created than for what she's done. They're suckers. Nico remains something precious because she's fallible. I've seen her play and thought that she and the group sounded like pub-rockers. Tonight she went to the other extreme. Even angels make mistakes. Long may she reign...

John Cale, the Welsh wizard. Sometimes, but not too much tonight. Starting off with 'I'm Waiting For My Man' wasn't the ideal choice, you understand. He looked like Bruce Springsteen crossed with Rambo. He sounded like The Knack.

I wandered off into the Kentish Town night, whistling 'My Sharona' and hating myself for doing it. Why did Cale leave the Church of Anthrax?

TIBET

## THE GO-BETWEENS

Tufnell Park Penthouse

FOUR POP preachers, plainly dressed, smile humbly as they take the stage and gently go about converting us to their faith.

The Go-Betweens' first sermon jolts us: 'The Ghost With The Black Hat', the most obvious new track, is peculiarly cold and over-refined. It's left to 'Unkind, Unwise' to finally get the wheels in motion and, with 'Part Company' following, the spokes begin to blur as The Go-Betweens' flavoured melodies, golden harmonies and simple but intellectual pop motives weave collectively into a glorious, composed pop noise.

In 'Apologies Accepted', one of the more instant newbies, the hardened face of frailty wafts through McLennon's voice and highlights the reserved emotions that the band deal in.

'Drowning The Pool For You' shows The Go-Betweens at their best, with a contained elation mixing with a perfect coalition of emotions, lyrics and melody that is unmatched in most of today's current pop combos. When Forster sings "la la de di-dah", it's not functional but almost an exhibition of his belief in the power of the perfect pop song, and it was of no small coincidence that they decided to finish on that same note.

RON ROM

## THE WEDDING

Embassy

A NEW band with connections. Under the patronage of ex-Blitz kid Rusty Egan, The Wedding have just released their debut single, a disappointing affair of over-influenced U2 guitar rock.

With everything to play for and few to impress — the crowd (?) barely breaks into double figures — the band

launch into a spirited attempt to raise the dead. Singer Robert Farrell, last seen with pseudo new romantics The Berlin Blondes, has strengthened his voice over the last year. He's learned to soar and the swirl of guitars follow him up in a spiral of Simple Minds style echo. The single, 'Tomorrow I Set Sail', stands poorly in comparison with the rest of the set due to its hackneyed phrasing.

But they can offer more, 'King Of Kings' for example. Robert tears the melody from the grasp of the wailing guitars and marching drums, and moulds it into a passable anthemic pop song. 'Ghost Of You' shows they are capable of whipping up a storm without deteriorating into an amp cracking row. They are powerful, but lightening the shade would help.

A dispirited "Thank you, goodnight," and they exit to the sound of their own footsteps. Perhaps not a musical marriage made in heaven, but worthy of more attention. Give them a year.

PETE PICTON

## JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Philadelphia

"YOU GUYS sure know how to make a guy feel at home, don'tcha?" he laughed, shortly after plunging right in amongst the 17,000 strong crowd to shake and slap hands. To his credit, John Cougar Mellencamp trod the thin line between the extrovert and the embarrassing with charismatic, sweat-stained aplomb.

With a rare knack, he coaxed massed clapping and dancing which, contrary to stadia rock's unwritten rules, didn't require the participants to act or feel like dorks.

The music plays naturally and openly on old strings (in this respect, similar to the spunky Stevie Ray Vaughan) and seldom have dem ol' strings sounded/hurt so

good. A frigid critical dissection of the workings of his songs would be largely irrelevant, since it's unmistakably obvious that Mellencamp trades solely on well-defined, gut level rock 'n' roll.

He showed us exactly where he's, er, comin' from with an encore of '60s and '70s gems that included James Brown's 'Cold Sweat', 'Under The Boardwalk' and Creedence's timeless 'Proud Mary'. "You can't beat the originals," John confessed, and ultimately he didn't need too — the spirit and humour put into those songs by him and his seven-piece band were satisfying enough.

Bright, energetic, salty and charming, John Cougar Mellencamp shuffled through three hours of ritualised (but

never hollow) euphoria with the ease of a man with his finger knowingly on the right pulse.

What price a British tour?  
PAUL ELLIOTT

## BLANCMANGE

Hammersmith Odeon

I DECIDED to wear my frothiest, most colourful shirt to this teddy bears' picnic: the one everybody at *Sounds* claims I've been sick on. It proved a shrewd choice.

Welcome, brothers, to the Blancmange Travelling Salvation Show. Having witnessed Cameo eat up this same venue only five nights earlier, it was going to take a magical mixture to satisfy my still unquenched appetite for spectacle and drama. Surprisingly, this multi-flavoured electropop was

filling the gap.

The milk pudding boys' quasi-religious obsessions rang out loud and clear. 'God's Kitchen', 'I've Seen The Word', 'Paradise Is', 'I Believe', 'Blind Vision' — thus preached Neil Arthur with that charming, authoritative voice. Stephen Luscombe, in long white robes, drove home the message with a hypnotic keyboard punch supported by the haunting gospel backing chant of a black female duo.

Their audience lapped up the offerings and still dared to ask for more. Eventually, though, I felt that where once the Blancmange was joyfully wobbly, it had now been watered down to a milkshake. The synthetic fizz caused a queasy stomach. Pass the bicarb, mum.

RONNIE RANDALL

# STYLE BORES

THE STYLE COUNCIL

Wembley Arena

A PAUSE, then a note so true, so pure, so close to perfection... golden tinsel forms spontaneously in the air and spirals, gently, riding the waves of warmth from below. Then, without any fuss or bother, it melts away...

The wonderful Dee C Lee drowns out a dozen or more Style Councilors, half an orchestra, plus a couple of thousand highly appreciative soccer thugs, merely by honouring us with her presence.

It seems odd that Paul Weller should be responsible for an act as unremarkable as The Style Council; likewise, it's strange to find so many people getting worked up about the group's bland, blank, inoffensive music.

At no point do they meddle with anything more daring than pseudo-suave MOR; never is there evidence of any real taste for adventure. Only 'Money-Go-Round' and 'Walls Come Tumbling Down' succeed in provoking bodily responses of deeper significance than mere instinctive foot-tapping.

Everything else is shamefully unimportant.

If it weren't for Dee C Lee's enchanting vocal accompaniment (her gorgeous 'See The Day' blasted the rest of the set to kingdom come), The Style Council would be as dull as dishwater. Mick Talbot rocks his Hammond back and forth and believes this equals excitement; Paul Weller dreams of hip young sophisticates but attracts only aggressively well-dressed barbarians. Somewhere down the line, things have gone disastrously wrong.

MR SPENCER



WELLER: zzzz... Gavin Watson

# NIGHTSHIFT

By Susanne Garrett. Write to Sounds at Greater London House, London NW1 7QZ or telephone 01-387 6611. To guarantee inclusion please have applications in at least two weeks prior to publication.

**IF you haven't already been crushed to death doing your Christmas shopping, you can get squigged some more while viewing the delights of Marillion in Blackpool (18th) and Birmingham (19th). Echo finishes his tour with two dates in Kilburn (18th & 19th) and Glasgow (21st & 22nd). There's a knees-up in Finsbury Park with Madness, Ian Dury, Marc Almond and Gregory Isaacs (21st). There's a Paisley Party with Dr And The Medics and Zodiac Mindwarp at Heaven (29th). Psychic TV got the balloons out at Brixton (23rd) and Bogshed are in festive mood in Birmingham (22nd). And to end the whole year on a mad note, the Nutty Boys have a live extravaganza at Hammersmith on New Year's Eve. Have a great one**

## WEDNESDAY 18

BEDFORD Winkles (212161) Shop Assistants  
 BIRMINGHAM National Exhibition Centre (021-780 4133) Paul Young  
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Blancmange  
 BIRMINGHAM Peacocks (021-643 6751) Future  
 BLACKPOOL Opera House (27786) Marillion  
 BOURNEMOUTH International Centre (292476) Sister Sledge  
 BRADFORD In 12 Queens Hall (392712) Every New Dead Ghost  
 BRENTWOOD Red Lion (01-560 6181) Antz Avenue  
 BRIGHTON Old Vic (24744) Funkrew  
 BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) Striptease/Sharing The House Of Mother  
 BRISTOL Thekla Old Profamy Showboat (293301) Viv Stanshall's Stinkfoot  
 CHESHAM Elgiva (774759) Burnessance  
 CHESTERFIELD Fascination Nitespot Gotham City (79988) Bomb Party  
 COLWYN BAY Central Hotel (2017) Badger Bell Band  
 COVENTRY Pilgrim Club Surf Drums/Freight Train  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Sirens  
 DOVER Louis Armstrong (204759) Castle Morris Combo  
 DUNFERMLINE Night Magic (721902) Odyssey  
 EDINBURGH Zolts Club Ginger John The Doomsday Commando  
 EXMOUTH Rolle College (264783) VOK  
 GLASGOW Gorbals Community Centre Kevin McDermott/Hot Ice  
 GREAT YARMOUTH Rosie's Boys Will Be Boys  
 HOLYWELL Hell 069 Club The Priest/Hang On Hooks!  
 KINGSBURY Youth And Sports Centre (872330) Dream Factory  
 LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Cockney Rejects/The Business  
 LEEDS Upstairs Downstairs (632402) Lykos Opera  
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) Five O'Clock Approach  
 LONDON Boston Arms Tufnell (01-272 3411) Play Dead/Blyth Power/Bolshoi  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) Lords Of The New Church/Dogs  
 D'Amour/The Protagonist  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Apartments/Salvation  
 Sunday  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Electric Bluebirds  
 LONDON Camden High Street Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) Flying Pickets/  
 Skint Video/Blah/Happy End/Pauline Melville/Benjamin Zephaniah Band  
 (African National Congress Benefit)  
 LONDON Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle (01-485 7858) Dirty Work  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Deliros/Fire Of The  
 Fuse  
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips (01-635 8392) Golden Hoard  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Deaf Heights Cajun Aces  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The  
 Wallbangers Park The Tiger  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01-858 0895) Wild Girls/Ruby Turner  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon (01-748 3471) 53rd Card/My Finest  
 Hour  
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Dire Straits  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Connection/Hat/Love  
 Manoeuvres  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Beat The System/Recruits  
 LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom (01-328 3141) Echo And The Bunnymen  
 LONDON Lea Green Old Tigers Head (01-852 9708) Bad Karma Beckons  
 LONDON Mile End Queen Mary College (01-980 4811 x 3342) Gary Glitter  
 LONDON New Cross Amersham Arms Twisters  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band  
 LONDON Palmers Green The Fox B Team/Escapes Committee/Outlets (Childrens  
 Charities Benefit)  
 LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington Voyeur  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) Out To Lunch  
 LONDON Tufnell Park Boston Arms Penthouse (01-272 3411) Bolshoi/Blyth  
 Power/Kindergarten/Play Dead  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Pendragon  
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Elton John  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Slim Gaillard  
 MONKS HORTON Black Horse Maroonedogs  
 NORWICH Premises (660352) Albion Band  
 NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall (472328) Nils Lofgren  
 PRESTON Halfway House (Samslesbury 367) The Answer  
 PRESTON Raiders (53216) Stiffs  
 RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (775223) Restless/Vulture Squadron  
 RHYL Dixieland (53169) Icicle Works  
 RUNCORN Cherry Tree (74171) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts  
 SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) Men They Couldn't Hang  
 SCARBOROUGH Scene 2 The Deep/The Edge/International Rescue  
 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont (229771) The Alarm  
 UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) The Clinch/The Price/Hectors House (Save  
 The Children Benefit)  
 WALSALL Wheatseaf DT's  
 WOLVERHAMPTON Cheapside Queens (339587) Jealous At The Orgy/Drawn To  
 Crystal  
 YORK Lynx Club (646072) Steve Gibbons

## THURSDAY 19

BARTON ON HUMBER Carnival (32335) AKI The Thrash Band/Expanding  
 Wallets/Green Lantern And The Fruit Pie Scene/  
 BERKHAMSTEAD Crown Hotel (3096) Last Orders  
 BIRMINGHAM National Exhibition Centre (021-780 4133) Marillion  
 BRADFORD Bensons Bierkeller (728322) The Deep/The Edge/International  
 Rescue  
 BRENTWOOD Castle Beat Of The Beast  
 BRENTWOOD Hermit (218897) Flying Doctors  
 BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) Long Tall Texans/Bottle Orchestra  
 BRISTOL Thekla Old Profamy Showboat (293301) Viv Stanshall's Stinkfoot  
 BURNLEY Cats Whiskers (26531) 3 Men Gone Mad  
 CARDIFF St Davids Hall (426111) The Alarm  
 CORBY Juicy Lucy's Play The Joker/Bandits At 7o Clock  
 COVENTRY Hand And Hart (618037) The Business/Condemned 84/Chaos  
 DEAL Black Horse Hotel (374074) Birts Boogie Band  
 DENBIGH Zeps (3932) Ruptered Kidneys  
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Split Beaver  
 FLINT Raven Hotel (2305) Badger Bell Band  
 FOLKESTONE Pullman Wine Bar (52524) Maroonedogs  
 FROME Merlin Theatre (65949) Albion Band  
 GLASGOW Zanzibar (041-332 0992) Odyssey  
 GUILDFORD Civic Hall (67314) Nils Lofgren  
 HERNE BAY Bozos Wine Bar (368388) The Canterbury Buskers  
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) Basta Roc  
 INVERNESS The Ship Ginger John The Doomsday Commando  
 LEE ON SOLENT Eagle Club Runestaff  
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Flesh For Lulu  
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) The Piranhas  
 LONDON Camden High Street Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) King Kurt/Tenpole  
 Tudor/Demented Ark Go  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Screaming Blue Messiahs/The  
 Pretty Things  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Freddie And The Donuts  
 LONDON Chalk Farm Road Carnarvon Castle (01-485 7858) See Thru Jimmy  
 LONDON Charlotte Street Sol Y Sombre (01-580 7719) Last Salute  
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips Gaz's Rockin Blues  
 LONDON Deptford Albany Empire (01-691 3333) The Cazbah/Podomovsky/  
 Urban Warriors/Otis Canneloni  
 LONDON Deptford Royal Albert Barflies  
 LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms (01-472 0377) Relay  
 LONDON East Sheen The Bull (01-876 2345) Funkrew  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Higsons  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Shev And The Brakes  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The  
 Wallbangers Park The Tiger  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01-858 0895) Tygers Of Pan Tang  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon (01-748 3471) The Veil/Four Came  
 Home  
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Dire Straits  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Nick Lowe And His Cowboy  
 Outfit  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Beloved/In Spite Of All That/After  
 The Party  
 LONDON Islington George (01-253 3831) Twisters  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Boothill Foot Tappers/Jamie  
 Wednesday  
 LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom (01-328 3141) Echo And The Bunnymen  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Dr Feelgood  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Mystery Girls/Resistance  
 LONDON Peckham Montpelier Road (01-732 4100) Little Steve Smith Band  
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Hank Wangford  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 2879) Poorboys  
 LONDON Sydenham Rub A Dub Greyhound Mad Dog Rabies/Mullarkey Myers/  
 Flaming Hamsters  
 LONDON Tufnell Park Boston Club Luddy Samms And The Deliverers  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Whole Population Of Hackney  
 LONDON Wardour Street Wag (01-437 5543) Quando Quango  
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Elton John  
 LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road TU Centre (01-487 3440) Bloodsport/Save Us  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Pizza Express Allstars  
 MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Icicle Works  
 MANCHESTER Last Resort (061-860 6122) Alien Sex Fiend  
 MANCHESTER Legend (061-236 2754) Communal Drop  
 NORWICH Tombland Hy's Nightclub (621155) Calloway  
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Groundhogs  
 NOTTINGHAM Palais (635450) Gary Glitter/Dumpty's Rusty Nuts/Cherry Bombz/  
 Vibrators/Metal Mickey  
 NUNEATON Crown (385811) Dream Factory  
 OXFORD Penny Farthing (246007) Mournblade  
 POOLE Britannia (687047) Ian Pipers World War III  
 POTTERS BAR Potters Lodge (59976) Eddie Vincent  
 RAMSBOTTOM Workers Club (3765) Marauders  
 RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (775223) Inner City Unit/The Touch  
 ROMFORD Rezz (25566) The Cockroaches  
 RUGBY The Benn Spacemen 3/Magnolia Seige/Dogs Of Tyme/Telltale Hearts/  
 Total Contempt  
 ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (36820) Elixir  
 ST HELIER Inn On The Park (30930) Sister Sledge  
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Confident Tricksters/Flexible Penguins  
 SHOE BURYNESS The Cambridge Eddie And The Hot Rods  
 SWINDON Link Centre (817212) Custom Deluxe/Bardiche  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Trevor Burton  
 WEYMOUTH Verdis (779842) Love Manoeuvres  
 WHITBY Big Bamboo (603329) Vita Brevis/Burning Passion/Underground  
 Experience  
 WHITSTABLE Harbour Lights (275218) Sirens  
 WOKINGHAM Angies Cantley House Hotel (789912) Jazawaki  
 WOLVERHAMPTON Sheraton (24514) Play Dead  
 YORK Lynx (646072) Zoot And The Roots

## FRIDAY 20

ABERDEEN Venue (641931) The Syndicate  
 BATH Moles (333423) Compared To What  
 BEDFORD The Angel Pink On Pink  
 BERKHAMSTEAD Old Mill House (3820) The Chain Gang  
 BIRMINGHAM Bull Ring (021-643 0230) Jean Vincent And The Nitecapz  
 BIRMINGHAM Triangle (021-359 3979) Steve Nallon/Simon Fanshaw  
 BLETCHINGLEY The Club Sammy Sawdust And The Funnymen  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) Little Sister  
 BRENTWOOD Hermit (218897) Cockroaches/Famous Potatoes  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) Little Sister  
 BRIGHTON Zap Club (775987) Queue Dance/Fishing For Clouds  
 BRISTOL Thekla Old Profamy Showboat (293301) Viv Stanshall's Stinkfoot  
 BRISTOL Tropic (49875) Gorilla My Dreams/Exercise Yard  
 CARLISLE Front Page (34168) The Stems  
 CLITHEROE Wellsprings Inn (23870) Necktie Party  
 CLYRO Clyro Court Love Manoeuvres  
 COLCHESTER Woods (47151) Jah Warrior/Annihilated  
 COLWYN BAY Imperial (30805) Ruptered Kidneys  
 COLWYN BAY Leisure Centre (33223) Vengeance/Trident  
 CREWE Cheshire Cheese (214901) No Favors  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) A Bigger Splash  
 DARLINGTON Arts Centre (483271) Ginger John The Doomsday Commando  
 DERBY Rockhouse (41154) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts

