WIN!
REM ‘Green’
tour videos

THE STRANGLERS
Teaching a new
dog old tricks

JESUS JONES
Take an
axe to a
sampler

AT LAST!
THE CURTAIN RISES ON
CHRIS ISAAK

THEY’RE TOTALLY
MAD!
MEET THE NEW BREED OF
ROCK NUTTERS

PLUS MOTORHEAD
INTO PARADISE
FRONT 242
THE ATOM SEED
THE BAND released their debut LP called 'Achilles Grove Subterania 27 & 28. 23, Plymouth Academy 24, Swansea Norwich Waterfront 21, Weymouth Blackpool Oz 15, Birmingham In-Vertigo 10, Ayr Kitsch 11, Stockton then Aberdeen Fever 9, Glasgow at Liverpool Quad Park on February 8.

Warp label, play a short tour starting Japanese designer Yohji Yamamoto. are doubling as catwalk models for which Broudie-produced 'Walking On Air', week. It's a Youth remix of the Ian FRAZIER CHORUS release a 'Totem' on the same label last year.

THE VENUS FLYTRAP have a new Jazz Butcher-produced single called 'Achilles Hew' released on French label Danceteria this week.

THE MILLENNIUM BROTHERS, who are support The Life's on their upcoming dates, play a series of headlining gigs prior to that tour. They have added a date at Wolverhampton Polytechnic on February 15.

THE POPGUNS, who have just completed their debut album 'Spoon', play a one-off date at London New Cross Venue on February 9. A single called 'Still A World Away' will be released on February 25 on S mad Records.

THE GODFATHERS return for St Valentine's Day. THE FARM will appear in TV's Brookside in the episodes shown on March 4, 6 and 8. On Channel 4, this follows in the path of star appearances from Morrissey and Paula Yates as themselves in previous episodes.

THE FARM MOVE TO BROOKSIDE

"Cut out the swearing" they're told

THE FARM will appear in TV's Brookside in the episodes shown on March 4, 6, and 8 on Channel 4.

THE GODFATHERS release their new single 'Unreal World' on Epic the week of February 4. They plan a limited release in over thirty-two countries including Japan. THE B-side is 'Something Big About You' with two live tracks on the 12-inch and CD recorded at London's Kentish Town and Marie's Bank. It is the band's first single since 1988. 'My Life' and 'This Damn Nation'.

THE FARM's first proper LP, 'Spartacus', will be released on February 25. The single is not yet complete, but it is likely to be: 'Hearts Don't Lie', 'Tell The Story', 'Don't Let Me Down', 'Family Of Man', 'Tell The Story', 'Very Emotional' and 'All Together Now'.

MEGADETH RETURN FOR SEVEN BRITISH SHOWS

MEGADETH visit the UK next month for seven dates in the wake of their successful Clash Of The Titans appearance here last year. The band have just played a storming US tour with Judas Priest and can be seen at the Rock In Rio festival this week.

The UK dates are at Birmingham NEC on March 23 then Poole Arts Centre 24, London Hammersmith Odeon 26 & 26, Manchester Apollo 28, Newcastle City Hall 29, and Edinburgh Playhouse 30.

Tickets are £10 and £9 from usual agencies, with tickets for Poole at £9 only. They are on sale now form box offices and usual agencies.

A new single, 'Man and Man', taken from their 'Rust In Peace' LP, will be released by Capitol on February 16. Support on all dates comes from The Almighty.

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THE SLEEVE of the Godfathers' new single was designed by eight-year-old Carly O'Riordan, a pupil at English Martyrs Roman Catholic School in South London. Founder members the Coype brothers attended the school and ran a competition there to get a design for the single. There were two runners-up in the competition, which attracted over 150 entries. The band's record company Epic also made a donation to the school's art department.

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GULF WAR CONTINUES TO FORCE CANCELLATIONS

- Bands change names to avoid causing offence
- BBC radio ban on 'unsuitable' records leaked

The Gulf War has resulted in a spate of cancellations of American artists, as predicted in last week's Sounds.

The management of bands such as Bomb The Bass, whose releases will now be reassessed, are among the diverse Americans who have cancelled European visits because of fears of terrorist attacks against American citizens.

But we can confirm that Sounds cover star Chris Isaak will definitely be coming over "because he's hard!" according to a record company spokesman.

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THE STEPPES, an Irish American four-piece, release their fifth album on Ubik records this week. It's called 'Regret' and 'Hammers' and the band will be playing an extensive European tour in the spring.

JONATHAN PERKINS releases a new single on Anorak records called 'A Little Hate (Makes Love Much Better)'. It's taken from his forthcoming LP, 'Snake Talk', produced by Dave Stewart (Perkins was one of the Spiritual Cowboys).

MERCURY REV, who appeared on the last fledgling disc given away with Rough Trade's trade magazine The Catalogue, have their first album, entitled 'Yerzilis Steam', released by Mint film records on February 18. The band hail from Buffalo, New York and Oklahoma and have 'connections' with the Flying Figs.

FUEL release an album called 'TFY' on the resilient World Service label. The band are based in the Bay Area of San Francisco and have been touring the US and Canada constantly over the last year, released a handful ofingles and American indie labels on the way. The band, who supported Fugazi in the US, hope to visit Europe later in the year.

THE BODY FACTORY take their Wibbly Wobbly World club night to The London Finsbury Park Rock theatre on February 2. Support is from Reading's reggae experts Dub The Earth. As the last WOWWOW 100 uncity fans were locked out. So get there early!

WHIG OUT, AFGHAN STYLE

THE AFGHAN WHIGS, the hotly tipped Sub Pop band from Cincinnati, fly in this week to play five British dates as part of their first ever European tour. This follows their acclaimed EP 'Retarded' and album 'Up In It'. The dates start at Oxford Jericho Tavern on Februrary 1 and then move on to London New Cross Venue 2, Birmingham Edward's Hotel 3, Nottingham Vetus 4 and Leeds Duchess Of York 5.

OLLOWING THE accidental deaths of three fans at an AC/DC gig in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Friday February 18, the band have issued a statement denying press reports that the band played on while they were aware that the tragedy had occurred.

Three fans, Jimmy Boyd, Curtis Child and Elizabeth Glausi, died from injuries sustained at the gig at the Salt Lake City Police when they were crushed by fans pushing to the front of the stage.

According to press reports, the band showed "callous indifference" because they continued to perform while it was obvious that the conditions at the front of the stage were out of control.

AC/DC’s management cooperated with the Salt Lake City fire marshalls and other health and safety officials to maintain the calm and order. "After 15 minutes, the decision to finish the performance was made in consultation with the fire marshalls with whom the band’s support team cooperated throughout the incident. The decision was motivated in order to maintain calm and order among the thousands of fans who were unaware of what had happened." AC/DC would like to express their deep regrets that this tragedy occurred.

THE THE: NEW VIDEO

Special preview set for eve of St Valentine's Day

THE THE unveil their new film entitled The The Venue The World at a special Eve Of St Valentine’s Day Masquerade at London’s Brixton Fridge on February 13. The film was shot last year at the Royal Albert Hall by director Tim Pope, who also directed the hotly tipped Sub Pop single ‘Another Boy Drowning’ and The Magic’s ‘Jealous Of You’. It was shot in time for release on video, retailing at around £9.99.


There will also be music from DJ William Orbit of Bas-D’O-Matic fame, the unveiling of a new painting by Matt’s brother Andy Johnson and a preview of The The’s new EP, as well as the DNA remix of ‘Armageddon Days Are Here Again’.

AC/DC ‘REGRIT’ SALT LAKE TRAGEDY

Band denies accusations of “callous indifference”
**THE MOONFLOWERS: let their freak flags fly**

THE MOONFLOWERS, fresh from a successful Irish tour, have announced a series of UK dates starting next week. They kick off at Nottingam Venus on February 13 then Bristol Fleece And Firkin 14, Hull Adelphi 15, Leeds Duchess Of York 16, Brighton Basement 20, London Harlesden Hull Adelphi 15, Leeds Duchess Of York 16, February 13 then Bristol Fleece And Firkin 14, NICK CAVE: 'E's a right larf is ol' Nick!

NICK CAVE 'The Train Song' and Ohi Ho Bang Bang 'The Three'. Soundwave 'Pocket Porn', Nitzer Ebb 'Out Of Mind', AC Marias 'Give Me', Laibach '10.5.1941', Erasure 'Push Me Shove Me', Wire 'Drill', Renegade

**MUTE COMPILATION**

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**LAWNMOWER DETH** play a one-off at the London Charing Cross Road Marquee on February 1 before setting off on European dates. The band will play a full UK tour in April following the release of their new Euro-grunge single 'Kid In America', a cover of the Ramones song.

**STEEL POLE BATH TUB** and The Melvins return to the UK later this month for more dates following their impressive London debut. They play Nottingham Venus on February 18 then Leeds Duchess Of York 19, Manchester Boardwalk 20, Oxford Venue 21, London Charing Cross Road Marquee 22, Liverpool Planet X 23, Birmingham Ed's Hall and Newport, T.A. 25. The Melvins' new LP 'Bad Head' is released this week and Steel Pole Bath Tub's new EP 'Tad' will be out on February 16. Both are released through Bonus/Tapelo.

**WHIPPING BOY** the Dublin noise opernites release their new single 'Oh I Miss You' on February 18. It's called 'I Think I Miss You' and there are three other tracks on the EP. They play dates at London Camden Falcon on February 9, London New Cross Ardmore Arms 11, London Charing Cross Road Marquee 12, London Leadmill Grove Subterranea 13, Wembley West Hall Mile End 15 and London Hampton Glove Horse Yard 16. Singer Fergal E McKee will appear in Alan Parker's forthcoming film 'The Commitments', set around the Irish music scene.

**THE BYRDS** have yet another compilation album issued. This time it's a digitally remastered 'Buda Greatest Hits' single album. The tracks are 'Mr Tambourine Man', 'You A Whole Lot Better', 'The Bells Of St Mary's', 'Turn! Turn! Turn!', 'All I Really Want To Do', 'Chimes Of Freedom', 'Eight Miles High', 'Mr Tambourine Man', 'So You Want To Be A Rock And Roll Star' and 'My Back Pages'. THE NEW SINGLE NOW AVAILABLE AS A SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION PICTURE CD IN A GEL FILLED WALLET!!

**SENSELESS CHANGES**

T HE SENSELESS THINGS, who announced their tour dates last week, have made some alterations to them. They now play Newcastle Riverside on February 8, Aberdovey Ritzes 7, Edinburgh Venue 8 and Hull Adelphi 10. The February 2 show at Gloucester Arts Centre has been cancelled. All other dates remain the same.

**IT'S TAD, DAD**

TAD's new single 'Jack Pepsi' is released by Sub Pop (Europe) this week. It's based on the true story of Tad and a friend borrowing his dad's new pick-up truck, getting mixed on Jack Pepsi, driving the truck over a frozen lake and crashing through the ice. The B-side is 'Edie Hands', with 'Pig head' on the 12-inch and 'Plague Years' on the CD. The band play a UK tour in March, the only confirmed date being the London Islington Powerhouse on April 30.

**DISCO MOVEMENT**

PARADISE LOST release their second album 'Gothic', on West Yorkshire's Pavestone Records on March 11. The album from the Halifax death metalists has ten new tracks which are 'Gothic', 'Deaf Emotion', 'Shattered', 'Rapture', 'Storm', 'Falling For Ever', 'Angel Tears', 'Silent', 'The Parasite' and 'Dissolve'. The band will tour in the near future.

**AUTOPSY,** the seminal Bay Area death metal outfit, release their follow-up to 1989's 'Severed Survival' on Pavestone records on March 23. The tracks on 'Mental Funeral' are 'Twisted Mass Of Burnt Decay', 'In The Grip Of Vengeance', '矢着の穴', 'Tom From The Woods', 'Slaughterhouse', 'Dead', 'Rumbling The Grave', ' Hole In The Head', 'Destined To Perish', 'Satanic', 'Dark Crusade' and 'Mental Funeral'. There will also be a new 13-inch single released on February 25 called 'Rubbish For The Dead'.

**THE NEW SINGLES FROM**

**ANHILLATOR** release their debut UK single 'Stone' with Roadrunner records on February 25. The track, taken from the Canadian speed metallers' debut LP 'Never Neverland', was inspired by singer Jeff Waters' disgust and disappointment at seeing raw sewage and chemicals pumped into a river in his native Vancouver. There are two previously unreleased live tracks 'WIDY' and 'Nordic Sided', both recorded live in San Antonio, Texas last year. The band play a one off UK date at London Charing Cross Road Marquee on March 25.

**THE BYRDS** have yet another compilation album issued. This time it's a digitally remastered 'Buda Greatest Hits' single album. The tracks are 'Mr Tambourine Man', 'You A Whole Lot Better', 'The Bells Of St Mary's', 'Turn! Turn! Turn!', 'All I Really Want To Do', 'Chimes Of Freedom', 'Eight Miles High', 'Mr Tambourine Man', 'So You Want To Be A Rock And Roll Star' and 'My Back Pages'.

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**my bloody valentine**

**tremolo e.p.**

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**my bloody valentine**

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released 4th february

**my bloody valentine**

a creation records product

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**THE HIGH**

**SOMEBWHERE SOON**

A NEW ALBUM

PRODUCED BY JOHN WILLIAMS & MARTIN HANNETT

INCLUDES THE SINGLES

**BOX SET GO UP AND DOWN & TAKE YOUR TIME**

INITIAL QUANTITY OF VINYL ALBUMS ARE PACKAGED IN A GATEFOLD SLEEVE WITH A LIMITED EDITION PRINT

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**Havana 3AM dates**

HAVANA 3AM in old punk rock/rockabilly pose

HAVANA 3AM, featuring ex-Clash man Paul Simonon, play a 13-date UK tour this month.

The dates are at Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut on February 25 then Newcastle Riverside 25, Derby Bell 26, Buxton Tivoli 27, Coventry Tic Tac 28, Norwich Waterfront March 1, Sheffield Leadmill 2, Stoke Freetown 4, Leeds Duchess Of York 5, Birmingham Wheatsheaf 9 and London Hammersmith Apollo 11.

The debut single from the band, 'Reach The Rock' will be released through IRS records on February 11.

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**THE DREAM ACADEMY**

They now play the Bloomsbury Theatre on February 24.

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**DARDEN SMITH**

country/rockabilly singer/songwriter visits the UK this month to play gigs supporting Joe Ely. He also plays headliners at Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut on February 7 then Manchester Chorlton Irish Centre 8, Norwich Waterfront 9, Birmingham Breedon Bar 10 and London Harlesden Mean Fiddler 17.

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**MWOM**

have made amendments to the tour dates announced last week. The gig on February 18 is now at Aberdeen Caesar's Palace and not Middleborough, which has now been cancelled. They play their hometown at Reading University on February 26. Their second single 'Morningrise' is released by Creation Records on February 18.

