THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS EXPLODE!
OUT OF THE PACKET AT LAST
- PAGES 38 & 39

CAMEO BLOOD UNCLE'S
THE GODFATHERS JAMES
PINK PEG SLAX JULIAN COPE LIVE
BON JOVI AND EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL LPs
FEATURES
Dark, light and funny as hell, James stutters out their mission in life to an agon Ron Rom. Page 16
Why are Cannibals' words worst luck? Larry Blackmon, the poet of souls, whispers sweet nothings in Chris Roberts's ear in Page 22.
Meanwhile, The Godfathers are calling all the shots and Andy Hurst returns to their latest racket. Page 35
The zeros are far from done. The Mighty Lemon Drops to a droopy Mr Spencer. Pages 18 & 19
My nights in Brussels with Neon Judgement - Chris Roberts reveals all on Page 31
JAWS
on Page 22
What are Cameo's words worth? Larry Blackmon, the yids reviewed. Pages 12 & 13
Chris Roberts talks to Christopher Lambert, hunky Mitsouko. Elsewhere you can sink your fangs into Blood Ooh la la! Wait till you get an Eiffel of France's finest, Rita
Chris Roberts reveals all on Page 31
Andy Hurt listens to their latest racket. Page 35
Meanwhile, The Godfathers are calling all the shots and Bogdan Wiczling finds Simmons' Drum Expander a spin. Pages 24, 25 & 26
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REVIEWS
SCANNERS
REGULARS
10 & 11
AccessNisa
Address
BIG COUNTRY
LIVE IN BELGIUM SATURDAY 13th SEPTEMBER
- LEVEL 42
LIVE IN BRUSSELS. SEPTEMBER 30th
- ZZ TOP
LIVE IN PARIS OCTOBER 6th
- THE FALL
FUTURE WEEKS, AND THERE IS NO
January 22, 23, 24, 26, 27 and 28, 29, 30
- ZIGGA ZAGGA
LIVE IN EDINBURGH SATURDAY 13th JANUARY
- BARRY LAZELL
Playing six nights at London's Royal Albert Hall on Monday 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27. However, tickets will go on sale until October 3.
The full story of their release in future weeks, and there is no truth in the rumour that Chris Roberts is planning a musical version of The Prodigy. However, an album is expected soon.
ROO STEVENS, who performed a "sell-out" crowd at Wembley Stadium last month, has opted to tour the more intimate Wembley Arena next month. He warms up at Birmingham NEC 9th September, and then plays Wembley Arena 18, 19 23rd and 24th.
COMPACT DISC sales have doubled in the last year, now constituting ten per cent of the record industry's total revenue, and suppliers are having trouble in meeting the demand. Meanwhile, LP sales continue to lose ground on cassettes.
CHRISTY MOORE, one of Ireland's most popular and influential musicians, has announced a UK tour to celebrate The Collection, which is a collection of old tracks and will be out on Anagram (via Cherry Red).

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LAW AND ORDER

LONDON UNDERGROUND
THE BEATLES will be featured on television this week in a programme focusing on their early '60s Abbey Road recording sessions.
The footage is part of a documentary on Paul McCartney being screened by BBC1 on Friday August 29 at 7.30 pm.

BILLY WYMAN's alleged underage love Mandy Smith was questioned for an hour last week by Scotland Yard, but reportedly revealed insufficient information to enable charges to be laid. It now seems unlikely that the Director of Public Prosecutions will take any further action, so the Rolling Stone can now probably return to Britain without fear of being arrested.
Meanwhile, speculation over whether Mandy Smith would be most likely to begin a film or

THE FALL play a short batch of live dates prior to the release of their album at the end of September. They take in St Albans City Hall September 6, Deaf Institute Albany Embank 7-8,Polytechnic

THE FALL OUT

Croydon Underground, 11 November
Derngate Centre 13
A full UK tour is planned for November, dates of which will be announced shortly.

SHAKIN STEVENS has announced a mammoth tour which will take in London's Shepherd's Bush Empire in December.
Shaky will play Sheffield City Hall November 12, Newcastle City Hall 13, Edinburgh Playhouse 14, Hull Uusi Theatre 14, Leicester De Montfort Hall 17, Nottingham Royal 18-19, Birmingham Odeon 28-29, Blackpool Opera House 22, Manchester Palace 23, Liverpool Empire 24, Bristol Colston Hall 26-27, Portsmouth Guildhall 28, Ipswich Gaumont 29-30, Oxford Apollo December 1, Brighton Centre 2, Hounslow Windmill Hall 3, London Hammersmith Odeon 5-6.
Tickets are priced from £15 - £25 depending on the venue.

SPUNKYNIK, BILL WYMAN, MARILYN AND BAND
COME UP AGAINST THE LAW IN DIFFERENT FORMS

SIGUE SIGUE SPUNKIN
PROMOTER Ray Mayhew is said to be much in demand, mainly in police. After being convicted of threatening behaviour last week, he was immediately arrested and charged with assaulting his ex-girlfriend Carol Wimseley, causing her actual bodily harm.
Mayhew has been remanded on bail until September 3 on condition that he doesn't go within a two mile radius of the alleged incident.
He will also be appearing in Court towards the beginning of October to face charges of threatening a woman at a concert as a earlier concert this year.
However, a Spunkin spokesperson has told us that the band are considering presenting an application for judicial review in order to have Mayhew's conviction set aside.

SPUNKYNIK'smlin Wyman, Marilyn and Band

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ORD
only evidence offered was that
due to lack of evidence. The
possessing heroin last week
goods. Waterman to deliver the
Bananarama producer Peter
recording deal and signed up
pouting 16 -year -old a £250,000
to have been resolved by Billy
over the last few weeks seems
the publicity she's obtained
rehabilitation.
male, and two out of three
typical addicts are usually
British Medical Journal.
doctor as the only source of
which leaves the family
already been outstripped,
treatment centres has
capacity of specialist
at such a rate that the
DRUG MISUSE is spreading
September 1 on WEA.
Africa's black townships.
album which was conceived
Buddy's 'That'll Be The Day'.
premiere of the first Beatles
Of Love', and the world
unique solo version of 'Words
McCartney performing a
of the video will be Paul
McCartney's 'That'll Be The Day'.'

PAUL SIMON is back with a
album which was conceived around his developing
interest in the music of South
Africa's black township.
The album is called
'Graceland', and is to be out on
September 1 on WEA.

DRUG MISUSE is spreading so widely that the
capacity of specialist
treatment centres has
already been outstripped,
leaves the doctor with only
the source of help for addicts, according to the
World Health Journal.
A recent survey, which
revealed there could be as
many as 40,000 new cases of
addiction a year, found that
typical addicts are usually
under 25, six out of ten are
male, and two out of three
are seeking help concerning
withdrawal from heroin or
habitation.

YELLOW EARTH
DAVID SYLVIAN releases a new double album entitled 'Gone
To Earth' on September 1 on Virgin. Sylvian has employed
the talents of Robert Fripp, Bill Nelson and Mel Collins as well as
former Japan colleagues Steve Jansen and Richard Barbieri.

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG have planned the release of
their new single called 'Shot Of Blue' for October 6 on MCA.
The Men will be hanging out at Harlesden Mean Fiddler
September 11 and 12, and plans for an extensive UK tour are
now being finalised to coincide with their new album.

GEORGE BENSON, who releases a new album entitled 'While
The City Sleeps' on WEA this week, has announced some dates in
order to celebrate. He plays London Wembley Arena
November 19-22, Birmingham NEC 29-30, Edinburgh Playhouse
(two shows) 27.

THE HOUSEMARTINS, who recently
scored a big hit with their album 'London 0 Hull 4', have announced a tour that will culminate in a
homecoming gig at Hull City Hall. They play
Birmingham Powerhouse September 30, Liverpool Playhouse October 2, Manchester
International 3, Sheffield University 4, Newcastle
Mayfair 5, Brighton Top Rank 8, London Kiburn

National Balloon 9, Bristol Studio 12, Cardiff
University 13, Cork St Henry 16, Dublin
Olympic 17, Galway Warwick Hall 18, Belfast
Queens University 26, Glasgow Barrowlands 22,
Aberdeen Rotzy 23, Edinburgh Assembly Rooms
24, Hull City Hall 27.

Tickets are £4, with a £1 refund at the door for ticket holders also presenting their UB40.

PETE WYLIE, that wacky Liverpudlian who's spent the summer in
London recording his album, "apart from the occasional foray abroad in search of the sinful angels or the foot that fits
this black suede stilletto", has a new single called 'Diamond Girl'
on MDM (through Virgin) out on September 1.

Meanwhile ZTT has confirmed the signing of Das Euphony
Kiks, a band which has been tuned around the music press and
record labels for months as "the new Sigue Sigue Sputnik" on
its strength of their multicoloured hair and almost total lack of
live gigs.

A completely over-the-top press release on the signing is
anticipated within the next couple of weeks.

PETE CUTS A DIAMOND...

Pete Cuts A Diamond ...

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London recording his album, "apart from the occasional foray abroad in search of the sinful angels or the foot that fits
this black suede stilletto", has a new single called 'Diamond Girl'
on MDM (through Virgin) out on September 1.

Wylie has warned us of not only the LP in October, but
possibly some dates as well. But that's as far as he's prepared
to commit himself.
THE VOLCANOES "ooze out" to promote their forthcoming debut album called 'Into The Psych' at the Brighton Zap Club August 29, Kentish Town Bull And Gate September 4, Hamersmith Clarendon 6, Camden Dingwalls 16.

Dwight Yoakam, the US country star, plays Harlesden Mean Northampton Kingsthorpe Old Five Bells September 7, Hastings Fiddler August 27 and Putney Half Moon 28.

SPACEMEN 3 will play Leicester Princess Charlotte August 27, Kentish Town Bull And Gate September 4, Hamersmith Clarendon 6, Camden Dingwalls 16.

YEAH JAZZ have added a date to their current tour when they play London Rock Garden on September 10.

THATCHER ON ACID will be playing Hammersmith Clarendon (supporting Chumbawamba and Culture Shock) September 12, Chalk Farm The Enterprise 17 and Fetcham Riverside Club 19.

BREATHELESS, the neo-psychadelic band from London, will play London Kentish Town Bull And Gate (with Only Connect and A New You) on September 16.

Skangar, Scotland's premier multi-race reggae band, head south to play London's New Merlin Cave August 28 and London Rock Garden 29.

Sittin Pretty, East Anglia's hard rock representatives, will play Scatlow Barn August 29, Norwich Ritz September 2, Tonypandy Naval Club 12, Cardiff Buses 13, Hereford Market Tavern 19, Rushton Wheatsheaf 20, Northampton Five Bells 21, Bedfont Charlie's Fun Houses 23, Nottingham Merid Gaze 26, Sutton-In-Ashfield Golden Diamond 27, King's Lynn The Eagle October 2, Knebworth King's Head 3.

THE CHAMELEONS play a one-off gig at the Dartington Arts Centre on September 6.

Yr Anhrefn, Y Cofyf and Dathelwy will feature in a festival organized by Welsh Indie label Anhrefn at Aberystwyth The Marine Hotel on August 30.

And also The Trees play a one-off gig at the Fulham Greyhound on August 30 which will be recorded for a future live album.

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The Dogs Saturday 6th September NO

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Hammersmith Palais Live

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THE SAVOY

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44 BLUBBERY HELL BELLIES

the PHARAOHS the Valiants

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IRON MAIDEN

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WASTED YEARS

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SUNDAY OCTOBER 5
CROYDON

MONDAY OCTOBER 6
CROYDON

TUESDAY OCTOBER 7
BRISTOL

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 8
MINCHESTER

THURSDAY OCTOBER 9
LIVERPOOL

FRIDAY OCTOBER 10
LEEDS

SATURDAY OCTOBER 11
MANCHESTER

SUNDAY OCTOBER 12
LIVERPOOL

MONDAY OCTOBER 13
Dundee

TUESDAY OCTOBER 14
EDINBURGH

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 15
SHEFFIELD

THURSDAY OCTOBER 16
SHEFFIELD

FRIDAY OCTOBER 17
ST. AUSTELL

SATURDAY OCTOBER 18
IPSWICH

SUNDAY OCTOBER 19
ST. DAVID'S HALL

MONDAY OCTOBER 20
NOTTINGHAM

TUESDAY OCTOBER 21
MANCHESTER

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 22
HANLEY

THURSDAY OCTOBER 23
NEWCASTLE

FRIDAY OCTOBER 24
NEWCASTLE

SATURDAY OCTOBER 25
NEWCASTLE

SUNDAY OCTOBER 26
LIVERPOOL

MONDAY OCTOBER 27
NEWCASTLE

TUESDAY OCTOBER 28
EDINBURGH

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 29
EDINBURGH

THURSDAY OCTOBER 30
BIRMINGHAM

FRIDAY OCTOBER 31
HAMMERSMITH

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 1
HAMMERSMITH

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 2
HAMMERSMITH

MONDAY NOVEMBER 3
HAMMERSMITH

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 4
HARLOW

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 5
HARLOW

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 6
HARLOW
CARNAGE have two of their early singles, 'Lies And Hypocrisy' and 'Our Life In Their Hands', re-released on Creative Reality (through Rough Trade) this month.

THE HAFLER TRIO, an avant-garde group, release a double album, 'Seven Hours Sleep', on Laylah Anterrecords (through Rough Trade) this weekend.

