

ZIG ZAG

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NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE



INSIDE INFORMATION

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Publisher

Paul Flint

Editor

Mick Mercer

Hearing Aid Editor

William Shaw

Art Editor

Nick Jones

Design

Bob Kelly

Kathy Ward

Janine Collingwood

Production

Bob Kelly

Advertising

Paul Flint

Contributors

Andy Hughes, John the Embalmed, Jonh Wilde, Justin Hell, Marina Merosi, Ray Street, Rex Garvin, Sara Jones, Tom Vague, Tony de la Fou, Paul O'Reilly, Johnny Waller, Paul Barney, Simon W, Lynne Aldridge, Ian Blake, Sue Denim, Richard Kick, Mister Spencer.

Photographers

Alastair Indge, Jayne Houghton, Linda Rowell, Carole Segal, Joan G, Mitch Jenkins, Steve Pike, Anna Fox, Maria Tête Rouge

ZigZag Editorial and Advertising: 01-278 6615.

HEARING AID

INDOOR SURFING

Fruits of a voyage of discovery to the Clarendon in late November of last year, The Surfadelics deserve a far better name than that which they have given themselves. But as guitarist Barry Lancaster told me, this came about because every name they thought had been taken, so they decided on the most 'dumb' monicker possible.

However, their name is a fair description of their musical style and (positive) influences. Generalising somewhat, the band collectively 'dig' folk rock (try saying Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, etc., after draining a bottle of Bacardi!) The Doors, pre July '69 Stones, Creation, Hendrix, and The Yardbirds (but of course!). Mark Bell, singer and rhythm guitar, is a big surfbands fan.

The Surfadelics formed in late '82, and played for the first time at a Christmas party, though pretty soon they were playing in pubs round Stratford. Solid work through the summer prompted them to pluck up the courage to try their luck further afield. A tape was sent out, which Nick Garrard, manager of The Milkshakes and a great help to many, heard, and a support to The Prisoners was set up. This is where I came in. For a band that only started playing a year ago, they caught a good many people's attention. I was impressed enough to collar them before they even had a chance to get to the bar, and they were genuinely surprised that anyone would take such an interest. But then, I just don't want them getting into the wrong hands.

Like myself, their favourites among the bands playing round town at the moment include The Prisoners and The Barracudas. Give them a few months' more experience and they'll be up there with them!

London is not such a lonely town.
LYNNE ALDRIDGE



The Message

The sombrero is wilting in the summer heat but I tell you all, the June Zigzag will astound you all. I'm not even prepared to mention the New Order interview we have lined up. Wild horses couldn't drag it out of me that it will be too remarkable to contemplate. You'll just have to wait.

On a lesser scale, though thoroughly absorbing, we shall have Feit, Exposure, The Cabinet, Tones on Tail, Militia, a special report on Specimen's distressing undressing sessions in America and stalwart hitch-hikers Siouxsie and the Banshees.

Yes, life at Zigzag acres is moving smoothly. Perhaps it is time to shake things up a little, to test our bowels to the full. Precisely what Tom Vague went through whilst grabbing the interview with cover boys Getting The Fear. Read how they held back on a heavenly offer at the speed of light. It's frightening. Was that The Cure on TOTP the other week or sugar dusted dumplings?

Apologies are definitely in order to Andy Catlin for his Clash live photos last month which were mysteriously stripped of their credits.

Too late for review this month was the John White albums (that peculiar man interviewed last month) but it's a fair blinder. Next month for sure John boy. Hold on! I shall at this point remove the tree sloth from my back (the perils of being tall), shake off the after effects of a sleep-defying encounter with Yellowman and remind you that Zigzag needs reader participation. Send those epistles rustling through the post to the Despatches pages, hustle your newsagent for regular orders of Zigzag, drag your friends bodily into the local shop and make them buy a good half-dozen because these winds of change are here. If every person buying Zigzag convinced one of their friends to buy it you'd end up within a few months having the largest, most comprehensive music mag around and that's pure fact. Slap your thighs in disbelief but it takes only that. 'Tis why we entreat you to 'Tell a friend' each month. All but the donkeys realise Zigzag has unparalleled plumage when they read it, so maybe you could befriend a donkey.

Already (already I tell you) this issue has more pages and the colour is spreading like a wildfire virus. This is the future spirit! Take heed, take note and take no liberties in your search for Zigzag. Next issue will be even better.

We've lashed our printers over a gun carriage and this issue is surely the finest yet. Hosannah. Watch out kid, you're next in line.

YOUR FRIENDLY EDITOR.

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SPIDERMEN



A 'person' from 'The Sun' once went to see King Kurt, looking for a suitably shocking story. THE DANCING TARANTULAS happened to be supporting and the gutter press representative had soon forgotten about King Kurt. He had himself his own 'disturbing new cult' to write about. The next day this packed arbiter of good taste that we all know and loathe boasted a story of 'A PUNK TERROR ACT FROM MANCHESTER' and I quote, 'They shouldn't be allowed on a stage because they're too mad and they attack the audience.'

The obviously innocent and harmless TARANTULAS sit around me, trying to disguise the hurt done by the irresponsible 'Sun' and defend their artistic credibility and wholesome appeal.

'We're a cabaret act, a mime and dance band who aim to entertain all the family,' says Nasty, one of the performers. 'We want to do gigs for thalidomides because we think they've had a really bad deal — and people dying in hospitals.'

THE TARANTULAS consist of 3 such sensitive and well meaning performers: Nasty, Monster and . . . Tim, along with a 2 man background and research team.

They site their influences as Nat King Cole, Cannon and Ball, Ballet, TV commercials, Gracie Fields, Led Zeppelin, opera, Tom Jones, Ken Dodd and Discharge. All of which they perform to at one point or another in their performance. A most important feature of a DANCING TARANTULAS performance is their highly original and creative use of every day objects which they utilise as stage props.

Monster: 'At that King Kurt gig we used a torn feather mattress, 32 cones, a car door, a fire extinguisher, a toilet seat, giant sized male genitalia, a cuddly toy, a washing machine. . . .'

Nasty: 'It's art. You can't plan art.'

Tim: 'It's something we do anyway so we don't need to plan it. We usually start off with a record we don't dance to like an overture, to get everyone pissed off. Then we come on to 'Coronation St' with instruments; broken guitars and mouth organs and wearing flares of course. (There's deep symbolism in that). When we've got every one shouting for us to go off we go into a lively number like 'Yeah, Yeah, Yeah' by the Rezillos. In between each track we abuse the crowd or tell bad jokes.'

I can see I'm not fooling anybody here. The Sun is always right. THE DANCING TARANTULAS are dangerous. They are corrupting the youth of this nation and threatening the music business as we know it.

Monster: 'We're not that bad really. We haven't killed anybody . . . Yet.'

TOM VAGUE

Beside the Seaside, beside the . . .

The Carioca club opened its doors on a dismal night with the main attraction for the locals being the licence to drink until the early hours. Also on the bill was Nico.

Fifteen years after her debut with the Velvets in New York she played the seaside town of Worthing — renowned for its salubrious air and surfeit of pensioners. The band were ordinary, the sound adequate within the constraints imposed by the clubs discoteque arrangement, the feedback from the monitors disconcerting, but above it all Nico — shining like a beacon amidst the mediocrity of it all. Her timeless ethereal voice transporting those listening out of their surroundings to realms beyond. The performance showed no signs of the spoils of her past. Her voice is as pure and as enchanting as ever.

She is surprisingly easy to be with, her conversation, like her songs, fragments of thoughts conveying feelings not words: her days with the Velvets and Warhol are well documented so I asked why exactly she left New York, in 1974.

NICO: Because I did something violent to a girl that I should not have done . . . I hurt a girl in the face. She was a Black Panther, also a member of the women's liberation . . . I don't like that . . . Germaine Greer, you know? A friend of hers, she was horrible . . . we fought and I cut her face . . . seventeen stitches.

Q.: What have you been doing since then.

NICO: Since 1974 you mean . . . I've made lots of films . . . I made one album which came out in two versions, but none of the versions are promoted right, there was nothing built around the record.

Q.: You seem to have suffered from a lack of promotion during recent years.

NICO: Yes, but it's better that way, because it's not my kind of record. It's a rock and roll record and I'd rather remain on the same lines as before — with John Cale. . . . But I think I'm becoming more Turkish all the time and my singing will become more Middle Eastern because I'm of Turkish descent.

Q.: I understood you were German.

NICO: No, I have a German passport.

Nico then woke up her road manager, Alan Wise, by dropping a lighted match on him.

Q.: You sang well tonight, are you pleased with the gig?

NICO: Yes, but this place is a joke for me, you know. I mean, they told me it was a big place . . . and that speaker you know, it was hurting my ear. The sound should bring my singing more out but it was destroying it. This is a funny dressing room . . . is it really only twenty yards away?

Q.: What?

NICO: The sea.

One of her entourage appeared. The car was ready.

Q.: Have you any more dates to play?

NICO: I'm going to Spain next.

And she was gone.

PHIL HAYES



FRANKIE GOES TO . . .

FRANK SINATRA — a man whose suit never seemed to fit but who always managed to look pretty snappy all the same. An alleged mafia man, he always was (and still is I suppose) the crooner with the harder edge. Now Capitol records are re-releasing their entire back catalogue of his material, digitally re-recorded and in their original sleeves. Out already are *Swingin' Affair* and *Where Are You?* and there are 15 more to come at the rate of two a month.

Also in the FLESH, Sinatra, the original teen idol is also coming to Britain some time in September to play some 'Ol Blue Eyes is back again' dates.

And if you're a fan, why haven't you joined the fan club? Not so much a fan club, we are informed — it is what has been described as 'a heavy duty affair'. The Sinatra Music Society has branches all over the country and is affiliated to the World Sinatra Music Society, which is affiliated to the Mafia for all I know.

Contact Margery Nunn — 01-368 2378.



NASTIES

The gay club Bolts has banned the new video by Dutch metal band Golden Earring on the grounds that it is sick. The video for their new single includes their singer ripping the clothes off a nun in a tube train, doing the same to his psychiatrists

secretary, and finally ending up on the operating table where a surgeon removes part of his brain with a chainsaw, the brain being eaten by a passing dog. It's understood that they're also putting out an edited version for family viewing.

ƒ FOR ƒAZZ



As they say, you can't keep a good man down. Be-spectacled ex-Bauhaus workaholic David J, not content with releasing last month's 'This Vicious Cabaret' 12" on Glass is now to team up with another inmate from the Glass menagerie, as the bass player in The Jazz Butcher's new group. The band, which

includes Max Eider on guitar and Mr Jones drumming are going to spend this summer playing an assortment of venues before going on to record Butcher's second album, to be released later in the year. For those who can't wait, Glass are reissuing his debut LP 'The Jazz Butcher in Bath of Bacon' at the end of this month.



ERASER HEADS

Section 25 are one of those bands who haunt the edge of the musical landscape, occasionally poking their heads up for air and always threatening to one day leap out, pounce and grab some limelight.

They were one of Blackpool's original punk styled line-ups way back in the heady days of 1977 and, after finding their feet were signed to Factory in 1980. Since then they have released the occasional record (a couple of LPs and a few singles) and are now awaiting the eventual release of a new LP 'From the Hip', produced by Bernard Albrecht.

The hold up with the LP is due to a bizarre Factory idea of releasing it in a **RUBBER** sleeve (Rubber sleeve!), and now alternative artwork is being planned.

The record is about "a journey, a spiritual journey," Larry tells us. "The songs are linked together, some tracks actually run together," brother Vin adds. The return of the concept LP! Obviously Section 25 are not very interested in fashion, they just do what they do.

They produce music on record now and then and occasionally live because they enjoy it and so does their small (at the moment) cult following. As music it has changed — though now always personal, maybe introverted, sometimes boring, sometimes atmospheric, sometimes dull, sometimes beautiful, it's there — you make the choice.

JOHN THE ENBALMED

Pic: Ian 'T' Tilton.



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THE BOB BARRAGE

In a country like America where freedom of religion is guaranteed by the constitution, anything can develop. Enter the SubGenius Foundation, billing itself as the weirdest cult on earth. Broadly speaking the Foundation is an organisation of cranks, pseudomystics and punk-types who worship a strange messiah-like being known as J. R. Bob Dobbs. Bob, they claim, is actually a pretty regular guy, "just very rich and possessed by forces greater than man."

The SubGenius cultists have had a field day inventing explanations for such things as the Kennedy and Lennon killings. (Lennon, they claim, wasn't assassinated at all; he actually died of a drug overdose a split-second before being shot. "So in the end Chapman's bullets were wasted.") They derive most of their pleasure from the reactions of their victims — mostly baffled normals — and the resultant publicity. Their activities are pretty varied. They appear on radio and cable TV across the States, and organise regular conventions, street demonstrations, road rants, multitrack studio seances, and weird 'anti-music' concerts at which the Foundation's resident 'doktorbands' cut loose.

The first bona fide,

church-sanctified doktorband was hatched some years ago in Little Rock, Arkansas, by Snavely Eklund, Janor Hypercleats, Sterno Keckhaver and Drelloid. (Note: all names used in this review are guaranteed 100 per cent genuine.) This was the immortal Drs. For Bob, "the first band to utilize chainsaws and drawers full of car parts in their musical interpretations." These defrocked surgeons began to appear at red-hot, spirit-filled revivals across the states, performing mercy killings of so-called 'normal' music. They soon inspired almost two dozen imitators and gave rise to a whole new genre of Hell-spew, abrasive to the point of brain-erasure. "The thing about the doktorbands," leading SubGenius scribe and anti-musician Ivan Stang recently explained to me, "is that, because they have only the meagrest approximation of rehearsed repertoires, they have interchangeable personnel. So you almost never get the same sound twice. . . ."

Most of these church-sanctified bands don't play 'real' music, but there are a few exceptions. Glassmadness, for instance, are the world's most prolific spew-source of Bob-hymns. They specialise in fairly straightforward, often semi-

acoustic blues vignettes. Chicago band The People's Temple also play conventional music, usually with strong funk overtones (their track *Sewell Park* is absolutely stark-raving, foaming-at-the-mouth great!).

The songs mentioned in this review are available on tape direct from the SubGenius Foundation, PO Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214, USO. Each tape costs \$8.50 (about four quid) and features at least a dozen doktorbands, minstrels, ranters, chanters and music-killers.

Especially recommended is the *Bobsongs* album no. 4, which contains such earwax-melting trax as *Bob Can F****, *Doug Smith Knew He Had Taken Too Much Acid This Time* and *Raising Elvis's Ghost*. Also recommended are any of the tapes in the *Media Barrage* series, and the first *SubGenius Filth Barrage*.

Get in touch with these characters at once. While you're at it, you might as well ask about their full range of products and services, comix and T-shirts, voodoo dolls and Mojo bags, Graven Images, False Idols and dial-a-Demon phone-ins. Just tell 'em I sent you. And remember: There's no prob with Bob.

PETE SCOTT

FANZINES

NEO NO. 2

At last — a magazine that asks the question 'pourquoi Play Dead a t'il une signification particulière?' Neo is French, and therefore largely incomprehensible, but most of the band names are in English and the whole thing is very glossy and very pretty. Brilliant layouts, and lots of talk about 'l'explosion punk anglaise'. Interesting.

BUCKETFUL OF BRAINS 8: 58a Abbotsford Avenue, London N15 3BS.

A rag with a penchant for garage bands, especially of the American variety. It contains column after column of in-depth interviews packed full of historical information. Putting their brains in the bucket are Clay Allison, Dream Syndicate, Ches-

terfield Kings, Chris Wilson and all the usual grist. Cerebral food for fanatics.

IDIOT STRENGTH NO. 2: 30p + biggish S.A.E. from Gary, 6 Tyrell Close, Harlow, Middlesex.

Nightingales, Psychedelic Furs, Membranes, Smiths, plus an interesting little piece on the excellent Phoenix Radio. What's more, the mag includes an extensive chat with none other than Johnny Waller on his desire to interview Elton John and why he handed in his cards at Sounds. All this and poems too.

CAPITAL LETTERS 2nd EDITION: 15p from Steve, 131 Kingsdown Rd, Chase Terrace, Nr Walsall.

A slim, compact volume that's a

bit short on material judging from the impassioned plea in this issue's editorial. Set up 'as a reaction against pub discos and juke boxes', it contains bits on (mainly) local bands like 2.5 Kids and a Mortgage, Urban Paranoia, Nineteen, The Sears and Absit Omen. Small but economical.

ATTACK ON BZAG Issue 10: 20p from I. Granby Grove, Leeds LS6 3BE.

This magazine is produced just around the corner from where my mum lives, so it's got to be good. Messy and entertaining — John Peel, Redskins, The Tempest and Billy Bragg all air their views on life, plus lots of 'opinion' and scratchy cartoons. Packed full of nonsense. BUY.

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STINGRAY & HAIRSPRAY

Clambering and capering out of Crouch End with a quiff, a care and a wide grin on their faces, the *Sting-rays*. I give you Bal (vox) Mark (guitar), Alec (drums) and Bertie (bass).

Who have, on their current 'Escalator' single (Big Beat) finally got it all together, demonstrating in no uncertain terms that, for once and forever, they are neither imitators nor revivalists.

They are the *Sting-rays*, escaped from the suffocating fumes of the regressive (though fun) trash garage scene. 'Escalator' is a thunderous big beat, a tubby thumping bass and a wondrous, tingling guitar, spot all over with Bal's furious vocals. And I'm glad.

So are they, having at last perfected the on-vinyl *Sting-rays*, without playing jokes on the *Cramps* (see last year's frenetic *Bananaman EP* . . .), or attempting to transfer their crazed live business to record.

Taking, as Bal puts it, the "wild aspect" of psychobilly—without actually being those sort of billies at all— together with a slight political elbow from, I would wager, punk rock, and a lot of tape phasing fun from the sixties, the *Sting-rays* are, without doubt, their own men.

They now command, or rather, entertain a growing live following and Bal co-organises Monday night ventures at the Pindar Of Wakefield, providing a stage and a sympathetic crowd for themselves and other bands of their own dirty-noise-making persuasion: anything from the psychedelic fun reruns of the *Prisoners* to lesser-known cohorts like the gloriously schizophrenic *Wigs* (covers of 'In The City' and 'Wild Thing' within two seconds of each other, no less!)

But there is one vital difference between the *Sting-rays* and those other garage brothers. And though we shouldn't get too personal . . .

Bal: "I wouldn't knock them—for a start, the *Prisoners* could wipe the floor with us on a good gig. But they are playing sixties music, and we're still getting lumped in with them. Our music is relevant to today."

Don't box the *Sting-rays* in. On their present form, they'll only break out again with the greatest of glee.

REX GARVIN.



1,000 IN THE BUSH . . .

Following on the well trodden heels of their Last Pop Song, 1000 Mexicans are now releasing the pop song after the last one. Mexican Mike Harding describes it as 'brilliant.'

'We were doing the demos for the single,' says Mike, 'which was supposed to be a song called 'After the

Cavilliers', and we wrote this B side called 'Under Construction' which was much better, so that's going to be the single now.'

After a bit of a lay off, 1000 Mexicans are resurfacing to play some dates this month: 'It'll be quite a different live show,' explains Mike, 'new material, more (more) new

instruments . . .'

'By the way,' he continues, 'did I tell you that Julian (the blondest Mexican) was shot the other day by someone with an air rifle . . . You could put something in about him beating Marvin Gaye to it, but that's a bit sick, isn't it?'

Under Construction should be out in mid May.

BLACK FLAG

THRASH THRASH. American hardcore band Black Flag are due over here this month—their first visit in over 18 months. They've spent a couple of months of the intervening period in jail after losing out in a contempt of court action. The US court had banned them from releasing some tracks of theirs on their own record label—the rights of the songs being owned by another company. Line up for the tour is Greg Ginn—guitar, Henry Rollins—vocals, Kira Koessler—bass and on drums Bill Stevenson.

The tour starts with a date at the Marquee on May 14th supported by fellow Americans Husker Du, who are putting out a 7" version of Eight Miles High on SST/UK at the beginning of the month. Black Flag have a new LP out—My War—on the same label.



Love on Ice

During their two year lifespan, The Icicle Works have garnered considerable praise from some quarters whilst at the same time been subjected to references that would induce acute embarrassment with other, less committed bands. I asked Ian McNab, lead singer and songwriter how he reacted to comparisons with Barclay James Harvest, Yes and Marillion et al.

"That's great, actually, I must admit I do tend to encourage that sort of nonsense because everybody's got to have everything to order and it seems so absurd that a group that's been compared to Barclay James Harvest can appear on Top of the Pops. It's better than being compared with the Sex Pistols or The Damned, although that wouldn't happen away. We always tend to get called hippies which is fine by me because lots of my favourite music is by bands like that. I think you could call us a hippie group with a 1977 influence." Their new album, imaginatively entitled "The Icicle Works" is indeed guilty of trespassing those paths that the above mentioned bands may have trod in the past. However, allied to this are some sensitive lyrics delivered with a sincerity of approach and backed by cracking good tunes.

Throughout the album there are recurring references to love which as it stands is fine but surely you must reach a point where you exhaust the concept.

Ian. "Of course, but you must remember that it's the most important thing in the world anyway and when anybody writes a song there's always some reference to it. Together with anger it's an emotion that comes across the most effectively. I really haven't got a lot to be angry about. The things that really annoy me are stupid you know. The fact that someone edited twenty-five minutes from 2001 A Space Odyssey makes me angry. So for me, love is an emotion I experience quite a lot and subsequently it's what I draw from for most of the songs."

It works on the album and it works on the individual songs".

Steve Roberts



CALLING ALL THIRSTYS

The Moodists must be sick of all these comparisons by now. Mind you, vocalist Dave Graney can raise a laugh at all the parallels drawn. Especially, so he tells me, 'the one that said I was a cross between Tom Jones and a Northern comic'.

It's a long way to 'the sick wind blows' and back again.

Their second Red Flame LP, 'Thirsty's Calling' has just been released/unleashed over here. Plummeling in ragged rips of excess, it is the kind of record driven by an irritable restlessness, possessing the savage, twisted passion that last year's 'Engine Shudder' LP definitely lacked. The Moodists have moved dangerously closer(r) to the atrocity exhibition of unsatisfied desire and the painful, sprained aftermath of angst that they seemed to always thirst for. The blood-splattered world of hell-hag, primal pandemonium in which The Stooges, The Birthday Party and Turkey Bones have licked their wounds (with relish) in the past.

'Thirsty's Calling' arrived in April of this year, like a thorn in the flesh – ripping and writhing its way through as though two souls were at war within its ample bosom. The rhythm, with the stench of fresh blood, snarls with chronic discontent, guitar chops and grinds with Crampsian barbarism, the words slice across, phrases loosely glaring through the whole discordant jungle of primeval expanse. Gone is The Moodists sensitivity.

