

# SOUNDS

MASSIVE  
FULL-COLOUR  
**CARTER**  
POSTER INSIDE



**WIN!**  
REM 'Green'  
tour videos

**THE STRANGLERS**  
Teaching a new  
dog old tricks



**JESUS  
JONES**  
Take an  
axe to a  
sampler



**AT LAST!**  
**THE CURTAIN**  
**RISES ON**  
**CHRIS ISAAK**

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



Plus Motorhead  
Into Paradise  
Front 242  
The Atom Seed



# FIRST REPORTS

■ **LFO** Nightmares On Wax, and Nexus 21, all on the Sheffield-based Warp label, play a short tour starting at Liverpool Quad Park on February 8 then Aberdeen Fever 9, Glasgow Vertigo 10, Ayr Kitsch 11, Stockton Mall 12, Huddersfield Flicks 14, Blackpool Oz 15, Birmingham Institute 16, Manchester Hacienda 20, Norwich Waterfront 21, Weymouth Maxims 22, Bournemouth Hothouse 23, Plymouth Academy 24, Swansea Martha's 25 and London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 27 & 28.

■ **THE VENUS FLYTRAP** have a new Jazz Butcher-produced single called 'Achilles Heel' released on French label Danceteria this week. The band released their debut LP 'Totem' on the same label last year.

■ **FRAZIER CHORUS** release a new single on Virgin Records this week. It's a Youth remix of the Ian Broudie-produced 'Walking On Air', which totally reworks the track, adding reggae toasting and acid guitars. Apparently Frazier Chorus are doubling as catwalk models for Japanese designer Yohji Yamamoto.

■ **KINGMAKER**, whose EP, 'The Celebrated Working Man', has just been released by Sacred Heart Records, play dates at London Ladbroke Grove Subterania on February 11 then Hull Adelphi 16, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 18, Brighton Zap 19, Bournemouth Hothouse 21, Canterbury Kent University 22, Oxford Jericho Tavern 23, Leicester Princess Charlotte 24, Nottingham Trent Polytechnic 25, Stoke Wheet-sheaf 27, Newcastle Polytechnic 28, York University March 1 and London Camden Falcon 2.

■ **THE SURFING BRIDES** support The Dead Milkmen at their London Charing Cross Road Marquee one-off on February 2.

■ **THE LEVELLERS** play a one-off date at Brighton Event on February 6, a benefit for the Sussex Poll Tax Resistance Support Fund. They have contributed a track to the forthcoming anti-Poll Tax record, 'The Rise Of The Phoenix', on Optimum Records along with The Farm, The Proclaimers and Beats International.



THE FARM: a star role mumbling in the background

## THE FARM MOVE TO BROOKSIDE

"Cut out the swearing" they're told

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

This follows in the path of star appearances from Morrissey and Paula Yates as themselves in previous episodes.

In the episodes, Geoff Rogers and Brian 'Bumper' Humphries (actors Kevin Carson and James Mawdsley) are searching for The Farm to win free tickets for their gigs. But who will accompany Bumper to the gig? Will it be Geoff or new girlfriend Paula, who he's desperately trying to impress? The band do not actually play any songs or have any speaking lines. According to an insider, the band originally had speaking parts but they kept swearing so the

scriptwriters rewrote the parts to have them mumbling in the background.

The Farm got involved in *Brookside* when one of the band's girlfriends who worked on the show passed on a Farm T-shirt to Sammy Rogers (Rachel Lindsay) who wore it in the show. The Farm wanted her to appear in the video for 'Stepping Stone' but she was unable to do so for contractual reasons.

● THE FARM's first proper LP, 'Spartacus', will be released on February 25. The track listing is not yet complete, but it is likely to be: 'Hearts And Minds', 'How Long', 'Sweet Inspiration', 'Groovy Train', 'Higher And Higher', 'Don't Let Me Down', 'Family Of Man', 'Tell The Story', 'Very Emotional' and 'All Together Now'.

## SPACEMEN 12-INCH REMIX



A RARE photo of Spacemen Sonic and Jason seen together in public

SPACEMEN 3 release a limited edition remix of their single 'Big City' and 'Drive' on Fire Records this week. The 12-inch single will be available for two weeks only and will then be deleted. The limited edition 7-inch single released last week has already sold out. Their new LP, 'Recurring', will be released on February 25.

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

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

■ **CANDYFLIP** have a new single called 'Redhills Road', a track from their debut album (on Debut Records), 'Madstock: The Continuing Adventures Of Bubblecar Fish', released on February 11. The band are currently in Japan but will return for UK dates to coincide with the LP's release.

■ **TWO PEOPLE** are reported to have been killed at The Rock In Rio festival in Brazil. The story appeared in *The Mail On Sunday* although at press time we had no further details.

## MEGADETH RETURN FOR SEVEN BRITISH SHOWS

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

The UK dates are at Birmingham NEC on March 23 then Poole Arts Centre 24, London Hammersmith Odeon 25 & 26, Manchester Apollo 28, Newcastle City Hall 29, and Edinburgh Playhouse 30.

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

A new single, 'Hangar 18', taken from their 'Rust In Peace' LP, will be released by Capitol on February 18. Support on all dates comes from The Almighty.

## Godfathers back after two-year gap

THE GODFATHERS release their new single 'Unreal World' on Epic records on February 4, their first new release in over two years.

The B-side is 'Something Good About You' with two live tracks on the 12-inch and CD recorded at London's Kentish Town Town And Country Club party at Alexandra Palace last year. They are 'This Is Your Life' and 'This Damn Nation'.

The band play three dates starting at Leicester Polytechnic on February 12 and Portsmouth Polytechnic 13. They then headline the St Valentine's Day Massacre at London Brixton Academy on February 14 with Goat, Beef and Underneath What.

Their new album, 'Unreal World', will be released later this month.

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



THE GODFATHERS return for St Valentine's Day

## YARGO SPLIT UP

YARGO, the hotly tipped Manc band who drew heavily on blues, jazz and dance influences, have split up. The band felt that "they no longer complemented each other musically" and decided to go their separate ways. An LP called 'Yargo Live (Prickly But Sweet)' will be out on Bodybeat on February 4, their third and final release, recorded last year at Manchester International Two, with seven new songs and a version of their club hit, 'The Love Revolution'.

## NEW ALBUM FOR JULIAN

JULIAN COPE releases his new album on March 4, a double called 'Peggy Suicide'. It runs for 83 minutes and has 19 tracks, including the current single 'Beautiful Love'. The album also includes a track called 'Soldier Blue', written following last year's London poll tax riots. 'Peggy Suicide' will be Cope's first official release since 1988's 'My Nation Underground'.

# FIRST REPORTS

■ **ANASTASIA SCREAMED**, the acclaimed Boston band, will support Throwing Muses on their forthcoming UK tour. They will also be playing a few headlining dates of their own as well as releasing a new single to coincide with the dates.

■ **JIMMY SOMERVILLE**, Lilly Savage, Sharon Redd, LA Mix, Blue Pearl and Nomad have all been confirmed for an appearance at London Brixton Fridge on Valentine's Day under the banner of "Absolute Love", a fundraiser for AIDS charities. Profits will go to La Verna House, a housing project for people with AIDS, The Landmark Trust, a centre for people with HIV and AIDS, St Thomas' Hospital, which has an HIV drop-in centre. Last year's benefit raised nearly £10,000.

■ **TH'FAITH HEALERS** support Carter USM on their February dates. They also play headlining shows at London Islington Powerhaus on January 31, Manchester Boardwalk March 7, Harlow Square 15 and Wendover Reaction Club 23. Their new EP, 'A Picture Of Health', is released on February 4. The tracks are 'Gorgeous Blue Flower', 'Not A God' and 'God (You Move In Mysterious Ways)'.

■ **REM** are the subject of an extensive discography published by *Bucketful Of Brains* fanzine. The book, *A Few Chords And A Cloud Of Dust*, lists all official releases in all formats all over the world, rarities, interview LPs and bootlegs. There's also a comprehensive list of gigs, recording sessions and TV appearances since 1980 with over 700 entries. The book is available by mail order from *Bucketful Of Brains*, 19 Adela Avenue, New Malden, Surrey KT3 6LF priced £5 including p&p.

■ **KIM WILDE**, Midge Ure and Jools Holland are among the acts performing at "Rock-A-Baby", a charity gala to raise funds for research at the maternity unit at Homerton Hospital in East London. The shows at the London Hackney Empire are Jools Holland, Kim Wilde, Midge Ure and Nick Lowe on January 29, then the "Rock-A-Baby" Band with Paul Young, David Gilmour, Paul Carrack, Andy Fairweather-Low, Andy Newmark and Guy Pratt on February 1, and Ronnie Wood & The Wolfs and Frankie Miller 2.

## GULF WAR CONTINUES TO FORCE CANCELLATIONS

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

**T**HE GULF WAR has resulted in a spate of cancellations of American artists, as predicted in last week's *Sounds*.

MC Hammer, Great White, Donny Osmond and Vanilla Ice are among the diverse Americans who have cancelled European visits because of fears of terrorist attacks against American airlines.

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

Several bands have changed their names, among them Bomb The Bass, whose releases will now come out under the name of main man Tim Simenon. Rhythm King, Simenon's label, pointed out that Bomb The Bass is a DJ slang term, but are anxious that it should not be misconstrued and cause distress.

Likewise London's Massive Attack will now be known simply as Massive. Ghosts Of An American Airman have also had to reconsider their name.



TIM SIMENON: anxious not to cause distress

BBC RADIO, Radio 1 and independent commercial stations have compiled lists of records that should not be playlisted for the duration of the Gulf Crisis.

In a memorandum from a senior producer leaked to *Sounds* there is a list of records considered "clearly unsuitable" for broadcast during the current crisis.

These include obvious tracks like Big Country's 'Fields Of Fire', Elton John's 'Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting' and Lulu's 'Boom Bang A Bang'.

But there are a few rather mystifying entries such as The Beatles' 'Back In The USSR', Maria Muldaur's 'Midnight At The Oasis' and The Bangles' 'Walk Like An Egyptian'.

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine's single 'Bloodsport For All' is not receiving radio play - they are playing the B-side 'Bedsit'. 'Bloodsport For All' is about bullying in the army. It mentions the Coldstream Guards and for this reason was felt to be unsuitable.



MASSIVE (né ATTACK) and The Bangles: Gulf War victims

## NEW SINGLE FOR THE LA'S

Plus 16-date mega British tour in March

**T**HE LA'S release a new single on Go Discs next week, the follow-up to 'There She Goes Again'. It's called 'Feelin'' and is backed with 'Doledrum' plus 'IOU' and 'Liberty Ship' on the 12-inch, CD and cassette.

The band have been nominated in the Best New Band category of the forthcoming Brits Awards.

They also play a 16-date British tour starting at Warrington Parr Hall on March 3 then Leicester University 4, Norwich UEA 5, Sheffield Octagon 7, Birmingham Hummingbird 8, Manchester Academy 9, Middlesbrough Town Hall 11, Glasgow Plaza 12, Edinburgh Network 13, Leeds University 14, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 16 & 17, Brighton Event 18, Cambridge Corn Exchange 20, Cardiff University 21 and Liverpool Royal Court 22.

Tickets cost £6 except Scotland which costs £6.40 and London, £7.



THE LA'S: nominated for Best New Band in the Brits Awards

## PREACHERS CANCEL OPENING DATES

**THE MANIC STREET PREACHERS** have been forced to cancel the opening dates of their UK tour at Reading, Southampton, Leicester and Coventry.

This is due to bass player Nicky Wire being taken into hospital to have a thyroid cyst removed from his neck, an operation requiring 12 stitches.

According to the specialist who treated him, it arose out of "boredom and physical inertia due to a lifestyle of force-fed TV, no sleep and a diet of Coke and chips".

The cancelled dates will be rescheduled soon. The tour resumes as normal at Birmingham University on January 29.

## STATE IN YO' FACE

■ **808 STATE** play an 'In Your Face Turbo Rave' at Manchester G-Mex on March 16.

Joining them will be MC Tunes, NJOI and and 'surprise' guests. Apart from their appearance at the Great British Music Weekend, this is the first appearance since their summer 1989 tour. Tickets priced £10 are on sale now.

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HAVE FAITH

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# FIRST REPORTS

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

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

■ **MERCURY REV**, who appeared on the last flexi disc given away with Rough Trade's trade magazine *The Catalogue*, have their first album, entitled 'Yerself Is Steam', released by Mint Film records on February 18. The band hail from Buffalo, New York and Oklahoma and have 'connections' with the Flaming Lips.

■ **FUEL** release an album called 'S/T' on the reshaped World Service label. The band are based in the Bay Area of San Francisco and have been touring the US and Canada constantly over the last year, releasing a couple of singles on American indie labels on the way. The band, who supported Fugazi in the US, hope to visit Europe later in the year.

■ **THE BODY FACTORY** take their Wibbly Wobbly World club night to The London Finsbury Park Robey on February 2. Support is from Reading's reggae experts Dub The Earth. At the last WWW 100 unlucky fans were locked out. So get there early!

**WHIG OUT,  
AFGHAN  
STYLE**

**THE AFGHAN WHIGS**, the hotly tipped Sub Pop band from Cincinnati, fly in this week to play five British dates as part of their first ever European tour.

This follows their acclaimed EP 'Retarded' and album 'Up In It'. The dates start at Oxford Jericho Tavern on February 1 and then move on to London New Cross Venue 2, Birmingham Edward's No8 3, Nottingham Venus 4 and Leeds Duchess Of York 5.

# AC/DC 'REGRET' SALT LAKE TRAGEDY

*Band denies accusations of "callous indifference"*

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

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

According to press reports, the band showed "callous indifference" because they continued to perform while it was

obvious that the conditions at the front of the stage were out of control.

The statement issued by AC/DC said: "AC/DC has co-operated fully with Salt Lake City officials investigating the circumstances of the tragedy and will continue to do so.

"The events of this calamity occurred in a very quick time frame. Once the gravity of the situation was communicated to the band, they immediately stopped performing, but stayed onstage in an effort to minimize the confusion. During this time, lead singer Brian Johnson made several requests to the audience to clear

the area.

"AC/DC's management cooperated with the Salt Lake City fire marshal and other health and safety officials to maintain the calm and order.

"After 15 minutes, the decision to finish the performance was made in consultation with the fire marshal with whom the band's support team cooperated throughout the incident. The decision was motivated in order to maintain calm and order among the thousands of fans who were unaware of what had happened.

"AC/DC would like to express their deep regrets that this tragedy occurred."



SINGER JOHNSON asked the audience to clear



# TEENAGERS ATTACK MADONNA

**YOUNG BLACK TEENAGERS**, last seen on these shores supporting Public Enemy on their 1990 dates, release their new single, 'To My Donna', on MCA records this month. And it looks set to be controversial. It's an answer to Madonna's 'Justify My Love', which sampled from Public Enemy's 'Security Of The First World'. The lyrics of the track apparently are a scathing attack on Madonna. The track is taken from their debut album which will be released later this month. There are plans for them to return to the UK.

# THE THE: NEW VIDEO

*Special preview set for eve of St Valentine's Day*

THE THE unveil their new film entitled *The The Versus The World* at a special Eve Of St Valentine's Day Massacre at London's Brixton Fringe on February 13.

The film was shot last year at the Royal Albert Hall by director Tim Pope, who also worked on Matt Johnson's *Infected* video in 1987. It will be released on video, retailing at around £9.99.

The songs on it are 'Sweet Bird Of Truth', 'Armageddon Days Are Here Again', 'The Violence Of Truth', 'The Sinking Feeling', 'Heartland', 'Infected', 'Uncertain Smile', 'Another Boy Drowning', 'Jealous Of Youth', 'Out Of The Blue (Into The Fire)', 'Beyond Love', 'The Mercy Bear', 'Good Morning Beautiful', 'I've Been Waiting For Tomorrow (All My Life)' and 'Giant'.

The 90-minute video will be screened on a giant video wall.

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



MATT JOHNSON against the world

■ **FREDDIE JACKSON** returns to the UK after a three year absence to play dates at Birmingham Hippodrome on March 3 then London Hammersmith Odeon 4 and 5, Manchester Apollo 9, Edinburgh Playhouse 10 and Bristol Hippodrome 12.

■ **GERRY LAFFY**, former Gil guitarist, has his album 'Money And The Magic' re-released by Musidisc. Gerry's track 'Shoot Em Down' is featured in the soundtrack of the film *Highlander II*.

■ **JEFFREY OSBOURNE** releases a new album called 'Only Human', his first for new label Arista, on February 4. A single taken from the album called 'If My Brother's In Trouble' will be released in the early spring.

■ **THE RAILWAY CHILDREN** play a one-off date at London Charing Cross Road Borderline on February 9 following the re-release of 'Every Beat Of The Heart' on Virgin records.

■ **MARTIN STEPHENSON**, who announced solo dates two weeks ago, has had to cancel the tour due to recording commitments. Refunds for tickets already bought are available from point of purchase.

■ **DJH FEATURING STEFY** have their Italian dance smash 'Think About' released by RCA on February 4. Mainman Marco Bongiovani, aka DJ Atomico Herbie aka DJH, was also the man behind DFC Team's 'IC Love Affair'.

■ **THE THING** visit the UK for dates at London New Cross Venue on February 2, London Dean Street Gossips 4 and London Hampstead Moonlight Club 8. The New York grungers will record a session for *The John Peel Show* while they are here. They will also be looking for a UK label to release their new single, 'Weirdo Rising', which came out through Noiseville in the US.

■ **LOUD** play a series of headlining dates at Norwich UEA on February 1 then Nottingham University 2, Liverpool University 4, London Camden Palace 5, Milton Keynes Woughton Centre 6, Scunthorpe Baths Hall 7, Cardiff Bogiez 8 and Portsmouth Pit 9. Their new single, 'Song For The Lonely', was released on January 28.

■ **SKAW** play a few dates this week at London Wandsworth Freeways on January 31 then London Kentish Town Bull And Gate February 2, London New Cross Venue (with the Pop Guns) 9, London Charing Cross Road Borderline 19 and Oxford Venue 23. Their debut single is released in March.

GLOBAL PRESENTS

# BIRDLAND

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

## CHUNK

KILBURN NATIONAL BALLROOM  
THURSDAY 14TH MARCH AT 7.30 P.M.

TICKETS £8.50 IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE: 071 328 3141. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: PREMIER: 071 240 0771, L.T.B.: 071 439 3371, STARGREEN: 071 734 8932. TICKETMASTER: 071 379 4444 (24 HRS). KEITH PROWSE: 071 793 0500. ALBEMARLE: 071 580 3141. T & C STATION: 071 284 1221. ROCK ON RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT.

CELEBRATE THE MASSACRE

# ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE

# GODFATHERS

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

BEEF UNDER REALITY GOAT

## BRIXTON ACADEMY

THURSDAY 14TH FEBRUARY AT 7.30 P.M.

TICKETS £7.50 IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE: 071 326 1022. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: PREMIER: 071 240 0771, TICKETMASTER: 071 379 4444 (24 HRS), STARGREEN: 071 734 8932, L.T.B.: 071 439 3371, KEITH PROWSE: 071 793 0500, ALBEMARLE: 071 580 3141. T & C STATION: 071 284 1221, ROCK ON AND ROUGH TRADE RECORDS OR ON THE NIGHT.

ST. PATRICK '91

GLOBAL PRESENTS

# STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

## BRIXTON ACADEMY

STOCKWELL RD, BRIXTON

SUNDAY 17TH MARCH AT 7.30 P.M.

TICKETS £8.50 IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE: 071 326 1022. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: PREMIER: 071 240 0771, TICKETMASTER: 071 379 4444 (24 HRS), STARGREEN: 071 734 8932, L.T.B.: 071 439 3371, KEITH PROWSE: 071 793 0500, ALBEMARLE: 071 580 3141. T & C STATION: 071 284 1221, ROCK ON AND ROUGH TRADE RECORDS OR ON THE NIGHT.

## MOONFLOWERS GIGS



THE MOONFLOWERS: let their freak flags fly

**T**HE MOONFLOWERS, fresh from a successful Irish tour, have announced a series of UK dates starting next week.

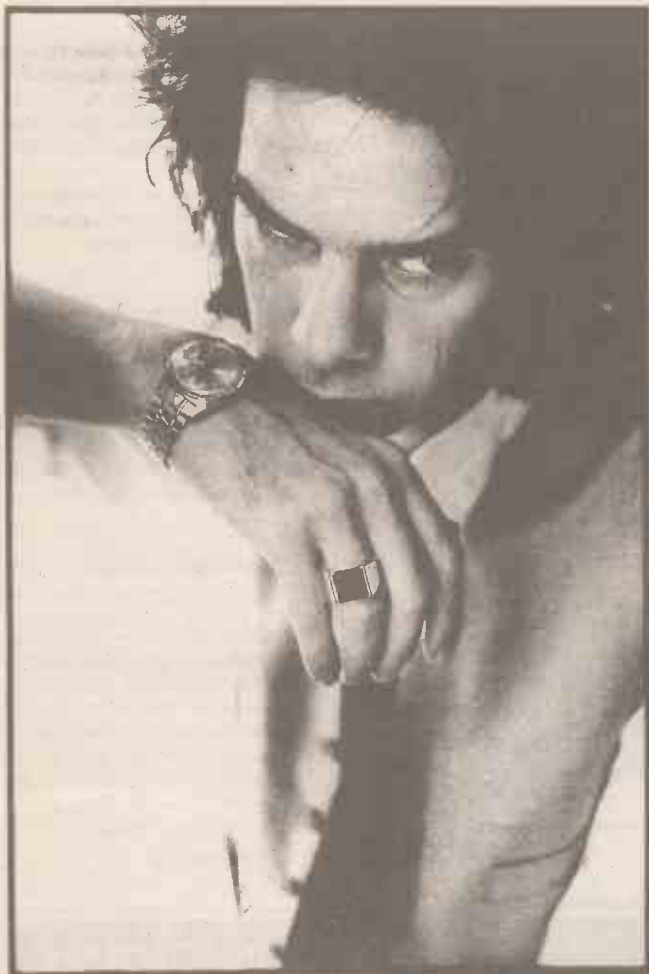
They kick off at Nottingham Venus on February 13 then Bristol Fleece And Firkin 14, Hull Adelphi 15, Leeds Duchess Of York 16, Brighton Basement 20, London Harlesden Mean Fiddler 21, Stoke North Staffordshire Polytechnic 22, Liverpool venue tbc 23 and Oldham Queens Hall 24.

The band's third single, 'Warshag', issued as

a limited edition of 1991 copies, has almost sold out. Apparently the singles have been coming alive and running into the streets demanding world peace!

The band, during their Irish tour, ordered the audience in Coleraine to lie down so that they could crawl all over them. They have also been known to throw rock journalists to the ground and lick them! Our *Sounds* reporter managed to escape by pretending to have Hepatitis B. More Moonflowers on page 19.

## MUTE COMPILATION



NICK CAVE: 'E's a right larf is ol' Nick!

**N**ICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS, Crime & The City Solution and Depeche Mode all feature on 'International', a compilation of artists on Mute Records.

The tracks are Crime & The City Solution's 'I Have The Gun', Depeche Mode 'Enjoy The Silence', Fortran 5 'Crazy Earth', Mark Stewart 'Fatal Attraction', Inspiral Carpets 'Sackville', Easy 'Between John & Yoko', Laibach '10.5.1941', Erasure 'Push Me Shove Me', Wire 'Drill', Renegade Soundwave 'Pocket Porn', Nitzer Ebb 'Out Of Mind', AC Marias 'Give Me', Nick Cave 'The Train Song' and Ohi Ho Bang Bang 'The Three'.

Several of the tracks are remixes, live recordings and unreleased songs.

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

**■ AUTOPSY**, the seminal Bay Area death metal outfit, release their follow-up to 1989's 'Severed Survival' on Peaceville records on March 25. The tracks on 'Mental Funeral' are 'Twisted Mass Of Burnt Decay', 'In The Grip Of Winter', 'Fleshcrawl', 'Torn From The Womb', 'Slaughterday', 'Dead', 'Robbing The Grave', 'Hole In The Head', 'Destined To Fester', 'Bonesaw', 'Dark Crusade' and 'Mental Funeral'. There will also be a new 12-inch single released on February 25 called 'Retribution For The Dead'.

**■ THE BYRDS** have yet another compilation album issued. This time it's a digitally remastered 'Byrds Greatest Hits' single album. The tracks are 'Mr Tambourine Man', 'Feel A Whole Lot Better', 'The Bells Of Rhymney', 'Turn! Turn! Turn!', 'All I Really Want To Do', 'Chimes Of Freedom', 'Eight Miles High', 'Mr Spaceman', '5D (Fifth Dimension)', 'So You Want To Be A Rock And Roll Star' and 'My Back Pages'.

## SENSELESS CHANGES

**T**HE SENSELESS THINGS, who announced their tour dates last week, have made some alterations to them. They now play Newcastle Riverside on February 6, Aberdeen Ritzys 7, Edinburgh Venue 8 and Hull Adelphi 10. The February 2 show at Gloucester Arts Centre has been cancelled. All other dates remain the same.

## IT'S TAD, DAD



**T**AD's new single 'Jack Pepsi' is released by Sub Pop (Europe) this week. It's based on the true story of Tad and a friend borrowing his dad's new pick-up truck, getting pissed on Jack Pepsi, driving the truck over a frozen lake and crashing through the ice. The B-side is 'Eddie Hook', with 'Pig Iron' on the 12-inch and 'Plague Years' on the CD. The band play a UK tour in March, the only confirmed date being the London Islington Powerhaus on April 30.

**■ PARADISE LOST** release their second album, 'Gothic', on West Yorkshire's Peaceville Records on March 11. The album from the Halifax death metallers has ten new tracks which are 'Gothic', 'Dead Emotion', 'Shattered', 'Rapture', 'Eternal', 'Falling Forever', 'Angel Tears', 'Silent', 'The Painless' and 'Desolate'. The band will tour in the near future.

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

**■ STEEL POLE BATH TUB** and The Melvins return to the UK later this month for more dates following their impressive London debut. They play Nottingham Venus on February 18 then Leeds Duchess Of York 19, Manchester Boardwalk 20, Oxford Venue 21, London Charing Cross Road Marquee 22, Liverpool Planet X 23, Birmingham Edward's No8 and Newport TJs 25. The Melvins' new LP 'Bull Head' is released next week and Steel Pole Bath Tub's new LP 'Tulip' will be out on February 18. Both are released through Boner/Tupelo.

**■ WHIPPING BOY** the Dublin noise operverts release their new single for Cheree on February 18. It's called 'I Think I Miss You' and there are three other tracks on the EP. They play dates at London Camden Falcon on February 9, London New Cross Amersham Arms 11, London Charing Cross Road Marquee 12, London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 13, Wendover Well Head Inn 15 and London Hampstead White Horse 16. Singer Fearghal E McKee will appear in Alan Parker's forthcoming film *The Commitments*, set around the Irish music scene.

**TAD**

**THE KING IS  
HALF-UNDRESSED**

THE NEW SINGLE  
NOW AVAILABLE AS A  
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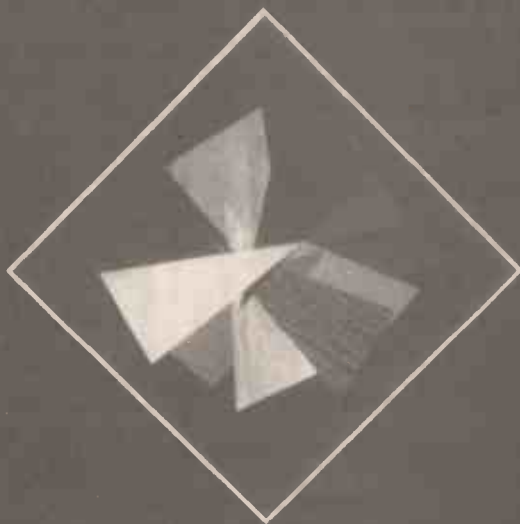
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"THE HIGH'S MUSIC IS BRILLIANT AND SPECTRAL. 'SOMEWHERE SOON' IS EXPERTLY EXECUTED AND COMPLETELY ADDICTIVE. THE DOG'S BOLLOCKS. I HOPE THEY BECOME MASSIVE." JACK BARRON, NME

"ANY LASTING TIME - WARP INKLINGS ARE RAPIDLY DASHED BY 'SOMEWHERE SOON'S' PERPETUAL POP PANACHE. FORGET THE LA'S: 1990'S TIMELESS MELODIES HAVE ASSEMBLED ON THIS EXCEPTIONAL PLATTER." TIM PEACOCK, SOUNDS

"'SOMEWHERE SOON' IS A TRIUMPH OF SONGCRAFT, OF R.E.M. - STYLE OBLIQUENESS, AND ARTICULATION OF A RESTLESS, INTANGIBLE YEARNING." JAN GITTINGS, MELODY MAKER

# THE HIGH



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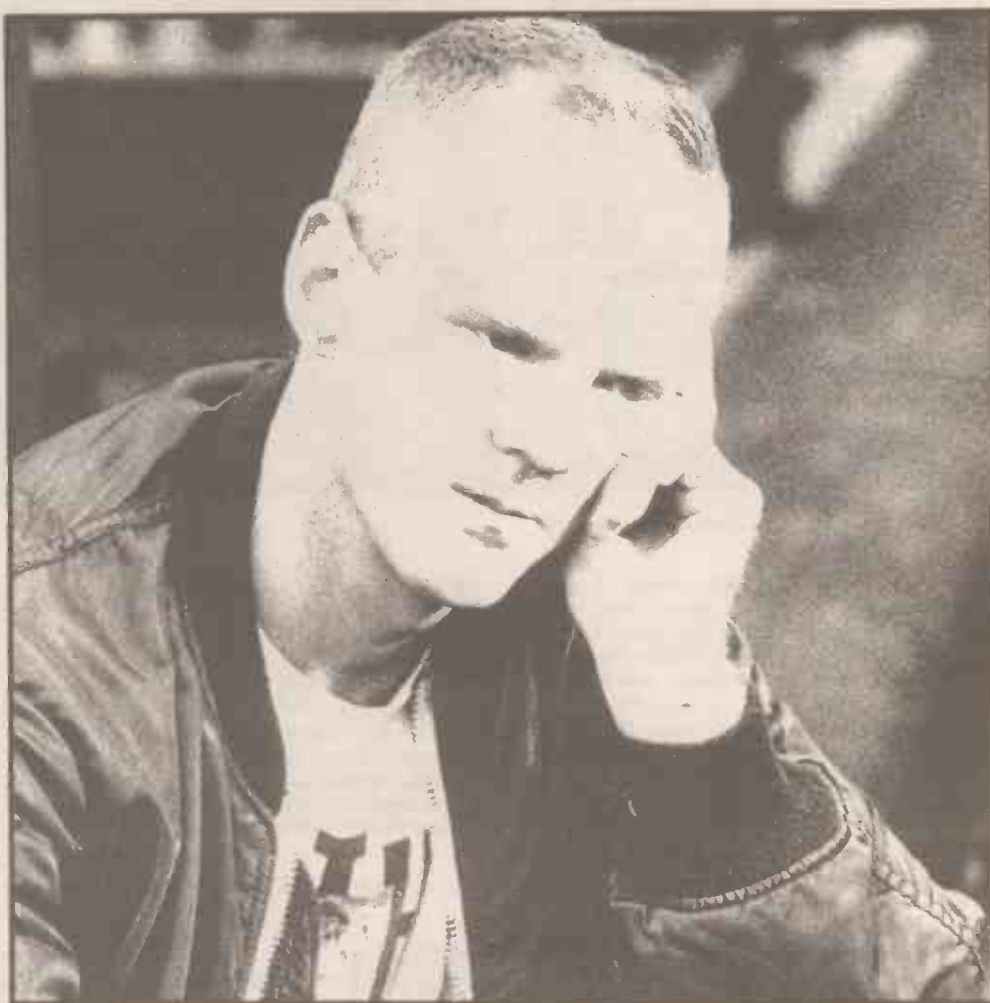
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# FIRST REPORTS

## DO YOU WANNA DANCE, JIMMY?

● Somerville gigs and single



JIMMY SOMERVILLE gets down

**J**IMMY SOMERVILLE releases a new single on London records next week, the follow-up to the success of his last hit 'To Love Somebody' and LP 'The Singles Collection', which has achieved double platinum sales.

Jimmy is going on the road to promote the new single, kicking off at Newcastle City Hall on March 10 then Glasgow Barrowlands 11 and 12, Manchester Apollo 14, Liverpool Royal

Court 15, Leeds University 16, Sheffield City Hall 18, Nottingham Royal Centre 19, London Hammersmith Odeon 20, Oxford Apollo 22, Newport Centre 23, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 25, Cambridge Corn Exchange 26 and Brighton Dome 27.

All proceeds from his current single, the remix of Bronski Beat's 'Smalltown Boy', will be donated to the housing charity Shelter.

## HAVANA 3AM DATES



HAVANA 3AM in old punk rock/rockabilly pose

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

The dates are at Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut on February 25 then Newcastle Riverside 25, Derby Bell 26, Buckley Tivoli 27, Coventry Tic Toc 28, Norwich Waterfront March 1, Sheffield Leadmill 2, Stoke Freetown 4, Leeds Duchess Of York 5, Birmingham Edward's No8 6, Windsor Psykik Dancehall 9 and London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 11.

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

■ **THE DREAM ACADEMY** have changed the date of their London show. They now play the Bloomsbury Theatre on February 24.

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

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

■ **EPMD** release their third album 'Business As Usual' on Def Jam on February 4. The Long Island rap crew have just signed to Def Jam, leaving their previous record company on less than friendly terms. A track on this LP called 'I'm Mad' underlines this point!

Back from the brink of extinction! THE STRANGLERS have survived the loss of singer Hugh Cornwell and are set to return with a brand new line-up. ANDY PEART risks a beating to find out why the new boy's being told to keep his mouth shut. MARTYN STRICKLAND enjoys the silence

# CAN GET BY WITHOUT HUGH



JJ KEEPS Paul's mouth shut with the promise of a good felch later

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

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

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

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

What Jean Jacques and the rest of The Stranglers have lost, though, is a singer.

The unthinkable happened late last year when Hugh Cornwell announced he was leaving to pursue a solo career. After much deliberation, the band finally announced a replacement last week.

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

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

IN THE weeks leading up to the strangely mute Roberts' appointment, there was much speculation as to who would fill the rather large shoes of Cornwall. A few old punk names inevitably cropped up - including that of Joe Strummer.

"He's a nice bloke but he wouldn't have fitted into The Stranglers at all," reckons Burnel. "I used to know him when he was in the 101ers - we filled in for them one night and Joe was like the squire making sure we were treated alright."

Burnel stresses that the band didn't want to recruit a 'name' singer, and also points out that Roberts isn't the only newcomer. Guitarist John Ellis is now a full-time member (having helped out on the last tour), leaving Roberts to concentrate solely on singing. But the post-Hugh Stranglers will still take some getting used to.

"Hugh phoned me the day after we played at Alexandra Palace to say he was leaving. He said he thought the last album and the Ally Pally gig were the best we'd ever done and we couldn't better them," Burnel says, with a look of disbelief.

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

"It's widely believed that Hugh was the leader of The Stranglers, but if you hear his solo stuff you might give some credit to the rest of the chaps in this band. When you've been married for 16 years maybe a little infidelity won't do any harm and might actually invigorate the relationship."