BREAKWATER, who are a mixture of 'soul, funk and rich and harmonic vocals', release a new single called 'Say You Love Me Girl' this week on Arista.

ASHFORD AND SIMPSON have a new album out this week. It's their 12th venture and is entitled 'Real Love' and is out on Capitol.

THE WORLD'S BEST TRIO, who are made up of Jay Carly, Jackie St Clair and Patrina Morris and are supposed to be 'the hottest thing on six legs this summer', release their debut single called 'Every Step I Take' on Avatar (through CBS) this week.

CARNAGE have two of their early singles, 'Lies And Hypocrisy' and 'Our Life In Their Hands', re-released on Creative Reality (through Rough Trade) this month.

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BREAKWATER, who are a mixture of 'soul, funk and rich and harmonic vocals', release a new single called 'Say You Love Me Girl' this week on Arista.
If you don’t fancy the alarm clock there’s always the six quid.

Midland are making a splash with their 1986 student package.

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**NEWS**

**EDITED BY BILLY MANN**

**FLIES-EATING DEATHABILLIES IN VERBAL VIOLENCE**

PINK PEG SLAX have an LP out called 'Sitting Out A Tutu', there's a song on it called 'Eat More Meat', and the sleeve notes are penned by wine-sipping Keith Floyd, presenter of the BBC's Floyd the Fish programme.

The band hate goths, love cooking, are as sharp suited as they are tongued, and have been entertaining little quiffed and quiffless people in Leeds for years.

There is the first spurt of church-Inspired, death-orientated rockabilly. Cajun-laced and with a bit of punk convention (yawn) with impious drums that desert the tracks and roll. Their songs are barbarically manic and fiery, soul-burning, hellish gates of good old rock and roll. Their priestics are excellent, they all smoke cigarettes, are 30 percent students, and practising Catholics but who have absolutely nothing to do musically with religion at all. They're doing a gig in October in the church and I attend. It'll be brilliant, they're a smattering little hall, whisky at 50p a shot, a capegregation that are 30 percent students, and priests. The priests are excellent, they all smoke and get drunk... well, they've got to do something.

"When I'm in church on Sunday I look up at the priest and it's really good knowing that you're on chanting terms and that in a short while you'll be talking to him over a drink."

Chet: "Yes, we used to be a very death-obsessed band when we started out, but that was because our first guitarist was a music depressive.

Vince: 'That song was a direct attack on all the people living and breathing the fitness lifestyle, jogging themselves to death. Especially pop stars.'

Though they are a lot more interested in food these days, the Slax could claim to be the original latter day punk deathabillies.

**THOSE WERE THE DAYS**

"If YOU missed it then, don't miss it now, reminisce with those who were there", so said my handbunched invitation to The Limelight's 10th Anniversary Of Punk party.

Patrons had donned all manner of punk attire. Those wearing bondage trousers staggered and shuffled around the dancefloor as far as their straps would allow them.

And there was the music. The Limelight churned it out and the pops were back. But the celebrations skewed in corners, listened to a bit of nostalgia and crust off, trying to forget. Robert's name bolted in the doorway, and punk veterans Steve Diggie and Pulp Styrene performed live(!?) while the club quickly emptied.

But a few dummies hung around, especially the two suspended from the ceiling. Frankie and entourage trooped in, sauntered to the doorway, and punk veterans Steve Diggie and Pulp Styrene performed live(!?) while the club quickly emptied.

When asked for his feelings on sharing a billing with the world's second album on a harmonica. Sure beats Club 18-30 visitation from Zod's "muse", who inspired him to compose his most brilliant strips like Buster Gonad And His Unfeasibly Large Testicles.

**MOUNTAINEERING**

PERFECT DAZE are a concussed blur of vibrating excitement and a ridiculous delirium from the furry, wool-learning, hellish pat of good old rock and roll. Their songs are barbarically manic and loaded with Scalectric guitars that desert the tracks of punk conventions (yawn) with impious drums that charge furiously through the under, all of sandly. They're ana-gric and spicy. Fast and loud. Powerful.

Perfect Daze could be Fuzzbox with male organs, Iron Maiden with brains. Or BAX Bandits without anorex. Luckily they're neither. I bet they've got long hair, though, and know how to ride motorcycles, unlike those funny Mindless Warp Bites. Perfect Daze remind me of all of youth's grandest notions of rebellion and vitality. With the same hungry Jaws would be eager to know what form of foreign beverage The Three Johns guitar supremo Johnny 'Boy' Langford had been consuming when he attempted a Gene Kelly pogo around the wall of Amsterdam's Light Square fountain, seconds before finding himself face down in Dutch water. It took 18 passers-by to help him off, whereas Perfect Daze are just what the doctor ordered you to stay away from if you want that nasty red rash to go away.

**BITES...BITES...BITES...BITES**

OUT

**THE HOT, purple-covered summer issue of Viz comic is available now from all Virgin record stores around the country. Full of thrills of summer love, an in-depth fact file on Shakin' Stevens, and foreign beverage The Three Johns guitar supremo Johnny 'Boy' Langford had been consuming when he attempted a Gene Kelly pogo around the wall of Amsterdam's Light Square fountain, seconds before finding himself face down in Dutch water. It took 18 passers-by to help him off, whereas Perfect Daze are just what the doctor ordered you to stay away from if you want that nasty red rash to go away.**

In

Jim's Big-Eye 2

**FOLLOWING The surprise sighting of Frank Bough and Dennis Lemon at a report's baby-naming, Chet would give any amounts of freeholders' arms to find out what Brian Clough, was doing as a fall, Ramones, Triumph, Three Johns festival in modesty.**

The same hungry Jaws would be eager to know what form of foreign beverage The Three Johns guitar supremo Johnny 'Boy' Langford had been consuming when he attempted a Gene Kelly pogo around the wall of Amsterdam's Light Square fountain, seconds before finding himself face down in Dutch water. It took 18 passers-by to help him off, whereas Perfect Daze are just what the doctor ordered you to stay away from if you want that nasty red rash to go away.

**ZODIAC MINDWARP**

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Vince: 'That song was a direct attack on all the people living and breathing the fitness lifestyle, jogging themselves to death. Especially pop stars.'

Like I said, a forkful of spaghetti bread wouldn't keep me away. And him too. But you'd keep away from their LP.
Bizarre Soul Whirlpool... Millions Are Involved

"There are many things we love," says Catherine Ringer in an extraordinarily resonant French accent. "Like a big hat after a blue sky after painters after dresses... It can be entertainment to see that." Catherine is one half of Rita Mitsouko ("I want a fun name, not with special meanings"), a duo whose single 'Marcia' has sparked international commercial adoration in their native France and across Europe. Millions are involved. The place was packed. Catherine has previously acted in Brecht and in porn movies, her partner, Fred Chilton have a daughter called Ginger, has played guitar, written songs, stuff like that. "Have they always wanted to be, like, stars? It was an idea, not an obsession." Why is French music so rarely successful here? Catherine: "Isn't it? In France we are very big listeners, but musically we have lost a lot of quality. Fred: 'Here in England there are traditions. Everybody spins a bit or plays piano or something. Your mother plays a bit of piano I think, not?"

"And when you laugh, I laugh a bit or plays piano or are traditions. Everybody sings musically we have lost a lot of qualities since the last war." Catherine has previously filmed the recording session for an imminent documentary. "It was an idea, not an obsession.

"Tell me more about Marcia, she was a singer for me. I was always impressed. But she was not so rhythmic as I am. She was more modern, but she was from Argentina so she had something very not inside too." Catherine and Fred will release their second album soon. Referring to a web of cross-cultural influences but continually surprising with its cross-cultural influences but continually surprising with its band, the Tony Visconti-produced 'Rita Mitsouko Presents. TheWie Compromii will confuse, something we were the animals. She speaks of ambience and sensation, Norma and Caxio, starts playing an invisible drumkit, and confesses that Benny Hill makes her laugh. "It's blowing it completely, or

WILD ROCKERS

IN NEW COUNTRY CULT

They've scraped off the limo for a combine harvester

Metal Mayhem merchants Muttalika contacted the mighty Jaws office the other day with news that they plan to change their act in order to impress upon the 'hip rock press' that they aren't as dumb as they look.

Beau Bollard and Dolly Clone have kindly agreed to reveal all. Seems that as they were down in the dumps over the press reaction to their latest vinyl opus 'Cock Fight', the lads decided to drown their sorrows dahm the West End and, in a near drunken stupour, they accidentally found themselves stumbling through the portals of late nite eaterie Break For The Boredom. "The experience has certainly prompted Muttalika to look to country for inspiration. "One of them w***ers can get their rocks off to some 'seeder' country crooner then I reckon when we get our new act together they'll love us."

"Brick's already ordered a heavy duty customised banjo, scraped the limo for a combine harvester and signed up a Dolly Parton. Wendy O Williams clone, whose big knockdown number is a little ditty called 'Stand By Your Amp'.

"The only trouble I can see us having," Brick muttered, "is that the whole band suffer from Boredom.

MUTTALIKA. Brick Bollard and Dolly Clone at a recent load in Country Club barn
LOOKING FORWARD
TO A DAY OF
TRIUMPH

PERHAPS THE curse of revolt is, as Trotsky once suggested, that 'revolutions are always verbose' and too often bred out of boredom and contempt, not inspiration. The High Five have been simmering quietly up in the north west for almost too long. Drowned out by ringing boasts and proclamations of hollow rebellion from all around, their searching and sometimes jangling guitar pop beat has not always been too widely heard. Consequently, their eventual and inevitable explosion has been especially powerful, valid and invigorating.

"At times all the waiting around, waiting for something to happen, was pissing us off," admits singer Asa Hayes. "But it has given us time to develop our songwriting and..."

"And learn how to play!" chips in drummer Rob Jones, once a foundling member of the mighty Wahl Heat.

The first sign of The High Five's re-emergence was the release of a new version of their first single, 'Cold Steel Gang'. "It's a very strong song which we desperately wanted to record again, to do it justice. And as it's a song about authoritarian regimes, it's every bit as relevant today, if not more so, than it was back in 1983. We felt it would be a good way to reintroduce the band." Which of course it is. The second sign is the release of the first, and long-awaited, High Five album. 'Down In The No-Go' reveals the Liverpool-based five-piece's colours in full. Steeped in the best traditions of the '60s but fired by the spirit of '80s you-know-when, they shape their cold steel sound accordingly, but bend it around a warm core of gritty soul and humanity.

Somewhere between Springsteen and The Redskins, their songs (and most especially the immense 'If They Come In The Morning', an almost stark soul classic taken from the title of one of Black Panther Angela Davis' books) speak of inner courage, and look forward to a day of triumph when fear will be a thing of the past.

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THIS IS Lance. When Lance is not trying to be a pop star with a band called 5TA he likes to spend a little time on his favourite hobby. And, as you can see, he looks as if he knows what he’s doing.

WELL, HE doesn’t, because here Lance is obviously in a bit of a pickle. He thought he was good enough to have a go at the old one ski and he was doing alright until he hit a nasty, choppy patch of water.

HE TRIED desperately but he couldn’t extract himself from what looked like a fate worse than a game of pool with Roger Holland. Holland. Splash.

BUT THANKFULLY Lance recovered from that humiliated experience and was able to chat with our special reporter/photographer Steve Double.

"If you don’t put that **** away I’ll spit you, ” he said. "Steve has five stitches over his left eye.

AS ROCK ‘n’ roll drops its last few breaths on its impotent death bed, the relations crowd round, blotting out the inevitable demise of the ageing dinosaur. Loud guitars, raucous nights, they’re just a Vaseline-tinged memory that flickers and expires before the eyes of the gaggle.

In the shadows, Blood Uncles are shown to a back room and presented with a short but precise test paper. Are they here to praise rock ‘n’ roll? Or to bury it?

Guitarist ‘Big’ John Duncan first came under surveillance as part of The Exploited (don’t hold that against him, readers), and now, with Jon Carmichael on vocals and Colin Macguire on bass they are Blood Uncles – a stout-hearted Scottish trio whose songs froth and bubble with heavy handed aggression.

To check the evidence, search out their debut 12-inch ‘Petrol’, a hard hearted explosion of sewer sensationalism – like your worst nightmare exposed in scandal sheet detail.

Are Blood Uncles dangerous?

Big John: “Yes.”

Jon: “Yes. To guilt ridden puritans – but they’re more dangerous than us.”

Colin: “Utterly. But only to people who can’t handle us correctly.”

Would you like to be banned?

“No. We’d rather infiltrate.”

Is rock ‘n’ roll a necessary evil?

Colin: “Music is evil in God’s eyes only.”

Do you bite chickens’ heads off?

Big John: “No. But I chopped a mole in half with a spade once.”

What colour is Blood Uncles’ money?

Jon: “Transparent.”


Rock is dead? Nah ... it’s just coughing and spluttering up in Scotland.

Blood Uncles just came to pay their respects, and to make their loud, dirty and pornographic records.

DAVE HENDERSON

NEW SINGLE

WAITING FOR THE NIGHT

OUT NOW ON 7" & EXTENDED 12"

LIMITED EDITION 12" WITH FREE PATCH

EMI
THE GOOD FATHER

(Manline Pictures)

A DEFINITELY grown-up, as opposed to 'adult', movie. The Good Father begins with a broken marriage and ends with a broken marriage. Yet in between, the two parties concerned have at least come to terms with the division between them.