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**EPMD** release their third album 'Business As Usual' on Def Jam on February 4. The Long Island rap crew have just signed to Def Jam, leaving their previous record company on less than friendly terms. A track on this LP called 'The 'Va' Underlines this point!
Back from the brink of extinction! THE STRANGLERS have survived the loss of singer Hugh Cornwall and are set to return with a brand new line-up. ANDY PEARL risks a beating to find out why the new boy's being told to keep his mouth shut. MARTYN STRICKLAND enjoys the silence.

RIGHT, WE'LL GET THE interview over with, then we'll beat you up and steal all of your clothes. Usual sort of thing.

Relishing the fear that The Stranglers reputation still manages to invoke, Jean Jacques Burnel toys with journalists like a cat plays with a ball of string.

But despite his mischievous, threatening grin, Burnel is no longer the self-confessed hothead of old.

Numerous years of living in The Stranglers and developing his love of the martial arts have defused that wanton aggression — although there remains an aura of impish menace which screams, 'Take carefully Or else.'

What Jean Jacques and the rest of The Stranglers have lost, though, is a singer. The unthinkable happened last year when Hugh Cornwall announced he was leaving to pursue a solo career. After much deliberation, the band finally announced a replacement last week.

His name is Paul Roberts, he comes from West London and that's about all Burnel is willing to give away — even refusing to let him do any interviews.

"He's only got one thing to do at the moment," says JJ, by way of an explanation, "and that's to sing, and I don't think he should be bothered by the soddies of the media yet."

N THE weeks leading up to the Stranglers make Roberts' appointment, there was much speculation as to who would be the rather large shoes of Cornwall.

A few old punk names inevitably cropped up — including that of Joe Strummer.

"He's a nice bloke but he wouldn't have fitted into The Stranglers at all," reckons Burnel. "He'd need to know his lines — but even in the 10ers — we filled in for them one night and Joe was like the squire making sure we didn't make any mistakes."

But Burnel stresses that the band didn't want to recruit a 'name' singer, and also points out that Roberts isn't the only newcomer.

"A few old punk names inevitably cropped up — including that of Joe Strummer. But the post-Hugh Stranglers member (having helped out on the last few albums) Joe was like the squire making sure we didn't make any mistakes."

Burnel's enthusiasm for the new material doesn't intend to sing any of the songs he's written. At present the band are rehearsing numbers to find out which ones work.

"They've had nearly two albums' worth of material so far and the Ally Pally gig were the best we'd heard. They're going to have to fight to hold on to their audience."

"At first I thought it was the end, but we had a band meeting and decided to give it a go on our own until Christmas. By then we had nearly two albums' worth of material so we thought we'd better get a singer.

"I said to Hug [Hugh Cornwall] that I thought he was the leader of The Stranglers, but if you hear his solo you might give some credit to the guitar runs and, ahem, a bass solo (and 'Brainiac' a faster number driven by JJ's assertive voice).

But Burnel maintains that the new material is so great that he whisked me off to the rehearsal room to hear a tape. There's three songs, 'Heaven Or Hell' (slow and soulful and a possible single), 'We're Alright' (with some classic Greenfield keyboard runs and, ahem, a bass solo) and 'Brainiac' (a faster number driven by JJ's assertive voice)."

Robert's vocals have a deep strong edge — 'A little like Iggy,' Burnel remarks and, although it's strange to hear a voice which isn't Hugh's, they seem to have picked a winner.

Back in the bar, Burnel is so pleased with my reaction to the new stuff that he offers me a lift part of the way home.

"Er...I say, commenting that masochistic smile, the chat we had about the martial arts and the thought of walking through West London without any clothes on. "No, it's OK, I'll get the tube."

Jean Jacques Burnel laughs to himself. The Stranglers — how could we ever live without them?
TALKIN' RAP WITH VANILLA ICE!!!

YES! IT'S THAT AWFUL MOMENT WHEN STARS GO...

VIRILE!!

This week: Rick Astley

"...WOARGHH!!!... sit on this, baby... yessss... don't get many of them to the pound... larrvvelly... get your titts out, get your titts out, get your titts out for the lads... phwoarrr... what's got a ten foot dick and whistles, darlin'? peep... come on, gel, you know you want it... give us a portion... drop 'em, blossom... what?... oh, sorry mum..."

A QUIET WORD WITH OZZY

ODDRIGHT, READERS! OI was just settin' up for sake, and the phone rang up. Oi was just getting sumo tof, and Oi couldn't hear what was goin' on at all. Oi was just settin' up for sake, and Oi was just gettin' sumo tof, and Oi couldn't hear what was goin' on at all. Oi was just settin' up for sake, and Oi couldn't hear what was goin' on at all.

Translates as: "I went to private school. We were good at football. All my friends and I would go playing for the hours. One day, I fell over on the nursery slopes and hurt my back. Fortunately, my parents are middle-class, so I was able to charter a private plane and whisk myself off to a private hospital where I was wrapped from head to foot in cotton wool in case of any mishaps."
The fruitiest, juiciest column in pop

 Ever wasted money on a music paper, only to see your favourite band ridiculed? Rubbished? Panned? Slagged? Pooh-Pooed? Ever wanted the right of reply? Thanks to Bizzerk, you've got it. Because this week, last week and every week, it's time to...

RIGHT THOSE WRONGS WITH

TED TACT

THE KIND MAN OF POP

Dear Ted,
 I was reading Sounds the other day, looking forward to the usual glowing review of New Model Army, and gasped when I read that they were played 20 minutes at that Indy gig that bloody hell, it's not exactly fun in The Cure's heyday the same amount of time and got Sarah Mulligan, Hampshire

TODAYS

I know what you're coming from, Sarah, of course, I was there on Saturday and found both bands similarly poor, and I found them truly appalling. Each band plays a different kind of music, and I processed my statistics into a different kind of statistic. I processed my calculations into a different kind of statistics... and I concluded that both bands were just hopeless.

DEAR TED

Last week you told... Ted Turner, Hampshire

TODAYS

Oh Ted, I was reading the album reviews the other day and the Katmandu album got one and a half stars. How come? They must have seen Gary Cooper, Buckinghamshire

Dear Ted,
 Yes, Gary, it costs an arm and a leg to make an album these days and I'm sure the record label didn't put a penny out of it. Where is the money? If you don't know, it's the other half, wouldn't you hand it over from the first place, if you thought your album was a load of rubbish? I'm afraid that's as far as it goes...

TEDSAYS

I'm afraid of the right of reply. Why should they want me to reply? If I don't know, they can give it to me, can't they? Sarah Mulligan, Hampshire

With RAB NUTTER (he's from the gutter)

IT'S RAB

"LET ME tell you how you can join the Conspiracy Of Boredom"

If anyone ever needed reminding of pop's final passage into the world of business, all "shifting units", champagne receptions and middle-aged mediocrity, then the nauseous Brits bash Awards did the trick brilliantly. More like a vast self-congratulatory sales conference than a celebration of music, the annual ceremony has become a symbol of everything wrong with the rock 'n' roll beast.

O magazine, Channel 1's Rock Steady, piss-poor charity spectacles, Phil "**king" Collins... the symptoms of pop's ill health are easy to see, and the Brits bash seems to salute them all. Worse still, it's a huge publicity play by the BPI, the organisation that's done more than most in pushing pop towards its safe, staid twilight years.

But never mind, eh? While the nation tuned in to the Brits, we always had the Mondays. When they sneered over Nick Astley, we could go loopy to Ride. And when the organisers wheeled on Tory Cabinet ministers, we could take refuge in the plucky pinnacles of New Model Army.

So sneered at the Brits, and the music biz glitterati sneered back. It was the perfect example of the age pop - thirty-something CD listeners faced wired-up pop kids over a yawning divide. And when our lousy troops (Mondays, Roses, Farm) began to storm the charts, it looked like the whole flaccid Clapton-Collins consensus would be exposed on the conspiracy of boredom it undoubtedly was.

But the pop establishment is clever. Like a devious parent, it's managed to grab those bands who lay outside its clutches, and make them feel part of the whole stinking BPI party. The pre-Brits Great British Music Weekend was their piece de resistance: it took the sting from the tails of the new popsters brilliantly, bringing the likes of the Cure, Carter and James into the centre of the scam.

Their filmed performances will be inserted into a ceremony that will drone over the ageing rock aristocracy as lustily as ever. The proceeds from the gigs will go, in part, to the Tory-sponsored School For Performing Arts. On the evidence of last year's bash, members of we may even see ourselves government-waxing lyrical about "great British music" in between clips of mass-murder-committee film director Alex Farnham.

The fact that numerous metalheads gave their services is hardly surprising - long-haired rockers have rarely raised their voices against the Thatcherite ethics of the music biz. But the Cure? Ah, the Weddows? Phil Collins? These people should be outside the pop castle altogether. Like a devious parent...

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Shame on you, Gedge, Ryder, Hooton and Smith. Next time Jonathan King comes knocking, just say no...

John Harris

SPARE CHANGE

AW JESUS, Ah've got a terrible language problem, see. Ah've got a mouth like a Special Brew. Pure shite it is.

Ah was tellin' the poet ratty in Telford Square, but even after an hour an' a half in the bog, the bastard was still no good. Ah'd plotted the crke's shite out to him, but what's the f**kin' country cousin lass no way?

Darby, he's from the gutter

IT'S RAB

"LET ME tell you how you can join the Conspiracy Of Boredom"
Rock 'n' roll bands with the emotional intensity to leave an indelible impression on people's lives are few and far between. INTO PARADISE singer DAVE LONG hopes that his band can touch people in the way that Joy Division touched him ten years ago. TIM PEACOCK listens to their new EP, 'Burns My Skin', and reckons that Dave's in with a good chance. LEO REGAN sets the scene.

**EVERY ONCE in a while, rock 'n' roll's intense and exploited body summons sufficient strength to push forward a band that has the sort of emotional intensity to delve down inside the soul and leave an indelible mark on people's lives.**

Yup, we're talking obsession here: that potentially lethal state of mind, which — as Sounds' recent files on Joy Division, Nick Cave and The Cure proved — can still make inroads in pop's business-minded immunity system.

And guess what? Before the next 12 months are through, an unsung Dublin quartet named Into Paradise will have amassed their own substantial army of obsessive followers. Busy attacking a pint at his band's local Dublin haunt, the Underground Cafe, Paradise singer/drummer Dave Long is clearly beginning to come to terms with the all-consuming public interest which has blossomed since the group's 1990 debut album, 'Under the Water'.

"Yeah, I can see people getting obsessed with us," he says, "because they probably look up at me and think, yeah, he's as 'fked up at the core and they'd identify with that and hopefully feel better as a result.""

"I used to be a bit of a scaredy-cat about intense reactions," he continues, "but making 'Under the Water' came out, I felt worried because some of the reviews were a bit over the top and we were getting a bit of a fad around - fan who followed us everywhere. But I can't do that now.

"After all, I listened to bands like Joy Division and The Cure and the army of obsessive followers I amassed their own substantial named Into Paradise will have minded immunity system."

Typically, Into Paradise are largely cringeworthy moralising because he was before his time but over. Dave Long (the main man) has been totally passed over.

"Some of the music's OK, but there again, I don't believe Ireland's any better than anywhere else right now. Some of the music's OK, but there's nothing quite the likes of the kings of punk new wave anyway.

"And I listened to bands like Magazine and the rest of the band."

"Burns My Skin" is a chilling, streamlined rock masterpiece saddled in by Rachel Tighe's hypnotic bassline and genius giant Long's distinctive, distressing voice. The storyline, meanwhile, concerns some kind of undetermined act of violence.

Santana to be heard above a local band, who — like Into Paradise two years earlier — are cutting their teeth on this stage by day, Dave explains.

"Burns My Skin" isn't really about a specific incident. Basically, though, it concerns this dangerous character who's got to desperation point after years of harrass and grief. Because he sees nothing left for him, he's gonna take it out on someone for better or worse.

"Musically, I'm really happy with it," he adds. "We've produced what I think is our most urgent and important song so far."

Badly, the song's rather threatening subject matter is also liable to unsettle any airplay on conservative old Wadii Wadi. Typically, Into Paradise are largely unconcerned.

"Airplay doesn't worry me with this one," admits Long. "I think it's too violent to be played on the radio.

"But that's OK, because I see it as a very young song — maybe a song for alienated teenagers. The sort of people who will identify with it are unlikely to be listening to daytime radio anyway.

"'Olden, why compromise?' he laughs. "'There's raptures, murders, suicides and alterations in our songs, but those things are everyday occurrences and need to be addressed."

**THAT SAID, there is precious little space awarded to on-growth worthy moralling in the Into Paradise grand design. Instead, the hulking figure of Long draws on personal, often fatalistic accounts that hit home with devastating effect.**

Aside from 'Burns My Skin', the EP features two further bruising waltzlets to 'On And On' and 'Low'. With admirable support from the remaining Paradise gate-keepers Rachel Tighe, Jimmy Eade (guitar and keyboards) and drummer Ronan Clarke, these songs are every inch the equal of the main cut.

"However, the themes are always the same," says Dave Long's dominant, and the former TV repair man's world remains fraught and troubled. "I'm up and down as a person," he confides slowly. "I'm not altogether sure the rest of the band realise how deep certain things go with me. They bring the intensity into the music that reflects my lyrics — and my state of mind, I guess.

Is your state of mind any more settled these days?"

"Well, I wouldn't say I feel any happier," considers the singer. "Maybe I'm a little more in control, but there's still two or three days a week when I feel really shite. Then again, if I was happy, I wouldn't be able to write."

Nonetheless, to consequently look upon Into Paradise as 'joyless' would be a huge mistake.

"The further away from some home up you are, the more you want to like looking at the ocean. In 'Tears',' he suggests. "But there again, I don't believe Ireland's any better than anywhere else right now. Some of the music's OK, but there's nothing quite the likes of the kings of punk new wave anyway."

"If you can visualise taking down the drugs of his drink, he concludes his line of thought.

"In any case most of our influences are either English or America — especially England. So we consider ourselves more English than anywhere else.

"That's how our music's OK, but there's nothing quite the likes of the kings of punk new wave anyway."

"That's how our music's OK, but there's nothing quite the likes of the kings of punk new wave anyway."

"A tremendous taster into the Into Paradise grand design."

*THREE QUARTERS of Into Paradise (with Dave Long centre)*
"THE FIRST thing to say is, We have nothing to say. Front 242 is an empty box and people can put in it what they want. We put nothing in it."

Daniel B quietly states Front 242's philosophical position as he and Jean Luc attempt to promote the band's forthcoming LP, 'Tyranny For You'.

"On a business level, it's a challenge to attack a difficult market," says Jean Luc of the British market they're currently aiming at. "But the concerts and conditions we are offered in Britain aren't good enough for us to put on our proper show. We'll try hard through 1991 but if nothing happens then we'll have to concentrate in other areas."