There'll be no brass section when the new line-up tour and, surprisingly, Burnel doesn't intend to sing any of the songs he wrote. At present the band are rehearsing old numbers to find out which ones work with Roberts singing, and which ones don't. 'Hanging Around' and 'Down In The Sewer' look set to stay, but 'Golden Brown' is

definitely a non-starter.

Taking into account the peculiarities of The Stranglers, it must have been difficult choosing someone who'd slot in both vocally and personally.

"Yeah," confirms Burnel. "First of all I tried psyching Paul out and discovered he had a bit of front. We tested him intellectually to see if he could think and obviously checked out his voice. In the end I liked the ideas he came up with for songs, and then one day we all gave him a good kicking - which was the initiation ceremony. After that he had to felch me, which is licking my bottom after I've had a curry."

Must have wanted to join The Stranglers quite badly then?

"Well, it's like when you want to be taught by a master. You wait outside the temple all day and let him beat you."

IF ANYTHING, Burnel is looking forward to a challenge again. The Stranglers had become an institution, but now they're going to have to fight to hold on to their audience.

"The last album with Hugh sounded great until it was mixed and produced," maintains Burnel. "That won't happen again. We're going to do a short tour of small clubs at the end of February and take it from there. No one owes The Stranglers a living and if it's time to finish then fair enough. Unfortunately for all those people who hate us, I've got a gut feeling it won't be the end and we're going to do even better in the future."

Burnel's enthusiasm for the new material is so great that he whisks me off to the rehearsal room to hear a tape. There's three songs, 'Heaven Or Hell' (slow and mellow and a possible single), 'Wet Afternoon' (with some classic Greenfield keyboard runs and, ahem, a bass solo) and 'Brainbox' (a faster number driven by JJ's assertive bass).

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

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

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

Jean Jacques Burnel laughs to himself. The Stranglers - how could we ever live without them?

## CARTER

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| 9/2  | BRIGHTON Sussex University<br>Daisy Chainsaw          | (0273) 678555                 |
| 10/2 | PORTSMOUTH South Parade Pier<br>Daisy Chainsaw        | (0705) 732182                 |
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| 15/2 | NORWICH Waterfront<br>Th'Faith Healers                | (0603) 766266, (0603) 617047  |
| 16/2 | IPSWICH Caribbean Assoc.<br>Th'Faith Healers          | (0473) 215544, (0473) 252103  |
| 18/2 | BIRMINGHAM Goldwyns<br>International Resque           | 021 643 5805, 021 233 4488    |
| 19/2 | TEESIDE Polytechnic<br>International Resque           | (0642) 210423                 |
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| 22/2 | LANCASTER University<br>International Resque          | (0524) 39093                  |
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| 28/2 | BRADFORD Queens Hall<br>Th'Faith Healers              | (0274) 305151, (0924) 455570  |
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# The fruitiest, juiciest column in pop



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

RIGHT THOSE WRONGS WITH

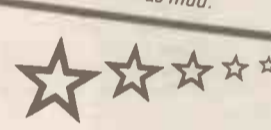
## TED TACT THE KIND MAN OF POP



Dear Ted,  
I was reading *Sounds* the other day, looking forward to the usual glowing review of New Model Army, and bugger me if Justin and the lads weren't slagged to bits by one of those rubbishy writers! I mean, I know they only played 20 minutes at that Brits thing but, bloody hell, it's not exactly fair, is it? The Cure played the same amount of time and got a really good review. Where's the justice in that?  
Sarah Mulligan, Hampshire

TED SAYS:

"I know where you're coming from, Sarah. Of course, I was there on Saturday and I timed both sets - The Cure's and NMA's - and I found them roughly equal. Taking into account the fact that each band plays a different kind of music to a different kind of audience, I processed my statistics into a computer and worked out, mathematically, which band could be considered 'the best', if any. Obviously, it was no surprise that both bands emerged equal and so I'm siding with you on this one. If The Cure can get a good review then NMA deserve one for their clever brand of invigorating political rock. It's obvious, isn't it? Sadly, to some the writers here it's as clear as mud."



Dear Ted,  
Last week you said you never made pointless comparative judgements but you'd already said that Danielle Dax was a better actress than Kylie Minogue! What a bloody hypocrite!  
Ted Turner, Jersey

TED SAYS:

Hold on a minute - my brief as The Kind Man Of Pop limits my field of jurisdiction somewhat. I realise I may have overstepped the mark, but if you want a retraction I'm afraid I'm simply not qualified. You'll have to take this matter up with my brother Ned, the self-styled "Kind Man Of Visual And Performing Arts."

Oi, Ted,  
I was reading the albums section the other day and the Katmandu album only got two and a half stars. How come? They must have spent ages making it. And it's not cheap, you know.  
Gary Eagger, Buckinghamshire

TED SAYS:

"Yes, Gary. It costs an awful lot of money to make an LP these days so I'm sure no self-respecting record label would bother putting a record out if it wasn't any good. Would you? I know I wouldn't. I mean, it's a waste, isn't it? And if you were in the band, would you hand over the tapes in the first place if you thought your album was a load of rubbish? I thought not. I mean, it's very easy to criticise a recording of this sort but just because you, personally, don't like it doesn't necessarily mean it's inherently bad. As I always say to the so-called journalists round here - if you don't like it, shut up and give it to someone who does. That's my motto."

# SPARE CHANGE

With **RAB NUTTER** (he's from the gutter)

☆ AW JESIZ. Ah've got a terrible hangover frae drinking hairspray wi' ma Special Brew. Pure shite it is. Geez some spare change, man. Just 10p. Awright, then. 5p. I'll drink my own vomit if you want. Naw, I'm no' eatin' one of ma dug's turds. No' for less than a pound!

☆ Ah went tae that peace rally in Trafalgar Square, but even efter ah went an' bit a pig in the leg, the bastirt wouldnae gi'e me a doin'. What's the f\*\*kin' country comin' tae man?

☆ Anyway, it was mostly f\*\*kin' straights that were on the march. What right huv they tae be on a peace march? Do any of them drink cider through their noses? Do any of them have all over tattooed spider webs? Where's their dreadlocks? I didnae see any of them throwin' scaffolding at the pigs at the poll tax riot last year. They don't care, man, because they're all just straights workin' for Thatcher's system.

☆ Ah hate f\*\*kin' straights, man. We threw a guy out of the squat cos we discovered that he'd bought a TV

licence. Then we caught him washing his hair! He also didnae go shopliftin' enough. He was a straight playing at living outside the system, man. We live outside on the edge, we don't depend on the system, man. (Can you spare some change? Ma f\*\*kin' giro's late again).

☆ Ah took mah dug Crapper tae Crufts last week, but they chucked him oot cos he went about takin' water and dug food fae the other dugs there. Bastirt straight poodles, eh readers?



IT'S RAB

☆ Ah read thon f\*\*kin' *Sounds* this week. What a lot of shite, man. Everywhere there's all these smart bastirts slagging so-called crustles, man. In the reviews. In the charts. There's even a bit that's meant tae be funny wi' some bastirt taking' the piss out o' us. What a lot of f\*\*kin' straights, they just can't take the fact that we've chosen to live an alternative lifestyle outside the walls of Thatcher's system. All we want is a bit of peace and understanding and if we don't get it, ah'll f\*\*kin' jump on ye wi' a broken bottle and then dribble all over ye!

## Getting a good slap around the head this week: the Brits Awards



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

Q magazine, Channel 4's *Rock Steady*, piss-poor charity spectaculars, Phil f\*\*king Collins... the symptoms of pop's illness are easy to see, and the Brits bash seems to salute them all. Worse still, it's a huge publicity ploy by the BPI, the organisation that's done more than most in pushing pop towards its safe, staid twilight years.

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

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

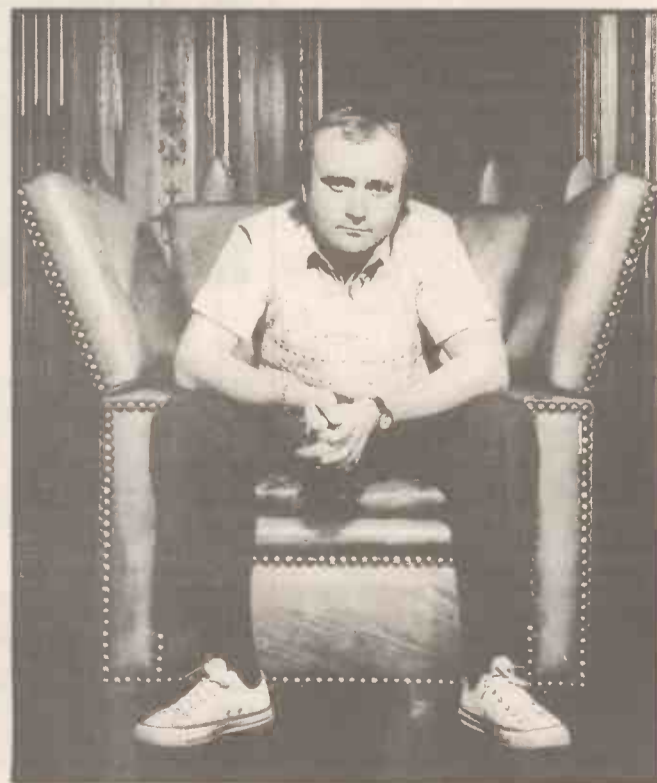
But the pop establishment is clever. Like a devious parent, it's managed to grab those bands who lay outside its clutches, and make them feel part of the whole stinking BPI party. The pre-Brits Great British Music Weekend was their *piece de resistance*: it took the sting from the tails of the new popsters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

Their filmed performances will be inserted into a ceremony that will drool over the ageing rock aristocracy as lustily as ever. The proceeds from the gigs will go, in part, to the Tory-sponsored School For Performing Arts. On the evidence of last year's bash, meanwhile, we may even see members of the government waxing lyrical about "great British music" in between clips of musical revolutionaries like The Farm.

The fact that numerous metalheads gave their services is hardly surprising - long-haired rockers have rarely raised their voices against the Thatcherite ethics of the music biz. But the Cure? the Weddoes? 808 State? These people should be outside the pop castle where they belong, throwing rocks at the businessmen who've ignored them for so long. Don't forget - the BPI's opportunistic conversion to bands like these comes after years of complete disregard for the tastes of thousands, if not millions of young people.

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

John Harris



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

# Scorching the surface

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

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

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

And guess what? Before the next 12 months are through, an unassuming Dublin quartet named Into Paradise will have amassed their own substantial army of obsessive followers.

Busily attacking a pint at his band's fave Dublin haunt, the Underground Club, Paradise singer/lyricist Dave Long is clearly beginning to come to terms with the all-consuming public interest which has blossomed since the group's 1990 debut album, 'Under The Water'.

"Yeah, I can see people getting obsessed with us," he says. "because they probably look up at me and think, yeah, he's as f\*\*ked up as me, and they'll identify with that and hopefully feel better as a result.

"I used to be a bit scared by such intense reactions," he continues between gulps. "About the time 'Under The Water' came out, I felt worried because some of the reviews were a bit over the top and we started to attract a few people who followed us everywhere. But I can accept it now.

"After all, I listened to bands like Joy Division and The Cure all the time, but not because I wanted to be depressed. I mean, sure their music affected me, but it also made me feel uplifted and cleansed."

SIMILAR PANGS of terse excitement twitch throughout 1991's first Into Paradise waxing. Following on from their two crucial releases of 'Under The Water' and the 'Change' EP, the brand new 'Burns My Skin' extended play arrives as both their major label debut (on Ensign) and their most forceful record to date.

A tremendous taster for the band's second album, 'Churchtown' (due in March), and their UK tour in February, 'Burns My Skin' is a chilling, streamlined rock manoeuvre kicked in by Rachel Tighe's hypnotic bassline and genial giant Long's distinctive, distressing voice. The storyline, meantime, concerns an undetermined act of violence.

Straining to be heard above a local band, who — like Into Paradise two years earlier — are cutting their teeth in this cosy bar, Dave explains:

"'Burns My Skin' isn't really about a specific incident. Basically, though, it concerns this dangerous character who's got to desperation point after years of hassles and grief. Because he sees nothing left



THREE QUARTERS of Into Paradise (with Dave Long centre)

for him, he's gonna take it out on someone for better or worse.

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

Sadly, the song's rather threatening subject matter is also liable to curtail any airplay on conservative old Wadio Wun. Typically, Into Paradise are largely unconcerned.

"Airplay doesn't worry me with this one," admits Long. "I think it's too violent to be played on the radio. But that's OK, because I see it as a very young song — maybe a song for alienated teenagers. The sort of people who will identify with it are unlikely to be listening to daytime

radio anyway.

"Y'know, why compromise?" he laughs. "There's rapes, murders, suicides and abortions in our songs, but those things are everyday occurrences and need to be addressed."

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

Aside from 'Burns My Skin', the EP features two further bruising vendettas in 'On And On' and 'Low'. With admirable support from the

remaining Paradise gate-keepers Rachel Tighe, Jimmy Eadie (guitar and keyboards) and drummer Ronan Clarke, these songs are every inch the equal of the main cut.

However, the themes are always Dave Long's domain, and the former TV repair man's world remains fraught and troubled.

"I'm up and down as a person," he confides slowly. "I'm not altogether sure the rest of the band realise how deep certain things go with me. They bring the intensity into the music that reflects my lyrics — and my state of mind, I guess."

Is your state of mind any more settled these days?

"Well, I wouldn't say I feel any happier," considers the singer.

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

Nonetheless, to consequently look upon Into Paradise as 'joyless' would be a serious error of judgement. 'Under The Water' produced several distinguished moments of lightness in 'The Circus Came To Town', 'Hearts And Flowers' and 'Beautiful Day', while all four group members are intelligent and absorbing. In fact, Dave Long's laugh is so addictive, it's impossible not to join in.

Is there a secret romantic bottled up in there, Dave?

"Oh, I'm certainly a romantic — underneath all those angsty, student leanings," he says, unleashing that uproarious laugh. "Y'know, I'll meet someone and within a few hours I'll be sending her flowers. Mind, I'd freak if she started clinging to me, I think I'd rather test the water and then decide against it rather than jumping in up to my neck."

OF COURSE, the time spent shuttling between Dublin and London over the past two years has granted Into Paradise the ability, musically speaking, to 'test the water' around the UK's shark-infested rock shores.

Long is quick to point out how their perceptions of their homeland have changed as a result.

"The further away from home you are, the more you want to like Ireland, the people and the music," he suggests. "But there again, I don't believe Ireland's any better than anywhere else right now. Some of the music's OK, but there's nothing that makes me want to jump for joy."

Briefly pausing to down the dregs of his drink, he concludes his line of thought.

"In any case most of our influences are from either England or America — especially England around the late '70s, so I'm happier knowing we've found recognition in England more than anywhere else."

Their homage to the post-punk Brit scene is best expressed in their raw cruise through Magazine's classic '78 spy theme, 'Shot By Both Sides' — which is the fourth and final track on the new EP.

"Well, we partly recorded the song because we feel Magazine were such a brilliant band, and maybe kids who were too young to know then can discover Magazine through us," hopes Dave.

"Howard Devoto (Magazine's main man) has been totally passed over. A lot of people say it's because he was before his time but that's bollocks. If you write outstanding songs, the time's always right."

Just as he is about to make further comment, the Underground's current hopefuls end their undisciplined set and incur cheery proprietor Geoff's silent seal of disapproval.

Smiling at similar memories, Long turns and looks me in the eye.

"Y'know," he whispers, "after all this time I couldn't imagine life outside the band. For me, it's something I have to do: it's a need."

Hurt and pain. Joy and despair. This is paradise found and you'll soon be needing it too.

**T**HE FIRST thing to say is, We have nothing to say. Front 242 is an empty box and people can put in it what they want. We put nothing in it."

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

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

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

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

**I**T'S TEN years since Front 242 sprang out of their native Belgium touting their hardbeat sounds and Art-Terrorist image.

'Tyranny For You' sees them squeezing more melody into their crashing rhythms and sits nicely next to their last 'Front By Front' LP rather than the less impressive 'Masterhit' and

With a large following in Europe and burgeoning cult status in the States, FRONT 242 don't need to be too concerned about the way they're perceived in Britain. COLIN C tries to find something to put in their empty box

FRONT 242 (or at least the ones who aren't publicity shy)



# FULL FRONTAL ATTACK

'Never Stop' singles that came inbetween.

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

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

"If these bands are influenced by us then what they are seeing

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

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

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

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

**T**HE MISSING members of Front 242 are Patrick and Richard - Jean Luc sings and the other three compose, while Daniel chooses not to appear on stage or in photos and is happiest controlling the band's sound.

Live is where Front 242 really excel. The key word is attack; growled vocals, a heavy machinery drum drill and a sound system that leaves you battered and bruised.

As yet there are no dates planned for the UK but that should change soon. The band certainly want to play here.

"We are aware that we have a lot of fans in the UK and we

would very much like to play," says Daniel. "The sticking point is the middle men, the money men."

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

"What's important," concludes Daniel, "is that Front 242 have product in the shops and it is available to the people who want it. After that everything else is unnecessary, interviews and promotion, it's all pointless. We've got nothing to say."



## throwing muses

new single

### counting backwards

seven inch : ad 1001

twelve inch : bad 1001

compact disc : bad 1001 cd

4AD



**ARIES** Your ruling planet is Mars, though with 1992 on the way it might easily get its name changed to Snickers or something. Anyway, it's stirring up a lot of activity around you just now, so life ought to be pretty hectic – but highly productive if you can use your time properly. Why not build a cathedral? Or perhaps a sports centre with ample parking? As Saturn leaves Capricorn towards the end of the week, your career should become a bit more fulfilling.

**TAURUS** Getting about is the order of the day for Taureans, both socially and geographically. You seem to be having a pretty good time at the moment, but you're going to have to knuckle down at work when Saturn starts exerting its influence at the end of the week. So you can stop looking so bloody smug.

**GEMINI** Things are looking pretty lively in the Gemini camp. Be careful not to neglect restless feelings and lapse into gross boredom, because all the excess energy bodes well for getting things done. So don't go sculpting busts of the Pope in shaving foam. Married Geminis will be paying close attention to their home lives.

**CANCER** Hmm. . . Partnership grief. Loved ones or business partners might get severely on your tits this week. Perhaps they'll use your Teenage Fanclub CD as a coaster or run off with a Radio 1 DJ. But don't break any bones as things will get better soon and your worry glands will die down accordingly.

**LEO** Well, Leo, me old mucker, it's just possible that you'll be getting a letter to do with finances. Don't get too excited, it's probably just 15p interest from a childhood post office account. Jupiter in Leo should give you a lot of creativity to decide how to spend it though. Why not treat yourself to a fun-fur cod-piece?

**VIRGO** F\*\*king good week for you lot, so make the most of it. Venus in Pisces (your opposite sign) bodes well for all your close relationships, especially with the family. Romance seems to be lurking about your person too. Wa-hey! It's also a good time to change aspects of your life that you're not happy with. Like your face.

**LIBRA** You've got to take care to make sure things are smooth at home, so maybe it's a good idea to cover everything in cling film and spend the week in the garage. A good time for Librans who take an interest in spirituality and related matters to concentrate on them. Shave your head and join the Moonies.

**SCORPIO** Partnerships and relationships are highlighted. Everthing looks groovy in this area, with all friendships and close relationships being generally improved and strengthened. Even your uglier friends look dashing this week.

**SAGITTARIUS** Big bad Saturn is finally clearing out of the money zone of your chart, so around now you should see an improvement in all things cash-wise. Why not take all your clothes off and cover yourself in bacon to celebrate?

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

**AQUARIUS** The planets are smiling on your financial situation, and good luck would appear to be on your side, generally. Partnerships are highlighted, and the time would seem right to hi-jack a plane and demand to be taken to Cuba. You might even get away with it!

**PISCES** Your old mate Jupiter is shining a friendly light on that despicable part of your life marked 'work'. Any previous worries in that department should lighten significantly, so if you tell your boss he's a right old tosspot, chances are, he'll see the funny side. Or not. Otherwise, good spirits and health are well augured.

**this week**

JAN 31: Roxy Music guitarist Phil Manzanera born in London, 1951.

JAN 31: John Lydon, former Sex Pistolero Johnny Rotten, born in London, 1958.

FEB 1: Elvis Presley's only child, Lisa Marie, is born to his wife Priscilla, 1968.

FEB 2: Former Sex Pistols bass player Sid Vicious dies of a heroin overdose in Greenwich Village, New York, 1979.

FEB 3: Buddy Holly and Richie Valens die in a plane crash, 1959.



ALICE COOPER

FEB 4: Vincent Furnier, aka Alice Cooper, is born in Detroit, 1948.

FEB 4: Alex Harvey of The Sensational Alex Harvey Band dies of a heart attack during a tour of Belgium, 1982. He was 47.

FEB 4: Karen Carpenter, 32, dies of anorexia nervosa, 1983.



ATOM SEED: sufferin' for their art

After months of sleeping rough or kipping in their van, the ATOM SEED have now upgraded their accommodation to dodgy B&Bs. ANDY STOUT finds that Britain's answer to Faith No More and the Chili Peppers are not so much 'Get(tin') In Line' as jumping the queue completely. STEVE GULLICK lines them up

**I**T'S A seedy, grey skied afternoon in Nottingham, and London based fusion rockers the Atom Seed are curled up on some ratty sofas in the even rattier bar of their hotel.

This is the economy version of a two-bit dump – complete with hot and cold running cockroaches in every room.

Salubrious this joint ain't, but it's luxury for the Atom Seed whose tours are resolutely low budget.

However, guitarist Simon James reckons that the band are gradually moving up in the world.

"We've got guest houses now," he says. "This is the first tour we've done with a few dodgy Mrs Mop type of bed and breakfasts – y'know, Wake up it's 8.30 in the morning."

Not very rock 'n' roll, is it? "We did one tour," says singer and live nut Paul Cunningham, "and in two weeks we had to sleep rough four or five times. Staying up all night in service stations and kipping in the van."

That's more like it – although it's a good job they're not doing it at the moment. Their knackers would freeze off.

**T**HE ATOM Seed are about to hit the road again for the seventh time in a year.

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

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

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

"They keep coming back cos they're not quite sure. I mean, we haven't got lovely – sorry – pukey

# SOWING THE SEEDS

permed hair and beautiful clothes. I remember when we first started out, a journalist turned round to us and said, Do you deliberately work at a non image?!"

**S**UCH NAFF hack garbage aside, the Atom Seed's image is more musical than physical.

'Get In Line' is the British riposte to the American fusion attack that brought rock's forced public the likes of Faith No More and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Comparisons are obvious, accusations of plagiarism bollocks.

Simon: "We've been playing this music for a long time in this style. It's just what we like to play."

"Faith No More, the Chilis, Fishbone, Jane's Addiction, Soundgarden – basically they're all fusion bands," adds Paul. "They're usually metal, but they incorporate a lot of outside influences into it anyway. What you probably find is that a lot of these bands listen to the same music we listen to. We probably all share the same influences, not so much that we imitate them."

True, the Atom Seed are in the same mould, but they're also extreme enough to make a substantial difference. Amir's drumming is a jazz based rockslide, while Chris Dale's bass is a funk cacophony underpinning Simon James' multi-faceted guitar.

Heavier and more manic than their contemporaries, the Atom Seed's most obvious distinction (in terms of media coverage) is

that they're British.

"Yeah, I think the album's got quite a lot of British Identity stamped all over it," says Paul. "The good thing about this band is that we know we're British, we don't want to be anything else. You go and see some bands and they go (imitates a naff Yank accent), Let's see some hands in the air! The audiences can smell a fake."

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

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

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

Paul: "I've got to go back, and they're really hassling me at the moment over Restart schemes, awareness days and things like that. It's depressing cos you come off tour and you realise you've got to get back to all this shit. Ha, you do have to suffer for your art."

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

## IT STANDS FOR NEW BANDS

## THE SOUND OF SPEED

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND COMMENT IN THRASH AND HARDCORE

AS MENTIONED two weeks ago in SOS, Nottingham's **FORCE FED** will be joining **JAILCELL RECIPES** on tour in February. This is to promote their second LP 'Elounda Sleeps' which is due out in the middle of the month on Sycophant. In May the band will be touring Austria, Germany and Poland and then in June they're scheduled to tour Spain with Liverpool's **USE** (recently awarded single of the week in *Sounds*) whose debut mini-LP will also be out shortly on Sycophant.

**MEATFLY**'s excellent 'Stranger' EP is into a second pressing and is available mail order from the address below. Their second LP is being recorded in February and is being released by Vinyl Japan in April - Meatfly will play in Japan April 4-6 to promote it. Also out soon on Sycophant is a single from **WHITE FLAG** entitled 'Beyond Hurt' which has guest vocals from **CHEMICAL PEOPLE**'s Dave Nazworthy... whose mum, while we're on the subject, is saluted by the **HARD-ONS** on the flip of their new 7-inch 'Where Did She Come From' on Vinyl Solution... and also Dave Smalley (ex-everyone) and Darby Crash on the B-side, it says here! Sycophant have also just picked up a band called **THROAT** who will be recording an LP in April. Write to: Sycophant, 8 Orchard Street, Newthorpe, Nottingham NG16 2EL.

Step One productions and *Boost!* fanzine are promoting a tour by Belgian straight-edgers **NATIONS ON FIRE** and Dutch hardcore band **BETRAY**. This feast of positiveness will be hitting Durham Rowing Club February 9, Newcastle Riverside 10, Huddersfield Top Spot 11, Manchester Swinging Sporrans 13 and Nottingham Old Angel 14. Nations On Fire was formed from the ashes of **RISE ABOVE** and their first 7-inch is being put out by French label The Crab Song. Betray's debut single is out on Crucial Response. Labelmates **X MAN LIFTING BANNER** (previously **PROFOUND**) are interviewed in the first issue of *Family Album* 'zine along with a bunch of other straight dudes, **STEP ONE**, **NO WAY OUT**, **HARMONY AS ONE** and posi-poonkers **VERBAL ASSAULT** and **SHUDDER TO THINK**. Good to see someone making a bit of an effort with presentation - this has real photos and is pretty thick and well put together. £1 plus SAE from: Mark Harrison, 421 Bradford Road, Brighouse, West Yorks HD6 4BT.

Upholders of the Hinckley and Leicester scene, **SCUM PUPS**, have a 7-inch tune-core offering on Motivate records which is available for £1.99 post paid from: Motivate, 11 Springfield Road, Hinckley, Leics. Cheques and POs payable to CJ Thorpe. Forthcoming releases on the label are singles from **SCALPT**, **REVHEAD** (import) plus a compilation single.

Latest release on Peaceville Records, on the



PARADISE LOST: bring on the black hair-dye

heels of **DECADENCE WITHIN**'s 'Soul Wound' album, comes from **SONIC VIOLENCE** in the shape of a limited-edition khaki-coloured vinyl 12-inch which features tracks from the CD version of their LP with new dub mixes, and following that the 'Soulside Journey' LP from Norwegian death-metallers **DARK THRONE**.

February will see the first release in two years for **AUTOPSY**, a 12-inch entitled 'Retribution For The Dead', to prepare us for their up and coming album 'Mental Funeral' which was recorded at Different Fur studios in San Francisco and produced by label boss Hammy. **PARADISE LOST**'s second album will be out in March and, we're told, marks the band's departure into goth metal. Sister label Death is putting out an LP, 'Industrial', from Nottingham's **PITCH SHIFTER**.

Out now on Dreamtime are offerings from **KONG**, whose 'Mute-poetvocaliser' uses sampler technology to explore Pink Floyd/Gore territory, and **GGFH** (Global Genocide Forget Heaven) whose album is entitled 'Eclipse' and reaches into Coil/Laibach pastures.

Game-playing Brummy doomers **BOLT THROWER** have a new 12-inch on Earache, 'Cenotaph', which comprises three new tracks plus an audience recording of 'Realm Of Chaos' from the Grindcrusher tour. **ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT**'s 'No More Mr Nice Guy' has now been re-released by Nottingham rivals In Your Face, as promised. Everyone's favourite Motorhead impersonators **LEATHERFACE** have a new 12-inch single on Roughneck entitled 'Smokey Joe', produced by Iain Burgess who was also at the mixing desk for the recording of **SNAILBOY**'s single on Albini's No Blow label, 'Lit One' b/w 'Big Tits And Uncle Sam Pants' - which'd be worth buying for the title alone but is a fine slab of TAR-like whump in any case... in fact there might even be some Tar people playing on it. If you wanna check out Rollins worship taken to the max, catch a gobful of **THIRD RAIL**'s 'End It' LP. Sleeve design, sound, attitude, they got the lot.

Info on gigs/releases/mags to: Flat 5, 11 Catharine Street, Liverpool. L8 7NH



WEEN: SCRUFFY? Ugly? Drunk? Smelly? This band is for you

## WEEN

WEEN ARE a couple of suburban Pennsylvanians who at 15 supported (and were loved by) The Butthole Surfers and who now, at 20, have made a genuinely extraordinary debut LP in 'God Ween Satan'. It's a delightful melange of hardcore, rock, jazz profanity and gospel (yup!) that renders categorisation impossible, and the fact that they've already written over 1,000 songs confuses matters still further.

"The name is a cross between peen and wuss (Two Yank high school rudities - Ed)," says Dean Ween (aka Mickey Melchionado), "and we're just two guys writing about what happens to us in the course of the day. When we start recording, we generally crank out a lot."

"Well," interjects Gene Ween (aka Aaron Freeman), "we, more like, throw them up".

Gentler souls will find Ween's predilection for the f\*\*k word disturbing, why the foulmouthedness dudes (er, chaps)?

"We blame our parents," confesses Gene, "my

mom always told me, Get your f\*\*kin' ass home. It's my life."

Dean concurs: "It's not a controversial thing. We just say it 20 times in each song and then a few times in the break."

But for all the gab, Ween are one of the more intelligent young bands to come out of the States in recent years. With titles like 'Never Squeal On The Dealer' and 'You F\*\*ked Up' masking hilarious jibes at society's mores, and with their live sets, these guys prove they could soon be looking Mr Bigtime in the face. So what kind of fans do they currently attract?

Dean: "There'll be one person who'll be a little bit more f\*\*ked up than anyone else at a gig, a little bit uglier, a little bit more poorly dressed, a little bit more smelly and a little bit drunker - that's the kind of person who comes up to us and says, Hey guys, I love you".

Like Gibby Haines, perhaps?

"Exactly."

LEO FINLAY

OKAY BOYS, let's kick some art, as Wau Mr Modo Records issue 'Peace (In The Middle East)'. Put together by Alex Paterson and friends as **APOLLO XI**, it's being rush-released for obvious reasons. A driving drum pattern, a sample of an austere American and the mark of the master craftsman, that's all you need, really.

On Warp Records there's a single from **TOMAS** called 'Mindsongs'. It's a very laidback techno sound which wheedles its way into the back of your head. Tomas comes from Leeds.

First exceptional techno track of '91 is an independent release from North London ravers **THE HOLY GHOST INC.** Standout track is 'Godzilla-A-Go-Go'. Taking a little from here and a little from there they've put together some hard bedroom House. Punk rock lives and breathes.

On a mellower note, **FREE RADICALS** are circulating a track called 'Free Radical Dance' which in its 'Ether Mix' should find a vinyl release very soon. Watch for it. In the

## BASS



in yo' face

same vein Creation release **WORLD UNITE**'s 'World Unite'. Taking its melody line from 'Love Of The Common People' and paking a chunky, funky groove, this could easily be a surprise hit and, alongside new LPs from **FLUKE** and **LOVE CORPORATION**, further boosts Creation's reputation in dance circles.

'Steel City EP' from **FXU** on Made On Earth Records is another hard

techno tune which has been picking up a lot of club play recently, and for very good reason. Top track is 'The Scheme' but every one of the five tracks here is worthy of attention.

Famed recently for his appearance on **THE SOUPDRAGONS**' 'I'm Free', **JUNIOR REID** has a single out in his own right soon on Big Life called 'Actions Speak Louder Than Words'. It rolls along with an easy House/reggae lilt and will probably sidle its way into the charts.

New from **SPACEMEN 3** is the hypnotic 'Big City'. With a groove not unlike 'Heart Of Glass' put through a blender, it bubbles along with a psychedelic guitar rush while the melody pops in and out with its luscious three-note hook. Another in the long line of anorak boys on Ecstasy, **SONIC BOOM** does it more convincingly than most.

Chart success finally looks to be on the horizon for regular bassperson **SCIENTIST**. His remix of 'The Bee' is charging chartward this very minute, and about time too!

Colin C



**BI-JOOPITER** run the ultimate confectioners for the vinyljunkie with a sweet tooth. Their catalogue includes everything from the familiar Sub Pop pop calling to **AKKO** Chains Anorak Party from Japan, where the likes of Lollipop Sonic, Penny Arcade and Debonaire cover songs by The Pastels, TV Personalities and sing the Red Flag.

Bi-Joopiter themselves run a cassette label that issues material by Buy Off The Bar (a mini-LP from the Dutch John Peel faves), Kitchen Cynics, McTells, Big Paintings, Sindyarthur and excellent compilations that set out to revitalise that Postcard sound of young Scotland.

As distributors they have unearthed all sorts of soft-centred selections. These are releases by The Upbeats, Les Sourslons, Art Napoleon and Gedney on Swell Tapes from Leeds; some really weird shit from Illusion Production, we just can't wait to hear The Bone Orchestra, Yximallo or The Cheese Engineers doing their version of 'Batman'; Calypso Now from Switzerland; K Cassettes (Mecca Normal, Girl Trouble, Go Team, Some Velvet Side Walk) and Bus Stop from the USA.

As you will notice, the name McTell appears on every other compilation tape (and there are hundreds), flexi, fanzine and half the records distributed by Bi-Joopiter. This is because Paul (McTell) runs the label and fronts the group. This is a common occurrence in DIY-land, because if you already have a network of contacts through distribution deals then you can flog your record to all your mates. So what the hell do the McTells sound like? Their latest LP 'Cut Up' is just what you would expect, witty, eclectic independent pop. It's initially disappointing (in comparison to The Cheese Engineers!) but after a while a familiar Josef K pattern emerges, and on 'Teddy Bear' and 'Bitter End' the confection leaves a more bitter aftertaste.

You have just got to write to Bi-Joopiter at: 2 Wentworth Road, Hertford, Herts SG13 8JP.

Here's a quick mention for *Split Ends* fanzine because Mark's mum is complaining about the piles of free cassettes lying around his bedroom. Issue number two mentions The Levellers, Field Mice, Sofahead (them again) and some lesser knowns. They say some sensible things about domestic violence and legalising cannabis. Familiar enough



EAST VILLAGE: too hard to be wimps?

## EAST VILLAGE

LOW-KEY in a fast buzz scene, East Village have been strumming a very English, acoustic, melodic pop for the best part of three years. Two initial vinyl sorties, 'Cubans' and 'Back Between Places' released on Sub Aqua, fell by the wayside and the five piece from the Notting Hill end of the smoke took a rest.

"Yeah, we took about 12 months out to score some E and dance," sniggers Martin Kelly, one corner of the band's triplicate harmony vocal squad. Martin looks all fey and Britwimp on the singles cover he shares with former Camden spiky bunnymopped hoodlum Spencer Smith, a drummer with a brain.

"I didn't think we are too much like that English wimp thing. I don't think I'm sensitive enough to write that sort of song, although 'Circles' is a sad song."

The single he's referring to has just slipped out on Heavenly, a neat melody that crawls its way into your consciousness, the harmonies buried deep behind the coolly strummed guitars, laid back and riding on Spencer's economical drumming that gives the track a swing usually so lacking in this school of gear.