As Chris says, 'It doesn't sound like we've been slogging away at our songs for a year, waiting for a chance to put them down in the studio. We don't need to labour at them. It IS very much like a live record'.



'Four of the songs were written as we recorded them', continues Dave. 'We don't EVER make demo-tapes. A lot of them are made up on the spot. I see them as fairly straightforward. They're not types of songs. The lyrical content isn't dictated by what the music sounds like. Mostly, they are about petty, local things. Trivia. I like to think of it as active and aggressive – rather than passively sitting back to be admired. It's authentic more than anything.'

'If you're talking about perversity. Well, I don't see the Stooges as perverse at all. They were just close to the original spirit of r'n'r. They blurted it out, saying things very directly. I look upon what we do as fairly basic. Maybe we stand out because we do things simply. But that's no grand effort to re-define rock'n'roll. It's no evangelical mission.'

QUIET.

Well, The Moodists' rattlesnake bursts and breaks are hardly what you'd call 'God-fearing'. It balances precariously though on the edge of extremes.

If 'Engine Shudder' lay in a bed of thorns, it was peril with her hands behind her back. 'Thirsty's Calling' and the recent single ('My Runaway')/Chevrolet Rise ('Busy Splinters') exposes MORE and it's often ugly and offers little sanctuary. Like a plague of spiritual disintegration, it splinters and panics and cracks apart. The Moodists and their seething revulsion withdraw from the world in a negative ecstasy. The Moodists, lovers and lunatics, smell of fresh blood. In the distance, the world is on fire and The Moodists flare up.

To the end of our tether.

Jonh Wilde



• SIRENS •

Meanwhile, back on the ranch. The Screamin' Sirens who help light up the remarkable Bemisbrain compilation album 'Hell Comes To Your House Volume Two', may be coming over here soon. Hold on to your hats.

Formed in February '83 (1983) by Pleasant Ann (Vocals and rope tricks) and Boom Boom Jo Dixon (Drums and vocals) they struggled to their final line up

featuring Marsky Jane Reins (Fiddle, rhythm guitar and vocals), Rosie 'Rosebud' Flores (Guitar and vocals) and Deanna Mae Watanabe (Bass) with occasional help from ex Bangle Annette Zilinskas (currently with Blood On The Saddle) and Kathy Valentine of the GoGo's.

A mini-album is in the works and then they'll be moving out. YESSTHUR!

NEW MODEL ARMY

VENGEANCE



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5	ANNABEL'S, MANCHESTER
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7	BLUENOTE, DERBY
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20	MARQUEE, LONDON

**NEW
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TOUR**

BONESHAKER

BABIES

Marina Merosi goes out on the graveyard shift with DEAD CAN DANCE. Psychic experience: Alastair Indge.

LET THE MUSIC FIND YOU

Dead Can Dance, at least the four members present, have eyes which echo this pacific blue room in almost surreal fashion. They are intense eyes; Eyes that pierce with utter conviction: Eyes that are indeed windows of the soul.

Dead Can Dance make SOUL music — not in the sense that it follows the particular genre that has come to be termed as such — not at all — but because their music truly moves; truly transcends the banal pretensions of others less adept through a simple, unremitting honesty . . . because it truly expresses that burning desire. It really *is* in their eyes.

Here there is no hint of gratuitous ambition; only complete spiritual motivation: So I wonder how conscious they are of the progression of their music; how aware they are of the direction it takes . . . Do they know what they are *doing*? (and I fear this is far too vague and indirect a question).

Lisa Gerrard (Vocals): "It isn't indirect — it's quite an important question because it asks whether you are a complete slave to your work or to what you put forward: Whether you're

prepared to give all of yourself and be manipulated by your creativity.

"Now if you do something and you let your influences direct you or stop you, then you're not being honest — I believe that you really have to be a SLAVE — just an instrument, because it's everywhere: everywhere you go there's music — **there's music outside now, and you're just really bringing those things forward through another language.** You can give pleasure or receive pleasure from these things: just the rhythms of life, just that you're alive. "Words fail her," . . . it's important.

"It's like a storm, isn't it? It's like falling in love or looking out of the window into a landscape which is so striking and natural and strong: It's just a STORM — it's just like that, which is why you pursue it; because it's so mesmerizing and so TRUE."

And is that what D-C-D are about?

Peter Ulrich (Drums, percussion): "As a philosophy of what we do — yes, but I think on a more practical level, if you're asking how the type of music develops; I see it as being to quite a large extent coming from the exploration of the

instruments that we've got — so rather than just writing songs that follow formulas that have gone in the past: standard rhythms; standard chord sequences — that sort of thing, we're exploring different ways of using those standard instruments (like the yang ch'in or Chinese dulcimer which Lisa plays), different types of percussion that we've been able to get our hands on from various places: Letting things develop and looking for different areas . . . different levels of sound."

The search started in 1981 in Melbourne, Australia, though only Lisa and Brendan Perry (Vocals, Guitar) remain from that original line-up. In 1982, here in England, Peter joined, followed last year by Scott Rodger (Bass, *Not Talking In The Vicinity Of Microphones*) with Soundman and longtime friend of the band, James Pinker, also becoming an official member.

As shown on their eponymous album, "Dead Can Dance" on 4.A.D. and their handful of dates, their music touches on a near-oriented sense of balance, both fluid and textured, it's a cascade of subtle extremes and lingering

passion; the individual character of the sounds melting to create new and varied atmospheres: to explore shades of meaning; degrees of sensitivity. Often swooping instruments, their roles are not as clearly defined as I have made them seem: Their flexibility is one characteristic shared by precious few other bands . . . another is their whole attitude.

LET THE MUSIC MOVE YOU

Perhaps, Brendan and Lisa agree, Melbourne's complacency and the stifling routine of the gig circuit played its part in their eventual move to England, but the reasons were less clear-cut and far more "irrational" than that: "Looking back, it's so hard to know why we came." Says Lisa,

and I think that they're the most important places for music to be — it really helps people." People become desensitized.

Lisa: "It's really sad — it's awful — you can help — you can share that through the music. If you can achieve that; if you can soften something or make them feel just a little bit of warmth or of life or faith or something, then you've achieved everything that you hoped to achieve."

So maybe music is an escape into reality?

Brendan: "A reflection of reality."

Lisa: "It's not an escape; it's what it really is; it's what's really there. I see what you're saying and what you're saying is true but you're not actually escaping: Where you are is just the

the industry: Surely, this is the most meaning/less and most *unnatural* environment for them in which to exist: They have been, they *will be* abused.

DCD agree — and disagree:

Peter: "There's an awful lot of that attitude but that doesn't make it intrinsic — all I'm saying is that hopefully we'll be able to find our way through and find places where we can work and people who we can work with who are sympathetic to what we're trying to do so that our eventual product, whether it's on record or live on stage or whatever is the best that we can offer."

As we discuss such matters Peter suggests that, because of the very *natural* nature of its production, their music may be essentially different to that heard day in, day out on the radio. It begs the question: Could they ever conceive of being in such a situation themselves?

Lisa: "It's neither here nor there — you just purely and simply make music — what happens beyond that, as long as it's being shared with people for the right reasons and isn't being exploited. . . . I don't think you can pollute the music itself if you're honest."

Brendan is more cautious; it seems to him that music played on day-time radio is unrealistic and clichéd, the subject-matter predictably trivial: It exists for no apparent reasons other than the overtly commercial, and, he concludes: "I think that the only way we'll be really accepted in popular music in terms of radio play is probably if the music does lend itself towards those popular, mainstream tastes, which I very much doubt it will do."

Lisa: "So you're saying that you've lost faith completely in the people: that they can't hear and relate to music anymore?"

Brendan: "No . . . no . . . I'm saying that's why people's sensibilities are limited — because they regard music as a luxury."

Lisa: "And you don't think that if people heard say something of ours or of our friends that was

". . . It was an adventure . . . you have all these perceptions of what it's going to be like because in Australia you have this idea that you're on this island floating out somewhere else in the universe and you hear all these things — all these colours of over here and you think: 'I just have to go' you know. You have this fabulous sort of desperation to go and see. . . ."

So would D.C.D. have continued had they remained in Australia?

Lisa: "Oh yes! It was inevitable what happened. The fact that Brendan and I stayed together and continued those first 12 months that we were here and we just went through so much trauma — I think it would have taken SO much to destroy our relationship in music. It was just so hard — it was all we had — if we didn't have IT . . . I don't know . . . " That first year in England when Brendan and Lisa had to live on a housing estate in Poplar which overlooked a chemical factory must have indeed seemed very bleak and Brendan agrees, "At least in that year of inactivity we had some sort of vision." When that Vision results in something as wonderous and breathtaking as "Threshold", then it's obvious that the object of their Vision is Emotion:

Peter: "My experience of talking to people or friends of mine who I've played our stuff to is that they do have some sort of emotional response to it. They don't just say 'Yeah, that was a good song' — they try and explain something that it made them feel."

Lisa: ". . . That it made them feel themselves. You know, people can become so numb to themselves; they become so lost and it's so wonderful if you can just help someone feel themselves — feel their own presence or the presence of the people around them. It's really so important — especially in big cities and environments where things are very harsh on the eye: they really need that: something to touch the senses.

"You do get so many people involved in music in these areas — you've always got some reggae or something coming from some flat somewhere

wrong place. It's just you've blobbed in this sort of environment which is totally *UNNATURAL* to you, totally *WRONG* for you and music's just *TRUE* . . . it's just *REAL*. I think it makes you realise that the things around you are so *WRONG*, so *WRONG* and unbalanced for you — which is why people who have lived in an environment like that for a great length of time



feel. . . . They *HATE* music — they hear music and it doesn't matter how soft it is, but if it's music they'll *COMPLAIN* because it makes them see how wrong their own environment is for them and it becomes too mentally disturbing for them to cope with: They hear some music and it's like everything that they've lost is there calling them. . . . It's terrible. . . . It's tragic.

LET THE MUSIC PLAY, PLAY ON.

It's all very well seeing music in its truest, purest form but, I put it to D.C.D., in order to allow their music to touch us all they have to, they *must* go through the shallow spirit-sapping machinery of

just a simple little thing that's very nice and true that they wouldn't respond to that?

Brendan: "Certainly they would respond — there's always response but it's — like I can give you an example: A certain piece of music which we do, which I regard as a very beautiful piece of music, people who have that attitude will see it as frightening and doomy and gloomy, when in fact I don't see it as such. I ask myself why and I ask them why and they can't explain it."

There is, quite literally, *Life* beyond musical conditioning: All Dead Can Dance request are open hearts: Here there is beauty; Why shut ourselves away?



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A QUESTION OF CHOICE

The Questions respond to Rex Garvin
brain-teasers. Live pics: Alistair Indge.

Flip the Questions' second single 'Price You Pay', and step into their funk steambath version of Heatwave's classic 'Groove Line'. Better still, venture to one of their blistering live shows and watch them open with said song.

It'll make a perfect introduction. It'll also make you wonder why so much garbage has been thrown at them. Or rather, at their record label. The Questions and me, we're both faintly sick of hearing debates about *Respond*.

"How many reviews have you read," asks singer/bassist Paul Barry, "where someone dodges the issue about the single and slags off *Respond* instead. They actually find it quite hard to insult the records."

And with each record it gets harder. There's a note of satisfaction in his voice, but it's balanced by a slight defensive edge that runs through the best part of their conversation. Perhaps the Questions feel a need to be on the defensive: too many cynics about.

Because it's easy to be sceptical about the Questions. I was until I was cajoled into seeing them live. Then everything fell into place, and I ended up talking to them just before one of those shows.

'Groove Line' is not just an easy starting point. It's also a useful pointer, because the Questions' brand of Edinburgh-reared funk and soul (yes, soul: Paul Barry possesses one of the most underrated/unnoticed white soul voices in Britain) has more to do with that sort of sweaty, mid-seventies home-grown funk, or the raw momentum of early, earthy Chic than with the current crop of American dance studio-sterility that they cite as one of their biggest influences.

It's a natural kind of thing, and the feeling is essentially, identifiably *alive*.

"Maybe it's because we've involved ourselves in all the stages, production, and songwriting . . ." explains Paul. "Also, we usually play a song live a lot before we record it.

"I think we've got a more energetic feel. The way a lot of American dance records are made — although I love them — is that they're obviously created in the studio, there and then.

"I think too many people are beginning to lose the emotion and the excitement of live music," adds Paul's sister Maureen (the most recent addition to the line-up). "And that's the most important thing, rather than just making records that sound absolutely perfect."

Paul: "What I consciously try to do is to — not *recreate* — but take from the live show, and put that into the studio, rather than trying to reproduce the records live."

Perhaps *show* is not the ideal word to apply to a Questions gig. There is always a distinct and encouraging lack of open-mouthed gawpers, the majority of the crowd preferring to transmit the emotion from hearts to feet, avoiding the eyeballs if possible.

Not that a glimpse of the Questions is something to dread: it's simply that they approach things in a different way.

"It's trying to get away from the *band onstage*, with laser lights and all that crap," spits Paul in a rare moment of vehemence. "What we're doing is a challenge to the way standard rock gigs have always been done . . . people coming to the gigs, standing at the front and just looking at people playing guitars."

Or if your feet — as mine do — tend to become easily entangled with knotted ankles, then you can just listen. Paul and his songwriting partner/guitarist John Robinson have a knack for tunes that are more than just nifty. There are a few certified classics in there.

The solid, searing power of 'Tear Soup'; songs of pure joy like 'Body And Soul'. Just a couple: Questions sets are long and there are lots more in there.

But they're quick to correct me when I suggest that the Questions are all about love songs, throwing numerous titles around in defence of their argument. 'The Learning Tree', 'Everything I See' and 'The Vital Spark': "Break the bonds of bigotry/with the strength of unity . . . why make do with second best/someone must be taking all the rest . . ."

John: "You can't say our music's escapist, considering the lyrics in some of our songs. I mean, we're not throwing political statements around, but we're still saying something."

"It's not just 'We're gonna have a party, everybody get down' — there's room for that as well, but it's not purely that."

Did the Questions take any of the impetus from punk? I've heard it mentioned . . .

Paul: "Not the actual music. What appealed to me about it was that before that, music was closed to musos and people who were brilliant guitarists or whatever . . . and punk seemed to sweep that away. You can get into it now, just if you've got ideas and enthusiasm. And that's what matters."

Ideas and enthusiasm — coupled to a lot of talent — and the Questions are in there. Almost. But as I write, they're (a little mysteriously) hitless.

One memorable single last year, the aforementioned 'Tear Soup' — which Paul describes as "a conscious attempt to make a really hard dance single" and as such "not very commercial" — did little or nothing in the charts.

They came a little closer this year with the buoyant 'Tuesday Sunshine' — which seemed like a certainty, but just failed to make it.

I'll just put my money on the next one, though. Perhaps dance records are too overcommon and perhaps the Questions' dance records, more importantly, lack the credibility of their American counterparts. Perhaps . . .

So perhaps the Questions should play their ace card, Paul's voice, and try again with their achingly beautiful ballad, 'Building On A Strong Foundation', which — despite having been done a gross injustice on the weedy *Respond* compilation album and despite suffering from a slightly corny lyrical content in the chorus — features his most perfect, potent vocal: the essential *quality* which sets the Questions apart.

For their part, for a band whose every single is aimed chartwards, they don't seem unduly worried by the lack of hits. Though they do have their thoughts on the matter.

Paul: "We are interested in hits. But not in a bread-and-butter way, not to make money. It's just that there's so much . . . (he struggles for the right word) . . . *shite* about, that there's got to be a balance somewhere. And I don't see why we shouldn't be up there with the other golden boys. Just doing something a bit better."

I don't see why not, either. And I'll be glad to see them get there.

Shortly after this interview took place keyboards player Jo Jones relinquished his post in the band to concentrate on his own musical career. The Questions are now seeking a replacement. If you are interested in joining the band send a tape or failing that a farthing, letter and photo to *Respond* Records, c/o A&M Records. Auditions will be held in May.





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TALK

H

E

A

With everyone and his next door neighbour casting a cynical eye over Heavy Metal our Mister Spencer encounters Diamond Head. Hair Today; Carole Segal.

By a most miraculous coincidence, the last great British rock band are down in London to get that all-important hair spruced up for an approaching UK tour, and they've only gone and plumped for the very same salon as A Certain Mr Limahl. One feels fair humbled. All this talent under a single roof — anybody with an eye for irony ought to marvel.

Yet the staff only have eyes for Limahl. Possibly because (like him) they've never heard of Diamond Head either, but more likely because he's not filling the place with loud Brummie earthiness. Nor, for that matter, is he tarnished by curtains of long, fluffy, and ever so *passé* hair.

Regulars look equally unimpressed. The tone of the place has been well and truly lowered, and rock singer extraordinaire, Sean Harris, knows it. Loves it too.

And meanwhile, instead of congratulating Diamond Head on the progress made with their most recent LP, 'Canterbury', or likening them to a jewel in an ocean of syrupy effluence — pinpointing them as probably the sole contemporary heavy band worth listening to — Limahl oozes up to photographer, Carole, and suggests she take a picture of him.

He has to. His popularity — built on nothing less vacuous than a fancy hairstyle — is crumbling. He's had his twelve months of glory. That's the way Pop Things work.

For those in the grown-ups' world of Rock 'n' Roll, however, there's usually the chance to win back your place in the first division. Take Diamond Head, for instance . . .

'Don't ya hide away,
from the bad things coming to you,
don't ya hide your face,
from the things that don't ring true . . .'
— 'To The Devil His Due'.

They've been going through a rough patch, Diamond Head, mainly brought

about by their steadfast refusal to play the Heavy Metal Game. The band have dared to be different — bravely exploring a wealth of musical avenues, taking their rock roots and translating them, *integrating* them with sounds infinitely superior to your average brain-banger drivel — and they've paid the price.

confident enthusiasm. He talks and talks, legs flying all over the place. The singer dislikes his wispy new hair-do, but he's keen as hell on Diamond Head's latest line-up.

Sean's feet eventually get slumped in a nearby sink. Do these people have *no* manners?



To the mainstream HM public, Diamond Head are deviants; traitors; *perverts*; because the run-of-the-mill rock fan enjoys only run-of-the-mill music. There *must* be no challenge.

But Sean Harris couldn't give a toss what the likes and dislikes of these very dull people happen to be, and consequently, following the only-moderate success of his group's third album, and several non-smash singles, their label, MCA, has discarded them.

Brave Sean awaits a fresh record deal, and a productive future, with infectiously

For God's sake, you're behaving like you want to be an architect.

"No, no, that *would* be boring, wouldn't it, landscape surveying and all that crap, meeting silly people. Horrible. I don't like business."

Love?

"Too much has been said about love, like about violence. But it's probably the most important thing that any human being will ever know about. If I could prescribe love for everybody, I think I would, it might turn them into nicer people."

DN

D

S

Many will hear you say that and be shocked out of their skulls, that someone from a band like yours' is saying such things. You're very much going against the grain.

"I bloody hope so. I mean, that's what we're here for. I'm aware that we are a lot more different, and I'm a lot more complex, than anybody realises. But I'm also aware that a lot of people couldn't give a shit.

"I don't know what people want to hear about at this stage. What do they want to hear about? What we're doing next? What we were doing last? That covers it, y'know?"

Do you ever get wound up about existing in a musical area where even the cut of your trousers can mean life or death?

"Yeah, all the time. You're always aware of, not only the way you look, but the way you sound. You think your fans are into you because you're heavy, or because you do this or you do that, but really you don't know why they like you. You're right, the cut of your trousers, the length of your hair, the way you pose for a photograph, the titles of your records . . ."

Wasn't there trouble at last year's Castle Donnington festival, after some of the crowd took objection to the trousers you were wearing?

"Yeah. Baggy trousers. It was ridiculous, I couldn't understand it at the time, but we were conscious of the fact that if we went on in baggy trousers some people wouldn't like it, which is just . . ."

And it made you want to go on in them all the more?

"Of course it did, to provoke those stupid people who think that wearing baggy trousers has got anything to do with the quality of your music, to provoke them into some sort of action."

Which it did?

"Yeah. God, I remember somebody threw a bloody jug with about forty gallons of water onstage, if it had hit anybody it'd have killed 'em!"

When a show goes particularly well, is it still 'Sean Harris' up there?

"Oh I'm definitely a couple of people."

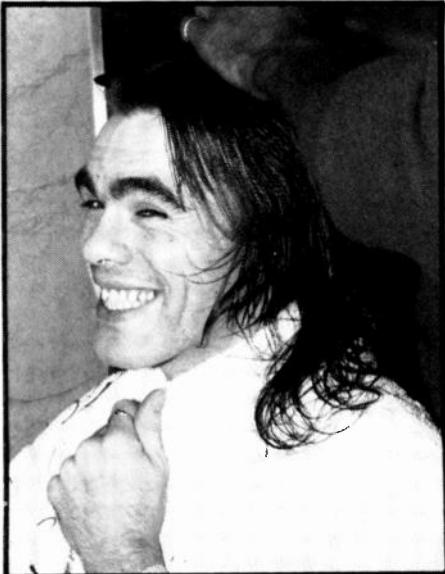
Are you Robert Plant?

"Oh no, no, I'm me, but a 'me' that's not the one whose here. I think there's a couple of different 'me's, probably two or three. There's certain ones for certain songs and certain performances, and a certain attitude . . . it's like acting. I'm not a very good actor, but you have to act to a certain extent, live."

What would you reply to a fan who said a record of yours was complete rubbish?

"I'd ask him why, that's all, I'd ask him why he thought it was rubbish.

"I talk quite well to fans, I don't



patronise them, I like them. Although it's funny you should say this, because one guy came up to us, an old fan of ours, an old friend, and this one guy from Leeds came up and said he hated the 'Canterbury' album. He loved the very early demo album, 'Lightning To The Nations', the really heavy one, and he thought 'Borrowed Time' was okay, but he hated 'Canterbury', and said from now on he just hates us, and I asked him why, and he just said (sigh . . .), Because it ain't heavy metal . . . and there's nothing I can say to that, is there, really."

Doesn't losing fans upset you?

"Yeah, because I'd like to be everybody's number one *all* the time. I don't mind, we can get them back, hopefully, it's just a matter of time . . ."

and also, if this band's ever going to write a great rock hit single — which is what I want to do: you know, harder than usual, but still with lots of melody — then we've got to do it at the right time, so that it influences people and they think, Why didn't I do that?"

Something unusual, something surprising?

"And a little bit ahead of it's time, like six months ahead, with a new sound and awareness. I thought we were showing a bit of insight on the 'Canterbury' album, but it wasn't enough."

