

# ZIG ZAG

REBELS COME IN  
ALL SHAPES & SIZES

RUBELLA BALLET

BRONSKI BEAT

RODDY FRAME

THE KANE GANG

FRANK SINATRA

LLOYD COLE

THE GUN CLUB

LOTUS EATERS

X? MAI THE FAMOUS FIVE

# U2

## *The Unforgettable Fire*



*The New Album Available On Record & Chrome Cassette  
Produced By Eno/Lanois*



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ZIGZAG APOLOGY. The photographs used of The  
Joint Club last issue, in the news item and the ZigZag  
subscription ad were taken by Bob Jardine who did not  
receive a credit. He would also like it known he did not  
sanction the use of the second picture for ZigZag  
purposes. Our apology for the great confusion.

# HEARING AID



**MARK ALMOND** – puckish dilettante – gets out of bed after paying his respects to Tommy Cooper and crawls back to life this month: a new single 'You Have' and a spanking new LP due in the next few weeks. Plus appearances in the flesh with friends and assorted ex-Mambas at Chippenham Goldiggers on 4th Sept and on the 8th at the Royal Festival Hall.

## Can Green Men Sing the Blues?

### Ten Gaelic Chartbusters

Finding themselves exiled to the dark streets of London, Pogue Mahone's Rocky O'Riordain (bass) and Shane McGowan (voice and guitar) console themselves over a beer by humming a few inspirational bars of the songs they left behind . . .

### FIVE SONGS OF MY FATHER'S THAT ARE DEAR TO MY HEART by Rocky O'Riordain.

**The Cliffs of Doneen.** "It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's evening . . . You're telling me mate."

When in spiky humour, I think it's always safer to listen to some nice, peaceful, heartfelt tribute to some nice, peaceful place than to any one of the million half crazed invocations and threnodies to flesh and blood that this musical genre has to offer. When in doubt, my friends, sunsets not sex. BUT! There is one noble exception:

**I'll Take You Home Again Caitlin.** Yeah! The ultimate knee-trembler. Truly soulful tack. A confession! I fantasize about getting Morrissey drunk and, amongst other things, making him sing to me.

**The Rare Old Times.** ". . . Maid and city of my town." Being rootless myself, I suffer neither sympathy nor affinity for most misty-eyed persons of civic pride, but *this* one – God . . .

Heard an old fellow singing it last summer – he was crying almost as much as I was.

**The Dying Soldier.** As our affectionate friend Mr Wilde once said: "No man dies for what he knows to be true. Men die for what they want to be true, what some terror in their hearts tells them is not true."

Whatever dark emotions are stirred in us by these 'rebel' songs, we must all of us realize and hold that dark knowledge in our hearts.

**Pub Crawl,** by Brendan Shine. A true classic! The New Anthem! In centuries to come this song will still be sung wherever civilised people may gather. The only song to stop me weeping into my beer – why hasn't this many been deified yet?

That's it then – pretentious enough for you?

*Three cheers for the Rouskateers – a quick plug for Rouska Promotions run by Richard P. Rouskateer, along with Liz Bradbury and James Blonde. Formed a couple of months ago, they've set up to provide a sales/distribution base for fanzines, tapes and indie records. Their services include badgemarking, information and help with artwork, and they're also responsible for the wonderful Rouska fanzine, Time for Action modzine, Flame poetryzine,*

*and the Flame tape label. "We are here to be used," announces Richard. "Help tomorrow's people get ahead yesterday."*

*Richard is also involved in Satellite C.I.D. C.I.D. stands for Communication, Information and Distribution, and they intend to do all these three things, and they put out a free catalogue every three months listing info and contacts.*

*Get in touch with Richard at White House, Lumby Hill, Monk Fryston, LS25 5EB, Tel: (0977) 683288.*



### SHANE MCGOWAN'S FIVE FAVOURITE SONGS.

**The Green Fields of France,** by Eric Bogle. One of the best anti-war songs I ever heard, by the man who wrote the other best anti-war song I ever heard, 'The Band Played Waltzing Matilda.'

**Carrickfergus.** The saddest of songs you can sing on a park bench with a bottle of V.P. The love of home, the lack of home, the lack of drink, the abundance of cheap stuff, and they're buried in the old church yard.

**Down By The Glenside (The Bold Fenian Man).** Written by Paddy Kearney, who wrote the 'Soldier's Song' (Irish National Anthem). Real misery, no Morrissey. An old woman weeping for her poor dead darling boys.

**The Old Triangle,** by Brendan Behan. A sad song about a stay in Dublin's Mountjoy Hotel, where the accommodation's free and so is the food. Famous guests include Kevin Barry, Brendan Behan, and Johnny Lydon.

**The Galway Shawl.** Cherish the ladies.

... and anything Luke Kelly (dead) or Jimmy Crowley (alive) consider worth singing.

*Time gentlemen please, but before you go, take note – Pogue Mahone release their first LP next month, when they will be joining Elvis Costello (by special request) on a tour of the nation.*

## JOHN DOES IT HIMSELF

Ever wonder how your fave star could afford to swank around like some extra in a Billy Joel video — you know, all cosmetically perfect capped teeth and gold plated nose? Or more realistically, are you in a band and skint? Then read on.

As a songwriter it is your right to receive a certain percentage for every record that your record company presses — note the word *presses*, not sells. It's called a mechanical royalty and usually weighs in at 6 1/2%, subject to other agreements made with your publishers. To receive this with ease then join the **Mechanical Copyright Protection Society**. It's their job to make sure that the record companies cough up their dues, and it's a good idea to get in touch because too many bands are being ripped off and being deliberately left in the dark by cowboy record companies. The address is 41 Streatham High Road, London SW16 1ER.

It's worth mentioning **PRS** here too. This organisation collects the royalties from all radio plays of your records. These are usually collected by your publisher who might be picking up a good percentage before handing the rest down to the band.

FACT — many publishers do nothing but collect your money, and unless you've got a publisher who will promote your record you may as well join the Performing Rights Society and let them send you all the money. Their address is 29/33 Berners St, London W1P 4AA.

It makes sense to get to know the business. It's time to cut out the cowboy. It's no wonder the independent scene is so weak — it's been infiltrated by second-hand car salesmen who don't care about music. Screw these scroungers for every penny and hopefully put them out of business!

JOHN EMBROILED

## GADD! GLITTER LIVE



The most welcome comeback of the decade continued unabated as Gary Glitter celebrated his long overdue return to the chart with a more than sold out jubilee on a hot and windless July evening. With the most disparate audience imaginable completely united in just one common cause, the chants sounded like the Nuremberg Rallies, the singalongs like the Welsh Male Voice Choir. It was that emotive, that overpowering; the atmosphere hung heavier than the sticky B.O. pouring from 2,000-plus sweaty worshippers in a Palais which ought to be re-opened as a brothel, should its entertainment licence ever be revoked.

From the opening chords through to the closing crashes there was no way Glitter could fail. The whims of London Transport dictated that we miss the opening acts, so Sid Presley and The Meteors can look elsewhere for printed justification of their sordid little enterprises. But Gary Glitter, read on.

With more Greatest Hits to his name than most bands have change of socks, Glitter's strongest point has always been that he knows why he is there. It isn't an artistic fulfilment trip for him, no spoiling the party by plugging the latest b-sides, from start to finish it's like having your own jukebox; "Always Yours", "Hello, Hello, I'm Back Again", "Dance Me Up" . . .

The full Top Of The Pops Routine as well, and if the stage presentation seems a little austere (only two costume changes and a Band who Glitter in name alone), Gary's sense of spectacle has only increased. At last transcending every boundary of good taste and common decency, no gesture is too corny, no ad-lib too grotesque. Throwing roses to the crowd, conducting singalongs, turning on the houselights to see how beautiful the audience really are, Glitter is a consummate showman, possibly the last true Pop Star this country will ever produce. So what if his cry of "bring on the dancing girls" was met only by an all-enveloping cloud of dry ice, or that "Leader Of The Gang" was performed sans motorbike, not even the hardest cynic in the house could have kept the Kleenex at bay when "I Love You Love Me Love" escaped the shackles of the three minute pop song and actually became a statement of fact. We are still together after all that we've been through, and I, for one, would not want to be anywhere else.

DAVE THOMAS

Capitol

# SINATRA

## THE CAPITOL YEARS

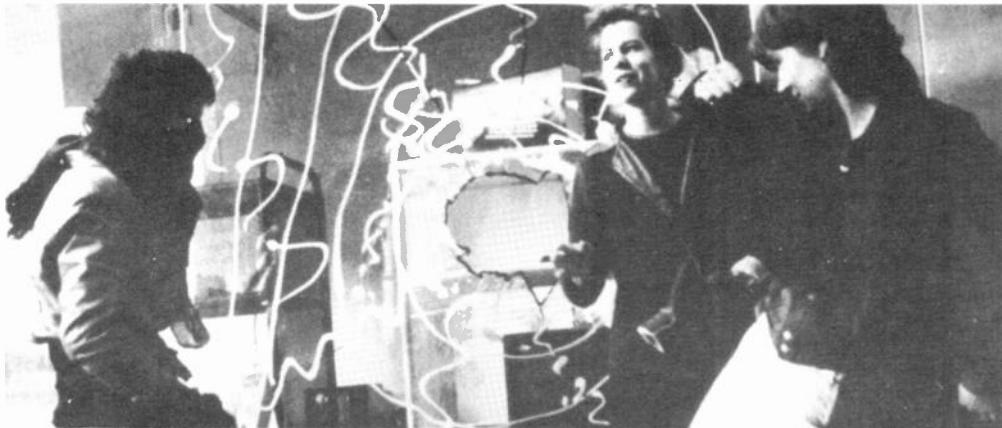


songs for  
swingin' lovers!

THESE DIGITALLY REMASTERED ALBUMS  
**SOUND BETTER  
THAN EVER!**  
IN THE SHOPS NOW

ALSO AVAILABLE ON HIGH QUALITY XDR CASSETTE

# I HEARING AID



Pic: Peter Anderson

As trends go, the raking together of musical styles and matching with celluloid epics is a diverting, though relatively superfluous pastime.

To compete with those who align themselves with Vincent Price's sacred bewailing or the Brando pose, **Ut** would have their own collection of chrome and plastic.

Erased would be 'The Twilight Zone' and 'The Prisoner' for being simplistic and docile, replaced by a Luis Bunuel season and Ken McMullen's 'Ghost Dance'. While Abel Gance's silent masterpiece 'Napoleon' would flicker away as a backdrop to their lives. Editing these clips together would be youthful French philosophers (white roll-neck jumper and suit) providing a commentary in esoterical tongue on abstract urban surroundings.

Or maybe not.

**Ut** are two thirds American; Sally Young and Jacqui Ham, one third English; Nina Canal. Each is unclassified and in possession of no identity except their own. To complement this they sing, play guitar, bass and drums interchangeably. Allowing a certain vulnerability to their live set. "Most bands you go to see all have similar structure with one singer. How many gigs do you go and see where the whole set is interesting. You tell me?" demands Nina.

"Let's face it. What we do is pretty radical," claims Sally, about the on-stage multi-exchanges.

**Ut** were born amongst the cries of Central Park, CBGB's and yellow cabs. Leaving their semi-native New York for the old world at the end of 1981.

Jacqui: "We heard the Fall and thought they were amazing. That was the first band that made us stay."

"Here there's national radio and three music papers. In New York you're in a ghetto. You're caught. You can't get gigs you can't get anything."

Nina continues: "We came intending to be in Europe and ended up in London. I was worried about England because I knew how difficult it would be. Things have gone in fits and starts really. Spurts and low periods."

In their time they have had coveted support slots with Virgin Prunes, Birthday Party and their beloved Fall. Buried roots of the three aforementioned may be where **Ut** stem from but with it they have brought a refreshing stark jaggedness and deeper lyrics underlying.

*"You spent your life/From where you spat"* ('Confidential')  
Jacqui: "Words are extremely important. To me it is subversing and transforming people. Words go in deep. I write them first. They are the meaning. Then the music comes and develops it."

Sally agrees: "If there weren't the lyrics it would take away the heart. To me that's where the influence comes from."

The name also bears witness to their dexterous links. Like the group, reinterpreted by many creeds it has several meanings but never an ultimate end.

**Ut** are the purveyors of blood red skies dripping upon green screaming hills. Music for post-apocalypse cocktail parties.

MIKE EYLES

## Ut an utter disgrace

# last night a DJ shaved my WIFE?

It's difficult enough trying to write a 'Day in the Life of . . .' type of article. It's impossible if the person is **Hamish**. Hamish crams into each day what to an average person would constitute a lifetime's strenuous activity. Studying a list of his latest accomplishments, it would be infinitely less difficult to tell you what he doesn't do, which would hardly leave you with much of an insight. Those of you prancing through clubland harbouring misapprehensions such as — 'anyone could be a DJ, all you do is slap records on' — will be most enlightened by what actually happens. Those of you who don't much care may prefer another angle to the man — that of **Sex Beat** originator and front-person. What else does he do? Well, there's the Better Badges business that he operates, the merchandising work for bands, the running of a club . . .

Does he ever turn offers down?

"Well actually I said no recently to an offer of DJ work in Greece. £125 a week, all expenses paid. I'm doing too much already, to be honest. Next month I'm branching out into promoting concerts. It's the gig the Batcave never did at the Electric Ballroom with Flesh for Lulu, Alien Sex Fiend and **Sex Beat**. It has nothing to do with the Specimen or the Batcave though. That club has had its day."

Hamish, until recently was DJ for the Batcave, last year's spearhead of the gothic movement, this year's no. 1 tourist trap. Hamish also does DJ work at Astral Flight club, the Camden Palace, Dingwalls, Lyceum/Palais on concert nights . . . He describes DJ techniques and technicalities with loving enthusiasm, and discusses his observations of music mixes and trends in detail.

Does he realise the enormity of his influence — London's alternative

22 SEPTEMBER 1984

### JAYNE HOUGHTON INVESTIGATES

music guru?

By observation I can determine what other people want to hear which is music not generally covered by radio. I'm gradually nearing one of my goals — to work on a radio show. In the meantime I'm playing music in my club, The Mystery Train (Foubert's, Wednesdays). The idea of the Train is to get on an idea and see how far it will take us . . ."

**Sex Beat**, Hamish's other important venture, has recently been running into difficulties. The other members are now in various parts of the world, leaving Hamish brimming with ideas and nobody to perform them. Until Constance. She was, until recently, bassist with Christian Death but felt stifled, like a caterpillar knowing it should really be more important.

She left the band, cocooned herself in a chrysalis, emerging at last as a butterfly. Hamish had the net and they've since been exploring their like-mindedness as the new **Sex Beat**.

"Everyone encourages me to continue **Sex Beat**. It is the most important thing to me and I know this time it will work. As the previous **Sex Beat** we were naive and got manipulated."

In three months I can guarantee Hamish will be throwing himself headfirst into some (ad)venture not yet created or anticipated.

"As a Capricorn I have the capacity to organize things and make business happen. Success for me would be the point when I can express myself without worrying about whether I can afford it! I could do a million things if only I had a touch more time to myself, I already work eight days a week."

Hamish, who is 29, will undoubtedly live to be 150 years old.

# ART ON YOUR SLEEVE

When the Beggars/4AD operation moved to its present Wandsworth premises, Ivo asked a man by the name of Vaughan who had previously designed sleeves for Modern English to come and work for him. Originally the arrangement was for no more than artwork and graphics but over the last year the visual side of 4AD has become more important than ever...

"... It was taking the way records were presented," elaborates Ivo, "and making that as attractive and caring as possible. The majority of records are packaged really unsympathetically (or just pathetically). Vaughan has the ability to do something very interesting, so we got him."

Vaughan and his partner Nigel work under the '23 Envelope' moniker — hope you don't want to know what that means. Although in their past they've designed everything from baked beans labels to perfume bottles, they now work exclusively for 4AD on sleeves, and backdrops, and they've just started applying their approach to video. (The only outside work they've done is for Yazoo — that sleeve with the two dogs fighting.)

There approach is... over to Vaughan...

"I convinced them they needed a consistent identity (not like Factory but there are parallels I guess). It's not a matter of giving a band an image with a photo or a logo. It's something that's going to get an emotional,

personal response. We take the band's ideas and interpret them visually. It's not as if we're solely interested in sleeve design either. I don't think it would work with bands we don't like. 4AD seems the natural place to work because we like all the bands. I wasn't exactly passionately involved with Yazoo, that became more of a job."

Their approach is refreshingly original... you can always recognise a 23 Envelope sleeve but you can never quite put your finger on why. Rather than take a band as a unit, Vaughan and Nigel separate out the different personalities involved. This necessitates a lot of thought and a lot of care. Most sleeves fall into the categories of tack/gaudy or pushy; 23 Envelope's are intriguing, fascinating, seductive, even subversive. And I haven't got a clue what the name means.

"I sometimes wonder if we take it too seriously," muses Vaughan. "Hopefully the interest and the passion is evident. I think people are attracted by the ambiguity. I like to leave a lot of space for people's personal interpretations, rather than have one specific literal meaning. The way we work, creating a landscape, an environment, is what the Cocteau Twins do with their songs. It's our response to their songs. We do visually what they do musically. There's something vague about their music, something not quite tangible. You can get that sense of space. It's difficult to pin it down. I think people find that attractive. Something you can't quite understand. Something that makes you ask 'Why?'"

TOM VAGUE



## YOUNG PARISIANS

ZTT's offices, mid July. Hitsville in UK. Outside the door stand a couple of Frankiephiles waving flags. Inside the building Frankie Goes to Hollywood and assorted members of Propaganda are milling around, and with Frankie still sitting squarely at the top of the charts, the building is sucking in success.

ZTT — the stamp of Horn/Morley inc. Studio machinations with menace as a marketing exercise. But Anne Pigalle? Frankie says what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?

"ZTT," she says, "were the right company because they wanted to do something a bit different."

She's late and apologises for it: "I have been a bit late, uh? I have rushed. I just came out of the studio." And then she apologises for her English. Twee to say so, but she looks French. Blue suit, with calf-length trousers, a lacy blouse, longish dark hair and a pair of dark glasses.

"I don't know what we're going to talk about."

Nor me. At this point she hasn't really done anything except for get herself signed to ZTT, and that's not a lot to go on. You see, Pigalle was signed up almost a year ago and has been sitting around ever since while the company has been rather busy with other projects.

It must be a bit funny having full page adverts for you before you've even done anything.

"Well, that's the policy here isn't it. I suppose it's to calm me down, you know, because I've been waiting for so long. Really a long time. It's quite atrocious. I want to do it. I'm not into just sitting around and having my picture in the paper."

A pile of songs already written with Nick Plytas are waiting to be used. She can't even perform much until something comes out because Morley is not keen to organise such things until it does. She is frustrated.

"It's all ready. It's been there for ages. I've been waiting to go into the studio, but because Trevor Horn was so busy I had to wait and now I can't wait any more — so we're going to start and he's going to come in half way through."

She pauses to find a cigarette: "Do you have a light?"

No.

"How terrible."

Anne Pigalle describes herself as a torch singer. Everyone's got their own definition of that label — here is hers: "It's about passion. Not just singing about it but actually expressing it in a very strong way. And it's about love."

Paul Morley has said that the youth of today is more interested in hearing about sex. Does that fit in with what you do?

Pigalle pauses before she answers. "He is interested in sex."

Another pause.

"I think kids today are much less into sex than they used to be. They're very frightened about it and they're very androgenous. I don't find them very sexy. Maybe that's why Paul wants to bring a bit of sex back into their lives. Yes... that fits in with what I do, but maybe what I do is more of an intellectual approach... I mean sex isn't just sex, it's how people relate to each other, and that's what I talk about."

Pigalle is from Paris: "I started going out in the scene when I was quite young. I used to go out a lot because I've always liked the idea of trying to do something. And with my girlfriend we tried to have an all-girl group and we were great, but we had no experience so that didn't go far. And then I went to university for two weeks, and that was a bit much."

So Pigalle came to London to make a name for herself, three years ago now. Paris, it seems, was not the place for someone of her ambitions to get on in. She spent a year in search of a style and another in search of a record contract.

"I used to come here to visit a boyfriend. At that time it was quite exciting, and I really came when it started to get a bit boring."

Say it ain't so!

"It is. I'm sure the kids still enjoy it, because that's all they're given, so for them it means something. But I don't think it's a question of being blasé — I just think it's a bit dull. I don't think it brings that much to their lives. I don't think it leaves them a big place to make their imagination."

A big place to make the imagination. A very nice turn of phrase, that. And that's what Pigalle intends to make.

"The idea is to do something quite emotional. That is supposed to be what music is about, but it's been a bit bland lately. Everyone is a bit too obsessed with Top of the Pops. If it's not that then it goes into a kind of obscure thing. A bit self-indulgent type of thing which I don't agree with because it doesn't reach that many people."

Pigalle sings half in English, half in French. She's waving a tricolour for a nation that hasn't really come out of the British-American shadow.

"Yes, definitely. You know people in France are frustrated. I think we've got lots of interesting culture, lots of interesting things to say, and English pop music has been going on for so much, you need a bit of freshness into it. It's our turn. It's our revenge."

A long time coming. The only French name which springs to mind that has made it across the water in recent times — aside from Eartha Kitt that is — is Plastic Bertrand.

Pigalle looks at me despairingly. "He was Belgian." Ooops!

SOON FRENCH, declares WILLIAM SHAW

# IN THE CLUB

"Come into my dream and witness the groovy vibes in swinging Southend," says The Dream Maker, self-appointed leader of the children of the revolution and the strange mind behind Southend's newest psychedelic club **The Taste Experience**.

"The Club," claims the 19 year-old groover, "is a counter-balance to the noise pollution currently perpetrated by purveyors of puerile pop... all the uncool dudes who've delved into Pandora's Box and have experienced a brain drain, and who aren't part of the Now Generation."



"The idea of the it," continues the madman, "is NOT revivalist, but is created to embody the music and spirit of the late 60s, with an 80s ambience and flavour. The music played is a general trip through the psychedelic spectrum, ranging from the Lemon Pipers to the Lords of the New Church, from Screaming Lord Sutch to the Monkees, from the Electric Prunes to Lou Reed...".

This all takes place on the last Saturday of every month (next one on 30th September) at The Blue Boar, Victoria Avenue, Southend. Admission is £1.50 and you are strongly advised to wear period costume in order to make yourself as inconspicuous as possible amongst the throng. **THE TASTE EXPERIENCE SAMPLER**

Lemon Pipers

*The Jelly Jungle*

Amen Corner *High In The Sky*  
David Peel and Lower East Side

*I Want to Kill You*

The Mode *...Eastern Music*  
Soft Machine

*Love Makes Sweet Music*  
Iron Butterfly

*Most Anything You Want*  
Misunderstood

*Children of the Sun*  
Crazy World of Arthur Brown

*Fire*  
Pink Floyd *.....Lucifer Sam*

The Nice *.....America*

Things are a little less escapist in Hull, where sometime ranting poet and the man behind 'New Youth' fanzine, Swift Nick, has been setting up the **Unity Club**. Aided by like-minded spirits, Nick sees the club as a way of helping to build some unity and create a collective atmosphere of optimism and positive ideas.

"There are so-called alternative clubs in Hull," Nick says, "but they're usually run for the profit reason and are full of people more interested in their clothes and hairstyles than anything else. The Unity Club is the opposite of that."

So far, they've been putting on bands like the Newtown Neurotics and the Redskins, usually on Friday nights at The Trades and Labour Club, Beverly Road. The price is "as cheap as possible," which usually means somewhere around £1.50 or £1 with UB40. Membership makes it cheaper still...

On Friday 14th September Northampton bands This Parade and Groovy Underwear will be appearing alongside locals Gavgoyle and Reaction.

## Fanzines

**BEAST** No 19. 30p from 9 Union Rd, Exeter.

The last edition, the cover screams in exasperation. We are informed by someone who knows the wayward mind of compiler John the Fat Beast that this is unlikely, but if it is true then it's a sad day for rock 'n' roll.

**KINKY BOOTS** 2. 20p from 119 Queen Mary Avenue, Cleethorpes, S Humbers. Psychedelic Furs, APB, Christopher and Hanoi Rocks all dealt with very entertainingly — but a bit of an odd line-up. These Boots have polish but lack direction (ha!).

**STAND UP AND SPIT** No 2. 20p from a small skinhead that Mick bumped into.

Politically inflammatory material from little skinheads. The boot, it seems, is on the other foot.

**NEW YOUTH** 4. 30p from 26 Ella St, Newland Avenue, Hull.

More consciousness raising from Swift Nick and his buddies. International Rescue, Billy Bragg, Red Guitars, Cold Dance, Luddites, John Cooper Clarke.