Anthony Hopkins plays an enlightened 'feminist' husband whose world has fallen apart in time to the enlightened 'feminist' to terms with the division with a broken marriage. Yet in opposed to 'adult', movie, Academy 27.

Demanding than Police something a little more anybody with a yen for of work to be seen by barrister known to man.

The Japanese took over is aghast, and six months ago as the ensuing sound structures wall over the hall. Is it Phil Glass with phute, a little swing sound, some cooler than cool jazz, a touch of flamenco, a classic nod or, well, what? It's a thrill to watch, though, as each individual column is obviously heard over heels in love with what he's doing. The confidence and creativity flows. A lesson to us all.

DAVE HENDERSON

THE DREAM ACADEMY
The Dream Academy (Warner/Reprise Video)

QUARTER OF an hour of acid flashbacks, internal '80s footage, psychedelie feet and cut up images: the Academy's best break for public attention over these four tracks is an enjoyable enough interlude . but when does the main show start?

DAVE HENDERSON

THE CUTTHROAT COLUMN
Domo Arigato (Factory/Reprise)

VINI REILLY'S strange and, most times, beautiful music takes a turn towards being even more indescribable. Captured in all his glory on this live video set, the man is surrounded by some talented musicians on a selection of instruments which include viola, trumpet, xylophone and Vini's unmistakable guitar, keyboards and occasional vocals.

The Japanese onlookers are aghast, and six months ago as the ensuing sound structures wall over the hall. Is it Phil Glass with phute, a little swing sound, some cooler than cool jazz, a touch of flamenco, a classic nod or, well, what? It's a thrill to watch, though, as each individual column is obviously heard over heels in love with what he's doing. The confidence and creativity flows. A lesson to us all.

DAVE HENDERSON

FORBIDDEN PLANET

ALIENS (20th Century Fox)

SEQUELS ARE rarely as rewarding as the movies that spawned them, especially with a different director in the chair. So it is with a play born out of shear, edge-of-seat suspense and terror that I commend Aliens to everyone who thought the notion of a super-race of repulsive killing machines lying dormant on a distant planet had no shock value left in it.

Director James Cameron of Terminator fame) has preserved everything about Alien that made that film so dramatic and traumatic.

The functional, matter-of-factness of the settings, the tasteful, intelligible dialogue, the attention to characterisation, and, at the centre of it all, Sigourney Weaver, as the woman most men would like to be stranded in space with - as vulnerable as her male counterparts but ultimately tougher than most of them, a real '80s role model - all combine again to establish the essential credibility of a futuristic scenario through which death and destruction are about to cleave a new and unstoppable path.

The film opens with a warrant officer Ripley (Weaver) being rescued from her space station. As she recovers on a space station orbiting Earth, you know the very worst thing that could happen to her is to be sent back to the planet where the alien craft was discovered. And fate being cruell you know that's exactly what will happen to her, when her employers, the megalithic 'company', suddenly lose communications links with a team of space engineers and their families, who'd been sent out to pave the way for colonisation of that very same planet during the 57 years she'd been drifting, frozen in hyper-sleep.

So poor Ripley - whose story about the alien is received with scant credulity - finds herself returning with a heavily armoured commander squad to Acheron, the origin of her nightmares. The squad finds itself unable to support her story, but by then, it's already too late, because the alien colony, which has been multiplying rapidly, is a ready supply of human host material, already knows they're there . . .

So poor Ripley - whose subsequent fight for survival is no less gripping just because the outcome seems inevitable, nor the fate of Ms Weaver any more certain just because you desperately want her to make it. I can't remember the last time two-and-a-half hours of taut, evocative or so skin-crawlingly in a cinema.
DOING THE LAMBERT WALK

CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT was a hunk in Greystoke and a punk in Subway before graduating to immortality for Highlander, out this week. CHRIS ROBERTS makes eye contact.

THERE MAN has shared clinches with Isabelle Adjani, Catherine Deneuve and a bunch of hairy gruntin' Scots. Right now he has to settle for sharing a settee with me in the most tasteful hotel suite of all time. That's showbiz.

Christopher Lambert, currently embarrassed by the title of "film world's hottest property", is quietly but gamely sticking up for his new little epic 16-million-dollar production", Highlander. "It's an action movie. I have swordfights and it was fun to do."

But after the divinely enigmatic Subway, it's so conventional, tacky, unsurprising...

"In some ways... I would say the only unconventional thing was the way of filming, with Russell Mulcahy's vision being very different to Luc Besson's. Otherwise, that's true, it's quite a straight movie."

Today, though, my killer instinct is let down (raised up?) by a weakness for beauty. I am inches away from the intense eyes and beguiling voice that drive interesting women, women with no desire to pinch George Michael's bottom, crazier than a swinging blockbuster which will spread the fame of the Lambert visage and charisma while putting aesthetics on hold.

"I like Highlander for its extremes. When it's sad, it's really sad, and when it's funny, it's really funny. It's never a... middle..."

Unfortunately, said up is rarely more or less than... a... middle. Mulcahy's coteriein Alphena-meets-Duran direction leaves blithely along an unconsciously absurd and luridly violent plot. To the subtle, understated music of that fine young pop group Queen, we are transported across continents and centuries on the trail of our (eventually) 400-year-old hero, who starts life as a 16th century Scottish clanman, Conal MacLeod, and (doesn't) end it as an immortal vampire warrior. The Lambert is blunted (by special effects) rather than blunt in the role.

Lambert claims he only ever watches his own films once. How then does he judge or study his performance?

"It's an action movie. I love swordfights and it was fun to do."

"I noticed he snarls "love is for poets" (the best delivery of a line in the film), then promptly falls in love again!

"Of course! Of course! Because you can't help it. You can be the biggest macho or the weakest guy in the world; when it's on you, it's on you. You did it because you tried to stop it. You just have to go for it, take the risk. That's very important."

"It's not only good or bad. You have both sides. Everybody does."

"It's fascinating that people see cosmetics as a part of trying to look younger because they don't want to be normal, yes. But in the fantasy way - in this film - the character has to cope with what's happening, and it's better to accept it smiling than crying. You can't sit, you have to carry on walking all the time. Which is anyway the purpose of life. You can kill yourself or you can try to cope. This guy doesn't have the choice."

"I noticed he snarls "love is for poets" (the best delivery of a line in the film), then promptly falls in love again!

"You can't only be good or bad. You have both sides. Everybody does."

"I hope I'll always be surprised. I'm not aware of being a big name or anything. It's not interesting. What does interest me is what I'm doing next, and trying to create something." Lambert claims he only ever watches his own films once. How then does he judge or study his performance?

"It's not worth contemplating, or dwelt on something that had a nice feeling when you did. A smile, a look, whatever. Because once you start analysing, you might do things for effect, out of context. I don't know what my image is for people; if they're happy, then I'm happy."

"I'm not gonna fight against what they see. I used to analyse what I did when I was 15 or 16. I used to look in the mirror much more."

"But after the divinely enigmatic Subway, it's so conventional, tacky, unsurprising..."

"We stop, and carry on walking."
THE HENRY MANCINI ORCHESTRA 'The Thorn Birds Theme' (WEA) You will love this if you love the TV show and record on the page. This is clearly a comment on the state of the art.

THE NEON JUDGEMENT 'You're All Tangled Up In Me Again, Sam!' More Mafita: 'Come on honey, this is a gait, you haven't pulled this one like this in years. I was recently in Belgium with an orange-utan on the covers of a savage Childish brain-funk loop of disturbing intensity. More reptilian than any goddamn pachyderm you'll ever actively dislike Carroll. And even he's scratching his head. A cult for individuals.

CERONE 'Supernature' 5'5 Music Of Life 1986 Psychotic dance phenom revealed and reviewed. Messing/menacing I have, it's a terrible feature used to shuck around the sixth floor hall of a real clinic, it's not the possibility that I once made a mistake that I can't handle. Anyway it's a scholar and an acerbic and a rinky-dink paper's editor's nightmare. Furthermore Ceronne, a jingling, jangling sort of soul written two-best selling novels in the same year with Alain Delon. Now that's what I call funk.

GOODBYE MR MACKIE 'The Rattler' (Fast Forward) Hard to believe but this is the first time this Andes has been capably of garnering a good review. At least from someone as cool as me, too. Lordy lordy. This is, of course, untrue. I have no experience with Alain Delon. Such is the state of the art'.

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From another time comes a man of great power.
A man of incredible strength.
An immortal about to face his greatest challenge...

IN THE WEST END AND THROUGHOUT THE U.K.
FROM FRIDAY AUGUST 29TH
In fear of earwigs crawling through their heads, these strange JAMES boys tell JOHN WILDE about the bizarre phobias creeping through their pop music. Photo debris by IAN T. TILTON

EIGHTEEN MONTHS ago, James were just born and didn’t give interviews because “people hadn’t heard the music and we wanted them to decide what it was like before they took another person’s opinion”.

These days, four singles and one LP onward, they’ll talk until their tongues start rattling about in their heads and their faces turn deep purple.

“People have picked up on that ‘Scottie’; at its best a copulation between Syd Barrett’s ‘Baby Lemonade’, the Velvets ‘The Murder Mystery’ and some of The Laughing Clowns. ‘Oh, I’ve lost it all’,” James’ bespectacled Tim Booth is telling me that his song about earwigs crawling through your head, ‘Skullduggery’, comes from his kindergarten memory of “being told that earwigs crawl down the street with their clothes on grass. I only realised it was a fib the middle of last week”.

There are many such rum moments to be found on ‘Scottie’, at its best a sort of staccato between Syd Barrett’s ‘Baby Lemonade’, the Velvets’ ‘The Murder Mystery’ and some of The Laughing Clowns. *Oh, I’ve lost it all*.

“What we do,” Gavan intercepts, “is take those things and make them into a different perspective. Like being a kid, when you go out to the park and look at nature differently. You must be barmy.”

“People get so psychological about us,” Tim tells me. “They don’t really know where to put us. Those that call us ‘hippy’ get contradicted and confused when they see all these other sides.”

“What we do,” Gavan intercepts, “is push and shove and look at things with a different perspective. Like being a kid, when you go out to the park and look at nature differently, it fascinates you. As you grow older, you look at a tree and it’s just a tree.”

“You must be barmy.”

“James don’t take those things for granted, that’s all.”

THE CRAZY MUG
Status Quo
IN THE ARMY NOW
THE NEW ALBUM
FEATURING
THE HIT SINGLES ROLLIN’ HOME AND RED SKY
ON ALBUM, CASSETTE AND COMPACT DISC

ALL TRACKS PRODUCED BY PIP WILLIAMS FOR HANDLE ARTISTS, EXCEPT ROLLIN’ HOME & RED SKY PRODUCED BY DAVE EDMUNDS FOR DAVE EDMUNDS PRODUCTIONS LTD.
ALBUM VERH 36, CASSETTE VERH C 36, COMPACT DISC 830049-2
BACK TO THE FUTURE

I AM a 35-year-old enthusiast, into animal poetry. I have just returned from a three-year trip to India, and after reading your weekly tabloid, I find it very informative.

It's great to see that there are still plenty of good bands around like Wham!, Boy George and Chris De Burgh. Keep up the good work! — PJ Sidecup (PS: Super-Sign Spinak)

NAIVE RISING

I AM writing in reply to the letter about The Damned's tenth anniversary, Tr Tyre, written by a snivelling wimp called 'Captain Sensible's written by a snivelling wimp.'

HARE RAISING

Around like Wham!, Boy George, and The Damned. It's great to see that there are still plenty of good bands around like Wham!, Boy George and Chris De Burgh.

Back to the future

I AM just returned from a three-year trip to India, and after reading your weekly tabloid, I find it very informative.

I have just returned from a three-year trip to India, and after reading your weekly tabloid, I find it very informative.

We travelled from Newcastle (250 miles) on Saturday, but after the Screaming Blue Messiahs and the March Violets pulled out, we decided just to go to the Sunday concert. Which turned out to be a very wise move.

Pete Shelley was quite a lot better than saying what the song meant, although the cover of Sounds yet? Pull out those press cuttings and buy you a drink for all your efforts, we'd like to put out a plea for any bootlegs, badges, and bits of gossip that you might have.

As a postscript to this letter I would like to make a plea for a full-time student living all year round in Scotland, to concert promoters. Include those of us south of the Watford Gap on your agendas! In recent years we have been almost ignored by Queen, Bob Dylan, Yes, Roger Waters, ZZ Top, Bruce Springsteen, Robert Plant among a host of others, including most of the festival organisers.

Edinburgh is currently staging a world famous festival of art, where rock music is represented by three bands and three gigs over a month. I mean, what an opportunity for a rock festival. I want a change of attitude. — Kenny C, Edinburgh

Queen Mary

You MUST get sick of people writing in to complain, to slag you off, to get you worked up about a mission or to tell you their paper's no more. Well, I can't hold that against the guy. He wrote an amazing, fair and informative article about the gig which I, as a Queen fan, was perfectly happy with.

As for Mr Spencer being a club/political band leader, I don't think so. I was under the impression (noisyly or triumphantly) that he likes Deep Purple, hardly Kurt Marx. Good music mags as well as good journalists are hard to come by these days, so I feel I ought to let you know that here is one satisfied punter!