Are you religious?

"Sort of . . ."

Do you find violence fascinating?

"No, I hate it, I loathe it, it's just that people have to be aware. They are aware of the good and the bad, but I don't think they're aware of it's implications, and you can't shove religion at them, because that's just a waste of time. It's the most offputting thing in the world for most people, and I can understand that."

But Diamond Head songs are so often dominated by some form or other of (vaguely) violent imagery.

"Well, I just think it provokes people to try and find out what I'm trying to say, or at least to agree or disagree, or think about it. You have to think about some things."

Does your writing get close enough to the edge?

"I don't think I'm too dangerous in my lyrics, but I want to be, I want to be a lot nearer the knuckle than I am. That's a matter of experience though, and defining your art, or whatever."

"I'd like to be able to write little short poems almost, like Byron and people, really nice things, tasteful things, but it's ever so hard in a heavy metal band, to try and do anything tasteful."

You're a self-confessed romantic. What then, motivates you to go onstage and perform the daft, and engagingly descriptive 'Sucking My Love'?

It's something you'd never dream of doing in the street.

"Oh no, of course . . . well, I don't know. I wouldn't mind sometimes. I'd like to do the things Harpo Marx does to people, when he takes them totally by surprise and embarrasses them completely. I'd love to do that."

Would you ever consider doing the ironing?

"Would I do the ironing? (Neither surprised nor embarrassed.) I'm terrible at ironing, I'm just a waste of time. In fact I'm terrible at most household chores, absolutely the most useless person."

"It's just because I don't like it, I don't mind doing it. There's no difference between men and women, except women are more beautiful, and probably more jealous. They get jealous easier, women do. (Pauses. Thinks it over. Changes mind.) Oh no, I don't suppose that's true. I could be jealous, I think."

Things are looking up. A couple of months ago, Diamond Head's UK tour took place, very successfully, climaxing with three sold-out dates at London's prestigious Marquee Club. Evidence, perhaps, that the age of the non run-of-the-mill rock fan is already with us. And Sean's hair looked lovely.



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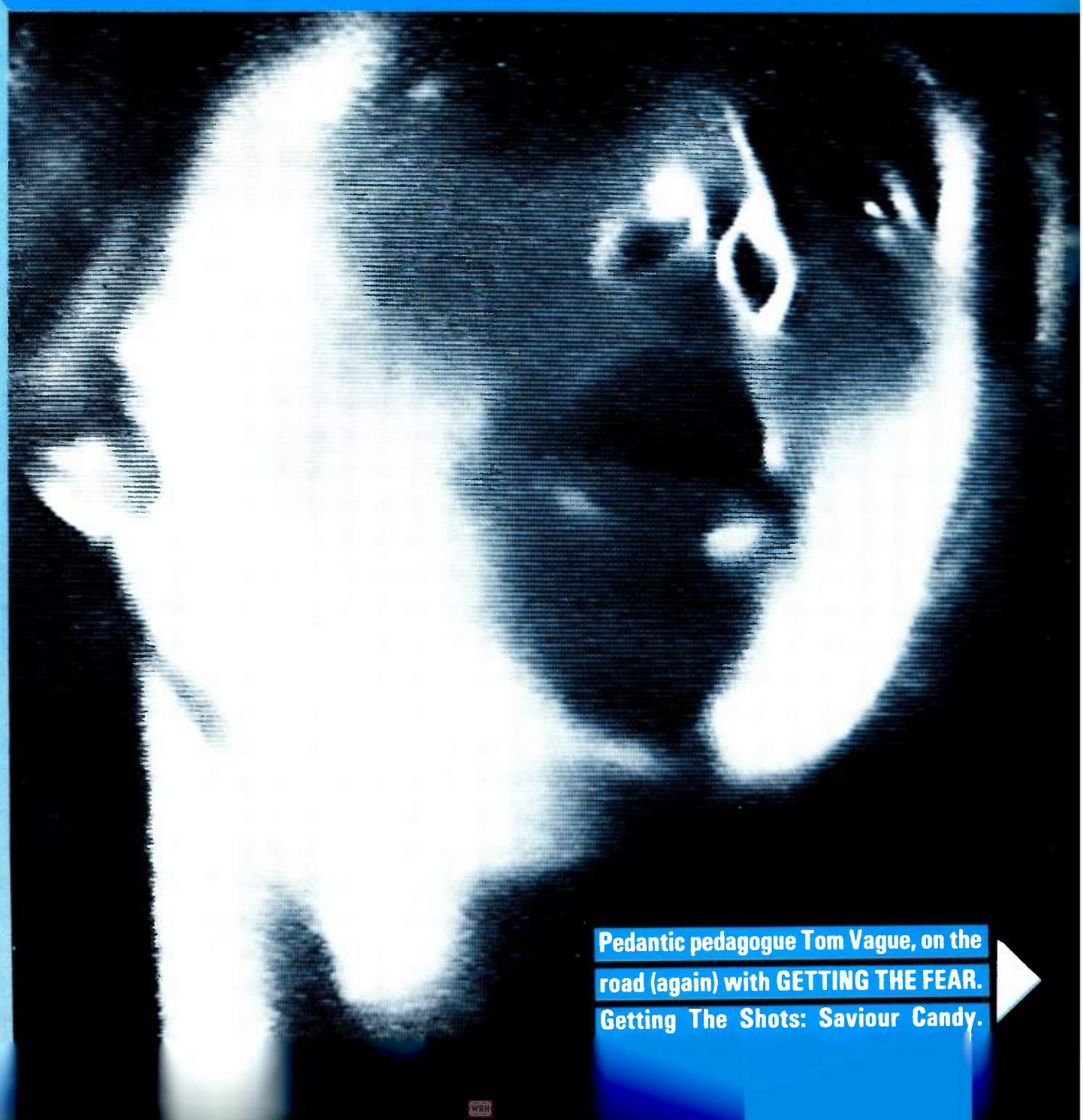
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FEAR IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND



Pedantic pedagogue Tom Vague, on the road (again) with **GETTING THE FEAR.** Getting The Shots: Saviour Candy.





TOM VAGUE

ALL PRINTS TAKEN FROM THE GRAHAM BENTLEY VIDEO

We're driving up the M5, after a couple of days in the West Country that happily coincided with a freak warm spell. I'm relaxing in the back, pointing out sights of cosmic significance to Barry and Bee and I think we were doing somewhere in the region of a hundred when I notice some commotion in the front. Making the mistake of peering round the headrest I see this stalled car slap bang in front of us. With a few swift calculations I come to the horrifying conclusion that we're going to stop (in the very near future) roughly halfway through the stationary vehicle.

So as some of our maker's prettier creations prepare to meet him (the band aren't bad looking either), Buzz says something like "Oh No, this is the END!", and applies the brakes the best he can. Despite Buzz's notorious track record I have always had faith in him.

It all happened so quickly, as they say, no one had a chance to panic properly and that's probably how Buzz came to see the possible route through on the verge of the central reservation. He lets out a bloodcurdling cry and manouevres our car over the verge, through the almost impossible gap between the offending vehicle and the barrier and passed our appointment with doom, destruction and a Harley Street surgeon, all at about 70 m.p.h.

Is this what they call 'Getting the Fear'?

FATAL DATE

That we survived this near catastrophe wasn't

the only big surprise they had in store for me. I must admit I was almost going through the motions this time and doing it for the sake of it. After all the rumours going around London of Getting The Fear going for the mega-bucks, as the next pretty boy pop idols, I wasn't expecting very much. I believe I am doomed to roam from one motorway service station to the next for eternity, with the flimsy hope that one day another Sex Pistols, Ants or Southern Death Cult will pick me up and take me on a journey. A journey that I really know I will never take again.

I even think that lately some of us have been leaning over so far to hear good new bands that a lot of us have slipped over the edge, saying that we can hear them, even when there aren't any there. I didn't expect or want anything from Getting The Fear but they gave me a lot. The first time I saw them they had me scribbling away like I haven't for a long time/probably never, because the last time a band made such a big impression on me I just danced.

Their intro is a minor religious experience in itself. Bee clings on to the microphone as if for dear life, with his hair and pure noise swirling around him. Everything is darkness, punctuated only by occasional thunderclaps of light that come with Bee's sporadic primal screams. It's as if he's crying out from the beginning of time itself ('Steady on there Tom' . . . God.) With each burst of light Charles Manson's sinister eyes survey the scene from the shroud-like backdrop, through the image of a young girl with a crossbow . . . that's deep.

And then there was light. Aky, Buzz and Barry take up positions and go straight into 'Death is Bigger' and we have a bigger departure than anyone expected from what came before. Still an essentially young sound but with more variety. More experimental, veering towards 23 Skidoo territory at times. A lot of people have retreated into rock for security, but Getting The Fear do their bit to unpick rock's rich tapestry. Getting Graham Bentley (of Bauhaus fame) to do the lights is one step in the right direction. He plunges the stage in and out of darkness with little regard for rock protocol and fries some leather clad bottoms in the process.

The music combines a heavy intoxicating beat with a sprinkling of pop. The songs go right through the spectrum — from spaghetti-western stompers like 'Swell' and 'Against the Wind' to the desperately sad and touching 'Wish I Was Dreaming' and 'Dune Buggy Attack' (about Manson) — with Buzz showing he's a dab hand at clarinet and later on bass as well — complimenting Barry's driving force bass lines. They swap around so much that I got a bit confused about who was doing what. Barry keeps up his nonchalant stance throughout. Aky's still the same fiendish little devil, only he uses syndromes now to make his pounding starker and harder still. And so, on to Bee, the only unknown factor. He fits in perfectly and what's more he can actually sing. His voice is deceptive, going from sweet and alluring to harsh and powerful. The atmosphere they create is intense and primeval. Yet they generate a kind of sexual warmth. A timeless innocence.

BACK TO THE BEGINNING

"Getting the Fear is just an expression," Bee explains. "Charles Manson first used it in the Sixties. It sums up a lot of things to me and

I really liked it as the name for the band. Basically it comes from when 'The Family' used to break into people's houses late at night. They wouldn't steal anything, sometimes they would rearrange the furniture. It was just to get this burst of adrenalin, like paranoia. There's different ways of getting that adrenalin going, like you can get it on stage."

Buzz: "That's just what I told you to say." Bee: "Was that OK?"

This won't be the first or the last time you'll hear Charles Manson's name connected with a band. He first affected Youth Culture when he effectively ended the summer of Love and left his mark on the American experience, *for ever*. Since then, his influence has often stretched beyond the confines of his cell block to fascinate, scare and inspire. The Beatles to Bowie to The Banshees have flirted with him and a lot in between — most recently *Psychic TV* of course, who we'll get on to later. Don't worry, I'm not going to expound any great theories about Manson. Not because he's a taboo subject but because I just don't have any.

What is a taboo subject however, is the Southern Death Cult — quite enough has been written about and read into them and I won't add anymore to that — but it's almost exactly a year ago that they last walked off stage in Manchester, never to return in one piece. This is the first time Aky, Buzz and Barry have appeared in public since then. Why so long?

(*Hysterical laughter*)

"We've been trying to get it just right," says Buzz through stifled giggles, "We didn't think there was any point in doing anything until we were happy with it." Barry: "We had to get Bee into shape as well. Corrupt him and make him get his nipples pierced." (And something else! . . . ED.)

They continue in this vein with little respect for the time-honoured interview institution — in fact the Dancing Tarantulas were better behaved, so I'll take this opportunity to fill you in on where Bee's coming from. Geographically it's Barnsley. If you're from Barnsley and you look like Bee, you have little choice but to have fallen in with those Danse Society geezers — which with due accord he did in their Y? and Danse Crazy incarnations, as Keyboards player. Beeing (Thomas! . . . Ed) less tolerant of the Tetley bittermen than the others he moved to London and fell in with, amongst others, Paddy from Raped and *Psychic TV*.





Bee had known Aky from Violation days but they had both forgotten about each other until . . .

Buzz takes up the story . . .

"Mark Manning (of Flexipop) saw him in Skin 2 and rang us up and said we should get him. He didn't know if he could sing or not, but we auditioned him, because all we were getting were people trying to rip off Ian. Chicken dancers anonymous. We just wanted someone who stood out from the rest. Somebody who was a bit special."

Bee: "They couldn't get anyone so they had me."

Aky: "We got Bee in July and then we started to rehearse"

CAN YOU PICTURE WHAT WILL BE? SO LIMITLESS AND FREE

Bee: "I think what we did basically was shut ourselves away in the rehearsal room, ignored everyone else and did whatever came out. We just like to feel that there's no restrictions at all. If we want to do a slow song we just do it — we don't think we can't because we're not that sort of band. If Buzz wants to play bass or Barry wants to play guitar then they just play it."

I'm not trying to rake up any muck but do you think there were restrictions before?

Aky: "With Southern Death Cult there was more of a set idea — but we brought any restrictions upon ourselves. It wasn't Ian's fault. It wasn't anybody's fault. We just played that music and we didn't think beyond it."

I was going to ask how big a contribution Bee makes but it's obviously considerable, so let's ask something equally inspirational. What does he write about?

"Things that I go through. It's a sort of diary. I don't want to gear the audience into any particular direction. I'd like to think the lyrics

might inspire them but I don't want to lead them into anything. Basically the only theme is *no* restrictions, in the music or the lyrics. If I feel strongly about something I'll write about it. Everybody knows how shit everything is — so why not write about releases from the establishment and alternatives to it."

Like what?

"Basically all the songs are about sex . . . or religion. The second one 'Fatal Date' is about when I was at school. I was put into a very religious school and just went along with it, like you do when you're very young — but at about 13 I realised that there was nothing there and it left a big empty hole." 'Fatal Date' is a good example of the very clear imagery Getting The Fear use. Bee doesn't mince words or wax lyrical but gets straight to the point rather like Lydon's scathing attack on catholicism a few years back.

Yet to talk to him you find it hard to believe that such a vicious diatribe could come from such a charming chap.

Bee continues . . .

"We use the images because we like them and we think other people might as well — like the backdrop, which is Charles Manson's eyes — but we thought, it's 1984 and everyone's going to think it's Big Brother. That's why we put the little girl with the crossbow up as well and Graham Bentley devised a way of making the eyes come through. The reason why she's holding a crossbow is to combine the two things; youth/innocence with aggression. That's as far as it goes, there isn't any message."

GETTING THE MONEY?

What's your motivation then?

Aky: "It's a challenge. Anybody who does anything wants to get as far as they can with it."

Bee: "So long as we can do it and keep our values. We're not prepared to sacrifice our values or our self respect, otherwise it wouldn't be us."

Aky: "Already there's people pressuring us into being some sort of alternative Kajagoogoo."

That old dilemma again. The 20th Century paranoia of multi-national bureaucracy. Will it take the edge off *everything*? Can *anything* be achieved within a big company? Barry: "There's not a Big Brother figure dictating to us. I think it's a natural thing that has come about, it's part of human nature that will change soon. It *will* change."

Bee: "We feel that we can steer past it. We're taking a de-tour. If the machinery is there then use it. Don't ignore it or you won't get past it."

Aky: "When we signed to RCA, a lot of people said we were all washed up and we'd sold out, but we've set ourselves a much harder challenge than anyone signing to an independent label. We're gonna go through all that crap that a big record company gives you. But we *are* four strong people. We're happy with our personalities. A hit single isn't going to change our personalities. We don't need that. We don't need success like that."

I've heard that a thousand times — brave words that usually turn into hollow, meaningless clichés — but the funny thing is this time I believe it. The sort of success we're talking about doesn't mean anything.

Aky backs me up . . .

"When I was young I wanted to be rich and famous and all that . . ."

And Bee follows on . . .

"But it's *pointless* now. All that stuff, like a manager, it's a thing of the Sixties. This set rule that you've got to have a businessman, who'll look after the boys and help the band . . . that's a load of crap. If a band's reasonably intelligent they can do it themselves. We lined up these dates and handprinted all the t-shirts and the backdrop and we did it *without* a manager."

RUE DE REMARQUES

I falter. The interview succumbs to the forces of silliness, namely Buzz and Barry:

Aky: "I think you should give us a bad write-up for taking you for granted."

Barry: "The thing is we're a bunch of human beings that individually have got thousands of things to say. But when we amalgamate there's a driving force. There is. There is



something there that manifests itself on stage but when we come off it's gone." Bee: "I've got things I could say that could maybe enlighten people but if they're going to be enlightened they should find it themselves. My only philosophy is if you want to do something you'll do it and if you don't want to you won't. You can't really influence people."

This seems like a suitable juncture to ask Bee about his involvement with Psychic TV, the power of the orgasm and all that jazz; "I get into that", confides Bee, "but I haven't forced it on this lot, although I've made them aware of it."

In fact Bee is also a member of the latest Psychic TV line-up. The others don't seem to be altogether convinced by it and nor am I but as Buzz said (not entirely seriously), "Do what thou wilt shall be all of the Law".

Bee: "Every person has their own limits. You should stick to your limits and not try to impress people. People should be aware of themselves and do as much as they can. Everybody has some man behind a desk censoring everything — you've got to filter as much through as you can."

Barry sums up: "Isn't it strange though, the last time we spoke, a year ago, we had a real indepth discussion. A real soul searcher. I think that was an indication of how unhappy we were at the time. When you're happy you don't want to talk about stuff like that. I think the surest indication of how happy we are now is the kind of illegible conversation we're having — but it is a true representation. (*Collapses in a heap*) Glad I got that out."

COMING DOWN FAST

After I got the interview out of the way I had planned to get straight back to London, but they made such an impression on me I decided to tag along for the rest of the week. Let Mercer and the rest of the office-bound boffins sweat it out. As Barry said there was a happy, optimistic atmosphere, even in Birmingham.

Went back to Huddersfield and lived to tell the tale. And I even got to make my first video. Feeling a bit left behind in the technological age I nagged Graham Bentley to let me have a go at videoing the Retford gig. It's pretty arty mind, 10-minute shots of the ceiling and Buzz's feet and I missed the best bit, where during the song 'Getting the Fear' Bee flashes a shield of lights into the crowd, knocking them back. I haven't had so much fun since we once painted a post box green.

When I got home I half expected to find my furniture rearranged but then I remembered! I didn't have any.



ZIGZAG

Reviewed By

Mick Mercer

Of the victims left alive virtually all are hinting at 'what might have been' and considering that all but a few of these artistes, for want of a better word, have been *at it* for quite some time the lack of imagination just about sums up the times. Absolutely disgusting.

A few manage surprise. Room 101, strangely labelled punk by Billy Bragg last month bring ping-pong Buck's Fizz (B.F.s.!) overdrive to their poppy "Tokyo Nights" on Norwood Records. Starting like one "Silver Machine" they sweep away, shimmy and salivate with their keyboards dart and sensational guitar (prod, prod) and the finger on the record finale is a treat to behold.

Similarly The Dolly Mixtures are beautifully sweet, almost *perfect* during "Remember This" on IDS, a melody so fresh you can wipe your hands on it.

The Moodists, who everyone currently claims come from the heavens above have a thing called "Runaway" on Red Flame, an all consuming vat of plodding noise nagged by silly vocals. No, they are *not* The Birthday Party. On this showing they're even more boring.

And could take a lesson from In The Nursery's "Witness To A Scream" on Paragon. Accounts of I.T.N.(!) vary from 'Semi-God-like' to 'God! You like that?' Musically attractive with chiming bells, staggered drums and sensible bass it's vocals are a trifle daft but in their overall darkness a certain majesty exists. Chip it out chaps. Maybe if they didn't sing along the lines of . . . 'The paper boy dropped my Guardian in the rain. Thus tormented I slam my head against the parquet flooring. What! No biscuits? Off with my head!'

The Lurkers wave farewell on Clay Records with "The Final Vinyl", a collection of songs which sees them almost as another band, and why not after so long? Chunky knit pop with nimble spacing, sparse keyboards and roguish vocals.

Baby Boom from Newd Yawk sprawl gutsily through "Watch Your Aim" on Rant, like The Raincoats invading Soho, filled to the brim with gin.

And Play Dead, the band everyone keeps telling me I hate, when in fact I am not convinced either way should do well with "Break", also on Clay. The wedge sound, whereby power cancels flair, is too evident here. Considering they are capable of true class ('In Silence') this is merely average.

The Wake, despite having "Talk About The Past" out on Factory are damned slinky; Orange Juice without the splints, which is similar to the efforts of James T Pursey, aged purveyor of such memorable ballads as "Hurry Up Harry". On the Eskimo Green label James comes a cropper. "If Only Before," a droll, relaxing tune is far too faceless.



REM - Dry as a bone

On the Flowers In The Dubbin twelve inch, cannily entitled "Freaks Run Wild In The Disco", on All The Madmen Records, humanity is proven by being all things from absolutely appalling to exceptionally inspirational, their finest moment being "Last Tango in Vietnam" where the 'Wild, HUH?' cheep eclipses all. And Leit Motiv manage an awesome power on "Silent Run"/"(Living In A Tin" on Paragon where the remixed Tin track is truly astonishing, it's cavalcade of drums worthy of a Healey bath-time fart.

And speaking of smells, something musty this way comes. The Milkshakes with "Brand New Cadillac" and "Escalator" by The Stingrays, both of Big Beat. The Stingrays had a lively little tune with brisk drumming and desirable guitar, until they met their producer. FINITO! The Milkshakes however survived, cutely realistic with their old chestnut and produced by Will Hay! ("We'll send the cat with a message." . . . "Hang on, what if the cat can't talk?")

The area of invigorating rock is an altogether more depressing slab. Most bands come over with strong whiffs of the Gang of Four about them, the Encyclopaedia Britannica as bedside reading. A Rent Boy brought in the Vital Sines EP, thinking

★ SINGLE OF THE MONTH



IN EMBRACE "Your Heaven Scent (Plays Hell With Me)" (GLASS RECORDS)

If the subsequent four singles Glass plan to release by In Embrace have the same perspicacity as this item 1985 should see them being *extremely* popular. "Your Heaven Scent" is pop of the highest order, de-boned *marshmallow* pop which could (should) sweep aside the more stylised practitioners (Pastels to Cynthia Scott to Prefab Sproutipoos). That Culture Club (whoops!) touch. The Abba signpost. Light and airy, filled with pockets of compressed energy, "Your Heaven Scent" has a saucy cover, occasionally unintelligible vocals with infection taking the form of the infamous woodworm. Luxurious bass lines work hand in hand with worldless choruses (aaahh aaahh), strengthening the *joi de vivre* and Sindy Star is one.

There is no better suppository for out constipated charts. Take the hood, Knight.

we might be interested and he was right. From faraway Canada they ease their way through "Collage", stretching this way and that against their format, uncoiling thickly, whilst R.E.M.'s "S. Central Rain (I'm Sorry)" on IRS is as dull as it's title is ridiculous.

