

MONTHLY MUSIC MATTERS

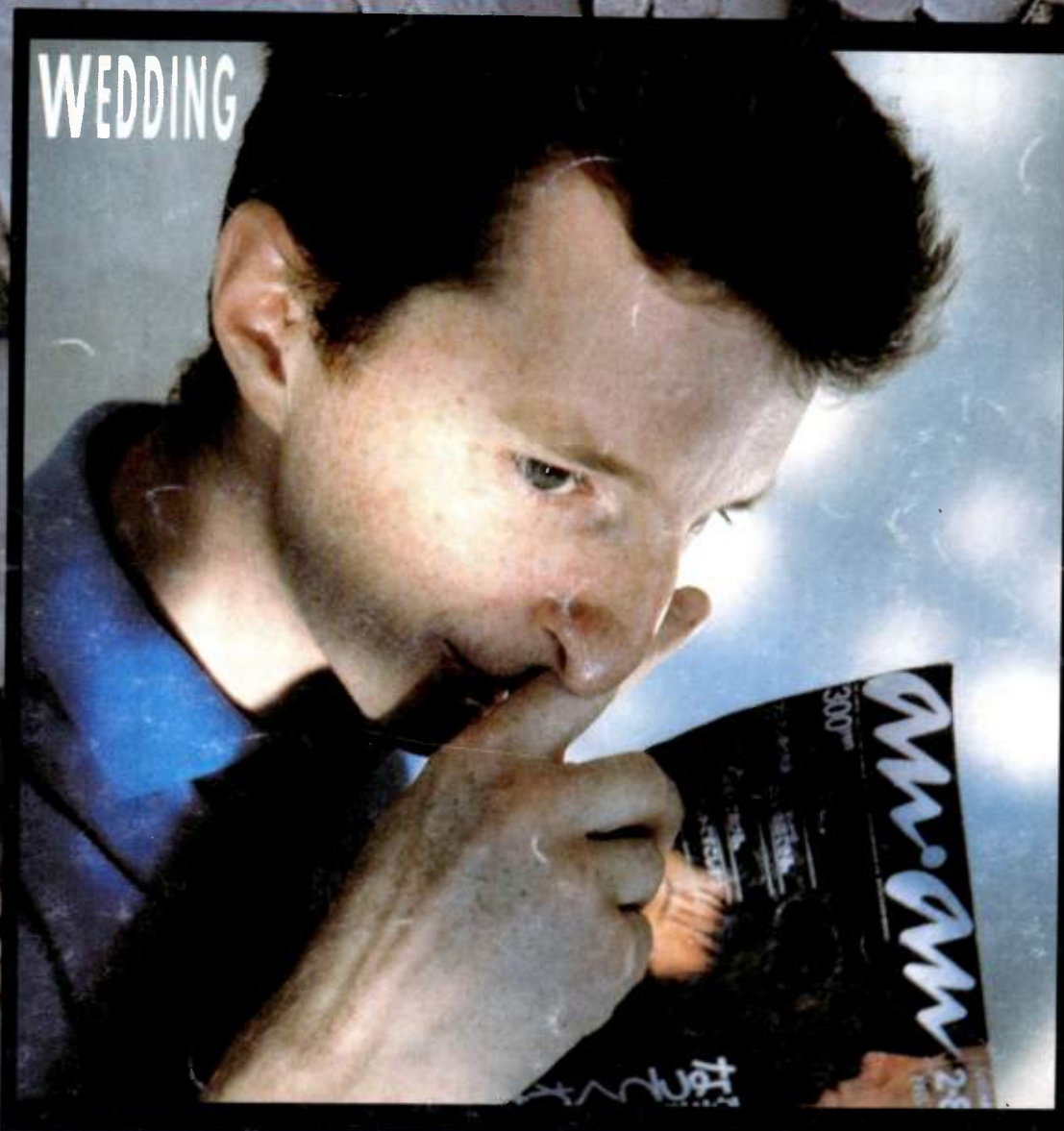
ZIGZAG

85p **RED** OCTOBER 85



BILLY BRAGG / IN JAPAN / IN HIS OWN WORDS

SHO'GUN WEDDING



DREAM ACADEMY / LIFE IN A PADDED CELL
ARE YOU BEING SERVILLE / KING
ALIEN SEX FIEND / THE GLANDS OF TIME
LITTLE WEEDS / THE WOODENTOPS
VERY THINGS / AROUND THE BLOCK IN 40 DAYS
EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE / SECRET SERVICE
LYDIA LUNCH / SITUATIONISM


* THIS ISSUE IS BUGGED

A REVOLUTION IN YOUR HANDS

HOW MUCH IS HEROIN LIKELY TO COST YOU?



*It'll Cost You
Your Friends*



Your Looks



Your Possessions



And Your Health

Even if a friend offers you heroin for nothing, there's still a price to pay. Because, once you start, you could soon find yourself unable to stop.

Then your old friends will get fed up with the way it has taken over your life.

You'll sell everything in sight (or steal it) to get more and more money for your habit. You'll look ill, you'll lose weight and you'll probably feel like death.

And one day you'll wake up knowing that, instead of you controlling heroin, it now controls you.

So, if a friend does offer you heroin, tell them you can't afford it.

Even if it's free.

HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP

Vol.3 No.1 October 1985

ZIGZAG

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● 'A WARNING TO
THOSE WHO BUILD RUINS:
AFTER THE TOWN PLAN-
NERS WILL COME THE LAST
TROGLODYTES OF THE
SLUMS AND THE GHET-
TOES. THEY WILL KNOW
HOW TO BUILD. THE PRI-
VILEGED ONES FROM THE
DORMITORY TOWNS WILL
ONLY KNOW HOW TO
DESTROY. MUCH CAN BE
EXPECTED OF THE MEET-
ING OF THESE TWO
FORCES: IT WILL DEFINE
THE REVOLUTION.'

AGENDA

BENDING



● 'THE TRUTH... IS SIMPLY THAT WE ARE ALL PRISONERS AND THAT WE DO NOT WANT TO ESCAPE
FROM OUR PARTICULAR FORM OF CAPTIVITY.'
GEORGE MARKSTEIN (CO-CREATION)

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* THOSE WHO MAKE HALF A REVOLUTION DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES

HEARING AID

THOSE WHO HAVEN'T ANY POWER TO DETERMINE THEIR LIFE — THOSE ARE THE WORKERS

The WEATHER PROPHETS are now emerging

from the untidy remains of The Loft.

Pete Astor adjusts his leather trousers

and explains...

● THE LOFT WERE TWO PRACTISING POP JOURNALISTS, A SINGER AND A DRUMMER. AND JUST WHEN THINGS WERE GOING SO WELL WITH THE SINGLE 'UP THE HILL AND DOWN THE SLOPE' THEY SPLIT UP ONE NIGHT, VERY PUBLICLY ON STAGE. THERE WERE THE USUAL PROBLEMS OF MIXING THEORY AND PRACTICE, IT SEEMS.

SONG WRITER PETE ASTOR HAS NOW RE-EMERGED WITH THE WEATHER PROPHETS. LOFT DRUMMER DAVE MORGAN IS STILL THERE, BUT ANDY AND BILL (OF SOUNDS) ARE BACK AT THE TYPEWRITERS. GREENWOOD GOLDING NOW PLAYS BASS, OSHIN LITTLE PLAYS GUITAR ("AN ODD BUNCH OF NAMES").

"I WROTE THE SONGS IN THE LOFT, AND I WRITE THE SONGS IN THIS," EXPLAINS THE SOFT-SPOKEN ASTOR, "SO THERE ARE BOUND TO BE SIMILARITIES. BUT THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN THE TREATMENT OF THE SONGS. NOW THEY'RE IN MUCH CLOSER

FOCUS..."

THE DISTINTEGRATION, HE ADMITS WITH A GRIN, DID INVOLVE HIM THROWING A BIT OF A WOBBLER. "I MEAN I DIDN'T THROW DOWN MY GUITAR OR ANYTHING. I JUST PUT IT DOWN AND WAVED TO THE AUDIENCE. I WAS EXTREMELY ANGRY. WHAT SPARKED IT OFF WAS ANDY SAYING 'THIS IS THE LAST GIG THE BAND WILL EVER PLAY'. I JUST THOUGHT HE HADN'T GOT A RIGHT TO SAY THAT."

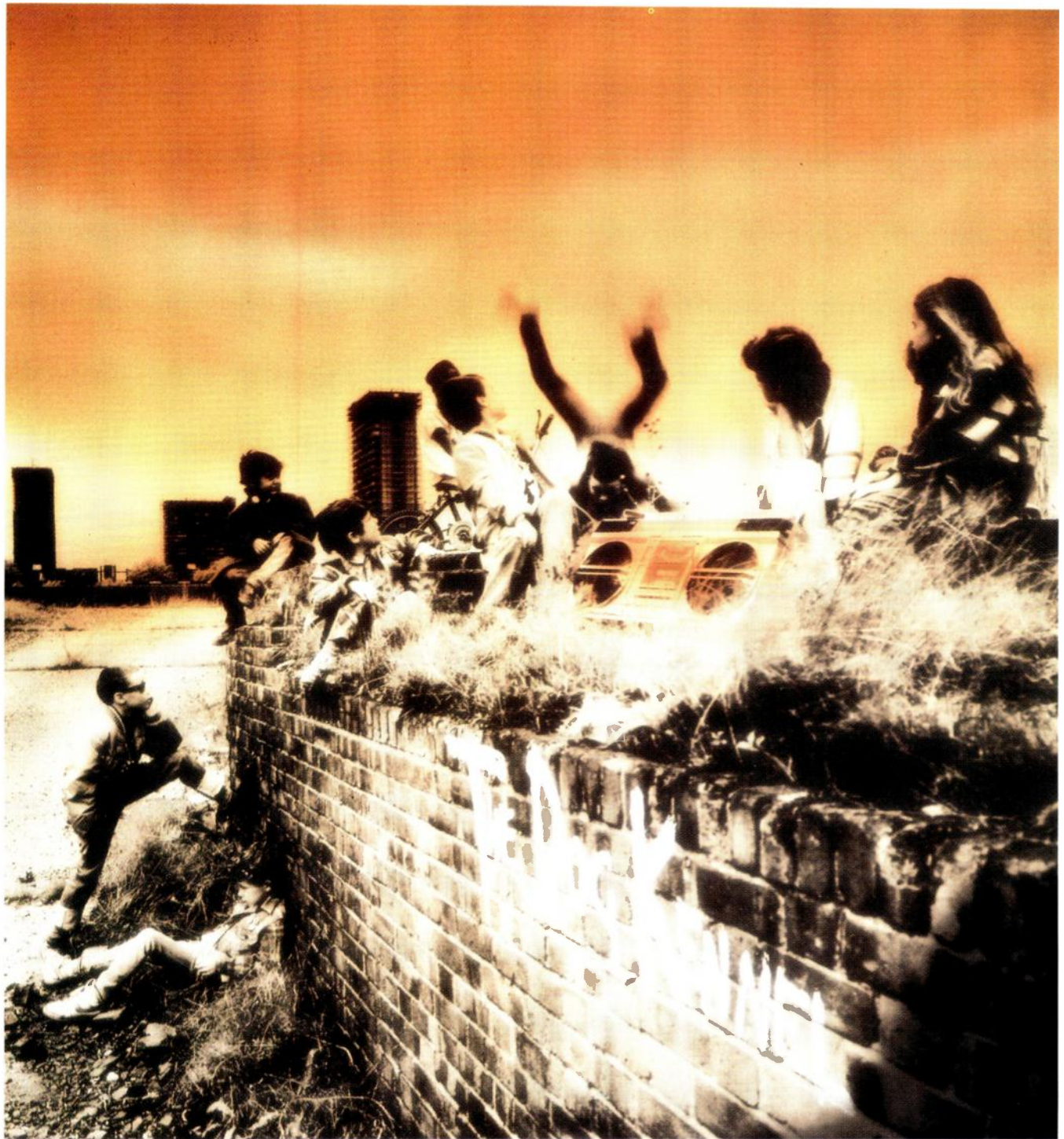
FINAL THOUGHTS ON THE LOFT: "WE WEREN'T SPECIAL ENOUGH. WE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WE DIDN'T TAKE OURSELVES SERIOUSLY ENOUGH. JUST THINGS LIKE THE NAME. IT WAS CRAP."



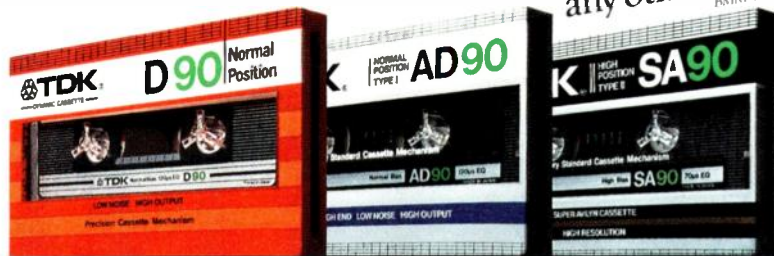
The Weather Prophets have a debut single out shortly and a track is included on the CREATION compilation.



Why do more ghettos get blasted by TDK than any other cassette?



TDK sells three audio
cassettes to every one sold by
any other manufacturer.
BMRB market research May 84 April 85



TDK The great name in tape cassettes.

THE NEWTON & GUY
AGENCY



BRILLIANT, the idliest group on the planet, mess with the Godfather of DISCO

● So have this trimmed down Brilliant mellowed with age after all these years? "Oh no!" says Jimmy the guitar. "We're a lot more over the top than we

were. *'It's a Man's World'* might sound a bit like that, but it's just the nature of the song..." The song being the one they borrowed from the great-granddaddy of them all, **James Brown**, now transformed by the voice of **June Lawrence** into an altogether different proposition from that which the *Godfather of Soul* intended, and given a lilting reggae foundation by **Jimmy and Youth**.

"I'd always liked it anyway," says **June**. "The first time I heard it I nearly wept."

"I'd never even heard of it until a couple of weeks ago," **Jimmy** lets on. "Most teenagers won't have heard of it. I think we should just pretend that we wrote it anyway..."

By repute an idle band with a blemished copy-book, Brilliant have transformed themselves. Stephan, the man who originally formed the group after Youth's departure from Killing Joke, is gone and the group is now down to a three piece.

"It was just too chaotic with seven people," says **Jimmy**.

"We decided to turn over a new leaf," is how **June** puts it. "We hadn't got much choice really..."

"It just wasn't going to get anywhere that early stuff," **Jimmy** says. "I still really like it all but it really wasn't going anywhere. Not enough people like it. I mean *'Soul Murder'* was one of the best ones from that time, but most of the others are just a load of shit." ●



Approached cautiously in San Francisco, WIRE TRAIN

talking smutty

● **Kevin Hunter**, singer and lyricist for San Francisco's **Wire Train** has all the shades drawn in the Victorian apartment he calls home. As we settle into a pair of closely placed chairs, he doesn't even bother to switch on a light. At one point, he confesses he hardly ever leaves the place.

Wire Train were born from the remains of the *Renegades*, a punk band that had become as dishonest as that which punk was initially reacting against. The band not only changed its name but its attitude as well. "I'd say that when we were the *Renegades* we were a lot more full of ourselves. It was a child's band. We stopped doing a lot of the things that were just self-congratulation. Anything false we stopped doing at that point," **Hunter** said. **Howie Klein** of **415 Records** recognised the quality of the group's songwriting and offered them a contract shortly after new members **Anders Rundblad** on bass and **Federico Gil-Sola** joined **Hunter** and guitarist **Kurt Herr**.

The music of **Wire Train** seems to stem from the lyrics in a kind of musical onomatopoeia as **Herr**'s guitar tones echo **Hunter**'s lyrics. "We try to get textures that fit into the general concept of the song. In a lot of bands they'll have a song about having sex with a tall girl and they'll sound a certain way. The next song will be about having sex with a short girl and the guitars will sound basically the same. We try to vary the tones."

The aims of **Wire Train** are similar to such thoughtful, poetic American bands as **Television**, the **Patti Smith Group**, and the **Velvet Underground**. "There's a fine line between true emotionalism and true intellectualism and somewhere in between there is where we all live our lives. We're trying to get at that little crack." ●

LEE SHERMAN



Brian's little brother ROGER

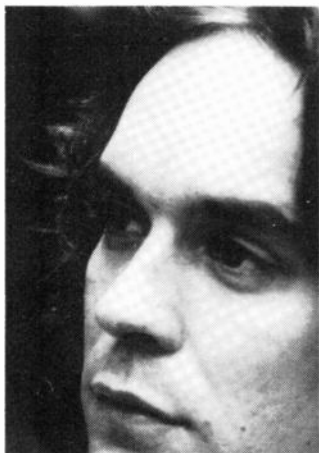
comes of age

● As far as I can make out, the best track on *Roger Eno's debut album, 'Voices' (EG)*, is the first one, but I can't be sure — after ten minutes it's off to the land of nod for me. Turns out that this is a great compliment.

"It's not for tapping your feet to, or for playing at parties. Quite seriously I hope people will have a really good nap."

Roger, eleven years Brian's junior, is a dab hand at the *euphonium* ("a completely useless instrument — ha ha ha") but prefers *piano*. Since leaving college seven years ago, he's busked in London, worked in a hospital and played on a couple of his brother's albums.

Now it's his turn to be a, ahem, pop star. He's hoping to play some concerts before the year's out. Beds will be provided. ● DAVID ELLIOTT



Scraping himself delicately off the wheel

the odious FOETUS explains how to

reach the ultimate state.

● *Jim Foetus is mad.* I realized this at a tender age but lived in the hope that this thorn in the backside of human consciousness would fade away into self-destruct normality. Did he? Did he heck, he kept coming with stabbing onslaughts of the musical and visual kind. He's got a new album out, the world shakes again.

So what's it about Jim?

"I think the new album has been taken a lot further, it's a lot bigger and a lot more complete. For me it's the record I've always wanted to make. It's the final frontier of the manifestation of the Foetus."

Oh yeah.

"For me it's the peak of what I have done so far and now I'll probably go through a big re-think of my approach to music. As it's such an ultimate state, it's a perfect amalgam of what I always wanted to do. So now I've got to move on as I don't want to spend time repeating myself."

Pardon?

"I don't want to spend time repeating myself."

Sorry, carry on.

"I'm still attracted to the thought of people being offended to what I do. Now I'm expressing a new idea and I need a new vehicle for it."

Are there concepts involved?

"Well yes, the main concept is oppression with the concept of power running through and the struggle between the two."

Is that a reflection of the struggle within yourself?

"Well it is on a personal level, yet it is on a social level and a few other levels as well. There's also this other theme called 'Pigdome Come' and it's a mythical place that I have created — it's a sort of heaven. A place to escape from the oppression but it's got really sick undertones. A lot of the songs address themselves to escapism so it starts off with that then goes into a song called 'The Throne Of Agony' — which is very much about self-oppression, mental and physical." ●

RON-ROM



'ESCAPE? THEY ALSO HAVE A VERY IMPRESSIVE GRAVEYARD' * OCTOBER 1985 / Z I G Z A G 7

WILLIAM BRAGG the 'pay-no-more-than' kid has now emerged in paperback in **'BACK TO BASICS WITH BILLY BRAGG'** (Imp £4.95), a mixture of play-in-a-day guitar tutor, Bragg song-book and biography of the man. As a package it's considerably more vivacious than most, including contributions from ANDY KERSHAW and SUSAN WILLIAMS.

'Ben and Tracy would like to thank all those who applied for a place in the new group' but the new line up for **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL** is now set fast thank you very much. On tour this month at **Galway Leisure Centre (3rd), Dublin Stadium (4th), Belfast Ulster Hall (5th), Cardiff University (7th), Bristol Studio (8th), Guildhall Portsmouth (9th), Reading Hexagon (10th), Gloucester Leisure Centre (11th), Leeds University (12th), Hacienda Manchester (15th), Preston Guildhall (16th), Newcastle Mayfair (17th), Glasgow Barrowlands (18th), Royal Court Liverpool (20th), Birmingham (21st) Victoria Hall (22nd), Civic Guildford (23rd), DeMontford Hall Leicester (25th), UEA Norwich (26th), Ipswich Gaumont (27th), London Hammersmith Odeon (30th), and winding up at Kentish Town Forum (31st).**

Compilation time again.

ZTT have finally released

their sampler **IQ6** which

features tracks from all six

ZTT acts. Sharp minds will

know that there are only

five ZTT acts these days

following the departure of

The Art Of Noise, but

somehow they find them-

selves on the LP anyway

alongside an unreleased

Frankie track called '**Dis-**

neyland'. **Beggars Ban-**

quet are still putting

together their label com-

plication — two tracks from

each of their label stal-

warts. **Out later this year.**

HEARING AID



USHERETTE

● THE BRIDE. Dir Frank Roddam

The Bride in question is... *of Frankenstein*. The notion of a spouse for the ill-(be)gotten one first being a Hollywood (circa 1935) liberty taken with the original Mary Shelley tale.

Things begin thrillingly, *Baron Charles Frankenstein (Sting)* flaps around his laboratory as thunder rings out and rapid prongs of lightning streak through the roof. He tugs at antiquated knobs and levers and brings to life a female mate for the as yet unnamed fellow he has already created. The as-yet-unnamed male looks on in high excitement. "Ah, aargh, ooh, oop," he grunts.

The female begins to stir. Slowly Frankensting pulls back the bandages that cover her face to reveal... *Jennifer Beals*, the 'strinkingly beautiful' (etc) who I last missed in *Flashdance*. "Ah," she sighs. And adds "EEEEK!" when introduced to her intended. Narked with this brush off, the as-yet-unnamed male stalks off into the night.

With great diligence, Sting turns in another of his unintentionally comic roles. The eye in a hurricane of decent acting, his notion of bringing tension to a piece of dialogue is to leave gaps between the words. "Where... have you... been?" He asks (eventually) of the female when she's been out lurking with an unsuitable suitor.

He executes a just perceptible twitch of his left eyebrow, as if to acknowledge the titters of the preview audience. Interestingly, he wears the same costume throughout.

Elsewhere, the male monster (highly tastefully portrayed by *Clancy Brown*) teams up with *Rinaldo*, a dwarf played by *David Rappaport*, who's off to "Budda-pest" to join the circus. Their scenes together are both touching and comic.

In "Budda-pest" the circus chief is played with awesome majesty by *Alexi Sayle*. During his scenes he dominates the screen, a huge leering maelstrom of black eyes, gaping mouth (you can almost smell the rank breath) and unshaven chin. "Fact is I don't need a midget! I need someone to hammer tent pegs." Eyes turn to the newly named Viktor and the oddsome twosome are employed.

Meanwhile, back at the ancestral castle, Frankensting has undertaken to educate *Eva* (his name for his latest being) in such a way as she might become "the... equal of... a man." And he introduces her to society. Eva grows resentful, rejects his advances and questions her origins. Frankensting, in something meant to be a frenzy, admits "I sowed you together out of corpses!". Corpses don't frighten Eva. She'd spend this entire film acting opposite one.

The intentions of the makers to embue the Frankenstein story with elements of *Beauty And The Beast* and *Pygmalion* and give it 'contemporary shading' with a well dodgy conception of feminism results, not surprisingly, in *half-assed mess*. As a solid piece of big screen tack it often works a treat (particularly the scenes without Sting) but as anything more, it's simply risible.

Mary Shelley still has the last laugh.

MICK SINCLAIR

● LIFEFORCE. Directed by Tobe Hooper.

Yet another film relying exclusively on sophisticated special effects, this multi-million dollar adaptation of *Colin Wilson's* novel 'The Space Vampires' proves to be both unadventurous and ultimately forgettable. Hooper takes the vampire myth and transports it to present day London. *A sort of Zombie Flesh Eaters meets a very bad episode of Dr. Who...* see *Frank Finlay* and *Peter Firth* involved in a life and death struggle with beautiful vampires, hideous zombies, a disjointed narrative and dreadful dialogue as London heads toward Armageddon. Idiotic.

SIMON NEVIN

● THE PALE RIDER. Produced and directed by Clint Eastwood.