The Only Crowd

Yeah, it's**** well noticed that one of the August 16 issue was wearing in print. Just thought I'd write a short**** showing my ***** approval of this ***** to you. Incidentally you'd better **** well print this!

But let me rest my ostriches for a moment and take this opportunity to slag off your smart-assed single reviewers. They all seem to be more concerned with giving personal opinions and 'clever' - or what they think are funny - criticisms, rather than saying what the song sounds like. Nor do they give their reasons for these slaggings.

This is especially annoying when I want to know whether a band with which I am unfamiliar is worth investigating. Neil said Fangrod The Hillman, Derby

Poll Cate

Dear Jonh (can't spell his name correctly) Wilde, Hey! Guess what? I went to this really brilliant gig recently. It was in this mega-trendy club and all the 'in' people were there. All the clothes these cool people were wearing were absolutely marvellous, obviously costing a small fortune and just oh-so-chic, and the music?

Well, to tell the truth, who cares about music when you go to see a band nowadays? So long as the audience look pretty, what does it matter if the band were a talentless hybrid racket?

In the 1985 Swazzle Poll, Pendragon did astonishingly well, voted only just below The Jesus And Mary Chain in the Best New Band category. Their album, 'The Jewels', was also voted very highly, ranking alongside such megastars as Kate Bush, Dire Straits, U2, etc. The votes reflect their vast following who couldn't give a damn about who's trendy at the moment, but who judge music on its merits. For God's sake, why haven't Pendragon been featured on the cover of Sounds yet? Pull yourselves together and start writing about the bands which people are interested in, instead of insulting them and their audience.

If Pendragon were "the musical equivalent of dead dogs FLACS then Josh (I've even got a stupid and posy way of spelling my name) Wilde is the journalistic equivalent of a mugger feeding off said corpses. — Rob Hawkins, Nottingham

state of the art
dear splendid pop bands...pastels, primalis, jasmines and all you other utterly addictive bands who know we're talking about you!

Please, please bring the whole family with you and when you come and play the Stares, especially when you come to LA.

We don't want any more of Specimen/Kommissary FK/Bershale Buiers opening for The Jesus And Mary Chain! We're drowning in seaside fashions.

And while we've got your attention, we'd like to put out a plea for any bootlegs, badges, and bits of gossip from any person who understands. It would be sincerely appreciated! — Lorelies and friends, PO Box 787, Stantnon, CA 90680, USA

A Smile and a Handshake

I WOULD like to send a big hello to all those normal animals who were at Donington throwing plastic bottles and tin cans, several of which were full of delicious looking liquid. (So original.)

A bag head, too, to the dickheads who pulled down trees to light fires. Thanks to you, our days using Donington as a festival site could be numbered. Cheers.

And finally, a big round of applause to British Rail, whose train timetables at the end of the night were an insult. BR, you must definitely are not getting there (and nor were we).

This is for the generation we had in getting home.— Duncanl, London
NOBODY EXPECTS

flowery toilet paper, a
bidet and fresh warm
towels at an outdoor
concert, but at Knebworth
an old newspaper and a
bucket of disinfectant
would have been a 200 per
cent improvement.

The so-called ‘toilets’
provided by the organisers
were so unbelievable that a
dog or cat would have
given them a wide berth.

They were wooden
boxes with a hole in the
top which were dry, smelly
and not fit for any living
thing to use. (Even the flies
stayed away.)

Were the bands
appearing that day aware,
or even bothered about, the
conditions other human
beings like ourselves were
provided with? It was not
even possible to wait with
our legs crossed until after
the concert to use a normal
toilet, since everyone was
there from 9.30 am to
10.30 pm.

It’s about time the
supergroups took more
interest and care of their
fans at big concerts like
Knebworth!

- Two very
disgusted Queen fans,
Glasgow

Illustration by Simon Cooper

ACROSS
1. Carte Blanche from Hurricane (4.4.3) 8. On my hols, a mad tan
provokes me into standing and delivering (4.3. anag) 9. Winwood’s
old faith (5) 10. Do it to the beat, says Debs (3) 11. Memphis’ top soul
label (2) 12. Talking Heads’ only people (8) 14. As ridden by the smelly
Cabinet Voltaire (5.3) 17. Sabs lit ‘em with neon (5) 19. They’ve got
lots of money (5) 20. What Lou Reed’s always wanting (3) 23.
Poverty’s side of the moon (4) 24. Grampa want to claim him (3) 26.
One of which creamy Disraeli had several (4) 27. Who only knows about
The Beach Boys? (2) 28. Anti-System’s glance at the system? (4)

DOWN
1. She’s on a distant shore (6.5) 2. Autobahn joy riders (9) 3. Prophets/Report (3.4) 4. ‘The skill’ of noise (3) 5. It’s Mark K demands
that Paul D shows him (4.5.1) 6. Wonderlanding Cooper (5) 7. Bear
for soul man Pendergrass (5) 8. Do it till you drop, says Cooder (3) 9.
Are his fingers breadcrumbed... and does Captain Birds Eye know?!? (4)
10. She let him take off her party dress (6) 11. Sheer (3) 12. Hit And Run (3) 13. Last years new reincoal (6) 14. Elton set it on fire... wow! (3) 15.
Level 42’s machine (5) 16. Their new world’s grave... and so are all ours! (9) 17. Scotch-Heron returns from the lig (3) 18. You don’t look very well
you’re a shadow of your former self (3) 19. You got an answer (3) 20. Scot-Heron returns from the lig (3) 21. What you don’t know the answer for
maybe you could call up Judy (4) 22. Light a big fire. charlene

Light a big fire. charlene

WED. 27th. AUG: MARQUEE / THURS. 11th. SEPT: DINGWALLS.
HUMAN/MAN 1 Playing With A Different Skin (included lyric sheet) May 1981
Tracks: Don't Lie Back (That's When It's Worth It) / Instant Touch / Beds Without Stress / Plastic Flowers / Tongue In Cheek / Stepping Out Of Line / Shakedown / America
AKA Records AKA 6 Live in Berlin August 1983
Tracks: Headache For Michelle / Dear John / Love Song / Set Up / Inconvenience / Armageddon / We're So Cool / Cum Again / Peace Of My Heart
One Au Pairs track; 'Come Again', was included on the compilation album 'Urgh!' A Musical War on A&M (AMLX 46492).
Alastair notes: "Some Au Pairs songs were known under slightly different titles; I’ve solidarity them all as per the record sleeves.
'Some Au Pairs released on the Au Pairs singles were different versions from any LP equivalent. The record worthy of most the comment is 'Live In Berlin', LP, which I assume to have been issued in response to the bootleg 'Equally Different', which was taken from a soundtrack tape of a gig at the Berlin Tempodrom on June 20 1981, as part of a Women's Festival. Tapes of this show, plus the bootleg mentioned, were very widely distributed; good quality recordings, with the only problem being 'Headache For Michelle' facing out early. The official record is of the same gig, and while quite as obviously immediate, the song order is unfortunately muddled around, so we miss out on such delights as 'Die' seguing into 'It's Obvious'.
'The earliest tape I have of the band includes a song called 'Monopoly', which was never recorded officially. Their only other unrecorded song that I know of is 'Half Of You' (which may not or may not be the actual title), it may have been a cover – does anybody know?"

I THOUGHT we'd seen the last of solo releases by members of Wire, but Tee Nilsen of Lompock in Sweden has taken the long-distance trouble to dig up 'Out Again'.
You seem to have forgotten Robert Gordon completely, but he appeared on all three of Colin Newman's solo albums. He also played guitar on the track "Manual Descent" on Fad Gadget's album 'Inconflint' (Mute STUM 65), which he also co-wrote. Gordon was also involved in the group named "Sisters Of Mercy" and released a single "Teenage Head"/Lights Out on the Dynamix (Dymo-506). On the same label, they also had a track on the compilation album 'Light Up The Dynamic (TYR 33000)
"Colin Newman has a new album due out called "Sister Of Mercy" in Begium, to be "completely different", it's also recorded and produced by one track on the Minimal Compact LP. Rumour suggests that he hasn't recorded for such a long time because of a lengthy trip to India, incidentally, on the track included on Newman's Parts Unknown album 'Out Again', Bruce Gilbert played guitar.
"I also know of three vinyl bootlegs from years gone by featuring Wire: "Domino Live" (Sex 3504), with Wire and Magazine; "The Legendary Marquee Wars" (Plasticade LPCD 1), a 12-inch 33 rpm EP with two-cemo tracks; and "Minilite" (Domino/Darkroom), issued in Germany.
S.E. Croasdale, who supplied the original solo listings of the Wire members, brings it up to date by noting that Graham Lewis has recently released another solo 12-inch single as He Said, namely: "Mute MUTE 43 'Pump' / To And For / Pumps" (instrumental)."
It Bites
The Big Lad in The Windmill
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and All In Red

At Virgin

See It Bites on tour

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GUILDHALL ■ 23rd GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL ■ 24th AYLESBURY CIVIC CENTRE ■ 25th MANCHESTER
INTERNATIONAL ■ 26th NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY ■ 28th BIRMINGHAM ODEON ■ 29th LEEDS UNIVERSITY
■ 30th SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY

OCTOBER
■ 2nd MANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC ■ 3rd LONDON CITY UNIVERSITY ■ 5th LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC
■ 7th LONDON TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
Listen up! Ambition may be the result of having a possessive, overbearing mother, but just eat a big avocado salad and you'll be solid. And eat it hot or cold — they're the same thing. You diggin' this bad-assed jive? Cameo's LARRY BLACKMON gives CHRIS ROBERTS the word

"You pretty ladies around the world! Got a weird thing to show you . . ."  
("Word Up")

BLACK NARCISSUS is healthier than you or I ever were. His absurd shades veil a monstrous, bolging pair of eyes, but nowhere are the effects of Limelighting till 4am then jazz nowhere are the effects of monstrous, bulging pair of eyes, but 'Word Up' is set on a daily events. I refuse to make myself crazy about . . ."

I'm sober and a bit knackered so I just interview him too, until my lack of cohesion allows him to rumble on quite spectacularly about the regular order of things and how to see it. It reaches the stage where afterwards the kindly press officer says, "I hope he didn't get too transcendent on you."

"But that's the sort of stuff I love," I say, "it's just they won't print it."

"I'm a warrior," says Larry Blackmon. "I need to be in the field, in the rough, on the front line. That way's a lot better. I'm not looking to see who's winning the war, I'm too busy winning my everyday battles."

Against what?

"Against any likelihood of us not being successful."

What are the obstacles?

"Ourselves. A lack of self-discipline. You learn order, it pays you back. Any logical person — you don't really have to be religious — must be able to see that. Like — hot and cold are the same thing, but different polarities. It all connects."

You have a hard beauty, don't you? "It's just black rock 'n' roll, man." I'll buy that.

A BRIEF Cameo: the American funk giants have made eleven albums and sold 20 million plus. Recently, singles like 'She's Strange' and 'Single Life' have been successful. However, it's just black rock 'n' roll, man. You know what I mean? Nothing barbaric. I mean in terms of . . . I see my goals, I pursue them. It's my duty. As long as you set goals that benefit you and others, they can be attained in a healthy manner, with just good hard work.

"We try not to work with people who can't put in emotion. And some can't, let's face it. And that's OK too. Isn't that alright? For anybody to be whatever the hell it is they're being?"

How, then, does Cameo benefit other people?

"By perpetuating good, not evil. Not satanic subliminal suggestion. Not bad negative thoughts. Not hurting someone else. Play, we live our examples. Like they say, 'where are you going to cut yourself in a barometer — if everybody in this hotel was like me, what kind of a hotel would this be?'

"I'm just not willing to sit around getting your stuff together."

Where does all your high ambition stem from?

"I don't know . . . Freud said it came from possessive, overbearing mothers. I don't necessarily agree with that."

Cameo's "organization" also oversells, produces and releases records by Cashflow, Bonnie Pointer, Barbara Mitchell and Bobby Brown. A Larry Blackmon solo album, 'Product Of America', will follow Cameo's next, which will include a song called 'You Can Have The World (If You Want It').

December's attempt by another music group to depict Cameo as funk's political conscience were, however, grossly rose-tinted and laboriously naive. Cameo simply make great steamy dance music; here's one Plaid Cymru voter who's not afraid to say so.

"Have we all lost faith in being individuals? And appreciating others? I've found if you just give people basic respect, you get that back. Hey — I sound like I have all the answers man, but I really don't. I've fought . . . I say these things 'cos I know. Ignorance is bliss to a degree. Knowledge can be a curse if you don't apply it."

"Everybody looking for this castle with marble and ivory pillars on top of a mountain, but life is journey. It's about learning, glorifying, hearing the soul and being enriched that way. What's the sense in living a long life if it's miserable?"

"I say all these crazy atrocities on the planet are down to mass cases of bad nutrition. What the world needs now is one big avocado salad! Hey, that'll be the name of my next song. I like that."
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IT BITES "The Big Lad In The Windmill" (Virgin V2371787)

LIKE BEING hit on the head by a flying darts while swimming in the Dead Sea, it Bites are unexpected and by me, at least, unwanted. They are one of those groups who seem to come from nowhere - via a slot on Wogan - to prominence in the blink of a camera shutter. A typical PHONEY'D Places Help Our Company Needs Extra Exposure, Ooh-ho-ho band, you may think. Maybe not.