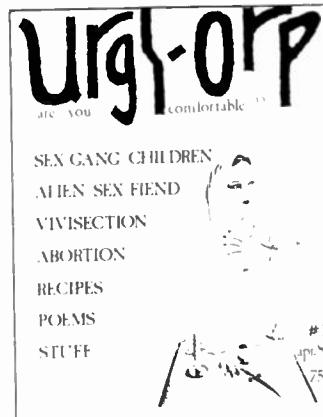
**ALTERNATIVE MAGAZINE**. 20p from 179 Wilton St, Glasgow.

Lots of interviews: Cult, New Model Army, Billy Bragg, Dead Neighbours, Schleimer K, Barn Barn Calling, Exile...

**URGL-ORP** No 7. 75 cents (+ 75 cents postage) from Nicole, 36-2300 Ogilvie Rd, Gloucester, Ontario K1J 7X8, Canada.

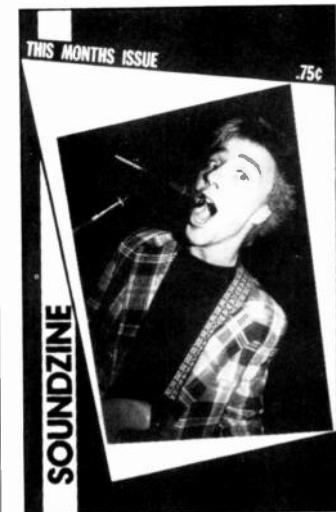
Mercer sits in his office pretending to scan a copy of the Melody Maker diary, but there under the covers is a copy of Ural-Orp. Caught out, he excuses himself as best he can: "It's damn good."

He's right, of course. Sex Gang and Alien Sex Fiend plus the sort of women's politics that make boys wish for a sex change.



**SOUNDZINE**. 75 cents c/o Plan 9 Records, 3002 Carey St, Richmond, Virginia.

Filth and radical insanity. The name may be silly, but the contents are wonderful, simply wonderful, and make you think it's about time there was an American invasion.



**THE BUNKER** 6. 35p from 14 Rendham Rd, Saxmundham, Suffolk IP17 1DT.

A light and frothy magazine containing much jollity and New Model Army, The Farmers Boys, Attila the Stockbroker and Panorama in Black.

**JUGENT** Vol 8. From somewhere in Japan.

My Japanese is not as good as it used to be so I can't give you the address, but the short inscrutable people seem to be very taken with what ex-members of Bauhaus are up to now.

**LAUGHING AND FALLING**  
Issue 5. 20p from 327 Strathmartine Rd, Dundee.

The Fall, Marc Riley, Red Guitars, Smiths, Orson Family, Prefab Sprout, Del Amitri all quite winningly discussed. Pity about the lay-out though...

One more thing. When stocking you libraries with these items remember that none of these people are millionaires. Send an s.a.e.

WILLIAM SHAW

## SCREEN GEMS

**PROGRAM FOR PROGRESS**. Test Dept. (Polygram Video)

43 minutes of post-industrial pickings and junkyard gems; guns, Lenin, news footage and lots of abandoned workplaces. (Isn't it a good thing they closed down all those factories and sent the workers home.) Program for Progress is not another benign vinyl sales device — the metal-work music is relegated to soundtrack status for a series of images culled or for worse. The sum of the parts is less than it should be, but some of the parts are still pretty riveting (ho!). Snippets raise hairs where there were none before, but I'd still prefer to see them beating about in a tube station any day.



**LIVE FROM LONDON**. Lords of the New Church, (Polygram video).

WATCH Stiv Bators trying to squeeze his way onto the edges of Iggy's and Thunders' stools. WATCH him fall off and slide miserably unnoticed to the floor, as the LIVE audience, wildly unenthusiastic, pay scant attention. WATCH Brian James run through a few of his favourite old 'riffs'. SOAK in the heady atmosphere. Turn down the sound and really have a giggle. Turn off the telly and really give yourself a break.

William Shaw

# THE PLAYN JAYN

## FRIDAY THE 13<sup>th</sup>

AT THE MARQUEE CLUB

**SPECIAL PRICE LIMITED EDITION  
LIVE ALBUM  
OUT NOW**

EXPECT TO PAY  
NO MORE THAN  
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Crazed Rocker Mick Sinclair arm wrestles and jives with mean Mutha Dee Snider of Twisted Sister who isn't as dumb as he looks.



# KNIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN

"When I was a kid I was a loner, I didn't have many friends. Every day I'd go home, close the door of my room, get in front of the mirror with a guitar, put on a record, Alice Cooper or Led Zeppelin maybe and I'd just rock out. I'd go someplace where I had a million friends, someplace where the party never stops, someplace where they ride in limousines with women on each arm and I'd sweat! I'd be *dripping* in my own room just rockin' out. I'd feel good and it made my life bearable."

Dem bones dem bones dem . . . Dee Snider  
10 ZIGZAG SEPTEMBER 1984

got to pose with the decaying meat coated leg bone of a recently deceased cow during the photo sessions for the sleeve of Twisted Sister's 'Stay Hungry' lp. "It stank," said Dee, meaning the bone not the record.

Dee Snider: Hair, limbs, Mickey Mouse vest, extrovert nose and mouth. He's on the couch and I'm on the Lucozade.

"I had a strict, physical and repressive kind of a father. He was a cop, in good shape, definitely a hard arse. It took me longer than most kids to start to rebel but it got to the point where he couldn't keep a hold on me and

as soon as I could I got out of the house. "When I got to 16 he gave up hope. He had an image of his son as being this guy who would have been a policeman if he hadn't been lucky enough to be a professional ball player. He was a cop who liked being a cop but really wanted to be a baseball player. He felt I had talent, I was a good athlete but when I quit playing ball to practice with my band he was horrified and disgusted.

"There was a four year period when he wouldn't even look at me. I was an embarrassment, a kid with athletic talent wasting himself singing rock and roll. He would do anything to discourage me from my rock and roll career. He wouldn't allow me to go to rehearsal so I'd say I'm going jogging and I'd jog to rehearsal and jog back afterwards.

"When I was 16 he'd cut my hair off repeatedly until the neighbours complained. He gave me a military haircut that was so repulsive the neighbours' actually said 'what are you doing to him, he looks horrible.' So he said he wouldn't cut my hair any more and I said, 'brilliant, have you got any glue?'

Dee Snider is now 29 and with his dad. "Friendly, we're real close. Once you get a distance you realise they're just products of their parents. You always have this view of your grandparents as these angelic beings who bring sweets over on the weekend but then you think maybe they were screwed up and maybe that's why my old man's like that. I realised the problem wasn't that my parents didn't like me but that they loved me so much they had to interfere with my life because they thought I was going the wrong way."

"They were brought up with America, Apple Pie, Fight For Your Country, Depression Babies, Roosevelt, World War Two! Kill The Nazis! They were really Americans and they couldn't understand long hair. I was only about



14 or 15 in the late sixties when all the craziness was going on but the atmosphere was there. Everybody rebelling and going on anti-government protests. They didn't want their son turning out like that."

Play it loud, mother. You didn't pursue other alleyways of rebellion?

"I don't think they realised how bad I could've been. I was not a bad kid! I just lived for music and wanted to grow my hair long. I didn't do drugs or smoke or hang out, I wasn't cool. I liked cars, I got a few speeding tickets but my friends were drugged out, stoned, drunk, 15 year olds who never went home.

My parents thought I was a dream when my brothers got older. One is a real *dirtbag*. Leather jacket, hod-rod, the classic street fighter, getting arrested, a *bad seed*. All I ever wanted to do was sing!"

What good do you think came out of that era for America as a whole?

"The realisation that the government is not this angelic, God fearing organisation that only does what's right for the people and would never swear or get drunk or have sex. The concept my parents and the people like them had was that the government was above everything. But they're lyin' cheatin' conniving scumbags who run the world. Bullshit, sex and drugs. Why is there such a big thing about curing AIDS? It's because some of the politicians have AIDS and they don't want it to get out.

"For my parents it was sad. They believed so hard in the government and the American Way, they were real Americans who'd hang the flag out the window and yell 'love it or leave it'. Then when the truth about Nixon came out, that he was a liar and a disgusting person, it meant everything us kids, although I had never really been a hippie, had been screaming about was true and they were wrong.

"The backlash is like their spirit's been broken, they don't stand up like they used to and say

'the President is for everyman' now it's just 'oh, Reagan, just out for the rich'. They seem beaten, it took the belief in America away from them and from all the people like them." So what's the current rage with 16 year old Americans?

"Apathy. They're very big on apathy. Just into the same things I was. I wasn't morally conscious although with my peers I was into wearing the ecology patches but the whole thing of '68 had got beyond a movement and had become commercially saleable. So there were little kids with peace symbols on their lunch boxes and Ken and Barbie dolls with headbands and big round glasses.

"The hippie movement became a trend and we became basically apathetic. Not politically conscious or active — like going back to the fifties ra-ra, having fun, getting high, drivin', cruisin', listening to rock and roll — the do nothing and enjoy yourself rock and roll lifestyle. I don't know if that's good either." You don't know if you approve of it? Surely Twisted Sister are a part of that lifestyle?

"Yeah but in the extreme I don't approve of it. I don't approve of ignoring things but then again I don't think the kids are even conscious anymore. They're having a good time as they should. When I look back at high school it seemed such a chore but you don't appreciate the fun and lack of worries. Maybe that's what life should be about, people enjoying themselves more. Making a point of enjoying themselves more."

Don't Let Me Down (a Twisted Sister song). "We all need heroes," says Dee. His is Alice Cooper. Or was.

"When you're a kid you want to be like someone. I didn't have the looks or the cool or the physical presence to be like Bowie — gliding into a room and filling it with perfume and presence. Alice Cooper was just sweaty, a day's growth, big nose, sharp features — that's me!

"It's a shame that he's just like gone. Oh God, he's been putting out albums full of ballads! He changed, on a national TV special in the States. He tore himself apart. He said he didn't know

who the person on stage was but he knew he didn't like that person. Now when you believe in a person and the person who it is starts telling you that you feel a fool. I was hurt as a fan. I thought 'what am I doing here? This is my hero and he's telling me he sucks!"

At Hammersmith Odeon (where the crowd was crazy and the band were kickin' arse) Dee Snider had several thousand throats chanting 'I'm a sick mothah fucker'. Are you a different person on stage?

"To the average eye, people say I definitely am. I won't say I'm sick of hearing that but those people are fooling themselves. They look at me off stage and say 'oh, you're so nice' and I say 'yeah? Well cross me!' That's a side of me that I let out on stage, it's a negative side, I let out all the bad for positive results. "I consider rock and roll a therapy. I let out every inhibition and frustration and anger that I have and I come off stage and I feel good. I guess I keep stable because of that. I am able to be very content and satisfied with my life because of that.

"I like to be nice and friendly but when people cross me they see that the stage character is not far away, just a split second away actually. "If someone whistles at me in the street I'll turn and scream abuse but they don't often do anything to my face. If they're in a car I'll chase the car and kick it.

"People take advantage of sincerity, honesty and kindness. You can be walking past construction workers laughing and smiling and they'll think 'look at that idiot laughing and smiling' and they'll go 'hey, poofah' and I'll do it again. It seems to be something about human nature, the minute they see innocence it's taken as some form of weakness.

"I was a very innocent child, honestly, very quiet, very sensitive, lonely, introverted and I just got hassled and stepped on so much that I went the other way. Inside I don't wanna bother anyone and I don't want anyone to hassle me. I just wanna be left alone. The message from Twisted Sister is personal freedom."

Grabbing a quartet of WEA women for our arms, me and Dee strutted off into the Soho afternoon looking for bones and limos and the place where the party never stops.

# RODDY ON HIS TODDY. WITH WILLIAM SHAW

**Roddy Frame, in black track-suit, on plush record company settee, tells these tales of the tear-away rock lifestyle: going wild on Aztec Camera's American tour, wrecking hotel rooms, throwing bottles of Jack Daniels at televisions . . .**

"It's a bit boring if someone else does it, isn't it? Whitesnake do that sort of stuff. When you do that *yourself* it's fun . . .

"But then I can never do it without first contemplating the *irony* of it. Thinking it was a good idea that Aztec Camera threw a bottle of Jack Daniels at the TV . . . Just sitting there reading Colin Wilson and thinking *yes*, about time I threw this bottle of Jack Daniels at the TV . . ."

*Aztec Camera? Very bleedin' post-existential, mate.*

Mr Frame, are you messing with the romance of pop?

"Yes."

I'm not getting a bit too deep there am I?

"No, that's exactly what it is."

Last year Aztec Camera became contenders. 'High Land, Hard Rain' pulled them up from the respectable Postcard obscurity that 'Mattress of Wire', 'Just Like Gold' and 'We Could Send Letters' had earned them, and this year they've got a new record company, Warners, and a new LP, 'Knife'. All of this is a long way from East Kilbride.

Roddy Frame has made it known that he enjoys upsetting things from time to time. The new LP has been produced by Mark Knopfler. Now there's another few bottles of Jack Daniels in the works.

"We were just looking at a list of producers and Mark Knopfler just seemed to be the man for the job," he says in a quiet voice, his slender body perched at the edge of the ridiculously vast Warners sofa. "We just had this feeling that he was going to be really good so we got him."

It'll raise a few eyebrows.

"Yeah, well I think part of the reason for it is 'cause we thought one, he'd be very good, and two, it would sound contrary."

Contrary?

"Yeah. It just seems like the tradition of what I do. It's probably a bit phoney these days, the whole idea of being contrary all the time. It gets a bit wearing."

It has, it occurs too late to mention it, become a horrible cliché to talk about how 'contrary' Roddy Frame is — how he enjoys upsetting our tender preconceptions by steaming into a bit of feedback guitar resurrected from Neil Young, by flirting with unhip hippiedom. And the suspicion lurks that he is simply doing what he enjoys most, the little counter-revolutionary that he is, but then selling it to us by telling us how 'contrary' he is being. A bit like those shops where you are sold old discarded jeans for vast sums of money.

I could be very wrong. He says he finds it a bit hard sometimes to lay his soul on the line during interviews, but he tries. "I think," says Roddy, "I'm really honest in everything."

So we'll leave that topic for the Nicky Horn confessional, shall we . . .

There are people who are going to think you've sinned, recording with Mark Knopfler.

"That's good. That's where the contraries comes in because it's just like

saying to people don't be so hung up on all the characters. It's a bit like people who think it's a sin that I'm recording songs that they might believe in and they think I'm doing it for Warners — Warner Communications: Multinational Corporation."

Don't you find it a bit odd being on a major now?

"No. It's never struck me as odd at all . . . it's what you do."

You don't believe in the virtue of the independent record company?

"I don't know what that is, because they don't seem to be independent of anything. They still have to use pressing plants, and they still have to take out ads, and they still have to sell the records in the same shops as Prince would sell his records."

The big fat sofa winks at me and prompts the question: are you corruptible?

"No . . . it's just that I live in the West and I have to work in the space that I'm afforded."

Aztec Camera sold out. Does that mean anything to you?

"No." He laughs a little laugh. "Not really. See, it never made any difference whether it was on Warners, CBS or Rough Trade, just whether it sounds good. I always thought if it was possible you'd just nationalize the record industry and just have one company — TRI, The Record Industry.

"I think the last album did very well for Rough Trade, but I don't see why I can't compete with all those horrible people like Howard Jones . . . I'd like to compete with them."

Does it annoy you, people having a loyalty to something you don't want to be? People who want to hear you keep doing stuff like the Postcard things.

"No, no. The feeling I get from some people is that they see maybe 'We Could Send Letters' or 'Just Like Gold' or whatever as a record that they can play again and again because they feel it's got something almost pure. I'm sure the Bunnymen get this too . . . But you've got to see it in context of what I want to do and what we're dealing with here, and what we're dealing with is records, not just a romantic notion — a real solid piece of plastic that you have to spend weeks making and you want to put it on and be satisfied with it."

But you are a bit of a romantic, aren't you?

"Yes," he says happily. "This album will be totally slagged off for it, I'm sure."

Love?

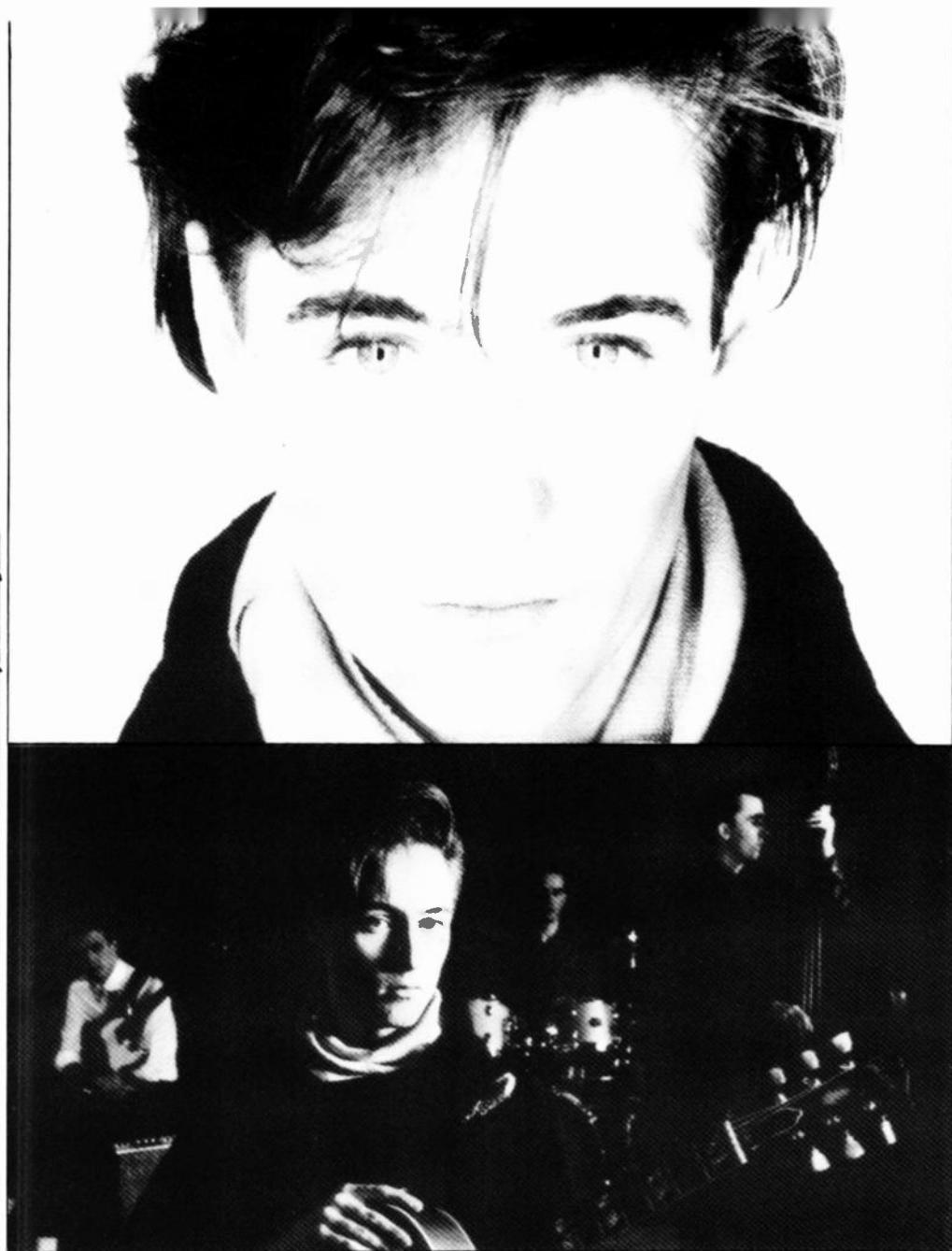
"No. I don't go around falling in love, it's not so much that. It's the more traditional romanticism, the romanticism that built cathedrals, and the romanticism that brought forth great novels."

The tape recorder blushes.

"I like that sort of romanticism. The sort of romanticism that makes a day seem fantastic. It's not the romanticism of seeing someone at a disco," he adds scornfully.

Romance. With all Aztec Camera's American songwriter influences, I wonder whether the US tour was a romantic journey.

"I think it must be quite romantic going to see America if you were born in Glasgow, but it's not a thing that sprung to



mind before I went there. America's a great big sunny sad place. When you're there your perceptions can just be drowned in a sea of Macdonalds and tack and TV. Bright red and yellow hell."

Romance. Roddy Frame enjoys things romantic — Julian Cope, he says, is a bit of a hero because he's such a wonderful romantic figure. Now that side of Julian Cope has eluded me up till now. I'd always thought he was a bit of a wally.

"He never strikes me as being a wally."

But he's so self-indulgent.

"He never said he wasn't going to be self-indulgent. He certainly isn't making music for the community. I think that's good. He's an artist."

Are you an artist?

"It's a very pop art isn't it? It's art in as much as mature people can treat it as art. And it's a real creative exercise isn't it, putting a record together, so it's as much art as most people who call themselves artists now."

So let's get to the bottom of this. Roddy Frame is a bit of an artist. A songwriter . . .

"Yeah. I think it's quite good to be thought of as that these days."

Someone who's thought of as writing intelligent songs.

"I just write down what I'm thinking and

try to put emotions on paper like everyone else tries to. Maybe I spend more time getting rid of the bad bits than some people do. I can only write about what's really interesting me or what I'm actually feeling. I couldn't write from someone else's point of view."

An example: the song 'Knife': "It's about division and self-division . . . actually how many parts make the man. How many different moods and emotions there are, and which ones I value. Self-division is the biggest problem with most people. When you feel that things are going well and you're running in a nice compact way, you could wake up the next day and have a totally different feeling. It doesn't matter what you do, there's a real friction inside you. Bitterness and frustration."

"I really deal in images, don't I?" he says a couple of minutes later. "There are images that recur which I don't really mean, and it worries me sometimes when I look. Things like guns and Heaven. It must come from the subconscious."

Heaven?

"It's just like the idea of Heaven. All those words like Heaven which have been misused like Heaven and love — treated in a really trite sort of way. People still seem to think of Heaven as a place you go when

you die, a place you go when you smoke marijuana. That's got nothing to do with it."

What sort of images do you enjoy, then?

"I just like the idea of someone working during the day and saying nice things to his boss and then going to the Batcave. That's funny. It's good how everyone is made to lead a real double life. People don't really ever say what they think to their boss, do they?"

What a cynical bastard. But then Roddy Frame says much the same thing about himself: "I'm a really cynical bastard," he says. Twenty years old and so cynical.

"Perhaps it's because I only socialize with the group."

Do you deliberately cut yourself off?

"Not really. I just find it hard to spend too much time with lots of people. Someone once called it people poisoning — you have to retreat."

Cynical and contrary. Does that mean you always keep at a remove from what you're doing?

"I try, yeah. But really I have probably become at times more contrary than I wanted to be, to the point where people don't know whether I'm being serious or not. I know other people like that too. Campbell's like that." (Campbell Owens, that is, Roddy's long-time sidekick and bass player with Aztec Camera).

"Talking about all that contrary thing, all these record company people came to see us when we were playing in Los Angeles, they filled the dressing room and started telling all these Los Angeles jokes. So we started telling all these meaningless jokes. Campbell was saying something about how one of the group's grandmothers had died and how he'd dug her up and stuff. But they didn't think it was funny, they just thought it was disgusting. And that's where it's bad. It's not very honest."

So what do you believe in? Do you have any politics?

"Yeah I do. I think you're forced to think politically. I don't think man's a political animal, we're just spiritual beings, really, who unfortunately have to walk before they can run, so they have to think politically in order to think politically. It's just unfortunate . . ."

Do you pay much attention to what people say about you?

"Not really, 'cause really I'm quite a big head."

Are you?

"Well don't you think so? It's the urge to get up and show off isn't it? I think you have got to have a certain degree of confidence and flippancy to do it. It's quite funny to think that you spend your life going round and doing this . . . it's not like building a career."

I like this man. I like the way he sees his life as an adventure in the wide world of pop. It's very appealing.

But just before he goes he says something that would do well for his epitaph: "If you can come out of this circus looking like you've got a modicum of respectability and some sense of values then it's good."

Well, Roddy Frame is respectable. Like it or leave it. Because just like Julian Cope never said he wasn't going to be self-indulgent, Roddy Frame never said he wasn't going to be respectable.



## ALBUMS & SINGLES reviewed by RAY STREET

### STIGMATHE "Sogni Puri Dalla Liberta" (Stigmathe)

Vibrant Italian post-posi-punk with the dazzling Enrico on drums. Ludicrously melodic for all the havoc. A fine deportment.

### SECESSION "Fire Island" (Beggars Banquet)

Surprisingly—as in totally shocking—mainstream disco from the house that never sins. Club mix on the B-side for those daft enough to buy it in the first place.

### JOOLZ "The Kiss" (Abstract 12")

More interesting than the attritional last one, with Joolz still annoying with her 'retarded' working class stereotypes under glass. The story-line is strong and the performance well contrived but the fact remains that Joolz would make a good singer. It's all very well depicting how simple-minded the local townies are but that is surely too easy.