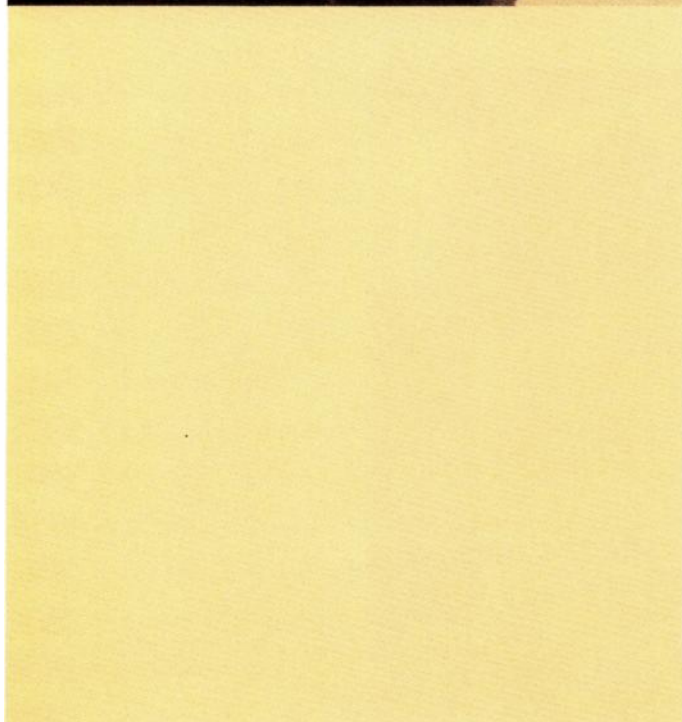
In which *Clint plays God*, and the spaghetti western quietly rolls over and dies a dustbowl death. The plot is standard fare for westerns: mysterious stranger appears to defend a bunch of small holders from being driven out by ruthless big business miners. American individualism vs. corporate baddies. But it's not the plot that's the problem. It's been used in hundreds of other westerns and it still hasn't worn thin.

The problem is that Clint is *actually* playing God here — a mysterious preacher who is summoned up by the prayers of a fourteen year old girl (who develops a sexual crush on him — but that's another story). And God is a pretty tricky part to play.

All Clint can do is stand around and look inscrutable, mutter the odd word from between clenched teeth, and kill people. Which he does. Which gets pretty tedious after the first hour.

It's the western hero taken to ridiculous extremes. Clint is forced into a position where acting doesn't really come into it. The moral is that God (strictly Old Testament) is so fast with a pistol that you can't see his fingers move.

WILLIAM SHAW



New York's very own funsters **SONIC YOUTH** return to these shores this month after their visit last April. They'll be playing some dates — yet to be confirmed — as headliners as well as taking a support slot with The Jesus And Mary Chain. Towards the end of this month there may well be a special Sonic Youth Beach Party at Brighton's ZAP CLUB and their second single 'FLOW-ER/SATAN SUPER MIX' should be out to coincide with the visit.

Tom Vague, stretching a clammy palm across the atlantic, returns with a clutch of US HARDCORE FANZINES

Old guard fanzine editor hit by a hardcore truck: Kind of like the way the Birthday Party by-passed the Sex Pistols, the US Hardcore fanzine has virtually ignored the *Sniffing Glue/Ripped And Torn* 'Xerox Generation'. For their sins they've retained the ZigZag Mk. 1 'hippy fanzine' format. Stretching it to the limits with exhaustive trivia on trivial exhausting groups. All chucked together with total disdain for such establishment institutions as art-school graphics and English diction.

And they also beat the pants off anything produced this side of the Atlantic. *I hate to admit it*, because I've never been much of a one for these colonial types, but you've got to hand it to these hardcore boys. English fanzines today are only fit for *girls*. They're produced by snivelling little toadies, who wouldn't even dare criticise ZigZag. Come back *Toxic Grafitti*. All is forgiven. *IHVH Knee Deep In Shit* the only UK hardcore fanzines, if they're still going. The rest have perished into a turgid bunch of 'Stamp collector', 'train spotter' weaklings.

Meanwhile, back in the States ...

Forced Exposure; The best by a mile. This bunch of sicko hardcore-freaks kick the *Beat-Generation out of their wheelchairs*, and splatter, trample, annihilate, destroy anything in their path. #7/8 boasts the ultimate interview with 'Dylan's Heroes'; Sonic Youth/VU archive radio interview/Nick lookin' fine and some of the great bard's '50-One-Page-Plays' with Miss Liddy Lunch/Nick Heyward; dreamdate?/Jeffrey Lee Fat-Bastard/more of the charming beauty that is Mike Gira and the Swans/the best record review I've ever read of a Agnetha Abba platter and a whole bunch of other good scatological stuff.

Killer; by Thurston Moore, of one of those *weirdo* NYC bands. Great interview with ex-Sonic Youth, Richard Edson, also star of Jim Jarmusch's excellent *'Stranger than Paradise'*/Bond Bergland of Factrix/Butthole Surfers/Lydia's fan-mail/Charlie's last will and testament/more Mike Gira and Henry Rollins. Neubauten in the desert and Suicide pin-ups.

Truly Needy; along the same lines as 'Forced Exposure' but not in the same league; Some good stuff on ole' Nick baby/Neubauten (*'Paint it black and decker'*) Two white chicks sitting around talking about art/and main feature — Husker Du, who like 'Truly Needy' I can't quite get my head around. We English haven't lost our discerning taste altogether y'know. Need some more meat.

Maximum Rock 'n' Roll; It's taken me a while to acquire a taste for this. At first glance it looks like *'Americans getting it all wrong again'*, pages and pages of guff on corny punker outfits. But once I gave it a proper chance and actually got round to reading some of the stuff, *it's an education*. Sometimes it's hard to bridge the cultural gap and relate to what American punk has mutated into. But going by the best bits of 'MRR' now, it does seem to have all the right ingredients; intelligence, integrity, individuality, spirit, style, humour and more humour, all those things that we used to have and we sold down the river.

Running away? Turn to Maximum Rock 'n' Roll.

Puncture; not so bothered about this one. Too clean. *Tasteful* though; Test Department/Sonic Youth/Foetus/Black Flag/Miners' strike/Neubauten again; all reviews as far as I can see. Alright though.

Your Flesh; Fanzine equivalent of the 'Motorslug' B-side. Includes Bludgeon flexi, need I say more. Hardcore/metal. *BAD*.

All of these have been around for ages. It took a while but I got there in the end guys. If you want your brains blasted out some more get round to Rough Trade, 130 Talbot Rd, London W11, where everybody's favourite metal-machine-music merchants will supply you with all these and more. For a price. TOM VAGUE

DEBRIS

Society stripper KITTEN NATIVIDAD describing Madonna's husband SEAN PENN:

"He's a very nice guy. He reminds me of a little boy, like he's eight years old and he's got so many cookies he doesn't know what to do with them."

KRIS NEEDS stumbles into Debris again, this time because he passed out cold at JOE SUMMER'S MASSIVE TWO DAY PARTY in Notting Hill. He was setting a particularly bad example to his six month old son DANIEL LEE NEEDS who made his dancing debut at the party. Meanwhile on a related subject: Mick Jones's debut LP is apparently very near completion.

NEW CLUBS TO GROOVE AT: THE UNDERGROUND BUS: Tuesday and Wednesday nights at the Crown and Castle in Dalston, East London, many live bands. THE PARAGON: at the No 1 Club in Central Street Manchester on Monday nights between 9pm and 2am, electroish funky noises are made there. THE DRUM CLUB: is pretty damn alternative musically and takes place on Thursday nights at the Centrefold Nightclub, Linthorpe Rd, Middlesbrough.

Strange but true: The Dead Kennedy's 'FRESH FRUIT FOR ROTTING VEGETABLES' has been released in Compact Disc.

ROBERT SMITH on his 'FAT BOB' alias: "It originally came from SIOUX, 'cause I used to call her Janet The Old Witch. The first one she wanted to stick on me was The Pillsbury Dough Boy, but that was too long, so she just called me Fat Bob."

SYLVESTER STALLONE'S NEXT OFFERING after the very lovely Rambo is ROCKY IV. Continuing in the same lunatic vein as Rambo, Rocky this time ends up fighting a Russian boxer for the title fight. There's some very florid pre-film publicity going around which announces that the ensuing boxing match represents 'the cataclysmic struggle of good against evil, East against West, freedom against oppression...' Gosh! It makes you think doesn't it? Actually, Stallone is working on another film, suitably entitled 'OVER THE TOP'.

Commerisations to BRILLIANT'S YOUTH who got beaten to a pulp the other day because of a misunderstanding. Apparently he was at PHIL LYNNOT'S PARTY and was trying to rouse Chrissie Wood (Ron's wife) who'd passed out. Her boyfriend Brian Roertson of Motorhead mistook this for an act of jiggery pokery and set upon the unfortunate Youth and walloped him quite a lot.

THE DREAM ACADEMY have just covered the Smiths song 'PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE LET ME GET WHAT I WANT' as their offering for the up and coming Blanco Y Negro compilation LP. By the by, Nick Laird-Clowes of The Dream Academy mutters that 'Just Like Honey' by The Jesus And Mary Chain is a masterpiece.

DEBBIE HARRY'S 'COMEBACK' is being arranged by the man who set Madonna on her way, 'JELLYBEAN' BENITEZ. He's produced the song which she performs for the new film 'KUSH GROOVE'.

America's NBC is producing a very promising looking TV film: 'JOHN AND YOKO: A LOVE STORY'. Mmm. Musical star of Dave Clark's super new musical 'Time' CLIFF RICHARD justifying his visits to South Africa: "THE COUNTRY NEEDS JESUS." SHIRLEY BASSEY on the same topic: "YOU WHITES STARTED THE HELL IN SOUTH AFRICA. I COULD NOT CARE LESS ABOUT POLITICS. ALL I WANT TO DO IS ENTERTAIN."

HEARING AID

PRIDE

BABE GOES INTO
THE WOOD — OR THE
WOODENTOPS AS THEY ARE
MORE WIDELY KNOWN.
SUSPICIOUS THEY MAY BE —
BORING THEY ARE NOT

The red light means 'GO' in the hectic, glamorous world of recording; jammed behind some — decidedly unsociable — sound engineers, I decline to take the hint. A buffoon, swivelling ostentatiously in his chair — crashes into a filing cabinet and sends a tray of tea flying. **Mortified**, he runs — crimson faced — from the room to "Fetch a cloth". I grab his seat and settle down to watch **The Woodentops** perfect their **John Peel** session. As their guest, I am entitled to overstay my welcome — if only to torment them with the **psychedelic tag** their material occasionally deserves. **Rolo** (vocals, acoustic guitar) withdraws the hand of friendship.



● YOU SEE IT AS DAMNING THEN?

"I do, people use it without knowing what it means."

Revelling in my ignorance, I launch into a garbled interpretation of *psychedelia*; **Alice** (keyboards) smiles politely in an effort to shut me up. She then points out that — as it's all so subjective — discussion is worthless:

"Personally, it doesn't frighten me. Some aspects of psychedelia have a strange, uncanny feel I like. I think *'Well, Well, Well'* has too — that's like a condensed version of *'Move Me'*, with all the coherence and intensity emphasised."

'Well, Well, Well,' — their third single, and a follow-up to their Rough Trade debut *'Move Me'* — recently gyrated past the opposition in the Indies charts with an ease that was positively indecent. The Woodentops seem intent upon manipulating a jigsaw of rashly contradictory influences — that psychedelic edge always evident, if only in spirit. Doing the real donkeywork are drubbing — nicely grizzled — drumbeats, over which swoon **Rolo**'s epileptic vocals. All this fanned by a guitar-sound guaranteed to have Dolly Parton slapping her thighs raw by sundown. Seldom before have such a bunch of squirts lived so dangerously.

● GENERALLY, YOUR SONGS SEEM TO BE IN AN AWFUL RUSH — WHERE EXACTLY ARE THEY GOING?

Rolo has a vague idea:

"Perhaps we aim to be constantly interesting, we're not going to *stay* anywhere. We're going to change *all* the time, putting out as many different-sounding records as we can.

"Our songs aren't usually exorcisms, but *'Cold Inside'* was — people thought it was by a different band. I was trying to

lash out all the crap that comes into your head when you're feeling negative. I think it's a very powerful song."

● YOUR LYRICS ARE VERY... SIMPLE

Rolo glances over at **Alice** and laughs:

"I *used* to get embarrassed about that; but now — although I might change a few words here and there — I rather like the simplicity, to think we're direct."

Earlier, *'Steady Steady'* was condemned as being too close to Suicide's *'Frankie Teardrop'* for everybody's comfort. **Rolo** excepted:

"I think people drag on that too much. I'm a big Suicide fan and the last thing I'd do is rip-off *'Frankie Teardrop'*. *'Cold Inside'* and *'Steady Steady'* are what that extra track on a 12 inch is all about — taking risks. O.K... we're not taking that risk with our A-side but you need more brightness, more clarity with an A-side."

"There's a basic core, a love of what we do which moves with us," explains **Alice**. "We wouldn't become self-indulgent ever."

Who knows, maybe The Woodentops *are* canny enough to avoid falling flat on their innovative faces. Crossing my fingers on their behalf, I gasp involuntarily as **Alice** reveals that *she too* was hood winked by the Thompson Twins in days of yore. To hell with it — I still maintain that someone, somewhere, was spiking my Nesquik. Should The Woodentops, themselves, chance upon an inscrutable formula, **Rolo** plans to develop ants in his nether garments:

"I'd think *'Gawd'*, and move... As soon as you hit an artistic plateau, the only way to go seems down. We'd rather avoid that plateau altogether, and hope that any continuity comes with the sound of our voices. As we're not skilled musicians, we

take a long time over our material — it keeps us fresh, we still feel like a brand new band."

● DID YOU, OR DID YOU NOT, ATTEMPT TO BLAST ONE MR MORRISSEY INTO ORBIT WHILST SUPPORTING THEM?

"In a way, yes we did..." confesses **Rolo** cagily. "Something very dumb happened on the road. It wasn't anything to do with us, but The Smiths thought it was." "Funny," exclaims **Alice**, narrowing her eyes accusingly, "journalists love that story so-o-o-o much."

Aw, give a hack a break — the anecdote in question is wholly irresistible:

(MORRISSEY STANDS — PIGEON-TOED — AT THE MICROPHONE WAVING A RADISH; LITTLE KNOWING THAT, NEARBY, THERE LURKS A CIGARETTE PACKET LOADED WITH GELIGNITE. ***KABOOM*** HIS COOL — TEMPORARILY-BLOWN, MORRISSEY EMERGES — SOOTY-FACED AND THUNDEROUS — TO PUNISH THE PERPETRATORS. IN A PERFECT WORLD THEY'D HAVE USED A CIGAR-BOX).

● HAS HE SPOKEN TO YOU SINCE?

"No." **Rolo** hangs his head, a broken man. "What the hell... they're only pop stars."

● YOU DO ATTRACT SOME 'NAMES'

The Woodentops look suitably charmed.

"I think," ponders **Rolo**, "It's because we remind them of something that influenced their own music, something close to their hearts. Also they've got very into structuring their music carefully, and we obviously just don't care. We've played the crappiest gigs you could imagine."

● IS THAT JUST YOU BEING PHILOSOPHICAL, OR ARE YOU GENUINELY THRILLED?

"Thrilled," insists **Alice**, too busy raiding the vending machine to elaborate. Jesus

and The Mary Chain are mentioned at this sitting.

(Rolo): "We had a real giggle when we first saw them. They're similar to The Woodentops in the way they use their drumbeats, other than that they're making the same record over and over again."

● HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED 'PROFESSIONALLY' AND STILL ENJOYED IT?

"Yes," grins *Rolo*. "It was the funniest thing in the world, everything went spot-on... dead right, perfect."

● SO, WHY PLAY ELECTRONIC MUSIC ACOUSTICALLY?

Rolo: "What we're doing is going back from electronic music to Dance. If you look at Africa — you'll find it being influenced by it's own, very ancient, roots by the Hi-Tech music of the States. In a way, the sort of thing Kraftwerk were doing — the insistence of the beat — was inherent in our own sound. For a dance beat to be successful, it has to stay there. We had no money, so we made all those insistent sounds with our own hands."

What some might call a happy accident...

"We're just one *big* happy accident," giggles Alice.

The same could be said of their John Peel sessions — *hours* have passed, the tea-puddle has evaporated and The Woodentops *still* aren't satisfied. The producer grows heavily, massaging his temples, as they disembowel a bass-drum ("to get a better sound!").

THE RED LIGHT MEANS 'ESCAPE' IN THE TIRING, MONOTONOUS WORLD OF RECORDING: GROPPING FOR A BRAINWAVE, I DASH A BEAKER TO THE FLOOR AND AFFECT DISMAY:

"OOPS... I'LL FETCH A CLOTH."

A JADED RUSE, MAYBE; BUT IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM. ●



PHOTO: ANDREW CATLIN

BLACK MAGIC

ENGLAND EXPECTS



● REVOLUTION NUMBER NINE by ANTONELLA BLACK

"I'm sick and tired of hearing things
from uptight, short-sighted,
narrow-minded hypocrites
all I want is the truth
just gimme some truth
I've had enough of reading things
by neurotic, psychotic, pie-
headed politicians
all I want is the truth."

GIMME SOME TRUTH by John Lennon.

Sit tight you mucous-minded cane-toads selling sanctuary in Stow-on-the-Wold, for this is the year of 'causes' (MAN), where REVOLUTION is the name of the pain.

● How hip it is to be 'concerned'; how ultimately fashionable to curl up in angst over the 'situation' in Ethiopia with a spliff in the paw and a pint in the other. **HEROIN! BABY SEALS! SARF EFRIKA! TOXTETH! AIR DISASTERS! NUCLEAR WAR!** Oh, lay these soulless and temporary platitudes on me! Let us cram these tiny minds with illusions of worth and toil, whilst violence, ignorance, and ugliness abound in our own homes.

Crippled old England is so BUSY treating the symptoms and not the cause, so furiously attacking huge-scale problems and ignoring the 'small scale' misery of the average man. Love thy neighbour? Bollocks. **LOVE THY SLOGAN** rings far truer.

There is no love or compassion in England, only a desperate eagerness to demonstrate our superlative magnanimity: **THINGS ARE NOT CHANGING, THEY ARE SIMPLY BEING PAINTED A DIFFERENT COLOUR.** A fucking miracle is needed to extinguish the suppressed anger, the pompous glory-box nationalism, the armchair communism, the sheer and terrifying bulk of ignorance we so fondly refer to as our society.

The British love impressing the world; the British love to oust those bloody foreigners and show them just who won the bloody war; just who creamed the bloody krauts, the damned nips, the goddam wops and wogs and pakis and every other race which doesn't press its flaccid smackers to the Union Jack. Ah, put a sock in it, Mother Cuntry (sic); open your bloated slats and take a long, careful look at yourself. Take a long, careful look at the decay, the disorders, the hypocrisy, the dishonesty, the gormlessness, the senselessness, the upathy.

No bleeding jobs to be had, Joe. No bleeding work. Only job centres overflowing with positions — yeah, yeah, I know the positions don't pay a thousand quid a week, and yeah, I know they don't advertise brilliant jobs, but Jesus Christ, what do you expect? Some spotty half wit with an O-level to his brain submitting a C.V. to Buckingham Palace?? Humility?! The British are far too grand to bow their heads in the name of experience. The British are still suffering from that great racist aristocratic hangover: **WE ARE FAR TOO GOOD TO DO ANYTHING NASTY AND DIRTY.** Sweethearts, great nations were not built on pop music and the dole-queue.

Well-meaning figure-heads are employed to cover up the gross flaws of this country's character. The fact that Britain is possibly the most military-minded, conceited, sexist piece of land on earth is something that no English person



particularly wants to linger over. Instead they perform unparalleled acts of idiocy like pouring bleach into a river so that fox-hounds can't pick up a fox's scent (simultaneously murdering every other bloody living thing in the forest). **VIVA LA LIBERATION DE ANIMALES!**

While we're on the subject of animals, whatever happened to the loveable ideals of punk? Oh, anarchy a-go-go! stone the Queen/live in the gutter/put a bone through your nose and rrrrrrebel! The only thing that punk succeeded in

doing was increasing the force of the conservative backlash, and spawning a generation of clown-faced, scruffy little outcasts who burned holes in their dole-cheques at record stores. Ask me, and I'll reply that Sid had the right idea. Stupidity begets stupidity, and no answer is arrived at via fashion or music.

In the good ole days, fashion/music and other such superficial trivia reflected the times; but when punk laid its fat arse across the nation's face, the times reflected the fashion.

England adores sordid little scandals, mind-buckling tabloids, and **FACES.** Faces are so tediously important. Everything must have a face, a father, a founder. Nothing can exist without a loveable figurehead. Kinnoch with his greasy auburn locks appearing in some tati's music video; Yes'm cuddly ole Neil hugging a bunch of 'alternative' young peoples, in the hope of winning that increasingly crucial 'young' vote. It's enough to make one marry a gay fisherman and migrate to the Hebrides.

At least the bloody capitalists are **HONEST.** They make no bones about the fact that they are unmitigated quasi-facists, that they prefer a wallet full of notes to a happy face any day. They don't pretend to 'Love the World' baby. They don't wear Katherine 'I'm so aware' Hamnett T-shirts. They are **HONEST.** Unafraid to admit that they are basically material girls and boys, that misanthropy is their fix, that order is the way of the day. No snapshots of Meg Thatcher backing **WHAM!** No articles on the Iron Maiden discussing The Jesus and Mary Chain and what it's like to be an impoverished sewerage worker. **HEY MAN, y'know — like there was this crazy dame in Oxford — a Tory bore — who suggested that unemployed people should survive on PORRIDGE AND BERRIES!** (See *News of the World* Sept. 1st: Porridge is rich in vitamin E — the sex vitamin... fruit salad should give you the protein... and vitamin C to provide the sparkle and the... recklessness sex). At least the barmy old cow didn't mince her turds when addressing her swilling audience. You have to respect someone who is so blatantly insane. At **LEAST YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE IN FOR.**

But let us fester in our own piss; let us ferment in our ready charity. **YOU, TOO, CAN WIPE A WAR VETERAN'S ARSE!** God spare this generation blustering forth, bubbling with contradictions and hatred. The war is here. In our socks and in our pockets. Is there no one out there who realizes that before you set about changing this earth, you have to begin loving and appreciating it and all its denizens?? ●



TOO HIGH TOO FAR TOO SOON

THE WATERBOYS · "THIS IS THE SEA"

**NEW L.P. RELEASED SEPTEMBER 16TH
TOURING SOON**



●THE BRITISH SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE DOES NOT EXIST AND NONE OF ITS OPERATIONS HAVE EVER TAKEN PLACE — THIS HAS BEEN THE GIST OF GOVERNMENT POLICY OVER THE YEARS IN REGARD TO ITS COVERT AGENCIES, CHIEFLY **M15** (DOMESTIC SUBVERSION) AND **M16** (OVERSEAS INTELLIGENCE). **DOCTOR CHRISTOPHER ANDREW**, A FELLOW AND SENIOR TUTOR IN HISTORY AT CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, HAS WRITTEN A BOOK — A BIG BOOK — CALLED **SECRET SERVICE: THE MAKING OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY**.

GET SMART

TINKER — TAILOR — SOLDIER ON



● It is the first scholarly study of the subject. Previously the feeling among historians was that the topic was far too shrouded in mystery (*and thus myth*) to be studied. And that the popular image of the James Bond-type secret agent and/or the **STARTLING REVELATION** school of journalism augured badly for a serious and non-sensational approach.

In his room at Corpus (*with the sun shining over the quad and the distant cries of "Howzaat" being carried on a light breeze from Fenners, etc.*) **Doctor Andrew told me:**

"The great problem for anybody interested in 20th century history is the enormous over-production of paper — that's the curse of the 20th century historian. The British Intelligence community has destroyed or hidden most of its paper, its archive. Even though things which are officially secret are, curiously, available. What managed to escape the official censor is quite enough for a scholarly study. Paradoxically the attempts of the authorities to make the history of the Secret Service unwritable have made it more writable than if they'd let everything out.

"I'd shared the view of most historians that there wasn't material for a book but one could write about particular episodes. The first thing I wrote was about the **Zinoviev letter — the intercepted Comintern (Communist International) message** in 1924 which discredited the Labour Government and possibly assisted in them losing the second election of that year.

"In looking at what other people had written on the subject I realised that they'd all made what seemed to me to be an error. They failed to realise that intercepting communications is something that the Government does everyday and if

you're going to understand the Zinoviev letter or any other communication, you've got to interpret it within a much larger day to day pattern of message interceptions, decoding and so on.

"Having done that I realised I could write more. The discovery that I could write the complete history was a progressive revelation.

"Until now the subject has been left to non-professional historians (*cue Chapman Pincher*) and the problem has been that there is no professional historian to say to some preposterous allegation — where's the evidence? Where's the footnotes?