DUDLEY JB's (53597) Vibrators  
 EXETER Boxes (59292) VOK  
 GUERNSEY Beause Jour Leisure Centre (26964) Sister Sledge  
 HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Glee Club  
 LEATHERHEAD Riverside Club (375713) Badlands/Teahouse Camp  
 LINCOLN Cathedral (23000) Eden/Zero Option  
 LIVERPOOL Krackers (051-708 8815) The Farm/Stuck For A God  
 LONDON Bow Pearly King Haze/Two Bitten  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) Curiosity Killed The Cat/Danger Zone  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Terry And Gerry  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) John Otway/Johnny G  
 LONDON Crofton Park Rivoli (01-692 5130) Flying Pickets/Denise Black And The  
 Kray Sisters/Malcolm Hardy  
 LONDON Deptford Albany Empire (01-691 3333) The Hot House With Debby  
 Bishop  
 LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt St Pauls Church (01-930 0089) British Blues  
 Corporation  
 LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms (01-472 0377) Elixir (Children In Need Benefit)  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Men They Couldn't Hang  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Boogie Bros Blues Band  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The  
 Wallbangers Park The Tiger  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01-858 0895) Eddie And The Hot Rods/Starlighters/  
 Bandits At 4'0 Clock  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Ballroom Clarendon (01-748 1454) Nik Turner's  
 Inner City Unit/The Cardiacs/Frank Sidebottom  
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Dire Straits  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Morrissey/Mullen/Kintone  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Buddy Curtess And The  
 Grasshoppers/Bell And The Ocean  
 LONDON High Barnet Red Rag Club Housemartins/Crack Of Dawn  
 LONDON Holloway Road North London Polytechnic (01-609 1212) Winterbabies  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Rent Party  
 LONDON Leicester Square Maximus (01-734 4111) John Jollise  
 LONDON Lewisham Labour Club (01-852 3921) Ya Ya's  
 LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) GB Blues Co  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Steve Gibbons Band  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Morrissey Mullen/Kintone  
 LONDON Peckham Montpelier (01-732 4100) Kit Packham Band  
 LONDON Peckham Walmer Castle (01-703 4639) April 16th  
 LONDON Stepney Green Dame Collet House Potato 5  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) Hershey And The Twelve Bars  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Cherry Bombz  
 MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) The Alarm  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) One Force  
 MANCHESTER Gallery (061-832 3597) The Noble Kind  
 MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) The Damned  
 MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) Groundhogs/Zebedee  
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE Riverside (614386) The Edge  
 NOTTINGHAM Boulevard (787014) Spitz  
 NOTTINGHAM Yorker (42739) Hot Lipz  
 PONTARDAWE Ivy Bush Blake's 3  
 POOLE Britannia (687047) Galahad  
 POTTERS BAR Potters Lodge (59976) Eddie Vincent  
 PRESTON Paradise 3 Men Gone Mad/Play Dead  
 ST HELENS Moss Band United Services Joules The Band  
 SHOTTS Mucky Duck Deaf Heights Cajun Aces  
 STIRLING Factory (72651) Odyssey  
 STOCKTON ON TEES Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Joe Walker Band  
 SUNDERLAND Bunker (650020) Omega Tribe  
 TEDDINGTON Station Approach Witcher And Munday  
 TELFORD Madely Court Albion Band  
 TONBRIDGE Golden Green Ball (366891) Dakka Dakka Dakka/Terminal Twist  
 WALSALL Poffrey Club Strap On Jack  
 WELWYN GARDEN CITY Ludwich Youth Club (324059) Benjamin Zephaniah/  
 Blyth Power/Astronauts  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Jealous Girl/The Natives  
 WIDNES Appleton Labour Club (051-424 4581) Private Number/The Crawl  
 WISHAW Shambles (372613) Neue Heroes  
 WOKING Wheatseaf Hotel (73047) Ring For Service  
 WOKINGHAM Angies Cantley House (789912) Ruthless Blues  
 YORK Lynx (646072) Gasoline Symphonia

## SATURDAY 21

AYLESBURY Civic Hall (5900) Dr Feelgood/Stranger Station  
 BANBURY Mill Club Beggar  
 BANBURY Wheatseaf (66525) Rafer  
 BATH Moles (333423) Cool Runnings/Hands On Heads  
 BEDFORD Corn Exchange (44813) Pink On Pink/Biancoir/C Saim/Spiral  
 Staircase/Push/Single File (Cot Death Appeal All Dayer)  
 BEDFORD George And Dragon Shop Assistants  
 BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) The Nightingales/Instigators  
 BIRMINGHAM National Exhibition Centre (021-780 4133) Elton John  
 BIRMINGHAM Norton Hall Sattley (021-328 3043) End Of Chat/Bongo Go  
 BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 6101) Rouen  
 BIRMINGHAM Shoulder Of Mutton Goats Don't Shave  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) John Otway  
 BRIGHTON Dome (674357) Nils Lofgren  
 BRIGHTON Zap Club (775987) Screaming Abdabs  
 BRISTOL Thekla Old Profamy Showboat (293301) Viv Stanshall's Stinkfoot  
 BRISTOL Tropic (49875) Bissmillah  
 BRISTOL Yesterdays (297670) Crazy Trains  
 BUCKINGHAM The Mitre Out Of Reach  
 CAERPHILLY Pulsars (882311) Tiger Tails  
 CARLISLE Front Page (34168) Norman Beaker Band  
 COVENTRY Hand And Hart (618037) Conflict/Exit Stance/Varukers/Depraved/  
 Concrete Sox/The Sect/SAS/Heresy/Tunnel Freaks (Midland Animal Liberation  
 League)  
 CROSSKEYS Crosskeys Institute (270301) Charlie Baisdon Band  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts/Answers On A Postcard  
 DEWSBURY Town Hall (462934) Clive Gregson And Christine Collier/Camera  
 Obscura/The Hive/Pink Peg Slacks/How Blue Wonder/Civilised Society/  
 Brother/Boilerhouse/Little Richards/Conspiracy/Street Vice/Karma  
 ERITH Trades And Social Club Eddie Vincent  
 GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) Echo And The Bunnymen  
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) Lazy/Highway  
 INVERNESS Caledonian (235181) Odyssey  
 KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre (25133) Albion Band  
 KETTERING Finedon Sports And Social Club Engine  
 LIVERPOOL Royal Court (051-709 4321) Icicle Works  
 LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) Sober As A Judge/Bad  
 Karma  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) Adu/Johnny Love Muscle  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Steve Marriott's Packet Of  
 Three/Steve Hookers Shakers  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Balham Alligators  
 LONDON Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle (01-485 7361) Wolfie Witcher (lunchtime)  
 LONDON Chalk Farm Enterprise (01-485 2659) Jamie Wednesday  
 LONDON City Road Stick And Weasel (01-250 3126) John Rawlings (lunchtime)/  
 Pete Ryle (evening)  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Jazz Butcher  
 LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt St Pauls Church (01-930 0089) Conflict/Anti  
 Sect  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Big Top (01-633 6750) Madness with Ian Dury/Gregory  
 Isaacs/Marc Almond And The Willing Sinners/Imagination/Toure Kunda/Frank  
 Chickens/Shikisha (GLC Christmas Party For The Unemployed/£2.00 UB40 -  
 3.00pm - 11.00pm)  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4561) Nick Lowe  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Big Town Playboys

# NIGHT

LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) **Harvey And The Wallbangers Park The Tiger**  
 LONDON Green Gate Bethnal Green (01-739 4920) **Antz Avenue**  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01-858 0895) **Big Heat/Industry/Shaman**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Klub Foot Clarendon Upstairs (01-748 1454) **Guana Batz**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **Dire Straits**  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Tom Gribben And The Saltwater Cowboys**  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Higsons/Hackney 5.0/There Goes Algy**  
 LONDON Homerton Blue House **Blyth Power/Thatcher On Acid**  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Steve Gibbons**  
 LONDON Old Kent Road Ambulance Station **Twisters**  
 LONDON Maida Vale Carlton Rooms **Potato 5**  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Morrisey Mullen Christmas Show**  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**  
 LONDON Peckham Montpelier (01-732 4100) **Down The Line**  
 LONDON Peto Place Diorama (01-487 4498) **Tenpole Tudor/Ra Ra Zoo/The Vulcans**  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) **Terry Smith Quartet**  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Cherry Bomb**  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Victor Brox**  
 MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) **The Damned**  
 MANCHESTER PSV Club **Natural Ites**  
 MERTHYR TYDFIL Wesley Hall **Foreign Legion**  
 NANTY Leisure Centre **The Deep**  
 NELSON Old Boys Club **Joules The Band**  
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE Riverside (614386) **Pauline Murray**  
 NOTTINGHAM Queens Walk Community Centre **Disorder/Concrete Sox/ Negazione/Anti Sect** (Winter Solstice Celebration 12 midday onwards)  
 NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall (472328) **Steeleye Span**  
 PASSFIELD Royal Oak **Suburbia**  
 PENRHYN BAY Old Hall (4988) **Ruptured Kidneys**  
 POOLE Britannia (687047) **Flaming Softies**  
 PORTSMOUTH Hornpipe (817293) **Terry And Gerry/Empti Fish**  
 READING Old Cinema **Here And Now**  
 RETFORD Porterhouse (703671) **Play Dead**  
 ROCHDALE Castleton Moor Cricket club (527160) **The Marauders**  
 ST NEOTS Kings Head (74094) **Dr Souk**  
 SHOREHAM Community Centre **The Rapiers**  
 TAMWORTH Assembly Rooms (251081) **Dream Factory/Original Royal Family/ The Sway/Breaking Point/Wolfsbane/Femme Fatale/Banned Wagon/Trout Brothers** (Mini Benefit For Ethiopia)  
 TELFORD Iron Master (503950) **No Favors**  
 TONYPANDY Naval Club (432068) **Kooga**  
 TWICKENHAM Mulberry Tree (01-892 3294) **Witcher And Munday**  
 WARRINGTON Fiddler Ferry  
 WARRINGTON Lion (30047) **Nightwing**  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Jumpin Bad/Jean Vincent And The Nightcap**  
 WOKINGHAM Angies Cantley House Hotel **Jlve Alive**  
 WOKINGHAM St Crispins Centre (791066) **Blood Oranges/Prime Time/Killing The Rose**  
 WORKSOP Miners Welfare **The Moments**  
 WORTHING Pavilion (202221) **New Orleans Mardi Gras with Max Collie/Cy Laurie/Ken Colyer/The Rhythm Aces**

## SUNDAY

22

BEDFORD Gordon Arms **KGB**  
 BIRMINGHAM National Exhibition Centre (021-780 4133) **Elton John**  
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-476 1181) **Steeleye Span**  
 BIRMINGHAM Peacocks (021-643 6751) **Pigbros/Bogshed**  
 BOURNEMOUTH International Centre (292476) **Nils Lofgren**  
 BRENTWOOD Hermit (218897) **Bill Posters Will Be Banned**  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) **Footloose** (lunchtime)/Geneva/SPT (evening)  
 BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) **Cha Cha Bar** (lunchtime)  
 BRIGHTON Zap Club (775987) **Printers Measure A** (lunchtime)  
 BRISTOL Old Thekla Profamy Showboat (293301) **Viv Stanshall's Stinkfoot**  
 CARSHALTON West Street Club **Antz Avenue**  
 CORBY Welfare Club **Sly/Wicked And Slick/ Bandits At 7 'O Clock/Shiek/Inline/ Play The Joker/Wine In Bar Stewards** (Anti Apartheid Benefit)  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Steve Marriot's Packet Of Three**  
 DERBY The Moon (674128) **The Slingshots**  
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Red Beards From Texas**  
 DUDLEY Smiling Man (53268) **Con-Dom/Head Of David**  
 EASTCOTE Clay Pigeon (01-866 5358) **Gary Glitter/Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**  
 EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) **The Alarm**  
 ELLESMERE PORT Bulls Head (051-339 3044) **Badger Bell Band**  
 ERITH Belvedere Social Club **Eddie Vincent**  
 GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) **Echo And The Bunnymen**  
 HINCKLEY Bubbles Club (635450) **Gary Glitter/Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**  
 HULL Spring Street Theatre (23638) **Albion Band**  
 LIVERPOOL Rudi's (051-236 1030) **The DaVincis/The Decemberists**  
 LLANHAREN Rugby Club (222209) **Damascus**  
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) **Eddie And The Hot Rods**  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Roddy Radiation And The Tear Jerkers**  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **ESP/The Wardrobe/Strumpet City/Poetic In Justice/Lemonade Hand Grenade**  
 LONDON City Road Stick And Weasel (01-250 3126) **Peter Ryle** (lunchtime)/Mixelanders (evening)  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Bruce Wayne And The Batniks**  
 LONDON Edmonton Three Crowns **The Rapiers**  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Iggy Quail** (Lunchtime)/Terry And Gerry (evening)  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-7361 1413) **Blues 'N' Trouble**  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) **Harvey And The Wallbangers Park The Tiger**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **Dire Straits**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Palas (01-748 2812) **The Damned/Twenty Flight Rockers**  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Big Town Playboys**  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Dislocation Dance**  
 LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) **Morrisey Mullen**  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **The Zodiacs** (lunchtime)/Wilko Johnson Band (evening)  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) **London Apaches**  
 LONDON Tufnell Park Boston Arms (01-272 3411) **Here And Now**  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Raw Melody Men**  
 NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells **DT's**  
 NOTTINGHAM Bodega (42809) **Broken Home**  
 NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre (472328) **Blancmange**  
 NOTTINGHAM Yorker (42739) **Haze/ Twice Bitten**  
 NUNEATON Arts Centre (327359) **Dancers At The End Of Time**  
 POOLE Britannia (687047) **Alibi**  
 READING Golden Key (473409) **Fair Exchange**  
 RUTHIN Castle Hotel (2152) **Ruptured Kidneys**  
 SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) **Natural Ites**  
 STEVENAGE Bowes Lyon House (353175) **Play Dead/Chat Show**  
 WATFORD Pumphouse (53650) **Armed Forces**  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Strap On Jack**  
 WOKINGHAM Angies Cantley House Hotel (789912) **Rebecca Wolf**

## MONDAY

23

ABERDEEN Daisys Night Club (596756) **Nervous Choir**

BATH Niteline Club **Jonah And The Wall**  
 BIRMINGHAM Dome (021-622 2233) **Edwin Starr**  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) **Word Of Mouth**  
 BRIGHTON Scanlans **Downbeat**  
 BRISTOL Thekla Old Profamy Showboat (293301) **Viv Stanshall's Stinkfoot**  
 COVENTRY Pilgrim Club **Hollywood Refugees/Rag Dolls**  
 CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) **Steve Simpsons Roller Coaster/Twenty Flight Rockers**  
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Jean Vincent And The Nitecapz**  
 DUNSTABLE Wheatsheaf (62571) **Antz Avenue**  
 GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) **The Alarm**  
 GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffanys (857018) **Runestaff/The Veil**  
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) **Shev And The Brakes**  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) **Psychic TV**  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Toure Kunda**  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **JJ And The Flyers**  
 LONDON Deptford Albany Empire (01-691 3333) **The Searchers/Electric Bluebirds**  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-236 4581) **Rent Party**  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Rave**  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) **Harvey And The Wallbangers Park The Tiger**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon (01-748 3471) **Patrik Fitzgerald/ Hammer And Sickle/And Now The Screaming Stops**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **Dire Straits**  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Men They Couldn't Hang**  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Skiff Skats/The Famous Potatoes**  
 LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-852 9708) **Dumpys Rusty Nuts**  
 LONDON Leytonstone Plough And Harrow Tower Club (01-590 3647) **Conflict/Arch Criminals/State Hate**  
 LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy (01-499 4793) **Silent Arcade/Kit/Ring Of Roses**  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **The Prisoners/The Daggermen**  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Blues And Trouble**  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) **Charlie Hart 251**  
 LONDON Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre (01-580 9562) **Steeleye Span**  
 LONDON Walthamstow Town Hall (01-521 7111) **The Coolnotes**  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Faith Brothers**  
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) **Midge Ure**  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Gags**  
 NEWPORT Stow Hill Labour Club (57244) **Membranes/Bolshoi/Mekons/Ted Chippington/Gods Wonderful Children**  
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) **The Dreamers**  
 NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) **The Damned**  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **QED**  
 WHITEHAVEN Whitehouse Disco (2215) **Engine**  
 WREXHAM Kings Arms (351350) **Ruptured Kidneys**

## TUESDAY

24

BATH Speakeasy **Glee Club**  
 BIRMINGHAM Grapes (021-643 1563) **Strap On Jack**  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) **Ivors Jivers Xmas Party**  
 BRIDGEWATER Blue Boar (424944) **Legend**  
 BRIGHTON Zap Club (775987) **Cheyne Dance**  
 BRISTOL Tropic (49875) **Total Control**  
 CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) **Kooga**  
 CARLISLE Front Page (34168) **Jon Strong Band**  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Mungo Jerry**  
 DERBY Rockhouse (41154) **Engine**  
 HEREFORD The Tavern (56325) **Love Manoeuvres**  
 KINGSTON Gray Horse (01-546 4818) **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**  
 LEATHERHEAD Riverside Club (375713) **The Body Politic/Endless Party/Choir Invisible/Uncle Dave And The Butchers From Space**  
 LIVERPOOL Krackers (051-708 8815) **Groundpig**  
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) **Christmas Eve Party**  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) **Luddy Sams And The Deliverers**  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Pete Thomas And His Deep Sea Jivers**  
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips (01-635 8392) **Disaster Area**  
 LONDON Deptford Royal Albert (01-692 1530) **Barflies**  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Len Bright Combo**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon (01-748 2471) **Actifed**  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Men They Couldn't Hang Christmas Party**  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Circus Circus Circus**  
 LONDON New Cross Harp Club (01-692 4077) **Gaz's Rockin Blues/Potato 5/Forest Hillbillies/Duke Vin**  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **A.A. Allstars with Noel McCalla/Pete Johnson/Chris Fletcher/Bobby Tench/Jeff Seopardie/John Edwards/Ronnie Johnson/Tim Whitehead**  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **The Adicts**  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) **Steve Waller Band/Stevie Smith Band**  
 MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) **Disolation Dance**  
 SHEFFIELD Black Horse **Illicit Bizzness/WTF**  
 SOUTH BENT Wrangaton Highwayman **Satellites**  
 WARRINGTON Lion (30047) **Groundhogs**  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **FBI**  
 WOKINGHAM Angies Cantley House Hotel (789912) **The Complaints/Spaniel In The Works**