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

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

The future sound of East Village will probably not stagger over into some kinda 'indie/dance' Sellotaped manoeuvre, Weatherall looks like he's going to play this one straight.

East Village have sneaked into '91's disparate and directionless morass with that pop staple, good melody.

Like the man said, East West, home's best.

JOHN ROBB

territory you would say but this issue comes with a free cassette compilation (all for £1.50) which is a revelation. It starts with a well known track by The Levellers and then there are tracks from Exploding Plastic Inevitables, Gadaffi's Warriors, Glass Needle and Mad At The Sun. These are all new names to me and

are all f\*\*king brilliant. Okay, so the tape wanders into folkie territory to prove its pluralist tendencies but it rouses itself to rave out with the 'Superbad' Radical Dance Faction.

Write to Mark at: 41 Quarrendon Road, Amersham, Bucks HP7 9EF and say hello to his mum!

Snowy Brown

# THEY'RE TOTALLY MAD!

*Last year we went through the annals of rock to provide you with concise psychological dossiers on the most infamous nutters in r'n'r history. We brought you such marauding mainmen of madness as Moon The Loon and Ozzy, but where are the nutters for the '90s? This week ROY WILKINSON begins the search for those capable of carrying musical insanity into the next century. Yes, it's the search for the Son Of Rock Nutters*



MARK E Smith: a great latterday loon

## GLEN BENTON

THE REALM of satanic metal is stuffed with aspiring full-mental, racket-making maniacs, but the Deicide frontman pushes his way to the front by dint of his extreme seriousness with the extremely silly.

Deicide believe they met in a previous life on some medieval battlefield and have all sworn to commit suicide by the age of 33 - in fact, Mr Benton tried hanging himself once "with the elastic off a coupla pairs of underwear, but the elastic broke". Now Glen tries to do "something really evil every day" and walks around with an inverted cross branded on his forehead. He continually talks about satanic deeds which read like he's parodying death metal.

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

Deeply wounded by remarks in a *Sounds* interview, Benton decided to lay a curse on the writer. While no noticeable injury has befallen our man Elliott, Deicide's first UK visit was cut short when Glen was beaten up at a show and someone stole his bass. He vowed never to play here again.



BENTON: EXTREMELY silly

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

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

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

## GERARD LANOLEY

THE BLUE Aeroplanes frontman deserves mention for his Smith-style claims to have authored the entire twentieth century.

Outbursts about U2 deriving their guitar sound from early Aeroplanes discs and the way "Shaun Ryder ripped off my microphone stance" are pardonable enough, but Mad Gerard can do much better. Once he had a conversation with Ultra Vivid Scene's Kurt Ralske, while carrying a shoulder bag held together with a network of sticky tape.

Unsurprisingly, the debut UVS album later appeared with a distinctive tape-covered sleeve design. "You never know when you might be influencing someone," said Gerry. Oooooo!

## MARK E SMITH

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

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

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

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

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

Complete inconsistency? February 1990: "We used to hear the Mondays rehearsing years ago. I used to say, who's that band, they're smart." December 1990: "Happy Mondays disturb me very much. They



ICE-T: JUST a normal guy

## ICE-T

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

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

On the other hand, Ice could be accused

LANGLEY: THE great ripped-off



EITZEL: ONE of life's great failures

of slight gratuitousness with his kiddie treats. Take, for example, 'Black 'N' Decker', a track composed solely of the sound of an electric drill piercing someone's skull. Then there's the way he had his fiancée Darlene posing on the cover of the 'Power' album wearing only the most minimal swimsuit and a sawn-off shotgun. Having a woman in the camp allows Ice to convincingly shrug off any accusations of sexism. "Hey," said Ice. "All women want is a stiff dick, ain't that right, Darlene?" "Sure is, honey," came the reply.

Sinéad O'Connor worships Ice and in the realm of '90s nutters, respect to Ice is surely due.

### MARK EITZEL

THE AMERICAN Music Club frontman once assaulted a member of the audience. The crime? Applauding. He once persuaded Elektra to change their mind about a 300,000 dollar distribution deal they were about to give AMC. How? They saw a video of him being interviewed. The name of Mark's new, self-founded publishing company? I Failed In Life Publishing.

Though lacking in such standard indices of rock madness as biting pigeons' heads off, this terminally melancholic character maintains an insane balancing act between the pit of eternal despair and a comic recognition of his own unfeasible sadness.

Past displays of despair have now persuaded Mark to abandon pre-gig alcohol intake. Don't worry, though, Mark still knows what to look for at a gig: "When I play, I sit there in my clothes and feel real ugly. I think about my shoes a lot, about my feet sweating in my shoes. It's horrible."

### LAWRENCE

AT FIRST glance, the ex-Felt frontman appears to be one of rock's band of aspirational loonies — the would-be nutters who aspire to the razor's edge that divides madness from genius. But so persistent has he been, he surely qualifies for loon status anyway.

Tales of Lol's cleaning fetish are legendary. Every room in his one-time Brum flat was stocked with at least five brands of air freshener, deodorant and cleansing agents and he would regularly disturb guests' sleep with his nocturnal hoovering habits. While Morrissey was coming on like God's own vegan, Lol swore he never ate vegetables, only meat — "especially those sort of turkey roll things you can get at most supermarkets".

Lol's interview speciality was the useless anecdote, but he spent the last Felt

interview in *Sounds* telling how the band had been conceived with a plan to release ten albums over ten years and how the plan had been followed through to the minutest detail. Better still, we believed him. Lawrence is currently getting it together with his new band, Denim. Songs include 'The Osmonds' and 'Middle Of The Road'.

### NIKKI SIXX

ALL MANNER of traditional rock hi-jinx came to a head for our Nikki when he found himself with a massive drug problem. After one particular binge he found himself clinically dead for a few seconds, when his heart stopped for a rest.

Now Nik sez he's "totally clean", but that doesn't stop him being a standard issue metal crayzee. And if Ozzy could take out his neighbour's flock of geese with a single shotgun, what might Nikki achieve with his collection? "Yeah, I gotta few shooting irons," said Sixx. "God, I got a Beretta semi-automatic, a .357 Magnum

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

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

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

### BILL DRUMMOND

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

He released his debut solo album at the age of 33½, then formed the Justified Ancients Of Mu Mu and went rampaging across Europe in the hope of discussing copyright infringement with Abba. With the KLF he's been involved with improbable combinations of Daleks, speaking cars, corn circles, Gary Glitter, attempts to jam onstage with sheep and number one records. He was recently spotted at a Dutch DJ convention, giving the venue's gear to the audience.

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



NIKKI WITH his Crüe



THE KLF's Bill Drummond — the sanest man in pop?

NEXT WEEK:  
THEY'RE TOTALLY MAD  
PART TWO

# 'HEADING FOR THE HILLS

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



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

Losing test matches, sit-coms starring Penelope Keith, kebab masochism, tabloid headlines about gay vicars and, of course, the bastard ugly son of British rock - Motorhead.

Institutions every one, and things that people could use to check that everything is still in order and that the British status quo remains unchanged. So when something comes along to disturb the equilibrium, people get upset.

Such was the reaction when it was mooted in the press that Lemmy was relocating to Los Angeles, Motorhead were going to record out there and they'd finally gone out and got a decent deal and signed to Epic. Had the 'Head sold out?

**T**HE RELOCATION aspect has provoked more attention than almost anything Motorhead have done in their career.

In true sabre-rattling fashion, the more jingoistic elements of the press were baying "sell out!" before they'd even heard the material. But now they've heard it - the new album, '1916' - the reaction seems favourable and Wurzel is optimistic.

"Although the album's recorded in Los Angeles," he says, "and a lot of people may have thought we may have sold out, we came up with something that the British press really liked. Cos I was a bit worried about it - that they wouldn't take to it just because we recorded over there. We've never recorded abroad, this band haven't."

Lemmy: "That's cos we're so insufferably bloody English. Like if we'd done it in Thailand, nobody would've given a shit, know what I mean?"

Wurzel: "It was a difference. To record the album in a different country put the

band in a different frame of mind. If we'd recorded an album in London I could have gone home all the time."

Maybe Wurzel wasn't able to pop home and feed the dog every night, but Lemmy reckons there were substantial benefits.

"The first time I ever went to LA I liked it. I think it's the palm trees. I just like LA cos it's America, and my generation was very Americanised. You don't get any of this high-blown bullshit of people in stupid suits, besides which, I'm much more popular with American women than I am with British women.

"It's ludicrous anyway. How can you sell out by moving anywhere? If I moved to Scotland no one would say I sold out. The bigger deal is that we've come in with a better album than we've made in our lives.

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

A thorn in the side it may be, but all this publicity can't be too bad. Tabloid hacks are queueing for words of wisdom from the mouth of the Lemmunster, and the slightly gammy Motorhead of a couple of

years ago has been transformed back into the original roaring beast. It's amazing what a bottle of Ambre Solaire can do to your life.

**M**OTORHEAD AT number one isn't really worth putting a fiver on at the bookies, but to all intents and purposes '1916' is the band's comeback album.

Something that dispels the slight aura of lameness after 'Orgasmatron' and the disappointing 'Rock 'N' Roll'. One that replays Motorhead's great days of power (circa '82's 'Iron Fist') and something with back to form stamped all over it.

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

"It's the first time I can say that there's no reason - except our judgement - that there's anything wrong on that album. We've got exactly what we wanted and everybody's happy with it. If it f\*\*ks up now there's nobody to blame but us, and that's alright by me."

In the sleeve notes on the back of '1916', Lemmy says the band were "...stale and on a treadmill in our career".

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

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

"It's lovely to be able to spend that amount of time on it," says Wurzel. "We spent a month in the pub and then three in the studio."

'1916' certainly brings an element of diversification into the 'Head camp. Shock, horror - there's even a ballad loitering in the grooves in the shape of the haunting 'Love Me Forever'; there's 'Nightmare/The Dreamtime', a grisly horror of backtracked spookiness containing a thoughtful message to the PMRC; and the title track itself, a poignant and powerful anti-war song with cellos mourning in the background.

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

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

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

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

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

## ESSENTIAL LISTENING:

**STAY CLEAN** from the LP, 'Overkill'  
**LIVE TO WIN** from the LP, 'Ace Of Spades'  
**STONE DEAD FOREVER** from the LP, 'Bomber'  
**ALL FOR YOU** from the LP, 'Rock 'N' Roll'  
**CAPRICORN** from the LP, 'Overkill'  
**TOO LATE, TOO LATE**

B-side of 'Overkill' 45, also on the four-track live EP, 'The Golden Years'  
**ACE OF SPADES** from the LP, 'Ace Of Spades'  
**WHITE LINE FEVER** from the LP, 'Motorhead'  
**I GOT MINE** from the LP, 'Another Perfect Day'  
**LOVE ME FOREVER** from the LP, '1916'



REVIEWED BY ROY WILKINSON

## SINGLE OF THE WEEK ONE



SPACEMEN 3: get up off their bums

**SPACEMEN 3 'Big City' (Fire)** From sitting down to gettin' on up.

Not so long ago Spacemen 3 were best known as a band who could put bums on seats at gigs – their own. But hey, S3 mainman Sonic Boom has since immersed himself in the militantly non-sedentary world of rave culture. He can now be seen dancing like a recently de-hibernated bear in the new vid, swaying to this. 'Big City' is Sonic's response to the "strokes, the incense, the good vibes, the amazing feeling of harmony". No, he hasn't been taking in his holographic 13th Floor Elevators bootlegs again. This is his response to Acid House and it's easily the Spacemen's most seductive, commercial single to date. A veritable chartbound sound.

It sounds like Blondie's 'Heart Of Glass' crossed with the melody from 'Little Drummer Boy'. There's also something of Kraftwerk, or perhaps more accurately, Kraftwerk via Simple Minds circa 'Theme For Great Cities'. More machine-based than Spacemen 3 have ever been, but in among the sequencer patterns, Sonic's breathless, blissed-out child's eye view survives. The drones are still there, as is the band's line on ancient rock stylings. The "Let the good times roll" sounds like both a reaffirmation of the age-old and an awed response to the new.

The important thing to remember is that if Sonic can get into a bit of rug cutting then anyone can. Right now there's no better place to start than with 'Big City'.

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

The fact that this was summarily dismissed by the great and normally generous Ralph Traitor is a crime before the entire human race. "Led Zep outtake," he rasped. Heck, he can't have heard the Explosive Version that kicks off the CD single. This is immense Queen, the sort of thing that got Laibach interested in the first place. This is built to topple empires and top charts.

It begins with a rudely chanted "one, two, three, four" – rock. Then something akin to Ravel's *Bolero* as used by premier skatecore duo Torville and Dean – classical. Yes, oh yes, the queens, nay kings, of baroque 'n' roll return like quadrophonic gladiators. In Queen's absence, such pretenders as It Bites and Jellyfish have gamely tried to reinvent the old gambit of stuffing an LP's worth of styles and tempos onto

a single. Here Queen smoothly take in the odd symphony, a couple of Shakespearean soliloquys and some bitchin' ethno-musicology – all, amazingly, within seven minutes.

To complete the masterplan, they re-release 'Under Pressure' on the B-side – this rap lark's all right, but who's got the tunes?

**JULEE CRUISE 'Rockin' Back Inside My Heart' (Warner Bros)**

Fresh from altercations with log-sawing midgets in a live performance of David Lynch and Angelo Badalamenti's *Industrial Symphony No 1*, Jules selects another from the awesome 'Floating Into The Night' LP – the song she'll sing in the *Twin Peaks* episode where Laura Palmer's killer is revealed. And while we're on Hercule Poirot territory, Peakies will delight in adding some of these lyrics to a reading of *Laura Palmer's Secret Diary*: "Shadow in my house/The

man has brown eyes... We heard the owl in a nearby tree".

Anyhow, it's more bubblegum noir, an unprecedented, awry pop music that works the darkest, most delirious implications from swoonsome guitar tremeloing and seemingly innocuous lyrics. Proof positive that the quiet can have more impact than the storm – or, as the more histrionic metal lads have shown over the years, the howls are not what they seem.

PS: \*\*\*\*\* killed LP. True, forever.

**EMF 'I Believe (Remix)' (Parlophone)**

EMF remixed by JG Thirlwell. To some the idea of Jim and EMF getting together may seem a little odd. Regarding EMF's youth, letting old Stinkfist loose on them might have overtones of child abuse. But, besides this, EMF have not been universally accepted as fit to work with a 'cool' darkman like

Foetus. Most unjust is the way they've been dismissed as Jesus Jones MK II – a concept largely based on accepting Percy Edwards invented the baseball cap. In fact, where Jesus Jones look like youth TV presenters dismally trying to dress like the kids, EMF are natural heirs to this seam of style and sound.

'Unbelievable' was both an immense pop single and a great fusion of sampling tech and the traditional business of being lads in a band. 'I Believe' didn't quite live up to this, but these remixes go a good way to redressing the balance.

The Colt 45 mix is seemingly designed to give their teeny fans a fright. A nagging, claustrophobic grind clocks up the minutes before they finally relent and break into something like the song proper. The Inframental mix is more conventional, a bit like one of Frankie's orchestrations. Still, there's some great pop/noise collision here.

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

From Liverpool and no mistake whatsoever. In a way this stoned, warped melodic song is old – built on The Beatles somewhere around 'Revolver'. But in a way it's done reasonably to what '90s kids are listening, assuming that's The Mondays. With Shack about to release some killer Beatlesque new stuff and The La's having already taken a more Pacemakers brand of Liverpoolianism into the charts, Olde 'Pool could be the big seller this year. If so, The Real People will be well placed.

**THE MEKONS 'Makes No Difference' (Blast First)**

A dubbed-up cover of Robbie Robertson's Band growler from '75. Taken from The Mekons' touching 'Fun '90' LP, this manages to sound at once throwaway and cuttily sincere. Are they evolving into an exclusive pub rock covers band for ageing intellectual rockers and ex-sociology students? Probably not. The Mekes are still a long way from inheriting the earth but they're still having a laugh and a bit of a resigned grin while they're about it.

**FREE 'All Right Now'**

(Island) Due to public demand and chewing gum ads, it's a re-release for the most lacksadaisically taut genius sideboard-rock trio's signature tune. A song from the time when three men could take on aircraft hangars full of kids with nothing but a couple of amps and a proudly bearded tour manager between them and disaster. As king roadie Dave Beer has long since pointed out in his gruffly philosophical way, "Yer

modern technology has its place, but no way is that place in rock". 'All Right Now' is still massively resonant, but altogether scarier is the accompanying press photo. How did this relatively cherubic Paul Rodgers mutate into today's grizzled wart hog? The answer is called rock, and only the foolish and the brave tread its strange and treacherous catwalks.

**THAT PETROL EMOTION 'Tingle' (Virgin)**

Rock calculus for today's computer-literate pop fan: TPE (Jesus Jones + 1) Wedding Present. So how come they aren't massively successful, then? Because you, the rock fan, are stupid. Don't take offence now – it goes with the territory – but if you look at it rationally I think you'll find that this band of several stout Irishmen and one chipper American deserve better. Take their new single, for instance. Not only is 'Tingle' an estimable traditional pop gem with a T-Rex flavouring, but it comes with three useful dance remixes. And, as if to emphasise the multi-talented nature of the group, the remixing has been carried out by band members Steve Mack (friendly American) and Raymond Gorman (portly, often unfriendly Irishman). 'Tingle (Hard Boppin' Mix)' is my particular favourite.

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

Wendy & Lisa are two girls perhaps best known for their frank explorations of their sexuality and a certain thrill stemming from a one-time association with Prince. 'Don't Try' is taken from the 'Eroica' LP and is firmly in the Wendy & Lisa tradition.

A slow sensuous piece of honeypower in neo-waltz time with lines like, "Don't let me stay too long/I might think you want me". It is indeed fine pop music, but with that little 'something extra'.

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

It's been some time since Bomb The Bass – in essence, one man called Tim Simenon – shook the charts with the seminal home-made sonic collage of 'Beat Dis'. He last hit the Top 40 with a modified rendition of 'Say A Little Prayer' and now he's back.

He hasn't grown long hair like Rick Astley, but there have certainly been some changes since he burst into the pop world. In no way is 'Love So True' as innovative as 'Beat Dis'. In fact, it's basically trad soul of the 'quiet storm' variety, yet it manages to shake off the vacuous feel this brand of music is so often accused of having.

## SINGLE OF THE WEEK THREE



MY BLOODY Valentine: well weird

**MY BLOODY VALENTINE 'Tremelo EP' (Creation)**

Ah, My Bloody Valentine, the band that distend guitar music onto the glassy surface of unknown worlds, take the output of latterday amplifiers into bizarre and slightly scary spheres. Meanwhile, back on planet Earth a few students and music nuts tune in and they call their new EP 'Tremelo' because it has a massive amount of tremelo on it and, in their own wonderful way, MBV are musos. It's a funny old world, but a good one.

Four tracks here, dividing roughly into two camps. First there's 'To Here Knows When' and 'Moonsong'. These are examples of infinite rock – meaning they're weird and they go on a bit. 'To Here...' is a dolorous affair, shifting in and out of aural focus and riding on the suggestion that there might be a House beat in there somewhere.

The other two tracks are more conventionally accessible. It's 'Honeypower' that ensures SOTW status. Besides a brilliant, Sonic Youth-worthy title, it's great *nth* generation rock. It flies along on a mind-snagging surge of crazily bucking guitar while Bilinda gushes in that cute meta-verbal way of hers. 'Swallow' is Eastern-tinged, punctuated by tabla and what sounds like some Asiatic wind instrument; a 'Kashmir' for the void-rock generation. Or perhaps just a stairway to heaven.

## SINGLE OF THE WEEK TWO



JOOZ: WITH a little item he picked up at the local jumble sale

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

The best thing about 'Beautiful Love' is the way it has nothing at all to do with current music industry vogues. It's built on a danking goodtime keyboard bash and comes on like some deformed, sub-Caribbean jigette. Or, as Joolz would have it, "a campfire song written to the elements and sung to the four corners of the world, enthusiastically and in a bad dialect: 'Beauty-full love, where have you gone'."

Enthusiasm is the key word. This charming, goofy song rolls in it and the roared ad lib, "I know so!" halfway through is worthy of the 'Ig himself. The second track, 'Port Of Saints', is a more sober affair. Cope's been talking about the song for years. It's a splintered imagining about being rescued from a shipwreck by his former label bosses Bill Drummond and Dave Balfe. But any notions of old pals Balfee, Drummondy and Copey getting together in Julian's mind are brushed away by Cope's terse sleeve notes: "I shall always be paranoid of their desire to do me wrong. Quite a timely slag off really, as Drummond has just seen fit to release all kinds of old material without asking anyone's permission" (probably a reference to a recent Teardrops compilation).

The song itself is a sombre, shanty-style effort, complete with jolly jack tar chants etc. No shortage of chunky lines either: "Caught by the knob by the sickening mob", for example. All this plus a crap remix of the title track and 'Unisex Cathedral' from last year's low-key 'Droolian' LP. Full marks.

**BIRDLAND 'Everybody Needs Somebody' (Lazy)**

Birdland are indeed a weird bunch of fowl! They aspire to all manner of hedonistic abandon, but their records sound hopelessly, goofily tame. Once again this mannered howl sounds like one of the rock parodies the *Not The Nine O'Clock News* team (Rowan Atkinson, Smith and Jones, Pam Stephenson) once specialised in. "Direction...connection" yelps the singer on the title track. Doubtless Mick Jagger toyed with this rhyme when writing 'You Can't Always Get What You Want' in 1969, in the end settling for the slightly more intriguing "reception/connection". That's Birdland all over – beaten to the punch 20-odd years ago.

**RANDY CALIFORNIA/CURRENT 93**

**'Ptolemaic Terrascope EP' (No Apparent Label)** Brainstormed astral rambling from Current 93 and two tracks of hi-tech muso controlled freak-out from Spirit man Randy California. Apparently Current 93 is the work of ex-Sounds man David Tibet, a man of 'Crowleyanity' and not without a certain nutter charm.

The EP comes with *Ptolemaic Terrascope*, a magazine featuring anything from Galaxie 500 and the Bevis Frond to Cliff Richard and Dave Stewart.

Available for two quid from Ptolemaic Terrascope, 58 West End, Melksham, Wiltshire SN12 6HJ. Cheers mon.

**GALLON DRUNK** have been raising North London rafters with their lazy, inebriated howl for 12 months now. But are they rockabillys, drunks or just a bunch of Elvis-fixated perverts? **DAMON WISE** tries to find out, **STEVE DOUBLE** is none the wiser

*'In the morning I wake from the scream of beermares...'*  
Jack Kerouac - (*The Subterraneans*)

**O** I, ELVIS!" James Johnston is rummaging in his sock drawer - the one labelled Today Is The Day You Change Your Underwear, although, inevitably, sometimes it isn't.

Today, he's looking for his plastic monk, a six-inch figurine that rudely displays an enormous set of genitalia when its tonsured head is pressed. He finds, instead, a swanee whistle, a set of kama sutra cigarette cards and a packet of Elvis condoms - "Wa-hey!"

The room is strewn with novelties of every conceivable shape, size and religious denomination. 3D Jesus-wiggle pictures and other such samples of sad Christian propaganda plaster every surface, rivalling a large Afro-venus wall-hanging and an original one-sheet for Herschell Gordon Lewis' *Monster-A-Go-Go* for room space.

Mike Delanian, another quarter of Gallon Drunk, sprawls back over Johnston's zebra-look bedspread, idly re-reading *The Black Dahlia* as the exotic strains of Les Baxter's 'Jungle Jazz' fill the air.

Next door, drummer Nick Combe is bathing alone, with the thought of more Special Brew and Salt 'N' Pepa's DJ Spinderella for solace.

Maraca maestro Gary Boniface, meanwhile, is inexplicably but predictably absent. Gone for good, in fact. As those familiar with the band now realise, these aren't the most organised of performers.

But, spurred on by those factions who are bored reading about fat lumps in woolly jumpers, Gallon Drunk have been raising North London rafters with their lazy, drunken howl for some 12 months now.

Fuelled by paranoia and indignant rage, Gallon Drunk set the agenda for the reconstructed rocker.

"In reviews we're described as being a very strange and eclectic mixture of rock 'n' roll, Foetus and rockabilly," explains Johnston, with a headful of Castlemain. "And what else? Suicide. Things like that. All of which seems a bit strange, really."

"All of which we hardly ever listen to," adds Delanian.

JAMES 'N' Nick - but where's Chesty?



# The curse of the drinking classes

"But, obviously," Johnston continues, "it's because we're not as easily categorisable as those nothing bands which seem to dominate indie music at the moment. When you're up against people like that, then you're bound to end up being described as something like f\*\*king rockabilly."

**E**NTERTAINMENT," PURRS Johnston, loading *Death Curse Of Tartu* into the video machine. "Yes, talk to me about entertainment. Do you mean in private? Solo entertainment?"

Entertainment at large. What's your definition and how do you fulfil it? "Liberace. And how do we fulfil it? By making music that sounds a damn sight worse than it would in the studio. But it's all worth it."

"It's impossible to tell what someone hears when they see us," says Delanian. "But I'd like to think that at the very worst, even our worst ever performance will be entertaining. Entertainment separates genius from mediocrity. Dean Martin knows that. Screaming Jay Hawkins knows that. Even the f\*\*king Salvation Army knows that."

"All anyone has heard from us is our live set and a cheap sounding live record (the band's second single, 'Ruby', recently released on Clawfist)," explains Johnston. "But that'll be totally different to the studio material. We're not afraid to experiment. We want to expand, like, say, Archie Shepp or Robert Mitchum in his calypso period.

People will be bedazzled. It'll just be so fabulously suave. So elegant. Meticulous.

"You can make serious music and still entertain. Like Sun Ra, Jerry Lee Lewis or Isaac Hayes. You don't have to be a thick 'ead shreddie band, just jumping up and down and going, OOOOWWAAGGH! The age of the class act seems to have died."

"Barry White's a class act," Combe interrupts, bursting in naked but for a grey/green towel round his waist.

"You can be intelligent and entertaining," Johnston continues. "Simultaneously."

"You're getting earnest," grunts Combe.

"I am getting earnest."

"It's alright for you," grumbles Combe. "You're clutching cans of alcoholic libations, it's an unfair advantage. Here's me, dry as a nun's nasty, still being asked questions."

So what's the ultimate in entertainment? Terminal pleasure? The final thrill?

"A sauna with Liberace," suggests Johnston.

"I'm a big fan of all-star line-ups," offers Delanian, "whether in disaster movies or onstage. The Queen on drums, myself on bass and perhaps Chesty Morgan on steel guitar. The ultimate power trio. All nude, of course."

"Entertainment? Videoing myself masturbating to a video of myself masturbating," Combe guffaws, scratching his balls. "A lovely way to while away the hours."

"Reading this interview with myself in *Sounds* while languidly masturbating in a hot bath, I think, would be entertaining."

agrees Johnston. "That's the right answer."

Does that go for all of you?

"That's unanimous."

**F**LICKING THROUGH Johnston's record collection, Delanian settles on Charlie Mingus' 'Oh Yeah'.

"Have you heard it before?" he asks. "You might as well hear it now. Let me take the responsibility for allowing you to hear it."

A large black and white photo of James in action, looking leery, quiff bedraggled, falls out of the sleeve.

"That's not Charlie Mingus. I always thought Charlie Mingus was black."

"What's that doing in there?"

"Oh, come on! How many people do you have visiting this room that are going to slip photos of yourself into your Charlie Mingus albums?"

"It's 'orrible. I was going to throw it away. Look at it. I look like something out of *Lemon Popsicle* (a cheesy *American Graffiti* rip-off)."

And what's wrong with that?

"Nothing, actually. I've got a copy over there if you want to watch it," laughs Johnston, pointing to a heap of video cassettes that includes *Naked Werewolf Woman* and *Secrets Of Lady Truckers*.

"I've been thinking about it," Combe wonders aloud from across the room. "My idea of entertainment, that is."

And what's that?

"Mixing shit with ice cream."

"Oh my Gawd."

Thank you and goodnight.

[THE REMIX]

# SONG FOR THE LONELY

# LOUD

RELEASED 28TH JANUARY 1991

PREVIOUSLY UNAVAILABLE VERSION

PRODUCED BY JAZ COLEMAN

REMIXED BY ANDY TAYLOR

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# (GOT NO FLOWERS FOR YOUR GUN)

# NO HIPPYSHIT

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

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

And what better way to promote it than to take themselves off to "war torn" Belfast for a mini-tour?

Singer and chief songwriter, Captain Sonic Ray explains. "We tried to do the three Bs tour - Belfast, Baghdad and Beirut. . .seriously. But all we got was Belfast and Bognor Regis!"

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

But when their first gigs revealed a group of hippies with painted faces and a Jimi Hendrix predilection, reactions were somewhat less ecstatic.

As The Moonflowers cruise through West Belfast in a hired mini-bus, keyboards/sax player Smokin' Sam admits: "Yeah, we were kind of conscious of that, which is why there's only one song on that single. But we thought it would be a good way of getting our name known."

When fashionable London DJs, Rocky & Diesel, remixed one of the tracks, it furthered the confusion about what this band are about. But the reality is that The Moonflowers are the exception to the rule: no cash-in, no sell-out and, despite their complete and utter hippiness, no pretension.

**T**HE CURRENT single 'Warshag' - a fine R&B based anti-war anthem, released in a limited edition of 1991 on the aforementioned 'ultimatum day' - proves that The Moonflowers know how to work a good scam. Their peacenik ideals certainly provide a neat hook for journalists to pin labels on to.

But the obvious question remains: Are The Moonflowers hippy shit or what?

Thoroughly used to these barbed questions, the band take up the footballish chant: "Hippy shit, hippy shit, hippy, hippy, hippy shit!"

"Have you noticed," ventures a suspicious Smokin' Sam, "the band most full of hippy shit are the best band in the universe at present?"

Having previously seen the longest soundcheck in rock 'n' roll history (a warm-up with the sort of passion and groove to put most bands' actual performances to shame), I don't pour complete scorn on this claim.

As far as The Moonflowers are concerned, if there's no support act booked you might as well get the sound as together as possible. Things are taken a step further when Sam, guitarist Jess Electric Pussy and drummer Toby take the stage under the moniker of Space Electric and get most of their progressive rock tendencies out of their systems.

Earlier in the day, the drive around the Dirty Auld Town had been accompanied by the 'Electric Ladyland' soundtrack - an album which Sam and Jesse believe to be the pinnacle of rock music. Exactly what does Jimi mean to the band?

Jesse, who was barely born when the great man died, jumps to the question.

"He's part of my family, man," he asserts.

"Yeah," interjects a smiling Captain Sonic Ray, "he's me mam."

But Jesse is not to be put off: "He is my guitar. He played the blues and he played them well. . . a strange kind of mystical blues, religious blues. He was the greatest musician that ever lived."

And while Jesse also acknowledges Deep Purple and Santana as influences, names like jazz genius John Coltrane and the Sex Pistols also surface. Indeed, The Moonflowers' live set is a *mélange* of diverse influences, made unique to them by skilled playing and complete confidence in their own importance.

The Moonflowers' peace-loving 'get happy' attitude also separates them from the cynical Mondays of the world. . .

"We don't give anybody any negative messages," muses Jesse. "Everything always has a happy ending with us."

"Yeah," sneers Sonic (aka Sean O'Neill, band songwriter), "we get married at the end of every gig."



**THE MOONFLOWERS:** the most subversive band in existence?

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

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

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

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

**I**N THEIR press to date, The Moonflowers have presented an extremely wacky image. They usually claim to be from another planet - a good reason not to pay their poll tax - but now they've grown tired of such games.

Sam is particularly pissed off: "It intensely depresses me that we're put in the position of having to be a really weird and unusual interview. Journalists just come along with a preconceived idea of you and they expect you to go along with it."

"If we went along with the music press we could soar straight up there to *Top Of The Pops* in six months," he continues, "but within six months of that we'd be back in total obscurity. . . which is complete bullshit."

The fact that they've just paid the air fares for two *Sounds* men to see them in Belfast seems to have eluded most of the band, and they are less than happy when they're told.

Jesse: "It's almost like paying people to say nice things about you."

Now, this reporter would need a darn sight more than a trip to freezing cold Belfast (nice and all that it is) to get into the payola racket, but The Moonflowers naivety is refreshing in a business where most bands are more interested in coverage than in making good sounds. Similarly, the music press can stand accused (as ever) of hyping 'scenes' purely to sell copies.

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

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

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

"We do reckon we're better than about 97 per cent of bands in the universe," agrees Sam, "and by playing to more people we can do more good, but it's sick that things are the way they are."

**I**F ANYONE was expecting The Moonflowers tour of Northern Ireland to be another Clash In Belfast (Strummer & Co made a much publicised trip there in '78), then they were in for a disappointment.

There were no armalite rifles, no barbed wire poses and no apparent outrage in the House Of Commons - although the Flowers were stopped three times by the RUC in the short journey from the band's guest house to the night's venue, first aggressively and then despairingly as the last patrol sighed, "Oh, you're the band. . . Go on!"

It seems they always encounter such troubles.

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

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

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

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

So why are The Moonflowers different?

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

It remains to be seen whether the public have the same degree of love for the Flowers, and it's entirely possible that the band will eventually become as cynical and manipulative as everyone else.

For now, though, The Moonflowers are genuine folk, and genuinely nice folk. They're also one of the most exciting bands you're likely to see and you don't have to be a hippy to enjoy them. And that's no hype.

# SCANNERS

## LISTINGS

### music on telly

#### WEDNESDAY JANUARY 30

**RAPIDO:** 7.35pm, BBC2. Music from The Soup Dragons, Dave Lee Roth, Robert Cray and Run DMC.  
**JAZZ ON A WINTER'S NIGHT: THE COLTRANE LEGACY:** 12.15pm, Channel 4. The legendary John Coltrane with Sparky The Sax.  
**AMERICA'S TOP 10:** 2.40, ITV.

#### THURSDAY JANUARY 31

**TOP OF THE POPS:** 7pm, BBC1.  
**INDIE POWER HOUR:** 7pm, BSKyB Power Station. Countdown of the top selling indie records.

#### FRIDAY FEBRUARY 1

**THE WORD:** 11pm, Channel 4. Caron Wheeler live in the studio with her new single 'Don't Quit', plus The Dylans.  
**RAW POWER:** 2.35am, ITV (most regions). Heavy dose of metal, gossip, tour news and videos.

#### SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2

**THE ITV CHART SHOW:** 11.30am, ITV.  
**SOUND STUFF - THE RHYTHM DIVINE:** 7pm, Channel 4. Slipping into a sequined suit, Channel 4 charts the history of disco - from afros to handbags and back again.  
**RHYTHMS OF THE WORLD:** 9.55pm, BBC1. Samba special with Gilberto Gil and Jorge Ben.  
**THE WORD:** 2.20am, Channel 4. Repeat from last night.



**THE RHYTHM DIVINE:** Channel 4, Feb 2  
 Channel 4 fondly remembers the days of formation disco dancing with The Village People, John Travolta and Earth Wind And Fire

#### SUNDAY FEBRUARY 3

**THE O-ZONE:** Music, news and videos.  
**STAR TEST:** 11.30am, Channel 4. Inspirational Carpet Clint Boon gets fresh with the computer.  
**VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE:** 7pm, BSB Power Station. Dishes out for VOTB going live.

