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JANUARY 26, 1991 60p

SOUNDS

HIPPY CHICKS
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SEX, STYLE AND SUBVERSION FROM MANIC STREET PREACHERS

GENERATION TERRORISTS

RETRO SPECIAL

THIN LIZZY

Man,
they
were
cool,
they
were
red
hot...



CARTER (USM)



Can they survive a blessing
from Jonathan King?

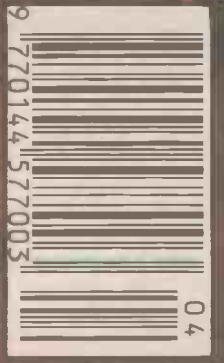


BIRDLAND

Time
to stop
the
bottle
fights

LIVE
The Cure
Happy
Mondays
Ride
The Farm
NMA

MANIC STREET PREACHERS PHOTO BY STEVE DOUBLE. BIRDLAND PHOTO BY ALASTAIR INDGE. CARTER (USM) PHOTO BY MARTYN STRICKLAND



FIRST REPORTS

Creation sign The Lilac Time

● But no word yet on the Fannies...



THE LILAC TIME: let their hearts rule their heads

THE LILAC TIME, Stephen Duffy's band, have signed to Creation Records after Phonogram, for whom they've been recording for some years without chart success, dropped them from their roster. Creation boss Alan McGee has been managing the band for some time and it was always on the cards that they would move to Creation eventually. Duffy has resolutely refused to play to the rules since his experiences

as pop star Stephen 'Tin Tin' Duffy, and of late the band have played many free gigs instead of conventional tours.

The Lilac Time are currently working on a new LP, called 'Astronauts', which should be released in April. Their last for Phonogram was 'And Love For All'. They're off soon to the US for some dates there and will play a British tour to coincide with the LP's release.

● BOTH CREATION and Fire Records have denied rumours that Teenage Fanclub are about to sign with McGee's label. The Fannies' debut album, 'A Catholic Education' and recent single, 'God Knows It's True', have both come out on Fire subsidiary Paperhouse.

However, *Sounds* understands that Creation and the band have been in negotiations. They have recorded their second album which is due for release, once a label has been decided, in the spring.



NORMAN OF the Fannies: keeping shtum

NELSON, the twin sons of Ricky Nelson, release a new Geffen single on January 21. It's called 'After The Rain', the title track of their debut LP, already a hit for the duo in the US.



BLUR DISPLAY a few of their favourite things Steve Double

Blur: doing it the right way

BLUR will release their second single through Food Records on March 18, the follow up to the acclaimed 'She's So High'.

It's called 'There's No Other Way'. Surprisingly, there are no plans for an LP. A spokesman for the band said: "We know we're going to be huge anyway, so why hurry?" Hmm.

■ GENIUS FREAK, who are about to tour with Carter USM and The Senseless Things, release their debut single, 'Whose Body Is It Anyway?', on Damaged Goods Records. They also play a gig at London Kentish Town Bull And Gate on January 27.

■ CONSOLIDATED, a San Francisco-based unit who are described as "a white Marxist Public Enemy" release their debut album 'The Myth Of Rock' on Nettwerk Records this week.

■ PAUL SIMON has added two more dates to his UK tour. The dates are at London Wembley Arena on May 8 and Manchester G-Mex 11.

■ FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM play a series of French dates this month and into February. Watch out for *Sounds'* European gig guide starting in two issues' time.

■ KING'S X release a new single next week called 'It's Love', taken from their acclaimed album 'Faith, Hope, Love' on East West Records.

■ CHAPTERHOUSE will support Swervedriver at London Camden Underworld on January 25.

■ JOHN WESLEY HARDING, the singer-songwriter currently being hailed as the new Bob Dylan, plays a dozen UK dates next month starting at Aberdeen Caesar's Palace on February 22 then Edinburgh Oysters 23, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 24, Leeds Duchess Of York 25, Coventry Polytechnic 27, Birmingham Breedon Bar 28, Manchester Chorlton Irish Centre March 1, London Harlesden Mean Fiddler 2, Bath University 4, Hastings Crypt 6, London Woolwich Tramshed 7 and Brentford Watermans Arts Centre 8.

■ WHERE'S THE BEACH, who are a Liverpool band acclaimed for their debut single 'Suakin' on Mantra Records, play a date at Liverpool St Kath's College on February 2.

■ MY BLOODY VALENTINE, have had the release date of their new Creation EP, 'Tremlo', postponed until February 4.

■ CARMEL plays four dates at London Frith Street Ronnie Scott's. They are every Sunday from February 10 until March 3. A new single called 'And I Take It For Granted', produced by Brian Eno, will be released on February 11 by London Records.

■ SAXON release their seventh album on Virgin International, called 'Solid Ball Of Rock', on January 21. The band line-up has changed slightly with Nibbs Carter replacing Steve Dawson.

■ THE BAND OF HOLY JOY play a one-off London date at London Charing Cross Road Marquee on January 28.

THE FATIMA MANSIONS (singular) tour announced last week has been postponed. It now seems likely that the dates will begin around February 27. Meanwhile the full-blown band have a new four track

12-inch EP called 'Hive' released by Kitchenware Records on February 4. They are brand new songs, allegedly their toughest material to date. The titles are 'Hive', 'Chemical Cosh', 'Stigmata' and 'The Holy Muggers'.



TONY N' Andy: mysterious plans

Steve Double

SPRING GIGS FOR SISTERS?

THE SISTERS OF MERCY will follow up their successful December dates with big UK shows later this spring, *Sounds* understands – and apparently the venues will be something a little more out of the ordinary than Wembley Arena, where they last played. No further details are available as yet. Meanwhile, a new Sisters single will be released in March – possibly a remixed track from their 'Vision Thing' album. Bassist Tony James told *Sounds* last week that he favoured 'I Was Wrong', the last track on the album – but nothing could be confirmed.

MONDAYS IN PENTHOUSE: ALL IS REVEALED



BEZ (right): nice legs, etc

HAPPY MONDAYS' Bez and Shaun appear in the well known stroke mag *Penthouse* this month, in the much-trumpeted spread (it covers five pages) featuring our heroes posing in the buff with three 'Penthouse Pets'.

The results are as pictured above. But we have cropped out the girls because we hate crap wank-fodder and think the magazine is a load of old shite. Still, a nice pic of the lads, eh?

Said Shaun: "It's the best bit of press I've ever

done! Bez came along for moral support and I was sorry when it was all over – I could have stayed there all night, but who wouldn't?"

Several bands we spoke to, however, expressed a preference for being interviewed by John Robb over tepid lager and soggy crisps.

● HAPPY MONDAYS have been added to the Rock In Rio Two festival in Brazil, joining a line-up that includes such diverse acts as Sepultura, Debbie Gibson and Prince.

FIRST REPORTS

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BOMB THE BASS BACK IN ACTION

BOMB THE BASS, aka DJ Tim Simenon, release a new single, 'Love So True', on Rhythm King this week. Their last release was in 1989 with the reworking of 'Say A Little Prayer' from the 'Into The Dragon' LP. Simenon is credited with spearheading a dancefloor revolution with his single 'Beat Dis', which pioneered UK acid house. His subsequent hits were 'Don't Make Me Wait' and 'Megablast'. In the intervening time, Tim Simenon has built his own studio in West London and has produced Prince and his protégée Cat. The line-up of Bomb The Bass includes Doug Wimbush of Tackhead fame, Gota of Soul II Soul and Kenji on guitar. Vocals on the single are from guest singer Loretta. The other tracks on the 12-inch are 'You See Me In 3D' and 'Understand This'. There will be a new Bomb The Bass LP called 'Unknown Territory' released in the spring.

BULLET LAVOLTA have a new 7-inch only single called 'Every Hungry Rabbit' released by Glitterhouse records this week. The B-side is a version of the Dead Boys' 'Sonic Reducer'.

TOMAS is the latest signing to hip Sheffield dance label Warp records. His 'Mindsongs EP' is released on February 11 on 12-inch only. Warp describe the record as slightly less aggressive than previous releases. The three tracks on the EP are 'Sounds For The Underground', 'African Dream' and 'Architecture'.

D-SHAKE the Dutch techno duo who had a hit with 'Yaaaaaaah' and 'Techno Trance' last year release the follow-up this week. It's out on Cooltempo and is called 'My Heart The Beat' and is a four-track EP, the others being 'My Heart The Beat', 'Dance The Night Away' and 'Trance Tracking'.

SWEETIE IRIE releases the follow-up to 'Magga Man' on Mango records on February 4. It's called 'She Want It All Night Long'. Sweetie has a new LP called 'DJ Of The Future' released in March.

ICE CUBE will visit the UK for a one-off date at London Brixton Academy on April 6. A new EP from the gangsta rapper called 'Kill At Will' will be out on Fourth & Broadway to coincide.

GULF WAR FEARS CAUSE ARTISTS TO PULL DATES

Terrorist attacks, fuel prices and insurance premiums make tours 'unattractive'

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST, currently riding high in the charts with 'Can I Kick It?' are among the first US acts to cancel their planned European visits because of the Gulf War and fears of terrorist attacks on aircraft.

At the time of going to press, there were also doubts that Whitney Houston would visit the UK, although most other record companies had no word about any other cancellations.

A Tribe Called Quest were due to visit the UK this week to record a *Top Of The Pops* appearance as well as doing press and TV interviews.

If the Gulf War turns out to be a protracted conflict and, as has been warned, terrorist attacks

against American and Western civil airlines take place, there could be fewer and fewer visiting US artists in Europe.

One record company admitted that if people from the US, not just artists, were afraid to fly, there would be significantly fewer visits from US stars. As security measures tighten, insurance premiums on aircraft are raised and fuel prices increase, this will make air travel more expensive. This could make visiting Europe financially unattractive even for those prepared to risk travel.

According to newspaper reports last weekend, there was a significant drop in the number of Americans flying to Europe.



A TRIBE Called Quest miss TOTP



WHITNEY: SHOWS in doubt

BILLY BRAGG GAGGED?

Anti-war statement cut from 'live' broadcast

A FIVE-minute speech in which Billy Bragg criticised the war in the Gulf was cut from the radio broadcast of The Great British Music Weekend last Saturday.

During his set Bragg made a statement urging people to support the peace movement. According to sources, he had been told by organiser Jonathan King that providing he played 'Levi Stubb's Tears' he could say anything he wanted.

Bragg's management told us that Billy was aware that under the BBC's war-time broadcasting guidelines the statement would be cut.

"They were totally fair and upfront with us about it," they said. "Billy knew that it would be cut and understood the situation."

At the end of his set, Bragg again urged people to "Say no to war", which was left in the broadcast.



BRAGG: an open mouth policy

THE BLUE ORCHIDS, recently reformed after Martin Bramah's departure from The Fall, have been joined by former Smiths, Aztec Camera and Easterhouse guitarist Craig Gannon. The band are working on a single, 'Diamond Age' backed with 'Moth', due out in March. There'll be an LP to follow. They play Leeds Duchess Of York January 24 and London Islington Powerhaus February 1.

THE MEAT MEN release two new albums on Touch And Go records this week. The titles are as tasteful as ever - 'Crippled Children Suck' and 'Stud Powercock: The Touch And Go Years', which is a CD only compilation of material from their previous albums. Also on the Chicago label is the new album from The Jesus Lizard called 'Goat', produced by Steve Albini.

GLASTONBURY

FESTIVAL IN '92

THERE WILL be a Glastonbury Festival in 1992 according to organiser Michael Eavis.

This is contrary to reports that there would be no more Glastonbury festivals after last year's trouble with the travellers or 'peace convoy'.

"We've decided to take a year off," Eavis told *Sounds*. "But we will be back next year. We think that by taking a two-year break, the hippy convoy will be able to find a site for their free festival. There's a better chance of that happening if we're not around."

Eavis suggested that he wanted a more controlled entry to the site, perhaps instituting a park and ride scheme so that only ticket holders would have access.

"We want to come back with a new burst of energy," he told us. "When we took a year off in 1988, it was much better the following year."

Eavis has not yet decided on a date for the 1992 festival, whether it will fall on the solstice or on another bank holiday weekend.

BRIDEWELLS' SINGER 'LUCKY TO BE ALIVE'

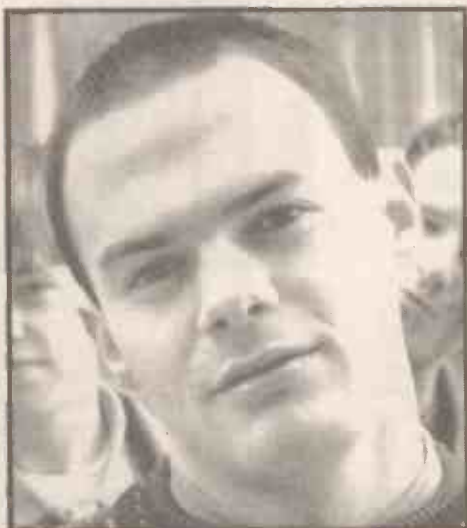
BRIDEWELL TAXIS' singer Mick Roberts is seriously ill this week after being attacked in a Leeds pub.

Roberts was taken to St James' Hospital following an incident during which he was attacked with a broken glass resulting in a severed jugular vein and a cut tendon in the wrist.

He was badly scarred and lost a lot of blood and was described by his manager as lucky to be alive. He has had a plastic vein inserted and will require cosmetic surgery.

According to witnesses, Roberts was trying to defuse a situation with a group of men in the bar who had been drinking all day.

At the time of going to press there had been no arrest made.



MICK: ATTACKED with a broken glass

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THE JONESES

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FIRST REPORTS

SWEET JESUS

'Doubt' LP is definitely released



JESUS JONES in a relaxed pose

JESUS JONES release their new LP, 'Doubt', through Food Records on January 28.

The LP was produced by main Jones man Mike Edwards except for 'Right Here, Right Now' which was by Martyn Phillips and 'I'm Burning' produced by Food supremo Andy Ross.

The tracks on the LP are 'Who? Where? Why?', 'Trust Me', 'International Bright Young Thing',

'I'm Burning', 'Right Here, Right Now', 'Nothing To Hold Me', 'Real Real Real', 'Welcome Back Victoria', 'Two And Two', 'Stripped' and 'Blissed'.

The Jesus Jones tour kicks off in Belfast on February 8 - see our On The Road section (pages 30-33) for details. And there's a review of 'Doubt' on page 38.

FREE, the legendary '70s blues rockers are the subject of a retrospective album released by Island on February 18 called 'All Right Now'. This is due to renewed

interest following the use of the title track in the Wrigley's gum advert on TV. Among the tracks are 'Wishing Well', 'All Right Now', 'Stealer', 'My Brother Jake', 'Be My Friend', 'Fire And Water' and 'Travellin' Man'.

MILK follow the success of their one-off gig at Camden with more dates at London ULU (with Silverfish) on January 18 then Wendover Reaction 19, Stoke On Trent Wheatshaf 21, Norwich Waterfront February 1, Oxford Venue 2, London Subterania (with The Atom Seed) 4. Their current 12-inch, 'The Birthquake', is out on Eve Recordings.

THE MEKONS will release a new Blast First 7-inch single called 'Makes No Difference', backed with 'Having A Party', on January 21. To coincide with its release they are doing a set of dates: Nottingham Venus Club January 23, Bristol Fleece & Firkin 24, London Charing Cross Road Marquee 25, Birmingham Barrel Organ 27, Bradford One In Twelve 28, Leicester Princess Charlotte 29, Windsor Psykik Dance Hall February 1.

EASY release a 7-inch which couples a remix of 'He Brings The Honey', from their 'Magic Seed' LP, with a previously unreleased track called 'No 25'. They play three UK dates at Cambridge Junction January 30, London New Cross Venue February 1 and London Charing Cross Road Marquee (with Kitchens Of Distinction) 6.

THE JEREMY DAYS perform a one-off show at London Charing Cross Road Marquee on February 7, to coincide with their new single, 'Sylvia Suddenly', out on February 4.

HOLY TRINITY play a one-off gig at the Birmingham Barrel Organ on February 10.

ROSE WINDROSS, who was the original voice of Soul II Soul on their classic 'Fairplay', will play London Brixton Fridge on January 26. Her debut solo single, 'Living Life Your Own Way' will be released on Raw Bass Records next month.

FLUKE release their debut six-track mini-LP on Creation Records on January 28, entitled 'The Techno Rose Of Blighty'. The band's 'Thumper' and 'Joni' white labels have been club hits for some time as was their first commercial release 'Philly', all included on the album. The other tracks are 'Glorious', 'Easy Peasy' and 'Phin'.

OUTBACK, featuring didgeridoo playing physicist Graham Wiggins, whose LP, 'Baka', has just been released on Hannibal Records, play dates at Kingston On Thames Polytechnic January 23 then Halifax White Swan 26, Stoke On Trent Freetown Club 27 and London Shoreditch Bass Clef February 21.

THE BECKETTS release a new single called 'Me And Robert Forster' (who, in case you didn't know, was the frontman of cult Oz band The Go-Betweens) on Bad Girl Records in early February. The band also play a one-off at London Highbury Corner T&C2 on January 24.

MORE FIENDS, Philadelphia scumcore merchants, release their follow-up to 'Yo Asphalt Head' on Semaphore Records. It's called 'Toad Lick' and is described as being a combination of Motorhead's 'Ace Of Spades' and 'Yellow Submarine'! (Are you taking the piss? - Ed)

LANGFIELD CRANE play Stoke Freetown on January 30 then Wakefield Posthaste February 1, Cardiff Clwbifor Bach 3, Wendover Reaction 9, Telford Cultural Centre March 1.

JOHNNY PANIC, who are the dancefloor alter ego of Tears For Fears, have a single called 'Johnny Panic And The Bible Of Dreams' released by Fontana this week. The tracks have been remixed by Fluke and all formats include two mixes of the single.



DAVE LEE makes a point

Dave Lee adds more

DAVE LEE ROTH, currently riding high in the charts with his single 'A Li'l Ain't Enough', has announced three more dates on his forthcoming UK tour.

The dates are at Manchester G-Mex on March 2, Birmingham NEC 5 and Peterborough Mallard Centre 6.

And Roth's band for the tour has been announced - they're Gregg Bissonette on drums, Desi Rexx on rhythm guitar, Joey Holmes on lead guitar, Todd Jensen on bass and Brett Tuggle on keyboards. Tickets for these dates are £12 and £11 for Manchester and Peterborough, and £13 for Birmingham. They're available from the box offices and usual agents.

PATSY CLINE's compilation, 'Sweet Dreams', has been re-released by MCA following the Top 40 success of 'Crazy'. The tracks are 'San Antonio Rose', 'Seven Lonely Days', 'Your Cheatin' Heart', 'Love-sick Blues', 'Walkin' After Midnight', 'Foolin' Around', 'Half As Much', 'I Fall To Pieces', 'Crazy', 'Blue Moon Of Kentucky', 'She's Got You' and 'Sweet Dreams'.

THE MANIC STREET PREACHERS' tour dates, which were announced last week, have slightly altered. The gig on January 23 scheduled for Reading Gatsbys is now at Reading Trade Union Club. Sheffield University on February 2 will now be at Sheffield Leadmill and the gig originally planned for the Brighton Basement on February 14 will now be at The Richmond.

The East unleashed



THE VILLAGERS

EAST VILLAGE, whose chequered career has recently had a new lease of life, release a single on the Heavenly label this week, entitled 'Circles'. The B-side is 'Here It Comes', with a remix of 'Circles' on the CD and 12-inch.

JULEE CRUISE releases a new single taken from her LP 'Floating Into The Night' on January 28. 'Rockin' Back Inside My Heart' is the song Julee performs in the forthcoming episode of *Twin Peaks* which reveals Laura Palmer's killer. 12-inch and CD versions contain a

'Tibetan Mix' of the A-side plus 'Mysteries Of Love', which Julee sang in David Lynch's 1985 film *Blue Velvet*. Julee will play a date at London Palladium on February 17 and has just released a video called *Industrial Symphony Number 1*, directed by David Lynch.

DREAM ON...

New single and first ever UK dates for the Academy



DREAM ACADEMY: totally wired or what??

DREAM ACADEMY release a new single called 'Love' on WEA this week. They also play their first ever UK tour next month.

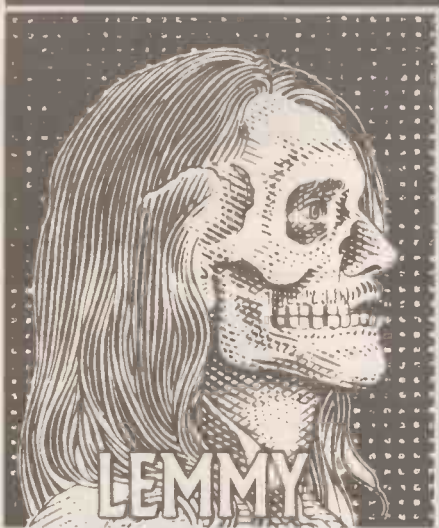
The band, who are best known for 'Life In A Northern Town', have been working with Dave Gilmour and Poly Styrene, who used to be in the classic punk outfit X-Ray Spex (and not XTC as the WEA press office would have us believe!), on

a new LP to be released next month.

The tour kicks off at Egham Royal Holloway College February 7, going on to Leicester Polytechnic 7, Cardiff University 9, Nottingham Trent Polytechnic 11, Sheffield University 13 and Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 14.

A London date for the band will be announced in the near future.

motörhead



includes the single 'THE ONE TO SING THE BLUES'

“This Album is Ozone Hostile”

Out now on Compact Disc, Cassette, LP 467481 2 4 1

DON'T MISS MOTORHEAD ON TOUR IN FEBRUARY 1991

Sunday 3rd - Newport Centre . Monday 4th - Guildford Civic Hall
 Tuesday 5th - Leicester de Montfort Hall . Thursday 7th - Liverpool Royal Court
 Friday 8th - Newcastle City Hall . Saturday 9th - Glasgow Borrowlands
 Sunday 10th - Birmingham Aston Villa Leisure Centre . Tuesday 12th - Manchester Apollo
 Wednesday 13th - Hull City Hall . Friday 15th - Sheffield City Hall
 Saturday 16th - Bradford St. Georges Hall . Monday 18th - Portsmouth Guildhall
 Tuesday 19th - London Hammersmith Odeon . Wednesday 20th - London Hammersmith Odeon

THE FIRST GREAT EVENT OF 1991 IS HERE!

FIRST REPORTS

■ **BOB DYLAN** has added an extra date to his UK tour on February 17 at London Hammersmith Odeon due to excessive ticket demands.

■ **WENDY AND LISA** release a new single called 'Don't Try To Tell Me', from their recent Virgin album 'Eroica', on January 28.

■ **THE RAILWAY CHILDREN** re-release their single 'Every Beat Of The Heart' on January 21. It missed UK success last year but reached number one on the American *Billboard* rock charts.

■ **ROCKY V** will be hitting our screens on January 25. To coincide, a compilation of the best songs from the *Rocky* soundtracks called 'The Rocky Story' has been put together. The album contains three top five hits, 'Eye Of The Tiger' and 'Burning Heart' both by Survivor and 'Living In America' by James Brown.

■ **LITTLE ANGELS**, following the release of their second album 'Spitfire', will play University Of East Anglia March 6, Bradford St Georges Hall 7, Manchester International 2, Glasgow Barrowlands 9, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 11, London Town And Country Club 13, Cardiff St Davids Hall 15 and Cambridge Corn Exchange 16.

■ **SUNSONIC** release a new single called 'Driveway' on January 21, taken from their forthcoming debut LP 'Melting Down On Motor Angel'.

■ **RADICAL DANCE FACTION** release a new 12-inch single called 'Landing Party' on Earth Zone Records this week. The band's new LP 'Wasteland' will be released in the spring.

■ **THE DIDJITS** who hail from Champaign Illinois, release a new 7-inch only single called 'Headless' on Touch & Go Records. The band, whose 'Hornet Pinta' album was released last year, came over to the UK to support Fugazi on one date only. They have finished working on a new album which will be released in April followed by a tour.

MARTIN STEPHENSON DATES

MARTIN STEPHENSON begins his solo UK tour on Valentine's day. The dates are Liverpool Blue Coat Arts Centre February 14 and 15, Birmingham Red Lion Folk Club 16, Nottingham Polytechnic 17, Workington Carnegie Hall 18, Coventry Tic Toc 19, Northampton Irish Centre 20, Stafford Gatehouse 21, Newcastle Tyne Theatre 22, Milton Keynes Woughton Centre 23, Hull Middleton Theatre 24, Middlesbrough Crypt 25, Sheffield Leadmill 26, Norwich Waterfront 27, Cwmtawe Leisure Centre 28, Cambridge Junction March 1, Chipping Norton Theatre 2, Burnley Mechanics 3, Leicester Phoenix Arts 4, Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall 5 and 6, York Arts Centre 7, Brighton Sallis Benney Theatre 8, Salisbury Arts Centre 9, Hitchin Folk Club 10, Workshop Regal Arts Centre 11, Swindon Link Theatre 12, London Harlesden Mean Fiddler 13, Uxbridge Nave 14, Dublin Olympia 16, Drogheda Walkers Hotel 17, Cork Delacy's 18, Edinburgh George Square Theatre 20, Glasgow Moir Hall 21, Aberdeen Cowdrie Hall 22, Dundee Bonar Hall 23 and Findhorn Foundation Universal Hall 24.

NEW COPE SINGLE

And Julian plans double LP and tour



JULIAN COPE after having a pee against an unsuspecting alien

JULIAN COPE releases a new single, his first for two years, on January 28 through Island Records.

It's entitled 'Beautiful Love' and is backed with the shanty-like 'Port Of Saints', on which Cope is joined by former managers Bill Drummond, now of The KLF, and Dave Balfe.

There are two extra tracks on the CD and 12-inch versions which are 'Love (LUV)' and 'Unisex Cathedral' which is taken from last year's semi-official bootleg 'Droolian'. There is also an extended version of 'Beautiful Love'.

Cope has finished work on a new double album which is due for release in the spring. He is also rehearsing with a four-piece band to play dates to coincide with the album's release.

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 ■ **CHUNK**, who support Birdland on their forthcoming tour, will play a one-off at the London Camden Falcon on January 25.



THE WENDYS, an Edinburgh-based band, are Factory Records' latest signings.

They are the first band since Northside to actually sign a contract with the label and will release their debut single, 'The Sun's Going To Shine For Me Soon', on February 4.

The B-side is 'Everybody', and both tracks were produced by Ian Broudie of Lightning Seeds and Bunnymen fame. He is also producing their debut LP for release in April.

Catch them live at Dundee Bar Chevrolet on February 19 then Edinburgh Venue 20, Greenock Toledo Junction 21, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 22, Brighton Zap 25, London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 27 and Manchester Boardwalk March 1.

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 ■ **CARON WHEELER** of Soul II Soul fame's new single, 'Don't Quit', will be released by RCA Records on January 28, taken from her Top 40 debut album 'UK Blak'.

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 ■ **COLOURSOUND's** debut single 'Talk To Me' featuring Siobhan on vocals will be released on January 28 on de/Construction.

.....
 ■ **EN VOGUE** release their new single called 'Don't Go' taken from their debut album 'Born To Sing' on January 28 through Atlantic/East West Records to coincide with their long-awaited one-off UK appearance at the Hammersmith Odeon on January 29.

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 ■ **CITIZEN FISH** play their last three gigs before departing to tour Europe and the US, at Gloucester Wheelwright Restaurant January 25, Whisbech Queens Hall Community Centre 26, Brighton Event (with The Levellers) February 6.

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 ■ **DELIRIOUS** formed by Neil Arthur from Blancmange play London Charing Cross Road Marquee on January 24 and London Harlesden Mean Fiddler February 15. They will be releasing a single on Rhythm King Records shortly.

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 ■ **VAN MORRISON** released a new Polydor single this week called 'Enlightenment' taken from his gold album of the same name. It is released on 7-inch and CD only. The CD contains his classic 'Jackie Wilson Said'.

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 ■ **IMPETIGO**, the Illinois garage death metal and cheap gore band, release an LP on the Wild Rags label called 'Ultimo Mondo Cannibale'. Nothing this brutal has been released for some time (so it says here).

.....
 ■ **ELLIOTT MURPHY** is set to release his 12th album on New Rose Records called '12"', a double album with 24 songs, on vinyl only.

.....
 ■ **LOLITAS** release a single taken from the album 'Bouche Baise' called 'Le Cadeau/Hot Number' on New Rose Records.

.....
 ■ **THIS PICTURE** release their second single on January 28 called 'Stronger Than Life Itself'. The 7-inch is backed with 'Blacker Than'. They play a handful of dates around its release at Cinderford KGB Club January 27, Coventry The Stoker February 1 and London Covent Garden Rock Garden 6.

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 ■ **THE KLF** release a three-track CD and 12-inch remix of their Top Five single '3 AM Eternal' on their own KLF Communications this week.

MEAN FIDDLER FESTIVALS

THE LONDON-based Mean Fiddler organisation have announced that they will stage a one-day event in London's Finsbury Park on June 1 this year.

There are no confirmed acts as yet, but the event is described as being "similar in feel to the Reading Festival", which the organisation will also stage on the August bank holiday. 30,000 people are expected at the event.

On June 2 they will stage Fleadh 91 at the same venue following last year's successful

DREAM WARRIORS GIGS

● New album and single to coincide



DREAM WARRIORS: my definition of a chillin' rap style

DREAM WARRIORS, the Canuck rappers who had hits with 'Wash Your Face In My Sink' and 'My Definition Of A Boombastic Jazz Style' last year, have announced a string of UK dates which commence next month.

They also release their debut album, 'And Now The Legacy Begins', through Island subsidiary 4th & Broadway on February 4. A new single called 'Ludi' follows on February 18.

The dates kick off at Reading

University on February 19 then Coventry Tic Toc 20, Colchester Essex University 21, Portsmouth Polytechnic 22, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 23, Egham Royal Holloway College 25, Norwich University Of East Anglia 26, Leicester Polytechnic 27, Sheffield Polytechnic March 1, Manchester Hacienda 5, Bradford University 6 and Newcastle Polytechnic 7.

Tickets priced £8.50 are available now from box offices and usual agencies.

A BIT OF INNUENDO

QUEEN are to release their 17th album, 'Innuendo', through EMI on February 4. The album tracks are 'Innuendo', the current single 'I'm Going Slightly Mad', 'Headlong', 'I Can't Live With You', 'Don't Try So Hard', 'Ride The Wild Wind', 'All God's People', 'These Are The Days Of Our Lives', 'Delilah', 'The Hitman', 'Bijou' and 'The Show Must Go On'.

According to Freddie Mercury, "Innuendo is a word I often use in Scrabble - for Queen it's a perfect title."

The album was produced by Queen and Dave Richards.

MEET THE SHIMMYS

SHIMMYDISC release a compilation of various artists including Bongwater, Galaxie 500, Das Damen and Jellyfish Kiss all paying tribute to The Rutles. The Rutles were a satire on The Beatles by Python man Eric Idle and ex-Bonzo Dog Band wacko Neil Innes, broadcast in the late '70s.

WANTED!

- CAN YOU write?
- Have you got an eye for a story?
- Do you know the difference between The Breeders, Bon Jovi and the Blast First roster?
- And could you dig up the facts and write a rivetting story on any of them?
- Have you got a sense of humour?
- Can you work to tight deadlines?
- And are you under 25??

If you answered yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes and yes to the above, er, seven questions... you could be the person we're looking for.

SOUNDS is on the hunt for a hot young writer to contribute great features, reviews and news - and have a few beers in the bar afterwards.

If you reckon you fit the bill, we want you to send in three detailed feature ideas - and tell us in less than 15 words why you should be the one we pick. Then add your name, address, phone number (and any other intimate details you feel like imparting) and send it off to:

WRITER, SOUNDS, LUDGATE HOUSE, 245 BLACKFRIARS ROAD, LONDON SE1 9UZ - NOW!

FIRST REPORTS

■ **BASSCUT** release their debut single on 10 Records next week. It's called 'Say You Love Me'. This soulful 12-inch was produced, composed, arranged and mixed by the New York-based duo Elisa Burchett and Heinrich Zwahlen. An album is due out at the end of April.

■ **SOLO E**, East London's answer to Vanilla Ice, releases his debut single 'Flowing Positively' on February 18 through Circa.

■ **GARTH BROOKS**, currently the number one artist in the Country album charts with 'No Fences' under his belt, plays his first British concert at London's Cambridge Theatre on February 24.

■ **DANCE WITH A STRANGER** a Norwegian rock band are to re-release their single 'Invisible Man' on RCA Records on January 21. It is backed by 'Little Woman' on 7-inch, 12-inch and CD.

■ **THE REAL PEOPLE's** follow-up to their debut single 'Window Pane' will be released on January 28, called 'Open Up Your Mind (Let Me In)'. They are currently touring at Newcastle Riverside on January 30 then Lancaster Sugarhouse 31, Blackpool Jenks February 1, Glasgow King Tut's 2, Manchester University 5, Birmingham Edwards No8 6, Coventry Tic Toc 7, Bath Moles 8, Windsor Psykik Dancehall 9, London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 11, Brighton Zap 12, Cambridge Junction 13 and Bournemouth Hothouse 14.

STRANGLERS NEW LINE-UP

New singer and ex-Vibrator Ellis join the merry throng



NEW STRANGLERS: (l-r) Jet Black, John Ellis, JJ Burnel, Dave Greenfield and Paul Roberts

THE STRANGLERS have announced their new singer, following the departure of founder member Hugh Cornwell last year.

He is newcomer Paul Roberts, who is by far the youngest member of the band.

They are also joined on guitar by John Ellis, formerly of Stranglers' punk contemporaries The Vibrators. Ellis played with The Stranglers

on their last UK tour. He has also played with, amongst others, Peter Gabriel.

The band are going into the studio to record new tracks and will be going on tour in the not too distant future.

According to Jean Jacques Burnel: "With Paul joining the band, I feel like an old dog with a new tail."



SKINNY PUPPY: in one eye and out the other

MUCKY PUPS

SKINNY PUPPY release their fourth LP on Capitol Records this week.

Entitled 'Too Dark Park', the track listing is as follows: 'Convulsion', 'Tormentor', 'Splashmolytic', 'Rash Reflection', 'Nature's Revenge', 'Shore Lined Poison', 'Grave Wisdom', 'TFWO',

'Morpheus Laughing' and 'Reclamation'.

The previous albums from Vancouver's finest electro terrorists, 'Rabies', 'Vivisect' and 'Cleanse Fold And Manipulate' are being reissued by Capitol to coincide with the release of their new album.

MOONIES UK DATES

THE MOONFLOWERS, those Bristol 'soldiers of love' have announced the first two dates of a UK tour with more to follow next week. The band's limited-edition single 'Warshag' was released on January 15, the day before war broke out, and they have just completed a series of dates in Ireland. The dates announced so far on the 1991 Love Invasion are at London Camden Palace on January 29 and Treforest Polytechnic Of Wales February 1.

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- MARCH 6 UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
- MARCH 7 BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
- MARCH 8 MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL II
- MARCH 9 GLASGOW BARROWLANDS
- MARCH 11 WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
- MARCH 13 LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
- MARCH 15 CARDIFF ST. DAVIDS HALL
- MARCH 16 CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE



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71 81 91 DECADE REACTION WHAT HAPPENED THIS WEEK IN 1981

■ **Honey Bane**, looking wistful, appears on this week's cover with the heading 'Madonna Bane'. . . nah, nah, can't be.

■ **Bowie** has announced June dates as have **Siouxsie And The Banshees**. The **David Byrne & Brian Eno** album, 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts', has been postponed due to legal problems. Meanwhile, **Sting** of top new wave band **The Police** is looking for a suitable acting role. *Sounds* suggests *Elephant Man 2!*

■ **Joe Strummer**, in an exclusive shock interview with *Sounds*, says: "Vote Labour: that's my new clarion call." How, then, can they lose? "**Napoleon** might have called us a nation of shop-keepers," Joe goes on, "but we're a nation of sheep. . . I'm tired of being a bloody robot."

■ New Futurist club **The Great Wall** has attracted a whole bunch of right tossers. New R*omantic wankers bop away to Far Eastern electro sounds like **Devo**, **David Bowie** and the theme from *Stingray*. It boasts among its clientele leading individualist **George**, who is a Boy, apparently.

■ **John Lydon** is trying to get a part in top TV soap *Crossroads*. Apparently it's his favourite programme and he has nine hours of it on tape already.

■ In barber land, a new band called **Haircut 100** are

Explodes' 'Reward', **Landscape's** 'Einstein A Go Go' and **The Stranglers'** 'Thrown Away'.

■ **Tony James** of failing punk rockers attempting a comeback, **Gen X**, tells *Sounds*: "People still use Gen X as a yardstick to measure how bad something is. But I'd rather be hated than be bland."

■ **The Lemon Kittens**, featuring **Danielle Dax** and **Karl Blake**, play music that, according to our scribe, "is something to fear, love, praise, dare if you want to take a chance. Something to risk, to say you've been out to the edge and danced to it." Bollocks or what?

■ And then to 'Oil - The Debate', in which some of the top minds in the country debate the subject of Oil. A sample is this exchange from **Jean Baudrillard** dismissing a point from **Noam Chomsky**. . . er, sorry **Si Spanner** of **The Gonads** and **Mensi** of the **Angelic Upstarts**.

Mensi: "The problem is there's no real alternative, Labour aren't a working class party any more."

Si: "They're communists."
Mensi: "Are they f**k! They're nowhere near communism."

■ **Elvis Costello** And **The Attractions'** 'Trust' garners a mere ***½ in this week's LP reviews. But **Clock DVA's** 'Thirst' gets the full **** because, according to Dave



COVER STAR Honey Bane as she appeared in *Sounds* ten years ago

rumoured to be very good while **Blue Rondo A La Turk** is the name of a band formed by top hairdresser **Ollie**.

■ **Shock**, described as the futurist **Hot Gossip** (who were the pre-futurist **Pan's People**) are hailed as the next big thing.

■ **Vic Goddard** of **Subway Sect** confesses: "I hate **Kevin Keegan**. I hate **Lawrie McMenemy**. Can't stand him. Oh, and **Princess Anne** and **Princess Margaret**. Although I really like the **Royal Family**. . . they do a really good job for the country. Name me somebody who does a better job for the country than them? Besides, they look good. And so does **Ronald Reagan** and I like him as well."

■ **Honey Bane** formerly on **Crass'** label tells *Sounds* that she wouldn't mind being sexually exploited by EMI. She says of **Sheena Easton**: "I met her up at EMI y'know. She wasn't wearing any make-up and she looked a right state. She's pretty pimply. A sweet girl but a bit **Woolworths**, you know what I mean?" Ooooh, bitchy.

■ **Single Of The Week** is by **Department S** with their enigmatic 'Is Vic There?' Runners up include **A Teardrop**

McCullough: "Clock DVA are full of fear, insecurity, shadows. But there is a smilingness (Is that a real word? - Ed), a love at the root." There is a round-up of albums by top Canadian bands like **Zon**, **The Cry**, **Jenson Interceptor**, **Cruiser**, **Loverboy**, **Chilliwhack** and **Straight Lines**, all destined for megadom, obviously.

■ **New Order**, the band who rose from the ashes of **Joy Division**, are caught live in Glasgow playing one of their first gigs since the demise of **Ian Curtis**. **Echo And The Bunnymen** are caught live somewhere in the Peak District. Our reporter, obviously from the emerging school of pretentious git, writes: "I love(d) the Bunnymen and I get upset when a band I love lets me down. I want funky, freaky Bunnymusic. Come on, **Echo**, don't skive, jive." Searing prose, huh? Of **Duran Duran**, *Sounds* says: "They look winsome onstage and wear posh clothes and going to see them is fun. What more can you ask?" Thank you, junior reporter.

■ And on the letters page, we have more moving lines on the death of **John Lennon** by bedroom poet **Seething Wells** of **Bellvue Road** in **Leeds**. Keep sharpening that pencil, son.



Bizzerk

By Prize
Moron

Fed up with unfair, nasty music journalism? Ever wished you could get a fair hearing for your pop questions and quibbles?? Well, thanks to **Bizzerk**, you can! Because, this week and every week, it's time to. . .

RIGHT THOSE WRONGS with TED TACT - THE KIND MAN OF POP!!

★ YOU know, readers, since my column was launched last week, thousands of you have written in - thanking me for giving my balanced opinion to you, in compensation, if you like, for your years of suffering at the hands of *Sounds'* blatantly biased writers. Remember, all you have to do is write to me here at the office and tell me what's wrong. Obviously, the damage has already been done but I'll do my best, in whatever way I possibly can to make amends with a short and, most important, fair response. How does that sound? Anyway, here's the pick of this week's postbag.



Dear Ted,
I was looking in *Sounds* last week and I could've dropped a bollock when I saw that tossy review of **Danielle Dax's** new LP. I bet that bloody writer never even heard it! **Danielle's** miles better than so-called 'chart' trash like **Kylie** and she's a proper actress too! What are you going to do about it, Ted?
Stuart Bayliss, Wolverhampton

TED SAYS:
You're quite right, Stuart. **Danielle's** LP is rather smashing - traditional rock sounds with a sort of New Age twist, I'd say. And it probably took an awful long time to make, too. Have you ever been inside a recording studio? Let me tell you, there are loads of really complicated machines in there and if anybody was really as 'talentless' as some of our writers tend to suggest, then they wouldn't get very far, would they?
I agree with your statements

about **Kylie**, too, Stuart. **Danielle** has a much better singing voice, and she writes all her own songs - serious, political songs at that - and, yes, her acting's better than **Kylie's** too. It's really easy to knock people like **Danielle** and **Phil Collins** who pursue both simultaneous musical and acting careers but, really, it just means having twice the work and half the time to do it in. How many of us could honestly say we'd enjoy that? Hats off to the pair of them!

Dear Ted,
Your pig-thick readers are forever writing in to slag off **Kylie Minogue**. In fact, you did it yourself just then. Come off it, Ted - you're no better than the rest of them.
Barney Miller, East Ham

TED SAYS:
Actually, as the kindest man in pop, I am lucky enough to count some of the biggest stars in the world as my closest friends. I've known **Kylie** for quite some time and her distinctive brand of pop - though, admittedly, not to all tastes - is a refreshing and bubbly reminder of her true and singular talent.
Obviously, then, I'd hate to be

misunderstood. What I actually meant when I said that **Danielle Dax** has a better voice was that she has a better voice for the kind of material she performs. Come on, Barney, you know me better than to make pointless, comparative judgements. Plenty of people must like **Kylie** - she wouldn't be in the charts if they didn't! Good luck to her!!

★★★★★ STOPPRESS ★★★★★ MORE SOVIET OUTRAGE!



Soviet rockers **TRANSMITTER** defy the tanks. Er, tents

ELITE TROOPS of the **Red Army's Pansy** division last night stormed **Radio Free Brugengrad**, capital of the **Latstovania Baltic Republic**, in an effort to suppress really crap groups who had been turning their amps up too loud in a bid for independence.
★ "They were bollock-awful," said **Yygenyev Borsch**, leader of the pro-Moscow **KGB Front For**

National Salvation. "All crap groups like **Auto-graph**, **Newsflash** and **Transmitter** all day long."
★ But fans of the dreadful groups sat down in front of the tanks singing "All we are saying, is give peace a chance. Himgine all de people, easee eef you tra Ay. . ."
★ "This wouldn't have happened under **Brezhnev**," said **General Smirnov** **Chernobyl**.

MORESHITEINBIZZERKMORESHITEINBIZZERKMORESHI

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FREE! BURGER
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- ★ **BURGER** - large, small or medium
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- ★ **CHIPS** - chips
- ★ **COFFEE, TEA** - hot drinks
- ★ **COKE** - similar, but cold. Wrapped in a delicious sesame bun

AND HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

1. Cut out our special 'BC' (Burger Coupon) and put it in your pocket.
2. Walk casually into the nearest burger restaurant.
3. Use the toilet - it's on us!
4. Have a scout about. See which customer's got the tastiest-looking grub in front of them.
5. Creep up stealthily behind your choice. Quickly WHIP their food (in case of protest, a swift CLUNK on the head with a heavy object should do the trick) then TURN around fast and RUN. Get a mate to hold the door open while you're doing this.

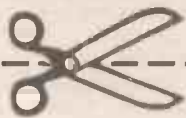


SEE - IT'S SIMPLE! AND THERE'S AN EXTRA BONUS!!!

★ When you've finished your scrummy FREE snack, approach the nearest policeman and present your BC, repeating the following phrase: I'VE JUST BEEN TO (name of restaurant) AND CLAIMED MY FREE BIZZERK BURGER!
★ This will entitle you to a FREE NIGHT's stay in a luxury one bed room - with light bulb, bench and seatless toilet - in the nearest 'hotel' of the policeman's choice!!

BIZZERK - WE DON'T BURGER ABOUT!

The fruitiest, juiciest column in pop



A NEW CUT-OUT-AND-KEEP SERIES FROM BIZZERK.