## THURSDAY

26

BIRMINGHAM Aston Holte Hotel **Red Hot 'N Blue/Riverside Trio**  
 COVENTRY Dog And Trumpet (2/678) **Furious Apples/Pink Umbrellas**  
 CREW Cheshire Cheese (214901) **Badger Bell Band**  
 FOLKESTONE Pullman Wine Bar (52524) **Dover Skiffle Band**  
 HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Rootboot**  
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) **Nashville Teens**  
 KINTON The Swan **Blake's 3**  
 LONDON Bethnal Green Green Gate **Exchange**  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01 485 1773) **Living Daylites**  
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips **Mint Juleps/Gaz's Rockin Blues**  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581) **Blubbey Heilbellies/ Floyd/Forest Hillbillies/The Remps** (Battle Against Botha Benefit)  
 LONDON Hammersmith Greyhound (01 385 0526) **Mystery Girls**  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01 858 0895) **Dady And Friends**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon (01 748 1454) **Patrik Fitzgerald/ Hammer And Sickle**  
 LONDON Peckham Montpelier (01 732 4100) **Cargo**  
 LONDON Rotherhithe Rainbow **The Twisters**  
 MANCHESTER Last Resort (061 860 6122) **Special Boxing Night Party**  
 MANCHESTER Rawtenstall **Queens Stiffs**  
 RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (775223) **Outer Limits/Ladykillers/Final Eplside**  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021 588 2136) **Trevor Burton**

## FRIDAY

27

ABERDEEN Venue (641931) **Jessae Rae**  
 ALLOA Town Hall **Chasar**  
 ALTRINCHAM Civil Service Sports Club **Joules The Band**  
 AYSHEFORD Ayshford Arms **Legend**  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) **Ivors Jivers**  
 BRISTOL Tropic (49875) **Kick City**  
 CARLISLE Front Page (34168) **Zoot And The Routs**

FOLKESTON Cheriton White Lion (78276) **The Sonics**  
 GLASGOW Lorne Hotel **Scott's Corner Tonight At Noon**  
 GLASGOW Rooftops (041 332 5883) **The Deaf Heights Cajun Aces**  
 HARROW Apollo (01 427 6747) **Antz Avenue**  
 HEREFORD Mr T's (59911) **Odyssey**  
 LEEDS Astoria (490914) **Lady**  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01 326 5100) **Savajazz/Loose Tubes**  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Restless/The Rapiers**  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Juice On The Loose**  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961) **Roddy Radiation And Tearjerkers**  
 LONDON Deptford Under St Pauls Church **The Crypt** (01-690 8832) **The Trance Formation**  
 LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre **Shaws Bistro** (01 388 1394) **London All Stars Trio**  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Stevie Smith's Terminal Snack**  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) **Harvey And The Wallbangers Park The Tiger**  
 LONDON Greenwich Fire Station **TV Personalities/Foggy Cry/Blyth Power/Ozrik Tenticules**  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01-858 0895) **The Untouchables/Ant Hill Mobsters**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Hotel **Upstairs** (01-748 1454) **Jeffrey Lee Pierce Quartet/The Scientist/Bone Orchard/Shadowland/Downstairs Cannibals**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Poisongirls**  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **The Dexter Bros/Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers**  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **The Caste**  
 LONDON Lewisham Labour Club (01-852 3921) **Laverne Browne**  
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlins Cave (01-837 2097) **Evil I/Bloodsport**  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Rent Party**  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Dudu Pukwana's Zila/District Six**  
 LONDON Peckham Montpelier (01-732 4100) **Poorboys**  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) **Barflies**  
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard **Kooga**  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**  
 MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo (061-273 3775) **Billy Bragg/Hank Wangford Band/Frank Chickens**  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **The Islanders**  
 MANCHESTER Gallery (061-832 3597) **The Macco Lads**  
 MANCHESTER Royton Railway **Marauders**  
 MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) **Colonel Gomez And The Landlord Doesn't Know Yet**  
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE Riverside (614386) **Summerville**  
 NOTTINGHAM Yorker (42739) **Buffalo Men**  
 PETHAM Chequers (70734) **Offbeats**  
 POOLE Britannia (687047) **Flaming Softies**  
 RUNCORN Cherry Tree (74171) **Electric Theatre**  
 SOUTHELD Ziggy's **Downbeat**  
 WATERFORD Bridge Hotel (77222) **The Pogues**  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Tempest**  
 WOKINGHAM Angies Cantley House Hotel (789912) **Nashville Teens**

## SATURDAY

28

BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051 647 6544) **Badger Bell Band**  
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021 643 6101) **Billy Bragg/Hank Wangford Band/Frank Chickens**  
 BOURNEMOUTH Ram Jam **Downbeat**  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) **Jackie Lynton**  
 BRISTOL Tropic (49875) **Natural Mystique**  
 CAERPHILLY Pulsars (882311) **Madassa Soul Band**  
 CARLISLE Front Page (34168) **Jon Walker Band**  
 COLCHESTER Crypt (573174) **Das Angst**  
 CROSSKEYS Crosskeys Institute (272066) **Kooga**  
 HASTINGS Carlisle (420193) **English Rogues**  
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Heads (21758) **Eddie And The Hot Rods**  
 HULL Adelphi (48216) **Black September**  
 KINGS LYNN Blue And Gold (62146) **Engine Iphgatom**  
 LONDON Bethnal Green Grandford Social **Club Eddie Vincent**  
 LONDON Bethnal Green Green Man (01-739 3525) **Love Junkies**  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) **Danielle Dax And Mark Anthony/The Centurians**  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **The Sweet with Brian Connolly/Dogs D'Amour**  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Rent Party**  
 LONDON Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle (01-485 7858) **Wolfe Witcher**  
 LONDON City Road Stick And Weasel (01-250 3126) **John Rawlings Band/Bill Brunskill's Band**  
 LONDON Clapton Dougies (01-985 9192) **Luddy Samms And The Deliverers**  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **The Equators**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Cardiacs**  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Boogie Bros Blues Band**  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) **Harvey And The Wallbangers Park The Tiger**  
 LONDON Greenwich Fire Station **Fat Kat Blues Band/Knutz/My Bloody Valentine/O'Rooneys**  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01-858 0895) **Crackshots/Capricorn/Sarean Quarter**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon **Downstairs** (01-748 1454) **The Deltas/The Wigsville Spliffs/ Clarendon Klub Foot 999**  
 LONDON Hammersmith Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Poisongirls/Alison Marsha And The Cardiacs**  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Tokyo Mats**  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Heyday/The Any Kind**  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Big Chief**  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Steve Marriotts Packet Of Three**  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Hot Club Of London/Magna**  
 LONDON Peckham Montpelier (01-732 4100) **Barflies**  
 LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) **Harry Beckett Quartet**  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Clarkin's Marauders Special Christmas Show**  
 LONDON West India Dock Road **Buccaneer** (01 515 2048) **The Verse**  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Blues 'N' Trouble**  
 MANCHESTER Ramsbottom **Railway Marauders**  
 NORWICH Mischief Tavern (623810) **Boys Will Be Boys**  
 NUNEATON Crown (385811) **Dancers At The End Of Time**  
 OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**  
 PETHAM Chequers (70734) **Phantoms**  
 POOLE Britannia (687047) **Ringo Chubb And The Screaming Toilet Fish From Mars**  
 ST NEOTS Kings Heads (74094) **Trux**  
 ST IVES Chy Carre Hotel **The Rapiers**  
 SEVENOAKS Frog And Bucket (Ide Hill 219) **Ant Avenue**  
 TAUNTON Wood Street **Inn Legend**  
 THRAPSTON Football Club **The DT's**  
 TONBRIDGE Angel Centre (359966) **The League**  
 TRALEE Hollands Hotel **The Pogues**  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021 588 2136) **Face Value/Bluetoy**  
 WOKINGHAM Angies Cantley House Hotel (789912) **Larry Miller Band**

## SUNDAY

29

ASHFORD Jolly Miller (38131) **Red Hot**  
 BIRMINGHAM Railway (021 359 2283) **LaHost**  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) **Footloose Free** (lunchtime)/Vienna (evening)  
 BRIGHTON Escape Club (594469) **Greeting No 4/Several Beings**  
 DUBLIN SFX (741775) **The Pogues**

# S H I F T

DUDLEY JB's (53597) Trevor Burton  
 EDINBURGH Playhouse (031 557 2590) Dire Straits  
 GLASGOW Dune (041 649 2745) Chasas  
 HARLOW Burnt Mills Social Club (23174) Eddie Grant  
 HIGH WYCOMBE Woburn Grange Moscow State Circus  
 LIVERPOOL Wilsons Private Number  
 LLANHAREN Rugby Club (222209) The Reactions/Kooga/Twisting Quasimodos/  
 Father Christmas  
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) Ray Campi/Sugar Ray  
 Ford And The Hot Shots  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Restrictors/Pleasure  
 Garden/Sex Kittens/Fuschia Shock/Stiletto Nightmare  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Big Diz Watson And The  
 Rhumbaleros  
 LONDON Charing Cross Heaven Alice In Wonderland (01-839 3852) Doctor And  
 The Medics/Ring Of Roses/Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction/Apple  
 Mosaic  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Connection  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1414) Fat Controller  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The  
 Wallbangers Park The Tiger  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01-858 0895) Sarean Quarter  
 LONDON Hackney Road Cherubs (01-739 4962) Heavy Metal Disco  
 LONDON Hammersmith Greyhound (01-385 0526) Evil-1/Zero Le Creche  
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Billy Bragg/Hank Wangford  
 Band/Frank Chickens  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Steve Marriotts Pack Of Three  
 LONDON Oval Twilight Zone The Twisters  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Little John's Jazzers  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Barflies (lunchtime)/Zoot Money (evening)  
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Rapiers  
 LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) Radical Sheiks  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Clarkins Marauders Special  
 Christmas Show  
 MANCHESTER Pembroke Hall (061 790 4584) Rochee And The Sarnos  
 MANCHESTER Rawtenstall Queens Marauders  
 MONKS HORTON Black Horse Gary Dean Band  
 NOTTINGHAM Bodega (42809) Reformation  
 POOLE Britannia (687047) Treason  
 ST MARGARETS Red Lion (852467) Tickled Pink  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021 588 2136) Broken English/Albert Hall  
 WOKINGHAM Angies Cantley House Hotel (789912) The Immediate/The Price/  
 Jonestown

## MONDAY

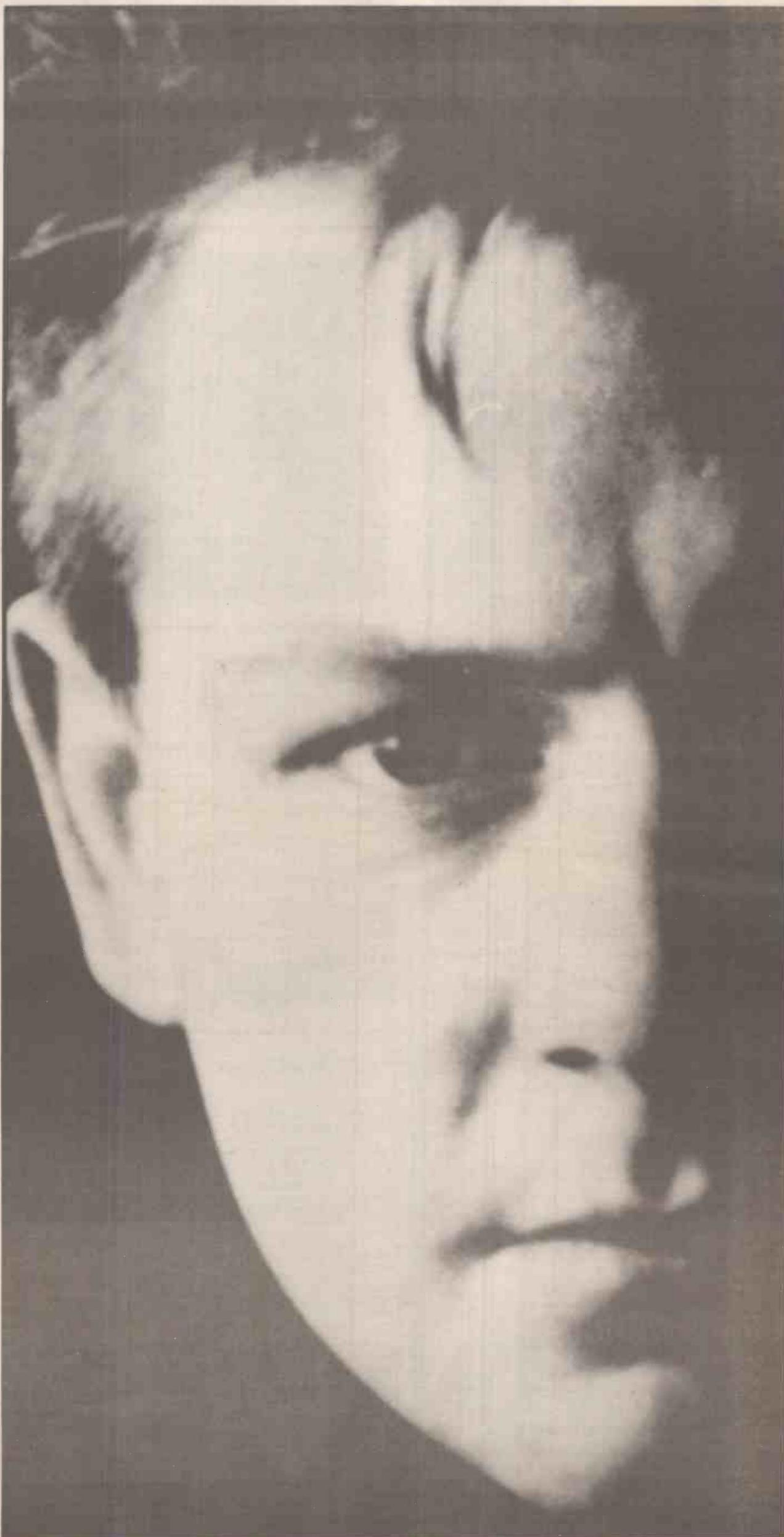
### 30

ASHFORD Old Prince Of Wales (20520) Maroondogs  
 BANBURY Wheatsheaf (66525) Rafer  
 BIRMINGHAM Dome (021-622 2233) Red Beards From Texas  
 BOURNEMOUTH International Centre (292476) Elton John  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) Wolfie Witcher  
 CHESHAM Whispers (774757) The Edge  
 DUBLIN SFX (741775) The Pogues  
 DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall (603326) Alvin Stardust  
 DUNSTABLE Wheatsheaf (62571) Galadriel  
 EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Dire Straits  
 HASTINGS Crypt (444675) LaHost  
 LEEDS Haddon Hall (751115) A New Opera with Dale Hargreaves  
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) No Spring Chickens  
 LONDON Chalk Farm Enterprise Room At The Top (01-485 2659) Passmore  
 Sisters  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The  
 Wallbangers  
 Park The Tiger  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01-858 0895) Andy Roberts  
 LONDON Half Moon Putney (01-788 2387) Hank Wangford Band  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon (01-748 1454) Bone Orchard/The  
 Fifteenth/Tongue  
 LONDON Hammersmith Greyhound (01-385 0526) Splitz  
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Lindisfarne  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Assassin Bugs  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Johnny Seven  
 LONDON Leytonstone Plough And Harrow Tower Club Slow Invasion/Earth  
 Mothers  
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlins Cave (01-837 2097) Bella Bella/Beat Of The  
 Beast  
 LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy (01-499 4793) Bell And The Ocean/Picture  
 House/Pillow Fights Back/Phantasee  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Balaam And The Angel  
 ST NEOTS Kings Head (74094) KGB  
 STOKES-ON-TRENT Roller Bar (274984) Vicious Rumours/Public Enemy/  
 Intensive Care/Condemned 84/Section 5/Indecent Exposure/Skullheads (12  
 midday to midnight)  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021 588 2136) Straight 8  
 WHITSTABLE Harbour Lights (275218) Sleazybeats

## TUESDAY

### 31

BANBURY Moat House (59361) Fairport Convention  
 BEDFORD Gordon Arms Pink On Pink  
 BELFAST Ulster Hall (229685) The Pogues  
 BOURNEMOUTH International Centre (292476) Elton John  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) Party Night  
 BRENTFORD Waterman Arts Centre (01-568 1176) The Rapiers  
 BRIGHTON Zap Club (775987) Party Night  
 CAMBRIDGE The Globe (352848) Play The Joker/Bandits At 70 Clock  
 CARLISLE Front Page (34168) Gary Boyle Band  
 COVENTRY General Wolfe (88402) The DT's  
 EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Dire Straits  
 HEREFORD Bartestree Longworth Hall Hotel Blake's 3  
 LAUNCESTON White Horse (2084) Strap On Jack  
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) The Shakers  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) Happy End/Marvellous Millie  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Desmond Dekker/The Potato  
 Five  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Bigtown Playboys  
 LONDON Coronet Street Bas Clef (01-729 2476) Somo Somo  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Root Jackson And The GB  
 Blues Co/Winston And The Churchills  
 LONDON Deptford Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Forest Hillbillies/Mint Juleps/  
 Fay Presto  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The  
 Wallbangers  
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel (01-858 0895) Steve Marriott/Radio Radio  
 LONDON Hackney Pembury Different Dimensions  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Downstairs (01-748 1454) Blythe  
 Power/Kronstadt Uprising  
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Madness  
 LONDON Haresden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Hank Wangford Band  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Freak Show/In Spite Of All  
 That/The Adventure Of Johnny Love Muscle  
 LONDON Isle Of Dogs Marshall Keate (01-987 3173) Barflies  
 LONDON Kentish Town Road And Gate (01-485 5358) Jamie Wednesday  
 LONDON Kentish Town Interchange (01-267 9421) Vi Subversa/Richard Famous/  
 Beverley Bell/John Hegley/Rory McLeod/Tymon Dogg/The Frugivore/Tony  
 Allen/(Apples And Snakes/City Limits Bash)  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Buddy Curtess And The  
 Grasshoppers