With a large following throughout Europe and huge cult status in the US, Front 242 probably don't need our rapidly devaluing sterling anyway.

"We get people here saying, Do another song like 'Headhunter' or 'Welcome To Paradise'," says Daniel, "but we won't caricature ourselves just to get a hit. If it doesn't work here then it's not so important for us."

"Never Stop" singles that came in between.

When we make a record," explains Daniel, "we always know exactly what it will be released as, 12-inch or soundtrack or LP track, and we prepare each format differently from the very beginning. But music from this LP could easily be on 'Geography', our first LP. Our vision has stayed the same."

The Front have certainly inspired a fair few spotty youths to take to the sound desk, but seldom with any results that please our Belgian friends. Jean Luc, as always, has an opinion.

"If these bands are influenced by us then what they are seeing of us is like an iceberg. They see only the top ten per cent but they miss the 90 per cent which is under the water. But, really, I hate music anyway, so don't ask me."

One aspect of Front 242 that is almost universally ignored is their humour.

"People misinterpret so much of what we do," says Jean Luc. "We are pretentious but we're also non-serious. People treat everything we do so seriously."

"We went on stage in Brussels once and we were all wearing false moustaches," joins Daniel. "No one got the joke, they thought they were real or it was some tribute to some artist or something."

IT'S TEN years since Front 242 sprang out of their native Belgium touting their hardbeat sounds and Art-Terrorist image. "Tyranny For You" sees them squeezing more melody into their crashing rhythms and sits nicely next to their last 'Front By Front' LP rather than the less impressive 'Masterful' and "We are aware that we have a lot of fans in the UK and we would very much like to play," says Daniel. "The sticking point is the middle men, the money men."

"In America we've just signed a 200 word contract with Epic and it says, Front 242 have complete artistic control, 100 times. When a lot of the older guys at the company read the contract - after we'd signed it! - they blew a fuse."

"What's important," concludes Daniel, "is that Front 242 have product in the shops and it is available to the people who want it. After that everything else is unnecessary, interviews and promotion, it's all pointless. We've got nothing to say."
ARIES Your ruling planet is Mars, though with 1992 on the way it might easily get its name changed to Snickers or something. Anyway, it’s stirring up a lot of activity around you just now, so life might be quite hectic, but highly productive if you use your time wisely. Why not build a cathedral? Or perhaps a sports centre with ample parking? As Saturn leaves Capricorn towards the end of the week, your career should become a bit more fulfilling.

TAURUS Getting about is the order of the day for Taurus, both socially and geographically. You seem to be having a pretty good time in the love department. Why not use your time properly. Why not build a cathedral? Or perhaps a sports centre with ample parking? At Saturn leaving Capricorn towards the end of the week, your career should become a bit more fulfilling.

GEMINI Things are looking pretty lovely in the Gemini camp. Be careful not to neglect restless feelings and lapse into gross boredom, because all the excess energy bodes well for getting things done. Don’t go splurging bunches of the Pope in showing team. Wanted Geminis will be paying close attention to their home lives.

CANCER Hmmm.)

LEO Well, Leo, me old mucker, it’s just possible that you’ll be getting a pay rise soon and your worry glands will die down accordingly.

SCORPIO Leo should give you a lot of creativity to decide how to spend it - just 15p interest from a childhood post office account. Jupiter in Leo gives you a lot of creativity to decide how to spend it. You might even get its name changed to Snickers or something.

SAGITTARIUS Big bad Saturn is finally clearing out of the centre with ample parking? As Saturn leaves Capricorn towards the end of

LIBRA You’ve got to take care to make sure things are smooth at the moment. Their knackers might easily get its name changed to Snickers or something.

VIRGO F* *king good week for you lot, so make the most of it. Venus though. Why not treat yourself to a fun -fur cod -piece?

SCORPIO You’ve got to take care to make sure things are smooth at the moment. Their knackers might easily get its name changed to Snickers or something.

CAPRICORN Travel is the big word this week. You may well be in the mood for planning a holiday or journey of some sort, or a letter may travel from far far parts of your distant. It’s the visit to the Post Office in the offing?

AQUARIUS The planets are smiling on your financial situation, and spend the week in the garage. A good time for Librans who are not happy with. Like your lack.

PISCES Your old mate Jupiter is shining a friendly light on that relationship, especially with the family. Romance seems to be lurking about your person too. Wa-hey! It’s also a good time to improve in all things cash -wise. Why not take all your clothes off and cover yourself in bacon to celebrate?


FEB 3: Buddy Holly and Richie ster of the week. So you can stop looking so bloody smug.

SOLING ROJOS

FEB 4: Karen Carpenter, 32, dies of a heart attack during a tour of the UK. She was 47.

SINGING"

FEB 6: Simon Le Bon of Duran Duran was in America on a personal appearance tour, where he met his future wife, Classic Collins. They got married in November 1983.

Nowadays, the press are crowding their gigs like they’re giving away free Sol and even the punters are getting in on the act and moshing down the front. The Atom Seed are starring to snowball.

At the moment, though, they’re winding up a nine month contract with FM 17 Revolver - the label that brought you The Stone Roses and got an impromptu paint job on their premises for their trouble. The contract’s given birth to one album, the rather wonderful ‘Get In Line’, and the A&Rs are buying like a pack of bloodhounds.

“They keep coming down again and again,” says Paul, “and they say, ‘I’ll have to bring my mate Bob down, or, I’ll have to bring my mate Sue along and see what she thinks of it.”

“They keep coming back cos they’re not quite sure. I mean, we haven’t got lovely – sorry – pukey permed hair and beautiful clothes. I remember when we first started out, a journalist turned round to tap type – what do you do? Do you really work at all on an ‘image’?”

SCHNAFF back garage, aside, the Atom Seed’s Image is more musical than physical.

“Get In Line’ is the British riposte to the American fusion attack that brought rock’s force

Simon: “That’s where the heavy metal thing goes out of the window a bit, cosa lot of it stems from punk – out of the energy of different punk influences. I think there are others doing it, but we’re the ones whose profile’s been raised the highest.”

A BIT of profile raising never did any one any harm, and the Atom Seed deserve it as much as anyone. The Atom Seed also need it as much as anyone.

Simon shrugs ruefully. “None of us have got a penny. Out of this tour we take a daily allowance to keep us going, but when we get back to London we’ve got to go back and sign on.”

Paul: “I’ve got to go back, and they’re really hassling me at the moment over Restart schemes, awareness days and things like that. It’s depressing cos you come off tour and you realise you’ve got to get back to all this sh!t. Ha, you do have to suffer for your art.”

That’s a shame, but the suffering could be over before too long. And, who knows, the Atom Seed might even manage to warm their way up the hotel status scales to a Holiday Inn.

IT’S a seedy, grubby afternoon in Nottingham, and London based fusion rockers the Atom Seed are curled up on some ratty sofas in the even

FEB 5: Karen Carpenter, 32, dies of anorexia nervosa, 1983.

FEB 7: Buddy Holly, 32, dies of a heart attack during a tour of the UK. He was 17.

FEB 8: Simon Le Bon of Duran Duran was in America on a personal appearance tour, where he met his future wife, Classic Collins. They got married in November 1983.

Nowadays, the press are crowding their gigs like they’re giving away free Sol and even the punters are getting in on the act and moshing down the front. The Atom Seed are starring to snowball.

At the moment, though, they’re winding up a nine month contract with FM 17 Revolver - the label that brought you The Stone Roses and got an impromptu paint job on their premises for their trouble. The contract’s given birth to one album, the rather wonderful ‘Get In Line’, and the A&Rs are buying like a pack of bloodhounds.

“They keep coming down again and again,” says Paul, “and they say, ‘I’ll have to bring my mate Bob down, or, I’ll have to bring my mate Sue along and see what she thinks of it.”

“They keep coming back cos they’re not quite sure. I mean, we haven’t got lovely – sorry – pukey permed hair and beautiful clothes. I remember when we first started out, a journalist turned round to tap type – what do you do? Do you really work at all on an ‘image’?”

Simon: “That’s where the heavy metal thing goes out of the window a bit, cosa lot of it stems from punk – out of the energy of different punk influences. I think there are others doing it, but we’re the ones whose profile’s been raised the highest.”

A BIT of profile raising never did any one any harm, and the Atom Seed deserve it as much as anyone. The Atom Seed also need it as much as anyone.

Simon shrugs ruefully. “None of us have got a penny. Out of this tour we take a daily allowance to keep us going, but when we get back to London we’ve got to go back and sign on.”

Paul: “I’ve got to go back, and they’re really hassling me at the moment over Restart schemes, awareness days and things like that. It’s depressing cos you come off tour and you realise you’ve got to get back to all this sh!t. Ha, you do have to suffer for your art.”

That’s a shame, but the suffering could be over before too long. And, who knows, the Atom Seed might even manage to warm their way up the hotel status scales to a Holiday Inn.
OKAY BOYS, let's kick off, as Wax Work's Ricc MidORB's Mixtix East. Put together by Alex Paterson and friends as AKA, it's being rashed out for obvious reasons. A driving drum beat, the voice of an example of an American and the mark of the master crafters, that's all you need, really. On Wrig Records there's a single from TOMBAs entitled 'Mingdak'. With its feedbacky techno sound which wheedles its way into the back of your head. TOMBAS comes from Letchworth.

For further releases on the label are Hinckley, Leics. Cheques and POs payable to CJ BANNER have real photos and is pretty thick and well put together. Jeanie who will be recording an LP in April.

Manchester Records are promoting a tour by Belgian straight-edgers who will be recording an LP in the near future.

Sounds (previously PROFOUNC) whose debut mini-LP will also be out shortly on Sycophant.

Austria, Germany and Poland and then in June the address below. Their second LP is being promoted by the HARD-ONS on the flip of their single.

JAILCELL RECIPES on tour in February. This is to promote their second LP 'Elounda Sleeps' which is due out in the middle of the month on blinds.

The Butthole Surfers and who we're told, marks the band's departure into goth.

A few times in the break. We just say it 20 times in each song and then a few more after.

Ween (aka Mickey Melchionado), "and we're just generally crank out a lot."

"The name is a cross between pen and wuss," says, Hey guys, I love you".

"It's my life."

"We blame our parents," confesses Gene, "and we're just trying to say it 20 times in each song and then a few more after.

Ween's spectacular (previously PREFOUNC) compilation (all for £1.50) which is a must for all fans of the band.

The single he's referring to has just slipped out on Heavenly, a German label.

"Like Gibby Haines, perhaps?"

"I can't wait to play this one straight."

"Put together by a few good friends".

"It looks like he's going to play this one straight."

"Andy Weatherall was telling me if he could mix some tunes, he's going to mix a track on the upcoming Heavenly compilation, he may go on to do the whole album..."

The future sound of East Village will probably not stagger over from some kinda 'Indiciana'/Sintetico/samplers/psytrance/whatever it looks like he's going to play this one straight.

"All I can do is get a good beat to play this one straight."

However, the harmonies buried deep behind the costly strummed guitars, laid back and riding on Spooner's economical drumming that gives the track a driving edge usually so lacking in this school of garage.

"I don't think we're at that good of mixing our tunes, we were out of our heads when we mixed 'Circles', he ha. We may have to bring someone in to help produce us in the future," concedes Martin. But help is at hand as one of the country's best young producers is checking them out.

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Do not hallucinate.
Last year we went through the annals of rock to provide you with concise psychological dossiers on the most infamous nutters in r'n'r history. We brought you such marauding mainmen of madness as Moon The Loon and Ozzy, but where are the nutters for the '90s? This week ROY WILKINSON begins the search for those capable of carrying musical insanity into the next century. Yes, it's the search for the Son Of Rock Nutters.

**MARK E SMITH**

Old Smithy truly has the laugh of a maniac - an insane cackle from a mouth thrown back to face the sky - but his status as a great latterday loon rests with his many and varied diatribes on How The Fall Invented The World.

Einar Sjuggerud, The Membranes, Sonic Youth, have all been cited by Mark as E-type blags, but why stop there when every move in the pop universe can be traced to The Fall and thereby Smithy himself?

U2? "Have you heard 'Desire'," railed Smith. "Total Fall rip-off. We were doing that early rock 'n' roll stuff years ago."

Rap? "It's nothing new to me. Man, the Fall have always been a rap group."

Madchester? "You wouldn't believe it up here. I go out to a club and people look at what shirt I've got on and write it down to the Happy Mondays and The Charlatans can wear one, it's cheap Manchester white crap which I've been writing about for nine years."

Complete inconsistency? February 1990: "We used to hear the Mondays rehearsing years ago. I used to say, 'Who's that band?' December 1990: "Happy Mondays disturb me very much. They practice their north Manchester accents."

Meanwhile, when Brix joined, new avenues were opened: "All these new blonde bands make me sick. The Primitives, Voice Of The Beehive, they're all 100 per cent Brix copies." Not to mention the Gulf crisis, which Smith reckons he predicted in 'Terry Waite Sez'.

Smith's back-up enigma variation is his rib-tickling professional prole routine, a phenomenon that involves offering visiting journalists crisp sandwiches, swearing brown bread is the work of the devil and displaying proud northern paternalism. "I've now got six moulds to feed in this band," he remarked during one period of particularly pronounced Fall population expansion.

Perhaps most memorable of all, though, was his behaviour at one photo session. Smith was holding his cig with daintily grasped fingers, at which point the photographer asked if he could lift his hand a mite further skyward. "Nah," scowled Smithy as he adopted an authentic, cupped-hand 'terrace-style' fag grip: "You middle class people might smoke like that, but don't think I'm going to."

**GLENN BENTON**

The real Mark E Smith is stuffed with aspiring full-mental, racket-making maniacs, but the Deicide frontman pushes his way to the front by dint of his extreme seriousness with the extremely silly.

Decide believe they met in a previous life on some medieval battlefield and have all sworn to commit suicide by the age of 33 - in fact, Mr Benton tried hanging himself once "with the elastic off a couple pairs of underwear, but the elastic broke."

Now Glen tries to do "something really evil every day" and walks around with an inverted cross branded on his forehead. He continually talks about satanic deeds which read like he's parodying death metal.

Unfortunately, his utterances are made in earnest: "Self-mutilation videos are great for drinking beer to. They inspire you to go home and stab the cat or dog with a fork or something."

Glen was beaten up at a show and Deicide's first UK visit was cut short when an injured visiting journalis was befallen with a fork or something. "Man, the Fall have always been a rap group."

**ICE-T**

"Hey, I'm a normal guy," claimed the mighty Ice. "Look, I can sit here with you, party with you, maybe kill you later."

The world of Ice-T is indeed a strange one. He claims his tales of everyday Ultraguns violence are there because these are the very things the drug-fuelled children of the ghetto will want to listen to. Once Ice has got them tuned in, he says he can then give them a useful message, such as on Lethal Weapon which turns out not to be about his Uzi but his mind.