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PART ONE - EARLY ROCK

● EARLY ROCK was a kind of primitive, simplistic version of jazz, performed by ELVIS PRESLEY and JOHNNY CASH on crudely amplified banjos designed by famous country and western star LES GIBSON.

Later the early rockers would turn to even heavier instruments which, when carried with the new 'guitar straps' (made from thin strips of chicken wire) caused severe lumbar pain - giving rise to the term 'Rickenbacker'.

● Lasting from about August 1958 until well into the next decade, the early rock period came to a tragic end in 1964 when ELVIS, GENE VINCENT and their friend BILLY 'BUDDY' HOLIDAY were killed in a plane crash on their way to perform a concert in the South Seas. Despite this, many never recovered, presumed lost in the South Seas. CLIFF ROCKERS persevered, throwing up such gems as 'My Ding-A-Ling' by CLIFF RICHARD - the so-called 'Rocking Vicar' - and 'You Give Love A Bad Name' by BON JOVI.



EARLY ROCKERS

PART TWO - THE 'SIXTIES ERA'

● However, this soon gave way to the 'sixties era' - so named because the rock fans, who were originally teenagers, were fast advancing in years. After THE BEATLES and GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS, the sixties really got going with the birth of the 'power trio' - so called because of the modern three-pin plugs they used for their guitar leads. Among these were PINK FLOYD and LED ZEPPELIN, a skinhead band from Wolverhampton who made their name by fishing for 'groupies' from the window of their hotel.

● Later, rock fans began to grow their hair and wear 'hipster' jeans - giving rise to the term 'hippy'. This gave way to the heyday of the now-famous 'swinging' sixties, a period in which these morally bankrupt and delinquent pensioners would swap their wives and husbands for illicit 'free love' sex sessions.

● It was at this time that JONATHAN KING made his recording debut with 'Louie, Louie', under the pseudonym 'THE KINGSMEN', before brutally murdering the actress Sharon Tate in her Bel Air home and sealing the fate of the 'hippy' movement once and for all.



HIPPIES

● Rock fans began to crave new and more extreme entertainment. But as the music got louder, fans began to demand longer and longer songs. This led to the invention of the vinyl disc and gave rise to new 'concept' groups like HENRY COW and MARILION. The latter's hit album 'Dark Side Of The Moon,' proved to be the biggest selling record since rock began and to this day it has never left the chart - an event which led to the term 'long-player'.

● But it was found that these stars were in fact cold-blooded and could not survive the impending 'hot' summer of 1975. Only FISH of MARILLION, who was a fish, lasted the year. Thus they became known as 'dinosaur' acts and soon became extinct. Of the few to survive, only PHIL COLLINS of GENESIS made it to the next decade by asking for his body to be cryogenically frozen until such a time as his pleasing pop melodies might make a striking impression on the British 'singles market' - which is made up of record buyers who, too ugly to find a boy or girlfriend, practise safe sex with modern 'compact discs'.

PART THREE - FROM 'PUNK' TO LAST YEAR

● In the meantime, the PUNK movement - so called because these 'punk' musicians were forced to use old instruments and 'punk', literally, means 'rotting wood' - was following up the rear. Led by ELVIS COSTELLO, love-child of early rock star ELVIS PRESLEY and distinguishable by his thick 'National Health' spectacles, the punk movement attempted to bring down Ted Heath's coalition government by infiltrating the national pop charts with loud, guitar-based music.

● But the punk acts, thrust suddenly into the spotlight, could barely play their instruments and movies like *Breaking Glass* began cruelly to lampoon their naivety. Soon the inevitable happened and most of the leading outfits like SQUEEZE and BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN retired - leaving the door open for the new groups of the '80s.

● By contrast, the '80s were dominated by more professional acts, like BLANCMANGE and THE TEARDROP EXPLODES who used the latest technology so extensively that neither outfits actually played a note on any of their albums. Reading the poetry of Shelley and Keats between numbers onstage, such bands became known as 'The New Romantics' and hence were never short of girlfriends. It all came to an end, however, with the arrival of KIO CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS, three girls from St Albans who took over the charts with such hits as 'Venus' and made it briefly fashionable to possess breasts and wear dresses.



PUNKS

● All these pop stars, however, met a sorry end in the late '80s when new so-called 'house' musicians - named for their unwillingness to venture out from the comfort of their own homes - melted down all their records in a giant 'acid' bath and reassembled them as one, enormous long-playing 'acid house' record, making all other records redundant.

● Only live music became viable and Manchester rockers THE HAPPY MONDAYS cornered the market by playing larger venues - a safe bet as most people would go there anyway.

HOW TO 'CUT-OUT-AND-KEEP' THIS AUTHORITATIVE GUIDE:

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PART FOUR - THE END

● Sadly, the rock gravy train came a sticky end in 1991 when pop group THE MANIC STREET PREACHERS announced that they had effectively 'destroyed' rock 'n' roll. Radio stations collapsed and the music industry fell into ruin - the end of a once significant aspect of 20th Century society.

SPARE CHANGE

RAB SNOTTER the Hackney squatter writes exclusively for you!



IT'S RAB

money or else and he sped up the car and nearly hit somebody. Typical straight violence caused by the system, man.

★ Still, let the straights keep their f**kin' straight festival, man. All property is theft. Glastonbury was just full of people working for Thatcher's system, man. This year we're going to Glyndebourne cos there's a good scene there.

★ Ma f**kin' Giro-was late again so I went down to the DSS and they said it was because I hadnae signed on. Bastirts! That's Thatcher's Britain fur ye. I hud tae eat Crapper, ma dug's leg until they sent a new yln out. Bought a new wooden leg fur the dug, though.

★ AH WENT an' got ma bottom lip pierced 36 times last week. But then when I went an' had a Special Brew and Merrydown snakebite, it all dribbled through ma f**kin' mouth. So ah went tae the doctor an' he telt me ah wiz a daft bastirt! Ah jist says, F**k off, ya straight wanker! But that's the, health service fur ye in Thatcher's Britain, man.

★ What a bastirt that farmer bastirt that runs the Glastonbury Festival is, blaming us for trouble there. I was there last year and there was nae trouble unless it was straights, man. We went up to this straight in his car and said Geez all yer f**kin'

★ Oh aye, an' the bastirt behind the counter telt me tae look fer a job. Ah says, Just f**k off, right? I don't need a straight job, man. If ah wanted a straight job, ah'd go an' work in the merchant bank that mah faither owns. See you next week in Thatcher's Britain, man.

★ PS. If any birds want to go out with me, they've got to have dreadlocks, at least one tattoo (not done in a shop), a pierced nose or lip (preferably both) and must be brewheads. Ah don't mind if they have beards and don't wash. Ability to bite a deid rat's head off an advantage.



Getting a good going over this week: record distribution in the high street



A RECENT letter in *Sounds* highlighted a problem that many record buyers experience - that of their local record shop not having, and being unwilling to stock, independent singles by bands outside the commercial mainstream.

And, although reports of the death of the 7-inch single may have been exaggerated, unless radical changes to the distribution network happen quickly the reports could soon become a reality - simply due to inaccessibility.

The advent of punk in the late '70s kicked the main high street record shops' 'chart artists only' policy wide open with its fierce do-it-yourself attitude, forcing the shops to reconsider their approach purely because of demand.

But over the years the drawbridge has gradually been pulled up to the stage we've reached now where any small band releasing a single on their own label, which is still relatively easy and inexpensive, are forced to sell copies via mail order or at gigs because there's no way of getting the shops to take it - even on a sale or return basis.

As recently as five years ago the main independent retailers were full to the brim with current singles from relatively obscure bands. Nowadays the majority of the same shops have scrapped their singles section completely. Subsequently the birth of the CD has sounded another death knell for the record industry and, leaving the quality and price aspects aside, spells disaster for the real independent network.



CARTER: OUT of stock and out of the charts

It may be nice to rush home with your brand spanking new Napalm Death CD under your arm and not have to worry about scratching it in your haste in placing it on the turntable (even though it'll probably have disintegrated in ten years' time anyway!). But how on earth are a young band supposed to afford to release a CD single?

The consumer society is tailored towards fast lifestyles and fast turnaround - which means that when somebody tries to buy a record in a shop and it's not available, they immediately either choose something else or forget about it altogether. An assistant with a major record chain told me that quite a few people came in to the shop with the intention of buying Carter (The Unstoppable Sex Machine)'s last single only to be informed that it wasn't in stock and would take four weeks to reorder! No wonder it didn't break the Top 40.

Shops are obviously loathe to sell anything where the profit margin is minimal and, let's face it, that's what it's all about. But, while the stranglehold continues, bands all over the country will carry on making great records and struggle to sell 1,000 copies. There's no simple answer - but never make the mistake of confusing quality with quantity and, the next time that shop assistant tells you the record you want isn't in stock, make sure you order it and keep hassling them until it is.

Andy Peart

MEGA FESTIVAL CANCELLED!!!!

Exclusive by PETER PORKER

THIS YEAR'S Little Ogleford festival has been cancelled because farmer HAMERDEW GILES, on whose land the festival has always been held, has repaired his fence and erected a 'No Trespassers' sign.

The festival, which has put on such major acts as The Squeaking Dog's Mess, Reg D'Arcy And The Out Of Our Trees, Ozric Tentacles, Billy Bongo And His Mouth That's Also An Anus, The Androids Of Mu and The Stinkers, used to raise up to £37 for flagons of scrumpy to be bought from the local pub. Mixed with strong lager this made an attractive snakebite. It was the largest crap festival in Europe, sometimes attracting more than six or seven people, and the local constable.

BLACK UHURU seemed to have it all.

Following on from Marley and taking Jamaican reggae into slicker, funkier territory with the bass and beats of rhythm killers Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, Black Uhuru seemed poised to take the world by storm. But somehow it never happened.

Vocalist Michael Rose left the band to their own devices in the mid-'80s, embarking on a solo career that only now has brought his light, reedy vocal back to the public.

"On a business level, things wasn't going right," he explains. "It wasn't anything verbal, we still talk."

But why did Black Uhuru split at that point? Things really seemed to be moving.

"Yeah..." he muses. "See, at the time I left Black Uhuru - you're right - we were at the point of breaking, like, really massive. But the business level just wasn't right. It's a shame that Black Uhuru 'ad to break up at that time, but we couldn't help it."

Do you regret it?
"Well, we could be making millions today. But sometimes you make a million and you lose your soul."

SINCE LEAVING Black Uhuru, Michael Rose has recorded four albums' worth of material in his native Jamaica.

But, wrapped up in legal wrangles, none of this seems likely to see the light of day. "If you don't have your business properly organised," he now concedes, "you won't get nowhere."

From those missing sessions, only one track, 'Demonstration', appears on Rose's debut album, the first fruit of a six-year deal with RCA. Titled 'Proud', it's a step away from the dubcore of Black Uhuru's harder cuts and a fresher, dancier sound tailored specifically for this release.

"There are about two or three 'ardcore reggae songs on the album," says Rose, "but the rest of the album is, like, between African and dance music. That New Age music the kids are dancing to right now."

"What I believe about music is that you have to create. Every time you record you're supposed to add something new to the music. It's not, like, just one thing going round and round."

The first single culled from the album and released late last year was a cover of Paul Simon's 'Mother And Child Reunion'. If that didn't seem strange enough, scam-master Malcolm McLaren handled the video chores.

"I knew him over the years when I was with Black Uhuru," explains Rose, "and I was told by my manager that he was interested in doing the video. He had some brilliant ideas, so I flew to LA to check the guy out."

The resultant video - apparently aimless footage of unruly children modelling Stussy surfwear on a West Coast beach - seems innocuous enough. Although, as Rose points out, the key to the

PRIDE (in the name of dub)

Just when Black Uhuru seemed poised to take the world by storm, vocalist **MICHAEL ROSE** embarked on a solo career that has finally brought his voice back to the public on 'Proud'. **DAMON WISE** talks to Rose in these post-Soul II Soul days of hip dance beats and destigmatised dreadlocks. Photo: **ALASTAIR INDGE**



MICHAEL ROSE: "Sometimes you make a million and you lose your soul"

piece is the nuclear power plant that figures strongly in the background.

"It has a shape like a breast, right? So there's a kid standing, not over it but a distance away from it, like he's drinking milk from the breast."

Collaborations of another kind figure strongly on the album, with appearances from rapper Merlin and African legend Fela Kuti on the roots-tinged 'Just Do It'.

"I'm always open to work with other people," he acknowledges. "Cos I'm like that. I believe in improvements."

Anyone in particular?
"Hmm. Not really. Not really. Could be The Rolling Stones..."

The Stones, in fact, were pretty big fans of Black Uhuru.

"Yeah. Keith Richards had done one track with us, he played guitar on 'Shine Eye Gal'. He was different, y'know? But he was a nice person. At the time he was, well, they were all preparing to tour with the Stones. And he came walking down the street with Robbie Shakespeare. So I said to Robbie, Ah, see if he'll maybe do something. And he said, No problem. He was smoking a joint! It was brilliant."

AFTER SUPPORTING the Stones at Wembley, Black Uhuru went on to tour the States with The Police - and found that selling reggae to the US was a tough task.

"Well, to be frank, today's better for reggae in America," admits Rose. "Cos in those days nobody was really interested."

Soul II Soul, in some ways, have whetted the Americans' appetite, sampling roots rhythms and affirming positive black images. Michael Rose has mixed feelings.

"Well, yes," he sighs, "but... deep down, if you grow your hair, if you grow dreadlocks, and you're not giving praises to the father and you're not, like, living the culture, y'know, it's a different thing. One has to know themself, deep down. It's not what you do, it's how you do it."

Even so, Soul II Soul have almost single handedly destigmatised dreadlocks. They're representing a strong black heritage and helping to break cultural barriers in a way that would seem unthinkable ten years ago.

"Well, yeah. Certain barriers are coming down, like the wall of Berlin. I think that barriers are being broken, even in America. It helps. But, like, as I told you before, it goes with the culture."

What do you mean by culture?
"Religion. Rastafari. This is a way of life. You don't live life like Sodom and Gomorrah. You have to live clean. Cleanliness is next to godliness."

So do you have misgivings about people adopting this culture for fashion purposes?

"Yeah. Some people get misled. It's the same way of life that Rastas are talking about, it's just that the kids of today, now, are getting hlp in another way. But it's good that they know where they're coming from and where they're going. I mean, everybody don't have to be Rasta. Rasta is not something that you force on people. You just have to learn to live by it and accept it, to be what it is."

"As I tell you before, it's a way of life. It's a clean way of living. That's Rasta."

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King among princes

TOM JONES is back: back in the charts with a cathartic new single, 'Couldn't Say Good-bye', and back on the scandal sheets' front pages under headlines like TOM JONES AND THE SEXY SCHOOLGIRL.

Sex has always been a big part of his music and his myth, so much so that it can be forgotten that Tom Jones is one of the great voices of the past three decades.

The size of his packet may be legendary, but fans know him as Jones The Voice, not Jones The Trouser Snake.

"I wouldn't want the sex appeal to overshadow my talent," he says. "My voice is my main thing. I'm not saying that I'm not a sex object, like Marilyn Monroe walking around in a tight sweater and tight skirt saying she doesn't want to be known as a sex object. But if I do anything that's a little bit cheeky, it's tongue-in-cheek."

DEEP TANNED and glowingly healthy, red shirt surprisingly buttoned to the neck, Tom Jones is back in London, where his new album is being mixed.

It was 27 years ago that he first came to London to make it big. Tom was born the son of a miner in Pontypridd in Wales' Rhondda Valley. Bed-ridden with TB from age 12 to 14, Tom was unfit to work in the mines so he took to labouring work on building sites.

"At nights I went out the pubs and clubs and dance halls in Wales. I played guitar a little, just to accompany myself. I was in a pub in Pontypridd one Friday night. Friday night was like a ritual, lads' night out, the boys went out for some beers. I knew this rock group who were playing that night, and their singer didn't turn up. They asked if I'd sing a few songs. I said, Christ, it's Friday night! They said, What if we get a crate of beers in? So I said, Alright!

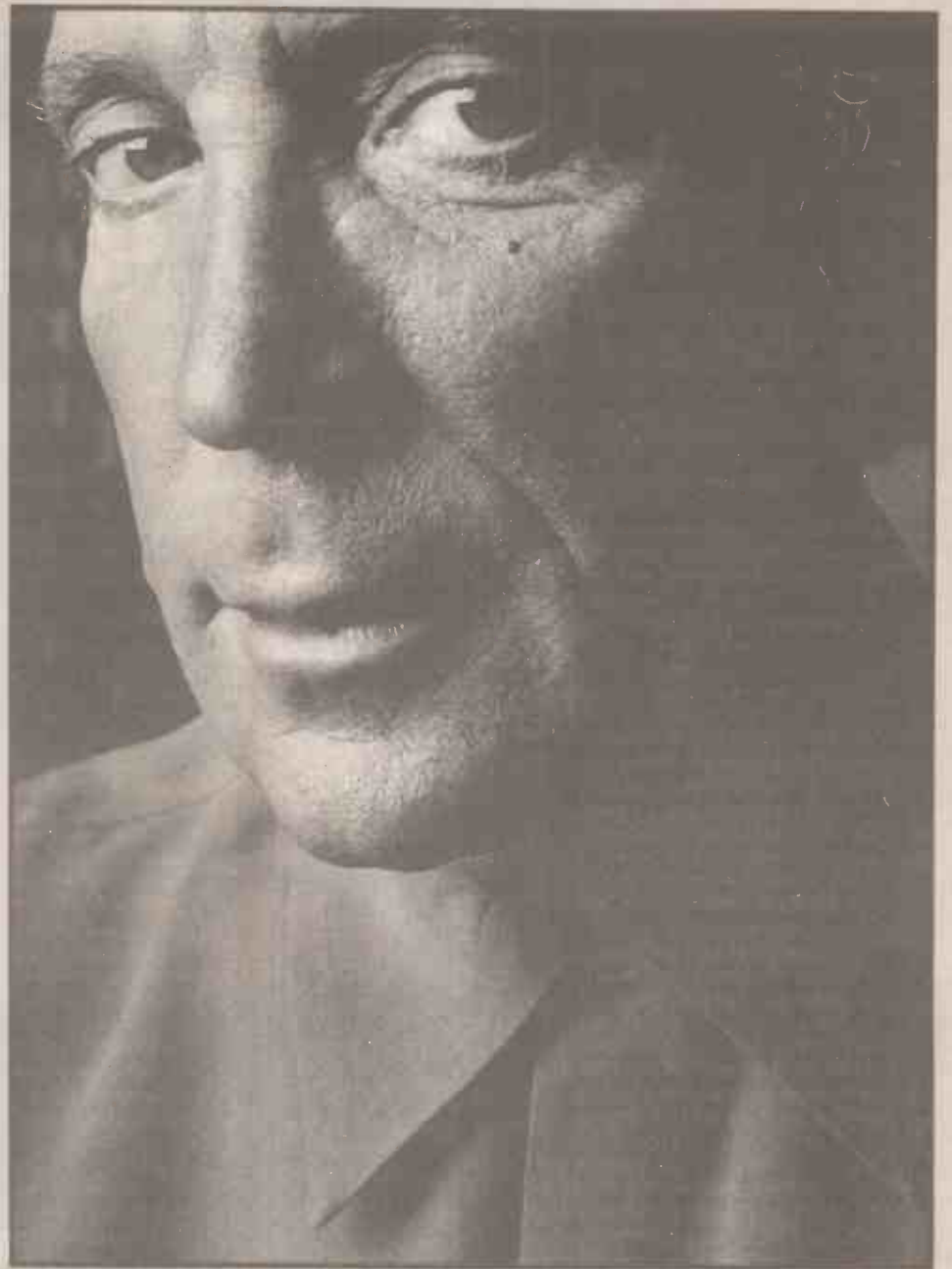
"When I started to sing with this band, I found I could do anything. Previously they'd been doing a Cliff Richard & The Shadows sort of thing, but with me they were doing things like Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, harder rock 'n' roll and bigger ballads, strong ballads.

"Gordon Mills, who became my manager, was a songwriter who came to see us play when he was visiting his mother in Wales. He said to me, You should be in London. Gordon saw me as a rocker. I had greasy hair and wore leather jackets, jeans and winklepickers. I couldn't get out of the late '50s, I didn't want to. We were looking for a hot rock 'n' roll song that hadn't been recorded before, which was very hard to come by. My image didn't fit.

"The Beatles had a boyish look and so did The Rolling Stones. The Stones weren't rebellious then, they were students, they weren't really working class kids. I remember playing a club with them in Oxford Street - they came in wearing suits and then put on T-shirts and jeans to go on stage, which was the complete opposite to anything I'd ever seen!

"Gordon was writing songs and I'd do the demos for five quid. Gordon and Les Reed wrote 'It's Not Unusual' for Sandie Shaw and I did the demo. I said, That's it! Gordon says, No, you don't wanna do that. I said, Yes I bloody do! I said if I didn't get the song I was going back to Wales. While Sandie Shaw was deciding, we went in the studio and did it, first as a rock 'n' roll song, which wasn't really happening, and then with brass. It was a hot sound but it wasn't really in vogue, but Radio Caroline got on it and made it a hit and it went like a rocket to number one."

In his day, TOM JONES gave the tabloids some great copy but he's not just a trouser snake he's one of the great voices of the past three decades. PAUL ELLIOTT meets the man who is an indisputable king, LEO REGAN gets in close



TOM: "I wouldn't want the sex appeal to overshadow my talent"

ESSENTIAL LISTENING

1. 'The Green Green Grass Of Home'
2. 'Detroit City'
3. 'Funny, Familiar, Forgotten Feelings'
4. 'Land Of A Thousand Dances'
5. 'Delilah'
6. 'It's Not Unusual'
7. 'What's New Pussycat?'
8. 'Daughter Of Darkness'
9. 'I (Who Have Nothing)'
10. '(It Looks Like) I'll Never Fall In Love Again'

TOM'S NEXT smash was Bacharach and David's 'What's New Pussycat?' - an off-the-wall song for an off-the-wall movie (directed by Woody Allen and starring Peter O'Toole and Peter Sellers).

"It didn't seem risqué when I recorded it," Tom chuckles. "Pussy wasn't a dirty word in '64. Then at one show I sang, 'You an' your pussy-cat-nose' and when I got on to 'pussy', everybody started laughing."

Tom had one more hit in '65 - the ballad 'With These Hands' - before his career spluttered the next year when two singles stiffed (one an Englebert Humperdinck composition). Then, by chance, Tom found another great song, perhaps the greatest he's recorded.

"I collected Jerry Lee Lewis records and I got one in New York called 'Country Songs For City Folk'. 'The Green Green Grass Of Home' was on there and I said to Gordon, This is a killer song. He said, Country & western? You want to be a country & western singer? I said, No, I think the song is more than that. Les Reed did the arrangement and made a pop record out of it. I wanted it to be a little more authentic, but it turned out strong.

"The thing I like about that song is the twist at the end of it. There's this geezer in a jail, it's a dream. 'The Green Green Grass Of Home' appeals to people because we're all from somewhere and most people yearn for their home. When I moved to America, people said, What does it feel like living here? I said, Well, once I'd moved from Wales, I'd left home. I have a home in Wales again now, a farmhouse in the Vale Of Glamorgan.

When the wind blows, it's like *Wuthering Heights*. A lot of people don't even think about the fella getting killed in 'The Green Green Grass Of Home', which I thought was the best part of it."

Another of Tom's great tragedies is 'Delilah', number two in 1968.

"'Delilah' is a very passionate song, a fella actually killing a woman when he finds out she's been with another man."

Have you ever loved with an intensity or a jealousy like that?

"Not really, not to kill. The only time that I would ever kill anybody would be in the heat of the moment, by accident. 'I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more' is a great line, but I don't think I'd ever have a passionate killing on my hands. You don't really have to live the songs you sing, but you have to feel the emotion of them. It has to be within you, but you don't have to kill somebody in order to sing 'Delilah'. You have to be a passionate person, that it could happen.

"I've never really sung a song that I couldn't fit into. Well, I did once. I recorded a song called 'The Young New Mexican Puppeteer' in 1972. It was a good song and there was no sex in it. Gordon said to me, Everything you do is always to do with sex, so I thought, Well, this song is nice, it's different, but it didn't work, because it wasn't real enough. I thought it was good, all that stuff about Martin Luther King. This kid is doing his bit to save the world, I thought it was a nice gesture, and people just said, Load of old bollocks.

"Basically, I'm a rock 'n' roll singer. 'Kiss' is

the most rock 'n' roll thing I've ever done, a good uptempo song to do on stage. Prince did it very sparsely and in falsetto. I gave it more punch. I didn't think it was controversial when we did it, but then people said, What is this? A joke? Somebody said it was hi-tech meets Vegas, but I treated it as a serious attempt at a contemporary record."

As a great balladeer, have you considered singing a Prince love song or 2 (Jones and Prince have the same birthday)?

"Yeah, 'Nothing Compares 2 U' is a great song, but I'd never heard it before Sinéad O'Connor did it. I used to do 'Purple Rain', although it wasn't much different to the way Prince did it, and it's good if you can do something and not just copy it."

TOM TOURS the UK in March. He loves to gig and meet the punters, but he's grown reluctant to pose for photographs with female fans, wary of tabloid press stings.

"It's happened three times, that kind of thing with photographs. Women have said, Oh, can I have one kiss? Christ, if some of these pictures were printed, you'd swear that after I kissed this woman, I gave her one. One girl made out she'd had a big affair with Elvis, and I was there the night she had her picture taken with him, and he didn't even know her. That was before it ever happened to me. Now it has, and it's a shame, especially for my wife."

Tom's daughter-in-law and personal assistant Donna enters the room.

"I try to get out of camera shot if I see a photographer," she laughs, "but I've been the other woman on a number of occasions."

"One time I was sitting between my wife and my musical director's wife," continues Tom, "and they took a picture of just me and his wife and said she was the new woman in Tom Jones' life. And my wife was sitting there!"

So if ever the knickers stop smacking you in the face at your gigs, will it be time for Tom Jones to give it up?

"Not really, because with some shows I do, there are no knickers. Maybe women aren't wearing 'em anymore, I don't know. If it's all taken in fun, good, but sometimes it's like you can't have a Tom Jones show without loads of knickers. When women have thrown things and said, Wipe your sweat on that, I've heard young girls go, Ooh, that's tacky! It's not important to me, the numbers and the applause are.

"As soon as you kick off any of the hits, the response is so big that it keeps the thing alive. My favourite is '(It Looks Like) I'll Never Fall In Love Again'. Even though people applaud at the beginning of the song, it gets a bigger response at the end of the performance. That's what's important to me."

“With some shows, there are no knickers. Maybe women aren't wearing 'em anymore. If it's all taken in fun, good, but sometimes it's like you can't have a Tom Jones show without loads of knickers”

SOUNDS January 11 1986 Page 3
FAREWELL, PHIL

PHIL LYNOTT died in Salisbury Infirmary last Saturday, aged 36, of heart failure and pneumonia. But a post mortem was being held this week to determine to what extent his death was caused by drug abuse.

Lynott collapsed on Christmas Day at his house in Kew, London, and was initially rushed to a private clinic at East Knowle, Wiltshire, which specialises in treating drug and alcohol addiction. He was taken there by his estranged wife Caroline, daughter of *The Price Is Right* game show host Leslie Crowther, who had dashed from her Bath home on hearing news of his collapse.

But later on Christmas Day he was transferred to Salisbury Infirmary where he was immediately placed in intensive care, suffering from septicaemia.



When PHIL LYNOTT died on the fourth day of 1986, he left as his legacy some of the greatest hard rock of the '70s and '80s. The first week of February sees the release of 'Dedication', a collection of Phil's classic songs, the bulk recorded by Thin Lizzy, the band formed by bassist/vocalist Phil in Dublin in 1969. Two of the songs, 'Parisienne Walkways' and 'Out In The Fields', were cut by Phil and former Lizzy guitarist Gary Moore. Another, the current single, 'Dedication', is a demo of Phil's which, five years after his death, has been finished with new recordings by Lizzy drummer Brian Downey and guitarist SCOTT GORHAM.

Here, Californian-born Scott tells PAUL ELLIOTT of his nine years with Thin Lizzy, starting in 1974, and remembers Phil Lynott, one of rock's great songwriters and characters

"I WAS 20-years-old and had just one month left on my visa when I auditioned for the Lizzy. I thought Thin Lizzy was the stupidest name I'd ever heard. Phil got it from a cartoon character called 'Tin Lizzy'.

"Phil put a twist on it and made it Thin Lizzy, knowing the Irish would pronounce it 'Tin Lizzy' anyway.

'Whiskey In The Jar'

"When I officially joined the band I took an album and a single, 'Whiskey In The Jar', home to listen to. No disrespect to Eric Bell (the original Lizzy guitarist), he's probably gonna hate me for saying this, but I thought the album was terrible.

"Then I put 'Whiskey In The Jar' on and, I'm sorry, but I just didn't get it. It's a traditional Irish folk song with no bass or anything. This was not the kind of thing we'd been playing in rehearsals. We never really played 'Whiskey In The Jar' on stage. I preferred 'The Rocker', which was uptempo rock 'n' roll with great lyrics. I was like, OK, now we're into it! Right from the audition I thought, Shit, man, these guys have got something. It was real tough music, power-packed with energy, and I loved it.

'Night Life' and 'Fighting'

"By 1974, Decca had dropped Lizzy, so we went out and played the clubs, places like The Cavern in Liverpool. We signed to Vertigo and made the 'Night Life' and 'Fighting' albums, but we were struggling. Personality-wise, we were still trying to find each other, and musically we were trying to find out what everybody could and couldn't do. Phil had an incredible amount of energy.

"The rest of the band would be going, Shit, we're f**king up, it ain't working. And Phil'd be going, It is gonna work, I'm telling you - we'll do this and that and it's gonna be f**king huge. And in the end you'd be going, Yeah, yeah, he's f**king right! He was like the cheerleader, he could really pump you up, even if he was dead wrong.

"Even when he was having his problems near the end, he was able to make everything sound exciting. When I was on the brink of saying, F**k it, I'm outta here, Phil'd be right in there pitching.

"There was some good stuff on those first two albums we did. 'Still In Love With You' was great, although emotionally, 'Live And Dangerous' is where that song hits its peak. 'Live And Dangerous' was the album that really showed everybody what this band was

all about. We were road dogs.

'Jailbreak'

"'Jailbreak' was the make or break album. We were about £100,000 in debt, and back then, a hundred grand was like, Whoah! We really pulled it together on 'Jailbreak', we knew what we were best at, and we spent a long time writing and rehearsing those songs.

"The Boys Are Back In Town' almost didn't make it on to the album. It was one of the managers who said, This one's going on,



THE CLASSIC Lizzy line-up: Phil, Downey, Robertson, Scott

I've got a feeling about this song. So we recorded it, and it did the business. The little science fiction piece on the 'Jailbreak' sleeve was a tie-in with the song 'Warriors'. Phil had a really vivid imagination, and that piece fitted the image he had of us four fighting against the world.

"Phil was a voracious reader and he knew history like nobody's business. 'Emerald' was a mish-mash of Irish history, the struggle of the Irish people, their strength. Phil was also very religious, a heavy Catholic, if you can believe that.

'Don't Believe A Word'

"'Don't Believe A Word' was the big song on 'Johnny The Fox'. Originally, it was a bluesy, mid-tempo thing, and then one day Brian (Downey) kicked into this fast beat, Phil



PHIL: KING rocker

THE RETURN OF THE ELECTRIC WARRIOR

three-piece, hence there's just the three of us on the cover. Brian did play on two songs, he stayed in the band.

"Lizzy did some weird shit. To me, that was Thin Lizzy: Phil, Brian Downey, Brian Robertson and myself. The best songs came from that line-up. 'Live And Dangerous' was the last thing we did with Brian Robertson. The live version of 'Rosalie' became a hit. It's a Bob Seger song that we covered on 'Fighting'. Bob Seger's version is real slow, and when Phil suggested we cover it, I was like, What the f**k are you talking about? He said, No, no, we'll pump it up, give it a kick in the ass, and it worked.

'Black Rose'

"After Brian left, Gary Moore rejoined the band. He'd been in the band briefly back around '74. This time, Gary lasted a year. He did the 'Black Rose' LP, then left in the middle of an American tour.

"Our manager, Chris O'Donnell, hunted him down, called him up and said, What's the deal here, Gary? And he kept screaming, Nobody in this band respects me! Chris is going, Gary, nobody respects nobody in this band, nobody's bigger than the f**king band! And that was it, we were back as a three-piece.

"All of a sudden, I was the Lone Ranger up there, and I was shitting myself. I said, This isn't gonna work. And Phil's going, Yeah it is, man, we're gonna be huge! And I'm going, Yeah, you're right!

"We got a couple of hits off 'Black Rose', 'Waiting For An Alibi' and 'Sarah', which Phil dedicated to his baby daughter. On 'Do Anything You Want To', Phil started singing 'Elvis is dead'. I didn't know what the hell he was talking about. Phil, we all know Elvis is dead. I think he just wanted to use his American accent there. Hello Phil, you wanna keep that? OK.

'Chinatown'

"'Chinatown' came from Phil's fascination with the seedier side of life. He liked the darker aspect of cities. He fell in love with New York, it was Disneyland to him. He would write a lot about the darker things, real situations and real people, and he did it in a cool, descriptive way.

"'Killer On The Loose', though, was a stupid song. We played a show in the north of England and a girl was raped outside the hall. We got a lot of bad publicity over that. The papers said we were glorifying sex killers. We stopped playing the song pretty quickly.

'Renegade'

"Sometimes I forget there's even an album out there called 'Renegade'. I hated that song 'Angel Of Death', even the title. C'mon, are we getting corny again? F**king hell. 'Thunder And Lightning' was a better album all round, although it still wasn't one of our strongest records, and that just strengthens my belief that it was time to quit.

"I'd had enough. The drugs had gotten too much for me and Phil, and it's hard work trying to keep the smile on your face when it's killing you inside. I said to Phil, I'm outta here buddy! He said, Man, we can't go out like this. We'll do one more album and one more tour. Snowy White had left after two albums, so we got John Sykes in on guitar.

"John didn't really get a fair shake. Thanks

ESSENTIAL LISTENING

1. 'Whiskey In The Jar' single
2. 'Still In Love With You' from 'Live And Dangerous'
3. 'The Boys Are Back In Town' from 'Live And Dangerous'
4. 'Running Back' from 'Jailbreak'
5. 'Waiting For An Alibi' from 'Black Rose'
6. 'Emerald' from 'Live And Dangerous'
7. 'Rosalie'/'Cowgirl's Song' from 'Live And Dangerous'
8. 'Southbound' from 'Live And Dangerous'
9. 'Don't Believe A Word' from 'Live And Dangerous'
10. 'The Sun Goes Down' from 'Thunder And Lightning'



LYNOTT: AN original

DISCOGRAPHY

THIN LIZZY

SINGLES

Decca

- Feb '73: 'Whiskey In The Jar'
- May '73: 'Randolph's Tango'

Vertigo

- Oct '74: 'Philomena'
- Nov '75: 'Wild One'
- July '76: 'The Boys Are Back In Town'
- Aug '76: 'Jailbreak'
- Feb '77: 'Don't Believe A Word'
- Sep '77: 'Dancing In The Moonlight (It's Caught Me In Its Spotlight)'
- June '78: 'Rosalie/Cowgirl's Song'
- March '79: 'Waiting For An Alibi'
- July '79: 'Do Anything You Want To'
- Nov '79: 'Sarah'
- June '80: 'Chinatown'
- Oct '80: 'Killer On The Loose'
- May '81: 'Killers Live EP'
- Aug '81: 'Trouble Boys'
- March '83: 'Cold Sweat'
- May '83: 'Thunder And Lightning'
- Aug '83: 'The Sun Goes Down'

ALBUMS

Decca

- April '71: 'Thin Lizzy'
- March '72: 'Tales From A Blue Orphanage'

- Sep '73: 'Vagabonds Of The Western World'

Vertigo

- Oct '74: 'Nightlife'
- Sep '75: 'Fighting'
- July '76: 'Jailbreak'
- Nov '76: 'Johnny The Fox'
- Oct '77: 'Bad Reputation'
- June '78: 'Live And Dangerous'
- May '79: 'Black Rose (A Rock Legend)'
- Oct '80: 'Chinatown'
- April '81: 'Adventures Of Thin Lizzy'
- Dec '81: 'Renegade'
- March '83: 'Thunder And Lightning'
- Dec '83: 'Life'
- Feb '91: 'Dedication'

PHIL LYNOTT

SINGLES

All Vertigo

- April '80: 'Dear Miss Lonely Hearts'
- July '80: 'King's Call'
- Nov '81: 'Yellow Pearl' (reissued Jan '82)
- Feb '85: 'Nineteen'

ALBUMS

All Vertigo

- May '80: 'Solo In Soho'
- Jan '82: 'The Philip Lynott Album'

John, bye John. By the time John got in the band it was the end, but he knew that. Those last shows felt terrible. I couldn't wait to get it over with. I felt we were bullshitting the people who'd bought a ticket. I just didn't want to go out with people hating the band; like, Yeah, they were OK once but they're a pile of shit now.

"After the very last show, we did nothing, which was a shame. There were no parties, fireworks, slaps on the back. We got off the plane, I picked up my bag, said, Good luck, see you later, and split. If Phil had said, Wait, I got this idea and it's gonna be huge, I wouldn't have listened.

'Dedication'

"When Phonogram spoke to me about this 'best of' thing, I thought it'd be nice to put something a little different on it. They said they had this demo of 'Dedication', which Phil wrote while Lizzy were still going. There are a

coupla spots where Phil's vocal goes a bit out of tune, it was a one-shot thing. So Phil got a bit of a raw deal on it, but I still think that track has the essence of Phil-Lynott.

"Phil was an easy guy to get to know. He educated me about Irish life, folklore, the Irish way, things I'd never even thought about. He took a lot of time out to do that. He was really proud of being Irish, much more so than I am of being American.

"He would never let anybody say anything against Ireland. Us in the band, we could give him shit, call him a black paddy, but anybody outside the band who got close to saying that kind of thing was looking to get their face kicked in. Nobody f**ked with Phil's friends. He protected his own and held friendships real close.

"He was the kinda guy who wouldn't take any shit from anybody. He was the absolute inspiration of the band, the kinda guy who'd never give in. That's how I remember Phil, this inspirational character."

ESSENTIAL FOR 1991



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L OUD HAVE come a long way in the 15 months since they played their first gig in a modest cellar bar in their home town of Bradford.

They've signed to China Records, had reams of press and secured major tour supports with Fields Of The Nephilim, Andy Taylor and now Killing Joke.

Their singles to date, 'D Generation' and 'Explosive', have doubtless been assisted by the somewhat surprising patronage of several daytime Radio 1 DJs, though vocalist, guitarist and songwriter Chris McLaughlin is unsure of their exact chart positions.

"Around the 100 mark, I think. It doesn't mean anything unless it's number one. I can remember that digit," he smiles.

W HEN DISCUSSING Loud, Chris often adopts a detached veneer, dismissing prestigious tour supports and critical acclaim with an air of indifference and heartening jocularly.

It's one of his many charms but, in truth, McLaughlin has waited a long time for his band to happen. He even refused the opportunity to join New Model Army, relying on his own driving ambition and self-belief instead.

Chris sums up Loud's appeal: "Our music is powerful, our lyrics are strong and people either love us or hate us for that."

The band's debut LP, 'D Generation', proved that Loud

It's only 15 months since LOUD played their first gig, but they've garnered a huge following by supporting the likes of Fields Of The Nephilim and now Killing Joke. IAN CHEEK meets the man who turned down a full time role in New Model Army

SPEAKING VOLUMES

are not just capable of creating colossal, muscular rhythms, but they are equally adept at beautiful melodies like 'Life On Earth' and 'Childhood Times'.

"I still think 'D Generation' is a great debut album," begins Chris, "but it was only a manifestation of the band at six months old. We've experienced so much since then, and next time we'll be progressing towards an international sound with more ideas, not just guitars, y'know."

This indication of perhaps a greater use of sampling equipment is an inviting

prospect, though one imagines Loud embracing technology with a certain amount of subtlety.

"Oh yeah," agrees Chris. "Songs today have been replaced by technology whereas I want to enhance what we do with technology. We'll always be 'big', though, I love 'bigness' in music."

W ITH A new single, 'Song For The Lonely', out now to coincide with their support slot on Killing Joke's UK tour, 1991 looks like it's going to be a busy year for



LOUD: DESTINED to be 'big'

Photo: Peter Anderson

Loud.

Spring brings their first British headline dates, the summer heralds the recording of their second LP and there's the possibility of some American dates inbetween.

Chris, however, would rather take time out to reflect upon Loud's progress thus far and to formulate more ideas for the next step to world domination.

He also claims to be a quarter-way towards inventing a hi-fi system which doesn't require speakers. I'm advised to imagine 'hologram-sound' as a suitable reference point while

Chris confesses, "I'm a bit of an inventor, y'see."

This, of course, is a complete and utter lie - perhaps all this activity is becoming too much to handle?

"People say things like that, but I'm not afraid of fame and fortune. It won't drive me mad," he says categorically. "I'll go mad of my own accord, thank you!"

Like love and hate, the line between genius and insanity is a decidedly thin one. All the best rock heroes have a liberal sprinkling of both. Here's another to add to the list.



33

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AFTER THE calm comes the storm – in the next few months the UK'll be getting more than its fair share of noise pollution.

The **MELVINS** and **STEEL POLE BATH TUB** return from Europe for a full tour at Nottingham Venus February 18, Leeds Duchess 19, Manchester Boardwalk 20, Oxford Venue 21, London Marquee 22, Liverpool Planet X 23, Birmingham Edwards No 8 24, Newport TJ's 25, by which time we'll have seen new vinyl from both bands. **PUSSY GALORE** alter-egos with the rude record sleeves, **BOSS HOG**, will be over for a gig on March 2 at the London Marquee and are sticking around to do a Peel Session the next day.

Fat man **TAD** has recruited heavier-than-heavy Scratch Acid/Rapeman skin basher **RAY WASHAM** to fill the drumstool void and we'll be seeing a Butch Vig-produced album in February entitled 'Eight Way Santa' – to be going on with there's a new 12-inch, 'Jack Pepsi'. Sub-Pop mates **AFGHAN WIGS** play New Cross Venue February 2 with more dates to come. Ex-SWA/Leaving Trains guitar heroine **SYLVIA JUNCOSA** will have a new album out here in February and is expected to play a London date in March.

Keep your fingers crossed for three months 'cause there's talk of an all-star Amphetamine Reptile Eurotour in May – the 'Ugly American Overkill' – which will bring **A HALO OF FLIES** out of retirement to accompany Chicago's **TAR**, **HELMET**, **SURGERY** and **GOD BULLIES!** Jesus f**kin' Christ!... Watch this space...

British war-horses the **INSTIGATORS** have a new single on LA's Deco label in collaboration with Japanese guitarist (and VOA records mainman) **TOSHIYUKI HIRAOKA** who visited Huddersfield in September '89 for the recording session. It's a limited pressing of 700 and is available, mail order only, from Full Circle, 12 Bell Street, Newsome, Huddersfield HD4 6NN for £2.65 post paid – while you're about it ask for a mail order catalogue too. Toshiyuki will also appear on Full Circle's up and coming 'Consumer

Compilation' LP. Other stuff soon from the label are mini-albums from **FROGS OF WAR**, **DECADENT FEW** and **SANITY ASSASSINS**.

Liverpool's **DRIVE** follow up their acclaimed 'No Girls' 12-inch with another single on First Strike entitled 'Greasegun' on February 4. The band will be touring with **JAILCELL RECIPES**.

Cream cake and fire eating kings of punk **POISON IDEA** are finally gonna make it to these shores in late March, dates to be revealed soon. Kramer's **BONGWATER** are also likely to show in March, as are **URGE OVERKILL**, who never made it last year either.

One-time UK residents **DUSTDEVILS** have a new album on Teenbeat entitled 'Struggling Electric And Chemical'. **DAVID YOW** from **JESUS LIZARD** and **CHRIS CONNELLY** from **SOUNDGARDEN** both contribute vocals to **PIGFACE**'s hard 'n' heavy 'Spoon Breakfast' EP – the brainchild of drummer **MARTYN ATKINS**, presumably he of **PiL** fame. **REPULSE KARVA**'s 'Flow Gently Sweet Alpha' on Ajax is also worth checking out if you've got a taste for lashings of wailing psychedelic guitar terrorism. **LEFT INSANE**'s 'Toolbox' LP sounds like **ALL** jamming instrumental **BLACK FLAG**-style, which makes sense when you consider it was engineered by **BILL STEVENSON**, drummer in both the bands.

Strange goings on with the **SLAPSHOT** tour mentioned last week. According to their promoter, a few venues had second thoughts about staging the band and it was discovered that a 'zine called *The Crack* had been sending out letters urging people not to have anything to do with the band because of their dubious attitudes and politics. These hiccups have meant the tour has been pushed to the back of the European leg as follows: London Opera On The Green March 8, Liverpool Planet X 9, Birmingham Edwards No 8 10, Huddersfield Top Spot 11, Newcastle Riverside 12, Nottingham Trent Poly 13. A rescheduled Brighton date is still to be confirmed.