MADNESS' MR Smash, a shadow of his former self

**marquee**  
 OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm  
 LICENSED BARS  
 90 WARDOUR ST. W1  
 01-437 6603

ADVANCED TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY

Thurs 19 December (Adm £4.00) A fun night with ... <b>THE WHOLE POPULATION OF HACKNEY</b> Plus Support and Martin Ball	Fri 27 December (Adm £3.50) <b>CHRISTMAS SPECTACULAR DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS</b> Plus Support and Nick Henbrey
Fri 20 & Sat 21 December (Adm £3.50) Marquee Xmas Debut <b>THE CHERRY BOMBZ</b> Plus Dogs D'Amour and Nick Henbrey & Turnpike Cruisers and Martin Ball	Sat 28 & Sun 29 December (Adm £4.50) Special Christmas Shows <b>CLARKIN'S MAURAUDERS?</b> Plus Support and Martin Ball & Nick Henbrey
Sun 22 December (Adm £3.50) <b>THE RAW MELODY MEN (!?)</b> with Special Guest Bijou Martin Ball	Mon 30 December (Adm £3.50) Sun Family Spectacular <b>BALAM AND THE ANGEL</b> Plus Roddy & C.J.'s Bingo Bonanza and Monty Zero
Mon 23 & Tues 24 December (Adm £5.00) Special Xmas Shows <b>THE FAITH BROTHERS</b> Plus Support and Monty Zero	Tues 31 December (Adm £5.00) NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY WITH ... <b>BUDDY CURTSS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS</b> Plus The Dexter Brothers and MANY SURPRISES! Plus Nick Henbrey
Wed 25 December <b>CLOSED - MERRY CHRISTMAS!</b>	Wed 1 January <b>CLOSED - HAPPY NEW YEAR!</b>
Thurs 26 December <b>CLOSED - HAPPY BOXING DAY!</b>	Thurs 2 January (Adm £3.00) <b>STATE TROOPER</b> (Featuring: GARY BARDEN) Plus Support and Martin Ball

REDUCED ADMISSION TO STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS AND MEMBERS

**UNDERGROUND**  
 21 High Street, Croydon 01-760 0833 Nearest B.R. East Croydon  
 Open Wednesdays to Sundays 9pm-2am

Wednesday 18th December  
**NICO + Into A Circle** £3.00 Adv. £3.50 Door.  
 (featuring Bee & Barry - Ex Getting the Fear and Rose from Strawberry Switchblade)

Thursday 19th December  
**THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS** £2.00  
 + French Resistance

Sunday 22nd December  
**CAPTAIN SENSIBLE** £3.00 Adv. £3.50 Door.  
**29th FLESH FOR LULU + Support** £3.00

2nd **FUNKBREW** £1.50  
 Coming soon... Woodentops, Shock Headed Peters vs Dave Howard Singers, Cactus World News, March Violets, Cherry Bombz  
 29 High Street, Croydon or with SAE from club

Advance Tickets from H & R Cloakies, Please Note Sundays Are From 7-11pm

**TUNNEL CLUB**  
 At The Mitre, 338 Tunnel Ave, Greenwich, SE10  
 TEL: 01-858 0895 for enquiries, 285 1587 for bookings

**LIVE MUSIC \* 7 NIGHTS**

Wednesday 18th December <b>WILD GIRLS</b> + RUBY TURNER + BEVERLEY BELL	Tuesday 24th December "XMAS EVE SPECIAL" <b>GENO WASHINGTON</b> + STAX BODENE + SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
Thursday 19th December <b>CORPORAL HENSHAW'S RAM JAM BAND + Friends</b>	Thursday 26th December "BOXING DAY SPECIAL" <b>DADY + SUPPORT</b>
Friday 20th December <b>EDDIE &amp; THE HOTRODS</b> + STARLIGHTERS + BANDITS AT 4 O'CLOCK	Friday 27th December <b>THE UNTOUCHABLES</b> + ANTHILL MOBSTERS
Saturday 21st December <b>BIG HEAT</b> + INDUSTRY + SHAMAN	Saturday 28th December <b>THE CRACKSHOTS</b> + CAPRICORN + SAREAN QUARTER

Monday 30th December  
**ANDY ROBERTS (ex-Pink Floyd)**  
 Tuesday 31st "New Years Special"  
**STEVE MARRIOTT + RADIO RADIO**  
 Licenced Bar 8-12 Mon-Fri - 8-2am Sat.  
 TOP CLASS VIDEO FACILITIES AVAILABLE, PRICES NEGOTIABLE

**NIK TURNER'S INNER CITY UNIT**  
**THE CARDIACS**  
 + special guest **FRANK SIDEBOTTOM**  
 Hammersmith Broadway

**CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM**  
**Fri 20th December**  
 TICKETS £3.50 adv £4 doors  
 CLARENDON HOTEL (opening hours)  
 Cage (Gear Market, Kings Rd.) L.T.B. 439 3371 Premier 240 0771 Rough Trade Records

**Howard Jones**  
 THE FINAL DATE OF THE DREAM INTO ACTION WORLD TOUR  
 NATIONAL EXHIBITION CENTRE  
 FRIDAY 20th DECEMBER 8.00 p.m.  
 Tickets: £7.00, £6.00  
 Available from B/O Tel: 021 780 4133 (Credit Cards accepted)  
 Cyclops Sound and Odeon Theatre Birmingham, Goulds T.V. Wolverhampton  
 Mike Lloyd Music Hanley & Newcastle, Lotus Records Stafford  
 Piccadilly Records Manchester, Royal Concert Hall Liverpool  
 Cavendish Travel Sheffield & Leeds, Way Ahead Nottingham & Derby  
 Town Hall B/O Leicester or by postal application from N.E.C. Birmingham  
 B40 1NT. (Subject to 30p booking fee per ticket, enclose S.A.E.  
 Fan Club members should note that the Fan Club has good tickets specially held for them and they should apply to the Fan Club as usual.

D.A. PROMOTIONS PRESENTS  
**DESOLATION ANGELS**  
 XMAS PARTY BASH  
 HEAVY METAL THUNDER COMES TO  
 Dec 20: ROYAL STANDARD, WALTHAMSTOW  
 with Special Guest DJ: CLIFF BROOKS  
 Debut Album DESOLATION ANGELS Out Soon  
 Gigs & Merchandise info: Paul 01-316 4240 Gary 507 7525

**CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM**  
 THE SOUND ASYLUM Hammersmith Broadway

**JEFFREY LEE PIERCE QUARTET**  
**THE SCIENTISTS**  
**BONE ORCHARD**  
**SHADOWLAND**  
**Fri 27th Dec**  
 Tickets £4 Doors Open 7.30pm.  
 advance: CLARENDON - L.T.B: 01 439 3371  
 CAGE (Gear Market, Kings Rd.)  
 PREMIER: 01 240 0771 ROUGH TRADE RECORDS

**THE 100 CLUB**  
 100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Thurs 19th December  
**MYSTERY GIRLS**  
**RESISTANCE**

Tues 24th December  
**THE ADICTS**  
**XMAS EVE PARTY**

Thurs 2nd January  
**THE PRISONERS**  
 + Special Guests



First London Appearance for over a year ...  
**WRATHCHILD**  
 The Shokk is back in town!  
 THE GREYHOUND, LONDON, Monday December 30, 1985  
 "It Ain't Gonna Be No Carol Concert!!"

NEW FROM **THE BUSINESS**

**DRINKIN' + DRIVIN'**  
 NEW SINGLE

**THE BUSINESS**  
 Saturdays Heroes

DISTRIBUTED BY THE CARTEL IN ALL GOOD PUBS NOW

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

Wed 18th Dec	STEVE MARRIOTT'S PACKET OF THREE
Thurs 19th Dec	THE HIGSONS
Fri 20th Dec	THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG
Sat 21st Dec	NICK LOWE & HIS COWBOY OUTFIT
Sun (lunch) 22nd Dec (eve)	IGGY QUAIL JAZZ TRIO TERRY AND GERRY
Mon 23rd Dec	RENT PARTY
Tues 24th Dec	LEN BRIGHT COMBO (a.k.a. Wreckless Eric)
Thurs 26th Dec	ANTI-APARTHEID BENEFIT GIG with THE BLUBBERY HELLBILLIES, FLOYD, FOREST HILLBILLIES, THE TEMPS
Fri 27th Dec	EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
Sat 28th Dec	GENO WASHINGTON

Late bar every night till 12.30am (Except Sunday)  
 No Admission after 11.00pm

HARP BEAT 86 Presents  
**MARILLIAN**  
 Plus Guests  
**BELTANE FIRE**

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE  
 Wednesday/Thursday/Friday 8th/9th/10th January 7.30 p.m.

CARDIFF ST. DAVIDS HALL  
 Sunday/Monday 12th/13th January 7.30 p.m.

NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CONCERT HALL  
 Tuesday 14th January 7.30 p.m.

MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE  
 Thursday/Friday 16th/17th January 7.30 p.m.

WARRINGTON SPECTRUM  
 Saturday 18th January 7.30 p.m.

ABERDEEN CAPITOL THEATRE  
 Monday 20th January 7.30 p.m.

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE  
 Tuesday 21st January 7.30 p.m.

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL  
 Wednesday 22nd January 7.30 p.m.

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL  
 Friday 24th January 7.30 p.m.

BIRMINGHAM ODEON THEATRE  
 Saturday/Sunday 25th/26th January 7.30 p.m.

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL  
 Tuesday 28th January 7.30 p.m.

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL  
 Wednesday 29th January 7.30 p.m.

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE  
 Monday/Tuesday/Wednesday 3rd/4th/5th February 7.30 p.m.

**HARP BEAT**  
 Harp Beat - the Best Beat of all

**ROYAL STANDARD**  
 opp: Blackhorse Road Tube  
 Tel: 527 1966

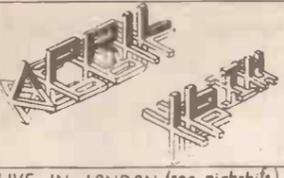
Wednesday 18th December  
**SPIDER + HELLRAZER**

Friday 20th December  
**DESOLATION ANGELS**

Friday 27th December  
**KOOGA**

Bar Disco

**HEAVY ROCK BAND:-**



LIVE IN LONDON (see nighshift)

**ELIXIR**  
 THE HORN OF PLENTY  
 ST ALBANS  
**THURSDAY 19 DECEMBER**  
 MEGA GINGLES

Under St Pauls Church Deptford, SE8

**THE GRIP**  
 Psychedelic Nites  
 EVERY FRIDAY

Friday 20th Dec  
 "Crypt Xmas Party" with  
**BRITISH BLUES CORPORATION**  
 + Psychedelic Blue Stalks

Saturday 21st Dec  
**THE CONFLICT XMAS PUNK PARTY**  
 + ANTI-SECT

**INTERNATIONAL**  
 MANCHESTER  
 47 ANSON RD, M/CR14.  
 061-224 5050

Christmas Eve £3

**DISLOCATION DANCE**  
 +  
**FRANK SIDEBOTTOM**

Sat 28th Dec. £2.50  
**KALIMA**

New Year's Eve £3  
**LIVE FOR THE WEEKEND**

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**STING**

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**THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES WORLD TOUR**

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 KENNY KIRKLAND—KEYBOARDS DOLETTE McDONALD—VOALS JANICE PENNARVIS—VOALS

**BOURNEMOUTH INTERNATIONAL CENTRE**  
 SATURDAY 4th JANUARY  
 BOX OFFICE 0202 297297

**MANCHESTER APOLLO**  
 MON 8th & TUES 9th JANUARY

**NEWCASTLE CITY HALL**  
 THURS 9th & FRI 10th JANUARY  
 BOX OFFICE 0632 320007

**GLASGOW S.E.C.C.**  
 SATURDAY 11th JANUARY  
 BOX OFFICE 041 552 5961 CREDIT CARD 041 227 5015

**ABERDEEN CAPITOL**  
 MONDAY 13th JANUARY

**EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE**  
 TUES 14th & WED 15th JANUARY  
 BOX OFFICE 031 557 2590

**BIRMINGHAM NEC**  
 FRI 17th & SAT 18th JANUARY  
 CREDIT CARD 021 780 4133

**LONDON ROYAL ALBERT HALL**  
 20th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th & 26th JANUARY  
 LAST FEW TICKETS FROM £3  
 CREDIT CARD 01 589 9465 KEITH PROWSE CREDIT CARD 01 741 8989

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**"RUSSIANS" NEW SINGLE ON 7" AND 12"**

SPOT-ON PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

**HERE AND NOW**  
 C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S P-A-R-T-Y

+Guests- PANIX FERRE

**SUNDAY 22nd DECEMBER at 7-30**

BOSTON CLUB - ABOVE BOSTON ARMS  
 OPPOSITE TUFNELL PARK TUBE

TICKETS £3.00 IN ADVANCE FROM CLUB AND ROUGH TRADE SHOP OR £3.50 ON DOOR

**THE LATCHMERE**  
 503 Battersea Park Road London SW11  
 01-223 3549

Wed 18th Dec  
**FIVE O'CLOCK APPROACH**  
 Voted London's Top Newcomers

Thurs 19th Dec  
**THE PIRANHAS**  
 'Zambesi Tomahawk Brilliant'

Sun 22th Dec  
**EDDIE & THE HOT RODS**  
 The Hottest Frantic R'n'B In Town, Fantastical

Mon 23rd Dec  
**SHEV & THE BRAKES**  
 One Of The Top New Bands In Town - A Definite Must!

Tues 24th Dec  
**CHRISTMAS EVE 8.30 to Midnight**  
**\*THURSDAY CHILD**  
 + **THE ROCKIN' LATCHMERE ROADSHOW**

Wed 25th Dec & Thu 26th Dec  
**SORRY NO MUSIC**  
 But A Merry Christmas to all Old & New Patrons

Sun 29th Dec  
**ROCKABILLY SPECIAL: From Texas U.S.A.**  
**RAY CAMPI**  
 + Sugar Ray Ford & The Hot Shots

Mon 30th Dec  
**NO SPRING CHICKENS**  
 Tasty Rock 'n' Blues with a Smile or Two!

Tues 31st Dec  
**NEW YEAR'S EVE**  
**STEVE HOOKERS SHAKERS + Panic Brothers**  
 8.30pm-12.30am

JANUARY 1986  
 Wed 1st Jan  
**MICK CLARKE BAND (ex-Salt)**

NICK TOCZEK'S  
 NATURAL DISASTERS  
 OF ADAM & EVE'S  
 2 CENTRAL ROAD, LEEDS  
 0532-456724

Info: Nick on 0274-721861

THURS 17: KING KURT + ALL THE CARTEL

WED 18: COCKNEY + THE BUSINESS + RUDI

WED 19: THE SCOTISH COLLECTIVE + STED HEATH

WED 20: THE EXPLOITED + PRIMITIVE

WED 21: THE ADICIS + BLOODSPORT + Adrenaline

WED 22: AMEBLY + Legion of Paris + Power

WED 23: TRIPLE HEADLINE + BIRTHDAY

WED 24: ATV + Brigandage + BIRTHDAY

OUT LATE JAN - ON MORTUARY RECORDS

12" EP BY NICK TOCZEK'S + THE BRITANNICUS

Quasar

AND

**TWICE BITTEN**

NEW YEAR PARTY AT  
**THE GREYHOUND**  
 175 Fulham Palace Road, SW6  
**THURSDAY 2nd JANUARY**  
 TICKETS: £2.00

**THE WELLINGTON**  
 Shepherds Bush Green

Wednesday 18th December  
**KOOGA**  
 + **VOYEUR**  
 + Alices Restaurant Roadshow  
 nearest tube  
 Shepherds Bush (Central Line)

Thursday 19th December  
**CAMERON VAGAS**  
 + **SNOWBLIND**  
 Admission £2 on door  
 Open 7.30-11pm

WELLINGTON CLOSED CHRISTMAS - OPENING 9th JAN

**BEASTS**  
 (DOWNSTAIRS AT THE CLAREMONT)

MON 23 DEC  
**PATRIK FITZGERALD**  
 + HAMMER & SICKLE  
 ADM £2.00  
 (BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!)  
 LAST DATE BEFORE HIS ITALIAN TOUR

MON 30 DEC  
**BONE ORCHARD**  
 + THE FIFTEENTH + TONGUE  
 ADM £2.00  
 BONE ORCHARD BRING YOU THEIR TUNEFUL HAUNTING BRILLIANCE. NOT TO BE MISSED

CONCESSIONS FOR UB40/NUS etc

**WEENEY Todd**

ROCK AT THE MARQUEE  
 THURS. 19TH DECEMBER  
 ON STAGE 8PM

Admission £1.50 — 8-12pm  
 DJs COLIN WARD and COSMIC

**CAROLINE**

ROCK SHOW CHRISTMAS PARTY  
 THE ROYAL STANDARD  
 FOREST ROAD, WALTHAMSTOW E17  
**MONDAY 23 DECEMBER**

**THE CRICKETERS**  
 KENNINGTON OVAL, SE11  
 01-735 3059

**DECEMBER**

Wed 18th	BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND (Christmas Show, Ex Bonzo's)	Wed 25th	<b>SORRY CLOSED</b> A MERRY XMAS TO ALL THE CUSTOMERS OLD & NEW
Thu 19th	DR. FEELGOOD (Only London Date)	Thu 26th	
Fri 20th	STEVE GIBBONS BAND (Top Brummie Rock)	Fri 27th	<b>RENT PARTY</b>
Sat 21st	MORRISSEY-MULLEN (Christmas Show)	Sat 28th	<b>STEVE MARRIOTS PACKET OF THREE</b>
Sun 22nd	LUNCH THE ZODIACS	Sun 29th	LUNCH THE BARFLIES
Sun 23rd	WILKO JOHNSON BAND XMAS SHINDIG (Frantic R'n'B)	Sun 29th	EVE ZOOT MONEY & The Big Roll Band
Mon 24th	CHRISTMAS EVE 8-12PM A.A. ALLSTARS	Mon 30th	<b>RAPIERS</b>
		Tue 31st	<b>NEW YEAR'S EVE - GENO WASHINGTON &amp; THE RAM JAM BAND + THE LARKS</b>

One off Date Featuring Noel McColla, Pete Jacobson, Chris Fletcher, (Morrissey Mullen Band) Bobby Tench (Heart & Soul) Jeff Seogardie (Jazz Sluts) John Edwards (Status Quo) Ronnie Johnson (First Light & Georgie Fame) & Tim Whitehead + Special Guest(s)!!