### FURIOUS APPLES "Engineering/Bella Donna" (Sonar)

Or should that be 'SONAR'? Splashed right across the record goes the company label. But underneath such obligations runs a creamy post—Only Ones invocation that is both relaxing and stylish, wistful and romantic. There is however no smoke without fire and that is why the Fire Brigade were not notified.

### THE FLYING LIZARDS "Sex Machine" (Statik)

Absurd! The machine gun vocals at the end should be the mainstay rather than the redeemer in this non-volatile (despite what it thinks) discoite.

### DAZIBAO "Gaslin" (Shame)

An intense throat-vibrating escapade involving a factory laboratory flavour that artistic types enjoy.

### VENUS IN FURS "Memento Mori" (Movement)

A nice guitar and a stirring arrangement, bordering on a severe bauhaus skit for merely ninety per cent of the time, almost earned this the 'Single Of The Month' accolade that they would surely have taken with a pinch of salt. As it is you really ought to know that this is possibly the only single to feature the phrase "You wretched moral prologue" and then wrestle with the inner sanctums of weirdo bands yourself.

### SEBASTIAN'S MEN "It's So Bizarre" (S.M.)

Maybe it is bizarre—wait until the interview next month then consider. Until then this is pop with considerable clout, along the lines of a less wieldy Simple Minds. Commercial, catchy and doomed to obscurity through Independence. Just hope they're not watching the charts for some serious sky-rocketing.

And when you flip for some deadly hippydom you just don't know what to do.

### GHOSTRIDERS "Baptism Of Fire" (Criminal Damage)

There's a particularly individual (steamhammer) version of "Heartbreak Hotel" and a stupido "Rockin' The Graveyard" that, coupled with a less than essential "I Came, I Saw, I Left" makes quite clear they're monkeying with R'n'R but to what end result? This record proves or shows nothing.

### 1919 "Earth Song" (Abstract)

So they've split have they? Whilst tapping my toe to their occasional good tune I must admit there haven't been great tears at this end over the news, particularly when the final rites include the same Killing Joke comparisons that have so bedevilled them in the past. This time round there's a few extenuating Sweet affiliations to add to the melting pot, but so what?

### LESTER SQUARE "The Plug" (Thin Sliced Records)

Years of determined farting around have certainly left their mark on this man who stands revealed as the understudy for The Nolans in the unlikely event of them doing anything even remotely naughty.

### BIFFBANG POW! "There Must Be A Better Way" (Creation)

And maybe there is. Until that day comes this 'engaging' record fills the time. It cannot escape my definition of hippy-pop (and maybe it wouldn't even try) but let me say unto you that some cherubic guitar sends me home fair uplifted.

### The Cult "Go West (Crazy Spinning Circles)" (Beggars Banquet)

Break out the bow ties! The Cult have turned smooth, progressing into a scintillating ocean of desire. Fear not a slide into trendy trousers and hairdresser credits on the next album, The Cult have made massive strides, Ian's voice tickling your throat with some inexplicable emotion. There's a touch too much 'sound of production' about the place but who cares? A thorough delight and who knows, Buck's Fizz may yet dig out their country and western threads? For The Cult dizzy heights and TOTP dressing rooms await.

### ROBERT WYATT "Work In Progress" (Rough Trade)

Typically bitter-sweet with Wyatt's forlorn despair dominating this four track twelve inch which includes Gabriel's "Biko," a wilderness of lightness that whilst being a tingler also seems too slight. Plus a droning "Amber and the Amberines," and two refreshing tracks, "Yolanda" and "Te Recuerdo Amanda." A master of sadness to such an extent that were he to suffer an outbreak of happiness would we realise?

### IPSO FACTO "Give It To Her" (Zodiac)

That man Eb (pictured without shirt as usual) recently sent in his latest release, a twelve inch "based around cabaret and sleazy basement bars." Disgraceful. Anyone would think they'd never heard of the Queen Mum's hospital jaunts.

Ipsos have matured into a glorious, gleaming cavalcade of muscular numbers, all capable of a vice-like grip. Life is a cabaret they say. Is it? They live surrounded by characters of their own creation and with these in mind they grunt, they play with the lathe and their tunes come to life. A classier model than before and bound to be successful. If they do what The Cult have done and step from the ladder onto the roof they'll be better still.

### THE S-HATERS "Come" (Midnight Music)

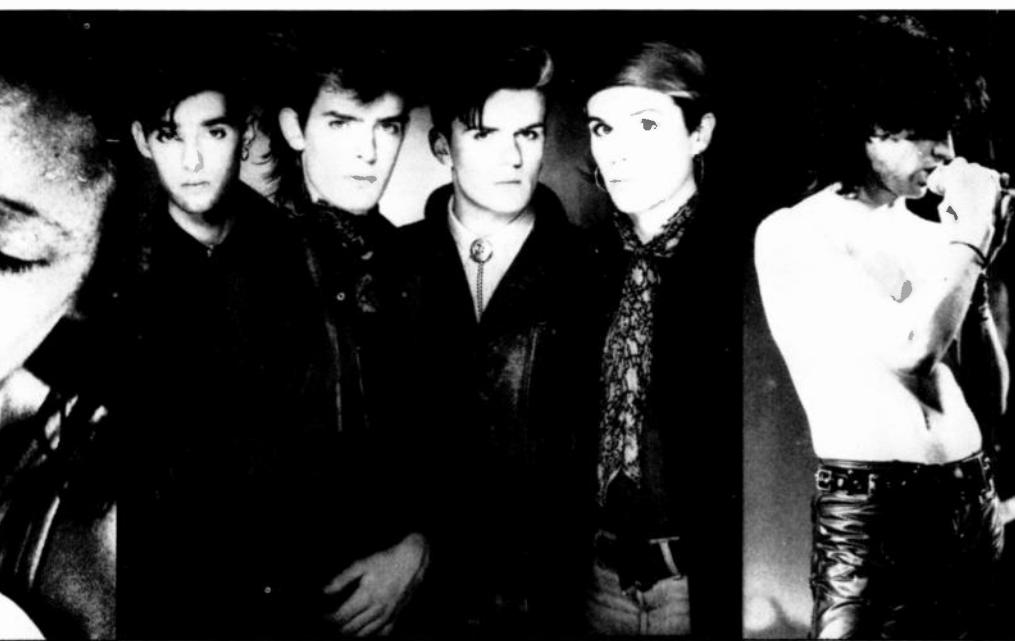
I am generally fairly easy to please but this raised less interest than even I would have thought possible. A uniformly Only Ones jerk off (without the class and songwriting abilities exhibited by the Furious Apples a few paragraphs back).

### ZOS-KIA "Rape" (All The Madmen)

A chilling record concerning a rape perpetrated on vocalist Min herself in Australia and, as the press release says, 'The mood and power of feeling come from the obvious exorcism that recording it represents. There is, for once, no attempt to avoid the pure terror and humiliation of a woman raped or the scars. The damage that last forever, and goes beyond pity and anger to the soul. If there is a path towards emotionally pure and honest female expression/description this song is part of it. This is the event only, not the self-patronising feminist drivel of Helen Reddy.'

Which certainly sums it up. It is, naturally, like no other record you've ever heard before and one listen is quite enough for some time. An atmosphere of screams amidst great wrenching music produced by Genesis P. Orridge which is totally unique. The B-side, which isn't harrowing, makes Public Image look like the suet pudding they undoubtedly are.

If you don't at least hear this record a Jonathan King compilation will be forced upon you.



**X-MEN "Do The Ghost"/"Talk" (Creation)**

I'd seen the haircuts, I'd heard the rumours and I had sensed bilge. Shocked entrails all round then when this dippily 'amusing' record doesn't come out anything like as mundane as might safely be imagined. It is fairly childish of course but what did you expect?

But turn the record and the sixties jingle jungle is *the goods*. THE GOODS! An almighty embarrassment is banished forever and in its place stands an unbeatable beat gymnastic display.

**CHRONIC DISASTER "I See Red" (Fred)**

Intriguing name for a label! Essentially a remarkable disc for an American/Scandinavian hardcore thrash seven inch (when the rest of their counterparts deserve their heads chopped off and rammed up their behinds). Power, vitality, the works . . .

**LAIBACH "Panorama" (East West)**

I had heard these chaps carried revolution around in their back pockets but here they simply tart up '2001'. And quite good at the decorations they are.

**FEAR OF DARKNESS "Fear Of Darkness" (Heartbeat)**

People have muttered The Cure on hearing this. Surely not! And no, not really. Commercial and thrilling in a vein often just kept out of the charts (by men in limbo) F-o-D are lively folk, exciting folk. The dark sleeve suggests something prickly. The music itself suggests eager little girls pondering over the call-to-arms lyrics.

**PERFECT VISION "Laugh At Breakage" (Leave It Art Records)**

Stern but intoxicating maleable pop-threshed fernque ladled with metal. Like little creatures within our bloodstream their songs go PING and who can deny them that denting right?

**DEATH IN JUNE "She Said Destroy" (NER)**

A pleasant dreary Doorian ballad made bright by some suspiciously acoustic instrumentation. Hum-a-strummalong.

work from the quiet couple and once again it is a sensational landscape of everything and nothing in particular. *Not* background music, don't get me wrong. Quite the reverse. A sweeping display of haunting muse of a discreetly autumnal nature. Electronic wobbles kept on a choke chain.

**ORCHESTRA JAZIRA "Happy Day" (Beggars Banquet)**

Bonvivant bijou, jumping sufficiently to hack you down.

**COLOUR ME POP "Don't Stop" (Waterfall)**

Dark pop sounds merged into a slightly muddled form, from KaS Product to Duranny-town. Also long and rather dull.

**HELEN AND THE HORNS "Footsteps At My Door" (RCA)**

Folkey ramblings amid the great Hollywood conchita effects (a young and surprisingly spruce Leif Erickson tapping a foot at the dusty taverna bar). Helen could have been a fine B-film supporting star. As it is she now faces a sharp entry to the charts. An acquired taste (as were The Andrews Sisters).

**YEAH YEAH NOH "Cottage Industry E.P." (In Tape)**

From the home of that laudable Marc Riley comes more would-be Paul Young Assassins. Clever lyrics, neat (though amateur-night-out) tune and just the right length.

**THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS "Heart Of Gold" (In Phase)**

No real reason why they shouldn't set the charts alight other than most DJs were dunked in the Tiber (with tragic results) at birth and that the band themselves chooses to get a trifle distraught halfway through each song as though their lives depended on it, when they clearly don't . . . for the big pop computer doesn't even recognise them. Anyone who wails *must* be short of the mark.

**SLAUGHTER HOUSE 4 "Four More Hours" (R.I.P. Records)**

Six songs from an odd quartet who decorate the sleeve with your bi-annual butchering photograph, all hacksaws and trousers.

On vinyl they take on the trusted characteristics of satanic cheerleaders. The swaying of the music takes a backseat to the coy joy of the burbles produced. It's pop.

**JAZZ BUTCHER "Road Runner" (Glass)**

Not as dreadful as the original (howls of contemptuous abuse from seven people in the entire country) but pretty hard work nonetheless. What on earth is a stopping shop, or is it a coffee shop? Whatever it is, it is complete drivel. BUT! Butch does it better, if that is any help to you. AND, on the B-side you can hear him steal Bob Dylan's dressing gown and head for the hills. It may be raining outside but in my heart . . . it's *pissing* down.

**ACTION PACT "Yet Another Dole Queue Song" (Fall Out)**

Whatever happened to this band? I remember when they had come cracking good ideas. Now all they can manage is one and half goodies out of four! I know little of production matters myself but the 'remixed' tag suggests that the painfully thin sound (even with arch-pipernel O'Higgins doing his best after the event) is not their fault. BUT, apart from "1974" which sees them at their charismatic best this isn't particularly stunning. "Rockaway Beach" and "Rock'n'Roll" fall strictly into the laugh ethic (never been there, can't tell you what it's like) and the title track is feeble. Instead of being pasty-faced and semi-obsolete Action Pact should be truly divine. Pull those socks up chaos or die with the rest of the punk flotsam. That's what it amounts to.

**FLOAT UP C.P. "Joy's Address" (Rough Trade)**

Quite a little stunner for Rough Trade's 150th release here. Messrs/Madames Cherry, Sagar et al flouncing around in a justifiably celebratory heap of steaming funk-bumps. Deserves to sell a million. Or just a mere two hundred thousand would probably do.

**CAPTAIN SENSIBLE "There Are More Snakes Than Ladders" (A&M)**

You'll have heard this by now but some may not know of the existence of "The 4 Marys Go Dancing All Night At The Groovy Cellar," the lugubrious B-side which comes swathed in 60's flamboyance and a great phone call ending between the good Captain and a Dolly. A truly great song.

**BATWING CHAPS "Crave" (Pinnacle)**

Sounds like Spandau out on a boozy quest of some sort. The guitars ring out loud and clear, men conspire to sing smoothly together and the whole thing quakes with a quite sober energy.

**TWO "Two Times Two" (Reflex)**

It really is confusing you know. Here we have further

**45 GRAVE "Schools Out" (Enigma)**

I couldn't quite work out whether or not the band intended me ill from the autographed sleeve I received or whether warming the cockles of my heart might be their main concern but this is not only sacrilege, it's rubbish as well.

**THE SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS "Good And Gone" (Big Beat)**

Quite rebel rousing, just like the Skids once were with the expected nutter on the microphone. (Without rock'n'roll what *would* these people do?). Strong choruses feature in the tangled web and fans of Turkey Bones can prepare for many happy hours ahead, although apart from their thrilling boil-bursts the title track would make a fabulous seven inch (mayhem!) to thrash the world.

**POOR HOWARD "Maybe Tomorrow (I Can't Stay)" (Self Drive)**

More hounds from Hull would you believe? Pleasant and jangly-spliced into chunky breakups that create interest. A proud and shiny debut.

**ANOREXIC DEAD "Tracey's Burning" (Criminal Damage)**

A lot of people laughed when we featured this band, clearly marking them down as Post-Healey pos-punk dickies but here is the record itself to prove them wrong. It is far too long but within the well developed groaning lament that they produce are some interesting elements. It's rock and roll perverted as the Presley - freestyle basement screamer "Tick Tock" suggests but as with the "Tracey" - "Epitaph" a little manicure might have helped. Instead of escalating or becoming sparse for emotional highlighting the record simply coasts along. However, there's some real worth in there.

**LAVOLTA LAKOTA "Prayer" (Factory/Benelux)**

Basic punk bass intro and then rambling niceities. Not bad, with all the thump and meticulous grind, but far from distinctive.

**THE TAPES "Too Many Stars" (Panic)**

Certain Ratio meets Spandau Ballet and gets shiny. Too shiny. Ancient chapeaus.

# ALBUMS

## THE PLAY JAYN "Friday The 13th" (A&M)

It's not every 60's influenced band that can hold its head up in public in these 80's without quiffless spectators showering abuse and pouring scorn.

The reasons why this album is so essential for anyone not poleaxed by doom are manifold. Energy, excitement (recorded live at the Marquee and *sounding* live, how many live records have you had that appear to be OGWT soundchecks?), melody in absurd amounts and that very rare ability to produce songs which you can remember the second time around with ease.

Time will tell of course but when the yearly role call bounds about, come December, "Friday The 13th" should be hovering at the top. Songs like "Strange", "You Weren't Born, You Were Created", "Rockin' Hearse" and "In Your Eyes" aren't just great titles, they're instantly accessible in a manner their counterparts simply *don't* have.

I could say they have the ability to be as big as The Jam but then people think in terms of rip off. Just buy it yourself and see. The way they knock your legs away and help you up, with songs constructed of a lithe sparkle is great. Just great.



## VARIOUS "From Torture To Conscience" (NER)

Which automatically warns you that this is no shape up and dance epic. Instead the bands responsible (Death In June, In The Nursery, Clair Obscur, 93 Current 93 and Iron In Flesh) all gabble wildly. Not immediately posey by any means but certainly meriting a psychiatrists chair.

Death In June and In The Nursery provide the best. The rest are just noisy temperamental brutes with a hint of after shave. New Age Noel Harrisons.

Death In June in fact are quite magnificent, with their sights set on this years BBC 'Xmas Ghost Story'. So stylish in fact that they should question the need for vocals.

An album perfect for lumbering through the undergrowth bereft of rainfall, malevolence on your mind. Not too many Chas and Dave influences detectable.

## HERMINE "Lonely At The Top" (Salone)

Light and frothy with a touch of old sombre. Lumpy and (if I may be petulant) occasionally unattractive vocals.

## 400 BLOWS "If I Kissed Her I'd Have To Kill Her First" (Illuminated)

Which should find them stricken from the Dateline roster and no mistake. Odd band. And Exciting. At one moment so smooth old Lionel Ritchie could rest six vodkas along his jawline and curl up with delight and then at others so unfathomable with the twang and howling surrounding their funk'd turbo-jet that we merely dribble in confusion. Hopelessly besotted to rhythmical bravado they go up and up with hairless elan.

Dark horses forming a possee.

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## LIZZY MERCIER "DESCLOUX" (CBS)

Something of a highlife sensation with French rudery stirred into the equatorial love and lust. Beautiful songs with a hint of steel.

## VARIOUS "Teenage Rock'n'Roll Party Volume 3" (Ace)

Another delightful venture. The thickly coated Uptowns and a dawdling Johnny & The Jumpers. Syrupy old Albert Scott and an irrepressible Ronnie Barron. The saucy Oscar McLollie and his Honey Jumpers (!). Little Richard (the first Adam Ant), Dion and the Belmonts having fun down the launderette, the wonderfully slack-shouldered Donna Dameron and a staggering (sideways) Clifton Chenier.

Bound to break the legs at parties.

## HAPPY REFUGEES "Last Chance Saloon" (Gymnasium)

Unpredictable pop from some wily chaps. Smashing explosions with all the best tendencies. Rather like Marc Riley in new clothes.

## THE HAFLER TRIO "Bang" (Rough Trade)

Bewildering, not to say downright boring, amalgamation of repeated words used to create a rhythm all of their own, and my word they can keep it. Ride a cock horse right over that weir.

## HET "Let's Het" (Woof)

Ditto I'm afraid. Semi-random vocal/percussive chanting. Incestuous, self indulgent rubbish.

## DIE ZWEI "USA! USA! USA!" (East West)

And that's the hat trick! Yodelling away to our hearts discontent, they turn The Flying Pickets into anti-christs.

## GLEN GLENN "Everybody's Movin' Again" (Ace)

Rockabilly/Country fiend well known some time ago (apparently) and recently coaxed from his lair to inflict some more rousing compositions upon a greedy public. Glenn (back from the moon) must be in love with it (which always helps) because he doesn't sound either old or mushy. The raw edges, whilst never eruptive, are still there.

Sure to set the ankles wobbling.

## THE FEEDERZ "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss?" (Flaming Bunker)

You bet! (SHOUTS TO NOBODY IN PARTICULAR 'There's Gonna Be Some Changes Round Here!') WHAT a record!

In a black sand-paper sleeve with the suggestion you "pay no more than \$0.00 for this record" The Feederz are ruthless and noisy, possibly nosey as well. It's a rampant go-go dance with pop-like Grass gestation occurring and that's where the arrows come sharpest. Singing odes to Jesus — mixed incidentally 12.01am, Dec. 25 1983 — and then printing a photo of a gun — as though it were pointing at our face — with 'How To Make Your Boss Sit Up And Take Notice' this record is almost every bit as much about the sleeve as this horrendous Monk Rap. The Rubinoo's revenge and all that kind of slime.

I expected thrash and felt instead the warm glows of savagery slashing my body. The Feederz (if they really exist) are more than likely to lift up their long grey skirts and scamper off to beat King Canute within an inch of his miserable life.

It's the kind of record which brightens up your entire day. Steal One as they suggest (having got mine through the post makes me a wimp!)

GOOD HUNTING!

See you in the ruins.



the

# C U L T



Beggars Banquet

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# forbidden

# FRUIT

BRONSKI BEAT come to the banquet table and Ziyad Georgis scoffs the lot.

# 1984

1984, and who would have predicted it! Certainly not George Orwell. Morrissey, Frankie and Bronski. Have they anything in common, apart from rhyming with homosexuality (almost)? The answer is a big NO and a little yes.

Morrissey has rammed down our collective throat the oblique references to his sexual abstinence and the not so oblique references to his misery. Frankie meanwhile have proved that there is a never ending market for sleaze, indulgence, gay stereotyping and a killer mix. What with the master marketing ploy of the T-shirt, you have to be blind as well as deaf to have avoided them this summer. To corner the senses, all they need now is 'Frankie' perfume - smelling like poppers without the headaches. Bronski have given us soul, untamed emotions and *that* voice.

As for the little yes, apart from not wanting to sleep with members of the opposite sex, they've all given us some of the best singles in a year which has witnessed their remarkable rise to success.

Although there is no connection politically, nor in the image that they portray, between Bronski Beat and the Boy Marilyns of this world, they seem to be perversely lumped together as some sort of 'New Sexuality' in the public eye. Gay chic and exploitation seems to be the order of the day - comparable to that of teenagers in the 1950's - which may explain the unconscious connection.

"Hopefully, by the time they read this, people will realize we have nothing to do with Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Boy George, Marilyn and Pete Burns. We're not gender benders. We look like these boys and we're not selling rubber and leather" says Jimmy. "We don't want to be gods placed on a pedestal, gods are out!"

I didn't mean particularly to talk about your being gay, so soon. "It's inevitable really" replies Jimmy. "We talk about what we feel and think. Being gay plays an important part in that. Our music wouldn't be so powerful if we didn't have something we felt so strongly about!"

"But it really does boil down to us being a band, not just a gay band" interjects Steve.

The power of 'Smalltown Boy', Bronski Beat's first single, lies in its heartfelt description of the problems of being young and gay, and in Jimmy Sommerville's soaring falsetto vocals. Bronski Beat's best songs deal with emotions in a way that

all people can relate to.

Steve Bronski and Larry Steinbacheck had been playing synths together, before joining forces with Jimmy just over a year ago. One of their first gigs was at last year's September In The Pink Festival. They played at various London clubs including The Bell, Heaven and The Fridge, attracting a committed following from both fans and chequebook waving record business types. They eventually signed to London and the rest is history.

Where does the name come from?

"Bronski is the boy from 'The Tin Drum' who is very small and screeches very loudly!" smirks Jimmy, all of five foot nothing. "It's a fun name as well."

So there's no connection with the fact that Trotsky's real name is Bronstein?

"We only found out about that afterwards, though we were pleased with that" added Larry. "In fact, we got a letter from the Charles Bronson fan club asking us if we chose our name because his name was really Bronstein! We never replied."

When I first saw Bronski Beat live about six months ago, I was initially very impressed by Jimmy's voice. Some songs immediately stood out though by the end of the set, I found myself beaten into submission by the relentless rhythms.

Their recent gig at St James' Church, Piccadilly was a revelation. The dynamic contrast between the slower moody songs and the Hi Energy numbers was used to great effect. The high points were the irony of listening to 'Ain't Necessarily So' at church, and the power and passion of the second single 'Why'. The song is based on the chilling experience of a friend of theirs who had to flee the country when his boyfriend's father found out about the relationship and threatened to 'do him in'. It is also dedicated to Drew Griffiths who was murdered for being gay by being stabbed through the heart eighteen times. The anger ("the contempt in your eyes when I touch and kiss his lips") and rage at the hypocrisy ("you and your false security, tear up my life condemning me") lead to defiance ("never feel guilty, never give in").

"We don't want to write obscure lyrics, we are blatant" says Jimmy. "We see ourselves as three men making music about subjects that upset us."

"Boy George has accused us of wearing check shirts, badges and waving flags. That's not what we're doing," says Larry. "We're trying to educate people, not whine about being oppressed."

"That's the only thing we can sing about, we don't lie to people," adds Steve.

What about the role of politics generally within your music?

"Being a gay band makes us political automatically. We don't just sing about gay politics," responds Jimmy, "we also sing about war, racism and sexism - everything that's oppressive. 'Why' could be about being black."

Do you feel you've been under pressure to conform to the image expected of popstars, being

dangerous in an anaesthetized way?

"No, I think we've learnt not to be" answers Jimmy. "We still do what we want to do, the way we want to do it. 'We've got a different perspective to many pop bands who put on shows to sell songs, to make money.'

"So many gay musicians sing songs about love and women," adds Larry. "It annoys me that we got hacked by certain people for our honesty."

How have your families responded to your success?

"They have this idea that if you're in a band, and you make a successful record, you become a millionaire," responds Jimmy. "I think we've convinced them that we're as poor as ever."

And what about their reaction to seeing your sexuality splashed across the press?

"I'd never discussed with my parents about my being gay," Larry confides. "I guess the first time dad really found out about it was in the NME."

"He phoned my house and I spoke to him and asked if he'd seen the article," recalled Jimmy. "He replied 'yes, you're wee saucy buggers, aren't you?'" it's obvious he'd known and he hadn't really cared. My mum had known since I was 15, so it's nothing new to her."