#### MONDAY FEBRUARY 4

**DEF II - THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL AIR:** 6.30pm, BBC2. More adventures from The Fresh Prince chillin' out in America's leafiest suburbs.  
**SNUB:** 6.55pm, BBC2. Snub captures The Cure in secret, exchanges a few words with Robert Smith, and takes a look at Creation Records with My Bloody Valentine. Plus Drive live and The Butthole Surfers.

#### TUESDAY FEBRUARY 5

**TOWN & COUNTRY:** 11pm, Channel 4. Country rock music with Rodney Crowell, Yehahl

### on the radio

#### WEDNESDAY JANUARY 30

**RICHARD SKINNER:** 10am, GLR (94.9FM, 1458MW). Hazel O'Connor pops in.  
**JIVE ALIVE:** 6.15pm, Hereward Radio (102.7/103FM). Mick Meadows and Sarah Jane with a mix of new releases, feature interviews and indie grooves.  
**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 a new session from Birdland, and a chance to win Ned's Atomic Dustbin tickets.  
**DAVID GRANT:** 8pm, WestSound Radio (96.7/97.2FM, 1035MW). Daily light rock show.  
**HEADBANGERS SHOW:** 8pm, Moray Firth Radio (97.4FM, 1107MW). Heavy chat with Slaughter.  
**EARSHOT:** 9.30pm, Radio 5 (693, 909AM). John Cavanagh plays this week's winning demo - send yours to Earshot, PO Box 370, Glasgow G12 8XY.

#### THURSDAY JANUARY 31

**BRIAN MARTIN'S ROCK SHOW:** 7pm, Coast AM (1242, 603 MW). Classic rock every night of the week.  
**MARK GOODIER:** 7.30pm, Radio 1. Dream Warriors troop into the studio to preview tracks from their brand new LP.  
**NOT FADE AWAY:** 9pm, Radio 1. The story of Buddy Holly, who died this week in 1959, featuring interviews with Mrs Holly, Cricket Jerry Allison and Buddy fan Paul McCartney.  
**RED DRAGON ROCK:** 9pm, Red Dragon Radio (97.4, 103.2FM). (Also Saturdays and Sundays).

**EASTERN BEAT:** 9.30pm, Radio 5. Manc Bhangra from Maseeb.

#### FRIDAY FEBRUARY 1

**ROUND TABLE:** 6pm, Radio 1. Chris Isaak joins Soho to review the latest releases.  
**PAYOLA:** 6pm, Echo 96 (96.4FM Cheshire, 96.9FM Staffs). New releases, interviews and indie dance grooves.  
**JIVE ALIVE:** 6.15pm, Hereward Radio.  
**CLUBMIX:** 7pm, Hallam FM (96.1, 97.4FM). Sheffield foot-tappers unite.  
**JAZZIE B:** 7.15pm, Kiss FM (100FM). Club Classics Volume 7.  
**GARY CROWLEY'S FRIDAY FREAKOUT:** 8pm, GLR.  
**ROCKIN' THE UK:** 8pm, Echo 96. News, interviews and the latest rock releases.  
**RAVE:** 9.30pm, Radio 5. A look at the Welsh National Chart.

#### SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2

**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. Favourite club sounds as voted by London's DJs.  
**ROCK 'N' BLUES:** 8pm, Moray Firth Radio.  
**JOHN PEEL:** 11pm, Radio 1. Peelie from Mighty Force plus Forced in session.

#### SUNDAY FEBRUARY 3

**GARY CROWLEY:** 2pm, GLR. Demo clash plus Soho and Carter (USM) drop in for a chat.  
**GROOVE MACHINE:** 7pm, Moray Firth Radio. Indie dance, groovy demos and Mary Mary from Gaye Bykers in the studio for a chat.  
**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.  
**JAMES BROWN:** 11pm, Kiss FM (100FM). Kiss talks to James Brown from his prison cell about life inside, rumours of his imminent release and plans for the future.  
**JOHN PEEL:** 11pm, Radio 1. Sessions from the New FADs plus A Homeboy, A Hippie And A Funki Dredd.  
**FAST FORWARD:** 12pm, Radio Luxembourg (208AM). Review of the week's indie releases plus demo of the week.



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

#### MONDAY FEBRUARY 4

**BAILEY BROTHERS ROCK SHOW:** 7pm, Hallam FM. Classic rock from Sheffield.  
**MARK RADCLIFFE:** 7.30pm, Radio 1. Radio 1 goes to The Hacienda for a chat with 808 State plus a new session from Manic Street Preachers.  
**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. Big bro' Luther Vandross recorded in 1987.  
**THE MIX:** 9.30pm, Radio 5. Jimi Hendrix feature.

#### TUESDAY FEBRUARY 5

**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 RADCLIFFE:** 7.30pm, Radio 1. A trip to Liverpool with The Farm, 35 Summers and The Real People, then off to the Welsh valleys for Manic Street Preachers in session.  
**GARY CROWLEY:** 8pm, Chiltern Radio. New releases and indie dance.  
**HIT THE NORTH:** 9.30pm, Radio 5. Live music from Half Man Half Biscuit.  
**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.

# the real people

New single:

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7", Cass, CD, 12"

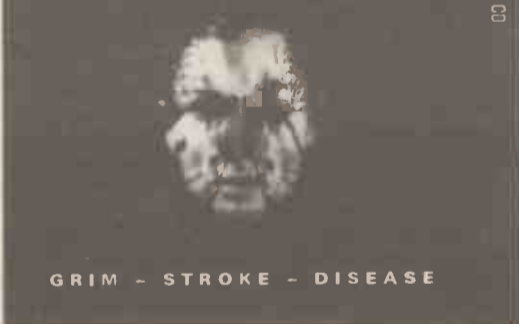
## ON TOUR

**January** 23 Buckley, Tivoli. 24 Leicester, Princess Charlotte.  
 25 Norwich, Waterfront. 26 Sheffield, Leadmill.  
 27 Nottingham, Trent Polytechnic. 28 Leeds, Duchess of  
 30 Newcastle, Riverside. 31 Lancaster, Sugarhouse.  
**February** 2 Glasgow, King Tut's Wah Wah Hut.  
 5 Manchester, University. 6 Birmingham, Edwards No.8.  
 7 Coventry, Tic Toc. 8 Bath, Moles. 9 Windsor,  
 Psyche Dance Hall. 11 London, Subterranea.  
 12 Brighton, Zap. 13 Cambridge, Junction.  
 14 Bournemouth, Hothouse. 22 Paris,  
 La Locomotive.

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## SWAMP TERRORISTS



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CHARLEY'S WAR  
 "Time To Survive"

**THE EDGE OF HATRED!**

WELCOME TO THE VIOLENT PLAYGROUND, IT'S TIME TO SURVIVE!

EDITED BY KATHY BALL

## VIDEO

**REM**  
**Tourfilm**  
 (Warners Video - £12.99)



REM: BONA fide rock show

ALREADY HAILED as the most amazing, awesome live video ever made, *Tourfilm* may provoke strong hyperbole, but it's hardly competing in the most demanding entertainment category. It's all a bit like looking for the best British family sitcom since *Terry And June*.

*Tourfilm* is a mighty spectacle, but the root of its visual power lies not in its medium but the band's deftly staged 'Green' world tour. Sketched out mainly in grainy black and white, *Tourfilm* can't help but allude to arthouse technique, but really it's a reflection of the tour's staging, particularly the lighting. The tour was tellingly lit with brilliantly effective stark white light silhouetting and bleaching out the band. Michael Stipe worked off this set-up with his white suit, trowellings of black eye make-up and jerky theatrics. Thus, *Tourfilm* is no quantum leap in itself. Rather, it sympathetically presents a great piece of minimalist rock theatre, dealing almost exclusively with moods and images contained in the original show.

REM's videos have always been a reaction against the dictates of MTV. Instead of relying on hi-tech animation, big budget productions or elaborate effects, REM have worked with simple physical manipulation of camera and film. *Tourfilm* builds on this, speeding the film up and then slowing it down, shifting wildly out of focus, presenting an image shaking in the frame, mixing 16mm with Super-8 and achieving a jarring impact by running music and images massively out of sync. Nice touches all, but *Tourfilm*'s best elements remain its faithful record of the show itself, including Stipe's nutty jigs, oblique pronouncements and enigmatic mannerisms.

Stipe's outsize white suit begs comparisons with Talking Heads' *Stop Making Sense*, but where that was a record of a precisely choreographed piece of theatre, designed as much for the camera as an audience, *Tourfilm* is a record of a bona fide rock show. It adds a few extra dimensions for those who were there but, realistically, who else is going to be interested at present? It may mature into a valuable record of an inspired band, but in 1991 its repeated playability is as limited as with everything else in this genre.

Roy Wilkinson

## VIDEO

**MADONNA**  
**Justify My Love**  
 (Warners Video - £5.99)

LOVE HER or loathe her, it's impossible to deny that the world's most famous woman has a sharp ear for a deft pop tune and a smart head for a superior marketing ploy.

In the morally indignant climate currently blanketing the rock and pop world and with the whole nation slaving upon her every move, it was patently obvious to all - none more so than Madonna herself - that a video overtly depicting the sexual act would once again resurrect the spectre of the censorship issue.

Consequently, *Justify My Love* has had only one British TV showing (on *The Word*) with a replacement montage of old promos being hastily cobbled together as the single reached the higher echelons of the charts. The tabloid papers predictably screamed outrage about its sexual content, video stills appeared in style magazines and chat shows debated the moral consequences. No TV showings maybe, but acres of press coverage, free publicity and a guaranteed retail release. Game, set and match to the Pop Queen.

In truth, you'd see more sex in your average BBC drama than this single promo and its sexual content is far more tasteful than most clichéd heavy metal celluloid you care to choose. Directed in arty B&W by Jean Baptiste Mondino, *Justify My Love*'s hotel bedroom romps veer towards the lustful rather than the loving and although exclusion from *The Chart Show* is justified, there's nothing cheeky enough to support its 18 certificate.

Coupled with Madonna's pantomime extravaganza through 'Vogue' at last year's MTV awards and clocking in at only 12 minutes, this is quite clearly a case of intrigue over content.

Simultaneously, *Justify My Love* is art, junk, provocation and a marketing coup. But it's still only a pop video when all the shouting's over. More than anything, its very release is a classic own goal for all the right wing moral guardians who so ignorantly miss the real targets of moral corruption.

Kathy Ball

## FILM

**HAVANA**  
 (UIP - Cert:15)  
 Starring: Robert Redford,  
 Lena Olin, Raul Julia, Alan  
 Arkin. Director: Sidney  
 Pollack

HOLLYWOOD WALKS a tightrope between the plausible and highly improbable every day, but it's still frustrating that *Havana* should be so compromised, especially as director Sydney Pollack has often taken big risks - *Tootsie* being one example. *Havana* is Pollack's seventh film featuring longtime colleague Robert Redford. Together they have established formidable reputations as Hollywood liberals, which makes it seem that *Havana*'s uneven application is due as much to studio pressure as directorial choice.

*Havana* is an action romance set in the Cuban capital in the waning days, and then hours, of Batista's fascist regime prior to Castro's seizure of power. Co-star Lena Olin (*The Unbearable Lightness Of Being*) is Bobby Duran, the expatriate American wife of an aristocratic revolutionary. A twist of seeming fate draws professional gambler Jack Wild (Redford), into her incongruous commitment to Castro's cause. In following her Wild ends up tangled in a web of intrigue involving the CIA, Batista's secret police, and the revolutionaries themselves.

The opening scenes establish *Havana* as an elegant, complex and dynamic creation, Owen Roizman's photography and some marvellous editing combining to capture a city on the leading edge of history. The

## CLASH OF THE TITANS

With Sly Stallone and Arnie Schwarzenegger both releasing new films this month, the big boys are ready to do battle at the box offices. Ralph Traitor looks for a winner.

## FILM

**ROCKY V**  
 (UIP - Cert:PG)  
 Starring: Sylvester Stallone, Talla Shire,  
 Burt Young. Director: John Avildsen

*ROCKY V* makes it extremely difficult to remember - believe! - that, once upon a time, *Rocky* won an Oscar for best picture. Hell, it was *great!* One notices, however, that subsequent *Rockys* made relatively little critical impact and now, in his fifth incarnation, Stallone's loveable, knuckleheaded prizefighter is truly on the ropes.

Aside from fleeting moments of degraded wonderment induced by its sheer mediocrity, *Rocky V* is a write-off. For one thing, *Rocky*'s speech - which suggests a catastrophic collision between the young Brando and Monty Python's immortal Mr Gumby - is extraordinarily hard to take. Alright, the guy is working class, but does he have to sound like he's juggling a wet sock with his tongue?

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

Diction aside, *Rocky V* is hard to take because it's mercilessly wanting in imagination. *Rocky*, fresh from his taxing victory against the evil Russian palooka Drago, announces his immediate retirement. Fine - until he finds out his personal fortune has been stolen by his mercenary accountant.

So he sells his mansion and damn well moves back to the blighted Philadelphia neighbourhood that

pull of the plot and Redford's superb characterisation of Wild proves nearly irresistible, the drama approximating that of similar, though more explicit films like *Salvador* and *The Year Of Living Dangerously*.

Where the problems start is where the film should end - about 20 minutes before it does. As the plot thickens and despite the excellent supporting cast, sadly, the film lapses into a typically sentimental ending that drains all the passion out. A shame, because *Havana* is 90 per cent entertainment with brains. The other ten per cent is just entertainment, and it really didn't have to be that way.

Ralph Traitor

## FILM

**THE GRIFTERS**  
 (Palace - Cert:18)  
 Starring: John Cusack,  
 Anjelica Huston. Director:  
 Stephen Frears

JIM THOMPSON'S bleak, hard-boiled vision translates uneasily into a contemporary context. Adapted from Thompson's

spawned him, going back to work at the gym he trained in as a youth. In the fullness of time, ie: two overlong montages, he becomes the successful manager of a Midwestern fight prodigy who needs the proverbial 'break'.

Unfortunately, said prodigy falls prey to calculating promoters, leaving *Rocky* to consider how, in vicariously losing himself in the glory, he has ignored his wife (Talla Shire) and son (Sage Stallone). In scenes of grip-less mundanity and crass sentimentalism, *Rocky* attempts to placate both and thereby regain his self-respect.

Will *Rocky* strike it rich again? Will he ever be able to afford a speech therapist? And what are the odds on a *Rocky VI*? Don't even think about it. . .

## FILM

**KINDERGARTEN COP**  
 (UIP - Cert:12)  
 Starring: Arnold Schwarzenegger.  
 Director: Ivan Reitman

*GHOSTBUSTER* DIRECTOR Ivan Reitman hasn't got a lot to learn about populism, an assertion reinforced by *Twins*, his last hit, in which Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito mugged themselves silly playing the world's unlikeliest siblings.

*Kindergarten Cop*, Reitman's latest, has an equally unlikely premise, whereby gruesome narc officer Kimble (played with numbing efficiency by Schwarzenegger) has to go undercover as a kindergarten teacher in order to find some awful LA dealer's ex-wife, her kid and the drug money she supposedly holds.

The movie begins with great promise, Schwarzenegger going all out to consciously mimic Clint Eastwood's *Dollars* archetype, right down to the stubble and twisted smirk. From there it goes completely mental, and before you know it Kimble and his partner Phoebe (Pamela Reed) have gone West to get their woman, whose son attends the kindergarten class ex-teacher Phoebe intends taking over undercover. But Phoebe falls ill and poor old kid-hating divorcee Kimble has to face the music. Of course he comes to love the little tykes and, after being subjected to a junior Marines regime, the feeling's mutual.

Schwarzenegger - whose cardinal fascination is his paradoxical lack of acting skill and the enormous charisma that's the only acceptable screen substitute - tackles Kimble with game professionalism, and although the kiddie gags are milked to an obscene degree they retain potency, if not the ring of truth. Reed is fine, and Penelope Ann Miller, as the inevitable blonde love interest, is too, but the plot is so ludicrous that inevitably it palls. Ironically, only the movie's predictable Hollywood ending saves it, in an absurd vindication of the mediocrity building up to it.

In America, where it's dying, *Kindergarten Cop* has been vilified for its twinning of dubious morality and mainstream violence - the shootout in the school locker room pulls no punches - and, true, the use of young children as a pretext for such violence is unwholesome. But, hey, they don't get killed, the bad guy does! Hollywood values. . .

## WIN! WIN! WIN! IN THE NAKED GUN COMPETITION!!!

WE ALL like a good laugh in the office, that's why we come here. But when we get home, those cold winter nights seem awfully long and sadly unamusing without some form of recreational diversion to while away the hours. Hoorah, we thought, then, when those fabulous people at CIC Video rang up offering ten copies of *The Naked Gun* to shower lucky readers with. And not only that - the same ten lucky winners will each receive a lovely, warm *Naked Gun* T-shirt to see them through to the summer months. Ooh-là-là!

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

- Naked Gun 2*,
- Naked Gun 2½*
- The Flintstones*

Then write your answer on a postcard, together with your name, address and a quick 'n' tasty recipe suggestion, and don't forget to mark your entry 'How About Giving Us One Of Them Naked Gun Videos?'. Post your entry to our usual address: **Sounds, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ, to arrive no later than February 8.**

PRISCILLA PRESLEY and Leslie Nielsen (in *The Naked Gun*) prepare a tasty recipe for the fantastic Sounds competition

SOMETIMES NICE guys don't come last. Sometimes they come eleventh. In the case of Chris Isaak, that'll do just fine.

Isaak's last single, 'Wicked Game', slashed its way through the Christmas singles jungle to a chart position that the rookie from the A&R class of '85 had long given up any realistic hopes of attaining.

This particular victory of class and elegance over par for the course predictability is akin to Southampton winning the league.

You can't survive on a diet of critical acclaim and after three albums and six years of a comparatively hand-to-mouth existence, Isaak has finally graduated from Q respectability to MTV Videoland, performing "air sex" with the requisite scantily-clad foxy chick on a Honolulu beach.

This unprecedented propulsion into the pop exosphere might have taken The Lone Ranger Of Cool by surprise but it must have left his record company, WEA (through the cosmetic subdivision Reprise), utterly gobsmacked.

It's not exactly standard procedure for a major company to farm out a track to another major company and let the rival do the donkey work of breaking the act for them, but Isaak is a grateful beneficiary of this unorthodox arrangement.

Extracted from the soundtrack of David Lynch's Wild At Heart as a showcase single, 'Wicked Game' added to London Records' considerable reputation as a singles' label, while presenting Isaak's parent company with an unexpected yuletide gift. A compilation album of highlights from his three previous releases, the 'Wicked Game' album (the marketing department really going out on a limb for this one), subsequently entered the UK chart at a chunky number six.

SUFFICE TO say, WEA are all of a sudden very pally with their winningly handsome windfall.

It seems that in previous years Chris' name had somehow been left off their Christmas list but, in December, they corrected this oversight and promptly dispatched a suitably classy green robe bedecked with playing cards.

"That must mean I'm doing well," deduces the terminally droll 34-year-old, whose many years as a nearly man have provided him with ample time to develop a laconic philosophy of life, as well as perfecting the tricky art of inserting the adverb 'really' into every other sentence.

"I'm really glad. It's really surprising. I wasn't expecting to have a hit off that record, because it had been out for a while (appearing on Isaak's third album, 'Heart Shaped World', issued a couple of years back).

"I really liked the song, but I thought, well, OK, it couldn't get played on radio because it was a little too strange sounding. It doesn't sound like what you'd expect to hear on the radio.

"Then I was sitting around watching TV in California, and the record company called me and said, You've got a hit in London. I didn't get freaked out about it, but my mom got really excited.

"I guess I never really expected or worried about having a hit, and I was able to work pretty much not bothered by anyone because I wasn't one of the big major acts... But now I've had some success, maybe every time a record comes out, from now on, I'll worry about it!"

ON THE exclusive evidence of his body of recorded work, a fan might expect Isaak, The Man, to be any or all of the following adjectives: brooding, melancholic, pensive, intensive - Morrissey, basically.

But here's a guy with a ready wit, a man with a massive twist in his 100 per cent hard and fast sobriety.

He's an easy-going kinda fella who admits to a fondness for the humour of oldster vaudevillians - turned pioneering TV comics such as Red Skelton, Jonathon Winters and Jackie Gleason (of The Honeymooners fame). By way of a concession to more recent times, John Candy gets the thumbs up.

His OAP next door neighbours give him a Gary Larsen Far Side calendar each and every New Year's Eve and, each and every New Year's Day, Isaak reads each of the 365 cartoons... and then chucks it. It is a deconstipating relief to discover that one of your great songwriting heroes is not a complete git.

So, where does all this 'moody, lovelorn

After three albums and six years of a relatively hand to mouth existence, CHRIS ISAAK has graduated into a top pop star. ANDY ROSS meets one of the finest crooners of our time and finds that he's not just brooding, melancholy and intense (as his songs suggest), he's also a man with a ready wit and a keen sense of proportion. Portrait by ALASTAIR INDGE

# FROM A JACK TO A KING

stuff come from?

"I hire a man to suffer. Then I go out and find out what's going on in his life, and then I write about it. No... These are just sad songs, stuff that just happens to be about what's going on in my life at the time I write those songs.

"At the time a lot of that stuff was written I was breaking up with somebody. It was just a tough time to be going through - real tough.

"But I like things that are upbeat too. I don't want to be all dark. But my favourite things to sing are ballads; ballads and slow songs."

Well, if it ain't broke, don't fix it... "Well, you can't really change what you do naturally. I can't imagine all of a sudden The Beatles are going to be doing disco. That said, the title of my next album is 'Navajo Folk Tunes'."

In actual fact, Reggie Ribaldry is treating us to a smidgin of a leg-pull here...

"I don't have a title for the next record yet - that's always a tough one for me. I can see why people just put numbers on 'em (in the grand manner of Led Zep), because it lets everyone know which album that number is."

Er, yeah, but doesn't that rather reduce them to the level of different packets of washing powder?

"Um... I dunno. To me, it's even more of a marketing ploy if you go out of your way to give it a catchy title. You work for two to three years, writing these ten or eleven songs and, all of a sudden, somebody says, OK, you've got it down to this, so what do you want to call it? 'The Rose'? 'Happiness In A Bottle'? Or do you want to name it after one of the singles? I think I'll call it 'Meet The Beatles' - that should sell a few, huh?"

ISAAK DOESN'T seem overly concerned about the release of a 'new' single in the UK, commenting, "I haven't spent a lot of time thinking about it. I've been really busy and I prefer to think ahead to the next record."

It's not as though Isaak is being blasé about the release of 'Blue Hotel' - it should be quite understandable that the man feels a tad distanced from a song which first saw the light of day in record form a good four years ago, on 'Chris Isaak', the second album.

While Isaak sets about composing his future, his newly guaranteed career in product is being conducted in reverse. Presumably the next single will be taken from his 1985 debut, 'Silverstone', and then Reprise can reprise those early demos of Isaak and his old band, Silverstone.

But, casting aside those journalistic bedfellows, sarcasm and cynicism, it's impossible to blame WEA for making the most of Isaak's back catalogue since his songs are timeless and therefore chronologically interchangeable.

'Wicked Game', 'Blue Hotel', and any other of his emotionally wrought songs ('Cryin'', 'Tears', 'Lie To Me', 'Talk To Me' and any number of songs featuring the word 'Love' - four on 'Chris Isaak' alone) don't merely tug at the heart strings, they pluck them with the poignancy of a harp.

He's the kind of guy you'd imagine could cry at will in every take of a movie.

This might sound cheap and tacky, but Isaak is a master of the twangy ballad. It's a genre which ought to sound kitsch and shallow, but one which Isaak inexplicably manages to keep on the side of immaculate taste. If his friend Roy Orbison has a worthy heir, then surely this is he, Chris Isaak - The Big I?

BACK ON the movie front, Isaak continues his fledgling flirtation with Tinseltown with a brief appearance in Jonathan Demme's new movie, The Silence Of The Lambs.

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

"The Silence Of The Lambs is about a guy who is a psychopathic serial killer (presumably that's as opposed to the perfectly sane serial killer), who cuts womens' skin off to make a suit out of it."

Like Texas Chainsaw Massacre?

"Kind of. Only, he's being hunted down by a guy who the police get to help them. He's a psychologist who's in jail because he's a cannibal."

The Silence Of The Lambs, adapted from Thomas Harris' novel, follows on more or less directly from the same writer's Red Dragon (filmed by Michael Mann as Manhunter).

This time round, the FBI send trainee behavioural scientist Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster) to interview crazed psychiatrist Hannibal 'The Cannibal Lecter' (Anthony Hopkins) to learn the identity of the killer in question. A dangerous game. But what does Isaak do?

"I play the head of the SWAT cops, I go after the guy. I get to wear a nice uniform and say great lines, like, Hold it right there! Let the girl go!"

As director of Talking Heads' Stop Making Sense concert movie and New Order's 'Perfect Kiss' video, Demme's entwinement with the music world is well documented, likewise, his penchant for cameos (Barbara Steele in Caged Heat, John Waters in Something Wild). Even so, as with Demmes's earlier Married To The Mob, Isaak's role is pretty minimal.

"I'm in this one for 16 seconds, but in Married To The Mob I was in it for eight seconds, so it's doubling - bigger and bigger parts every time!"

At this rate of progress, in nine films time Isaak'll be worth a whole movie; another four and he'll be the entire Carry On series.

For the time being, Isaak's acting ambitions must take a back seat while he gets on with promoting his musical portfolio. If a chart execution for professionalism in the execution of this exceedingly onerous chore, Isaak would go Top Ten - no trouble.

As he points out, if you've spent your career in the shadows, you don't complain when people want you to trot the globe in pursuit of questionable chat shows.

A recent stop-off for the promo circus saw Isaak up with the lark in Tucson, guesting on a show with that doyen of the chat show experience, Donny Osmond.

"He's really nice, y'know. The people in the studio had told me, Whatever you do, don't kid Donny. They were afraid I'd upset him. But he sort of teases himself, doesn't take himself too seriously.

"The show was a kids' benefit around Christmas time. So I thought, why don't we do some songs together? This guy's been in show business since the age of five, he must know just about every Christmas song ever written. So I asked him and he said, Sure, so we did a whole bunch of songs, 'Rudolf The Red-Nosed Reindeer', all that kind of stuff.

"I got a T-shirt signed by him. It's a real cool-looking shirt."

FOR A 'pop star', Isaak has a keen sense of proportion. With his wry sense of humour, it makes perfect sense that his home town, Stockton, provided the location for the scene in Spinal Tap where the band are billed as support to the puppet show.

With a hit album to his name, it's unlikely that Chris will ever have to worry about sharing Spinal Tap's undignified Stockton fate - unless of course he gets offered a support to the New Kids.

The one destiny which all possessive members of the pre-celebrity Isaak cult would consider a nightmare scenario would be if Chrissy boy fell into the inviting trap of big, seated venues. For the true fan, that would spell death by Hammersmith Odeon. Sadly, I've a grim suspicion that the next set of Isaak gigs will be advertised in the Sunday papers rather than the music press.

You couldn't blame the man for adopting a take the money and run attitude, but the spine-tingling one-two combo of Isaak's anguished vocal and James Calvin Wilsey's plaintive guitar is so redolent of gigs in dingy, smoke-filled bars on rainy Tuesday nights that it'll be sad to see him go stadium.

There's no escaping the essential coffee table nature of Isaak's outpourings but, if this is the case, then Chris Isaak is the Prince Of Coffee Tables.

More cappuccino, vicar?

CHRIS ISAAK: The cappuccino king



“ You can’t really change what you do naturally. I can’t imagine all of a sudden The Beatles are going to be doing disco. That said, the title of my next album is ‘Navajo Folk Tunes’ ”

— CHRIS ISAAK

#### ESSENTIAL LISTENING:

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





# SOUNDS

CARTER (USM)



**LIVES**



THE CIRCUS hits town: no cattle turn up so the audience attempt to take its place **Leo Regan**

# Give 'em enough grope

## REVOLTING COCKS Charing Cross Road Astoria

"WE ALL think the war sucks just as much as you do, but for the next one and a half hours we're gonna have a good time."

A man resembling nothing so much as masked Saturday afternoon TV wrestler Kendo Nagasaki - complete with trunks - introduces the Revolting Cocks' show. And what a show it is - more of a sex carnival than a bunch of musicians cavorting around onstage.

The Astoria is packed to the gills with what is, to all intents and purposes, an anarcho S&M crowd, those at the front heaving forward in a desperate attempt to get involved.

Which is hardly surprising. Because what begins with three blow-up dolls propped against the drum riser, while a band of five or six people play hard, hypnotic, thrashing dance music, quickly turns into a performance featuring various forms of simulated sex. Two immodestly clad pussycats take up position at either end of the stage and proceed to writhe around in suggestive fashion, first alone, then with various RevCos and eventually with the audience. Giving singer Chris Connelly head here, screwing with a doll there, before inviting grubby oiks at the fore of the throbbing throng to "cop a feel".

Even minus the cattle and electric fences, the band come across like a bunch of eccentric cowboys led by ten gallon-hatted Al Jourgensen - they lurch into 'Beers, Steers And Queers' with a singularly appropriate "Yee-hah!". And for 90 minutes the Revolting Cocks make their worshippers eat and drink whatever substance they happen to be messing with.

By far the most impressive aspect of their musical attack is the pounding rhythmic crash controlled by the drummer's triggered samples. It's an almighty noise, punctuated by the limited thread of ideas produced by all the other Cocks. Amidst the drama of the dry ice and strobe effects, one is left to ponder whether this band could sustain half the length of the performance without the show's other distractions.

One Cock appears with what can only politely be described as fake masturbation equipment, with which he showers the now topless dancers. Towards the (ahem) climax of the set, said dancers begin to run out of ideas beyond peeling off as much as they can reasonably get away with. Perhaps '(Let's Get) Physical' came too early in the evening.

At one juncture, with a singer hoarsely repeating "I'm a killing machine" while all around are practising oral sex, the question arises whether anyone here's fighting the information war, or just hosting a soft-porn circus. No answers are forthcoming.

**James Robert**

## THEE HEADCOATS/THEE HEADCOATEES Camden Falcon

SATURDAY NITE at the Falcon and surly entrepreneur Roger waves a finger, "If you fall down and die, don't blame me". The kids, anxious to grab a better view of their deerstalkered heroes, risk life and limb in the process. Like bleedin' sardines.

It's a funny old business. Much touted by Mudhoney, Thee Headcoats are a couple of Sub Pop releases older, but nothing's changed. The atmosphere of the gig is rather like a very informal rehearsal, with lengthy gaps between songs while members of the band indulge in witty banter with various fans or try to remember classic punk rock intros. Whatever the name of the game is it's not professionalism.

Thee Headcoats appear onstage frighteningly early in the evening. What's happening? A warm-up of two or three home-made garage classics in their familiar Kinks-with-gloves-on style, and four nubile young femmes take the spotlight. It's the support act. Enter Thee Headcoatees! A tatty bash through a few Billy Childish originals and a number of exquisitely chosen (if not played) covers. Tiny shrill voices, much giggling, much fun to be had all round. One of London's erm... top girl vocal groups. Amid incessant screaming requests, Thee Headcoatees bow out with the highly popular Van Morrison song 'Melvin'. 'Melvin'? Yes, 'M-E-L-V-I-N,

Melvin'.

Their male counterparts take two steps forward and the business continues. Wild Billy and pals slam through those three chords plenty more, usually in rather more together fashion than earlier, proving they can actually be as tight as they are sloppy on occasion. What is a Headcoats song? It's punk rock laced with everything good about the pre-acid '60s, Kinks, Beatles, surf, a few cover versions, all with a throaty Chatham growl on top. Can't be bad.

It's time to go home. A set of ludicrously Grateful Dead proportions without the gristle - 'Davy Crockett', a sterling 'Anyway You Want Me', a chuckle and off to bed. What it's all about.

**James Robert**

## CACTUS RAIN Camden Underworld

PLAYING TO a club full of bleary eyed industry types, swaying along to their tenth free beer, isn't the most auspicious start to Cactus Rain's first tour. Bouncing out before their thus plastered audience, the Cactii look illuminous by comparison, singer Francis swaying her multi coloured plaits over the pale faces of the front row.

But there are problems aplenty for this band tonight, the most glaring one being a hideous sound quality that rubs out Francis' deep, sensuous voice like a greasy smudge on a virgin page. Trying to keep their shimmering, romantic whirl of music

afloat in these conditions isn't easy.

The strain is at it's worst on the melancholy 'Till Comes The Morning', and the usually excellent 'Hopes And Fears'. Francis comes over tense and aggressive where she should be cool and smouldering, and Annie Hogan (or Angie from Liverpool as tonight's *Evening Standard* has her) is noticeably muted at the keyboards.

But Cactus Rain, with their myriad of ideas and brilliantly idiosyncratic songcraft, are too good to be entirely thwarted. The encore, the dazzling first single 'Mystery Train' finally salvages their charismatic potential, all glittery high notes and swooning vocals.

Their V-shaped backdrop didn't exactly stand for victory tonight, but then neither were they vanquished. There'll be better, brighter days to come.

**Cathl Unsworth**

## MOMUS Islington Powerhaus

"I'M SORRY, I've gone all New Age," says Momus, aka Nicholas Currie, after his arrival on stage. It's a terrible confession, almost as damning as admitting an aversion to Betty Boo or expressing a liking for putting newly-born kittens through a food processor. Worse still, there are signs that he may not be joking.

For starters, there's a television by his side showing simulations of what could be a day in the life of some plankton. Then the first song of the evening reveals itself to be a lush

soundscape which tells of the value of dreams. All very nice, but it's five minutes that would be better spent using old Nick's gift for intelligently grim humour.

There's more cause for concern when 'Thank You To The Party People' sets about namechecking a host of dancefloor luminaries without the slightest trace of a sardonic smile. Fortunately, the lascivious romp of trusted favourite 'How Do You Find My Sister?' signals the end of the drippy dope and the return of the salacious, silver-tongued Scot. It's also a gauge of the man's musical metamorphosis - gone are the trashy '70s disco trappings of the 'Don't Stop The Night' LP, now replaced with more sophisticated house and soul grooves.

By the time the encore of 'Shaftesbury Avenue' spins its yarn of affection and cynicism, any thoughts of Momus whiling away the rest of his days musing on clouds and crystals have been convincingly dispelled. For further reassurance, the TV on stage flashes up four little words: "F\*\*k the new hippies". Amen to that.

**Anthony Farthing**

## BOB Manette Street Borderline

THAT MOST people still have Bob written off as indie janglers ordinaire is a cause for some concern. Indeed, that they're billed tonight with The Caretaker Race (perennial guitarists themselves) suggests that even the people who booked them tonight haven't quite understood their greatest strengths. So, here's the truth - Bob are one of the last battalion of great English pop groups (see also The Claim, Shack, the sadly missed Chairs) who knock out timeless singles to barely a sniff of acclaim.

'Tired' is the first of these lost pieces of soul to be aired tonight. Drummer Dean thrashes at the drums like a drowning man, while singer Richard Blackborrow arches his eyebrows and croons "I've had a lovely evening, please close the door behind you when you go" over a tune halfway to baggiedom.

Yet this is the nearest Bob ever get to a bandwagon. You get the feeling they'd let down the tyres and beat up the driver if someone suggested they (ahem) mellow out a bit. As if to prove it they rattle through 'She's Got Everything', 'Flagpole' and others in a blind Jam-like rage. Best of all, though, is 'Daymaker', a sort of uptight mid-summer Beatles without the crap drumming.