The first time I might have noticed them was when I saw, somewhat they blogged prime time on TV courtesy of Irish Terry And His Treble Perfuming Chris, but It Bites (illegible) in mid-'70s poms and circumstance - do have some history to mention. They weren't formed in a record company boardroom, but in some bored room in Empetrum.

Being out in the provinces, maintaining Virgin, has helped the band develop their own original style instead of according to the influence of fickle musical trends and fashions. This is publicly speak, meaning that the four boys - Francis, John, Robert and - sit around for a year of Sundays practising their scales to Yes, Genesis, Steely Dan and Marillion LPs. It Bites chew on that sort of smooth, techno-rock tradition. I have no doubt that they will be huge. Neither did the management company who picked them up and signed them to Barnacle Brian's. What normally happens next is the classic PUSH. Most bands who get to "support a band" and tour have to pay to do so (special guests get special rates). It Bites, it says here, "were asked by Go West to open for their UK tour'. TV and radio exposure followed as naturally a dosing puppy a carrot, and with it came the minor hit, "Calling All The Heroes", included on this debut album.

So now you know the where, where, what and how of the outfit, do the band actually sound like? In three words: rock-pop-slop, albeit sophisticated to the point of incoherence. The secret of their impending huge success? It Bites don't, and toothless tunes rule the chart roost.

THROWING MUSES: wouldn't you like them pouring out of your cold tap?

CLOTHES like armor, I love your face like God'. I hear lines like 'The Most' shrilly promising American debut album since 'Throwing Muses': wouldn't you like them pouring out of your cold tap?

MUSE WORTHY

WARLOCK 'True As Steel' (Vertigo VERH 4119715)

HAVING BRAVELY suffered the ultimate indignity of warmup a crowd for Bad News at Donnington, things can only improve for Germany's Warlock. 'True As Steel' is a start, large and sounds better than the hard but hollow ring of '85's 'Helldorado', brighter, sharper, more varied and every bit as toonish. Yet it's also surprisingly cold, flatly unemotional, the kind of dry metal I remember Philip Lynott describing on an old acid issue as "too Germanic", meaning too rigorous and too starchy. Take the opening gambit, 'Mr Gold', plenty of smart in 'n' rumble, yet it's all so bland and directionless. It sounds, as if their hearts are in it, but not their brains. Warlock main well but what they have is stretched paper thin over a whole album.

Goofy inarticulacy isn't really the problem - ideas like 'Igro On The Moon' (I) and 'Worwarts, Alright' (I) are, to my mind, a big plus. At least there's a few laughs to relieve the boredom.

And boring it is. Only 'TOL' (don't ask) and 'Love Song' reveal some degree of warmth and sparkle. Elsewhere, Warlock briskly rifle through old blueprints, heedlessly plundering adolescent ideas.

The end product is a perfect, popular festival act. For OZ but forgotten in half that time. PAUL ELLIOTT

RITUAL TENSION 'I'm Here' (Space Records 5624) ****1/2 WHERE DO they live? New York, that's where.

Perhaps this could explain the angelic sublimity of those lyrics which are snarled rather than sung.

Ritual Tension are different: they're moody little beggars and proud of it. Their music is hard-edged and fierce. Tracks like 'The Wrong Tack' are furiously weird but not totally depressing - their excitement is brawling. And lyrics such as "Now Jimmy, Zulu and her main man Ray/Shakin' like Susan/Baby, I'm pinning on you/They're in love with the Lady with Reversible Eyes' (To Die To Be Is Fast) are surely not what I'd call dull.

That's not their debut album but I'm certain there'll be more. They've got your best interests at heart.

CHRIS ROBERTS

SOUND SCENE: a summary of the music week

SONIC YOUTH, and there's more than a hint of Nick Cave too. But this isn't really original, comparisons made are for you, the reader, to identify with this group, with this music. Trust me, people, I've got your best interests at heart.

'I Live Here' is hypnotic, rigorous and somehow addictive. It will grip and pull you to its rough artistry. You want more? Wait for a tour, or move to New York - a small sacrifice for such a big sound.

KEZ OWEN

VARIOUS ARTISTS '1966 Garage 1970' (Cubecore Records G005) ****1/2

ELEVEN ANIMALS get down on their knees and bury their plectrums into some of the finest music this side of heaven.

This is a collection of covers spanning '66 to '70, featuring classics like 'Instinct Kama', majestically reconstructed by Charles De Gaul. Then there's Cream's 'N.S.U.', given new life by Band of Baroque Bordello; and the Velvets' 'Venus In Furs', stripped down and defiled.

Unknown names perhaps, but there are NO EXCISIONS (excluding The Outsiders who 're American) are more than familiar. The point is to show the bony bits of rock's heritage.

Here we have homey with style, harmonious and interwoven in its presentation, charming and explosive in its delivery.

Tune into France's Eurotrance(Paris has that name) doing an injustice - in the nicest possible way - to the Seeds' epic 'Pushin' Too Hard' and Stahler's 'Ritual Tension'.

One question that rears its ugly kork is: Why, Well, it's hard to answer. It's as unnecessary at the time and it makes for a great headtrip. Kinda like a punk version of The Mike Sammes Singers covering rock's inextricable beat.

DAVE HENDERSON

THE DAZZ BAND 'Wild And Free' (Geffen 924 110-1) ***3/4 CON FUNK

WHILE you're in America, if you don't know the Dazz Band, you're missing out.

The question is, is it worth the money? (Garage Records GAR 005) ****1/2

GIVE MOST producers a go and they're into it. The Dazz Band are highly addictive. It will grip and pull you to its rough artistry. You want more? Wait for a tour, or move to New York - a small sacrifice for such a big sound.

TAKE the opening gambit, "Take the opening gambit, 'Funkadelic' (Atlantic 1101), and 'The Real Thing' (Warner Bros 2537), and 'Think' (Motown 5564), and you're left with a whale of a hangover.

So, praising God has been said to be the holy man in me, all the time and it makes for a great headtrip. Kinda like a punk version of The Mike Sammes Singers covering rock's inextricable beat.

KEZ OWEN

KEZ OWEN

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KEZ OWEN
Harris, proves he can lay it on thick on 'Hoaks In Me', one of an otherwise satisfactory slab of songs from one of those funk conglomerates who seem to have been around since the year dot. Like an old couple, these bands appear to grow alike over the years, and the borrowing of musical references is the norm rather than the exception. So does the opening number (and title track), suspiciously swive ideas from Zapp or is it the essence of that whole 'Lil Jon? 'LUV MIA (tissue) is in Action!' costing in on攫 Jackson or providing with its inspirations.

Shucks, they're both decent songs so it qualifies as a couple of ballads (check) and a nice tune called 'Sunglasses'. Suits me.

Cun Funk Shun go against the grain by placing their title song second (pretty damn radical, huh?) and boast an economical line-up of seven against the eight of Dazz! More in line with the Earth, Wind And Fire approach of the all-round soul outfit, these would be Daley Thompsons of funk make the right noises without over ever really punching through with a great song.

As functional as any tatty thing with a mod, and as about as exciting...


d zarówno as

IVY GREEN Whatever They Hype (Circo Delin Tape CRB/85) ****

IVY GREEN makes the score about 19 minutes out of 24 tracks. As intangibly as they might have a bony suture as a rain forest. Sorry, I run out of Dutch jokes halfway through that sentence.

IVY Green took their name from a Charles Dickens poem. The drummer was 12 when they started. With this record, you just a free booklet written in Friese, by Sivie To. Soulful and rest ever, I rest me. Chris Roberts.

DENNIS BROWN Hold Tight (Greenhouse Records LLP 21) ****

What a bit of luck finding this in the reviews cupboard! After suffering from withdrawal symptoms following a recent bout of summer festivals, this record is a welcome fix.

This is reggae at its best. Dennis Brown is the Jah master of reggae, and here he harmonises with Al Campbell on an album full of the customary reggae beats. But reggae has to be traditional. Sure, there different levels and different tempos, but when it comes down to it, roots are roots, and you've got to get down and dig 'em baby. But don't dig too far; this is meant to be easy listening, no hand-wrenched, songs like 'Hold Tight'. Indispensable woman 'Tell In My Heart' music just beneath the surface one sweep of your droolcocks and there they are a buckin' and a-drillin' and absolutely loving with House and 'woahow'.

So how are brothers and sisters, blow out that incense stick, just say goodbye to your local music box and buy this album! Then whatever you do, 'Hold Tight', hang loose and don't ever go! BOBBY WHITE

BOB HOPE TO DIE 'The Living Embodiment Of Jimi Hendrix' (Back NCH LP) ****

Are Bob Hope To Die merely the 'living embodiment' of all things gruff and of grumpiness? Would they be better off calling themselves Nick Cave's Stubbies? Have they any original ideas? Bob are not as blatant as Voodoo Child, who play Hendrix covers and wash them with a black guitarist who holds a vehement love for Hendrix who aren't good enough. In fact, it's difficult to pin down exactly where they're at or, even better, where they're trying to go.

'The Living Embodiment' is rather rough, and I'm not sure they've got the range. I tend to recommend this album except to say that it is noise. Rolyoly, spat out, grinding noises leave little to the imagination, it's an uncomfortable album which, most times, has little to do with light and shade.

DAVE HENDERSON

GWEN GUTHRIE Good To Go Lover (Polydor POLY 35030) ****

Material Girl, gives up the ghost in exchange for a showband flavo So ran the headlines, and -timelike-loving Gwen had to admit that they had gone quite right. This record may pay a few bills but it also more just a small niggle. "Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But the Rent")

A seductive prettiness infects every track; it's hard getting worse. The song 'So You Worked Out' is a showband flavo So ran the headlines, and -timelike-loving Gwen had to admit that they had gone quite right. This record may pay a few bills but it also more just a small niggle. "Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But the Rent")

isn't anything to this. It is the sort of slick that Bon Jovi are the sort of chops that just can't help but drop their trousers in the presence of women - yet we've known that all along, right? After all, rock 'n' roll's been publicly scratching its groins and winking laddish promises for 30-odd years now, and such minor indiscretions have always been overlooked so long as the music doesn't flop around inanity. 'Slippery When Wet? Sodalminal, lads.

Anyway, put alongside the kind of tripe we've come to expect from, for example, Kiss ('Put yer hand in my pocket, grab on to my rocket...'), Bon Jovi's verse reads like Reels (did I really say Reels? Part II), Fine rock it is.

And it's not all dumb bump *n* swagger either. No longer just a simple, attractive if cliched pop plop, Bon Jovi's material is now developing far greater flavour and diversity. 'Wanted Dead Or Alive' provides the basic illustration, an acoustic-laden, loping; cowpok epic, the kind of song which impressionism had left to them to lay away from before. Jon, I'm told, is quite partial to the old drop of Thin Lizzie and Bad Company, and on this track the influences show plainly enough.

It's all quite a contrast to the preceding 'Social Disease' (Bar B. bar Bar), an exaggerated trashy homage full of beery riffing and splashes of vintage Van Halen-like larceny. 'Let It Rock' opens the record throwing similar shapes with rapping confidence, but when 'Raise Your Hands' tries to do likewise at the outset of side two, it tends to labour the point somewhat.

But I guess that's their style, and it's certainly far more convincing than the seemingly taken lowly-dovey sugahump, 'Never Say Goodbye' (like an undernourished Aretha).

That said, there's still ample proof on 'Slippery' of their determination to tread lightly around rock's standardised_pitch and pigmould and mould some sort of individually out of genuine songs as opposed to mere formula packaging. Bon Jovi - just not a pretty face and a warm pair of ankles.

PAUL ELLIOTT
TIPPING IRE 'Is It Really Happening To Me'?
(Green Island/UK Buggers TP (LP) ***1/2)

CHECK the title of this debut album. Therein lies the key to the immense charm of Tippin' Irie, a young man from the Saxon Army who can't quite believe he's actually trying to get to foreign lands and the cash crops of relative affluence. Wide awake and grinning, from Greedham with a smile, 'Is It Really Happening To Me' is perhaps the first lyrical record I've heard all year.

Mr Irie has the positive perspective of youthful energy. He's real and sweet, and you can taste it.

As a central figure in the relatively obscure reggae Hi-Cing along with Smiley Culture, Tippin' Irie has a triple-bungled grasp of the need for lyrical vehemence, with a certain open-mindedness. Pop percolates through these grooves but not at the expense of the idiom's roots. It's that along with their ability to chat complete short stories, that separates the UK Buggers from their brother rappers in America, whose fragmented thoughts inevitably focuss on the size of their tips or their pencil appetites. Even so, on the one occasion Tippin' Irie celebrates his own skills on 'It's Good To Have Feeling You're The Best', one isn't left with the impression that here's a guy whose head is as big as the sky. Part of this must be due to his delivery, which is like having a silk worm tippling into your ear, in contrast to the ninja-man with a loudhailer who has no doubt about it.

There's also an Everyman aspect to Papa (Papa). His lyrical themes are easy to identify with, and range from the 'Complaining East Neighbour' whose gripe about the quiet life is first winged Tippe to national prominence, through his pupil-pushing thoughts on 'Married Life', to a weapon called the 'Football Hoody' and wearing your house caled, is as the tale of The Unlucky Burglar'.