Steve: "My mum was reading the NME with one of her friends who asked 'they're not, are they?' She replied, 'oh yes they are!'

"I used to get real stick from neighbour's kids when I was younger. They used to call me a poof," remembers Larry. "Now they're knocking at my dad's door asking for photos and records."

"I get people who used to scream at me when I was quite outrageous, giving me smiles now and I want to say 'You two faced bastards, all you care about is my success,'" says Jimmy.

"The sad thing is that if we were still living in the same towns tomorrow, we'd be given a hell of a time," adds Larry.

"I think they stink," responds Jimmy to which Larry observes, "people respect money and fame."

What's so special about Bronski Beat is that they have the power to move people; partly because of their honesty, humour, friendliness, commitment, experiences, not to mention the music, their songs - and *that* voice.

"We're an emotional band. I'm putting emotions across when I'm singing. I can't mime emotions, that's impossible," sums up Jimmy. "Although I listen to all sorts of music - I've even been described as an audio trash-can! - What really moves me is Sylvester and Marc Almond. I just want to listen to soul and emotions."

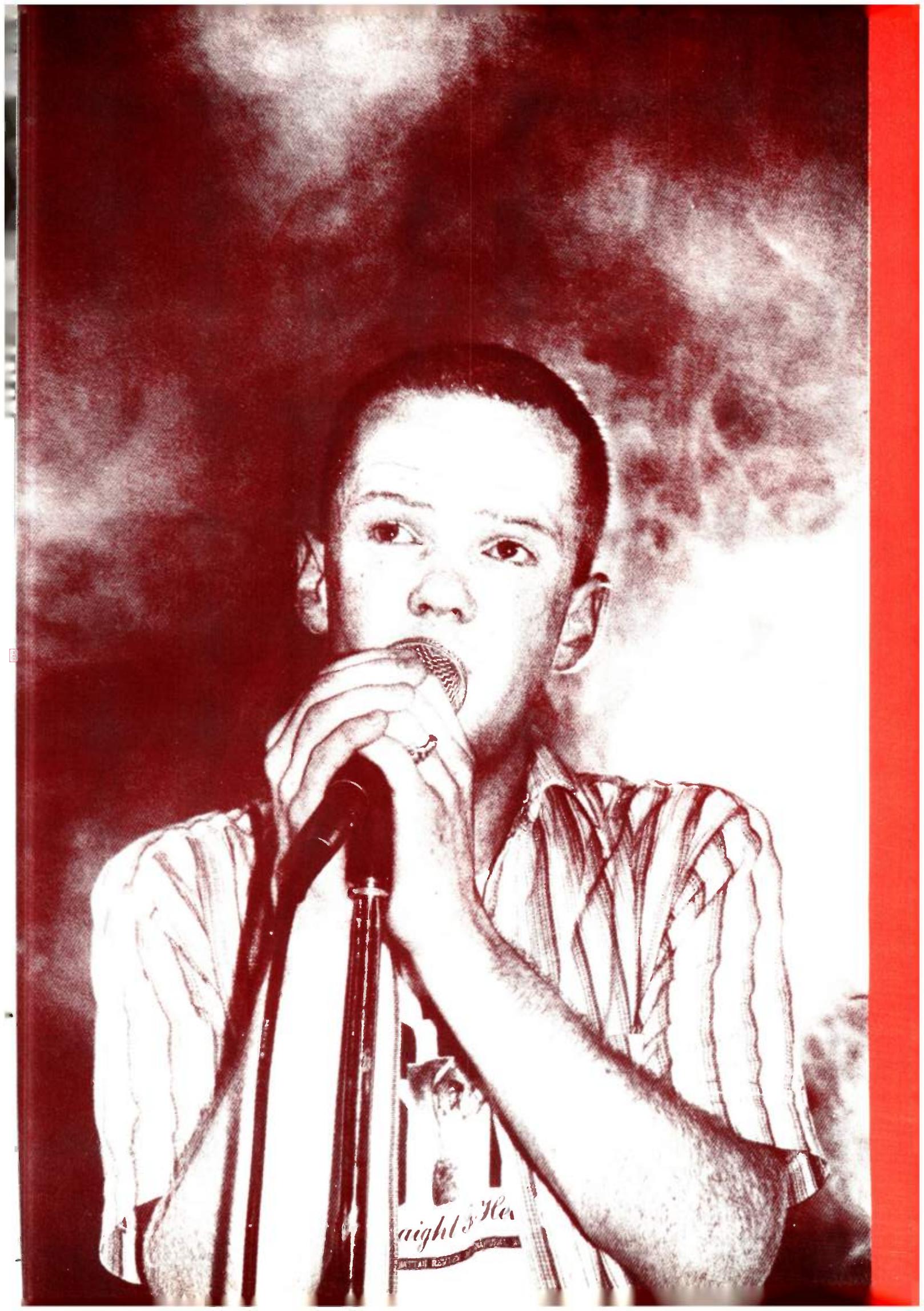
Are you in danger of being known as the band with the singer with the high voice?

"We've got a number in store, and that's all I'm going to tell you, that will show that I can be as butch as Holly Johnson tries to be," snaps Jimmy.

What best describes Bronski Beat I muse?

"My mouth describes us!" giggles Jimmy.

"You've certainly done all of the talking today," bitches Larry.



night & day

JANET RAY

And then there was Mod.

With so many of the nation's youth cults and musical fashions being essentially incestuous (pub rock spawns punk spawns power pop), the arrival of the Mod revival came as one hell of a surprise, bursting onto the scene with all the impact of an overnight pimple. So what if it later revealed itself to have been nothing more than a headless chicken all along, for a few short weeks in the summer of '79, Mod looked like it really meant business.

Historically speaking, Mod took its impetus from just two things. The first was **The Who**, the archetypal bandwagon jumpers who saw in the original movement, and its sister-in-law Pop Art, the perfect opportunity to carve out a nice little niche for themselves in the hearts of a nation. Of course, they eventually proved more than capable of transcending both genres, but maestro Pete Townshend never forgot his roots and in 1973 he gave the world "Quadrophenia", the ultimate saga of a failed race, and the second reference point.

Six years on, it made it onto celluloid, and all of a sudden the kids who were too young for punk and too self conscious for power pop had something new to spend their pocket money on. Swedish army surplus parkas. They would queue up outside the local Odeon, and "Quadrophenia" would change their lives, at least for a few weeks. Then the strain of buying a new wardrobe every week would get too much, and you'd find the little chaps hanging around Carnaby Street with their Parkas done right up to the top so that no-one would notice they were still wearing the "Maximum R'n'B" T-shirt and jeans they'd had on last week. Occasionally they would save up for a new badge, or a sew on patch; a red, white and blue target, perhaps, or a Union Jack with "Mods" boldly emblazoned across it in case anybody mistook them for polar explorers. Some of them even bought scooters, and every bank holiday, the coastal approach roads would be inundated with Vespas and Lambrettas, off in search of their avowed enemies, the Rockers.

They used to find some as well, usually with old ladies sitting in them, so the little Mods would kick a few cats, wash their aspirin down with bottled coke, then sit around the prom waiting for the local Skinheads to come and give them all a good hiding. Then they'd ride home, and plan their next assault.

The rise of "Two Tone" paralleled that of the Mods, a staunchly anti-racist and anti-sexist movement which, perhaps curiously, appealed to the fiendish Skins as much as it did the Mods. A cross breeding of rock and ska, "Two Tone" grew out of the racial melting point of Coventry, growing rapidly into a telling – if shortlived – force which outgrew its initial appeal to such a degree that its principal characters very quickly established themselves far beyond the fringes of the original genre. **The Specials** were regulars in the Top Ten (they still are; Free Admiral Nelson, one hundred odd years in Trafalgar Square, Horatio he don't like it up there ....), while their early protegees, **Madness**, attained an independence which has seen them move into the very vanguard of British chart bands – 19 consecutive hits in under five years – without ever losing sight of their initial objectives.

Elsewhere **The Beat**, **UB40**, **Selector** and the **Bodysnatchers** all spread the word to varying degrees of success (although the latter had to mutate into the **Belle Stars** and make some truly execrable records before anyone would listen to them), while **Specials**' vocalist Terry Hall settled down to write a string of successful songs, all of which seem to be about disastrous teenaged marriages, and developed into a truly worthwhile talent.

On a far less appealing level were the hard-core Mod bands. **The Chords**, **Squire**, the **Merton Parkas**, the **Lambrettas**, the **Purple Hearts**; anyone with a sense of rhythm and an eye for passing fashions could join in, and a jolly time was had by all up until the bandwagon failed its first MOT, the day "Quadrophenia" was put out to grass. Only **Secret Affair** looked like they might last, but that was only because of mouthpiece Ian Page. When he ran out of words, the band ran out of steam; the pond dried up and poor Ian was left gasping in the mud, waiting for the next rainfall. He's still waiting, and ultimately Secret Affair's demise was of more importance than their existence ever was. Sexist Dave Winthrop (who once wheezed alongside veteran bluesters Chicken Shack) went off to work with Wichard Stwange – the only man who needs sub-titles in his native language – while Parka Mick Talbot was joined in holy bank accounts with Paul Weller.

Having exhausted his powers of vitriol over seven albums worth of Jam-ming, Weller broke up the band in a move which would have had the Animal Rights people up in arms had Messrs. Buckler and Foxton been dogs. The prototype for every new Mod band too young to remember the real thing, **The Jam** broke up at the peak of their powers, but while Weller was all but guaranteed a continuing supply of meat pies and cream, his colleagues couldn't even find the rose tinted spectacles, let alone view the future through them. Paulie's expanding social conscience had, after just two albums of democracy, seen Bruce and Rick relegated to such dismally supportive roles that, by Christmas 1982, most people thought that he was the Jam, the other two were just the slices of bread which stopped your hands from getting too sticky.

Style turned stale. Weller whines on, no longer peppering his dire monologues with plums and queens and pretty green (would you buy a used Kleenex from this man?), while his prune faced collaborator splices things up with Mantovani out-takes and discarded Camel backing tracks. They don't do gigs, they hold Council Meetings. They don't make records either, they just recycle all those mid-period Motown rejects which the Isley Brothers would have made if they hadn't been too busy on their own.

As with the birth, so the death. Mod passed away, peacefully in its sleep, unnoticed by all bar close family and one or two friends. The funeral was sparsely attended, the floral tributes didn't even last the night. Like a temporary oasis in the desert, Mod neither took nor gave anything beyond some shortlived nourishment to a handful of passing nomads. A true anachronism, the whole thing was over in less time than it took to write this. It might never have happened. Perhaps it didn't.

# TIME FOR AUCTION

DAVE THOMAS  
BEGINS HIS HISTORY  
OF WESTERN MUSIC  
WITH THE VARIOUS  
SAGAS OF MOD



Illustration by Nigel Sheppard

# 25

**GUN CLUB  
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The twenty five winners of either subscriptions or record packs as mentioned in the July ZigZag are as follows.

# ABSOLUTELY FREE

Simon Clifford, Chippenham. Jimmy King, Leighton Grove. Iain Armstrong, Bedford. Nigel Lagden, Colchester. Martin Brodetsky, Ilfracombe. Nadine Large, Kennington. Iain Nichols, Farnham. David Remington, Leicester. Valerie Anderson, Chislehurst. Nick Corfield, Hampstead. Robert Malcolm, Kirkintilloch. Jeremy Larkins, Leeds. Francis Gregory, Oxford. Scott C. Rae, Kilbarchen. Jane Yandle, Barnes. Stephen Noon, Portsmouth. S. P. Turner, Louth. P. Brigginsshaw, Dunstable. Simon Lunn, Huddersfield. Miss J. Pickles, New Mill. Philip Hawkins, Coventry. Andrew Kirk, Saltash. Paul Simpkins, Staines. Steve Worrall, Wyken. D. Braine, Bayswater. The answers to the question were: "Voices"/Sid Vicious/"Zu Jung Zu Alt" and "Blut Ist Liebe"/The Wolfgang Press/Buddy Holly and Richie Valens/An American Rock 'n' Roll DJ/Glen Bishop/"The Man Who Sold The World"/Jon Moss/Tony Blackburn (though Alexis Korner, Dave Cash and Al Wilson were also accepted because we're all very kind here).

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# ZIGZAG



## IT WITH FLOWERS

WORDS DAVE THOMAS (EX QPR?)

Lotus Eater Peter Coyle stares across the Arista boardroom and buries his head in his hands. Along with partner Jeremy Kelly, he's been doing interviews all day; if they don't see another microphone between now and their next tour (an autumn's worth of universities) it'll probably be too soon. Their first album, "No Sense Of Sin", has just been released, there's a gaggle of groupies out in the foyer, and the poor chaps are stuck indoors, talking to the press. It's enough to give a man a jaundiced world view. Or two men. Kelly speaks first.

"Let's face it, the press hates us. We represent change; we're revolutionary in what we're doing, and people don't like that. Punk, when it first came along, had a new attitude, but the music was still the same old rock'n'roll. And we hate rock'n'roll. Hate it! And Frankie Goes To Hollywood, who are being heralded as the new big thing. I don't think they're particularly vital or innovative."

"No Sense Of Sin" comes just twelve months after Lotus Eaters was a name to watch, riding high with "First Picture Of You". But since then, zilcho. Peter?

"Obviously we feel bad about that, but it doesn't matter because we want to project ourselves as a long term group, as artists, even though everybody seems to think we're just a bunch of haircuts. The only time I'm bothered about bad press, for instance, is in the short term. If everybody slags us off, and that's all you ever hear about us, it's very hard to disbelieve the image of two poofs whose music is the biggest, wettest pile of wimp-dross ever."

"I hate the idea that if you play an acoustic guitar you are immediately labelled as lacking in conviction," says

Jeremy — who plays acoustic guitar.

"It's an awful thing to say, like believing that because someone's quiet and withdrawn, they aren't as important as someone who shoots their mouth off all the time," adds Peter, who is quiet and withdrawn.

One of the albums's most interesting points, I think, is its eclecticism. Lots of musical puddles for you to dabble your fingers in. "Out On Your Own", for instance, sounds almost Indian?

Peter agrees immediately. "I think that's great! Hearing that on Radio One, it's really different! There's not many people who can get away with playing with different styles; David Bowie can, and we're arrogant enough and ambitious enough to believe that we can. We don't want to keep churning out the same old stuff; we've got so many ideas that differ and vary. Why should we be tied down to just one sound?"

Or just one market, come to that. Now that you've broken the ice, do you foresee many other bands playing prisons?

"I really do hope so. That gig will stay with me forever, it was tremendous. You see, we don't sing about our political views, like the Joe Strummers who went to public school, because things are never going to change. You'll never convince me that there'll come a time when everybody is financially equal, even though we believe that they should be. So we stick up for our beliefs by playing prisons and unemployment rallies. We'd like to get far more gigs like Maidstone prison, or the Kirby unemployment one which we're doing, but it's the money. If we were massive . . ."

"When we're massive," interjects Jeremy. "We're on a musical course

which is going to bring us incredible recognition at some stage, whether it's the next album or the one after. Like have you heard our B-sides? They're dead unusual, and absolutely nobody is doing anything like them. It's an approach to the vocal/piano/acoustic guitar thing, but one that no-one else has ever tried. At the moment we're going for the dance market. An acoustic disco record, with piano. We want a disco smash, with all the power of the best disco records but with acoustics instead of electronics.

"It's like we know we're on the right course because when I was living in Liverpool, in this really dingy flat, there was this old fellow next door and one night I heard him say to his mate that I sang like a wild animal, 'horrible, horrible'. And I thought that was great. Then when we chose our name, everyone said it was the worst thing they'd ever heard, so we knew we had to keep it. And that's the way it is now. Everybody hates what we do, what we say, and what we stand for, but one day it's all going to come together and those people will forget that they once called us a bunch of wimpy Catholic poofs. I know we'll get a lot of blows over the head along the way, but we'll get there in the end."

We end with a question from the "Interviewer's Dictionary of Standard Challenges". How much do you consider the reactions of the people who buy your records?

"We're just pleasing ourselves. If people want to listen to what we say, it's up to them. But at the same time, we do have a desire to express our personalities because we feel there's something good there. Let's face it, it'd be a great shame if we weren't making music!"

## FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD



**Tom Verlaine** is a tall frame clothed unremarkably. He's basically apolitical, carrying the air of a fine artist who's possibly been born into the wrong century. He's too American to be 'eccentric', he's not garrulous but thoughtfully articulate, often considering a question in a few moments of silent contemplation before delivering his reply.

A non-compliant 'guitar hero', one of the first from the infant ear of 'punk rock', he works now as ever in isolation from the rushing world-of-pop. Minus any devious business strategy he has arrived where he is today (a cafe in Westbourne Grove) via the lingering legend of Television and his (less heralded) solo albums.

He's fortunate to have record company (Virgin) finance. One imagines him without such support walking the streets of downtown Manhattan and rummaging through the garbage pails but *still* working.

At the moment he's enjoying a lengthy stay in England, content with the good fortune of being able to fly back to the States with Virgin Atlantic more or less anytime, to complete his new LP 'Cover'.

"It's two years since I started doing things for it. Various things have fallen by the wayside, some lyrics are a year old and some are three months. It wasn't a steady thing, being in and out of the studio every month or so until it was done. It's a long time I suppose, but it doesn't seem a long time to me."

Yippie! The artist out of time. So what else were you doing?

"Nothing."

With some people I wouldn't believe this but with Tom I do. It's easy to see him drifting into anonymous existence when not actually *creating*.

"But the way some people crank out albums... my stuff tends to come out of a mood. Sometimes the opposite music comes out of a mood. You might be depressed and end up creating something riffy and beaty just to get yourself out of it. I don't think music *per se* has all that much to do with day to day life. A lot of people just create-of-the-moment products — 'let's have a little of this and a little of that to get this'. I don't find myself doing that although some people create fun music that way."

Could you do that if you wanted? He nods nonchalantly:

"Oh yeah. It might be a relief!"

Verlaine discs can best be enjoyed if allowed to assume a purely subjective relevance. Escaping from firm 'meaning', they either strike a personal chord or they don't. 'Cover' is blessed with both a graceful lightness of touch and a powerful ringing of emotions.

Tom ponders that the 'typical Tom Verlaine fan' might possibly be someone who doesn't listen to much pop music. A person who probably doesn't listen to much music, period."

His future ambitions concern travel rather than becoming a raging rock and roll success. New York is no longer a happy home for the man. He finds it oppressive and "time to move on." But to where? He betrays a certain bohemian restlessness:

"I'd like to visit Nepal, see Bangkok, maybe go to the Mediterranean in October or November when there are no tourists there. I'd like to see Ireland, anywhere where people think for themselves and are not influenced by radios and television."

Influenced by Television? Now there's a thing...

MICK SINCLAIR

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# BALLET WHO?

**Rex Garvin stands up and spits with  
RUBELLA BALLET  
Gob stopper: Alastair Indge**

If line-ups were landscapes, then Rubella Ballet's would be a heavily shelled bombsite. If you get my drift. Perhaps those shockingly beautiful clothes damage their eyesight, perhaps the reality of being involved with one of the few bands who are still deliberately their own managers and roadies is too much, perhaps . . .

Perhaps its amazing that Sid (very tall, very good drummer) and Zillah (quite small, quite excellent singer) are still laughing and hoping and knowing they can do it. Still the core of Rubella, troubled by various departures — particularly that of long-standing bassist Gemma — but keen to continue. With their plans?

A year ago, Zillah told me that they had plans, but nobody had plans for them. A year on, some of those plans have been realised, and others are being frustrated. But whichever it is, Rubella Ballet do it on their own terms.

Zillah: "We spent two years waiting to put a record out, and nobody appreciates why. Y'know, they think 'Why haven't they put a record out? Moan, moan, moan . . . ?' but if we'd signed to EMI or something, it would've just been another moan, even if we had put a record out."

To clarify. They spent two years (since their last release, the 'Ballet Dance' EP) trying to locate a short-term deal which gave them control over material and packaging. Eventually a one-off (possibly to be continued) with Jungle resulted in the '42°F'/'Slant And Slide'/'Blind Ambition' affair.

Which clambered up the indie charts, and was a dazzlingly good slice of the breathtaking Rubella noise, a remake/remodel of punk structures to razor-sharp, awesome ends, a blast of wide-awake music. Or you could've searched out a track on the excellent 'State Of Affairs' compilation tape, 'Twister', demonstration of their tingling, tense sensitivity. Or contrasted it with the exhilarating rush of one of their

regrettably infrequent gigs.

A lot of people like Rubella Ballet. Including . . . well, they could have gone over to the big boys, like Phonogram who estimated that with a bit of work (taming) they might make a "successful rock band" (!) or EMI, who sent a *Kit-E-Kat*-reared representative to get drunk at a recent gig and then present them with the results of his survey in which "seven out of ten people have said they came to see you" (true!) and tell them that Rubella Ballet meant "profit for EMI."

Rubella Ballet don't want to be profit for EMI. The establishment want Rubella Ballet, but they don't necessarily want it. Fools believe they see past the dayglo, but don't see *inside* it.

"Just us standing onstage wearing these clothes is *saying something*," asserts Zillah. "It's saying that we make our own clothes; it's saying we've got our own thoughts on the way the establishment is run. We're not getting up, dressing up and pretending."

"It's us. It's showing that you can take things and make yourself into something. You sit at home and get fed all this stuff on the telly about going to Hawaii, or washing your hair with this or that and you'll feel like you're the Queen . . . how there's a 'better world' and you've got to strive for it."

"What I'm saying is, you can create a better world for yourself by using what is around you. Otherwise it's . . . hell out there, isn't it?"

Rubella Ballet say all of that *before* the first verse starts. And anyone who glimpses no further than the surface probably saw *The Face* in April, saw the strangely familiar fluorescent trousers retailing at approx. £100. And some of us had a quiet laugh at the fate of the fashion moguls who decreed dayglo THE thing for 1984 and then abruptly noticed that they, you and I are seeing very little dayglo on the streets this summer because, probably, most people were too scared to wear it.

Some people have known it all along.

"We create our own style," says Sid. "We never just went down to *Boy* and bought a pair of bondage trousers. We made them, and we make these."

And ironically, the accusations which have recently been levelled Ballet-wards are that their style is the be all and end all of their existence.

Sid: "They're just not looking hard enough. It's been said that it looks like we put more effort into our 'gaudy clothes' than we do into the musical side — which is *absolute bollocks!* We put 100% into everything. Into organising the gigs, into the music, into doing the gigs, into making clothes, into presentation . . . everything."

Perhaps people still need something simple, something which can still be crammed into the overcrowded and enclosed anarcho-punk stable, the suffocating ghetto from which Rubella Ballet aesthetically escaped long ago.

They won't get it at the expense of perceptive, adventurous songs like '42°F' (the temperature at which corpses are stored, if you were wondering) or 'Slant And Slide' (an intelligently angled paralleling of the nuclear threat and witch hunts) or any other Rubella Ballet songs which don't throw infantile fits.

"There's still a lot about equality in the songs . . . everyone should be equal, but unfortunately the only time you're equal is when you're dead," says Zillah, referring to '42°F' with realistic sadness rather than cynicism.

"The good thing is that there are a lot of people out there that you can recognise, who care about the same things. And it makes you feel much better to know you're not the only one sitting at home crying because you've just seen a kid on the telly, born without an eye . . .

"Because," continues Sid, "the chemical company don't want to admit they've been treating a certain chemical wrongly, and that it turns into dioxin — which is a form of cyanide — and that the people that own farms have cows dying, or being born with deformities, and that one woman had a baby which was born with no eye because of it. And it's sick."

And Rubella Ballet: the care is still there, but without the money you need to make statements on an accessibly large scale, sentiments are right now largely confined in this top-floor Poplar flat. Zillah mentions the area's growing heroin problem, but explains that without any real backing it's often very difficult to even play satisfactory benefits, never mind normal gigs.

Quite apart from the need to establish once again some semblance of a permanent line-up, the most demanding task facing Rubella Ballet is to secure a necessary foothold in the overground without the compromise they're desperate to disallow.

"I don't really know why we haven't given up years ago . . ."

Well, we've come this far . . . and as I register the expressions on the faces of those who accompany us in the lift to the ground, I know that, at least, Rubella Ballet will always be an unmistakable, colourful blotch of life in Poplar's dreary wasteland.

But I hope that they'll never be *just* that. They've come this far . . . we're waiting for more.



# W O R K I N G — O N T H E KANE GANG



*Anna Martin/Euphoria applauds the mighty Kane Gang.*

'IS THE CLOSEST THING TO HEAVEN?'  
"The thing with 'The Closest Thing To Heaven' is that, that was really along the same lines, but we sort of put in 'lonely boy, lonely girl', at the start, to sort of give it a melancholy type of feel to it.