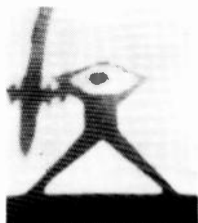
"Secondly professional historians had been put off by the James Bond idea that intelligence consists of one dazzling coup which changes the course of history.

"People think of cloaks and daggers and dramatic coups but all that intelligence is, is **information**. And secret intelligence is something which policy makers reckon they need which they can't get from conventional sources and it's going to require a spy, a codebreaker, a spy satellite or whatever other covert source to get hold of it.

"Once they've got it, it can be even more difficult to use it."

Indeed, the book reveals a startling series of blunders in the use of intelligence. The modern Secret Service has its basis in the notion that Britain was teaming with German spies in the run up to World War One. An idea that was later shown to be quite erroneous.

Conversely, it was an outstandingly well used piece of intelligence — the breaking of the **German Enigma code** during World War Two in the operation known as **Ultra** which is reckoned to have shaved several





● MICK SINCLAIR —
POISONED UMBRELLA AT THE
READY — PENETRATES THE
SECRET SERVICE.



ILLUSTRATION — COLIN WILLIAMS

W E A R E N O T I N T H E L E A S T A F F R A I D O F R U I N

► years off hostilities — which has now to some extent altered public conception of the Intelligence Service.

The existence of Ultra remained secret up until 1975 when it was de-classified. An act which Doctor Andrew considers to have been “*the lifting of the corner of the veil*”.

“The reason Whitehall argued strongly against letting that secret out even 30 years after the end of the war was that it would be the thin end of the wedge. Once people were told what codebreakers had achieved in WW2 then they might ask what they are achieving now.

“The interest caused by Ultra was one of the things that increased public curiosity about GCHQ so I think people are just beginning to realise that there are completely other areas to intelligence gathering than what they might have thought of. But probably the area that’s attracting least attention is how they actually use the stuff.”

The most recent revelations have involved the activities of MI5. As we speak, the BBC vetting ‘*scandal*’ has just broken. One of the ironical twists being the admission by the BBC that they started vetting in 1937. Just at the time Guy Burgess began making programmes for them.

“Burgess played a series of practical jokes on the BBC which I believe to be without precedent. In 1942 he commissioned a talk from a member of Soviet Intelligence Service. Included in the broadcast was the sentence ‘...and the Soviet Intelligence Service is one of the best in the world’.

“I think Burgess must have just about fallen off his stool when he heard that. Blunt and Philby must have felt that if Soviet Intelligence could get away with that — broadcasting on the BBC about how good they were — there was nothing they couldn’t get away with.”

Burgess, Kim Philby and Donald Maclean formed a triumvirate of ‘*moles*’ (ie Soviet plants in British Intelligence) the discovery of which (mounting evidence confirmed when they bolted for the Soviet Union) in the early 60s caused a bit of a stir, to say the least (more recently revealed was Anthony Blunt, the so-called ‘*fourth man*’).

Their 30 odd years of penetration had reached a point where Philby was being hotly tipped as the future ‘*C*’ (head of MI6) and the ‘*high flyer*’ Maclean bound for the chief’s chair in the Foreign Office. At the time of their departure both already held key posts. Philby as MI6’s liason man with the CIA and Maclean as head of the F.O.’s American desk.

“I’m sure the Soviet Union is still trying to recruit moles. Until the Bettany affair I would have said it was quite impossible for them to recruit nowadays as they did in the 30s. What is striking about the moles recruited from this University (*the above named*) is their extremely high intelligence and idealism of their initial moves.

“Most of them didn’t actually realise they’d joined Soviet Intelligence. They thought they were doing intelligence work for Comintern. They only discovered bit by bit that what they’d joined was a front for the KGB. But they thought the Soviet Union was the future, that British society



— Cambridge between the wars — had passed and that the way to defeat fascism was by engaging in a secret struggle against international fascism under communist leadership.

“That kind of recruitment is clearly impossible nowadays. It stretches belief that anyone could go through a good liberal education system and end up believing that the Soviet Union is the hope of mankind. It’s highly significant that the most recent moles that have come to light have been far less able people, not recruited through idealism but in most cases by a result of personality defects, sex, money or whatever.

“Bettany worries me a little bit but it’s very difficult to read what was published about Bettany since he was sentenced and believe the man had a normal personality. So I’m not inclined to believe Bettany is a serious exception to the rule about the difference between moles in the 30s and moles in much of the 80s.

“But there are a number of things about Bettany which I still find very curious...”

A chief conclusion of the book is that the lack of parliamentary accountability has led to inefficient management of the Secret Service. In 1977 Doctor Andrew put the case for a parliamentary select committee on Intelligence. *The Times* noted ‘*it was as if he had made a disrespectful remark about the Royal Family*’.

“Despite all the improvements of the last three quarters of a century, we’re still in a position where the Government hasn’t begun to define a credible line for the bounds of official secrecy — which means that even the name of the theatrical supplier where the head of MI6 bought a disguise in 1909 is still classified and there are many other examples of idiocies like that one.

“The Government is not accountable to parliament in any way for its management of the Intelligence community. It’s utterly preposterous but that’s the way it is. The greatest weakness of the Intelligence community which are frequently blamed on the Intelligence community chiefs, are often derived from the inefficiency of Government management. It’s inefficient because it’s not answerable.

“If you look at the story between the wars, it is one Government cock up after

another. Through sheer incompetence they gave away the best intelligence Britain possessed, the intercepted decoded signals of the Soviet Government. British Intelligence was run down to a point that threatened national security and security at Whitehall was so farcical that it was penetrated by a series of Soviet moles. The Italian Secret Service was able to get documents with ease from the British Embassy in Rome and security at the British Embassy in Berlin was a laughing stock. The lack of accountability between the wars was a recipe for recurrent incompetence.”

How will the book be regarded by the Intelligence community themselves?

“Unfavourably, I would expect. One very senior and recently retired civil servant wrote me a letter after he had looked at some of my book and said ‘*the intelligence bureaucracy should be very grateful to you. I can assure you that they will not be*’.

“I think that those who run the Intelligence community will feel the book is a very bad thing. Their attitude to public debate of the Intelligence Service is roughly the same as the attitude of a Victorian spinster to a discussion of sex at a Victorian dinner party. It’s an outrageous breach of good taste to even talk about it at all.

“There are perfectly rational arguments for not talking about current operations but it’s the kind of taboo that those who’ve grown up with it will never shake off. There are many other members of the Intelligence community who have come to the conclusion that there needs to be some sensible definition of the limits of official secrecy and some sensible method of accountability.

“But anyone who takes the view of the present Government is bound to regard my book as deeply *unpatriotic, deeply subversive and a thoroughly bad thing*. That shows how silly they are.”

While acknowledging that MI5 probably have a hefty file on him (“*I don’t mind as long as they get it right*”) and that they might well be monitoring his phone calls (“*I don’t mind as long as they don’t tell anyone else*”), the level of actual hindrance encountered in researching the book has been minor. Doctor Andrew still enjoys walking down alleys on dark, foggy nights.

“I think our side is more decent than the other side. In the end their attitude to the level of secrecy which they need — banning World War One documents — is wholly dotty. They’re dotty rather than malevolent in their attitude to people like me. They dislike people ferreting around with all this stuff but the idea that my book when placed in the middle of Red Square will do anything other than confuse the KGB is pretty improbable.

“There have been attempts, which I think are mildly disdainful, to persuade people in their eighties not to talk to me about things going back as far as the 20s. A number of them, I’m delighted to say, ignored the official advice that they shouldn’t talk to me. MI6 or those who issued the warnings made fools of themselves on one or two occasions... but they’ll grow out of it.” ●

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WHO'S THAT GIRL?

Shes Got It!

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ANGELS

WITH DIRTY FACES

MICK MERCER BECOMES PRISON VISITOR
FOR A DAY — ALIEN SEX FIEND EAT THE
FILE HE SLIPS THEM

● And of course so are *The Fiends*, in a sideways slide. What started off as a sock-shredding nightmare and shareholding exercise in electric mania with "*Who's Been Sleeping In My Brain?*" and developed on to a night spent sniggering, cursing and passing out in the rarified atmosphere beneath Rod Steiger's creaking bed ("*Acid Bath*") has blossomed further into the most manageable salmonella sandwich of the lot, coyly entitled, "*I'm Doing Time In A Maximum Security Twilight Zone*". With a lessening on the groin-grip and a lot more light through the starboard porthole, Alien Sex Fiend mix the interior skull redecoration with a poisonous parade down Classical Alley. The kind of cross-cultural mix which can be perceived but rarely realised. In truth the knocks Sex Fiend received on behalf of pan-stick and laughter, should by now have evaporated along with the whiff of senile dementia that followed them. "*Maximum (etc)*" brings back, then punts over the crossbar, the kind of splendid vision of atrocity and potential (*that some called life*) which Suicide once managed, and no-one laughed at them did they? Sex Fiend City ain't such a bad old place, as I hope you'll be finding out soon.

"What annoys me," sighs Nik, strangling another barman, "is all these people buying '*Metallic KO*', and they've *discovered* Iggy! He's probably living in the gutter by now and they've discovered him. Someone said to me the other night, 'You sounded just like The Stooges last night. You sounded fucking awful!' What's the problem? Maybe we should stick out a nine quid bootleg?"

Chris Fiend, so often the calming influence, at or away from the keyboards, gets the straps round his arms, and Yaxi, guitarist turned producer on the latest album, pushes the dummy firmly inside.

Rage, well-held, and humour fraternise

happily alongside one another throughout a Fiends interview. The recollections which can bring a smile to their chops also sours the collective visage through annoying external cruelty. The latest rumour, which had Nik feeling particularly paranoid includes HMV refusing to stock their records on the grounds of obscene lyrical content.

"What lyrical content?" demands Nik, the dummy ricocheting off a sturdy beam and dropping unnoticed into a city gent's bubbling blue Bells. "I *am* paranoid. We're just cross that they won't stock our records but stock other records with the same connotations. Lyrical content? I say 'bum', 'Arse'."

"But that's not naughty is it?" asks Chris. "I've heard F**K on the BBC!"

"So have I," declares Nik pouncing on this loophole in the law. "Jimmy Young," *Jimmy Young?*

"It's not fair. Maybe I'll have to learn a new language," pouts Nik furiously. "I was brought up on Alf Garnett. An F's an F and a C's a C. Alf Garnett's coming back actually so it'll educate the audience. They'll go, 'Yes. We *understand!*'"

Hallelujah but some people will never understand. Some people still cough in their hankies and leave the bloodsoaked words 'Gothic' lying on their blitzed cotton. Gut-rotting ignorance is a remarkable thing. Those who would sneer here, would presumably miss the spellbinding melancholy and body-blows of "*Maximum Security*", an encapsulation on the desolation of "*Acid Bath*".

Once again The Fiends have moved on. Chris sees it all quite naturally;

"Can't really jump around forever can ya? A lot of the '*Acid Bath*' things were done on the American/Canadian tour, last year. Then we did England with it in October/November, then Japan, Spain, Germany and Italy. That's a lot of playing,



"Explaining it... why should we? We've been half way round the universe, done countless interviews, *trying* to explain. Your music explains itself. Some people never come to your concert but your record can be the be all and end all of their life, as they identify with it."

Alien Sex Fiend, like the noble Tauregs are well known for their staunch leg-work, which to date has taken them, under their own steam, to all four corners, wrongly labelled, of the globe. Nik Fiend is understandably miffed at the UK vision of a band such as this. "We're commercial, in an uncommercial way. What's the difference between "E.S.T." (a past single) and anything else?" O Superman 'wasn't commercial. Well... it was... in a deviant way."



PHOTO: PATRICK GILBERT

► and "Liquid Head" (*firecracking Japanese souvenir*)... it's really fast and tight."

Yaxi: "The end of an era."

Nik: "The end of an ear'ole."

"I'm talking to the young, the old... and the new.
"I'm talking to the man, the boy... I'm talking to you."
(Find Out)

"Could have gone in and done another 'Dead And Buried'," snorts Nik, "and I should think we'd have been successful. Instead we said, 'Well we've done that. We're doing this. A lot of people have got more into it because it's more musical. Before, on 'Acid Bath' a lot more emphasis went on the vocals. He (Kevin Armstrong) spent more time on my vocals than I've ever spent on anything. This one I haven't bothered, that's how it will sound live and that's how it sounds on record. Goes in and out, from right to left and fluctuates, exactly like a gig."

Fluctuating nicely, after just six gigs with the slimmer Fiends (following John's departure) and just back from Nottingham ("The first three rows had beards!") Yaxi dribbles at the improvement even now from disc to live. "I'd definitely like a John Peel session. We'd blow that show apart."

"Why should we give a toss, asks Nik, having declared it his life's ambition to empty a gig such as Nottingham after two numbers. "There's people making loads of money by having a full set of teeth and just getting up, doing what everyone wants. If people want to shout requests there's always Hammersmith Palais on a Saturday night. Go and see the show-band."

The deceptively dozy Dave (*codename Yaxi*) has produced quite a majestic debut, with layer upon layer of unexpected images and effects, skewered harmoniously, and begging for mercy, upon a wholesome backbeat of unbridled power that makes its presence felt in an entirely different manner to the tornadoes of yore. Everything now reaches great heights, Chris Bonnington playing the Marquis De Sade. Was he excited about the experience or nervous?

"Excited, if they were getting there at eleven I'd be there at ten or half past. Even the engineer wouldn't be in. Just me sitting at me desk. Couldn't sleep really. Totally new! When we did "R.I.P." we hadn't been in a studio before... there was more excitement on this than that!"

Chris: "Originally we were going to have Kevin Armstrong and he booked the studio. We were in there before we knew what was happening really."

Yaxi: "Like a rehearsal."

Nik: "Like a nervous breakdown. But he (K.A.) was working with Bowie. We know Bowie keeps nicking our ideas. His band's called The Aliens. Next thing he'll be calling himself Nik Fiend. Still, he's been around long enough. You've got to leave the O.A.P's alone haven't you?" We know he gets our records because Kevin plays them to him. He probably thinks, 'Yeah, that's it!'"

No matter. Let us leave the Mary Rose and move on, Nik's definition on the Fiend's recording style. David take note.

"It's fresh. When we record it's full of

protein and life. It's a new idea being pushed around. If you know it inside out it's second nature and you're not conveying *anything*."

Talk of moods and bunions, brings us to emotional moody grandeur and accidents, the way Alien Sex Fiend, it appears, happen across much of their napalm nourishment.

"Nick had to go to Brighton and see his Dad and Dave went with him," says guess who. "There was me, sitting in the studio, all on my own for the first time ever. I had to do something... and that's what ended up coming out."

"That's" is a modest reference to the soothing, surreal and simply lobe-stapling hunger of a sound that could appease any scholar of 'serious stuff' whilst still enchanting those who live inside concrete mixers: a keyboard and rhythm shuffle which produces effects akin to sitting in a deserted cinema.

"If they had a machine," explodes Yaxi... his eyes flaring... "For thoughts and your brain! (*Rambo sneaks up behind, but is laid low by a flailing arm. BONK!*)... So I could be thinking of a guitar part, that sounds brilliant to me... and that's what's coming out as instruments. It'd be brilliant! I wonder if they'll ever be able to do that?"

(*We've managed a brisk eight hundred metres since he started that.*)

"THIS IS THE END OF YOUR HOLIDAY MY FRIEND, YOU'RE BACK ON THE PRODUCTION LINE... I'M PLAYING ALL OF MY FAVOURITE WRECK-KKOOORRRDDSSSS!!!"

(PICK 'N' MIX)

"I don't think people understand the simplicity of what we are saying," says a reflective Nik, placing his boot on Rambo's head, pushing him to the carpet once more. "The songs are about what happens to everybody, yet nobody knows that. That's the good thing about it. People make what they want of it rather than 'This is what it means and it does not mean anything else'."

"In the NME now we're apparently writing about Amnesty International and prisoners. 'Maximum Security'? There's a reference to that, a lot of things were happening at that time, like a lot of our friends being locked up. Stuff brings that out vocally, and the music... and the blue light (*they decorate their studio*)... brought a lot of that out. Sounds like an operating theatre. Halfway through I thought I was in an operating theatre and I wanted to get out an' all."

Many words litter the Sex Fiend trail. Torn notebooks screaming "Maggots! Gun! Vaseline! Rocket! Disease! Carcass!" form mountains in the South London basin. One word above all stands out. You're **GASOLINE** mad.

"It's quite a big thing in life," Yaxi philosophises, pulling at his briar. "Don't get anywhere without it do you?"

Nik: "When we fill up it's always gas, never petrol. It's hard to explain. Like the smell of it when you're out there having a piss and the exhausts still running."

(*Ah yes. I remember it well.*)

"I live on the main road. Everywhere you go... transport. Sitting in a van for

thirteen hours straight is like doing time. A lot of my friends are in prison and I am too in a way, trapped within this travelling circus I'm part of and can't escape. I don't particularly want to but when you want to you can't. I wouldn't at any rate. Just hang on."

One of the more curious utterances on the album runs thus: **LIFE IS JUST A BIG CHEESE**. Nik seems puzzled that it could be misunderstood but explains in his own inimitable manner.

"At the end of the day, your thing's read out and they go to take your photo to put you in the eternal files. 'Say Cheese!' I done all this, yeah, I'm guilty. All this 60's thing. The Rolling Stones, Life's A Gas, man."

(*Life's A Gasman?*)

"Everything's a cheese isn't it. A big stink. Cheese stinks."

"It's like a chair," adds Yaxi helping to clarify matters. "Don't mean anything. Why not call an album *Chair?*"

"Better than 'Clovenhead' or 'My Gran-nie's Wounds'," giggles Nik. "It's great, the Small Wonder ad has all our albums abbreviated. **TOKYO-ACID-BRAIN!**"

"It's from when we did all that acid," decides Yaxi. "When you've stopped you know you can't go that far again. Took me a year to get over that. I used to get these nightmares. Your eyes are open but you're body's asleep. You can see everything in your room but you can't move. You think, 'This is it, I'm having a stroke!' Then I'd get this loud noise coming from the back of my head... getting louder and louder, and I'm trying to get out of it... **MOVE!** I'm thinking I'm gonna die! Suddenly it goes **BANG!!!** You wake up... and you ache all over. I was getting that for six months after I stopped. Awful experience."

Chris: "Going to Japan's like another planet, you don't need it."

Nik: "It's all the past tense. Something we've gone through. Sometimes at half five in the morning I'll have been doing some drawings and suddenly a bit of our music's freaked me right out. I've took the headphones off, made a cup of tea, put the lights on. When you've been there that's what the lyrics mean. Bit like 'Alice In Wonderland'. Kids read that and the bloke who wrote that was on opium half the time."

AND SO TO BED, the radio knitting it's brightly coloured booties, to keep us cosy through the winter months, Alien Sex Fiend probably conspicuous by their absence once again.

Yaxi: "It's only one record deck. The struggle is to get your record on that turntable. That's hard. That means getting through ten people. There's one needle vibrating on that thing for a whole nation."

Chris: "We're not losing any sleep over it."

Nik: "About time Radio Caroline woke up an' all! When they came back, they said they'd have Wolfman Jack and he's brilliant! That was bullshit. They're playing the same pap."

"What does it take to get over to a load of pirates that we're pirates too?"

Pieces of eight. ●

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DR TIMOTHY LEARY

● WILLIAM SHAW KICKS
OVER THE HOSPITAL BEDS
AND TALKS TO DREAM
ACADEMY WHILST THEY
WRESTLE WITH THEIR
PYJAMAS

At one point during this interview, Gilbert Gabriel will lean forward on the sofa and announce that for the keyboard part on The Dream Academy's debut single he called upon the assistance of a higher Being, God Himself. Now your atheistic toes may curl up at such an utterance, but it's no use looking across the room at the other two group members for a conspiratorial titter. They don't so much as bat an eyelid. The Dream Academy may write pristinely shining pop songs, sweet and dreamy vinyl delights, but collectively these three are as daffy as you can be without straightjackets.

● That psychedelic revival we'd been told about came and went this year, confining itself for the most part to *Miss Selfridge's spring collection*. But in spite of that, these last twelve months have seen a general re-heating of the trends of the later sixties. *The Soviet history syndrome* in popular chic has been busy re-legitimizing those hedonistic and naive days. These days Elvis Costello can play *'All You Need Is Love'* without anyone snickering and Ian Astbury can look out of the pages of *The Face* without looking too out of place.

It's an era which suits *The Dream Academy* like a glove. They don't even have to try...

"We're eighties, we're not revivalists," *Nick Laird-Clowes* declares for the hundredth time. "We always said we're not revivalists. Who ever said we were?"

"I don't see it as psychedelic revivalism," *Gilbert* protests.

From *Nick* again: "We call ourselves jazzadelic."

Kate St John pitches in: "Music is psychedelic."

"'Hippies', 'revivalists'," continues *Nick*, "We're just three individuals who grew up in the sixties making music now with all our influences."

For their summer hols, Kate and Nick went to Los Angeles with that other newly unearthed writer of perfect pop songs Stephen Duffy and there they messed around with that new chemical Ecstasy.

Gilbert: "Escapists? We're escaping to get in."

Nick: "Realistic escapists. Escaping into reality."

Kate: "With music you're not escaping, you're just moving into another reality and it's wonderful. It's like stepping into another world."

Nick: "You're absolutely right. We're not really escapists. We're realists. There's a lot more to the real world than people see."

"I'm reading this book called *'Einstein's Space and Van Gogh's Sky'* about how we create our own reality, and we create it for man's survival. To stay here we have to force the molecules... the global hex. Really we can just wipe that away and our atoms will just scoot to the other side of the universe and you can be anywhere at any time."

(Actually I haven't got a clue what he's talking about myself.)

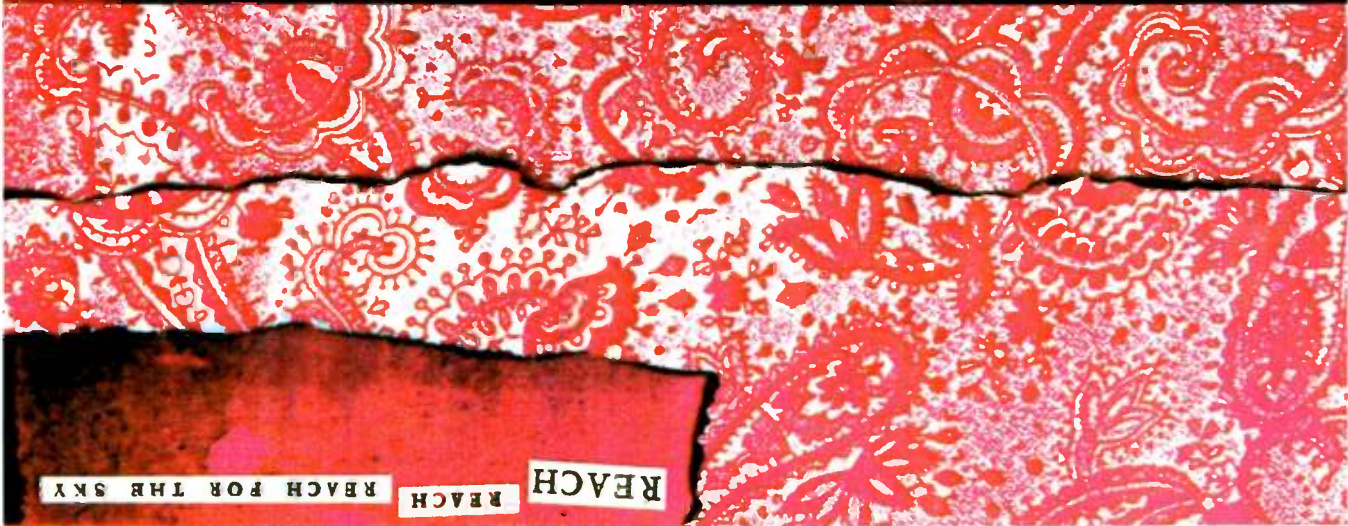
Gilbert: "And also there's this thing that our brains are developing because of computers and artificial intelligence. Our brains are actually changing to understand reality."

I know it's thoroughly NME of me to say so, but the humdrum world still exists.