On the other hand, Ice could be accused
THE KLF's Bill Drummond – the sanest man in pop?

with a six-inch barrel. I've got an assortment of 12-gauge shotguns that I carry around for entertainment. I have 38 pistols, a Belgian assault rifle and an Uzi.”

Of course, Nikki's hobby is nothing but healthy, as is his admiration for drummer Tommy’s collection. “Yeah,” gushed Sixx. “Tommy’s got an AK-47 – it’s the same thing this guy used to massacre all these kids from a school roof in California. I tell ya, it looks exactly the same.” I’ve seen pictures and everything...

Perhaps most unaccountably of all, the anti-heroine in Martin Amis’s London Fields is called Nicola Six. She’s a tall, leggy thing, with raven hair, the occasional penchant for leather wear and a death wish...

BILL DRUMMOND

AS ECHO And The Bunnymen’s manager he was fond of attributing Liverpool’s then prolific musical output to a particularly heavy concentration of ley lines. He then proceeded to take the Bunnymen on a tour which supposedly followed ley lines from the Scottish islands to the Royal Albert Hall.

He released his debut solo album at the age of 33 1/3, then formed the Justified Ancients Of Mu Mu and went rampaging across Europe in the hope of discussing copyright infringement with Abba. With the KLF he’s been involved with improbable combinations of Daleks, speaking cars, corn circles, Gary Glitter, attempts to jam onstage with sheep and number one records. He was recently spotted at a Dutch DJ convention, giving the venue’s gear to the audience.

On paper, Bill is an insufferable loony with a hopeless addiction to the scum. In reality, he’s the sanest man in pop.

NEXT WEEK: THEY'RE TOTALLY MAD PART TWO
When Lemmy "headed for LA, everyone feared that one of our great British institutions was about to crumble and asked if MOTORHEAD had finally "sold-out". Not so, says ANDY STOUT. '1916' is a great album, Lemmy reckons it's their 'Sgt Pepper'. Last laugh by ALASTAIR INGDE.

SOME THINGS are so much a part of this country's heritage that they're almost like a weird cultural wallpaper that people just take for granted. Optimistic.

Losing test matches, sit-coms starring Penelope Keith, kabab masochism, tabloid headlines about gay vicars and, of course, the bastards ugly son of British rock – Motorhead. Institutions every one, and things that people could use to check that everything is still in order and that the British status quo remains unchanged. So when something comes along to disturb the equilibrium, people get upset. Such was the reaction when it was mooted in the press that Lemmy was relocating to Los Angeles, Motorhead were going to record out there and they'd finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic.

"The time I ever I went to LA I liked it. I think it's the palm trees. I just like LA cos it's America, and its generation was very Americanized. You don't get any of this high-blown bullshit of people in stupid suits, besides which, I'm much more popular with American women than I am with British women. "It's ludicrous anyway. How can you sell out by moving anywhere?" If I moved to Scotland no one would say I sold out. The bigger deal is that we've come in with a better album than we've made in our lives.

"To wind up this thing about LA nobody buys our albums here anyway. Now we can go to LA and come back with tans and everything and everyone treats us like a foreign band. Oh, you're interesting now. Everyone's falling over their arse to do an interview now."

A thorn in the side it may be, but all this publicity can't be too bad. Tabloid hacks are queuing for words of wisdom from the mouth of the Lemmester, and the slightly gammy Motorhead of a couple of years ago has been transformed back into the original roaring beast. It's amazing what a bottle of Ambré Solaire can do to your life.

MOTORHEAD AT number one isn't really worth putting a flyer on at the bootkicks, but to all intents and purposes '1916' is the band's comeback album. Something that dispels the slight aura of lameness after 'Organisation' and the disappointing 'Rock 'N' Roll'. One that replays Motorhead's great days of power (circa '82's 'Iron Fist') and something with back to form stamped all over it.

"It's better than back to form," says Lemmy. "It's better than form. If it was back to form it'd be just another collection of fast numbers. This is Motorhead's 'Sgt Pepper'.

"It's the first time I can say that there's no reason – except our judgement – that there's anything wrong on that album. We've got exactly what we wanted and everybody's happy with it. If it "TT's up now there's nobody to blame but us, and that's alright by me." In the sleeve notes on the back of '1916', Lemmy says the band were "...stale and on a treadmill in our career".

"Sure we work," he agress now. "We didn't have a chance to do it properly. We were with the same management, and we carried on hoping for the best like bloody Idiots."

After a very acrimonious split from the said management company, Motorhead moved to Los Angeles. And although most of their previous albums were recorded in the time it takes for a mongoose to fart, this time around, they did it properly – giving themselves enough time to nursmaid '1916' into a potentially hostile world.

"It's lovely to be able to spend that amount of time on it," says Wurzel. "We spent a month in the pub and then three in the studio. '1916' certainly brings an element of diversification into the 'Head camp. Shock, horror – there's even a ballad containing a thoughtful message to the PMRC; and the title track itself, a poignant and powerful anti-war song with cellos mourning in the background.

But would the album have been as diverse if they hadn't spent that amount of time on it?

"The songs would still have been different, it just wouldn't have been as finished," quoth The Lem. "Just as the last two albums weren't finished. We had a chance this time to say, Stop, I'm reeding that vocal completely, I'm rewriting it. I did that on two songs, and Phil Campbell took three days to do a solo when before we always had to put up with the first one."

"We've never had that. In all the years Motorhead have been going we've never had that opportunity..."

Part of the attraction of Motorhead was that they were always raw, untamed, blasting bollocks rock and roll. Wasn't there a danger that they might have over-produced themselves out of existence?

"No, we're not that sort of band y'know. I don't believe we have an artistic thing to bestow upon the nation and all that shit. We're a rock 'n' roll band. It's just that we want to get the rock 'n' roll as good as possible."

uellement: STAY CLEAN from the LP, 'Overkill' LIVE TO WIN from the LP, 'Ace Of Spades' STONE DEAD FOREVER from the LP, 'Bomber' ALL FOR YOU from the LP, 'Rock 'N' Roll' CARAPICORN from the LP, 'Overkill' TOO LATE, TOO LATE B-side of 'Overkill' 45, also on the four-track live EP, 'The Golden Years' ACE OF SPADES from the LP, 'Ace Of Spades' WHITE LINE FEVER from the LP, 'Motorhead' I GOT MINE from the LP, 'Another Perfect Day' LOVE ME FOREVER from the LP, '1916'
**SINGLE OF THE WEEK ONE**

**SPACEMEN 3 'Big City' (Fire)**

Not so long ago Spacemen 3 were best known as a band no-one could quite define - or, at least, no-one knew quite what to make of them. But hey, 53 mainman Sonic Boom has since immersed himself in the militantly non-sedentary world of rave and house, and, in their own wonderful way, MBV are musos. It's a funny old world, but a good one.

**QUEEN 'Innuendo'**

For many people, Queen have become a synonym for good old-fashioned rock. But even the most casual of fans would be hard-pressed to say exactly what it is about them that makes them such an enduringly popular band. Is it their music? Their image? Or perhaps both? Whatever the reason, it's clear that Queen have a special place in the hearts of many people, and it's not hard to see why.

**THE REAL PEOPLE 'Open Up Your Mind (Let Me In)'**

SINGLE OF THE WEEK THREE

**JULIAN COPE 'Beautiful Love (EP) Island)**

The EP itself is a singer-songwriter effort, complete with jolly jack tar chants etc. No shortage of chunky lines either: "Caught by the knick of the sailcloth"..."Lulled to death by the...". This all plus a crisp remix of the title track and "Unfinished Cathedral" from last year's low-key "Dreamland" LP. Full marks.

**BIRDLAND 'Everybody Needs Somebody'**

**WENDY & LISA 'Don't Try To Tell Me (Virgin)**

Wendy & Lisa are two girls perhaps best known for their Frank's explorations of their sexuality and a certain demand for female...some time association with Prince. Don't Try To Tell Me is the second LP and a firm hit in Wendy & Lisa tradition. It's a smooth piece of neo-soul in next world time with love. Don't let me stay too long...I think you want me! It's indeed fine music but with that little 'something extra'.

**BOMB THE BASS 'Love So True'** (Rhythm King)

It's a time since Bomb The Bass - in essence, one man called Tim Sweeney - shook the charts with the seminal home-made sonic collage of 'Get Up'. He hit the Top 40 with a modified version of 'Say A Little Prayer' and now he's back.

**FREE 'All Right Now'** (Island)

SINGLE OF THE WEEK TWO

**QUEEN 'Innuendo (Explosive Version)'** (Parlophone)

The fact that the queens, 'n' Roll have never been universally accepted as fit for a bit of rug cutting then anyone can. Right now, there's no better place to start than with 'Big City'.

**SINGLE OF THE WEEK TWO**

**SPACEMEN 3 'Get us out of their sound'**

It sounds like Blondie's 'Heart Of Glass' crossed with Joy Division and the Sex Pistols. There is some of both, and then there is Spacemen. The band have been around for a while now, and their sound has evolved over the years. But one thing remains constant: their music is always worth listening to.

**JULIAN COPE 'Beautiful Love'**

The EP is probably best described as a kind of progressive rock meets folk meets country meets whatever. It's a bit of a mish-mash, but it's all done with a lot of skill and passion. Julian Cope is a bit of a musical chameleon, and this EP is no exception. It's a bit of everything, and it's all done well.

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**FREE 'All Right Now'** (Island)
“In the morning I wake from the scream of beer makers...”

Jack Kerouac - (The Subterraneans)

1, ELVIS!

James Johnston is runnanging in his sock drawer - the one labelled Today is

Rummaging

a swanee whistle, a set when its tonsured head is pressed. He

finds, instead, a swanee whistle, a set

displays an enormous set of genitalia

drawer - the one labelled Today Is

Sometimes it isn't.

Gallon Drunk have been

jumpers, Gallon Drunk have been raising

Underwear, although,

All of which seems a bit strange, really.”

Johnston, with a headful of Castlemain.

Very strange and eclectic mixture of rock 'n'

reconstructed rocker.

North London rafters with their lazy, drunken

aren't the most organised of performers.

Gone for good, in fact. As those

bathing alone, with the thought of more

I, ELVIS!

“Mixing shit with ice cream.”

“Nothing, actually. I've got a copy over

Popsicle

Look at it.

But that'll be totally different to the studio

“Barry White's a class

Entertainment?”

“Entertainment?”

“I'm a big fan of all-star line-ups,” offers

Johnston continues. “Simultaneously.

“Nothing, actually. I've got a copy over

you're clutching cans of alcoholic libations,

Johnston, loading Death Curse Of

How come it! How many people do you

The Queen on drums, myself on

Johnston, with a headful of Castlemain.

Do you

talking to me about entertainment. Do you

seem to
categorisable as those nothing bands which

while languidly masturbating in a

hot bath, I think, would be entertaining.”

People will be bedazzled. It'll just be so

fabbulously soid. So elegant. Miscellaneous.

“You can make serious music and still entertain. Like Sam Ra, Jerry Lee Lewis or

Isaac Hayes. You don't have to be a thick

eadshredle band, just jumping up and
down and going, OOOOWWAAGGH! The
age of the class act seems to have died.”

“Barry White's a class act. Combe
interrups, burting in naked but for a grey

green towel round his waist.

“Charlie Mingus was black.”

“What's that doing in there?”

“Nothing, actually. I've got a copy over

What's your

外科医生

what's that doing in there?”

“Nothing, actually. I've got a copy over

“Have you heard it before?”

It's alright for you,” grumbles Combe.

“I am getting earnest.”

Robert Mitchum

“Barry White’s a class

Strengthening Jay Hawkins knows that.

“Nothing, actually. I've got a copy over

I always

laughs

I look like something out of Lemon
Popsicle (a

American Graffiti

rip-off).”

And what's with that?

“Nothing, actually. I've got a copy over

you're clutching cans of alcoholic libations,

Johnston, loading Death Curse Of

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What's your

外科医生

what's that doing in there?”

“Nothing, actually. I've got a copy over

what's wrong with that?

“Nothing, actually. I've got a copy over

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Look at it.
SELF-STYLED 'Soldiers Of Love', The Moonflowers might be a bunch of West Country hippies but the release of 'Warshag' (on Bush's 'ultimatum day') proves they're not averse to the odd capitalist marketing scam.

And what better way to promote it than to take themselves off to 'war torn' Belfast for a mini-tour? Singer and chief songwriter, Captain Sonic Ray explains. "We tried to do the three Bs tour — Belfast, Baghnaol and Beirut... seriously. But all we got was Belfast and Bognor Regist!"

When The Moonflowers first burst out of Bristol with the well-dancyn 'Get Higher', on their own (Prop God label), everyone thought they were the West Country's answer to the hippy shit (what does that mean?) Manchester scene.

But when their first gigs revealed a group of hippies with painted faces and a Jimi Hendrix guitar, the audience's receptacles reactions were somewhat less ecstatic.

As The Moonflowers cruise through West Belfast in a hired minibus, keyboard/sax player Smokin' Sam admits: "Yeah, we were kind of surprised about all that. It's why there's only one song on that single. But we thought it would be a good way of getting our name known."

When The Moonflowers, London DJs, Rockly & Diesel, remixed one of the tracks, it furthered the confusion about what this band are about. But the reality is that The Moonflowers are the exception to the rule: no cash-in, no sell-out and, despite their diverse influences, made unique to them by the fact that they are less than happy when they're told.

"We're happy singing, dancing and playing and we can't understand why the same kind of thing doesn't make lots of other people happy."

"It might sound funny," interjects Jesse, "but in a way we are arguably the most subversive band in existence at the moment, primarily because our only aim is to have a really good time without hurting anyone and to make a few people who come to see us have a good time."

THE CURRENT single 'Warshag' — a fine R&B based anti-war anthem, released in a limited edition of 1991 on the aforementioned 'ultimatum day' — proves that The Moonflowers know how to work a good scam. Their peacenik ideals certainly provide a neat hook for journalists who are normally have the same degree of love for the music press they are naturally interested in coverage than in making good records. Similarly, the music press can stand accused (as ever) of hyping 'scenes' purely to sell copies.

"You can exploit the music press to an extent," contends Sam. "We're just starting to exploit you and that's the slippery slope to bullshit. I really don't want any hype for this band."

And with a large degree of emotion in his voice he shouts: "This is the last time I want anything like that happening."

Sonic, however, can see a more positive side to the problem. "What it means is more people turning up to your gigs and more people enjoying you and buying your records."

"We do reckon we're better than about 97 per cent of bands in the country and telling people what to do. We're the way they are." Sam, "and by playing to more people we usually have a better time."

"We're just a big fairy tale," says Sonic. "It might sound funny," interjects Jesse, "but in a way we are arguably the most subversive band in existence at the moment, primarily because our only aim is to have a really good time without hurting anyone and to make a few people who come to see us have a good time."