KINGMAKER



KINGMAKER: COVERING (fair)ground

FOR A band oozing youth, comparative naivety and no evident past, Kingmaker are taking remarkably quick steps on the road to somewhere fast.

Of course, all the buzz could just be attributed to the ex-University, Hull-based band's debut EP, 'Celebrated Working Man' (on Sacred Heart Records): a disc of violently differing moods that lurches from the classy, cello-led pop of 'Freewheeling' to the title track which sidles along on sinewy, Doors-y dynamics.

"'Celebrated Working Man' plays on clichés, but it's about drudgery really," says singer/six-stringer Laurence Hardy, the latest in a select group of likeable specky oddballs in rock.

"It's sort of, 'Ee, poor lad, 'e's bin workin' down t'pit for hours," he adds, rolling around with laughter. "Not a bad observation, considering none of us have done a day's work in our lives."

"I have," screams indignant bassist Myles Howell (a ringer for *Neighbours* dyslexic heart-

throb Matt). "I worked at Top Man for, ooh, all of two weeks!"

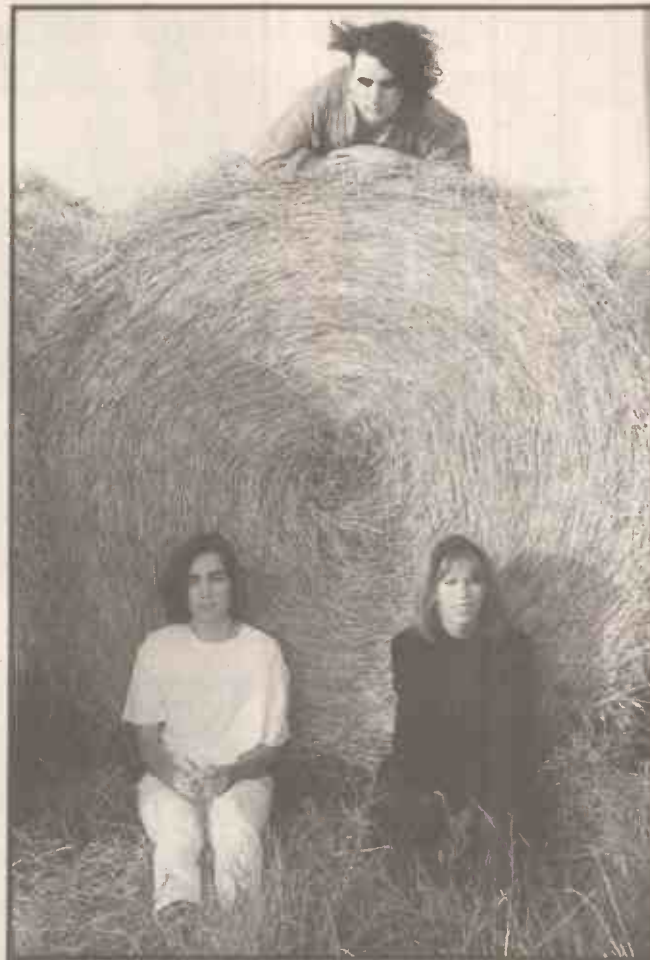
Hmm, yes. Still, the fact that this duo (plus drummer John Andrew, who claims to have been "washed ashore in a German submarine from World War II") have been spared mundane day jobs looks to be in the rock world's best interests.

After all, the EP serves to show Kingmaker's diversity: a belief strengthened by their eclectic live show, in which Laurence works so hard his glasses look in danger of imminent destruction time and again.

"Everybody struggles to get a handle on us cos all our songs are so different," sighs the singer. "It's even worse in Hull, too. We got a backlash when we did our second demo for East West. Our usual crowd said we'd sold out and weren't hungry anymore."

Not hungry? Don't you believe it. When it comes to music, Kingmaker want a four-course meal and pudding too. It'll be a long while before they call for their after dinner mints.

TIM PEACOCK



EARWIG: GABBA gabba hay!

EARWIG

IRRITATING SEEMS to be Earwig's favourite word.

"I started the band at college with two other girls, so we could irritate people who lived down the corridor," says wicked singer Kirsty. "Now I write about terribly irritating things. You don't want to write embarrassing lyrics."

No indeed, but irritating is hardly what springs to mind when listening to Earwig's La-Di-Da debut EP 'Hardly'. Crackling with venom, Kirsty's bittersweet voice rises about a ferocious mesh of guitar to implore her lover to "Take your arms from round my waist and put them round my neck/Squeeze until my face turns blue/Now I'm looking really good". Malicious intent would be a more descriptive phrase.

"Yes, it's more a mental thing," Kirsty agrees. "That song, 'Both Of Us Screaming', is about people obsessed with themselves – people who get a kick out of being depressed.

"It's like when you were little," she furthers, "and you got smacked and you started to cry. Then you'd see yourself in a mirror, all twisted up and screaming, and you want to cry some more!"

It's certainly a different approach from the usual forlorn girlie singing "Give me back my man".

"I was always a quiet person," Kirsty considers. "So this is my revenge!"

Earwig are starting work on their second EP, 'Might', at the moment, scheduling it for a March release. Until then they'll be venting their considerable spleen on the live circuit.

And unlike their insect namesakes, this is one Earwig you won't mind crawling around your lugholes.

CATHI UNSWORTH

A STRANGE week, it's all jingles and theme tunes. Best of the lot is **THE BADMAN**'s 'Magic Roundabout' on Citybeat, a bleepy reworking of the children's TV theme tune replete with Dougal and Dylan samples and a reasonably wobbly 'Sugar Lump Trip' mix. Also called 'Magic Roundabout' is a single by **RISING HIGH** on Tam Tam. Rising High is actually the new nom de musique of **CASPAR**, once the hippy in **A HOMEBOY**, **A HIPPIY** AND **A FUNKI DREDD**. A fast and furious hardcore House tune, it's already blasting out loud and clear from bassbins up and down the land. Nice to see the whole HH&FD posse shaping up into more than 15 minute stars.

New from Network records is 'The Mood Set' by **XON**, who are **RICHARD 'Cabs' KIRK** and **ROB GORDON** from FON studios and **THE FORGEMASTERS**. A driving piece of new age electro that's littered with odd samples and sections, the three tracks here are yet another fine testimony to Kirk's techno wizardry and invention. As the new **CABARET VOLTAIRE** work-in-progress report bears witness, this new burst of life for the Sheffield synthbod is giving a confidence and drive back to their music.

Back in jingleland, **2 MAD** put out their single, 'Thinking About Your Body' on Big Life soon. Picking up the **BOBBY McFERRIN** acappella tune at the peak of its chocolate-promoting appeal, this should easily melt all over the charts. 2 Mad are supposedly Big Life's bright new production hopefuls but judgement should be

BASS



in yo' face

reserved until they create more than just a techno jigsaw which, as smooth as it may be, isn't really any substitute for new ideas and a tune you wrote yourself.

Hardest tune of the week and firm favourite is **FRANCHENE**'s ragga House rush, 'Go Sister' on Omen records. An independent Manchester label specialising in hard hip House, Omen is definitely one to watch. The Franchene single races along underpinned by a low, fast bassline and topped with untold samples and shouts. Go sister.

VIM have cut together bits and pieces of Thatcher speeches and created 'Maggie's Last Party' on Boz. Using new-fangled studio trickery they've turned Maggie into a raver calling an invitation to party.

Best reissue news this week is that **CRISPY AMBULANCE** are having their back catalogue put out on CD, including their excellent version of **THROBBING GRISTLE**'s 'United'.
Colin C

WHERE
NOW
EVER
POST
APOCALYPSE

FAST APPROACHING from the very, very left field are the wonderfully named Pregnant Neck. These people have serious problems, they come across like Half Man Half Biscuit on Ecstasy! Each epic track on the ridiculously titled album, 'Shenanogam-esque Rapscaianismz!' crashes about with scant regard for Top 40 appeal. It's all fast and peculiar time changes, executed deftly like early Buzzcocks albums put through a document shredder. "Tame the brain" they cry, more like take it out and pop it in the microwave. As Leonard Eel Tomkinz, Penny Court, Saspat Whaley and Waz Slapstick taken their place among the great British eccentrics, it's tempting to wonder what they look like. Less than three heads and I'll be disappointed!

Pregnant Neck's debut album is available from Touche Guftaw Rekiz, 78 Madells, Epping, Essex CM16 4NN. The same source will provide you with the 'Stomach' seven-track demo tape or the 'Scaffolder Olcer' EP.

Striking a more serious note, The Motivator distributes an extensive list of punk and hardcore music from East End, Sheffield. The selection of cassettes includes Unknown Compilations Numbers 4, 5, 7 and 8. These are good value with up to 25 tracks by the likes of Venus Fly Trap, Playground (now Splintered, see last week's Sounds), Every New Dead Ghost, Nostalgic Eternelle, Big Red Buss and Shadowplay. There are also a number of live tapes, including The Macc Lads, which are stickered with warnings like "Not Suitable For Minors" or "Vulgarity In Its Content". There's singles from Filler, Anorexia/Indecent Assault, Feed Your Head, Rectify, Canol Caled/Senile Decay, Generic, Dawson, Alienation, Default and Life Cycle.

Best of all, The Motivator carries albums and tapes from all over Europe. You can be the first kid on the block to possess copies of Dezertere, Armia or Moskwa albums from Poland or the Brainstorm tape from Yugoslavia or 'Le Clan Des Chaotiques' from Belgium. If this is what the European market is all about then give me ECUs.

Sounds chose (at random) the Jaywalker album, 'Free Energy Through Unconnected Coils Like Tesla And Reich Generators' from Switzerland (But of course! - ed). Jaywalker produce some excellent speed metal overlaid with the usual Peaceville political sloganeering. Fortunately, a good deal of the sense is lost in the translation. "It's just my anger, passing by this days, by reading scapegoats, I've got a sore thought". Not quite Ozzy Osbourne but well worth checking out.

The Motivator, 7 Stainforth Court, 548 Attercliffe Road, East End, Sheffield 9, South Yorkshire.

Snowy Brown

TEENAGE RAMPAGE

SEX, STYLE and subversion have always been at the frontline of any white-heat rock that's counted.

They were last spotted during punk rock, a form which has been completely drained of these components over the last ten years and gradually reduced to beer-tainted pub-rock workouts and fuzz-faced hippy laziness.

The Manic Street Preachers are arrogant, proud and dangerous. Blunt, articulate, intelligent, they understand the sheer thrill of a band blazing on a colourful combination of rock and revolution.

Completely opinionated, the Manic Streets are not here to apologise for their existence like some mangy, flea-bitten muso dogs. They want to have a hit with their third single, 'Motown Junk', put out a double album of 30 tracks and then top the charts with 'Repeat', a controversial five-line rant that strings up the monarchy. Anything less, will be considered a failure.

And at the end of a furious 12 months, the Manic Street Preachers want out. They intend to split, reckoning that their molotov-powered missive will have either caused a revolution or at least got them banned from *Top Of The Pops*.

This is the only timescale that their high powered ambition can demand. This band are serious. They are dangerous. But even if they fall they will have a knock-on effect, Manic Street Preachers demand opinion.

THE MANIC Street Preachers are rock culture freaks with dog-eared volumes of r'n'r history, thumbed Orwells and related lit.

Those studied snarls are backed with a keen and dangerous intelligence and they've assimilated their influences into an early-'60s-cum-late-'70s-cum-early-'90s timebomb.

The Preachers claim to be in the direct line of white-heat rock 'n' roll dissent, first articulated by Pete Townshend's Who and The Rolling Stones. That particular baton was dropped in the soggy '70s, then along came the excitement and energy of the Pistols and The Clash during punk's spectacular six-month existence. In the '80s, the men in grey suits seemed to have lost the plot for ever, before Happy Mondays and The Stone Roses created a massive new audience out of the fresh-faced E generation.

The Preachers see themselves as the obvious heirs to that legacy, but they are not a punk rock band. Their terms of reference also include Guns N' Roses and Public Enemy—a heady mix of glam, pop, politics and huge album sales.

"You can only effect change if you are massive," spits guitarist Richey Edwards, huddled in the back of the band's Transit van which is parked behind Heavenly Records' scam-stained nerve centre. "I just can't see any future in being a small scale band in Britain. There's just no point."

"We hate going round in Transit vans. We want more than this," they scream, frustrated yet

Are MANIC STREET PREACHERS saliva-splattered scam-merchants or rabble-rousing revolutionaries? JOHN ROBB takes a deep breath and holds on tight as the fresh-faced Welsh windbags vent their spleen on everything from the cluelessness of The Clash to the sorry state of David Gedge. STEVE DOUBLE politely asks to be put in the picture

optimistic about their assault on the public unconsciousness.

Currently saddled with Clash comparisons, the Manic Street Preachers certainly hint at Strummer & Co's patent punk rock melody rush, but that's just one part of the tradition that this band of rock history junkies are pulling off.

"The only band that really means anything to us is Public Enemy. The Clash are as old to us as The Who—seeing Joe play with The Pogues is really obscene, it's just like the Stones comeback tour. Mick Jones and BAD are even worse."

The Preachers hope to get Public Enemy to produce them, but make it clear that they want to explore their own culture rather than fake their way through anyone else's. This band definitely hopes to die before it gets old. Yeah, but what're you gonna be doing when old age sneaks its creepy way up on you?

"We certainly won't be doing this!" they cry, adamantly laying down the line. "Anything else will do—we'll probably be complete cabbages!"

Bands have made ludicrous claims before, but the Preachers claim that their one-year battle plan is for real.

"We're not just aiming to fill the Brighton Zap Club, like Lush or something, that's useless. We want to be the biggest rock 'n' roll band in the world."

These are the kind of lofty ambitions that should drive every band that feels it has something to offer. At last someone is speaking some (non)sense. Death to pub rock!

FORMED ABOUT three years ago in Blackwood, a dead end Welsh backwater where booze seems to be the only means of escape (Gwent currently has

the highest alcohol poisoned population in the UK).

They spent a frustrating mid-'80s pummeling away in a vacuum—a vacuum that they still exist in today.

Their first release was a limited-edition (300) seven-inch of 'Suicide Alley', which was mailed out to various bands for support slots and the press for paragraph action. Neither parties were forthcoming.

Last year, they spat out another single, 'New Art Riot', on Damaged Goods. It's still available and is the first instalment in the band's unpinned grenade attack.

"The '80s were really crap. Before we heard Public Enemy we had to go back to find musical inspiration. I mean the fact that they had to resurrect a band like The Velvet Underground is so pathetic. . . Simple Minds, Echo And The Bunnymen, those were the bands of those times, and The Wedding Present! Who would ever want to look like David Gedge? It was the most horrid time ever," sneers Nick Jones, huddled inside an oversized blue padded anorak. This tall, fleshless bone pile is the bass playing frame personified—built to leap around onstage and hulk out the sort of bass shapes that '77 imprinted on the consciousness. Nick seems to detest every band on the scene, staring desolately at the floor, his chiselled cheekbones built for prime photograph action.

Sitting next to him in the gear-strewn van is guitarist Richey Edwards. His hair is soaped and teased into black spiked disarray and his feverish, intelligent eyes burn as he lays out the band's world dom plan.

Like Nick, Richey wears white spray-painted clothes—wardrobes with attitude. These are the

band's self-styled political wing: they want change and they're still brilliantly naive enough to believe in the catalytic power of r'n'r.

"We want to destroy all the subcultures that have been around for so long—like gothic, anarcho, that Wonder Stuff/Stourbridge scene, Carter. It's so terrible, so unclear. . .," he intones in his quiet Welsh lilt that's offset by a heavy duty cough.

The rest of the band nod in agreement with their 'political wing'. The music is looked after by James Dean Bradfield, the guitar slashing vocalist, whose voice is strong enough to ride roughshod over the rushed backing and melodic thrills. James looks relatively straight, with his clean cut crop, but his gob's also prone to go into overdrive.

Meanwhile, drummer Sean Moore hides beneath his mop. He's the band's quietest member, chipping in occasionally but spending most of the interview collecting 20 pence pieces for the parking meter.

"We are immersed in rock culture and political culture," states Jones. "We don't want to make the mistake of getting too wrapped up in rock music. People make too much of a thing about music—like everyone goes on about Terry Bickers and John Squire being guitar heroes but Richey can play those solos behind his back and jump up and down. It's piss easy, these people are *not* rock gods."

"People say why don't you try and write a love song, you should reflect people's feelings," says Richey. "But everyone I know has been pissed off at least once and we reflect those feelings."

One big danger with the Manic Streets' game is that, once the lid's blown off, the energy will collapse inwards—like the despicable Oi bullshit that all too inevitably followed on from punk rock.

"When you're young," opines Nick, "you don't feel like that at all, you just feel really pissed off. We don't want to talk about old bands, we just want to appeal to those people—the young audience. Like the kids at the Flowered Up gigs who said that they were really into what we were doing because they had never seen anything like that before, a band jumping up and down and stuff."

"They don't want to know about the past," joins Richey. "They know that there's something happening in their lifetime that they want to be part of. To me one of the worst things you can get is getting too wrapped up in a political manifesto, like New Model Army. You just don't get young kids interested in it, the singer comes over just like a teacher. We're not into that kind of dogma at all."

What do you stand for?

"Nothing. We're completely into negativity," snarls Nick.

"We're nihilistic. . . It's a really positive thing!" finishes Richey. "We want to destroy the hierarchy in this country, the monarchy, the House Of Lords, homophobia, racism."

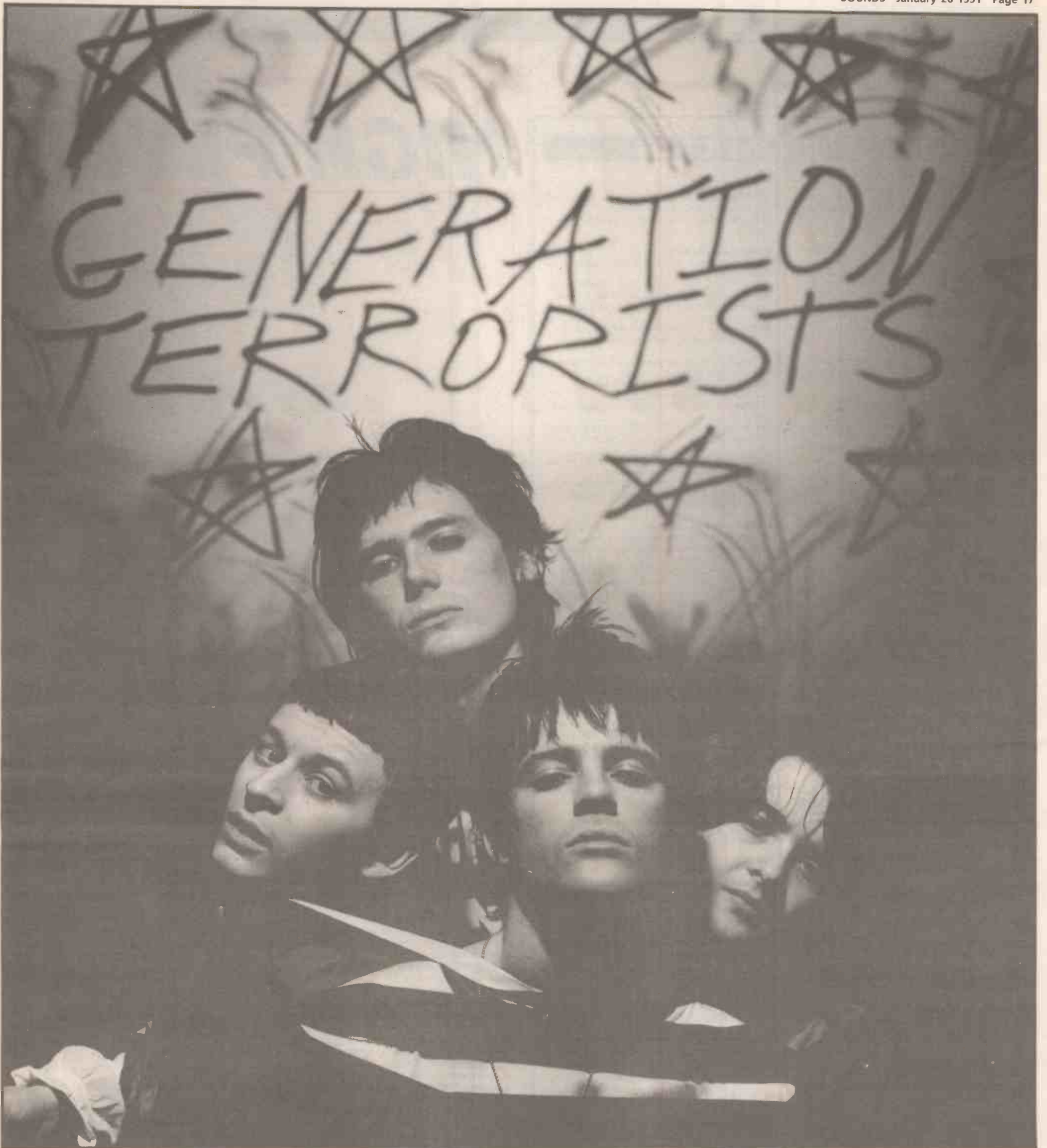
THESE ARE lofty ambitions for a showbiz troupe, but fine aims for any man.

Of course, old tossers like me know that this is impossible—that we are all powerless freaks sat on the sidelines watching with rising panic as the world gets stuck into World War III, with greed and unchecked egos running rampant.

No one seems to have an opinion on anything—the '90s are turning into the '80s, all apathy, no

“ We're nihilistic. It's a really positive thing. We want to destroy the hierarchy in this country, the monarchy, the House Of Lords, homophobia, racism ”

— RICHEY



MANIC STREET Preachers: new art riot

rocking of the boat. Maybe the Manic Street Preachers have twigged something, maybe they are pissing in the wind, maybe they are using outmoded reference points, but maybe – just maybe – they are right.

"You've got to reach out on a massive level," burns Richey. "Once we've done that we will fade away. We want to make ourselves obsolete as fast as possible. It's no good just inspiring groups. People always go on about the Stones inspiring the Paris riots in '68, but they just carried on. They're so obscene."

What can you achieve, Nick?

"We can put a song out like 'Repeat'. It's, like, five lines repeated over and over and if you're in a position of power it will go in straight to number one, I think it would cause a lot of people problems just because of the nature of the lyrics."

The aforementioned 'Repeat', the live blowtorch that ends the Preachers' set, spits through lines like "Death camp place, Royal Khmer Rouge" before leaving no one in any doubt with its "F**k queen and country" snarl up. Can't really see it on *Top Of The Pops*, though.

But that's the least of the problem. Recognising the terrifying cultural poverty that's inherent in the UK, they shake their dishevelled mops.

"Cheap hedonism," says Nick. "It's always been exploited all the time, every government must be happy with feeding people alcohol and drugs. . . It's like, I hate society so I'm going to be bombed out of my skull."

"It's really frustrating – people can't articulate their anger, they just attack each other. If they ran down the high street and smashed up Tescos or the job centre that would be perfect. I'm not snobbish about these people, these are my friends, the people that I hang around with when I'm back home."

The Manic Street Preachers have higher hopes for their generation: "The revolutionary class is every kid that's pissed off. You're just not going to get old people involved, they're not going to be into it at all, they've got too much to lose, they've got kids. When you've got a baby to feed, you can't be expected to do too much. Young people, though, have got no fear. They don't care what happens to them, like at football matches, when you've got no fear you can do anything."

Live, the Manic Street Preachers are a spectacle – not for them the current 'normal bloke' shuffle. The Manic Street Preachers want to put the sex back into politics.

"When we play everyone knows that we are

pissed off. You know that, you can feel it," says Nick. "But we don't want to reflect that by looking really grey. We put on stacks of eye liner, spike our hair, spray our clothes. . ."

Do you think there's a glamour to what you are doing?

"We hope so. That's what we want to do, mix the two. We want to be the perfect mix between politics and beauty. . . The Bridewell Taxis, the Paris Angels – it's just so obscene that fat people are allowed in bands," spits an incredulous Nick. "It's like I saw The Charlatans on the TV and their audiences had moustaches!"

He shakes his head in complete disbelief.

THE MANIC Street Preachers have set themselves up and by aiming high they are perfect for attack. Their attitude will not win them many friends – they relate a recent incident when a band off the pop/punk scene asked them outside to sort out some slugging the Preachers had been ladling out in the press.

They seem genuinely disgusted by everything, but reckon that there is a potential audience for their seething anger. They offer no solutions, but simply mirror the turmoil that always seethes just

under the surface of our laughable, mouldy old country.

Yeah, it's been said before. It's been sang about, spat out, buttoned under a sharp suit or correlated through F**k off camera poses. It's collapsed into the seething hatred and boring negativity of Oi or the stoned laziness of the late '60s hippies getting it together.

The Manic Streets probably won't change anything, but their attitude is brilliant. No group has sounded this pissed off, this young, this burning on high octane for a good stretch of time.

"It's important that people don't see us as a dogmatic band," says Richey. "We're just like them. We can't write a thesis on reviving the world's economy like bands like The Redskins have. We are a product of these times."

Rock fans may sneer at the Manic Street Preachers as 'hype', a bunch of mouthy f**kers attempting to rock the boat, but time will tell.

"The only culture we've ever had is rock 'n' roll – white English rock bands. That's where we come from, we've seen all that in the past. There's nowhere left to go. . . We're going to be the last rock 'n' roll band."

Or at least until the next lippy upstarts get their chance!

SCANNERS

LISTINGS

music on telly

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 23

RAPIDO: 7.35pm, BBC2. Antoine raps with Monie Love and Run DMC while chasing *The Farm* around on tour.

JAZZ ON A WINTER'S NIGHT: 12.15pm, Channel 4. Featuring Herbie Hancock accompanied by Bobby McFerrin on spoons.

AMERICA'S TOP 10: 3am, ITV.

THURSDAY JANUARY 24

TOP OF THE POPS: 7pm, BBC1.

INDIE POWER HOUR: 7pm, BSkyB Power Station. Countdown of the top selling indie records.

FRIDAY JANUARY 25

THE WORD: 11pm, Channel 4. Bomb The Bass return with a new single, 'Love So True', and Jellyfish are beamed live from America. Meanwhile *The Word* goes real rock 'n' roll and spends 16 uninhibited hours in the company of EMF. Really wild, like.

RAW POWER: 2.35am, ITV (most regions).

Squeeze into your leathers and comb your hair for a hard night of metal, gossip, tour news and videos.



THE FARM: Rapido, January 23. Antoine dons his best Scouse disguise to hang out backstage with the boys from *The Farm*, no doubt quizzing them about their much anticipated appearance in *Brookside*

SATURDAY JANUARY 26

THE ITV CHART SHOW: 11.30am, ITV.

SOUND STUFF - BEAUTIFUL MUSIC: 7pm, Channel 4. Wall to wall muzak is tonight's topic, with John Walters talking to the men behind the background music business. Plus animal lover Ted Nugent explains how he bid ten million dollars for the Muzak Corporation just to destroy their tapes.

RHYTHMS OF THE WORLD: 9.55pm, BBC1. A musical tour of Mali.

THE WORD: 2.20am, Channel 4. Another chance to spend 16 hours with EMF. Great.

SUNDAY JANUARY 27

STAR TEST: 11.30am, Channel 4. Wayne Hussey talks about vodka, getting chucked off the *James Whale Show* and how he's tried for years to look like a girl.

SNUB: 11pm, BBC2. Repeat of last week's stormer with Manic Street Preachers, Dinosaur Jr, Spirea X, Darkside and My Bloody Valentine.

MONDAY JANUARY 28

DEF II - THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL AIR: 6.30pm, BBC2. More adventures from The Fresh Prince chillin' out in America's leafiest suburbs.

TUESDAY JANUARY 29

TOWN & COUNTRY: 11pm, Channel 4. Hoe down with Clint Black and Nashville rocker Webb Wilder.

on the radio

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 23

JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio (102.7/103FM). Mick Meadows and Sarah Jane chat to Andy Weatherall.

DAVE SANDER: 7pm, The Hot FM (96.9, 97.6FM). Sessions, interviews and the best of the new releases.

MARK GOODIER: 7.30pm, Radio 1. With The Real People in session.

DAVID GRANT: 8pm, WestSound Radio (96.7/97.2FM, 103.5MW). Daily light rock show.

HEADBANGERS SHOW: 8pm, Moray Firth Radio (97.4FM, 110.7MW). Headbangers' delight.

EARSHOT: 9.30pm, Radio 5 (693, 909AM). John Cavanagh plays this week's winning demo from Glasgow's Groovy Little Numbers. For a national airing, send yours to Earshot, PO Box 370, Glasgow G12 8XY.

THURSDAY JANUARY 24

TIM SMITH: 1pm, GLR (94.9FM, 145.8MW). Session from Joe Ely.

JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio. New releases, indie grooves and the best of this week's singles.

BRIAN MARTIN'S ROCK SHOW: 7pm, Coast AM (1242, 603 MW). Classic rock show every night of the week.

MARK GOODIER: 7.30pm, Radio 1. More from Liverpool's Real People.

TRIBUTE TO OTIS: 9pm, Radio 1. Richard Skinner pays his respect to Otis Redding.

RED DRAGON ROCK: 9pm, Red Dragon Radio (97.4, 103.2FM). (Also Saturdays and Sundays).

EASTERN BEAT: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Bhangra from Toosan.

FRIDAY JANUARY 25

RICHARD SKINNER: 10am, GLR. Live music from Robert Cray.

ROUND TABLE: 6pm, Radio 1. Clint from PWEI and Dick Astley air their thoughts on the week's new releases - let's hope that tricky Ricky's latest single isn't one of them.

PAYOLA: 6pm, Echo 96 (96.4FM Cheshire, 96.9FM Staffs). New releases, interviews and indie dance grooves.

JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio. The Hollow Men pop in for a chat.

CLUBMIX: 7pm, Hallam FM (96.1, 97.4FM). Sheffield foot-tappers unite.

JAZZIE B: 7.15pm, Kiss FM (100FM). Mr Soul II Soul gets serious.

THE ESSENTIAL SELECTION: 7.30pm, Radio 1. Into the groove with Pete Tong and his Nightlife Top Ten.

ROCKIN' THE UK: 8pm, Echo 96 (see above). News, interviews and the latest rock releases.

RAVE: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Music and views from Wales.

FRIDAY ROCK SHOW: 11pm, Radio 1. Tommy Vance has Demon in session.

SATURDAY JANUARY 26

SATURDAY SEQUENCE: 3pm, Radio 1. Roger McGuinn plays tracks from his new album and chats about life after The Byrds.

DANCE SHOW: 6pm, City FM (96.7FM, 15.48AM). Nine hours of non-stop dance, rap and soul music.

KISS FM DANCE CHART: 7pm, Kiss FM. As voted by London's DJs.

JOHN PEEL: 11pm, Radio 1. Peelie has Definition Of Sound and Galaxie 500 in session.

SUNDAY JANUARY 27

GROOVE MACHINE: 7pm, Moray Firth Radio. Dance with an indie feel.

BUS' DISS SOULED OUT: 7pm, Piccadilly Radio (103FM). Grooving out in Manchester.

TRISTAN B: 7.30pm, BBC Radio Bristol (94.4, 95.5FM) Dance/soul from the town itching for Manchester's crown.

CAZ: 8.30pm, BBC Radio Bristol. Indie show with local flavour.

DIFFERENT WAVELENGTHS: 10pm, Northsound Radio. Underground sounds from Scotland.

HENO BYDD YR ADAR YN CANU: 10.15pm, BBC Radio Cymru (92.4, 96.8FM). Welsh indie music.

JOHN PEEL: 11pm, Radio 1. Sessions from Plant Bach Ofnus and Filler.

FAST FORWARD: 12pm, Radio Luxembourg (208AM). Review of the week's indie releases plus demo of the week.



DREAM WARRIORS: Radio 5, January 28. Canada's finest drop into *The Mix* studio for a chat about their forthcoming album

MONDAY JANUARY 28

JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio. Danielle Dax in interview.

BAILEY BROTHERS ROCK SHOW: 7pm, Hallam FM. Classic rock from Sheffield.

MARK GOODIER: 7.30pm, Radio 1. First part of a new Birdland session.

CAESAR THE BOOGIEMAN: 9pm, Invicta FM (102.8, 103.1FM). Dance classics.

KRUSHER'S MONDAY METAL MAYHEM: 9pm, GLR. Rocking out with *Kerrang!*'s finest.

IN CONCERT CLASSIC: 9pm, Radio 1. Alison Moyet recorded in 1984.

THE MIX: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Grooving with The Dream Warriors plus a special report on the harassment of Irish youth in London.

BOB HARRIS: 12pm, Radio 1. Rockin' session from Colin James.

TUESDAY JANUARY 29

NIGHTLIVE: 7pm, Orchard FM (102.6, 97.1FM). Weekly look at the South-West band scene with local music, gig news plus live sessions.

MARK GOODIER: 7.30pm, Radio 1. More from moptops Birdland.

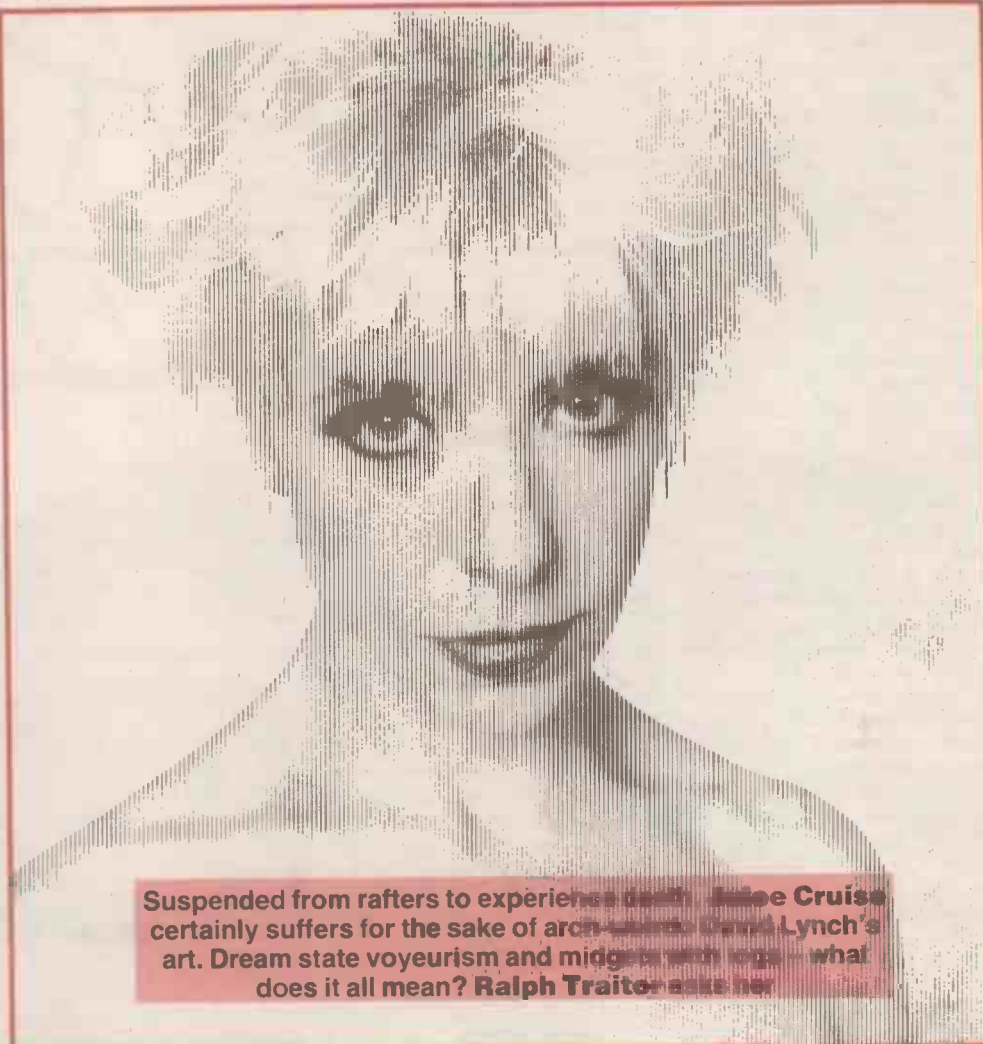
GARY CROWLEY: 8pm, Chiltem Radio. New releases and indie dance.

HIT THE NORTH: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Music from The Hollow Men and The Onset plus Frank Sidebottom with part seven of his history of pop.

SHARP AS A NEEDLE: 10pm, RTM. Hardcore mix of hip hop and House.

SMOOTH PEBBLES AND ROUGH DIAMONDS: 12pm, RTM (103.8FM). A few gems from the indie underground scene.

HIGH FLYER



Suspended from rafters to experience death, Julee Cruise certainly suffers for the sake of arch-visualist David Lynch's art. Dream state voyeurism and midgets with legs - what does it all mean? Ralph Traitor asks her

C ATAPULTED TO stardom with the success of her 'Falling' single and cameo role in *Twin Peaks*, Julee Cruise's association with director David Lynch and the eerie power of her voice have made her something of an enigma.

When speaking of the overnight starlet you can, presumably, expect the unexpected.

But such a benign truism doesn't begin to cover her appearance in *Industrial Symphony No. 1*, the performance piece collaboration of David Lynch and Angelo Badalamenti.

Shot at Brooklyn's Academy of Music the day after its well-received live production, *Industrial Symphony* attains the sort of evident surrealism central to Lynch's movies. In the live situation, however, an additionally sinister energy creeps in, an energy that's neutralised by Ms Cruise suspended high above the stage singing as only she can.

"Considering it was one of these last-minute things we had to throw together because David was busy working on *Wild At Heart*, and none of the people involved had done any kind of theatrical work before, it was a great success."

Resembling a collision between the '50s and the '90s via the next century, *Industrial Symphony* really does provoke that most trite of questions, What does it all mean?

"I don't even know if David is qualified to tell you what it means," confesses Cruise bemusedly, "The idea is that it's the dream of

the brokenhearted, a dream of a girl after she's been jilted; I portray the dream state of the girl. The point may be not to follow it. It uses that 'almost-can't-stand-it' voyeurism David uses, for example where the midget is saving the log (yes, you read that correctly - Ed). It's different live because the whole spectacle is so much to take in and look at. Filmed, it's turned into a kind of voyeuristic look into a woman's dream."

"Physically it was a little demanding being up on the wires, but it was really magical. I was so far removed from the audience, that for a while there - all these jutting industrial structures beneath me and then this fog and bright white light shining in my eyes - during the music, I kept thinking, Am I dead?, y'know, a kinda *déjà vu*. . . it was really quite pleasant actually."

And what, pray tell, was the first thing you did when you came down?

"I got out of the leather harness I had to wear. Actually I want to do it again, and I pushed and pushed, but it's too expensive to mount live, it would cost about a million dollars. We couldn't even begin to find backers for that much."

Lynch's future plans for Cruise include a second album and, oh compelling concept, a David Lynch/Angelo Badalamenti musical. Additionally, Cruise is currently reading scripts: "Something for ABC-TV. . . I read scripts all the time. Whether they want me or not, that's another story! It's not like I'm rejecting them!"

But hasn't your newfound status made such tiresome job searching unnecessary?

Cruise laughs. "No, no, wouldn't it be nice!"

VIDEO

DAVID LYNCH & ANGELO BADALAMENTI
Industrial Symphony No. 1 - The Dream Of The Broken Hearted
(Warner Video - £9.99)

DAVID LYNCH and Angelo Badalamenti took Julee Cruise under their wing and then to the top, but in their performance piece *Industrial Symphony No. 1* they take her further still.

Suspended over a thoroughly post-modernist set, Cruise sings her burned out torch songs in a mournful spotlight. Hovering like some dislocated platinum-blond angel, Cruise oversees the unfolding of a progressively stranger story. Told in song, dance and speech, it's a tale of loser love portraying America as one big drain, sucking you down, down and out.

At points, *Industrial Symphony* resembles a berserk, drugged yet lucid exaggeration of the seedy undertow pinned down by *Last Exit to Brooklyn* - the sequence involving a semi-clad dancer apparently molesting the hulk of a '50s car proving not less than riveting. As the ad hoc narrative widens and deepens, however, even Lynch's staunchest fans will be pressed to follow the action, the '50s iconography and metaphorical rites of passage suffered, documented or represented by the small cast and forever dark, isolating set.

Industrial Symphony is, of course, intended as art, and one supposes that by its very elusiveness it qualifies - though whether the majority of us really want to witness such inevitably indulgent work remains the central question. Having said that, and in the wake of *Twin Peaks*, Lynch may just be capable of force-feeding us art and making us like it.

Ralph Traitor

EDITED BY KATHY BALL

FILM

MANIAC COP 2
(Medusa, Cert: 18)

DEDICATED TO the memory of the late Joe Spinell, star of director William Lustig's notoriously dour and controversial *Maniac*, this sequel to '89's *Maniac Cop* (no relation) is a curious hybrid.

Scripted and produced by Larry Cohen – no stranger to satire or, indeed, the genre – it's a strangely mis-timed parody, firmly rooted in an age of horror movie-making that itself fell prey to butchery in another form.

Fortunately for most, a thorough knowledge of the first episode is not required. Lustig kindly recaps in a pre-credit sequence and former star Bruce Campbell pops up in a brief cameo before handing the baton over to Robert Davi in the quest to track down marauding zombie cop Matt Cordell (Robert Z'Dar).

Cohen's script fleshes the premise out nicely, adding a down-at-heel, small-time killer by the name of Turkell (Leo Rossi playing a characteristic Cohen underdog) who aids Cordell in his attempts to wreak revenge on corrupt city fathers responsible for his arrest on false charges. Befriending Cordell after a chance meeting, Turkell instigates a bizarre guru/disciple relationship, hinting darkly at the implications of media-enhanced infamy.

Causing havoc on the streets of New York, Cordell leads Turkell back to Sing Sing prison, scene of his wrongful incarceration and subsequent 'death'.

Unless his honour is restored, Cordell intends to unleash the denizens of Death Row on an already terrified town.

The climactic pyrotechnics are

effective and efficiently staged, indeed, some inspired stunt work carries the movie through duller passages.

But *Maniac Cop 2*, like its predecessor, prefers to concentrate on the well-worn manipulation of standard horror techniques – yes, even *Carrie* is plundered – without fully exploiting the movie's intriguing inversion of law and order.

Self-referential and wryly amusing as it is (*Evil Dead* director Sam Raimi makes an appearance as a TV announcer), *Maniac Cop 2* is simply too uninspired to give life to an already over-worked formula. It's lightweight, sharp and entertaining enough but, for God's sake, let's hope it's the last.

Damon Wise

VIDEO

CARDIACS
All That Glitters Is A
Mare's Nest
(Fotodisk – £9.99)

"WHAT THE f**k is this shit?" asks a bemused Mark Walmsey, ear to a glass, as he sits backstage while Cardiacs perform. He might well ask. He is their manager, after all.

Mare's Nest, filmed under impressive stained-glass windows in Salisbury, is as much like a fairy tale as a live show can get. For Cardiacs, it's probably the last time you'll get to see the full line-up (including the previously errant Sarah Smith) play live, now that they're down to a four-piece. And, shot through a purple-ish haze, with plenty of Jim bashing and close-ups of Tim's gleefully mad face, it's a marvel of a gig.

'Too Many Irons In The Fire',

'Tarred And Feathered', 'The Big Ship' et al make the heart and mind lurch with abandon, and, particularly in the case of the latter, a lump rise in the throat. The kaleidoscopic swirls of this half-insane, half-seriously brilliant music have been caught admirably by director Steve Payne in their most potent surroundings. The spectacular ending, the truly awesome 'Is This The Life' is like the final whoosh into outer space.

Maybe now that crossover culture is flourishing, the wild idiosyncracies of Cardiacs can be appreciated by more than a select few. *Mare's Nest* is a loveable introduction to the truly inspired.

Cath Unsworth

PRINT

THE BEATLES
Illustrated Lyrics
(Macdonald – £14.99)

THE PUBLISHERS describe this as a volume of poetry ("...for poetry it must be"). In reality, it's a book of '60s artwork illustrating Beatles songs, by a flock of then-prominent

artists, including the likes of Davids Bailey and Hockney.

As such, you might expect it to be more than a little patchy. But no, sufficient '60s idealism, drugs and enthusiasm means a lot of the artwork here is simply stunning.

It was originally put together 20 plus years ago, by Alan Aldridge, a man best known for illustrating the *Beatles Complete Songbook*. There's plenty of his mad psychedelic pictures alongside numerous cartoons ('She's Leaving Home'), photographs (an enchanting fairy for 'Dig A Pony') and all manner of surrealism ('The Long And Winding Road' with a half-man half-candle crying wax tears).