A C A D E M Y

D R E A M



REACH
REACH
REACH FOR THE SKY

DO NOT SUPPORT GESTURES: THEY CONFUSE THE PEOPLE AND DELAY THE INEVITABLE CONFRONTATION. DELAY IS NOT TOLERATED FOR IT JEOPARDIZES THE WELL-BEING OF THE MAJORITY. CONTRADICTION WILL BE HEIGHTENED. THE RECKONING WILL BE HASTENED BY THE STAGING OF SEED DISTURBANCES.

► **Gilbert:** "Nothing has to be humdrum. Even working in the fields. Zen and the art of living."

Oh I can't take that. There's a certain art of starving then?

Gilbert: "Starving isn't very humdrum, is it?"

Nick: "No. That's life and death and that's very exciting. You get a lot of visions when you're starving."

Sure, but you die.

Nick: "That's right. But we don't believe in death. There is no question in my mind. You're here in spirit, but what this whole business of the fifth dimension is that you can just as easily be there. That's why I reckon they've developed the atomic bomb. Nuclear physicists know that it doesn't matter if you blow yourself up because you're still there."

I think you're all daft as brushes.

Nick: "I hope that's Basil you're talking about."

(I can see that I'm way out of my depth.)

Initially the group formed itself around Gilbert and Nick who'd deserted another group to play odd nights at the Language Lab. Nick Laird-Clowes the inspiration and hyperactive babler and Gilbert Gabriel the ex-Dartington schoolboy and mystic computer addict with the pebble glasses. It was Kate St John, who'd once played alongside Nicky Holland and Virginia Astley as a Ravishing Beauty, who brought along the necessary wide-eyed star appeal to take the group off the ground. Superficial similarities to The Thompson Twins are discounted.

"I think," **Gilbert** chooses his words carefully. "they are very good at marketing pop. They are a pop machine. I don't think that's what we want to be."

But the composition does give rise to the image of The Dream Academy as an upper class pop group. **Nick** rises to the suggestion.

"We're classless," he argues.

"Well," says the more pragmatic **Kate**.

"we're all middle class. And who on earth would want to deny that?"

Nick would: "We're of no fixed class. I'm from no class. I'm from the cosmos and the galaxy... The upper class thing has come from the fact that we don't want to be sweaty rockers. We want to do something artistic, and every time you mention the word 'art' it's such a stigma. It's like this word 'God'."

"We actually had an interviewer who said 'I hate the word 'art'!", says **Gilbert** dumbfoundedly. "I mean what a thing to say. We almost died."

Kate St John's ex-husband is, she says, "fighting with the Sandinistas in Nicaragua." She says she has difficulty writing him letters these days about what the group is getting up to.

"I think 'what can I tell him about it? Our record's gone to number one!' It all seems so petty. He says 'You're mad. What do you think we're fighting for? Just to have the sort of situation where people can spend time listening to music...'"

"That's real, isn't it?" says **Nick**.

Gilbert has his own justifications: "The fact is that I'm involved in an oracle and it continually puts me back in perspective with the whole universe and why we're here and what we're all about. I'm continually aware of that and I'm always searching. And one of the reasons why I feel 'Life In A Northern Town' has got so much appeal is that you've got God in that single. I was actually calling God into that situation. That's the angle I'm working from. The highest."

"Me too," assents an eager **Nick**.

Like I said before, I think you're all as daft as brushes.

"It's great you saying that," **Gilbert** announces. "I want to be at the opposite end of your psychology..."

Here we go again. The Dream Academy: a more peculiar bunch of metaphysical jerks you couldn't wish to meet. ●



THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES

1963. KENNEDY ASSASSINATED.

KATE: I was with my mum walking down the street and she suddenly gripped my hand and said 'Oh my God!' She'd just seen a newspaper headline... but I was too young to understand.

GILBERT: I was in Cyprus at the time and I heard it on the radio. It really struck me as this important thing. I felt remorse even though I was only seven.

NICK: Seven? *(laughs)* That makes you about thirty-six! Me... I was in a crocodile... That was before I metamorphosized into myself *(laughs)*. No, I was walking in a crocodile holding hands with another boy — very *Morrissey* this — and we saw in a shop window 'Kennedy assassinated'.

1964. HAROLD WILSON BECOMES PRIME MINISTER AFTER 13 YEAR TORY STRANGLEHOLD.

NICK: Yes, yes! He was very Beatles, wasn't he? History has not been kind to him but he had a massive charisma and made such an impact. It was like *anything could happen with Harold*.

1965. CASSIUS CLAY BECOMES WORLD CHAMPION.

NICK: Yes indeedy. *Terrific!* I remember my parents hating him and me loving him. I watched the fight.

1967. CHE GUEVARA KILLED.

NICK: Horrible. But he said the greatest quote: 'ALL REVOLUTIONARIES ARE GUIDED BY FEELINGS OF LOVE.' That had a great impact on me. From there on I thought this guy must be great. Mind you I kind of liked Fidel as well..

1968. PHOTO OF SUMMARY EXECUTION IN SAIGON, VIETNAM APPALLS THE WEST.

NICK: I was absolutely staggered. I never got over that. I remember waking up and it was on the front of the Times.

KATE: It was one of those things that you see when you're growing up that makes you realize that death actually exists.

1969. MOON LANDING.

NICK: I remember that very clearly... watching it in the early morning before going to school... 'Get Back', 'Space Oddity'...

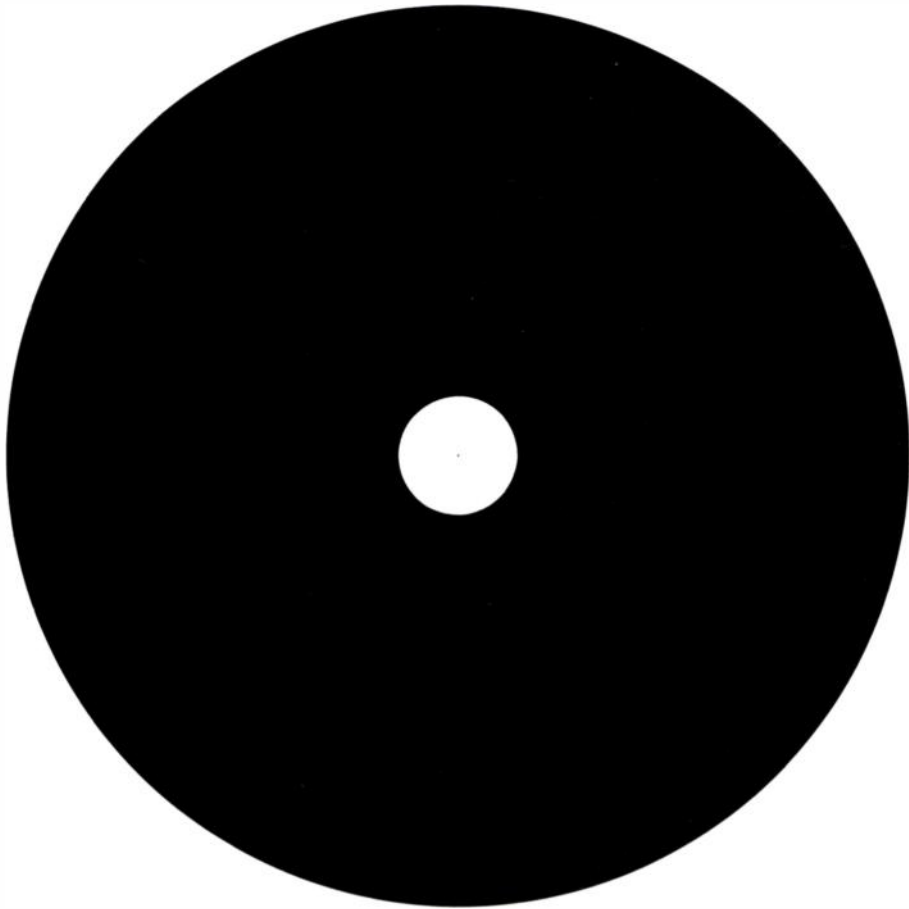
KATE: I stayed up all night. It was like the most special day in the world.

GILBERT: It was essential to go there just to find out about ourselves. And look at the soucepons we have these days. We just wouldn't have them.

1969. DETAILS OF VIETNAM'S MAI LAI MASSACRE EMERGE.

NICK: The massacre... that was Lieutenant Calley. I was violently anti-war, very CND, very John Lennon at the time.





BILLY BRAGG'S

RECENT TRIP

TO JAPAN

IN HIS

OWN WORDS

HERE'S MY ARTICLE ABOUT JAPAN AS PROMISED. I WROTE IT AS IF I WAS STILL IN A TOKYO HOTEL (I WAS IN FACT IN AN EDINBURGH HOTEL — COSMOPOLITAN MOI?) AND AS IT'S MORE TO DO WITH TOKYO I THOUGHT YOU COULD CALL IT — "VIEW FROM A TOKYO HOTEL ROOM".

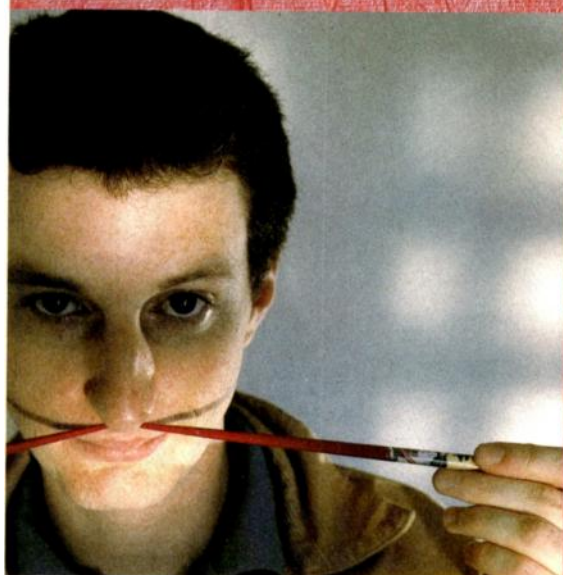
BUT NOW THAT LOOKS A BIT LIKE A DURAN DURAN LP TITLE. I'M SURE YOU'LL THINK UP A DECENT ENOUGH TITLE ANYWAY. I'LL FINISH OFF BY IMPLORING YOU NOT TO USE TOO MANY DAFT PHOTOS OF MYSELF AND BY ASKING YOUR TOLERANCE AND FORGIVENESS FOR ANY GRAMMATICAL ERRORS.

● 'GAIJIN' is the Japanese word for **foreigner**. Literally translated it means '**outsider**', suggesting that Japan regards itself in a strictly '**them and us**' situation with the rest of the world. On a very warm Saturday night in Hibiya Park in Tokyo City I am sitting in the outdoor amphitheatre there, witnessing something that could be happening anywhere in Britain (**despite the fact that the sun went down at 6.30 pm in late July**). Onstage a young Japanese rock band are going through their paces and although I don't understand a word that they are singing I get the impression that they've been watching too many Duran Duran videos which, out of the context of Thatcher's Britain must look quite inspirational; all suits, sun, sex and selling. Over-effected poses and guitar chords fill the stage, lights flash and the audience applauds.

● A Japanese friend returns with some refreshments and hands me **a can of lager** and, by way of some munchies, **a box of dried squid**. And not for the first or last time I am made aware that despite the embracing of all things American over the past 40 years there are still areas where the two cultures collide. The absence of the hot dog in favour of dried squid is only one such manifestation and whilst my friend grins I attempt to devour the stringy, chewy stuff, trying not to look too much like an '**outsider**'.

Tokyo is not a particularly beautiful city. It has already been destroyed twice this century. Once in 1923 by a massive earthquake which destroyed many of the old wooden buildings and then again by the United States Air Force during World War Two who, while destroying all of the remaining old buildings also killed more civilians than the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined. So thorough were their numerous thousand bomber incendiary raids that I read this account of one of the first U.S. Marines to come ashore from Tokyo Bay after the Japanese surrender. Looking for a prominent landmark to write home about, the highest thing he could find was a telephone on a table.

Having been built again from rubble during the 50's and 60's the city is all concrete slabs, much like Harlow New Town. Living in an earthquake zone has kept the horizon relatively low (except for one huge red and white TV mast, much loved by Godzilla and his adversaries for climbing practice) and looking out over it from this hotel room the only impression I get is one of overcrowding. This is a big problem in Japan, where the population of the United States living in an area the size of the state of Wyoming, or twice the population of the UK living in these islands but having to share the space with the Swiss Alps, because Japan is a mountainous country and its population for the most part lives of the fringes of the mountains. The city of Tokyo, whilst being just a little bigger than London,



B I L L Y B R A G G

NAGASAKI

NIGHTMARE

PEOPLE WHO TALK ABOUT REVOLUTION AND CLASS STRUGGLE WITHOUT REFERRING EXPLICITLY TO EVERYDAY

LIFE, WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING WHAT IS SUBVERSIVE ABOUT LOVE AND WHAT IS POSITIVE IN THE REFUSAL OF

CONSTRAINTS, SUCH PEOPLE HAVE A CORPSE IN THEIR MOUTH.



BRAGG PORTRAIT — OLIVER MAXWELL

► holds twice its population a staggering 15 million people putting it almost level with Shanghai as the world's most populated. In Tokyo every hour is rush hour. The streets are full of people as are the trains and the roads are constantly jamming up despite an elaborate overhead motorway system that makes use of all the space above the major thoroughways.

In order to exist in such a society and retain some degree of sanity the Japanese have to live in close harmony with one another and so their society is very strictly ordered. From birth the young Japanese are educated with a moral code that we would now describe as Victorian. The pill is not available, with the result of many unwanted pregnancies, sex not being a subject that is widely discussed, except for titillation.



Compared to this however the work ethic is almost puritanical. There are many white collar workers in Japan, known as 'Salarymen' and it is common practice for them to stay in the office long after work has officially ended, their dedication to their company is so great. Recently as a remedy to threatened American protectionist measures Prime Minister Nakasone encouraged workers to stay at home on Saturdays as well as Sundays with the result that many Japanese housewives complained about having their husbands lounging around the house.

It must be pointed out that many of these people spent their childhood in a country that having seen the wind of war at Pearl Harbour, reaped a whirlwind of destruction that left all their major cities charred ruins. With industry destroyed and the people for the most part starving. That they rose out of that crushing defeat (no-one had invaded Japan since the 13th Century) is often described as a 'miracle'. What it actually is, is a mixture of Japanese pragmatism, hard work and undoubtedly, the most shining example of America's continuing 'Bomb 'em and feed 'em' foreign policy.

When General Douglas MacArthur came to take over the running of Japan in 1945 the Japanese accepted American ideas and American methods which before had been quite alien to them and set about imitating them to the extent that 40 years later baseball is Japan's natural sport and Hollywood is part of the Japanese dream too.

So where does that leave the young people of Japan who have no memory of the Imperial War, who grew up in the Japan of Sony and Datsun, of McDonalds and Coca-Cola? Compared to the UK,



their situation looks rosy.

After their standard education, which includes a compulsory six years learning the English language their parents will pay for them to receive further education at college or university, enabling them to pass the necessary exams and become dedicated salarymen or women thus ensuring the prosperity that their parents built. That's the way it's always been since Japan's proclamation of her 'miracle' at the Tokyo Olympics in 1964. From that day on the youth of Japan have always had money for recreation in their projects. Over the past few years the dominance of the Stars and Stripes on everything has been broken and the clothes shops are now filled with European haute couture. The fashions of Paris and Rome and even East Ham High Street are common enough, despite the high import prices. The Japan that they live in is now one of the world's largest consumer markets and when our leaders meet for the big economic summits usually it's only Premier Nakasone who stands alongside Reagan, Thatcher, Mitterand and Kohl to represent the rest of the world.

There are however, clouds that threaten to darken the 'miracle'. American trade sanctions against Japanese products look like passing through Congress this year and, more ominously, it's now beginning to look like a strong possibility that in 1997 China will turn into Hong Kong and not vice versa. The scope for a 'Chinese miracle' is even greater given the resources of space and population and a tidal wave of cheap Chinese exports would flood Japan's markets as Japan flooded Britain in the post-war years.

Also on the horizon is a marked change in Japan's attitude to defence. Since the destruction of the Imperial Dream in the ashes of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Japanese have prided themselves in remaining a non-nuclear nation, spending only 1% of their gross national output on defence. Much of the need for American trade protectionism comes from the fact that while the U.S. spends so much on defence (\$1.5 million per day in El Salvador alone) it can never compete with a Japanese economy that spends so little.



The hope seems to be that if they can convince Japan to re-arm, with American weapon systems then this may redress the balance a little. Yet even before this re-arming begins Japan's naively named 'Self Defence Force', if it were to admit to being an army, would be the 8th largest in the World. And now the Japanese government are coming under pressure from their biggest allies to accept cruise missiles on Japanese soil (the northernmost of Japan's four islands, Kakkaido, faces the U.S.S.R. across the Gulf of Ta??).

Of all the nations of the world, Japan alone should be the most aware of the consequences of nuclear war, the most vociferous in the call for disarmament. Yet despite the moving ceremonies in the Season of the Bomb in those two cities whose names are forever linked with the



loss of innocence of the industrial age, the peace movement in Japan is small and fragmented. The very contemplation of protesting is difficult in a nation where everyone has a place in the system and the system produces such wonderful results.

I took part in an anti-nuclear demonstration in Tokyo which I was told was the biggest here for years. Barely 200 people marched through the centre of the city, twice as many as the organisers expected. Traffic stopped, passersby stood and stared and the whole event made the evening TV news programmes but I couldn't help thinking of the huge CND demos in Britain and Europe and wondering why the youth of Japan seemed so apathetic to the threat of nuclear war.

I asked many people during my stay in Japan why was that demo so small, so rare? The answer seemed to be that, well, non-one had ever had to go on a demonstration before. It just wasn't the done thing.

There is a proverb in Japan: 'The nail that sticks up gets hammered down' and the conformity and unswerving loyalty to family, firm and nation that has been responsible for the economic miracle has also left Japanese youth confused about voicing their protests. Some may dye their hair pink and wear leather but they still bow to their parents.

Although the situation for young people in Japan and Britain is different now the nuclear issue and its consequences mean the same both in London and Tokyo and already the organisers of that small demo are beginning to learn lessons from the European peace movement. If, as it seems, Japan will also face the blight of economic recession then I hope that they are also monitoring the experiences of British youth. And learning from our mistakes. ●



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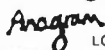
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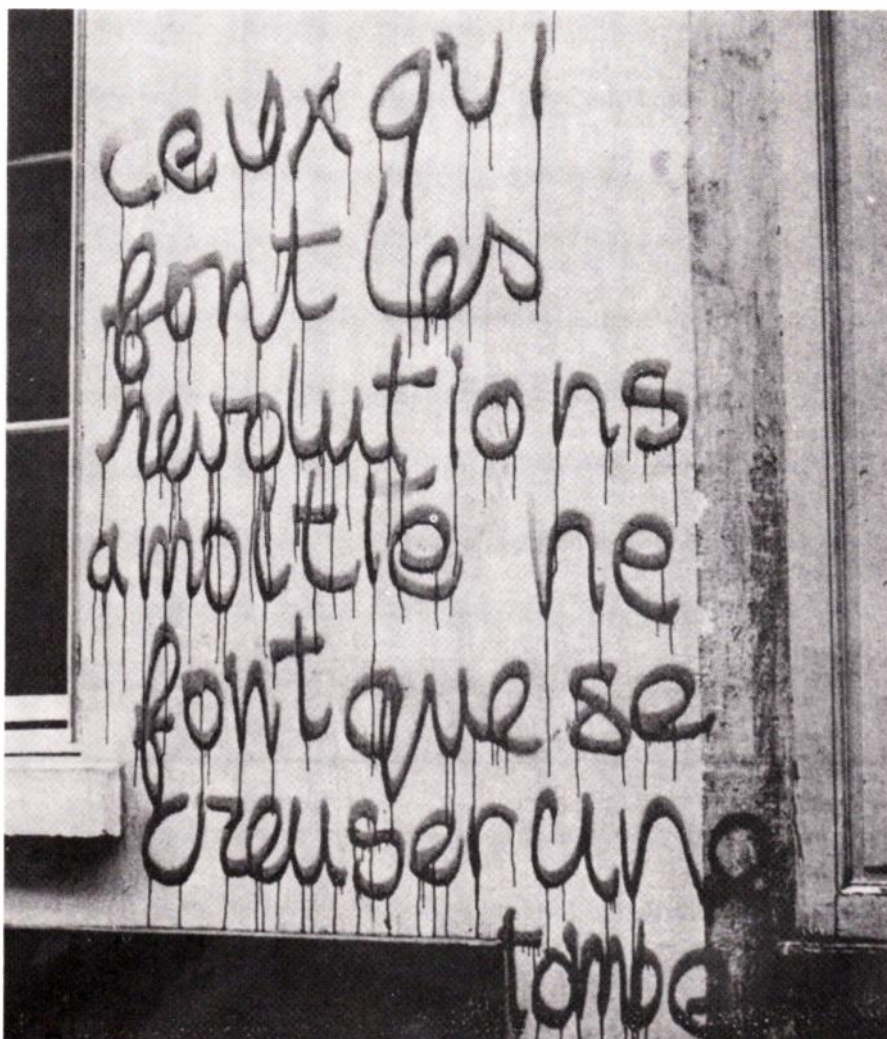


TOM VAGUE DISCOVERS
ANCIENT SCROLLS PREDICTING
THAT BOB GELDOF WOULD
RISE ON THE THIRD DAY AND
THE BAD DAYS WILL END.

● SPECTACULAR TIMES/LEAVING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

'ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A **REVOLUTIONARY WORK-
ING CLASS MOVEMENT** — BY MARX AND BAKUNIN IN THE 19th
CENTURY. IT HAS, OVER THE YEARS, BEEN DIVERTED, HIJACKED AND DEFEATED; IN THE WEST BY THE
BOURGEOISIE, IN THE EAST BY THE **BOLSHEVIKS**. **CAPITAL-
ISM RULES**. IN THE WEST "**FREE ENTERPRISE**", BIG BUSINESS AND THE
MULTI-NATIONALS — GIANT CORPORATIONS WITH BUDGETS EQUAL TO THOSE OF MEDIUM SIZED
NATIONS. IN THE EAST THE MONOPOLISTS DREAM — **ONE BIG COMPANY**
— SOVIET UNION LTD. AND THE WORKERS? — **BORED TO DEATH IN A PEOPLE'S BARRACKS, OR
LEGLESS IN DISNEYLAND**. WITH IT'S MODERN TECHNOLOGY CAPITALISM CAN NOW CONTROL THE
VERY CONDITIONS OF EXISTENCE. THE WORLD WE SEE IS NOT THE REAL WORLD. IT IS A VIEW OF THE
WORLD WE ARE CONDITIONED TO SEE. **LIFE ITSELF HAS BECOME A SHOW CONTEMPLATED BY AN
AUDIENCE**. THAT AUDIENCE IS US, **THE PROLETARIAT**. REALITY IS NOW
SOMETHING WE LOOK AT AND THINK ABOUT. NOT SOMETHING WE EXPERIENCE.'

LARRY LAW'S INTRODUCTION TO 'THE SKELETON KEYS' ISSUE OF SPECTACULAR TIMES'



● ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST

'**SPECTACULAR TIMES**' is a pocket-book series being produced today, but the ideas behind it first appeared, in a cohesive form, some 20 years ago. Around the time that Marshall McLuhan's '*Global Village*' theory was all the rage. McLuhan anticipated the spectacular times yet to come, recently epitomised in the biggest '*global village*' of them all; the '*LIVE-AID*' show, that so aptly described the sentiments expressed above.

Yet the heavier and more convincing the proof of it becomes, the greater the confusion. Here the horror of the injustice in the world was used back on those that might dare question it, and consider what it really means. Injustice, suffering (*barring a fetishised 'pop-video'*), malignant greed and such-like hardly came into it. All the time this gigantic spectacular was a deafening celebration and promotion of the power of television. Always under the visible banners of the corporate control-bodies holding the reins.

That '*LIVE-AID*' fused together the '*participating*' egos, revealing each one as simply a promotional pawn of the corporate cause ('*Feed the hungry*', *AIDS*, *Heroin*, *whatever else it might be this week*), merely creates more confusion. That media-ikons such as Spandau Ballet and Paul Gambacinni spewed forth guff about the '*Woodstock of the 80's*' and the '*reawakening of 60's political awareness in pop*' is downright doublethink. What was once a threat to social control and a soapbox for infinite possibilities, becomes a reactionary pseudo-christian move-

ment, shedding some excess dosh each time a hollow gesture makes the guilt a little easier to bare, and turns the suffering of others into this week's charity fetish. The word for it is '*recuperation*', and that's no great revelation.