Wed 1st Jan  
 Charlie Harper URBAN DOGS

**ELIXIR**  
 THE RUSKIN ARMS  
 EAST HAM  
**FRIDAY 20 DECEMBER**  
 A MERRY CHRISTMAS SHOW

**THE HALF MOON**  
 93 Lower Richmond Road  
 Putney SW15. Tel: 01-788 2387

"SPECIAL XMAS PRESENTATIONS"  
 Thursday 19th December  
**HANK WANGFORD BAND XMAS SHOW**

Friday 20th December  
**NICK LOWE + HIS COWBOY OUTFIT**

Saturday 21st December  
**JUICE ON THE LOOSE**

Sunday 22nd December  
**DAVE KELLY BAND**

Monday 23rd December  
**WILKO JOHNSON BAND**

Tuesday 24th December  
**DENNY LAINE BAND**  
 +  
**MAD JOCKS & ENGLISHMEN**

Thursday 26th December  
**ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS**

Friday 27th December  
**PRETTY THINGS**

Saturday 28th December  
**BALHAM ALLIGATORS**

Sunday 29th December  
**THE RAPIERS**

Monday 30th December  
**HANK WANGFORD BAND**

Tuesday 31st December  
**NEW YEARS EVE SHOW JUICE ON THE LOOSE**

Friday 3rd January  
**BOOGIE WOOGIE BROTHERS BLUES BAND**

Saturday 4th January  
**STEVE MARRIOTS PACKET OF 3**

MCP Presents

**BOOGIE**

Plus Guests

**MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE**  
 MON JANUARY 13th 7.30 p.m.  
 Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
 Available from B/O Tel: 061-273 1112, Piccadilly Records, Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chester.

**WHITLEY BAY ICE RINK**  
**TUESDAY 14th JANUARY 7.30 p.m.**  
 Tickets: £8.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
 Available from Ice Rink Tel: 091 252 6240, City Hall B/O Newcastle, Spinning Disk & Virgin Records Sunderland, Pink Panther Carlisle, Newhouse Music Middlesbrough, Other Record Shop Hartlepool, or by post from MCP, PO Box 124, Walsall, West Midlands. Cheques/P.O.'s to be made payable to MCP Ltd. Add 40p booking fee to each ticket. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

**WEMBLEY ARENA**  
**THURS 16th FRI 17th JANUARY 7.30 p.m.**  
 Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
 Available from Wembley B/O and the following agents: LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 5989), Albemarle & Stargreen. (All subject to a booking fee)  
 Postal applications to: MCP, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Cheques/P.O.'s to be made payable to MCP Ltd. Add 40p booking fee to each ticket. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

**NEC BIRMINGHAM**  
**MONDAY 20th JANUARY 7.30 p.m.**  
 Extra Show SUNDAY 19th JANUARY 7.30 p.m.  
 Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
 Available from NEC B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (Credit Cards Accepted), Cyclists and Odson Theatre B/O Birmingham, TCLA Liverpool, Goulds T.V. Wolverhampton, Lotus Records Stafford, Town Hall B/O Leicester, Mike Lloyd Music Hanley, Piccadilly Records Manchester, Cavendish Travel Leeds & Sheffield, Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham, or by post from NEC, Birmingham B60 1NT. Cheques/P.O.'s made payable to NEC. Add 40p booking fee per ticket. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

**PLAYHOUSE THEATRE EDINBURGH**  
**WEDNESDAY 22nd/THURSDAY 23rd JANUARY 7.30 p.m.**  
 Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
 Available from B/O Tel: 031-557 2590 and all usual agents

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**PERSONAL**

**FRIENDSHIP, LOVE** or marriage. Dateline all ages, areas. Dateline, Dept (SOU), 25 Abingdon Road, London W8. 01-938 1011.  
**JANE SCOTT** for genuine friends introduction to opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3 SOU, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3GS.  
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**1000 PRETTY GIRLS** from Europe, Scandinavia, N/S-America, Asia, etc. want correspondence, acquaintance, holidays, marriage with you. Free photo brochure!!! Correspondence Club '70/s, Postbus 8177, Rotterdam, Holland.  
**PENPALS WORLDWIDE.** Free details. S.A.E. I.P.F. (S3) PO Box 596 London SE25.  
**OCCULT BOOKS,** tarot cards, incense etc. Send SAE for catalogue. Magus, 159, Lower Oxford Street, Castleford, West Yorkshire.  
**MALE LIKES** letters, most music, Lincs area write meet. Box No 16894.  
**SANDRA YES, YES YES YES** Please contact Box No 16896.  
**MALE 24** seeks female into Straits/Springsteen for gigs pubs etc Herts area Box No 16897.  
**VERY SHY** Lonely female likes SoD seeks male love, laughs, build snowmen Herts/London S. East Box No 16898.  
**FRIENDS WANTED** by Dark - haired scruffy girl, 22! Essential likes - loud rock, guitars, gigs, booze London Box No 16899.  
**FEMALE 21,** into Kiss, Cure, Ratt, Jovi, seeks friends, male or female to write, meet, gigs, East London/Essex area Box No 16900.  
**BROADMINDED WOMAN** needed by genuinely passionate, handsome music lover. Box No 16901.  
**FEMALE 19,** into Hanoi wanted for correspondence etc. London area Box No 16902.  
**ASPIRING HIPPIY 22** seeks people into Gong Hawkwind etc. for friendship fun gigs London Box No 16903.

**FRIENDS/MARRIAGE:** Postal introductions all areas/ages. Write: Orion A6, Waltham Grimsby.

**RECORDS FOR SALE**

**A BARGAIN** pot luck assortment of 500 used 7" singles or 100 LP's and 12" singles for £15.00 (numbers approx - our selection). Music & Video Exchange, 28 Pembroke Rd, London W11 (01-727 3538).

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**ALL INDEPENDENT** label releases, imports, punk/new wave rarities. SAE or 2 IRC's for December catalogue 'Rhythm' 74 Lissos Grove, Mutley, Plymouth (0752) 266798.  
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**HEAVY METAL** promos pictures colours most artists SAE. Details 33 Trent Avenue, Ealing London W5 4TL.  
**PUNK/NEW** Wave record finding service & Auction listing SAE/IRC: Elista Records, 157 Common Rise, Hitchin Herts.

**WANTED**

**YOUR INTERVIEWS** with groups, artists. Your price paid. Write in confidence to Repo Records 18 Church Street, Warnham Horsham Sussex.  
**ZEPELIN BOOTLEGS** tour programmes wanted Graham Chesteron Boyslane Fulwood Preston. Phone 0772-718269.  
**KIM WILDE** records, tapes, videos, posters, cuttings. Buy or swap Ben Degrad Postbus 1080 5004 BB Tilburg Netherland.  
**AC/DC RARITIES** wanted. Everything considered G, Millard 18 Mess HMS Zocke BFPO 52.  
**MICK RONSON** Sandy Dillon live tapes, photos wanted Darren 181B Raikes Lane Bristol Tatley West Yorks.

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**ALBUMS, CASSETTES,** Singles. Good prices, quick service. SAE quote or send direct. Terminal Records, Riverside Market, Haverford West, Dyfed.  
**ABSOLUTELY ALL** your records, tapes, CD's videos and books bought/sold/exchanged - also ALL Hi-Fi, musical instruments, computers and cameras - **NONE REFUSED!** Bring ANY quantity in ANY condition to Record Tape and Video Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (open 7 days 10am-8pm Tel: 01-243 8573). Or send them by post with SAE for cash (non-retained - we decide price). Quantities collected.  
**MONEY AVAILABLE** for Records, tapes, in good condition, SAE for a top price quote or tel (0272) 564122. We can also collect large quantities free of charge. Contact Alan Records, 43 Westbourne Rd, Downend, Bristol.

**RECORD FAIRS**

**LONDON. VISIT BRITAINS FIRST TWO DAY ORIGINAL COLLECTORS RECORD FAIRS.** Saturday 21st & Sunday 22nd December. At The Bonington Hotel, 92 Southampton Row, London WC1. Open Saturday 10-6pm. Sunday 10-4pm. Admission per day £1.00. Special two day ticket for £1.50. Nr Underground stations. Russell Square & Holborn. Thousands of rare records, videos, cassettes etc. ORGANISED BY THE PEOPLE THAT ESTABLISHED RECORD FAIRS IN BRITAIN.  
**LEICESTER YMCA** East St. Sat 21st December. Why not finish off this year with the largest running & biggest display of vinyl ever. Starts 9.30.

**Don't miss the colossal LEEDS CITY RECORD FAIR** Saturday 28th December at THE CORN EXCHANGE 10.30am to 4.00pm Details: 0532 892087

**CAMDEN ELECTRIC** Ballroom. Saturday 4th January. Don't spend all your money on Xmas wine & women. The big fair starts on Saturday 4th January up to 100 stalls. Vinyl galore. Starts 9.30 info (0533-704090).  
**NOTTINGHAM SATURDAY** 21st December. The Palais. Parliament Street. (10.30am-4pm). Details 0532-892087.  
**BURNLEY. SUNDAY** 22nd December. The Kirby Hotel. (Town Centre) 10.30am-4pm. Details 0532-892087.  
**TAMWORTH STAFFS** Saturday Dec 21st St. Ediths Hall by Woolworths Town Centre 10.00 - 4.00 admission 30p.  
**NEW YEAR DAY SPECIAL MANCHESTER RECORD FAIR.** 50 stands, Piccadilly Plaza Exhibition Hall York Street, 10am-6pm buy, sell. Easy parking details 061-228 2947.  
**NORTH WALES,** Civic Hall, Connaught Quay Sunday 22nd Dec 10.30am 4.00p. Details 051-334 3156.

**HEREFORD SHIRE** Hall Saturday 21st December. 10am-11am £1, 11am-4pm 30p.  
**NEWPORT (GWENT) Y.M.C.A.** Commercial Street, Saturday 28th December. 10am-11am £1 11am-4pm 30p.  
**GRIMSBY RECORD** Fair - Crest Hotel, St. James Sq. Saturday 21st December (10-5).  
**LEEDS SUNDAY** 22nd Dec (10-5) Griffin Hotel Boar Lane (Town Centre).  
**HULL FRIDAY** 27th December (10-5) Royal Station Hotel, Ferensway.  
**WAKEFIELD SATURDAY** 28th Dec (10-4) Unity Hall Westgate, Wakefield.  
**CLEETHORPES SUNDAY** 29th December (10-5) Winter Gardens Kingsway Cleethorpes Seaford.  
**WORKSHOP SUNDAY** 5th January (10-5) Workshop Sports Centre (20 stalls).

**RECORD REVIVAL FAIRS**

**SUNDAY 22nd DECEMBER** NORWICH - CASTLE HOTEL CITY CENTRE. 10am-4.30pm  
**SATURDAY 28th DECEMBER** SOUTHEND - BALMORAL COMMUNITY CENTRE, WESTCLIFFE. 10am-4.30pm  
**SUNDAY 29th DECEMBER** BEDFORD - HARPUR SUITE, HARPUR STREET. 10am-4.30pm  
**ENQUIRIES (0692) 630046 (24 HOUR SERVICE)**

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**MUSIC PAPERS/** mags 1962-1985 including Sounds, MM, Kerrang etc SAE 268 Kingston Road, London SW20.  
**VELVET UNDERGROUND** t. shirts, white light, banana, bookcover. Also Nico, Reed, Edie. £5.75 inc P&P cheques/PO's to The European Son 4th Floor, Unit 28, Avon Trading Estate, Avonmore Road, London W14.  
**'SOUNDS' SEP '80** to Mar '84 offers: Phone Andy 0272-45917.  
**CUTTINGS (SAE)** stating interests Samantha, 66 Victoria Road, Thornhill-Laes, Dewsbury.  
**SALE ROCK 'N' Pop** t. shirts posters SAE P. Shapcott 7, Trewartha Close Carbis Bay St. Ives Cornwall.

**MUSICAL SERVICES**

**ABSOLUTELY FREE** Twenty, Songwriting Questions Answered explains copyright, royalties, publishing contracts, recording agreements etc. Absolutely free without obligation from International Songwriters Association (Sounds), Limerick, Ireland.  
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**SPECIAL NOTICES**

**THOUSANDS OF NAMES** and addresses in the music business are contained in the 1985 edition of the Music Week Directory, including record companies, music publishers, recording studios, record producers and concert promoters. Price £8 from: Jeanne Henderson (Dept 5), Music Week Directory, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6BQ.  
**WHITE SUMMER.** "A Sideways Glimpse." 10 song cassette of music without category. Try it at £2.50 from L Davies. 1 Glyn Isaf Llandudno Junction Gwynedd.  
**AC/DC RETURN** coach from South Wales (01) 902-2081.  
**INTERNATIONAL - BEE-GEES** Information write, enclosing IRC Haringvlietstraat, 61, 3313 EA, Dordrecht, Holland.  
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**FAN CLUB**

**THE TERRAPLANE CLUB,** (S)82 Erlanger Road, London SE14 5TH. Please send SAE for details  
**U2 OFFICIAL** Info Service - Send S.A.E. to U2 Info PO Box 48, London N65RU.  
**ARMOURY SHOW** Service - Send SAE to T.A.S.S., PO Box 107A, London N65RU.  
**SCRITTI POLITTI** - Send to Scrittis Crush Crew, PO Box 120, London NW10JD.  
**SIMPLE MINDS** Club - Send SAE to Simple Minds Club, PO Box 48, London N65AR.  
**GENESIS OFFICIAL** Club - Send S.A.E. to Genesis Information, PO Box 107, London N65RU.  
**F.M. INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB.** SAE to PO Box 29 Kings Lynn Norfolk.  
**CHRIS FARLOWE** Official (Worldwide) Appreciation Society Details 60 Babbacombe Road, Bromley Kent.  
**PALLAS INFORMATION. THE SENTINEL** 91 KING STREET, ABERDEEN AB2 3AB. Thanks to all who made the recent tour such a success. Look out for another extensive tour in January!  
**THE FAN CLUB DIRECTORY.** Contact with your favourite stars. T.V. Films, music, sports, etc. Over 1,200 addresses. "Everybody who's anybody!" To get your copy send £5 to FAN CLUB DIRECTORY, PO Box 646 London NW4 2TS.

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Culture Club European Tour '84/85	Mötley Crüe Theatre of Pain	U2 Unforgettable Fire
David Bowie Lets Dance	Mike Oldfield Discovery Tour '84	U2 Throut/Wrechter European '84
Dio Holy Diver	MSG Built To Destroy	Festival '82 Collection
Dio Last In Line Tour	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	Ultravox Lament
Dio Sacred Heart	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	UB40 Labour of Love
Der Leppard Pyromania	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	Van Halen Jump
Dephene Mode Master and Servant	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	Venom Possessed
Damned Phantommassona	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	Venom Seven Dates Of Hell European Tour
Deep Purple Perfect Strangers	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	Wham! Make It Big
Dire Straits Love Over Gold	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	WASP F*** Like A Beast
Dire Straits Brothers In Arms	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	Whitesnake Saints 'n' Sinners Tour '83
Frankie Goes To Hollywood Pleasure Dome Tour '85	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	Whitesnake Slide It In '84
Foreigner Agent Provocateur Tour '85	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	Yes European Tour '84
Gary Moore Run For Cover Tour '85	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	ZZ Top Eliminator Tour '83
Howard Jones Like To Get To Know You Well	Mazzy Star The Catch Tour '84	

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# TOUR NEWS



**THE MEMBRANES** have ended their label-less spell by signing to In Tape. They celebrate with a gig at Newport Stowe Hill Labour Club December 23 with Bogshed and The Mekons.

**ENGINE**, the Merseyboogie trio, play Kettering Finedon Sports And Social Club December 21, Whitehaven Whitehouse 23, Derby Rock House 24, Kings Lynn Blue And Gold 28, Runcorn Cherry Tree January 1, Loughborough Morris Club 3.

**THE INSTIGATORS** join The Nightingales at Birmingham Mermaid on December 21.

**THE DT'S**, 'the hottest R&B band in the Midlands', plug their 'BSA Rocket 3' single at Walsall Wheatshaf December 18, Leicester Walton Village Hall 26, Thrapston Football Club 28, Coventry General Wolfe 31, Camden Dingwalls January 4, Tonyandy Naval Club 18, Newbridge Memorial Hall 19.

**STRAP-ON-JACK**, 'Birmingham's finest', go on parade at Walsall Polfrey Club December 20, West Bromwich Coach And Horses 22, Birmingham Grapes 24, Launceston White Horse Inn 31.

**DISLOCATION DANCE**, who've just released a 12-inch EP on Slip called 'What's Going On', play Regents Park Diorama (Greenpeace benefit) December 20, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 22, Manchester International 24.

**BLOODSPORT** and Save Us play a Quiet Records Night at Wood Green Trade Union Centre on December 19.

**DOWNBEAT**, 'electric rhythm rockers' from London, play Hammersmith Clarendon December 21, Brighton Skarlans Bar 23, Southend Ziggy's 27, Bournemouth Ram Jam 28, in between at couple of prison gigs at Chelmsford and Ashford.

**PAULINE MURRAY** returns to take the temperature at Newcastle Riverside on December 21.

**THE APARTMENTS**, the Australian band formed by former Laughing Clown singer-songwriter Peter Milton Walsh, play their first London club date at Camden Dingwalls on December 18.