Only on one occasion does the retard side of '60s philosophy raise its ugly head. David Bailey's tasteless 'Lovely Rita' has a traffic warden as tart flashing a nipple for no apparent purpose. But largely we're talking art at its most imaginative and ultra-vivid with Aldridge's pictures standing out above all.

None of which means you should buy it. Art books don't stand repeated fingering. Full-colour illustrations and glossy pages

throughout mean quality, but even quality has a hard case justifying the 15 nicker price tag for a book you're not likely to look at more than two or three times.

Compared, however, to many of its ilk, this is a book that defies its format.

George Berger

VIDEO

THE STUPIDS
Drive-In Hit Movie
(PBJ Video – £9.99)

AFTER THEIR debut album in 1986, The Stupids were legitimate hardcore heroes the world over.

So what happened? Well, The Stupids didn't split up so much as fizzle out. Mostly they just ran outta spice and after the short, sharp shock of their early shit, the songs – bar the occasional goodie like 'Leave Your Mark' – became progressively blander.

By 1988, at the peak of the skaterock hype, the whole scene had become a card castle ready to tumble down. Which it duly did. The

music papers weren't interested any more, the grassroots support had all but gone and even a lot of skaters resented what they saw as the gatecrashing of their scene. Life was a bitch to The Stupids.

This vid, recorded at Camden Electric Ballroom, captures the ending of that era. Tommy Stupid's original partners, Marty Tuff and Wolfie Retard, were long gone. Stevie Snax took over bass and Ed Shred performed all guitar duties, but for the band it was too late. Half the fury had evaporated, though some of the older songs like 'It's Fun To You' and 'Born To Skate' still sound above par.

Visually it's fine, apart from the ridiculously loud skate clothes which now make them look like a bunch of scallies on holiday, shot quite poshly on three cameras. Soundwise it's not too bad either, considering half the vocals miss the mike in the frenzy.

Post-stardom is as stupid a time as any to release a Stupids vid. But if you can accept that it comes from a period that wasn't their heyday it's a decent live document for diehard fans.

Ian Lawton



THE HAPPY Mondays in their post-Smash Hits days

VIDEO

HAPPY MONDAYS
One Louder
(Wienerworld – £9.99)

WHILE SCUTTLING home from the Mondays' recent lacklustre Wembley gig, legions of cockney teenies could be heard raving about Shaun & Co's show, ignorant of the band's scorching pre-'Pills 'N' Thrills' performances.

Those were the days of the college circuit, when G-Mex and Whitley Bay Ice Rink were unattainable dreams, and of a band who still hadn't quite taken on the mantle of rock stardom. Our six loveable scruffs had yet to grace the pages of *Smash Hits* and the muck-raking tabloids.

One Louder captures the Mondays in Manchester on the Rave On tour, immediately prior to their first *Top Of The Pops* appearance. They're on cracking form, baiting a crazy audience who never seem to tire of roughneck bouncer treatment, and belting out a tight, sizzling, sometimes desperate sounding set.

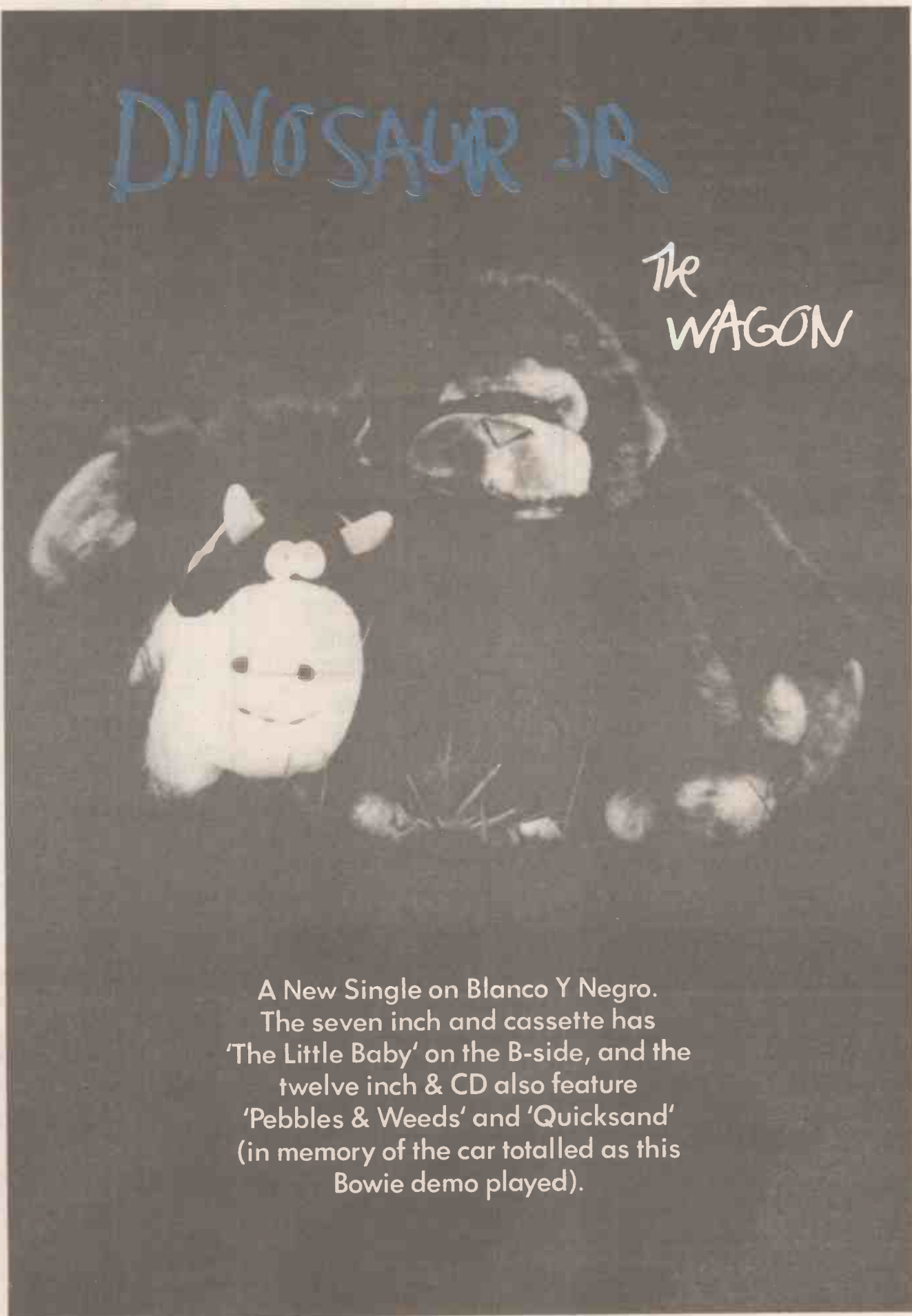
Highlights come thick and fast. 'Rave On' towers over its recorded counterpart, transformed from a clumsy sub-disco mess into a sparse slice of funk/rock. 'Kuff Dam' and 'Tart Tart' are chaotic reminders of the Mondays' pre-dance days. And 'Mad Cyril' is everything it was on 'Bummed' and more – an elongated romp through well weird territory.

Non-diehards will find great chunks of *One Louder* a tad boring – its makers have missed out on the interviews and backstage scenes that would have made for varied entertainment, and the use of trippy camera work begins to wear thin after a few minutes.

But as a record of a quality-packed show the band really haven't topped since, this'll do fine. Some of those freshly converted cockneys should invest in a copy – *One Louder* contains (sigh) the sights and sounds of a band at its onstage peak.

We may never see their like again.

John Harris



A New Single on Blanco Y Negro.
The seven inch and cassette has
'The Little Baby' on the B-side, and the
twelve inch & CD also feature
'Pebbles & Weeds' and 'Quicksand'
(in memory of the car totalled as this
Bowie demo played).



BIRDLAND: NICE boys really

“I hate the way we’ve been portrayed as a bunch of morons. A lot of people start bands because they want to get laid, take loads of drugs and make piles of money. That’s all bullshit”

—LEE

“WELL, THERE’S two of them and they’ve both got blond hair and they’re in a band called Birdland who make a lot of noise and gob at the audience in between smashing their guitars up.”

Fortunately, the receptionist at London’s Columbia Hotel doesn’t ask who I’m waiting for. It would have been tricky explaining the Birdland phenomenon to anyone outside the world of music.

What’s more difficult to equate, though, is the two blond figures who bounce into the room a short while later.

Both vocalist Robert and guitarist Lee talk in soft Brummie accents and are polite in the extreme. Not once does either of them so much as raise a voice in anger.

It’s a side of Birdland few people would expect – let alone believe. But it’s an aspect that will soon be revealed for all to see.

AFTER THEIR initial adrenalin-fired entrance onto the music scene, which earned them maximum press exposure and a near legendary reputation, Birdland have slowed down enough to avoid the inevitable imploding process.

It’s an intelligent move which has benefitted the band in more ways than one.

“We didn’t expect to get such a reaction or to upset people in the way we have,” says Robert, almost apologetically. “But I think it’s mainly because our image is so strong and we are so instantly recognisable.”

“We did receive a great deal of press coverage after a relatively small period of time, but we’ve still played every toilet in the country like everyone else. It’s down to jealousy more than anything.”

It’s in a live setting where the hostility sometimes explodes – occasionally in a hail of glasses and bottles. But Birdland don’t necessarily see that as being a sign of animosity.

“Whatever we do,” explains Lee, “it always creates some kind of energy, and that causes people to react. Sometimes you need a band to throw bottles at. The Mary Chain got it at their early gigs where there were riots, but the fans loved it. We’ve almost had that, but it doesn’t mean the audience hate us. It means they’re having a good time.”

“When you’re young you need an outlet for all that energy, but it shouldn’t turn into violence because that’s a waste. No one wants to be spat at and if that happens to us we’re not going to stand back and take it like other bands do. We’re going to retaliate.”

“A lot of the trouble has been blown out of proportion,” sighs Robert. “We don’t set out to confront an audience, we attempt to entertain. I don’t start

Featherering their nest

BIRDLAND were once best known for their blond hair and obnoxious stance but, says ANDY PEART, their debut album reveals a surprising depth and maturity. ALASTAIR INDGE captures their sensitive side

insulting the crowd, I enjoy myself and try and create something where everyone has a good time. If there’s some twat at the front giving us abuse then that’s no fault of mine. Hopefully the album will change all of that, though.”

Birdland’s debut album, ‘White’, is finally set for a mid-February release, and it’s going to cause a few surprises. Gone are the three-minute speedy thrashes, replaced by a much more studiofied sound, yet the record still retains a certain live vitality.

The first chance to witness the change in the band comes in their new single, ‘Everybody Needs Somebody’, out this week on Lazy, which conveniently bridges the gap between the old and new Birdland.

“If we had made an album two years ago it would have been very thrashy, very ‘Hollow Heart,’” reckons Robert, “and we wanted to make a record which showed we’ve matured and which had a lot of depth to it. I’m sure people will be expecting the Birdland thrash element but the songs now are much better and the excitement and edge are still there.”

ASIDE FROM their time in Birdland, Robert and Lee are massive ‘60s sci-fi/horror fanatics and obsessively collect things from that era.

They both enthuse over the early Human League stagershow, where Adrian Wright worked a backdrop of slides while the League played live, and they promise something similar for Birdland’s tour in March.

One of Lee’s personal favourites is *The Prisoner* television series, so much so that his passion has worked its way onto the album.

Lee: “I wrote ‘Don’t Look Back’ all about The Prisoner and Number Six’s (Patrick MacGoohan) frustration in being unable to escape from the village. In one of the episodes he did actually escape but it was just another trick to try and break him.”

“The ‘60s were such a creative time for films, music and things,” continues Robert, “and a lot of those influences do come out in Birdland but not to an extent that we’re regressive. There’s great things happening in the ‘90s as well.”

Lyrical, the album tends to dwell on girls and relationships, but not in a hamfisted manner. It’s more a case of exploring a sensitive side to Birdland’s character which, again, is a surprise. The best example is ‘Exit’ which whirrs around, driven by Lee’s unique brittle guitar sound.

“‘Exit’ was attempting to capture a moment in time which could happen in anyone’s life,” Robert elaborates. “When you’re 14 or 15 you’re more messed up inside than at any other time in your life. You sit in the bath for hours crying, you have your first sexual experience and you feel real emotion for the first time. I wanted to catch the moment where someone gets all those immense and positive feelings but doesn’t know how to handle them.”

“I hate the way we’ve been portrayed as a bunch of mindless morons with an all-lads-together mentality,” rages Lee. “A lot of people start bands because they want to get laid, take loads of drugs and make piles of money. That’s all bullshit – we’re just really into the music.”

“We are big music fans,” confirms Robert. “I used to have a job digging holes for the council and the only thing

that kept me going was looking forward to getting home and listening to ‘Forever Changes’ by Love, because it gave me a reason to get some money and try and write something as good as Arthur Lee’s songs.”

“We are interested in what’s going on in the world around us, but I’m not keen on putting my feelings about politics into a song because it’s been done before. People know how bad things are, they don’t want to be told. Everyone says that the first Clash album is great but it’s so much about what was happening in 1977. I want to make records which are timeless, so the songs can be left open to all types of interpretations.”

THERE ALWAYS seems to be an element of danger surrounding Birdland gigs, where things are on the verge of getting out of control – and, of the four members of the band, Lee is undoubtedly the most wired.

“If I didn’t have a channel to release that energy I’d probably go insane,” he says thoughtfully. “I had a friend who worked in a mental hospital and she used to tell me about some of the patients. It was sad because they were so misunderstood. People do misunderstand themselves and start believing they’re not good enough to do certain things. They shouldn’t. You have to be forceful and confident about yourself.”

“I’ve been suicidal and all that,” admits Robert, “but things always get better. If your girlfriend leaves you it feels like the end of the world, but the next day you might see a really gorgeous girl and you think, Wow! You have to face the fact that there’s only one life and make the most of it. It’s no use staying at home dreaming.”

As I leave Birdland’s hotel there’s no trace of televisions being thrown out of the window, everyone has been polite to the waiter and there’s no sign of any scantily clad groupies hanging around. Could it be that beneath the hype Birdland really are decent blokes?

Lee: “We’re not Guns N’ Roses you know.”

Robert: “I hate all that. We want to change this false image which says, Drink your beer and lock up your daughters, here come Birdland. We’re not like that.” I believe them.

REVIEWED BY LEO FINLAY

THE MOONFLOWERS

'War Shag' (Pop God) An anti-war anthem (the first of many?) released on January 15, Bush's ultimatum day. At the time of writing all hell has broken loose in Baghdad, so by the time you read this, there should be a full-blown war going in the Gulf and singles like this - however worthy - are rendered pointless.

For the record though, 'War Shag' which has a limited run of 1991 copies is a fine ultra heavy guitar dance track echoing the views of most sane folk - "We don't want to fight no wars". Exactly, but when the first bomb drops, the choice is out of our hands, like it or not. Still, it'll make a good collector's item.

LEATHERFACE

'Smokey Joe EP'

(Roughneck) Being a three-piece and playing hardcore means you're bound to be compared to Hüsker Dü, and indeed Leatherface do - but a very gnarly and f**ked up Hüsker Dü. 'How Lonely' is just brilliant, gloriously rapid and fuelled with unfocussed anger and hatred. 'You Wanted Everything' is more tuneful but no less belligerent and the remaining three tracks compound the view of a band not to be f**ked with.

CALVIN RUSSELL 'A Crack In Time' (New Rose)

Truly superior country from a well-worn Texan virtually unknown here, and without a record deal in his homeland. We should be grateful to Paris's New Rose for unearthing such delights, especially for the likes of The Country Rockers and Tav Falco's Panther Burns. 'A Crack In Time' is downbeat in a

world-weary way but Russell's haggard tones make it special. The B-side sees ZZ Top-type boogie swagger in and has the power to make anyone rebel yell.

LINDY LAYTON 'Echo My Heart' (Arista)

Lindy Layton seems destined to be "an international star". The big question is... why? Her embarrassing cover of the Janet Kay classic 'Silly Games' proved she can't cope too well with the high notes, and 'Echo My Heart', for all its finely tuned production and expensive session playing, is a complete non-song. At least Lisa Stansfield can sing.

RIVERHEAD

'Alpharetta'

(Avalanche) One for REM fans in particular and those who like their rock on the country jangle side in general. And although they'd do well to rock out a bit more, this four track EP is diverting enough taken on its own terms.

THE DYLAN'S 'Godlike' (Situation Two)

Bit of a stonking debut from this lot - a mix of driving indie guitars, sweet Byrds-ish harmonies and '60s organ and even if the bassline does recall The Beatles' 'Taxman' - and therefore The Jam's 'Start' - it's a cracker. The ultra-informative sleeve notes provide no hint as to the band's origins, but on the strength of this, I reckon we'll find out soon enough.

THE TWIST 'Pooka EP' (Woop Woop)

Another debut single, this time from five Kirkcaldy chaps with a hatred for their hometown's banality and fond

memories of Postcard. 'Falling Down Quietly' is the most impressive track with pop rhythms that always seem to be coming to an unforgettable hook... and always just failing. Still, it is one of the more thoughtful singles on offer this week and augurs well for the future. Some of the other tracks see them straying into anorak territory, but again the songs' strength save them.

SMASHING ORANGE 'My Deranged Heart' (Ringers Lactate)

Smashing Orange hail from Wilmington, Delaware - a place not renowned for producing classic pop (or anything else for that matter). 'My Deranged Heart', however, is a beautifully dreamy number with the charming feedback of Ride and the wistfulness of Galaxie 500. Not terribly original, but a track that grows with each listen. 'Only Complete With You' shows they've studied the My Bloody Valentine noise book and managed to make their own informed notes in the margin.

HARD-ONS 'Where Did She Come From' (Vinyl Solution)

Many intelligent folk shy away from the Hard-Ons, expecting an Oz Macc Lads or summat, but this single shows they can play snappy psychedelia with the best. It's surprisingly poppy too, and leaves the chorus ringing through your head after a few plays. It won't be a big indie hit, but it sure as hell should be.

CHRIS ISAAK 'Blue Hotel' (Reprise)

After years spent as an adequate Roy Orbison imitator, Isak finally made the top ten by hanging on to that David Lynch chap's shirt-tails. And while Lynch has made it bigtime by making evermore turgid assaults on American mores, Isak's rising star has yet to quash his cult status. Will he ever have another hit? God knows, but if it's gonna happen, it's with this song. The voice is still pure Big O, the guitar sheer Hank Marvin and, oh yeah, it was featured at the end of *Blue Velvet*. Bit of a duff move sticking 'Wicked Game' on the B-side though.

THROWING MUSES 'Counting Backwards' (4AD)

The Muses must look back at those heady days when the Pixies supported them around the country, and sigh. For while the Pixies have gone on to virtual world domination, they've stood still - albeit as a top notch cult combo - and there's not much here to indicate they're ready for stardom. The title track is a good enough Yank indie track with Kristin Hersh's vocals as pleasingly offbeat as ever, but the heavier musical stance simply recalls (yes) the Pixies. And what possessed them to do a version of the dreary 'Amazing Grace' on the B-side? Hopes of divine intervention, perhaps...

NO SWEAT 'Tear Down The Walls' (London) Much vaunted Irish rockers fail to impress with metal cliché upon hard rock cliché. What can you expect from a band with such a shite name?

EAST VILLAGE 'Circles' (Heavenly) 'Circles' is a brooding delicate piece of guitar pop that takes a long time to go absolutely nowhere. Very pretty, but what's the point? 'Here It Comes' on the flip is similarly laid back but wins through courtesy of some neat 12-string guitar and whispered harmonies. Stars Of Heaven did it better years ago, but there is some promise.

THE DREAM ACADEMY 'Love' (WEA) "Love is a walk down a main street," sang Al Green, and who could argue with that? The Dream Academy, for one, who believe love is a preposterous dance version of an inferior John Lennon song. The B-side, 'Mordechai Vanuno' (what?) is more typical

SINGLE OF THE WEEK ONE



"SINGLE OF The Week? Gee, thanks." Dinosaur Jr feign enthusiasm

DINOSAUR JR 'The Wagon'

(Blanco Y Negro) Yeah, an utterly predictable Single Of The Week, but what the hell? Mascis & Co's first major release is goddamn masterly. And ask yourself, why are Dinosaur Jr the most name-checked band since Hüsker Dü to crawl from the US hardcore blast? Simple really, they've always written great tunes, and the lyrics are never so profound that you can't gladly sing them under your breath on a tube (or somesuch). 'The Wagon' is

no exception, with Mascis again making guitar playing seem the easiest thing in the world and Murph pumping up some seriously gnarly beats when matters begin to get too polished.

'The Wagon' first materialised on the Sub Pop Singles Club roster last year and the J/Murph "remix" is fairly minimal, but it's still worth laying your hands on the 12-inch with three extra tracks including a version of David Bowie's 'Quicksand' and Mascis's brilliant solo mess 'The Little Baby'.

hippy shit, and anyone feeling really masochistic should get the 12-inch with its two extra tracks including yet another preposterous Lennon cover. Conscriptio's too good for 'em.

KING OF THE SLUMS

'Joy' (Cherry Red) Could there ever be a less baggy Manchester band than King Of The Slums? Even the lengthy dub intro to this has the mark of a group destined to be eternal outsiders. Good stuff, though, as Charley Keigher adopts a well over the top Manchester accent to utter, "Come 'ere, I'll mek yer 'appy/Don't be coming on so sassy". Gawd knows what he's griping about, but the lines, "The minute you walked in with a joint/I could tell you were a real big spender" could be construed as a pisstake on some of Manchester's most successful clowns.

MANIFESTO 'History'

(Fire) Sterling stuff from a Washington DC three-piece who feature ex-members of hardcore stalwarts, SOA, Youth Brigade and The Untouchables. Their sound is leagues away from the sub-Fugazi drone of their contemporaries, and is more likely to impress Brit indie brats than Yankee slammers. Damn fine pop song - we'll be hearing a lot more about this lot soon.

TANITA TIKARAM 'Only The Ones We Love'

(East West) Well, Tanny's back with new short haircut and a more mature feel to her voice. Lavishly produced as ever, it's thoroughly innocuous and will keep many a civil servant happy.

THE BACHELOR PAD 'Smoothie' (Egg)

Endearingly old fashioned breakneck indie pop on the A-side, a silly version of 'Do You Want To Dance' on the B-side - good fun, but far from essential.

PRAISE 'Only You'

(Epic) "The haunting music from the Fiat Tempra TV advert," boasts the sleeve-sticker. I just wish they'd sent me the car.

RED HOUR 'Out Of The Blue' (Cogent)

Smashing debut from a Barrow-in-Furness outfit unafraid to let their guitars jingle and a-jangle. Wedding Present comparisons are inevitable but Red Hour have enough swagger to make their own mark.

THE POTTING SHEDS 'Second Best' (Mad Cat)

Worth noting that BSE 2 (ho, ho) is the catalogue number here.

'Second Best' could do with a bit more madness though, being a merely average cheesy Hammond-led romp. Too nice for its own good.

EMF 'I Believe'

(Parlophone) 'Unbelievable' had a certain boisterous charm, even if over-play on daytime radio did ultimately make it 1990's most irritating single. This has no charm whatsoever and merely confirms the Jesus Jones On The Block jibes. A massive hit, no doubt. One can but wait for the Jim Thirlwell remix to see if these people are anything other than irksome chart fodder oiks.



EMF: charmless

SINGLE OF THE WEEK TWO



JACOB'S MOUSE: straight outta Sussex

JACOB'S MOUSE 'The Dot EP' (Liverish) This Bury St Edmunds four-piece have two things in common with Killdozer: a set of brothers in the band (twins Jebb and Hugo Boothby) and a singer with a larynx designed to strip sandpaper. They're no 'dozer clones, though, as these five truly brilliant slices of Sussex hardcore prove.

'Sign' is a masterpiece, with Sam Marsh's angry stomping vocals and a vicious backdrop of noise given a cutting edge by Cally Boardman's viola. It might sound like a strange musical augmentation but the *different* sheen it gives to the songs is truly innovative. 'Ho Hum' is another belter with some of the finest chiming guitar on offer since Big Black's 'Jordan, Minnesota'. 'Microdish', 'Enterprise' and 'Hey Dip Sugar' are just as vital and you're left wondering how many great songs this band have if they can afford a quintet of such beauties on their debut.

FREEWHEELIN'

Despite the open support of The Clash and some magical releases of his own, things have never really happened for JOE ELY. 'Live At Liberty Lunch' could, however, change all that. PETER KANE reports on the rise of his career



JOE ELY: a free man

TEXAS RUNS through Joe Ely like Brighton through a stick of rock.

Born in Australia, raised in Lubbock and long time resident of Austin, he's been pumping out some of the most potent bar room rocking ever to have shaken a leg in the Lone Star State for a lot longer than it might be polite to recall.

Not that Ely seems the sort to care. In his slow, easy going drawl he'll whisk you back through his West Texas childhood during the mid-'50s.

"Lubbock? A pretty good sized town, about 150,000 people. Flat as a table top, not a tree on the horizon, just cotton fields and a little oil. The wind always blows. Dust storms are the norm. I used to have nightmares about the tumbleweeds. I'd dream they were seeping under the doors, climbing in my room.

"There wasn't a whole lot going on. The big deal of the day might have been a road gritter driving through or a street sweeper coming by. Going back there, just recently, I was amazed how my poker playing buddies were still playing poker. Nothing much has changed."

LUBBOCK IS obviously the kind of town to either sink into or swim away from as soon as responsibility begins to beckon. With music both the spur and the ticket, Joe got out.

"I'd started playing violin when I was seven years old. A friend of my grandfather used to build them. I remember going to his house and watching him. He taught me a few

licks, how to hold the bow. There was a guy down the street who had a Fender and an amp so when I discovered that the violin started to gather more and more dust."

He put his first band together soon afterwards, working a few variations on the songs of Lubbock's most famous son, Buddy Holly, and gradually bringing in some Hank Williams, Jimmy Reed and Willie Nelson stuff too.

By 17 the lure of the highway proved too much, and Joe had quit school and was out on the road, playing the honky tonks and bars.

After playing in Europe he made his way back to Texas where he teamed up with the likes of Butch Hancock and Jimmie Dale Gilmore in a short lived, but fondly remembered, outfit called The Flatlanders.

They made a record but it didn't see the light of day until all three had begun to make their mark as upholders of the proud Texan songwriting tradition and it wasn't

until 1977, with his self-titled debut album featuring some classic Hancock songs, that the world at large began to sit up and take a little notice of the name Joe Ely.

Tunes like 'Tennessee's Not The State I'm In' and 'She Never Spoke Spanish To Me' together with Ely's own dust kickers like 'I Had My Hopes Up High' brought together country, Tex Mex, blues, rock 'n' roll, western swing, you name it, all under one gloriously persuasive roof.

It seemed as though Ely couldn't fail especially when The Clash openly lent their support and with it some much needed credibility. Somehow, though, despite some sturdy releases and an often magical band it never quite happened the way it should.

By the mid-'80s Joe found himself out of contract with his record company, MCA, and with no particular place to go. The popular conclusion was that Joe Ely and his music were too country for rock audiences and too rock for

the country ones; he just sort of fell down this crack in the middle.

"I guess I'm comfortable with that," he laughs. "It gives me a lot of freedom because I'm not being told by lawyers and accountants what kind of records to make. On the other side of it, I suppose it's made it a little harder to keep going, but I've never been afraid of that. I grew up in a place where it's hard work to raise a good cotton crop."

HAVING COME so near in the past, Joe is not about to start whooping and hollering now that his career has got its second - or is it third? - wind with the cracking 'Live At Liberty Lunch' which cannily manages to capture him and his pared-down band firing on all six in front of a rightfully partisan Austin crowd.

The set manages to both round up the past and give instant access to the current, distinctively swivel-hipped stance of him and his fellow players with guitarist, David

Grissom, in particular, showing how it should be done with some mighty twanging.

Reunited with MCA once again, it could almost be 1979 all over and that tour with The Clash.

"If there's anything that kind of sums up my musical history it's been trying different things and sticking my neck out. Joe Strummer really liked the records I'd done. He had this notion about the West, a little of the spirit of the cowboy in him, riding the range, the gunfighter attitude. We liked a lot of the same songs - Sonny Curtis who wrote 'I Fought The Law', for instance, was another Lubbock songwriter and there was Roy Orbison and Buddy Holly, and all those rockabilly guys.

"We played in places that no promoter would have dared book them into like Wichita Falls, El Paso and Laredo. No band ever goes to Laredo. I'd never played there. You could easily have been shot. But it was just great to see this dangerous London band playing these honky tonks. For me, that's still what it's all about - not just to entertain but to stir you up, get a reaction."

If 'Liberty Lunch' is anything to go by, Joe Ely's still as good as his word.

“Joe Strummer really liked the records I'd done. He had this notion about the West, riding the range, the gunfighter attitude”

NIRVANA

7" "Sliver" b/w "Dive" - Gatefold & Limited Color Vinyl

12" "Sliver" b/w "Dive" & "About A Girl (live)"

CD Single "Sliver" + "Dive", "About A Girl (live)" & "Spank Through (live)"



Having earned a reputation as cheeky chappies with a taste for other people's tunes, CARTER (THE UNSTOPPABLE SEX MACHINE) are all set to fight for their right to party. ANDY PEART asks Jim Bob and Fruit Bat what it's like to be championed by Jonathan King and neglected by the NHS. Sexy snaps by MARTYN STRICKLAND

IT'S A wet and gloomy afternoon in South London.

The cold wind sends shivers through visitors approaching the impressive Imperial War Museum in Lambeth.

Among them two of the most unlikely would-be pop stars shuffle up to the entrance.

Dressed in duffle coats and woolly hats, Jim Morrison and Leslie Carter could hardly be described as glamorous, and little do the passers-by realise they're in the company of wacky old Jim Bob and Fruit Bat, better known as Carter (The Unstoppable Sex Machine).

But soon those alter egos will be asserting themselves on a nation of music lovers.

Fruit Bat frequently visited the Imperial War Museum as a kid, but for Jim Bob it's a first. And, as we begin to wander around the assorted tanks and weaponry, we realise that in the light of the current conflict in the Gulf it might not have been such a good idea connecting the visit with the subject of the new Carter single.

So with nothing much said, we leave and head for sanity in the shape of the King's Cross offices of Carter's record label Rough Trade, where the band have an appointment to check lyric sheets and decide on publicity photographs.

There's a definite feeling of excitement and expectancy in the air at Rough Trade. The new single, 'Bloodsport For All', is easily the most instantly likeable and accessible since 'Sheriff Fatman', and everybody involved believes, and is secretly praying, it's going to crack the Top 40.

The one blot on the horizon, though, could be its aforementioned lyrical theme, the difficult subject of bullying and racism in the army, which won't pave an easy path towards daytime radio play.

"If we were worried about radio play we wouldn't be writing songs like 'Bloodsport' in the first place," Fruit Bat states later in the pub round the corner.

"I suppose it did cross our minds," admits Jim Bob, "but we had the same argument held up against 'Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere' (their last single about alcoholism). Rough Trade said they'd release it as long as we were aware that it might not get played on the radio."

"A lot of people think 'Bloodsport For All' is a pro fox hunting song anyway(!), but I originally got the idea from a television programme about bullying in the army, which was mainly connected to racism."

"It's a myth that a majority of people join the army because they want to go out and fight. They join because they've got no other choice and it's unfair to say that all soldiers deserve to get shot or bullied or whatever. I'm sure Billy Bragg didn't join the Army because he wanted to kill someone."

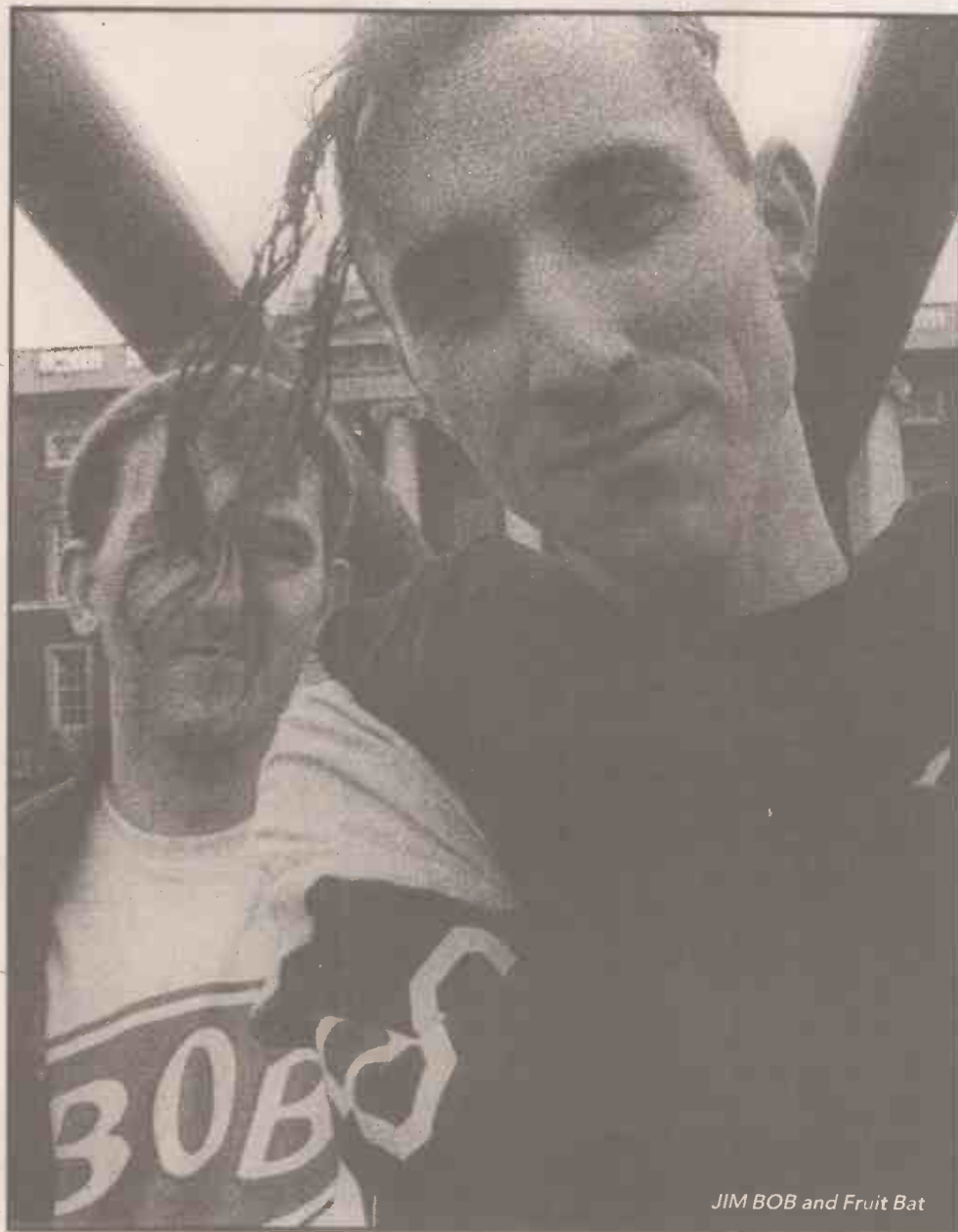
HIT OR not, 'Bloodsport For All' will be followed on February 18 by the release of Carter's second album, '30 Something'. It's a blitzkrieg bop of sharp samples (from Joe Strummer through to actor Michael Caine), a piercing selection of snappy two liners ("Are you prepared to meet your maker, And ask for your money back") and a superb collection of class(ic) songs.

If you revelled in the delights of their diamond debut, '101 Damnations', it won't be a disappointment, although the moods which run through the new album are even more bitter and despondent than those of its predecessor. Curious for a band currently enjoying the best years of their lives.

"Maybe that's because we aren't as happy as people presume," answers Jim Bob. "No matter how successful you become your problems don't all disappear."

"They get worse," interjects Fruit Bat.

"It was only towards the end of recording that we realised the majority of the songs were about death," continues Jim Bob. "And by then it was too late. The only concrete thing that's changed in our lives is that we've got enough money to live on now. But there's a war on in the Gulf and being in a popular band doesn't make that any more comforting. The lyrics are becoming more cynical. Most of our songs are just me moaning and being pissed off with the way the world is."



JIM BOB and Fruit Bat

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

"The whole idea of pop music is entertainment anyway," reckons Fruit Bat. "And it is escapism, but what else can we do? We'd be crap politicians because we never agree with anyone."

TAKING A couple of examples from the new album, 'Billy's Smart Circus' contains an obvious dig at the running down of the National Health Service.

"Yeah, the first part of it is about that," confirms Jim Bob. "You only have to go to a hospital to realise what's happened. Go to casualty and wait eight hours before you get seen then you'll find out what state the National Health Service is in. It's the same with education. Unless you're a parent you don't understand how hard it is to get a child into a school. It's a catch 22 situation because if by chance you do come into some money the thought of paying to get into a decent school will cross your mind."

"If I was rich," muses Fruit Bat, "I'd feel obliged to go private to take some pressure off what's left of NHS resources."

'A Prince In A Pauper's Grave' is less straightforward, a resurrected song from their previous band, Jamie Wednesday, that includes a clear jibe at religion.

Jim Bob: "There's quite a few knocks at religion throughout the album, but I wrote 'A

Prince In A Pauper's Grave' about a friend of mine who was murdered. He was stabbed to death one night and they never found out why. The end of the song does get all optimistic for some reason but that's on a parallel with our gigs. When we play live there's always a celebratory atmosphere, yet the songs are really depressing and the only thing we could think of which was similar is an Irish wake where they celebrate someone's life rather than mourn their death. I do find it hard to talk about the lyrics, though, because they are so bloody obvious. I honestly think that if somebody doesn't know what they're about they must be stupid."

A recent convert to their music has been DJ, TV personality and *Sun* columnist Jonathan King.

"In some ways I wish it hadn't happened," mumbles an embarrassed Jim Bob. "But we've never sent him a record so it's not our fault. We went out and bought a copy of *The Sun* the day we were in it and our tour manager refused to have the paper in the van and nearly resigned."

"If King is to be believed, he decided music was shit and went out and found all these bands like us, Mega City Four and Ned's Atomic Dustbin who he found really exciting. It doesn't actually concern him what the lyrics are about. He writes for *The Sun* so he

“If Neil Kinnock started writing a column for the *Daily Mirror* saying he'd discovered this great leftie band called Carter that would be just as embarrassing as being Jonathan King's favourite band.”

— JIM BOB

obviously doesn't give a shit. . .

"Mind you, we heard he wrote a column recently and they tore it up and threw it in his face. And anyway, buying *The Sun* once is not as bad as buying the *Daily Mirror* every day. Probably."

"We even buy the *Melody Maker* when we're in it," continues Fruit Bat.

"Yeah but we have to get someone to go in the shop and get it for us," says Jim Bob.

"If Neil Kinnock started writing a column for the *Daily Mirror* saying he'd discovered this great leftie band called Carter that would be just as embarrassing as being Jonathan King's favourite band!"

WHETHER THIS amiable twosome are prepared for celebrity status on the back of the album and single remains to be seen. The thought of them as pop stars is hard enough to swallow, let alone everything else that goes with it.

"We had to do a record signing at a new Our Price in Brixton with Inner City," recalls Jim Bob. "And they asked us if we wanted a limo! We only live around the corner!"

"We've taken a different route to most bands, though. When we sold out the Town And Country Club it was due to all the things we'd done in the past not because we'd been on television."

"I thought it was because we gave away a free record," Fruit Bat mentions quietly. Jim Bob: "Oh Yeah."

MPTY GLASSES are collected, tie salesmen escorted from the premises and the kid in search of money for a ten mile sponsored walk has long since disappeared with our cash.

Carter are nice guys in a nasty business. A shade over cynical maybe, but buy Fruit Bat a drink and he'll be your friend for life. And Jim Bob's always got a hundred and one odd stories to tell. But as the evening draws to a close the real Jim Morrison emerges and whispers into an empty glass.

"I want to write happy songs and I want to have good reason to write happy songs."

Not much to ask, but not very likely either. Or as a sampled Michael Caine might have put it:

"I don't know. It seems to me if they ain't got you one way, they got you another. So what's the answer? That's what I keep asking myself. What's it all about? Know what I mean?"

Carter know exactly what he means.

SOHO
SOUNDS

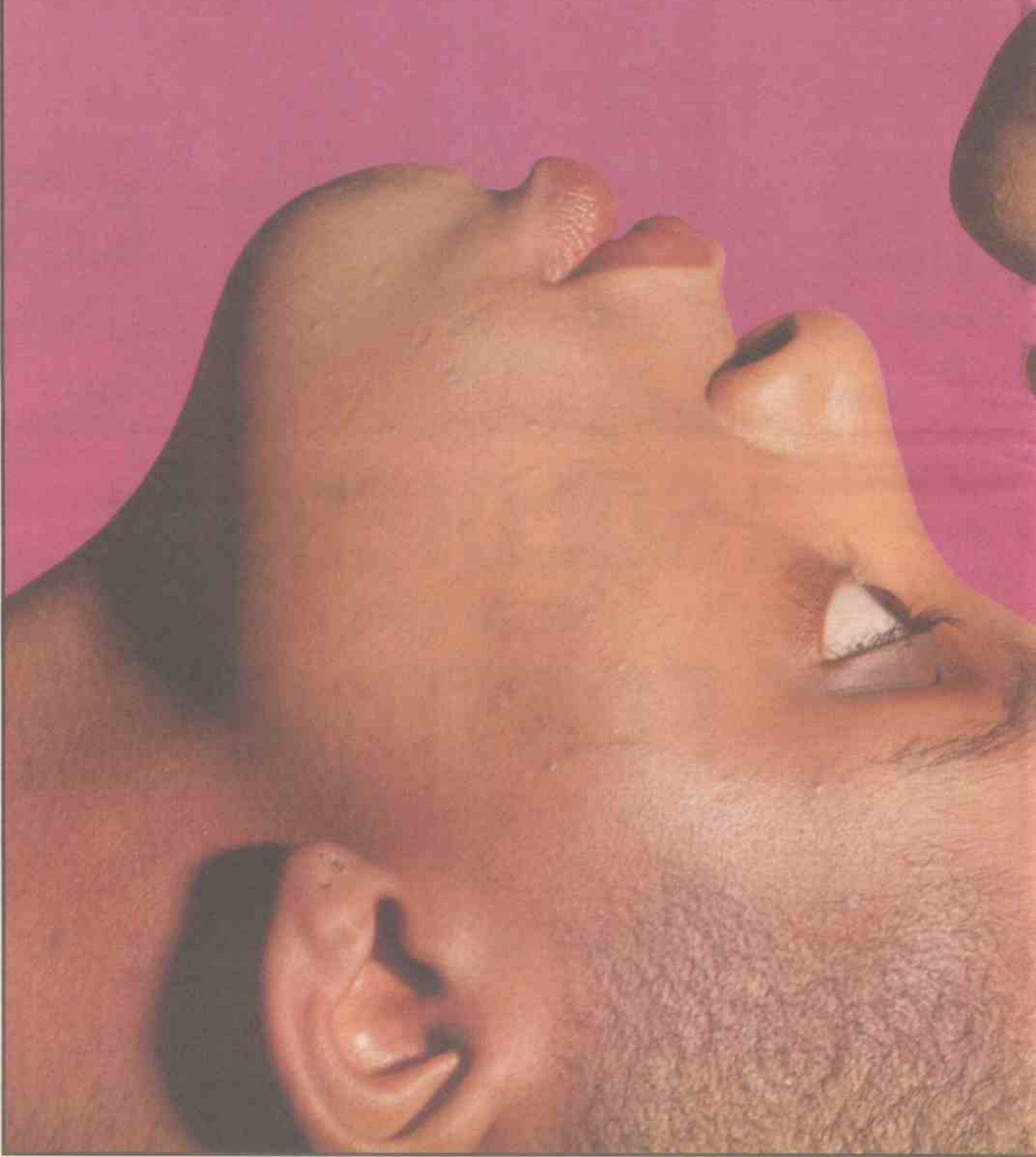
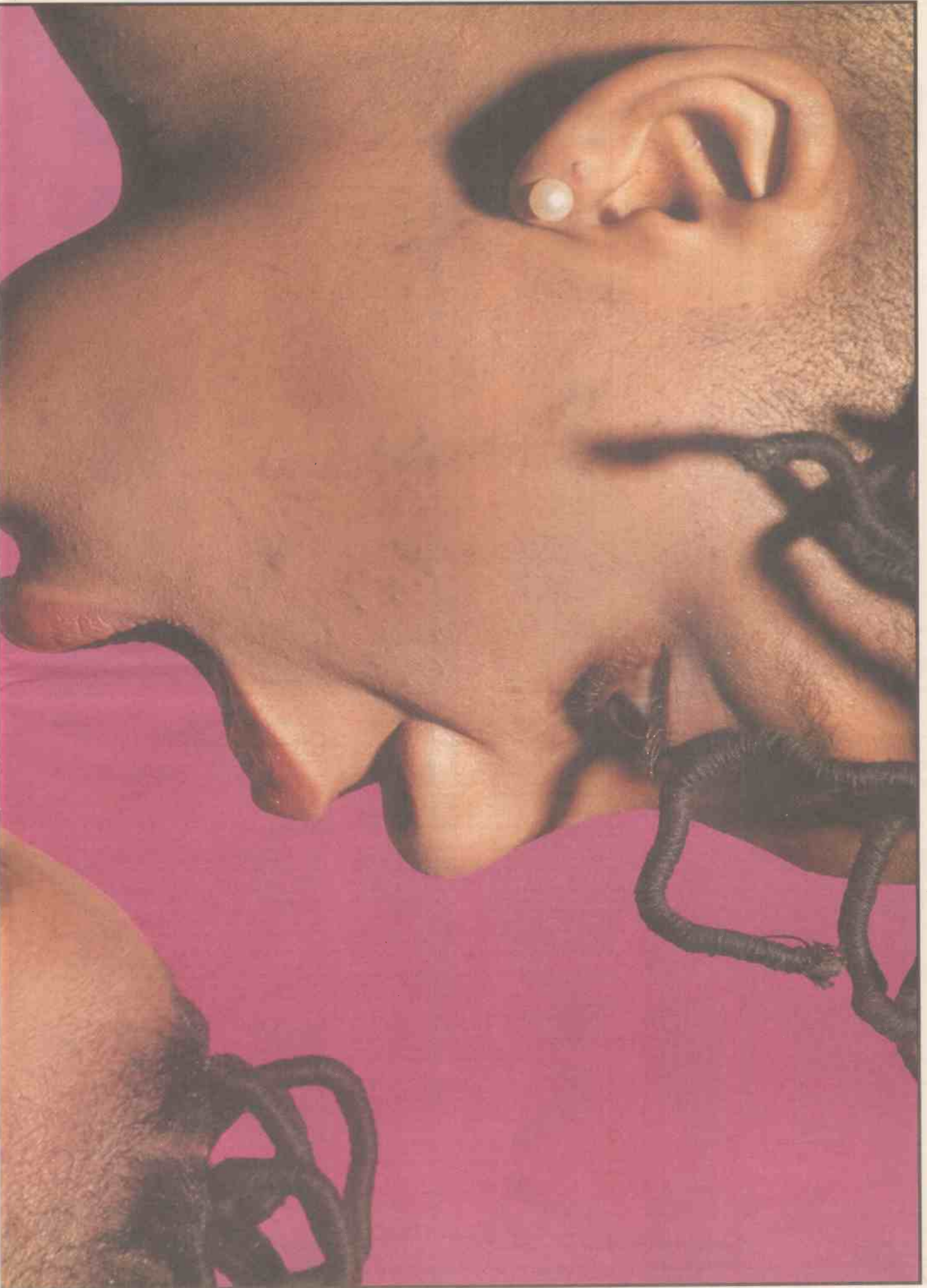


PHOTO BY STEVE DOUBLE



King for three days

They said it could never happen, but last weekend that multi-faceted pop svengali, soaraway *Sun*-ster and champion bigmouth Jonathan King actually did something decent – he rang up the cream of Brit pop and got them to turn out at Wembley Arena for the Great British Music Weekend. Ozzy Osbourne came along too. . . The *Sounds'* Brit Pack: Mr Spencer, Paul Mardles and Andy Stout (words); Steve Double, Leo Regan and Steve Gullick (pictures)



UNHAPPY MONDAY Shaun Ryder: it's all a load of Brit



JAMES' TIM: if you all like Jonathan King, pick your nose

Steve Double

Friday

PARDON THE occasional lapse into daytime Radio One-speak, but by half past six on Friday we're all digging the "great videos" (as a taped announcer keeps describing them), and politely raving to the reborn Style Council shuffle of CANDYLAND, a bland cross between Paul Weller's nasal white soul efforts and a *Grange Hill* end-of-term pop concert.