"We want to do a whole spectrum of things. We're working on a new single, which is basically, an angry lyric. Which is combination of that, and something which sounds softer, like 'Closest Thing'. So that you don't become boring and predictable," explains Martin Brammer, vocalist and willing spokesman.

Of all the secluded spots in London, where do I get to interview 'the biggest thing this summer'? At none other than the Top Of The Pops studio. The 'biggest thing' being The Kane Gang and as the dolce tones of 'Closest Thing' filter through the summer, and who knows, maybe the odd 'romance', I sit here in the dressing room, conversing with the boys. Our chat is constantly, rudely, interrupted by the strains of Prince and The Thomson Twins, which flow more than freely, from a Maplin's style radio. There's no turning it off, which doesn't go down too well.

The Kane Gang have been around for quite some time, although Paul Woods, Dave Brewis and Martin Brammer have been collectively using the name 'Kane Gang', for about a year now. Previously, they have played together in other bands (ie The Kings Of Cotton) but this is the final culmination of ideas, that had been gradually building up between them. And by the time of their debut single release; 'Brother Brother', last year, they had come to realise that, that was what they should have been doing all along! It was also that single that gave them the idea of using two vocalists, leaving Dave to become more adaptable.

Martin writes most of the lyrics, and is easily the band's spokesman, while Paul and Dave contribute freely. They possess very positive views about their intentions and capabilities, but that doesn't make them overtly serious. They are however, concerned with the aesthetic characteristics of their music, and are aiming for that certain degree of excellence, which is so rarely found these days. There is also a light-hearted quality about them, which is pleasing to see. They're ready for (just about) anything . . .

"We're aiming at having a degree of commercial success, which will ensure total control over what we do. And once we've got that, we're aiming at pushing back the boundaries of popular music. Really, it's just a question of having as much commercial success, as is necessary, to get real control over anything we do. And at that stage, I think, we'll come out with even more interesting stuff.

"It really annoys me; bands that make a million, and then go putting out the same old crap. I mean, they've got the opportunity to do something that's totally different."

Martin continues. "Basically, we are doing what we like. I was talking to one of the Kitchenware bands, and they were saying, 'Well, what are you doing? You write all this material, and you bring out a single! So, you've got ten songs, and on that scale, there's going to one that's the most commercial, and one that's the least. You've written them; the best songs you can write, and you like them all. But, there's going to be one that's the most commercial. So you release that. Unless you're a masochist or an idiot or something! That's the way we operate, at the moment. I mean, no way was 'Small Town Creed' commercial."

I decide to mention that unforgettable jingle.

"It was an unfortunate situation, where we were rushing for a train, and we had to do these things. And, we decided we'd do anything, just to get away, for the train," Martin explains.

"The record company had a list of jingles after that, and we shouldn't have done them. And we did a couple of others, which I'm really ashamed of," Paul adds soberly, drawing an animated response from the others.

"He's lost a lot of sleep, over that, actually," Martin tells me, still laughing. The debut album from this amicable Geordie trio, is due for release around late September. Featured on it, will be a cover of 'Respect Yourself' – originally by the Staple Singers, and 'A Crease In His Heart', "probably the most soulful track on the album," to use Martin's expression.

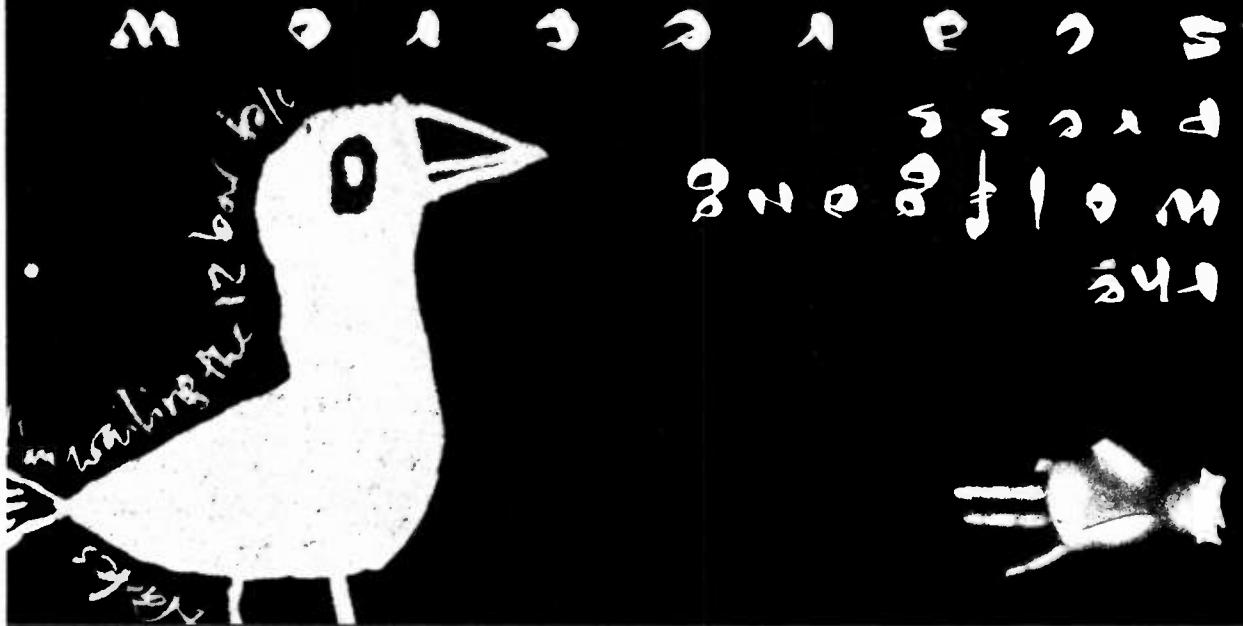
(In true rock n' roll style), the album will probably be followed by the tour. The Kane Gang have only previously played 'live' on one occasion: last Christmas, in Newcastle, which they weren't entirely pleased with.

"A lot of people are saying, oh, the strength of the band, and the singing, and that sort of thing, obviously wondering, 'Well, yeah, but can they sing 'live'?' We think there's a possibility that we might be able to sing better live, actually. So we just want to give it a go, and see what happens."

A knock at the door, and it's time for the run through before the 'live' performance, that's to follow later tonight.

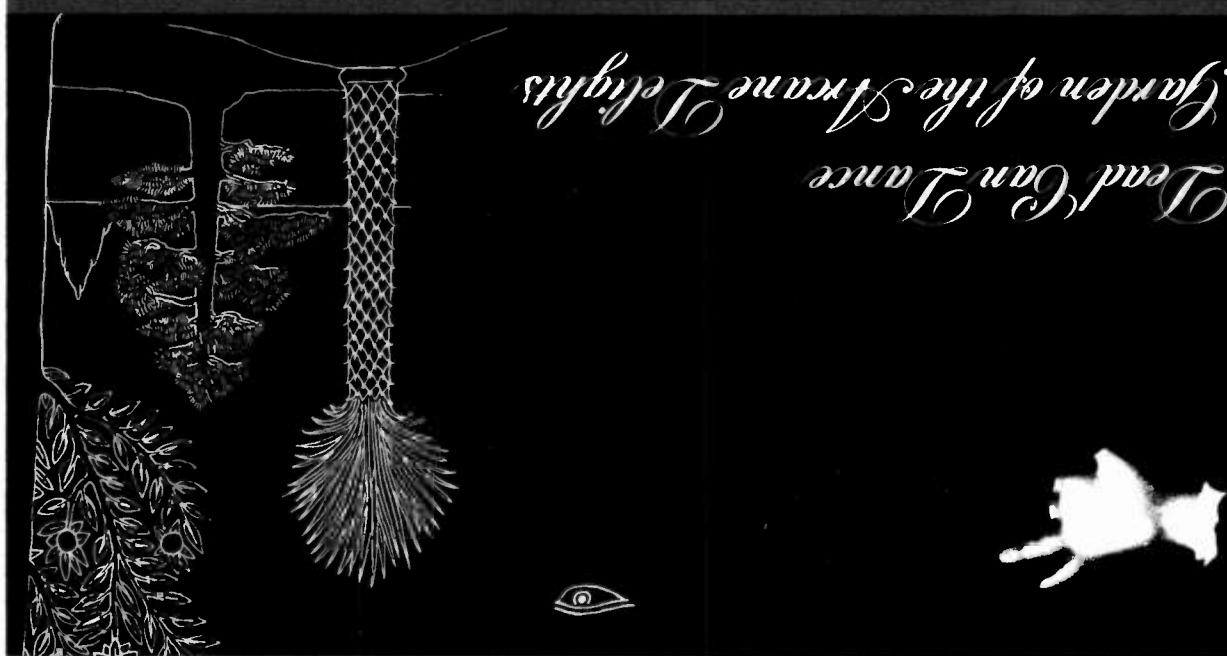
No sign of nerves are present, as they take the stage. Slotted in between Billy Idol and Blancmange. The Kane Gang don't look at all out of place. You'd have thought they'd been doing this for years! Who knows, maybe they will. They are on the verge . . .

3 TRACK | 2" BAD 409

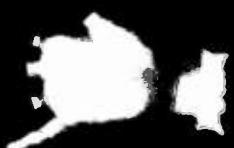


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# VENUS IN SCHNITZEL



Fiona/Anja: "We're a sad band."

Deutschland.

Hence, seemingly like the decor of the short introduction above – an agglomeration of musical and verbal junk, some dusty, all higgledy-piggledy on brilliant display. The musical effects are without question banal: the heavy bass chords and rippling treble figures out of which a bar-room pianist can concoct an accompaniment to any song at all. The verbal effects are correspondingly obvious, woven out of sad cliché: music's sweet charms, life's sadness, 'the valour of dead patriots', sounding brass that is gold no more. Although I'm sure X-Mal Deutschland will shine on.

The (human) condition: We are, all of us, sitting round a Beggar's office. Rum as can be. The group have just finished an astounding tour of Britain ("X-Mal were brilliant, specially at Leeds Warehouse which was wonderful" writes Mark from Peterlee). Now it's *le petit triste* time – post coital depression if you like. Various group members have got flu and I have my own health problems (wisdom teeth? I'd rather have sixpence . . .). What a glum party. Beattie is the only light – pepping up old acquaintances X-Mal with friendly chatter. Even so, the bassist clammers into a big empty container, "ship me back to Germany, first class." The cry is from the depths.

No. The ritual has to continue, the heart of X-Mal Deutschland examined. Anja Hinwe (vocals), Manuela Rickers (guitar), Fiona Sangster (Keyboards), Wolfgang Ellerbrock (bass) and (new boy) Peter Bellendir (drums) – what are you?

All: "We're a sad band."

See. The best music acts as a soundtrack to everyday life. It all fits.

Um, ah, the happy thing about X-Mal Deutschland is that out of all 'those' bands that came to attention in '82/'83 they are the only ones left who still hold any promise apart from one but modesty forbids . . . All the others either reached a peak and dissolved or simply egoized themselves out of business.

Anja: "We stay away from that post-punk scene totally. These people mean nothing. It depresses us."

Beneath that beautiful, mysterious X-Mal stare there is much on offer, much to become

'The chords conected. Very sad thing. But had to be . . . Get out before the end. Thanks that was heavenly. Where's my hat. Pass her by. Can leave that Freeman. Letter I have. Suppose she were the? No. Walk, walk, walk. Like Cashel Boylo Connoro Coylo Tisdall Maurice Tisndall Farrell, Waaaaaaaalk.'

'Well, I must be. Are you off? Yrfmstbyes. Blmstup. O'er ryehigh blue. Ow soap feeling rather sticky behind. Must have sweated: music!'

So, there's the value of rock 'n' roll – as an embellishment, and enrichment AND an integral intertwining motif through day to day existence. (To move, to activate, to make Wolfgang move his head, as X-Mal leave 4 AD.

sweat; that's the best rock 'n' roll.

Like (at the moment): Wide Boy Awake, 23 Skidoo, the Leather Nun EP, Kathy Acker, James Joyce and, yes, X-Mal





Anja (clearly a visitor from another planet) kept under house arrest.

involved in.

Fiona: "We are a band that are totally involved in style. Not in terms of clothes but the whole feeling."

Yes. Here is that spirit, that inspirational force. All the best have had it — the Ants didn't need to talk about politics or specific issues in order to present a radical critique. The lust for life was enough. X-Mal too.

"Every position of desire, no matter how small, is capable of putting to question the established order of society; not that desire is asocial; on the contrary. But it is explosive; there is no desiring machine capable of being assembled without demolishing entire social sections!"

Fiona/Anja: "We're just not interested in politics. Well, we are, but we don't feel the need to write about them in our songs. We're not a 'Berlin band' stuck directly in the middle between East and West, we just don't feel the need to cry out about that."

"We write about other things. My lyrics are all personal, although less so on this LP than the rest. 'Reigen' is not about Reagan, it's a beautiful German raindance."

"Perhaps the only political party we'd be prepared to support in Germany would be the Greens — the ecologists. Although even they seem to be stuck between two stools."

This fact that X-Mal are special was apparent right from the (English) start, supporting the Cocteau Twins at the Venue in '82.

Anja: "That gig at the Venue, everyone told us not to expect too much because British audiences are 'funny'. But when we came on they went straight to the front and went mad!"

X-Mal intuitively became a great attraction; people need that touch of splendid enigma. Consequently 'Fetisch' was a self-fulfilling prophecy — stunning. Full of vicious crescendo. And, of course, it was taken to heart by the great bored public.

Now in 1984, after more tours, the taste has not yet been sated. The mystery has not become history. The new LP 'Toscin' rests solidly at the top of the independent charts. X-Mal Deutschland are an establishment in the (post) punk consciousness.

Me: "I'll put the new X-Mal LP on . . ."

A Friend: "Why, have they learnt a new chord?"

Indeed. Compared to the blister of 'Fetisch', 'Toscin' is a successfully measured progression. Complex, mature (no! a horrid word) adventurous but containing enough heart to entice and enmesh. It's of that same direction, but in a slightly different style. 'Toscin' is blue compared to 'Fetisch's' silver/green. If you listen closely enough my friend the X-Mal album isn't samey at all.

Anja/Fiona/Wolfgang: "Our music has changed to a certain degree but not overtly. We haven't consciously gone out to change the 'sound'. But with better production, a better studio, the music will obviously be 'softer', more subtle, more intricate. If people want that old rawness then they can come and see us live. In fact, on the last LP there were also intricate bits and pieces but because of the mix you can't hear them. The difference between our two albums is the difference between the first and second Modern English LP's."

The killer track on the record and, hopefully, a real pointer for the future is 'X Mas In Australia'. It's a smashing hip-hop extravaganza. Full of perverse grunts, bells; strange noises. Spread with different, imaginative dance rhythms — maniacal and fun. It's completely unlike anything else on

L-R Fiona, Anja, Peter, Wolfgang, Manuela.

the LP — the band have obviously stretched themselves. Let's wish that they continue to do so.

Wolfgang/Anja: "Hmmm 'X Mas In Australia' . . . a lot of people have said that that's their favourite track. It's one that we wrote totally in the studio. Because Manuela left the band — and if you want to know about that then you'll have to ask her because she's the one who left — we started mucking about with a drum machine and then a proper drummer. So that track's got both, everyone plays bits and pieces on it. Very enjoyable!"

Reprise: The following night at the Townhouse the condition has changed. When Beattie goes to take photos the atmosphere is drunk and buoyant. The next day the band are to go back to Hamburg. The work and play in England is finally complete. Everything is wound down. Satisfaction. To recap—

Anja: "We are a sad band really but I'd describe the mood of our music as more of a 'positive melancholy' than anything else. A sadness tinged with a real tint of hope. Bands are overtly 'happy' all the time — it's just a false optimism."

Richard C. Johnson



As Sally hypnotises onlookers with her glass eyes, the glorious leader 'David' unhinges his left forearm at the elbow, allowing it to fall to earth, demonstrating the gravity of the situation.



# W

They came from outer town. They claimed to be our friends, but Mick Sinclair kept his hamsters home regardless.

## THE FINAL BATTLE STARTS HERE.

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the record shop . . . The Flying Lizards release 'Sex Machine' (a single) and 'Top Ten' (a multiple). Why?

David Cunningham: "Well, I honestly don't know where to start. A good question but I've no idea how to answer it."

This is his first UK interview for three years. He needs dusting off, obviously. He's done "lots of foreign ones where they always talk about art" and not read the music press for a year "so I don't know what I'm supposed to say."

Good.

"It's all off the top of my head."

Better!

"I feel it's necessary to do these records but not from any great desire to change the

world. I do other stuff, film music, it's important to be able to switch between roles and sometimes do something very lively and outgoing. The stuff I'm doing just at the moment is so laid back you'd hardly notice it (this may become a solo LP). It makes Eno's Ambient records sound like Top Forty.

"There's a great contrast between what I do and what I also do and how do you join the two? There's no way in terms of the marketplace to join these two really. But there are a lot of techniques which feed off one another. Like when I work with Michael Nyman (*The Draughtsman's Contract* soundtrack among others) there are a lot of Flying Lizard techniques employed in the recording which is unfortunate because that's why everyone says Michael's using synthesisers when in fact the instruments were just being mutilated."

From the 'Tears' of the late 20s to 'Purple Haze' of the late 60s, 'Top Ten' fiddles about with various cultural milestones.

"It's just the Flying Lizards top ten favourite tunes. Not my personal favourites. This is terribly pretentious but I've always toyed with the idea that the Flying Lizards represented rock and roll from some sort of alternative universe. It amuses me to think of a possible universe where James Joyce is a really popular author."

He later likens the title to *being* topped as in "people running around with no head, like chickens." A nice thought.

"In a sense there is this idea with the Flying Lizards of playing with history. The idea that there was a Flying Lizards ethic which dictated that the songs came from various sources. Larry Williams, who wrote 'Dizzy Miss Lizzie', was shot as a pimp in a Los Angeles street. Which is the sort of thing rock and roll ends up doing to people.

"'Dizzy Miss Lizzie' becomes embued with a certain significance if you know that. Leonard Cohen's 'Suzanne' was in that Herzog film, the one about the desert without any narrative in. I put on a showing of that at the Screen On The Green when This Heat played there. We showed the film before they played. When 'Suzanne' came on in this mysterious film about the desert, all these groovy people waiting for This Heat went 'Urgh' like it was anathema to them. Strangely enough, I've always quite liked it in that context."

Are there particular aspects in other people's songs that you seek to explore?

"I think it's got a lot to do with aspects of style. It's a stylistic thing as much as anything when dealing with somebody else's song. Like 'Purple Haze' say, it's dealing with something that's so established it's already part of cultural history and you're playing with that history, altering it slightly, rewriting it in a sense."

Later David ponders over his theory that the early Roxy Music were the first group to take 'pop' styles goneby and mould them into something new.

I wonder about Mrs Mills (something I'm often alone in doing). I spy a kinship between her reading of 'Roll Out The Barrel' and much of 'Top Ten'.

"A true musical hybrid, Mrs Mills. She's

more like Michael Nyman than the Flying Lizards. She's got this very stylistic approach. Mrs Mills could play Mozart and it would sound more like Mrs Mills than Mozart, much more. The same with Nyman and I suppose the same with the Flying Lizards although freer. There is this hybrid approach because of taking from history. Taking what is basically a rock and roll record of 1958 or whenever and the only thing my version has in common with the 1958 version is that there's a piano on it, none of the other instruments are the same in terms of physical structure — there's a lot of electronically generated sounds.

"The fuzzbox only came in during the 60s so like, er (temporarily forgets title), on 'Great Balls Of Fire' it's got an element from the 50s and an element from the 60s even a bit of operatic stuff and the ubiquitous drum machine which you get on everybody's records these days which is the 80s bit I suppose.

"I've got this idea about recording techniques, this goes back to my alternative universe idea but supposing Elvis, when he started, instead of having a guitar he had a Fairlight. It's a bit far-fetched but an interesting idea to conjure with. It's like that Edward de Bono word association thing. Take two words and stick them together. Elvis Presley: Fairlight CML. There's a whole vocabulary of ideas there for making silly pop records. I think that's possibly the way I work."

I think 'Sex Machine' is more machine than sex.

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha."

What would James Brown think?

"I imagine he'd hate it. I never quite know what to make of people who wrote these things and had them mutilated by the likes of me. I remember when Berry Gordy was asked about 'Money' because he wrote it and he came out with some terribly blasé remark about 'anything that brings in a bit of money is great', 'a good song lasts forever'. All these fatuous statements. A lot of the writers of the things on 'Top Ten' are dead though, aren't they."

They might be turning in their caskets.

"I used to get letters like that when I did 'Summertime Blues', from Germany. In German they would say 'Eddie Cochran would spin in his grave' — it sounds good in German. The people who wrote the songs I don't think really care very much after a certain point, it's the fans that care. After 'Summertime Blues' I would really have hated to spend any time in a pub full of teddy boys because I would have come to grief basically. They wouldn't have liked it, sacrilege is the word."

People do get very precious about their lifestyle icons. Like hippies. Like punks!

"I don't mind as long as they don't do it around my house."

Flying Lizard photos. A singer in the front (Sally in this instance) and DC lurking in the background shiftily dodging out of focus. An image?

"One lets it work itself out. There's a kind of punk element to the Flying Lizards in terms of my possible misunderstanding of the original ideas about punk. This was that you could simply do what you felt like doing. Not in the case of expressing

yourself necessarily but if you felt like going into the studio and making a loud noise, you could go into the studio and make a loud noise. Then you could bring some aspects of discipline to that later perhaps and order it into a record. That's how I tend to work. Have a particularly nasty sound to start with then one slowly rationalises that into just bursts of a nasty sound and cleaned up with something nice to make a tune out of it.

"I've always been convinced the Flying Lizards were punk in terms of outlook. Punk to me was going down the Roxy and getting up onto that stage and being able to do whatever you liked — not that I ever did, I don't like doing gigs — but it was like that for a while and then it got slowly sorted out and popularised and made what it is by the audience more than anything else.

"So eventually everyone ended up sounding like Sham 69 and it was killed then. My idea of a punk band around '77 was This Heat. With the distorted guitars and relentless rhythms I thought they embodied everything that were the qualities of punk rock.

"Also, I could never differentiate between punk and some of the more interesting disco stuff. 1977 was the year of both 'Anarchy In The UK' and 'I Feel Love'. The Donna Summer record probably had a greater effect on me because I was in a bakery in Malta when I first heard it. I thought 'my God what's happening in Britain? I must get back and find out'. It took me by storm, that record."

Education. Schooldays and the Young Lizard.

"I'm a firm believer in continuous education. What you learn at school is 99% worthless. You grasp language through books and talking not by grammar lessons and all that adding up stuff (maths), you use a calculator for that.

"I suppose the most valuable thing I learnt at school was how to break the rules and get away with it. It was a very strict school, people would get expelled for long hair! It was fairly easy to break the rules because there were so many of them. At one point I sat and rationalised my sins, the grossness of them not the quality because there were extremely trivial offences. The main thing was not getting caught.

"I think it was very useful. Not so much breaking the rules as bending them, that's the crucial thing. With pop music you've got a given vocabulary and if you deviate too much from that you've broken some of the rules. If you go too far out of tune on a record people say 'ah, it's out of tune' and somehow they go off it. If you rationalise that out of tune element with something else then it works.

"Being a purist is quite a good thing. If you've got something that's out of tune don't bury it but push it right up so that everything else sounds out of tune. It sounds alright then."

David Cunningham bought his shoes in a junk shop in America.

This interview took place beneath an autographed photograph of the Australian cricket team of 1948.

David Cunningham would like to produce Bucks Fizz.

# CAGNEY'S

L-R Sally Still, Hamilton Lee and his performing hat, Maya Gilder, Tim Whelan and (squatting) Jim Irvin.

Mug Shot: Colin Thomas.



# CHILDREN

A sickening tale of post-juvenile delinquency. Mick 'Baby Face' Mercer exclusively reports from The Zone about Furniture.

For a street-wise punk such as myself the dreary Manhattan evenings were nothing to be depressed about but tonight there was an unhappy atmosphere lingering in the air. Something was causing my hackles to rise but I was damned if I knew what.

I finished the last of the bourbon, dumped the glass back in the drawer, snatched up my faithful trenchcoat and made my way to the door. Fifteen dollars in my pocket and a thin time ahead.

My Beretta snug inside my pocket I slipped curiously out into the murky corridor, lit by one miserably naked bulb, and as I walked in its wavering light to the stairwell it suddenly hit me! I knew what was wrong.

I was falling into one of the biggest journalistic clichés of all time. The

American Private Eye. Cursing my own stupidity I missed my footing with consummate ease, went headlong down the stairs and broke my neck.

And you know what? Heaven ain't so bad after all. Free booze, some feisty dames and Furniture on the jukebox.

*"Why is the thrill of it hard to explain,  
Jumping the cars of the mystery  
train . . . ?"*

*(Robert Nightman's Story)*

Sure, sure, you've heard it all before. Well listen bud and listen good because this is where the accent drops away. This band, from a mysteriously accredited 'Zone' (as in 'The') will knock your socks off.