**THE RAPIERS** prepare the world for their new single at Lee Green Old Tigers Head December 19, Greenwich Mitre 20, Shoreham Community Centre 21, Edmonton Three Crowns 22 and 26, Camden Dingwalls (with Wilko Johnson) 27, Cornwall St Ives Chy Carne Hotel 28, Herne Hill Half Moon 29, Kennington Cricketers 30, Brentford Waterman Arts Centre 31.

**THE BARFLIES** have more London dates at Peckham Montpelier December 28 and January 17 and New Cross Royal Albert January 10 and 25.

**CARDIACS**, who are coming up to their second anniversary, join Inner City Unit at Hammersmith Clarendon December 20 and then play Dorking Halls (Gig For Africa) 21, Twickenham St Mary's Hall 23, Fulham Greyhound 28.

**THE CLINCH**, The Price, Hector's House and Killer Goat play a Save The Children benefit at Uxbridge Brunel University December 18.

**CONFLICT**, Exit Stance, Varukers, Depraved, Concrete Sox, The Sects, SAS, Heresy and Tunnel Freaks will all be playing a Midland Animal Liberation League benefit at Coventry Hand And Heart December 21.

**THE FUNKCREW** play Brighton Old Vic December 18, East Sheen The Bull 19.

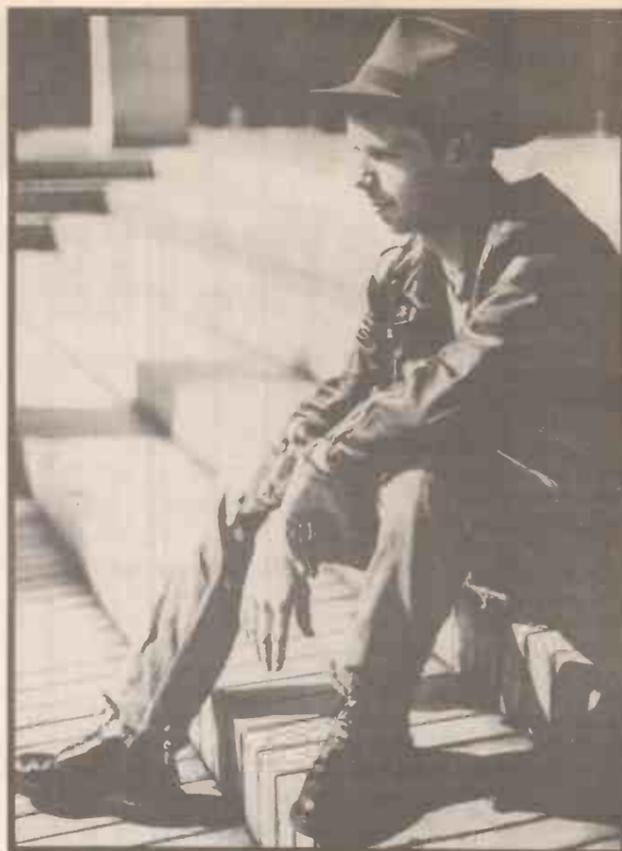
**SAREAN QUARTER**, a 'contemporary band' from Kent, break off recording to play Greenwich Mitre December 28 and have a club tour beginning at Hastings Crypt on January 24.

**CHASAR**, who are now a quartet with the addition of singer Pete Scanlon, have a couple of Scottish dates at Alloa Town Hall December 27 and Glasgow Dune 29.

**THE MAGIC MUSHROOM BAND** have a London gig at Old Kent Road Ambulance Station on December 21 with The TV Personalities and Voodoo Chile. It's a benefit for Stonehenge '86.

**THE B TEAM**, an Enfield band, have organised a local Child Aid gig in aid of the Thames Telethon Appeal at Palmers Green The Fox on December 18 with Escape Committee and The Outlets. Tickets are £2.

**CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT**, who signed to Phonogram in the summer, play a London date at Brixton Fridge on December 20.



**FLOYD** and his 'one woman orchestra' Louise Newman, continue their Wednesday residency at Islington George And Dragon through to Christmas and have a couple of gigs at Finsbury Park Sir George Robey December 21 and 26.

**NATURAL ITES**, the Nottingham reggae band, play Manchester PSV Club December 21 and then join Eek-A-Mouse and others at a Save The Children benefit at Sheffield City Hall on the 22nd.

**ELIXIR**, the Walthamstow HM quintet, wind up the year at St Albans Horn Of Plenty December 19 and East Ham Ruskln Arms 20.

**THE EDGE**, who'll have their second single out in the New Year, play Chesham Whispers December 30.

**THE TWISTERS** continue their tour of London using a milk float to transport their equipment at Deptford Amersham Arms December 18, Islington George 19, Old Kent Road Ambulance Station 21, Rotherhithe Rainbow 26, Oval Twilight Zone 29, Piccadilly Denman Street Piccadilly Club 31.

## HOT PORK LUNCHEON No. (31)

DAN PEARCE

THE "FRIENDS OF SAN COLONICA" CONCERT ON THE FLIGHT DECK OF THE U.S.S. HERPES...  
ON AH LURVE MAH DEERRENTS! ITS FOR IT AH PRAY JJ GOD SEE THAT OUR WARHEADS WILL WORK ON THE DAY JJ JJ S S

MEANWHILE, ON THE BRIDGE...  
THE RUSKIES HAVE K.O.'D OUR COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE! WE'VE LOST OUR GLOBAL TV LINK!

OUR NUCLEAR MISSILES! THEY GUARD FROM ATTACK! IF THE ENEMY ZAPS US WE'LL ZAP THEM RIGHT BACK

LET'S SEE WHAT WE'RE GONNA DROP ON THOSE MOTHERS... HEY- THESE LOOK PRETTY NEAT...WHAT DO THEY DO?

WHATSA MATTER? WHY DON'T THEY LOVE ME?  
THANK YOU, THANK YOU  
GODDAM IT- I NEED A NOSEFUL....

THESE MEAT SHREDDERS ARE THE LAST WORD IN NON-FATAL WOUND TECHNOLOGY...

ARMY CATALOGUE  
ANTI-PERSONNEL MINES, ADMIRAL-DESIGNED TO BLOW THE LEGS OFF...TIE UP THEIR MEDICAL RESOURCES...

GET OFF YA CRUM!  
BOO! HISS  
CAN IT, GRANDAD!

MMM- REALLY CUTE... LOVE THE PICTURES...

© Dan Pearce '85

the Mummy

The vicar has come to arrange the christening of the Mummy's latest offspring

More tea, vicar?

Get back in your cradle, spook!!

Oh, it.. its alright... don't scold the child too harshly on my account.

sigh... anyone who likes kids and animals can't be all bad...

n-nice doggie n-nice doggie...

© Charlie Trumper '85

# CHART

## UK 50 SINGLES

- 1 1 SAVING ALL MY LOVE FOR YOU Whitney Houston Arista
- 2 13 DO THEY KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS? Band Aid Arista
- 3 6 DRESS YOU UP Madonna Sire
- 4 4 SEPARATE LIVES Phil Collins & Marilyn Martin Virgin
- 5 29 MERRY CHRISTMAS Shakin' Stevens Epic
- 6 9 WEST END GIRLS Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 7 2 I'M YOUR MAN Wham! CBS
- 8 27 MY HOME TOWN/SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN  
Bruce-Springsteen CBS
- 9 3 SEE THE DAY Dee C Lee CBS
- 10 11 WE BUILT THIS CITY Starship Grunt
- 11 10 DON'T LOOK DOWN Go West Chrysalis
- 12 7 SAY YOU SAY ME Lionel Richie Motown
- 13 5 A GOOD HEART Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 14 12 SPIES LIKE US Paul McCartney Parlophone
- 15 8 DON'T BREAK MY HEART UB40 DEP International
- 16 15 MATED David Grant & Jaki Graham EMI
- 17 25 SHE'S STRANGE Cameo Club
- 18 30 DON'T YOU JUST KNOW IT Amazulu Island
- 19 44 LAST CHRISTMAS Wham! CBS
- 20 14 THE SHOW Doug E Fresh & The Get Fresh Crew Cooltempo
- 21 34 LEAVING ME NOW Level 42 Polydor
- 22 17 SUN CITY Artists Against Apartheid Manhattan
- 23 38 HIT THAT PERFECT BEAT Bronski Beat London
- 24 16 WHEN LOVE BREAKS DOWN Prefab Sprout Kitchenware
- 25 33 WRAP HER UP Elton John Rocket
- 26 18 ROAD TO NOWHERE Talking Heads EMI
- 27 32 AFTER THE LOVE HAS GONE Princess Supreme
- 28 22 THE POWER OF LOVE Jennifer Rush CBS
- 29 49 GIRLIE GIRLIE Sophie George Winner
- 30 20 ONE VISION Queen EMI
- 31 36 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 32 43 WALKING IN THE AIR Aled Jones HMV
- 33 21 WHEN A HEART BEATS Nik Kershaw MCA
- 34 35 RUSSIANS Sting A&M
- 35 — MR DJ Concept Fourth & Broadway
- 36 24 THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR Dionne Warwick & Friends  
Arista
- 37 26 SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES Eurythmics &  
Aretha Franklin RCA
- 38 46 BECAUSE Julian Lennon EMI
- 39 16 HEART OF LOTHIAN Marillion EMI
- 40 28 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 41 31 TAKE ON ME A-ha Warner Brothers
- 42 — HOKEY COKEY Black Lace Flair
- 43 23 REVOLUTION The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 44 — ABIDE WITH ME Inspirational Choir Portrait
- 45 45 IT'S IN EVERY ONE OF US Cliff Richard EMI
- 46 37 NIKITA Elton John Rocket
- 47 39 WINDSWEPT Bryan Ferry EG
- 48 — PICTURES IN THE DARK Mike Oldfield Virgin
- 49 40 STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN Far Corporation Arista
- 50 — RING OF ICE Jennifer Rush CBS

## UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 3 NOW - THE CHRISTMAS ALBUM Various EMI/Virgin
- 2 1 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC VOL 6 Various EMI/Virgin
- 3 2 HITS 3 Various CBS/WEA
- 4 4 THE SINGLES COLLECTION Spandau Ballet Chrysalis
- 5 8 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 6 10 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 7 6 THE LOVE SONGS George Benson K-Tel
- 8 5 GREATEST HITS OF 1985 Various Telstar
- 9 13 GOLD Barbara Dickson K-Tel
- 10 7 THE LOVE ALBUM Various Telstar
- 11 16 I LOVE A PARTY Russ Abbot K-Tel
- 12 9 LOVE HURTS Elaine Paige WEA
- 13 32 PARTY PARTY 2 Black Lace Telstar
- 14 11 PROMISE Sade Epic
- 15 20 LEAVE THE BEST TO LAST James Last Polydor
- 16 25 ALED JONES & THE BBC WELSH CHORUS Aled Jones & The  
BBC Welsh Chorus BBC
- 17 12 ICE ON FIRE Elton John Rocket
- 18 19 GREATEST HITS VOLUME I AND II Billy Joel CBS
- 19 24 JENNIFER RUSH CBS
- 20 30 THE VERY BEST OF THE COMMODORES The Commodores  
Telstar
- 21 — VELVET WATER Various Stylus
- 22 17 EASY PIECES Lloyd Cole & The Commotions Polydor
- 23 44 WEST SIDE STORY Various Deutsche Grammophon
- 24 34 JAMBOREE BAG NUMBER 3 Chas & Dave Rockney
- 25 45 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 26 21 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 27 28 THE HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 28 43 THE CLASSIC TOUCH Richard Clayderman Decca
- 29 — OVATION - THE BEST OF ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER Various  
K-Tel
- 30 47 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 31 14 SO RED THE ROSE Arcadia Parlophone
- 32 47 REMINISCING Howard Keel Telstar
- 33 29 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 34 15 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 35 18 ROCK ANTHEMS Various K-Tel
- 36 33 THE POWER OF CLASSIC ROCK LSO K-Tel
- 37 31 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 38 42 THE EASTENDERS SING-A-LONG BBC TV Cast BBC
- 39 26 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 40 23 FEARGAL SHARKEY Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 41 39 ISLAND LIFE Grace Jones Island
- 42 22 SONGS TO LEARN AND SING Echo & The Bunnymen Korova
- 43 — LIPSTICK POWDER AND PAINT Shakin' Stevens Epic
- 44 — SLADE CHRISTMAS PARTY Slade Polydor
- 45 35 BAGGARIDDIM UB40 DEP International
- 46 50 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 47 — PERFORMANCE Various Telstar
- 48 40 BITTER SWEET King CBS
- 49 — FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 50 36 THE KENNY ROGERS STORY Kenny Rogers Liberty

Compiled by MRIB

## REGGAE TENS

### PRE-RELEASE

- 1 SANDY Anthony Red Rose Dennis Star
- 2 DANCE HALL TIME Bob Andy Gussie
- 3 HALLO JOSEPHINE Little John Waterhouse
- 4 CHRISTIME TIME Black Crucial Jammys
- 5 WANT NO AIDS Josey Wales Arrival
- 6 WIPE OUT APARTHEID Johnny Osborne Top Rank
- 7 JAIL HOUSE Sugar Minott Power House
- 8 REPLAY Prince Jazzbo Ujama
- 9 NATTY FARMYARD Prince Far I Studio 1
- 10 CRIME ACT Ashanti Waugh Black Solidarity

### DISCO

- 1 THE EXIT Dennis Brown Unity
- 2 KOOL NUH Aswad Simba
- 3 GIMME SOME OF YOUR SOMETHING Nitty Gritty Greensleeves
- 4 ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germaine
- 5 GIVE ME THE MIX Wayne Marshall Jah Tubby
- 6 SPIN YOUR HEAD PLUS THREE Potato Five Gaz
- 7 GOTTA FIND A WAY Lorna Gee Ariwa



BARRINGTON LEVY: the medallion man

- 8 I SAY NO Mikey General Omega
- 9 MUSIC LESSONS Original Wailers Tuff Gong
- 10 FADE AWAY Junior Bayles Jama

### ALBUMS

- 1 FEVER Tenor Saw Crystal
- 2 MISSING CHANNEL Dub Syndicate On U Sound
- 3 HERE I COME Barrington Levy Time
- 4 COMMANDMENT DUB VOLUME 4 Jah Shaka Shaka
- 5 REGGAE GREATS Jacob Miller Island
- 6 CLASH Coca Tea/Tenor Saw Hawkeye
- 7 TEN TO ONE Various Jammys
- 8 WAKE UP Dennis Brown Natty Congo
- 9 TASTE OF CARIBBEAN TECHNOLOGY Mad Professor Ariwa
- 10 STRUGGLING Mighty Diamonds L&L

Compiled by Dub Vendor 272 Lavender Hill, SW11



BROOOOCE: wired for sound

## SOUNDS TRACKS

Dave Henderson  
ASBESTOS LEAD ASBESTOS World Domination Enterprises Karbon 45  
(HOW TO KEEP YOUR) HUSBAND HAPPY The Cosmopolitans Albion 45  
JULIE IS A JUNKIE The Eastern Dark Waterfront 45

Kevin Murphy  
OH LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM Elvis Presley RCA  
SILENT NIGHT Elvis Presley RCA  
SANTA BRING MY BABY BACK Elvis Presley RCA

Hugh Fielder  
THE CRYSTAL SHIP Doors Elektra album track  
PACK UP THE PLANTATION Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers MCA  
I'M THE MAN Jimmy Reed Charly

Tony Mitchell  
SHANTY Roy White CBS LP  
HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI LP  
1999 Prince WEA double LP

Glyn Brown  
LONELY MAN The Godfathers Red Rhino gift  
RESCUE ME Fontella Bass Chess 45  
SEA SONG Robert Wyatt Virgin LP track

Carole Linfield  
THE SUN SHINES IN GERRARDS CROSS Hit Parade Spotty Classic  
I'M YOUR MAN Wham! CBS  
EASY PIECES Lloyd Cole Polydor

## MUSIC VIDEO

- 1 RUPERT & THE FROG SONG Paul McCartney Virgin
- 2 THE VIRGIN TOUR Madonna WEA
- 3 IMAGINE - THE FILM John Lennon PMI
- 4 ARENA Duran Duran PMI
- 5 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden PMI
- 6 SCENES FROM... Tears For Fears PolyGram
- 7 LIVE IN RIO Queen PMI
- 8 GREATEST FLIX Queen PMI
- 9 LIVE - THE MAMA TOUR Genesis Virgin/PVG
- 10 LIVE "UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY" U2 Virgin/PVG
- 11 THE VIDEO Wham! CBS/Fox
- 12 THE SINGLE FILE Kate Bush PMI
- 13 THE VIDEO SINGLES Paul Young CBS/Fox
- 14 WORLD WIDE LIVE The Scorpions PMI
- 15 LIVE 85 Eric Clapton PolyGram
- 16 ALCHEMY LIVE Dire Straits PolyGram
- 17 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin/PVG
- 18 JIMI HENDRIX Jimi Hendrix Warner Home Video
- 19 VITAL IDOL Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 20 THE VIDEO EP Madonna Warner Music
- 21 PRIVATE DANCER TOUR Tina Turner PMI
- 22 LIVE AT PERKIN'S PALACE Phil Collins PMI
- 23 THE SONGS REMAIN THE SAME Led Zeppelin WHV
- 24 '68 COMEBACK SPECIAL Elvis Presley Virgin/PVG
- 25 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 26 THE VIDEO Ratt Atlantic
- 27 VIDEO SHOW Shakin' Stevens CBS/Fox
- 28 THE COLLECTION Ultravox Palace/PVG
- 29 ALL NIGHT LONG Lionel Richie RCA/Columbia
- 30 WE ARE THE WORLD - THE VIDEO EVENT PMI