Song title of the month goes to Magic Moses and His Royal Rockers. "Dating With A Nun (Let's Get Sirius)" on ARF ARF Records is equally old rock n roll, tarted up and succulently delivered with some trifid-like guitar (SPLASHHHH). The Three Johns are just made for vibrating legs (on the spot). "Do The Square Thing" on Abstract is finely produced, a complete entity. Suspending the backing vocals with guitar growling is a smart move and the weakling weirdness in between makes a refreshing contrast.

Which appears to be what Rubella Ballet had in mind with "42°F" on Jungle. Only their second ever(!) release it must be their best, I guess. It certainly starts impressively with a wiry outer space feel (cunningly controlled feedback et al) but it never really takes off. The tune itself is hampered in its rumbustuous course by the vocals. Opting for a higher pitch when the vocals are easily the weakest point turns the whole thing into a grating mess, even with the bass and drums employing all their tricks to save it. On the musical side things look good but, as with The A-Heads, this tendency for warbling is counter productive. A bit like sticking a moustache on the Mona Lisa.

Matt Fretton surely gets a hit with his "It's All Over (Don't Say You're In Love)" on Chrysalis, it's so poppy and ordinaire that it has to catch on, what with those lovely ripples and the bass so attractive. Stylish and facile; the most successful duo.

Last time out I recall The Wild Flowers had a few problems with the consistency of their salad. This time around, on "Things Have Changed" (Reflex Records) the tone is one of dunces like mainstream. Glassy keyboards and a meaningless bass provide the antiseptic kiss.

T.O. Morrow who covers "Paranoid" on Tomorrow's Records with electronics alone is none other than Martin O'Cuthbert of a few Zigzags ago. It no longer resembles the absurd original but neither is it much fun. No fun at all in fact. Made made me feel quite sick.

"Respectable" by Major Accident is precisely that. They discover tunes, Flickknife sticks them out. Pacy, again almost pop-like with tempting drumming and if they can get rid of that stupid logo next time we'll doff our hats more readily still.

Today's Silver Convention (New Order; who else?) have the divine "Thieves Like Us" out on Factory Records (where else?) and it's a twelve incher (what else?) and it takes a long time to end (er . . . how else?). Suspiciously bland, destined for big things (why else?) it'll make a great video, smoochy smoochy . . . but it's hardly something else.

The Blow Monkeys ("Go Public"-RCA) and S-Haters ("Solitary Habit"-Midnight Music) both possess adventure to edge them away from indifference, *cramming* their records full of life but neither exactly jump, whereas Personal Column ("Strictly Confidential"-Stiff) may get a hit despite being nothing more than a speeded up Police reject, because toes marinate inside socks as the tune slips by.

Breathless, on their own Breath label, give "Waterland" the full Danse Chapter/Past Seven Days feel. 'Poky accommodation but bearable, short let (should suit students)'.

One Way System are still uncomfortably dull, this time with "Children of the Night" on Anagram but worst records of the month goes to three modern pop bands who simply ape the current successful styles. Illustrated Man ("Head Over Heels" - EMI) have an appalling title, duff Kajagoogoo sentiments and shock of shocks, Hugo Burnham on drums who has obviously decided he wants a snare shaped swimming pool. The Cry ("The Way You Move" - Arista) slump down their empty heads, seeping acceptably and Hoorah Boys Hoorah have spent so much time thinking up their name that "Is This What You Promised?" on EMI is that distressing world of Heyward to Kershaw. All of these bands smell bad. You can almost imagine them saying, "We don't sing about politics, people want to be entertained". *That's entertainment?*

Grandmaster Flash, aided by Melle Mel brings out the same song, this time entitled "Jesse", a song about Mr. Jackson (not Michael) from the States, Sugarhill Records being the guilty label.

At least Naked Lunch aren't so predictable in their "You Tie Me Down" on Pleasure Records as they throw themselves outrageously into the scrum, chasing the vacated Dollar throne.

Dormannu, once past the hilarious tribal opening to "Degenerate" on Illuminated, rip off New Order's bass sound in marvellous fashion and then go from strength to strength. Likewise Kid Montana. His "Revisiting Yalta" on Antler winks coyly throughout, an electronic feat of fun. If Bob Hope was younger you can bet his tendons would respond.

And that's virtually *it* apart from this month's most attractively bound releases, on Unison records. Something demands they all appear in twelve inch form, much of the work appearing to be Depeche Mode saddled with a doctorate in philosophy.

Holy Toy are the best, "Meeting II" being mildly gorgeous. Fra Lippo Lippo suffer from a dogmatic drum machine in "Say Something", beautifully compact if a trifle dreary and Blue Mathue ("Perfect Pictures") employ the same approach as about five thousand other bands, leaving nothing for posterity, having recorded their song far too early, so frequently the way in the death disco.

Over and out.



Rubella Ballet (The Four Degrees)

CAPTAIN HOGGADS

Not on your life. Eminently upstanding through and through Captain Sensible reveals a strange fascination for boy scouts to Mick Mercer.



In his limited edition Crystal Palace scarf the Senso is far from a wild beast. Calmly unruffled he sips his beer. Whilst I'd been leaping onto trains, running like a *madman* and throwing myself under the King's horse at the Derby to arrive *on time* he had been sleeping in his cot! An hour late he stumbled into view.

Seated in a *frightfully* bohemian pub we get to grips, although he deflects my gaze with his awful mirror shades. You try talking to someone with a fisheye reflection of yourself centrally planted in their face. Had he dreaded being a one hit wonder after the atrocious 'Happy Talk'?

"Yeah."

But 'Wot!' did fairly well.

"Number One in France for seven weeks! Here I was slagging the frogs and they're the ones who have bought more of my records than any other country on the planet. So I don't slag them anyone. Good luck to them I say. Always loved the wine, always loved the cheese. Loved the berets!"

You play cricket?

"Yeah."

A regular team?

"No, I just get invited. I'm pretty useless but it's a great day out."

Best performance?

"I think my highest score was eleven. Not out!"

Bowling?

"Bowling? No thanks."

Where do you like to field?

"As far away from the action as possible." But you *go* for the catches?

"Oh right! Really go for it in a big way. I really try. Last game I split one of my fingernails right down going for a catch. I always make sure I've got a few cans. It's great. All cricketers drink to excess don't they?"

We do, we do. Did you notice in the recent *Banshees* book Steve Severin said punk died the moment The Damned walked on stage?

"Did he? He's got a lot to do with punk! Punk was for the kids. That's a stock answer! But it *was* for the kids, not for people to go round trendy nightclubs behaving like a bunch of snobs like they do. Severin's the ultimate snob. He's got as much to do with punk as that ashtray. When they first started they were just like a bunch of punk groupies who latched themselves on to the Pistols. Siouxsie used to come to Damned gigs and bop about down the front. She's probably a very nice girl. Severin's a turd. The thing about the Banshees is, they're *incredibly* art-school aren't they? I bet Severin never worked as a toilet cleaner and a landscape gardener. NO!"

Do you ever pay any attention to the rows in the papers like the Special Duties versus Crass argument?

"No, it was when that was going on that I stopped buying the music papers. I thought some of the comments from 'Uncle Gaz' were pathetically stupid . . . and Crass are like the nicest bunch of people you could ever meet. They're genuine and they're committed. I actually learnt a lot from them."

Did they change any of your attitudes?

"They changed *all* of my attitudes! Because I always went through life . . . when I was at school I used to fight the authorities. I used to ask questions . . . 'Why does it have to be this way? Why this, why that? Why is there such a thing as 'magnetism'?' and they'd say, 'Shut up boy and learn it'. They'd never explain anything to you. The whole thing got me down so I never bothered to go. Then they'd send people round saying 'You've got to go to school!' I'd say, 'Why have I got to go to school?' and it carried on from there and I thought it must be *me*, I must be some sort of troublemaker but I'm not. The thing is, at the back of my mind I knew there was something wrong. The authorities persuaded me it was *me* and talking to Crass actually explained it all to *me*. So I suppose I'm quite constructive."

He looks pleased. Did they change your ideas on music?

"No (laughing). I don't think they could do anything about that. I wouldn't stretch it that far!"

The bar staff, like sunken ships, resurface making discreet coughing sounds.

With all those words, 'Wacky', 'Zany', 'Eccentric' doesn't it annoy you that people may be put off what is a proper album and the humanitarian songs on it?

"If someone else had done the 'Power Of Love' album they'd treat it in a different context. The Royal Family *does* need knocking and war needs knocking and there *are* joyful things in the world, like love and pleasantness and children and boy scouts and girl guides (laughing again folks) . . . there's lots of marvellous things and a lot of crap things and I talk about them. They talk more about me when reviewing 'em than the songs."

Tell us about 'Glad It's All Over'.

"It's saying that the people who never go to war will inherit something. A dead planet for one but at least they've got clear consciences when they go to the great mixing desk in the sky. I ain't had a punch up in ages. I walk away from fights."

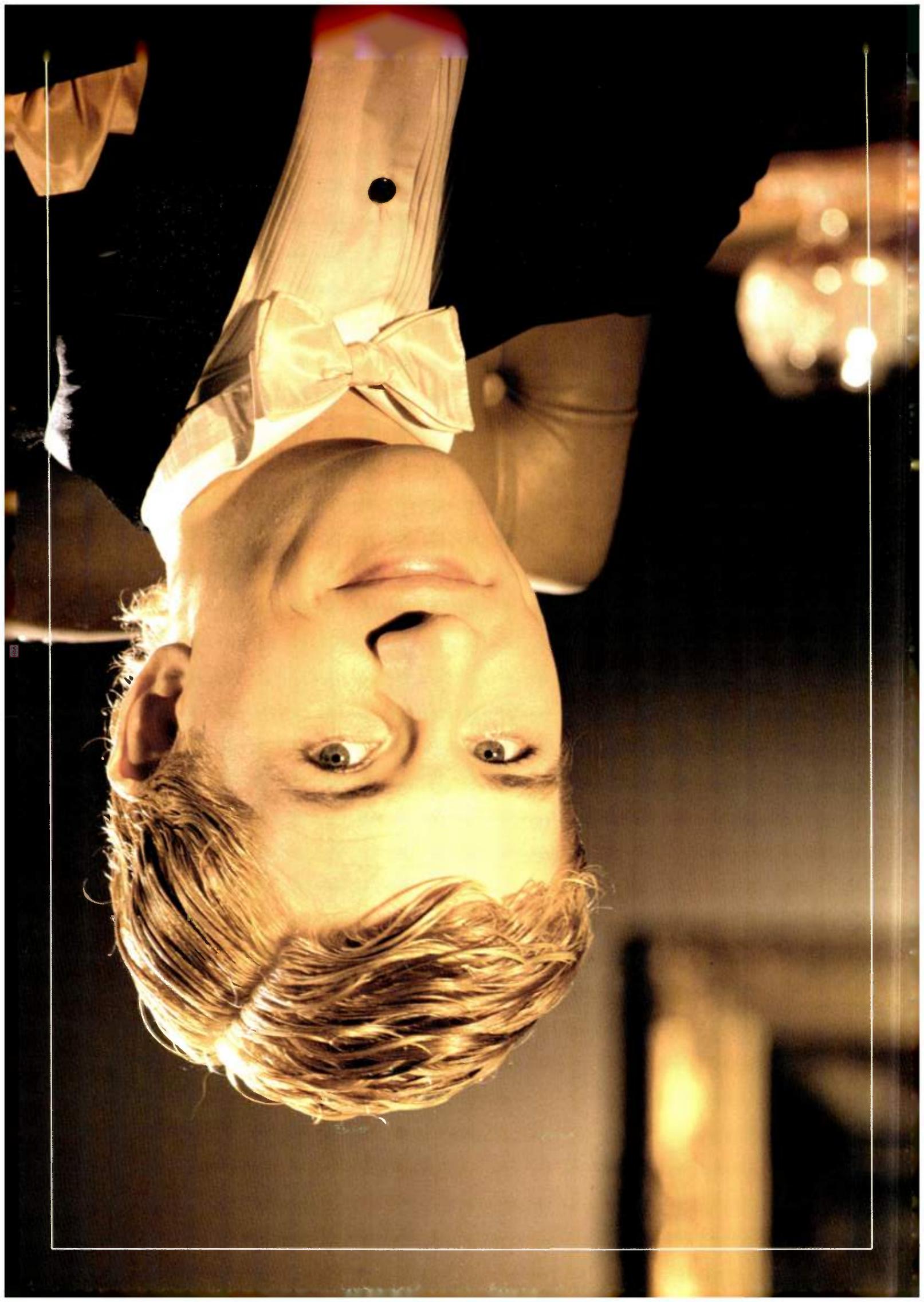
Ah, so Crass taught you about pacifism as well.

"Yeah. I care about Crass because in a sense it took them to knock me into a straight way of thinking, whereas before I thought I was a slimy slob who slithered about on stage swearing and cursing . . . they taught me the reasons behind the way I am. If you get a kid in Huddersfield or the Orkneys who buys a Crass album, instead of them feeling alone and wondering, 'Why am I the only one that thinks like this?' . . . that's good!"

As we drained those elongated cylinders of remaining drops the Captain mentioned a recent Boy Scouts do.

"It was very nice. Typical scouts thing, big fire, roasting chestnuts . . . but as the night went on things started happening. There was this huge punch up round the back of the sheds, two little boys punching hell out of each other and the scout leaders standing round going, 'Go on, get in there!' Brilliant! Eating all these chestnuts. What else? Oh yeah, all these kids kept coming up and kicking me in the shins. 'Gooooowwwwwoooon Sensible, take THAT!'

"Budding little punks!"



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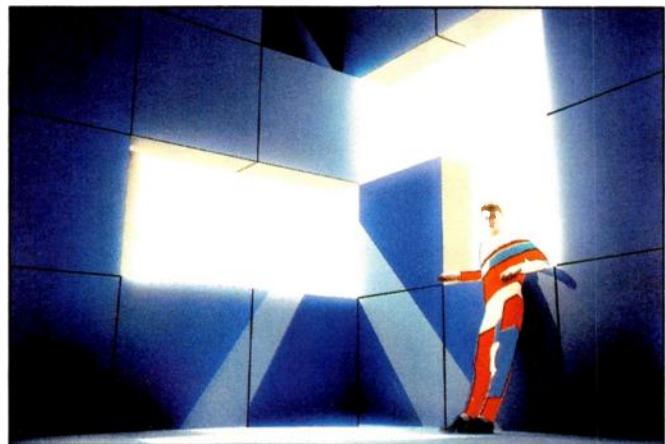
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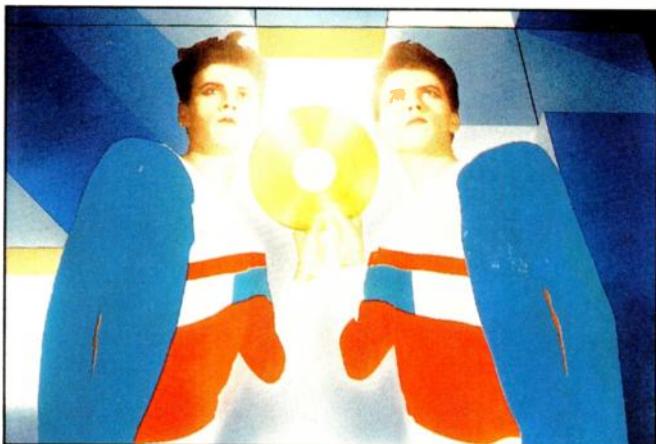
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THE
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THE MADNESS

The Intrigue Continues. William Shaw picks up a few clues.

Whacky they are not — offstage at least. But then anyone who expects them to be the nutty boys of their songs probably also thinks that Vincent Price sleeps in a coffin. As far as I can make out the Los Palmas 6 do not live together in a house of fun in the middle of the street, they do not go driving in their car together and, likely as not, their girls are not mad at them.

Down in the basement of the Madness office they have spent the day recording a

to skirt around those areas which they don't really want to talk about, like their music, past, present and future. They're not exactly bored of talking about what they do, it's just that they seem to think that talking about it is superfluous — that what they do stands for itself and to have to explain it all is a little bit silly.

So what finds its way onto the tape is a jumble of half-answered questions, anecdotes, and little snippets of talk between



song by the name of 'Listen to your Father' with Fergal Sharkey, something that came about after they met up with the trembling voiced Undertone on Top of the Pops one day. So while the rest of the sextet are getting on with it downstairs, Messrs Foreman and Thompson entertain me in a room at the top of the building.

It's not so much an interview as a conversation that rambles around in a genial enough fashion as Chris and Lee do their best

the two of them about what they are supposed to be doing tomorrow and so on. Like this:

'Hey Lee, Sztumph wants us to go to New York for six days to do Saturday Night Live! That's our manager, Sztumph. S-Z-T-U-M-P-H. Make sure you spell that right. You have to mention this, his first name's Janoosh, J-A-N-U-S-Z. He's a good chap . . . he's Polish, but that's all right. We went to Poland once which was really fun.'

'We spent four days there ' chins in Lee'

shows, something about the audience enjoying themselves too much.'

'Paul Hewitt came with us,' remembers Chris. 'Started heating up geezers. Terrible.'

'All fine and good, but this is not the stuff that scoops are made of. But sitting on the floor staring at the substantial pile of framed gold discs that lie casually under the sink ('that's just to show how biased we've become'). Chris and Lee are not in a confessional mood. Chris chatters away while Lee hums to himself in between questions, answering in a low quiet voice. 'Lee, you're mumbbling,' admonishes Mr Thompson. 'I'm not!'

One subject that they do warm to with little prompting is that of the departure of Mike

so it was a bit of a shock when he said he wanted to leave completely.'

'Yeah, because he wanted more and more time off. He said things like if we went on a three week tour he wanted three weeks off straight after, which is reasonable enough but really it's impractical if you're in a group 'cause something really vital might come up.'

So he has jacked it in for good then?

'Yeah,' says Lee. 'He's taken early retirement, but then again knowing him . . .'

'A leopard can't change its spots and all that business,' pronounces Chris.

'It's all a bit bubbly at the moment,' Lee confesses. 'With Mike going I personally feel a bit unsteady. Ask me about it all at the end of the year.'

Likewise with the music: 'It all comes spontaneously,' says Lee. 'If someone's got an idea for something then we all just put our little ingredient in.'

'And once you've got the rhythm sorted out that's it really — that's the important thing, a rockin' good rhythm.'

Talking about *Keep Moving* is, of course, generally unrewarding. They acknowledge that it has picked up some of the worst reviews they've had yet, but aren't overly concerned, pointing out that *Rise and Fall* got some lukewarm reactions in its time. They seem to like it when I describe it as sounding lush, and they agree that yes, perhaps the sound is sometimes a bit too full.

'Sometimes I think that some of the other albums were really full,' adds Chris. 'Cause old Barso used to go to town on the overdubs — we used to spend hours taking stuff off that he'd put on. He used to think of so many things, there was no stopping him.'

I get a more positive reaction when I suggest that the lyrics are not as strong as they have been in the past: 'I beg to differ,' objects Lee, politely rising to the occasion.

'I think our lyrics have got a lot better,' agrees Chris. 'The last couple of albums have been good. I think on *Seven* there were a few dodgy ones that slipped by.'

'Benny Bullfrog!' quips Lee.

'No, that was a good one.'

'Yeah, it's songs like that I get a buzz out of. With songs like *Brand New Beat* it's just the same old theme.'

'Oppression.' Chris obligingly goads Lee into talking a bit about *Brand New Beat*.

'It was at a time when there was a lot of police bills being passed for Sir Kenneth, and curfews and stuff in South America, gun laws, the shooting of Waldorf down in Chelsea . . .'

Drifting off the subject he begins to relate the story of a gig they played once in Turin: 'We were in the dressing room and there was this great row going on outside, all these people were trying to get in through the exit doors. So all these coppers came steaming in with batons, lobbing teargas . . . when the smoke cleared there were all these coppers fighting each other.'

'It was just like Benny Hill,' joins in Chris. 'You see in Italy there are all these people who believe you shouldn't have to pay a group, which is fair enough. A bloke will come in and kick open all the exit doors and all the people will stream in before the bouncers can shut them. I shouldn't laugh really because we lose money, but it is really funny.'

And then off they ramble again, this time about when they were stuck in a traffic jam when they should have been on stage supporting David Bowie: 'He's really short, you know I expected him to be about this high.'

That night they are to play at Dingwalls, so Lee suggests that I come and see them. 'It'll give you a better idea,' he says. He's right of course. By the end of the set even a pair of drunken Scotsmen who came in under the impression that they were going to see Gil Scott Heron are bopping away with the best of them.

Just before they went on stage, Chris ambled up to me and confided that they probably were not going to do any interviews any more. I wonder if it was anything I'd said — I doubt it somehow.

CHRIS BOY



Barson, still seeming a little bemused by their new circumstances.

'When he actually said he was leaving I remember going right lads, let's have the bastard,' Lee recalls. 'For a few days after, well . . . I felt as insecure as everyone did, because he was so definite on his ideas, so strong about them.'

So was it the shake up it was made out to be?

'It depends,' muses Chris. 'Different members of the band took it in different ways.'

'I think Chris and myself saw it coming long before — I mean I did a year and a half ago.'