If there's one aspect of this album that riggishes, though, and new - as the blurred joke upon the back of the sleeve will attest - Quo are back, with a couple of hit singles, a couple of support's, for Queen and a new chart-bound album. And in some ways, 'In The Army Now' is Quo's most complete and comfortable work to date. The sound is softer and less didactically demanding, suggestive rather than downright insistent. Contrast this album's 'Calling' with the blueprint upon which it is based, most overwhelmingly 'Don't Waste My Time', and taste the difference. The group, under new many, the renewed stress placed upon Andy Bown's keyboards, the popper, less arrogant production of all these combine to make this new Status Quo one more se- rious and more worthy con- tendor in the latter part of the '80s.

Bottering the dynamic of Ross and Parfitt, and contributing considerably in terms of musicianship and songwriting (the credits on this album make it quite clear that this is a group and not merely the old guard plus a supporting cast) are Jeff RIch, ever so briefly of Def Leppard, on drums, someone called Rhino Ed- wards on bass and the ever-reliable Bowen on keyboards. These three, as much as Batman and Robin, are to be congratulated on this album in breathing: fresh life into one of the more time- less insulations of British rock and pop.

Obviously there's nothing here to rival the simple rock palledever mentality of the prime time 'Down Down', "Rip' or 'Mystry Song', and then that isn't the game any more. Over a more longish album, the new look and confident Status Quo explore a variety of feels and values. This band has finally, matured. And as long as you're prepared to part with the icon that shaped and those long hours of mind- less boogie, this is good news.

ROGER HOLLAND

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pranced his way through the textbook of ego massage, blinded by his own reflection. In the end, Giant were all that their name suggested – big, loud, and empty.

GRAHAME BENT

POISON

Los Angeles

POISON ARE TO rock 'n' roll what McDonald's is to eating – disgusting, disposable, and ridiculously successful. Supported by testimonials such as "with Poison it's always been entertainment or death" (to quote the official Capital Records biography), the outfit's notoriety precedes them and they could currently be construed as LA's 'in' sin. Poison perspire with the very essence of decadence. They're sycophants in feathers, choreographed more stylishly than Michael Jackson, offering unnilified energy from every clodgy groove.

Their consistently hungry hooves are cushioned by Bret Michael's laid lyrically gifted (transcribed straight from toilet-walls), and material culled from their debut album 'Look What The Cat Dragged In' (which has maintained a healthful circulation in the Sounds import chart for almost three months) boasts a definitive zest unparalleled by their contemporaries. Poison do not profess expertise or even more adequacy as technicians. They have, however, perfected the fine art of feral pandering.

Tacky? Maybe. But so were Kiss, Girl, New York Dolls, Mötley Crüe.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

LOVE AND MONEY

Heaven

SPREADING GUFFS worthy of Jimmy D himself and wearing their 5/do with pride, Love And Money are really into Americania. They've all got the first Velvet album and everything. In short, they could only come from one place and that's Glasgow. It's all true but it's also misleading. Love And Money are substantially rooted in the USA in terms of both peripherals and music, but at least half of their fascination is a shot-in-the-arm at the worst excesses of rampant American enterprise.

Subverting the cliched philosophy of yuppieism and tying it to a blistering rock-ribbed funk, they take a swipe at Reagonomics and the idea of pop music as an opiate. "We're the voice with these guitar licks." It's not their cynicism a little close to the wind, songs like 'Love And Money' and 'Candybar Express', where a net of ironic go-getting catchphrases lose a lot of their irony. A display of technically brillant and, indeed, judicious rifferra also distracts eyes from noticing tongues in cheeks.

Apart from this, the very perfectionist nature of their stuff, their bargain-bin numbers often works against them. Then's so much going on that you end up noticing nothing. Altogether more successful are the slower numbers, like the new single 'Dear John', which recalls yesterday's Van Morrison in both style and sentiment.

All you need is... Love And Money. That may be true, but this lot would be advised to tone down the faux-TNT.

ROY WILKINSON

THE PRIMITIVES

Dingwalls

WHEN THE pathetic trash of a thousand new signings has finally found its rightful place in the waste disposal chute of pop's tower-block, what will we be left with? The primal belligerence of four tear-scarred teenagers perhaps? If not, the lust for life was gauged from the rotten recesses of your dead heart long ago, there still beats a blood-red organ, rib-cage bound, earthy, streetwise. This sound, the most basic reverberation of youth and devastates, will forever be your guiding star.

Tonight, for once, the light shivers bright on a fandango... twinkling in the apple of pop's eye.

The primitives make me remember why I used to love the Mary Chain. That mixture of hatred and harmonies, drum and guitar, that was the core of all pop (that's pop as in 'pop off, parents') from Presley to the Pistols. When Tracy visas the microphone, my tops are ready to amplify her lustrous lines, but six buzz-string's of the apocolypse kick my feet away, screaming feedback at my soles.

What the Red brothers have lost, The Primitives have found and taken to their hearts – such good hearts... ready to return it to you on the cutting edge of a scalpel. The Primitives give me with a stage presence that says 'harshness' but a sound that means business. If you want a cushion for your flabby life, go back to the wall, but if you want to jump and never hit the floor then you'll know what I'm saying. Pop lives and dies inside the space of a two-minute song; that's what The Primitives are saying. Just listen.

RICKY KILDARE

GIANT/THME RUTKOWSKIS

Glasgow Fix Club

WHY AREN'T WE BUSIER? It must be because it's the Glasgow music biz's weekly night out, Members of various Glasgow bands, their managers and assorted folk are, going through the slavish and hackneyed ritual of 'checking out' bands and maintaining 'visibility'.

The Rutkowski sisters – aka Deidre and Louise, formerly of Sunset Gun – open the evening's entertainment, accompanied by a sax player and Alan McKaskal. Thompson of 'The Painted Word' on guitar. They play a brief three song set and, while there's no denying the power and quality of the girl's voices, there's a certain absence of any stage presence. But peer group acceptance sees through them; the applause is warm, reputations are secure and everybody's happy...

for the moment.

For reasons best known to himself, the house DJ kept hyping the countdown to Giant's imminent arrival on stage. Why any band would choose to name themselves after a second-rate, sprawling guy is seriously in love with his own record isn't clear to me, but little did I know how apt their choice was going to be...

After a suitably slick start, things rapidly ground to a halt, courtesy of a wayward snare drum. This prompted the frontman into an on-the-spot ad-lib, 'This Blasted Sharno Blues', which he filled with pearls of wisdom like "You can't break my heart, but you can't take my dignity." OK, he was ad libbing, but he wasn't joking because this guy is seriously in love with himself!

With the necessary repairs completed, Giant slid into their big, bland groove, a monumental pop vacuum with no particular place to go. Meanwhile, the vocalist...
ANNETTE PEACOCK

Ronnie Scott's

WHEN ANNETTE Peacock sings, the bar staff whisper. This interests me but still the context, the concept of blues for rich people, is offensively precious. 'I Have No Feelings,' she cries, like a Camden Look Nico. It's pure but it's also rate.

When her auras but ambient band clock in and lock in, it's shockingly wide, more of a worrying wave. It's all also well weird. I notice the sweet sighs to induce a detachment. If the setting is a tunnel, the music is a swirling detritus of urban blight. Such insubstantial familiarity. He was 'There's the Be', he asked that most rhetorical question, 'Can Your Monkey Do The Dog?'. He spread his arms, hised his knee and gave birth to the Funky Chicken.

RUFUS THOMAS

Kentish Town Town And Country Club

RUFUS THOMAS is the shadow of his (albeit sublime) former self. He is the incarnation of the most rhetorical question, 'Can Your Monkey Do The Dog?'. He spread his arms, hised his knee and gave birth to the Funky Chicken.

RICKY KILDARE

Bow Gamelan Ensemble

ICA

TRULY THE art of noise/noise of art.

ROY WILKINSON

matchless abounds. If you wanted to define the meaning of the word 'indiscernible' an insubstantial kid, the eye never needs to let them look at the four faces of The Fabulous Gender Bender.

Kristie Scott seems particularly disaffected with the stage — there isn’t one. But as I pointed out to the band after the gig (smarm, smarm), it’s like the entire audience is onstage with you, I really did say that.

A fair proportion of those things that can go wrong oblige, with Scary unerringly yanking the mike lead from the PA amp at regular intervals, staring blankly at the inert gadget like a puzzled cat pawing at a half-dead mouse.

Anywhere else, such a performance would probably justify mass hark-ari by the band, but at least things can only get better! The Fab QBs have the gum of a good set here, the main criticism being that the generally frantic pace of the set (average speed mach two) is undermined by the excessive length of the majority of their numbers. Scary is a lovely mover, with appropriately fabulous red boots, and is a 'booster' to boot ("well, ohm," says Louise, who knows about these matters), and guitarist Harriet bounces the ceiling of the bar downstairs with the trampoline spring of a bedroom Johnny Thunders. They have a nice balance between shawn and glam. They may just have the qualifications to fill the suddenly vacated void by the demise of Nanci Rickie.

ANDY HURT

The Art Of Noise

The FOUNTAINHEAD

Hammersmith Odeon

JULY 4th: It's like the Art Of Noise get off playing their game. These two pranksters cavort around the charts like it's a playground for any old computer programmers with a flair for pranksters. But before all this came to a thousand and one answers to the simple question The Art Of Noise pose, I do for no concessions. It’s not so much竟ching as totally uninteresting watching these campmen, these two mindsful 520 of course, do to what any self-respecting hophead could do with two turntables. But through the genre of a live concert that sparkle of their names is lost. The Art Of Noise replace the concert pianist, they try for a switched-on B-52 - Rufus is asking for no concessions. Matching Cameo on the cameo, Screamin' Jay on the Richter scale and the deeply felt rhythmic eccentricity. He starts walking his dog and found some dog’s chances. All this and the electrifying six-piece band, wearing a cape over a shroud-embroided, shocking yellow suit — replete with a collar which would provide adequate wing area for a B-52. Rufus is asking for more concessions.

RUFUS THOMAS is the shadow of his (albeit sublime) former self. He is the incarnation of the most rhetorical question, 'Can Your Monkey Do The Dog?'. He spread his arms, hised his knee and gave birth to the Funky Chicken.

DAVID ELLIOTT

Ricky Kildare

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Cheeringly, THE NEON JUDGEMENT are selling plenty in Belgium and, given some exposure, will do so in Britain. CHRIS ROBERTS caught the nightclub to Brussels to find a little, lethal rock 'n' roll consciousness.

On my first ever night in Brussels, at my first ever Neon Judgement performance, I got knocked out.

No more than that. I get sent flying.

This is a novel experience and is quite fun. Whole. Mmm. It's almost as much fun as being unceremoniously shoved back into the pulsating bedazzled throes of true believers who are chanting: "Ni-on! Ni-on!" with eyes into the pulsating bedazzled almost as much fun as being down. The charts is all... one line. To spread confusion. Always. The atmosphere, ambiance and attitude are magnificently cynical and physiologically effective. Neon, victims and would-be assassins of a morphine-soaked cotton-wool culture, know that awkwardly white-hot means a lot more sparks than liberally red-hot.

Cocking it, they are selling plenty in Belgium now, and given some exposure will do so in Britain.

We drink, and the next morning Michel, Kenny's right-hand henchman at the helm of Play It Again, Sam! records, drives me to Leuven, a university town 20 kilometres outside Brussels, for the interview.

I EXPECTED a cool character and yeah, group member Dirk is, in a wise way. The Judgement's music sweeps from Cabaret Vega to a vauguer Sisters Of Mercy, always with its own sneering undertone and willfully bratstein stomp-beat cracking your fingers. "It was a choice," begins Dirk, who attacks synth and vocals while colleagues T.B. Frank cuts in with guitar and a well mucky singing technique.

"I could get very violent, or I could make music, to have an outlet. I always had to do something... not go to work for a boss and those things. We were always very... of the dark? Of the dark. We couldn't play one note at first, but we believed very strongly."

Were you angry young men? "Mmm... our situation... the way we get all kinds of things stuffed through the television. The people, they are all just... taking it... taking it... living... like everything's OK, all is fine. It's not the people who are confused but the leaders. They want to spread the confusion. Always pushing people, French against Flemish. We just do what we want without compromise. We don't need hits - pop music is really going down. The charts is all... one line. To get rich fast. That is not our meaning. We have a feel of hunger." Lustroos, mordant hunger.

Neon are disappointed with the English scene at the moment. Dirk calls Killing Joke a "bizarre, dark movie" - in which two sisters (one sane, one not so) lived in an eerie old house, and kept an ape called Mafu in a cage in the hall.

"The "insane" sister loved Mafu but kept forgetting to feed him. The "sane" one tolerated and fed him. Then a handsome young man arrived... and all that stuff, till death."

FRANK BRINGS a little and lethal rock 'n' roll to Brussels and Brussels' waves and loops of modernist whirr. Nihilistic graphics of the glue hound "Gonna Drop", and "1958" churn and loops of modernist whirl. Nihilist music of the 'Mafu Cage' opus slides shown during concerts and the solution of the 'Mafu Cage' concept communicate the gaunt greyness of starvation and itching of torture. "Its... roof. Suffering. Our music is primitive and repetitive. It relates to... voodoo drums, maybe. With the essential low feeling of making music..."

Low? "Like sex, or something." Oh, you mean low like that. I get it. "Mmm. The first human being was born in Africa. The Africans are living totally different, and have more soul I think. We are suffering too... because of our anger, and we are more a bit in a cage."

But what is this thing called "Mafu Cage"? Surprisingly enough the phrase was the title of a '70s English movie - "a bizarre, dark movie" - in which two sisters (one sane, one not so) lived in an eerie old house, and kept an ape called Mafu in a cage in the hall.