Compiled by Video Week Research

# A T T A C K

## HOT METAL 60

### SINGLES

- 1 1 HEART OF LOTHIAN Marillion EMI
- 2 3 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 3 2 NINETEEN Phil Lynott Polydor
- 4 11 LAVENDER Marillion EMI
- 5 5 RUNNING FREE Iron Maiden EMI
- 6 8 BURNING HEAT Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 7 4 TEARS ARE FALLING Kiss Vertigo/Phonogram
- 8 9 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 9 6 WHITE FLAGS Blue Öyster Cult CBS
- 10 10 THE BIG MONEY Rush Vertigo/Phonogram
- 11 15 WHITE WEDDING Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 12 17 SLEEPING BAG ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 13 14 BLIND IN TEXAS WASP Capitol
- 14 13 HUNGRY FOR HEAVEN Dio Vertigo/Phonogram
- 15 12 NEVER Heart Capitol
- 16 17 FROZEN HEART FM Portrait
- 17 16 TALKING TO MYSELF Terraplane Epic
- 18 19 ANIMAL (F\*\*\* LIKE A BEAST) WASP Music For Nations
- 19 — ASSASSINING Marillion EMI
- 20 20 I WILL BE THERE Gogmagog Music For Nations



SCORPIONS WITH strange thingys growing out of their hair

### ALBUMS

- 1 1 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 2 3 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 3 — COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 4 2 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 5 4 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 6 — DONE WITH MIRRORS Aerosmith Geffen
- 7 8 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 8 7 VITAL IDOL Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 9 5 POWER WINDOWS Rush Vertigo/Phonogram
- 10 10 MISDEMEANOR UFO Chrysalis
- 11 13 THE LAST COMMAND WASP Capitol
- 12 6 OUT FOR THE COUNT Y&T A&M
- 13 17 REAL TO REEL Marillion Fame
- 14 9 TWITCH Aldo Nova Portrait
- 15 11 FUGAZI Marillion EMI
- 16 20 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 17 22 HEART Heart Capitol
- 18 14 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 19 — WORLD WIDE LIVE Scorpions Harvest
- 20 18 BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Cleveland International
- 21 12 ASYLUM Kiss Vertigo/Phonogram
- 22 27 TO MEGA THERION Celtic Frost Noise
- 23 25 RUN FOR COVER Gary Moore 10
- 24 21 THEATRE OF PAIN Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 25 16 HOT LOVER Dumpy's Rusty Nuts Gas Music
- 26 28 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 27 23 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 28 19 SACRED HEART Dio Vertigo/Phonogram
- 29 26 ANTHOLOGY Magnum Raw Power
- 30 30 HEART OF OUR TIME Demon Clay

### IMPORTS

- 1 — WALLS OF JERICHO Halloween Noise
- 2 5 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 3 — BEYOND ALL SENSE Destiny Destiny
- 4 2 SPREAD THE DISEASE Anthrax Island
- 5 — DELIRIOUS NOMAD Armoured Saint Chrysalis
- 6 — THAT'S THE STUFF Autograph RCA
- 7 — THE LAST COMMAND WASP Capitol Japan Special Edition
- 8 4 DOUBLE TROUBLE LIVE Molly Hatchet Epic
- 9 — RAGING VIOLENCE Hirax Metal Blade
- 10 — SKOL Faithful Breath Ambush

Compiled by Spotlight Research



GENE LOVES Jezebel, Sad at failing the auditions for the job of BBC Crow

## INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 2 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 2 3 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 3 — FRANKENCHRIST Dead Kennedys Alternative Tentacles
- 4 1 1979 - 1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet
- 5 8 DREAMTIME The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 6 4 THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD Hawkwind Flicknife
- 7 7 ONE POUND NINETY-NINE — A MUSIC SAMPLER OF THE STATE OF THINGS Various Beggars Banquet
- 8 — QUE SERA, SERA Johnny Thunders Jungle
- 9 6 NAIL Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel Self Immolation/Some Bizzare
- 10 9 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 11 12 FALSE ACCUSATIONS The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 12 15 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 13 — BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 14 16 OLD ROTTENHAT Robert Wyatt Rough Trade
- 15 11 NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES The Men They Couldn't Hang Imp/Demon
- 16 10 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 17 5 FROM LUBBOCK TO CLINTWOOD EAST Terry & Gerry Intape
- 18 — SPLEEN AND IDEAL Dead Can Dance 4AD
- 19 22 MEAT IS MURDER The Smiths Rough Trade
- 20 — ORIGINAL SIN — LIVE Theatre Of Hate Dojo
- 21 21 LIFE'S A RIOT WITH SPY VS SPY Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 22 19 BAD INFLUENCE The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 23 25 THE CLOCK COMES DOWN THE STAIRS Microdisney Rough Trade
- 24 14 STOMPIN' AT THE KLUB FOOT VOLUME 2 Various ABC
- 25 13 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 26 — VENGEANCE New Model Army Abstract
- 27 18 THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES... The June Brides The Pink Label
- 28 20 GARLANDS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 29 30 POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES New Order Factory
- 30 26 TERMINAL TOWER Pere Ubu Rough Trade

Compiled by Spotlight Research

## PAUL KING'S 'BAG OF SWEETS'

- 1 EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE
- 2 SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL
- 3 JINGLE BELLS
- 4 FEEL SO REAL
- 5 LET IT SWING
- 6 COMING UP
- 7 DO YOU WANNA TOUCH?
- 8 IN TOO DEEP
- 9 MAKE IT BIG
- 10 THE UPS AND DOWNS

Compiled by a stick of rock and two gobstoppers

## CORONATION ST

- 1 WISH I COULD BE LIKE CURLY WATTS The Jam
- 2 BARLOW BARLOW I'M BACK AGAIN Gary Glitter
- 3 POISON IVY (TILSEY) Coasters

## INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 2 2 REVOLUTION The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 3 3 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 4 4 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 5 5 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins Abstract Dance/Priority
- 6 13 DESIRE Gene Loves Jezebel Situation Two
- 7 9 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 8 7 RAIN The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 9 20 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 10 10 THE HOP Theatre Of Hate Stiff
- 11 6 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 12 15 SLAMMERS King Kurt Stiff
- 13 12 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 14 11 BRAINBOX The Three Johns Abstract
- 15 30 NO PLACE CALLED HOME The June Brides Intape
- 16 34 V2 That Petrol Emotion Noise A Noise
- 17 16 CRAWFISH Johnny Thunders & Patti Palladin Jungle
- 18 14 GREEN BACK DOLLAR The Men They Couldn't Hang Demon
- 19 17 EDIE The Adult Net Beggars Banquet
- 20 44 BUBBLING Aswad Simba
- 21 27 FLAG DAY The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 22 19 THE WIND OF CHANGE Robert Wyatt With The SWAPO Singers Rough Trade
- 23 25 SPIRITWALKER The Cult Situation Two
- 24 26 RESSURECTION JOE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 25 28 THE BATTLE CONTINUES Conflict Mortarhate
- 26 18 CRUISER'S CREEK/LA The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 27 22 UPSIDE DOWN The Jesus And Mary Chain Creation
- 28 32 PLUNDER THE TOMBS Fur Bible New Rose
- 29 — PEARLY DEWDROPS'-DROPS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 30 8 THE FINAL SOLUTION Peter Murphy Beggars Banquet
- 31 50 IRONMASTERS The Men They Couldn't Hang Imp/Demon
- 32 35 REVOLUTION Chumba Wumba Agitpop
- 33 — KEEN That Petrol Emotion The Pink Label
- 34 49 THE PERFECT KISS New Order Factory
- 35 — GO WEST (CRAZY SPINNING CIRCLE) The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 36 37 TOWER BLOCK ROCK Twenty Flight Rockers ABC
- 37 23 HEAVENLY ACTION Erasure Mute
- 38 33 LET THEM EAT BOGSHED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 39 — NEEDLE GUN Hawkwind Flicknife
- 40 29 FOUR A'S AT MAIDA VALE Marc Riley With The Creepers Intape
- 41 38 MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL Hüsker Dü SST
- 42 21 CHANGE OF HEART, CHANGE OF MIND (SOFT) Robert Cray Band Demon
- 43 39 WALK ON GILDED SPLINTERS The Flowerpot Men Aminita
- 44 42 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 45 43 SEQUENZ X-Mal Deutschland Red Rhino Europe
- 46 — LITTLE GIRL WITH BLUE EYES Pulp Fire
- 47 24 YUMMER YUMMER MAN Danielle Dax Awesome
- 48 — JUMPING INTO LOVE Champion Doug Veitch Making Waves
- 49 36 CREAMED CORN FROM THE SOCKET OF DAVIS The Butthole Surfers Fundamental
- 50 — SWEET SURPRISE Chris And Cosey Rough Trade

Compiled by a Welsh Animal

- 4 YOU BETTER YOU BET (LYNCH) The Who
- 5 THE DISCO DUCKWORTH Rick Dees
- 6 ALFIE (ROBERTS) Cilla Black
- 7 JESAMINE Baldwin's Casuals
- 8 SEE EMILY (BISHOP) PLAY Pink Floyd
- 9 RUN TO THE HILDAS Iron Maiden
- 10 THE KILLING OF GEORGIE (WARDLE) Rod Stewart

Compiled by Mickey Fleck of the Gateshead Session Squad

# LETTERS

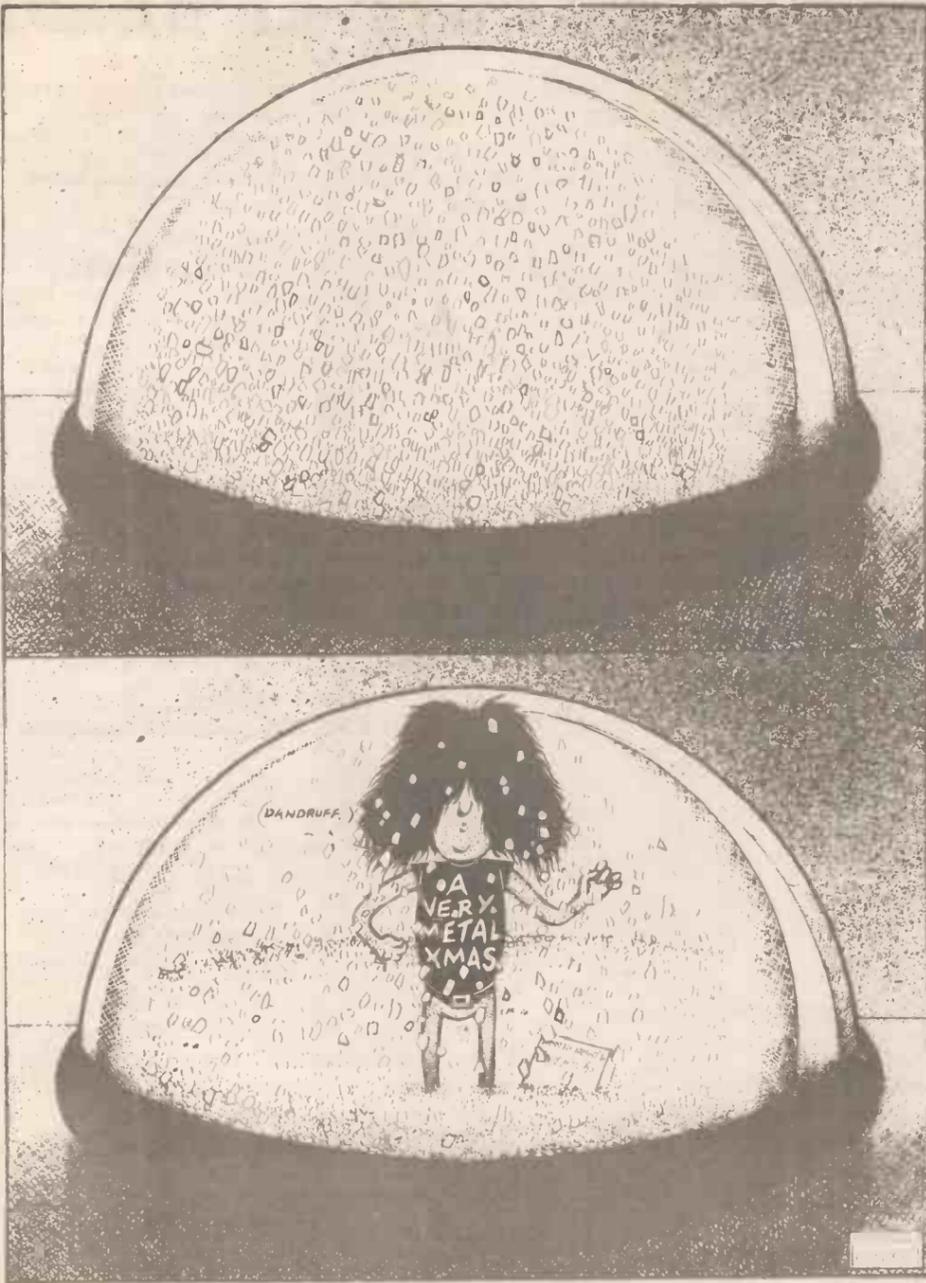


Illustration by Simon Cooper

## METAL PATIENCE

I ALMOST wrote this letter a year ago, but never got round to it. Finally, however, enough is enough. What is happening to *Sounds*? Rock/metal coverage is now almost non-existent, from Dire Straits to Motorhead there is nothing, a void. Which I find sickening.

Last year's Readers Poll was won almost exclusively by rock acts, from Iron Maiden to Rush. After such a resounding victory for these acts and others you would have thought coverage would reflect this.

Tony Stewart arriving as editor has only succeeded in hastening this sad decline. If this man is 'God' at *Sounds*, he is sadly lacking in taste.

Even this year's poll is a cop-out with no category for vocalists or individual musicianship. I'm afraid it reads like a poll from *The Sun* or *The Mirror*. However, when rock acts win the majority of sections, maybe the penny will drop. Rock is what your readers want. So pull your fingers out - RH, Leeds

### THE VEAL THING

DOES MR Spencer actually get paid for spinning a couple of discs whilst he's washing his smalls, scribbling a few wonderfully witty lines and then submitting them as album reviews?

He must have listened to the Mr Mister album with a rolled up newspaper and a pin. Isn't it surprising how this 'tinned custard' music is currently number one in the US singles chart. It's a real shame how a few million people go for this 'bland AOR' rather than the real music that makes Mr Spencer the intelligent and witty connoisseur that he is.

As for you Mr Spencer, I'll give you one star for your 'impish moniker', but apart from that you seem 'depressingly trivial'.  
Mister Paul - Exeter

### IN THE FAMILY WAY

AS YOU may well know, my dad (Chris Dean) and his band have released 'Kick Over The Statues' as their latest mega-hit.

As he has been away on tour I am unable to find out what the word 'Azania' as used on the cover means. I looked in all the dictionaries like Martin Hews Concise and Chris Dean Complete, but still to no avail.

So please, if you see him, could you ask him nicely to explain what 'Azania Coming Soon' is supposed to mean. Oh, and can you also tell him that mum (Tina Turner) really misses him and sends her love.

All the best in '86 - Kevin of Avante, son of Chris (Tamlam-Motormouth) Dean and Tina (soul-together) Turner

### TRIVIA PURSUIT

THIS LETTER is referring to the article printed on the Housemartins, in the issue dated November 30. Whoever wrote the article has the strangest set of priorities in a so-called music critic I have ever come across.

Quite frankly, I don't give a monkey's toss about, how can I put this politely, Mrs Heaton's coiffure. I also find it hard to see any relevance between this and the quality of music being produced by a set of the finest musicians I have ever heard.

Perhaps in future you could concentrate more on what the public are interested in hearing, and take your gossip column trivia elsewhere - Jane Clarke, Westminster, London

### MODERN LOVERS

YOU WERE being sarcastic when you called your Top 100 Album Chart 'modern' weren't you? With 70% of the chart containing pre-1980 records I'm sure you must have been. I liked the joke about 50% of the records being post-punk, people tend to forget that 'Never Mind The Bollocks' has been with us for about nine years now which I suppose means that 50% of the chart was over nine years old. You can't get more modern than that, can you?

On a more serious note, may I be the first to say that most of the music in your chart was rubbish but that doesn't matter cos we all have our own personal tastes. So let's not have ten weeks of letters from arseholes complaining that their favourite album didn't make number one, right kids? - Mick, Carrville, Durham

PS: Why wasn't Jeff Beck's 'Truth' number one? Surely it's the greatest album of modern times.

### CHAIN MAIL

JESUS AND Mary Chain number 44 in the *Sounds* chart? Jesus Christ... some rigging of this chart or what? Their album must be out all of three weeks and already it's an 'All Time' best seller... C'mon, cut the crap... please! - Rachel's Pilchards fan

### CHART ATTACK

WHAT MAKES you think we're interested in your [\*\*\*\*\*] opinions on the Top 100 Albums of all time? Who the [\*\*\*] do you think you are? You are [\*\*\*\*\*] journalists, reporters, stop pretending you're rock stars.

The Clash indeed. You're deaf if you think this is better than 'Never Mind The Bollocks' - A disgruntled reader (who only reads your rag for the news, not journalists' self-indulgence)

### CUT THE CRAP

IF *SOUNDS* is supposed to be a music paper, why not stick to music, instead of who is knocking off who, or what an artist's politics are and even who cuts their bloody hair!

I also find it rather hard to understand some of your reporter's reviews. Why are they all so neurotic and opinionated? It would seem that they forget what album they are supposed to be reviewing, and instead give a running commentary on what their particular living room looks like, or what it is on the tv they are missing, instead of giving a fair, unbiased review of a record, which, after all, is what they are paid to do, isn't it?

I know what I would sooner read about. If I buy *Sounds* because I want to read the review on the new Elton John LP for example, I don't want to know how Watford are doing, or how his hair looks, or about the man's sex life or politics. I want to

know whether or not the album is worth buying. Or would that be expecting too much from a music paper?

Your *Letters* page is rather childish too, as I'm sure many of your older diehard readers will agree. Why do you print such immature letters seeking sensationalism by putting down a lot of naughty four letter words, most of which begin with 'f' which you won't print anyway, so where's the point? - Lee, Gibraltar

### ANIMAL MAGIC

I THINK that Tibet is a complete and utter hippopotamus after reading his singles reviews in the December 7 issue of *Sounds* - PJ, Sidcup

### PIG IGNORANT

I WAS very offended to see in the issue of November 23, the picture of Jim Thirwell (Foetus) with the pigs heads impaled on the big sticks. This to me was a sick stunt and extremely stupid, as was your comment about going the whole hog, ha ha ha. Before you wonder, yes, I am a vegetarian and believe we have no right to take an animal's life.

Sadly, this picture exemplifies the attitude that we can do the hell what we like to other species. After all, they're only animals, aren't they! This doesn't take into account that they (especially pigs) are sensitive and intelligent creatures.