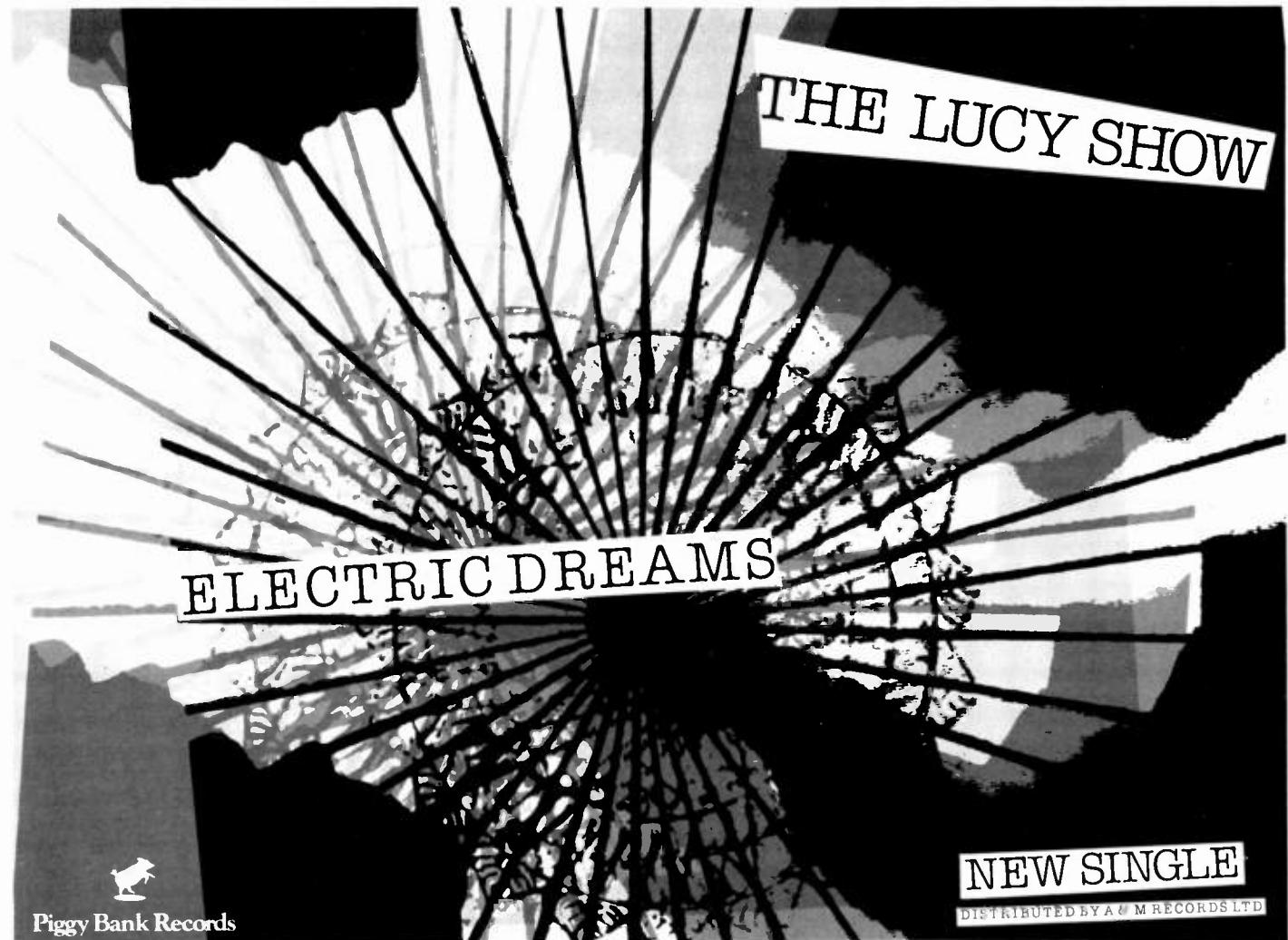
' . . . but I thought he'd say he didn't want

All this might make it look like they haven't got much of an idea about what they're going to do next, but as Chris says they never have had dogmatic ideas about their future — they steer clear of planning longterm strategies, preferring to get carried away with whatever whims they have at the time.

'That,' Chris informs me, 'is called Enthusiasm, which we often do. Someone will have an idea and we all enthuse so that it gets more and more ridiculous.'

'The record of the book of the play of the motion picture . . .'

'It's quite a healthy habit, but sometimes it's like a waste of breath. Mind you, we enthused about having a recording studio . . . we enthused about having a record label, and



THE LUCY SHOW

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**If all the world's a stage, Mick
Mercer is a roadie. Dead Man's
Shadow, the brightest punk
hope flare up in their brilliance.
Death Before Dishonour; Linda
Rowell**

The elasticity of temperament snaps.

"You can't say that! You like 'The 4 Ps', you think it's great but to 'To Mohammed A Mountain' it's not. You move on. There's bands like The Varukers who haven't moved on. They've been going for so long and they're still writing 'Bomb Scare' type music. It doesn't mean that in 15 years time we'll be writing Beethoven but you do move on. If we'd done a song like 'This Heart' a year and a half ago it would have been a shambles. There was a time when we were fooled into thinking there were things that were right to do"

I hadn't even been arguing but suddenly the atmosphere had teeth.

John Igoe, guitarist with Dead Man's Shadow sits back in his chair satisfied with this outburst amongst the entente cordiale, bending and shaping my questions to his will but putting them over come what may with a savage commitment behind his words that shrivelled blind thoughts of arrogance.

All I did mention prior to stepping on this land mine was 'emotion', moving onto the topic of their recently released second album ('To Mohammed A Mountain').

Those other names: 'The 4 Ps', 'Bomb

Scare' and 'This Heart'? Moments of various times, past and present in the life of Dead Man's Shadow.

Bassist/vocalist Matt Dagnut and drummer Ian Fisher sit with their guest keyboard player Lugg around the table nodding their heads as John melts down the memories.

Like a stricken dreadnought his prow rears up as I reach for emotion again, goading him on (for his own good) and 'Drifting Away' in particular. Rolling sharply on his side in the turbulent waters, torpedo wounds gaping in his side, the wallpaper is scorched with steam.

"It's obvious there's a lot of emotion in 'Drifting Away', about the Crass issue. If we wrote a song that said, 'Arthur Daley's A Cretin' we wouldn't have music like that because it's the lyrics which make us write songs like that. I wrote the words and music to 'In My Dream' (B-side to the late, great 'Toleration Street') and that was very emotional to me. I can go home and play that and where he (Matt) goes, 'It's so different here', that's really emotional to me because I know what it's all about . . . but they felt the same when they listened to the words . . . that shows the unity within the band. We've written a song called 'To Drop Out Is To Cop Out' and that means a lot to us, telling people to beware the ostrich syndrome. Don't bury your head in the sand!"

"Yeah, like he said," adds Matt. "I'm really proud of 'In My Dream'. I'm proud of that song. Every time I listen to it at home on the headphones I still get a tingle down my spine. When we did that first album we were just punching it out left right and centre but now we've channelled it through and taken more care."

John cuts into Matt's lane, wagging a furious finger at me.

"Matt's nineteen, Fisher's twenty and I'm

twenty. When we did 'The 4 Ps' Matt was sixteen and we were seventeen! You're naïve then."

The conversation drifts into a lull-de-sac, the temperature drops and I move to the bar for a further round of slimline tonics. John pops up at my shoulder. "Passionate interview eh?" and disappears just as swiftly to powder his nose.

Tardis time. When Dead Man's Shadow last appeared in *ZigZag*, in the hazy, lazy summer of 1981 they were celebrating the release of their first record, the charming though rickety 'Neighbours' E.P. They were proud, overtly talkative, with the committed beliefs (which haven't been dimmed over the years) punk bands often hold dear. John ended up in a supermarket shopping trolley.

Since then a glorious stream of vinyl, always right for the time, has kept flowing with equal amounts of bad luck, their bedevilled. Three of the five record labels they have courted have gone bust under their feet just when things were beginning to look bright. Currently they are esconced on Criminal Damage and the album, teetering and falling, as ever, into greatness, is a worthy purchase.

Unbeknown to the band the die was cast before their first gig as God watched those early preparations. Turning to the wimp-like Saint Peter he asked, "See that lot down there?" indicating the young men below (legs astride, amps turned up high) in a Stanwell youth club. "Well, bombs away!" and so saying he dropped his trousers.

"We do what we want to do," splutters John through a sand storm of crisps. "We maybe call ourselves a punk band . . . YES! WE DO, in attitude, not music and that's been our downfall because punk bands are now looked at as thrash crap. We got rowed

ON THE WATER



in with that little anarchy set because we thought, 'Yeah, that's the way out for the people' but like I said, you're naïve then. In some ways there's still prejudice from that . . . and that's what held us back before. I think the songs were mediocre to what we're doing now but at the time there was still something there. You could play a song by ninety thousand bands that were calling themselves punk bands, then play one of our records and it would be different.

"No way can I forgive people who ignored us and were writing about 'Punk'. What's annoying us at the moment is we're not being given a chance. We do accept being ignored in the past because perhaps those songs didn't stand out *enough*, but no way can we accept being ignored now. That's an injustice to us.

"You've got The Redskins and The Newtown Neurotics who everyone's raving about and I like those bands too but if those bands can get exposure our band should as well. We think we're writing good melodic songs. We ought to be given a chance which we never have been."

Melodic? Urban rhapsodies my man. Harmony of *all* sorts. A common bond with the best of the past fused irrefutably with the present. Their present in fact as several unique footholds appear in their songs, crafted solely by themselves. To find out more, to have a torch in this darkness, get that album!

Oh! What does the band mean?

"How can I explain it?", wonders John. "Well, just one sentence. It's my life. I love it. Whatever happens, I've enjoyed *every* minute of what we've done and if it does finish I'll always remember it because it's an achievement in a lot of ways."

But considering the vile path you've trodden, with all the let downs why do you carry on?

"I think that if there's someone who can pay a quid to see us, who comes to appreciate us then I can appreciate them. If he comes up to me I'll talk to him all night. There's so many people I hate . . . who I hero-worshipped when I was fourteen but who I've learnt still think it's the old rock 'n' roll values. . . ."



you've got to vote for it. Anyway, who created the Health Service? I was talking to a man the other day who's married and has got kids and he was saying 'Well, it's not going to get any better'.

"Alright maybe we are preaching and most people probably think the same as us but they're fed so much propaganda every day it makes them sit in their place. You need bands like us and The Redskins to get on the telly."

Matt: "We may just be the shovel to dig their heads out of the sand."

"I'm twenty years old," spits John loading a fresh clip. "And I've had two jobs in my life. One for one month, one for three months. I've worked for four months in *all* my life! It's not the sad sob story because I do alright at home, my mum feeds me and that . . . but I deserve better and so do other people because they're the people who are working for this country and they get laid off and they've got nothing else and they can't even buy their little girls and their little boys presents. *That's* when it gets passionate, don't worry about that. I don't want my kids to grow up in shit because I know I'm growing up in it. I want to change it and I'm going to try my best to change it."

With ammunition to spare.

... NO
ROOM
FOR
PREJUDICE
ROUND
HERE

TERFRONT



ALBUM OF THE MONTH

▲ SEVERED HEADS "Since The Accident" (INK)

Recommended for headphone listening. Ah, those late summer nights, fragrant after the rain. Walking in slow motion. "A Relic Of The Empire", reminiscent of Foxx-Vox '78, slurred to perfection.

++++ We have problems mission control . . . Shoot from the hip fellas . . . line fading, hello Houston? . . . looking good . . . Houston? . . . finger licking God . . . oxygen low Houston, nausea, stomach cramps . . . take five sportsfans . . . please Houston, A MILLION ANGELS! . . . right on time . . . well stuff you Houston!

And from the diary (— April 198—) . . . "distorted but far from repulsive Severed Heads revel in non-revelation. Severed Heads play with noise. The sight of Robert Redford caught (metaphorically) with his trousers down by a diligent

camera. Hell, he *smiled* throughout.

"Are you sure you want this?", asked the shopkeeper of the rakish loon. They have 'Gashing The Old Mae West' I realise, Human League on acid and all that but you seem so innocent. They aren't the acceptable face of technology. You realise that?"

Then one fine day, in his tree-top splendour, Owl, usually such a frosty bird, did dance so much he forgot all about his dinner. Sacrilege via anything but 'Dead Eyes Opened'.

Sylvester, his crimplene slacks sticky on his thighs looked at the whole mess, as did countless unseen others, threw back his head and laughed. He knew quiet brilliance when he heard it and right now his ears were ringing. Hold the line caller . . .

TONES ON TAIL "POP" (Beggars Banquet) It is a fair point to suggest that the initial T.O.T. (nice initials!) records were what might have been expected. There were remnants enough of the Bauhaus sideways world for us to taste and accept (or reject) what was done but this . . . this is different.

It matters not which side you go for, either opening track will convince you that the Tones are capable or interested in things unconnected with the strict line of appeal. "Lions" makes a 60's connection with its graceful unblemished noise, all hissss (and no make up), whilst "Slender Fungus", their interpretation of a Flying Pickets get together will shock or arouse suspicions in some people for such *open* humour! There's certainly no missing it as their drainpipe trousers come to life. Just the thing for a Royal Variety Performance.

It's not important that they appear to be standing still on tracks like "Movement Of Fear" or "The Never Never (Is Forever)" because in that darkness, in that mould, they have shades of silliness affordable by all.

But the diversity, the *richness* is so all-embracing. There's a switch-blade snapper called "War", trunk-like bass lines unfurled into the breeze and wowee, that's Grace Jones knocking on the window demanding admittance. Let her wait! There's "Happiness", a hands-on-shoulders (kick those feet sweetly) stroll across the stage. Cagney's sock suspenders, brilliant white, early 50's drumming (I'll swear!) and Lisa Minelli lookalikes in the sheerest nylon. All that is missing is the squeal of the cat. Anything could fit to this.

They've cracked it, captured so many hues, harnessed so many possibilities no-one can write it off as a mere hobby. They've got somewhere to go. ▼

ALBUMS

REVIEWED BY RAY STREET

ANNABEL LAMB "The Flame" (A & M)/**TRACIE** "Far From The Hurting Kind" (Respond). When it is just the singer bedecked in supposed glory you expect a certain command. You deserve plenty of the one you love to be stamped and passed, do you not? Annabel does it, escaping nimbly over the debris but that Tracie, despite all her efforts, sprains her ankle just as the bloodhounds pick up the scent. Her cries of 'Don't leave me' are hard to resist but, practical folk to a tee, we run like the clappers. Plenty of time to impregnate the hankies later.

"The Flame" isn't a wild triple jump away from Annabel's first magnificent album. If anything the up tempo numbers entail a certain numbing for Annabel appears to be singing from within the depths of a big armchair, with a *real* coal fire, vast warm sweater and mugs of tea. She sends out that adorably sleepy voice of hers but takes no risks. Now if you have a flag why not wave it?

A good album despite the flattening out, words and music mingling well with a natural emphasis on the vocals as the milder rattling her fellow musicians manage is never that inspirational, always refined.

Tracie on the other hand seems lumbered with some session men but the laugh of it is (depending on your sense of humour) that they're not. They just sound like it. A fine autopilot advertisement.

Dance fodder, gentle strains and unashamed ballads all get the dull cloth wiped over them and you know what it sounds *exactly* like? Sheena Easton records. Hardly soul, wholly sellable but unfortunately dead. What Tracie has here is a collection of songs which anybody reasonably proficient in a studio could have produced. On the rare occasion when the sticky soundtrack is prised loose she sounds closer to Joni Mitchell.

It's an aural 'Twix' advert, lasting twice as long as you'd think.



DEAD OR ALIVE "Sophisticated Boom Boom" (Epic) It was the Jazz Butcher who ventured to say, an issue ago, that pop music was "lovable dumb". At the time we patted his head. Now we lionise the man. No record will be encountered this year as dumb and as lovable as "Sophisticated Boom Boom". It was Marlon Brando who started the butter mountain with all those last tangos but young Mister Burns slips softly through the middle.

Take one look at that title. Sophisticated my... azalia. Boom Boom? Well for the hump and grind of *this* humankind that's just about right. Whatever Dead Or Alive produce was not conceived in museums or libraries but started life in a funfair, a raucous disgustingly bumptious affair to blossom later into that infernal creature, the number of the beat.



Pic: Jayne Houghton.

We've received it a few months ago thinking that the pre-release tape had just about served its life sentence on hold but now do so again if only to implore people to heave it out of their window. Annoy those neighbours now. Old Pierre, his loins a tremble, gives out his warcry to his enemies (he must have a few).

The tracks *all* do it. After this amount of time so they should. They all seethe, no dry place to hide. Who'd try? Pop is dirty wordage. "Sophisticated Boom Boom" is the spirit of punk tipped down an open necked posing pouch with the Greta blaster's volume on full, other controls set to stun, maliciously loud. Let those ears bleed.

Not for faint hearts, not for pure artists, not for beleaguered poets in the rankled file, "S.B.B." is a dance of immense presumption. Astringent Pete at the helm you also get an occasional moment of libido let down but for the most part he goes happily pole vaulting down the street, assignations to complete.

The new mini-album by The Sound is pretty impressive. "The Shock Of Daylight" on Statik finds them moving ever onwards with six tracks of commendable variety. Stamping ("Golden Soldiers"), serene ("Longest Days"), graceful ("Counting The Days"), deserted but highly striking ("Winter"), sleek ("New Way Of Life") and *all* of these things together ("Dreams Then Plans").

Adrian Borland still reminds me of Mickey Rooney but have you noticed how much Bono of U2 sounds like him (and *not* the other way round).

There's a UK Subs compilation out (there usually is), called "Demonstration Tapes" from the Koma label. As the title suggests it's demo material past and present. Standouts include "Warhead", "Waiting For The Man", "Teenage", "Rat Race", "CID", "Limo Life" and "Tomorrow's Girls".

BLACK FLAG 'My War' (SST). Come round. I'll play you this album once. And it'll grab you round the neck and ankles like a wild thing. It'll follow you home and it'll scream and lurch outside your window for the rest of your life. It'll torment you, it'll scare the shit out of you.

Here is all the dark, malignant sickness that can be summoned from drums, bass, guitar and throat and spewed recklessly over twelve inches of vinyl. Throwing withering glances at Hendrix, the Stooges, Blue Cheer, and their own tortured souls, Black Flag are peddling the most currently essential rock 'n' roll on the planet.

Honestly. Side one is a classic, rabid rush of confusion, despair and paranoia. From the monumental, devastating title track to the blue-faced screaming black horror of 'The Swinging Man', it's a speed-crazed musical death run, spinning and teetering and split over with Henry Rollins' cracked vocals.

Then, flip it over: something (the pace) lets up. But it's replaced by three dreadful personal exorcisms that are the most riveting expressions of some kind of HELL I've ever heard.

'Nothing Left Inside' lurches along like a drunken imbecile. "I've broken down!" screams Rollins. I believe him. The music staggers, threatens to die and hangs itself around his vocal chords.

'Three Nights' follows, the culmination of it all: the dirt, the unutterable psychotic filth of those first two Stooges albums, a deathly slow, self-destructive dirge. "Stick me... stick me..." he begs.

After the closing 'Scream', only a prehistoric shambles of shattered nerves and shredded emotions is left where sanity once dwelled.

As it ends, I find myself running to the door, to check the world is still outside. It is. Through the wall, someone is playing Eurythmics records. They should come round. A delightful cancer awaits.

REX GARVIN

The Fallen Angels (Knox and Hanoi Rocks musicians) release "Fallen Angels" on Fall Out but like a gig soon forgotten it's slick bodywork is more likely to put people off than drive them dizzy.

Fair enough for the rock crowd though, noisy and braggish, with the guitars inverted solely to be balanced across thighs.

When they liven up (as on the distinctive keyboard dominated "Falling" or the tougher "Amphetamine Blue" than witnessed on the latest Vibrators album) they have more than a smidgeon of character to them but it all seems too pale. Meanwhile The Abrasive Wheels are cleaning up their act a little. "Black Leather Girl" on Clay is grittily commercial,

filled with fire and Hello-style pop overtones. They could do with a less Scooby-Doo image but lyrically they're good in their concerns and they're *up*, though still not up enough to stop both sides losing interest.

Blood On The Saddle's "Blood On The Saddle" on New Alliance Records is cow-punk, rock'n'roll, country and western call it what you will. People have the right to their arched eye-brows but most of the tunes indicate an immersion in the genre rather than a quick dip and you'd simply *have* to be inside it to manage songs like "It Hurts Me (A Lot More Than It Hurts You)" or "Do You Wanna Dance?". All taken at the mid-period punk pace of yore, there is precious little breathing space which is a shame because it's all over so fast and their one gentle moment is a stunning instrumental with a rather weird Elizabethan feel to it.

The Butthole Surfers however are odd fish and comparisons to The Cravats would be apt, apart from their wish to contravene the laws of melody. If they can wreck an idea they do it. They *go* for it, even traipsing out of their way to be as gruff, as silly and destructive as possible. The main joy of the album is the free single (mine was 'Ha Ha Ha' by Flipper) tucked inside.

Fat Boy International were a let down after the name (opposition to our own Fat Girls In General?); clever rock band, with a dreary taste in solos, they speed everything up and drop the keyboards on it in a belated attempt (having formed the band) to keep us entertained. "Outside Your Window" on Jumbo Beach Records is a no-no.

Lucrative Milk, those unruly French people have an appalling thing on offer, *half* an album shared with Fraction Provisoire on MKB. Whenever I play it people dash for cover and I must admit I feel the same, everything they did on their excellent EP having vanished to be replaced by a determined play school romp of hideous proportions. Squeaky weedy brazen sounds that remind me of Kleenex out of their heads, recreating their childhood. It's indescribably bad.

Fraction Provisoire (if that is their name, the label notes are totally to cock) are almost Crass-like but with a supply of reasonable songs. Overall *too* expensive to daily with.

And Long Pig! An album, "Of Love and Addiction", on Anagram Records which is not exactly standing out amidst the throng. In fact what might have made a good EP has been ludicrously flayed to cover a wider area.

They have a good singer, the improbably titled Michael Ickabod Long but little else to mark them as special. Their tunes drag on, seldom (if at all) changing, with far too much repetition which damages the more pleasant tracks (such as "Why Do People Find Each Other Strange?" and "Batsong").





I SECOND THAT

The Wilde Wilde Woman of Wongo brings you today's hottest hits . . . a super sound bonanza that will really blow your mind. So sing along and swing along . . . with PROPAGANDA. No Pasaran!

Paul Morley had confided with me back in December.

'The next release is Propaganda. That will stagger you.' I believed him. What did we find?

The impact of dissolution.

What do we find?

This sweeping mobility.

Or what?

ANDREAS: 'The philosophy of ZTT and our philosophy about making music/putting ideas down is very much the same. We can take the ideas and make them into real fantasy without any compromise. The element of fantasy is very important in a way. Normally, you listen to records that give you no fantasy. We try to create an atmosphere and that includes the idea of fantasy. The visual aspects is very important — it is difficult for us to re-create everything live. At the moment, we don't think of playing live at all.'

'Propaganda is about entertainment and, at the same time, about a more intellectual idea — we've talked about the propagation of information, using the character of Fritz Lang's DR. MABUSE. The entertainment side should go further than the intellectual side. The 20s and 30s provide so much of the

inspiration for us. It is so easy to compare the times we are now living in to that period — economically or whatever. We just try to take all these elements and put them into another context. The idea of subversion is very important. I think it is important to create ideas without any compromise of time or pressure.'

OR WHAT?

Propaganda weave the raw material of intrigue, scandal and German Expressionist images into patterns and monochrome pirouettes of sound and vision — cutting the *nerve* (the discovery of truth) that gives it life. It's not *too* serious but it's unnerving and worried enough to continue ZTT's ongoing attack on the imagination. Rather like cats — dark, intense and abstract. Also. There's nine lives. More room for invention.