"The "insane" sister loved Mafu but kept forgetting to feed him. The "sane" one tolerated and fed him. Then a handsome young man arrived... and all that stuff, till death."

THE NEON JUDGEMENT: "lacerating luminosity really. Cheeringly, they are selling plenty in Belgium now, and given some exposure will do so in Britain."

"It was a choice," begins Dirk, who attacks synth and vocals while colleagues T.B. Frank cuts in with guitar and a well mucky singing technique. The people, they are all just... taking it... taking it... living... like everything's OK, all is fine. It's not the people who are confused but the leaders. They want to spread the confusion. Always pushing people, French against Flemish. We just do what we want without compromise. We don't need hits - pop music is really going down. The charts is all... one line. To get rich fast. That is not our meaning. We have a feel of hunger." Lustroos, mordant hunger.

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It's not a festival (those died out at Reading last weekend), but it is this week's big one and features a strong contingent from the nominally handicapped shamblers. Thus, taking the boards at Halifax Piece Hall on Wednesday are The Shop Assistants (pictured below), The (mighty) Wedding Present, Pop Will Eat Itself, Ghost Dance and Chinese Gangster Element among others.

Halifax aside, this week's highlights are concentrated in the capital with Factory's latest wunderkinds, Happy Mondays, playing on Wednesday at Covent Garden Rock Garden, and The Crickets (yes, The Crickets) hopping down to Camden Dingwalls on Thursday. Last but not least, get down to Oval Cricketers on Thursday to see Jegsy Dodd And The Sons Of Harry Cross.

**WEDNESDAY 27**

**BRADFORD**
- The Alarm (The Alarm)
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- BINGHAM (Bing) With Centre Fc/Tipsy/Tipsy/Black/Black 2
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- BRADFORD Blackhorse (0270 7971) The DT's
- BRADFORD Apollo (0270 8585) The DT's
- BRADFORD City Centre (0270 7980) The DT's

**CAMBRIDGE**
- Rhythm London (The Alarm)
- The Charmasters
- BINGHAM With Centre Fc/Tipsy/Tipsy/Black/Black 2
- BINGHAM West Bromwich/Coach And Hoboes (021 588 2136) The DT's
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**LONDON**
- The Alarm (The Alarm)
- The Charmasters
- BINGHAM With Centre Fc/Tipsy/Tipsy/Black/Black 2
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THE GODFATHERS emerge from the villainy of East Dulwich and the ashes of The Sid Presley Experience with tales of torture chambers and The Great Train Robbery. ANDY HURT hears their confession.

Mugshot: STEVE DOUBLE

MY NAME was mareware, apparently, when the bush telegraph brought word of my preference for an audience with no more than a couple of The Godfathers — a damn democratic bunch.

However, the cardinal element of this particular entente is established when the two elected representatives, guitarist Mike Gibson and singer Peter Coyne, discover they have a common interest in rock and roll (the real stuff) with their interrogator.

Unlike the bulk of theoretically hip bands, the perspective of The Godfathers extends back beyond last month's issue of I-D, past punk even (gasp — is this possible?), and — well, blow me — back as far as Gene Vincent.

You see, these people love music, and play it with the conviction of souls who live for little else.

“I love music.” (Tell you so) confirms the elder of the band's two Coyne brothers.

“We all like buying records, collecting records and playing records. I like to be involved in the whole process.” I've worked in record shops, been a DJ, and I've also written for music papers.”

(Alls — True! Record Mirror — now EM — and Zig Zag)

Rising from the ashes of The Sid Presley Experience, it at first seemed The Godfathers were hopelessly out of step with indie requirements, but the developments of 1986 suggested that perhaps the Coyne brothers, Peter and Chris, were on the right track all along.

Mike Gibson: “Extemporisation's been low on the list of priorities for too long; music's been becoming almost 'progressive' (doesn't it make you feel good to hear that word again?), with people getting stuck into ethereal, echoing guitar sounds, rather than playing music they really enjoy.”

These fellows are generally loath to enthuse about the Coyne brothers originate from a perennially fertile source of rock and roll bands, South London.

“Music is one of the traditional outlets for working class people,” advises Pete. “Well, there's music, football and villainy (He omits boxing, but perhaps there are elements of populism in the other three disciplines). So, you've got a choice of three … other than that you'll be a mug if you go on a '70s scheme.”

“there's quite a tradition of villainy in East Dulwich; where I come from.”

Like the notorious Richardson gang? (Ridiculous suggests a degree of glamour, but there was nothing particularly romantic about this business concern.)

“he used to have a torture chamber in Camberwell, but I don’t think I reckon South London produces some real good villains! The Great Train Robbery was planned in the Cherry Tree pub in East Dulwich.”

There is a touch of pride in Coyne’s voice, and a sense of outrage akin to a member of British Heritage mourning the demolition of a grade one listed building when Peter informs me that the Cherry Tree has been renamed, re-upholstered and — crime of crimes (once burnt of pharisees, don’t you think?) — converted into a posy 'cocktail' bar with green neon 'open house' signs above the doors.

But let’s get back to the music! The contribution of the working class to pop is well documented, but rock is by no means their exclusive domain.

Peter: “You can’t ignore middle-class input in music, otherwise you’d have to chuck Brian Jones straight out the window.”

Well, unfortunate imagery, but point taken. And there’s a rich (rich?) in this instance does not imply wealth (grammar school boy running through the band, which they do not regard as being incompatible with their humble origins OK, so I do want to work for The Sun.

Coyne: “If a working class person makes a lot of money, they’re ‘sold out’, which is ridiculous, because everybody wants to make money, everybody wants to have a comfortable lifestyle.”

From the first single ‘This Damn Nation’ to the new follow-up ‘I Want Everything’, The Godfathers express two faces of deprivation: not having when you need, for the sole purpose of day-to-day survival; and not having when you want, as in desire, the coveting of material things, Britain and so on. (heavy shit, eh? I think it is germane at this juncture to disclose that I want everything’ is to be a double A-side with ‘Sun Aria’, Roxy music classic song of urban unrest.”

Do you subscribe to the theory of ‘two nations’?

Coyne: “I don’t know about that. I’ve been parts of South London that are a lot worse than places up north. I can’t believe it — they talk about the division between north and south, but it’s ridiculous, because they get the same coke money, cheaper beer, cheaper food and cheaper accommodation.”

You sing about political issues, but you seem to manage to avoid alienating.

Gibson: “I had this bloody great ruck with this feller at North East London College. He was spouting politics before we'd had a show. And, like it or not, the music industry is about as laissez-faire as you can get. ‘Exactly,’ acknowledges Coyne. ‘It’s the music business; the music comes first and the business comes a close second, and if you don’t keep a watch on both, you’re fried.’

Pragmatic to the last. Harold Wilson might be proud of these boys; they want everything, and I wish ‘em all the best in getting it. They’ve got balls, they’ve got spark, so prick up your ears and listen.
**UK SINGLES UK ALBUMS**

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<td>SHOUT</td>
<td>Lulu</td>
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<td>CALLING ALL THE HEROES</td>
<td>It Bites</td>
<td>Virgin</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>I WANT TO WAKE UP WITH YOU</td>
<td>J. Geils Band</td>
<td>Atlantic</td>
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<td>26</td>
<td>BUNE CO-2</td>
<td>The Co-2</td>
<td>Polydor</td>
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<td>27</td>
<td>CALL THE COPS</td>
<td>The Police</td>
<td>EMI/Parlophone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>TAKE IT EASY</td>
<td>The Eagles</td>
<td>Asylum</td>
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<td>29</td>
<td>THE GREAT SADNESS</td>
<td>Phil Collins</td>
<td>Atlantic</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>I DON'T WANT TO BE A LONE WOLF</td>
<td>Dr. John</td>
<td>A&amp;M</td>
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<td>31</td>
<td>SUMMER DAYS, BOOGIE NIGHTS</td>
<td>Various</td>
<td>Portrait</td>
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<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>THE LADY IN RED</td>
<td>Chris De Burgh</td>
<td>A&amp;M</td>
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<td>THE Originals</td>
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<td>LIKE A VIRGIN</td>
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<td>36</td>
<td>BIG MAMOU</td>
<td>Barrence Whitfield And The Savages</td>
<td>Fabbo Rounder</td>
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<td>37</td>
<td>THE HURT</td>
<td>The Jacksons</td>
<td>Epic</td>
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<td>38</td>
<td>MIDNIGHT WEEPING BLUES</td>
<td>Nellie Florence</td>
<td>Matchbox</td>
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<td>39</td>
<td>PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE</td>
<td>Original Soundtrack</td>
<td>Hippo LP</td>
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<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>WHITE ROOM</td>
<td>Cream</td>
<td>Polydor LP</td>
</tr>
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<td>41</td>
<td>I SIT WATCHING THE RAIN FALL</td>
<td>Eric Clapton</td>
<td>Island</td>
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<td>42</td>
<td>THE MIGHTY MIDNIGHTS</td>
<td>The Mighty Lemon Drops</td>
<td>Blue Guitar</td>
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<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>GONE TO EARTH</td>
<td>David Sylvian</td>
<td>Transcendent Virgin</td>
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<td>44</td>
<td>I DROPPED THE BALL</td>
<td>The Romantics</td>
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<td>45</td>
<td>UNTOUCHABLE</td>
<td>Come And The City Salvation</td>
<td>Breakbeat records, inexcusable object</td>
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<td>46</td>
<td>A NIGHT IN KABUL</td>
<td>Queen</td>
<td>EMI/Decca</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>WHO YOU ARE</td>
<td>Lionel Richie</td>
<td>Jive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>I'M NOT THE ONE</td>
<td>Everything But The Girl</td>
<td>Blanco y Negro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>THE LADY IN RED</td>
<td>Chris De Burgh</td>
<td>A&amp;M</td>
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<td>50</td>
<td>I WANT TO WAKE UP WITH YOU</td>
<td>J. Geils Band</td>
<td>Atlantic</td>
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**REGGAE TENS**

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<tr>
<th>#</th>
<th>SONG</th>
<th>ARTIST</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>HAND CART MAN</td>
<td>Frankie Paul</td>
<td>U-Roy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>OVER ME</td>
<td>Cocoa Tea</td>
<td>Melia Sounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>SHE'S MY PRE RELEASE</td>
<td>Tom Thomas</td>
<td>Mint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>NO NO NO</td>
<td>Marvin Gaye</td>
<td>Motown</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>U-Roy gets bashful</td>
<td>U-Roy</td>
<td>Tappa</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>ALBUMS</td>
<td>Various</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>COMPILATION</td>
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<td>REGGAE TENS</td>
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**DISCO**

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<td>Tom Petty</td>
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<td>HURTS</td>
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<td>DON'T MESS WITH THE音樂</td>
<td>Sade</td>
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<tr>
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<td>I'M NOT THE ONE</td>
<td>Everything But The Girl</td>
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<tr>
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<td>I'M NOT THE ONE</td>
<td>Everything But The Girl</td>
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<td>I'M NOT THE ONE</td>
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<td>7</td>
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**Rainbow**

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<tr>
<td>1</td>
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<td>I WANT TO WAKE UP WITH YOU</td>
<td>J. Geils Band</td>
</tr>
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<td>I WANT TO WAKE UP WITH YOU</td>
<td>J. Geils Band</td>
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<td>J. Geils Band</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>I WANT TO WAKE UP WITH YOU</td>
<td>J. Geils Band</td>
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</tbody>
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**Compiled by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1**

**Compiled by George's flatmate, Boston**
HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

1. YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Vertigo
2. RED SKY Status Quo Vertigo
3. YANKEE ROSE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
4. THE ULTIMATE SIN LIGHTNING STRIKES Ozzy Osbourne Epic
5. DREAMS Van Halen Warner Brothers
6. AMERICAN GIRLS Fleetwood Mac
7. LONELY NIGHT Hang Glider Vertigo
8. WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
9. WILD CHILD Walked Vertigo
10. THE DIO EP Dio Vertigo

IMPORTS

19. IMPORTS
20. TURN TO STONE Diamond Music For Nations
21. ROCKIN' EVERY NIGHT LIVE IN JAPAN Gary Moore 10
22. THE FINAL FRONTIER Keel Vertigo
23. UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
24. WILD CHILD WASP Capitol
25. THE ULTIMATE SIN LIGHTNING STRIKES Ozzy Osbourne Epic
26. WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
27. WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
28. METAL OF HONOUR 7 Quick Megaforce
29. SWEET SAVAGE Sweet Savage Sweet Savage
30. ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
31. RAISED ON RADIO Journey CBS
32. MAD HOUSE Anthrax Epic
33. SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
34. ANIMAL MAN Rogue Male Music For Nations
35. NIGHT SONGS Cinderella Mercury
36. SILK AND STEEL Giuffria MCA
37. RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
38. TAIGA: WARTS AN' ALL MOTORHEAD
39. IMPORTS
40. IMPORTS
41. IMPORTS
42. IMPORTS