Later guitarist Simon declares, "Here's some punk rock for the kids!", and what follows could either be the Buzzcocks' 'Lipstick' or a completely new song. But it doesn't matter, because Bob are doing exactly what they want (find three chords and attack) and have tunes they most probably think are too good for the charts. Who could disagree?

Splendid stuff.

**Paul Moody**

## MEKONS Charing Cross Road Marquee

IT'S EASY to forget how utterly brilliant the Mekons are. Here they are in London's premier bleach 'n' studs rock dive, and it's hard to think of a more incongruous pairing.

Due to unforeseen circumstances (ie, no support act), they play two sets tonight, the first a stroll through some of the high points of their last few vinyl efforts with a handful of new songs thrown in. This being the most stable group line-up ever goes some way to explaining why they appear so solid together. Old hands Tom and Jon exchange vocals, rhythm and lead guitars, the latter Mr Langford looking unusually sober tonight.

The Mekons are fairly pissed off with world events - war, death and sex all figure in their oft overlooked, highly perceptive narratives. 'Fantastic Voyage' features the

immortal "So good it hurts" chorus, a fair summation of the vibe this band puts so totally across. Susie Honeyman's fiddle adds a plaintive note and Sally Timms has a truly great quavering country voice capable of reducing grown men to tears. She could reel off a shopping list with similar effect. Gulp.

As the evening's second set wears on, 'Last Dance' and 'After Six' provide trips back down that old memory lane before the band wind

up bludgeoning 'Where Were You' to death for good measure. A whole heap of Mekons music is not the height of fashion but there's so much to choose from here, it's simply dumb to ignore. It would be easy to recall many a more celebratory Mekes gig than this, but I guess that's just a sign of the times. One of the last punk rock groups in England.

**James Robert**

# Nothing compares 2 U2

## POWER OF DREAMS Birmingham Barrel Organ

AFTER SLASHING the apron strings tying them to Ireland, Power Of Dreams have spent the last 12 months touring incessantly, a four man Campaign For Real Songs mixing it with bill-toppers as diverse as The House Of Love and The Mission.

Paying yer dues is scarcely more fashionable than coughing up the poll tax, but for this band the pay-off is immediately evident. Already more than technically adept, they are now bristling with confidence, and supremely capable of handling these kind of small-hall shenanigans.

They kick off with 'Never Told You', a statement of muscle-flexing intent, its rampant speedbop barrage studded with hooklines, and streaked with minor chord melancholy. Up next, 'Where Is The Love' is similar, only faster and even better, making more of the productive argy bargy between guitarist Ian's Marr-like chimes and Craig's acoustic belligerence.

It's about now that you start to question the oft-touted U2 comparisons. Sure, there are similarities of vocal inflection, both bands revel in the drama of that grand, pop-epic chorus, and they are all Dublin lads making it big across the pond.

But while they may be alike in circumstance, Power Of Dreams have none of the pomp associated with Bono's boys, revelling instead in the downcast exuberance of such Brit indie heroes as The Smiths, The Wedding Present or The Wonder Stuff.

And it's getting darker by the minute. Since moving to a land where the streets are paved with beggars, Craig Walker's lyrical sensibility has begun to sport fresh bruises, demonstrated by new titles 'Cancer', 'Don't Put Me Down', and the near-hit 'American Dream'.

If there's a fault, it lies only with the pace of the set, which veers between fast and very fast, moving into hyperspeed towards the end, as The Doors are covered and more old faves revived, songs mashing into each other, victims of over-familiarity.

No matter. As the new gear proves, POD are rapidly absorbing the lessons of the North-West groove academy, tarting up their own timeless power pop with dabs of wah-wah and splashes of cod-mystical Eastern guitar. These are the final touches to a bright new masterpiece, and ear-rousing proof that Power Of Dreams are possibly the finest young band you will see all year.

**Adrian Goldberg**



POWER OF Dreams: new Brit indie heroes

**Steve Gullick**

EDITED BY KEITH CAMERON

**LEATHERFACE/BONE**  
**Leeds Duchess Of York**

MORE OFTEN than not a band's name gives a solid indication of the music they play and Bone are no exception. Hard and powerful with the occasional vulnerable moment, this Liverpool trio approach their trade with the finesse of a pit-bull terrier.

Their employment of a drum machine has surprisingly little adverse effect, even adding greater depth and dimension to their sound after a vaguely inauspicious start. Indeed once 'Lizard' and 'Bad Line To Lebanon' are safely tucked under their belts, there's no stopping Bone's passion for venomous, discordant creation.

Leatherface, meanwhile, reject inducement through coercion and opt instead for submission through onslaught. Any subtleties to be found in their records are crushed beyond recognition in a live setting, the unwitting victims of their ferocious wall of sound and Frankie Stubbs' heinous vocals. There's no respite, no lull in the furious, energy-charged assault and scant discrimination between songs, just a fast, frenetic, bruising experience. To attempt to probe deeper than their fusion of adrenalin, northern grit and vehement dedication is as futile as complaining that the singer in fact doesn't sing very well at all.

Somewhere towards the end they comprehensively slaughter 'In The Ghetto', quite probably one of many murdered classics along the way but, as every song truly sounds the same, it's almost impossible to tell.

Which is fine, if bouncing around uncontrollably to a noise akin to several JCBs gargling wrought metal is your idea of a good night out. It isn't everyone's ideal choice but, let's face it, on a Monday night in Leeds city centre, you won't get many better offers.

Ian Cheek

**HUGH CORNWELL**  
**Frith Street Ronnie Scotts**

"I TOLD my Mum I was playing at Ronnie Scotts and she said 'Will they be there?'. I said who and she said 'Ronnie and Scott'."

This may be a serious new musical venture for the man in black but he hasn't completely lost that droll sense of humour. However, in front of an audience seated around tables complete with waitress service, the Nashville and The Stranglers must have felt like a distant memory.

Strictly speaking it wasn't the Hugh Cornwell show. Both Roger Cook and Andy West took equal parts in performing their own songs while Hugh himself was content to run through everything and anything with them, from a Duke Ellington song to a jazz number with a backing tape.

Two forlorn faces with Stranglers T-shirts disappeared after 20 minutes – understandable when you consider they'd forked out £7.50 for a folk, jazz and country night. But among those who stayed the show went down well, though a parrot reciting the Lords Prayer would get an encore at Ronnie Scotts.

A year ago Hugh was hauling a girl out from the audience to take part in the sinister pantomime of 'School Mam'; nowadays he's a 'proper' musician. Another one bites the dust.

Andy Peart

**SCORPIO RISING**  
**Liverpool University**

WISHING TO be from the West Midlands is a psychiatric disorder for which there is no known cure. Scorpio Rising probably contracted it while supporting on last year's Ned's Atomic Dustbin tour and there are no signs tonight of the affliction easing.

Scorpio Rising are at times a poppier Poppies and, at others, The

Wonder Stuff with rampant wah wah. The flowing locks and dayglo T-shirts are impeccably present, except for the boneheaded bassist who seems to have missed the point entirely.

Very quickly, Scorpio Rising settle into the grungy groove they will rarely leave all evening. Sploot(!) and Martin's duelling pedals, Colin's cymbal-flecked power rhythms and Bonehead's strummy bass are tightly entwined. Micky sings well enough, shakes various percussive items and, between songs, expresses the sincere hope that we all have an attitude. Most songs end by speeding everything up and allowing hairy types at the front to shake their locks in the vigorous fashion they so enjoy.

With the look finely honed and the sound supremely viable, what Scorpio Rising lack are unforgettable songs. The stripped-down 'Honeykill', 'Disturbance' and the massively impressive 'Peace Frog' are the best examples, but mostly, while the image and feel of the gig are almost there, the lack of songs makes it all a bit two-dimensional.

Mind you, three good songs have been more than enough for others and there is major label interest in Scorpio Rising. That should ensure you get to make up your own mind soon.

Pete Naylor

**USE/BONE/ATTIC**  
**HEAD/HADDOCK FISH BEAST**  
**Liverpool Planet X**

ON A night topping all others in recent Planet history, this gathering of Liverpool's best subterranean scruffs proved conclusively why regular attention ought to be focussed on the noisier elements of the city's fractured scene.

Providing the first of the four half-hour salvoes, Haddock Fish Beast turned in a tight, grungy fodderstompf that could veer towards monotony were it not for Sydney-born tonsil twacker John: an Iggy for the '90s blank generation with a sniping wit and some weird kinda twitches.

Having slimmed down to a compact trio, Attic Head are finally on the right track for a concentrated provincial blast-off. Leader Steve's voice is still slightly frail, but the band's confidence has mushroomed and songs like 'Tollbooth', the fuzzy overload of 'Honeychurch' and the post-trip anthem 'Sunday Morning Comedown Song' are locked in a stimulating sonic grid.

Bone's arrival signalled an outbreak of mental ward mosh appreciation. Rightly so, too, as their gritty, gold-panning punk is pretty damn fabulous.

Centred around stompin' Bob Wakelin's graphic, paranoid vox, their contention is sealed thanks to killer driller tunesmithery on the metronomic pervo classic 'Lips Like Goldfish' and anti-wife beating paean, 'Amnesia Soup', which found a longhair swingin' sloth-like from a beam and one cool dude handing Bob a ripe onion. Good karma or what?

With drinking time rapidly running out, Use rounded off the frenzied bliss, their speed symphony 'Emblem Of Cheese' provoking a would-be nubile to try and coax out singer Ian's cavalier instincts. Admittedly, she failed (narrowly), but while Liverpool has this quartet of noisy tricks up its sleeve, I can't believe it won't induce some major turn-ons during 1991.

Tim Peacock

**PERFECT NAME/MACHINE**  
**GUN FEEDBACK**  
**Manchester Boardwalk**

TWO DISPARATE strands of local band barney, chasing their tails in the post-Mancs dustcape, and the Boardwalk still attracts a gaggle of A&R men skulking in its back waters.

Most people are checking out the

# Say it with flowers



THE MOONFLOWERS recreate that Woodstock free love ambience

Steve Gullick

Leo Finlay

**THE MOONFLOWERS**  
**Belfast College Of Art**

THE MOONFLOWERS are an odd sight. Not only are they a six-piece with five of them strung in a line across the front of the stage, but they've got painted faces, long hair and a dress sense that went out with Woodstock.

Yeah they are hippies, with a peace-loving anti-war message, but even the most cynical of punks would have to admit their chilled out attitude is matched by some of the grooviest sounds around today. They arrive onstage to serious quantities of dry ice and launch into their current (limited edition) single 'Warshag'. Through the mist you can just about see vocalist Captain Sonic Ray's spazz dancing, but with Jesse Electric Ray giving his best Hendrix impersonation and the rest of the guys laying down some heavy retro-dance rhythms, the love shines through.

'My Baby, She Don't Love Me' brings the band's R&B roots to the fore and it's hard to believe this is the same outfit who brought us the groovy 'Get Higher', but the general skilful playing and the pervading good vibes make them thoroughly exciting. 'Into The Fire' is another cracker, its slower tempo leading to a finale of the front five all singing, in a variety of keys, "there's always space in my heart for you", and as the music fades and tones dip, this feels like one song that's outlasted its welcome. But just as all seems lost they switch into dance groove and the song's latter stages send the crowd demented.

The set closes with a 22-minute long jam – drummer Toby thumps out the rhythm from atop his bass drum while Smokin' Sam goes walkabout with his sax through the crowd and in and out of the hall. An inspired piece of improvisation, and the crowd get in on the act by swarming the stage en masse – in true hippy fashion the guys let some art college folk play with their instruments. It sounds daft, it sounds dumb, but I guess you had to be there. Make sure you are next time.

Matter', where the rhythms skeetered around Ian's dependable bass, before taking off in a cloud of hard-nosed chord suss on the early Kinks strain of a brand new number (possibly entitled 'Come On In').

Still visibly embarrassed about the earlier problems, International rounded off their set soon after. But, while this 'event' proved a rather ill-fated exercise, it was not without levity or commendable musical input and at least attests to brighter days ahead.

Tim Peacock

**PSYCHIC TV**  
**Brighton Zap Club**

PEOPLE WANTED to get into this gig more than you might realise – even completely amateur one-off touts realised they could get £20 for a ticket.

Psychic TV hit the stage amidst so much dry ice that seeing in front of your nose becomes a temporary impossibility. When the fog clears, we're treated to Genesis P Orridge in a glitter costume and top hat, looking like a cross between Gary Glitter and Slade's Noddy Holder.

PTV have been playing with dance beats for longer than just about anyone in the UK, and are far more adept than most people give them credit for. Of course they've also

Perfect Name, an archetypal Manchester unit from Moston who could have appeared at any time in the city in the past ten years. Competent players to the man, they don't exactly ooze much originality, passion, or anything in fact – a mass of tangled long hair, beards and checked shirts. It's heavy duty pop by numbers, aimed in the direction of stadia rock like the early-'80s Big Country scumbag scenario.

Perfect Name though do have one fine moment – a track called 'If' that adds an Irish sounding whistle to the framework, infusing the whole thing with an air of mystery and imagination lacking elsewhere. 'If' is their trump card, it's up to them to play it.

Support are a rabble from Bury way called Machine Gun Feedback who include a couple of 16 year olds in their unit. Taking their cue from The Wonder Stuff, they've bypassed the more familiar Manchester wah wah wander and implanted a little piece of Stourbridge into the city. Tune ridden bouncing pop, played with a running enthusiasm and a deftness that's saved them from rotting to death on the hideous youth club/table tennis circuit. Machine Gun Feedback are very young, highly confident and damn good.

John Robb

**INTERNATIONAL**  
**Liverpool Quiggins Cafe**

DECIDING TO lose the 'e' that once concluded their moniker, International have also binned last year's horns and jazz-funk orientation to explore a beaty, pop-odd guitar angle.

And, in a typically irrepressible Scouse manner, they chose this Saturday afternoon hive of clothes boutiques and coffee drinkers to unveil their new direction.

Sadly, despite the best of intentions, the 'gig' was to prove an uphill battle as singer Paul Fitzgerald fought bravely with the meagre PA and the band attempted the first number three times before he could make himself heard above the clamour of guitars, tea cups and small talk.

Eventually licking the technical difficulties (and still smiling), International made amends in style with a clutch of newly-honed songs like 'One World' and 'Miss America', where Fitzgerald's guitar stand did its utmost to impede a rack of bargain buys and Strat-wielding lead man Simon ripped into a series of incredible squeals despite his claustrophobic stance.

So, with the crowd warming to them, the band picked up the tempo and launched into 'Doesn't Really

always been interested in far more than entertainment as mere escapism, and accordingly manage to create a pretty special atmosphere – straight kids mingle freely on the dancefloor with tribally pierced children of the revolution, and when Genesis gets down among them, he's simply one of the crowd. All barriers are down, the house is rockin' and Psychic TV are pretty special.

But this was more than the local dance. The gig was part of the humanitarian campaign against the local dolphinarium, and the music slows to a halt as Gen reminds the crowd that there's more to life than just dancing. In a remarkably courageous display, he patiently tells hecklers that their cynicism is born of fear. But no one could have really been prepared for what happened next – in the middle of the set, news comes through that the Allied forces have started bombing Iraq, and fighting for the right to party is put well into perspective.

PTV have changed their 'Nothing Short Of A Total War' slogan to '...Total Love' and people wander out, looking at the 'Total Love' stickers peppered round the Zap, knowing that we'd just gone to war. Never had a dance band seemed so pertinent.

George Berger-

# The art of noise

## SILVERFISH Malet Street ULU

"MAKE NOISE, not war," reads the inked legend on bassist Chris P's chest – and as usual, Silverfish make every effort to blast their seething angst through the temples of all present. Unfortunately, some of the f\*\*kwhits present are incapable of controlling their baser instincts and subsequently this is one 'Fish gig that never really strikes the right chord, despite the band's best efforts.

OK, the first four songs are all delivered in such similarly deranged fashion that they're almost interchangeable, but with Lesley in stompin' form and the band less ramshackle than of old, the excitement bubbles over. Then 'Total F\*\*kin' Asshole' arrives and Lesley's spleen is boosted by the proliferation of anal retentive student stage divers. True the song is less-than-perfectly delivered but it brings the animal out in the rest of the crowd and a frenzied remainder of the set is guaranteed.

But when guitarist Fuzz announces through Lesley that "if he's hit on the head with a glass one more time he's walking off", you can sense things ain't gonna run too smoothly. 'Shit Out Of Luck' is brilliant, though, as nasty as hardcore gets and the song to prove Silverfish can make it on their own merits, instead of being semi-favourably compared with a host of Yank contemporaries. The fun continues with some tripped out diver getting stage fright and being thrown off by Lesley with the heavily accentuated words, "What a carrot, it's always hardest the first time".

By this point, two enormous idiot bouncers are ensconced onstage and proceed to enjoy themselves throwing off anybody who ventures on, not realising that this is the way people really get hurt at gigs; then again, perhaps they realise this perfectly well. To her credit, Lesley has a go at them, but a further part of the evening's goodwill vanishes when some idiot jumps onstage and grabs her by the hair, slamming into her as he does so. She reacts well, launching into song with "Pass me some of that dumbass f\*\*ker", and the band really let rip in support.

Time was when you could go to a 'core gig and have a good rough laugh, but these days there seems to be a return to the post-punk 'heavier than thou' ethos. Let's just hope Silverfish can avoid the hooligan element – their viciousness is artistic, and they deserve better.

Leo Finlay



CHEST LIKE that: Chris Silverfish says noise annoys

Steve Gullick

## CHUMBAWAMBA New Cross Venue

PICTURE THE scene. Outside, the roads are clogged with the prospective audience, all desperately hoping the queue to the door isn't really that long. It is.

All this with no media coverage, too. It's an A&R man's dream for any other band but Leeds anarchists Chumbawamba have no truck with the word 'compromise' – so hands off, it's ours.

Beginning with an acappella 'The Day The Nazi Died', Chumbawamba resemble a euphoric firework display exploding into a roaring fire which generates vast amounts of warmth and hope. There's seven of them tonight, veering on and off stage and pumping a jubilant punk/funk extravaganza. The singers disappear for costume changes, adding a theatrical flavour to the event as Dan appears as a member of the Army and then Elvis Presley – while Alice returns as a nun!

The entire Venue is bathed in a sea of punks dancing – not hauling themselves into each other – and as the last notes chime and the voices cry "I never gave up, I never gave up", the party atmosphere detonates... because Chumbawamba communicate.

No rules, no secrets. It's about dancing with a brain to music with heart, irrespective of style, and along with the dub-wise reggae of RDF, the hardcore folk of The Levellers and the skanking rhythms of Citizen Fish, Chumbawamba are leading the struggle to really charge a community.

Andy Peart

## CINDERELLA Hammersmith Odeon

ONCE TACKY and glammy and kinda stupid, Cinderella have grown into a good-going-on-great rock 'n' roll band. Inspired by Led Zeppelin's blues bombast, the Philly quartet's second album 'Long Cold Winter' was a shift from the debut 'Night Songs' s poncey cock rock. The current LP 'Heartbreak Station' is where 'Long Cold Winter' was

headed, halfway between 'Exile On Main Street' and AC/DC's 'Back In Black'. Cinderella have arrived, so to speak.

Old rocks like like 'Shake Me' sound clumsy and crappy amid new tunes brimful of heavy '70s groove and Stones-cum-Humble Pie slip 'n' slide. Two hot girl singers, a sax dude and keyboard player help cook up a bigger, warmer sound than Cinderella mustered as a stock two-guitar hard rock combo.

'Heartbreak Station' is the coolest and most emotive song, all acoustics and drowsy melody, borrowing a mood and a line or two from the Stones' 'No Expectations'. It's a departure from the first two records' blustery rock ballads, of which two – 'Don't Know What You've Got (Till It's Gone)' and 'Nobody's Fool' – are strung together late in the set. The best of the rockers, too, are irresistible: 'Gypsy Road', thumping and twanging, with a great dumb hook; and the new single 'Shelter Me', 'Tumbling Dice' reborn. After 'Shelter Me', Cinderella finish by coming clean with a killer version of 'Brown Sugar'.

Tom Keifer squawks a bit on the big notes and wears a cheap line in long coats, but he's a good guitarist, an articulate rock star and a damn fine songwriter. His band could be the biggest Stones thing since Guns N' Roses.

Paul Elliott

## FREAK! Oxford Jericho Tavern

LONG HAired funsters who, on first appearance, could be expected to churn out a sub-Dinosaur noise mash, Freak! mine a poppy seam, taking in elements sufficiently diverse to endear these Oxford types to punters of every persuasion.

There's a godlike groovy element to their thang – mainman Ady's guitar throws rock shapes for sure, but it's underpinned by the infectious thud of a drum machine and the work of a drummer who's got this dance business down to a tee. Tunes like 'White Light' and 'Perfect' are consequently able to

ignite an impressive, loopy crowd.

The band's beauty is their ability to keep you guessing. Their introductory tunes threaten to throw them down a rockist U2 hole, but they pull themselves out with numbers that, in turns, get metallic, house-influenced and blissfully laid-back; eclectic seems something of an understatement.

With more than a few big name A&R men in attendance, Freak!'s star seems to be in the ascendant. Although corporate finance may be smiling on them, however, the vagaries of fashion may not be so kind. Whether trend-crazy kids will take to them as ecstatically as Oxford has remains to be seen.

But their killer talents – exemplified by a final frantic run through Faith No More's 'We Care A Lot' – shine through. Sweet pop music.

John Harris

## CARTER (THE UNSTOPPABLE SEX MACHINE) Oxford Street HMV Shop

THERE ARE, for future reference, two HMV shops in Oxford Street, as your humble scribe and a few other beleaguered drop-outs found, wandering round the wrong one, followed eagerly by the Gestapo securit.

However, a quick trip up the road and Carter have attracted two or three hundred of London's finest urchins to temporarily spoil HMV's squeaky clean image with their presence.

"You're only here cos you don't have to pay," a voice cheerfully goads from the stage, and Carter, "the greatest rock 'n' roll band from South London since Joan Baez" appear. Despite an unnaturally quiet sound, they steam into 'Rubbish' and mass bopping ensues as the HMV staff look on bewildered.

Soft Cell's 'Bedsitter' was always a beautiful song and Carter do it ample justice, before 'Sheriff Fatman' turns the cold evening's spark into a fire. Then the new single 'Bloodsport For All', which, even against mega-competition, has got to be the best song they've written so far –

naughty but nice and don't be amazed to see it on *TOTP*. Indeed, all of Carter's new stuff is awe-inspiring.

A verse into 'Rent', and HMV decide promotion time is up, and cut the power. Still, rockin' in the HMV world was a nice chance to put some life and dirt into an otherwise stifling and sterilised atmosphere.

As a final parting gesture, Jimbob offers "Shoplift now! Shoplift now!", and then they're gone – off back to Sarf London and still cheeky as f\*\*k.

George Berger

## DRIVE/FAMILY GOTOWN Liverpool Planet X

LED BY a trio sporting Emo Phillips locks, tasteless Bermuda shorts and a masterful display of arse wiggling, you're always inclined to laugh with Family Gotown.

But, please note, that's laugh *with*, not *at*, for this barmy quintet may place irreverence high up the priority list, but they're no slouches musically either. In fact, whether sat astride a charging, beat group rhino or imbibing from a Hammond-infused ballad, there's only an occasional touch of sloppiness to detract. Certainly familiar, but arresting too. Fun, natural fun.

However, with the considerable gathering hotting up for a memorable sweatbox set, Drive are quick to take the reins and prove why consistency and patience can still be virtues in the frantic rawk galaxy.

After all, while Drive may still be beaver away on the small club circuit, they are now becoming a formidable draw and – abounding with skate shorts and Cons boots – are fully equipped to take the hardcore pop sector by the scruff of the neck.

With confidence and crowd overflowing, the trio immediately take out the new single, 'Greasegun' and follow-up via the love bitin' crunch of 'No Girls'. Only 'Peephole' is a disappointment – played in a frenzied storm that refuses to let the gorgeous melody breathe out.

Momentarily breaking off from his cheeky audience baiting, singer Iain diverts their post-Dinosaur express into a Ruts-y siding, but with Jeff

finally investing in some decent cymbals and further anthemic peals like 'Beans' re-igniting the engine room, Drive's race for success is well and truly underway.

Tim Peacock

## FISHMONKEYMAN Birkenhead The Alex

THERE ARE more gremlins in The Alex than there were in Hollywood a few years ago, which allows us plenty of time to go to the bar between songs, but hardly helps the flow of the gig. Fishmonkeyman are also given a semi-silent bass to contend with and do remarkably well under the circumstances.

Their Goodier, Skinner and Peel-played debut EP is blown away by a much harder live sound. Ken Hancock's guitar is given much more room to expand and contrasts with Paul's acoustic strumming. 'The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea' is a moody lament, with Paul Denheyer's Julian-Cope-without-the-weirdness vocals, while 'Heads' features some thumping tom-tom work from Carl.

Halfway through, Paul introduces 'Breathing' as his personal favourite. It turns out to be the worst song of the night, but, in its own way, highlights most of Fishmonkeyman's problems. All too often they produce steady guitar pop, which is played and sung well enough, but leaves the hairs on the back of your neck totally undisturbed. Storming songs like 'If I Told You Once' and 'Canute' show they're capable of much better, but there are too many fillers in the set.

It's probably unfair to judge on a night beset by this many sound problems. Fishmonkeyman are capable of such assured and

confident moves, they shouldn't allow themselves to settle for second best.

Pete Naylor

## DEAN DWYER Manette Street Borderline

"A FOREST". The shout from the crowd only gives away half the game, because although Dean Dwyer share a common ground with The Cure the full blown comparison isn't totally justified.

Having gradually found their name mentioned in the right places, Dean Dwyer have now secured a fair sized following who half fill the Borderline, greeting every song without a hint of criticism, and for the first 20 minutes or so I'm with them all the way.

Although the frail vocals threaten to fall apart, the guitars soar effortlessly, holding back but still remaining the focal point of the overall sound. The lyrics, too, are intriguing fragments of lovelorn poetry at which the singer looks embarrassed having to recount in public, his waif-like features often turning nervously away from the audience.

As the set progresses, though, the songs begin to melt into each other and the variation becomes minimal. A couple of brand new numbers swim in exactly the same pool of regret and it's with some relief that they close with the single 'Cruelty Called Tonight', offering familiarity to what is an isolating performance.

Reservations, then, because although Dean Dwyer do occasionally approach the Godlike genius of The Cure, the rest of the time they appear to be running in circles and ending up where they started.

Andy Peart



TWO VITAL organs of the 'Core Creature: Steel Pole Bath Tub (right and right) and their infectious throat. The Melvins (below) give a bum deal. Pics: Steve Gullick



### FATIMA MANSION SINGULAR Harlesden Mean Fiddler Acoustic Room

THE SMALLER of the two Mean Fiddler halls is a grand little spot to see an alternative comedian or a solo uilleann piper, but stick anyone with half a name on there and the comfort quotient matches that of a rush hour Northern Line tube. And although Harlesden is almost home territory for any Irish act, it's a shock to see how sardine-like the place is for the diminished Fatima Mansions.

As expected, the gig opens with Cathal Coughlan hunched over keyboards to belt out a couple of tracks, including a heartfelt 'Door To Door Inspector', but 'Wilderness On Time' sees him joined by guitarist Andreas O'Guama and an extra pair of hands on keyboards. It's superbly delivered and the power of its lyrics easily match the following treatment of Scott Walker's 'Long About Now'.

It's all too easy for singers of Coughlan's stature to lapse into melodrama and kitsch while carrying the torch, but he seems to realise that the essence of cabaret is equal parts tragedy and comedy and his more-chirpy-than-usual mood takes little from the impact of the songs.

Recent proper Fatima Mansions gigs have included these semi-solo spots - and they do give an interesting contrast to the ever-heavier Mansions sound - but Coughlan knows which side his bread is buttered on and FMS is surely destined to remain a fascinating sideline. But such shows allow him to indulge in lengthy (and frequently hilarious) introductions to the likes of 'Bertie's Brochures', and importantly to have a good time. Get along to a Singular gig and enjoy an artist at play.

Leo Finlay



### SILVER CHAPTER Camden Falcon

AS SINGER Eugene prepares to strike his first pose of the evening, guitarist Rob remembers there's something he's forgotten to do. Coily turning away from the crowd, he reaches into his pocket, pulls out a

comb and proceeds to tease his quiff while his colleagues look on in admiration.

Narcissists with attitude, Silver Chapter hark back to those halcyon days when pop stars made it their duty to cause a heart attack in every household. Flash and sometimes fiery, they exude the utmost

arrogance, fearlessly kicking sand in the faces of those who gave bubblegum pop a bad name.

Unlike Westworld and their ilk, Silver Chapter's pop does considerably more than just pout. 'Ramalama (Ramalamalama)' and 'Don't Walk In The Park (After Dark)', in particular, are blistering,

## Rhinos on the storm

### MELVINS/STEEL POLE BATH TUB New Cross Venue

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

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

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

And the hugely popular Melvins are the buttocks. Where the opening band rattle, they only gnaw. Main Melvin man Buzz is mean, thrusting his instrument like a toy in his sizeable hands, grinding out "marching-up-and-down" bad mood riffs, shaking his funny hair and wobbling his cheeks all at once. It's a thud and a one-paced drag. His two cohorts, bassist Lori and drummer Dale, pull the machine along in an all too regular manner, no frills, no thrills, no surprises. If Motorhead were too fast to be heavy metal, then the Melvins are too slow to catch cold.

It's standard issue grunge. The stage-divers bound around like orphaned Andy Pandies. The shrewd head home.

James Robert

bad-tempered anti-anthems that were quite probably written in the backroom of a youth club, with a complete disregard for anything as trivial as structure.

Silver Chapter, y'see, are all about achieving maximum impact with minimum resources. While Rob and fellow guitarist Joe pepper each

song with a mere handful of slashing chords, Eugene repeatedly falls to the floor in an act of studied nonchalance, before dragging on his trusty fag like the coolest kid in high school. Yup, Silver Chapter give trash a good name. Hold on to your hairspray.

Paul Mardles

## Foul play

### PLENTY/FIRST OFFENCE Manchester International

IN WHICH we come to the tail end of the Mancs kerfuffle - the International hardly bled atmosphere as two of the city's north end crews peaked out to see what was left amongst the debris.

First Offence are mean underclass rap culture vultures from the same Little Hulton sprawl that spat out the Happy Mondays a few hit records ago. But there's no musical link with their more famous neighbours. This is a vicious sound gang, body blows provided by an evil scumbag rattle of samples over a seething backbeat, with bruising whiteboy raps that leave MC Tunes looking like a golden throated Sinatra.

When this menace collage works, it all connects in a ruthless style. The recent single 'Tell 'Em What U Like' rides on its riff culled from the Stones, plus a surging vocal chorus line half-inched from f\*\*k

knows where. Later on, they headbutt The Beatles' 'Everyone's Got Something To Hide Except For Me And My Monkey' into Johnny Rotten's still potent 'I am an antichrist' sneer for their most vicious lowlife shriek.

First Offence are ugly, brutal and rivetting. They've bypassed the increasingly stale pub rock routine that afflicts most of Manchester's newer musos, and gone for the hip hop undertow that's still been largely unexplored.

Headliners Plenty are new Factory recruits, as the label attempts to grapple with the vacuum created by the Mondays' runaway success. Their credentials are north Mancs street scruff pop, played competently - but it's that tail end vibe again, the audience is sombre, there's something lacking, and no-one can be arsed with all that Mancs workout again. Plenty, unlike the more interesting Wendys, will have an uphill battle to convince that they are new Factory gems.

John Robb



# NIGHTSHIFT

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## Motorhead

Rarely has a band survived the decades with as much credibility and style as Motorhead have. True, Lemmy may be showing a few more creases, while Philthy Phil seems to have succumbed to grey hair and a pot belly, but the visible signs of ageing are attributes of the length of time Motorhead have endured. Judging from their superb new album '1916', the band have lost none of their ability to mow down an audience with grievous assault of the eardrums, even if some of the rawness has been replaced by a smoother kind of speed, as can be found on 'Angel City' or 'Going To Brazil'. As they keep on rockin' harder and faster than the best of them, Motorhead remain an important monument to how good British rock music can be.