This picture radiates sheer violence and degradation. I'm staggered that you could print this picture and advertise Thirwell's sick mind. The next time he wants a cheap publicity stunt, I suggest he abuse inanimate objects.

Animals are not objects to use in whatever way we please. Before people laugh at this picture or my comments, how would they feel if their pet or a human head was impaled on these sticks? There's no great difference between us and the animal kingdom, except that of species. We all feel pain and suffering. Yours for human and animal rights - John Quirke

### HORROR STORY

DEAR *SOUNDS* 'whoever the bloody hell put together *The Sounds Book Of Horror*?

A great idea, I thought, giving away free magazines with the world's best music paper so, after the excellent 'Mad Max' magazine, what happens with *The Sounds Book Of Horror*? TOTAL F\*\*\* UP, THAT'S WHAT...

Terror's top ten? Do me a favour. Stephen King, HP Lovecraft (who should have been number one by the way), MR James, Robert Bloch, Poe, Stoker and Arthur Machen were obvious choices but what the hell were Clive Barker and Ramsey Campbell doing in there? Or, more importantly, where were the two greatest

British horror writers around at the moment (and also the top selling, I might add). I refer of course to Shaun Hutson and James Herbert. Any list of horror writers is sadly inadequate without these two giants, particularly Hutson who, at only 27, looks set to take over old Jim's crown anyway.

And before you start spouting back some self-satisfied crap about reading Barker and Campbell let me say that I have. Barker is a flash in the pan and Campbell is so boring if you could bottle his books they'd be a great cure for insomnia. That's another thing, how can you call Barker the new Crown Prince of British horror with just one novel behind him? Shaun Hutson has written five massive bestsellers any one of which makes Barker look like an amateur.

So, I suggest next time you do something like this you get your facts right. If you want real horror then let's see more Hutson and Herbert - Yours disbelievingly, Michael Finch, a true horror fan

### SYLVIAN SYLVIAN

THANK GOD, for there is a speckle of intelligence and honest reviewing on the planet *Sounds*.

Not only did 'Tin Drum' come 22nd in your Top 100 Album Chart, but David Sylvian's new and brilliant, and, dare I say it, 'different' EP, 'Words With The Shaman - And Index Of Possibilities' was given a five star review!

David's EP just goes to show that stuff from Wham! and their ilk are so very far behind in an art called music - Nigel Warick (Japan/Sylvian fan)

### TIBET OR NOT TIBET

READING TIBET's attempts at a review of Pete Townshend's 'White City' album was like watching a retarded chimpanzee trying to understand the subtle artistry of *King Lear*. And like most bigoted people who condemn what they cannot understand, Tibet's review (or perhaps we better start calling him the Hampstead Jacuzzi) was rife with distortions, inaccuracies, prejudice and hate. In a rock climate of opportunists, conservatives, conmen, rip-offs and fakes it is good to hear an album which actually concerns itself with issues such as poverty, unemployment, wife-battering, housing, street violence and infidelity. *White City* is wasted on such a small closed mind like that possessed by Tibet.

By the way, I'm no old hippy like Tibet. I'm 19 and my favourite groups are The Smiths, The Fall and The Jesus And Mary Chain. Now where did I hear feedback before? Invented, I believe, by Pete Townshend in 1964. I rest my case - The Living End, Manchester

# BAND AID

## KORG KEEPS TRACK OF MIDI

### KORG SQD-1 MIDI RECORDER £575

QQ VV

SEQUENCERS CONTINUE to make a comeback this year, thanks mainly to the greater general understanding of MIDI, and thanks secondly no doubt to the fact that most of the major instrument companies are beginning to run out of new ideas.

"So now what?"  
"Oh bugger it, let's build a new sequencer!"

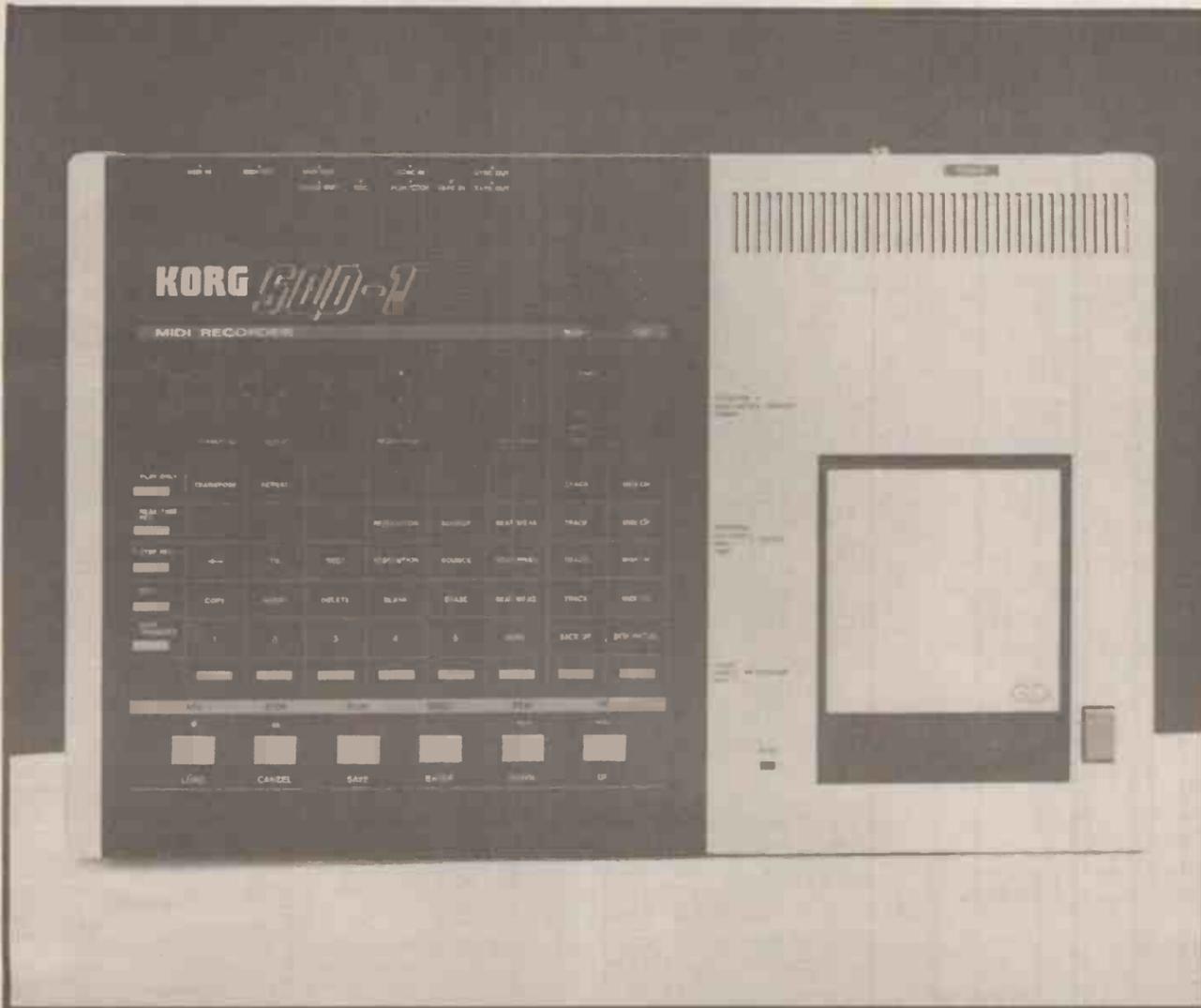
But there again, Korg's recent offering on the sequencer front – their first if I'm not mistaken – shows no small amount of ingenuity and freshness of design.

For a start, information is stored on quick disk, which not only provides a considerable amount of memory space at one time, but obviously offers the potential of unlimited storage space as you can simply buy more and more disks. Each double-sided disk can indeed store around 30,000 notes. The main advantages of quick disks over other forms of external storage, like cartridges and tape, seem to be memory capacity and, not surprisingly, speed of storage and retrieval. The quick disk drive, as you can see from the picture, is built into the sequencer itself.

Using MIDI channel assignments, you can build up a large number of individually controllable, individual sound-bearing tracks (provided you have a comparable number of individual MIDI sound sources). However, since MIDI allows this sort of system, there is no real point in providing a number of dedicated 'tracks' or channels on which you can record, at least not in the 'physically manifested on the sequencer itself' type.

What you are confronted by then is this: a 'main track', which can house a number of individual tracks, and a 'sub track', which is primarily used for initial recording and editing. Tracks recorded on this sub track are, when deemed correct, bounced onto the main track, leaving the sub track free for more overdubs. The maximum note capacity of the

Korg's entry into the MIDI recorder market is fresh and ingenious, says Julian Colbeck



SQD-1: not the easiest MIDI sequencer to master, but well worth the effort for the facilities on offer

sequencer is 16 notes though. In a large set-up, this might prove limiting.

The system does work, but it can be both a fiddle and a worry when there are no dedicated tracks like track 1, track 2 etc, which you can simply call up, edit, change, erase and the like when necessary.

Recording can be in both real and step time. In real time recording you have a choice of some seven degrees of quantization; High Res – or the nearest the SQD-1 gets to 'quantize off' – is 1/16 note, which is probably adequate, provided you are

not a real stickler for subtle nuances of timing.

A metronome is on hand to keep you in time.

The control panel looks a bit forbidding at first, laid out in matrix style with the various control options written out in the central squares. Although invariably a little time-consuming (and you'll always need to be reasonably careful about lunging for a particular control), this system is both neat and, I'd imagine, cost-effective to produce. This last comment is based upon the SQD-1's generous price in the shops.

The procedures for setting up a real time recording are as follows: set beats per measure (time signature), set resolution (quantize factor), set MIDI channel (sound source to be used), record. First tracks are always recorded onto the Main Track; subsequent recording are made onto the Sub Track and later bounced onto the Main Track.

If you are, as is likely, only using one actual instrument for initial recording, then each track you record should be assigned its own MIDI channel number (and accordingly matched up with

your recording instrument). Later you can set the whole piece in motion by hooking up your multi MIDI set up with corresponding MIDI channel numbers on each instrument.

Step time recording is no more of a slog than on any other sequencer. The Resolution or quantize factor determines your smallest recorded beat, and you can input notes and rests. Thoughtfully, Korg do allow you to change the resolution mid-way through recording. This facility only applies during recording. You cannot change the factor as an edit.

In terms of recognised MIDI data, the SQD-1 is fairly generous too. At the back you'll find a row of tiny switches governing its ability to recognise key velocity, pitch bender and after touch, as well as a MIDI Out to MIDI Thru converter, and data transfer On/Off switch, used when transferring data either to internal memory or from one SQD-1 to another SQD-1. As always, you'll make the most of your memory capacity by switching off velocity and after touch etc if you're not going to be needing them.

With all tracks stuffed into one Main Track, editing can be a trial. However, fairly sophisticated editing is possible, and to re-access a part now seemingly jumbled up with loads of other tracks on the Main Track, you simply call up the relevant track/MIDI channel number. You can edit, copy, delete and insert bars without too much brain damage, and the large display screen carries a perfectly adequate amount of information for these and other purposes.

Syncing ability is fairly fundamental for sequencers. The SQD-1 offers a range of external control from MIDI, Sync, and to and from tape. This seems again, perfectly adequate, and should you require more latitude than this, remember that Korg also produce the highly respected KMS-30 Clock Converter for not too much money.

Some of the more detailed features of the SQD-1 (advanced editing and the like) are not always easy to fathom out, and in fact the whole procedural side of the sequencer is *not* as simple as ABC by any means. This sequencer will do a considerable amount for the money, but I'd suggest that you prepare yourself for no small degree of hard work in the first few weeks after purchase. Those looking for a simple, straightforward sequencer may not require the SQD-1's range of activities and may not welcome its often complex approach. However, this is a most encouraging start for Korg in sequencer land.

JULIAN COLBECK

## WILKES BRING NEW MEANING TO SLIDE GUITAR

### WILKES GUITARS 'THE ANSWER' PICK-UP SYSTEM (see text for price)

QQQ VVV

A PICK-UP system might seem like a strange thing to review, but British-based Wilkes Guitars have recently come up with a new idea in guitar pick-ups which really does deserve all the recognition it can get. Understandably they call it The Answer.

Being logical about it, you can't have an answer without a question, and the question in question is: how do you extract the maximum possible range of sounds out of any one guitar – notably

one which has a Strat's basic shape? The obvious problem being, of course, how do you get a Strat to be humbucking one minute and sounding at its natural best (single coil) the next?

The version I tried was fitted to one of Wilkes' most basic custom (handmade) guitars, a fairly straightforward Strat-like model, but bearing the usual Wilkes quality hallmarks.

The Answer itself is, in essence, almost a development of the sliding pick-up system invented by Dan Armstrong back in the '60s. Armstrong provided one a pair of rails. Depress either component ever so slightly and it will be free to be repositioned at will.

The system was a minor success on Armstrong guitars and basses, and Gibson used a version of it on some of their '70s basses.

The Answer, however, is two single-coil pick-ups which are wired as one single transducer. The idea behind this is to arrange the magnetic fields so that they are opposed, thus providing both the fat sound and noise cancellation of a humbucker when they are positioned together, and a traditional Strat-type single coil tone when they are slid apart.

To achieve this, the two pick-ups are mounted on a pair of rails. Depress either component ever so slightly and it will be free to be repositioned at will.

Just think about that for a moment. As things stand, if you want a guitar with the Van Halen-favoured humbucker at the bridge, then there are multitudes of them around now, ranging from the cheapest Hondos right up to Kramer Pacer Careras. But what if you'd like just the one guitar which could self-ignite like a 'Superstrat' for one number and yet revert to a normal single coil Blackmore or Mark Knopfler sound the next? Put at its crudest, The Answer is, well, the answer!

The sceptical among you might now be asking why this new system has only two pick-up sections? Why not three, so that you can have one set together as a

humbucker at the bridge, and a third positioned at the neck?

The reason for this is that Doug Wilkes seems to have found one of the major causes of those tonal flaws which plague Fender Strats and their derivatives – the 'false' or 'double note' effect (usually found on your bottom 'E' string), which he claims is caused by having too great a magnetic pull on the strings – especially when a Strat is set with ultra light gauge types and a low action.

Reducing the magnetic field by using just two pick-up units instead of a normal Strat's three does away with this problem once and for all.

The Answer provides a perfect solution for players who want the ultimate tonal

versatility from basically Strat-like guitars.

And not only is it available on those superb Wilkes electrics, but Doug has been negotiating with West Germany's Schaller company, who should, as a result, soon be offering it as an add-on device for players with any Strat-like guitar.

Doug expects the eventual price of the 'add-on' version to be no more than £100. At that price, it would represent a major breakthrough that many players could afford.

More info from Wilkes Guitars Ltd, Unit 15, Trent Industrial Estate, Botteslow Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs, phone (0782) 260136.

GARY COOPER

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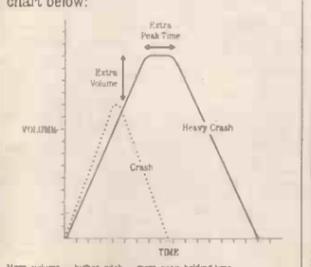
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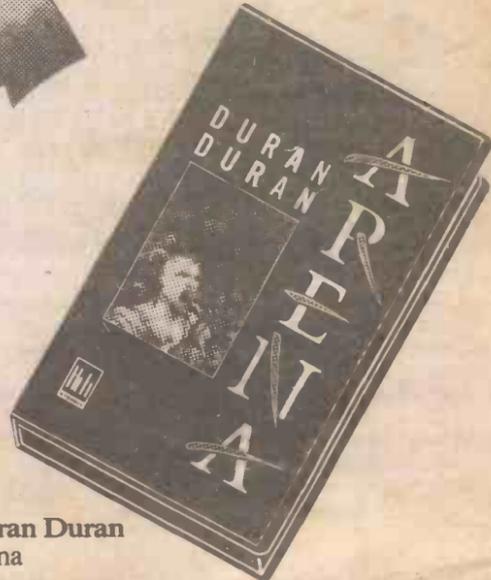
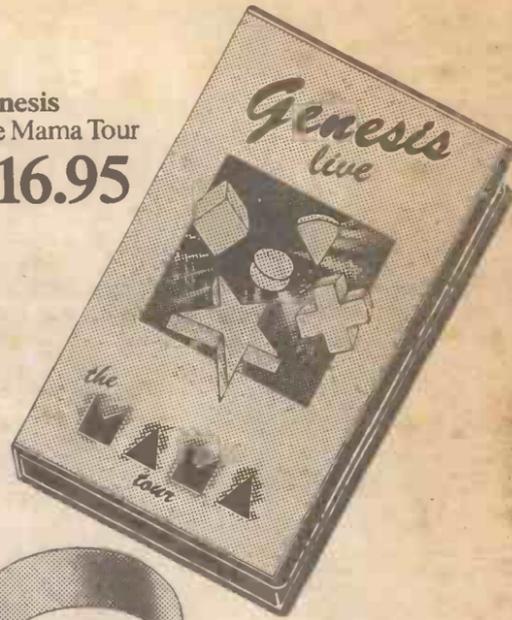
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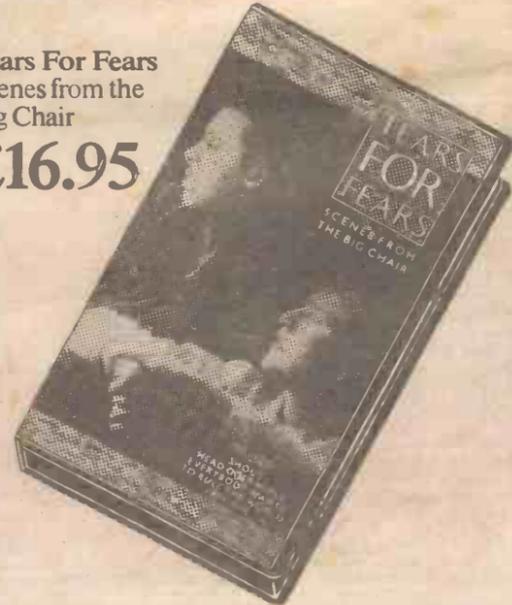
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