It was however when it was first coined in this context, by a group of McLuhan's more sussed contemporaries, who called themselves '*THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL*'. In the late 50's they realised that '*The Spectacle*' could '*appropriate*' even the most radical ideas and return them safely, in the form of harmless ideology at the same time quelling any radical thought that might be left lurking. Another good example for today's readers is of course the fate of '*Punk Rock*', recently emphasised by the use of the Sex Pistols to promote '*The Tube*'.

Obviously famous '*pro-situ*' Malcolm McLaren didn't do his homework properly. Or more likely, he didn't care about his exam results, schoolboy prankster that he is, as long as he himself became a 'Media-ikon'; the most tempting carrot the '*spectacle*' has to offer; immortality. Such is life? All part of growing up? In 1957 **RAOUL VANEIGEM** and **GUY DEBORD**, the prime movers of the S.I. said twaddle, not if they had anything to do with it.

● INSTRUCTIONS FOR TAKING UP ARMS

The ideas and theories of '*SITUATIONISM*' were developed and discussed in a glossy anti-art magazine, the '*INTERNATIONALE SITUATIONISTE*', that was based in the Latin quarter of Paris — but the widely acknowledged definitive of the international movement came 10 years later in 1967; in the complementary books; Vaneigem's '*THE REVOLUTION OF EVERYDAY LIFE*' and Debord's '*THE SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE*'.

On the surface the situationists may have appeared to be extremely cynical fatalists. They began by condemning as redundant and articulately destroying anything that came before them. Everything from the Surrealists to the Beat Generation fell in their wake. Yet they had a fundamental, idealistic belief that 'the bad days will end'. Their criteria was basically, '*If we explain how the nightmare works, everyone will wake up!*' An inevitable optimism absent, by the very fact of their existence, from traditional political groups; that always operate on the premise that people are too thick to decide for themselves.

In '*The Society of the Spectacle*' Debord described the end result of it all as '*alienation*'. Crowds of strangers, crying and cheering together, but ultimately isolated from everything and everybody. The Spectacle makes '*spectators*' of us all. No one participates, because we have all been brainwashed into substituting material things for real experience.

However, he felt this feeling of alienation could eventually break the stranglehold of '*The Spectacle*'. People were already rebelling against being kept apart by mass-culture, consumer-society. In the 60's thousands of young Americans had questioned their role in middle-morality Americana, and dropped out into the

anonymous tenements of Haight Ashbury, San Francisco. In 1965 in the Watts suburb of Los Angeles, thousands of black kids burnt down their homes, schools and factories.

To Debord this and all unconscious revolts against 'the Spectacle' were evidence of it's vulnerability. But first it's safety-net '*recuperation*' had to be dealt with. Of course the hippy lifestyle of the Haight was eventually packaged off into commodity-culture. '*Encouraging participation in the world of your own alienation*'. The same fate as the London '*Punk Rock*' scene a decade later. The recuperation of '*radical pop culture*' has always been an easy one. Today it would seem complete, when all it's worth is a few tit-bits in John Blake's '*pop column*' and conscience-relieving charity gigs.

● EVERYONE WILL LIVE IN HIS OWN CATHEDRAL

The Spectacle had gone that whole step further. For those bored with the possession of mere things, it was now capable of packaging even the possession of '*experiences*': The Leisure industry; video/computer games, package holidays, community schemes, pop culture. It is made complete by the control of the environment in which all this must be experienced. The recuperation of the environment (*Urbanism*) is the replacement of disordered urban-sprawl with more 'manageable' structures; factory-towns, new-towns, shopping centres, supermarkets. Huge areas designed solely for the purpose of work and profit, with total disregard for the needs of the people forced to service it. New architecture normally reserved for the bourgeoisie, being used for (or on) the prole-workers. '*Dwelling unit, sweet dwelling unit*'. Rabbit hutches designed solely to isolate and instill formal misery.

The answer to urbanism, according to the situationists, was the re-construction of the entire environment according to the needs of the people that inhabit it. The answer to modern society, according to the situationists, was '*the Revolution of everyday life*', and nothing short of it. Unlike traditional revolutionary groups they were not concerned with improvement of existing society, but in destroying it completely and putting something new and better in it's place. No half measures. No gestures. No immediate solution.

The situationist programme began where art ended. They argued that mechanisation and automation had potentially eliminated all forms of traditional labour; leaving a gaping hole known as '*leisure-time*'. Rather than fill this hole with 'specialist art' the situationists wanted a new type of creativity to come out of it, that would be inseparable from everyday life. This new environment had to be brought about by the '*construction of situations*': Never an easy one to grasp that. Basically it's confronting the Spectacle with it's own irrelevance. To achieve this rapid transport systems, shopping centres, museums and especially new forms of '*culture*' and the Media must be considered targets for 'scandalous activity'.

● IMAGINATION SEIZING POWER

So by approaching a bit of Marx, a bit of anarchist practise, plenty of Dada-ism (*situationist practise owes more to Groucho Marx than Karl*), even some Rimbaud, and by refusing absolutely to have anything to do with traditional hierarchies and the transfer of power from one ruling elite to another, the situationists were ready to become a social force. In the mid-60's they started to look around for opportunities to '*intervene*' in existing radical situations; in order to speed up the inevitable collapse of the Spectacle.

Their first known intervention was '*On the poverty of student life*', a wind-up pamphlet that was distributed at Strasbourg University in 1966. The resulting outcry brought local, national and international condemnation on the 'incitement to violence', that of course it unashamedly was. (Although this was the first S.I. action, '*LEAVING THE 20th CENTURY*' by Chris Gray tells of a proto-situationist group, '*THE LETTRISTS*', who were performing similar pranks in Paris in the late-40's. The Lettrists were also notable for their use of graffiti and painting slogans on their clothes — pre-dating '*Punk Rock*' by 30 years!)

The Situationist Revolution reached it's finest hour and almost it's realisation in May '68, when the sentiments of the Strasbourg pamphlet appeared in graffiti on the walls of the Latin Quarter, and in the hearts of the students and young workers of France. For a period of a few weeks imagination actually seized power, and it took an eleventh hour threat by DeGaulle to call in the army and a heavy dose of patriotic fervour to extinguish the fires of autonomy and renew the barricades of alienation.

Historically speaking Situationism had it's final fling in '*THE ANGRY BRIGADE*' in the early-70's. With their bust a lot of interesting situations were recuperated. Situationism included. The '*International*' itself split in 1972, not altogether amicably. But as they say, this was not the end of it, merely the end of the beginning. As Raoul Vaneigem said of '*The Revolution of Everyday Life*'; '*This work is part of a subversive current of which the last has not yet been heard. It's significance should escape no one; in any case, as time will show, no one is going to escape it's implications.*'

THIS ARTICLE MERELY OUTLINES MY INTERPRETATION OF THE BASICS OF SITUATIONISM. JUST SOME IDEAS TO THROW AROUND AND MAYBE USE AS A TOOL TO PROTECT YOURSELF. DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT YOU READ, BUT YOU COULD DO WORSE THAN ATTEMPT SOME OF THE FOLLOWING;

● ESSENTIAL CONSUMABLES:

'*THE REVOLUTION OF EVERYDAY LIFE*' by Raoul Vaneigem (Left Bank Books, REBEL PRESS) £3.60
'*THE SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE*' by Guy Debord (*Black and Red*) £3.00
'*THE BOOK OF PLEASURES*' by Raoul Vaneigem (*Pending Press*) £3.95

All of these are easily available from *Compendium, House-mans* or anywhere like that, or directly from *Freedom*. Also all of these have no copyright and no rights reserved for non-profit making purposes.

DESPERATELY SEEKING CEZANNE

● "He taught women the art of seduction, men to satisfy their double sexual desires, he ran riot in colour, discovered the flute and set the muscles in rhythmical movement, until the divine mania embraced the heart and the divine Phallus with its opulence sowed the fruitful womb."

THE BLACK MASS' BY DR. IWAN BLOCH.

THE COLLECTIVE MINDS OF JUSTIN JONES AND ZIGZAG'S OWN ANTONELLA BLACK ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR 'SHAPE OF ANGELS', A FILM SET TO STIR THEM UP AT THE VIENNA FILM FESTIVAL. GINGER MEGGS TREADS WHERE EAGLES DARE / NO-ONE ELSE WOULD/ TO FIND THE FAX.

Three months ago Tallulah Bankhead could have ground me in my Jellybeans and spat that at sixteen, daahling, she'd had a SHOEBOX brimming with cocaine under her bed at the Alongquin Hotel. Blankety-blank, sweetheart, WHAT in Heaven's name was I doing in Sydney AUSTRALIA of all places??? Oh, monstered by some woman of Roslyn proportions, bewildered and bewitched by an 'ART' movie produced by an expatriate and a gentleman. Besides, at sixty quid a gramme, Freud's much beloved snow wasn't going to powder MY nose.

ANTONELLA

● "It's been described as obscurist. I suppose it is 'arty' — whatever that encompasses. I enjoyed the eroticism. I was pleased with the sharp imagery. The music... oh my God." Justin William Jones grins at me with a set of choppers one could roar on Harley-Davidson through.

"I like watching people showering. I've spent my finest hours watching people shower. Skin, glorious skin."

Antonella Black is no fool; she smells of L'Air du Temps and sex. She winces and whispers that pyjamas are something she's never worn.

THE SHAPE OF ANGELS... the shape of things to come. A twenty five minute flick rattled off by two prodigious amateurs, accompanied by a soundtrack which makes LE QUATTRO STAGIONI sound like Luciano Pavarotti with a mouth full of marbles.

The difference between eroticism and pornography?

"What's the difference between Helmut Newton and Ruzzle magazine photographers?? What's the difference between Ernest Hemingway and Albert Camus??"

Antonella is singeing her finges on a match. "THE SHAPE OF ANGELS is a child's dream, an adult's nightmare. It's due for release in England in 1986. It's presently being bandied around art galleries in Oz, and it's being shown at Venice's Biennale arts festival in November."

The Italians may well gag on their osso bucco when they watch the seduction of a minor on celluloid. The Australians will inevitably spill their Fosters and lose their world renowned ability to ejaculate prematurely.

Antonella's eyes are too black; were she not so close, I would almost deem them cruel. Was Machiavelli a Virgo?? "Daddy's British. Tiddly Pom. Mommy's Italian. I was born in Australia; schooled in Switzerland."

Justin sighs and shifts his thighs. "My family is Ripping Yarns. Supper with the Queen. Shakespeare's longjohns. and a cellar that nobody has ever seen."

They are the sons and heirs of everything in particular. "Naivete. Imperfection. Completely ignorant and sublimely childlike filmmaking."

BONDAGE IS CHILDLIKE???

"Oh, sod off. It really pisses me off the way I've become associated with fetishism. What a bore. It was intended as a joke. I find it curious, fullstop. THE SHAPE OF ANGELS deals with obsession — but only as a sub-study, rather than an autobiographical strip of film."

Whatever happend about the Cliff (cough) Richard hoooha?

"Oh, he sued for forty thousand."

Yes, but you were excommunicated from the N.M.E.

"This is true..." Antonella stubs her cigarette into my crotch and fixes me. NEFARIOUS.

Justin intercepts with a wisdom beyond his thousand years. "I'm not gay because I like Quentin Crisp. I don't really think his issue is homosexuality. It's more to do with the pursuit of individuality. I like his humour."

Antonella's fur bristles. "Quentin Crisp is a goddam faggot. A M-U-T-A-N-T. Funny, but, Margaret Thatcher. Now there's a real man."

"I'm not 'macho'. I'm too thin for Michaelangelo, and too delicate for Rambo. I skip. I collect butterflies. I maim small children."

Now if I was Tallulah Bankhead, I'd swear I could smell a rat in suspenders and a party hat.

"I was never in the business. I was always on the fringes. And Also The Trees was an indulgence — music that pleased me, no market in mind. Quasi six string operatic masturbation. My father shot my brother in the stomach once when he was cleaning out his shotgun."

"I'm fascinated by human politics. Yes, Virginia, I'm C.N.D."

Antonella looks as if she could pack a mean punch.

"She can, and has. The only reason I involved myself in filmmaking is because I love them. Jacques Tati, Louis Buñel, the British Ealing films."

"Justin, abstraction, destruction, obsession, and possession are our concern. Now if that doesn't make pseud's corner, NOTHING will. We are not here to make assumptions or give answers. A question is only as valid as —"

"— as... err... its premise??"

"How I loathe people whose eyes are too close together, and men who wear cologne. Bloody window dressers. The perfect woman? One with no head." Ms. Black lights another cigarette and adjusts her observations.

What a VILE and SEXIST thing to say!!

Antonella directs a stream of smoke into my manicured maquill age and smiles.

"This world is full of tits and bums. As far as I'm concerned, that sums up both sexes perfectly."

And the only thing that springs to mind is the last statement in THE SHAPE OF ANGELS: "You always believe the words you never hear..." ●



D I N



P L U G

MICHAEL FISH BEGAN RADIO BROADCASTING IN 1971. HE IS MARRIED WITH TWO DAUGHTERS AND LIVES IN WEST LONDON

MR PETE JIMSON (AFTER BEING ROBBED): "TWO DAYS LATER A BAG OF TAPES WAS LEFT BY THE GATE WITH A NOTE SAYING: 'I HATE MAX BYGRAVES SO YOU CAN HAVE THIS LOT BACK. I TOO CANNOT STAND MAX BYGRAVES SO I UNDERSTAND HOW THE THIEF FELT'."

S I N G L E S R E V I E W E D B Y M I C K M E R C E R

HOW DO YOU DO?

■ THE NIGHTINGALES 'What A Carry On' (*Vindaloo*)

There's more strength to the implied wackiness and droning this time.

■ LEN LIGGINS 'A Remedy For Bad Nerves' (*Aaz*)

A little nerk is what, and thoroughly charming, utilising a daft and quaint approach.

■ THE BOLSHOI 'Happy Boy' (*Situation Two*)

Fabber than before. Tinkling neatly (you know the kind of guitar) with cloak and dagger vocals, in an entirely *confident* manner, which is always the secret. Last time they were choking on thier own notions. **NOT NOW!**

■ KRONSTADT UPRISING 'Part Of The Game' (*Dog Rock*)

What's this? A punky disc, just when we thought it was safe to bury our leather jackets. *Uppity-boppity mixture*, slightly repressed by hard-boiled vocals but an overtly tuneful performance, only a shade too metallic.

■ MARS 'In The Heat Of The Night' (*Silicon*)

Fleecy disco, too light to be funky gem but creeping into stark shapes.

■ STONE ROSES 'So Young' (*Thin Line*)

Very spruce! Superb production brings the very best out of a tattered, noisily exciting tune.

■ OUTER LIMITS 'Edge Of Time' (*Dog Rock*)

Hold on! Billyish talismans in army trousers? Is this allowed? Apparently after the demise of the garage-trash scene (*so it's gone then?*) more power, edge and technical prowess was required. Outer Limits certainly have those, and they were recorded in Tin Pan Alley! Roll over Russ Conway and give Tommy Steele the news. *It's a stylish sketch-book ready for exhibiting.*

FUNNERY IN THE NUNNERY

Yes, they're back! Flying Nun Records from New Zealand have sent their latest shipment by row boat to our salivating shores. We pay the ferryman, rough him up and send him on his way.

■ **THE BATS** serve up much air-headed pop with a dawdling bass on "and here is 'Music For The Fireside'," filled with balmy refrains and dripping rubble. "No more Mr. Earwig Feeling Blue" is very sad. Busy, polished songs upon the more innocent side of things.

■ **5 BY FOUR** by comparison are *art-wielding bitter-boys*, steam-hammering the nearest equivalent to Hell that NZ possesses. Intriguing throughout, they purge the more indomitable battlements with quite beautiful moments and in "Mr Tic Toc" they have one of the most magnificently bizarre tales ever committed to plastic.

■ **THE EXPLODING BUDGIES** cram dour jangly items between remarkable art-work (*Hogarth on Pils*), on 'Grotesque Singers' with pop clarity that begins to get blurred as tracks scurry by (*all these are twelve inches*), like Young Marble Giants getting fat, until, by "See You Around The Stones" they just can't stop. Snotty on "Hank Marvin", peaceable mostly. There are a lot of violins in New Zealand.

■ **LOOK BLUE GO PURPLE** almost miss the keyboards and drums staggering beneath excess instrumentation on 'Betwitched' but the draughty vocals and jittery guitar push spectators away and get recussitation all wrong (*throw down your bicycle pumps, said The Lord*). They're a great shambles. You can bet they blush very easily.

ANISEED IN THE U.K.

■ THE FEVER TREE 'The Pixie Shop' (*Plan B*)

Take it away you frabjous crew. Imagine Bone Orchard, or some such tawdry buzzards, waking, startled, in a bowl of whipped cream and changing their ways. The Fever Tree shovel up some mighty swords but never spit at old people.

■ GREETING NO.4 'Civilised To Death' (*Very Mouth*)

Abrasively clattering pop with choirister vocals. *getting politely ratty*. The wilderness endures.

■ SHOP ASSISTANTS 'All Day Long' (*Subway Organisation*)

A more orderly offering after their 'Buba' scuba earthworks, but with time comes grand appreciation. *Ruffian like*, as are all the kings and queens of this page. The images are cute: inflatable love compelling.

■ CASSANDRA COMPLEX 'Moscow Idaho' (*Rouska*)

They don't hang about, whacking the seething carpet of punctillious *perpe*. Chanty, vaguely reminiscent of early OMD plunging down a dis-used mine-shaft.

■ GUDVIL 'Poot' (*Backs*)

Four sublimely hairy tracks from a Norwich mental health problem. Around a fraudulent rock'n'roll waste-living-room, there boils some hasty, tasty, sacrifices and burnt brain cells. They go **CRACKERS**, but they do it with bandoliers flapping.

SLEEVE OF THE YEAR / SINGLE OF THE MONTH

■ MEAT WHIPLASH 'Don't Slip Up' (*Creation*)

Well what other label for Gawd's Sake?

Robert Vaughan, blotchily gets mental in the art work and the boys themselves, yet more intinerant Scots no doubt, take the pestle and mortar, then smash it over our delicate skulls. Funny thing life. Critics everywhere give these records the thumbs up but today's vital young record-buying proles prefer The Smiths. Slowly the age of New Hippydom is coming to a close, but not quick enough. *But who cares?* There are just as many good records coming out every month as there were from '77. The choice is staggering, so let's hear no abject whinging, just more Howard Jones jokes. "Don't Slip UP"? Waiter, there's some *strange noise in my speakers*. Don't worry Sir, that's Creation's production.

Crouching pop; lances at the ready.

CREATION RECORDS — PLACENTA OF THE UNIVERSE!

SMASH

THE CYSTERN

IF YOU MAKE A SOCIAL REVOLUTION - DO IT FOR FUN

● Pamphonic guitars, green plastic scabbards and many other intriguing pieces of equipment were neatly packed and arranged in our yawning steed. **DOC ROBIN RAYMOND** amazed us all by whittling a sturdy case for his guitar amplifier out of three discarded bakery trays, his knowledge of local crafts having impressed at the Blue Peter auditions of '74, although his steely gaze was thought too distressing for small children.

THE SHEND collected the mass of documents necessary for such a trip from a dusty Government counter and all was ready. Cases were snapped shut, click, click, orders in plain brown envelopes thrust deep into inside jacket pockets. **MR H** at the wheel looked around awaiting his first command. 'Go!' cried Robin. 'Go' cried **DISNEY TIME**. The Shend was looking at his hand.

As executing the T.V.T. bass lines and singing

with those dulcet tones seemed much too difficult to perform at the same instant, (*you try stirring your tea with one hand and hailing a bus with the other*), he had settled for the role of crooner. This meant a bass player had to be found. **FUDGER O'MAD** was to be snatched from Malvern directly after his epic performance of Ken Bucknall And His Magic Table, a favourite with the troops. (*He means Budge from and also the trees... Bilingual Ed.*)

Dover arrived at 4.00 am, the dull grey cliffs heaved and the chartered ferry elbowed its way through the swarms of jellyfish out into the Channel. Disney's sea legs were nowhere to be seen as he searched through his last meal. Sleep wafted over the band, duty free cigarettes discarded in bags. Someone stole the 'I've fallen off Snowdon' badge from Shend's holdall. As he slept noisily on a poop deck bench he hoped the brisk sea air would

aid his horrendous complexion, but no sooner had a fitful slumber overtaken him when he was rudely awakened by rotorblades thrashing the air and, seeing two men swinging from a rope above him, he leapt up and scurried into the bowels of the vessel. The air sea rescue had tested his nerves and found they were dunces.

Next came customs, the ones where grim looking people in postmen's hats look up your bottom for bottles of whisky, not those quaint little rituals like hurling the sponge that we English are so fond of. These proved to be effortless if lengthy affairs with much confusion about which lane we should actually be in. We were never searched or even peered at (*they can tell by your eyes whether it is worth them removing your trousers*) and only once, when the magic table coughed beneath a pile of straw at the German border, did the beads of fear spring from our foreheads.





The plan was simple. Take **The Very Things and all their toys** through Holland and Germany for four performances, spreading the DCL word and return without damaging anything. A van was hired and the owner hoped our **sick Auntie in Amsterdam** would soon be better, that she would appreciate all the furniture we were going to take her. His mechanic, while attempting to get the driver's door to fit the space provided for it, asked us if we were in a **pop group** because **we dressed like idiots!** We left them and sped away in 2nd.



I — THE SHEND — PEN THIS IN MY OWN HAND

Belgium started, went along for a bit, then finished. It may be an absolute nest of excitement but the road we travelled carefully avoided anything of interest.

We roared through Holland and stopped at the hotel in Amsterdam. We had been travelling for eighteen hours and we still had a performance to do, but spirits were high. Fudger had led the communal singing from the start with his rendition of the opening guitar from Jimi Hendrix's *'Voodoo Chile.'* Smiling politely we told him how even after hearing it 4836 times it was still jolly funny.

In Holland many venues are subsidized by the government, so every little town seems to have a building with a stage, decent P.A. and bar where groovy cats can congregate to cut a rug in relative comfort. Because these places are provided with cash the people who run them tend to be Peel-like good sorts who are genuinely interested in music, as opposed to the suited hoods that infest many a *'Crowbar Night Palace'* in Britain. This may be a hasty generalisation but in our meagre experience etc. etc.

Our first problem arose at Haarlem. The electricity is different abroad. Instead of it gushing through our own homely three-pin plugs it crams itself down a two-pronged affair, allowing your father's old electric shaver to fit in anywhere.

The Things took the platform (it would come in handy while papering the parlour) and played **JOLLY WELL INDEED**. The 200 odd strangely garbed investigators from this sleepy town wobbled from side to side and grinned, seeming to prefer this wild heave to the local support act who's repertoire contained such classics as *'I've got a marrow down my trousers'*. T.V.T. apres ski in casual vestments passed amongst the crowd finding friend after friend. A good bash.

The Paradiso in Amsterdam is one of the better known foreign venues and is actually rather good, a big theatre like hall which makes for a fine show but a very dicky sound. The Very's were topping the bill in the Tegen-

Tonen Festival (*look it up*) because Big John Hassel (*a performer of quiet music*) had decided that we were too *'raucous'* to precede him in the line up. Disney Time squirted him with a water pistol but he didn't laugh, so we went on last and played 'jolly well indeed' **AGAIN!**

After collecting the accolades of the stunned masses as well as the tables and chairs that some eager weirds had placed on stage for our delectation and then drinking rather too much of the alcohol provided we stumbled off to the Matzo, a groove cellar in downtown Amsterdam. The Shend had to leave his anorak at the door as it was deemed an offensive weapon. They had initially wanted all of him left at the door but Fudger showed them the magic table and all was well. We strutted our funky stuff and left at 5.00 am.

Walking towards the hotel, or so we thought (*Mr H's sense of direction a shining head-lamp through our blurring vision*), after a couple of hours we found ourselves on the edge of the city, in the middle of nowhere, a winding dual carriage-way and the dawning of a very scary occurrence. We first saw the Pontiac containing the two Wham-types as it crawled past us, then we saw nothing else as the bastards turned round and attempted to mow us down.

They had glazed expressions, driving slowly behind us, a squeal of tyres and we'd dive for a tree, post, street lamp or anything that would disguise our quaking frames. These men were mad, intent on our deaths, but we remained cool, strolling itinerantly along the verge until the tell-tale squeal of rubber sent us blundering for cover. It took two hours for us to lose these Mad Maxine's and then only be leaping on a moving tram and huddling beneath the seats. We later discovered that we had been strolling through a *"MACHO MACHO GAY MAN PLACE"* (*the words of a local*) and the Marlon Brando hat and leather togs had been the proverbial red rag.