In a moment of mind-boggling poignancy, the biggest cheer so far goes to the video for The Stone Roses' 'She Bangs The Drums'; all heads turn towards the giant TV screen, and more than a few girls are actually



THE FARM: Peter Hooton calls for peace in his time Steve Double

heard to scream. This suggests that, instead of harming their reputation, the Roses' absence is casting a spell that's particularly strong amongst recent converts who've never seen the band live.

NORTHSIDE ("tonight's first Manchester band," as a breathlessly excited Mark Goodier usefully points out) go down a storm, but like Candyland, their brand of dance music is disappointingly predictable in its use of grooving drums and Happy Mondays-inspired guitar jabs.

'Answers Come In Dreams' boasts a pleasant little melody, but the tune to 'My Rising Star' is so slight it's almost overshadowed by the band's daft South American-style whoops and whistles, not to forget the singer's annoying and inexplicable habit of saying "Yeah mon!" at the beginning of all the songs.

808 STATE perform the gorgeous 'Pacific State' without apparently blinking an eyelid. The crucial wind section is clearly live and highly impressive, but the luxurious wash of samples means the rest of the band are so static you half expect them to nip backstage for a beer and a sandwich in the middle of the number. Worst of all, such is the frontman's lack of charisma he could easily be mistaken for a Wembley steward. In fact, perhaps he is a Wembley steward. Can he prove otherwise?

Mark Goodier runs onstage. "Do you need a Liverpool band Wembley? You need... THE FARM!" Goodier retreats, glowing with pride at the geographical accuracy of his remark, and right on cue Peter Hooton and his chums appear from behind an incongruous swirl of dry ice.

'Steppin' Stone' is a killer, the rhythm biting down hard while Hooton relaxes into the song in his own ungainly but uniquely compelling manner, a pop star against all the odds of nature and quite rightly chuffed about it too.

Pete Wylie appears for a storming 'Groovy Train', before introducing 'All Together Now' to a nation of propaganda-buffed Radio One listeners with the words, "this is a peace song". And it's pure genius, the gentle lyric slooshes out our war-poisoned minds and the band look genuinely outraged as they rant down the microphones and flash peace signs at the cameras.

The backdrop is swathed in floating flowers and Mysterion hoops as JAMES belt out 'Come Home' and 'How Was It For You', Tim Booth looking like the unlikeliest teen Idol yet with his Ten Pole Tudor chic and odd fondness for showing off fingers of snot to the cameras. "We thought you'd only be into dance music," says this disgusting but charming frontman, clearly amazed by the warm reception he's getting.

'Sit Down' is rapturously received and, as James climax with a flurry of scything violins and furious rocking axework accompanied by a mad strobelight frenzy, you can't help feeling that very soon they're going to be massive.

The last of tonight's "hot acts" (Mark Goodier again) is Happy Mondays, fronted by an apparently gravely miffed Shaun Ryder, who after a grumpy false start ("Stop! Start again!"), leads the band into an understandably half-hearted 'Step On'.

The Mondays need time to breathe and stretch when playing live, but tonight, with a strictly shortened set imposed upon them, they've got to get it right from the start, and they're struggling.

During 'Kinky Afro' Shaun delivers the "I wanna crucify somebody today" line with particular venom, hardly bothering to move as cameramen and fellow Mondays battle to achieve a degree of cohesion.

It finally comes with the dreamy haze of 'Loose Fit', the delicious 'Dennis And Lois' (during which Ryder shoves Bez aside to glare at a missile-throwing punter), and the traditional pumping finale, 'Wrote For Luck'.

Ryder stomps off, Bez hurls his maracas into the crowd. Wembley rejoices and an ecstatic Mark Goodier goes "Whooh!". A funny old evening and no mistake. Mr S

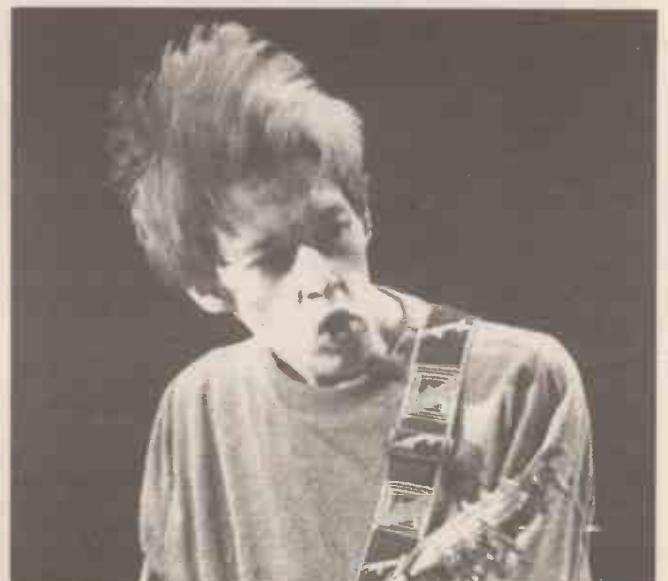
Saturday

TONIGHT THROWS up three intriguing questions: Do New Model Army know any good jokes? Has Jesus Jones' keyboard player thought about consulting a shrink? And what the hell are RIDE doing at the bottom of the bill?

Wrestling with their instruments like explorers fighting off snakes, the cherubic exponents of provocative pop provide a truly explosive start to proceedings. Hiding their tender tunes beneath a spiteful, volatile top-coat, Ride come across as precocious exiles from the infamous Morrissey School Of Miserabilism who've suddenly hit upon the joys of noise.

While Mark gamely attempts to fight off his fringe, unconsciously sending out sexual signals to every single teenager in sight, the others act as anchormen, gently swaying under the spotlight as 'Dreams Burn Down' and 'Vapour Trail' vie for top spot.

Despite being restricted to five songs, Ride are nothing short of



RIDE: TOO good to be bottom of the bill?

Leo Regan

EDITED BY KEITH CAMERON

unstoppable. Greatness is theirs for the taking.

CARTER (THE UNSTOPPABLE SEX MACHINE) may be many things but great certainly isn't one of them. Dripping with enthusiasm and energy, Jim Bob and Fruitbat like nothing better than to thrash away at their guitars, encapsulating the homespun attitude championed by punk.

Which is just what Carter are – wrinkly punks with a penchant for one-line jokes and politics. Opening with 'Rubbish', the two veteran vagabonds strike up an immediate rapport with the audience who seem to adore their heroes' undeniable charm and unashamed love of absurdity.

And, if nothing else, Carter's cover versions are certainly absurd. Their interpretation of the Pet Shop Boys' 'Rent', for instance, has to be heard to be believed. Raw, rough and ready, it's either a load of lumpen nonsense or a welcome dig at precious pop, depending on the mood you happen to be in.

Tonight, despite their glaring defects, Carter get the benefit of the doubt.

Having had their crown usurped by a certain bunch of Dean-agers, JESUS JONES seem intent on causing fireworks, staring daggers at anyone brave enough to mention the word 'unbelievable' in their presence.

Literally leaping straight into action, they immediately show their anxiety. As 'International Bright Young Thing' starts to take shape, the keyboard player ODs on adrenalin, jerking his limbs this way and that in an attempt to convince everyone he's actually suffering from epilepsy. Fortunately, few are convinced and the rest of the Jones' family do their damndest to ignore his horribly contrived contortions, surreptitiously poking him in the ribs whenever he comes their way.

Which is just as well. Because, at its best, Jesus Jones' frenetic, highly-strung pop is more than good enough to stand up on its own two feet. Though 'Info Freako' is saved for another day, 'Real Real Real' and 'Right Here, Right Now' prove that Mike Edwards & Co are perfectly capable of walking it like they talk it.

If only the same could be said of NEW MODEL ARMY. Having suffered more knocks than your average Fourth Division full-back, the most po-faced band on earth insist on queueing up for more.

Long-term members of the Movement Against Melodious Music, New Model Army should be applauded for giving immense pleasure to three social groups who're all too often disregarded – the dead, the deaf, and people who wear clogs. Although one category, in particular, is conspicuous by its absence tonight, those who are present remain fascinated by Justin's ever-present snarl and razor-sharp wit.

The pleasure that follows their departure should not be underestimated. Oh Bradford, so much to answer for.

In no time at all, though, the air seems alive once again. Excited punters swap idle chatter, understandably delighted that the worst is over.

And then THE WEDDING PRESENT appear. Immediately locking into their trademark buzzsaw drone, The Weddoes serve to remind us of what 'indie' music used to sound like before Ecstasy and Paul Oakenfold got in on the act.

Whereas their contemporaries have either long ago got off the bus or been kindly granted a new lease of life, The Wedding Present dig themselves further and further into the ground, deliberately shutting themselves off from the outside world, in the hope that it might go away and leave them in peace.

Tonight The Weddoes sound hopelessly sad and adrift. Banging their heads against a thick brick wall is going to get them nowhere.

Unlike Gedge and his hapless gang, THE CURE seem equipped to excel at whatever takes their fancy. Though they dwell in a specially-made space capsule untouched by the passing of time, Smith and his fellow freaks occasionally feel the desire to step outside their haven, simply to prove to cynics they've still got what it takes.

Tonight's greatest hits set acts as a potent reminder of The Cure's effortless brilliance. Kicking off with 'Pictures Of You' and tearing through such delights as 'Fascination Street', 'The Walk', 'A Forest', 'Inbetween Days' and 'Just Like Heaven', pop's most playful practitioners display an uncanny sleight of hand, carefully weighing up the components of every single song until they appeal to goth and girl guide alike.

On a night crying out for substance over style, The Cure come up trumps once again. Just like heaven indeed. PM



THE CURE: Bob's baggier than the rest – just check the width of that pullover!

Leo Regan

Sunday

WEMBLEY DAY three, and the Great British Music Weekend (or Jonathan King's idea of one) slowly grinds down to the fag end. The final chapter is the rock night, supposedly the cream of British metal levered struggling and straining into their 20 minute slots. The line-up doesn't look too promising.

WOLFSBANE are the ugliest band of the evening, no problem. Visually, it'd take a squad of plastic surgeons about five months to get them MTV glam shot presentable. Musically, forget it. Rock warts and all is what Wolfsbane are about, and though Wembley with a lot of people still queueing for a plastic bottle of warm iguana piss isn't exactly the Tamworth Rathole, the Wolfies make a fine showing.

But then, 20 minutes isn't a lot of time to make your mark, even when it's as sweaty and heaving as Blaze's. A final sleaze through 'Paint The Town Red' is their finest burst, gutterball rock preserved for the nation's video cameras. If it doesn't rot the tapes, that is.

What the hell did they base the running order on anyway? Sales probably, cos just like the Wolfies, the LITTLE ANGELS deserved to be elsewhere on the bill. After a brief diversion where Tommy Vance announces David Coverdale's non-appearance due to the ravages of the flu (large cheer), the Angels bound on as if they own the place. One day, they probably will.

They're the only band with enough suss to include a horn section at the back, bumping and grinding through last year's Dan Reed co-penned 'Radical Your Lover', and coming well into its own on the current funk-sweat of 'Boneyard'.

The Angels are class, MAGNUM aren't. Condemned forever to the fringes of the rock scene, Magnum have been touring and releasing in no-man's land for what seems like, and probably is, decades. This is last gasp time, a desperate bit of national exposure in which they're going to play all the ones that Wembley might just sing along to.

And they do. There's the one about Jerusalem, there's the one about the vigilante, and there's the one about the arrow going for your heart. A full front tactical first strike, coupled with the traditional mawkish singalonga Magnum ballad at the end. Uninteresting in the extreme.

On paper, THUNDER are too. A laddish late-'70s knockabout, that has no right to be quite as good as it is. Still Wembley's welcome is for the prodigal sons, and they provide a brief hiccup in the downward tending excitement curve.

At their best, they're easily good enough. 'She's So Fine' is a suitably raucous start, and the closing 'Dirty Love' exactly the sort of rockola groove that a gradually more pissed Wembley is looking for.

And then the bloody QUIREBOYS. Admittedly, they sound a lot better now than they managed on the live album, but they've still got the air of drunken amateurs who took a wrong turn backstage and ended up with guitars thrust in their hands. Sleazy and as grime encrusted as the Wembley urinals, they lurch, stagger, preen and pose through their allotted period of gruesomeness. The Quireboys love themselves, they want you to as well, and somehow some suckers fall for it – they do seem quite popular.

But then's so's OZZY OSBOURNE. The adulation this man inspires is frightening – especially as, his Black Sabbath stuff notwithstanding, most of his output is steady formula metal. Still, the inverted crucifix figures are raised over the stage, the man shambles on, and the crowd go apeshit. Strange business.

All of Uncle Oz's set is fairly competent, apart from the subtle mistake of throwing buckets of water over the front ranks instead of pig's blood. Where's the goats offal, then Oz?

Loved and adored is this man, but he's had it, the wreck of the Mary Rose given flesh and a loud guitar. Yesterday's hero exhumed for the cameras. What else can you say about a man who sings a song about Aleister Crowley and then says, "God bless you all"? Weird in the extreme. AS



THE WEDDING Present: Dave Gedge digs in

Leo Regan



NEW MODEL Army: there'll always be a Clogland

Leo Regan



OZZY OSBOURNE: f**kin' crazy guy

Steve Gullick

LIVES



SKAW: WATCH out Manchester, the Portsmouth rave is in your area

Pav

Phew, what a SKAW-cher!

SKAW West Hampstead Moonlight

SKAW CONFRONT the stage mob-handed and set about the musical molestation of the audience with the generosity of a posse of Millwall fans fresh from the bevvie house in the wake of a 3-0 away win at West Ham.

Emitting a gut-churning/butt-burning slaughterhouse grind of a groove capable of levelling Manchester with its seismic waves, the nominally abbreviated Some Kinda Wonderful re-situate Portsmouth deep in the heart of dancefloor land.

With a couple of guitars, bass and drums lounging around in a stunning impersonation of indifference, the surplus three give it some welly in the performance stakes. Mark Ballard contributes some visual flourish

FIVE IMAGINARY BOYS Highbury Corner T&C 2

LET'S FACE it, all this 'Jonathan King - what a diamond geezer' bollocks is getting a bit out of order. Like, is he? Really?!? And where were the black acts at the 'Great British Music Weekend' - don't Soul II Soul, The Ruthless Rap Assassins or Seal qualify? A notable lack of girlies, too, Jonathan me old mucker.

On the other hand, when the machinations of *The Sun's* Carter champion mean that The Cure choose to warm up for their Wembley spot with a brilliant, secret gig in the titchy T&C2 you can almost stomach it all.

Cap'n Bob and the chaps amble onstage with minimum fanfare for their first club gig in over a decade and launch into a new number called 'The Big Hand'. Like the rest of the new material, it adheres closely to the 'Disintegration' blueprint - and gets an entertainingly rough passage.

After a confidence-boosting shimmy through 'Pictures Of You', 'Lullaby' and 'Fascination Street', Robert introduces one new song - apparently as yet untitled, although it sounded suspiciously like 'It's All

Gone' - followed by another, through which the band fluff their way in classic youth-club style. This one appears to be called 'A Letter' and, once they get it right, will be a dazzling full sister to 'Pictures Of You'.

In all the new material - the last unveiled is called 'Wendy Time' (well, that's what he said) - there's nary a hint of the bouncy Cure of the 'Kiss Me' era. Smith seems to have long dispensed with the joker up his sleeve and, on tonight's evidence, expect a dense sequel to 'Disintegration'.

Spazz dancing does ensue, however, as they rattle happily through their back catalogue, including the ever-present 'Let's Go To Bed' and 'Why Can't I Be You', 'Just Like Heaven' and a masterful finish of 'A Forest' and a howling 'Disintegration'.

But The Cure seem a tad phased by these lowly surroundings. Before nearly every song Smith voices a fatherly concern about the stage-front congestion - which frankly is no match for your average 'secret gig'. The atmosphere is remarkably relaxed.

Nevertheless Bob and the boys,

through his conga beating, while Andy Frank and Damien O'Malley barter snarled vocal lines as they attempt to occupy every vacant inch of stage space.

Both singers are sufficiently tall to have graced any school basketball team, but, height apart, it's a chalk and cheese partnership. O'Malley looks a ringer for a severely shorn Clint Poppie, brandishing his mic with a convincing arrogance. Andy is a sack of bones miraculously organised into human form, a disobedient mass of hair seemingly dragging his head earthwards, a cheese-grater voice contrasted with unfeasibly floppy limbs.

When bassist Yank switches to harmonica, SKAW surge into overdrive and disappear into the distance like Roadrunner leaving a trail of smoke in his wake. SKAW are the Happy Mondays of the terraces. Play up Pompey.

their hairstyles wilting somewhat under the unusually close stage lighting, have to retire for a short break before returning for a compact but incredibly vicious second set which climaxes with a sterling attack on 'Never Enough' - annihilating the vinyl version's Roses revisionism and claiming *that rhythm* (you know the f**ker) for their own.

Five Imaginary Boys slope off and the disco strikes up but, of course, it's a red herring and they return to freshen up the old and crumbly perennials, '10.15 Saturday Night', 'Boys Don't Cry' and 'Killing An Arab'.

In the end it's a bit of a triumph. Rather this than half an hour at Wembley, any day. Robin Gibson

THE SHAMEN/ASTRALASIA/ NATURAL LIFE/N-JOI/THE ORB Brixton Fridge

ORGANISED AT short notice as an anti-war 'rave' by Fraser Clarke's Evolution team of New Age hipsters, the Fridge was put onto Peace Con One and pop's young love things put at the controls. The sets were short

and sweet and the crowd set to full-on party mode. A poor vocal mix dogged most of the sets but the sound was digitally pure and clear.

First up were Astralasia who hit the stage and powerblasted their way into the feet and hearts of the assembled ravers with their luscious mix of heavy rhythm and dream topping. Destined for the big time soon, Astralasia put in a fine performance.

Of all the bands, only Natural Life played absolutely live. Their mix of pop funk with the slightest hint of 'bagginess' won over the crowd. The Shamens were, as usual, very powerful and added a full-voiced female backing vocalist to add some boost to their sound. In a short set they played 'Pro-Gen', 'Make It Mine' and 'Hyperreal', all of which went down a storm.

The whole place was littered with the hippest of clubland diversions - brain machines, computer generated Mandlebrot games, massage, face painting (*Hip??? Face-painting??? - incredulous ed*), and an ambient room in which some of the big names on the bill pored over the decks.

Later in the evening, Alex 'The

IGGY POP Birmingham Hummingbird

WHEN THE dog who is rock 'n' roll incarnate bowls onstage in a leopardskin waistcoat, and turns a reverse pirouette as performed by a demented kickboxer, there's more poetry in that single moment than in the last half decade's worth of Morrissey albums.

For Iggy Pop, a scrawny Action Man streaked with scars, it must just seem like a natural way of saying "hello". Now nearing middle age, this guy has hormones gone haywire, and he still cavorts like a hypersexed juvenile delinquent, flashing at teacher and flicking the Vs at the judge.

The fantastic thing is that it works - and with only the faintest glimmer of self-parody. The guitarist sports striped black and white snugfit treads worthy of *Spinal Tap*, and Pop once or twice smiles knowingly at the moiling mob in front of him, but he is essentially the extreme expression of his audience - Dennis The Menace made flesh and fronting a trio of yobs with instruments.

An early strike-force of 'Raw Power', 'Five Foot One' and 'Dirt' sets the tone for a night of pulverising trash-punk, Pop launching a smash 'n' grab raid to bring his classics out of the museum and into the '90s. Yet the inevitable mid-gig 'slow bit' is just as impressive, showcasing 'Brick By Brick', his most recent and socially aware album.

We're not exactly talking Lou Reed's 'New York' here, but on songs such as 'Home' and 'Neon Forest', The Ig dignifies the gutter, offering a bruised and battered optimism to redeem his grim lowlife vision.

He can rarely have worked with a more sympathetic band - a drummer who whacks the kit as if he's just discovered it's been having an affair with his wife, and a guitarist who recognises the value of a good ol' six-string squeal, even if he doesn't seem to know what year it is.

Iggy, on the other hand, looks as if he's dropped nothing more sinister than a bottle of Phyllosan (*a tonic for the over-40s, apparently - Puzzled Ed*), showing off the enviable knack of seeming younger and wiser than ever, before launching into the encore to end them all - a 20 minute sonic blowjob, climaxing with 'Search And Destroy'.

Pop, finally, is pooped. A few Ignorant punters call for more, but it's like demanding an encore to nuclear war. After a burn-up like this, there simply is nothing left.

Adrian Goldberg

Orb' Paterson came on and played tracks from his forthcoming LP mixed up with On-U sounds and Steve Hillage and everything was riding high until the announcement that war had broken out.

On a scale of political potency a disco against death doesn't score very highly but if the seed is sown maybe one day they'll throw a war that no one wants to go to. Then again, maybe not.

Colin C

'Falling'. The occasional song does drift by rather unconvincingly but, for the most part, Swerve's brief set is both successful and alluring. Judging from an audience who were quiet at the beginning and rapturous at the end, it also earned them a host of new admirers.

Ian Cheek

POP WILL EAT ITSELF Bradford St George's Hall

THE YEAR has begun well for Pop Will Eat Itself. Numerous TV appearances, a lengthy tour and their highest chart position to date all clearly lead down the path marked success. It may be long overdue but Stourbridge's unlikely indie-dance trailblazers are in severe danger of actually becoming popular.

On a stage of this size they still look somewhat conspicuous but their show now has a veritable touch of the big-time about it. A massive backdrop, gallons of dry-ice and a light show seemingly stolen from the set of *Star Wars* are the tools of the trade for PWEI these days. It's an intentionally gaudy scenario, vulgar and ostentatious, yet perversely agreeable.

'X, Y & Zee' is their current triumph, transformed here into a bruising contrivance of sparkling dance grooves and seriously impressive rapping. The introduction of guest singer Sylvia on '92°F (The Third Degree)' adds further radiance to their show, her strong, soaring vocals balancing quite magnificently against the driving mood.

For much of the time, though, tonight's versions of songs from the latest LP are unattractively sterile, often verging towards the realms of self-parody. It's left to the likes of 'Def Con One', 'Wise Up Sucker' (dedicated simply and rather touchingly to "The powers of the world") and the charming 'There Is No Love Between Us' to inject a much needed spark of diversity.

They probably have too much nous to allow their current success to affect them adversely but there does remain the danger of PWEI being snared by the lure of technology. If someone were to prompt them in the direction of melody once in a while it could make all the difference.

Ian Cheek

GEORGE MICHAEL
Birmingham NEC

PODGINESS ABOUNDS: in the bar, in the stalls, and up there on stage, although big boy George, evidently patron saint of West Midlands' larder louts, looks appreciably slimmer than on some past public appearances. His audience have shed pounds for him, too – 20 quid a throw to attend a venue with the natural intimacy of a dustbowl prairie.

Only fat Italian opera singers do it more expensively – but then George never was quite a Pavarotti, either in size or vocal dimension. Since the soul-pop pap of Wham!, he's always seemed more of a middle-income woman's Tom Jones, a purveyor of overwrought, knicker-moistening emotional indulgence.

'Waiting For That Day', one of 1990's best singles, and a Melvyn Bragg award for advanced creative suffering hinted at exciting new possibilities, but tonight only confirms the unflattering stereotype, as Michael rifles through his record collection for a sackful of songs reflecting his soul boy roots.

The choice of 'Papa Was A Rollin' Stone' is evidence of some good taste, while 'Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now' and 'What A Fool Believes' suggest how little of it there is. But in any case, the real problems lie with a performer capable only of replicating, rather than re-interpreting his sources. If the office photocopier quit shaving for a week and could sing, it would be George Michael.

The only truly affecting moments are achieved on the few occasions when George dips into his own recent albums, especially with 'Freedom '90' (Michael's 'Public Image') converted here into a vigorous, holy rollin' anthem of anti-industry contempt, complete with gospel choir.

But with the show dominated by over the top ballads and covers of some of the least convincing funk of the past two decades, you are left with the overriding impression of an upmarket cabaret artist working on a grand and exaggerated scale.

Adrian Goldberg

ASTRALASIA/J91/SALT TANK
Bracknell Wilde Theatre

ASTRALASIA IS the House alter-ego of the Magic Mushroom Band, attracting a strong following with hippies and ravers alike. They put on parties that rave without hype or elitism, where everyone is welcome and the party spirits ride high.

The music is firmly based in House but the live percussion and saxophone, from Van Der Graaf Generator's old sax player, retain a very human touch. The tracks are all based firmly around actual songs, which sit somewhere between Kate Bush, KLF and The Orb, melody and space in abundant supply. Kim's singing and command of the stage set her up as a fine frontwoman, while her supporting dancers put in a sterling performance.

Of the other attractions, Salt Tank are a New Order for the cabaret circuit, with harder sounds and flatter vocals, and J91 crank out some excellent ambient House with wailing guitar solos and tight techno rhythms. All three bands showed that good dance music is coming through at all musical levels.

What with the superfine DJ-ing till six am and free fresh fruit regularly passed round by the hostesses/dancers, plus the general good vibe, this was a rave for all the old E-heads to get dewy-eyed about. If the Astralasia train stops in your town then jump on, cos it's next stop party central.

Colin C

THE BRIAN JAMES GANG
Charing Cross Road
Marquee

EVERYBODY'S STILL looking for the last gang in town and tonight the search is over. It's a scene straight out of *Fantasy Island* for the Marquee's regular rock 'n' roll

clientèle, who, instead of appearing stupid dressed in their tour jackets and leather trousers, are actually free to roam the venue without fear of ridicule. And the reason for all this is... Brian James.

Who? Oh yeah, that geezer who was in The Damned for a while and then Lords Of The New Church and who's now returned with his first solo album in a 15 year career. Wow.

From the moment James and his Gang walk on stage, it's a disaster. Endless guitar solos, more rock 'n' roll clichés than a Status Quo convention, and James' weak vocals make it all the more embarrassing.

As they drag out 'Fan Club', the Damned fanatics in the audience breathe a heavy sigh of relief but only for a second as the Gang mess it up and have to start again. Even James' good solo single, 'Ain't That A Shame' – the only reason for buying the album – is mauled out of shape and by the time they finish with 'New Rose' there are three people clapping, and two of them are from another planet.

The worst gig of 1991 already. As if punk had never happened.

Andy Peart

WEEN**Hampstead White Horse**

"GAWD, WE love London," draws Gene Ween and it's obvious that the amount of drink he and partner Dean have consumed plays a part in the affection. And for a few brief, if drunken, moments the duo seem genuinely coy.

Then, after much dickin' about, the backing tape rolls and they launch into 'You F**ked Up' – a visceral gem, the misogyny of which is easily deflected by its fluidity and hilarity.

The spazz blues of 'Fat Lenny' (Gene's mom's favourite Ween song) provides no let up, acknowledging a large debt to the Butthole Surfers in the process. Semi-decent attempts at a London accent draw jeers, but the superb 'Never Squeal On The Pusher' wins the crowd over again, with Gene's scat-jazz vocs and Dean's deft fretwork making it an epic worthy of its title.

And so the gig continued with LP ('God Ween Satan – The Oneness') delights, 'Papa Zit' and 'Tick', proving Dean's potential as the next big thing guitar dude – but Gene is the true star. Begoggled and begoggled, his stage antics and quips mark him down as a future indie lynchpin. Good humour permeates the night and even the ever longer breaks between songs can't ruin the atmosphere – and it's good going to get any atmosphere going in a quarter full White Horse.

Eleven o'clock strikes and Ween suffer a fate they'll not confront elsewhere on their European tour – plugs pulled, bar shut... nightmare. But Gene saves the day by grabbing acoustic guitar and continues with equal parts profanity and absurdity till the last drops are drained.

Ween: a hardcore They Might Be Giants? No. They're funny and clever. Buy the album and convert to the Ween scene.

Leo Finlay

KINGMAKER**Hull Adelphi Club**

YOUNG, LEAN and hungry, Kingmaker may only recently have burst forth from the womb, but their instinctive, jarring pop skills have ensured a fast and fluid development.

Mid-way through a first brief UK blitz, this hometown stopover found the trio in menacing form, knocking out a wealth of stripped-down, skittery riffs that fairly flew around the Adelphi's intimate confines and ultimately held all but the undernourished PA to ransom.

Clearly, the diversity apparent in the band's 'Celebrated Working Man EP' is only the tip of the glacial mound, as newer songs like 'High As A Kite' were tonight executed with the kind of dynamic control that would have done The Doors proud.

'Working Man' was a similar, slow-burning escapade that built to a sinewy climax, the rhythms flowing



EITZEL TOWERS

Steve Double

MARK EITZEL**Manette Street Borderline**

THE SECOND in an occasional series of unprepossessing genius songwriters. Last time at the Borderline it was Charles Francis. Tonight it's American Music Club's self-confessed "balding geek" Mark Eitzel – laying himself open to solo dissection. "Hey, maybe I should do a joke," guffaws Mark in his goofy, growling quaver. "Show my profile, right?"

Eitzel's used to standing naked in the spotlight. For one, he does this kind of thing twice a month back home in San Francisco. Besides, his songs are hardly anywhere to hide. His words are almost always cut free of any flippancy and word play. At a time when narrative songwriting is rarely used to any useful effect outside rap, Eitzel's lyrics are shakily direct responses to real events.

Tonight Mark only emphasises these qualities, continuing the plangent minimal tone of the 'United Kingdom' album with the new material that makes up most of the set. After the opening 'Firefly' it's into uncharted territory: 'Crabwalk', 'Miracle On 8th Street', 'Confidential Agent', 'Chanel No 5'.

"I wish American Music Club were here," he groans. "I hate doing this. At least then it's like rock. This is

just like precious folk music." Sure enough, the earlier AMC stuff sounds out like a thunderstorm in a public library. 'Outside This Bar' verges on becoming 'Born To Run'. Even the likes of 'Blue And Grey Shirt', 'Western Sky' and 'Kathleen' have a melody and dynamic that Eitzel seems to have since abandoned as the easy way out.

With the last song he takes the process of stripping down to a conclusion, starting it without guitar and then even stepping to the brim of the stage to sing without a mic. The show's being taped for a live album, but cheery Mark doesn't rate its chances. "This is gonna be a record? Yeah, right!"

The morning after Eitzel was moaning about it "hardly being the show of my life". Nonetheless this was a fine showing – and despite Mark's club-footed attempts at banter, too real to be anything like entertainment. It doesn't reach the driven emotional overload of the average AMC show, but Eitzel was hardly going for the easy root with the mass of new songs. Even so, there was no way past his almost comic intensity, a dexterity of picking that almost matches his beloved Nick Drake, and those songs.

The fact that this man currently stands without a recording deal is a crime.

Roy Wilkinson

freely through bassist Myles Howell's trebly Rickenbacker. 'Little Miss Kingmaker' was different again, pitting a knock-kneed indie dance beat against a slab of gnarly, Beefheart-ish funk, before guitar mangler Laurence Hardy dived in for the kill via a fabuloso chorus.

Sorely missing the resonant cello of its studio form, 'Free Wheeling' proved the only real disappointment, but the closing 'Pockets Of St Malachi' made amends and then some, as Laurence finally chucked away his terse, specky beanpole persona in favour of a blaring harmonica and windmilling limb abandon, while drummer John Andrew capped a mega performance with a bout of mind**king cymbal malarky.

Capable of tip-toeing over trad rock's grave with subtlety or halting a runaway sonic express on the brink of derailing, Kingmaker are a right rivetting release. See them.

Tim Peacock

SCORPIONS**Wembley Arena**

THE TROUSERS are still numbingly tight, but baseball caps are now worn over receding hairlines. The Scorpions are nearer Deep Purple's age than Skid Row's, and still they goof off like a gang of schoolkids sharing a litre of Woodpecker cider. Guitarist Rudolf Schenker rocks arthritically to and fro, then runs about a bit, windmilling chords like Pete Townshend with a bad haircut

and St Vitus' dance. When he's not screaming through his nose, Klaus Meine can sing a bit, but Chris Waddle and Terry Butcher are better dancers. Matthias Jabs at least throws his three foot electric penis shapes with some degree of cool.

The Scorpions looked bad in 1978 on the double live set 'Tokyo Tapes' and appear more ridiculous with each year. Some of the songs still sound good. 'Big City Nights' and 'Rhythm Of Love' are neat pop songs. 'Coast To Coast', the instrumental piece from 'Lovedrive', is an epic grind, a classic melody built on groaning riffs. 'Still Loving You' and 'Holiday' are sweet, big old love songs.

'Dynamite' and 'Can't Live Without You', meanwhile, are crap, hysterical

and nearly as tiresome as Francis Buchholz's terrible bass solo; Bootsie he ain't.

The Scorpions were OK ten years ago if you were 14 and wanted to bang your head and hum along at the same time. Now they're old and tacky and useless. Baldness is either God's way of telling the Scorpions to stop playing heavy metal, or it's divine retribution for them calling an album 'Virgin Killer'.

Paul Elliott

THE DARKSIDE**Manette Street Borderline**

AS THE old saying goes, it's the music that matters. However, sometimes it's not quite enough. Sometimes a bit of sparkle comes in handy too.

The Darkside do many things tonight, but they certainly don't sparkle. The opening slinky bass rumble of 'Guitar Voodoo' gets things off to an impressive start, guitarists Kevin and Rosco creating an atmospheric wah wah dominated swirl while a froth of trippy keyboards asserts itself in an impressive departure from the six-string based vinyl version.

Images of Pink Floyd 'happenings' circa '67 flash into the mind, as do considerably less murky visions of Inspiral Carpets (LSE '89), Loop (Kilburn '90) and Thee Hypnotics (Reading '90). The trouble with The Darkside, however, is a complete lack of onstage personality.

It could be nerves, or it could be a determination to point out that it is, indeed, the music that matters. But as these talented Rugby boys bow their heads in concentration and breeze through sometimes twinkling, sometimes sinister '60s influenced pop gems like the bubbly 'She Don't Come' and the richly soulful 'Waiting For The Angels', you can't help wishing that singer Pete Beng would smile, or look slightly hot under the collar, or perhaps even wiggle a knee rhythmically.

But no such luck. Drummer Craig stares out from behind his kit like a frightened mouse, and the low-key bits in the songs, which smoulder beautifully on record, are interrupted by the chatter of voices from the bar.

A vicious circle is completed. The Darkside don't look happy, the crowd loses interest and the music suffers as a result, which is a shame, because there's no doubt that this group is capable of creating a unique brand of cosmic splendour.

Tonight, sadly, The Darkside are merely a so-so shadow of their potential selves.

Mr Spencer

THE OYSTER BAND**Kentish Town Town And**
Country Club

"ONE OF Britain's best folk-rock acts," announces the intro man, and possibly one of the most strangely billed – here, as support act to Robert Plant in some kind of bizarre Midlands alliance.

Not that the crowd aren't laudibly sympathetic. These days The Oyster Band come across like a smoother and richer Men They Couldn't Hang – a previously raucous set honed down with subtler rhythms, the more controlled power hitting far harder than the manic yip-aye-ay-ing of yore. They clearly realise the benefits of horses for courses.

They pick (as is apparently obligatory) a Tory MP to home in on, today's being Nigel Lawson, and the homeowners smile politely as the band seethingly detail his personal finances. A better response greeted 'The Oxford Girl', a perfectly cliché-free anti-sexism number that more than a few rock dudes could do with checking out.

Though The Oyster Band can't resist a little hoe-down at the end of the set, and though the bastards didn't do 'I Fought The Law' the more refined Band on show tonight will have the world as their oyster far more readily than previous outings have suggested.

George Berger

NIGHTSHIFT

IT DOESN'T COST A PENNY!

GET IT IN!?! - TEL: 071-921 5900

WEDNESDAY 23

ASH VALE George (543500) Who Knows
 BANGOR University One Style MDV
 BATH Moles (333423) Club Dance Night
 BATLEY Xclusive Indigo Prime
 BIRMINGHAM Breendon Bar Border Cafe Building Rome
 BOLTON Oscar's Wine Bar (393 463) The Hoochie Coochie Band
 BRIGHTON Basement (683585) Leatherface
 BRIGHTON Sussex University (698114) JJ
 BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) The Atom Seed
 BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom (550782) The Real People/V8
 CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Silverfish/The Black Sky/Fudge Tunnel
 CANNOCK Smackers The Great Divide
 CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) The Glasshouses
 COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Power Of Dreams
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Mr Big
 DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (662571) Rooster And The Monkey
 HEYWOOD Civic Hall Toss The Feathers/Violet Lights
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Bob
 LEEDS Regent The Fevertree
 LIMERICK Speakeasy Cronos/Warfare
 LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) Folk Routes
 LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Looking For Carlotta
 LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) British Blues Review Jam
 LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) The God Machine/The Sound Of Skin
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) The Phantom Chords
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Scorpio Rising/Drop/DJs/Mega City 4
 LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Hot Knives/Dance Crazy
 LONDON Goldhawk Road Seven Stars (081-748 5679) Irish List
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Run Foxy Run/Thursday's Child/3 To Be
 LONDON Great Portland Street Albany (071-388 0588) Andrew Cunningham/Karen Bates
 LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) The Arthur Trio
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490)

Criminal World/Loveless Town (Main) Horse Latitudes/Yes You Gorilla/Tim Mitchell (Acoustic)
 LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Tal Farlow/Peter Ind Duo
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) The Seizers/The Chinaskies
 LONDON Kings Road Crazy Larrys The New Hooligans
 LONDON Litchfield Street Bunjies Lord Cape/Peter Cadie/Mark Handley
 LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Beef/The Swanjacks/Loaded
 LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Flying Pigs
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Stormed
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Chris Barber's Jazz And Blues Band
 LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Martin Blackwell And Ian Ballentine
 LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett The Forgotten Sons/Black 'N' Blue

LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) The Works/Victoria
 LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) The Blue Room
 LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) Ha Ha Men/Big Wednesday/The Revs
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Barley Works
 MANCHESTER Seven-O-One (061-681 2648) House And Techno Night
 MANCHESTER Witchwood Reason To Reason
 NEWCASTLE Broken Doll (071-232 1047) The Bitter End Club
 NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) Desmond Dekker/Under The Groove
 NORTHAMPTON Camilla's Love And Affection
 NORWICH UEA (505401) Fairport Convention
 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall (824355) The Jordanaires
 READING Gatsby's Manic Street Preachers
 SHEFFIELD University (724076) Kaziah Jones
 SOUTHAMPTON Joiner's Arms (225612) Kingmaker/Trip
 SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Desire
 STOKE Wheatheaf (44438) The Mystic Deckchairs
 STRATFORD ON AVON Boathouse (297733) Conscious Times
 WINCHESTER Railway Inn This Gigantic World
 YORK Bonding Warehouse The Attic
 YORK Harry's Bar (622293) Sound Foundation

CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) The Maroon Dogs
 DONCASTER Ritzy The Brotherland
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Jain Faith
 GRAVESEND Prince Of Wales Karen D'Ache
 HARLOW Square (25594) Felix/Ian Ross/Dave McCabe/Linda Miles
 HULL Jailhouse Paul Lamb And The Kingsnakes
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) The Blue Orchids
 LEICESTER Barlestone Football Club The DTs
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Real People
 LEIGHTON BUZZARD Wheatheaf (374611) Foghorn Leghorn
 LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Squallid Walid
 LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Earwig/The Liquid Faeries
 LONDON Camden Road Underworld (071-267 3626) One
 LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Sweettooth/Headbutt
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Astoria (071-434 0403) Revolting Cocks/Godflesh/Bomb Everything
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Beverley Craven
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Uom/Slice Of Life
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips Gaz's Rockin' Blues (071-434 4480) Tommy Chase Quartet
 LONDON Elephant And Castle South Bank Polytechnic (071-261 1525) Friends Of Harry
 LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Helter Skelter/Blueyes/Mercenary Tree Freaks
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Carnival Night/Tony Wild Child/Infants
 LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Zu-Bop
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Robert Cray Band
 LONDON Hampstead University College School Top Brass Jazz Orchestra
 LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) The Revs/The Hysterics
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) The Whiskey Priests/Dr Millar And The Cute Hours/Hang David (Main)
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (071-274 2733) South
 LONDON Highbury Corner Town & Country Club 2 (071-700 5716) Sweet Jesus/The Becketts
 LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Tal Farlow/Peter Ind Duo
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Sugar Rain/Four Fifteen/Stealing Heaven
 LONDON Kings Road Crazy Larrys Assassination
 LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Living Large
 LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Off The Map
 LONDON North Wembley East Lane Flag (081-450 4506) Drugstore Cowboys/Redland/The Timeswitch
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Hogwash
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Nine Below Zero
 LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Brain Leake Duo
 LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) Working With Tomatoes/Helltrain
 LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Cruising
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) After Dark/Kicking The Image
 LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) Watergate
 LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Statebound
 LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) The Trojans/Stormed
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Carol Grimes/Ian Shaw Quartet
 MANCHESTER Seven-O-One (061-681 2648) SLming Suns
 MANCHESTER Witchwood Midwiche Cuckoos/The Kerouacs/Grocery Trade
 MELKSHAM Bear (703864) Psycho Surgeons
 NEWCASTLE Broken Doll (071-232 1047) Cabaret A Go Go
 NEWCASTLE Joe Wilson's The Bastions/The Summer Tree
 NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) EMF
 NORTHAMPTON King Billy HPC
 NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Orange Dance
 NOTTINGHAM Narrow Boat (501947) Priest Town
 OXFORD Co-op Hall International Rescue
 OXFORD Venue (246646) Bob
 PORTHMADOG Queen's Hotel One Style MDV
 RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (770003) Golden Section/Waterflowers/Apple Creation
 ROTHERHAM Elliots Sound Foundation
 SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) B Boat
 SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall The Atom Seed
 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic (738934) Cactus Rain
 SHREWSBURY Fridge Desmond Dekker
 SOUTHAMPTON Joiner's Arms (225612) Manic Street Preachers/Strange The Butcher/UX Diver
 SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Uncle Barney's Atomic Wobblers
 SOUTHAMPTON University (556291) JJ
 STOKE Talbot Leatherface
 WARE Brewery Tap (462402) Out Of The Blue

Killing Joke

You thought they'd vanished for good. But after disappearing into the darkness for a couple of years, where mainman Jaz apparently had a nervous breakdown, the Joke returned late last year, revamped, with a new album, 'Extremities', and a legion of jokers breathed a sigh of relief.