THE MOONFLOWERS have built up a reputation as a bunch of hippies whose sole aim is to promote love, peace and a general free-for-all. But they're not noticed to the odd marketing scam, as LEO FINLAY discovers when he joins their mini-tour of Northern Ireland. STEVE GULLICK documents the hippy shit

"We have kids, too," laughs bassist Shagger.

Yet again Jesse gets his philosophy in: "We know what people want to hear — everything's alright and we can all live a happy life if we try."

"We're just a big fairy tale," says Sonic. "We're happy singing, dancing and playing and we can't understand why the same kind of thing doesn't make lots of other people happy."

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IF ANYONE was expecting The Moonflowers to tour Northern Ireland to be another Clash In Belfast (Strummer & Co made a much publicised visit there in '79), then they were in for a disappointment.

There were no armchair rifles, no barbed wire posters and no apparent outrage in the House Of Commons — although the Flowers were stopped three times by the RUC in the short journey from the band's guest house to the night's venue, and once by policemen at the edge of the road. "Oh, you're the band... It seems they always encounter such trouble."

"We always have so much trouble with authority," says Sonic. "Always being stopped by policemen. If you've got long hair and you're a hippy, you're a target."

"Yeah, pigs are the same everywhere," agrees Jesse.

"We're not anything special," insists Sonic. "We're not special to another country and telling people what to do. We just want everybody to have a good time..."

"And come along and see us being silly," adds the still Smokin' Sam.

So why are The Moonflowers different? Sonic: "The Moonflowers are a group of friends with a higher degree of love and respect for each other than most people normally have."

It remains to be seen whether the public have the same degree of love for the Flowers, and it's entirely possible that the band will eventually become either cynical and manipulative as everyone else or for now, though The Moonflowers are genuine folk, and genuinely nice folk. They're also one of the only bands you're likely to see and you don't have to be a hippy to enjoy them. And that's no hype.
NEW single:
Open Up Your Mind (Let Me In)

HEAVIER, FASTER AND TWICE AS OBNOXIOUS THAN THE POPPIES!

WELCOME TO THE VIOLENT PLAYGROUND, ITS TIME TO SURVIVE!

25 Norwich, Waterfront.
27 Nottingham, Trent Polytechnic.
28 Leeds, Duchess of York.
30 Newcastle, Riverside.
31 Lancaster, Sugarhoose.

February 2
Glasgow, King Tuts Wah Wah Hut.

5 Manchester, University
6 Birmingham, Edwards No.8.
7 Coventry, Tic Toc.
8 Bath, Moles.
9 Windsor,

7", Cass, CD, 12"

12 Brighton, Zap.
13 Cambridge, Junction.

February 5

THE RHYTHM DIVINE: Channel 4, Feb 2
Channel 4 fondly remembers the days of Fire
People, John Travolta and Earth Wind And Fire


SOUND STUFF-THE RHYTHM DIVINE: 7pm, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2

THE 0 -ZONE: Music, news and videos.

THE 0 -ZONE: 7pm, Channel 4 with the New Breed. Plus Drive live and The Butthole Surfers.


SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2

JIMMY TAYLOR: 11.30pm, Radio 1. A night of soul, rhythm and blues.

JIMMY TAYLOR: 11pm, Radio 1. New releases, interviews and indie dance.


MANIC STREET PREACHERS: Radio 1, Feb 4
Welsh windbags with attitude, the Preachers continue their assault on the earhole majority with a new session for Radio 1

THE REAL PEOPLE

Single:
Open Up Your Mind (Let Me In)

ON TOUR

January 23 Bucky, Tivoli, 28 Liverpool, Princess Royal
35 Heswall, Waterfront. 26 Sheffield, Leadmill.
27 Birmingham, Trent Polytechnic. 28 Leeds, Duchess of York.
30 Newcastle, Riverside. 31 Lancaster, Sugarhoose.
February 2 Glasgow, King Tuts Wah Wah Hut.
3 Manchester, University
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WHERE LOVE HER, or hate her, it is impossible to deny that the most famous women has a sharp ear for a deft pop tune and a smart head for a superior marketing ploy.

In the morally indignant climate currently blighting the rock pop world and with the whole nation spinning under its spell, it was patently obvious to all — not more so than Madonna herself — that a video metaphorically depicting the sexual act would appeal again to the spectre of the censorship issue.

Consequently, Justify My Love has been released. The Video with a replacement montage of all the old Madonna's cobbled together as the single's video content, video stills appeared in style magazines and chat shows debated the moral consequences. No TV showings, no full press publicity and a guaranteed retail release. The Video Games, live and much to the Pop Quaren. In truth, you'd see much more in your average BBC drama than this single promotion and its sexual content is far more tasteful than most clichéd heavy metal riff-rat culture. It is directed. A stream in all BBW by Jean Baptiste Mondino, Justify My Love's hotel bedroom romps over to the tasteful yet the evolving and alluring Patti Smith. The Chart Show is justified, there's nothing choice, but the cobbled together of her 18 chartable couples.

Coupled with Madonna's pantomime ratatouille through graphic art or at least a constant juggling in the frame, mixing 16mm with Super-8 and achieving a jarring of camera and film. Tourfilm builds on this, speeding the film up and then slowing it down, shifting wildly out of focus, preventing an image shaking in the frame, framing in Super-8 and achieving a jarring impact by moving text and images massively out of sync. Nice touch all, but Tourfilm's best elements remains its faithful record of the show itself, including Stipe's nutty gigs, oblique pronunciations and enigmatic mannerisms. Stipe's written witty suits better contemporaries with Talladega Stop Making Sense, but where was that of a predictably choreographed piece of theatre, designed as much for the camera as an audience. Tourfilm is a record at a live rock show. It fits a few dimensions for those who were there but, realistically, who is also going to be interested at present? It may mature into a valuable record of an inspired band, but it has the irreparable pliability as is limited with everything else in this genre.

Roy Wilkinson

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WIN! WIN! WIN! IN THE NAKED-gun BOUNDARY COMPETITION!

ALL WE ASK is a well thought out, the offensiveness or the prove we come here. But when we get home, those cold winter nights seem awfully long and sadly unamusing when you're a young child or a preadolescent with no recreational diversion to which to turn away the hours. Hothead, we thought, then, when those fabulously famous people at CHS Video rang up offering ten copies of The Naked Gun to shower our lucky readers with. And not only that — the same ten lucky winners will each receive a lovely, warm Naked Gun T-shirt to see them through to the summer months. Ooh-la-la!

All you have to do is win this rather splendid home entertainment treat to tell us the name of the movie’s sequel, to be released later this year. Is it:

a) Naked Gun 2,

b) Naked Gun 2½

c) The Filmets

Then write your answer on a postcard, together with your name, address, and a quickie in 'fancy' recipe suggestion, and don't forget to mark your entry "The Naked Gun: All The Above Naked Gun Videos?". Post your entry to our usual address: THE NAKED-UP-TO-DATE-ON-KNOCK-OUT-REVIEW, 36 DAVENPORT ROAD, LONDON SE1 9UZ; to arrive no later than February 8.

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THE GRIFTERS

Starring: John Cusack, Anjelica Huston. Director: Stephen Frears

Jim Thompson's black-harbed violin version toned subtly into a contemporary context. Adapted from Thompson's novel of the same title, The Grifters, strives hard to create the chilling menace that permeates the writer's most vicious work, but somehow fails to really capture that essence of a farcical and a terrifying score by Bernstein Elmer. The story tells of a site, John Cusak plays Ray, a small-time con man, working the gift in the bars of LA. Caught switching bills in a downtown sandwich shop, Cusak's racketeer comes to the aid of a loser and staggers to home, to be called by Mr. Guy (Pennysta), the estranged mother. Lily takes her son to hospital where a transplant that he has sustained severe internal injuries. As he heals, Lily's career is visited by both Lily and Griffith's wife, Lily (Bening), who offers herself to her son's life while conflicting concerns compel them to stay. In this respect, The Grifters' works largely as a character piece. Ray, the Grifter, attempts to outsmart the Mob and pocketing profits for himself, while the Grifter's and destructive desire for the son who is the object of his love. Being Cusack's cold-hearted fool, pose with him and challenge in creating. Caught between them, Cusack's lover-hos never stands a chance, too jaded for the real world to be soft for the gift. Stephen Frears' direction steers admirably clear of overwrought film noir conventions but hits just about to odds with Bernstein's fine, brassy score. Ostensibly a three-hander, there's no room for these characters to work against each other in this lukewarm quality that defines any sense of tension. Violence, by contrast, is stilted and impressionistically represented. Thompson's intense metaphor is here turned into buffoonery. A strong enough dramatic framework to really evoke the worst of Thompson's past and present characters, the adaptation that kept war-time movie buffs in their place, the tough-guy check given film not a formal moral code to work within. Instead the film is a twisted portrait of man, as tensely as Deneuve's Hopper's The Hot Spot nonpareil, the opening scene creates an emotional vacuum. The final scene is strikingly bold and consistent in detail, falls down with the best of them.

Damon Wise

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SYLVESTER STALLONE and real-life son, Sage in Rocky V

Diction aside, Rocky V is hard to take because it's melodramatically written in imagination. Rocky, freakily free from his long-time 12 minutes, wrapped in Super-8 and achieving a jarring impact by moving text and images massively out of sync. Nice touch all, but Tourfilm's best elements remain its faithful record of the show itself, including Stipe's nutty gigs, oblique pronunciations and enigmatic mannerisms. Stipe's written witty suits better contemporaries with Talladega Stop Making Sense, but where was that of a predictably choreographed piece of theatre, designed as much for the camera as an audience. Tourfilm is a record of a live rock show. It fits a few dimensions for those who were there but, realistically, who is also going to be interested at present? It may mature into a valuable record of an inspired band, but it has the irreparable pliability as is limited with everything else in this genre.

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HOLLYWOOD VAVIES a lightedge between the plausible and highly improbable every day, it's the only form that should have been forthcoming without this being pointed out. Especially as director Sydney Pollack has often taken risks — Totem being one example. Quarry is Pollack's seventh film featuring longtime colleague Robert Redford. Together they have established formidable reputations at Hollywood, which makes it seem that Pollack's uneven application has been poor. Except for some press coverage for his lead performance in the Cuban capital in the waning days, and then hours of Batista's fascist revolutionary. A twist of seeming incongruous to hospital where it transpires that he has sustained severe injuries. As he heals, Lily's career is visited by both Lily and Griffith's wife, Lily (Bening), who offers herself to her son's life while conflicting concerns compel them to stay. In this respect, The Grifters' works largely as a character piece. Ray, the Grifter, attempts to outsmart the Mob and pocketing profits for himself, while the Grifter's and destructive desire for the son who is the object of his love. Being Cusack's cold-hearted fool, pose with him and challenge in creating. Caught between them, Cusack's lover-hos never stands a chance, too jaded for the real world to be soft for the gift. Stephen Frears' direction steers admirably clear of overwrought film noir conventions but hits just about to odds with Bernstein's fine, brassy score. Ostensibly a three-hander, there's no room for these characters to work against each other in this lukewarm quality that defines any sense of tension. Violence, by contrast, is stilted and impressionistically represented. Thompson's intense metaphor is here turned into buffoonery. A strong enough dramatic framework to really evoke the worst of Thompson's past and present characters, the adaptation that kept war-time movie buffs in their place, the tough-guy check given film not a formal moral code to work within. Instead the film is a twisted portrait of man, as tensely as Deneuve's Hopper's The Hot Spot nonpareil, the opening scene creates an emotional vacuum. The final scene is strikingly bold and consistent in detail, falls down with the best of them.

Damon Wise

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Drama
After three albums and six years of a relatively hand to mouth existence, Chris Isaak has graduated into a top pop star. Andi Ross meets one of the finest crooners of our time and finds that he's not just brooding, melancholy and intense (as his songs suggest), he's also a man with a ready wit and a keen sense of proportion. portrait by Alastair Indge

A

ACK ON THE front movie, Isaak continues his feeling of flatliners with Timelapse with a brief but raucous interlude in Jon Demme's new movie, The Silence Of The Lambs.

"I think it's cut now. I'm not sure. It should be coming out... I mean, man, I haven't left my own bed for three weeks, what should I know? - I get my news from airport lounges."

"The Silence Of The Lambs is a guy who is so killer (preumably as opposed to the performer, because of the women's skin off to make a cut out of it)."

"Kind Of. It's being hunted down by a guy who the police get to help him. He's a psychopath, so for three he's a canibal."

The Silence Of The Lambs, adapted from Thomas Harris's novel, follows on from the overwhelming success of the written work Red Dragon (filmed by Michael Mann). This time round, the FBI send trainee behaviorist Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster) to interview crazed psychiatrist Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) to learn the identity of the killer in question. A dangerous game out of which Isaak did the chat show experience, Donny Osmond.

"He's really nice, you know. The people in the studio had told me, Whatever you do, don't kid him. He'll kid you. And he did, and I'll never kid him again."

"I'm in this one for 16 seconds, but in my life, you've been in show business since the age of five, he’s read about every Christmas song ever written. So I asked him what he expected to play at the whole bunch of songs, Rudolf The Red-Nosed Reindeer."

"I got a T-shirt signed by him. It's a red cooking shirt."

OR A pop star, Isaak has a keen sense of proportion. With his very sense of humour, it makes perfect sense that his home town, Stockton, where he had his first gig, is the scene in Spinal Tap where the band are billed as the Lead Pussies.

"With a hit like this one, it's unlikely that Chris will be doing much sharing. Spinal Tap's undignified Stars On 45 is a lot of fun, but Isaak has been offered a support for the New Kids."