MOTORHEAD PLAY Newport (Sunday), Guildford (Monday) and Leicester (Tuesday)

**NORTHAMPTON** Camilla's Strangely Enough  
**NORWICH** Waterfront (632717/766266) Deviant  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Goodfellows Powagquatsi  
**NOTTINGHAM** Old Vic The Ancestry  
**OXFORD** Apollo (44544) Fairport Convention  
**SOUTHAMPTON** Joiner's Arms (225612) The Lovebuttons/  
 Jane From Occupied Europe  
**SOUTHAMPTON** Oceans Tokyo Joe  
**STOKE ON TRENT** Freetown Club (214207) Langfield Crane  
**WIGAN** Pier Hearing Colours

## THURSDAY 31

**ASH VALE** George (543500) Eclairs  
**BARNET** Old Bull Arts Centre (081-449 0048) Louise Tonkin  
**BATH** Moles (333423) Studs On Main Street  
**BELFAST** Lavery's Bar Chimera  
**BIRMINGHAM** Breedon Bar Border Cafe The DT's  
**BIRMINGHAM** Irish Centre (021-622 2314) Trevor Burton Band  
**BOLTON** Oscar's Wine Bar (393463) Detour  
**BOURNEMOUTH** Hothouse Cactus Rain  
**BRIGHTON** Basement (683585) Close Lobsters  
**BRISTOL** Fleece And Firkin (277150) Cronos/Warfare  
**BUCKLEY** Tivoli Ballroom (550782) The Atom Seed  
**CAMBRIDGE** Junction (412600) Fat And Frantic  
**CHELMSFORD** Y Club Melt  
**CHICHESTER** Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) Buster Fender  
**COLCHESTER** Piccolo Padre Said And Done  
**COVENTRY** Tic Toc (632462) Bierkeller Nacht  
**CROYDON** London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) The Gas Boys  
**DUDLEY** JB's (53597) Headonic  
**EASTBOURNE** Rumours (39308) Petals  
**EDINBURGH** Queen's Hall (031-668 2019) Fairport Convention  
**EGHAM** Royal Holloway College (4453) Senseless Things  
**FAREHAM** Ferneham Hall (231942) Medicine Head  
**GLASGOW** King Tut's Wah Wah Hut The Bachelor Pad  
**GLASGOW** Mayfair (041-332 3872) Brian Jones Tribute Night  
**GLASGOW** Tunnel Stress  
**HARLOW** Square (25594) Lindsay Moran/Robin Banks/Sean Meo/Sue Long  
**LANCASTER** Sugarhouse The Real People  
**LEICESTER** Old Crown Red Knows Blue  
**LEICESTER** Princess Charlotte (553956) The Strange  
**LEIGHTON BUZZARD** Wheatstheaf (374611) Sharp Kiddie/Various Heads  
**LIVERPOOL** Hardman House Hotel (051-708 8303) The Vow/Preachers  
**LONDON** Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Jelly In The Fridge  
**LONDON** Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Ruthless Blues  
**LONDON** Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Brighter/Even As We Speak  
**LONDON** Charing Cross Road Astoria (071-434 0403) Killing Joke/Loud  
**LONDON** Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) The Hank Wangford Trio/BJ Cole's Tender Mercies  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Dive In/ Juniper  
**LONDON** Dean Street Gossips Gaz's Rockin' Blues (071-434 4480) Derrick Morgan And The Pirates  
**LONDON** Deptford Crystal Palace Tavern Moonshot Blues Band  
**LONDON** Elephant And Castle South Bank Polytechnic (071-261 1525) The Hollowmen  
**LONDON** Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Coolthrust/Rain Poets/Murder Of Crows/The Reg Guttridge  
**LONDON** Fulham High Street King's Head (071-736 1413) The Love Jetz  
**LONDON** Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) The Thorns/Nothing/Water  
**LONDON** Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Natre!  
**LONDON** Hampstead University College School Humphrey Lyttleton Band  
**LONDON** Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) The Hotheads/  
 Submarine

**LONDON** Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Hardlines  
**LONDON** Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Tinsletown/The Herb Conspiracy  
**LONDON** Kentish Town Town And Country Club (071-284 0303) EMF  
**LONDON** Kings Road Crazy Larrys The New Hooligans  
**LONDON** Litchfield Street Bunjies Tommy O'Sullivan And Kevin McConville/Vince McMann/Xandy Brand  
**LONDON** Malet Street University Of London Union (071-580 9551) Keziah Jones  
**LONDON** New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) The Honeysuckle Engines/The Muscle Shoal/The Empty Set  
**LONDON** Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Sons Of The Desert  
**LONDON** Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Voodoo U/Big Cras  
**Burning/Sugar Rain**  
**LONDON** Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Humphrey Lyttleton Band  
**LONDON** South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Martin Blackwell And Ian Ballentine  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Zubop  
**LONDON** Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Spin Doctors/Backlash  
**LONDON** Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) Red Money/Big Tuna  
**LONDON** West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) Almost Human/The Blue Room  
**LONDON** Willsons Green Library Centre Eyes On Brazil  
**MANCHESTER** Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Andy Sheppard Quintet  
**MANCHESTER** Boardwalk Power Of Dreams  
**MANCHESTER** Seven-0-One (061-681 2648) House And Techno Night  
**MANCHESTER** Witchwood The Method  
**NEWCASTLE** Arts Centre (091-232 4225) Lionel Beale's Rhythm Aces  
**NEWCASTLE** Broken Doll (071-232 1047) The Bitter End Club  
**NEWCASTLE** Riverside (091-261 4386) The Real People

## WEDNESDAY 30

**ABERYSTWYTH** Art Centre (622882) You Slush  
**ASH VALE** George (543500) Slo Driver  
**BATH** Moles (333423) Club Dance Night  
**BIRMINGHAM** Institute Killing Joke/Loud  
**BIRMINGHAM** Psychic Dancehall Coloursound  
**BOLTON** Oscar's Wine Bar (393463) Jazz Fusion  
**BRIGHTON** Basement (683585) Dead Milkmen  
**BRISTOL** Bierkeller (268514) Legs Diamond  
**BUCKLEY** Tivoli Ballroom (550782) The Hollowmen/  
 Goodnight Said Florence  
**CAMBRIDGE** Junction (412600) The Atom Seed/Easy/Basti  
**CANNOCK** Smackers The Great Divide  
**CHICHESTER** Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) The Daniel Grade  
**COLCHESTER** Arts Centre (577301) Sonic Arts Project/Act Of Love  
**COVENTRY** Tic Toc (632462) Cronos/Warfare  
**CROYDON** London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Jump The Gap

**DUNSTABLE** Wheatstheaf (662571) Late Road Lunatics  
**EPHING** George And Dragon Out Of The Blue  
**LEEDS** Duchess Of York (453929) Tubllah Dog  
**LEICESTER** Princess Charlotte (553956) Leatherface/Those Americans  
**LONDON** Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) Mel Ellis Band  
**LONDON** Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) British Blues Review Jam  
**LONDON** Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Hooverman/The Glass Hammers  
**LONDON** Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Hazel O'Connor/The Tender Trap  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) The Darkside  
**LONDON** Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) From The Hip/Sweet Jane/Annakarina  
**LONDON** Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Fat Morgan  
**LONDON** Great Portland Street Albany (071-388 0588) Sonja Kristina/Bob Cairns  
**LONDON** Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) No Sweat (Main) Raindancing/Billy Liberator/Chris Kirtley (Acoustic)

## ...on the road

Essex Univ 21, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 23, Egham Royal Holloway College 25, Norwich UEA 26, Leicester Poly March 1, Manchester Hacienda 5, Bradford Univ 6, Newcastle Poly 7.

**BOB DYLAN:** Plays Dublin Point February 6, London Hammersmith Odeon 8, 9, 10, 12, 13 & 17.

**EASY:** London Charing Cross Marquee (with Kitchens Of Distinction) February 6.

**FAIRPORT CONVENTION:** Play Bradford St George's Hall February 6, Chesterfield Winding Wheel 7, Northampton Spinney Hill Hall 8, Leamington Spa Centre 9, Derby Assembly Rooms 10, Stafford Gate House Theatre 11, Cardiff St David's 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.

**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.

**JOHN WESLEY HARDING:** Aberdeen Caesar's Palace February 22, Edinburgh Oysters 23, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 24, Leeds Duchess Of York 25, Coventry Poly 27, Birmingham Breedon Bar 28, Manchester Chorlton Irish Centre March 1, London Harlesden Mean Fiddler 2, Bath Univ 4, Hastings Crypt 6, London Woolwich Tramshed 7, Brentford Watermans Arts Centre 8.

**HOLY TRINITY:** Play a one-off at the Birmingham Barrel Organ on February 10.

**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, Harlow Square 9, Trent Poly 11, Newcastle Poly 12, Leeds Duchess Of York 13, Hull Adelphi 14, Northampton Nene College 15, Dudley JB's 16, Leicester Princess Charlotte 17, Birmingham Univ 19, Stoke Wheatstheaf 20, Loughborough Univ 21, Manchester Boardwalk 22, Warwick Univ 23, Oxford Jericho Tavern 24, Middlesex Trent Poly 26, Canterbury Kent Univ 27, Brighton Poly 28, London Houghton Street LSE March 1, Bath Moles 2, Guildford Surrey Univ 3.

**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.

**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.

**JUDAS PRIEST:** 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.

**LANGFIELD CRANE:** Play Wendover Reaction February 9, Telford Cultural Centre March 1.

**LITTLE ANGLES:** Play Norwich UEA March 6, Bradford St Georges Hall 7, Manchester International Two 8, Glasgow Barrowlands 8, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 11, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 13, Cardiff St David's Hall 15, Cambridge Corn Exchange 16.

**MANDRAGRA:** Play Winchester Railway Inn February 9, Hastings Pig In Paradise 10, London New Cross Amersham Arms 25.

**ANNIHILATOR:** One off at London Charing Cross Road Marquee March 25.

**BASTI:** Southampton Joiners February 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.

**CACTUS RAIN:** Play Newcastle Poly February 6.

**CARMEL:** Plays dates at London Frith Street Ronnie Scott's every Sunday from February 10 to March 3.

**CITIZEN FISH:** Play their last gig at Brighton Event (with The Levellers) February 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.

**CONFLICT:** At Bristol Bierkeller February 6, Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre 8, Bradford One In Twelve Club 9, Birmingham Mosley Dance Centre 10, Manchester International Two 14, Newcastle Riverside 16.

**JULEE CRUISE:** One off at London Palladium February 17.

**DELIRIOUS:** Play London Harlesden Mean Fiddler February 15.

**DREAM ACADEMY:** UK tour dates at Egham Royal Holloway College February 7, Leicester Poly 7, Cardiff Univ 9, Nottingham Trent Poly 11, Sheffield Univ 13, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 14.

**DREAM WARRIORS:** Reading Univ February 19, Coventry Tic Toc 20, Colchester

...OR FAX IT IN - 071-928 2852

LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) What About You/Marina Speaks/The Spin Doctors (Main) Evoid/Robbie Murphey (Acoustic)

LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (071-274 2733) The Flying Pigs

LONDON Highbury Corner T&C2 The Catherine Wheel

LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Microgroove

LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Th'Faith Healers/The Hysterics/The Butterflies

LONDON Kentish Town North London Polytechnic Floa/Groove Detective

LONDON Kings Road Crazy Larrys Assassination

LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Living Large

LONDON Lewisham Roebuck Working With Tomatoes

LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) The Cosmics

LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Who Cares

LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Big Joe Louis And His Blues Kings

LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Brian Leake Duo

LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett The Melanie Harrold And Oily Blanchflower Band

LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Okran/Moonshot

LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) Skaw

LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) PJ And The Classics

LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) The Lazy Brigade/Crawling King Snakes/Sugar Train

LONDON Willmsden Green Library Centre Roy Block

LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (081-946 5041) GM And The Bucket T's/Scared Scriptless

LOUGHBOROUGH University (266600) Milltown Brothers

MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Andy Sheppard Quintet

MANCHESTER Seven-O-One (061-681 2648) Out Of The Ashes

MANCHESTER UMIST Eddie Burke

MANCHESTER Witchwood The Tansads

MELKSHAM Bear (703864) The Chain

NEWBURY Clock Tower Inn Rusty Bucket

NEWCASTLE Arts Centre (091-232 4225) Gerry Richardson's Soul Fusion

NEWCASTLE Broken Doll (071-232 1047) Bigots

NEWCASTLE Irish Centre Leatherface

NEWCASTLE Joe Wilson's Kennedy/Marianne Dreams

NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) Deep/Dead Flowers/Octalish/The Shapes/Lime Green Violent

NORWICH Waterfront (632717766266) Orange Dance

NOTTINGHAM Narrow Boat (501947) Tubilah Dog/Blood Sugar

OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) Basti

ROTHERHAM Horatio's Club Indie

SHEFFIELD Polytechnic (738934) JJ

SHREWSBURY Buttermarket (65913) You Slosh

SHREWSBURY Fridge Power Of Dreams

SOUTHAMPTON Joiner's Arms (225612) The Darkside/Spittire

SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Ricky Valentine And The Rev Ups

SOUTHEND Dickens Irish Mist

ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (53143) Shere Khan

WAKEFIELD Bretton College (85382) The B-Days

WAKEFIELD Mr Clarks Sound Foundation

CHINNOR Village Hall Red House/Steve Doonican And The Tasteless Jumpers/The First Cut

CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) The Hamsters

ODDLEY JB's (53597) The Hollowmen

DUMFRIES White Hart Hotel Eddie Baskerville

EASTBOURNE Rumours (39308) Otis Lift And The Elevators

EBBW VALE Market Tavern Branded

EXETER Arts Centre (219741) The Desired/The Head Club

HARLOW Square (25594) Bhundu Boys/Indestructible Beat

HIGH WYCOMBE Red Lion Moonshot Blues Band

HULL Adelphi (48216) Manic Street Preachers

KIDDERMINSTER Market Tavern Senseless Things/Elergy

LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) The Blue Orchids

LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Nancy Reverb

LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) Eat The Rich

LIVERPOOL Cosmos The Goheads

LIVERPOOL Planet X (051-709 7995) The Boo Radleys

LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) Et Advino Duo

LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) FATF

LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) The McCarty Band

LONDON Camden Road Underworld (071-267 3626) Boys Wonder

LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) The Chemistry Set

LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border Skooldays

LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) The Deep Season/Red 57

LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Dave Howard Singers/The Thorns

LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (071-385 1840) The Wandering Crutchlees

LONDON Goldhawk Road Seven Stars (081-748 5679) Irish Mist

LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) South/Smirking Hyenas

LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (081-985 2424) Paul Young/Dave Gilmour/Paul Carrick/Andy Newmark/Guy Pratt/Andy Fairweather-Lowe

LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) The Bluebirds/Haze

LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Captain Sensible And The Family Butcher/Yellow Darkness (Main) Sublime/Maas/The Plymouth Brethren (Acoustic)

LONDON Hounslow High Street Treaty Centre (081-577 6969) Eduardo Niebla And Antonio Forcane

LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) The Blue Orchids

LONDON Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) Belinda Blair Quartet

LONDON Islington Upper Street Kings Head (071-226 1916) Bob & Charlie

LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) Blueyes/Looking For Adam

LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Submerge

LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) Lawnmower Deth

LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Archie Brown/Mr Pits

LONDON New Cross Venue (081-692 4077) Easy/Close Lobsters

LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) AJQ African Jazz Quartet

LONDON North Finchley Lodge Lane High Road Torrington (081-445 4710) Man

LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) More 'N' More

LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) The Esmond Selwyn Quartet

LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Dave Gelly & Nigel Bennett

LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Poorboys

LONDON Stratford Grove Crescent Road Tom Allen Arts Centre Dangerous Designs

LONDON Tufnell Park Junction Road Dome (071-281 2195) The Pleasuredome

LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Brooklyn Dogs/Terrorism

LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Sam Anderson

LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (081-946 5041) Blodwyn Pig

## Senseless Things

Believe it or not, there are some people beginning to look on the Twickenham terrors as a spent force, simply because they haven't had a record out for a while, but of course this is garbage. The band used their last London show to showcase a batch of brand new songs which impressed no end and with rumours of a major label signing in the very near future, only the stupidity of A&R men has held up the Things' progress. Expect a stonking return to the public eye and catch a dose of youthful exuberance now.

SENSELESS THINGS play Egham (Thursday), Kidderminster (Friday), Gloucester (Saturday), Sheffield (Sunday), Colchester (Monday) and Stoke (Tuesday)



CONTINUES OVER

## FRIDAY

1

ASH VALE George (543500) Touch

BARNET Old Bull Arts Centre (081-449 0048) Sean Hughes

BATH Moles (333423) Suzanne Rhatigan

BEDFORD Esquires Ocean Colour Scene/Auto Human

BELFAST Front Page Buttermountain Boys

BERKHAMPTSTEAD Going Underground 70 Policemen In My Kitchen

BLACKPOOL Jenks (27732) The Real People

BRISTOL Polytechnic (656261) Cactus Rain

CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange (357851) Fairport Convention

CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Joe Ely

MANIC STREET PREACHERS: Oxford Venue February 7, Dudley JB's 8, Coventry Stoker 9, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 13, Brighton The Richmond 14, Taunton Priory 15, Aldershot Buzz Club 16, Guildford Surrey Univ 17, Nottingham Trent Poly 18.

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 Printing 14, Leeds Boddington Hall 15.

GEORGE MICHAEL: London Wembley Arena March 19, 20, 22 & 23. Sold out.

MILLTOWN BROTHERS: Play Treforest Poly Of Wales February 7, Bournemouth Poly 8, Bath Moles Club 9, Manchester Hacienda 11, Newcastle Poly 12, Stoke Freetown Club 13, Sheffield Poly 14, Nottingham Univ 16.

MOTORHEAD: Liverpool Royal Court February 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: Bournemouth Academy February 25, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 26, Cambridge Corn Exchange 28, Norwich UEA March 1, Hull 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.

OUTBACK: Play London Shoreditch Bass Clef February 21.

PET SHOP BOYS: UK tour at Birmingham NEC June 2 & 3, Whitley Bay Ice Rink 5, Wembley Arena 8 & 9.

## ...on the road

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 Pavillion 28, London Wembley Arena March 1, Birmingham NEC 4.

THE SENSELESS THINGS: Play Aberdeen Ritz's February 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.

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 Sugar House 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.

SPIN: Gigs at London Islington Powerhaus February 8, Oxford Jericho 9, Peterborough Laughing Gravy 15, Hull Adelphi 16, London Charing Cross Road Borderline 19, Bristol Poly 22, London New Cross Venue 23, Leicester Princess Charlotte 24, Manchester Boardwalk March 8, Nottingham Trent Poly 11, Leeds Duchess Of York 12, Dudley JB's 15, Harlow Square 16.

ROD STEWART: Dates at London Wembley Arena April 1, 2, 4 & 5, Birmingham NEC 6, 9, 10 & 11, Gateshead International Stadium June 2.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Play a St Patrick's Day special at London Brixton Academy March 17.

STING: Newcastle City Hall April 21 & 22, London Hammersmith Odeon 24, 25, 26, 27 & 28.

STRESS: At Loughborough Univ February 7, Manchester Univ 8, Sheffield Leadmill 9, Nottingham Poly 15, Coventry Poly 16.

THIS PICTURE: Play London Covent Garden Rock Garden February 6.

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.

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.

DAVE VANIAN AND THE PHANTOM CHORDS: Play London Highbury And Islington T&C2 February 11, Bath Moles 14, Billingham Forum 16.

THE WENDYS: Play Dundee Bar Chevrolet February 19, Edinburgh Venue 20, Greenock Toledo Junction 21, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 22, Brighton Zap 25, London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 27, Manchester Boardwalk March 1.

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.

# NIGHTSHIFT

## FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

**MANCHESTER** Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Unfinished Bizness  
**MANCHESTER** Swinging Sporrán Lucre  
**MANCHESTER** University (061-273 5111) The Atom Seed  
**MILTON KEYNES** Stables (583528) Andy Sheppard  
**NEWCASTLE** Arts Centre (091-232 4225) Hot Sexte/VJB All Stars  
**NEWCASTLE** Polytechnic Keziah Jones  
**NEWPORT** King's Hotel Blues N Trouble  
**NORWICH** Festival Hall (621769) The Ire  
**NORWICH** Waterfront (632717/766266) Killing Joke/Silverfish/Milk  
**NOTTINGHAM** Narrow Boat (501947) Child Brides/Tap Water  
**OXFORD** Jericho Tavern (54502) Afghan Whigs/The Filipinos  
**READING** University (860222) JJ  
**SCARBOROUGH** Stage Door (378843) Lucid Nation/Fruit Eating Bears  
**SOUTHPORT** Arts Theatre Kathryn Tickell Band  
**STOKE ON TRENT** Freetown Club (214207) The Men They Couldn't Hang  
**SWANSEA** Penyrheol Theatre (897039) Roy Harper  
**Telford** Lion Street Cultural Centre (615885) Milltown Brothers/Drop  
**TREFOREST** Polytechnic Of Wales (480558) The Moonflowers  
**WAKEFIELD** Posthaste Langfield Crane  
**WALSALL** Junction 10 (648100) Neil Jackson's Rock Disco  
**WIGAN** GMT Social Club Sister Rain  
**WINDSOR** Psychic Dance Hall The Mekons  
**YORK** University (412328) Bob

## SATURDAY

2

**ASH VALE** George (543500) Said And Done  
**BARNET** Old Bull Arts Centre (081-449 0048) Rock Night  
**BATH** Moles (333423) Tommy Chase  
**BIRKENHEAD** Stairways (051-647 6544) The Atom Seed

Also recommended: The Atom Seed, The Bachelor Pad, Basti, Blue Orchids, Bob, Cactus Rain, Eric Clapton, Close Lobsters (below), Dead Milkmen, Bob Dylan, Th'Faith Healers, Milltown Brothers, Melt, Power Of Dreams, Silverfish, Skaw, Stress, Phantom Chords, Milk, Killing Joke and Leatherface



**BIRMINGHAM** University (021-472 1841) Bob/Steam/BPM\* Blast! Sounds  
**BLYTH** Steamboat Inn Chumbawamba/Sieze The Infidels/Flinch  
**BRENTWOOD** Castle The Brotherhood  
**CAMBRIDGE** Alma Brewery Out Of The Blue  
**CAMBRIDGE** Junction (412600) Felix/Richard Morton/Mark Lemarr  
**CARDIFF** Hanging Gardens Stress  
**COLNE** Municipal Hall (865500) Milltown Brothers  
**COVENTRY** Polytechnic Sweet Sanity  
**CROYDON** London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Paddy Goes To Hollyhead  
**DROGHEDA** Boxing Club Buttermountain Boys

Belgium: Brussels Ancien Belgique 7.  
 Netherlands: Den Haag Paard 9, Amsterdam Milky Way 10.

## Eurofile Continental dates

■ **CRANES:** Dutch leg of their tour at Arnhem William I February 20, Den Haag Paard 21, Amsterdam Paradiso 22, Zwolle Hedon 23, Rotterdam Nighttown 24.

■ **FLOWERED UP:** Play a Heavenly Records night in France along with East Village, Manic Street Preachers and Saint Etienne at Paris Le Locomotive March 1. Tickets from Fat City Promotions 0753 866675

■ **JESUS JONES:** Scandanavian dates at Oslo Rockefeller March 5, Gothenburg Magasinet 6, Stockholm New Melody 7, Copenhagen Pumhusett 9.

Germany: Berlin Loft 10, Hamburg Logo 11, Cologne Luxor 13, Frankfurt Batschkapp 14, Munich Natchwerk 15.

Austria: Vienna U4 16.

Italy: Milan (venue TBA) 18.

France: Lyon Transborder April 4, Paris Espace Orpoto 5, Lille Aeronof 6.

■ **LAWNMOWER DETH:** Netherlands dates at Zaanbarn Drie Luik February 14, Deventer Burgerweeshuis 15, Berghum Kiehoel 16.

Germany: 18 and 19 (East Germany, venues TBC), Hamburg Markthalle 20, Berlin Ecstasy 22, Coburg Juz-Domino 23.

■ **NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN:** Irish and Ulster tour at Limerick Univ February 12, Belfast Conon Hall 13, Coleraine Univ 14, Drogheda Boxing Club 15, Dublin McGonagles 17.

■ **THROWING MUSES:** Netherlands dates at Utrecht Tivoli March 16, Eindhoven Effenaar 17, Amsterdam Paradiso 18.

France: Lille Aeronof 20, Paris Elysee Montmartre 21, Rennes L'Ubu 22, Martigny Les Cabves Du Manoir 24, Lyon Transborder 25.

Belgium: Brussels Ancienne Belgique 27.

Germany: Hamburg Grosse Freiheit 30, Dusseldorf Phillipshalle 31.

Listings in Eurofile are free. Send details to: European Dates, Sounds, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ United Kingdom

**DUDLEY JB'S** (53597) Suicide Blonde  
**EASTBOURNE** Rumours (39308) The Wandering Crutchlees  
**EDINBURGH** Basin Street The Probes/The Matter Bables  
**GLASGOW** King Tut's Wah Wah Hut The Real People  
**GLASGOW** SECC Bob Dylan  
**GLASGOW** Strathclyde University (041-552 1895) Keziah Jones  
**GLOUCESTER** Arts Centre Senseless Things  
**GOSPORT** Labour Club Red Letter Day  
**GRAVESEND** Prince Of Wales Crossland  
**HEXHAM** Queen's Hall Kathryn Tickell Band  
**IPSWICH** Corn Exchange (55851) Jack Bruce/King Bizkit/Bluesville/Automatic Silm/Booze 'N' Blues/CC Blues Band/The Makeshifts/Steamboat To Chicago  
**KIDDERMINSTER** Market Tavern Kurt  
**KINGSTON** Polytechnic (081-546 8340) JJ  
**KINGSTON ON THAMES** White Hart 4th World  
**LEES** Central Park (440704) Bagman  
**LEICESTER** Princess Charlotte (553956) The Gathering  
**LIVERPOOL** Cosmos The Fevertree/Passover  
**LIVERPOOL** St Katherine's College Where's The Beach  
**LONDON** Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176)  
 Russ Henderson Steel Band/Nick Rideout Trio  
**LONDON** Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Reasons To Be Cheerful  
**LONDON** Brixton Old White Horse Being Selfish And The Ideals/Miro/Stompy  
**LONDON** Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Blodwyn Pig  
**LONDON** Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border St Trader  
**LONDON** City Of London Polytechnic The Otherside/Living In Texas/Candy Bones  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Sleazy Sleep/Crux (Lunch)  
**LONDON** Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Wibly Wobbly World/The Body Factory/Dub The Earth  
**LONDON** Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Presence/Scrape  
**LONDON** Hackney Brooksbys' Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Magic The Beans  
**LONDON** Hackney Mare Street Empire (081-985 2424) Ronnie Wood And The Wilks/Kirsty MacColl/Frankie Miller  
**LONDON** Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Mad Cow (Main) The Faltville Aces Cajun Band (Acoustic)  
**LONDON** Herne Hill Half Moon (071-274 2733) Shaft/Case Of Osiris/Almost Human  
**LONDON** Holloway Road Victoria Irish Mist  
**LONDON** Hounslow High Street Treaty Centre (081-577 6969)

The London Ragtime Orchestra  
**LONDON** Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Stockton's Wing  
**LONDON** Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) Stan Red Fox  
**LONDON** Islington Upper Street Hare And Hounds (071-226 2992) The Doorstops  
**LONDON** Islington Upper Street Kings Head (071-226 1916) Jive Donkeys  
**LONDON** Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) SKAW/Vicious Kiss/The Hoverchairs/The Nightjars  
**LONDON** Kentish Town Town And Country Club (071-284 0303) Joe Ely  
**LONDON** Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Choice  
**LONDON** Marquee (071-437 6603) Dead Milkmen  
**LONDON** Morden London Road Crown Blazon/White Lightning  
**LONDON** New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Dublin City Ramblers/Sundancers  
**LONDON** New Cross Venue (081-692 4077) Afghan Whigs/The Hysterics/The Thing  
**LONDON** Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) The Balaam Alligators  
**LONDON** Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) TVC  
**LONDON** Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) The Temperance Seven/Brian Leake's Sweet 'N Sour  
**LONDON** South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Jessica Lauren Trio  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett The Jivin Instructors  
**LONDON** Vauxhall Festival Inn Planet Cook  
**LONDON** Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Cllmax Blues Band/Moonshot Blues Band  
**LONDON** Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) Lloyd Ryan Quartet (Lunch)  
**LONDON** West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Honcho  
**LONDON** Woolwich Tramshed (081-946 5041) Irish Music Session (Lunch)  
**LYDD** Royal Oak HPC  
**MANCHESTER** Anson Road International (061-256 2793) Bim Sherman/Sons Of Arqa  
**MANCHESTER** Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Blues Burglars  
**MANCHESTER** University (061-273 5111) The Phantom Chords/29 Palms  
**MARKET HARBOROUGH** Greyhound Red Knows Blues  
**MILTON KEYNES** Counterpoint Conflict  
**NORWICH** Ferryboat Tom's Small Box  
**NORWICH** Waterfront (632717/766266) Blues 'N' Trouble  
**NOTTINGHAM** Narrow Boat (501947) Tabitha Zu  
**NOTTINGHAM** University Loud/Theonething  
**OXFORD** Jericho Tavern (54502) The Price/The Human Torches  
**OXFORD** Venue (246646) Milk  
**PORTSMOUTH** Landmark Rusty Bucket  
**READING** After Dark Club Papa Brittle/Kruch  
**SHEFFIELD** University (724076) Manic Street Preachers  
**SOUTHAMPTON** Joiner's Arms (225612) Watch You Drown/Herb Garden/Wordbug  
**ST ALBANS** Horn Of Plenty (53143) Crying Shame  
**STOKE ON TRENT** Freetown Club (214207) Edward II And The Red Hot Polkas  
**SWINDON** Wyvern Theatre (24481) Fairport Convention  
**TAUNTON** Tangier Youth Centre The Becketts  
**WALSALL** Junction 10 (648100) Custard Beast Rock Roadshow  
**WENDOVER** Wellhead Inn (622733) The Bluebirds/Keen  
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Civic Hall (312030) Cronos/Warfare  
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Polytechnic (28521) Cactus Rain  
**WROXHAM** Castle Craig Lowe  
**YORK** Arts Centre (27129) Andy Sheppard  
**YORK** Spotted Cow (623134) The Village Idiots/Glueman

## SUNDAY

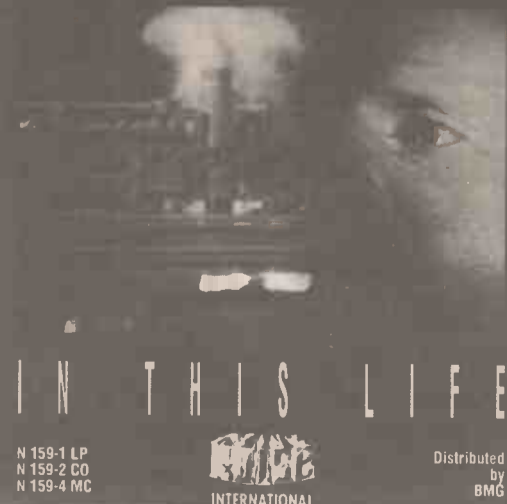
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**BRISTOL** Bierkeller (268514) No Surrender/Lionsheart/Carrion  
**BROADSTAIRS** Red Lion HPC  
**CARDIFF** Clwb Ifor Bach Langfield Crane  
**COVENTRY** Warwick University (417417) Brussel Spaceship  
**CROYDON** London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Blueprint (Lunch) Basil's Balls Up Band (Eve)  
**DUDLEY JB'S** (53597) The DTs  
**EASTCOTE** Clay Pidgeon The Jivecats

# MORDRED

"MORDRED, a quintet who look set to change people's whole attitude towards the Bay Area. Their music is a bizarre hybrid of thrash and funk, fused with a host of other styles, ranging from jazz to country, that makes them one of the most unique, freshest sounding outfits to emerge on the scene in ages."  
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### Manic Street Preachers

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

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

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

EDINBURGH Bliss Whiteout/Swerve  
GLASGOW SECC Bob Dylan  
GOSPORT Kelly's Riff Raff  
GUILDFORD Surrey University (71281) JJ  
HARLOW Square (25594) Two Tribes  
HULL Jailhouse Rory Block  
LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) The Kimbara Brothers  
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (071-267 4967) Groove Detective/Greek Brothers  
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Lunchtime Jazz (Lunch) Shakey Vic's Blues Band (Eve)  
LONDON Camden Road Underworld (071-267 3626) Wollie Witcher (Lunch)  
LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border Flaky Jake  
LONDON Chelsea Harbour Yard Jerry Senfluk And His Capital Swing  
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) The Collective/2 (Lunch) The Flames/The Flamings/Garlands (Eve)  
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) The Starlings/A Prayer For The Dying  
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Rain Dance

LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Kevin Hexick/Red Money (Acoustic)  
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Traditional Session (Lunch) Cuna Ceili Band (Eve)  
LONDON Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) Sigma String Quartet  
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Terry Clarke And Michael Messer  
LONDON North Finchley Lodge Lane High Road Torrington (081-445 4710) Steve Gibbons Band  
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Project X (Lunch) Poorboys (Eve)  
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Howlin' Will/Inspector Tuppence And The Sexy Firemen  
LONDON Putney Half Moon (081-788 2387) Blues N Trouble  
LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) Thunderdogs/Stone Cold  
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Tubilah Dog/Spiral Eye  
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Sam's Band (Lunch) Shandy (Eve)  
NEWCASTLE Broken Doll (071-232 1047) The Keatons/St James Infirmary/The Songs  
NEWPORT Centre (59676) Motorhead  
NORWICH Maxwells Jeopardy  
NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Cronos/Warfare  
NOTTINGHAM Narrow Boat (501947) Headlines  
OXFORD Dolly Alicia  
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Senseless Things/Silverfish  
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion (351135) Fairport Convention  
STOKE ON TRENT Freetown Club (214207) Syl-Jay  
STRATFORD EAST Theatre Royal The Blues Band

### MONDAY 4

BIRKENHEAD Alexandra The Profile  
BIRMINGHAM Hare And Hounds (444 2081) Elizabeth Jane And The Laurels

BRIGHTON Basement (683585) MTA/Insight  
BRIGHTON Hare And Hounds White Russia  
BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) Rhythm Sisters/Bill Nelson  
CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) Brussel Spaceship  
COLCHESTER Essex University (863211) Senseless Things  
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) The Raiders  
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Close To Midnight/The Wise Kind  
DUNSTABLE Wheatsheaf (662571) Beneficial Gene  
FARNHAM Maltings (726234) Blues N Trouble  
GUILDFORD Civic Hall (67314) Motorhead  
HARLOW Square (25594) Canterbury Street/The Believers/Osiris  
HAYES Beck Theatre Fairport Convention  
LEICESTER Hind Red Knows Blue  
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Abundant  
LIVERPOOL University (051-794 4143) Loud/Theonething  
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Uptown Boogie Band/Todd Sharpville Band  
LONDON Camden Parkway Jazz Cafe (071-284 4358) Andy Sheppard  
LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border Pete Jagger Band  
LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) The Snakeskins  
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) The Medicine Men/The Stone Party  
LONDON Crouch End King's Head The Wood Children  
LONDON Elephant And Castle South Bank Polytechnic (071-261 1525) Jim Kahr  
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Spiral Eye  
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) The Moonshot Blues Band  
LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) Paul Sullivan And The Crowd Scene/The Playthings/The Bluebirds  
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Ron-E Was Another One/The Kindred/The Crux (Main) Sugar Rain (Acoustic)  
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Yellow Station Blue  
LONDON Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) Will Kileen  
LONDON Islington Upper Street-Kings Head (071-226 1916) Pete Airey  
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) Sharp

Kiddie/Sidewinders/Beatnik Filmstars/The Pushkins  
LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) The Atom Seed/Milk/Metal Monkey Machine  
LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) The Calling Time/Dog/The Cage  
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) The Idlers  
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Freebase/Saturnalia/Primary Colours  
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Five Gi Jiving/Tim's Jumpin' Jive  
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Martin Blackwell  
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Love Eggs/The Motor Psychos  
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Oppress/Mad Cow Disease/The Magnificent  
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Frank Gill  
NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) No Sweat/Walk On Fire  
NOTTINGHAM Polytechnic (476725) The Real People  
STOKE ON TRENT Freetown Club (214207) Wildlife

### TUESDAY 5

BATH Moles (333423) God's Little Monkeys  
BELFAST Ice Bowl Bob Dylan  
BIRMINGHAM University (021-472 1841) Cactus Rain  
BOSTON Axe Eat The Rich  
BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) Rock Disco  
CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Cronos/Warfare  
CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) Touch  
COVENTRY Polytechnic The Atom Seed  
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) De Luca  
DERBY Bell The Pale Saints/Huge Big Massive  
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Rain Poets/Mercenary Tree Freaks  
HARLOW Square (25594) Dick Miles  
HULL University (42431) JJ  
ILFORD Kings Night Club The Dressing Room/Prey Don't Pray/Blood Brothers  
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall (544444) Motorhead  
LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) West London Institute Classical Ensemble  
LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Daisy Chain  
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Dave Peabody Band  
LONDON Camden Parkway Jazz Cafe (071-284 4358) Andy Sheppard  
LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border Roadrunners  
LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Milltown Brothers/The Love Kittens  
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Remember This  
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Illustrious/Beneficial Gene/Into Oblivion  
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Force Fed/Use/Skink  
LONDON Hackney Brooksbys's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Des O'Conner  
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Medicine Wheel (Main) Jan Allain (Acoustic)  
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Keen/The Clockwatchers  
LONDON Islington Upper Street Kings Head (071-226 1916) Peabrain International  
LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (071-589 8212) Eric Clapton  
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (071-387 0428) Loud  
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Dean Carter And The High Commission  
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Bare Essentials/The Swineherds/Scarlette  
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Neal Thornton  
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Gretsch Hofner/John Wayne Army  
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Hail Mary's/No Head No Headache/Salvage Co  
MANCHESTER Boardwalk The Mystic Deckchairs  
MANCHESTER Rock World (061-236 9971) Hi-Bias/Malfunzion  
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) The Real People  
STOKE ON TRENT Freetown Club (214207) Senseless Things/The Revs/Genius Freak  
TROWBRIDGE Psychic Pig Club Basti/The Charms  
UXBRIDGE Folk Club Come-All-Ye  
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7.30PM B.O. 0603 595401, AND ANDY'S BACKS, HMV

**THU 7 BRADFORD GEORGE 3 HALL**  
7.30PM B.O. 0274 742000, AND CRASH, JUMBO - LEEDS

**FRI 8 MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL 2**  
8.00PM B.O. & CC HOTLINE 061 273 8834, ALSO PICCADILLY 30  
061 839 0858, X RECORDS - BOLTON 0234 391 459

**SAT 9 GLASGOW BARROWLANDS**  
7.30PM B.O. 201 557 6969 CC BOOKINGS,  
ALSO JUST THE TICKET - GLASGOW, ALL TOCTA AGENTS

**MON 11 WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL**  
7.30PM B.O. 0902 312030, ALSO MLM WOLVERHAMPTON, ODEON THEATRE  
BIRMINGHAM, MARK AND MOODY - STOURBRIDGE

**TUE 12 EXETER UNIVERSITY**  
B.O. 0392 263528

**WED 13 LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB**  
7.30PM B.O. 071 284 0303, AND CC HOTLINE 071 284 1221,  
STARGREEN 071 734 8832, PREMIER 071 240 0771, TICKETMASTER  
071 379 4444, 4ETH PROWSE 071 793 0500, LTB 071 439 3371


**FRI 15 CARDIFF ST DAVID'S HALL**  
7.30PM B.O. 0222 342611, ALSO BOOKING NOW - BATH,  
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**SAT 16 CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE**  
7.30PM B.O. 0223 357851


**SUN 17 REDCAR BOWL**  
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**LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL**  
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**BIRMINGHAM HUMMINGBIRD**  
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BOX OFFICE TEL: 091 326 1022 AND ALL USUAL AGENTS

ALL AGENTS SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE

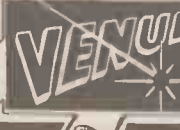
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**A**CCORDING TO the 808 States or Nitzer Ebb's of this world, technology and tradition don't mix.