We made the hotel for breakfast (Why not make do with cereal?... Ed.); huge vitamin tablets and overdone hard boiled eggs.

Priase the lord for tight fitting briefs.

The next day, the 19th I believe, we fired up the road and took our leave of Amsterdam. Despite the previous night's escapade it seems a fine place with a fairground atmosphere at night and a meandering place during the day, but **STAY AWAY** from that bloody dual carriageway.

Oberhausen in Germany was the next, and final, port of call. It is next to Dusseldorf and very industrial. We had a hotel in Dusseldorf and the street outside turned into the biggest bottle bank we had ever heard when night fell. Skinheads roamed the streets with swastika T-shirts and moustachioed mungs paraded their biceps and beer-guts to frighten the tourists. **IT REMINDED US OF HOME.**

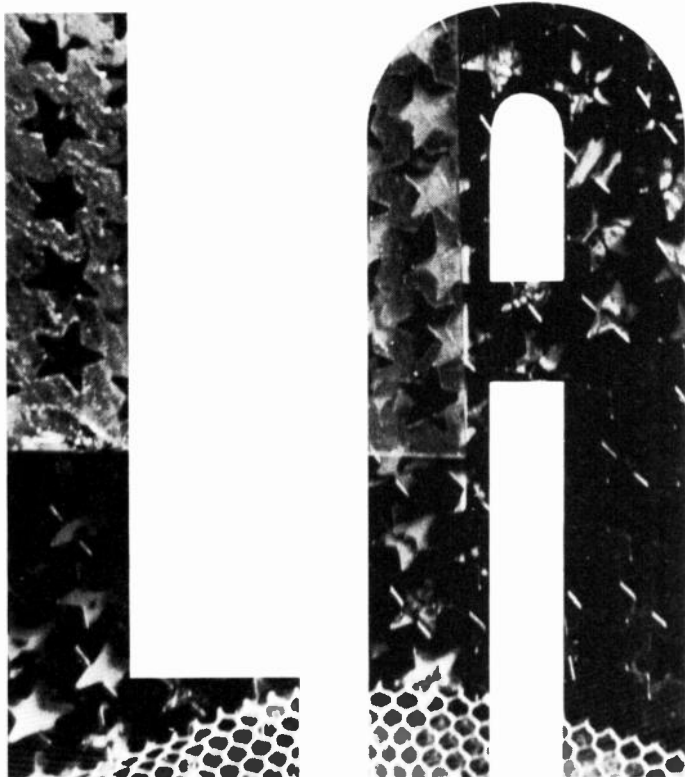
The venue was some disused factory and attracted our biggest audience of some 1000 chanting souls. Peel had done us proud with his forces radio show and many tunes were already firm favourites with these boppers. The Rockin' Very's gave their all and happiness rained down on all concerned. A pleasing way to finish this jaunt across our planet, with Robin even having a birthday for good measure. **HOORAH!**

When we returned home the banners were out. *'Welcome home Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen'*, still, **WE** were flushed with our success. Welcome home to toilet town.

We have since been to Switzerland where it looks **EXACTLY** like you imagine and you keep expecting to find Steve McQueen jumping his cycle over a double barbed-wire fence. The audience you think are booing, are really ooing. People actually own 1950's Wurlitzer juke boxes. Folk also dance in a peculiar fashion and the man from Yello will tell you your drummer is good.

Travelling is **A GOOD THING**. The word is spread with pleasure, and another tunnel is dug in the mine of information.

DAMIEN PLINTH. Voice of a delegation.



W O M A N

One year older in time, but ten in her senses, Stella celebrates her birthday column for ZigZag in her usual deplorable manner. Some people have nothing better to do than behave in a totally debauched manner and we do not approve.

ZIGZAG'S WEST COAST CORRESPONDENT CAN BE CONTACTED, WITH LECTURES ABOUT THE DEBILITATING HABITS OF DRINK AND NAUGHTIES AT — PO BOX 2621, GARDENA, CA 90247, USA.



● Even though this issue mark my first anniversary with this publication, commemorative Kodak memories of the ZigZag bride will appear next month. The honeymoon negligee portraits are being held for a ransom of overdue paychecks.

Friends know the dreaded "that time of the month" is ZigZag deadline frenzy — *disorder more psychopathic than Pre Menstrual Syndrome*. If bad cramps feel like giving birth to quintuplets, the *ZigZag Anxiety Method* involves delivery through the ears. Awaiting the arrival of a little bundle from America, the layout team engages in exacto knife fights with the art director. It turns out to be another false alarm; The writhing Stella only thought she could produce a few simple sentences and she's referring to herself in the objective sense as well. Editor *Mick Mercer fills in for the unknown father* and abandons pacing around the office for a swim in a pub with his damaged brain cells. The typesetter ends up using the anesthesia. After the agonizing ordeal is over, I look through the glossy swaddling pages with indifference and hide the post partum depression and stretch marks on my brain with a new beehive hairdo.

The *Cathy De Grande* (which closed last October only to resurface under a new alias of the *All American Tavern* and then revert back to its original moniker) has finally sweated its last drop. Proprietor *Michael Brennan* proved that this time it is forever with new lease papers signed by television weatherman *Maclovio Perez*. Even after the graffiti and other stains are removed and the location becomes a Tex-Mex restaurant, remnants of the old Cathay will survive. Brennan rented the tables, chairs, barstools and God knows what else to Gaylord's new after hours club. How appropriate that the furniture of a police harassed hardcore hangout would end up in a place run by the man who was fired from the *Whisky A Go Go* in 1980 for booking the *Black Flag/Circle Jerks/DOA* concert that the cops turned into a riot!

What does my radio show sound like? Well, it depends on the in-studio guests. The theme music for the *KXLU* classical programmes were seized during a recent show with *Sonic Youth*. I fought with guitarist Lee over the mixing console and the layered discombulation went something like this: *Blue Oyster Cult "R U Ready to Rock"/The Twentieth Century Unlimited theme/Hawkwind "Silver Machine"/Sonic Youth "Ghost Bitch"/Watchban "Expo 2000"/Dawn Of The Classics theme/Meat Puppets "Up On The Sun"/a brief pause for some verbal abuse/Bay City Rollers "Saturday Night"/Kraftwerk "Tour de France"/Opera Close Up theme/Suzi Quatro "Devil Gate Drive"... a true mega mix, no? It's times like that*

when a third turntable would come in handy for *optimum schizophrenia*.

Walking into City Thai, right behind a few hungry members of *Savage Republic*, were none other than *Madonna* and *Sean Penn*. The newlyweds were congratulated and invited to see the band perform down the street at *Club Lingerie* with *Sonic Youth* and *Lawn-dale*. *Sonic Youth* nearly went green with envy and rightfully so — after all, they wrote a song called "*Madonna, Sean, and Me*" which was performed that night. Unfortunately the honeymooning couple missed what would have made a touching wedding present.

Savage Republic been working up an appetite recording "*Trudge*" a 4 song EP that will be released exclusively on Play It Again Sam Records in Belgium. A 5 song EP is also forthcoming on *Independent Project Records* as well as *Kommunity FK's* long awaited second album.

Purple Rain co-star and former Time singer, *Morris Day*, were all set to tie the knot at the First Methodist Church of Hollywood. The slick groom glided down the aisle to the radiant bride waiting at the altar. (*Isn't that it supposed to be the other way around? His unconventional self waits for no one.*) Morris gave his intended the once over, pushed her aside and picked up on the pink tu-tued bridesmaid. The onlooking congregation gasped in horror and then did the "*Oak Tree*" quicker than one could shout "*Hallelujah!*". Other scenes in the "*Oak Tree*" video were filmed inside Club Lingerie.

Extremely Cruel Practices: A Series of Events Designed to Instruct Those Interested in Policies That Correct Or Punish isn't a dentist's chair nightmare account. There is terror, noisy equipment, moans, gurgling, bloody rotting flesh and bouncy cheerful muzak in the back ground, but, the difference is that dentists don't string together animal carcasses onto a contraption and call it a *Mummy Go Round* or detonate stuff like the snips-and-snails-and-puppy dog tails-guys of Survival Research Laboratories. *SRL's Mark Pauline/Matt Heckert* designed machinery makes the vehicles in Road Warrior look like nursery toys.

Two thousand attended the *Anticlub* and *Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions* sponsored event in the downtown *Rapid Transit District bus company freight yard*. Those trying to sneak a free peek from the overlooking Fourt Street bridge had to deal with the smelly buteric acid placed there in anticipation of freeloaders. Mark Wheaton ran the industrial jungle sounds while *Monte Cazazza* and *Eric Werner*, alongside a team of volunteers, assisted Pauline and Heckert with the remote control gizmos that attacked each other, ignited, and malfunctioned. ●

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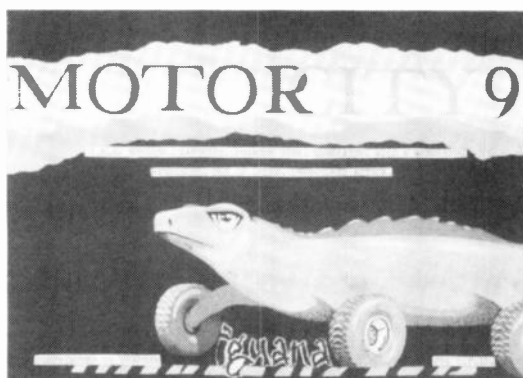
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D I N



P L U G

WHILE CONTEMPORARY IMPOTENCE RAMBLES ON ABOUT THE BELATED PROJECT OF 'GETTING INTO THE 20th CENTURY', WE THINK IT IS TIME TO PUT AN END TO THE DEAD TIME WHICH HAS DOMINATED THIS CENTURY, AND TO FINISH THE CHRISTIAN ERA WITH THE SAME STROKE. HERE AS ELSEWHERE, IT'S A MATTER OF BREAKING THE BOUNDS OF MEASUREMENT. OURS IS THE BEST EFFORT SO FAR TO GET OUT OF THE 20th CENTURY.

A L B U M R E V I E W S

Yet more collectable items released by that apparently infinite supply of de-programming, documentation and dischord, **PSYCHIC TV**. Not only have they adopted more than one velvetoone and some of old Lou's *better* habits, but they've now well surpassed the hallowed V.U. in releasing more vinyl and tape products than they have songs.

As with their former heroes though (*the Velvets are out, it's the Stones now, didn't you know?*) I can forgive them their over indulgences. *Give me excess of it!* I can sympathise with hard-up Psychick-info-freaks, but we're not talking re-cycled entertainment here. This is no deceased mule whipping. Well, maybe *'A Pagan Day'* was giving a poorly pony a bit of a slap — but the latest results of Psychic Research are almost essential survival tools. And even 'entertaining' (*albeit a dirty word in this vernacular*) in the case of *'Those Who Do Not'*, the Icelandic double-album: A ritual collaboration of *'alchemical and technological trance-formation of sound'* it says here. The result of *'not doing'* — you'll have to read the sleevenotes to get that one. Not quite as hardcore as *'N.Y. Scumhaters'* but maybe a turning point in one avenue PTV are exploring.

Further exploration can be witnessed and experienced in the eagerly awaited *'Themes 2'*. Recorded to accompany yet another Derek Jarman film and incorporating the language of a character he once used: the elizabethan magus, John Dee. To find out more about that and the atonal music of Alexander Scriabin you'll have to cough up the readies and study the again extensive sleevenotes.

While we're at it G.P.O. appears on the new **DAVE BALL 12"** *'Rare Tempo'* (*'Scarface'*) and barring any further hold-ups the Telly's ode to Brian Jones, *'GODSTAR'*, will be in the shops soon (*More about those 'weird' goings on in the December ZIGZAG*). They've also got a track, *'Baby's Gone Away'*, on the forthcoming ZIGZAG Sit 2 compilation album; there's a new studio album *'The Starlight Mire'* an LP of the music from *'Mouth Of The Night'* due for release soon (all on *'Temple'*); and a UK tour and more *'Starlit Mires'* in the autumn.

'THE HARDER THEY COME...

Easily the best new Hardcore offering — if it's still called that — to fall into my mits is the **FRIGHTWIG** album, *'Cat Farm Taboo'* (on *Subterranean*). I know it's far too corny to say a 'West coast Sonic Youth', but they pay a similar kind of sentimental homage to their Rock fore-fathers: Hendrix through to Flipper, with only a fleeting reference to Brit-punk, and it's not the Slits.

TV 85

W H A T G O E S O N A N D H O M E S T E A D

If you already thought there was an invasion coming from across the Atlantic, try this for size. Record distributors The Shigaku Trading Company are taking a hefty swipe at the pocket-draining import market by starting their own label, What Goes On (*rampant VU killer-classic inspired the name*), and making the roster of New York's Homestead label available over here.

Homestead first. The latest batch is fiery and cheeky. Creaking the speakers with overload fuzz-drome and rousing pschycelic berserkness are Massachusetts 3-piece **VOLCANO SUNS** and *'The Bright Orange Years'*. Dense, charging and probably the most impressive.

DINOSAUR — another Massachusetts threesome! — have a self-titled front room job with titles like *'Repulsion'*, *'Cats In A Bowl'* and *'Severed Lips'*. Not as fierce as it sounds — a thrashing palm tree in a white coat.

What Goes On casts its net further afield and comes up with Sweden's **WATERMELON MEN** and **THE CELIBATE RIFLES** from Australia.

The 'Melon heads come across like a Scandinavian Flesh For Lulu, specially throatwise. Solid stuff with an oddly effective surprise in the polished-wood strings of the mournful *'Hungarian Heart'*.

The Rifles really try and shoot you in the kneecaps with *'Quintessentially Yours'*. Try and imagine if the MC5 had gone for hard-core speed thrash when they were fourteen and in the garage. Plenty of amphetamine attack, but could do with a little more meat.

Apparently Homestead are awaiting a new album from Boston's great Salem 66. Now I know this is a noble venture.

And a last quickie: *Flickknife* are rushing out a new 12" by New York guitar-demons the **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** on September 30 to coincide with their third UK jaunt of the year. *'Kid'* is a moody mid-pacer with searing electric violin lifting it into brain-out cosmos, while the flip shows their wild side on *'Weeping Willow'* and country side on *'Every Day Gets So Hard'*. I go now.

KRIS NEEDS

Well, as I finally appear to have been allowed *some* room let's begin, but where to start? Poor **ADAM ANT** perhaps? *'Vive Le Rock'* (*CBS*) is a funny one. There he is, recuperating from some fierce shelling over playing the title track at Live Aid (I think he played it for the relevance of the title, not for plugging a single) he finds similar lashings for an album.

Largely it is his fault, based upon his standards which are in a shockingly bad way, apart from the singles. It isn't an album to play time and time again, but when you compare it to what else dominates the sickly charts, why does he cop it? *'No Zap'* — next single? Any bets?

O.K. Minimal Man GOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

THE VIBES *'What's Inside?'* (*Chainsaw*): Their reputation for being rockin' comets seems very apt, missing the traditional moves with a gasping, gurgling intensity which doesn't involve a one-dimensional sound, although the production occasionally pushes it that way. A *real* blast.

SON OF SAM *'Golden Age Of Disco'* (*Final Image*): See *RUN OUT* for the scam on Sam, but take it from me, they pick pockets as well as Colour Box.

LAUGHING ACADEMY *'Suspicion'* (*B.R.A.W.*): That video-band who in fact turn vinyl here with the same panoramic treatment of emotive pop. Nicely hewn, broad of tewn.

SPACE NEGROS *'Pink Noise'* (*Glass*): When first hearing the million numbers (some as long as a millisecond) you go *POO!ARTY SWINE-HOUNDS!* (*You do you know*). Then you remember the ghost of Eno's takeaway curry and you think again.

JOY OF LIFE *'Enjoy'* (*NER*): Enjoy? Is that an order? The sound of an upset tummy. But a charming tum, almost zang.

ANSON AND THE ROCKETS *'Knock You Out'* (*Making Waves*): Great Balls of Singalongs. Rock and Roll pouting like a new born baby, played by irresponsible madmen. *Love it.*

MICK MERCER

D I N



P L U G

SOME OLD LADY (TO WINNIE): "IF YOU WERE MY HUSBAND I WOULD PUT POISON IN YOUR COCOA." OLD WIN: "AND IF YOU WERE MY WIFE I'D DRINK IT." "VERY FEW OFFICERS IN THE METROPOLITAN FORCE HAVE CRUCIFIXES ON THEIR FOREHEADS." (INSPECTOR G.T. MURRAY)

L Y D I A — T H E T A T T O E D L A D Y

'THE DROWNING OF LUCY HAMILTON' (Widow-Speak)

'The Drowning of Lucy Hamilton' is a soundtrack LP, some of which is on 'The Right Side Of My Brain'. It's bass-duets with LUCY HAMILTON who is in DON KING and piano and bass-clarinet duets with her. It's just the 2 of us and it's very cerebral and ethereal. There's no singing on it to bother you! **NO WHINING! NO SCREECHING! NO SCREAMING!** None of that horrible Lydia Lunch singing those awful words!

LUCY HAMILTON is one of the greatest guitar players this side of the Mississippi, out of the NO-WAVE movement, in MARS as she was. So I just wanted to do something with her. I never played the guitar, god forbid. It's such an embarrassing instrument. How I ever played it live in the first place embarrasses me still to this day. I mean I considered its only an instrument of torture then, as I almost do now.

It's just a nice, little, quiet background, based on the works of Bernard Herman, who's done the 'PSYCHO' soundtracks and stuff like that. It's an instrumental record because that's what I like to hear. So we just did that. A small little project like all my tiny and small projects. Just another one for the fire.

LYDIA LUNCH

T O O F U N K E D T O D R I N K — K R I S N E E D S

Romping through the swamp... it's been a serious month on the Hip Hop front. Formula-flatness clean bowled out the window by a beano of granite-slab, red alert, beatbox throwdowns.

(Only sour note is only 25 percent of this gem-heap will see UK release. Unless Streetwave step in of course.)

12 INCHERS FIRST *

DOUGIE FRESH: *The Show* (Fantasy); PC CREW: *Dougie Fresh Vs The Beat Box* (FB)

Oh rampancy! Doug launched himself as 'The Original Human Beat Box' and secured his title by beating the FAT BOY in a NYC showdown. Apart from the bottomless lurch of his percussive tonsils, Doug's records boast irresistible spring rhythms, animated rap and a gamut of startling effects. 'The Show' — number one in Groove's Electro chart for weeks — audaciously matches the Fresh one's throat-farts with the melody from 'Peter And The Wolf'.

The PC Crew even got the Batcave's 'Got any Cult, mate?' crowd jumping. The beat is a heaving beast which Doug straddles with manic splutters, cowbell tension and deranged choir.

CSL & THE BOYS NEXT DOOR: *New York Breakdown* (Powerhouse)

A bold riposte (though rather late) to MELLE MEL'S dark urban nightmare scenario, 'New York New York' two years back. But it's the bison's longjohns, say the Next Door neighbours over nasty skylines of synth and towering DMX.

DST: *The Home Of Hip Hop* (Celluloid)

The demon of the decks drops the 'Grandmixer' tag and lets Rap take over. New York pride laced with defiance. 'The Bronx is the home of Hip Hop, REAL Hip Hop my man'. Then, to prove his point, Mr D flagellates the scratch/dub flip into submission with a dexterous stew of HM wailing, vocal wibbly-wobbly and venomous crazy cuts. Released here, so no excuse.

HARLEQUIN FOURS: *Set It Off* (Jusborn); DONALD BANKS: *Status Quo* (Kapital City)

A choice pair that have been around and only now have started attracting attention. The original 'Set It Off' used to pop up unnamed on NY radio tapes and remind me of David Essex! But nothing muttonously cock-eyed about this burning killer. Go for the instrumental — all 14 minutes of it — perfect musical embroidery, haphazard and strangely in-the-room vocal aerobatics from the girls. A fire-extinguisher let off in the trousers.

Dunno where Donald comes from. The label suggests Washington and the loping percussive-pulse reeks of the Gogo. But the persuasion is Rap with a spectacular chorus. Apparently it's about two years old and only now seeping through.

BOOGIE BOYS: *City Life* (Capitol)

Their Zodiac rap was an '84 lighthouse with its Tarzan-in-a-liquidiser hydraulic-megadeath studio wheelies. However 'City Life' goes for the subtler approach of harmony vocals, occasionally bursting into a controlled rap. Trifle lightweight.

DOUBLE DEE & STEINSKI *The Payoff Mix* (Tommy Boy DJ promo)

Included this legendary masterpiece cos I heard that Tommy Boy may at last be making it generally available — and also cos I just got one! (thanks be to Astral Flight DJ WOLFF, even if I did have to part with my prized copy of the pre-FURIOUS FIVE YOUNGER GENERATION single — but I'm a happy hippo! By the way, Wolff might be helping solve the import-problem of obscure Rap-Electro milestones from the last six years).

Back to The Payoff... for about 18 months it's been the most sought-after Hip Hop vinyl around. Any copies that do get out go for around 40 quid! It was originally a private pressing by two cut-up masters who took G.L.O.B.E. & WHIZZ KID'S *Play That Beat Mr DJ* and turned it into a roller-coaster of interjections and exclamations — LITTLE RICHARD, CULTURE CLUB, THE SUPREMES, FLASH, HUMPHREY BOGART ('Play it') come and go without losing a beat. Basically the same trail FLASH first blazed on his 'Wheels Of Steel' adventures. NY's wonderful radio stations started playing it and it was a blockbuster. Along came 'Lesson Two', where they do the same to JAMES BROWN (on the other side of my unoriginal copy). Lesson Three' has come out too. You have been warned.

CURTIS MAYFIELD *Baby It's You* (CRC)

Rather out-of-place, yes, but an overdue return to vinyl from a master. Curtis has rarely stopped turning out yearning pure soul in a career that spans decades rather than months. 'Baby It's You' is a hanging garden of a ballad, ideal for that quivering high but heart-stroking voice to work its immaculate spells. Mayfield's moods veer over the dozen or so albums I have by him — Superfly superb to political tension — but he always flops back down and gets back to L.O.V.E. And he does it better than most. The new one is tender and fragile, that voice hovering over a sparse shimmer of muted brass and sprinkling piano. A diamond made of plastic.

SOME ALBUMS *

VARIOUS: *Turn It Up* (10 Records)

Worthy double of extended mixes of this fine label's '85 output: MAI TAI's mighty *History*, GLORIA D. BROWN, CONWAY BROTHERS, AURRA, WAR's deck-chair *Groovin'* and LITTLE BENNY (the lightweight tip of a might iceberg but Gogo's only hit). But the highlight must be the JOUBERT SINGERS' brilliant 'Stand On The World'. BOBBY WOMACK is about to unleash an album and I wish I had it now.

ONE PLEASURE HAS THE BOURGEOISIE — THAT OF DEGRADING ALL OTHER PLEASURE

RIMBAUD/BURST FLOOD

● DO YOU EVER WORRY ABOUT YOUR BRAIN?

LYDIA LUNCH WAS RECENTLY IN LONDON TO SORT OUT THE RIGHT SIDE OF HER BRAIN. TAKING A BREAK FROM THE CONSTANT ASSAULT OF NEW YORK AND ENJOYING A PERIOD OF REFLECTION AFTER THE PURGE OF HER SELF-DESTRUCTIVE PAST, SHE GIVES AN EXCLUSIVE 'ONE TO ONE' PERFORMANCE TO TOM VAGUE AND REVEALS THAT OUT OF ALL THE BEDLAM SHE HAS FOUND A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL. AND IT'S NOT A BURNING BUM.

● JUST STOP ME WHEN I CARRY ON FOR TOO LONG. A SIMPLE BULLET SHOULD DO THE TRICK

'SOUL SUCKERS, BLOOD SUCKERS, LEPERS, LEECHES, ARTISTS, MUSICIANS, CRITICS, FANS... DEAR WHORES... COME ONE, COME ALL, AS LONG AS YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY AND A VERY LOUD VOICE TO SAY IT IN AND AT LEAST TEN TO TEN THOUSAND OTHER IDIOTS WHO IDOLISE YOUR DIABOLICAL INADEQUACIES AND PERPETUALLY INSIST ON ASSISTING YOU IN YOUR EVER DESTRUCTIVE SEARCH FOR ALL THAT IS VAIN AND SELFISH AND OF COURSE, FINANCIALLY VIABLE... OH, I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, BUT REMEMBER IT'S NOT WHAT YOU SAY, IT'S HOW YOU SAY IT AND HOW MUCH YOU'RE PAID TO DO SO. AND BESIDES, WHO'S LISTENING ANYWAY?? NO ONE. THAT'S WHO, BECAUSE IT'S ALL BEEN SAID AND DONE AND DONE TO DEATH. LET'S TALK ABOUT ART, SAID THE FOOL TO THE IDIOT.'