The show was a kids' benefit around Christmas time, and so I thought, why don't we do it. We've had a couple of years so far and we've been in show business since the age of five, he's read about every Christmas song ever written. So I asked him what he expected to play at the whole bunch of songs, Rudolf The Red-C"
"You can’t really change what you do naturally. I can’t imagine all of a sudden The Beatles are going to be doing disco. That said, the title of my next album is ‘Navajo Folk Tunes’"

— CHRIS ISAAK

ESSENTIAL LISTENING:

WICKED GAME from the LP, ‘Heart Shaped World’
YOU OWE ME SOME KIND OF LOVE from the LP, ‘Chris Isaak’
BLUE HOTEL from a 1980 Silvertone demo
WILD LOVE from the LP, ‘Chris Isaak’
DANCIN’ from the LP, ‘Silvertone’
LIE TO ME from the LP, ‘Chris Isaak’
HEART FULL OF SOUL from the LP, ‘Chris Isaak’
NOTHING’S CHANGED from the LP, ‘Heart Shaped World’
VOODOO from the LP, ‘Chris Isaak’
BLUE SPANISH SKY from the LP, ‘Heart Shaped World’
REVOLTING COCKS

Carré, the Astoria, Camden

"I'm a killing machine" while all around are practising oral sex, the question arises whether anyone here's come across like a bunch of eccentric cowboys led by Mudhoney, yet neither were they vanquished. The encore, the last battalion of great English guitarsmiths themselves) suggests that even the people who looked at them haven't quite grasped the music and theatre that's followed. Even minus the cattle and electric fences, the band proves it they rattle through 'She's A Mystery To Me' and 'Flagpole Sitta', proving they can actually be as tight as the Fab Four. At the end of the drippy dope and the last batch of power chords, Craig Walker's lyrical sensibility has none of the pomp associated with Bono's boys, revelling instead in the uptight mid-summer Beatles without the slightest trace of quavering emotion. However, it's about now that you start to question the oft-touted U2 for the band's pay-off is immediately evident. Already more than just a sign of the times. One of the few, if not the last examples of the power pop genre that's been all but extinguished. Nothing compares 2 u2
LEATHERFACE BONE  
Leeds Duchy Of York  
MORE OFTEN than not a band's name gives a solid indication of what they do, but on a Monday night in Ghetto', quite probably one of many bars on this street, they'd obviously murdered classics along the way but, quite possibly because of their fusion of adrenalin, northern fast, frenetic, bruising experience, discrimination between songs, just a ferocious wall of sound and Frankie theunwitting onslaught. Any subtleties are no stopping this band. Their employment of the 'proper' spirit and the occasional vulnerable moment, are no signs tonight of the affliction to which we've come to expect so regularly. With the look finely honed and the sound supremely viable, what could go wrong?

The Wonder Staff with rampant waltz. The flowing locks and coquettish T-shirts are impeccably present, except for the occasionally conceited posturing which seems to have missed the point entirely. Very quickly, Scorpio Rising settle into the groove they'll rarely leave all evening. Splendid! and Mark's dancing delights. Cal's cymbal-flaked power rhythms and Bonhavil's strumming bass are tightly entwined. Mischief and delightlessness, shakes various percutious items and, between songs, his sincere hope that we all have an attitude. Most of us by spending everything up and allowing hairs at the ears. They love their locks in the vigorous fashion they so often display.

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CHUMBAWAMBA
New Cross Venue

PICTURE THE scene. Outside, the music of the last few nights chimes and the voices of punks dancing—not hauling and then Elvis Presley—while Alice generates vast amounts of warmth exploding into a roaring fire which Chumbawamba have no truck with desperately hoping the queue to the pros.

THE CURTAIN goes up. A shuffling of feet, a rustle of curtains, the stage bathed in a sea of beautiful light and the band. Inspired by Led Zeppelin's good-going-great rock style, Cinderella have grown into a once-tacky and glammy and kinda hardcore rock combo. Two hot girl singers, a sax dude and a line of The Stone Roses' famous drummers. The entire Venue is bathed in a sea of noise and sterilised atmosphere. No one, no secrets. It's about dancing with a brain to music with heart, irrespective of style, and along with the ubiquitous reggae of BDP, the hardcore funk of The Levellers and the slinking rhythms of Gilian Fush, Chumbawamba are leading the struggle to change a community.

Steve Gullick

FREAKS
Oxford Jericho Tavern

LONG HAIR'd fasteners who, on the outside, appeared to be completely out of this Oxford Street andaying back in Black, Chumbawamba have arrived, to stand you up.

CINDERELLA
Hammersmith Odeon

Once Tacky and glammy and kinda shaped, Cinderella have grown into a good-going-great rock 'n' roll band. Led by Jeff Zeppen's blues bombast, the Philly quarter's second album _Long Cold Winter_ was a shift from the debut _Night Songs_ 'puny rock roar'. The current UF _Heartbreak Station_ in which 'Long Cold Winter' was headed, halfway between 'Tale Of Two Cities' and THEOS 'Back In Black', Chumbawamba have arrived, toaspire.

OLD rocks like 'Shake Me' sound clumsy and creepy amid new tunes brimming with '70s groove and Stones-esque Peart rhythm. Two hot girl singers, a sax dude and keyboard player help cook up a bigger, warmer sound than Cinderella mustered on a stock two-guitar hard rock combo.

Heartbreak Station is the coolest and most evocative song, all acoustic and dreamy melody, bowing a mood and a line or two from the Stones' 'No Expectations', it's a departure from the first two records' blue rock ballads, of which two—'Don't You Worry, You're In (Till It's Gone) and 'Nobody's Fool' are strong together late in the set. The best of the backs, too, are irresistible: 'Gypsy Road', 'Blimping' and 'Bleeding', with a great drum hook, and the new single 'Shelter Me', 'Tumbling Dick' mock. After 'Shelter Me', Cinderella finish by coming away with a killer version of 'Brown Sugar'.

Tom Keifer squawks a bit on the old rocks and wears a beanie in long coats, but he's a good guitarist, an articulate rock star and a damn good singer. He sounds like 'Shakin' the Ghostos security.

However, a quick trip up the road and the Concorde has attracted two or three hundred of London's finest art to personally to temporarily spoil HMV's squally clean image with their presence.

You're only hot cos you don't have to pay, ya? At the moment, they are ever so hungry, the tickets are cheap, the crowd is huge, the atmosphere is electric, the sound is wicked, the vocals are perfect and the variation becomes minimal. No sightseeing tour.

The atmosphere is electric, the sound is wicked, the vocals are perfect and the variation becomes minimal. No sightseeing tour.

Andy Peart

FISHMONEKYMAN
Liverpool Planet X

LED BY a trio sporting Enos Phillips locks, tattooed beard shorts and a masterful display of air wiggling, they've already given you to laugh with Family Convention.

But, please note that laugh's with, not at, for this Barry White quartet may place utterance high up the priority list, but they're no touchless musical either. In fact, whether sadistic charges, barb guitar trio or shuffling from a hammed-out fractured ballad, there's only an occasional touch of oppressiveness to detract. Certainly familiar, but amusing too.

Fun, natural fun.

However, with the considerable gathering up holding off for a memorable sweatbox set, Drive are quick to take the reins and prove why consistency and patience can still be virtues in the rock'n'roll galaxy.

All in all, Drive may still be bowing away on the small club circuit, as they are now building a formidable draw and—abundant with stage shots and Con's boots — are fully equipped to take the hardcore pop sector by the scruff of the neck.

With confidence and flair overflowing, the trio immediately take out the new single, 'Greevesong' and follow-up via the love bone's choral of 'No Girls'. Only 'Peepshow' is a disappointment — played in a frenzied storm that refuses to let the gorgeous melody breathe out.

Momentum breaking off from their chunky audience building, singer Ian diverts their post-Odinbus express into a Richey-style, but have it far feisty investing in some decent show, but other songs, stuff like 'Beans' re-igniting the engine room, Drive's race for success is well underway...

PETE NELSON

DEAN DWSER
Manette Street Boiler Room

"A FOREST." the shout from the crowd. This was a grove of the games, because although Dean was wrong, this is one 'Fish gig that never really went to the birds, despite the band's best efforts.

OK, the first four songs are all delivered in such similar manner that they're almost interchangeable, but with Leo Finlay in stonker form and the band less ramshackle than usual, they're now confidently getting underway and the audience are still less-than-perfectly delivered but it brings the animal out in the rest of the crowd and areeded lean of the set is seen.

But when guitarist Finlay announces through Leo that 'It's her birthday today', the band's suddenly bigger. The audience can sense things aren't gone too smoothly. "Shut Off In Love" is led through an honest banger and the song to prove Silverfish can make it on their own merits, instead of being overwhelmed by an act completely with a horde of fans.

The fun continues with some tripped out diver getting stage and below them an impressed audience of worn acerbated words..."What a career, it's always hardest the first time".

"MAKE NOISE, not war," reads the inked legend on bassist Chris Harman's bass. Silverfish need to attract their own audience, and their efforts should definitely not be wasted.

"Fish have always been a band that will fight for their things. With skate shorts and Cons boots — and having shot on the small club circuit, they are now becoming a popular band, with skate shorts and Cons boots — and a solid group.

As the set progresses, though, the audience can see that Silverfish are capable of capturing their fans' attention. They're a band that will fight for their things, with skate shorts and Cons boots — and a solid group.

The set finishes with some tripped out diver getting stage and below them an impressed audience of worn acerbated words..."What a career, it's always hardest the first time".
fatima mansion singular
Harlesden Mean Fiddler
Acoustic Room

THE SMALLEST of the two Mean Fiddler halls is a grand little spot to see an alternative comedian or a solo acoustic pic, but stick anyone with half a name on them and the comfort quotient matches that of a rush hour Northern line tube. And although Harlesden is almost home territory for any Irish act, it's a shock to see Andreas O'Gruama and an extra pair of hands on keyboards. It's superbly delivered and the power of its delivery and the passion of its lyrics diminished Fatima Mansions.

As expected, the gig opened with Cathal Coughlan hunched over keyboards to belt out a couple of tracks, including a heartfelt "Door To Door Impressions", but "Wildmen On Time" sees him joined by guitarist Andreas O'Gruama and an extra pair of hands on keyboards. It's superbly delivered and the power of its delivery and the passion of its lyrics easily match the following treatment of Scott Walker's "Long After Now". It's all too easy for singers of Coughlan's stature to lapse into melodrama and kitsh while carrying the torch, but he seems to realize that the essence of cabinet is equal parts tragedy and comedy and his more-chirpy-than-usual mood takes little from the impact of the songs. Recent proper Fatima Mansions gigs have included these semi-solo spots - and they do give an interesting contrast to the ever-haunted Mansions sound - but Coughlan knows which side his bread is buttered on and FMS is hunched doo wobbling his cheeks all at once. It's a thud and a one-paced drag. His two cohorts, bassist Lori and drummer Dale, pull the machine along in an all too regular manner, no frills, no thrills, no surprises. If Motörhead were too fast to be heavy metal, then the Melvins are too slow to catch cold. It's standard issue grunge. The stage-divers brand round like orphaned Andy Pedal's. The shrewed head head.

James Robert

Poul play

PLENTY/ FIRST OFFENCE: Manchester International

IN WHICH we come to the tail end of the Mansa kerfuffle - the internationally barely-blink atmosphere as two of the city's north-east crews peaked out to see what was left amongst the debris.

First Offence are mere underclass rap culture wannabes from the same Little Hilton area that spat out the Happy Mondays a few NR records ago. But this time they are musical link with their more famous neighbours. This is a vicious sound gang, body blows provided by an unholy mix of samples and a seething bass line, with brazen whiteboy raps that leave MC Tunes looking like a gifted threatened Shostakovich.

When this menace collage works, it all connects in a restless style. The recent single "Full Eup What U Like" rides on its ruff cuffed from the Stones, plus a surging vocal-choral line buttressed from '70s knows where, Licker on, they headbutt The Booze's "Everyone's Got Something To Hide Except For Me And My Monkey" into Johnny Rotten's still potent "I'm Not The Only One With Arrogance, Fearlessly Kicking Sand In My Face". Unlike Westworld and their ilk, Silver Chapter's pop does considerably more than just pin. "Remains" (Ramalamalama!), "Don't Walk In The Park (After Dark)", in particular, are blistering, bed-tempered anti-anthems that were quite probably written in the backroom of a youth club, with a complete disregard for anything as literary as structure.

Silver Chapter, y'see, are all about achieving maximum impact with minimum resources. While Rob and fellow guitarist Joe pepper each other's hands, much like the Jacko of the 'Core Creature: Steel Pole Bath Tub (if you don't mind) are the throat. Tub and the Melvins' varied noises (recently brought together on a split 12-inch) are both reacted to in much the same weedy clod-like manner. Yes, it's standard issue grunge. The stage-divers brand round like orphaned Andy Pedal's. The shrewed head head.

Paul Mardles

Rhinos on the storm

MELVINS/ STEEL POLE BATH TUB

New Cross Venue

WE OUGHT to be grateful. The sound of a hyped-up new America has come to greet us once again. You wonder if young London's not very bright young stage divas really know, when disaster the kick-ass monster onslaught of any real worth. Certainly Steel Pole Bath Tub and the Melvins' varied noises (recently brought together on a split 12-inch) are both reacted to in much the same weedy clod-like manner. Oh well...

But we ought to be grateful anyway. Steel Pole Bath Tub is what they sound like. A trio of crazed kooks with more energy per body than is normally decent, this band works off the relentless spooking of drummer Darryl Money. And they don't stop to bow at the end of each song - the performance is a whole, punctuated by the disordered tooth-drilling of Mike Marsago's guitar. A fleeting reminder of a Sonic Youth without double-dins. None of the nonsense.

Here's a tune, there's some radio interference - even allowing for the sparring use of tapes, SPBT collect together more sounds than a three-piece band has any real right to. Dale Flanagan's bass breaks sporadically into wild rhinoceros mode while the manually bobbing bass-fiddler builds spiders into atoms. A rush of blood and a hell of a mess - drol drool. Anatomically speaking, on the matted hairy sweating body of the 'Core Creature, Bath Tub (If you don't mind) are the throat.

But the hugely popular Melvins are the butt holes. Where the opening band rattled, they only groaned. Main Melvin man Buzz is mean, thrashing his instrument like a toy in his sluggish hands, grinding out "marching-up-and-down" bad mood riffs, shaking his hairy head and wobbling his cheeks all at once. It's a thud and a one-paced drag. His two cohorts, bassist Lori and drummer Dale, pull the machine along in an all too regular manner, no frills, no thrills, no surprises. If Motörhead were ten fast to be heavy metal, then the Melvins are too slow to catch cold. It's standard issue grunge. The stage-divers brand round like orphaned Andy Pedal's. The shrewed head head.

James Robert
MOTORHEAD

...on the road

Elvis Uv 21, London Kenton Town And Country Club 22, Euphilar

- Northampton April 2, Newcastle Upon Tyne 12, Leeds City Hall 17, Southend 21, Gloucester King Thad’s Walthamstow 19.

- Wolverhampton April 5, Newcastle Upon Tyne 12, Leeds City Hall 17, Southend 21, Gloucester King Thad’s Walthamstow 19.

- Liverpool April 5, Newcastle Upon Tyne 12, Leeds City Hall 17, Southend 21, Gloucester King Thad’s Walthamstow 19.

- London April 5, Newcastle Upon Tyne 12, Leeds City Hall 17, Southend 21, Gloucester King Thad’s Walthamstow 19.

- Sheffield April 5, Newcastle Upon Tyne 12, Leeds City Hall 17, Southend 21, Gloucester King Thad’s Walthamstow 19.