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

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

The Joneses' equipment list goes like this: Two AKAI S5950 samplers with hard disc drive; a Roland D70 keyboard; a Roland Juno 60 that's been Midi Upgraded; an AKAI ASQ 10 sequencer and a keyboard which (for reasons best known to the band) has been fondly renamed the Yamaha Unpleasant.

Next to the technology, Jesus Jones have two Fender Telecasters — one USA type, and one Japan type that's been fitted with a Korg 23 mini-controller and runs a 23 synth — plus a Yamaha SPS 50D FX unit.

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

**W**E'VE GOT one sampler run from the sequencer," explains Mike Edwards, "and that plays bass lines, samples that require exact timing, percussion sounds. The sequencer also runs the D70 and the Juno — clearly it would be pointless to get people onstage to play sequences of three notes every ten seconds.

"The other sampler is actually played live. People don't believe this, but the keyboard player actually plays live sampler.

"People have a great deal of problems understanding what this technology actually does. I've gone on radio shows where people have said, I thought Reading Festival was really good, but it's a pity you mimed it! Which is really weird, because it was all 100 per cent live. If a sequencer breaks down, we'll still play on. It's happened before and most people don't notice, but to me it's imperfect."

Essential to this cauldron of sound is the balance between old and new equipment.

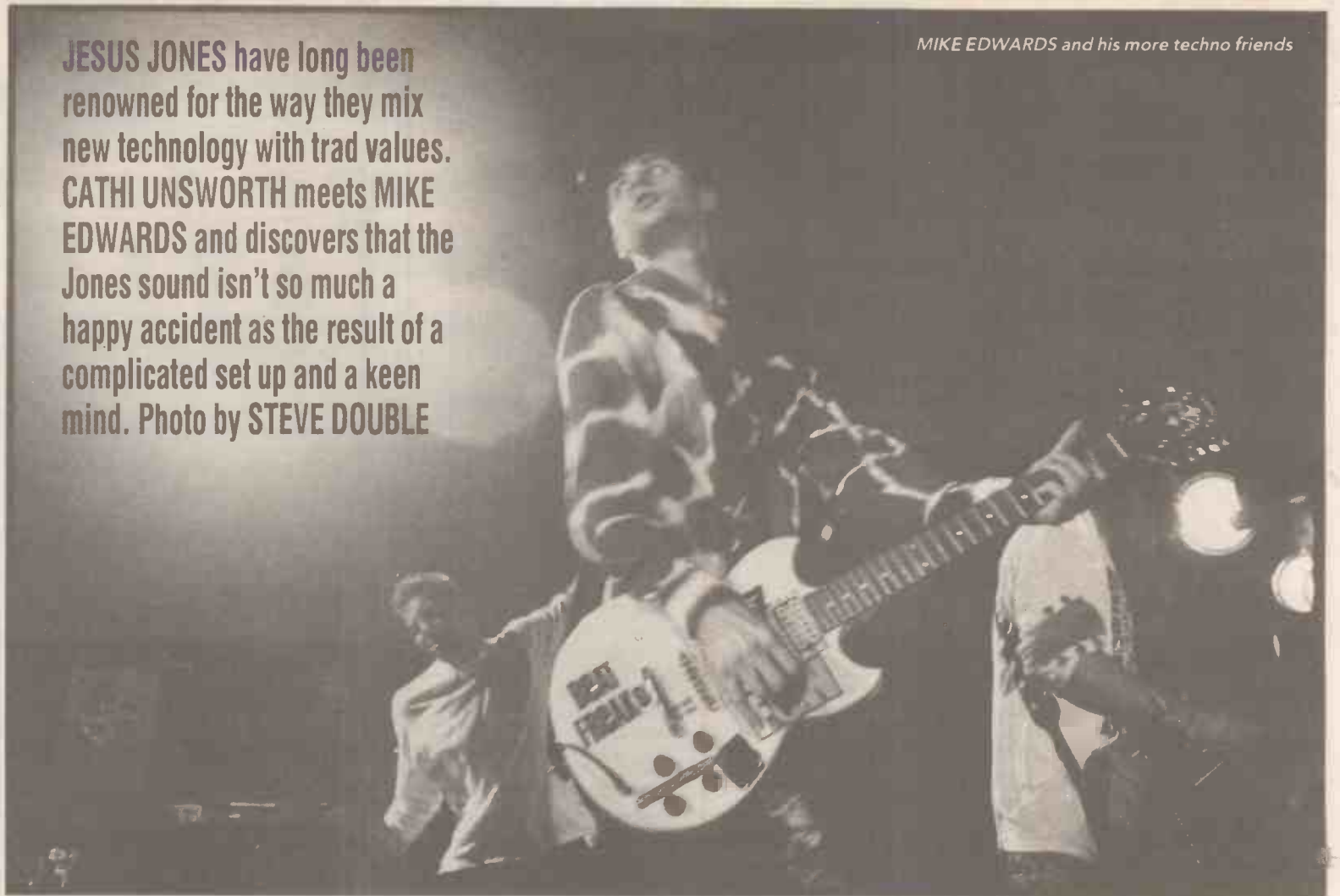
"There's a lot of stuff, like the Roland Juno, that's quite old and I had to get it Midi Upgraded, cos I wanted that kind of acid sound," says Edwards. "Modern stuff doesn't give you all that squeaky bubbly stuff. They're really good for percussion samples and bass lines and stuff. Whatever works, is the general outlook on how the band works."

With models always being upgraded, is working with computers an expensive business?

"Well, we're not fixated by technology. The most recent things I bought was all the midi guitar stuff," he considers. "It's just occasionally when you find things that you think will sound interesting. I don't go round shops on a regular basis. What

JESUS JONES have long been renowned for the way they mix new technology with trad values. CATHI UNSWORTH meets MIKE EDWARDS and discovers that the Jones sound isn't so much a happy accident as the result of a complicated set up and a keen mind. Photo by STEVE DOUBLE

MIKE EDWARDS and his more techno friends



# TECHNO FREAKO

normally happens is, I have an idea, I want to create an effect, and I look around to see how I can achieve it."

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

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

got good stuff it's very easy to just jam along with it.

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

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

What's the most unusual sample you've ever used?

"We had a plane crashing in reverse, sounds from *Star Trek*, a telephone ringing," he laughs. "I sampled my alarm clock recently, for a B-side for the next single. I didn't have a microphone so I had to get a pair of headphones and put them over my alarm clock, and set the clock so that on the record it'll be going out through the PA live.

"Normally I take sadistic pleasure in it — like giving Bulgarian folk singers digital sex changes and making people sing backwards."

**I**N FACT, there's only one instrument that Mike has problems with, and that's his

voice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## JESUS JONES USE:

Two AKAI S5950 samplers, with hard disc drive  
Roland D70 keyboard  
Roland Juno 60, Midi Upgraded  
AKAI ASQ 10 sequencer

Two Fender Telecasters — one USA type, one old Japan type fitted with a Korg 23 Mini Controller that runs a 23 Synth  
Yamaha SPS 50D FX Unit

Gibson 1963 Goldtop Les Paul  
Yamaha SG200 guitar

Music Man Bass  
Rickenbacker 40001 bass

Two Marshall 400 watt amps  
Marshall 4x12 cabinet  
Carlsboro' Stingray bass amp  
Trace Elliott 8x10 speaker cabinet

**CANDYMAN****'Ain't No Shame In My Game'**  
(Epic) \*\*\*

AS RAP grows into the LP format, more and more albums are produced with a general 'feel' which gives them a durability lacking from earlier works. On Candyman's debut, there's a rich vein of humour running throughout.

'Ain't No Shame In My Game Show' opens the album with some wry observations on rap stereotypes, where Candyman himself tries very hard to avoid stereotype with freshness and wit. The humour element here is pronounced but confusing - is Candyman being ironic or is he really a sexist knobend? How does an awareness rap like 'Don't Leave Home Without It' square with the subtle paean to shagging that is 'Knocking Boots'?

What does emerge is that Mr C propounds a sort of "sensible chauvinism" - he does cheat on his 'lady' but he can justify it to her and she should love him for it.

Musically the grooves are sexy mid-70s funk with a strangely eclectic edge, especially on 'Night Gown' with its curious Euro-disco breakbeat. The excellent 'Don't Leave Home Without It', with its clear message against sexual ignorance, is presented with enough style and humour to make it a great pop song and an important lyric.

There's no doubting that the Candyman can - musically this is not unlike the spread of styles on a Prince LP - but the confusing lyrical stance, in between LL Cool J and De La Soul, could cause him some problems.

Colin C

**SAD LOVERS AND GIANTS****'Headland'**  
(Midnight Music) \*\*\*1/2

STRAIGHT OUT of the Euro synth-rock directory, Sad Lovers And Giants' fourth album is a soothing exercise in solemn, poetic emotion. It swaggers with the mannerisms of The Chameleons, while vocalist Garce's strong vocals are reminiscent of the many futurist outfits who used to dominate the charts at the beginning of the '80s.

Throughout 'Headland' the guitar work is constantly graceful and edgy, but during side one's 'Like Thieves' it's the bass which takes centre stage, quiet and delicate and complemented with a sorrowful vocal. 'Restless' is even more effective, an instrumental that evokes the warm sense of security of The Cure circa 'Catch'.

Side two continues along much the same route. 'Alaska's held together by some pleasant spine tingling guitar lines, but from then on Sad Lovers And Giants begin to run on the spot somewhat and the album finishes with the bizarre 'Life Will Kill Us', wherein Garce remarks, "The Martians have stolen my television, but they left my poetry/ They're learning about our conditions, by watching Coronation Street" (!)

'Headland' may be padded out in places with a little soft soap but, on the whole, it's a cleansing experience completely free of any grime.

Andy Peart

**MORDRED****'In This Life'**  
(Noise International) \*\*\*1/2

MORDRED, TREACHEROUS nevy of King Arthur who ends up kebabbing him with extreme prejudice on a very large stick, is an unlikely name for a West Coast fusion band. It's more suitable for your German doom metal merchants, but

# OO-ERR!

**QUEEN****'Innuendo'**  
(Parlophone) \*\*\*\*

WHEN QUEEN release a new record, the whole world knows about it. Sometimes this can make the band seem smug, even a teensie weensie bit on the cocky side. But this time, on artistic grounds at least, the hype cannot be faulted. 'Innuendo' is a bloody corker.

You already know the title track, slap-bang in at number one with six and a half minutes of crashing orchestral lushness, madcap flamenco outbursts and fiery rock splendour, not seen since 'Bohemian Rhapsody'... The rest of 'Innuendo' is as varied as you'd expect from a band capable of such deranged magnificence, and like a good box of chocolates, there's something here for everyone.

'I'm Going Slightly Mad' is a title among titles, and the song isn't bad either. Freddie Mercury hasn't sounded this cheeky in ages. The no longer moustachioed one inhales deeply, strikes a cool pose and suppresses a smirk as he launches into a rib-tickling list of euphemisms for losing one's marbles ("I'm one card short of a full deck, I'm not quite the shilling..."), while Brian May gets stuck into an assortment of pointedly loopy guitar workouts.

'Headlong' is a classic Queen rocker brimming with rampant six-string action as well as nippy bass work from John 'Whatsisname?' Deacon. Let's face it, with lines like, "When a red hot man meets a white hot lady (cue legendary multi-tracked Queen choir...), hoop diddy diddy, hoop diddy doo!", you can't go wrong.

It's a big welcome back to the great Queen love song of yore as 'I Can't Live With You' breezes in on a rock-solid boogie base courtesy of May, while 'Don't Try So Hard' finds Mercury hitting notes he's never even attempted before in a vocal performance of

awe-inspiring proportions; the spotlight picks him out and the audience swoon before this sweet song of yearning.

'Ride The Wild Wind' brings us back down to earth with a bang, as the boys pull on their crash helmets for a pumping no-frills biker snarl up. Billy Idol seems to have had a big impact on Freddie if the track's low, sexy vocals are anything to go by, not to mention May's streamlined greaseball guitar attack. Perhaps oddest of all, phallic metaphor fans, there isn't a double-meaning in sight - it really is about riding a motorcycle!

Queen get all religious on us for 'All God's People', which might be hard to stomach if not for their ability to retain a sense of humour in the face of gospel. "Yes there was this magic light," an overjoyed Freddie sings, before rationally adding, "I said to myself, I'd better have an early night."

There's a hint of 'You're My Best Friend' about 'These Are The Days Of Our Lives' - sentimental without being sappy, nostalgic without being mawkish. Mind you, it isn't half as romantic as 'Delilah', which finds Mercury serenading his cat ("You make me so very happy when you cuddle up and go to sleep beside me, and then you make me slightly mad, when you pee all over my Chippendale suite") while Brian May, always game for a laugh, manages to coax a convincing miaow! from his guitar. And who can blame him?

For a finale, 'The Show Must Go On' gives Freddie the chance to really let rip. The spotlight comes down one last time, the singer lifts his hands towards the balcony and, with the Queen choir assembled behind him, he bursts into song, wondering aloud about the meaning of life, and inviting his old mate Brian to perform one last dazzling solo before ending the LP on a slightly troubling note of finality.

Ridiculous, delicate, hilarious, deafening, Queen have unexpectedly come up with their best album in ages. Champions or wot?

Mr Spencer



QUEEN: LIKE a good box of chocolates

Mordred are a bit more interesting than that.

Only marginally, though. Last year's 'Fool's Game' was an uneven rollercoaster between the sublime and the bloody ridiculous. 'In This Life' only accentuates the vagaries.

With the addition of Aaron 'Pause' Vaughan on turntables, Mordred have taken a step that a lot of other bands would shrink from. Their problem is that they still rely far too much on the metallised Bay Area thrash riffs that spawned them. Eclectic ingredients they may have, but they rarely get round to varying the mix quite enough. They're brilliant within their limitations, but unlike the really great fusion bands like Living Colour, there are

limitations.

Some of the album is magnificent - 'Falling Away' with its liquid leads and industrial waste noise is superb, as is the Suicidal Tendencies-esque 'High Potency'. But Mordred waste their opportunities, and in trying to embrace everything end up falling over their own arses. 'In This Life' itself is a strangely muted sub-rap, and 'Esse Quam Videri' hasn't just got one f\*\*k of a pretentious title, but is incredibly naff. Scott Holderby's vocals an irritating nasal whine.

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

Andy Stout

**VARIOUS**  
**'What's The Idea'**  
(Idea Records) \*\*\*\*

SANDWICHED UNCOMFORTABLY between the twin peaks of Liverpool and Manchester, central Lancashire has always been ignored as a fallow field in rock's continual search for fertile pastures.

However, 'What's The Idea' - a versatile congregation of talent from unlikely boroughs such as Wigan, St. Helens - and Widnes - proves conclusively that dismissals are premature.

Featuring 12 acts in all, the album's heights are scaled by a

clutch of gritty, uncompromising bands who appear refreshingly unscathed by trends. Kicking us off, Those Naughty Corinthians are a good case in point: their shambling funk colliding with an early, trebly Fall and the incredulous northern tones of the Levellers 5.

Limebirds, Poisoned Electric Head and The Volunteers all acquit themselves admirably. The latter, especially, are worthy of your ears with their bampot breadline beat experience in 'Tin Of Beans'. Best of all, though, are Gnarl, whose 'Sensation Machine' marries a fluid rush of draconian, Killing Joke synths to Beefheart-style frivolity and is truly excellent.

Several of the poppier excursions

(ie, Sky Blue Life, Jennifer Fever) suffer, by contrast, from a lack of bite, but the balance is redressed by The Nice Party with the solid backbeat of 'Family Sinners' - another indication that these supposed cultural wastelands deserve far wider scrutiny.

Tim Peacock

**CASPAR BRÖTZMANN AND PETER BRÖTZMANN**  
**'Last Home'**  
(Pathological) \*\*\*\*

YOU'D EXPECT A musical pairing of father and son to be pretty obvious, but in this case it's not necessarily one that you'd expect to reap especially great rewards.

Saxophonist Peter Brötzmann has been a prominent and long serving figure in the European avant-garde jazz community from the '60s, when he recorded the seminal 'Machine Gun' LP, through to his recent contributions to the *Last Exit To Brooklyn* soundtrack.

Caspar, meanwhile, has been forced to live in his dad's shadow, rarely receiving a mention without a reference to him, even though his two albums with his band Massaker have been a long way removed from jazz of any description.

There's a strange coldness to Caspar's playing. He sounds like Hendrix with all the blues thrown out the window - the extreme bits of the national anthem rendition at Woodstock, an abstract collection of hammered on/off string-scraping, feedback-drenched noise used as textural sound rather than lead lines. On 'Last Home', it feels like the onus is on his father to pull it all together.

What this album does reveal is that Caspar Brötzmann can be a lot more interesting away from the restrictions of his own band. His playing is so much more f\*\*ked and wayward on 'Last Home' than on either of the Massaker LP's, and thankfully the moments when the two instruments sound like they've been recorded in mutual ignorance are a lot fewer than the ones when dad's skronk congeals it all into a massive shit-sucking noise hell.

Ian Lawton

**VARIOUS**  
**'What The World Is Waiting For'**  
(Powerhaus Tape Only) \*\*\*1/2

NAME A decent compilation album of (cough) unheard of bands released in the last year. Pretty difficult, isn't it? Only the White Horse showcase (featuring Snuff, the Megas et al) fits the bill. So let's be grateful to the Powerhaus for coming up with this somewhat optimistically titled tonic of superior demos, culled from the best tapes they've received over the last year.

Side one's highlights are undoubtedly The Love Kittens thunderous 'How About You', a soaraway wah-wah express, and Small Town Parade's jangling beat mini-opera 'Ten Year Train Ride', although both Suede and The Hinnies are worth a mention.

Best of the lot, though, arrives with side two, and The Penny Arcade's Stone Roses-on-speed bash through 'Headful of Hope' - whistles screech and the bass thuds like a sonic boom. Exquisite. From there on nothing really comes near, although The Fireflies' 'Breath In', Railroad Earth's 'Have You Always Been Like This' and Nautical William's 'Love House' are perfectly formed post-Manc guitar trips.

Fact is, pretty much everything present (aside from Seventy Seven's 'Citric', a flagrant breach of the anti-Shamen impersonators legislation) could have been written post-'Fools Gold', and it all sounds much the better for it. Dare I say - double top?

Paul Moody

EDITED BY KEITH CAMERON

**VARIOUS**  
**'Heaven And Hell – A Tribute To the Velvet Underground Volume 2' (Imaginary) \*\*\*\***

THE TERM "indie rock", if it means anything, refers to music made by pale spotty white boys with guitars. As a genre, it gives short shrift to the achievements of black music, repeatedly apeing '60s heroes like Jim Morrison and Roger McGuinn while ignoring the equally valid achievements of luminaries like Sly Stone and James Brown. Unlike the

new rave generation, these time-warped youngsters continue to worship four New Yorkers who managed to revolutionise pop music; The Velvet Underground.

Lou Reed, Sterling Morrison, John Cale and Mo Tucker were the original indie band: all icy nonchalance and dark, brooding moodiness. They fostered thousands of impersonators and inspired every indie type worth their salt – from popsters like Ride, through angst-merchants such as the Weddoes, to a whole breed of feedback-drenched noise specialists like Nirvana and Buffalo Tom.

All these names paid homage to

Lou & Co on 'Heaven And Hell Volume 1' – not a bad record by any standards. Volume 2, however, is even better, containing numerous killer versions of Velvets chestnuts. Some of it sucks, for sure, but these low points are overshadowed by moments of sheer brilliance.

On the evidence of this album, for example, Beef are crap (their version of 'Femme Fatale' sounds like the work of a cabaret band); Cathal Coughlan, roaring through 'Lady Godiva's Operation' with Fatima Mansions, is a genius; and the Mock Turtles, who turn in a beautiful rendition of 'Pale Blue Eyes', possess an enviable grasp of the niceties of perfect pop music.

Revenge get beery and laddish on an almost hilarious 'White Light, White Heat', but their bluster is offset by the much-maligned Shelleyan Orphan's delightfully breezy treatment of 'Who Loves The Sun'. The rockers come screaming back, though, with the album's closer, an impressive romp through 'Sweet Jane' by Geordie jamsters Hurrah!

The Bunymen put in an appearance, hip wrinkly Bill Nelson gets all weird on 'Lonesome Cowboy Bill', and the whole affair comes out looking like something of a triumph. Volume Three anyone?

John Harris

**NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN**  
**'Bite'**  
**(Rough Trade Germany Import) \*\*\*\***

BIG, BOLD and brash – like a pair of Bet Lynch's earrings, the Neds couldn't really be anything else. Although it may appear a mite premature for a reappraisal of their career to date – indeed time would be better spent getting rid of the crimpers, boys – 'Bite' offers a timely reminder of their virtues as they set off into the big, bad world of the majors.

Consisting of the session that spawned the first two hit singles, 'The Ingredients EP' and 'Kill Your Television', this ten-track album cruises in under the half-hour mark, fizzing like potassium dropped in water.

The pace is very rarely less than unrelenting, the drums rattling along at a brisk military two-step behind the piston rhythm of the two basses. 'Terminally Groovie' wigs out with the Gaye Bykers before a ridiculous John Otway coda, while 'She's Gone', one minute 45 of throwaway power pop, clings to that eternal verité, "I write a clichéd song, every time by baby's gone".

Though hardly bearing the hallmark of greatness, 'Bite' bristles and crackles with youthful enthusiasm and endeavour; there's the same adrenalin rush as those early days of their elder Black country brothers, The Wonder Stuff and Pop Will Eat Itself. The inspired pause in the chorus of 'Kill Your Television' and an early sighting of 'Until You Find Out', masquerading as 'The Old New 'Un' are golden.

Endearing and disarming, let's hope they can avoid the pratfalls and problems of their elders and betters, the surliness of mithering Miles Hunt and the pickpocket tendencies of The Poppies. But until then, this'll do fine.

Charlie Endell

**VARIOUS**  
**'International'**  
**(Mute) \*\*\*\***

MUTE RECORDS is the well-upholstered home of Depeche Mode, Erasure, Nick Cave, Inspiral Carpets and many more besides. Eclecticism, as this compilation proves, has always been one of their strong points.

If anything unites the artists on their roster, it's an overwhelming sense of cleverness. Not for Mute the banalities of trad chart pop or the abandon of teenage thrash.

## FUNK UP THE VOLUME



NO MORE: please, no more

**FAITH NO MORE**  
**'Live At The Brixton Academy'**  
**(Slash/London) \*\*\*\***

AS FAR as live albums go, this mini-LP manages to capture the essence of Faith No More's prowess onstage rather well. The sound quality is none too bad, and it still manages to retain some of the all essential crowd atmosphere, although it's slightly disconcerting to hear Mike Patton's "So what, are you f\*\*kin' ready to go home?" at the beginning of the second track.

You know the story by now. 'The Real Thing' kicks off, powerful despite the occasional idiotic high notes from Patton, as ever monkeying about while the back-line boys create almost transcendental magnificence. Journeying through into 'Epic' and Patton is getting into his stride, the ad lib of 'Pump Up The Jam' an inspired ironic addition.

'War Pigs' is probably the best – certainly the cheekiest – Black Sabbath cover version ever

attempted and Big Jim Martin's chance to hog some limelight with a wall of guitar wizardry. Bill Gould's bass shudders heavy and ominous, as Mike 'Puffy' Bordin beats an artistic hell out of every drum that comes to hand before kicking straight into the song that went some way to creating the term 'funk-rock'. 'We Care A Lot' is still a stormer, Roddy Bottum's keyboards giving proceedings an almost symphonic feel.

Elsewhere they get down to the laid-back bar-room croon of 'Edge Of The World'. A bluesy love-song of immense proportions, it proves FNM's versatility and power to hold an audience transfixed, even in a funk-free zone. Or indeed in the lullaby with razor blades, 'Zombie Eaters', which begins so sweetly but then crashes into evil intensity.

As a market overload, 'Faith No More – Live' is a fine conclusion. But the over-exposure of the same songs is surely beginning to wear thin, and hopefully this is the last incarnation of 'The Real Thing', on vinyl. Yes, after this I think it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

Trish Jaega

## BEAT FARMERS



PRIMAL SCREAM's Bobby Gillespie: assures it's loaded

**VARIOUS**  
**'Keeping The Faith – A Creation Dance Compilation'**  
**(Creation) \*\*\*\***

IT'S A parable for the times – this album marks the underground assimilation of the late-'80s dance revolution. Creation's clichéd image is of lovestruck weeds with corduroy jackets scraping out wimpoid anthems, but the label has often been at the forefront of pure pop, a form that can get bogged down with a crippling sense of retro.

Alan McGee was going to put out some of this gear on a new label called Chemical, A&R'd by Hypnotone's Tony Martin, but somewhere along the line it was decided that would be hair-splitting, so Creation is now one big happy family of disparate sounds. 'Keeping The Faith' is the whole crop gathered up with some remixes and the ones that got away, all on two 12-inches.

The starting point has to be Primal Scream's sexy 'Loaded' single, represented here by the Terry Farley remix that laid the track as far back as possible, milking it for all the warmth possible – a massive hit, and confidence must have surged from herein. The 'Come Together' follow-up is spliced into a bubbling electro groove by the aforementioned Martin and the Primals' leering rock lizard Andrew Innes – not as crazed as the Weatherall smoke filled mixing room brainstorm, but a cool restructuring that manages to wander a good distance.

Hypnotone are maybe the key band here, with one foot in the commercial zone thanks to last year's mesmerising 'Dream Beam' (represented here by its Danny Rampling remix), but still with an underground edge on their other track 'Hypnotic'.

At the more ambient end of things are Love Corporation from God knows where with their gorgeous 'Palatial' and the Greenock chancer Sheer Taft with his 'Cascades'. Danny Rampling cuts in with the soulful Sound Of Shoom's cover of '70s cut 'I Hate Hate' and the highly rated Fluke with 'Philly', a '90s pastiche of the Yank city's horn workouts.

But arguably the finest moment still could be Weatherall's desk wizardry with My Bloody Valentine's 'Soon', making the lustful drone of the original even more sensual, even more dreamtime and shackling the whole thing down onto a compulsive beat.

That's the cream, the first instalment of Creation's first serious year into the form – picking off the pop orientated, the wackoid one-offs or the genuinely inspired hustler. In fact for Creation, it's business as usual.

John Robb

Nope – even within the ephemeral pop-isms of Erasure there are hefty doses of sour-faced irony, and the intelligence vibe runs through everything presented here.

The killer cut is Crime And The City Solution's romp through 'I Have The Gun', a weirdo country piece that pays homage to Woody Guthrie before claiming that "All will be explained". It isn't, and Crime go chuckling into the sunset leaving the listener well and truly baffled.

Elsewhere, Depeche Mode contribute a pseudo classical verish of 'Enjoy The Silence' devoid of vocals; the Inspirals moan their way through 'Sackville', a gritty tale of prostitution and delinquency that's one of their few, er, good songs; and Nick Cave croons 'The Train Song', which, like all the work of everyone's favourite antipodean reprobate, simply defies description. The LP's worth a buy for this divine tune alone.

There are downers, for sure: Wire are really far too clever for their own good; Erasure's crafty pop is, as usual, compromised by the awful tones of Andy Bell; and Mark Stewart's 'Fatal Attraction' only succeeds in showing that arty-farty pretensions and dance music really don't mix.

But don't worry – the presence of Laibach and spaced-out dance-merchants Fortran 5 more than makes up for these failings. You'd be well advised to grab your cash and splash out on this strangely satisfying piece of plastic.

John Harris

**THE FLAMING LIPS**  
**'In A Priest Driven Ambulance'**  
**(City Slang) \*\*\*\***

OKLAHOMA'S FLAMING Lips are big business in the cult stakes Stateside, but five albums into their career they're virtually unknown here

– so much so that on their recent European tour they sidestepped the UK. 'In A Priest Driven Ambulance' shows that the root cause could be their refusal to play things straight, and instead drawing their musical style from all sorts of Yank influences.

The LP shows a certain obsession with God – three titles being subtitled Jesus Song No. 5; No. 6 and No. 7 – but despite a certain lack of clarity in the lyrics, it's safe to assume they don't spend their Sundays in the pew. The opening 'Shine On Sweet Jesus (Jesus Song No. 5)' is enough to give you faith in them, though. Singer Wayne's strained pop larynx is underpinned by some ultra deep mumbling while Dingus' guitar wanders chaotically over a steady rhythm section. Classic

stuff, helped along by lines like "Jesus is by my side wondering what he wants".

'Unconsciously Screaming' is similarly unrestrained but the psychedelic meanderings are designed for all post-core suckers. 'Five Stop Mother Superior Rain' and 'Stand In Line' see them borrowing from the Neil Young school of thought, and pulling it off as effectively as Naked Prey and Giant Sand do. Only a disappointingly wimpy version of 'Wonderful World' puts a damper on proceedings.

Perhaps, now that the Sub Pop bubble seems to have burst, less obvious left-of-centre acts like the Lips can have their day – on the strength of this rather fine album, it'd be a shame if they don't.

Leo Finlay



# WARRIOR SOUL

**LOUD**  
**'D Generation'**  
**(China) \*\*\***

ANY ALBUM which opens with the line, "Into an age of incomprehensibility" is setting itself up for a drastic piss-taking. And lyrically, Loud deserve it. There's a fine line between poetic brilliance and churning out a load of old cobbles, and Chris McLaughlin (ex-New Model Army personage and Loud lead singer) crosses it a lot.

Try these two classics, for example: "And while I revel in self-pitied isolation/My bloodless face is still the kingdom of sadness" may be bollocks, but "I'll send you my temporal lobe to be placed by your heart" is superlative bollocks. Only the incredibly talented or the certifiable can get away with this sort of stuff.

Musically, it may be shorter and sharper, but it's not a million miles away from the concepts behind '70s prog rock. The guitars might shy away from ye olde ethereal stuff in favour of industrial bump and grind, but the same elements of self-indulgence and overwrought set-pieces remain.

When Loud get it right, however, they're rather awesome. The single 'Explosive', the finest track, flaps its disjointed angular limbs at a horrendously catchy guitar hook, while 'Black Hysteria' and 'Infatuation' echo the driving anger of NMA. And, frustrating though it may be, 'D Generation' does manage to worm its way under your skin.

Produced by arch nutperson Jaz Coleman, this album's either the work of errant geniuses or candidates for the room with padded walls. 'I Am The Idol' illustrates it all perfectly - moments of musical greatness sandwiched between sci-fi brain-fry Hawkwind-oriented stuff. Beam me up, planet weirdo. **Andy Stout**

**EDDIE HINTON**  
**'Letters From Mississippi'**  
**(Zane) \*\*\*\***

EDDIE HINTON isn't a name you'd expect anyone to recognise, yet he wrote UB40's recent hit 'Breakfast In Bed' and, more importantly, worked with/for Aretha Franklin, Percy Sledge, Dusty Springfield and... Alex Chilton.

Now, the Chilton connection is the important one because, like him, Eddie Hinton started on the straight and narrow road to success and then, through choice, hazard and plain bad luck, ended up making a U-turn. As guitarist of the world famous Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section in the early '70s, Hinton looked set to make it - and he tried to. Then he sort of stopped trying. When he tried again, in the mid-'80s, he cut the 12 tracks on this fascinating album.

With a voice somewhere between John Fogerty and Gregg Allman and an approach verging on reckless, Hinton's songs are of enduring power, hallmarked with a greatness even if predictable limitations left their production slight.

His passion for soul is self-evident if everything from his melodies to his vocals sometimes disguises it. Here is a man obviously in love with music, and 'Everybody Meets Mr Blue', for example, has that indefatigable spirit common to soul at its best. 'My Searching Is Over' packs a raw punch delivered by Hinton's whiskied voice and gliding horns, while 'Everybody Needs Love' boasts a lyric possessed of that universality the best pop always has.

Encoded into each Hinton song is an intuitive dynamic and personality that it's hard to imagine anyone conversant with soul, R&B or rock 'n' roll disliking. Indeed, 'Letters From Mississippi' could well be described in short as living history, with the accent on 'living'. Find it, play it, then pass it around. **Ralph Traitor**

DREAM WARRIORS: no sleep till stardom



**DREAM WARRIORS**  
**'And Now The Legacy Begins'**  
**(4th & Broadway) \*\*\*\*\***

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

No. Astutely fusing rap, reggae, pop and jazz, not to mention a generous sprinkling of sounds that spring from somewhere else entirely, 'And Now...', their debut LP, proves beyond all doubt that King Lou and Capital Q are far too gifted to be regarded as kooky cranks who've unwittingly stumbled into the big time. After three spins of this bizarre multi-faceted disc, you'll find yourself coming to one conclusion: the Dream Warriors are gonna be huge.

A captivating journey from one side of Lou's brain to the other, 'And Now...' lovingly incorporates everything from puzzling playground riddles ('Who's more the fool - the fool or the fool who follows the fool' - 'Follow Me Not') to flickering TV channels ('Tune From The Missing Channel'), sporadically recalling De La Soul's classic 'Three Feet High And Rising' minus the giddy gameshow element.

Unlike De La Soul, though, the Dream Warriors operate on many different levels. While their sense of humour remains constantly intact, they approach each song from a different angle. Hence 'U Never Know A Good Thing Till U Lose It' (I blame Prince, don't U?) is as lazy and springy as rap's likely to get, while 'U Could Get Arrested' - boasting contributions from other Toronto rappers - struts with a pride hitherto unassociated with the Dream Warriors.

Statements of intent, however, are few and far between. For the most part, 'And Now...' is rap at its most oblique and inventive. Take 'Voyage Through The Multiverse', for instance, an eerie, enticing trek that's approximately three centuries ahead of its time.

Equally unusual, though not quite so futuristic, is forthcoming single 'Ludi'. A world away from the more upbeat 'My Definition Of A Boombastic Jazz Style', it's a sprightly, reggae-tinged rap that comes across like the signature tune to a kids TV programme as performed by a precocious street-hustler.

As 'Face In The Basin' so eloquently puts it: "Life is rhythm and rhythm is Dream Warriors". Quite. U can't touch this.