Surrounded by mysterious forces it's a good ten years since they began wardancing, even appearing on Top Of The Pops with 'Empire Song'. Since then they've maintained a high standard of single releases even if some of the albums have been a little on the patchy side.

Once upon a time Jaz used to greet all the audience personally at the door; whether that was a good or bad idea depends on your view of the great man. Whatever, Killing Joke live are not a proposition to be taken lightly, in any shape or form.

KILLING JOKE play Manchester (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Leeds (Tuesday)

THURSDAY 24

ASH VALE George (543500) Gypsy Fiddler
 BATH Moles (333423) Rain
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) Power Of Dreams
 BLACKBURN King George's Hall (582582) Przdneek
 BLACKPOOL Jaggy Thistle (26727) The Adams Family
 BOLTON Oscar's Wine Bar (393 463) Dolls Squad
 BRIGHTON Polytechnic (819141) Kingmaker
 BRISTOL Old Tavern (655035) KAOS
 CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Jiving Lindy Hoppers
 CHELMSFORD Y Club Hurt
 CHELTENHAM Town Hall Fairport Convention
 CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) The Elevators
 COLCHESTER Oliver Twist (562453) Pop Am Good
 COLCHESTER Piccolo Padre Jeopardy
 CDK Sir Henry's Cronos/Warfare
 COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Building Rome/Froot Factory/Donna McPhail



- A-HA: Play Manchester Apollo February 22, Nottingham Royal Concert Hall 23, London Hammersmith Odeon 26.
- THE ATOM SEED: Buckley Tivoli January 31, Birkenhead Stairways February 2, London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 4.
- THE BACHELOR PAD: Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut January 31.
- BASTI: Cambridge Junction January 30, Oxford Poly 31, Trowbridge Psychic Pig February 5, Southampton Joiners 6, Sheffield Leadmill 9, Manchester Boardwalk 13, Leicester Princess Charlotte 14, Canterbury Kent Univ February 2, London New Cross Amersham Arms 20, Birmingham Poly 23, Salisbury Arts Centre 28.
- BIRDLAND: Play Nottingham Poly February 22, Leicester Poly 23, Glasgow Mayfair 24, Edinburgh Network 25, Middlesbrough Town Hall 26, Liverpool Univ 28, Manchester Univ March 1, Sheffield Univ 2, Leeds Poly 3, Norwich Waterfront 5, Birmingham Institute 6, Coventry Tic Toc 7, Bristol Victoria Rooms 8, Exeter Univ 9, Cardiff Univ 11, Southampton Univ 13, London Kilburn National Ballroom 14. Chunk support on February dates.

...on the road

- THE BLUE ORCHIDS: Play a one-off at Leeds Duchess Of York February 1.
- BOB: Play York Univ February 1, Birmingham Univ 2.
- CACTUS RAIN: Play Manchester Boardwalk January 29, Boumemouth Hothouse 31, Bristol Poly February 1, Wolverhampton Poly 2, Birmingham Univ 5, Newcastle Poly 6.
- ERIC CLAPTON: At London Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall February 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, March 1, 3, 4, 5, 7 & 9.
- CLOSE LOBSTERS: Play Brighton Basement January 31, London New Cross Venue February 1.
- JULEE CRUISE: One off at London Palladium February 17.

- CONFLICT: At Milton Keynes Counter Point February 2, Bristol Bierkeller 6, Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre 8, Bradford One In Twelve Club 9, Birmingham Mosley Dance Centre 10, Manchester International Two 14, Newcastle Riverside 16.
- THE DEAD MILKMEN: Brighton Basement January 30, London Charing Cross Road Marquee February 1.
- DREAM WARRIORS: London Kentish Town Town And Country Club February 23.
- BOB DYLAN: Plays Glasgow SECC February 2 & 3, Belfast Ice Bowl 5, Dublin Point 6, London Hammersmith Odeon 8, 9, 10, 12 & 13.
- FAIRPORT CONVENTION: Play Burnley Mechanic Theatre January 28 & 29, Oxford Apollo 30, Edinburgh Queen's Hall 31, Cambridge Corn Exchange February 1, Swindon Wyvern Theatre 2, Southend Cliffs Pavilion 3, Hayes Beck Theatre 4, Bradford St George's Hall 6, Chesterfield Winding Wheel 7, Northampton Spinney Hill Hall 8, Learnington Spa Centre 9, Derby Assembly Rooms 10, Stafford Gate House Theatre 11, Cardiff St Davids Hall 12, Reading Hexagon 13, Salisbury City Hall 14, Cullompton Verber Manor 15, St Albans City Hall 16, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 17.

...OR FAX IT IN - 071-928 2852



Alastair Indge

Leatherface

Oh no! Here come Leatherface, those bruising big-muscled, baby-eating exponents of gravel-voiced post-Motorhead, post-Hüsker Dü rock 'n' roll from the Sunderland area of Great Britain.

You've guessed it, being from the land of Sid 'n' Biffa they smoke tabs an' drink beer. Actually, one of them prefers to sip Coca Cola, but this isn't to the detriment of Leatherface's music, as a devastating version of The Christians' 'Ideal World' on their new wall-crumblingly loud 'Smokey Joe' EP so ably demonstrates.

Why aye, as we at Sounds believe they say up north, this is a reet canny band and that's for sure, by Jove yes. See you doon etc.

LEATHERFACE PLAY Brighton (Wednesday), Stoke On Trent (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Birmingham (Sunday), Huddersfield (Monday)

FRIDAY

25

ASH VALE George (543500) Touch
 BARRROW IN FURNESS Eddyson's Club Silverfish
 BATH Moles (333423) Bell Tower
 BEDFORD Angel Run Foxy Run
 BIRMINGHAM Breedon Bar Border Cafe Flying Pigs
 BLACKWOOD Greyhound Branded
 BLANIA Red Lion Jackknife Disciples
 BRIDLINGTON Leisure World Alchemist
 BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) The Orchids/Heavenly/Even As We Speak
 CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) John Hegley
 CARDIFF Bogiez (226168) Tiger One Ten
 CARDIFF University (396421) B Boat
 COLCHESTER Arts Centre (577301) Basti/The Bardots
 COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Tubilah Dog/The Lost Forest
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) The Wandering Crutchlees
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Drop
 EASTBURNE Rumours (39308) Pure Pressure
 EDINBURGH Calton Road Studios EMF
 FAREHAM College Brussel Spaceship
 FELTHAM Assembly Hall Blodwyn Pig/Nellie Dean
 GLOUCESTER Wheelwright Restaurant Citizen Fish
 GOOLE Alexandra's (761446) The Rain Poets
 GRAVESEND Prince Of Wales Sharonhouse
 GREENWICH Borough Hall (081-317 8687) Women Of The Calabash
 HALIFAX Northbridge Leisure Centre Broadcast/Fez/Newt Shimmers
 HARLOW Square (25594) Levellers 5/Cromptons
 HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) Edward II And The Red Hot Polkas
 IRVINE Beechams Social Club Eddie Baskerville
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Paul Lamb And The Kingsnakes/Pete Mitchell Smith's Blues Crew
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Manic Street Preachers
 LEICESTER YMCA Randall Flag/Cycorax/Satisfaction Crazy
 LIVERPOOL Nalgo City Bar (225 0668) The Profile
 LIVERPOOL Pink Parrot The Fevertree
 LIVERPOOL Planet X (051-709 7995) Leatherface/Use
 LONDON Amhurst Road Pembury Tavern (081-985 2205) Linda's Box Of Tricks
 LONDON Brentford Fountain Leisure Centre (081-994 9596) Alan Price

LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) Simon Mulligan
 LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Radical Sheiks
 LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Big Joe Louis And His Blues Kings
 LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Chunk/Very Special Guests Who Are On Lazy Records And Have Peroxide Hairdos
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) The Honeyturtles/Peace Love And Guitars
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) The Infernal Desire Machine/Who Cares
 LONDON Crouch End King's Head Fatima Mansion (Singular)
 LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Eat Static/Lost T-Shirts Of Atlantis/Pom Pom Babies
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Novacane Jane
 LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) The Mighty Kola Nuts
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Robert Cray Band
 LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) Some Kinda Wonderful/Full Metal Racket
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Toasted Heretic/Speaking In Tongues/Pulling It Apart (Main) Freddie White/Heather Beverly/Paul O'Brien (Acoustic)
 LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Tal Farlow/Peter Ind/Duo
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road George (071-837 5370) The Invisibles/Love Vibration/Hackatomb
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Momus
 LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Submerge
 LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (071-580 9551) Power Of Dreams/Kingmaker
 LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Noel McCalla's Contact/Project X/Brother Groove
 LONDON New Cross Venue (081-692 4077) Ocean Colour Scene/Dr Phibes And The House Of Wax Equations
 LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Howlin' Will
 LONDON North Wembley East Lane Flag (081-450 4506) The Finest Drops
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) The Tommy Chase Band
 LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Richard Buisakiewicz Duo
 LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) And The

Generals Ran Forever/Honeymachine
 LONDON Tufnell Park Junction Road Dome (071-281 2195) The Pleasuredome
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Phil Hilbourne Band/Cliff Moore Band
 LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Black Spur
 LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) The Lavender Faction
 LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (081-946 5041) Black Worm
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-256 2793) Revolting Cocks/The Minsiter Of Noise
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Bushfire
 MANCHESTER Swinging Sporrans Holy Trinity
 MILTON KEYNES Woughton Centre (660392) The Atom Seed
 NEWCASTLE Broken Doll (071-232 1047) The Toads/The Church Of Elvis
 NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) The Real People/Virtually Fat Freez
 OXFORD Old Fire Station (56400) HPC/This Gigantic World
 PETERBOROUGH Posh Ballroom/Monks Of Science/The Rhythm Pirates
 READING University (860222) Cactus Rain
 SHEFFIELD University (724076) Bob
 SLIGO Clarence Hotel The Buttermountain Boys
 SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Sound Society
 ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (53143) Tiger Lilly/The Jitterbug Bites
 STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic Stress
 STAMFORD Scotgate You Me & Him
 SWINDON Link Centre Mike Harries' Root Doctors
 TELFORD Lion Street Cultural Centre (615885) The Lavender Faction/Mr Peculiar
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS Rumble Club Who Moved The Ground
 WALSALL Junction 10 (648100) Neil Jackson's Rock Disco
 WICKFORD Dickens Osiris
 WINCHESTER Railway Inn Skaw
 WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall (312030) Fairport Convention
 WREXHAM Miners Shed One Style MDV

SATURDAY

27

ASH VALE George (543500) Stone Circle
 BATH Moles (333423) Kingmaker
 BOLTON Waggon And Horses (32602) Big Screen

BRISTOL Malt N' Hops HPC
 CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Nine Below Zero/The Lonely
 COVENTRY Stoker (441357) Flying Pigs
 COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) The Bootleg Beatles
 COVENTRY Warwick University (417417) Manic Street Preachers
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Fast Freddie And The Fingertips
 DONCASTER Jug (361803) The DTs
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) The Mark's Brothers
 EASTBOURNE Rumours (39308) English Rogues
 GLASGOW College Of Building And Printing Revolting Cocks/Silverfish
 GLASGOW King Tut's Wah Wah Hut EMF
 HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) Labour Party Benefit
 HEREFORD Old Harp The Zero Option
 KINGSTON Polytechnic (081-546 8340) Cactus Rain
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Here & Now
 LEEDS Lizard Club (0532 340674) Bagman
 LEEDS Packhorse Priest Town
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) This Yabis
 LLANBERIS Dolbarton Hotel One Style MDV
 LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) Tim Richards Trio/Swing Out Sisters/Mark Crossley Trio
 LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Rose Windross
 LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Poorboys
 LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) The Lost T-Shirts Of Atlantis
 LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Thee Headcoats/Thee Headcoates
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) The Christmas Club
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Dirty Cash Flamenco (Lunch) Macavity's Cat/Horsethieves (Eve)
 LONDON East Ham High Street South Burnell Arms (081-472 0833) Rabbit Action
 LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) John Cooper Clarke/Screaming Lord Sutch/Splodgenessabounds/The Rattlers
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Strange The Butcher/Green Dolphin Street/God's Government
 LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Under The Gun/Thatcher On Acid/AK 47s
 LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (081-985 2424) Jeremy Hardy
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Robert Cray Band
 LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) Drive

CONTINUES OVER

■ **TH'FAITH HEALERS:** Play a one-off at the London Islington Powerhaus January 31.

■ **THE FARM:** Play Glasgow Barrowlands February 25, Edinburgh Network 26, Newcastle Mayfair 28, Leeds Univ March 1, Hanley Victoria Hall 2, Birmingham Hummingbird 3, Exeter Univ 4, Cardiff Univ 6, Cambridge Corn Exchange 7, Norwich UEA 8, Sheffield Octagon 9, Brighton Event 11, London Kilburn National Ballroom 12, Warrington Parr Hall 15, Manchester Academy 16, Hull City Hall 17, Bristol Studio 19, Leicester De Montfort Hall 20, Middlesbrough Town Hall 21, Liverpool Royal Court 23.

■ **INSPIRAL CARPETS:** Play Preston Guildhall April 22, Hull City Hall 23, South Shields Leisure Centre 24, Exeter Univ 26, Newport Centre 27, Swindon Oasis 28.

■ **INTO PARADISE:** Play Southampton Joiners February 7, Oxford Jericho Tavern 8, Harlow Square 9, Trent Poly 11, Newcastle Poly 12, Hull Adelphi 14, Northampton Nene College 15, Dudley JB's 16, Leicester Princess Charlotte 17, Birmingham Univ 19, Stoke Wheatheaf 20, Loughborough Univ 21, Manchester Boardwalk 22, Warwick Univ 23, Middlesex Trent Poly 26, Canterbury Kent Univ 27, Brighton Poly 28, London Houghton Street LSE March 1, Bath Moles 2, Guildford Surrey Univ 3

...on the road

■ **JESUS JONES:** Belfast Queen's Univ February 8, Dublin SFX 9, Leeds Poly 11, Birmingham Institute 12 & 13, Liverpool Univ 15, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 16, Middlesbrough Town Hall 17, Nottingham Rock City 19, Cambridge Corn Exchange 20, Manchester Academy 21, Sheffield Octagon Centre 23, Leicester Univ 24, Cardiff Univ 25, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 26 & 27.

■ **JOE ELY:** Plays Cambridge Junction February 1, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 2.

■ **JUDAS PRIEST:** Tour 1991 at Aston Villa Leisure Centre March 19, Manchester Apollo 20, London Hammersmith Odeon 22, Newport Centre 24, Sheffield City Hall 26, Newcastle City Hall 27, Edinburgh Playhouse 28.

■ **LENNY KRAVITZ:** At Manchester Apollo May 6, Glasgow Barrowlands 7, Leicester De Montfort Hall 8, London Brixton Academy 10.

■ **MANDRAGORA:** Play Winchester Railway Inn February 9, Hastings Pig In Paradise 10, London New Cross Amersham Arms 25.

■ **THE MANIC STREET PREACHERS:** Tour Hull Adelphi February 1, Sheffield Univ 2, Oxford Venue 7, Dudley JB's 8, Coventry Stoker 9, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 13, Brighton Basement 14, Taunton Priory 15, Aldershot Buzz Club 16, Guildford Surrey Univ 17, Nottingham Trent Poly 18.

■ **MILLTOWN BROTHERS:** Play Loughborough Univ January 31, Telford Lion Street Club February 1, Colne Municipal Hall 2, London Manette Street Borderline 5, Treforest Poly Of Wales 7, Bournemouth Poly 8, Bath Moles Club 9, Manchester Hacienda 11, Newcastle Poly 12, Stoke Freetown Club 13, Sheffield Poly 14, Nottingham Univ 16.

CONTINUES OVER

NIGHTSHIFT



Also recommended: EMF, The Power Of Dreams, Stress, Silverfish, Kingmaker, Cactus Rain (right), The Atom Seed, Fatima Mansion (Singular), Beef (above), Manic Street Preachers and Welfare Heroine



FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) The Life Unlimited (Main) Friends Of Harry/Rivermen/Sound Of Spaghetti Junction (Acoustic)
LONDON Holloway Road Victoria Irish Mist
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Tal Farlow/Peter Ind Duo
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Wilko Johnson/Killer Rabbits/This Witness
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) International Resque/Tender Mercies/Hayfoot Strawfoot
LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Choice
LONDON New Cross Paradise Bar Chad Valley Five
LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Freddie White/Heartland
LONDON New Cross Venue (081-692 4077) The Fieldmice/Heavenly/The Orchids
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Alias Ron Kavana
LONDON North Wembley East Lane Flag (081-450 4506) Beneficial Gene/Crashing Time
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Ousay
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Jack Gilbert's Jumpin' Jazz/Richard William's Dix Six
LONDON Pread Street Starlight Club Groove Detective/Menace Club
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Nick Webb And Greg Carmichael
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Luddy Samms And The Soul Deliverers
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Howlin' Wilf And His Band/The Heaters
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Honcho
LUTON Blacksmith's Arms Out Of The Blue
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-256 2793) Loopzilla/2 For Joy
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Poormouth
MANCHESTER International II Killing Joke
MANCHESTER UMIST Bob
MANCHESTER Witchwood Forty Thieves
MILTON KEYNES Woughton Centre (660392) Cronos/Warfare
NEWCASTLE Broken Doll (071-232 1047) Club God
NEWCASTLE Cumberland Arms One By One/Stickleback
NORTHAMPTON Arts Centre Icebreaker
NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Macka B/Java
OUNDE Ship Inn The Nightjars
PASSFIELD Royal Oak Rusty Bucket

PORTSMOUTH Lovedean Village Hall As Yet Unknown
ROSCREA Pathe The Buttermountain Boys
SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Who's Wishing
SOUTHAMPTON Waterloo Arms Brussel Spacship
SOUTHPORT Arts Theatre Fairport Convention
ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (53143) Meat
SWINDON Link Centre Amadou Saho/Torera Mpedzisi/DJ Yusuf
WALSALL Junction 10 (648100) Pete Clement's Rock Disco
WENDOVER Wellhead Inn (622733) Sound Of Skin/Spitfire
WHITEHAVEN Wharf Hope Springs Eternal
WISBECH Queen's Community Centre Citizen Fish/Filthkick/Screaming Holocaust
YDRK Arts Centre (27129) Rattlebag/This Hippy Breed

SUNDAY 27

ABERGAVERN Great George The Cajé
ASH VALE George (543500) Melt Down
BARNET Old Bull Arts Centre (081-449 0048) Four On Four
BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021-643 5610) Leatherface
BIRMINGHAM Goldwyns (021-643 5835) Cronos/Warfare
BOSTON Axe You Me & Him
BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) Xit Visa/The Shaggers/Crisis
CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Up The Junction
CANARFDN Yr Albert One Style MDV
COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Free And Easy (Lunch) The Groovy Garden (Eve)
CROYDON Broad Green Half Moon Irish Mist
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Answers On A Postcard (Lunch) Mandrake (Eve)
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Stan Webb's Chicken Shack
DUNDEE Fat Sam's Dance Factory (26836) EMF
EASTCOTE Clay Pidgeon The Sundowners
EDINBURGH Venue Silverfish
GOSPORT Kelly's Denzil/Micky Finn
HARLOW Square (25594) Okran
HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) Jaybirds (Lunch)
KILKENNY New Park Inn The Buttermountain Boys
LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Sally Barker/Keith Buck
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The DTs
LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) Dr Bob And The Nurses
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Jazz Jam (Lunch) Shakey Vic's Blues Band (Eve)
LONDON Camden Road Underworld (071-267 3626) Wolfie Witcher (Lunch)
LONDON Chelsea Harbour Yard Jerry Senfluk And His Capital Swing
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Boy Girl Soup/Leigh Mallory & The Big Wing/You 4 We R
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Dublin City Ramblers/Dalriada
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) The Prayers/The Pralines
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Robert Cray Band
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) The Best Way To Walk/Medicine Shack/Unwind (Main)
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Russ Henderson Trio
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) St Comicelle Ceili Band
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) Welfare Heroine
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Freddie White/Karen Bates
LONDON North Finchley Lodge Lane High Road Torrington (081-445 4710) Howlin' Wilf
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Maroondogs (Lunch) Slim's Cyder Co (Eve)
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Otis Grand And The Dance Kings
LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) Ark/Galahad
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Slam/Scarlet Thieves
LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) The Outriders/Abfinoosty
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Sam's Band (Lunch) Heartland (Eve)
LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) Robin & Peter Sarstedt/Catacoustics/Ed Wige
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) The Orchids/Heavenly/Even As We Speak
MANCHESTER Witchwood The Criteria
NEWCASTLE Broken Doll (071-232 1047) The Skip Rats/Ray Stubbs' R&B Allstars
NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) Killing Joke/Loud
NOTTINGHAM Polytechnic (476725) The Real People
PONTLLANFRAITH Greyhound The Zero Option (Lunch)
SLOUGH Wheatshaf Droftes
ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (53143) Shere Khan
SUNDERLAND Empire Fairport Convention
TROON Blairs Eddie Baskerville
YEOVIL Quicksilver Mail Flying Pigs

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

■ **MELT:** Previously We Are Going To Eat You play Chelmsford Y Club January 31.
 ■ **THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG:** Farewell tour at Bristol Bierkeller February 7, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 8, Manchester International Two 9, Nottingham Trent Poly 10, Newcastle Riverside 12, Edinburgh Calton Studios 13, Glasgow College of Building and Pnnting 14, Leeds Boddington Hall 15.
 ■ **GEORGE MICHAEL:** London Wembley Arena March 19, 20, 22 & 23. Sold out.
 ■ **MOTORHEAD:** Newport Centre February 3, Guildford Civic Hall 4, Leicester De Montfort Hall 5, Liverpool Royal Court 7, Newcastle City Hall 8, Glasgow Barrowlands 9, Aston Villa Leisure Centre 10, Manchester Apollo 12, Hull City Hall 13, Sheffield City Hall 15, Bradford St Georges Hall 16, Portsmouth Guildhall 18, London Hammersmith Odeon 19 & 20.
 ■ **NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN:** UK tour starts Bournemouth Academy February 25, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 26, Cambridge Corn Exchange 28, Norwich UEA March 1, Hull

...on the road

Tower Ballroom 3, Liverpool Univ 4, Cardiff Univ 5, Brighton Event 6, Leicester Poly 8, Coventry Poly 9, Stoke Keele Univ 13, Sheffield Octagon 14, Leeds Univ 15, Nottingham Rock City April 2, Bristol Studio 3, London Kilburn National Ballroom 4, Manchester International Two 6, Birmingham Hummingbird 7, Newcastle Mayfair 11.
 ■ **GARY NUMAN:** Plays Liverpool Empire March 16, Glasgow Pavilion 17, Manchester Apollo Theatre 18, Newcastle City Hall 19, Sheffield City Hall 20, Birmingham Hummingbird 22, Hull City Hall 23, Oxford Apollo 24, Southampton Mayflower 25, Guildford Civic Hall 26, Bristol Colston Hall 27, Leicester De Montfort Hall 28, London Hammersmith Odeon 29 & 30.
 ■ **PET SHOP BOYS:** UK tour at Birmingham NEC June 2 & 3, Whitley Bay Ice Rink 5, Wembley Arena 8 & 9.

■ **POWER OF DREAMS:** At Manchester Boardwalk January 30.
 ■ **RIDE:** Play Manchester Academy March 2, Cardiff Univ 3, Cambridge Corn Exchange 4, Nottingham Rock City 5, London Kilburn National Ballroom 6.
 ■ **DAVE LEE ROTH:** Plays Glasgow SECC February 22, Whitley Bay Ice Rink 23, Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion 28, London Wembley Arena March 1, Birmingham NEC 4.
 ■ **THE SENSELESS THINGS:** Play Egham Holloway College January 31, Kidderminster Market Tavern February 1, Gloucester Arts Centre 2, Sheffield Leadmill 3, Essex Univ 4, Stoke Freetown 5, Aberdeen Ritz's 6, Edinburgh Venue 7, Glasgow College 9, Walsall Junction 10, Cambridge Junction 12, Leicester Poly 13, London Malet Street ULU 15, Coventry Warwick Univ 16, Birmingham Edward's No8 17, Leeds Duchess Of York 18, Trowbridge Psychic Pig 19, Crewe and Alsager College 20, Shrewsbury Fridge 21, Norwich Waterfront 22, Harlow Square 23, Bristol Bierkeller 25.
 ■ **SILVERFISH:** Play Norwich Waterfront February 1, Sheffield Leadmill 3.
 ■ **SKAW:** Play London Hampstead White Horse January 25, Wandsworth Freeways 31.

SOUNDS ADVISES YOU TO RING THE VENUE IN CASE OF LATE ALTERATIONS TO DATES OR VENUES



Revoluting Cocks

Direct from the windy city, the Revoluting Cocks 'come' to the UK this week. Al Jourgensen has brought over what promises to be a spectacularly rancid atrocity exhibition. Unfortunately, he can't bring the gas-jet powered wall of flame that wowed audiences Stateside, nor indeed a herd of cows to herd amongst the audience. But efforts are afoot to secure angry Tory MP Teddy Taylor as a special guest.

The Revcos line-up is Paul Barker and Jourgensen of Ministry, Pail Head etc etc, Chris Connely of Fini Tribe, and Skinny Puppy man Kevin Ogre. Also there will be the unfortunate Marc Durante who was nicked in Texas last year.

This redneck dancecore apocalypse ought to be a vile, unpleasant and totally depraved experience, nauseating musical pornography for sick individuals. Gig of the year so far?

REVOLTING COCKS play London Charing Cross Road Astoria (Thursday), Manchester (Friday) and Glasgow (Saturday)

MONDAY 28

BANBURY Football Club (267205) The Hunters Club
BATH Moles (333423) Manic Monday/JJ
BIRMINGHAM Hare And Hounds (444 2081) Diablo Go/The Happy Adicts/Ambition
BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) Winger
BURNLEY Mechanics Arts Centre (30055) Fairport Convention
CANNOCK Smackers Cheyanne Cry
CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) The 3220
COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Studie Studie Studie
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) This Way Up
DUBLIN Whelans The Buttermountain Boys
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Indya/Stop The World
DUNSTABLE Wheatstheaf (662571) Crowjane
EDINBURGH Network Killing Joke
HARLOW Square (25594) Quad/Augstrom/Tony Wildchild
HUDDERSFIELD Top Spot Leatherface
LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) The Real People

LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) We Of The Never Never/Haze Bables
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773)
Upton Boogie Band/Todd Sharpville Band
LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Permanent Vacation
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961)
Moosehead Dieselburger/Aslan/Fooling Around
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Alice In Wonderland (071-434 4480) The Brotherland
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Trench Fever/Juice/Arc-O-Roc/The Goheads
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Blue Dye Fire/Water Colours
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490)
Brussel Spaceship/Karen D'Ache (Main) Paradise Garage/Ashley Grigos (Acoustic)
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Jim Mullen Quartet
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Shed/The Chalk Garden
LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992)
Freaky Deake/Third Day Rising/Dusay
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Stormy Love Affair
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Hang On I'm Going To Dance
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370)
Martin Blackwell
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Idle Hands/The SwanJacks
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Krunch/Swineheros
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236)
Frank Gill
LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) Transmitters/Path Of Lowborn
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Back Room Boys
MANCHESTER Rock World (061-236 9971) Cronos/Warfare/Metal Duck
MANCHESTER Witchwood Jazz Fusion
NEWCASTLE Broken Doll (071-232 1047) Dan To Dan/Let Them Drink Cake
NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) Silverfish/Sofahead

NDRWICH Arts Centre (660352) The Orchids
NOTTINGHAM Polytechnic (476725) The Hinnies
NOTTINGHAM Wolves Dead Fins/Swannlead
SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Tojo Plaza
STOKE Wheatstheaf (44438) The Anscetry

TUESDAY 29

ASH VALE George (543500) Rusty Bucket
BATH Moles (333423) Space Ways
BIRMINGHAM University (021-472 1841) Manic Street Preachers
BOLTON Oscar's Wine Bar (393 463) The Midwiche Cuckoos/The Kerouacs
BRIGHTON Zap Club (821588) EMF
BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) Rock Disco
BURNLEY Mechanics Arts Centre (30055) Fairport Convention
CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) The Storm Party
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Mr Meaner
DUDLEY JB's (53597) This Yabis/Sense Amelia
FROME Wheatstheaf KAOS
HARLOW Square (25594) TC/Mike Deavin
ILFORD Kings Night Club Renegade Stripe/Ram/Tusu/The Chicago Trucking Company
KINGSTON ON THAMES Grey Horse Moonshot Blues Band
LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Silverfish/Fudgetunnel
LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) Killing Joke
LIVERPOOL Power Station Cronos/Warfare
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (071-267 4967) Slam City/Walking On Ice
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773)
Wavy Gravy
LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) The Rockingbirds/Hippys With Muscles
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Brain Language/Bug/The Beds
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Footnote
Frenzy/Strangelands/Groundswell/The Belivers

LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Identity/Sleep/Throat
LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Dave Lyons
LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (081-985 2424) Rock-A-Baby
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) En Vogue
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Greg Lyons Quartet
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Victory Club/Good Question Derek/The Plants
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (071-387 0428) The Moonflowers
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Reg Meuross/Brid Dooley/Tommy O'Sullivan
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Jinhouse/The Crack
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) 6T's Northern Soul Rave Up
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370)
Martin Litton
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett The Worry Dolls/Struth
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Sugar Rain/Azyel/Moon Bandits
LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) White Heat/Sensoria
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) PJ & The Classics
LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) Crime And Passion/Skam
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-256 2793) Winger
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) No Prisoners/Dirty Weekend
MANCHESTER Boardwalk Cactus Rain
MANCHESTER Witchwood Stax Of Soul
NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) Crane/God's Ultimate Noise
OXFORD Old Fire Station (56400) Bang Bang Machine/Dust To Dust
PONTEFRACCT Greyhound The Attic
SOUTHAMPTON Oceans The Gitter Band
TROWBRIDGE Psychic Pig Club Fruit And Grape
UXBRIDGE Folk Club Maggie Holland

■ SLOWDIVE: Play Guildford Surrey Univ February 6, Brighton Richmond 7, Harlow Square 8, Canterbury Kent Univ 9, Norwich Arts Centre 11, Leicester Princess Charlotte 12, Leeds Duchess Of York 13, Lancaster Sugarhouse 14, Edinburgh Venue 15, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 16, Newcastle Riverside 19, Bradford Univ 20, Stafford Poly 21, Liverpool Planet X 22, Sheffield Leadmill 23, Oxford Jericho Tavern 25, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 27.

■ STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Play a St Patrick's Day special on March 17 at London Brixton Academy.

■ STING: Newcastle City Hall April 21 & 22, London Hammersmith Odeon 24, 25, 26, 27 & 28.

■ STRESS: At Glasgow Tunnel Club January 31, Cardiff Hanging Gardens February 2, Loughborough Univ 7, Manchester Univ 8, Sheffield Leadmill 9, Nottingham Poly 15, Coventry Poly 16.

■ ROD STEWART: Dates at London Wembley Arena April 1, 2, 4 & 5, Birmingham NEC 6, 9, 10 & 11, Gateshead International Stadium June 2.

...on the road

■ TANITA TIKARAM: Spreads some cheer at Cork City Hall March 1, Dublin Stadium 2, Belfast Ulster Hall 3, Poole Arts Centre 5, Margate Winter Gardens 6, Bristol Colston Hall 8, Cambridge Corn Exchange 9, Birmingham Hippodrome 10, Nottingham Centre 11, Norwich UEA 13, Newcastle City Hall 14, Sheffield City Hall 15, Edinburgh Playhouse 17, Glasgow Pavilion 18, Manchester Apollo 19, Brighton Dome 23, London Hammersmith Odeon 24.

■ THROWING MUSES: Play Edinburgh Calton Studios March 1, Glasgow Mayfair 2, Newcastle Riverside 3, Leeds Poly 4, Liverpool Poly 5, Manchester International One 6, Norwich Waterfront 8, Sheffield Leadmill 9, Nottingham Poly 10, Bristol Bierkeller 11, Birmingham Goldwyns 12, Cambridge Junction 13, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 14.

■ TOM JONES: Major UK tour at Oxford Apollo March 21, Cardiff St David's Hall 23, 24, 25, 26 & 27, Brighton Centre 28, Port Talbot Afan Lido 30 & 31, Sheffield City Hall April 2, Newcastle City Hall 3, Glasgow SECC 4, Blackpool Opera House 5, Manchester Apollo 6, Birmingham NEC 7, Bournemouth BIC 9, London Wembley Arena 10, Dublin The Point 12, Belfast Kings Hall 13, Liverpool Empire 14, Manchester Apollo 15.

■ DAVE VANIAN AND THE PHANTOM CHORDS: Play Manchester Univ February 2, London Highbury And Islington T&C2 11, Bath Moles 14, Billingham Forum 16.

Sounds has the most informative & comprehensive gig guide in Britain - and it won't cost a penny to get your gig in. Send information to Sounds Gigs, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ. Fax copy to: 071-928 2852. Or call Nightshift on 071-921 5900.

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11.00-3.00 GIGANTIC featuring D.J.'s Jonathon & Jared Adm: £5.00	Tues 29th Jan DOMMOND plus 2 Way Street CANCELLED
Sat 26th Jan 7.00-10.30 THE METEORS plus The Spin Doctors and M.D.M. Adm: £5.00 Adv	Wed 30th Jan RING FOR DETAILS
11.00-3.00 BUTZ 'N' LUKE'S GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL PARTY Adm: £5.00	Thur 31st Jan WINGER plus Special Guests Heartland Adm: £6.00 Adv

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WHITLEY BAY ICE RINK SATURDAY 23rd FEBRUARY 7.30 pm Tickets: £12.00 Available from B/O Tel: 091-252 6240, City Hall, Old Hitz and Volume Records Newcastle, Virgin Durham and Sunderland, Pink Panther Carlisle, Town Hall Middlesbrough, ORS Harrogate and KMA Records Washington (All subject to a booking fee).	MONDAY 4th MARCH 7.30 pm Tickets: £13.00, £11.00 Available from B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (Subject to £1.00 per ticket booking fee). All major Credit Cards accepted. Personal applications to Odeon Theatre, Ticket Shop Birmingham, MLM Hanley, Newcastle & Wolverhampton, Poster Place Coventry, Way Ahead Nottingham & Derby and Piccadilly Records Manchester (All subject to a booking fee). Postal applications to David Lee Roth B/O, NEC, Birmingham B40 1NT enclosing cheque/PO made payable to NEC David Lee Roth with SAE and allow £1.00 per ticket booking fee.
SHOWERING PAVILION SHEPTON MALLET THURSDAY 28th FEBRUARY 7.30 pm Tickets: £12.00 Available by personal application to Our Price & Rival Records Bristol, Rival Records & Booking Now Bath, Rival Swindon and Plymouth, Travelcare Taunton, HMV Exeter, Pathway Records Wells, Acom Records Yeovil, Travellers World Salisbury, HMV Cardiff, Roxane Records Newport, Demicks Records Cardiff and Bakers Travel Bridgwater (All subject to 50p booking fee). Credit Cards Tel: 0271 78230 or 0271 74447 (Subject to a booking fee). Postal applications to David Lee Roth B/O, Concert Travel Company, The Strand, Barnstaple Devon EX31 1EU enclosing cheque/PO made payable to Concert Travel Company with SAE and allowing 75p per ticket booking fee.	MALLARD PARK, PETERBOROUGH WEDNESDAY 6th MARCH 7.30 pm Tickets: £12.00 Available from B/O Tel: 0733-289757, Steve Jason Travel Peterborough, Bays Recordium Kings Lynn, Record Store Wisbech, Catours Travel Spalding, Stamford Music Shop Stamford, The Bus Station Huntingdon, Broadway Travel Cambridge and A.T. Mayes Bedford (All subject to a booking fee). Credit Cards Tel: 0733-50075 (£1.00 per ticket booking fee). Postal applications to David Lee Roth B/O, 19 Westgate Arcade, Peterborough enclosing cheque/PO made payable to MCP Promotions with SAE and allow 50p per ticket booking fee.
WEMBLEY ARENA FRIDAY 1st MARCH 7.30 pm Tickets: £13.00, £11.00 Available from Wembley B/O Tel: 081-900 1234 (Credit Cards accepted subject to £1.50 per ticket booking fee). Personal applications to Virgin Megastore, Oxford Street, Keith Prowse Ticketmaster, Premier, Stargreen, LTB and Albermarle (Subject to a booking fee). Postal application to David Lee Roth B/O, P.O. Box 2, London W6 0EX enclosing cheque/PO made payable to MCP Promotions with SAE and allow 50p per ticket booking fee.	New Album A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH Out Now on WEA

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★ 24 ROBERT CRAY BAND	26 AHA	★ 1/2/4/5 ROD STEWART
★ 25 POWER OF DREAMS	26/27 JESUS JONES	★ 4 NEDS ATOMIC
★ 25 SWERVEDRIVER	28 JAMES INGRAM	★ DUSTBIN
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★ FEBRUARY	3 CARMEL	★ 6+13 GLORIA ESTEFAN
★ 3 DIMI MINT ABBA	4-5 FREDDIE JACKSON	★ 14 PAUL BRADY
★ 6 ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN	5 THE TAIL GATORS	★ 15/16 AC/DC
★ 8 MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG	6 RIDE	★ 18/19 TEENA MARIE
★ 8 MANU DIBANGO	8 DWIGHT YOAKAM	★ 22 JOE LONGTHORNE
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★ 12 ALIEN SEX FIEND	13 LITTLE ANGELS	★ 1/2 ELAINE PAGE
★ 14 CARTER	14 JANES ADDICTION	★ 10 LENNY KRAVITZ
★ 14 GODFATHERS	14 BIRDLAND	★ 21 HARRY CONNICK JR
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MONEY FOR OLD STRINGS

When THE BLACK CROWES went into the studio to record their debut LP their only ambition was to make "a f**king record". 'Shake Your Money Maker' was the result – a no bullshit, low-tech job. PAUL ELLIOTT talks to the boys from Georgia who play good songs on straight guitars

THE CROWES: good ol' boys with good ol' gee-tars



SHAKE YOUR Money Maker', the debut album from The Black Crowes, is one of the more low-tech rock records of recent years, and one of the best.

From Atlanta, Georgia, and signed to the Def American label by Rick Rubin's right hand George Drakoulias, the Crowes play a simple brand of blues rock 'n' roll.

They're only young, but they're staunch traditionalists, with a love of old music and authentic old sounds. Black Crowes music is no frills music.

"We just made a f**king record," says guitarist Young Rich Robinson, acknowledging 'Money Maker's raw production. "We didn't get a big name producer in to spend a lotta money making a hack band sound good. We don't need that bullshit. That's not real. Our record is."

'Money Maker' was produced by Drakoulias and engineered by Brendan O'Brien, who produced Wolfsbane's garage-y classic 'All Hell's Breaking Loose Down At Little Kathy Wilson's Place'.

"George has a really good grasp of music, he knows a lot of different music. That's what we need," Rich admits. "We'll definitely be using him to produce our second album. Brendan has a lot of cool sound ideas, and if we want a certain sound, he can get it."

MONEY MAKER' is a big, lively, honest sound, just a good band playing good songs. Rich plays a straight guitar.

"I just play straight through Marshalls, those Silver Jubilee Marshalls. I don't use effects, never have done. Nor does Jeff (Cease, the Crowes' other guitarist). There's no point using them."

Rich is building up quite a collection of guitars and other stringed instruments.

"I've got five Telecasters, two handmade, weird, really thick, made like a Les Paul but by Fender. I also have three Les Pauls, one Les Paul Special. For acoustic stuff, like 'She Talks To Angels', I play Gibson Dove or a Gibson 1961 Hummingbird."

The Crowes are currently on the road

in North America with ZZ Top. Some of Rich's guitars stay home, too precious to be shipped around the country.

"At home I have a '58 TV Junior, mustard yellow, a '68 Les Paul Gold Top and a '58 Les Paul Sunburst Junior. I play a lotta slide and I'd love a Dan Armstrong slide for working in the studio.

"The other guitar I'd really love to have is a Tony Zemaitis, fronted with silver metal, cool and woody like the ones he made for Keith Richards and Ronnie Wood and Clapton.

"My brother (Chris, Black Crowes vocalist) bought me a sitar for Christmas, so I gotta learn how to play that. I can play a little piano and bass, but I haven't really tried drums.

"I got a dobro recently too, but unfortunately, the dobro's now been deemed hip. Now that the Robert Johnson boxed set has been released, a bunch of yuppies think they're hip. It bastardises that music, belittles it."

A YEAR of touring has tightened up the Crowes since they last played the UK, supporting Dogs D'Amour.

"We're 100 times better," says Rich. "We've also added a keyboard player to the band. When we played in Atlanta,

Chuck Leavell got up and played with us."

Leavell played all keyboards on 'Money Maker', once he'd finished working on The Rolling Stones' 'Steel Wheels'.

The Crowes are now so happy and confident playing live that they may record a handful of studio jam sessions for inclusion on the next record.

"We got this new big jam song, 15 minutes long. It's the coolest thing ever. I just wrote it in the dressing room one night during the tour we did with Robert Plant. Originally, Chris didn't think too much of it, but I played it at a soundcheck one time, real loud, and now he loves it. It's pretty weird. It has this huge Arabic-style breakdown in the middle.

"We have another song which goes into 'Get Back', the way Ike and Tina Turner used to do 'Get Back'. We jam a lot. We used to go into Sly And The Family Stone's 'I Want To Take You Higher' when we did 'Stare It Cold'."

Playing other people's songs – what Diamond Dave Lee Roth calls The College of Musical Knowledge – has taught Rich a lot about playing guitar, but he started off by writing his own songs.

"The first guitar I ever had was a '58 Epiphone Broadcaster, a big hollow bodied thing, but my first real, serious guitar was a '68 Telecaster, which I still play. I never played scales or solos or other people's songs, I just put chords together, whatever was possible.

"Me and Chris would write songs and that's how my playing developed. I was influenced by songs more than guitarists. Free were a great band, Humble Pie, old Aerosmith up to 'Done With Mirrors', Sly Stone, even Prince is smokin', James Brown, Ike & Tina Turner, the Stones, The Faces, Mississippi Fred McDowell..."

The Black Crowes learnt from the best: simplicity is genius.

“I got a dobro recently too but, unfortunately, the dobro's now been deemed hip. Now that the Robert Johnson boxed set has been released, a bunch of yuppies think they're hip. It bastardises the music, belittles it”

— RICH ROBINSON



TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Rich has built up quite a collection of guitars: "I've got five Telecasters, two handmade, weird, really thick, made like a Les Paul but by Fender. I also have three Les Pauls, one Les Paul Special."

ALBUMS

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MORE FIENDS

'Toad Lickin'
(Semaphore) ***

LOUD CLOTHES, daft lyrics, funny names. You'd expect More Fiends to actually be as bona fide-ly twisted as a plate of porridge, but they're more than capable of unwinding a wobbly and ungainly racket.

Their one basic rub sorta approximates what 'Modern Dance' era Pere Ubu might've sounded like had they - by some strange folding of history - been heavily influenced by The Membranes, Dog Faced Hermans or some such bunch of shambling British pop hoodlums.

'Toad Lickin' is a compilation of sorts. Side one is the band's Peel session from November '89, side two comprises six new tracks recorded in two studio bouts. The first couple of songs on the flip are plodders lent an early Butthole Surfers ambience by Elizabeth Fiend's slide guitar shots, and are less enjoyable than the more usual rambling More Fiendian pleasures of 'Yo Asphalt Head', 'Big Tea Party' and 'Lizard Tail' that follow.