— some 'nice' extracts from Lydia Lunch's dewey eyed tribute to all that is stimulating and beautiful about popular music —
'THE UNCENSORED...' cassette (WIDOW SPEAK)

● It is a potentially fatal mistake to take Lydia on face value. Just as it is not to take her work on face value, now, literally, by default. Last year she was made hip by unfortunate circumstance, when to some extent she came to lie in the gothique gutter with all the other burnt-out fagbutts of late-70's agitation: *'The love kitten of the Hate generation'*, an American working-class Marianne Faithful. Big mouth older sister of the Lower East-side brats, designer-made Diamanda Galas or even, and most unfairly, a *hardcore Madonna*. ('Can I just have that bit again?'... John Blake.)

The grossest and most obvious mistake of the lot is to categorise her in any popular entertainment mode; a mistake she initially made herself before realising via a torturous, self-abusing route that there's a lot more to it than everyday prostitution.

So the *Lydia Lunch* that I meet at Rough Trade is a reformed character. She's now a woman with a mission.

With the purgatorial exorcism of *'The Uncensored'* cassette and *'The Right Side of My Brain'* video behind her, there's to be no more self-destructiveness, no more whining and screeching, no more yelling at people for no apparent reason, no more acts of violence to inanimate (or otherwise) objects and definitely no more scan-

dalous exploits with her notorious and equally scandalous buddies. (*Her recent brush with the law in Sweden with 'Sid' Foetus [see the video] and weird goings-on in Paris are absolutely her last fling.*)

There's little time for any of that stuff and even less for such an atavistic and redundant concept as popular music, alternative or otherwise, but first she's got to tell me about it.

Lydia does away with all the usual moral considerations applied to 'interviews'. Her tireless (*amphetamine fuelled?*) monologue puts you in such a submissive role that you even feel wary pausing the tape on play-back.

Despite, and because of, what I just said, she's a born entertainer. Love her or loathe her. Or both. I think we've established here, or we shall do so at any rate, that being self-obsessive isn't a narcissistic indulgence but a survival necessity. Your *self* is the only thing you have got a first hand 'authority' to talk about. *There's nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach ya about the raising of the wrist, Socrates himself was permanently pissed...*

As well as being one of the most active *mouth-artists* of the last few years she's also probably *the coolest*, and as far as uncompromising neuroses battering goes, *the most positive*.

What she's best at is talking about herself and that's what all us bloodsuckers

are here for so I'll disappear into snivelling servitude, and let her rip:

● GEE IT'S REALLY GREAT TO BE HERE!

"I'm just here because it's too disgusting in New York at present, and I can't stand it anywhere else. I'm not really here to do anything, except to wait to go back to New York, which is an unfortunate condition to be in... I never wait while I'm in New York, I'm always *doing IT*. Here, either you're waiting for somethin' to do, you're waiting for it to get done or it never happens."

● I WISH IT WOULD STOP (THE DEFINITIVE STATEMENT)

"I always have been *prolific*. Some people call it... *diarrhetic*. But I can't say that I always will be. I hope it dries up. The sooner the better. Leave me alone. I don't thirst to document. What I long for is the ultimate statement, for me to make the definitive thing, so that I can finally *STOP*. Because I think that although I do a lot of 'different things', basically I'm leading up to one point.

"In the work that I do now I realise, not my goal or destiny or fate but, the snow-balling effect. I know that I'm not a long way off.

"I know not only my limitations but also how specific I am. Some people are tunnel-visioned and it stops at the end of their



THE DESIRE TO LIVE IS A POLITICAL DECISION — WHO WANTS A WORLD IN WHICH THE GUARANTEE THAT WE SHALL NOT DIE OF STARVATION ENTAILS THE RISK OF DYING OF BOREDOM

► focken nose. Now, I'm also tunnel-visioned, but it's a really long tunnel and it's very thin and pointy at the end. It's like a total come. I'm trying to make such a personal explanation of why I am the way I am. And it's not gonna take much longer to do that. With *'The Right Side Of My Brain'* and the cassette it's pretty close to the bone."

● I ACTUALLY LIKE BEING A HUMAN BEING!

"I'm very single-minded and self-centred. Only because I wanna figure out *'this'* (*gestures at deceptively petite body*), improve and satisfy *'this'*. So first I had to be able to **STAND MYSELF**. That was hard enough. Just because the human format being as despicable as it is, that was a hard hump to overcome. But that's when the problem starts. When you begin loving it so much that you forget that what you're loving is the limitations of the human form. But I have to figure *'this'* out first, which my stories have helped me to do. I don't think it's an endless struggle either."

● IN PRAISE OF YOUTH CULTURE

"I look forward to 30 like other people dread it. I *long* for 30, and older. Why do people dread, not old age that's obvious but, older age? *Young people are STOOPID, they're ugly, they're boring...* I dunno, what does any 17 year old have that I don't have? Think about it. I was much different when I was 17. I was very violent emotionally, physically, creatively. I was much more of a *'fireball'*. I'm sort of like a kerosene lamp now, that never goes out but *'may explode at any time'*."

"Um, I was nothing like I am now. I was a vicious, horrible, self-destructive, violent, man-eating, er... piranha. And now I'm just... I'm temperamental but I never get mad. I don't cause acts of violence to myself or other people, unless they beg me to, deserve it or pay for it."

"I'm not as hateful as I used to be, because I like myself so much more because I'm so much better. The world isn't but that was never my concern anyway. I never really gave it much thought."

● HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD TOGETHER, MAN?

"I don't, in the way I once did, try to create the most horrible of circumstances, just to prove to myself that I can live through 'em. There are other sides of the coin to focken flip."

"Then you're a battering ram, you're battered nearly to death, then you've proved that you can be battered. *PAH!*... relentlessly, y'know, forever."

"The point made in *'The Right Side Of My Brain'* is sometimes other people — get to a point where they become so apathetic to violence and ugliness, that they really need violence almost to the point of their own death. Just so that they can feel *SOMETHING*. Anything. But I'm not like that am I? *I'm very much ALIVE!* And vibrant and living and probably will be for sometime to come, in spite of myself." (*Cackles to herself for a bit after that one.*)

● AUDIENCE? WHAT AUDIENCE?

"I don't perform very often at all. I see no need or reason to. I like to cater my

performances, to be done in a particular place for a particular period of time, for 'X' amount of people, never to be repeated, if possible. I prefer performing at universities now, just because the atmosphere in other places interfere with me. Whereas if it's a sterile environment, that's preferable to me, because I don't wanna compete with the elements. I refuse. *I've competed for long enough.*"

● SO WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE THEN?

"*I always do, do, do, do and then stop.* This is supposed to be my period of reflection. While you're perpetuating it, you have no time to think because everything has to continue at a certain pace."

"I know that the next step for me, other than the back-log catalogue which is going to be filtering out from now until you're so sick of my name... for me, I have to do something I've never done before... what's that? (*The phone is making a stupid half-arsed ringing effort. Lydia glares at it.*) Throw this phone out of the window? So I think my favourite kind of performance being one to one, but I can't go round the country knocking on focken doors. I mean my Daddy was a salesman. I refuse to be one also. I know that where I'm going is gonna be... a verbal format. Not *'a play'* because *'play'* means you have to involve someone else, which really bugs me. I mean when I start talking, as you've noticed, *there's little room for anyone else to say any GODDAM THING!*"

● NIGHT THOUGHTS

"These living room performances y'know, that to me is where it's at. That's for my friends. That's why I like to talk to people one at a time. I can't stand group situations. So what? Now what? The bedroom tour? *'Lydia Lunch comes to your bedroom'*?"

"That's why I have things on cassette, so that they're on a walkman and you can listen to them when you go to sleep, when you're by yourself. They're not meant to be shared with your friends. It's the same with *'The Right Side Of My Brain'*, I mean why there is going to be no public screening here. I wouldn't want to see that film with anyone else."

● AND WHAT CAN LYDIA LUNCH DO FOR YOU?

"The only thing left is to actually stick a straw in my focken arm and start sucking. Um, I dunno why I have this need to be so spreadeagled for all to consume. Not that it's such a separate reality of just expressing this one tiny thing, one tiny focken girl, one very small, unimportant, very emotional, almost too sensitive, thinking GIRL. Just the way I am. That's all I'm talking about, that's all I'm showing. Why? I don't know..."

"What people get from it, whether it's masturbatory, voyeurism, massochism, sadism for others... I don't care, but I want it to be available for those that want it."

● THE HUMAN RACE GETS IN MY FACE

"When I feel most alive is when I have one person, one of my ten favourite persons and we're in my living room and we're just there. That's what I live for. Because I can be at my best because they allow me to do

what I do best. My best performances are in my living room. Some will say 'Lydia, your best performances are in your bedroom', but I'd say, 'Alright! But who knows about those?' (*Everyone after the video.*)

"I can't stand being in social circumstances. I'm not interested in casual acquaintances. I can't waste my time under those circumstances and going to the movies I find (*gasping noise*) a struggle."

"Maybe it's because I've moved back to New York and in New York you just have so much hassle. You're so hassled because you're female. You're so hassled that anything where there's other people involved immediately becomes a horrible experience. Just *'PEOPLE SUCK MAN!'* I mean I hate to generalise like that but *'the human race gets in my face'*."

● AMERICANA-NOIR

"I think that the way I feel is very universal but the way I deliver it is totally American. *'Americana-Noir'* as I like to call it, y'know with all my classical heroes: *Selby, Bukowski, Mike Gira, Richard Meltzer, Lester Bangs.* Maybe everything else seems so wishy-washy, or soft, or nicely unreal. It's the ugliness that attracts me to it."

"Maybe it just boils down to the American language. When we're talkin' words, when we're talkin' expression, um, y'know like my stories. It's that slang, it's so rich, it's so emotional y'know. It's the crudeness."

"All I know is, when I'm in Europe, or when I'm in England it just makes me want to be as crudely American as possible. It just makes me want to swear all the time, talk real loud, y'know, act like the imbecile I'm very capable of acting like. It's that *'properness'* that bugs me."

● LYDIA ON DEATH — JUST DON'T KNOCK ME OFF MY BIKE

"My mouth, that's what I'm confident of. I think that my sense of humour could save me in just about any situation. If someone had a gun, alright, that's a little bit tricky. Alright, fine y'know. What, are you just going to blow my brains out because you want to? Is that going to be a pretty sight?"

"Um, why I'm not afraid? I just feel very protected. I used to feel ready to die at any minute. I mean I would have been *HAPPY to die* at any focken minute, then I realised now, especially knowing that I do have some kinda focal point in the distance, I'm less prepared to die. I feel I've said quite a bit but I haven't made myself perfectly understood yet."

"You die at the right time so don't focken tell me otherwise. Just please don't make it 60 or 70 more years, that's all I'm asking. I mean, 20 or 30?"

"I don't wanna be in more pain physically. I don't wanna be more uncomfortable. Oooooohh! I complain enough! Man! Look, forget it, no-one's gonna wanna hear that cranky old ass. No-one's gonna wanna hear it! Not even me."

"I mean *'Whatever happened to Baby Jane?'*, now that I can see. I look forward to that. But after that... yeah, tie a knot in it's head and cut it off."

● BANG!

MOUTH

STOP YOUR SOBBING

To ZigZag's British Readers,

Should I confess that I find your mail pretty funny or even weird? Because you've obviously got the best music press and yet always find ways to complain about it! I don't mean that you should always shut up and sit down 'cos when I say "best music press" it is to be inferred that ZigZag is the least nasty. And I consider it a real waste of time to criticize Antonella Black's review or any other rock critic's work. **YOU WON'T GET ANYWHERE BY SHOUTING AT ANTONELLA** (Oh I don't know: **Intensive care**?... Ed.) Basically do you really care about it? Because she's turned Nick Cave into something else other than a misunderstood hero, will you stop listening to some BRILLIANT songs like "Tupelo" or "Blind Lemon Jefferson"? I suppose that Antonella is trying to do some 'different' interviews, and sometimes she fails. **AND SO WHAT!**? Is the music press supposed to fit with perfection? Is a review always supposed to satisfy the converted? Or maybe ZigZag should be a sterilized magazine, a catalogue of new releases? Of course in another way it's easy to go to the opposite extreme and to turn your journalistic work into rhetoric crap and the NME should be knighted for this!

You have some reasons to be happy for your music press: ZigZag are doing great coverage, the NME are sometimes able to print great pieces like Neil Taylor's one about The Bodines and Primal Scream. I think you don't know how lucky you are to have some critics like Mick Mercer. **(My thoughts entirely... Ed.)**

You should take a look at France's music coverage to understand what I mean. They never published anything about Bauhaus: can you take it seriously? I'm talking of course about the official magazines, not the alternative ones or fanzines. But there's something we frogs have that's missing in England apart from a great national football team of course: Free radio stations. Since May 1981 there is no airwaves monopoly in France and for this time a lot of radio stations have grown in the whole country. The majority have turned into commercial crap but in the biggest towns there's an alternative with stations playing good stuff. I'm personally working in a radio station in Lyons and no-one can prevent me from playing The Cult, Bomb Party, Pogues, Mel-o-Tones, Test Dept, Ausgang, Men They Couldn't Hang, Turkey Bones, Send S A E for full playlist! And why can't it be like that on the BBC. You got a lot of interesting bands that deserve to be played on any Radio One shows (just take a look at Creation and Abstract records!). Why isn't someone like Mark Smith NUMBER ONE?

I end this letter by asking any musicians, famous or otherwise, who think they're gonna be trendy during the next six months to send me a tape if they're interested in being played on my infamous show. I'm not looking for the next big thing but good bands like Big Flame, X-Men, The Membranes Beforehands TA!

Bebe Malsain,
Radio BELLEVUE
39 bis rue de Marseille, 69007 LYON,
France

Dear ZigZag,

Re your 'August Horoscope' article. I eagerly scanned the list of cosmic signs for Pisces and lo, I find you dedicate a measly one liner to us — What the chuff is a floozy meteorite anyway? I think Andrew Eldritch is a crud. The fish — the hub of the horoscope harem!

Yours,

Sterling Morrison's third cousin.

Well we think Andrew Eldritch is awfully nice, whoever he is. But getting back to Fish, does anyone remember Fergus The Fish? Has anyone got a photo of the blessed creature? How well I recall the first instance I cried. All of about four years old, seated before the black and white blunderbuss, for the episode entitled 'Fergus's Birthday Present'... and guess what? No-one brought him anything. I sobbed my little arteries to distraction until 'The Big Fish' brought him a top hat. Abrim with emotion, Fergus put on that hat, and promptly disappeared from view. I was now so happy, that I cried even more. I still get weepy over the memory. Surely one of you pig-headed cretins can help me.

DEATH OF A PRINCESS

Dear ZigZag,

Please dig The Virgin Prunes out of their niche and interview them, as I have definitely fallen for Guggi. What more can I say??? No more than the sticky blood between my legs. (Purely rhetorical.)

Love,

A Beautiful Person, Bahrain.

Look ma, no hands!



SHAKESPEARE'S MATER

Dear Sirs,

Regarding your 'Debris' column in the August issue, all the ugly rumours about Morrissey's age are null, void and ill-covered.

I, as his mother (thinks, this may not be genuine... **Pretty Bright Ed.**) as he was born unto me by immaculate conception, can vouch that my son, so named Steven Morrissey is in fact the age he claims.

Thank you,
Mom.

P.S. However his height, weight and romantic status are, as of now, beyond me

Dear ZigZag,

As a regular reader of ZigZag all I can say is, where did you get that Wally who did The Chameleon's interview? I hear they've got vacancies at the Middleton Guardian.

Yours,

Kay Miles, Sheffield.

As a regular ZigZag Editor all I can say is we just pulled the Christmas cracker and there he was. Seemed like a good idea at the time.

Dear Micky Mouth,

Anarchy in wonderland Love and Kissy-poops,

The Sage Side Psycho
(The Invisible hairy chest?)
Staffs

Dear ZigZag,

Once again you sent Tom Vague to do total injustice to someone who has got just as much right to say what she feels as anyone else. After the abysmal NMA interview where he harped on about a Getting The Fear gig for a considerable amount of the piece (I could really see the link, man!) he went on to take everything NMA said and put his own petty little opinions besides them. Quite honestly I couldn't give a toss if Mr. Vague thinks NMA 'have no magic' but would rather hear what the interviewees have to say.

But worse was to come. I mean Joolz may not be perfect in every way but I'm sure if Vague talked to her for an hour and half he could write an interview with more than only seven subjects she commented on (don't argue, I counted!) instead of his silly little opinions colouring the whole thing.

When I first started getting ZigZag it was for the well written interviews and high quality photographs. The latter is excellent itself but unfortunately the interviews, thanks to pretentious little shits like Tom Vague has definitely gawn to the dawgs!

Yours,

Seema, Bayswater

Tom, alas, is gone with the wind at present, so cannot argue back.



SERFS

UP

They came as fans; storming *the Hall of Fame* just at a time when us kids thought it was safe to wear pop-socks again.

Years on, this catchpenny outfit in preposterous footgear are *still* braying cornily about **Multitone** — it being allegedly responsible for their spurious '**Hybrid**' sound. At the interview, **Paul King** is oozing with the plethoric egotism of

the nouveau-famous. I am made to perch upon a low, wobbly table and have no alternative but to look up to him and his, very silent, bass player, **Tony Wall**. King's media ubiquity owes much to their frontman's oft-vaunted **Star Quality**: when Paul King does '**moonies**' we all get sunburnt.

My face greasy with *Ambre Solaire*, I comment fleetingly upon the tacky production of their first album.

Musically, King toy faddishly with the intricacies of raunchy pop, but are far too busy socializing with *Marc Bolan's* corpse to really get their hands dirty.

'**Steps in Time**' was appalling — Paul beams, completely unruffled.

● "I'll take what you're saying as a compliment, it's now over two years old. An L.P. of *that* time, we've progressed even further now."

Some might see Multitone as a ticket to plagiarize.

"Yeah!?" Paul shrugs disinterestedly.

Shouldn't you vehemently defend yourself?

"Not necessarily. We don't *steal* from anybody. You must take to find something new."

Surely your own sound becomes swamped with these Multitone influences.

"I disagree," he retorts firmly. "We used the multitone label because we didn't want to be categorized or dismissed as mere pop."

You see pop as inferior?

"No... no. Pop's a reflection on society, a statement, whether it's Billy Bragg or Dollar. We drew on our own influences and produced a distinctive original sound. It's our dreams, it's us. Nobody else can claim to be that. What we stick up on that stage and produce on record is what we'd go and see and buy ourselves."

With the exception of that Unigate milkman on keyboards, King certainly *look* the part — namely, winsomely flamboyant eyesores. Rumour has it that followers return from King concerts abrim with Carnal Knowledge — worrying their parents sick by getting the dog drunk and

BABE (LONG OF HAIR AND OF LIMB) JUST CAN'T
KEEP AWAY FROM THE POP BANDS. AND WHEN
THEY'RE AS DASHING AS KING WHO CAN BLAME
HER. IT'S ALL A MATTER OF PRESENTATION. THE
BRITTLE VENEER OF 'STYLE'.

playing Strip-Hopscotch after dark.

Still do your mock-masturbation/Sex speech stint on stage?

"Do you like that?"

Very titillating.

"Good fun isn't it," drawls Paul, encouraging a change of subject by stapling his lips together.

Still do it?

"...*IF* I'm in the mood, yes."

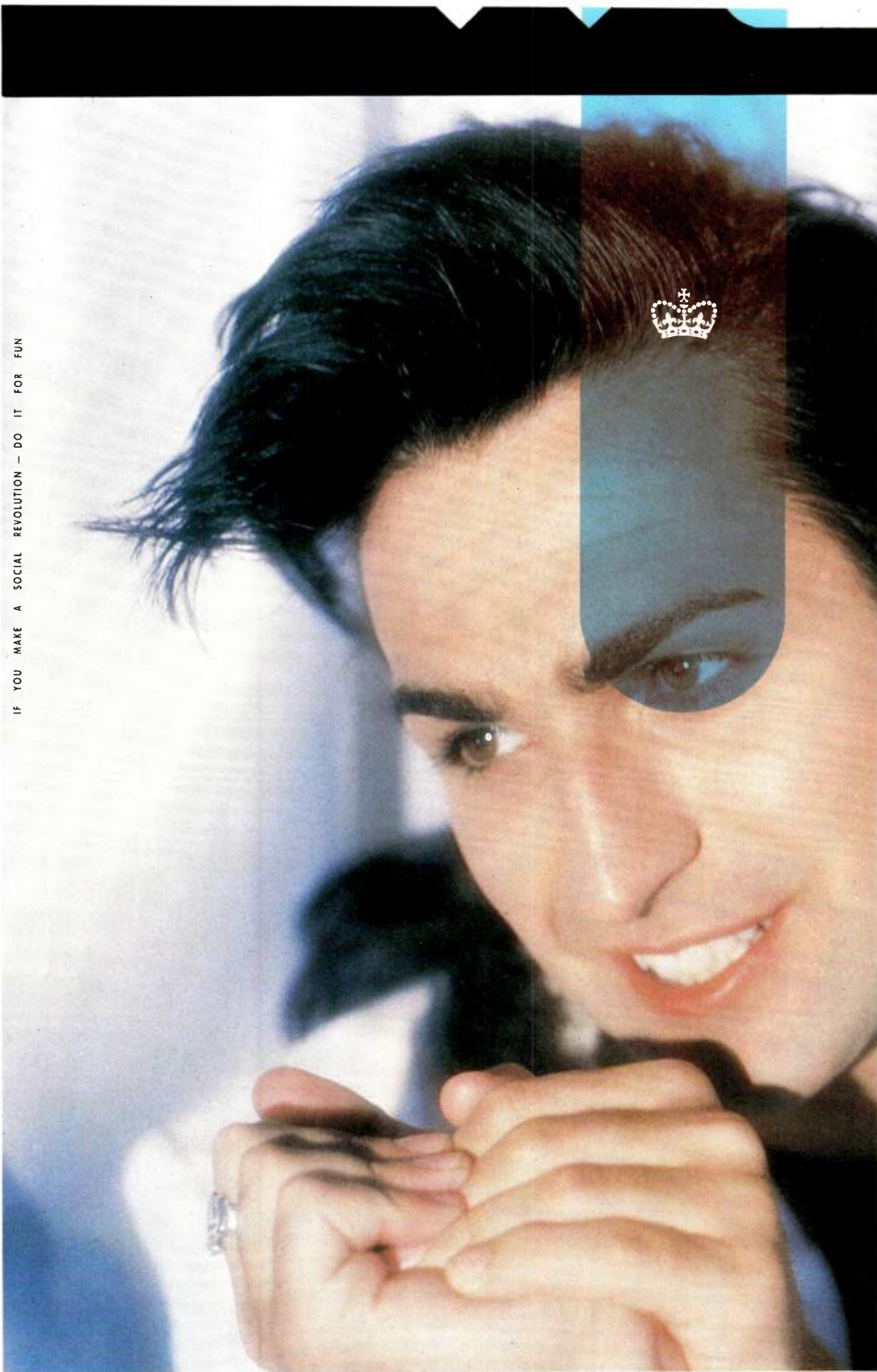
When "In the Mood", Paul King is a fruity customer — simulating masturbation with all the infantile thrill of one newly released from Boxing-gloves. This shattering eroticism also leads to a spot of ad-libbing. By enquiring as to whether his audience "likes sex", he cleverly intimates that he (*titter, titter*) *does*. Take it away Stallion:-

"It's just an interpretation of the lyrics. We're all performers, because I'm not limited by an instrument I can be more over-the-top. The song concerned is '*Don't Stop, It Turns Me On*', need I say more? It's not even a song about sex. Has this band got depth or what?"

Do you fear being classed unmanly, asexual... a virgin even?