ALBUMS

1. ORIGINATION Motörhead GWR
2. EAT EM AND SMILE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
3. THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
4. HEART Cap'n Jazz Capitol
5. RAGE FOR ORDER Queensryche MCA America
6. INTERMISSION Do Vertigo
7. SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
8. WILD THING Jeff Beck Epic
9. TURN TO STONE Legs Diamond Music For Nations
10. NOTHING AT ALL Heart Capitol
11. WHEN THE HEART RULES THE WIND GWR
12. STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART Bryan Adams A&M
13. WHO MADE WHO A&M
14. WILD THING Jeff Beck Epic
15. TURN TO STONE Legs Diamond Music For Nations
16. NOTHING AT ALL Heart Capitol
17. 1979 HEARTACHE Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
18. 1980 HEARTACHE Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet

INDIE SINGLES

1. A QUESTION OF TIME Depeche Mode Mute
2. PANIC The Smiths Rough Trade
3. LIKE A HURRICANE/GARDEN OF DELIGHT The Mission Chapter 22
4. SERPENTS KISS The Mission Chapter 22
5. WILD CHILD Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction Food
6. WILD CHILD Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction Food
7. I'M ON FIRE GUNS N' ROSES
8. UNDER Lock And Key Dokken Elektra
9. HAPPIEST HOUR The Housemartins GDR
10. HEARTFULL OF SOUL Ghost Dance Karbon
11. BETTER DEAD THAN DEAD Class War Mortarlaba
12. BRILLIANT MIND Fantasy Staff
13. THIS BOY CAN WAIT The Wedding Present Reception
14. CRUMPETY STUFF The Remo Brothers Banquet
15. TRUMPETS ROLFS Half Man Half Beard Probe Plus
16. GMME GYME GIMME A (MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT) Leather
17. BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
18. BABY'S ON FIRE The Creepers With Marc Riley Intage
19. THE DRAIN TRAIN Cabinet Vohalee Deadneavision
20. ALMOST PRAYED Weather Prophets Creation
21. WHOLE WIDE WORLD The Toy Dolls Subway
22. NEVER SAY DIE Broken Bones Fallout
23. CRYSTAL CRESCENT Primal Scream Creation
24. LIVING TOO LATE The Fall Banquet
25. MEXICO SUNDOWN BLUES James Ray And The Performance

INDIE ALBUMS

1. THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
2. LONDON O HULL The Housemartins GDR
3. HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction Food
4. GIFT The Sidewright Anchor Releases
5. GIANT The Woodentops Rough Trade
6. BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Beard Probe Plus
7. MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
8. TWO KAN GURU Big Flame Ron Johnson
9. LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES Various 4AD
10. VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD

GEORGE MICHAEL DISTURBING

SOUNDS August 30 1986 Page 37

Compiled by Spotlight Research

ATTACK

DEPECHE MODE fresh out of dimes

GEORGE MICHAEL DISTURBING

1. HIT THE ROAD JACK Ray Charles
2. GONNA GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU NOW Viva Vox
3. DON'T STAND SO CLOSE The Police
4. FORGET ABOUT YOUDAVE M
5. ME MYSELF I Allan Armstrong
6. GO BUDGIE Go To experiencia
7. DRUNK THEN Sugarstax
8. CHANGING PARTNERS Big Colts
9. ARE YOU LOOKING TONIGHT Lions Play
10. GODDOES Very Hot Kap

Compiled by The Hanging L D Chesterfield

ANDREW RIDGELEY

1. I CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT YOU The Real Thing
2. DON'T YOU WANT ME Human League
3. I CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU Andy Williams
4. DON'T GIVE UP ON US David Soul
5. CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT YOU The Real Thing

Compiled by Disturbed Of Mersall

1. DAVE GREENFIELD'S HARCOURT
2. JIMMY SAVILE'S UNKNOWN
3. GERMAN'S GONE TO JAIL The Toy Dolls Volume
4. I'M NOT A BAD CONDUCTED 4LF RB recordings
5. BEATLES/LOVE You So Colour Dead
6. THE SONGS OF MARADONASlightning Strikes
7. BABY I LOVE YOU So Colour Dead
8. CRUMMY STUFF The Ramones Beggars Banquet
9. EMBARRASSMENT Frans Jafra
10. MEDIEVAL DRAWINGS

Compiled by The Hanging L D Chesterfield
WHEN YOU mention success and ask The Mighty Lemon Drops if they're excited about what might soon happen, they say things like, "We get thrilled at the prospect of Christmas and things like that, but we don't normally think about what's around the corner..."

You inevitably believe them 100 per cent.

I'm not saying they're going to be popular or anything, but recently the group supported Julian Cope at the Boston Arms in London and they were magnificent, went down a storm.

People clapped for ages and some even yelled nice comments into the ears of friends, making serious vows to catch the Lemon Drops again. "And the sooner the better!"

It's those button-up-leather jackets that get the crowds going. It's the jackets and it's the sight of these four blackly clad figures looking all bashful and young and clearly a bit embarrassed by it all, and equally it's this extravagantly thrusting but most of all pretty music.

Drives audiences crazy.

The band never appear happy, yet on a grey day their sweetly sung and sometimes stumplingly chunky'acoustic can always be relied on to act as a tonic.

Poor Lemon Drops, time after time being compared to (a) that legendary '60s group with the singer who invited us to come on and light his fire, and (b) a band from Liverpool, currently foundation somewhat, who tenderly scratched the back of love in '81.

There are similarities, but in time these will become invisible, and eventually extinct. Even now, the two better known reference points are blurring around the edges, dissolving into newer, more clearly defined shapes. Not long now and the Drops will be hailed as sparkling and unique. Not long now.

LIKE AN Angel', the group's first single, was a lot of a classic, an amusing three minute ripple of cigarette smoke and saber drums - a euphonious introduction to a music that soothes as much as it stochers.

And this is the nice thing about these middling Lemon Drops: they balance themselves on the fine line between all-out 'rock it baby' aggression and 'you're the sugar in my tea' mellowness. The result is a spine-tingling tension - a happy medium, even.

They sing of love and related matters, but once not do they grow tiresome or sick-making - quite the opposite, in fact. Their honesty and apparent absence of macho is refreshing and perhaps also encouraging.

"Fame, if I were a girl I'd like to live them all nice fluffy black mahor pullers. Quite a cuddly bard, you see, the Drops have long been peeled major, and a second single, 'The Other Side Of You', comes out this week on Blue Guitar through Chrysalis. The debut LP is due for release in September and in a big tour is lined up for the following February.

Has the Lemon Drops' wise abandonment of the dead end independent scene prompted any negative comments from ex indie brothers in arms?

"Nobody's said anything," claims Paul, the quietly spoken singer. "At least, not too far out of the box."

And Chrysalis, with its attractive red-butterfly-on-green-background label design - plus a roster which has included in its time both Generation X and Blonde - seems the perfect bright and zappy company choice for The Mighty Lemon Drops.

Have top brass at the label suggested that the group loosen up a bit, smile more often and so on?

Tony (he plays bass): "No, we're in complete control."

He's telling the truth. But it isn't going to take long to shed the tag that says you're one of these Exciting Young indie Acts. "It's probably got something to do with the fact that we haven't actually been going that long, only 14 or 15 months or so. I mean, so a lot of people we're still a new band. But then you're always a new band to somebody, even when your single goes into the Top 50. Do you know what I mean?

He's being part of this big and vague lump of new groups (newly formed groups?) been a blessing or a hindrance to the Drops?

Keith (he bangs the drums): "Well, being part of it meant we had our name mentioned in a few articles on the indie scene, but I really don't think it's either helped or hindered us." And there will now be those who'll rile their noses up at the first signs of the band achieving more widespread recognition?

"There's always a few," Tony shrugs. "But I can't for the life of me understand it."

Dave (he gets his guitar to make lots of noise): "Still, I can see why people get possessive about groups, it's like you discover a band in a club somewhere and then a couple of years later you see them at the Birmingham Odeon and there's loads of girls with their parents, and it's not the same."

But surely you'd like it if them mums and dads were to get into the Lemon Drops?

"My mother doesn't understand us at all, she hardly even listens to us, I mean, she's not really a young mum... but then she's never even taken me seriously, she finds it ridiculous that I can make a living out of being in a pop group."

Keith: "But she knows only too well that Shakes Stevens can.

Dave: "It's funny, isn't it?"

THERE ARE similarities, but in time these will become invisible, and eventually extinct. Even now, the two better known reference points are blurring around the edges, dissolving into newer, more clearly defined shapes. Not long now, the two better known reference points are blurring around the edges, dissolving into newer, more clearly defined shapes. Not long now, the two better known reference points are blurring around the edges, dissolving into newer, more clearly defined shapes. Not long now, the two better known reference points are blurring around the edges, dissolving into newer, more clearly defined shapes. Not long now, the two better known reference points are blurring around the edges, dissolving into newer, more clearly defined shapes. Not long now, the two better known reference points are blurring around the edges, dissolving into newer, more clearly defined shapes. 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QQA VVV
HAVING INTRODUCED MIDI in their SDS 9, and having now produced the MTM and TMI interfaces that allow you to MIDI up any of the Simmons kits to a MIDI controlled voicing unit, Simmons have logically introduced an expander unit, the SDE, to their SDS 9, and having reviewed recently) and SDS 1000, a rackmountable unit in the now familiar Simmons finish.

Front panel is made up of two sections. On the left are the six voice parameter controls to alter the sound of the voices, and underneath each is an LED which indicates a triggering of the sound or, in program mode, the selection of the channel to be programmed. On the right hand side of the unit are the display sections plus the cartridge load and save facility. The rear panel features a cassette dump facility, the audio inputs and outputs and connection for a footswitch.

All sounds are fully programmable so you can program the SD to be sharp or flat from standard tuning to match up with other instruments. The SDE actually uses digital synthesis, and allows control of such parameters as decay and attack. It's an eight channel unit and is quite easily programmed. It is possible to have up to six different voices or pitches of sound spread throughout your kit. Some 50 patches can be stored; these can be programmed into sequences that can be selected by use of the footswitch.

On the left hand side of the unit are the display sections plus the cartridge load and save facility. The rear panel features a cassette dump facility, the audio inputs and outputs and connection for a footswitch for selection of sounds. The SDE has 20 factory programmed sounds and 20 user operated sounds, and up to 80 sounds can be loaded via cartridge.

Drum Expander. It is capable of creating a vast amount of sequences using equipment such as the MTM (already reviewed in Sounds). The SDE, like the TMI (also reviewed recently) and SDS 1000, is a rackmountable unit in the now familiar Simmons finish.

Front panel is made up of two sections. On the left are the six voice parameter controls to alter the sound of the voices, and underneath each is an LED which indicates a triggering of the sound or, in program mode, the selection of the channel to be programmed. On the right hand side of the unit are the display sections plus the cartridge load and save facility. The rear panel features a cassette dump facility, the audio inputs and outputs and connection for a footswitch for selection of sounds. The SDE has 20 factory programmed sounds and 20 user operated sounds, and up to 80 sounds can be loaded via cartridge.

All the sounds on the SDE are excellent and more factory sounds will be available via sound cartridges. All the sounds are tuned to concert pitch but you can program the SD to be sharp or flat from standard tuning to match up with other instruments. The SDE is a welcome addition and really comes to life when coupled to units such as the MTM, with its extra effects enabling you to do things like trigger a bass sequence and play along with it.

All sounds are fully programmable so you can also create your own. Once again, Simmons have created a tool that takes the drummer well beyond his traditional role as keeper of the beat.

**RATINGS:** QQQ - absolute perfection; QQ - good quality; Q - naff; VVV - a real bargain; V - a fair price; V - definitely overpriced. Prices are full list unless otherwise stated.

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**CARTOONS**

_**Hot Pork Lunch**_

**Tales from the Rubber Room**

_by Simon Cooper_
STINBERGER have added a new pick-up configuration to their guitar line.

Designed for the GLT, it features two single-coil EMG pick-ups in the neck and middle positions, and one humbucker by the bridge. Each pick-up has its own on-off push-button, allowing for a variety of sound combinations. A master volume and master tone complete the control system, with active EQ available as an option.

The GLT (above) also comes with Stinberger’s Trans/Fram transposing tremolo, and is available in black or white.

Suggested retail price is £1,750.

For more information, contact Stinberger’s UK distributors, Musicaful, at 46 Marlborough Road, London N22 4HN (telephone 01-681 6060).

LEADS, ADAPTERS AND plug are featured in a new mini-catalogue from mail order guitar spares company Part & Parcel. Bringing together, for the first time, products from Japan, Germany, the USA and the UK, the LAP List contains almost every spare part of every make and model, and the list is completed by cable testers, patch leads, crank jacks and even index labels.

For the LAP List or any of the others, send an SAE stating your requirements to Part & Parcel, 217 Wood Street, Kettering, Northants NN16 9SD (telephone 0536 81219).

For details of how to join the club, see ‘LAP List – Members’ Info’ in the October 1986 edition.

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ENDLESS PARTY

LONDON RETAILERS Gigsounds have recently set up their own exclusive Roland Super JX Club.

At the super high prices of £150 per head, club members are guaranteed entry for 50 members into the oversubscribed outings, an example of which was the arrangement of voucher offers on Roland and Boss gear, seminars and user meetings. Members will also get priority on demonstration and sale of new and high demand Roland products in the store.

Club instigator Eric Lindsey also wants to encourage visits and outings, an example of which was the arrangement and guaranteed entry for 50 members into the oversubscribed Roland demo by members of Mutilation at the British Music Fair.

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The GLT (above) also comes with Stinberger’s Trans/Fram transposing tremolo, and is available in black or white.

Suggested retail price is £1,750.

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