The Peel session is notable for 'Yellow Spade', wherein the words to 'Yellow Submarine' are sung to the tune of Motorhead's 'Ace of Spades'. Sounds like a shit idea, right? To their credit, More Fiends get it to make perfect sense. Also part of the BBC get-down is 'Vinyl Grind' which includes the most dubious of the band's punk-philosophical thoughts - "Have you ever noticed the lower a guy wears his guitar the more of a jerk he is".

Now, think of Mark King and then think of Dee Dee Ramone, and tell me - is that way off the mark or what?

Ian Lawton

KONG

'Mute Poet Vocalizer'
(Dreamtime/Peaceville) ***

THREE TRACKS in and you'll understand the relevance of the title of this, Kong's debut LP. Lovers of the crooned word, and haters of token instrumentals, will be unprepared for anything as inspired as the voice-devoid 'Mute Poet Vocalizer'.

Hailing from Amsterdam, a city which imposes little in the way of rules on its inhabitants, maybe it's not so surprising for this quartet to have produced a fluid sound that pays little heed to any musical convention or law. There is no rigid concept or structure. As the tracks run randomly from New Age tranquility to jarring wall of sampled noise, there's always a segment of unorthodox rhythm to trip anyone's preconceptions.

'Hok' and 'Fair', in particular, reflect Bauhaus circa 'The Sky's Gone Out', two sombre symphonies of feedback, crashing chords and seductive flanged bass.

It may take a few airings before settling into your senses, but 'Mute Poet Vocalizer' doesn't set out to be an easy ride.

Trish Jaega

THE SPORTING BACHELORS

'Love Letters To Joanna'
(Dionysus) ***

AFTER YEARS of subjection to bands from Smallsvilles all over America, perhaps only one nowhere town remains unheralded: Huntington, NY. But hey, here come The Sporting Bachelors. And yup, they're from Huntington!

The Sporting Bachelors, one suspects, have data processing jobs and the like by day. By night they replay *Animal House* ad nauseam, drink Bud and swop fishing stories... and, when the wrestling is

THE IMMACULATE CONTRAPTION



JESUS JONES: preposterously fine '90s pop

JESUS JONES

'Doubt'
(Food) ****

REMEMBER ALL those assurances by 'modest' Mike Edwards that this would be "an album of extremes"? Well, surprise surprise, he wasn't talking bollocks.

'Doubt' takes us on a musical trip that might be a shock for those newly converted to the Jesus Jones cause by their 'International Bright Young Thing' chart triumph. But this doesn't alter the fact that, above all else, 'Doubt' is a preposterously fine '90s pop LP.

The band's great strength has always been their ability to balance the dash and style of a scrummy teen act with the crucial snot-caked arrogance of prime-time punk. This delicate operation has rarely been better executed than on the current single (side one, track three), but the opening 'Trust Me' is the closest they've come yet to total thrashing pop anarchy.

An ultra-high pressure guitar barrage festooned with nightmare screams, 'Trust Me' makes you glad of the relief provided by the more familiarly buoyant 'Who? Where? Why?', with its magically inserted soaring choral voices.

In its own way, 'I'm Burning' is as big a shock as 'Trust Me'. It's a choked up love song with a structure that has shades of ye olde heavy metal ballad about it, the gentle start building to a chest-beating six-string crescendo. A compelling semi-rockist mutation.

Happily, 'Right Here Right Now' succeeds as an

LP track, the horns that seemed so lame in single format providing a welcome contrast to the crunching stance of the surrounding tracks. The actual melody is as poignant as ever, but the band's live renditions still leave this curiously tame version a long way behind.

'Nothing To Hold Me' finds keyboards man Barry D talking over a dubby soundscape with Mike Edwards responding in desolate tones as a lonely guitar twangs in the distance. It almost works, but the masterful 'Real Real Real' follows it with such groovy panache that lesser songs soon fade out of one's consciousness.

The mock-frivolous 'Welcome Back Victoria' has shades of vaudeville about it, and alludes to the return of blinkered divide-and-rule politics under the since vapourised Thatcher regime. It's quickly swallowed up, however, by the massive fire-breathing growl of 'Two And Two', a grinding gem that pivots on a guitar noise that the likes of Steve Albini would kill for.

'Stripped' finds the band, as the title suggests, pared down to a basic pummeling drum attack while Edwards intones over a tribal guitar drone. By comparison, the closing 'Blissed' is a cosily therapeutic sensurround session, all briny submarine bleeps and aquatic womb flashbacks, providing a soothing alternative to the Sex Pistols' epic drowning song, 'Submission'.

'Doubt' probably isn't the classic LP Edwards wants it to be, but compared to its predecessor, 1989's frigid 'Liquidizer', it's a bubbling cauldron of fun-streaked rock energy and wonderfully inventive, prickly pop excitement. Now that can't be bad.

Mr Spencer

over, write songs like 'Love Letters To Joanna', three minutes mislaid from a '60s that exist only in the mind. It's not a question of commercial potential you understand - because they have it - but more a case of the Bachelors living in a self-invented parallel universe where Fords still have tail fins, you can see a *Star Trek* episode the first time it was aired and 'hardcore' means Iron Butterfly.

This is garage punk mania in all its pig ignorant, blind alley beauty - production backdated, licks badly burned from re-entry to reality and girly book lyrics full of frontal nudity with its clothes still on. Wow? Maybe not, but '38 Caliber Kiss' is fast enough to rate and has one of the better Beatles cops you'll hear this year, and 'Never Again' gives The

Lyres and any other surviving purist garage outfits a clean run for their money.

Having said which, the anthemic genius of 'In The Garage' notwithstanding, no woman in her right mind's gonna marry 'em.

Ralph Traiton

KATMANDÜ
'Katmandü'
(Epic) **1/2

CONCLUSIVE PROOF that the '90s is going to end up being a hippified decade. All we need now is for bands with names like Tibetan Yak or The Joss Stick Experience to get in on it

something else. The great songs of indifference.

Exceptions do crop up, though. There's the bilious metal-sheened cover of U2's 'God Part II' to cope with on the down side, but on the up there's 'When The Rain Comes' - Joplin/Zeppelin derived, yet with enough pomp and majesty to sucker its way through. Almost worth borrowing the album for.

But not quite. Katmandü might have their souls in the right place, but the execution's the standard proficient but thoroughly interchangeable hollow stuff of mass metal production.

Green-eyed yellow idols? Not today thank you.

Andy Stout

VARIOUS

'The Tree And The Bird And The Fish And The Bell (Glasgow Songs by Glasgow Artists)'
(CBS) **1/2

THIS IS a tribute to Oscar Marzaroli, a film-maker/photographer whose pictorial history of Scotland since the war has earned him much respect. It's a level of respect amply shown in the collection of big names herein... from Wet Wet Wet to Deacon Blue, with many goodies inbetween, all the stars have come out to play for Oscar.

It's generally the big names that provide the best moments, too. Wet Wet Wet smooch in with a live rendition of 'Broke Away', complete with a thousand pubescent backing vocals, while old Lloyd Cole chips in with a predictably classy 'Are You Ready To Be Heartbroken'. Deacon Blue's 'Christmas And Glasgow' and Hue And Cry's 'Mother Glasgow' are the most directly relevant songs, both piano accompanied love songs for a city.

Nice surprises, too - from Dick Gaughan, with the haunting 'Jamie Foyers', an idiosyncratically Glaswegian strain of acoustic music that catches the atmosphere of Marzaroli's pictures better than anything here, and Eddi Reader, late of Fairground Attraction, with a sound that calls to mind '40s/'50s pop in 'The Glasgow Barrowlands' - a cautionary tale about a man she met there that ends, "never let a chancer an inch above your knee", followed by a wicked giggle.

The Blue Nile are here, with 'Regrets' managing to sound even more morbid and boring than usual. Texas stroll in with the blues instrumental 'Southside', and The Big Dish give laid-back Springsteenisms, complete with the 'Born To Run' riff, on 'Prospect Street'. Present too, but highly forgettable in this instance, are Love And Money, John Martyn and The Silencers.

'The Tree And The Bird...' will appeal to Glaswegians with a sense of geographical identity, and fans of the individual bands, but, in spite of all the big names, it seems strangely lacking in character as an album.

George Berger

BIG BARN BURNING

'Topping The Orchard'
(Resonance) ***

BOSTON, HARDLY qualifying as even a metaphorical frontier, seems an unlikely base for country acolytes and honorary hillbillies Big Barn Burning. Of course, the trio may be genuine cowboy stock transplanted by choice or circumstance, but their sound contradicts any such hypothesis. The Big Barn burns unled, and that's final - "I've never seen a chestnut tree/Only in books" is way too bourgeois!

But let's not upbraid them for a lack of authenticity. One thing them city folks is good at is homework, and 'Topping The Orchard' suggests the Barn have done theirs. Country, folk, blues, Celtic - you name it, they've

bought the requisite reissues or imports and digested them at length. What saves the record from sounding and feeling academic is that the Barn don't attempt more than they can get safely away with, mostly well-constructed songs chock full of good and, well, *organised* ideas.

'Clapboard White', with its laconic lyrics, is a racy, inventive number; 'Northbound By Sunset' could almost be skiffle Jason And The Scorchers; and 'Young Man's Last Chance' and 'Out Past Our Place' have raw energy to spare.

'Among The Mountain Men' is a tough nut to crack, but the Barn don't sound like they're talking The Beverly Hillbillies and, with The Levellers getting good notices, it isn't hard to imagine this sort of thing catching on like... a barn on fire?

Ralph Traiton

VARIOUS

'Rutles Highway Revisited (A Tribute To The Rutles)'
(Shimmy Disc) ***

RON NASTY, Stig O'Hara, Dirk McQuickly and Barry Wom - The Rutles - were already spoken of in hushed tones when they split up in 1970.

By the time Monty Python men Neil Innes and Eric Idle made a documentary about the Prefab Four in '78, it's fair to say they were legendary, although some preferred to call them imaginary.

Thirteen years later, it's taken US indie mogul Kramer to devise a '90s tribute to the boys, who emerged from Liverpool in the '60s and took the world by storm with their snappy beat tunes and notorious tea-drinking antics in exotic Bognor. The trouble is, how do you go about paying homage to a band who were themselves a pastiche of The Beatles, and who, perhaps more importantly, didn't even exist?

The answer is, with varying amounts of success. Assembled on this splendidly packaged LP, which includes sleeve notes from Ron Nasty (written by Rutles inventor Neil Innes), are a motley assortment of musicians, some simply obscure, and others so murky that even we at *Sounds* haven't heard of them. But despite this, it is claimed, there isn't a pseudonym in sight.

Among the better known names, Galaxie 500 tackle 'Cheese And Onions' (from the Rutles' 1968 'Yellow Submarine Sandwich' LP) in the laid back, gently drifting way you'd expect from them, Das Damen opt to perform a reverential straight version of 'Piggy In The Middle', and thrashing Japanese funsters Shonen Knife rattle through 'Goose Step Mama' with infectious oriental glee.

'Get Up And Go' (remember that famous performance on the roof of the Rutle Corps building in '69?) is dealt a hammering by Jellyfish Kiss, King Missile faithfully recreate 'Doubleback Alley' in true '60s style, while Bongwater's version of 'Love Life', from the epic 'Sgt Rutter's Darts Club Band' LP ("a millstone in pop history"), is downright weird.

Thanks to ex-Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band man and resident Python tunesmith Neil Innes, all the numbers here are wonderfully catchy pop gems - all of 'em lovingly crafted, spot-on Beatles spoofs that have miraculously survived as brilliant songs in their own right.

It has to be said, some of the versions here are a bit humdrum, and the fact that they're performed by unknowns like The Pussywillows ('Hold My Hand') and Syd Straw And Marc Ribot ('I Must Be In Love') doesn't help much either, but anything that keeps The Rutles' name alive is to be applauded.

In '66 Ron Nasty was reported as saying The Rutles were bigger than God. This was a misquote. He actually said Rod. In his sleeve notes, Nasty claims The Rutles are still bigger than Rod. Perhaps he's right.

Mr Spencer

EDITED BY KEITH CAMERON

FLUKE
'The Techno Rose Of Blighty'
(Creation) ****^{3/4}

OLDE ENGLISH dance proverb say: anyone who can work wonders with a Tears For Fears B-side deserves ample applause and great riches.

Fluke, to their great credit, have recently done just that. Inexplicably drawn to the leisurely groove of Curt and Roland's 'Johnny Panic And The Bible Of Dreams' (the flipside to 'Advice To The Young At Heart'), Fluke had little choice but to give it a thorough reappraisal – deservedly boosting their credentials, not to mention Tears For Fears' bank balance, in the process.

'The Techno Rose Of Blighty',

Fluke's debut mini-LP, wisely avoids Tears For Fears like the plague. Simultaneously ambient and carefree, it openly admits to a genuine respect for the past and a love of the future, flitting between the two with great finesse.

Nothing exemplifies their approach, in fact, better than 'Joni'. Opening with a trickle of solemn strings and a quick burst of Joni Mitchell, it swiftly grows flighty and fanciful, pausing to allow the strings to converse in their own peculiar way, before going out in a blaze of glory.

The real highpoints, though, are 'Philly' and 'Cool Hand Flute' (aka 'Thumper'). The former skilfully shifts in and out of focus as a voice bursting with jubilation cries "get your hands up high", while the latter features an assortment of squawking sequencers that contrive to smother

a woman whispering sweet nothings over a bleeping horn on-loan from Yello.

Like the saucy Swiss double-act, though, Fluke are occasionally found wanting. Instead of relying on their abundant supply of ingenuity and dexterity, they insist on making the odd, needless return to familiar territory. Thus 'Phin', in particular, is a pale and pointless effort – the arthritic half-brother of the aforementioned 'Philly'.

But, for the most part, 'The Techno Rose...' is a soothing and sensuous experience. Lie back and think Of Blighty.

Paul Mardles

NAKED CITY
'Torture Garden'
(Earache) ****

AS THE title of one track puts it, 'Jazz Snob Eat Shit'. So what better way for sax-man John Zorn to underline the point than record an LP for Earache, home to so much of the music to which, strangely, he has been so indebted in recent years?

Since Zorn's Minor Threat-inspired renditions of Ornette Coleman songs on 1989's 'Spy Vs Spy', things have come a lot further. Though 'Spy Vs Spy' was fast, its structure was still intact. By contrast, 'Torture Garden' is like listening to a 'Loony Toons' soundtrack without the visuals to explain the logic of the musical construction.

'Torture Garden', featuring a freeform vocal from the Boredoms' Yamatsuka Eye, is where the reservations set in. It seems quite probable that the makers are certifiably insane, or at least bound to a completely different astral plane – ie, it's genuinely out-to-lunch. But f**k it, deranged music can't be made exclusively by deranged people, so get attitudeless for a while and you can dig Zorn's over-detailed genre trashing on the level of pure music.

Imagine that *The Pink Panther* is just starting up on BBC 1, on BBC 2 there's a re-run of Napalm Death on the *Arena* heavy metal documentary, ITV is screening a Tasmanian Devil cartoon, Archie Shepp is on 4, and someone's changing channels as fast as they can. That's what this record sounds like.

Ian Lawton

T TEX EDWARDS & OUT ON PAROLE
'Pardon Me, I've Got Someone To Kill'
(New Rose) ****

T TEX Edwards was a member of the original Texan punk group The Nervebreakers, who supported The Clash and the Pistols in their brief career. These days he can be found moseying around with the Loafing Hyenas making the kind of 'billy music that warrants the tag 'psycho'.

'Pardon Me...' is a collection of covers of '50s/'60s country murder songs, and yup, it's a killer: But despite some undeniably hilarious lyrics, things aren't played strictly for laughs, with the sheer quality of playing making it a musical feast. Ex-Fabulous Thunderbird Mike Buck is credited with percussion, cowbell, whoopin' it up and song archaeology – being the owner of the record collection from which the 13 tracks here were culled. Tailgaitors bassist JJ Barrera also stars, but particularly effective is Marty Muses' steel pedal which licks authenticity into every groove.

Some of the tracks are already familiar: 'Psycho', which Costello covered in his 'Almost Blue' period, and 'The Rubber Room', which Alex Chilton has practically made his own, but Edwards' gruffer delivery gives his versions their own sparkle. The title track – a Johnny Paycheck original – is a magnificent country song and all the better for the rocked up reworking here, and Lee Hazelwood's 'The Girl On Death Row' is as comically tragic as country gets.

Paul Elliott



MOTORHEAD: through the musical carwash (but not the clothes wash, it seems)

LA GUNS

MOTORHEAD
'1916'
(Epic) ****

THE LA sun certainly hasn't been frying Lemmy's brain.

"I wanna get crabs in my elegant rags/Make my mom and daddy uptight/I wanna be an intellectual heterosexual/Angel city tonight".

No, indeed. As 'Angel City', this gem of a tribute to his new found home proves, the smog seems to have cleared his head, paving the way for the best Motorhead album in years.

'1916' – named after a war poem and something of a prophetic title at the moment – launches with all the precision power of a cruise into 'One To Sing The Blues'. It's a bloodgargling, cranium bashing snorter and the rest of the pack aren't far behind.

The whole feel of '1916' is of a band who've been through a musical carwash, scraping off the grunge and grime of the past, and come out gleaming, engines revving, hungry for

speed.

'Going To Brazil' is ZZ Top carved up with razors, 'Nightmare/The Dreamtime' is dark, brooding menace, a dismantling of metal's Satanic mumbo jumbo that's almost alarming in its lyrical dexterity.

Even the "ballads" are bruising. 'Love Me Forever' keeps its bluesy riffery honed down to the keenest edge. 'Angel City' apes the Californian groove as amusingly in its boogie bounce as in its worldly wise commentary.

But the real masterpiece is 'Make My Day', a lean, snarling unveiled threat of a song that rides alongside 'Ace Of Spades' and 'Motorhead' in the parade of Motorhead classics. Beside it, a tribute to the only other band with similar staying power 'Ramoness' is fondly raunchy, mimicking da brudders' high decibel powergroove with hearty cameraderie.

The closing '1916' is thoughtful, but weedy. But on this form, what the hell.

Lemmy – he may not look like a freshly plucked daisy, but his brain has burst into bloom.

Cathi Unsworth

Elsewhere, there are laughs to be gleaned from 'LSD Made A Wreck Out Of Me' and 'Country Hix's', not to mention some frankly evil lyrics on 'Smitty' and 'The Cold Hard Facts Of Life'. But anyone who ever thought country was dumb, or (for god's sake) soft, should check this beauty out.

Leo Finlay

THE WAKE
'Make It Loud'
(Sarah) ****

SHOCK HORROR. Long forgotten early-'80s Glaswegian outfit and third division Factory "artists" (who once featured a fledgling Bobby Gillespie!), return in the '90s with a great record on Sarah! Hard to believe – but with a little help from the guitarist and bass player of The Orchids, it's true.

Opening and closing with nods back to the past – 'English Rain' and 'Cheer Up Ferdinand' both submerged in pulsating electronic rhythms à la New Order or Cabaret Voltaire – elsewhere The Wake drift into some interesting directions.

'Firestone Tyres', with its keyboards pushed to the fore, could be related to James, while 'Holy Head' spins all over the place with some thrashing and crashing guitar work. The two real gems, though, are 'Joke Shop', surely about their past associations with Tony Wilson ("When he released/Our 4-track EP/It could not be found/In the Megastore") which Mark E Smith would approve of both musically and lyrically and the subliminal discovery of 'Henry's Work', a tale about Mr Average ("You're the kind of person who shouldn't be allowed"). So bitter but so sweet.

Proof, then, that there is life after

Factory. Think of The Wake as having one foot in the past and the rest of their bodies in the present and 'Make It Loud' will appeal to young pop kids as well as the old long mac brigade. Crikey, think of the crossover potential.

Andy Peart

SPERMBIRDS
'Common Thread'
(Full Circle) ****^{1/2}

WHILE THERE might be heaps of Yank noise-sters queuing up at the German border to take advantage of their booming punk-rock economy, the quality and quantity of the traffic coming the other way hasn't ever been anything to go to the bottom of the stairs about.

Spermbirds were an exception to the generally held opinion regarding the state of German music, primarily because they managed to successfully appropriate an American hardcore sound and spit it back with equal venom. In fact, they did it better than anyone in Britain has ever managed.

'Common Thread' sees the Spermbirds back from their lay-off, re-united, and apparently still fired by the same integrity and values they had before – like, this bears scant resemblance to an SLF or Sham reformation.

Musically, they've managed to progress while avoiding the metal alternative. Though they never quite sound like Fugazi, the box of new moves kicked open by those woolly-hatted men from Washington DC is being utilised by a whole load of people these days – Sink, Slum Turkeys and Fuel, to name but a few – and Spermbirds have certainly taken a few pointers in the way of song structures and chugging guitars.

Lyrical, though, they haven't advanced nearly so far – the old themes of 'positive' angst, unity, strong-mindedness, individual thought, and the regular moaning about betraying the f**kin' 'scene', are getting worn beyond belief.

Nevertheless, there's a lot more to come back to than on either 'Something To Prove' or 'Nothing Is Easy', and when all the chips are down it's probably a better record than either.

Ian Lawton

SKULLFLOWER
'Xaman'
(Shock) *

TO DRAW right away on a comparison, imagine what would've happened had Public Image Limited's second LP been a darker dip into the intensity of their early work. Material like 'Theme' and 'Religion II' amplified, eliminating all melody in favour of a crushing din of guitar feedback and mindless cold rhythm. If that turns you on, please continue.

What Skullflower have created is a tortuous, endless wank of no warmth whatsoever, lacking even the pain of early Swans or Throbbing Gristle's. Being extreme is no longer enough, no matter how loud you turn this up. They approach 'Xaman', their second LP, with the same righteous sneer as their first, filling what gaps they left last time and no doubt fuelling speculation over where the next one might go. Maybe 10 years ago, but not today. There's been far too much water under the bridge for this to be anything but wholly pointless and boring.

For self abusers only. And the CD version has two extra onslaughts for good measure.

James Robert

SWINGER WITH ATTITUDE



THERE'S MORE to Alexander than big trows and silk sheets

ALEXANDER O'NEAL
'All True Man'
(Tabu) ****

JUST AS Harry Shearer – Spinal Tap's Derek Smalls – took his inspiration from Saxon's Dobby Dawson, so Lenny Henry's top bonker Theophilus P Wildebeeste cops some of Alexander O'Neal's more ridiculous moves. Theo's best-loved stage prop is a luxurious bed, as is Alex's. There is, however, more to Alexander O'Neal than big trousers and a voice like silk sheets.

'All True Man', his third album, has a message. "The message is... within," says Alex. "I like the NWA approach, Eazy E, Public Enemy, the 2 Live Crew. It's speaking on reality. I can't stand music that just don't have nothing to say."

Alex's creed isn't so aggressive as NWA's but one of this record's key songs, 'The Yoke', is a declaration of black pride with a tough Minneapolis funk groove and lyrics as in-your-face as Sly Stone's or George Clinton's black power anthems: "Who says we're free in this society/Things have changed but I still feel chained down/It's all the same, rearranged, my skin's still brown." Probably the strongest song of its kind since Stevie Wonder's 'Cash In Your Face'.

'All True Man' also paints Alex the ideologically sound ladies' man. However tender, many of Alex's great love songs – 'If You Were Here Tonight', 'Crying Overtime' – are just sly seductions, Alex a cunning fox in the chick's lair, as Iron Maiden would have it. Yet "a true man," says Alex, "is strong but sensitive". 'Midnight Run' is typical of Alex 1990: "You're a good mother, that's true/But you can't forget that you're a woman too."

'Hearsay' was cool for a concept album about a party. 'All True Man', again produced and mostly written by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, does more and says more. There's a new strength to Alexander O'Neal's music; silk and steel.

ALBUMS

BAD RELIGION 'Against The Grain' (Epitaph) ****

CHORUSES COME and choruses go, but this one, from 'Against The Grain's opener 'Modern Man', will take some beating: "Modern man, evolutionary betrayer/Modern man, ecosystem destroyer/Modern man, destroy yourself in shame/Modern man, pathetic example of earth's organic heritage".

Tough act to follow? Tough, yes, but hardly surprising from Bad Religion, for a full decade one of this planet's most successful hardcore merchants.

Bad Religion, an archetypal Californian 'core machine, have been provoking thought, dance and - possibly - fights since their formation, and 'Against The Grain' quickly shows how and why they've remained kings of the hill while lesser lights have climbed and fallen. By sticking closely to their formula of speed, melody and complicated, partisan lyrics, Bad Religion take no chances. But although they may be

predictable, Bad Religion have not become boring, their conviction as rocket fuel to the flame they keep so well.

Leader Greg Graffin, whose practised diction alone makes the dense lyrics comprehensible, and the twin guitar attack of Mr Brett and ex-Circle Jerk Greg Hetson, combine over a disciplined beat to deliver punches in profusion. Melodies there are, of course, but although they make Bad Religion easier to live with they hardly make them outrightly commercial.

'Flat Earth Society', though, is wildly accessible, blessed with a hook worthy of the Hüskers' netherworld commerciality, something of a testament to the latter's vision. 'Faith Alone', an indictment of organised religion, grinds forward on hummable caterpillar tracks, an impressive guitar solo delivering the heart punch; 'Entropy' is faster and flatter, but no less catchy.

And so it goes, a veritable conveyor belt of superior 'core. Hardcore lives, alright, and where it lives is right here.

Ralph Traitor

INFLEXIBLE RESPONSE

BOLT THROWER 'War Master' (Earache) ***1/2

AND SO, as the tanks rumble ominously in the Gulf and Lithuania, Bolt Thrower arrive in the nick of time with their latest apocalyptic sermon.

Not that 'War Master' is intended as some kind of prophet of doom spouting Sun-sized headlines, you understand. After all, death and destruction are passé in such metallic circles, and we already know of Bolt Thrower's penchant for role-playing war games. It's just that... well, if there is going to be a soundtrack reflecting this year's calamities, this sure as hell fits the bill. Yes, it's that bleak.

'Intro' sets the scene: a deathly hum that segues into 'Unleashed Upon Mankind', where a series of frazzled riffs creep around like gangrenous ghouls and Karl Willetts' voice drags out a monotone monologue that growls like the worst of HP Lovecraft's cyclopean horror.

'What Dwells Within' is hellishly spooky. Willetts' paranoia surfaces and cuts through the ice with desperate force, while skinsman Andy Whale controls his cyber-cosing bass drum to perfection.

Riding in on a riff as flat as a tombstone, 'The Shreds Of Sanity' comes next, the voice moving ever closer to breaking down completely, while the first side's ultimate grovelling ogre, 'Profane Creation' finds the, er, band upping their normal, early Sabs chunder to try and escape the feverish madness they detail.



APOCALYPSE NOW: Bolt Thrower soundtrack the impending doom

It's side two, however, that retains your attention span the longer. Both the title-track and 'Cenotaph' blast in with jagged, purposeful guitar batteries and 'Final Revelation' is almost catchy by comparison, though Willetts' (intelligible!) assertion that he is, "Born to suffer/Through a lifetime of darkness" prevents any silver linings peeking through the black clouds for long.

Thus, 'War Master' registers as a predictably joyless experience, but also a largely successful catalogue of horrific fears of both universal and personal collapse. Oppressive as f**k, this is the sound of the final straw snapping.

Tim Peacock

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BACK-TRACKS

Tracks from the vaults re-released and reviewed

AREA 'Agate Lines' (Third Mind)

AREA ARE basically defunct, having evolved into The Moon Seven Times. This is a compilation of tracks lifted from their three albums 'Radio Caroline', 'The Perfect Dream' and 'Between Purple And Pink', recorded 1987-89.

It's very Cocteau Twins, very Young Marble Giants. Yes, we're into ethereal cathedral of sound territory again. You've got to turn this up very loud indeed if you want to annoy the neighbours.

Despite the fact that they hailed from the American Mid-West, this sounds very cool and European, like a minimalist version of the Sugarcubes. Most notable moment? A particularly nice version of Leonard Cohen's 'The Sisters Of Mercy', which sounds like a less conventional Julee Cruise. TU

SLAUGHTER JOE 'The Pied Piper Of Feedback' (Creation CD)

AROUND the mid-'80s when, from the Creation launching pad, The Jesus And Mary Chain were causing a big stir, the label reinvented itself with a slew of noisy,

feedback-driven things.

The most fêted, Meat Whiplash, were a red herring but 'Slaughter' Joe Foster brilliantly straddled the divide between Creation's early, whimsical pop nature and the new zeitgeist.

This CD gathers together Foster's output from that period - ten kinda impressive cuts, particularly the first clutch which feature Frank Sweeney's grinding electric viola in addition to Foster's declamations.

Riding a gnarled feedback wave and diamond Stooges riffs, Joe gives it his best best sad-eyed Iggy of the Highlands shot and in 'I'll Follow You Down' hits the jackpot. 'Fall Apart' cavernously echoes the Mary Chain's earliest work, while 'She's So Out Of Touch' jumps the Velvets bandwagon to recall of Foster's days with the melancholic 'Painted Word'-era Television Personalities.

By the time of the second batch, crowned by the brilliantly titled 'The Lonesome Death Of Thurston Moore', Foster had drifted towards a less warped pop vision but was none the worse for it. The drivin' rock grooves of 'Positively Something Wild' (an emaciated tribute to Steppenwolf's 'Born To Be Wild') and 'Tangerine' beat the shit out of much of the more lauded minor league pop gear of the mid-'80s. Foster is now back in the netherworld of production, management and general meddling - and ole 'Slaughter' is sadly missed. RG

THE SAINTS 'Songs Of Salvation 1976-1988' (Raven CD)

HOT ON the heels of 1990's 'The New Rose Years' comes another compilation from one of the great ignored rock 'n' soul pioneers of the last decade. This Australian collection casts its net wider and tries to span the band's entire career from their first proto-punk single, 1976's classic 'I'm Stranded'. It's a nigh on impossible task, and this collection lurches wildly. Top marks for covering their ignored second and third, immediately post-punk LPs on Harvest, 'Eternally Yours' and 'Prehistoric Sounds'. 'Brisbane (Security) City' and their first full

blown soul attack, on Otis Redding's 'Security', take the honours. But into the next decade things get a touch hairy. Compiler Glenn A Baker obviously has a soft spot for '81's sub-standard 'The Monkey Puzzle' and hauls in five tracks from this - while totally ignoring their semi-renaissance, 'Out In The Jungle' and giving horrendously short shrift to the peak of singer-songwriter Chris Bailey's career, '84's superb 'A Little Madness To Be Free'.

Their great Polydor album, 1986's 'All Fools Day', is represented but Baker should have homed in on the LP's pronounced Celtic influences.

Any Saints compilation of this breadth is bound to be packed with superb songs and this is no exception - but a touch of continuity wouldn't go amiss. RG

THE ASSOCIATES 'Popera' (East West)

SCOTTISH MUSIC these days seems to be synonymous with turgid lager-sponsored no-hopers who sound as though they've overdosed on Steely Dan and valium. But that wasn't always the case, and for one ephemeral moment at the start of the last decade, Glasgow and Edinburgh gave Liverpool and Manchester a run for their money when it came to fresh, innovative pop music. You had Orange Juice and Josef K, you had The Fire Engines and Set The Tone. And you had The Associates, who came from Dundee like visiting royalty.

Like so many of these Scottish bands, however, The Associates seemed content to drop-kick their success into the river. Now, Billy MacKenzie and Alan Rankine seem content with minor cult celebrity. But in 1982 'Party Fears Two' and 'Club Country' were constantly played on the radio and in discos (which is what we had before we had 'clubs'). They seemed to contain the promise of a new golden age of classic, shiny pop music - an era of enlightened hedonism was just around the corner.

This era, also represented by the sparkling '18 Carat Love Affair' and 'Love Hangover', can be contrasted here with the bleak, moody long-raincoats-and-fringes sound of their earlier Situation 2 material, 'Tell Me Easter's On Sunday' and 'White Car In Germany'.

Listening to this album, it's hard not to become infuriated by Billy MacKenzie's inconsistency over the past decade. Every few years he releases a fair to middling single like 'Waiting For The Love Boat', or 'The Rhythm Divine', his collaboration with Yello. But that's not good enough, because he could have done so much better. All the evidence points to the fact that the man is a major, if perhaps lazy and undisciplined, talent. He should be making classic stuff like this, and not those dire records he's been releasing on Virgin.

Somebody ought to kick him up the arse. TU

VARIOUS 'Endangered Species' (Glitterhouse) ****

THANK JESUS for Glitterhouse. In the last year just about every item of US muck worth selling your bott for has snuck into the UK by route of this finger-on-the-pulse German label. 'Endangered Species' is a cute little box set of six singles neatly packaged with a swell cover pic courtesy of Big Chief's Mark Dencey - custom made for the collector-scum lowlifes that beat off to this kind of crap.

Strange that they should start the thing with a dud - the very unexciting cover of Cheap Trick's 'Hello There' by the increasingly rockist and unbearable Bullet Lavolta. Bitch Magnet compensate on the flip with a track that's more to-the-point and full of steam than just about anything on their recent LP. Minneapolis' Cows never disappoint and their 'Good Cop' is no exception - the usual barely contained howl of guitar aggro and stupid trumpet. Bastards do their very best to live up to such stiff competition and turn in a massively heavy Butch Vig-produced monster 'Groovy Space Man Pills'.

It's always good to have another Halo Of Flies track unearthed and

'Clowns' is a must-have garage racket cranked out at double speed, appropriately coupled with Monster Magnet's impressive slob-rock. From much the same realm of things comes Surgery's brief but hard to fault 'Losida Slide'.

Surely they could've found something more interesting to include than a vintage (1986) Green River cover of the Dead Boys' 'Ain't Nothin' To Do', but the soon-to-be-unignorable Unsane wrap it all up nicely with a track that shifts all over their last generally available single 'Concrete Bed'. A great way to end what, despite a few hiccups, is an unbelievably great collection.

Ian Lawton

VISITING KIDS 'Visiting Kids' (New Rose) ***

WE ALL know about those awful Hollywood mums and dads who have their offspring doing catalogues at one and movies at five. Devo mainspring Mark Mothersbaugh is cut from the same cloth, as Visiting Kids - a kiddie quartet including Alex, his own kin - demonstrates. The Kids' fans apparently include David Byrne, Pee

Wee Herman and actress Karen Black - and you can see the dollar signs spin in self-perceived svengali Mothersbaugh's eyes.

Well, it could be lousy and contrived but, thanks to careful stage management, is only contrived. Mothersbaugh has always had a killer sense of humour and you can imagine him grinning over the controls as the Kids sing 'Cindy Is A Crybaby', a sort of juvenile low-tech Shangri-Las perversion. What makes it all worthwhile are the unnerving vocals, especially when Scarlett Rouge(!) takes the wheel. It's all light, laughable and danceable but there's no denying the possibilities - as future plans for a TV series prove.

And as the credits roll and the theme song fades, we see Mark at the autocue animating his puppets and a chill grips us - I guarantee he'll be visiting one of these kids at the loony bin inside of ten years!

Ralph Traiton

HEAVENLY 'Heavenly Vs Satan' (Sarah) ****

THE SARAH record label should never release anything in the winter but should stick to warm summer evenings where the charms of their quaint, simple pop music can be enjoyed to full effect.

Come snow or shine, though, there's a pun in the title of 'Heavenly Vs Satan' which doesn't go unnoticed, especially to those who believe music to be the work of the Devil. It's a record which you could turn up to full volume at a party and still receive no complaints from the neighbours, such is its inoffensive nature.

That Heavenly "boast" a couple of ex-Talulah Goshers in the line up is fairly noticeable, although instead of being in love for the very first time they do at least sound a few years older now. Nevertheless, it's essentially the same scheme of things: swooning vocals from Amelia Fletcher combined with some vaguely C&W guitars, which occasionally deign to thrash out at times.

From the lyrics you get the impression that Amelia has lived her life in a plastic bubble where the only things that matter are love, boys and, er, love. Hence the titles - 'Cool Guitar Boy', 'Boyfriend Stays The Same' and 'Lemonhead Boy', the latter complete with some cute whistles.

'Heavenly Vs Satan' is a very nice straightforward and innocent album, and on 'Shallow' and during the Smiths-style breaks with 'Stop Before You Say It', it becomes rather endearing - but the world of rock music is a far too vicious and despicable place for such sensitive souls. File under "This Isn't Spinal Tap".

Andy Peart

SURGERY 'Nationwide' (Amphetamine Reptile) ****

SURGERY'S 1989 Kramer produced debut was a classy affair, with at least one hardcore classic in 'Dance'. But as that year saw a mass of 'core and noise releases from the Sub Pop lot et al, it failed to make any great impact on the nation's consciousness. 'Nationwide' might not exactly make them household names (even in strange households) but there's enough power and aggression here to satisfy the hardest 'core fan.

'Malibues' is the classic this time round, a mega heavy post-metal stomp through Bachman Turner Overdrive's worst nightmares or Tad's grungiest noise speeded up to bustin' point. The LP's worth getting for this song alone, but there are other blasts here to give you value for dosh. The slower 'Breeding' is more in tune with the Sub Pop grind but there's so much noise plastered

C'MON EVERY SOAPBOX



"OH, HELLO, do you have a copy of 'Flyfishing' by J R Hartley"

CONSOLIDATED 'The Myth Of Rock' (Nettwerk) ****

AT THIS time of escalating world tension the last thing in the world which might seem important is a pop record, but 'The Myth Of Rock' holds the closest thing to a solution that any piece of 'art' ever could. Embodied in this LP is an ideology and worldview that is radical enough to upset the capitalist Right but natural enough to have an obvious appeal.

With Consolidated the important point is accountability - in life, in their music and in the actions of dollar hungry business moguls. The music is as packed with political fervour as it is heavy with bonecrushing rhythms. But this isn't a po-faced political dirge, it's cool and funky and the message creeps through. After the third listen you find yourself singing 'This Is A Collective' in the shower, and the humour and furious pace of the LP helps ensure this is anything but a boring ride.

As well as rhetorical and political concepts, 'The Myth Of Rock' is also loaded with good solid music. 'Consolidated', the song, is a better harsh house sound than anything from the stern US industrial dancemakers and 'This Is A Collective', 'Josephine The Singer' and 'Dysfunctional Relationship' all easily stand up against the best intelligent music around.

This is acid-anarchy that attacks sexism, racism and cultural ignorance and yet remains entertaining and doesn't bog itself down with pretension or polemicism. On 'Stop The War Against The Black Community', 'White American Male (The Truth Hurts)' and 'Love, Honour And Respect' they communicate the viewpoints of non-racist youth embarrassed and enraged by the actions and intentions of their "democratically" elected governments.

But above all else, this is a great album musically even before one considers its ideological validity, and for that reason alone everyone should get the chance to hear it. Step up to Consolidated and bite the bullet.

Colin C Bass

NAKED AMBITION

BOSS HOG 'Cold Hands' (Amphetamine Reptile) ****½

BOSS HOG'S '90 debut, 'Drinkin', Letchin' & Lyin', caused a bit of a storm, more for the nude (and basically pornographic) shots of vocalist Cristina than the rather average blues-core noise in the grooves. This year's model again features the charming ex-Pussy Galore wailer in a state of undress but at least this time there's more than a degree of taste to the pose. Things are looking up on the music front, too.

When it comes to Pussy Galore, 'core fans split into two highly disparate camps: those who love the anarchic blues drenched grunge and those who think they're over-rated, anal retentive scavengers - and certainly, there was little merit in their last LP, 'Historia De La Musica Rock'. Boss Hog, who also feature lead Puss Jonathan Spencer, are a more reliable noise altogether.

The opening 'Gerard' sets the scene with a mess of filthy blues augmented by a mighty rolling lead guitar and Spencer's frustrated vocals. The Big Black-ish 'Eddy' is suitably evil sounding, with Cristina's tones catching just the right menacing drift. 'Pete Shore', named after the band's guitarist, is the highlight and while Shore's playing recalls Sonic Youth's 'Death Valley '69', the song's sheer simplicity makes it rock 'n' roll at its ear-bloodying best. The Steve Albini-produced 'Red Bull' fails to take off, however, sounding more like an impromptu jam licked into basic shape in Chicago. But elsewhere, the live feel of 'Duchess' and 'Pop Catastrophe' kicks life into unfussy arrangements.

I wouldn't bet on Boss Hog being the next Sonic Youth, but on the strength of 'Cold Hands' there's no way I'm gonna miss their live shows in March.

Leo Finlay



BOSS HOG: probably not the new Sonic Youth

over the basic blues riff, it's irresistible. 'Highway 109' is similarly bluesy with neat squealing guitar licks à la Kid Congo Powers enabling it to win through.

For all their hard-hitting bluntness, Surgery remain scalpel sharp and proof that operating theatres are scary places indeed.

Leo Finlay

70 GWEN PARTY 'Devil Wrapped And Ginsung Buried' (Snake) ****½

A RATHER ugly electro duckling, 'Devil Wrapped And Ginsung Buried' is a baffling and often impenetrable synthkrieg from two shady European sound terrorists.

Apparently based around the (sometimes) vivid imagination of one Victor Dnip, 70 Gwen Party initially proffer promise, with 'Devil's opening cut 'Power Elite' spraying around like the bastard offspring of an unholy Cranes/Pailhead alliance, while 'War Track And Field' captures some intriguing burlbes and a David Coleman sample.

Unhappily, events then take a swift nosedive into frustrating tedium. 'This New England' reels under the weight of innumerable false endings and (coupled with the ensuing 'Develing Hour') eventually languishes in a swamp of self-indulgence.

Seeking to confuse the issue even further, the first side ends with a brief snatch of organ music snaffled from Blackpool seafront, and it takes two surprisingly startling rejoinders on the flip to reinforce any tangible challenge.

To this end, we're presented with 'All Fall Down' - an urgent, piano-based skirmish - and (best of all) 'Christfire': a mad dervish of militaristic backbeats and hissing tape loops that fixes a bayonet against your brain.

The remainder, however, can be safely filed away for less than urgent inspection, leaving 'Devil Wrapped' floundering with clipped wings and a broken back. Sadly, any thoughts of this ugly duckling reaching swan status seem doomed.

Tim Peacock

THE INFANT GOD 'Puberty' (Imaginary) ***

ANOTHER MUTANT creature lurking in Boston's rock undergrowth, The Infant God are a further attempt to break the traditions of conventional rifferama.

Nearly every song on 'Puberty' is drenched in feedback, but the God are wise enough to take Thin White Rope's lead and use this tool as a demonic undercurrent to enhance rather than detract from their ghoulish, subterranean pop.

'Plastic Rats And Confidence' charges the battery in fine style, taking in a depraved 12-bar rampage (of sorts). It's 'Mother Sex', though, that truly sets the tone, the rhythm section laying down a dark heartbeat thang similar to the Bunynymen circa 'Heaven Up Here', while enigmatic frontman Mart K sings like he's gargling with custard.

'Black Bones Rising', meantime, marries an excellent title to a carnivorous, overblown tribal backbeat, but 'Johnny' is a quite wonderful slice of bizarre bubblegum sung by guitarist Paula, whose angelic tones temporarily disguise the subject matter: the recent death of Mart's younger brother.

The wah wahs come out in force during the cowpoke swagger of 'It Ain't My Dance' and the closing instrumental, 'Infant God's Playroom', which ends up as a sultry, cock-rockin' shocker that Ian Astbury could easily take under his wing.

However, any brief mental flips aside, 'Puberty' is a promising

statement of irregularity from a bunch who sound like they can put the fear of God into parents and audiences alike.

Tim Peacock

CRENT 'Crent' (Waterfront) ***

IT'S DIFFICULT to come away from Crent's LP with a clear assessment of whether it's any good or not. Both the great and the un-great (I hesitate to say bad) aspects seem to stem from the semi-serious who-gives-a-shit-ness of it all - Crent being a seemingly light-hearted side project for Kent Steedman (of stalwart Oz-rockers Celibate Rifles) and his Sydney chum Chris Townshend.

Unfortunately, Crent's first single, 'AIDS/Extended Vocabulary', which features the line, "There's no need to worry about AIDS anymore cos we're all gonna die in a nuclear war/ So let's f**k", isn't on the album, but the opening track, 'Loser', reveals a pretty similar approach - a plodding drum machine and an equally banal/great guitar riff, over which an unattributed Aussie reels off a bizarre list: "Mussolini, loser, Jim Morrison, loser, Houdini, loser, Sharon Tate, loser, Gandhi, loser..."

'Save The...' with its machine gun rhythm, shares a similar not-so-inspired lyrical approach: "Save the Dolphins, save the bears, save the rabbits... save the aeroplane". On 'Battery Rap', which consists mainly of farmyard animal noises, the unfiltered nonsense technique yields significantly less interesting results.

Frankly, the instrumental 'Intestine Beanie' is the only track where Kent Steedman wholeheartedly sounds like his Rifles alterego. The epic '9K', which takes up the flipside of the LP, is more like Can circa 'Togo Mago' - its restrained guitar work held pretty firmly in the grip of a mellow, quasi-spiritual rhythm mantra.

I dunno, you figure it out...