"(laughing) We've always been amused as a band to be thought of as overtly sexual. We're guys and we like girls... We enjoy our masculinity. Wouldn't you say

IF YOU MAKE A SOCIAL REVOLUTION — DO IT FOR FUN



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EXISTING CLASSICS

SINGLES

- 001 THE LEGEND "73 IN 83" (Deleted)
- 002 REVOLVING PAINT DREAM "FLOWERS IN THE SKY" (Deleted)
- 003 BIFF BANG POW! "50 YEARS OF FUN" (Deleted)
- 004 JASMINE MINKS "THINK!" (Deleted)
- 005 THE PASTELS "SOMETHING GOING ON" (Deleted)
- 006 X-MEN "DO THE GHOST" (Deleted)
- 007 BIFF BANG POW! "THERE MUST BE A BETTER LIFE (Deleted)
- 008 JASMINE MINKS "WHERE THE TRAFFIC GOES" (Deleted)
- 009 THE LOFT "WHY DOES THE RAIN"
- 010 THE LEGEND "DESTROY THE BLUES" (Deleted)
- 011T THE PASTELS "A MILLION TEARS" 12"
- 012 THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN "UPSIDE DOWN"
- 013 X-MEN "SPIRAL GIRL"
- 014 LES ZARJAZ "ONE CHARMING NYTE"
- 015T THE LOFT "UP THE HILL AND DOWN THE SLOPE" 12"
- 016 THE BODINES "GOD BLESS"
- 017 PRIMAL SCREAM "ALL FALL DOWN"
- 018 JASMINE MINKS "WHAT'S HAPPENING"
- 019 THE SLAUGHTER KING "I'LL FOLLOW YOU DOWN"
- 020 MEAT WHIPLASH "DON'T SLIP UP"
- 021T FIVE GO DOWN TO THE SEA? "SINGING IN BRAILLE"

L P S

- 001 ALIVE IN THE LIVING ROOM (Deleted) (Comp)
- 002 WILD SUMMER WOW (Comp)
- 03 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 ALL GOOD PREACHERS GO TO HEAVEN - JASMINE MINKS
- 004 PASS THE PAINTBRUSH, HONEY - BIFF BANG POW!
- 005 IT'S DIFFERENT FOR DOMEHEADS (Comp)
- 006 GIFT OF LIFE - MEMBRANES

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R

ZIGZAG — THE WAR YEARS

● **WAR ON POP?** That's baby's stuff. Namby-pamby nonsense compared to the Great Conflict of '39-'45, and we were there. **ZIGZAG** was involved. Recent papers (*amazing what you find in libraries, disguised as books*) have uncovered the following heart-brushing tale. **The British Intelligence Service** (read 'Secret Service' article for cross-reference here) claims, retrospectively, "by means of the double cross system, we effectively ran and controlled the German espionage system in this country." And in doing so, from '40-'45 they confused their enemy with astonishingly successful, and unlikely ventures. Along with famous spies **GARBO, SNOW, CELERY, LIPSTICK, MUTT AND JEFF, CARELESS** (a loony pilot more prone to diving into the ground than formation), **HAMLET, GULLET, BRONX** and **TRICYCLE**... there was **ZIGZAG**.

ZigZag, a known criminal, imprisoned on Jersey for safe-cracking, applied to join the German invasion force there as a means of escape. Trained in the arts of **sabotage** and **radio transmission**, he landed in England in 1941 and immediately handed himself over and then, re-trained, broke several teeth in a parachute jump. False choppers gleaming he 'sabotaged' the de Havilland works at Hatfield (where Mosquitos were manufactured) and send daily weather reports plus

accounts of American troop movements. With explosives and a staggering £1,000 he was to do his stuff, then flee the country; the reward being a top-notch spying job in the States. The Germans were convinced by falsified photos of damage at Hatfield and a newspaper story of an accomplice being arrested. **ZIGZAG**, fawned over by his controller (they loved the adulation of superiors by association: promotion invariably beckoned) found himself moving in exalted German circles. He concocted a plan to disrupt a Fifth Column alliance in France who were to be a German rear guard. **ZIGZAG** was to run them and then, on the fateful day, hand them over! He even had a one-man **to assassinate Hitler** (his bosses back home vetoed that one!).

ZIGZAG disappeared for a while, only to resurface in Oslo aboard a yacht speaking curiously bad German in a very loud voice. He was parachuted into Cambridge, and passed over all the info learnt at the German Sabotage Centre in Oslo where he was a trusted consultant. He brought with him masses of info on new German weapons, including follow-ups to flying bombs, plus details of Goebbels' failing propaganda drive.

Sadly the strain began to tell. He declined mentally and developed a dangerous tendency to 'talk about his work' and generally became too enamoured with drink — which brings the story bang up to date. ●



PHOTO — SUSSIE NIELSEN

● ALL THE KINGS
MEN — ISOLATION
— THE RISE AND
FALL OF THE
SPECTACULAR
COMMODITY
ECONOMY



R U N O U T

● Band of Holy Joy

I see no formal evidence yet of the

be-sleeved and available vinyl but

this is the first thing available since

The Sid Presley Experience went

RRRRRIIPPPP. The mini-album, out 'soon' (I presume), entitled 'The Unholy Trinity' sparkles with both basic nail-your-eyelids-down rawking, rolling and roving, both in terms of energy and attack, but offers also the more engaging, focus-spreading touches of humour and shinily appreciative arrangements. In short, a little beauty.

Kevin Murphy and **Del Bartle** (that's drums and guitars) have been joined by the quietly spoken but fiercely argumentative, when he's going (prime consideration for the post I suspect), **Jeff 'Mad Dog' Lucas** on bass. I cuff The Unholy Trinity round the ear, they drive over me with a ten ton truck.

Del: "All the old Presley material that we wanted to do that hadn't been done is on there. We won't be doing any more I don't think. It's like a wake for the Presleys."

Kevin: "Get all that bullshit out of the way."

Some of the record is certainly in a lighter mood.

Del: "You want a bit of variation. People get bored with bang, bang, bang. It's still powerful in its own way I think."

Kevin: "We haven't really followed up a lot of the majors because we don't wanna get a deal on the strength of the old lot. We wanna do something ourselves."

Del: "We're doing our own thing and we're capable of it, not, as some people think just 'ex-Sid Presley'."



How will it be different?

Del: "A different, wider, approach. It's still rock'n'roll, still powerful music. We'll be going into different fields of music... we can experiment with vocals a lot more, because Jeff's a good singer."

Kevin: "It was hard to write songs in the old band because it was immediately run down if it wasn't lovey-dovey Beatles crap."

FACT: as **Del** says, "The first Presley gig was at Stonehenge. Bringing a few skeletons out! That's when we were doing *"Motorbikin"* in the set. The drummer, before Kevin was freaked out, and pissed off by eight in the morning. We had to get this drummer in from a punk band who wouldn't play without a line of sulphate. He only knew one beat... boom-chish, boom-chish. Someone could murder us with a bottle of that one."

A slight change from the Presley's Billy Bragg/Labour tour?

Del: "Billy Bragg understood that where he was coming from had nothing to do with us. They talk about countries as though they were political blocks, but you're talking about 250 million people here, 250 million there... 99% of who don't give a shit about politics."

Kevin: "The people here (the pub) are thick as shit (no-one notices). I've got more time for Margaret Thatcher..."

Jeff: "It's not... it's like what the Australians are doing to the aborigines. Everyone should have a right to live how they want to live..."

Kevin: "I hate the bitch but who do you blame, the slag or the slags who vote for her? Every class voted for her. Everything is so wrong, why don't people do something about it? I know people my own age who think they're radicals and they're in the WRP. These wankers!"

(Some things never change.)

Kevin: "Bruce Springsteen, ZZ Top..."

Del: "That's what we're out to destroy. We're not out to join that clique. We're out to replace it with..."

Jeff: "Bollocks."

Who said **Never Mind?** ●

● Status Quo

'NO TREND are out of the

Washington D.C. area. They

sent me a tape and said would

you sing on this record? I thought

'Oh, I have to call these guys up, I dunno?' No one ever sends me tapes and asks me to sing on their records. I'll think about it?

Well I liked the nerve and I talked to them and they sounded like they had a good attitude and I liked the lyrics. The lyrics are great. Yeah, so I said 'Alright, why the fuck not?'. **NO TREND 4 track -LP** out soon on **WIDOW-SPEAK PRODUCTIONS.**

Um, I just liked the attitude. I liked the lyrics. **I'm a lyrical snob.** Usually lyrics are what disgust me and totally alienate me from other people's music. I usually find them absolutely appalling. I read the lyrics first, can't help it, that's what I'm most interested in. I prefer instrumental music usually for listening, because words bug me, unless they're really great.)

I love the sound of words. I love stringing words together. I like short words especially. I like syllabification. That's where a lot of my original, **TEENAGE JESUS** for instance, I mean the diction, the syllabification, the music was based upon that. Yeah, I'm a snob in that sense. I mean words. Don't give me lyric sheets, man, I'd rather not know if the lyrics are going to be stoopid and bad.

But if someone sends me something like the **NO TREND!** The words



were so great. They expressed exactly how I also feel. 'Not two seconds to non-existence, so what the fuck do you want?' Look, y'know, that's great. So I went and did it. Yeah, it was fun. **Fun.** I sang with **NO TREND** once. That was fun. I had one fun experience singing live onstage, it was with **NO TREND.** I dunno what that means. I probably won't do it again. That was enough fun for one girl. Yeah, we'll see, I don't know about this **NO TREND** shit, man. Hee hee hee. No one knows about them here, they still won't after the record comes out. **Who cares?**

I wanna work with everybody! Nah, I don't wanna work with anybody. I've worked with all the greats, let's face it. At this point any musical collaborations I do are either incidental or accidental and that's not what really interests me. It's a very small thing to me, doing music, very small, which is not to say I don't wanna do it with other people, but I can't think of anyone I wanna do more with except for maybe the Shock Headed Peters? Who else is there? The Butthole Surfers? They're pretty cool. Teenage bands. I dunno, I'm not a teenager y'know, maybe I should be thinking more along the lines of classical musicians. ●

LYDIA LUNCH

● Sam '69

Cervical cancer is not the most palatable pop topic but then **Son of Sam** aren't exactly a digestible group.

Their first release is wrapped in messages that range from the Crassisms of *'No War, No Followers'* to facts about smear tests. What's going on?

"Irony; killing the sacred cow. A lot of people view pop music as being a sacred cow and all we're doing is treating it with a lot of disrespect. At the same time that's not saying that we hate it, but we're pretty annoyed about it being taken so seriously."

Vocalist **Chris Bishop** is the **SOS mouthpiece**, backed by **Razor Robbie** (keyboards) and **Rob Stokes** (bass guitarist); second vocalist **Sam**, conspicuous only by her absence.

Is there a message?

Chris: "I think people should arrive at a message by their own resolution of what they find."

But the record sleeve is covered in blatant statements.

"Yeah, but then that's just information about the real world. Pop music presents the world to you as solely concerned with preconceived notions of what relationships are, and then there's the back-slapping radical end of the market telling you what a nasty place the world is. What we're doing is presenting information in a more rounded fashion."

The sleeve does not particularly relate to the contents of their 12" EP which brings to mind *The Pop Group*, *Test Department* and even *Heaven 17*. Chris points out that this record is more representative of Son of Sam as they were twelve months ago than at present, but promises to make up for any inadequacies with the next single: a cover version of The Gap Band's *'Burn Rubber On Me'*.

What are Son of Sam aiming for?

Chris: "The music industry will die!... I think all we're aiming for is a general improvement in the intelligence of consumers."

Do you think that people will be receptive to such improvements?

"I certainly think that people must

be getting a bit bored with a total digestion of trivia. I mean the most exciting time for me — this sounds like a hoary old cliché — was about seven years ago; and the idea of the music industry as a sacred cow was very important at that time."

But music has returned to a pre-punk state.

"Yeah, but it's the nature of the beast; it'll swallow you up when it learns how to control you. Most of those people who were any good were swallowed up by the industry — offered the big fat cheque and walked straight into it."

Why should Son of Sam succeed where others have failed?

"I don't ever foresee us being as notorious or as commercially successful as The Sex Pistols, though we could get very near to it. But I think that basically there's no opposition culturally. I mean there's nobody making chart records that have anything to say other than boy meets girl and the usual set of clichés. Mechanically speaking people can put up a lot of barriers."

Where will it end?

"I don't see us actually ending up making records at all. I see it as being an avenue to a large amount of resources. Television might interest me a lot more than music: the two things together."

Son of Sam are currently working on their own film which illustrates *the inherent corruption of the police force* and runs something like *Alfred Hitchcock meets The Sweeney*.

Razor Robbie: "We don't expect to be in the music business for evermore, just 'till we get fed up with it. I might decide to start a video company."

When you get the finance?

"Yeah well that's why we're doing this to get to the point where we can decide what we actually want to do."

There's only one thing worse than sheep and that's sheep who think they are goats. ●

WORDS GRANUAILE



RUN OUT



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

Tone?"

"Yeah," grunts 'Tone', his virility having already been aired in a certain teen-mag. One journalist has commented 'The wind-up of the crowd, he could have invented it.'

— A perceptive observation?

"I take it as a compliment."

Really... it implies that you despise your audience.

"You're joking," snaps Paul. "Any band that does that is *finished*. With 'Alone Without You' we worked on 2 levels — the first dimension was a straightforward love song but the second dealt with King and it's audience, without whom we'd be alone. 'Wind-up' is a theatrical term for exciting the audience — we show-biz people, y'know."

But of course...

(A packed theatre after a spiffing performance. Olivier takes the stage for his seventeenth encore.)

"Bravo, Larry," cheer the crowd with devil-may-care recklessness. "You really wound us up tonight!"

Experienced thespian, Paul King, once said:

"Apart from King I've got little else. This is my one chance to do something with myself and I'll do it as hard as I can."

This smattering of gutsy ambition probably accounts for King's initial saturation of gimmicks — the most successful of which are currently dandified in patent leather.

In retrospect was the boots gimmick so swell an idea?

"It wasn't a gimmick! We became aware that the media liked it's labels, it's tools," he halts, glaring at me censoriously. "By nature you're very lazy people."

Just an elaborate stance that did no good whatsoever?

"I disagree. Nowadays people link Dr Marten boots with King and not with mindless violence — a statement towards what we stood for at the time."

(Nurse, nurse! He's slipped in the toilet again!... Ed.)

It was an Anti-NF stance?

"Yes... an anti racialist thing."

Have you actually played any benefit gigs?

"King haven't. No."

So what are your politics?

"King politics."

You have love, integrity, pride and respect... I'd have thought you'd have opinions too.

"We do... people-politics, humanitarian, not left or right."

I elap and Paul laughs, not at all embarrassed by his cop-out. (Once a police-cadet, always a police-cadet!) A man unabashed, using every dirty trick in the syllabus to divert attention away from the overwhelming sterility of his message. Right in the middle of a particularly gripping equivocation, it backfires — Paul flounders, unable to recall the original

question:

"Errm... What were we talking about?"

I'd actually forgotten but, remembering, 'Tone' bullies him into consciousness. He waves his legs in the air and gazes wistfully at the door — no help whatsoever.

"I was going to give you a really good quote there," confides Paul, smacking his lips unpleasantly. "Finish you off... flatten you on the floor."

Having bitten the lino several times already, I willingly concede that he's good at those. He also gives the same interview everytime, rattling off bunkum like one of those crummy talking dolls with cords dangling from their navals. One yank and he's off — bodypopping down Memory Lane, forcefeeding listeners *The King Story* with missionary zeal.

Why don't you lie to liven things up?

"I do... It flatters a journalist's ego."

Paul is hugging his knees and staring over at me 'reflectively'.

"Whether you like it or not, you're never going to tear us apart. It's positive, it's real and it's honest."

You've just admitted to lying in all your interviews. Paul marvels at my naivete.

"I was lying."

Of course he was, as do most bands — seasoned mythomaniacs the lot of them. It's enough to make anybody 'get religion'.

Where did you learn to backchat so eloquently?

"I believe in it, you might think I'm an asshole but I've got an answer for you everytime."

Jumping in sometimes before the questions are even asked: Did Perry prime you?

"(guarded) Perry is very talented, a multimedia person and our best ally." The managerial involvement of Perry "Flash Harry" Haines has always excited much "We-know-what-you're-up-to" type scepticism. Mostly from his former journalist comrades — sick as bedridden ferrets to see him actually pulling it off. Perry's leading man looks shrewd enough to forsee "muggins" carrying the entire can once King are dumped by the fickle masses, he assures himself of an alibi by painstakingly insinuating that, not only does he get the joke, he masterminded it.

"At the end of the day, we're not selling suits or Dr Marten boots — it's down to the music. I will see King established as a musical force of 1986 and the rest of the decade."

Stop giggling at the back, he's serious and it could well happen. Eerie to witness the public head for the dampest seat on the bus with such swinish senility.

King's T.V. Profile concluded using an apres-gig shot of Paul preening himself on the backseat of a getaway car. It was mowing down frenzied fans, all demanding their money back.

"Let them eat boot," one imagines he purred.

The guillotine looms larger every day. ●

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98



101



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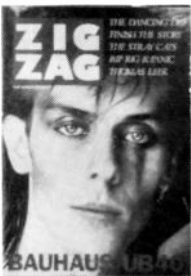
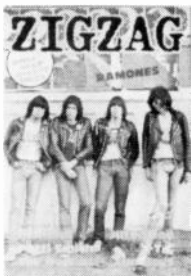
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1 (NEW)



6 (NEW)

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

- Gary Numan Cook and Jones Cravats Flowers (A)
98. Blondie 2-Tone, Barracudas I Roy, Swell Maps, Dark, Joan Jett (A)
99. P Furs, Toyah Ramones, Joe Jackson, Nips, New York Simple Minds, Clash (On the Road) Japan (A)
100. Basement 5 Newtown Neurotics Spizz Killing Joke Only Ones (A)
101. S L F Suicide, Adam and the Ants, Doll by Doll, Magazine, Siouxsie LKJ, Raincoats, Decay (B)
102. Cramps U2 X Mikey Dread Suicide Jah Wobble Eddie Cochran Ray Gange UK Subs The Fall Doll by Doll, Richard Strange, Pete Townshend Tea Set, Revillos (A)
103. 8 Eyed Spy, Tenpole, Discharge, Boys, Carpettes Vic Godard Small Labels Catalogue Girlschool (B)
104. Marley Toyah Buzzcocks Altered Images Cristina Martian Dance (B)
105. Skids, Go-Gos, Gabriel Passions Human League, Wasted Youth, Motorhead, B-52's (B)
106. Bauhaus Honey Bane, Orange Juice P Furs Steward Copeland Nightingales Mary Thau (B)
107. Keith Richards This Heat, Sound Ramones Gang of Four Dead Kennedys, TV Explorers, YMG (B)
108. Motorhead Toyah Tenpole, Theatre of Hate Echo & Bunnymen Thunders (B)
109. Au Pairs Damned Photos Ultravox Monochrome Set Motels Chelsea Lurkers Strat Cats Thompson Twins (B)
110. Cramps G Glitter, Pearl Harbour, Joanna Lumley Pauline Murray Riff Raff (Billy Bragg) Cravats Jilted John Comsat Angels (B)
111. Girlschool Undertones Nico Barracudas Gen X (B)
112. Dids, APF Pil, Sutcl Fleshtones Stranglers, Martian Dance, Lynn Seymour (B)
113. Paul Simonon Siouxsie Private Eye, Scars Classix Foley UK Decay Wanderers Dr Mix, Japan (B)
114. Duran Duran Altered Images John Cale Photos Quentin Crisp, Fad Gadget, Modern English DAF Dark (B)
115. Beat Cramps L Kittens Tenpole Linn D M S Toyah Tosh LKJ rollers (B)
116. K Joke Coat Mundi Iggy Black Uhuru Dollar Pretenders Small Labels Catalogue TV Smith Czukay (B)
117. Bolan Debbie Harry, Zantees J Aire Siouxsie, Hammill Sparkie Wobble GAOB (B)
118. M Faithful Simple Minds Hunter Johansen Charge Subtles Theatre of Hate Bow Wow Wow (B)
119. Clash, Kid Creole Medium Medium Action Pact, Slits Cramps BB King, Brian James (B)
120. Japan Chic Link Sex Gang (Panic Button) Cabaret Voltaire Cravats Carlene Carter Ramones Dislocation Dance (A)
121. Bauhaus Dids Stray Cats Finish The Story Thomas Leer Rip Rig Lydia Lunch G Glitter (B)
123. The Fall Weller Fashion Bucks Fizz Membranes Panther Burns Dave Greenfield (B)
124. Mick Karn Danse Society Weller Gina X James Chance (A)
125. Birthday Party Waitresses, Flock of Seagulls GBH, Junior, Theatre of Hate (B)
126. Joan Jett Chance Altered Images Defunkt Clock CVA Vice Squad Southern Death Cult (B)
128. Virgin Prunes Blondie Belle Stars Gene Loves Jezebel (B)
129. Marc Almond, Haysi UK Decay, Blood & Roses Hagen, gang of four (B)
133. Yearbook The Who A-Z Guitarists (B)

NEW ZIGZAGS

1. Sex Gang, X-mal, Sisters of Mercy, Coc-teaus, Peel, Alien Sex Fiend, Bod, Death Cult (A)
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, (B)
3. Marc Almond, The Alarm, The Cure, Sun Ra, Flesh for Lulu, Ausgang, Under Two Flags, Alan Vega, Milkshakes, Ministry, Crazy House, Danielle Dax (B)
4. Eurythmics, Foxtan, Danse Society, Specimen, Tracie, Spear of Destiny, (B)
5. Toyah, Redskins, Smiths, John McGeoch, SPK, Waterboys, 2,000 Mexicans, In Embrace (B)
6. Style Council, The Tube, Poison Girls, Dave Ball, Alien Sex Fiend, The Glove, Test Department, VIZ (A)
7. Clash, General Public, Ligotage, Killing Joke, Dead Or Alive, John Cale, Iconoclasts, Zero Le Creche (B)
8. Getting The Fear, Madness, Captain Sensible, Hanoi Rocks, DMS, Dead Can Dance, Jordan, Propaganda (B)
9. Banshees, Spear of Destiny, Tones On Tail, Specimen, New Mode Army, Furyo, New Order (A)
10. Cramps, REM, Swans Way, Laurie Anderson, X Thor, The Sound (C)
11. Coc-teaus, Smiths, Black Flag, Green, Felt, Brilliant, Look Mummy Clowns (A)
12. X-Mal, Rubella Ballet, Bronski Beat, Roddy Frame, Kane Gang, Lloyd Cole, Frank Sinatra, Gun Club, Flying Lizards (C)
13. WAH!, Sex Pistols, Mark Perry, Death In June, Jonathan Richman, Rodelius, Kathy Acker (C)
14. Psychic TV, Stranglers, Billy Bragg, Marc Almond, Kim Wilde, Dali's Car, Joe Orton Foetus (C)
15. Alison Moyet, Afrika Bambaata, Jalal, Barracudas, Feargal Sharkey, Sid Presley, Experience, Kill Ugly Pop, Orange Juice, Pauline Murray, Mercenary Skank, GLJ, Alarm (C)
16. Nick Cave, Scientists, Joan Jett, Redskins, Membranes, Derek Bramble Indians in Moscow, The Cult, Fela Kuti, A.A.T.T., Big Sound Authority, Serious Drinking, Rent Boys, Red Guitars, Monochrome Set, XTC (A)
17. Lenny Henry, Cabaret Voltaire, John Cummins, June Brides, Jesus & Mary Chain, Decoder, Grandmaster Flash, Inca Babies, Flowerpot Men, Gary Numan, 3 Johns, Flesh for Lulu (C)
18. Robert Smith, Ramones, Very Things, Danielle Dax, Killing Joke, Bert Hardy, David Harrow, Nomads, Holy Toy Jeffrey Lee Pierce (B)
19. Strawberry Switchblade, Robert Smith, Lloyd Cole, David Johansen, The Pogues, Robert Quine, The Folk Devils, Celluloid, In Embrace, Max Splodge, Jimmy Greaves (C)
20. David Jensen, Flowers in the Dustbin, Sonic Youth, Zerra One, Blow Monkeys, Morrissey, The Woodentops, James, Christina Dodwell, Diamanda Galas, Bridgandage, Run DMC (C)
21. Jesse Rae, The Jesus & Mary Chain, TV AM, New Order, Working Week, ZTT — A.O.N Pigalle, Propaganda, Prison, New Model Army, Alex Cox (C)
22. Kirk Brandon, David Cassidy, Membranes, Last Poets, Rubber, Severed Heads, Jazz Butcher, Douglas Adams (C)

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