ANDREAS: 'We come up with the idea originally. The basic ideas always come from us. We've been together for almost two years now — just looking for the means to work all our ideas out. We wanted to escape all the restrictions — create something unique while at the same time wanting it to be danceable and all those things. Paul Morley likes the whole idea of Propaganda. He likes the *roughness* of us, that we didn't sound like anyone else. He also liked the fact that we were not influenced by pop culture at all'.

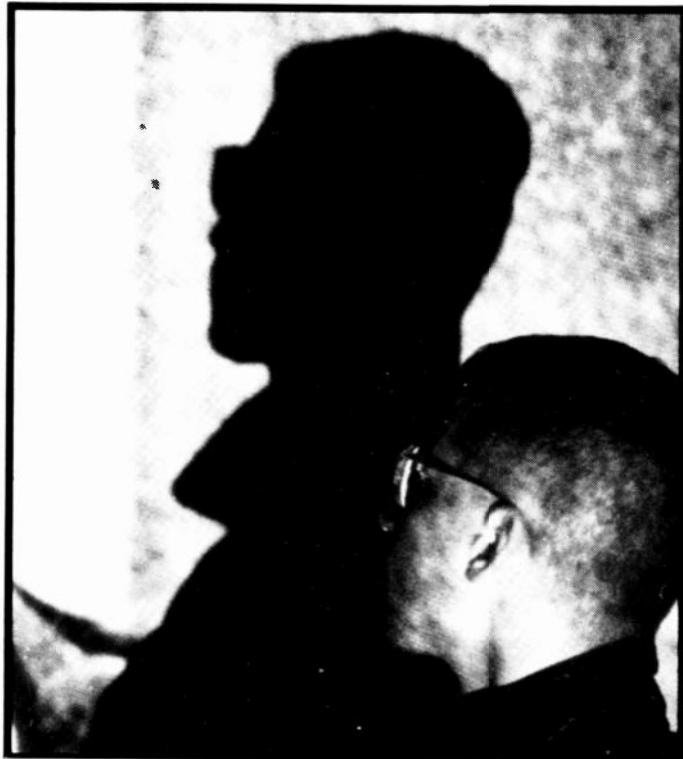
SUZANNE: 'To some extent, we recognise that we are as much a product though as any pop group. But we want to talk about those things that never spill over into everyday life. We DO want to question values'.

ANDREAS: 'We have a great freedom on ZTT. The idea of Propaganda is always changing in some way. We KNOW now what we can do well and we work in terms of those limitations. We try to exhaust those limits. The image of Propaganda fitted in with the



idea that Paul Morley wanted with his next stage at ZTT. I think the image is very important to our music — I think you must have a straight line to work on. The 'image' is just the result of what everyone in the band is like and what everyone is living through. It's not style in the sense of playing about with a notion of fashion. With us, it's a very natural idea of style.'

Propaganda always wanted to be a mass communication — had no design or desire to lock themselves away in some 'alternative' wilderness. They wanted a hit record AND at the same time to surpass the trivialities and



COMMOTION



pettiness of everyday life. Proving that modernity doesn't necessarily have to be profoundly indifferent to intellectual or imaginative life. Propaganda -- Ralf Dorper, Andreas Thein, Claudia Bruchen, Suzanne Freytag.

Together with musical arranger and floating fifth member Michael Mertens AND ZTT director/producer Trevor Horn, 'Dr Mabuse' fell together with the idea Morley conceived of combining a shattered surface with sex and style -- breeding Neue Deutsche Welle darkness/density with Horn's disinfected, effusive pop vision. Mabuse's strength

is/was its perfectly, imperfect gestures — its blurred contours — its sinuous, driving beat.

ANDREAS: 'There is always a clear idea of what we want to do. Each member brings ideas in. With MABUSE we wanted to stir the imagination up a little. Especially on the 12", there was a very scary, dangerous atmosphere involved. We wanted to take the sense of danger that is always around people and bring it into the context of modern pop. There are different ways to listen to it — you can dance to it; OR you can listen to it at home and put your own interpretation to it — like having your own film running. We wanted to have different parts and pieces to it to give that idea of so many sides. Mabuse was such an interesting character anyway. It is something that could be very loosely interpreted — we definitely wanted it to have many levels.'

What Morley has done already with ZTT — proving Oscar Wilde's maxim that consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative — is create an overwhelming sense of expectation; an expectation that he, no doubt, relishes the thought of pulling to bits and putting back together again.

Propaganda's theory and rationalism take nothing away from 'Dr. Mabuse', one of this year's most epic pop records. ZTT remains the great adventure, an *experience* — rather than an activity. ZTT is proving an irresistible mix of populist profundity (who else could quote Schopenhauer on single sleeves with such nonchalance?) and subtle, ironic comedy. Such deliberately absurd and exaggerated methods cannot be ignored. ZTT. Read between the lines — translating fantasy into words and music. All those tired and disillusioned idealists who had prematurely written off Morley's grand scheme as some self-indulgent flight of fancy have already been made to hum and haw and

confess that ZTT has ALREADY worked miracles in plotting the death and undoing of chart *uncomeliness*.

As Frankie (in the first of the bold action series) brought some much-needed sex and scandal back into the straight-faced, jaundiced charts, Morley (indisputably the most handsome man in pop music) had his next enigma ready to shuffle the cards and bring into being — Propaganda (he promised) would be madness, wisdom and irony.

ANDREAS: 'If you make a record, it should stand on its own but it should also have some continuity. We see it like a book. 'Dr. Mabuse' is chapter number one. The next single will be 'Duel'. We see it as the next episode — as dramatic and imaginative as 'Mabuse'. The next step will be quite different — a fairly radical departure from this single. But it will still be a great fantasy, a burst of imagination . . . something more than an effort.'

At least.

What did we find?

Perhaps Paul Morley simply wants us to enjoy ZTT as much as he does in toying with the ambiguities and secretly demeaning the vulgarity of current pop.

Perhaps he wants to catch the language of pop unawares at its own game — bringing back some of the insanity, the flippancy, the controversy, the quality of confusion.

Perhaps he wants to point out that pop music and (for that matter) pop writing has degenerated back to the science of the downright bloody unexceptional.

ZTT. And so far. A matter of distinction.

A matter of the distinction between what is said and . . . what is meant.

Phew! A matter (simply) of *distinction*.
BELIEVE ME.

Wilde!

ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS

Mike Monroe of Hanoi Rocks speaks to Sharon Machola

Seven drunks and a Kilburn nutter welcomed Hanoi Rocks to England in October, 1981. Within a year they were proclaimed Champions of Glamrock by 'Sounds' and Carol Clerk was sniffing at their heels for 'Melody Maker'.

Their second year in England was also child's play: 'Malibu Beach' on Radio One, two tours of England, one of Israel, stoned (by beer cans) at the last Reading Festival and looking slick for 'Smash Hits'.

Mike Monroe, the singer and saxophonist, is pure showbiz in his satin and tat, red feather boa and silver shrinktight pants. He brandishes the microphone like a pet whip while leaping across PA stacks with the agility of Spiderman. And he's as talented as he is beautiful.

You don't need a heart of stone to be a rocker, but what really makes the blonde bombshell tick? In his first interview, Mike Monroe tells us how to survive those tempting excesses of superstardom.

How has your stage act developed?

"It's just developed by itself, I move the way I feel. It's the band, the sound onstage that's important: it's a good feel, I get into the mood and I guess with our band it's like straight from our hearts . . . it's real feeling. There are certain songs that I get really sensitive about, but after I cried at some point I still had to keep the distance because it's an act, and to the audience you're performing."

Your image is essentially that of a really good live band . . .

"This image is just the way we've always been, the way we think a good rock'n'roll band should look and sound. I think we all enjoy playing gigs more than anything else: people come and see the band, they want to see something too, it's got to be like a show. I couldn't imagine doing anything else, so it's something I feel for, something I want to do. I want to do the best I can and always get better: you might as well be good at what you're doing."

And fame?

"Sometimes I feel really horrible about being famous, people recognising you on the street, because they don't know you anyway. Many people come up to me and say sign this, sign that, and thank you and we love you very much: it is the fans who are most important to me, to all of us, but if you say 'I'm very busy, I can't do this now', they say something like 'F*** you', yet they don't know me. The thing I appreciate most in life is a good friend, and I've got two real friends so I'm

lucky."

You are in danger of becoming a sex symbol . . .

"I feel like it's being an idol to some kids who feel insecure, like most people, like myself. I feel more responsible because people are looking up to me and they're so easily influenced by what you do. They want to be you. I don't feel like that, I don't get



Zen and the art of appalling raincoats

bigheaded, it's the way people are — they have so many illusions about life. And this rock myth is kinda sex'n'drugs'n'rock'n'roll or whatever but it doesn't have to be so. Why should you have to live up to your certain image? If you're in a rock band you can be yourself, that's what I am. I want to be

myself, live the way I want and that's what I'm doing."

There is a danger of losing yourself, like Presley, maybe Richards . . .

"Exactly. I feel sorry for them. It's all up to you, after all, what you want to do with your life. They can get any girl they want, they come and offer themselves . . . it's cheap, they can't have any respect for themselves. I never want to get that far. That scares me — to get that screwed up. I want to be aware of what's happening. That's why, being in a rock band, I've got to be cool. I've got to take care."

You've been described as 'the voice of reason' behind the band. Is that true?

"I think they're out of control. Anyway, they're living their own lives. It's just I want to be myself and I'm different from the others because I don't enjoy boozing after the gigs, partying every night. I enjoy doing a gig, I get a lot out of it and I feel good afterwards and I just like to go and be by myself. I'm a quiet kind of person, I like to take it easy. I don't know how they do it — be real because I don't feel for it, so it would probably mess me up."

I've noticed that you like to be alone after a gig.

"And before because it's very hard to concentrate on a gig if there's lots of hustling about so you get nervous and uptight. I enjoy playing in small clubs, it's really nice. Places like the Venue or The Lyceum are bigger, so it should be done in a bigger way, too."

Whatever size gig, you should have the same power?

"Yeah. I also mean the organisation of the whole thing."

What do you do to relax?

"I'm just taking it easy. I buy clothes. Doing interviews, that's something to do, but I like to get rid of all that. Stay by myself in my flat and watch TV. Make love sometimes . . ."

Watch TV????

"I haven't had much time for TV, it depends what kind of mood I'm in. I think TV's all right over here: four channels. Think of Norway, one channel from five to ten, all news and sports and some documentary stuff about Iceland or Greenland or some seals somewhere. I felt sorry for the people who live there, because they haven't seen anything else and they think they're happy."

"I'm quite happy living here, but it was the first time I'd been to Norway and, I tell you, it's the arsehole of the world."

People just don't say that kind of thing about Norway. It's supposed to be really nice like Switzerland.

"I know what you mean. I'm sorry but when people eat awful food and drink milk and get fat, it's not nice at all. Basically, you don't need to drink milk anymore when you're grown up . . . only young kids need milk. It doesn't do you any good, it can only be bad because it's just fat."

So, you don't drink milk?

"I do but I prefer soya milk, it's good for you. Then it's important. I like to have my cereals for breakfast. With banana."

Are you vegetarian?

"No, I just like to take care of myself, I think everyone realises that they should take care of themselves . . . some people keep drinking this beer and taking this shit, it's the worst you can do, if you do that. Hey! What am I talking about?"



DESPATCHES



New submissions for the provocation console should be sent to 'Despatches.' ZigZag Magazine. 24 Ray Street, London, EC1R 3DJ.

Dear ZigZag,

Re: letter from Sanity Assassin (April Edition). That poor person with the distorted imagination is obviously one who doesn't like others criticising him/her/it. I agree with Nomad. All this talk about spiders, crosses, coffins etc is totally superficial and do people *really* care if your fave rave is Boris Karloff? I've noticed a growing interest in your letters page of people who like dark things, bats and crosses. I wonder what is more important to them — the music or the image that accompanies it. As for the dreaded Ollie Wisdom fan who wants to see more of the Specimen; I wish the Specimen, the Batcave and the whole black business would piss off and go somewhere where it can indulge itself in dark satanic deeds and leave the rest of us alone to get on and enjoy music for what it really is — good sounds and good lyrics.

Thanks for a decent magazine that provides good reading and shows good bands and doesn't concentrate on too many established bands.

Love,
Kim.

P.S. Can we have something on Dormannu please?

ZigZag,

Face it people, Siouxsie has been put on a throne and you're too scared to say she's shit because she's got black spiky hair maan! I mean she's just so shit it's unbelievable! False, a pop star. She's empty, that's the word. Nothing there!

Isn't there a lot of 'non-sheep' frequenting alternative discos with their black spiky hair? I mean they're being so positive, being so outrageous . . .

Hey Lewy, how come you heard the passion in SDC's songs and missed the PASSION (pure, not like The Smiths) in DC, songs like 'Spirit Walker', 'Butterflies' etc. Don't tell me you were unmoved by their brilliant performance on The Tube. R'n'R? There's more to DC than that.

I'm Alive.
Pender.

P.S. General Public, Soft Cell, Dead Or Alive . . . leave it out!

What would you suggest in their place?

My Dear Mick.

I am Turkish biscuit (Digestive). I come from Istanbul where it is very difficult to get copy of Zigzag although I wait every month. My tongue hanging out!

I like particular your spectacular inches. They should give you more space. When will you come to Istanbul and cover me? We are an up-beat, non-stop hot Turkish band and play many of your Western pops. My pen pal is sending this for me.

Cherryo!
Figen.

40 ZIGZAG MAY 1984

Dear ZigZag,

Just who does Jayne Houghton think she is? I had been looking forward to this issue for ages. What a hash she made of it. Apart from adding pieces throughout the interview which had absolutely nothing to do with the group and also taking the piss out of them she ought to be grateful that such a talented bloke gave her an interview at all!!

I am of course referring to her interview with PETE of PLAY DEAD. I'm not surprised that "Things are going slowly and that is an understatement" if she makes them sound as if they're not trying! Pete mentioned that 98% of other British bands "sit on their arses" instead of getting out to meet the fans who put them where they are today. And I quite agree.

I've never seen Play Dead in concert as they've never played near me but I have all their records and comparing them to Sex Gang or Death Cult is utterly ridiculous. The words are audible which is more than can be said for S.G. or D.C.

If ZigZag meet Play Dead again I suggest that J.H. be bound and gagged. I volunteer to interview them, then at least we'd get a fan's-eye-view of the guys.

A pity a decent picture couldn't be printed with the morbidly-drowsy-Jayne's interview — I might have had something nice to say about her then. If you would be so kind?!?!

Keep on shining lads.
THE TENANT (female!)
▼ OXFORD;

Dear Mr Zeeg Zaag,

I just loved your March issue. It was just so full of good things, it tasted exactly like the smell of a George Melly LP. It's all good stuff! But tell me, what's cooking down on the Ausgang dude range?

More, more, give me more!
Oh and by the way, I think death is silly.
Dig those blondes!

Print this or die.
F. J. FOOM.

Dear ZigZag,

Sorry Mick! We decided to split up in June because we were not pleased with our music anymore. I'll form a new band. It will be a show band with lots of gags and entertainment, English songs and music like Billy Idol or Chris Spedding.

So long,
Benno.

Dear ZigZag,

I have been reading your magazine for a long time now. My brother Mark always buys it. He likes Death cult, Clash and Under Two Flags and I saw Death cult and Under Two Flags playing with my brother and his girlfriend at the Ace and I have met Soapy of Under Two Flags in the Kings Road. I was going to be a punk but my mum said NO. She told me not to read Zigzag. My Dad wants me to be a mod. Can you have a picture of Under Two Flags in the next ZigZag and one of Toyah?

Thanks Mick,
From Mark Cox, Age 10½,
Camberwell.





Dear ZigZag.

Among other things for which *ZigZag* is better than others is the graphic design. Obviously we must be grateful for being given the chance of making a benefit from what you learnt in art school, but sometimes you are going too far. Printing white on white might be regarded as an interesting experiment and a breakthrough in terms of old concepts but practically speaking it's unreadable.

See April Issue, page 44. Try to read what's on John White's hand. On page 23 of the same *ZigZag* you might have achieved better results printing the Nikki Sudden interview (don't tell us you forgot to print it). You may find a backward example between the lines of the Specimen interview in January (on the 'white hand side'). Decoration is appreciated for itself, when it's done with style, but still, delivering the message is not less important. That's no way to spread the word.

Obscurely yours,

Udi Zofef,

Jerusalem, Israel.

P.S. That 'interview' of yours with Jaz Coleman and Co. Quite a bad joke that is. Better to have used those two pages for coloured shots of Sioux stripey tights or Toyah hairstyles. But then you couldn't have put down old man William Shaw after you'd sent him to irritate the shit out of these primitive arseholes, could you? Good job he got out of it in one piece.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder (he grunted, deeply embarrassed)! Those new concepts of printing you mention can I'm afraid be explained away as man-made creations, or more accurately directly attributed to our printer and a strange sense of humour. All three instances mentioned are examples of Welsh wit.

London humour however (those boys in *Killing Joke*) is a different matter. If we hadn't printed the extreme remarks they uttered it would have given a totally different impression of them. Old? William's not going to like that at all. His pram is still warm . . . Ed.

Dear ZigZag.

Yes Paul Weller, it is difficult to avoid being cynical all the time. Though a lyrical visionary on vinyl you remain the most hypocritically oblivious cretin when interviewed. To say — "All that last year about the baby y'know. Christ!" when talking about royalty is, coming from you, ridiculous.

You are the royalty of the twelve/thirteen year olds. Have you not seen them? They walk the streets in the shoes they stole from bowling alleys, the threatening force to those of their age (accurately defined by Atilla The Stockbroker in "A Bang And A Wimpey" — substitute Jam for Exploited.) They wear your face and worship. You are the Lady Diana to their Woman's Own readers. They gobble up your ill-researched waffling nausea from the pages of *Smash Hits* and would love to know who you were sleeping with or what colour your underwear was. The majority of your fans now are sheep, the true ones driven away by the tasteless nazi-istic image following you picked up as the Jam spun to a close. Until you understand the true nature of the flimsy pedestal that supports the Style Council's commercial success you are in no position to criticise others who are mindlessly adored. Keep the fire burning!

The fire extinguisher is small, rectangular, green.

Stewart Lee, The Soapbox.



ZigZag.

Thanks for the feature Mick. It's all welcome. I've desperately been trying to be super-cool businesslike and organized since that article. I've asked my friends to hit me when I start chewing my lip or saying " . . . er . . ." and I now inject myself with a concentrated mixture of mandrax and valium to slow the babbling down to a more rational form of speech.

Actually I'm not that bad usually. The truth is that I'm a screaming homosexual and every time I get near you I become rabid with desire which makes it hard for me to talk and think properly and disguises the fact that I am in fact the coolest, hippest most urbane young thing about town.

As a result I thought I would use the cheap expedient of setting up a new video label "NERVE/GLASS" to promote and distribute independent video product and hold a launch evening at the Fridge as a transparent excuse to be near you again.

I'll call soon to arrange an appointment and talk to you in your big office and explain everything and where, once again, I shall be able to shamble about in front of you in a shamefully pathetic state of disarray.

Adieu my petal,
Oscar (F.I. Electric).



Dear MM.

After an initial hysterical (and admittedly silly) outburst of sarcasm I would now like to try my hand at constructive criticism.

ZigZag is a very valuable magazine for its coverage of more interesting independent bands however many of these articles (particularly those penned by yourself) suffer from an overdose of purple prose. Admittedly a straightforward narrative account is dull although in interviews it has its value. But in your little tales of a band we are overwhelmed with a 'clever clever' me writing in the style of so many of the most dreadful *NME* hacks which is dull, difficult and detracts from the value of what you are trying to convey.

I feel you will probably get worse as your style matures until the *NME* is ready to grab you.

I wholeheartedly agree with your taste in bands but poor writing is corrupting *ZigZag*, taking it away from your own stated idealism.

Well, that's today's little missive over. Try hard. You could be so good.

Love,
Darren.

Wilmcote, Warwickshire.
Nice to be wanted.

CANDY CHAMELEON

The face of '77 still scampering in '84. If the Queen can visit Jordan so can Richard Kick.

Jordan BOUNDS into the RCA offices smiling and looking fighting fit. Small in stature, she compensates by exuding a nervous energy that dominates the room. She's dressed in a camouflage combat suit (original Viet Nam I might add) and her hair has been chopped up into a severe 77 crop. We shake hands. Jordan is a hero.

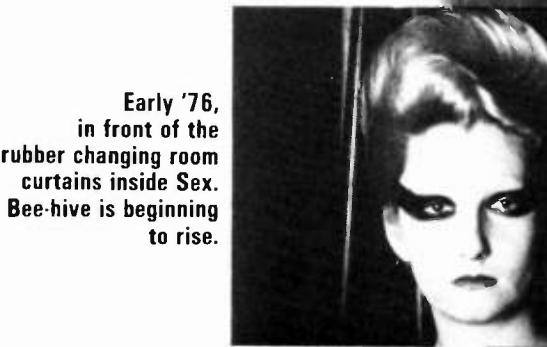


Late '75. Jordan as the 'Dyke From The Deep' at the Burlesque Club, Brewer Street at The Evening Standard's Headress and Make-up competition. The male contestants (all dressed as women) in the background spent fortunes on their headresses. Jordan decorated hers with beach pickings. *Rea/ sea-weed!*

Why? She's never really been in a band. Never starred in a smash film, never actually stretched her talents on stage. She has dabbled in all these areas of media/entertainment and yet she is no dilettante.

What is it about her that, since the punk heyday of 1976, has demanded, if not adulation, then recognition and respect? Perhaps the answer is simply that Jordan has pushed her creative talents into what she does best; being herself. For some people that is enough. She is a star. Her light will never be dimmed by a fickle public.

"To start a band would have been so obvious. So bland. Very early on Malcolm



Early '76, in front of the rubber changing room curtains inside Sex. Bee-hive is beginning to rise.

Late '76. Outside Sex when she first started working there.



I used to go down to the World's End, I used to go to that shop. I didn't like the clothes there, but I liked what she wore. I loved her.

(Adam And The Ants — 'Send A Letter To Jordan')

Her hair has been swept up into long silver and blonde coloured spikes. She's wearing a fluffy white mohair jumper, patent white boots and a black leather belt. The camera has

an eye for detail; Jordan is an original, or should I say an originator, an innovator.

A fashion report in Honey at that time read, "Go down to Sex, if not for the clothes then just to see the strange girl inside." Punk Rock is just about to take off and Jordan, as much as the Sex Pistols band, encapsulates the look and the attitude: She sneers into the camera and spits in disgust. Pause.



Late '76 in front of the famous SEX jukebox, modelling a Teddy Tinling 60's tennis outfit, the hair a natural progression from the stylised prototype.