Formed when you were just completing your mock O-levels the band has shaken

itself up to the extent where there are five soulmates giggling in a City pub. Tim Whelan (Vocals/Guitar), Jim Irvin (Vocals), Hamilton Lee (Drums and real name), Sally Still (Bass/Vocals) and Maya Gilder (Organ) with occasional and invaluable assistance from Tim's disgraceful brother, Roger N'Azone and his saxophone.

These three/four guys and the two broads blow up quite a storm, a near perfect example of rhythmical philandering. Based in the back of beyond, travelling back and beyond, they have evolved a truly contemporary sound, giving us their version of jazz which doesn't then unfurl itself into the shackles of enormous trousers and oily moustaches.

With their story telling prowess and their

honest emotions these mutants show sensational marksmanship (Marxpersonship?) on their "When The Boom Was On" mini-album and the single "Dancing The Hard Bargain" which really ought to light up your lives.

Naturally it appears that they are getting nowhere.

"D.T.H.B." was picking up reliable support from Kid Jensen before his free transfer to the tupperware graveyard but then the other DJ's said they couldn't possibly entertain the idea unless the tune became locked inside Mike Read's skull (Space To Let). So that meant ZERO!

Even Peel adjudged the album poorly. 'I don't mind playing records where people can't play but I think I draw the line at this one' which, amongst other things, is a grave insult to the band. He even called them a West Coast Band! (Sally: "Welsh?")

The Crazy World Of Rock 'N' Roll held further treats when Island Records agreed to check 'em out (Record Company Talk) and even designated the Island rehearsal rooms as the place. Five hours after the band have been waiting a man appeared, only to mutter "Well I don't think you look right!" before rotating away. Outtasight!

But that's show business, as opposed to big business. Some you lose and some you lose.

So what gives . . . and where now? The same old places, to the old familiar faces? Other than an odd night up The Palace (Sally: "Wicked! Not much happened.") it is, ridiculously, back to The Zone (start at Hammersmith and Go West Young Frankie).

And after all, it's not as though Furniture lack polish.

Are they depressed? Are they downhearted?

Wouldn't you be?

Tim: "I'm phoning people up and they're, 'Oh we might be interested in blah this and the other' and I'm thinking, 'I don't bloody want to talk to you. We've done too much to take that sort of attitude!' You tend to want to sit in the corner and sulk which is very difficult at times."

So there they go, playing stages the size of a Mansize Scottie with their Farfisa organ, twenty one years old (Sally: "Today!") requiring the occasional kick start mid-set, yet the spirit remains. Undented. Undaunted. Sort of.

Why, I ponder (and ask) is "When The Boom Was On" riddled with more than its fair share of Young Sinatra imagery? Just what were they playing at?

Jim: "We had this joke thing we used to bandy about, 'The Death Of The Cool', and it was like trying to get away from trying to be really gloomy and sombre and dismal about everything . . . and yet there was a certain amount of that coming over in the songs, a cool introspection in the words."

Tim: "There is in it some 50's/60's black and white film imagery but that's not something we're dedicated to. If people get that off the record then fine. Survival Records liked the original tape we gave them, which was the whole of side two so we thought we'd do an album with some cohesion to it rather than, 'Hallo! This Is Furniture'."

Dedicated to it or not, the imagery is

strong, as are the frank messages of love. *Everything* is strong. Opening track, "Transatlantic Cable", pour example . . .

Jim: "That was about that sort of thing. The first verse is full of American imagery, the romanticism of the beat bop imagery. The second verse is, 'Well hang on a minute, I'm stuck here in Hounslow. What's this got to do with me?' That paradox. I'm interested in this but it's got nothing to do with the way I live.

"That song summed it up. It was quite a good key to the record, the way we are and the things that amuse us as images."

Note the word *amuse*. Two fingers of wry.

*"Christ! I wouldn't know two bits  
If they tried to  
RUN ME DOWN . . ."*

*(Transatlantic Cable)*

"There is a strange thing about the 50's," he continues. "You had a mixture of post-war austerity and this feeling of something about to happen. That became the 60's and the 60's blew it really."

And lest you tykes are starting to believe this beat bop is all they pull from under the bedclothes let Tim tell you otherwise.

"That 50's thing is one element. Allied to that we've all at one point in the past been heavily into disco/funk but we abandoned that when we heard other people doing it. We didn't want to be associated with that! Brazillian is still there in the music but hopefully we use it in a way that is still danceable but not in the way you normally would. From the hips."

Jim: "And that's where the jazz comes into it. We all listen to a lot of jazz. We just thought this can be exhilarating without being regimental. Jazz has a lot of fluidity that disco hasn't. But then that became a hip beacon as well."

What about this ('Two Tribes' on the Pub Tape Loop)?

Sally: "We started every song at our last rehearsal with 'OwwwwwWWooowWWOOOWWWWW!'"

Such irreverence! Don't they know this is the chart sounds. Look ma . . . top of the pops!

Jim: "I liked The Bronski Beat record but just went off it when you had so many people just drooling over this 'NEW GROUP'. You just get the feeling of Peter Powell going, 'Hey! (breathless), Bronski Beat are the greatest thing ever. They're so important, so gay and . . . Scottish. They don't look like they sound. They're so ELECTRONIC. I've known Bronski Beat since they were two!!!!"

Tim: "We've almost set ourselves a certain thing to live up to musically. It would be betraying what we're trying to do musically by setting some sort of lie on top of it. It wouldn't work. We don't want people thinking we haven't thought about what we do. We have thought about it and we're presenting it ourselves in a way we think fits best."

Also . . .

Jim: "We're saying, 'We're doing this, now you make an effort'."

Tim: "I think the worst thing recently was me and Sally went to see Test Department and a voice behind me went, 'Have you seen this group before?' and this bloke said 'Yes'. 'Oh, are they good?' and this was halfway through the

performance!"

Let us return to their most opulent and gregarious tune, 'Dancing The Hard Bargain', a whirlwind of a song featuring some of the burliest drums and friskiest backing vocals ever recorded, all inspired by an evening of recalcitrance in Richmond (where the cigarettes are menthol).

Jim: "I'd spent a miserable evening in this particular pub renowned for its massed trendies. I'd been watching everyone and all this role-playing going on. 'Darling, I haven't seen you for at least ten minutes!' Richmond is the second largest herpes centre in Britain and you could believe it. There was this casual thing going on. Everyone playing hard to get over here and then snogging intently over there, then swapping around. It was real messing with human relationships in a callous and subhuman way. 'Dancing The Hard Bargain' is about a sort of mating dance."

*"United in their quest,  
They want to pass their test,  
And start driving in hard bargain  
. . ."*

Do you enjoy being 'a band apart'?

Sally: "You can't really do anything else." But the struggle?

Tim: "Well you have to enjoy it or you wouldn't enjoy anything. There is a certain amount implicit in the struggling. It gives it the rough edge."

And 'Robert Nightman's Story', the semi-glorification of a lifestyle? Sally passes round a photograph found that morning outside the local passport booth which makes Jim instantly agitated.

"That's not the Robert Nightman I know," he assures us. "It's a blues amalgamation. I was reading this book about Sun Records and how it was a country and western thing before Elvis and there was some guy called Robert something or other who sang this song called, 'I'm Gonna Murder My Wife' and then went and did it. That was the evidence in court. He didn't really have a leg to stand on.

"I was just fascinated by the idea that you get this thing about all these guys living the lifestyle, hobos jumping the freight trains and hanging round with women and yet, they're singing the blues, about how miserable they are. And honestly that lifestyle is pretty damn frustrating when you're living it. Only in retrospect does it seem romantic and fab."

And then he feels it is time to close the article.

"You've got to be true to yourself, the whole time. That's been this anti-professional thing. You get this idea of the pro, the sort of Tony Bennett figure. His wife has divorced him for six million dollars and he's been busted for cocaine smuggling or something. Some Las Vegas type singer who then stands there and goes, 'When you're smiling . . .'"

*"Party to your grave,  
Think of the time you'll save . . ."*

*('DANCING THE HARD BARGAIN')*

I rolled home happily this evening, my Furniture jigsaw finally slotted together with the characteristics and faces complementing the music perfectly. And the bus driver, as I skipped lightly from the platform, actually said, 'Thanks Kid'.

Hell! Here's looking at you.

# LIVING

**Paul O'Reilly, remembering Frank Sinatra (touring here shortly) and Adam Ant: "Two weeks and you're an all time legend."**

**That was probably the most telling line that Adam Ant ever wrote** for it sums up exactly how cheap the word legend has become. Legend is an epic title that has to be earned.

You could scan today's music scene until you strained your eyes without sighting one. You'd go back a long way to find a real candidate, indeed only The Beatles, Elvis and Frank Sinatra spring to my mind. Of the three Sinatra has already lasted the longest, nearly forty years on with a career behind him that will take some beating. If you're already picturing an old man in a tuxedo straining his way through "My Way" then forget it! I'm talking about the timeless Sinatra, possessor of one of the great voices of our time, a real rags to riches hero and a 100% legitimate legend.

Just bear in mind first that the period we're talking about is the 30's. No videos, no TV and only just into the era of nationwide radio. Music was about non-stop coast to coast touring for months on end, the whole band stuck in one bus driving endless thousands of miles through the nights to the next outpost of civilisation that could muster a crowd. Success went to those with the greatest stamina and the hottest burning will to succeed. Frank Sinatra spent long years serving his apprenticeship in this hard school and travelled those hundreds of journeys until, with the help of the occasional radio show, he came to the attention of bandleader Tommy Dorsey. Joining the Dorsey band was Sinatra's first major step forward.

The leaders of the big bands of the time were very much the stars of the day and the role of the vocalist was usually anonymous but for Sinatra the break into the big league that the Dorsey band represented was virtually the final stage of his apprenticeship. The time he spent around such professional musicians improved his technique and although he received no credits, his voice was beginning to catch peoples ears on the band's releases. Reviews began to mention him and slowly Sinatra became the band's major attraction, a trend which Dorsey exploited but bitterly resented. It came to a head in 1941 when the band slumped in the popularity polls and Frank swept the board as America's favourite dance band vocalist. There was no going back from that and with two years of his contract still remaining he stepped out on his own in September 1942.

His solo career quickly hit problems. Because he'd broken his contract he was obliged to pay Dorsey nearly half of his earnings and financial difficulties were not long in starting. Columbia Records came to the rescue by buying off Dorsey as an advance against Sinatra's royalties. Quite a risk, but one that paid off when, from the bottom of the bill on the opening night Frank was elevated to headliner and proceeded to sell out the Paramount Theatre on Broadway for eight straight weeks. A star was born and a new sensation noted when thousands of hysterical teenage girls besieged the theatre

for a glimpse of Frankie Boy. Elvis Presley was seven years old.

For the next five years Frank Sinatra walked on water. His records topped every chart and sold by the truckload, each of his films set and smashed box office records and his live performances collected glowing reviews at almost monotonous intervals. Frank was on top of the world, but as always there is only one direction from there and slowly but certainly he began a steady fall from grace. Sinatra was already a political animal and he spoke out courageously against racism, anti-semitism and the witch hunters who were beginning to purge the post war entertainment industry. These opinions coupled with rumours of a Mafia background did nothing to endear him to the right wing press barons of the day who never missed an opportunity to bait him with crude

tunnel.

He was cast as Private Maggio in the film that was to become a classic, "From Here To Eternity". Working for a pittance out of sheer desperation he turned in the performance of a lifetime and in one fell swoop resurrected what had looked like a dead career. Upward bound once more, propelled only by pride and determination, he ushered in a new chapter in his career by picking up an Oscar for his role.

The new momentum pushed him into what was a golden period for his work. Teaming up with Nelson Riddle and Billy May he produced a string of classic albums that stand today as some of his finest work. "Only the Lonely", "Songs For Swinging Lovers" and "Come Fly With Me" saw Sinatra at arguably the peak of his career. At that point there was nobody to touch him. He also



and vicious copy. Sinatra reacted like any normal person and spread several famous columnists around their fashionable night-spots. Simultaneously the news of his involvement with Ava Gardner broke and he was pilloried for the break-up of his first marriage.

The turmoil of his private life dragged his career into a nose dive, and in a succession of body blows he lost his TV show, agency deal and finally his recording contract. He was so far down that you couldn't get odds on him resurfacing. He was lost and ridiculed mercilessly as his stormy marriage played out its various episodes around the world. The relationship with Ava was rapidly falling apart and just as Frank was looking like the next casualty, light was sighted at the end of the

found time to create another of his great roles, Frankie Machine the drummer/junkie in "The Man With The Golden Arm".

As with Elvis, the 60's saw Sinatra consolidate his massive audience and churn out a series of lame movies with his drinking pals. He also moved into the business, opening and later selling his own record company. His private life continued to hit the headlines and he continued to hit the headline writers but apart from occasional flashes of greatness his music had already scaled its heights. Heights which now set the standard for every balladeer who aspires to a song.

Sinatra's pushing on 70 now but I doubt if he's too worried, that's a lot of living to look back on. A man who delivers the goods and doesn't take shit. That's a Legend!

# LEGENDS

**Rex Garvin finds out what the Commotion is all about with Lloyd Cole. Alastair Indge captures the famous mercenary pose.**

**Pop Music? (What is?) Pap Music?** Forgive me for imposing but I'd like you to admit that Lloyd Cole And The Commotions' new single 'Forest Fire' is a pop classic. It might come as a shock. It did to me too, the first time . . . the prime mover tagged on the tail end of a sweaty Commotions show, just a perfect pop love song shock.

I think it shocked Lloyd too.

"Yeah, I can kind of understand me having written 'Perfect Skin'; but sometimes I can't quite understand me having written 'Forest Fire'. I don't really know what to say about that . . . it was a fluke.

"I mean, I like to listen to it sometimes," he chuckles. "That's really saying something. I've got another song, though, that we wrote recently which I was quite surprised by as well. Maybe it's God being kind to me."

Maybe it's just that when you make something like 'Forest Fire' – guitar solo and all! – there can't logically be an explanation.

It's mighty convenient that Lloyd Cole (I never did find out if that stylish handle is his real one) talks very quickly and precisely, because (another surprise! he agrees) he's fast becoming a pop-star and pin-up, and we've just started on what is the first of six interviews today.

**Lloyd is still perceptively reeling from the achievement of appearing on *Top Of The Pops* with the somewhat slight 'Perfect Skin': I mean, what can a boy do next?**

"It is very fast. I mean, *TOTP* was my one real blind ambition . . . I never wanted to be on the *Old Grey Whistle Test*, really! And now all of a sudden I've actually done it, it's quite worrying. You know, what next?

"I always thought it'd be very difficult to be on *TOTP*. Well, I suppose it has been. I suppose it took me about four years to become a fairly confident songwriter."

Though the Commotions, as are, have only been around since January. Last time I was in Glasgow, people were telling me how good they were. Next time I heard of them, they'd signed a deal with Polydor, got a hit single, were here. Lloyd had to leave university to devote himself to the Commotions. Which was "a bit annoying."

Lloyd and the Commotions still live in Scotland, though Lloyd himself hails originally from Derbyshire: he's only been in Glasgow for about three years, but still managed to find enough affection for the place to write a song about it called 'Beautiful City', and found out enough about its sordid little elite to drop a few knowing remarks into the gorgeous 'Andy's Babies'.

But geographically dispensed with, where do those songs come from? Those detailed scenarios, identifiable sketches, those songs about girls with perfect skin and burning loves like forest fires. Are they really all about old girlfriends?

"That was just a joke," he smiles. "None of them are about old girlfriends. Well,

maybe one. But not very many of them are about real people. I just use real people as models. I quite like writing fiction . . . I find it more interesting than, I dunno, writing moralistic parables.

"I don't sing from the heart," he adds casually.

**You don't? And it doesn't worry you? Most of today's utterly soulless pop stars would crumble with indignation at the very idea.**

"Well, I don't. I sing from the stomach, though. People think I'm a kind of soul-type singer, because I screw my face up – but I only screw my face up to make me sound right. Not because it's from the heart.

"Some of my lyrics, I suppose, are quite personal. But some of them aren't. I've become resigned to the fact that every song I write will be basically more about me than anybody else, though."

He sighs, in resignation.

"I tried very hard. I thought, let's be a kind of journalistic pop star who doesn't write about himself all the time . . ."

But as always the best-laid plans . . . he messed this one up a little bit better than most. And just in case you're thinking that all of these plans sound a little *too* well-laid

talent with a suitable measure of regard for tested techniques. And they sound perfect on a tinny transistor in a cafe.

"I think it's fair to say that group of bands probably do listen to the same kind of records as us," is as far as Lloyd will go, quite rightfully, in reference to Glasgow's fey Postcard/post-Orange Juice tiny tots' party.

"But I think the whole anti-rock appeal of the Postcard movement just got a bit too much. I find it very hard to watch Orange Juice these days because they're still not really bothered about being completely out of tune. We try and treat songs as well as we can."

**Lloyd says he takes a lot of painful time over his lyrics. Songs are crammed with exquisite detail, character portraits flecked with all manner of little traits and blemishes. Are you keen on details?**

"Not really, actually. My favourite lyricists are probably Kraftwerk. I love the way they have a song which just goes "*trans-Europe express . . .*" and that's all they need. But I personally find it very difficult to sing the same things over again . . .

"That's why 'Are You Ready To Be Heartbroken' is quite short. It says all I want to say in two verses and one chorus. I can't really bear this 'Third verse, same as the first' . . ."

Proving that he's listened to the Ramones as well as Kraftwerk. As you might have already guessed, Lloyd's not become so cynical about this game he's dived into that he's stopped listening to everything else: quite the opposite, he's found himself feeling that "it's almost part of his job" to *keep* listening.

He'll talk about the Velvets (obvious!) but he'll prefer solo Lou Reed, he'll confess a desire to make "A fantastic pop LP" (not an *album*, notice!) like 'Rubber Soul' and if you've been carefully analysing the Commotions (silly!) it'll come as no revelation to discover he just purchased his first Country & Western record the other day.

**So, still a fan, and how does it feel to actually have some too? Are you ready to be a pop star? Or, do you mind being pin-up (more pertinent)?**

"Well look . . . ! he chooses, grinning. "It's not so much, don't mind being a pin-up . . . it's just that I can't complain if I'm gonna be made one. I've set myself up in a position whereby I'd rather look good in photos than bad in photos.

**Do you think you look like Elvis?**

"I do a bit . . . er, I think I do a bit. Sometimes. I mean, I don't think I'm particularly good-looking . . ."

OK, OK. We don't want to humble ourselves too much. Anyway, Lloyd's pictures look better than Martin Kemp's. And the records sound better, too. Which is why we're here. Pop Music? Well (whatever it is) if it was due yet another last chance, then this might just be the one.



for comfort, you could ask Lloyd just what sort of coldly careerist motives he had when he started all of this.

"I didn't. It was just blind ambition. And basically, the reason I'm carrying on is because it's the only thing I do naturally. I think these days, when it's hard to get a job, and I don't particularly want a job other than this, I feel quite legitimate in doing the only thing I feel I'm pretty good at."

Ah, this modesty is, well, nice. But not really necessary. The Commotions are like a thundering gale force of fresh air from the stuffy, self-obsessive, precious Scots music school. And they're the same into the charts: a completely unpretentious, natural sound with – however much Lloyd tries to deny it! – an audibly beating heart and a respectful affection for music, a willingness to tangle

# I LEFT MY HAT



## Days of wine and roses with Jeffrey Lee Pierce of GUN CLUB. Small bore shooting: Richard Kick.

WE CARRY OUR ANCIENT RELATIVES AROUND WITH US—

"Mah man's gawn now . . ." sings/drawls Jeffrey Lee Pierce in a hot, sizzling even, tone. Perversely, the notes go up, down, up, down, down, up and then sideways, for no apparent reason at all. Through choice? The song, the sound has a twisted logic all of its own. The effect is stunning. Heart rending. "Awld mahnsorrowwww . . ." Ah yes, in this one cell there is contained a collective ancestry of gospel, blues, rock and punk. Jeffrey is the singer with The Gun Club, he carries his old relations around with him every day. Jeffrey is one of the most important American vocalists since Jim Morrison. The Gun Club; before them all others of a similar mould fail and pale. The Gun Club are the difference between shamming and shamanism.

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I HEARD SOME GREAT RECORDS ONCE . . .

The first Gun Club LP was 'Fire Of Love' — raw, emotional, bluesy, rootsy. At the time there was nobody else playing this music, except in oakie southern American roadhouses. But they were doing it 'straight', The Gun Club would've been shot for taking the piss. Except that they weren't. 'The Fire Of Love' is US Musical mythology re-incarnate as a fresh, new and fast force.

The second LP was 'Miami' — thoughtful, solitary with tinges of 'country'. The two albums are extremes in tone and texture. 'Fire Of Love', on a very low budget, was accomplished as quickly and roughly as possible, while 'Miami' was, perhaps, over produced.

The third record should have been somewhere between the two. Instead, the 'Death Party' EP was unleashed which went off at a

complete tangent. Violent and aching — the title sums it up. At this time the record company were actually pushing The Gun Club into being a 'commercial' HM band because that's where they thought 'Death Party' was leading. Fools. "Hmm, perhaps it was a little incomplete", muses Pierce.

There was also a live LP.

All together, this material was tagged as 'Swamp-Voodoo American' music. Along with The Cramps, The Gun Club inspired a whole new generation of proud 'roots' bands and fans. And . . . maybe a few people bought some bone necklaces as well . . . Jeffrey, we hear that you're sick of the voodoo-swamp thing?

"Umm, no one's called it that have they?"

So, what music do you play?

"We play punk rock."

WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY . . .

# IN SAN FRANCISCO!

I phoned Jeffrey Lee Pierce at his home in Los Angeles. 7 pm in the Chrysalis office and early morning in Jeff's house. Y'know, he was cheerful with a booming laugh, he seemed quite alive and was very talkative. We chatted for one and a half hours; day to day conversation and some normal questions. I expected him to grumble and swear at the English journalist who was pestering him before breakfast. But no, Jeff's an extremely nice, interesting person.

Hey Jeff, what's gonna do for the rest of the day then?

"Well, I'm going back to sleep, then I'm going to play this sax I've just bought for four hours. Then, maybe, I'll watch some TV. My favourites are *The Addams Family*, *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Sergeant Bilko*, but they're not on at the moment. They're being shown in England aren't they? Yeah, I always thought you had good TV 'cause you've got all the best American stuff. *Hill Street Blues*? Nah, that's shit. Anyway, then I'm going back to bed. What? No I never go out anymore, all the people in the clubs have turned into junkies, I can't stand it. It's all so dismal, such a drag. I'm not into self abuse anymore."

YES, BUT THE BEER AT THE LYCEUM'S ALWAYS WATERED DOWN . . .

*When the curtain went up, there on the stage was a little black figure, its white face puffy with drugs, a circus puppet with an Edith Piaf mask. It was grotesque and tragic.*

(*Piaf* by Simone Berteaut)

The last English Gun Club gig at the Lyceum was a riot. Jeffrey couldn't stand up for falling down. Jeffrey was a drunkard, an alcoholic, he also took a few other things as well, like opium and hash.

"I don't know about anyone else, but I had a ball."

The rock 'n' roll shit scream? Yes, but a little bit more as well. Pierce is a sensitive artist, or wants to be. Sometimes he believes in himself and his work, other times he doesn't. Alcohol helps to make his mind up, by numbing it. Jeffrey used to be a Jim Morrison tortured-poet-on-a-death-trip type figure (not, I might add, a rock 'n' roll stoned-because-of-the-myth dickhead). But now he's wised up.

"I'm interested totally in work now."

THE LAS VEGAS STORY . . .

That's the title of the new Gun Club LP. Named as such for no special reason at all. No concepts? It's the first studio album for two years due to record company problems. It's hot.

"Hot . . . hot? Oh, you mean as in 'burns'. Yeah, right, the Beatniks have a lot to answer for, mixing up the meaning of words . . . Lord Buckley . . . hmmmm . . ."

It's a classic. An amalgam of jazz ("most of the arranging ideas, the timing, the looseness are borrowed from jazz"), Blondie

style pop (Jeffrey was once the president of the Debbie Harry fan club. She's a close friend of his. It was she who actually motivated the Gun Club into recording this LP). Television type jagged off rhythms and guitar solos ("That makes sense, Tom Verlaine inspired me to pick up a guitar."), vintage Gun Club groove-a-billy and some rocking punk (JLP's roots are of course in the LA punk community — his favourites at the moment are Flipper — "Buy their records" — and The Mentors).

I play this record a lot. It wakes me up. Plus. Kid Congo, the original guitarist, is

REST OF THE WORLD TOO) . . .

*'In the still of the night I walk with the Beast  
In the heat of the night I sleep with the Beast'*

"The lyrical themes on this album? Umm, the lyrics are now observations as opposed to being concentrated on myself. I like writing about people, I like to imagine their backgrounds.