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NIGHTSHIFT

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

BARNET Old Bull Arts Centre (081-449 0048) Rock Night
ASH VALE George (543500) Said And Done
WIGAN GMT Social Club Sister Rain
WAKEFIELD Posthaste Langfield Crane
Brothers/Drop
Ceuldn't Hang
STOKE ON TRENT Freetown Club (214207) The Men They
NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Killing Joke/
NEWPORT King's Hotel Blues N Trouble
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic Keziah Jones
MILTON KEYNES Stables (583528) Andy Sheppard
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Unfinished

Also recommended: The Atom Seed, The
The Bachelor Pad, Blue Orchids, Bob,
N 159-2 CD

SUNDAY

2

Also recommended: The Atom Seed, The Bachelor Pad, Blue Orchids, Bob, Crime: Power! Of Dreams, Silverfish, Skav, Stress, Phantom Chords, Milk, Killing Joe and Leatherface

"MORDRED, a quintet who look set to change people's whole attitude towards the Bay Area. Their music is a bizarre hybrid of thrash and funk, fused with a host of other styles, ranging from jazz to country, that makes them one of the most unique, freshest sounds currently emerging to be heard on the scene in ages."
Rob Cymo, Metal Forces

MORDRED were magnificent. They manage to take the funk of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, harden...
Trish Jaega, Kerrang!

Euricfile
Continental dates

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MANIC STREET PREACHERS

Did you see them on tour? Not interested in appearing on the front cover of the music press, the Preachers seem intent on taking their message of subversion straight to the top in the shape of national like The Eum, and the Mirror. But are they the right way about it?

New single ‘Motel Junx’ is definitely a step in the right direction – and their live appearances are exciting and dynamic, to say the least – but destroying capitalism through releasing pop records is a bit of a stiff task. At least they’re trying, which is more than you can say for most, Vibe to revolution and good luck to them.

MANIC STREET Preachers play Hult (Friday) and Sheffield (Saturday)

SOUNDS PAGE 33
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THIS MAN is suave. This man is sophisticated. This man is most probably debonair. This man knows there's only one sure way to get hold of the latest pop and rock news and, by God, he's gonna get it. This man lives in the newsagent's outside toilet.

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So there you have it. Sounds. The weekly newspaper with writing about rock and pop music in it. Don't miss out.
ACCORDING TO THE 808 States or a Nit'er Ebbs of this world, technology and tradition don't mix.

However, in the case of Jesus Jones, there's nothing to beat gathering together the collective sounds of aircraft, UFOS and orchestras and then thrashing along to it, guitar in hand.

This astute mix, that has really come to fruition on the band's new 'Doubt' album, is the result of a complicated set up - an amalgamation of noted perfectionist Mike Edwards.

The Joneses' equipment list goes like this: Two AKAI 55950 samplers, with hard disc drive; a Roland D70 keyboard; a Roland Juno - 60, MIDI Upgraded; an AKAI ASQ 10 sequencer and a keyboard which (for reasons best known to the band) has been fondly renamed the Yamaha Unpleasant.

Next to the technology, Jesus Jones have two Fender Telecasters - one USA type, and one Japan type that's been fitted with a Korg 23 Mini-controller and runs a 23 synth - plus a Yamaha SPS 500 FX unit.

Rhythm is played on a Gibson 1963 Goldtop Les Paul and a Yamaha SG 200, bass is shared by Mike Man and a Rickenbacker 40001, and the whole lot pours out through two Marshall 600 watt amps, a Marshall 4x12 cabinet, a Carlsboro' Stingray bass amp and a Trace Elliot 8x10 speaker cabinet.

WE'VE GOT one sampler from the sequencer," explains Mike. "One that plays bass lines, samples that require equal treatment, etc. sounds. The sequencer also rules the D70 and the Juno - clearly it would be pointless to get people onstage to play sequencers these days, every tenth second.

"The other sampler is actually played live. People don't believe that the sequencer has no more problems with, and that's his idea, I want to create an effect, and I look around to see how I can achieve it.

IT is the constant cry of computer-only bands that you can achieve the infinite without having any musical knowledge. But isn't it essential for creativity to have more of an understanding of the way music can be traditionally made?

"The thing with computers is you can programme in inflexibility," says Mike. "We spent the last tour with two songs that were of variable length. It's just the way that you programme, you can make it do anything you want. There's all there to be subverted, perverted, whatever you want. When you've got good stuff it's very easy to just jam along with it.

"But, yes, if you can play, you don't have to worry about technique so much. Ultimately you will gain technique. If your ability as a keyboard player has improved immensely, I can play with two fingers instead of one!"

"But it's nice when you want all these piano chords to come crashing down through a sequence, and you can do it one note at a time. It definitely aids your creativity, especially with samplers, cos if you've got the time and creativity, you can write any sort of music for any sort of instrument. All people try to do is express what they hear in their minds so that other people can hear it, and this is the ideal technology for it."

IN FACT, there's only one instrument that Mike has problems with, and that's his voice.

"I'm a much better singer now that I used to be," he asserts. "But there were times when I wanted to hit a sequence of notes I couldn't have done it. I've even had people coming up to me at the end of gigs telling me how much I've improved.

"The greatest thing I face is the expectations the industry have of you," he continues. "I'm sitting here now thinking about five months of solid touring. I am the most boring man in rock music.

"You have to keep fit, if I get a cold I'm screwed completely, so I keep taking all sorts of cold preventative - like eating a lot of garlic. But by far the most important thing is getting a good night's sleep. It really pisses me off to think of Janis Joplin, and all the stuff she did, all the drinks she consumed, and she could get up and sing like that.

"I know if I didn't have a little bit of it I have one drink a night, my singing the next day is godawful. I'd love to be a rock and roll animal but the next night people would get a shit gig and I don't want to do it.""

Instead, Edwards buries himself in the quest for new ideas.

"I'm interested in getting some different guitar sounds on this tour," he grins. "The idea of playing samples through a guitar is an exciting one. The guitar is a fantastic rock and roll instrument, the computer is a crap one.

"You can be like Barry D, our man (AJ keyboard player), and run around smashing it on your head, that helps, but it doesn't have that kind of phallic appeal. So if you can make these fantastical noises with a guitar, which you certainly can, it would be a very good idea."

JESUS JONES use:

Two AKAI 55950 samplers, with hard drive
Roland D70 keyboard
Roland Juno 60, MIDI Upgraded
AKAI ASQ 10 sequencer
Two Fender Telecasters - one USA type, one old Japan type fitted with a Korg 23 Mini Controller that runs a 23 synth
Yamaha SPS 500 FX unit
Gibson 1963 Goldtop Les Paul
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Two Marshall 600 watt amps
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Trace Elliot 8x10 speaker cabinet

AKAI SAMPLER
MUSIC MAN bass
**QUEEN**

### 'A Kind Of Magic' (Parlophone)****

**SOUNDS**

**QUEEN**

When QUEEN release a new record, the whole world knows about it. Sometimes this can make the band seem smug, even a little smugly bit on the rock side. But this time, on the artistic grounds at least, the hype cannot be faulted. Mordred is a bloody cooker. You already know the title track, slap-bang in at number one with six and a half minutes of operatic orchestral lourness, majestic flamenco outbursts and fiery rock spoof, not even sinister 'Beelzebuth' & 'The Mole'; the partial 'measure' ups awareness of outdoor rap, to expect from a band capable of such dervished magnificence, and like a good box of chocolates, there's something here for everyone.

'I'm Going Slightly Mad' is a tale of millions, and the song isn't bad either; Freddie Mercury hasn't sounded this sexy in ages. The no-longer-moustached one infuses depth, strikes a cool pose and suppression a strike as he launches into a rick-ticking set of euphonious long's maria ('I'm a model woman!' 'I'm just a 100 feet flat. I'm not quite the shilling...'), while Brian May gets stuck in as an assortment of pinnate 'happy' guitar workouts.

'Mountaing' is a classic Queen song combining a strong string section as well as a heavy bass work band, making for a very interesting vocal. 'Don't Stop Me Now' is blissfully decadent with the hot man meets a white hot lady (for legendary multi-tracked Queen cheer...), hop, diddy dally, hop, diddy don't... can't go wrong.

'It's a big welcome back to the great Queen love song of yore as 'I was breathing with you. The love song covers a lot of the ground... with its heroic 'Where Love and Beauty combine to the extreme bits of the...'

'Innuendo' brings us back down to earth with a bang, as rather than that.

### QUEEN LIKE a good box of chocolates

**SAD LOVERS AND GIANTS**

### 'Headland' (Midnight Music) ****

**SOUNDS**

STRAIGHT OUT of the Euro synth-rock directory, Sad Lovers And Giants is an album is a soothing exercise in solemn, poetic emotion. It swaggers with the mannerisms of The Chameleons, while vocals were reminiscent of the many future offerings and dominated the charts at the beginning of the '80s. Throughout 'Headland', the guitar work is slightly guaranteeing, but during side one's 'Like Thieves' it's the bass which creates centrate, quiet and delicate and complemented with a somewhat vocal. 'Redless' is even more effective, an instrument that evokes the worst sense of security of The Cure's 'Cats In The Tracks'.

Side two contains along much the same route, Alaska's held together by some pleasant 'tingling guitar lines, but then on 'Sad Lovers And Giants breaks to run on the spot somewhat and the album finishes with the bizarre 'Life Will Kill Us', where Enrico Corse remarks, 'The Manlies have stolen my television, but they left my poetry'. The band telling us our conditions, by watching Connexion Sphinx.

'Headland' may be padded out in places with a little soft soup, but on the whole the album is executed with considerable experience free of any grin. Andy Peart

### MORDRED

**'In This Life' (National) ****

**SOUNDS**

MORDRED, TREACHEROUS rev of what was perhaps most interesting in the budding scene of extreme pop, at least to import his extreme pop to create his own, an无疑名 for a civilized Combustion Band. It's more suitable for your German-doom-metal-metabolism, but Mordred are a bit more interesting than that.

Only marginally, though. Last year's 'Fool's Game' was an uneven rollercoaster between the sublime and the bloody ridiculous. 'In This Life' only sometimes the vagaries. With the addition of Aaron Press 'Violette' on synths. Mordred have taken a step that a lot of other bands would have trod from their problem is that they still rely too much on the multilayered ditty 36 chew trash that spawned them. Ectopic Hierarchy they may have, but they are tirelessly round to getting the rock right. They're brilliant in their limitations, but unlike the mediocly bad virgin bands like Living Colour, there are

### LIMITATIONS

'some of the album is magnificent 'With falling' the same lead and industrial waste is spiced is the Safety Sickness-erogeneous High Polyinity'. But Mordred wasted their opportunities, and in trying to embrace everything up and covering over their own ears. In this life it is itself a strangely multi-strung sub-guitars and 'Eye Quinn (i'ładn' just got me 11 of a pretendous title, but it is incredibly well, Scott Hondley's vocals an irritating nasal white.

Mordred are without doubt a superb live band, but the album's third generationarsi that doesn't do them any justice at all.

Andy Stout

### VARIOUS

**'What The World Is Waiting For' (Powerhouse Tape Only)****

NAVE a decent compilation album of (sounds) unheard of bands released on the left, such is the golden age of the independent, difficult, isn't it? Only the White Horse-shoe- and the Cavern back doors (the Megs at a) fill the bill. So let's be grateful to the Powerhas for coming up with this somewhat optimistically titled tons of superior demos, taken from the best tapes they've collected over the last year.

Side one's highlights are undoubtedly The Love Kittens therandous 'How About You', a scarcely 'whoohoo', express, and Small Talk 'Horse Thermometer' (featuring Steve Carr's 'Just For The Record'). They're all instrumental. It's the first time The Love Kittens' 'How About You' has appeared on a compilation, and the fact that they're included is a testament to the band's quality. The Love Kittens are worth a mention.

On the left, though, there is a lot of stuff that arrives with side two, and The Penny Freshmen's 'In Space' and 'I Can't Hold It Down' both through 'Hardhead of Hope' - five of the tracks are from this EP, although Steve Carr of The Love Kittens is a worthy mention.

A pity that of the 14 tracks, there are only two that are worth mentioning. The first is 'I Can't Hold It Down', a song about love that sounds like a sonic boom. Explore. From there on nothing really comes near, although The Penny Freshmen's 'In Space' and 'I Can't Hold It Down' both through 'I Can't Hold It Down'. Both are better than the rest, although the band is worth a mention.

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THE TERM "indie rock", if it means anything, refers to music made by pale spotty white boys with guitars. As a genre, it goes short shrift to the achievements of black music, repeatedly apeing '60s heroes like James Brown. Unlike the whole crop gathered up with some remixes and the ones that got along the line it was decided that would be hair-splitting, so Creation is form that can get bogged down with a crippling sense of retro.

"The Starting Point Has To Be Primal Scream's Sexy 'Loaded' Single, At The More Ambient End Of Things Are Love Corporation From God Weddoes, To Popsters Indie Type Worth Their Salt - From These The Abandon Of Teenage Thrash."

Well - Upholstered Home Of Depeche Mode, Bunnymen And Turtles, Who Turn Killer Versions Of Velvets Chestnuts. Some Of It Sucks, For Sure, But These Low Points Are Overshadowed By Moments Of Sheer Brilliance.


VARIOUS

Faith No More

Hymn To Big Brother (The Revolution Academy)

(Slash/London) ****

As Far As The Albums Go, This Mini-LP Manages To Capture The Essence Of No More's Proven Ontage Rather Well. The Sound Quality Is None Too Bad, And It Still Manages To Retain Some Of The All Essential Crowd Attraction, Although It's Slightly Disconcertingly To Hear Mike Patton's "So What, Are You FTC?" Ready To Go Home?" At The Beginning Of The Second Track.

You Know The Story Now. The Real Thing's 'Kicks Off, Powerful Despite The Occasional Acidic High Notes From Patton, As Ever Monotonous About While The Buck Does Great Most Transcendental Magnetism."


RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

The Holy Grail (Import) ****

"It Shows That The Root Cause Could Be Their Refusal To Play Things Straight, And Instead Drawing Their Musical Style From All Sorts Of Yahoo Influences."

The LP Shows A Certain Obsession With God - Three Titled Being Submitted Jesus Song No. 5, No. 6, And No. 7 - But Despite A Certain Lack Of Similarity In The Functional Arrangement, They Want To Assume They Don't Spend Their Sundays In The Pew. The Opening 'Shine On You Crazy Diamond' (Song) No. 8 Is Enough To Give Faith In L.A., Though. Singer Wayne's Stained Pop Lynxie Is Underpinned By Some Ultra-Dry Drumming While Dingus' Guitar Wanders Chaotically Over A Steady-Rhythm Section."


The pace is very rarely less than fizzing like potassium dropped in water. Though it may appear a preamble for a reappraisal of their career to date - indeed, an entirely to be better spent getting rid of the scruff, boys - 'This Is The End Of Their Virtues As They Set Off Into The Big, Bad World Of The Major.'

Consisting Of The Session That Spawned The First Two Hit Singles, The Ingredients EP' And 'Kill Your Televiisión' This Teen-Traffic Cruises In Under The Half-Full Moon, Like A Heavyweight Dropping In Water.