"I'd been dressing like that for ages so punk wasn't a new thing for me. My mother had found me uncontrollable since the age of seven, through choice I had absolutely *no* friends at school — the clothes were an expression of that chaos.

Malcolm McLaren was always very interested in how people looked and I loved everything that Sex was about. Malcolm, Johnny Rotten and I were very close. Johnny always tells the story of how he went into Sex



The Bee-hive (and bum) getting out of control. Taken from a sequence used to accompany a story, 'The Specialist', in a fantasy magazine.

one day — I had on this T-shirt with a big rip right across the front so I'd put in a safety pin to cover it up. Johnny thought it was great and the safety pin thing started there and then.

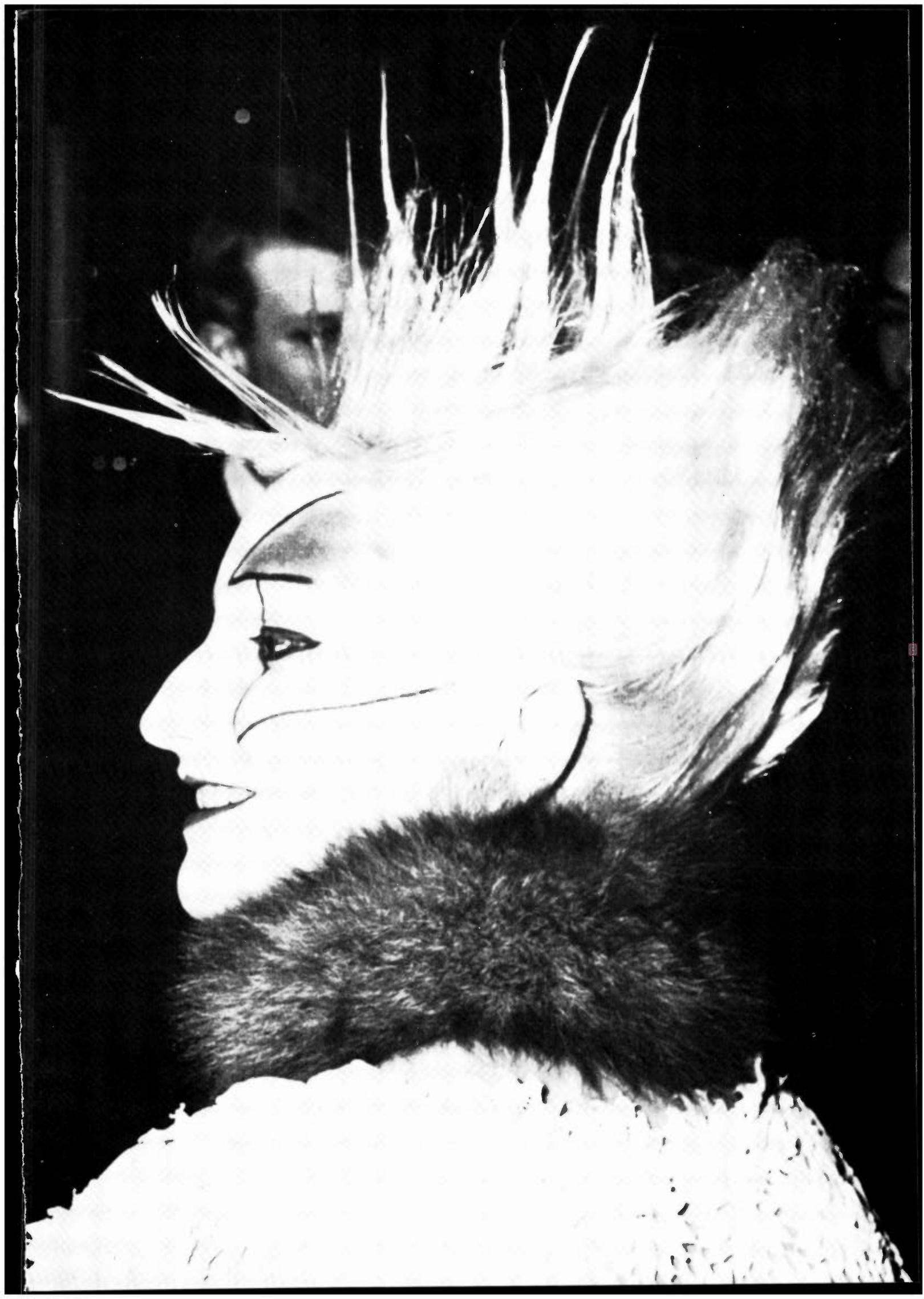
"Johnny's like Frank Sinatra now. I saw him doing 'Anarchy' on the Tube a few months ago and it was really pathetic."

McLaren advised me to project and promote my own image and that is exactly what I have done."

But more, much more. I tell you children, some day some-one will make a film about Jordan's life. . . .

*"I sent a letter on Monday
I sent a letter on Tuesday
... Ooooh, I loved her
Send a letter to Jordan"*

(Adam And The Ants — 77)





Late '77. The new look, 'Daffodils growing out of a lawn' begins. The famous make up, often described as 'Geometric' was a tribal compilation adapted from the people from Kau.

Fast forward. Through a blur of semi-realised images the film winds on to a heady night later in 1976. We are looking at a musical venue somewhere in London. The Sex Pistols are onstage, playing to what is a growing cult audience. The scene is full of tension, tinged with slices of manic wildness. Jordan, unable to control herself, suddenly jumps on to the stage. She dances along with the music. The sound and the fury. In a moment of sweet abandonment, Jordan's clothes literally fall apart (or so the camera would have you believe) leaving her naked



Late '77.

On location for 'JUBILEE'.

from the waist up. Johnny Rotten ambles over and puts his arm round her shoulders.

Pause.

"'76/77 was the most exciting period of my life — the adrenalin, the buzz, that is what it was all about for me. The Pistols used to really move me at that time, I just had to jump up and do things.

"On the other hand, the bands that came up afterwards were awful. I remember standing at the side of the stage and booing The Clash. Which is strange 'cause a couple of years later they became quite good. The Damned were the group that summed up everything that was wrong with punk."

Fast forward . . . to a scene that occurs even later, in the winter of '76. The camera pans round to a television studio in Manchester. Mr Smug himself, Tony Wilson, is introducing a band, "And the next . . ." Before he can finish the Pistols smash into 'Anarchy In The UK', and the man is stranded. It's little bits like this that made the Pistols great. Jordan wearing an 'Only Anarchists Are Pretty' shirt wanders, as if by chance, on to the set. A spur, a catalyst. Chairs are thrown about, general mayhem ensues. "I wanna beeee an-ar-chee."

Pause.

"That was all a set up job. We planned it, like a lot of other things; the music business is still scared by the Pistols fiasco of three signings.

"Punk, really, died for me when the Pistols split up. It couldn't have gone on — it was like an orgasm, there for a few seconds and then . . . pfft.

"My prediction for the post punk state of affairs was that Sid would become a huge star. We were close friends and I was absolutely shocked when he died."

Fast forward . . . an eternity goes by, a fire has swept the land, purifying wherever its flames licked. Faster, faster. Round and around. Through a vortex the camera levels out and we're staring at the stage of the Nashville, a fairly small pub/club in West Kensington where a new punk group called Adam And The Ants are playing. Half-way through their chaotic set they launch into a piercing, repetitive riff; the sign for Jordan to leap up on stage and make her contribution to the Ant legend. Wearing her Venus leotard (her favourite Sex number) she sings. "New York coke joke." Sings? The noise is a wail mixed with a scream scrambled together to produce an inhuman choke/yell. In the future they will have special synthesisers who's sole function it will be to reproduce that sound. The crowd go wild. And Jane Suck says, "Do you know what Jordan is wearing these days? Soft woollies and a tweed skirt. Oh yeah!! Does Seditionaries sell hand bags yet? No, no, no." (Where are you when we need you Jane?) Adam has a guitar round his neck and joins in the choruses. Jordan jumps up and down. "Andy Warhol — hero."

Pause.

"Adam used to send me love letters in the early days. I've still got them somewhere. He invited me down to a gig he was playing at the Man In The Moon in the Kings Road. It was awful! The PA blew up and everything went wrong, but in Adam I saw something very special. I took Adam on the Pistols' boat trip, where I tried hard to get arrested. I even spat in a policeman's face but they weren't having any of it. Anyway, I got involved with the band — I nurtured and pushed them. I was a manager and yet more than a manager. I finished with Adam for a while when he insisted on signing to Decca. I thought it was the wrong move and I was proved right.

"The song I sang on stage with the Ants was 'Lou', it was great doing it, but then there was absolutely no pressure — doing it for a whole 40 minutes is a different matter entirely."

Onwards, ever onwards, the video is run fast forward and stopped at a point only a few weeks later, in 1977. We are shown a film set



where Jordan is talking to a middle-aged, balding man. He is Derek Jarman and the film they are making is *Jubilee*, a fantastic vision of a 'punk rock' future, or 'no future' as the case may be. Totally over the top, totally wonderful. "Pleased to meet you Mr G . . . g . . . Gintz."

Jordan plays her part. Jarman gives her some loose instructions and the film camera rolls. Dressed in a ballerina's outfit, complete

with tu-tu and pumps, she begins to dance elegantly if uncertainly around a raging bonfire. Heavy symbolism. Her statuesque figure cavorts around and around. A tall, thin hippy type wanders around throwing books on to the fire. Jordan pays no attention. Dance, dance, dance. This is perhaps the most bizarre scene from *Jubilee* as well as the most effective. Jordan whirls as the books are burnt. She doesn't lose her concentration once. Nerves I expect.

Pause.

"*Jubilee* pushed me to the limits, mentally and physically. I had to dance on points on concrete — no ballerina has to do that, they've got supple wooden floors. My toes bled and my legs were burned by the fire.

"We actually got arrested that day 'cause



Opening night première for 'JUBILEE' and the end of the hair cut, the daffodils having grown by then, setting another punk precedent.



Summer of '78. Jordan alongside a struggling actor at Cannes where the Semaine de Critiques awarded 'JUBILEE' a special place.

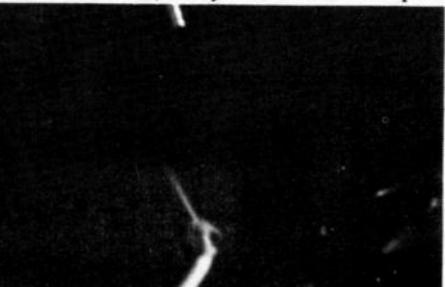
Derek insisted on using real guns and the police took us away. We tried to explain that the guns had no firing pins but I don't think they even knew what they were.

"Derek Jarman is such a clever director though, he's got the knack of leaving certain mistakes in. The amount of lines that I fluffed. . . . But I want to keep doing that, I want to keep it raw, I never want to learn all the tricks.

"I still, to this day, get fan mail from girls mostly who've just seen *Jubilee*. They say that I've made a big impression on them.

"After *Jubilee* I was in a play in Edinburgh and then in a couple of films that won awards in Spain, of all places. There's a strong possibility that I'll be in a West End play soon called *Gits*, I'm looking forward to that."

Still onwards, fastly forwarded. Eons pass



in a rapid eye movement. The times they have a changed, those who were first are now last. Oh God. And Jordan? Well, this is 1980 and the camera starts at Sloane Square and travels the length of the Kings Rd, finally stopping outside *that* shop. Now, the 'Clothes For Heroes' plaque and the metal grid/black glass front has been replaced by some rickety wooden steps and quaint curiosity shop windows. Our's is the best effort so far to

1979. 'The Bride Of Frankenstein', A painting by Zsuzsi Roboz, which eventually went for £5,000 (in colour), exhibited in Sept/Oct 1980 captures the 1979 image.



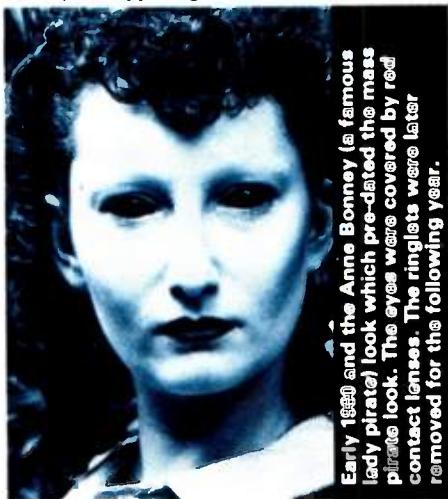
leave the 20th Century? Indeed this is World's End.

Jordan is standing outside, her buckled foot on the step. Her brown hair cascades in curls from underneath a tri-cornered Napoleon hat. A girl called Annabella is ushered past her into the shop. The time is again one of excitement, colour, change. Jordan is again at its nub, if not actually a main exponent. She is happy, we see her do a little jig-a-jig up the stairs and into the shop. We press the pause button.

"I worked in the shop until shortly after it had changed to World's End. Not everybody can do a job that they enjoy and I loved it there, believed in the things that Malcolm and Viv were doing. Those two have split up now. I still see Malcolm but not Viv. In fact out of all my contemporaries and peers from '76, Malcolm is the one who's turned out the best.

"That pirate look was great — I'm like a snake though, I have to shed a skin every so often. At one time I was going to get an Arts Council grant, for being a living work of art. We discussed it, but it all fell through. I'm still going to get a £1,000 hairdo done, and no I can't tell you what it'll be."

We switch on the video machine again, fast forward it a little bit, not too far — ah, just there'll do. Adam And The Ants have, by a quirk of CBS, established themselves as the most popular group in England. The camera focuses on a typical living room, in a typical street, on a typical girl. It's Thursday evening,



Early 1980 and the Anne Bonney in famous lady pirate look which pre-dated the mass pirate look. The eyes were covered by red contact lenses. The rings were later removed for the following year.

it's Top Of The Pops on the TV and the daughter of the house (her name is Yvette, I think) is screaming 'cause the Ants' new video is being shown.

Adam, in his familiar Charge Of The Light

Brigade jacket, is tapping a cane around, blindly to the beat. His old mate Jordan dances to the side. And how. "Ant-Mus-Ic." Press the pause please 'cause . . .

"I got involved again with Adam after Malcolm walked off with his group to form Bow Wow Wow. Once more I took care of their look and outlook etc. I was their advisor and sort of entrepreneur. Kevin Mooney, who's now my husband, and I left just after the show at the Palladium for Princess Margaret. I felt that Adam just wasn't giving 100 per cent anymore, and I can't work with people like that. He got the power that he was after but didn't even try to use it.

simply, at their core.

"The only reason that I'm not upset by the passing of '76/77 and the spirit that went with it is the existence of Wide Boy Awake. They hold that same excitement for me. They have that 100 per cent commitment. They believe.

"This group want to revert to a time when people wanted to go out and see groups and not just 'cause they're there, the group want to promote a buzz, a feeling.

"My position within the band is the same as it was with the Ants on the two occasions, except intensified. I manage them and generally help to steer them. Kevin writes all the songs in my presence, which helps. RCA



1981 and the end of the Bonney look amidst the Worlds End, a look featured extensively in Italian Vogue.

Autumn '82. In a £10,000 Zandra Rhodes dress Jordan at the time of her acting role in a comedy play 'Parque', about The Falklands, which was performed at the Edinburgh Festival. After this play, the hair developed into a Red Indian style with mud on face and mud in hair, as featured on Janet Street-Porter's 'Chat Show'. Through '83 Jordan specialised in 'Businesswoman of the year look' (RCA Records).



"He's not really enjoying what he's doing nowadays — he needs criticism, I need criticism, everyone needs criticism, and he's just not getting it from the eight-year-olds that he's playing to. We're still friends though, he sends me postcards every so often from New York or wherever."

The video button is pressed, the clouds go by at the speed of an aeroplane, people walk around at the pace of speeding Keystone Cops (which incidentally, they were). Slower . . . slower . . . the tape finally jumps to a sudden halt. Jordan and I find ourselves watching a video of ourselves watching a film of ourselves of a video of ourselves of STOP! The present.

Kevin Mooney is now in a group called Wide Boy Awake — A red hot 'dance band' who incorporate several different styles of music and many levels of idea and ideal. They're the best. They are as indicative of, and as distanced from, their time as were the Pistols and the Ants from theirs. By sheer quality. They are the best. Jordan is, very

want me to do some vocals with the group, which I'd love to do. Kevin may write me a song.

"The group means everything to me, and I tell you, when we get the power we're going to do something with it."

Jordan: Always a natural rebel, both in medium and in message with a flair for self-publicity — the limelight has always been hers. But instead of being contented with the glow of infamy, she has turned her talent to concrete yet uncanny effect.

Always a girl of action, a participant; her power is that of a modern-day Shaman. Hers is the ability to communicate with and stimulate the 'spirit'. The Sex Pistols (indirectly perhaps), Adam And The Ants and Wide Boy Awake (plus associated cultures) have all felt the lasting benefits.

Jordan wrinkles her nose into an irrepressible, infectious smile. Sips a lager and calms down after what has been a rush of commentary. It has been an impressive film, an impressive life. Jordan is a hero.



1984 and 'The Guillotine Look'. Seen here with husband Kevin Mooney of Wide Boy Awake the cropped hair is usually accompanied with a red line circumnavigating the neck. This beheaded look comes from just after the French Revolution where aristocrats coming out of the closet cropped their hair to a collaborator image and added the thin red line as a sick joke.

ZIGZAGS

City Indian Stomp

THE OFFICES of Illuminated Records in the Fulham High Road are a well decorated if spartan affair. Nice carpet, nicely painted walls, nice desk.

Inside are four tattered shapes sprawled on the floor sporting dishevelled bouffants and mohicans, bedecked in carefully arranged rags and studded black leather — they are not nice in any sense of the word. Try "exciting", "stimulating", "provocative" — adjectives like "nice" belong to offices, businessmen and suburban houses and DORMANNU (for they are those tattered shapes) are as distanced from all that as anything can be.

SIMEON, MARCUS, Mike and Wig are Brixton squatting types; refreshingly free spirited — an attitude that's instantly recognisable in their single, 'Powdered Lover'. An awesome grind'n'clatter slice of pure energy.

Simeon: "We went down to Phonogram with a four-track demo and the guy just sat there and said, 'Well, I don't think it's got much sales potential and it's a bit rough round the edges'. So we asked him what he knew about music anyway — basically we threatened him so he put us in a 24-track studio.

"We bullied him, rang him up every day and said where's this studio you turd, we know where you live. Then after those recordings we went round to EMI and they put us in a studio as well. Eventually Illuminated rang up and asked if we wanted to deal, it was OK so we said yes."

Which just goes to show, if you pester people enough you get what you want. The meek will inherit sod all.

DORMANNU ARE tribal punks. *City Indians*. They empathise with their environment as much as they can and in 20th Century London that means the vicious whirl of industrial progress/regress. They get away from it when they can though and have made their base in Brixton, which acts as a colourful shelter and buffer. Even *City Indians* need more than the pull and shake of the traffic, the office block, the factory and the stagnant canal to breath, plan and live in. But venturing out into that world everyday they need to be aware. 'Watch the bodies go by/barely half awake.'

To attempt to leave the 20th century is a deeply committed political act, to band together with others doing it is a form of revolution.

Simeon: "There's a place in Berlin called the Kreutzburg which is almost separate from the rest of the town. It's an area populated by squatters and anarchists, so in an effort to destroy it the police put all the junkies there as well."

"Well, the squatters gathered together and got 90% of the junkies off smack. There's no junk over there now which is brilliant."

DORMANNU ARE punks. They are non-affiliated anarchists. They wish to promote an environment in which they can truthfully run wild in. They are part of the great strain of thoughtful yet spontaneous rebellion that runs through the country. They also make some of the most trilling sounds on offer today. Interested?

RICHARD KICK



Do the Hell-Hag Shuffle!

The romance of it all! How many great things have emerged from the simple fact that there is nothing better to do on Sundays? In the sleepy north London suburb of Hatch End, lying somewhere to the right of the nether end of the Metropolitan line, there is not much to do on the other six days of the week, but on Sundays all is deathly quiet save for the hum of lawnmowers. So three local youths met to write songs.

After months of Sundays Sunglasses after Dark emerge from Hatch End to a host of bad reviews, the NME charitably dubbing them 'sad, animal-like creatures' — an honourable beginning. First they carve their niche in the psychobilly 'Blood on the Cats' compilation, and in March 'Morbid Silence' appears, produced by one Andi Sex Gang.

Anyone who has heard their 'Morbid Silence 12" may have noticed a strange schizophrenia about the whole thing. The A side is, as the title suggests, morbid — Simon ('our classically trained violinist') holds the doomy strains together with arching melodies — yet the second side is an altogether different kettle of fish, wild and demented. This, they explain patiently, is deliberate. Morbid Silence and Untamed Culture they describe as 'serious', while Let's Go and Hellhag Shuffle are aptly termed 'not so serious'.

'We try and keep a medium between the two 'cause we enjoy doing more than one type,' explains Bailie. 'Every band you see, they're all screwed up. Sex Gang Children are all serious, King Kurt are all funny, there's no medium.'

'Both sorts are funny, In Different Ways,' adds Simon in capital letters. Incidentally it was Simon who was responsible for drafting the skewered cat on the Blood on the Cats sleeve, something for which the Jazz Butcher has never forgiven him, apparently complaining to Anagram records that it might lead impressionable young listeners into stabbing cats in the head with double basses.

Mark returns us to the subject in hand. 'We can't be totally serious with Dave running up and down the stage.'

'So what sort of image do you want to put forward then?'

'This brings a short stunned silence, broken eventually by Bailie who seems taken aback by the apparent inanity of the question: 'I've never even thought of that.'

'Mark saves the day. 'One,' he says, 'that you surmise from this interview.'

'People,' adds Simon, once more in capitals, 'Can Draw Their Own Conclusions...'

WILLIAM SHAW

Ordinary Ambitions

Does anyone remember this newsworthy little quote from one of the less sensational dailies, a few years back?

"Don't pin a label on Punk Rockers — say 3 leading sociologists. Their study of pop music has shown that today's young punks will be tomorrow's politicians, teachers and businessmen."

Well, no politicians as yet — a few would-be's but thankfully nobody has gone the whole way yet. Plenty of 'teachers' and lots of businessmen.

Unfortunately by far the majority of punks were assimilated back into the society they were rebelling against. A few opportunists used 'Punk' as a vehicle to project themselves out of the gutter, onto our TV screens and into our wallets. Fewer still put the ideals and beliefs of 'Punk' into practise — in whatever activities they are involved with.

If your idea of a young manager is a flash whizz-kid with a quick tongue, the appearance of Si ORD will seem very unlikely to you. Si used to model himself on Asterix the Gaul but it's hard to tell anymore beneath his shocking mane of hair.