Ian Lawton

CHARTS

UK SINGLES

- 1 1 SADNESS Enigma Virgin International
- 2 15 3AM ETERNAL KLF/KLF Communications
- 3 2 CRAZY Seal ZTT
- 4 5 GONNA MAKE YOU SWEAT C&C Music Factory Columbia
- 5 - INNUENDO Queen Parlophone
- 6 12 ICAN'T TAKE THE POWER Off-Shore Columbia
- 7 23 MERCY MERCY ME/I WANT YOU Robert Palmer EMI
- 8 8 INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING Jesus Jones Food
- 9 25 SENSITIVITY Ralph Tresvant MCA
- 10 6 (I'VE HAD) THE TIME OF MY LIFE Bill Medley & Jennifer Warnes
- 11 4 THE GREASE MEGAMIX John Travolta & Olivia Newton John
- 12 27 HIPPYCHICK Soho S&M
- 13 19 ALL TRUE MAN Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 14 13 ALL THE MAN THAT I NEED Whitney Houston Arista
- 15 9 CRAZY Patsy Cline MCA
- 16 22 PREACHER MAN Bananarama London
- 17 32 CAN I KICK IT? A Tribe Called Quest Jive
- 18 7 ICE ICE BABY Vanilla Ice SBK
- 19 10 ALL TOGETHER NOW The Farm Produce
- 20 3 BRING YOUR DAUGHTER... TO THE SLAUGHTER Iron Maiden
- 21 16 X, Y & ZEE Pop Will Eat Itself RCA
- 22 - WIGGLE IT 2 In A Room Cutting
- 23 20 ALL THIS TIME Sting A&M
- 24 - FORGET MENOTS Tongue 'N' Cheek Syncopate
- 25 41 GET HERE Oleta Adams Fontana
- 26 11 PRAY MC Hammer Capitol
- 27 34 SUMMER RAIN Belinda Carlisle Virgin
- 28 - CRY FOR HELP Rick Astley RCA
- 29 18 MARY HAD A LITTLE BOY Snap Arista
- 30 33 I'M NOT IN LOVE Will To Power Epic
- 31 17 JUSTIFY MY LOVE Madonna Sire
- 32 39 III Orbital ffr
- 33 - DO THE BARTMAN Simpsons Geffen
- 34 29 A LIL' AIN'T ENOUGH David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 35 28 BOX SET GO The High London
- 36 42 MISS AMERICA Big Dish East West
- 37 37 ALWAYS THE SUN The Stranglers Epic
- 38 21 THE TOTAL MIX Black Box deConstruction
- 39 14 YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELING The Righteous Brothers
- 40 - MYSTERIES OF LOVE LA Mix A&M
- 41 - COMING OUT OF THE DARK Gloria Estefan Epic
- 42 49 WHERE HAS ALL THE LOVE GONE Maureen Urban
- 43 - TWICE AS HARD Black Crowes Def American
- 44 30 ARE YOU DREAMING? Twenty 4 Seven BCM
- 45 35 JORDAN: THE EP Prefab Sprout Kitchenware
- 46 44 WELL, DID YOU EVAH! Deborah Harry & Iggy Pop Chrysalis
- 47 - THE GIRL I USED TO KNOW Brother Beyond Parlophone
- 48 - OUTSTANDING Kenny Thomas Cooltempo
- 49 31 WICKED GAME Chris Isaak London
- 50 - BREAKAWAY (REMIX) Donna Summer Warner Brothers

Compiled by MRIB

CRUSTY 10

- 1 SIX PENCE EP Anti-Crusty
- 2 HAVE YOU GOT 10P? The Ejected
- 3 GIVE 'EM ENOUGH SOAP The Clash
- 4 BORN TO DIE IN THE GUTTER Discharge
- 5 DIRTY LOVE Motorhead
- 6 IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE Crusty Springfield
- 7 THIS CRUSTY'S GONE TO DEVON Pixies
- 8 HOW MUCH IS THAT DOGGY ON THE STRINGO? Patti Page
- 9 GIVE ME YOUR BEER AND YOUR CIGARETTES Hanoi Rocks
- 10 BEGGARS BANQUET The Rolling Stones

Compiled by Deptford Anti-Crusties

SID WADDELL '91

- 1 THERE'S ONLY ONE WORD FOR THIS, TOO MUCH
- 2 UNSCHEDULED DRAMA HERE ON TWO
- 3 THERE'S BEEN MORE COMEBACKS IN THIS MATCH, THAN STATUS QUO HAVE MADE
- 4 TREBLES FOR SHOW, DOUBLES FOR DOUGH
- 5 GREAT COVER DART
- 6 IT'S JOCKEY ON THE OCKE
- 7 I'VE SEEN MORE TURNAROUNDS THIS WEEK, THAN A SECURITY GUARD IN A REVOLVING DOOR
- 8 HERE COME THE GLADIATORS
- 9 THEY'VE GOT A SAYING IN YORKSHIRE, GIVE 'EM NOWT
- 10 DOUBLE SIXTEEN... NO HE'S CHANGED THE SHOT... HE WANTS TOPS... BRILLIANT... AN ELEVEN DARTER

Compiled by Stoners, Stourport.
Other readers' sad charts welcome

UK ALBUMS

- 1 1 THE IMMACULATE COLLECTION Madonna Sire
- 2 2 THE VERY BEST OF Elton John Rocket
- 3 6 MCMXCAD Enigma Virgin
- 4 4 LISTEN WITHOUT PREJUDICE VOLUME 1 George Michael Epic
- 5 5 I'M YOUR BABY TONIGHT Whitney Houston Arista
- 6 3 SERIOUS HITS... LIVE! Phil Collins Virgin
- 7 8 SHAKING THE TREE - GOLDEN GREATS Peter Gabriel Virgin
- 8 11 THE SINGLES COLLECTION 1984/1990 Jimmy Somerville London
- 9 - A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 10 7 TO THE EXTREME Vanilla Ice SBK
- 11 12 X INXS Mercury
- 12 9 CARRERAS, DOMINGO, PAVAROTTI - CONCERT Various Decca
- 13 10 SOUL PROVIDER Michael Bolton Columbia
- 14 15 DIRTY DANCING Original Soundtrack RCA
- 15 13 CHOKE The Beautiful South Go! Discs
- 16 22 PILLS 'N' THRILLS AND BELLIES Happy Mondays Factory
- 17 18 THE VERY BEST OF The Righteous Brothers Verve
- 18 - WICKED GAME Chris Isaak Reprise
- 19 17 PLEASE HAMMER DON'T HURT 'EM MC Hammer Capitol
- 20 20 REMASTERS Led Zeppelin Atlantic
- 21 14 THE RHYTHM OF THE SAINTS Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 22 16 ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS Status Quo Vertigo
- 23 21 FROM A DISTANCE... THE EVENT Cliff Richard EMI
- 24 19 THE VERY BEST OF The Bee Gees Polydor
- 25 27 I DO NOT WANT WHAT I HAVEN'T GOT Sinéad O'Connor Ensign
- 26 36 THE LOST BOYS - ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Various Atlantic
- 27 29 NO PRAYER FOR THE DYING Iron Maiden EMI
- 28 23 ONLY YESTERDAY The Carpenters A&M
- 29 - DON'T EXPLAIN Robert Palmer EMI
- 30 24 BEHAVIOUR Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 31 25 THE ESSENTIAL PAVAROTTI Luciano Pavarotti Decca
- 32 39 WORLD POWER Snap Arista
- 33 30 PRETTY WOMAN ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Various EMI USA
- 34 26 BOOMANIA Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 35 28 VIVALDI: FOUR SEASONS Nigel Kennedy EMI
- 36 38 BELIEF Innocence Cooltempo
- 37 35 DREAMLAND Black Box deConstruction
- 38 32 CORNERSTONES 1967-1970 Jimi Hendrix Polydor
- 39 31 RHYTHM OF LOVE Kylie Minogue PWL
- 40 43 MIXED UP The Cure Fiction
- 41 - GREATEST HITS 1977-1990 The Stranglers Epic
- 42 41 LOOK SHARP! Roxette EMI
- 43 - SWEET DREAMS Patsy Cline MCA
- 44 33 BE MY LOVE... AN ALBUM OF LOVE Placido Domingo EMI
- 45 45 NECK AND NECK Chet Atkins And Mark Knopfler Columbia
- 46 50 THE RAZOR'S EDGE AC/DC Atco
- 47 37 THE LA'S The La's Go! Discs
- 48 - RUNAWAY HORSES Belinda Carlisle Virgin
- 49 48 MUSIC FROM TWIN PEAKS Angelo Badalamenti Warner Brothers
- 50 - JORDAN: THE COMEBACK Prefab Sprout Kitchenware

Compiled by MRIB



DAVE LEE Roth: A li'l's plenty, thanks

5 YEARS AGO

ALTERNATIVE

- 1 1 DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 2 2 ECHES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 3 10 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 4 3 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 5 5 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins Abstract
- 6 6 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 7 4 REVOLUTION The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 8 18 LET THEM EAT BOGSHED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 9 8 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 10 - REVOLUTION Chumbawamba Agitpop
- 11 19 DRINKING AND DRIVING The Business Diamond
- 12 11 THE BATTLE CONTINUES Conflict Mortarhate
- 13 13 DESIRE Gene Loves Jezebel Situation Two
- 14 15 NO PLACE CALLED HOME The June Brides Intape
- 15 - UPSIDE DOWN The Jesus And Mary Chain Creation
- 16 14 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 17 - ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 18 12 SPIRITWALKER The Cult Situation Two
- 19 9 NEEDLE GUN Hawkwind Flickknife
- 20 17 CRUISER'S CREEK/LA The Fall Beggars Banquet

10 YEARS AGO

ALTERNATIVE

- 1 2 ZEROX Adam And The Ants Do It
- 2 1 CARTRUBLE Adam And The Ants Do It
- 3 3 IT'S OBVIOUS/DIET Au Pairs Human
- 4 4 RABBIT Chas 'N' Dave Rockney
- 5 5 DECONTROL Discharge Clay
- 6 7 THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING/DREAM A LIE UB40 Graduate
- 7 6 SIMPLY THRILLED HDNEY Orange Juice Postcard
- 8 - ORIGINAL SIN Theatre Of Hate SS
- 9 12 TRY Delta 5 Rough Trade
- 10 17 HOLIDAY IN CAMBODIA Dead Kennedys Cherry Red
- 11 8 TELEGRAM SAM Bauhaus 4AD
- 12 13 KILL THE POOR Dead Kennedys Cherry Red
- 13 9 GUILTY Honey Bane HB
- 14 10 BLOODY REVOLUTIONS/PERSONS UNKNOWN Crass/Poison
- 15 11 FEEDING OF THE 5,000 (SECOND SITTING) Crass Crass
- 16 15 DANCED Toyah Safari
- 17 - ATMOSPHERE Joy Division Factory
- 18 18 IT'S KINDA FUNNY Josef K Postcard
- 19 14 REALITY ASYLUM Crass Crass
- 20 - EXPLOITED BARMY ARMY The Exploited Exploited

MUSIC VIDEO

- 1 1 THE IMMACULATE COLLECTION Madonna WMV
- 2 2 LIVE Pavarotti/Domingo/Carreras PMV/Channel 5
- 3 3 SERIOUSLY LIVE Phil Collins Virgin
- 4 5 FROM A DISTANCE Cliff Richard PMI
- 5 4 THE VERY BEST OF Elton John Channel 5/PMV
- 6 7 LIVE FROM BARCELONA 1990 Tina Turner Channel 5/PMV
- 7 6 STEP BY STEP New Kids On The Block SMV
- 8 10 AN EVENING WITH Daniel O'Donnell Ritz
- 9 - ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS Status Quo Channel 5/PMV
- 10 8 PAVAROTTI Luciano Pavarotti Music Club

Compiled by Gallup

METAL SINGLES

- 1 1 BRING YOUR DAUGHTER... TO THE SLAUGHTER Iron Maiden
- 2 4 A LIL' AIN'T ENOUGH David Lee Roth Warner Bros
- 3 2 GOT THE TIME Anthrax Island
- 4 6 TWICE AS HARD Black Crowes Def American
- 5 - MILES AWAY Winger Atlantic/East West
- 6 5 THE ONE TO SING THE BLUES Motorhead Epic
- 7 3 THE ANNIVERSARY WALTZ PART 2 Status Quo Vertigo
- 8 7 DON'T BELIEVE HER Scorpions Vertigo
- 9 - HIGH ENOUGH Damn Yankees Warner Bros
- 10 9 TOO TIRED Gary Moore Virgin

METAL ALBUMS

- 1 2 REMASTERS Led Zeppelin Atlantic/East West
- 2 1 ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS Status Quo Vertigo
- 3 3 NO PRAYER FOR THE DYING Iron Maiden EMI
- 4 4 CORNERSTONES 1967-1970 Jimi Hendrix Polydor
- 5 5 PERSISTENCE OF TIME Anthrax Island
- 6 10 HEARTBREAK STATION Cinderella Vertigo
- 7 7 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 8 - THE REAL THING Faith No More Slash/London
- 9 - SHAKE YOUR MONEY MAKER Black Crowes Def American
- 10 9 THE RAZOR'S EDGE AC/DC Atco/East West

Compiled by Spotlight Research

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 — 3 AM ETHERAL The KLF/KLF Communications
- 2 1 ALL TOGETHER NOW The Farm Produce
- 3 2 ARE YOU DREAMING? Twenty 4 Seven BCM
- 4 3 SITUATION (REMIX) Yazoo Mute
- 5 7 STILL FEEL THE RAIN Stex Some Bizarre
- 6 6 FREEDOM A Homeboy, A Hippie And A Funky Dredd Tam Tam
- 7 4 SUCKER DJ Dimples D FBI
- 8 5 24 HOURS Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 9 10 CLONK Sweet Exorcist Warp
- 10 8 LET ME HEAR YOU (SAY YEAH) PKA Stress
- 11 19 SPICE Eon Vinyl Solution
- 12 — FAMILY OF PEOPLE Quest For Excellence Republic
- 13 12 THE EXORCIST (REMIX) Scientist Kickin
- 14 14 WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT Run DMC Profile
- 15 13 ISLAND HEAD EP Inspirial Carpets Cow
- 16 18 MADCHESTER RAVE ON EP Happy Mondays Factory
- 17 9 MY RISING STAR Northside Factory
- 18 17 MANIFESTATION D-Magnify Tam Tam/Savage
- 19 15 STEP ON Happy Mondays Factory
- 20 33 SCHOOL OF THE WORLD Nicolette Shut Up And Dance
- 21 11 KINKY AFRO Happy Mondays Factory
- 22 — I WANNA BE THE ONE Pinky 1st Bass/Big One
- 23 36 UNTIL YOU FIND OUT Ned's Atomic Dustbin Chapter 22
- 24 24 GROOVY TRAIN The Farm Produce
- 25 27 I USE TO LOVE HER Saw Doctors Solid
- 26 34 THE ONLY ONE I KNOW The Charlatans Situation Two
- 27 22 CELEBRATE Double Trouble Collective Desire
- 28 — SONIC ATTACK LFO Fast Forward
- 29 28 LITTLE FLUFFY CLOUDS The Orb Big Life
- 30 25 STEPPING STONE/FAMILY OF MAN The Farm Produce
- 31 29 PHOBIA Flowered Up Heavenly
- 32 38 SHALL WE TAKE A TRIP Northside Factory
- 33 37 SOLID GOLD Ashley & Jackson Big Life
- 34 41 TOTAL CONFUSION A Homeboy, A Hippie And A Funky Dredd Tam Tam
- 35 44 LOADED Primal Scream Creation
- 36 — OOBE1/OOBE2 MIC Planet Pacific
- 37 43 MAKE IT MINE The Shamen One Little Indian
- 38 — PSYCHE OUT Meat Beat Manifesto Play It Again Sam
- 39 16 PROGRESSIVE LOGIC EP Nexus 21 Network
- 40 26 I'M NOT IN LOVE Rum & Black Shut Up & Dance
- 41 — RIDE EP Ride Creation
- 42 35 THEN The Charlatans Situation Two
- 43 20 MOTHER UNIVERSE The Soup Dragons Big Life
- 44 42 LITTLE BROTHER Blue Pearl Big Life
- 45 23 THE BEE Scientist Kickin
- 46 47 FALL EP Ride Creation
- 47 21 STEP BACK IN TIME Kylie Minogue PWL
- 48 — DANCETONES Hypersonic D-Zone
- 49 — HYPNOSIS Psychotropic 02
- 50 — PERFUME Paris Angels Sheer Joy

Compiled by Spotlight Research

ON THE DECK

Tim Peacock
I THINK I MISS YOU Whipping Boy Shitkickin' Cheree EP
BURNS MY SKIN Into Paradise Intense Ensign EP
SHOW ME Midwich Cuckoos Another bloody EP!

Keith Cameron
BIG CITY Spacemen 3 Disco 45 on Fire
QUICKSAND Dinosaur Jr Blanco Y Negro B-side
STRANGE FREE WORLD Kitchens Of Distinction One Little Indian LP

Damon Wise
GOING WAY BACK Just Ice Sleeping Bag
THE GRIFTERS—ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Elmer Bernstein Fabulous
UP IN FLAMES Koko Taylor London

Tommy Udo
FAT AXL Silverfish F*king brilliant Wiiiija LP
TOO DARK PARK Skinny Puppy Capitol LP, ace war soundtrack
COLD HANDS Boss Hog Amphetamine Reptile LP

Glenn 'Sad Man' Rickwood
SUPER TROUPER ABBA It's relevant, man
EVE OF DESTRUCTION Barry McGuire Speaks for itself
RIDERS ON THE STORM The Doors All sort of, erm, frightening really

Robin Gibson
BIG CITY Spacemen 3 Fire single
1916 Motorhead Epic LP
SUPER APE Lee 'Scratch' Perry And The Upsetters Mango CD

Trish Jaega
MAGICAL GARDEN Whycliffe MCA 12-inch single
BEERS, STEERS & QUEERS LP Revolting Cocks In anticipation!
BABYSITTERS ON ACID Lunachicks Un-girly rock for un-girly girls



POP WILL Eat Itself: alphabet troupe

AWESOME 10

- 1 GOD KNOWS IT'S TRUE Teenage Fanclub
- 2 BEDSITTER Carter (USM)
- 3 I CAN'T STAND IT Velvet Underground
- 4 SUGARBLAST Dr Phibes and the House Of Wax Equations
- 5 THE WAGON Dinosaur Jr
- 6 TRUCK TRAIN TRACTOR The Pastels
- 7 SWAY Ocean Colour Scene
- 8 BOB'S YOUR UNCLE Happy Mondays
- 9 I DREAMED A DREAM The Melvins
- 10 MAGIC Cud

Most requested records at Club Awesome, Saturday night at the Venue, New Cross

KU CLUB 20

- 1 WE LOVE YOU The Rolling Stones
- 2 TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS The Beatles
- 3 VOODOO CHILE Jimi Hendrix Experience
- 4 I HAD TOO MUCH TO DREAM LAST NIGHT Electric Prunes
- 5 BREAK ON THROUGH The Doors
- 6 SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL The Rolling Stones
- 7 CAN'T EXPLAIN The Who
- 8 EIGHT MILES HIGH The Byrds
- 9 CROSTOWN TRAFFIC Jimi Hendrix Experience
- 10 TILL THE END OF THE DAY The Kinks
- 11 GET OFF MY CLOUD The Rolling Stones
- 12 TOUCH ME The Doors
- 13 ITCHY COO PARK Small Faces
- 14 1969 The Stooges
- 15 SHE'S NOT THERE The Zombies
- 16 LA WOMAN The Doors
- 17 WILD THING The Troggs
- 18 SUNSHINE SUPERMAN Donovan
- 19 FOR YOUR LOVE The Yardbirds
- 20 FIRE The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown

Compiled by DJ Roger, Bop Till You Drop, last Wednesday of every month at the Ku Club, Huddersfield

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 PILLS 'N' THRILLS AND BELLIES Happy Mondays Factory
- 2 2 BOOMANIA Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 3 3 ROCK 'N' ROLL LOVE SONGS Various Dino
- 4 5 SOME FRIENDLY The Charlatans Situation Two
- 5 4 RHYTHM OF LOVE Kylie Minogue PWL
- 6 6 NOWHERE Ride Creation
- 7 8 THAT LOVING FEELING VOL III Various Dino
- 8 9 BACHARACH & DAVID—THE SONGS Various Dino
- 9 11 STREET MOVES Twenty 4 Seven BCM
- 10 10 VIOLATOR Depeche Mode Mute
- 11 7 THE STONE ROSES The Stone Roses Silvertone
- 12 15 THAT LOVING FEELING Various Dino
- 13 13 EN-TACT The Shamen One Little Indian
- 14 19 GALA Lush 4AD
- 15 14 BOSSANOVA Pixies 4AD
- 16 — DREAMING Patsy Cline Platinum Music
- 17 17 GHOST—ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Various Milan
- 18 12 LOVEGOD The Soup Dragons Raw TV
- 19 — BREAKS, BASS & BLEEPS Various Rumour
- 20 23 BACK FROM HELL Run DMC Profile
- 21 18 HEAVEN OR LAS VEGAS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 22 16 LIFE Inspirial Carpets Cow
- 23 — PIGEONHOLE New Fast Automatic Daffodils Play It Again Sam
- 24 22 BUMMED Happy Mondays Factory
- 25 29 THE HEALER John Lee Hooker & Friends Silvertone
- 26 21 PASSION AND WARFARE Steve Vai Music For Nations
- 27 — 101 DAMNATIONS Carter (USM) Big Cat
- 28 20 LEATHER & LACE—SECOND CHAPTER Various Dino
- 29 — THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THIS Omar Kongo Dance
- 30 — THE SINGLES '81-'85 Depeche Mode Mute

Compiled by Spotlight Research



THE FLOCK: wishing we didn't have a photograph

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

A Flock Of Seagulls

WHO COULD forget A Flock Of Seagulls? Rank uglies to a man, these Merseyside bruisers somehow contrived a career for themselves in the early '80s as fey techno popsters.

Nevertheless, despite looking like Duran Duran's not so good-looking elder brothers they were a welcome alternative to the synth duos doing the rounds at the time, and in singer Mike Score they had the obligatory frontman with a ridiculous haircut. Not surprisingly their rockist bent went down a storm in the States, though in England singles like the faintly ridiculous 'Telecommunication' (produced by Bill Nelson no less) bombed without fail. It took the far gutsier 'I Ran' to make any impact, followed in time by the equally fine 'Wishing (I Had A Photograph Of You)' which scraped the Top Ten in November '82. 'The More You Live, The More You Love' was a renaissance of sorts in July '84, reaching the top 30, but, despite stadium-type success in America, the band decided to go their separate ways the following year.

Drummer Ali Score decided to stay on there and settled in New Hampshire, while bassist Frank Maudsley and guitarist Paul Reynolds returned to Liverpool, though, of the two, only Reynolds is still involved in music, playing in a local band called Almighty Atmosphere. Mike Score moved to Florida to concentrate on a solo career, where he lives to this day. Last year these efforts produced a single, optimistically called 'Magic', on Crescendo records. He fills in the rest of his time by undergoing an annual Flock Of Seagulls 'reunion' tour of small venues just to appease those people who had their lives changed by what surely was the haircut of 1982.

The Gravedigger

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CEREBRAL FIX

PRIZE X-WORD BY SUE BUCKLEY

WIN! WIN! WIN!

Two of the hardest rockin' videos in town to be won in this week's Prize X-Word

WHAT A hard rocking selection of roustabouts we are and no mistaking! Why, whenever we're bored, we just down a bottle of Jack Daniel's, scour the medicine chest for a bottle of Vicks and have ourselves a party with only the most outrageous rock videos we can find in our extensive collections.

Half an hour later, though, we find ourselves at a loose end. That's why we've teamed up with those enormously on-the-ball people at Warners. They must be psychic, we thought, as they rang us to offer 10 copies of Mötley Crüe's *Dr Feelgood* video and 10 copies of the *Moscow Peace Festival Volume One*, which commits to video the heart-warming sight of such top rock luminaries as Skid Row, Cinderella and Bon Jovi gathered in August '89, presumably to illustrate the perils of free trade and Western decadence.

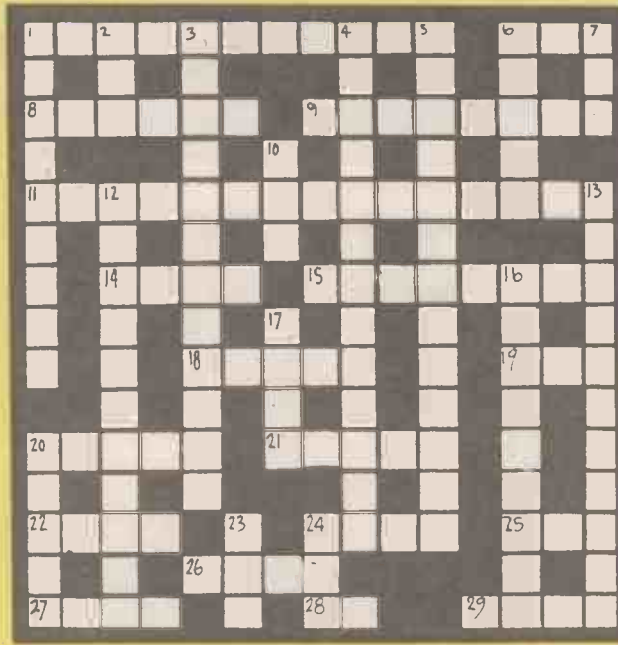
Not being the selfish sort, we've opted to share our good fortune with 20 lucky readers. To be the envy of the 20th Century, all you have to do is take out every book in your local library, put on a mortar board and apply your beavering brain to Sue Buckley's PhD-level X-Word. When you're done, put on some leather treads, a big girly wig and loads of make-up then rock down to the nearest pillar box. Don't forget to include your name and address and mark your entry 'What Great Taste I Have' before sending it to us here at **Sounds, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ**, to arrive no later than January 29.



THE CRUE: Mötley by name...



BON JOVI: rockin' to Russia



2. Band in top illegal substance (1.1.1)
3. Their limbo's en route to Las Vegas (7.5)
4. Madness go slightly OTT (3.4.6)
5. Guitar man whose band jumped! (5.3.5)
6. Stevie Nicks's 'donna' (5)
7. Kiki/Snider (3)
10. Peter Gabriel's time (3)
12. Railway Children find a real natural spot (6.5)
- 13 and 26. Creatures who went to Paris by air (6.2.4.4)
16. Gary Numan sounds addicted (1.4.4)
17. What Prince gave to Tom Jones (4)
20. Who sat down? (5)
23. Where did Lizzy stash whiskey? (3)
24. Trip for Kurtis Blow (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Frazier Chorus 8. Dog 10. It's On 11. Enchanted 12. Low 13. Money 14. Ry 17. Thorn 18. Criticize 19. Only When You Leave 21. Red Guitars 25. Roof 26. Blur 27. Waiting 30. Distinction 31. Hot 32. Ronson 33. Gus 34. Songs

DOWN

1. Faith No More 2. Absolutely 3. I Knew You Were 4. Real Men Wear Black 5. Hue And Cry 6. Rocky 7. Star 8. Date 9. Geddy Lee 15. Mike 16. Silverfish 20. Ubu 22. Darling 23. Thieves 24. Cousin 25. Radar 27. Wings 28. Gates 29. Biko

ACROSS

1. Fashion magazine violates! (7.4)
6. Life for 2 (3)
8. Mexican madness for ZZs (2.4)
9. Bassist in a rush! (5.3)
11. Robert Forster sees the problems of history! (6.2.3.4)
14. Love for Chimes (4)
15. Talking Heads 'talking' in tongues (8)
18. Hollow Men's bland train (5)
19. Phil felt it comin' in this tonight (3)

DOWN

20. Place to be big in (5)
21. Kid Creole's pigeon (5)
22. Murderous loaf (4)
24. Garden where Midge raged (4)
25. Berlin's gun (3)
26. See 13
- 27 and 28. There was no pest to confuse the Mondays (4.2 anag)
28. See 27
29. Madonna does it to your heart (4)

DOWN

1. Eventful holiday for 10CC (9)

TRIVIA QUIZ

LET'S HOPE you were a bit of a starlet in geography classes at school because this week the rock and pop trivia quiz concentrates on PLACES. Sue Buckley has been around the world in search of 20 time-zone, brain tissue tinglers and presents them here for you

1. On which 1990 album track were we told "All the world seems bent upon contemplating Babylon"?
2. Where were WASP 'blind'?
3. What place is the opening track on Roxy Music's 'Heart Still Beating' set?
4. Who had the 'Notting Hill Blues'?
5. Which guitar stylist provided the evocative soundtrack to the movie *Paris, Texas*?
6. On which Killdozer album would you find a version of 'American Pie'?
7. What was Debbie Harry's flop follow-up to 'French Kissing In The USA'?
8. Who managed 'No Sleep Till Hammersmith'?
9. From which song do these lyrics come: "Oh Manchester, so much to answer for"?
10. By adding one, what did the Halifax Three become?
11. Which veteran's first ever UK Top Ten hit was 'Living In America'?

12. Which star's back up group once featured Melissa Manchester?
13. Who had a 1978 UK hit with 'Boy From New York City'?
14. Which trio made up the band America?
15. ...and which soul man's only hit was 'Galveston Bay'?
16. Name the famous "love getaway" located down the "Atlanta Highway".
17. In 'Little Moscow' what did Thomas Lang tear up to get "freedom sleep"?
18. Whose career highspot was 'Solsbury Hill'?
19. ...and who was the vocalist in chart topping *Top Gun* band, Berlin?
20. Which rocker complained, in one of his many classics, that he was just, "Cruisin' and playin' the radio/With no particular place to go"?

TRIVIA QUIZ ANSWERS

1. 'Freedom Song' by The La's from their current LP 2. Terry Nunn 20. Chuck Berry
- 'Love Shack' 17. His satin sheets! 18. Peter Gabriel's 19. Beckley and Dan Peek 15. Lonnie Hill 16. The B2's
- Midler's Harlettes 13. Darts 14. Dewey Bunnell, Gerry The Mamas And The Papas 11. James Brown 12. Bette Midler's Harlettes 13. Darts 14. Dewey Bunnell, Gerry
- Morhead 9. The Smiths 'Suffer The Children' 10. Coder 6. 'For Ladies Only' 7. 'Free To Fall' 8. In Texas 3. India 4. Aztec Camera on 'Stray' 5. Ry

PETTIES & BUSH X-WORD WINNERS

THE TEN takers of the Pet Shop Boys *Highlights* video are: David Wingate, Steve Luckett, Doug Turner, Karl Obo, Brian Garner, Paul Burfield, Greboid Twins, Gareth Evans, R Tolley and Graham Heap.

The sexy people who get Kate Bush's *Sensual World* are: HE Morgan, Chris Jenkin, Nicky Johnston, Kate Bush (oh yeah! - Ed), Karen Cook, Kevin Howson, Tony Kaye, Andrew Lowkis, Roger Ackland and Peter Alton.

OLLY THOMAS IS NO CHICKEN

PREPARE YOURSELF for evenings of nail-biting gore and horror Olly Thomas of Wimborne, Dorset because you will be receiving a scarefeast.

Olly was man enough to enter the Xmas Horror Competition and for his troubles finds himself the owner (courtesy of Palace Video) of five of the goriest videos on the spook circuit - *Evil Dead I and II*, *Creepers*, *Brain Damage* and *Basket Case*.

ADAM JC PEARSON IS AN ALARM FAN

THE ALARM - frontline troopers in the rock 'n' roll army or what? Well, let's hope that Adam JC Pearson from Sheffield thinks so for he is the winner of the Welsh boys' six albums on CD, plus the *Standards* video and a limited-edition six-single boxed set.

He correctly answered that The Alarm's first single was 'Unsafe Building'. So did Barry Gray, Neil Bradshaw, Mark Pritchard and Nick Glave who receive the video and singles set. Watch out for the postman you lot.

BY NICK WRIGHT

NOBBY NAUSEA AND THE NOWHERES



HEY EVERYONE! IT'S THE TV DETECTOR MAN!



YES PLEASE COME THROUGH TO THE DRAWING ROOM - WOULD YOU CARE FOR A CUP OF TEA OR A CAN OF WAZ?...



OH, SO YOU'RE NOT A TV DETECTOR MAN, YOU'VE JUST COME TO SERVE A SUMMONS ON US FROM OUR FORMER RECORD CO....



NEXT WEEK: UP BEFORE THE BEAK

THE READERS WRITE TO REPLY

ALBUM WINNER

Readers who write to *Sound Off!* should include their chosen LP when writing. Either chart published in *Sounds* – the big one or the indies – is acceptable

Spoilt bastard

I OFFER my most profuse and heartfelt sympathy to the 'Loop Fan' who feels so hurt by singer Josh's alleged 'fib-telling' (*Sounds*, January 12). One assumes that the injustice to which the unfortunate wretch was subjected relates to two statements by said singer which appear contradictory.

Firstly, the announcement at the Kilburn National on December 17 1990 that it would probably be the last time that we would see Loop play live and thanking us for our support over the past four years; secondly that an article refuting Loop's decision to split was then printed in the music press.

Oh shame on you Josh, you rascal! Fibbing eh? You nasty man. Must we really be subjected to such petty mindedness? Dear God, there are many injustices in this world worth moaning about and you get all upset because one day you think Loop have split up and then find out they haven't.

I for one was pleased by this news but you evidently found this change of heart far too confusing and so resorted to swearing and name-calling. But if we must stoop to such petty levels then I beg your indulgence while I too engage in such trivial nitpicking.

Josh said it would probably be the last live performance and it was doubtful that they would play again as a group. The subsequent denial stated that the band were tired of the touring, writing, recording routine and had decided to have a break of indeterminate length – after which they would then decide whether or not to carry on.

Touring can be a tiring lifestyle and to then be expected to churn out a load of new material straight away is ridiculous. Bands like the Sisters or Cocteau Twins have until recently refused to tour but have continued to write. The Cure take years between record releases and rarely tour.

For God's sake, bands are always changing their minds. It's one of the facts of life. How many lies has Robert Smith perpetrated? How many times has he changed his mind? And how many whingeing little f**kers litter the letters pages of the music press week after week with their pathetic bleating?

People form bands for the music, or for the money, or for the 'sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll' – not to pander to the whims of a spoilt and mollycoddled motherf**ker like you.

Whatever bands do there are always petty little fools who take your narrow-minded attitude, which is far more selfish than that of Josh.

And if Loop were to lose a fan over this then I doubt it would make one iota of difference. The people who are really interested in a band's music learn to ignore the histrionics of the artist and get on with appreciating the songs – if everyone were like you then The Cure would have no fans at all.

A SCABBY QUEEN

Sadly, A Scabby Queen has not told us her chosen LP. So, assuming she is not actually a disgruntled member of Loop, could she call on 071-921 5900 to clear things up?

CONGRATULATIONS MUST go to Robert Smith, not only for winning most of the readers' polls (who says The Cure are rubbish?), but for having the good sense to get rid of 'super-musician' Lol Tolhurst last year.

Lol, the only person I know to have difficulty remembering the bassline from 'A Forest', has, I hear, set up his own group. Not only this... he obviously has a sense of humour! Given his 'Presence' (or rather lack of it) on all the Cure albums since 'Three Imaginary Boys', should his new group instead be called Absence?

RICHARD BLYTHE, A (moderately happy) Cure fan, Newquay, Cornwall

THIS IS yet another "let's have a go at Andy Stout" letter – this time it's about his Voice Of Treason on music video (*Sounds* January 12).

I can't help but agree that a lot of individual videos and their directors are awful. But where I disagree is that video is an art form in the same way that the music itself can be called 'art' – ie, a method of putting across ideas, thoughts, emotions etc in an easily accessible form.



Some people are good at it. Some are bad.

To tar all videos with the same brush is the same as saying all novels are bad because of Jeffrey Archer or all newspapers because of *The Sun*, even all pop music because of Stock, Aitken and Waterman.

Oh, and Mr Stout's assertion that without a video you can't have a hit is a little inaccurate. After all, unless a record is a hit anyone without cable or a satellite dish rarely sees the video.

By the way, it's a total coincidence that I'm doing video production at college. Honest.

CHRIS LUXFORD, Epsom, Surrey

THE LEVELLERS, for some unknown reason, have now inherited a pseudonym seemingly donated by *Sounds*. Cathi Unsworth, obviously a devotee of the band, headed her last storming write up 'A crust above the rest'. Surely the appearance of the band is unimportant and their musical

ability should stand above their Armani attire? Ever since they were refused entry into their own gig at the Camden Palace, there has been a concentration on their appearance. Come on everybody, forget all that and see them for what they really are; the best live band for many years.

WORZEL GUMMIDGE

OBJECT to the regularity with which you print dangerous, destructive letters from middle-aged, middle-class fascists who keep their heads stuck up their arses and feel an urge to rubbish anything which isn't as established or mainstream as their MOR, Radio 1-backed, CD-friendly music.

The fact is, music papers such as *Sounds* are there for in kids (and anyone else with an open mind). Apart from fanzines, they are the only literature where we can read about and discover 'our' music, bands and culture. It is where we learn about the young, creative, original aspects of our times in all

genres. It is where we can escape the commercial and corporate pressures which saturate the media.

If the narrow-minded pro-establishment, retrospective fascists (eg Richard Cheese, *Sounds*, December 8) want to read about the tired drivel their hang-on celebrities regurgitate, all they have to do is pick up any other musical publication.

ROBIN JOUGLAH, London W1

WHY DOES Andy Peart hate punk music so much? Because it's not the contrived semi-bourgeois arty shit it was in 1976?

The music industry hates punk and you bastards try to trivialise it by covering air-headed American popsters and bands like Snuff. You did not sing the praises of Crass, Dead Kennedys or Discharge in their time, but now you love 'em five years late – and when they raise their head, as in the case of The Subhumans, you show your true colours in trying to shoot them down.

JAMES MAY, Luton, Beds.

T&C answers back

WE READ with some interest and not a little dismay Paul Evans' letter in *Sounds* (January 12). Paul has jumped to a few misconceived conclusions about the Carter (USM) T-shirt debate of eons ago. To deal with the points raised in his letter:

A. "The T&C has had a very dodgy set of policies for years." If, by "dodgy policies", Paul is referring to staging some of the finest and most challenging musical acts of the last five years, then I am afraid we are guilty.

B. "Huge ticket prices" – ticket prices at the T&C last year ranged from £5.50 for Ride through to £13.50 for the Blues Brothers Band. What Paul fails to grasp is the fact that it is not the Town & Country Club who is responsible for the levying of ticket prices. That is down to the individual promoter who hires the venue – they set the ticket price based on covering promotional and hire costs.

C. As for the accusation that our drinks are overpriced, a pint of lager at the T&C is £1.70, compared with £1.50 down the street at the Bull & Gate. If our drinks are "about twice the price you'd expect anywhere else", as Paul states, I wish he would tell us where we can get a pint for 85p, because we would gladly patronise such a hostelry!

D. "The Club boasts the worst bouncers I've ever met"

– we do not employ "bouncers" – we employ security personnel, from the firm of Showsec International. We also employ a fully trained paramedic in attendance at every concert. Our security team consist of the same people who saved lives at the 1988 Donington Festival and The Stones Roses' Ally Pally gig. Showsec are also the only security company, to our knowledge, that actively campaign for a register of all security staff.

The whole Carter T-shirt debacle has given them lots of free publicity in papers such as *Sounds*, casting us as chiselling curmudgeons and the band as some sort of wronged party. We do not intend to reopen the debate which had little newsworthiness in the first place.

In conclusion, why should "bands and punters boycott The Town & Country Club"? Doesn't Paul realise how few live music venues there are in Britain, especially independently owned and managed venues such as the T&C? We welcome places such as The Venue in New Cross and the soon-to-be-opened Grand Ballroom in Clapham as additions to the live music scene in London.

The Town & Country Club resisted closure last year thanks to overwhelming public support. Mr Evans is clearly in the minority with his injudicious and ill-considered diatribe.

THE TOWN & COUNTRY MANAGEMENT, Kentish Town, London NW5

BY KEV F & A. PEN

UT



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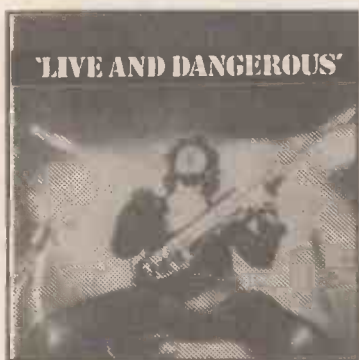
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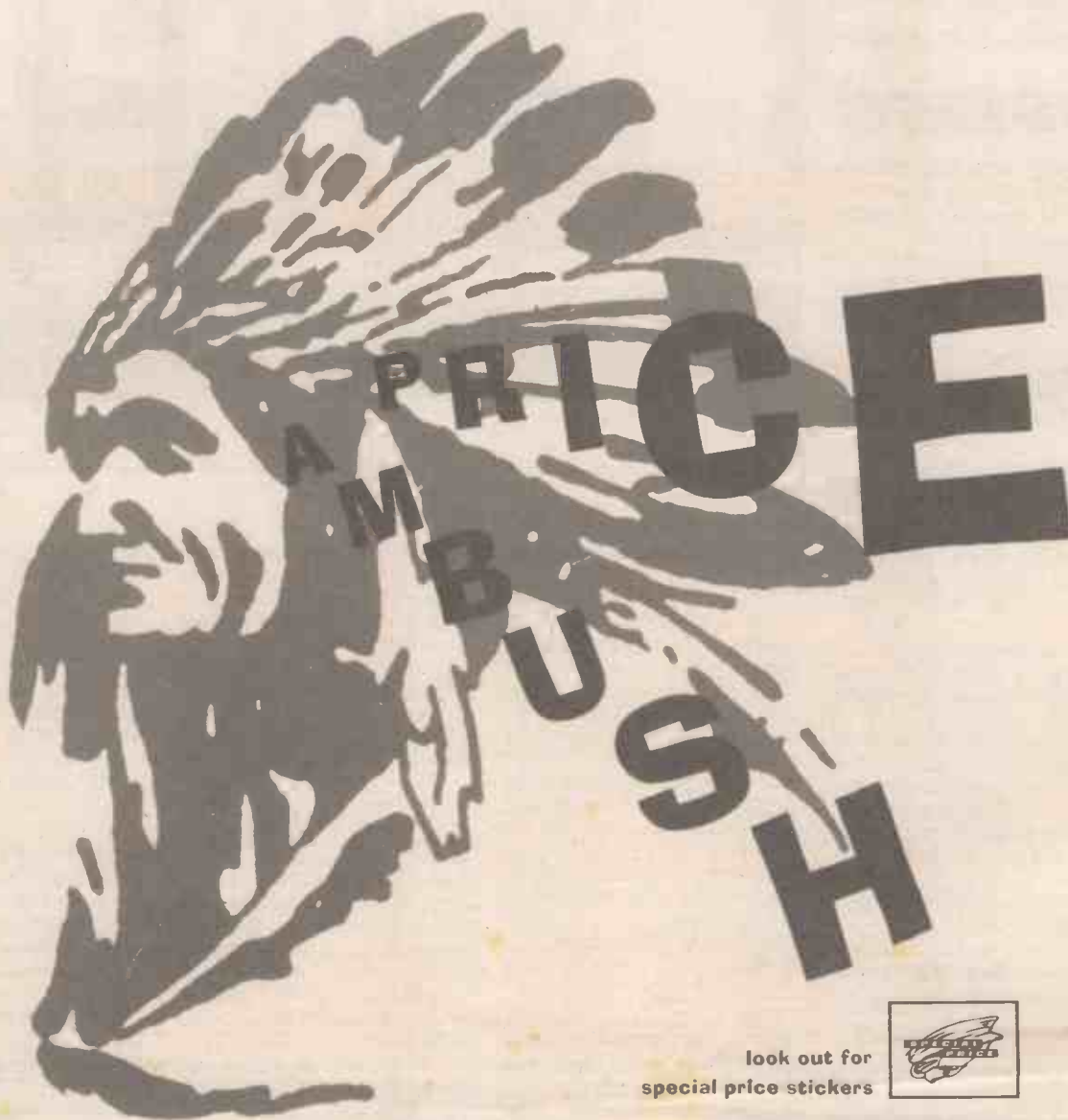
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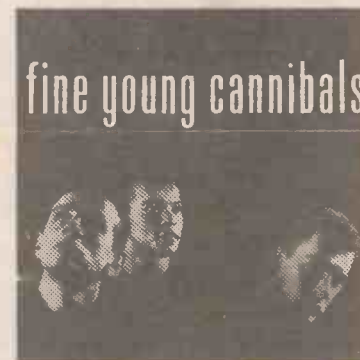
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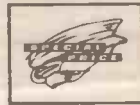


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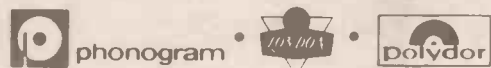


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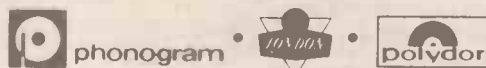


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