"I hate America. The lyrics are about that. The anguish, the description, the frustration. The awful life in the city where nothing ever



Elton's transplant caused quite a stir.

back after his stint with The Cramps. He makes the difference.

"His inability to play all the guitar parts creates room for me! The music's changed, it's more complex with more melody/counter melody and some improvisation.

"Kid Congo got bored with The Cramps. He started getting better and didn't want to carry on playing an E chord all the time . . . it's just like being asleep. He also got tired of 'fashion'. I still like The Cramps though, they're creative."

I HATE AMERIKA (AND SOME OF THE

happens. Where everyone has to 'get off', 'get off' on something all the time. They always have to get something, they live like thieves."

Some tracks on the LP are called 'Bad America', 'The Las Vegas Story' and 'Walking With The Beast' . . .

"It's that cut-throat ideology — taking all you can get. People forget that the city of Las Vegas actually has residents. Residents who are inundated all the time with hordes of maniacs holding rolls of dirt, rolls of money. They treat the inhabitants like shit. Invading someone else's territory — to me that's the

worst thing. El Salvador? The situation there makes me feel ashamed to be American.

"I hate the amoral, random violence that is 'America'. Where car loads of Mexicans cruise around, picking off people at will and beating the shit out of them. They don't do it for any reason except to show how 'bad' they are. It's obscene."

"I got badly beaten up about three months ago. It's because of the way I look — I'm no good at staying cool when someone's hassling me, I just have to mouth off."

Jeffrey Lee Pierce and Terry Graham encountered danger and died with death while on a jeep holiday in the Ucatan two weeks ago.

They were in search of the Tikal Pyramids. After visiting this ancient and mystical site, they decided to camp out in the jungle, and soon found that they were suffering from dysentery and vine rot, which is a sickness of creeping sores contracted from a poisonous vine.

Trying to find their way out of the jungle to

intellectual aspirations. I'm sure that he'd be quite at home in the NY new-wave artist's colony. He was recently introduced to those two old dogs Burroughs and Ginsberg.

"Yeah, I'm not too into them but they encouraged me in my writing. I'm planning a book at the moment — after all, my lyrics are mere abbreviations from wider texts."

"I'm reading a lot of turn-of-the-century stuff currently. Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*, etc. Kathy Acker's good as well but it's so hard to find that sort of stuff in the bookstands around here. William Kennedy's *Iron Wed* is another favourite of mine, he's a fine new writer. James Joyce? That's like asking me what I think of Jimi Hendrix. Yeah, he's the guy who started it all."

JL Pierce is an intelligent, inquisitive person. It's the NY philosophising mixed with LA *joy d' vivre* that makes the Gun Club extra special.

... AND JAZZ . . .

"My musical horizons are being widened all the time. This LP isn't so 'American' as people think, it's got more of an international flavour to it. My favourite part is the first two minutes of side two ('The Master Plan') which is based on Peruvian folk-jazz music. I'm very interested in South American music, stuff from Bali, Ecuador and Peru. In fact, my latest project is the creation of a Third World jazz carnival. There's gonna be 27 musicians, we're gonna do two rehearsals and then we're gonna play three songs that last two hours long. It'll be fantastic."

The truly outstanding song on 'The Las Vegas Story' is a cover of the George Gershwin classic 'My Man Is Gone'. The arrangement is all Jeffrey's. A jazz great. Full of tremor, bitter sweet melody and epic changes — this is the one that I play over and over again. Heaven.

"The only time I ever go out now really is to go to the local record store which is only a block away. I go through their jazz section thoroughly — I'm finding out a lot about it. Jazz is my main preoccupation. Umm, Dolphy, Mingus and Coltrane are my favourites plus a lot of late '50's jazz. I'm interested in improvisation.

"That's the trouble with Gun Club records, there isn't enough . . . room. The next album I do will be longer, yeah, a double LP with a lot of improvisation. The record company? Bah, they're not interested in art, they just want product . . ."

#### WHY ARE THE GUN CLUB THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SHAMMING AND SHAMMANISM? . . .

"Yeah, at the Lyceum gig I slagged off all the Batcave wankers. I was in an anarchistic mood. I was with Lucy, who helps to run the place and she thought it was great.

"You see, all our dressing up, our attitude, it's all linked to something greater . . . the music . . . the whole feeling. Like with Ivy from The Cramps, the way she dresses and acts, it's attached to the whole idea. It's an extension. But with The Specimen and all those other bands . . . it's nothing. It's just fashion." SEARING, HEAT, SEX, ABANDON, HEART, INTELLIGENCE, VITALITY, WONDERFUL SOUNDS, FUN . . . The Gun Club.

RICHARD KICK



#### What the well dressed performer is wearing these days.

"LA's like a Nazi state at the moment with the Olympics — the police are going mad, picking on everyone. I'm gonna move soon

"England? Nah, that place is getting to be like New York. Everyone's so hostile, so uptight, so crabby.

"I like the idea of living in France, it's lazy and we're popular there."

#### WHAT DID YOU DO ON YOUR HOLIDAYS DAD? . . .

The handy press release (yellow paper, back type, blue trimmings . . .) says:—

get to a doctor, they inadvertently crossed into Guatemala on the day that a minor revolution had taken place and were given an armed escort out of the country to Belize. From there they had to fly straight to San Francisco to support Siouxsie and The Banshees.

"It's all true . . . the dysentery, the bugs, the terror . . . no wind, no air, steam . . . ugly."

Jeffrey Lee Pierce is an enthusiastic amateur anthropologist and archaeologist. HEP AND BEAT . . .

In fact, Jeffrey has quite a few artistic and

I first became aware of Sagittal Suture circa November '83 when Steve Richards took me down to see the primitive recording studio he was piecing together in the cellar of his terrace house. The room was small and airless, littered with shards of metal and lengths of piping, dominated by an old zinc water tank.

"Yeah," I said; "it'll be all right once you've cleared out all these bits of scrap iron."

"Bits of scrap iron?" replied Steve, gently netted; "those are our bloody instruments."

This anecdote tells you all you need to know about Sagittal Suture.

Steve has now been working in collaboration with Paul Rodgers for just over a year. Together they go to make up Sagittal Suture. They're certainly an odd couple — the Stan and Ollie of the neu-musik netherworld. Steve is thin and wiry, with a grey, anonymous photofit face, while Paul is a chrome-domed Aleister Crowley look-alike (his bookshelf contains several expensive hardcover editions of Crowley's work, as well as the inevitable stuff by Burroughs,

sort of thing. Personally I don't give an eff and three asterisks about the technical side of the music scene, but I'm willing to concede that SS are an engaging band, dark rites and loathsome baby-sacrifices notwithstanding.

One thing that bothers me is the fact that some of their tracks involve very little personal input. One of them makes use of "synthesizers playing themselves by triggering one another off at unrelated intervals . . . the triggering is the key to this track — it could be used to produce innumerable variations on the same theme . . ." How can Steve and Paul justify this kind of depersonalized approach? Do they think it's a valid form of music?

"It's just an experiment," Steve explains; "that's what makes it valid. We'll be doing the same thing when we play live in future, doing all kinds of experiments. We might just play one track, an hour-long track, and we'll tape it and pick out the best bits, the bits that work, and use them the next time we play. The rest we'll discard."



Gysin et al). They obviously regard themselves as a minor-league provincial version of PTV — an across-the-board multi-media organization rather than a straightforward 'band'.

"Sagittal Suture takes up most of my life," says Steve, "but I wouldn't really call us a group. The music is just one aspect. We've been doing films and slides and we're hoping to do video. Also screenprinting and painting, drawing, writing, etc. It all fits into the group. We're using as many things as possible so that we can bring them all together in our performances."

As musicians Steve and Paul are self-indulgent, potent but slightly erratic. They wallow in a sound obviously inspired by Throbbing Gristle, Test Department, Cabaret Voltaire, etc. Steve plays a mean synth, water storage tank and tractor petrol tank, while Paul doubles on synth, aluminium piping, iron bar, cast iron link and milk churn. The end result is more or less what you'd expect: a clanking metallic din with odd, drone-like properties. Their 'demo' (they would probably baulk at the word, but that's what it is) is suitably intense and challenging. There are no individual titles — "titles are not important." Instead each track comes complete with copious technical notes: "Roland RH 101 synth via Korg MS 20 synth; Electro Harmonix mini-synth via Copycat echo unit x 2" and so on. All very intriguing if you happen to like that

I must confess that I have misgivings about this if-we-throw-enough-crap-at-the-wall-some-of-it's-bound-to-stick type of approach. It often results in long stretches of unrelieved boredom. Still, if I had to level one specific criticism at Sagittal Suture it would be that they don't try hard enough to consolidate their initial territory. After over a year of creating music, making films, running their own cassette label and occasionally projecting their slides at Sheffield Leadmill they're still no closer to achieving anything really concrete. They have no drive, no sense of urgency. But as Steve readily admits, "We're gunna 'ave to get us finger out soon."

Watch out for Sagittal Suture when/if they play near your home turf (man). They're worth seeing. Their music hangs onto your brain like a maddening jingle that won't go away, while their 8mm home movie of animated chicken giblets would make most video nasties seem tame in comparison. A real stomach chunner when you've had a few.

And just in case you're wondering, Sagittal Suture is, says Steve, "the proper medical term for a line that runs across the top of your skull. We just picked the most forgettable name we could find." So now you know.

# PATIENTS: SAGITTAL SUTURE TRANSFUSION: IAN BLAKE TOPOTOMY BAY

# OUT

## Charge Of The Light Brigade

Good lord, it's Stu P. Didiot, that rogue from Charge! He's on the phone, he's in the office, he's playing me songs! He's married. He's no bohemian. He's sharp.

And **Heza Sheza** remain a curio. Two songs of unbridled whimsy, because a producer has yet to take them in hand, giving them upholstery they deserve.

Stu opens the door of their pied-a-terre, revealing the usual good taste in Honor Blackman outfits and leads me up the stairs where the other half, Karen, crouches with the tea. Sip, sip, sip. Take us back Stu, mull over the past and those days of furious music.

"I never really intended for Charge to be purveyors of furious music. I was also writing finger-picking songs, of great delicacy, and Charge refused to do them. The rest of the band had an aversion, often stated, to melody. Anything with a melody was referred to as 'fruity'. In the end my view of what I wanted widened and theirs narrowed."

I—and presumably others—thought you were the leader, a man quite capable of making them knuckle down.

"Yeah. I actually formed the band but it was a democracy. I was a victim of block voting every time.

"I enjoyed it on a decreasing scale. The more successful it got the more peculiar the band members got."

Before Charge's propellers caught on the reef Stu recorded something entitled 'The Cresta Collection' for the long since embalmed Kamera Records, produced by David Cunningham of The Flying Lizards. Whilst singing, playing guitar, performing cello impersonations, fire extinguishers and some synth Stu recorded an old Robert Browning poem, concerning a man so besotted with a certain lady he strangles her with her own hair, to control her forever. The punch line being:

"Three times around her throat, and strangled her." So we did that over the music to 'Bye Bye Love.'

We all giggle as well we might. But what of this marriage. Married in black, with a £100 from Karen's parents, it was something they would cheerfully recommend to others.

Stu: "People are really schizoid about marriage."

Karen: "First thing they ask is, 'Are you pregnant?' Getting married, if you really want to do something unusual for the day, is a really good thing."

Did you get the toaster?

Karen: "No, This really obscure cousin of mine sent some embroidered pillow cases. We don't have any pillows."

Stu: "And a table cloth with no table to put it on."

Did you go on Honeymoon?

Stu: "Sort of. We went to Clissold Park and fed the ducks."

The rest of Heza Sheza are every bit as unpredictable. Having weeded out the man who lived in the Tower of London because his father was a beefeater and the drum-machine operator who hated their songs and their verse/choruses, demanding they should have no form (Stu: "Can you imagine trying to de-structuralise music with a drum machine?") the current line up is stable though missing a synth player. Anyone interested, get in touch.

Sir Dorian De La Mode (real name Jeff) plays violin and has classical training. Drummer Phil Morse is "quite remarkably normal," with a past history of club hands and bassist Steve Webber who cannot use a plectrum, is "a neurotic American," who started with violin aged seven, cello at twelve, double bass at fourteen and a travelled a hazardous path through the Berkeley Jazz Ensemble, a degree in political science and work in Hong Kong with Matt Monroe and The Platters. How has the bizarre line up come about. And *Why*?

Stu: "I'm not quite sure."



Let me leave you with their songs.

HEZA SHEZA ("Up tempo pop song.")

LOVERS OF THE FUTURE (DITTO. Interesting theory on 'technocrats remove the pressure', a diverting commentary on sexual investigation in the leisure age.)

D.J. VENUS ("Pretty heavy. Character from a book I wrote that never got published.")

ELEGANT REFLECTIONS ("Very elegant.")

DANCING ON GRAVES (A spritely romp.)

SOMETHING OR OTHER FRIEND ("A Celtic feel. 'Cascading guitar touch', as they call it.")

DADDY'S GIRL ("A slow ballad about incest.")

THE BLUE STAIRS ("Rock'n'Roll song without a guitar. That pounds along nicely.")

PEOPLE IN CLOTHES ("My retort to the 'Men In Frocks' thing. Up tempo. Anthemy type chorus.")

FURCREATURES ("Sex song.")

NOISES REMIND ME ("Nonsense song.")

Are any of their songs as severe as the tape was light?

Karen: "Our sex song is really severe. It's got a gallows beat to it. We want to use that at the end of the set because it explodes. It's like coming."

I say! Their ring-file is overflowing, with countless thousands of songs. It was something of a task for the professionals, to whittle them down to thirteen. Why thirteen?

Stu: "Lucky number. I also write thirteen word poems, which again no-one wants to publish."

PART TWO (come on, let's play games): NEXT MONTH.

MICK MERCER

## TAKE A CHANT ON ME

Wesel Harty, Terry Wogan and Michael Parkinson, full of false sincerity, commercial blandness and their indigestible medicine that leads to dire omitting. Trapped by these self-made constraints a coup has taken place. The all new **Chat Show** is here.

With their blood brothers', **Kasai Chant**, they hope to correlate something that may even avoid Channel 4. Clive: "We have grand plans for ourselves but getting them to materialise is another matter."

Sitting amongst wooden chairs and decaying tables of pre-gig London enue. Faced by a collection of six. Behind masks of paranoia sit the Chat Show stalwarts Gary, bass; Julian, drums and vocalist Steve; Kasai Chant's Clive and the nomadic refugees, Jess and Jon.

Jon, Oxford's answer to Robert Smith. Ex-social secretary at the local college of Further Education and self-made face about town. He plays guitar for both the rising groups. With him, Kasai Chant vocalist Jess does her bit on a couple of Chat Show songs. Being the diplomat he is, it is decreed that this piece should be on both groups.

Kasai Chant inhabit Oxford, where a fairly large following has grown up.

In their short history they have supported Skeletal Family and Gene Loves Jezebel, going down well at both gigs and playing what Clive chooses to call "thinking man's positive punk", relegating the initial, "we are a rock band."

Clive: "What's annoying to us is the fact we made that start, Skeletal Family and ten days later Gene Loves Jezebel, then it just went dead. A couple more gigs fall through and you start to get really depressed."

In turn, Chat Show are very keen to tell (force down the throat) that they have recently finished a very successful tour with Play Dead, gaining accolades from any of the Stay Dead following.

The two groups are surprisingly very different. In contrast to Kasai Chant, at time reminiscent of the Glove in texture, Chat Show are shrouded in purple flames and the early Seventies, never being far from Iggy.

Jon: "If both bands were beginning to sound the same I would leave one and join the other. Neither band work having a dominant person. That is why the music is different between the two."

MIKE EYLES

# YOUNG, GIFTED AND BACK

Last March, for some long forgotten reason, I found myself a spectator at a Neubaten gig at The Lyceum. The demolition business has never been my cup of tea and as all around me searched for superlatives, I found myself recalling the originators of the atonal movement. Not Stockhausen you fool . . . **Spizz!**

How many of you I wonder, had an evening shattered by SpizzOil's manic partnership, that hideous combination of guitar voice and kazoo? In my quest for the musical meaning of life I suffered this pair many times, until, discovering a previously buried masochistic streak, I decided I quite liked it after all.

SpizzOil mutated into Spizz-Energi, and despite more line-up changes than the guard at Buckingham Palace they were elevated to the status of "boys most likely to" just as 79 ended and the band became Athletico Spizz 80. Indie top 10's led to an A&M deal which was quickly followed by the cracks beginning to show. The band slumped into 81 as The Spizzies and then . . . Nothing.

Spizz himself dropped out, disenchanted. What has looked so certain had evaporated and it seemed that the knockers would have the last laugh. We are about to find out, for after nearly three years of silence the man has stirred himself and is about to re-enter a scene that is badly in need of a stirring. Although he's been quiet he has not been idle; gathering paintings seems to have rekindled his ambition and together with longtime sidekick Pete Petrol he's assembled a set of songs more mature than any thing he's done to date.

As one time title contenders I'd advise you to take a look, the comeback starts here!

PAUL O'REILLY

# CANADIAN DRY



2.30 pm Suzi from RCA, explained this morning. 2.40, and the phone rings. I'm on the receiving end of a rather irritant operator, but finally I'm put in touch with Mark Gane, (one half of **M + M**, the other being Martha Johnson), speaking from Toronto, Canada.

It's 9.40 am in Toronto. Mark is barely audible through the faintly, beeping line. But we strive on, none the less.

**M + M** are currently opening for the Eurythmics, who are playing a few dates in New York. Also on the bill is Howard Jones. Their current single, 'Black Stations/White Stations', although being slightly controversial, is doing very well in the USA Dance charts, and also over here. Is their new (and somewhat more positive) sound intentional?

Mark explains, 'No. Really, it's just progression. We ceased to be Martha and the Muffins because of that same natural progression. And also I didn't like being called a muffin! As songwriters, we needed that musical freedom. By living here in Toronto, we are graphically in the centre of the major musical influences; from New York to the UK, and also the Caribbean. Therefore, our ideas are constantly changing.'

'We simply aim to do the best that we can, and make a living. We've been very lucky so far, despite not having any real hit records. Although 'Echo Beach' did bring us some success in the UK. People who have followed us from Martha and the Muffins, know us, and there are also people that know us as a 'new' group. It's really worked quite well.'

Do **M + M** feel that the ever-increasing tilt towards (so-called) artistic direction is important?

'With regards to artwork, yes.' I hear Mark distantly murmur. 'The video question is a danger, in my mind, as they seem to take away your imagination. I can only think of about five videos that I really like! I don't like the idea of videos, but then, when you're offered the chance, you're silly not to take it. That's when the challenge comes in.'

'I'm waiting for pop music to grow up! To cease being about naked girls, violence and war!'

He goes on to add, 'If you really believe in yourself, there's no real danger.' The immediate future looks bright, with a USA tour clearly visible on the horizon. There's also a possibility of a UK tour, (which they are looking forward to), maybe towards the end of the year.

'Mystery Walk,' the new album (on RCA Records), is surely to ensconce this duo, in their own little niche within today's pop commerciality. Their original (Martha and the Muffins) sound has broadened itself to previously unforeseen dimensions, and with it has captured an invigorating and somewhat hypnotic array of ingredients. Cautiously mixed with Martha's lilting vocals, these produce an intriguing outcome as found in 'I Start To Stop' and 'Cooling The Medium'.

The result is a carefully crafted omnibus of sheer 'pop' accessibility, with more than a few memorable moments thrown in for good measure. They might not have found that 'Nation Of Followers!', but **M + M** are hopefully striving in that direction.

ANNA MARTIN

SEPTEMBER 1984 ZIGZAG 41

# THE EARS HAVE IT

It may be an old argument but, apart from the odd inspired moment, popular radio hasn't really reflected the diversity of modern music: However, it is gradually beginning to change and **Johnny Black**, former journalist, current Polydor Head Of Press and lover of all things sculptured and atmospheric believes, in his personal campaign, that a programme devoted to what he called "**New Age Music**" ought to be aired on B.B.C. Radio One.

New Age Music? Not just any music with a synth stuck indiscriminately somewhere. Not what the likes of Spandau Ballet were touting around a couple of years back, but instead, it's largely instrumental music with a new approach: something that's perhaps closer to being described as a natural descendant of classical music yet which can embrace ethnic rhythms and has all the accessibility and range of contemporary sounds. Quite simply we're talking in terms of timelessness, not fashion.

Examples says Mr Black are Brian Eno, Klaus Schulze, Vangelis, Penguin Cafe Orchestra, Roedelius, Michael Nyman and Kitaro, but, he adds, there are also occasional 'ambient' pieces in the repertoires of numerous other artists, who on the whole, are not otherwise associated with this highly influential movement.

But what makes this type of music different from other minority musics is that it really isn't a 'minority' music at all. It may be refreshingly different and often experimental, but it permeates all the most unexpected areas; it has been used as the soundtrack for, among other things, documentaries, natural history and Open University programmes; plays and films — The truth is everyone's at least heard New Age Music and very often, they're far more acquainted with it than they at first imagine.

So what can be done about this sorry state of affairs? Write! Write! Write! says Johnny Black: Write to:

The Controller,  
B.B.C. Radio One,  
Broadcasting House,  
Portland Place,  
London W1A 1AA.

Tell him why you think there should be a programme devoted to New Age Music, illustrating your point with the examples of its exponents work which you particularly admire and would wish to be included: In short, convince him and wake Auntie Beeb up from her reactionary slumber.

MARINA MEROSI

# BASEMENT SCREAMS

AS my lunchtime conflag with Plymouth punk-poppers **Hysteria** approached closing time, chanteuse Carrow suddenly announced, "We haven't talked about the band!" which was (almost) perfectly true. Instead we were talking about these people called **Hysteria**. Carrow, Chris (guitar), Midge (drums) and Sibs (bass).

Midge, an uncharacteristic skinhead laughs. "Sums Plymouth up! We're not talking about what's gonna happen but what happened last week. They're all talking about the past. They've got no go for the future."

And what of **Hysteria**'s future? Singing songs about the rise and fall of human relationships, of enemies and disturbing dreams . . . of false people. Playing bright music of depth and imagination. Where do they stand? How do they fall? Record companies are prone to draw back.

They look *different*. Midge's tattoos seem incongruous in the pub where we met. Thankfully, I ask you! A drummer who confesses admiration for early-ish ELO. The tape is running.

Chris: "You didn't really mean that?"

Midge: "Oh, what a joke eh?"

He taps away at his legs, the table, everyone in sight.

Midge: "My parents used to say I had St. Vitus dance."

Maybe he had. He's no slouch when it comes to bursting in, in a determined fashion, when any question is bowled, off the seam.

"I've got a rubbish job. I've got no prospects. My drumming's all I've got. After a practice I feel I've *done* something, whereas the rest of the week I don't. It's just *there*."



And Carrow was once a ballroom dancer. Are there great secrets (filthy ones) in that twilight world.

"No there isn't."

Shame.

Carrow: "If we don't get a record deal we're definitely going to put it out on our own. Not just gonna give up. It means that much."

Midge: "It's something we *need* to do. When you get a record out its something you've always got to look back on and say, 'I did that!' Say you're married and you've got kids and they're not doing anything and they say, 'What did you do?' Did *that*."

Carrow: "I don't wanna do it for anyone else. It's for me."

Midge: "Oh it is for me but when someone says, 'Well what the hell did you do with your life?' I don't wanna say, 'Nothing. It was wasted!' All my schoolfriends are doing nothing. When they hear I'm in a band they say, 'Wish we had something like that.'"

Chris: "Mine say, 'Look at the state of you! When are you going to settle down?'"

Carrow: "They were all into punk and yet they're telling him to settle down!"

Chris: "It's left no impact."

Midge: "I don't like being labelled a skinhead. I went to see Cleo Laine at the Theatre Royal. That was one of the best musical gigs I've been to for so long. The drummer was amazing. I wore what I normally wear and you've got all the people in suits and ties and the sailing lot in their bright clothes and all these people with their whiskies and long castellas giving me all this, 'What's that?!?' I walk past, put on my poshest voice; 'Good evening' and they all stand back."

"I went to a play there once and the bloke on the door said, 'Can you come back after show?!!' 'Well I'll have missed it then!'"

A band with potential, of that you need not fear. A band of characters, of these you will hear.

With any luck.

MICK MERCER

# OUT



A classic Harry Hammond shot depicting Danny Purches (1954) in pre-demo disc days making his presence felt in Tin Pan Alley.

"POP PEOPLE" Photographs by Harry Hammond. (Sidgwick and Jackson. £7.95.)

Harry Hammond was one of the top photographers documenting pop luminaries during the 50's and 60's. This book represents one of the weirdest periods in modern music. The transition. Everything under the sun from days at the London Palladium to the sweating likes of Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran, and right at the back . . . those neatly turned out Beatles.