Leo Finlay


It's A Pervasive Tale - This Album Marks The Undergraduate Nostalgia Of The Late-'60s Dance Revolution. Creation's Stated Aim Is To Look Amidst Wars With Corduroy Jacket Scraping Out Worn Outcloth, But The Label Has Often Been At The Forefront Of Pop, A Form That Can Be Giggled Down With A Crippled Sense Of Retro.

"The Starting Point Has To Be Primal Scream's Sexy "Loaded" Single, Represented Here By The Terry Farley Rents That Led The Track So Far Back As Possible, Making It For The Warmth Of Possible, A Massive Hit, And Confidence Must Have Surged From Herein."

"I Write A Cliched Song, Every Day. It's How I Maintain My Sanity."

Funk The Volume

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LET'S FACE IT: the Dream Warriors, these wild and wacky guys from nowhere-never-land, are just another novelty act, aren't they?

No. Actively fusing rap, reggae, pop, and jazz, not only to make a generically sprawling sound that grows from somewhere else entirely, "And Now...", their debut LP, proves beyond all doubt that King Lou and Capital Q are for too big to be regarded as kooky cranks who've uncontrollably stumbled into the big time.

After these sibls of this bizarre multi-faceted disc, you'll find yourself coming to one conclusion: the Dream Warriors are gonna be huge.

A captivating journey from one side of Lou's brain to the other, "And Now..." seamlessly incorporates everything from pasting playground riddles ("Who's the mo're the fool the fool or the fool who follows the fool?"-Not following TV channel "Time From Missing Channel", especially revealing De La Soul's classic "Three Feet High And Racy" minus the giddy game-show element.

Undeniably De La Soul soul; though, the Dream Warriors operate on many different levels. While their sense of humor remains constantly intact, they approach this task from a different angle. Also: "I Never Know A Good Thing 'Til I Lose It" I blame Prince, Don't, is as likely and springs rap's likely to get, while U Could Get Arrested - broad contributions from other Toronto rappers - strips with a pride hitherto unnoticed with the Dream Warriors.

Statements of intent, however, are few and far between. For the most part, "And Now..." is rap in its most obligable and inventive. Take "Vayage Through The Multiverse", for instance, an enticing track that's approximately three centuries ahead of its time.

Easily overwrought, not quite so captivating, is forthcoming single "Loud". A world away from the more upbeat "My Definition Of A Good Thing Till U Lose It" (I blame Prince, don't you?) is as lazy and pleasant yet pedestrian affairs while The War on late-night TV, ripped out of your skull on Capitol ****

"Too Dark Park". They have the reputation as extremists - sorta like a Dream Warriors, are "too dark", indeed, warranted better musical accompaniment.

Then there are the gems, of which indeed there are many. The grossly-named Pork Titts in Space cover "Snoopy's Whistle" while SMokey. Greenhaw's rhythm and vocal on this One's For Funk while NIna Pussy's "Bubbegum Burrito" waltzes in the glory of severely distorted buzzsaw guitars.

The three absolute pearls, though, are Chumundzian's Inspired Skies cover 'Bradford Boy/Lola Solda/Hey's typically venemous 'Murph' and the final track, "Awayingly Surprised" by Wild Willi. "Toothache" is the sort of poignant piece with dazzling bass in an unusual combination that takes the breath away.

Available for £8.00 on P&P payable to "1 in 12 Records" from 21-23 Albion Street, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD1 2LY.

Paul Mardles

LOUD

OD Generation'

(China) ***

ANY ALBUM which opens with the line, "into an age of incalculable beauty..." is getting off to a drastic pis-taking and, lyrically, Loud deserve it. There's a few lines between poetic brance and shouting out of a loud-objects, and Chris and Mike's New-Model Army persona and Loud lead singer Jeff's hit.

Try these two classics, for example: "While I've never heard of Loud/solecism/Boards of St 9 the sickest of modern" say the liner. "I'll send you my topmal lobe to be placed by one condition - the Dream Warriors are gonna be huge.

In short as living history, with the spurs of this bizarre multi-faceted disc, you're going to find yourself coming to one conclusion: the Dream Warriors are gonna be huge.
BULL METAL RACKET

THE MELVINS: It's a bullywog

THE BACK TRAX

Tracks from the vaults re-released and reviewed

ROGER MCGUINN

"Roger McGuinn" (Edict)

A WELL-MADE mince, this. Hot on the heels of reawakened Byrds mania arising from the release of their box set, Edict have added the first solo outing of King Byrd Roger McGuinn to the retro-90's market.

By the time this was released in 1973, the seminal Byrds line-up had long since parted. After numerous line-up changes, and despite the fact that the original line-up had long since parted, Roger McGuinn's career continued. The album, "Roger McGuinn", is a collection of the artist's solo work, culminating in the release of his first solo album, "The Ballad of Easy Rider".

The album features a variety of styles, from folk to rock, and showcases McGuinn's versatility as a musician. The tracks range from acoustic ballads to electric rockers, and are characterized by McGuinn's distinctive voice and guitar style.

Despite its critical success, "Roger McGuinn" did not achieve commercial success, and the artist was left with a reputation as a "second-rate Byrd". However, the album has since gained a cult following and is regarded as one of McGuinn's finest works.

VARIOUS

"Fat Fat Fat" (No Hill) *****

FOR the party season, all seasons, here's a great gobble-topped celebration of fatness from Riot Hill Records, providers of obscure rock'n'roll classics to the masses.

"Eighteen big boys" boppers, the sleeve proclaims while a big fat man steps out ready to let loose some powerviolent mayhem. And all the bells and whistles, aside from that it's a vintage collection of raw rock'n'roll riffs and blurs with which stand out.

Best of all is Little Freddy And Don's "Fat Fat", one of many observations about the size of one's love.

Don McGuinn dishes out a hefty portion of "Fat Fat Fat" to get those jiggles moving. Even the great Dinos Building makes an appearance with "Fat Gay", a long-hot stomp from the dawn before it was fully woke. And Big John Green (not too stout to eat) admits to "Ain't The Fat Man". And that's just for starters. "Fat Fat Fat" makes a very nourishing main course.

But don't be deceiving. Roll back the carpet and watch those floorboards. Top party fun. Then sit down and put those pounds back on again.

James Robert

IGNORANCE

"Streetwalkin'" (Metal Blade) ****

CANDIDATES FOR space cadets of the year 1991, Ignorance apparently have a recording of a "real" UFO taking off on land and opening one of the panels. Could this be the same one that made the moon orbit on the front of Led Zeppelin's I? As we should be told. But still, an strange electronic throbbing noise aids. The Confident Ruf is a quietly impressing album that slews just left of hitting the target, overbalancing under the weight of trying to create a wee bit too much into their eclectic metal fusion scene.

When does it go all shit together, though? Such a classic example of British confusion. Unlike their American counterparts, the Ruf tend to a rather door, sparse and very lackluster affair, sometimes overpowerly this and the results emerge on the two dimensional.

The first three tracks all suffer from this event: stark and confused skeleton on which no flesh manages to add. But on "Momma's House" (the one with the UFO), all the varying textures pull together, creating rhythms bleeding on several levels.

The Confident Ruf itself isn't a fine take on Led's AC/DC, but it's at least a very far more violent angle. Why is the plinkado - ignorance's big subject song of anger and bitterness, and uncompromising in the end. The album's not brilliant, but like The Breeders, there's enough interest going on to lead onwards. But how do you top the UFO?

Andy Stout

SOUNDS February 2 1991 Page 41

SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE

'There's A Riot Goin' On' (Edict)

THE SLY! Stone who stole the show at Woodstock came over as a world-class psychedelic preacher, giving out a gospel of self-belief to the predominantly hippie horde. Classics like 'Everyday People' and 'Stand' were the highlights of his cool celebratory creed, that used the power of his music as a force for change.

By 1970, however, Sly had disappeared into a dark world of drug abuse and paranoia, and his hit singles were replaced by brooding introspection. 'There's A Riot Goin' On' is largely a work of a man playing his way through purgatory. But when it does get its shit together, it's a classic example of British fusion. Unlike their American counterparts, the Ruf tend to a rather door, sparse and very lackluster affair, sometimes overpowerly this and the results emerge on the two dimensional.

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Even when things eke a little, the contented tones of 'Family Affair' and 'You Make Me Smile', Sly's satisfaction close to that of a world-weary preacher singer at the anoint of his grandchildren as the toast of the USA.

But still, an strange electronic throbbing noise aids. The Confident Ruf is a quietly impressing album that slews just left of hitting the target, overbalancing under the weight of trying to create a wee bit too much into their eclectic metal fusion scene.

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SLY STONE: a man playing his way through purgatory.

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A bonanza of weird but wonderful David Lynch and REM videos to be won in this week's PRIZE X-WORD

WHENEVER WE cast an eye about the office, we see some pretty weird things. Computers, desks, telephones, you know the kind of thing. In fact, as we were saying only yesterday to the midgal lumberjack who lives down the corridor, it's hard to keep a grasp on normality these days. That's why it's such a pleasure to see nice, normal people doing nice, normal things in David Lynch's Industrial Symphony Number 1, featuring our favourite surreal pop singer Julee Cruise.

If, on the other hand, we fancy something a little more oddball, we're likely to turn to REM's Tournante, a future-travelling looking Athens' finest rocking their way through '89's 'Green' tour. Straight-forward concert footage, rocking their way through '89's 'Green' bizarre travelogue finding Athens' finest something a little more oddball, we're David Lynch's Industrial Symphony people doing nice, normal things in such a pleasure to see nice, normal midget lumberjack who lives down the road.

TRIVIA QUIZ

Which member of Love is Maria McKee's brother? Which famous rock star once appeared in an ad for the Stylelope? Trivial facts central to the scheme of rock roll we've presented? And if you're prepared to do a spot of Agatha Christie-type detective work you could too. In this week's roving quizette we've got them. And if you're prepared to do a spot of Agatha Christie-type detective work you could too. In this week's roving quizette we've got them.

ACROSS

1. Kate tries to create a warm global ambiance (3,7,5) 11. My sister is Maria McKee and I used to be in a cult band, Love (5)

10. My real name's Don Van Vliet and I'm almost 50, I'm safe as milk and unconditionally guaranteed! (11)

11. I'm quite an accomplished violinist and my brother appeared in Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love' video (4)

12. I went to school as Peter Frampton and I once appeared in the film The Rose (6)

13. Some say I'm a legend, some say I'm a weirdo. I've led a very sad life (5)

14. I once edited a fanzine called Alphabet Soup and played in a band called Thebugs (6)

15. I'm 28 and was born in Birkenhead but emigrated to Los Angeles. I was once asked to play Jim Morrison in a movie (6)

16. My group left lasting impressions, and I've worked with Dr Robert and Paul Weller (6)

17. Born as Mary O'Brien, my most famous creative period was in the '60s, although I have recently had something of a renaissance. I love dimples! (6)

18. I attended the famous New York School of Performing Arts and studied dance. I've always been left of centre. (6)

20. I was in Paris in 1950 and have worked with Sarah Vaughan, Jack and Don Everly Brothers (7)

21. I once edited a fanzine called Alphabet Soup and played in a band called Thebugs (6)

22. Spies in the house of love? (3)

23. Who's in a soul cage? (5)

24. Fry's gang (1,1,1)

25. Crowes that were jealous again (5)

26. Ginger Baker led this old force (3)

27. Your love was regal to Sade (4)

ACROSS

1. Backward counters? (8,5) 2. SOUNDS February 2 1991

5. One of my earliest jobs was as warm-up man on Ready, Steady, Go! (6)

9. Diamond ones for David (4)

11. Eggs from Peggy Smith (6)

13. Dee Gower's hit taking (4) 14. Feelgood's Brailleux (3)

16. House Of Love continue to glow! (5,2)

17. One of the Heart sisters (3)

18. Blue ones for just label (5)

20. Join In with The Farm! (3,3,3)

22. My group left lasting impressions, and I've worked with Dr Robert and Paul Weller (6)

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27. Your love was regal to Sade (4)

DOWN

1. Bangladesh (5)

2. The Sultans Of Spin (6)

3. Tyrants Of Spin (6)

4. Eddie Van Halen (6)

5. Diamond ones for David (4)

6. Belly (3)

7. door (8,5)

8. Merciful ones doin' it for Jesus (6)

9. Some say I'm a legend, some say I'm a weirdo. I've led a very sad life (5)

10. Big in the '60s, although I have recently had something of a renaissance. I love dimples! (6)

11. I'm quite an accomplished violinist and my brother appeared in Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love' video (4)

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TRIVIA QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Władysław Szpilman (5) 2. Pink Floyd (6) 3. Cocteau Twins (5)

4. Trevor Horn (4) 5. The Proclaimers (7,7) 6. Lord (3)

7. A Jackson sister (5) 8. The Mamas & The Papas (5)

9.专田 (3) 10. My real name's Don Van Vliet and I'm almost 50, I'm safe as milk and unconditionally guaranteed! (11)

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TWIN PEAKS X-WORD WINNERS

8660: Audrey Horne, Leland Palmer, Lucy, Bobby, Owen, Shelley, Dr Jacob, Katherine, Groucho, Hank, norma, madeline, the las, lemon, louise, larry. (we don't know who the bloody hell did kill Laura Palmer?) we couldn't have anything like this but ten people will be nearer the truth than in the Twin Peaks video is on its way to them. They are: Mary Van, Claire Davi, Stuart Hay, W. D. W. Hall, Mark Dyer, P. Lavlor, Booth Seagrove, Tam Cox, Emma Foderingham, D. A. Micklewhite.

And those who can content themselves with the original Twin Peaks soundtrack by Angelo Badalamenti whilst they ponder over the mysteries of that weird town are: W. Throckmorton, Stephen Richards, Male Miller, Jenny Gibson, Simon Linkelt, Sally Howarth, Arnold Layne, Angela Biondini, Rodriguez and B. Symonds. I hope coffee and cherry pie are on the house.

CEREAL FIST
Readers who write to Sound Off! should include their chosen LP when writing. Either chart published Readers who write to Sound Off! should include the only reason they don't—rely on a previous expense accounts and venture out of London once in a while.

through '89/'90. It's nearly worth buying albums again and provides an advent of the indie-dance scene and the appearance of indie bands on TOTP. I know where Shaun Ryder et al stand. bloated bank balances (did I hear someone mention Sting?). At least you potato or are given to bouts of screaming hypocrisy when defending their part of the country that seems to be regarded by the Thatcherite politicians

"tunes you can hum" bit is true but...
Jesus Jones

ALBUM CASSETTE COMPACT DISC
INCLUDING REAL, REAL, REAL RIGHT HERE RIGHT NOW AND INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING

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12th/13th BIRMINGHAM The Institute - 15th LIVERPOOL University - 16th GLASGOW QMU
17th MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall - 19th NOTTINGHAM Rock City - 20th CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
21st MANCHESTER Academy - 23rd SHEFFIELD Octagon Centre - 24th LEICESTER University
25th CARDIFF University - 26th/27th LONDON Town & Country Club