Before his 21st Birthday Si found himself managing DEATH CULT, SEX GANG CHILDREN and PLAY DEAD, all at the same time. He's the man behind all of that. And he tells me that before the end of the year — through his management company 'SEVENTH LITANY' — he will bring you the vast and varied talents of BOMB PARTY, BALAAM, RED MOON, GOTHIC GIRLS ('They're not gothic and they're not girls') THE CROP, LAVOLTA LAKOTA and of course THE DANCING TARANTULAS — to name but a few (as they say when they can't remember the other names).

Off you go then Si; 'It's a matter of finding your own way in. I think I've got a reasonable business acumen, which is 90% of it, but there is a different way of doing it. The way ROB GRETTON's done it at FACTORY. He doesn't get involved with the music business because he doesn't understand it. He works in different ways so he doesn't have to become involved with it. Which is better than trying to confront it on their level.'

"I think I set out more to compete but I've always had this idea of setting up my own management company and that's becoming a reality."

Since Punk, there's always been two avenues, either infiltrate the big bad business or set up an alternative, ever since THE CLASH signed to CBS and THE BUZZCOCKS set up NEW HORMONES . . .

'What's PETE SHELLEY done? The Buzzcocks wrote far more direct pop songs but the Clash have achieved hell of a lot more. I think as long as you do things for the right reasons the end justifies the means.'

Can you do that within a multi-national business set-up?

'I dunno. It all comes down to people being good to each other. It's like people going to church and singing.'

Photo: Jayne Houghton



'Basically I believe in just being good to people. Like this morning I got my bag caught in the doors of the tube and everyone was helping me.'

'I see that in music as well. The bands I respect are the ones that have got soul.'

'The only music I don't like is pap. It's like Brandon. He used to have real soul but I don't know anymore. That's why I love Jim Morrison and Southern Death Cult. To me that applies to anything in life.'

Money does tend to make a lot of people compromise tho'?

'I like to be in a position where I don't have to worry about money. All it means to me is there's some bits of paper coming in between the work.'

Have you no time for independents?

'No, no, ultimately I'd like to have 'SEVENTH LITANY' as a company in which I employ people.'

'I want to extend it even further into a whole new club circuit and start connecting it up again. Get it all under the banner of 'SEVENTH LITANY' — the reason I want to call it that is because that's my ideal of achieving the best in everything'

The 'SEVENTH LITANY's collective aim will be people's personal goals being achieved. I want to have people coming up to me with their ideas. I'll look into it. Check it out. See if it's worthwhile and then if it is give them a hand.'

'I want to take £100,000 off CBS and set up my own company and use them. They've got the best network so why not use them to your own advantage. Draw off their resources and make sure it goes into something creative rather than the pap it would have been used for.'

Brave, ambitious words that you may have heard before in a similar form from the Clash, PIL and a host of others. The only difference is Si's not just talking about it, he's actually doing it. So if you ever come up with a great idea here's somebody who could make it a reality. One day all managers will be Si Ords and then we won't need managers anymore.'

VAGUE '84

MERCURY

ZERRA I

New Single

**TEN THOUSAND VOICES,
MESSAGE FROM THE PEOPLES**

7" · MER 161
ALTERNATIVE 12" VERSION AVAILABLE · MERX 161

phonogram

Drunk on Cake And the Spirit of Kipling

Romy, bass and garish tartan suit, leaves little to chance.

'Let's face it', she tells me, 'Most of the songs are really depressing. There are *no* happy songs'.

Well, what chance does that give ME.

Drunk On Cake should have more faith — or they might always exist in the twilight, their sweep of sombre motion forever self-controlled and disciplined.

As Joan (keyboards) puts it, 'Once you become more aware of things, you become more uplifted. If the songs were "happy", they wouldn't affect people — you wouldn't get through to whatever people had blocked off emotionally. Well, we DO want a reaction, without dictating to people'.

I thought I might have been wrong. First watching Drunk On Cake supporting the mighty Flesh For Lulu at Brixton's 'Fridge', they seemed to possess a persuasive command of emotion, albeit simplistic and primitive in form. In actuality, it might have been the shambolic garage untogetherness that I found irresistible.

They seem though to regularly come up against the preconceptions that still exist towards women involved in 'rock' music. As Joan explains, 'We chose the name because it didn't reflect that we were an all-girl band — we didn't want to play on that. We didn't even intend to be all-female anyway'.



Pic: Linda Rowell

Through the problems they have encountered with institutionalised chauvinism, Drunk On Cake have emerged stronger and more determined, forcing them to think about their presentation more carefully. On 'Precious', perhaps their most formidable song, the whole question of male/female roles is again drawn into argument — on a spiritual as well as a sexual level (assuming, for the sake of argument, that they do exist separately).

'Passive clinging sucking sweeping

Chained to a side

Overdosed on pleasure

Lust is on whose side?'

'With a bare sound like we have', Joan tells me, 'It is easier to create a pure sound. The lyrics are AS important as the music. We do seem to be building up some sort of identity in the songs — some kind of common thread running through the songs.'

It's all just beginning to come together. Drunk On Cake have the will to work beyond glamour and engross themselves less with the surfaces of life. It could be more abandoned and it could (yet) ride the whirlwind. Draped in black, there might be more to this than meets the eye. There might be more than a dewy

romanticism. The will might be otherwordly. At least.

It's a long journey to the end of the night. Drunk On Cake have a long way ahead. Beyond the niceties. At least.

'Chameleon of character

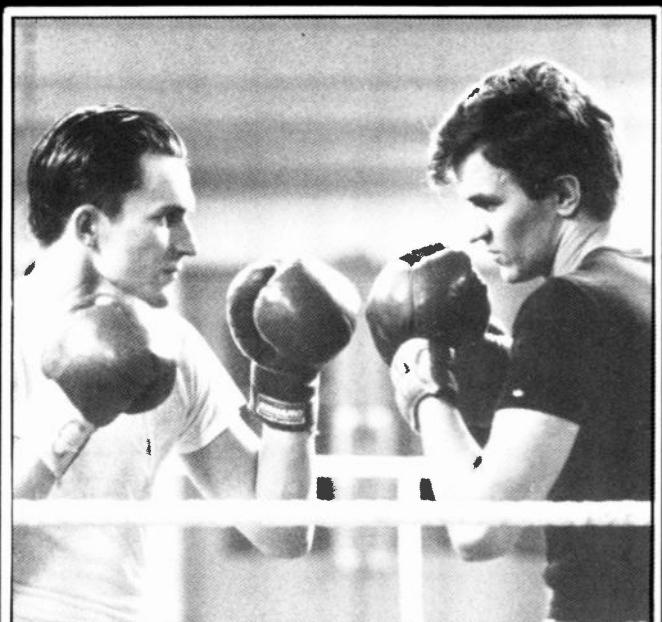
Pul the string from afar

Elaborately entwined in a mesh of games

What should I portray?'

('Precious')

BRIAN THE SNAIL



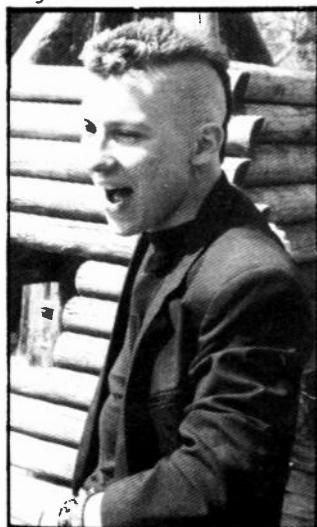
Transcontinental Communiqués

East-West is the latest of the new labels operating out of the Cherry Red stable and specialising in non-GB products. Involved with the label at present are John Hollingsworth (man at C & R), Suzanne Smetna (working for 'das Büro', German Distribution and David Black, and ICA designer).

The debut release was 'Auftakt', a German compilation featuring Seen Links-Schlösser Rechts, Holger Hiller, Alvi and the Alviettes, Camp Sophisto, Die Zwei, Der Plan, Hirnheimer, Ha't Vo'i, Strafe Für Rebellion and Die Zimmermänner. This was followed by three twelve inch singles, "Plastik (c'est chic)" by Keine Ahnung, "Panorama" by Laibach and "Grapsch" by Die Zwei" with a Die Zwei album, "USA USA" already on the cards.

England was chosen as the base for releasing these records to a larger market because of Germany's conservative attitude towards new talent, with the added bonus that things happen faster here and the press can be reached without a seance. Although the initial releases are European, further projects involve Sonic Youth from America, The Triffids from

Australia, further work from Laibach (the first Yugoslavian band to tour Europe; having played Warsaw already they are trying for a gig in Moscow!), a new summer album of die Todliche Doris an Irish compilation album and a maxi-single from a Japanese girl called La Debutante.



FRESH, FRESH, FRESH!

Meanwhile, with our eyes on Germany, Belfegore (Michael Clause pictured above) have finished their album, under the marshalling of Conny Plank and the band are looking for a major deal in the UK, where they will be touring at the end of this month.

Mercy Me! Photo Exclusive

THE SISTERS OF MERCY —
The Fantasy Club, Birmingham
April 7th 1984.

The atmosphere was electric.
"But don't you WANT a
review???? I mean, don't you
WANT any publicity????"
pleaded the Press incessantly.
"OUT!!" replied the Sisters'
minders firmly.

The Sisters of Mercy are
playing the Fantasy, strictly
secretly. The gig is a 'thankyou'
for Sisters fans and the gutter-
level grovelling from the Press
proved fruitless. The boot, at
last, is on the other foot.

As the singer with the band
said afterwards: "We're not here
to put on a show for the Press.
We're here to say thank you to
our fans for waiting for us this
past six months. The Press are
not welcome." Who was the
singer? Was it the stand-in? . . .
my lips are sealed.



The gig itself is excellent.
There's one new addition to the
Sisters. Wayne Hussey from
Dead or Alive is playing guitar
tonight. The set has several
changes including a few new
songs, one being a likely
contender for next single, "Body
& Soul". Without the instant
impact of "Temple of Love"
(which they don't play live)
"Body & Soul" is a real grower.

Also continuing in the vein of
obscure covers the Sisters have
played their ace with Abba's
"Gimme Gimme Gimme (A Man
After Midnight)". A real
raunchy, sleazy rendition.

Sat on my perch I notice an
almost religious atmosphere. I
also notice the gods are smiling.
JAYNE HOUGHTON

'Everything will Change',
which is an attempt to kill off the
robot tag once and for all, and
the formidable vocal chords of
JEANETTE are also being
committed to vinyl for release
during the next couple of
weeks... Likewise fellow
Survival stablemates 13 AT
MIDNIGHT are releasing 'Time
is Tight' in the first week of May:
it's described as 'a club
orientated tune with bite'.

All this and FRANKIE GOES
TO HOLLYWOOD too —
they've got a new one they call
'Two Tribes' out on ZTT...



Meanwhile MUSIC FOR
PLEASURE are releasing a new
four track EP 'The Chrome Hit
Corrosion' on their own
Whirlpool label on May 4th. It's
produced by John Porter of
Smiths fame and contains Grey
Parade, Walking, The Rise and
Pleasure Ride. The tracks were
originally recorded in August
of last year, but the group have
only just managed to get the
tapes off Polydor... Despite
denials from Illuminated, PINK
AND BLACK are strongly
rumored to be putting out
something soon on that label...

And in the Long Player
department, London based
TORCH SONG release a new
LP on the 4th of this month
called 'Wish Thing' on IRS...
Also due is a new one by the
NORMAL HAWAIIANS —
'What's Going On?... SPK,
THROBBING GRISTLE,
CABARET VOLTAIRE,
LEATHER NUN and many more
— these are all featured on a
new compilation album that
covers the short history of
Industrial records inventively
entitled 'The Industrial
Records Story'... THE
CURE's new LP on Fiction,
provisionally called 'The Top'
should also be out on the 4th,
just as The Cure are half way
through their UK tour. It
contains ten 'all new' tracks,
although 'The Caterpillar' is on
the LP in some form or other.

Also out is the NEW MODEL
ARMY eight track mini-LP
'Vengence' on Abstract
records, and they should be
touring some time this month.
Abstract have also got their
hands on the BLUE
AEROPLANES LP — the
Aeroplanes are two poets and
17 musicians from Bristol with a
pretty chequered history who
spent a year and a half
recording a stew of
pop/beat/garage music...

COMING SOON . . .



**BANSHEES
SEDITION
TONES ON TAIL
SPECIMEN IN AMERICA
(EXCLUSIVE ROAD REPORT)**

**FURYO
THE CABINET
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN**

**MILITIA
EXPOSURE
LAURIE ANDERSON**

**FELT
SWAN'S WAY**

IN ZIGZAG
NEXT ISSUE ON SALE JUNE 6

CUTS

Singles... singles... singles...
Out on the 7th FLESH FOR
LULU'S latest offering
'Subterranean'... and beware
of a new one from THE
METEORS... Fresh back from
the States ALIEN SEX FIEND
should be putting out a 7"
version of 'Craze' some time in
the next few weeks... and
COLOURBOX are unveiling a
new 12" — the second in a
trilogy of singles — called
'Punch'... Expect a few from
Survival records too — TIK
AND TOK release a small
oeuvre by the name of

BACK

27. Jimmy Page. Kinks. Free Python Flexi. (A)
 28. Page. Kim Fowley. Ayers. Love. Byrds. (A)
 29. Genesis. Everly Brothers. Beefheart. (A)
 30. Mike Nesmith. McTell. Steve Miller. (B)
 45. Springsteen. Grateful Dead. Rick Nelson. (B)
 46. Ron Wood. Leonard Cohen. Ayers. Nelson. (B)
 47. Keith Richard. Roy Harper. Grace Slick. (A)
 48. Neil Young. John Sebastian. Arthur Lee. Tim Buckley. (B)
 49. Ray Davis. Gene Clark. Nick Drake. (B)
 50. Nico. Little Feat. (B)
 51. Wilko. Henry Cow. Ian Hunter. Norman Greenbaum. (C)
 52. Lou Reed. Strawbs. John Cipollina. (B)
 53. Genesis. Mothers (Zappa) Family Tree. (A)
 54. Steve Stills. Speedy Keen. Billy Joel. Andy Fraser. (B)
 55. Jack Bruce. Todd Rundgren. Tim Buckley. Joe Walsh. (B)
 56. Emmylou Harris. Moody Blues. Be-Bop Deluxe. (B)
 57. Sutherland Bros. The Who. Feelgoods. Loudon Wainright III. VDGG. (B)
 58. Bob Dylan. Commander Cody. Nick Kent. B.O.C. Kaleidoscope. (B)
 59. 10cc. Gran Parsons. Nick Kent. Kaleidoscope. (B)
 60. Procul Harum. Nils Lofgren. JJ Cale. Hot Rods. Graham Parker. (B)
 61. Feelgoods. Ozarks. Bonnie Raitt. (C)
 62. Janis Ian. Tom Waits. Feelgoods. Tull. Raitt. (C)
 63. Hunter. Little Feat. Flamin' Groovies. (B)
 65. Beach Boys. Ronstadt. Nugent. Ramones. Ian Matthews. Zevon. (B)
 66. Bill Nelson. Paul Kantner. Stranglers. (B)
 67. Eagles. Kursaalos. F. Mac. Andrew Gold. (B)
 68. Jackson Browne. Graham Parker. Santana. Patti. Otway. (B)
 69. Keith Richards. J. Browne. Ry Cooder. Joni. Hillage. (A)
 70. J. Browne. Nils. Iggy. John Martyn. (B)
 71. Procul. Nils. Racing Cars. Clash. Heartbreakers. Vanilla. County. Ramones. (A)
 72. Mike Nesmith. Roy Harper. Southside Johnny. Lenny Kaye. (B)
 78. Mick Jagger. J. Richman. Tom Robinson. MC5. Radio Stars. (A)
 79. Blondie. The Tubes. Runaways. Darts. Jam. (A)
 82. Devo. TG. Blondie. Wire. Adverts. (A)
 83. Patti Smith. Sex Pistols. Avengers. Generation X. Whirlwind. Subway Sect. Pop Group. Wilko. Motorhead. (A)
 84. Flamin' Groovies. Penner. Patti. Hot Rods. Nico. Lurkers. Andy McKay. (A)
 85. Siouxsie. The Clash. Doll by Doll. Television. Only Ones. (A)
 86. Rich Kids. X-Ray Spex. Steel Pulse. Otway. Revillos. Raincoats. Human League. Suicide. (A)
 87. Blondie. Jagger and Richards. Culture. C. Voltaire. Weirdos. Merger. YMGB. (A)
 88. Ramones. Jilted John. XTC. Boys. Normal. Patti. Blondie. Big in Japan. Crayola Flexi. (A)
 89. Thunders. Clock. DVA. Ramones. (B)
 90. Public Image. Siouxsie. Ultravox. Dennis Brown. The Worst. Vice Versa. (A)
 91. Ian Dury. Jam. Tosh. Ultravox. Prefects. Pinpoint. (B)
 92. Doll by Doll. Vic Godard. Costello. Lowe. Reme. Rema. Simple Minds. Carcrash. Gang of Four. Gloria Mundi. (B)
 93. Slits. Scars. Clash. Hagen. (A)
 94. Only Ones. Buzzcocks. Hunter. Fripp. I'm So Hollow. Vincent Units. (B)
 95. P. Furs. Destroy All Monsters. Swell Maps. Cramps. Kleenex. (B)
 97. Motorhead. Pretenders. Foley. Talking Heads. Gary Numan. Cook and Jones. Cravats. Flowers. (B)

98. Blondie. 2-Tone. Barracudas. I Roy. Swell Maps. Dark. Joan Jett. (B)
 99. P. Furs. Toyah. Ramones. Joe Jackson. Nips. New York. Simple Minds. Clash (On The Road). Japan. (B)
 100. Basement 5. Newtown Neurotics. Spizz. K. Joke. Only Ones. (B)
 101. S. L. F. Suicide. Adam and the Ants. Doll by Doll. Magazine. Siouxsie. LKJ. Raincoats. Decay. (A)
 103. 8 Eyed Spy. Tenpole. Discharge. Boys. Carpettes. Vic Goddard. Grace Jones. Holly & Italians. Peter Gabriel. Small Labels Catalogue. Girlschool. (B)
 104. Marley. Toyah. Buzzcocks. Altered Images. Cristina. Martian Dance. (B)
 105. Skids. Go-Gos. Gabriel. Passions. Human League. Wasted Youth. Motorhead. B-52's. (B)
 106. Bauhaus. Honey Bone. Orange Juice. P. Furs. Stewart Copeland. Nightingales. Marty Thau. (B)
 107. Keith Richards. This Heat. Sound. Ramones. Gang of Four. Dead Kennedys. TV Explorers. TMG. (B)
 108. Motorhead. Toyah. Tenpole. Theatre of Hate. Echo & Bunnymen. Thunders. (B)
 109. Au Pairs. Damned. Photos. Ultravox. Monochrome Set. Motels. Chelsea. Lurkers. Stray Cats. Thompson Twins. (A)
 110. Cramps. G. Glitter. Pearl Harbour. Joanna Lumley. Pauline Murray. Riff Raff. Cravats. Jilted John. Comsat Angels. (B)
 111. Girlschool. Undertones. Nico. Barracudas. Gen X. (B)
 112. Dids. APF. Pil. Sutch. Fleshtones. Stranglers. Marlian Dance. Lynn Seymour. (C)
 113. Paul Simonon. Siouxsie. Private Eye. Scars. Classix. Foley. UK Decay. Wanderers. Dr. Mix. Japan. (B)
 114. Duran Duran. Altered Images. John Cale. Photos. Quentin Crisp. Fad Gadget. Modern English. DAF. Dark. (B)
 115. Beat. Cramps. L. Kittens. Tenpole. Linx. D. M. S. Toyah. Tosh. LKJ. Rollers. (C)
 116. K. Joke. Coati Mundi. Iggy. Black Uhuru. Dollar. Pretenders. Small Labels Catalogue. TV Smith. Czukay. (B)
 117. Bolan. Debbie Harry. Zantees. J. Aire. Siouxsie. Hammill. Sparke. Wobble. GAOB. (C)
 118. M. Faithful. Simple Minds. Hunter. Johansen. Charge. Subtitles. Theatre of Hate. Bow Wow Wow. (C)
 119. Clash. Kid Creole. Medium Medium. Action Pact. Slits. Cramps. BB King. Brian James. (C)
 120. Japan. Chic. Linx. Sex Gang (Panic Button). Cabaret Voltaire. Cravats. Carlene Carter. Ramones. Dislocation Dance. (A)
 121. Bauhaus. Dids. Stray Cats. Finish The Story. Thomas Leer. Rip Rig. Lydia Lunch. G. Glitter. (A)
 123. The Fall. Weller. Fashion. Bucks Fizz. Membranes. Panther Burns. Dave Greenfield. (C)
 124. Mick Karn. Danse Society. Weller. Gina X. James Chance. (B)
 125. Birthday Party. Waitresses. Flock of Seagulls. GBH. Junior. Theatre of Hate. (D)
 126. Joan Jett. Chance. Altered Images. Defunkt. Clock DVA. Vice Squad. Southern Death Cult. (C)
 128. Virgin Prunes. Blondie. Belle Stars. Gene Loves Jezebel. (D)
 129. Marc Almond. Haysi. UK Decay. Blood & Roses. Hagen. Gang of 4. (D)
 133. Yearbook. The Who. A-Z Guitarists. (B)



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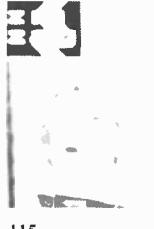
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2

NEW ZIGZAGS. (D)

1. Sex Gang. X-Mal. Sisters of Mercy. Cocteaus. Peel. Alien Sex Fiend. Bod. Death Cult.
2. P. Furs. Death Cult. Lords. Lavolta. Billy Bragg. King Kurt. Test Tube Babies. Rent Boys. Danielle Dax. Turkey Bones. The Fall. Pink & Black. Johnny Thunders.
3. Marc Almond. The Alarm. The Cure. Sun Ra. Flesh for Lulu. Ausgang. Under Two Flags. Alan Vega. Milkshakes. Ministry. Crazy House. Danielle Dax.
4. Eurythmics. Foxton. Danse Society. Specimen. Tracie. Spear of Destiny.
5. Toyah. Redskins. Smiths. John McGeoch. SPK. Waterboys. 1,000 Mexicans. In Embrace.
6. Style Council. The Tube. Poison Girls. Dave Ball. Alien Sex Fiend. The Glove. Test Department. VIZ.
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WED 2 - GLASGOW NME MOVES
THUR 3 - NEWCASTLE TIFFANY'S
TUE 8 - MANCHESTER CLOUD 9
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