The book ranges from big bands to rock'n'roll and the quality is superb. Where else will you find photos of Pete Murray, David Jacobs and Alan Freeman all dressed up with nothing to show? And if you go weak at the knees when anyone mentions the following, then £7.95 is nothing for such an exquisite book.

Ivy Benson and her All Girls Band, Basil Kirchin, Johnny Dankworth, Billy Daniels, Johnnie Ray, Eddie Fisher, Max Bygraves, Adam Faith, Kathy Kirby, one hit wonder Tommy Bruce (who looks like an advert for 'Flip'), Frankie Vaughan, Doris Day, Ella Fitzgerald, Connie Francis, Eddie Calvert, Peggy Lee, The Everly Brothers, Bobby Darin . . . for once the list literally *does* go on and on.

A beautifully produced book.

"MUSIC MASTER" (John Humphries £9.95)

"Music Master lists all popular albums, cassettes and singles known to us at the time of going to press" announces the back cover sticker and amongst the 864 pages of this mammoth work you'll find virtually everything you need to check on (so what if they didn't get The Mob section right?) Minor carps aside (of which there are surprisingly few) it is the handiest of the handy guides to what is and isn't available. Quite an achievement.

## FANZINE OF THE MONTH

Grim Humour No. 4. 30p + sae. from Grime Mansions, 40 Hawe Farm Way, Broomfield, Herne Bay, Kent CT6 7UB.

Not one of Rich's best efforts but visually alluring and as action-packed as ever with grotesqueries on In Excelsis, 3-D Scream, The Fall, The Tempest, Lavolta Lakota, Pink and Black, In The Nursery and lashings of reviews and ideas from the tomb with a view. HEARTILY as well as highly recommended.



# HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON

(Who did? Paul Barney)



On the Spur of the Moment: Anna Fox

## Blazing Saddles

### AND DID THOSE FEET?

Perhaps the most charming disarming record this summer for me has been 'Get Your Feet Out Of My Shoes' the debut single by **The Boothill Foot-Tappers**: Chris—banjo and vocals, Kevin—guitar and vocals, Wendy May—vocals and zob stick, Merrill—vocals and tambourine, Marnie—washboard and vocals, Slim—accordian and Danny on drums.

So I caught up with Chris, Wendy and Marnie, (the others were either working or in bed, with the exception of Merrill who was at the vet having her puppy innoculated).

With their buskers image I wondered if they still earn a few bob on the streets and subways.

WENDY: "Sometimes . . . we've never busked as a complete outfit before. We've been filmed busking, we just get associated with it. That's why Ear Say asked us to do it on the street."

MARNIE: "We did a live thing on LEC which was like audio busking. They stuck us in this room and said when the light goes on play and there was one microphone in the middle and they sort of shuffled us around!"

WENDY: "The busking element has been created by Go! Discs really. They see it as a novelty but I'm a bit wary of it myself 'coz the public might start thinking we're not a real band. I remember a band from Brighton called Pookiesnackenburger and people just thought, 'Wacky!' and never took them seriously at all!"

Do you worry when this cowpunk thing dies off you'll get forgotten with it?

CHRIS: "No" (laughs).

WENDY: "It already has died off."

What do you reckon of the others, like Yip Yip Coyote?

MARNIE: "What makes you mention them first of all? The other bands like Pogue Mahone have got a bit more credibility."

WENDY: "I went to see them once (referring to Yip Yip Coyote) at the Fridge and they mimed to one record and then went off. Really they're not a band, it's just Miles Copeland's big organisation hyping them."

What was Ear Say like?

(Wendy starts singing 'Gary is my hero!')

CHRIS: "A lot of hanging around but it was good fun. I think the show has got overtones of Blue Peter but it's quite a friendly show."

WENDY: "It's not pretentious. I prefer Ear Say to er . . . Riverside."

If the Boothills press releases are to be believed then they are a bunch of piss pots. On this occasion however there was no sign of that, no slurring of words or falling over.

Do you have serious drinking problems?

WENDY: "I don't drink."

MARNIE: "It was that programme 'South of Watford'."

CHRIS: "They really accentuated the drinking side of it but really at live gigs people drink."

WENDY: "We don't drink more than anyone else."

MARNIE: "If we are out of tune it's got nothing to do with being drunk."

And musical influences?

WENDY: "We've got influences individually but the sound the band's got as a whole is too diverse. You couldn't pinpoint an influence. The country influence is there but now we've got Danny drumming and he's totally into reggae and dub so his drumming has really affected us. You listen to 'Get Your Feet Out Of My Shoes' and although it sounds immediately like a country ballad, the drum sound is reggae but not many people would notice that and on the radio 'coz it's so trebley but live it comes across as ska-ish country."

And the Boothills do in fact have a reggae number in their set which could possibly be their next single.

WENDY: "That'll confuse the cowpunk set! And who invented cowpunk? Sounds, 'poke that cow' it had at the top of our picture, it's nothing to do with us. We're not cowpunk."

Do you have some sort of fetish with feet?

MARNIE: "Well he's (Chris) a piscean and that's the part of the body associated with pisces and he wrote the song."

WENDY: "It's funny, it's apt for me 'coz I've got size eight feet and I've had this complex since the day I can remember. It's very difficult to find shoes to fit you when you're sort of fourteen and you take size eights!"

CHRIS: "Kevin thought up the name and the song is five years old. It's pure coincidence."

Where is Boothill?

CHRIS: "It's a graveyard where they wouldn't bury any black people."

Is it wise to name yourself after something like that?

CHRIS: "I suppose it is contentious if everyone gets to know about it."

MARNIE: "What does contentious mean?"

## Blazing Saddles

CHRIS: "Controversial!"

WENDY: "I heard it was just where they buried all the gunslingers."

CHRIS: "Maybe it is!"

Rest assured there is no racism amongst the group. In fact they go to lengths to avoid it, having dropped one number 'Long White Robe' a southern states song about a shroud but as Marnie explained "Everyone thought it was about the Ku Klux Klan."

You are anti-Thatcher aren't you?

CHRIS: "I'm wary of being too anti Thatcher without having something better to offer people. If people perhaps took more of an active interest in what they want from life maybe the country could slowly change into something better where it doesn't swim from left to right just because people think the other side has something better to offer. The only real solution is to change each individual person a little bit."

WENDY: "But people can't change if they're living in poverty stricken conditions. It's okay for us to have these mellow attitudes about life, we're not burdened down with massive mortgage payments and big families."

CHRIS: "Everybody makes their own bed."

WENDY: "I know but you can't blame people. It's thrown at you every five minutes in advertising you should look like this and you should own this . . . It boils down to root education."

CHRIS: "Everyone can sit down and think. You can't just go doling out money left right and centre to everyone who is hard up."

WENDY: "Of course you can!"

And what would the Boothills do if they suddenly found themselves affluent? They'd enlist a fiddle player and Chris would buy a slide guitar.

Ya hoo!

# DESPATCHES



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

Dear ZigZag,

Thank you for your interesting feature on The Dancing Tarantulas. Since then our fanmail has been pouring in by the letter so we're dead chuffed about that. If anyone wants to join our fan club it is only £50 per year but hurry as this is only an introductory offer and goes up to £100 next week. For this you get a postcard from Manchester, signed by The Dancing Tarantulas and . . . as a bonus, a



rubber spider, absolutely FREE!

We were planning a tour of Britain and the Shetland Isles this summer at the usual venues of Earls Court, Wembley and all branches of Boots but someone left the tandem out in the rain and the chain rusted up so we've got no

transport now. If anybody can give us a Jag or an old pram they don't want we'd be very grateful.

Since you last heard from us we have moved into new areas of artistic entertainment such as busking. We do the piano scene from 'Casablanca' in Welsh and a good impersonation of The Flying Pickets, but not as well dressed as them. This has made us very popular with one or two regular shoppers but the highlight of our act is when we get moved on by the Police which never fails to please.

Anyway, please print more articles on the effect Vera Lynn has had on reggae.

May the web be with you,  
The D.T.s.

Dearer ZigZag,

If I had the wherewithal, or even the money, I would not hesitate in buying a one-way ticket to New York and sending it to that Idol prat. My underworld contacts in Chicago would make sure he never comes over here again — after all, how could he hail a taxi to the airport with no tongue and four badly broken limbs (Didn't stop him appearing on TOTP.—Ed) So, never allow him to disgrace your pages again.

Also, having noticed the resemblance between the scrawlings of Sabre and a load of shit, I wonder — are they one and the same?

Love,  
The Acid Tongue.

P.S. Even so, dear Sabre, I cannot resist telling you that in my opinion Steve Rawlings looks more like Clare Grogan after a course of hormones and several pints of Pernod. I think you may have started something sweetie . . .

Dear ZZ,

A correspondence from deepest Attercliffe. Some requests concerning our Siiii.

. . . Let's stop this silly little game now shall we? To trick people into believing all letters on one topic arriving come as a



Siiii-Sensation

- 1) A better photo — especially of the singer.
- 2) A longer article.
- 3) A mention of the music.

Please, your 'Northern readership' revive the invisible scene.

Yours,  
Dark, Brim, Industrial Petra and Zogg.

Teenybopping is alive and well and swelling in Sheffield!

Dear ZZ,

OK, so you put them in — the only thing to come out of South Yorkshire for years, Siiii. I saw them at the City Hall Ballroom with Jokealikes Artery and never has a support band — an unknown band at that — shat on the headline band as well as they . . .

result of individual action it helps if they don't all arrive within ten days and say virtually the same things. Sure, Siiii are good but so are Artery . . . Ed.

Dear ZigZag,

It was about time a good Sheffield band got a bit of coverage. "Siiii, unknown hatred from the North." Well I don't hate them and neither do any of my mates who were instantly-converted by the Paisley-clad Paul and the gang at the City Hall Ballroom in May. We'd gone to see Artery, a once good group, now resigned to Gothic Punk Killing Joke style heavy metal.

After a brief technical hitch ("This is a balls up" — Paul) they pelted through the best, utterly

## TOKEN GESTURE FINAL INSTALLMENT

It's that time of the month folks! Token time. Sharp eyed regular readers will know we have been offering a special token/subscription deal for the last three months.

Simply send in the three tokens (and fill in the form below) to 'Token Gesture,' ZIGZAG, 24 Ray Street, London EC1 and all entries will be hurled into the pool from which the lucky winners who will receive a years subscription to Zig Zag FREE, will be picked. The extra token included here is for those who only have two of the last three months issues. That one makes up your trio. Send them in before the end of September if you please. Winners will be announced at the earliest opportunity.

ZIGZAG  
3 TOKEN

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

ZIGZAG  
4 TOKEN

pose-less, un-Gothic set I've heard from a newish band in many months.

We were patronised, made fun of by Paul, bombarded by Wayne and sliced through by Mark. I know these names from your article . . . and we loved it. We want to see this lot again, both on stage and in your publication.

Yours,  
Sue.

Dear ZigZag,

I have a much played song. It is called "Statue" by an unknown group called Siiiiii . . . The Statue. I thought I told you to stop?????

Dear Mick and ZigZag chums,

Just a little note to inform you of the existence of THE JAZZ BUTCHER FAN CLUB. Newly formed due to intense public demand. If any of your readers want the beef on the Butch they should write C/O 50 Bants Lane, Duston, Northampton, enclosing a sae, of course. We also appear to have a Japanese equivalent would you believe! The young ladies responsible are Nobuko and Iku, 538 Takada, Chigasaki-shi, Kanagaura 253, Japan. David Elvis Barker.

Dear ZigZag,

Your magazine started off excellently and has remained good until now—August issue. Now I find The Smiths, Ultravox, Cocteaus, Buck' Fizz etc. Good groups if you're into that but why the sudden change to chart groups I'd expect to find in 'Smash Hits'?

Also I see you have lined up Frankie, Twisted Sister, Dolby and Bronski Beat for the next issue. Who needs another magazine that covers groups like this?

I hope this isn't a taste of things to come. I'd like more articles on Cramps, Sex Gang, Cult, Spear . . . Orson Family, Lavolta Lakota, Skeletal Family, Nick Cave, Gun Club and Geschlect Akt and other groups which will hopefully stop the music scene from stagnating. Kez.

Kez? I remember the film. You see it isn't that we plunge suddenly towards groups who are in the charts. We'd have interviewed Cocteaus and Smiths whether they were there or not. Similarly with this issue we just kinda thought Twisted Sister might be interesting. And there is Gun Club alongside Lloyd Cole alongside Sinatra, after Furniture and whatever else. AND . . . those Cramps, Skeletals and Akts have just been covered. The balance is maintained as best we can. And before you start moaning, the Bananarama article will be something special, as well as different.

Dear ZZ,

Thanks for a mag that doesn't slag bands but criticises constructively. And with interesting interviews, album and gig reviews (Please, please . . . go on; Ed).

## A MAN OF THE PEOPLE



Whatever happened to Slaughter and the Dogs and Pauline Murray?

Bring back psychedelia. We need a bit of technicolour in our lives!

Wilf.

P.S. Thanks for not covering gothique too much because it is only another fad after all. Absolutely nothing to do with real music. Lets leave it to the kiddies and the Batcave wallies. Didn't Slaughter and the Dogs split up, their remaining members turning up incessantly in various bands at the Greyhound? Pauline Murray, sadly, hung up her microphone for a less traumatic lifestyle and all those of us with real hearts still miss her.

Dear ZigZag,

This is an enquiry of the vague nature. Who is the cult figure at the Cult gigs? Not Mr Astbury anyway! The 'Top Hat' man in question, otherwise known as Braddy (we think) from Norwich. We'll always remember sweet memories of fast gigs. But where is he now. Missing from the last tour we noticed. Questions are being asked in certain quarters. Will he be following in the footsteps of the Si Ord; banished from the Cult gigs forever? We demand that we be told. Could Braddy 'Bee' following Getting The Fear + well done if you are lad. We raise our hats to the Braddys of this world. With love,

The Top Hat Militia.  
That man in the top hat is believed to be none other than Sir Donald Bradman. Still dismayed by bodyline tactics he took to stage invasions and 'pogoing' in '77 to get the old springiness back to his heels. Sadly he does appear to have taken to them and fled. Those of us who recall the Notts debacle will remember his century forever. Others will now lead me gently away.

# COMING SOON

To be honest, we can't just say. If the following aren't in the next issue they're dead certs for the issue after. *Surely* that suffices.

Tom Vague is on the vigorous ale trail with **SERIOUS DRINKING** and more sober subjects with **RED GUITARS**. Richard Kick digs deep into the punk past of **BANANARAMA** and the strange beliefs of **23 SKIDOO**.

**FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD** (if the, turn up!) and those lovable spiky tops, **MERCENARY SKANK**. American Punk writer **KATHY ACKER**, by Mick Sinclair and old **JOOLS HOLLAND**, rediscovering the blues in a caesarean section. **ROEDELIUS** a prime mover in New Age music in conversation with Marina Merosi

Good ole **THOMAS DOLBY** impersonates Elton John whilst Jayne Houghton looks on in amazement and **BLANCMANGE** come clean to Anna Martin.

**EVIL** I get their first airing and **MICRODISNEY** trot into view. **THE SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS** may just live up to their name before John Wilde and **WAH!** send William Shaw wild with delight.

**MARK PERRY** starts yet another venture and our man Richard Kick tackles him from behind. Nick Smash finally (we promise) has his Canadian feature printed with a special spotlight shone in the direction of **DAVE HOWARD**.



As a special extra the long lost **SEX PISTOLS** 'Jubilee' interview is dusted down from our vaults and relaunched (see Rotten declare about The Clash; 'I don't think they'll ever make it in America').

Oh, there's **TORCH SONG, THE GO BETWEENS**, our new **VIDEODRONE** column and the **CASSETTE PETS CORNER** column. **SEBASTIAN'S MEN, THE POGUES**. **EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN** and possibly **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL**.

HAND ME THAT MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, I FEEL LIKE A DRINK.

Punk Rock started seven and a half minutes ago and the lights are on green. Don't miss the October ZigZag, or else!

**NEXT ISSUE ON SALE**  
**SEPTEMBER 27th**

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

75. Blondie. 2-Tone. Barracudas. I Roy. Swell Maps. Dark. Joan Jett. (B)  
 76. P. Furs. Toyah. Ramones. Joe Jackson. Nips. New York. Simple Minds. Clash (On The Road). Joan. (B)  
 77. Basement 5. Newtown Neurotics. Spizz. K. Joke. Only Ones. (B)  
 78. S. L. F. Suicide. Adam and the Ants. Doll by Doll. Magazine. Siouxsie. LKJ. Raincoats. Decay. (A)  
 79. 8 Eyed Spy. Tempole. Discharge. Boys. Carpettes. Vic Goddard. Grace Jones. Holly & Italians. Peter Gabriel. Small Labels Catalogue. Girlschool. (B)  
 80. Marley. Toyah. Buzzcocks. Altered Images. Cristina. Martian Dance. (B)  
 81. Skids. Go-Gos. Gabriel. Passions. Human League. Wasted Youth. Motorhead. B-52's. (B)  
 82. Bauhaus. Honey Bane. Orange Juice. P. Furs. Stewart Copeland. Nightingales. Marty Thau. (B)  
 83. Keith Richards. This Heat. Sound. Ramones. Gang of Four. Dead Kennedys. TV Explorers. TMG. (B)  
 84. Motorhead. Toyah. Tempole. Theatre of Hate. Echo & Bunnymen. Thunders. (B)  
 85. Au Pairs. Damned. Photos. Ultravox. Monochrome Set. Motels. Chelsea. Lurkers. Stray Cats. Thompson Twins. (A)  
 86. Cramps. G. Glitter. Pearl Harbour. Joanna Lumley. Pauline Murray. Riff Raff. Cravats. Jilted John. Comsat Angels. (B)  
 87. Girlschool. Undertones. Nico. Barracudas. Gen X. (B)  
 88. Dids. APF. Pil. Sutch. Fleshtones. Stranglers. Martian Dance. Lynn Seymour. (C)  
 89. Paul Simonon. Siouxsie. Private Eye. Scars. Classix. Foley. UK Decay. Wanderers. Dr. Mix. Japan. (B)  
 90. Duran Duran. Altered Images. John Cale. Photos. Quentin Crisp. Fad Gadget. Modern English. DAF. Dark. (B)  
 91. Beat. Cramps. L. Kittens. Tempole. Linx. D. M. S. Toyah. Tosh. LKJ. Rollers. (C)  
 92. K. Joke. Coati Mundi. Iggy. Black Uhuru. Dollar. Pretenders. Small Labels Catalogue. TV Smith. Czukay. (B)  
 93. Bolan. Debbie Harry. Zantees. J. Aire. Siouxsie. Hammill. Sparke. Wobble. GAOB. (C)  
 94. M. Faithful. Simple Minds. Hunter. Johansen. Charge. Subtitles. Theatre of Hate. Bow Wow Wow. (C)  
 95. Clash. Kid Creole. Medium Medium. Action Pact. Slits. Cramps. BB King. Brian James. (C)  
 96. Japan. Chic. Linx. Sex Gang (Panic Button). Cabaret Voltaire. Cravats. Carlene Carter. Ramones. Dislocation Dance. (A)  
 97. Bauhaus. Dids. Stray Cats. Finish The Story. Thomas Leer. Rip Rig. Lydia Lunch. G. Glitter. (A)  
 98. The Fall. Weller. Fashion. Bucks Fizz. Membranes. Panther Burns. Dave Greenfield. (C)  
 99. Mick Karn. Danse Society. Weller. Gina X. James Chance. (B)  
 100. Birthday Party. Waitresses. Flock of Seagulls. GBH. Junior. Theatre of Hate. (D)  
 101. Joan Jett. Chance. Altered Images. Defunkt. Clock DVA. Vice Squad. Southern Death Cult. (C)  
 102. Virgin Prunes. Blondie. Belle Stars. Gene Loves Jezebel. (D)  
 103. Marc Almond. Haysi. UK Decay. Blood & Roses. Hagen. Gang of 4. (D)  
 104. Yearbook. The Who. A-Z Guitarists. (B)



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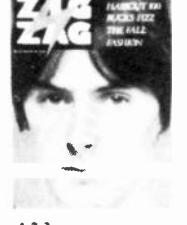
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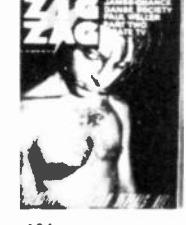
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## OAND NOW



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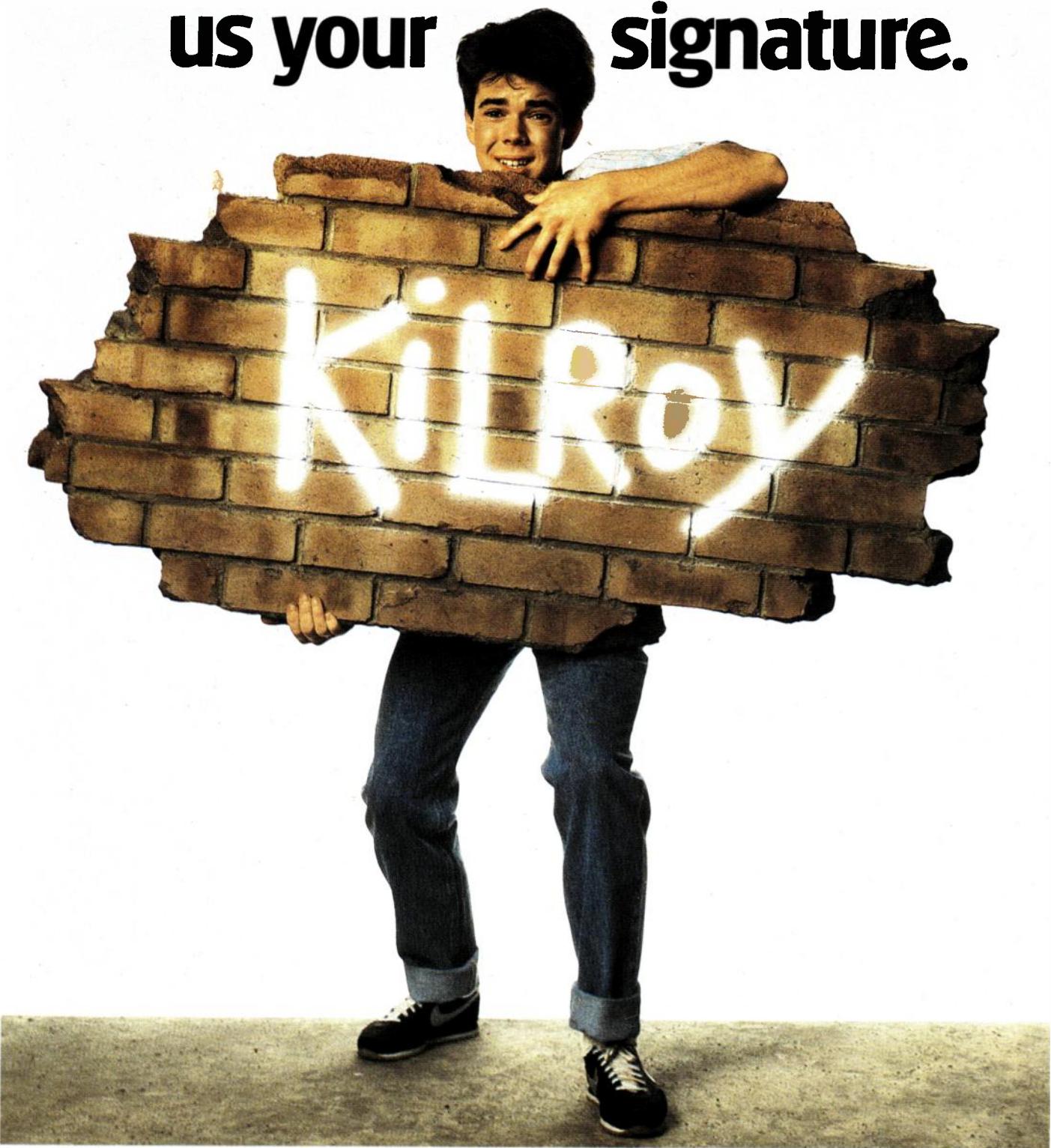
### NEW ZIGZAGS. (D)

1. Sex Gang. X-Mal. Sisters of Mercy. Cocteau. 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.
7. Clash. General Public. Ligotage. Killing Joke. Dead Or Alive. John Cale. Iconoclasts. Zero Le Creche.
8. Getting The Fear. Madness. Captain Sensible. Hanoi Rocks. DMS. Dead Can Dance. Jordan Propaganda.
9. Banshees. Spear Of Destiny. Tones On Tail. Specimen. New Model Army. Furyo. New Order.
10. Cramps. Rem. Swans Way. Laurie Anderson. X. Thor. The Sound.
11. Cocteau. Smiths. Black Flag. Green. Felt. Brilliant. Look Mummy Clowns.

# ISSUES

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