Paul Mardles

**VARIOUS**  
**'Wild And Crazy Noise Merchants Invade A City Near You - Worst Of The 1 In 12 Club Vol 9/10'**  
**(1 In 12 Records) \*\*\*\*½**

WHEN BRADFORD'S 1 In 12 Club release compilation LPs they don't do things by halves. This time they've managed to cram 22 bands

into four sides of vinyl, accompany it with a 24-page booklet and maintain their laudable policy of including only previously unreleased tracks.

Of course it's only to be expected that with such a concentration of bands, the odd track will poke out like a sore thumb through its sheer mediocrity. Psycho Flowers and Slander fall conveniently into that category with their regressive Discharge impressions; Indian Dream and The Clearing offer

pleasant yet pedestrian affairs while Paradox UK, Godorrhoea, Tiddles and The Incest Brothers are all hugely uninspiring.

Marginally more palatable are Warfear, who incorporate an impressive array of tempo changes into a standard format; the powerful aggression of Active Minds; the folk-roots of Halliwell And Johnston; M4 Alice's swirling rhythms and FUAL's scathing lyrical attack on the situation in Northern Ireland which,

frankly, warranted better musical accompaniment.

Then there are the gems, of which indeed there are many. The grossly-named Pink Turds In Space cover 'Teenage Kicks' with wholesome fury; Greenhouse are rhythmic and muscular on 'This One's For Me' while Nitro Puppy's 'Bubblegum Burnout' wallows in the glory of severely distorted buzzsaw guitars.

The three absolute pearls, though,

are Chumbawamba's inspired skank-cabaret 'Bradford Bad Lad'; Sofa Head's typically venomous 'Invitation' and the final track, 'Averagely Surprised' by Wild Willi Beckett And Jont which couples poignant verse with dazzling bass in an unusual combination that takes the honours for the entire LP.

(Available for £8.00 inc P&P payable to '1 In 12 Records' from 21-23 Albion Stret, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD1 2LY). **Ian Cheek**

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## IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

**SKINNY PUPPY**  
**'Too Dark Park'**  
**(Capitol) \*\*\*\***

SKINNY PUPPY are the best soundtrack for watching The War on late-night TV, ripped out of your skull on vodka and Guarana. Your neighbours will love it, too.

The last album, 'Rabies', suffered from the inclusion of one mind numbingly great track - 'Worlock' - which made the rest of the material seem slight in comparison. In retrospect, there is a lot of stuff on 'Rabies' that should be given a second listen. But on this album there's at least four tracks that are instantaneous belters.

'Too Dark Park' is the seventh SP album. Less poppy and melodic than Front 242, less danceable than Frontline Assembly, less controversial than the Revolting Cocks, the SP brand of painful noise collages has nonetheless placed them at the forefront of the so-called industrial/dancecore scene.

They have the reputation as extremists - sorta like a

musical Animal Liberation Front with heavy Charles Manson and Baader-Meinhoff sensibilities. Detractors levelled the same accusations at Cabaret Voltaire and the (Mk I) Human League a decade ago - that they wallow in horror and alienation, and orchestrate a loveless, soulless mechanistic hell.

But seconds into this album it's apparent that there is a great deal of humanity behind this music. Sure, it's not pleasant, but our more negative emotions like sheer seething rage never are. In many ways Skinny Puppy are more humane, less 'industrial' than a lot of current dance music.

The usual Puppy hobby horses are here: there's an abrasive anti-fur trade track called 'TFWO'; ecological catastrophe on 'Morpheus Laughing' and 'Shoreline Poison'; poverty in 'Spasmylotic' and body-horror on 'Rash Reflection'. 'Spasmylotic', in particular, will have you begging for mercy and more simultaneously.

There's no mellowing out since the classic 'Rabies' set - 'Too Dark Park' will lift the enamel from your teeth. As for the neighbours, it'll make 'em throw fits on the carpet and bite their tongues off.

Tommy Udo

SKINNY PUPPY: demonstrate the effect their LP will have on your neighbours



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# BULL METAL RACKET



THE MELVINS: it's a bullseye

## THE MELVINS 'Bullhead' (Tupelo) \*\*\*\*

AS SOON as Buzz Osbourne strangles the living daylight out of 'Bullhead's' opening, leaden-footed riff, it's abundantly clear that The Melvins' ginormous reserves of power remain lethal and regulated.

Indeed, 'Bullhead' retains the pulverising force of the group's past two efforts – the startling 'Gluey Porch Treatments' and the more recent 'Ozma' – but now thrusts it, kicking and screaming, into realms of mightily extreme depravity.

Launching the initial lariat, 'Boris' proceeds to

string you up with a riff as dilatory and hostile as the average Siberian winter, while Osbourne's voice wavers between inflamed and downright orgiastic as the track concludes.

'Anaconda' temporarily quickens the invective, slithering along with forked tongue protruding and infinite, barely concealed venom.

The song also benefits from Dale Crover's full-frontal drum molestation: proof – if any were required – that his recent (albeit brief) liaison with Nirvana has brought him back to The Melvins stool with renewed resolve.

In fact, Crover is often the key to 'Bullhead's' success. His remorseless, club-footed pounding disembowels the nasty 'Ligature', and his crisp snare combines with Lori Black's rolling bass when the trio belt out the upbeat surprises of

'It's Shoved' and side two's commences, 'Zodiac'.

However, even when they up the tempo, The Melvins retain their deathly sharp precision. On 'Zodiac', Osbourne's axe scuttles along, making a series of metallic incisions, yet there's never the faintest hint of wastage or shitty, cock-exposing excess.

'If I Had An Exorcism', meanwhile, is a bubonic, tempo-shifting inferno. Believe me, if The Melvins *did* arrange an exorcism, the entire churchyard would be turning in their graves. Incredibly, though, the ensuing 'Your Blessed' usurps the lot: an obscene, veiled threat of retribution.

Simply put, the chances of escaping unscathed from this particular bull ring are slight.

Tim Peacock

## VARIOUS 'Fat! Fat! Fat!' (No Hit) \*\*\*\*

FOR the party season, for all seasons, here's a great wobble-bottomed celebration of fatness from Not Hit Records, providers of obscure rockin' trash classics to the masses.

"Eighteen blubberin' boppers," the sleeve proclaims while a big fat mama stares out ready to knife some passing skinny rat. And all plumpness aside, it's a vintage collection of raw rockin' rhythm and blues with that one thing in common, the portly subject.

Best of all is Little Freddy And Don's 'Too Fat', one of many observations about the size of one's loved one. Don McKinnon dishes out a heaped plateful of 'Fat Fat Fat' to get those jelly thighs a-shakin'. Even the great Otis Redding makes an appearance with 'Fat Gal', a long-lost stomp from the days before he was fully filled out. And Big John Greer's not too stout of ego to admit 'I'm The Fat Man'. And that's just for starters. 'Fat! Fat! Fat!' makes a very nourishing main course.

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

James Robert

## IGNORANCE 'The Confident Rat' (Metal Blade) \*\*\*

CANDIDATES FOR space cadets of the year 1991, Ignorance apparently have a recording of a 'real' UFO taking off and landing to open one of the tracks on their debut album. Could this be the same one that made the corn circle on the front of Led Zep's 'Remasters'? I think we should be told.

But still, strange electronic throbbing noises aside, 'The Confident Rat' is a quietly impressive album that skews just left of hitting the target, overbalancing under the weight of trying to cram a wee bit too much into their eclectic metal fusion sound.

When it does get its shit together, though, it's a fine example of British fusion. Unlike their American counterparts, the Brits tend to a rather dour, sparse and viciously angular sound – Ignorance sometimes overplay this and the results verge on the two dimensional.

The first three tracks all suffer from this overly stark and confused skeleton on which no flesh manages to cling. But, on 'Momma Hocus' (the one with the UFO), all the varying textures pool together, staccato rhythms bleeding on several levels.

Tim Peacock

'The Confident Rat' itself is a fine take on Jane's Addiction, but ripped round to a far more violent angle. 'Why?' is the pinnacle – Ignorance's big subject song of anger and bitterness, vicious and uncompromising in the extreme.

The album's not brilliant, but like The Beyond, there's enough of interest going on to lead onwards. But how do you top the UFO?

Andy Stout

## VARIOUS 'Through The Looking Glass 1966' (Imaginary) \*\*\*

THE YEAR in which transatlantic pop forces were feverishly polishing their newly-acquired granny glasses in readiness for the imminent psychedelic explosion, 1966 will always be viewed as a period of exciting musical transition.

Imaginary have hired a motley crew of big names, rentable oddballs and unknown quantities to (largely) dish out inspired interpretations of the brilliance and underlying weirdness of the time.

Of the stranger exhibits, the Monks Of Doom (aka Camper Van Beethoven) are a natural choice to tap the loopy straitjacket pulse of the Mothers Of Invention's 'Who Are The Brain Police?', while Spiral Jetty cast an accurate net over Scott Walker's 'Montague Terrace' – its mournful strings and melodramatic vocals emphasising a gripping and uncertain tale.

Although lacking the hazy swirl of the original, A Witness prod The Beatles' 'Tomorrow Never Knows' with a muscular vibe and Levellers 5 batter 'Eleanor Rigby' into submission with a cauterising guitar drone and John Donaldson's stark northern twang. Fine stuff.

Less successful are both Joe Foster & The Devils and No Prisoners, whose versions of 'Psychodaisies' (The Yardbirds) and the Stones' 'Paint It Black' are respectively spineless and unimaginative. In addition, Ride deliver suitably mind-fondling Eastern promise with 'Eight Miles High', though after Hüsker Dü's seminal rehash, this is a trifle tame.

Nonetheless, there is a further bundle of surprises, not least Barbel's deadpan delight 'Call Me' – even though neither yours truly nor the sleeve notes can remember who unleashed the original. Top of the heap, meanwhile, are The Family Cat, who retract their claws to infuse The Hollies' 'Bus Stop' with an authentic '66 lightness of touch.

At intervals flawed and over-reaching, 'Through The Looking Glass' still harbours a host of redeeming features.

Tim Peacock

## BACK-TRACKS

Tracks from the vaults re-released and reviewed

### ROGER MCGUINN 'Roger McGuinn' (Edsel)

A WELL-timed reissue, this. Hot on the heels of reawakened Byrds mania arising from the release of *that* box set, Edsel have introduced the first solo outing of king Byrd Roger McGuinn to the retro-crazy '90s market.

By the time this was released in 1973, the original, seminal Byrds line-up had long since parted. After numerous line-up changes, and moves through all manner of styles ('raga rock', psychedelia and, most successfully, country-rock), McGuinn had finally laid the Byrds to rest and resigned himself to a fresh start. 'Roger McGuinn' shows all the signs of a man going through the ups and downs of the re-invention game.

It begins with 'I'm So Restless', a heartfelt goodbye to the '60s in which McGuinn quizzes his old allies on the right approach to tortured adulthood. Lennon, Dylan and Jim Morrison are all interrogated – and castigated – and poor old Roger seems no nearer an answer.

His musical frame of mind is similarly uncertain: cool jazz-rock fusion ('My New Woman', 'Draggin'), corny folk-rock ('Time Cube', 'Heave Away') and even gospel ('Stone') are all present. Trouble is, McGuinn doesn't seem to know where he's going, and his eclecticism can lead to corking rock giving way to piss-poor folk-isms within minutes.

It's a varied trip, for sure, but a compelling one nonetheless. Like 'John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band', 'Roger McGuinn' is an often intense, bold solo debut that manages to justify McGuinn's post-Byrds existence in no uncertain terms. Past glories were never to be repeated, but there are enough highlights here to throw off allegations of a post-'60s artistic slump.

So although it's hard to see anyone but the most devout Byrds disciple rushing out to buy 'Roger McGuinn', for students of the evolution of California's coolest combo, this is a must. JH

### SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE 'There's A Riot Goin' On' (Edsel)

THE SLY Stone who stole the show at Woodstock came over as a weirdo psychedelic preacher, giving out a gospel of self-belief to the gobsmacked hippy hordes. Classics like 'Everybody's A Star' and 'Stand' were the hymns of his cool celebratory creed, that used godlike funk to convert its disciples.

By 1971, however, Sly had disappeared into a dark world of drug abuse and paranoia, and his joyous exhortations were replaced by brooding introspections. 'There's A Riot Goin' On' is largely the work of a man playing his way through purgatory. Both harrowing and groovy, it set the tone for the apocalyptic messages of '70s agit-funk.

Sparse pieces like 'Luv 'N' Haight' and 'Poet' sound like potential monsters put on a short leash; they never quite get the chance to bite. There's a palpable sense of frustration, of an artist who's just too screwed up to give full vent to his feelings.

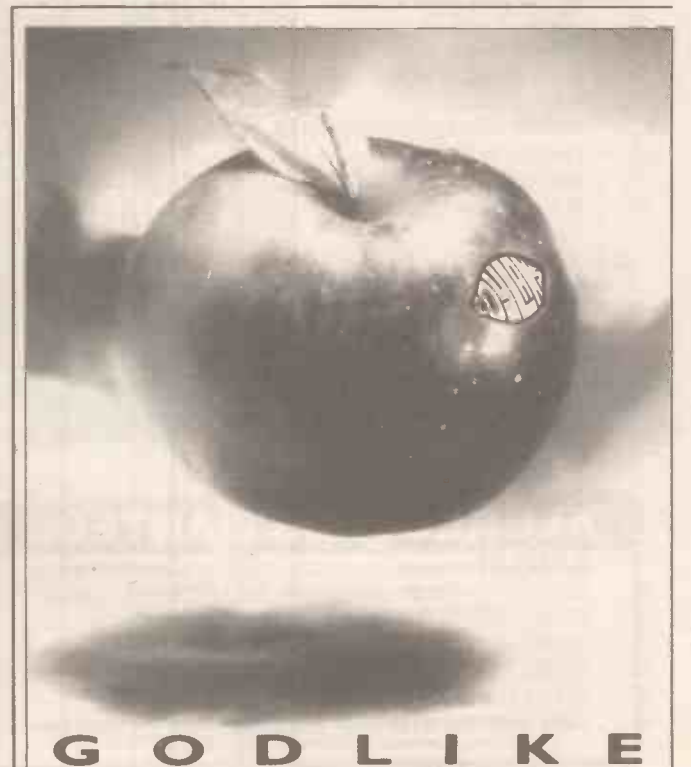
Even when things take an upturn with the contented tones of 'Family Affair' and '(You Caught Me) Smilin'', Sly's satisfaction is closer to that of a world-weary pensioner sighing at the antics of his grandchildren than the euphoria he'd exuded prior to his plunge into coke and craziness.

Not that Sly wasn't acutely aware of his passage from celebration to angst-ridden chaos. The album's closer, 'Thank You For Talkin' To Me Africa' sees the manic refrain from the seminal 'Thank You Falettinmebe Mice Elf Again' re-invented as a miserable, embittered chant. You could be forgiven for taking this re-write as a last cry for help.

Any assistance, however, only postponed Sly's final downward dive. The '70s and '80s found him in and out of jail, surviving in the twilight world reserved for skid row rockers – a pathetic end to a legend of which '...Riot' is a very sad souvenir. JH



SLY STONE: a man playing his way through purgatory



# CHARTS

## UK SINGLES

- 1 5 INNUENDO ..... Queen Parlophone
- 2 2 3 AM ETERNAL ..... KLF KLF Communications
- 3 22 WIGGLE IT ..... 2 In A Room Cutting
- 4 1 SADNESS PART 1 ..... Enigma Virgin International
- 5 4 GONNA MAKE YOU SWEAT ..... C&C Music Factory Columbia
- 6 28 CRY FOR HELP ..... Rick Astley RCA
- 7 3 CRAZY ..... Seal ZTT
- 8 6 I CAN'T TAKE THE POWER ..... Off-Shore Columbia
- 9 33 DO THE BARTMAN ..... The Simpsons Geffen
- 10 12 HIPPYCHICK ..... Soho S&M
- 11 7 MERCY MERCY ME/I WANT YOU ..... Robert Palmer EMI
- 12 9 SENSITIVITY ..... Ralph Tresvant MCA
- 13 10 (I'VE HAD) THE TIME OF MY LIFE ..... Bill Medley & Jennifer Warnes  
..... RCA
- 14 17 CAN I KICK IT? ..... A Tribe Called Quest Jive
- 15 25 GET HERE ..... Oleta Adams Fontana
- 16 - I BELIEVE ..... EMF Parlophone
- 17 8 INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING ..... Jesus Jones Food
- 18 14 ALL THE MAN THAT I NEED ..... Whitney Houston Arista
- 19 - SUMMER'S MAGIC ..... Mark Summers 4th & Broadway
- 20 41 COMING OUT OF THE DARK ..... Gloria Estefan Epic
- 21 27 SUMMER RAIN ..... Belinda Carlisle Virgin
- 22 13 ALL TRUE MAN ..... Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 23 24 FORGET ME NOTS ..... Tongue 'N' Cheek Syncopate
- 24 - WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO ..... Kylie Minogue PWL
- 25 11 THE GREASE MEGAMIX ..... John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John  
..... Polydor
- 26 - PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC ..... Vanilla Ice SBK
- 27 - (I WANNAGIVE YOU) DEVOTION ..... Nomad Rumour
- 28 16 PREACHER MAN ..... Bananarama London
- 29 48 OUTSTANDING ..... Kenny Thomas Cooltempo
- 30 18 ICE ICE BABY ..... Vanilla Ice SBK
- 31 19 ALL TOGETHER NOW ..... The Farm Produce
- 32 32 III ..... Orbital ffr
- 33 15 CRAZY ..... Patsy Cline MCA
- 34 30 I'M NOT IN LOVE ..... Will To Power Epic
- 35 36 MISS AMERICA ..... Big Dish East West
- 36 21 X, Y & ZEE ..... Pop Will Eat Itself RCA
- 37 - DEDICATION ..... Thin Lizzy Vertigo
- 38 - SOMEDAY ..... Mariah Carey Columbia
- 39 23 ALL THIS TIME ..... Sting A&M
- 40 - MUST BEE THE MUSIC ..... King Bee Featuring Michele Torso
- 41 26 PRAY ..... MC Hammer Capitol
- 42 - ECHO MY HEART ..... Lindy Layton Arista
- 43 39 YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELING ..... The Righteous Brothers  
..... Verve
- 44 - COOL JERK ..... The Go-Go's IRS
- 45 40 MYSTERIES OF LOVE ..... LA Mix A&M PM
- 46 - THE BEE (REMIX) ..... Scientist Kickin'
- 47 - GOOD TIMES ..... Jimmy Barnes & INXS Atlantic
- 48 29 MARY HAD A LITTLE BOY ..... Snap Arista
- 49 35 BOX SET GO ..... The High London
- 50 31 JUSTIFY MY LOVE ..... Madonna Sire

Compiled by MRIB

## PSYCHOTRONIC 15

- 1 ORGY OF THE DEAD ..... Mondo
- 2 SHE FREAK ..... AVR
- 3 DESPERATE LIVING ..... Castle
- 4 THE WILD, WILD WORLD OF JAYNE MANSFIELD ..... Mondo
- 5 MULTIPLE MANIACS ..... Castle
- 6 COLOUR ME LURID - THE FILMS OF GEORGE KUCHAR ..... Connoisseur
- 7 HEAT ..... Virgin
- 8 DOUBLE AGENT 73 ..... VPD
- 9 THE INTRUDER ..... Connoisseur
- 10 DEATH CURSE OF TARTU ..... 5th Dimension
- 11 FLESH ..... Virgin
- 12 BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS ..... Fox
- 13 TWO CRIPPLED HEROES ..... VPD
- 14 EVIL DEAD ..... Palace
- 15 BLACK CAESAR ..... Stablecane

Compiled by Bal Croce and Mike Delanian at Psychotronic Video, 3a Buck Street, London NW1. Tel: 071-284-0334

## AWESOME 10

- 1 BLOODSPORTS FOR ALL ..... Carter (USM)
- 2 THE WAGON ..... Dinosaur Jr
- 3 IMPERIAL ..... Primal Scream
- 4 X, Y AND ZEE ..... Pop Will Eat Itself
- 5 SLIVER ..... Nirvana
- 6 SPIRAL OUT ..... Cut Cut Emma
- 7 BIRDBRAIN ..... Buffalo Tom
- 8 DO YOU REMEMBER ME ..... Talulah Gosh
- 9 CASTLE TRAIN ..... Easy
- 10 WE PLEDGE OUR ALLEGIANCE TO SADDAM ..... Wat Tyler

Compiled by Club Awesome, The Venue, New Cross

## UK ALBUMS

- 1 3 MCMXCAD ..... Enigma Virgin
- 2 9 A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH ..... David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 3 1 THE IMMACULATE COLLECTION ..... Madonna Sire
- 4 2 THE VERY BEST OF ..... Elton John Rocket
- 5 - THE SOUL CAGES ..... Sting A&M
- 6 18 WICKED GAME ..... Chris Isaak Reprise
- 7 6 SERIOUS HITS... LIVE! ..... Phil Collins Virgin
- 8 - ALL TRUE MAN ..... Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 9 5 I'M YOUR BABY TONIGHT ..... Whitney Houston Arista
- 10 10 TO THE EXTREME ..... Vanilla Ice SBK
- 11 4 LISTEN WITHOUT PREJUDICE VOLUME 1 ..... George Michael Epic
- 12 14 DIRTY DANCING ..... Original Soundtrack RCA
- 13 13 SOUL PROVIDER ..... Michael Bolton Columbia
- 14 7 SHAKING THE TREE - GOLDEN GREATS ..... Peter Gabriel Virgin
- 15 12 CARRERAS DOMINGO PAVAROTTI - CONCERT ..... Various Decca
- 16 29 DON'T EXPLAIN ..... Robert Palmer EMI
- 17 8 THE SINGLES COLLECTION 1984-1990 ..... Jimmy Somerville London
- 18 16 PILLS 'N' THRILLS AND BELL YACHES ..... Happy Mondays Factory
- 19 11 X ..... INXS Mercury
- 20 26 THE LOST BOYS - ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ..... Various Atlantic
- 21 19 PLEASE HAMMER DON'T HURT 'EM ..... MC Hammer Capitol
- 22 21 THE RHYTHM OF THE SAINTS ..... Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 23 15 CHOKE ..... The Beautiful South Go! Discs
- 24 - 1916 ..... Motorhead Epic
- 25 17 THE VERY BEST OF ..... The Righteous Brothers Verve
- 26 20 REMASTERS ..... Led Zeppelin Atlantic
- 27 32 WORLD POWER ..... Snap Arista
- 28 22 ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS ..... Status Quo Vertigo
- 29 25 IDON'T WANT WHAT I HAVEN'T GOT ..... Sinéad O'Connor Ensign
- 30 24 THE VERY BEST OF ..... The Bee Gees Polydor
- 31 28 ONLY YESTERDAY ..... The Carpenters A&M
- 32 43 SWEET DREAMS ..... Patsy Cline MCA
- 33 41 GREATEST HITS 1977-1990 ..... Stranglers Epic
- 34 39 RHYTHM OF LOVE ..... Kylie Minogue PWL
- 35 23 FROM A DISTANCE... THE EVENT ..... Cliff Richard EMI
- 36 48 RUNAWAY HORSES ..... Belinda Carlisle Virgin
- 37 31 THE ESSENTIAL PAVAROTTI ..... Luciano Pavarotti Decca
- 38 37 DREAMLAND ..... Black Box de/Construction
- 39 36 BELIEF ..... Innocence Cooltempo
- 40 30 BEHAVIOUR ..... Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 41 27 NO PRAYER FOR THE DYING ..... Iron Maiden EMI
- 42 38 CORNERSTONES 1967-1970 ..... Jimi Hendrix Polydor
- 43 - STEP IN THE ARENA ..... Gang Starr Cooltempo
- 44 34 BOOMANIA ..... Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 45 49 MUSIC FROM TWIN PEAKS ..... Angelo Badalamenti Warner Brothers
- 46 35 VIVALDI: FOUR SEASONS ..... Nigel Kennedy EMI
- 47 33 PRETTY WOMAN ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ..... Various EMI USA
- 48 40 MIXED UP ..... The Cure Fiction
- 49 42 LOOK SHARP! ..... Roxette EMI
- 50 - SHAKE YOUR MONEY MAKER ..... The Black Crowes Def American

Compiled by MRIB



SOHO: RIGHT-on sisters

## 5 YEARS AGO

### ALTERNATIVE

- 1 1 DAYS LIKE THESE ..... Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 2 2 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY ..... Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 3 4 TINY DYNAMINE ..... Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 4 10 REVOLUTION ..... Chumbawamba Agitpop
- 5 7 REVOLUTION ..... The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 6 6 BLUE MONDAY ..... New Order Factory
- 7 - V2 ..... That Petrol Emotion Noise A Noise
- 8 5 KICK OVER THE STATUES ..... The Redskins  
..... Abstract Dance/Priority
- 9 3 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY ..... The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 10 32 WHISTLING IN THE DARK ..... Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 11 9 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? ..... The Cramps Big Beat
- 12 16 IT WILL COME ..... The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 13 14 NO PLACE CALLED HOME ..... The June Brides Intape
- 14 - LIKE AN ANGEL ..... Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 15 8 LET THEM EAT BOGSHEG ..... Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 16 - RAIN ..... The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 17 20 CRUISER'S CREEK/LA ..... The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 18 13 DESIRE ..... Gene Loves Jezebel Situation Two
- 19 - SUB-CULTURE ..... New Order Factory
- 20 25 SLAMMERS ..... King Kurt Stiff

## 10 YEARS AGO

### ALTERNATIVE

- 1 1 ZEROX ..... Adam And The Ants Do It
- 2 2 CARROUBLE ..... Adam And The Ants Do It
- 3 3 IT'S OBVIOUS/DIET ..... Au Pairs Human
- 4 - BULLSHIT DETECTOR ..... Various Crass
- 5 8 ORIGINAL SIN ..... Theatre Of Hate SS
- 6 7 SIMPLY THRILLED HONEY ..... Orange Juice Postcard
- 7 5 DECONTROL ..... Discharge Clay
- 8 10 HOLIDAY IN CAMBODIA ..... Dead Kennedys Cherry Red
- 9 4 RABBIT ..... Chas & Dave Rockney
- 10 16 DANCED ..... Toyah Safari
- 11 17 ATMOSPHERE ..... Joy Division Factory
- 12 9 TRY ..... Delta 5 Rough Trade
- 13 6 THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING ..... UB40 Graduate
- 14 18 IT'S KINDA FUNNY ..... Josef K Postcard
- 15 12 KILL THE POOR ..... Dead Kennedys Cherry Red
- 16 - GET UP AND USE ME ..... Fire Engines Codex
- 17 - POLITICS/IT'S FASHION ..... Girls At Our Best Record/Rough Trade
- 18 11 TELEGRAM SAM ..... Bauhaus 4AD
- 19 15 FEEDING OF THE 5,000 (SECOND SITTING) ..... Crass Crass
- 20 14 BLOODY REVOLUTIONS ..... Crass Crass

## MUSIC VIDEO

- 1 1 THE IMMACULATE COLLECTION ..... Madonna WMV
- 2 2 LIVE ..... Pavarotti/Domingo/Carreras PMV/Channel 5
- 3 3 SERIOUSLY LIVE IN BERLIN ..... Phil Collins Virgin
- 4 5 THE VERY BEST OF ..... Elton John Channel 5/PMV
- 5 4 FROM A DISTANCE (THE EVENT) ..... Cliff Richard PMI
- 6 6 LIVE FROM BARCELONA 1990 ..... Tina Turner Channel 5/PMV
- 7 7 STEP BY STEP ..... New Kids On The Block SMV
- 8 8 AN EVENING WITH ..... Daniel O'Donnell Ritz
- 9 10 PAVAROTTI ..... Luciano Pavarotti Music Club
- 10 9 ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS ..... Status Quo PMV

Compiled by Gallup

## METAL SINGLES

- 1 - DEDICATION ..... Thin Lizzy Vertigo
- 2 1 BRING YOUR DAUGHTER... TO THE SLAUGHTER ..... Iron Maiden  
..... EMI
- 3 5 MILES AWAY ..... Winger Atlantic/East West
- 4 4 TWICE AS HARD ..... Black Crowes Def American
- 5 2 A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH ..... David Lee Roth Warner Bros
- 6 3 GOT THE TIME ..... Anthrax Island
- 7 9 HIGH ENOUGH ..... Damn Yankees Warner Bros
- 8 6 THE ONE TO SING THE BLUES ..... Motorhead Epic
- 9 7 THE ANNIVERSARY WALTZ PART 2 ..... Status Quo Vertigo
- 10 8 DON'T BELIEVE HER ..... Scorpions Vertigo

## METAL ALBUMS

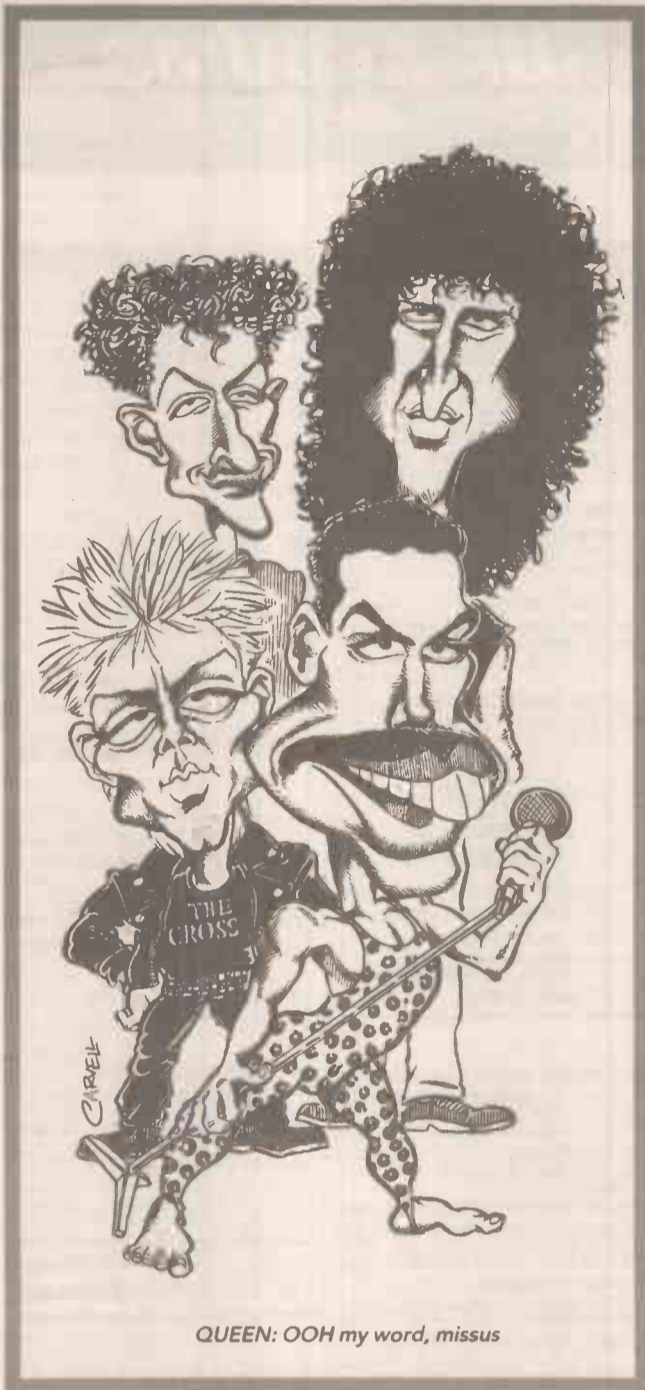
- 1 1 A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH ..... David Lee Roth Warner Bros
- 2 1 REMASTERS ..... Led Zeppelin Atlantic/East West
- 3 2 ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS ..... Status Quo Vertigo
- 4 3 NO PRAYER FOR THE DYING ..... Iron Maiden EMI
- 5 7 SLIPPERY WHEN WET ..... Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 6 4 CORNERSTONES 1967-1970 ..... Jimi Hendrix Polydor
- 7 - RECYCLER ..... ZZ Top Warner Bros
- 8 5 PERSISTENCE OF TIME ..... Anthrax Island
- 9 10 THE RAZOR'S EDGE ..... AC/DC Atco/East West
- 10 - BLAZE OF GLORY/YOUNG GUNS II ..... Jon Bon Jovi Vertigo

Compiled by Spotlight Research

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 3AM ETERNAL ..... The KLF/KLF Communications
- 2 2 ALL TOGETHER NOW ..... The Farm Produce
- 3 45 THE BEE ..... Scientist Kickin'
- 4 - BLOODSPORT FOR ALL ..... Carter (USM) Rough Trade
- 5 3 ARE YOU DREAMING? ..... Twenty 4 Seven BCM
- 6 4 SITUATION (REMIX) ..... Yazoo Mute
- 7 5 STILL FEEL THE RAIN ..... Stex Some Bizzare
- 8 7 SUCKER DJ ..... Dimples D FBI
- 9 6 FREEDOM ..... A Homeboy, A Hippie And A Funky Dredd Tam Tam
- 10 8 24 HOURS ..... Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 11 - FEEL IT ..... Adonte Republic
- 12 11 SPICE ..... Eon Vinyl Solution
- 13 13 THE EXORCIST (REMIX) ..... The Scientist Kickin'
- 14 9 CLONK ..... Sweet Exorcist Warp
- 15 17 MY RISING STAR ..... Northside Factory
- 16 - GROWING OLD ..... Origin Hut
- 17 49 HYPNOSIS ..... Psychotropic 02
- 18 25 I USE TA LOVE HER ..... Saw Doctors Solid
- 19 21 KINKY AFRO ..... Happy Mondays Factory
- 20 30 STEPPING STONE/FAMILY OF MAN ..... The Farm Produce
- 21 10 LET ME HEAR YOU (SAY YEAH) ..... PKA Stress
- 22 22 I WANNA BE THE ONE ..... Pinky 1st Bass/Big One
- 23 16 MADCHESTER RAVE ON EP ..... Happy Mondays Factory
- 24 19 STEP ON ..... Happy Mondays Factory
- 25 - SOUND CLASH (CHAMPION SQUAD) ..... Kicksquad Kickin'
- 26 34 TOTAL CONFUSION ..... A Homeboy, A Hippie And A Funky Dredd Tam Tam
- 27 - BACK BY OOOPE OEMAND ..... King Bee 1st Bass/Big One
- 28 46 FALL EP ..... Ride Creation
- 29 - FUN FACTORY ..... The Damned Deltic
- 30 24 GROOVY TRAIN ..... The Farm Produce
- 31 39 PROGRESSIVE LOGIC EP ..... Nexus 21 Network
- 32 42 THEN ..... The Charlatans Situation Two
- 33 28 SONIC ATTACK ..... LFO Fast Forward
- 34 29 LITTLE FLUFFY CLOUDS ..... Orb Big Life
- 35 - ILLEGAL GUNSHOT/SPLIFFHEAD ..... Ragga Twins Shut Up And Dance
- 36 15 ISLAND HEAD EP ..... Inspiral Carpets Cow
- 37 33 SOLID GOLD ..... Ashley & Jackson Big Life
- 38 40 I'M NOT IN LOVE ..... Rum & Black Shut Up & Dance
- 39 32 SHALL WE TAKE A TRIP ..... Northside Factory
- 40 - SPECIAL ONE ..... Ultra Vivid Scene 4A0
- 41 - ON MY WAY HOME ..... Alice Theobald Dickson
- 42 20 SCHOOL OF THE WORLD ..... Nicolette Shut Up And Dance
- 43 12 FAMILY OF PEOPLE ..... Quest For Excellence Republic
- 44 - GOD ONLY KNOWS IT'S TRUE ..... Teenage Fanclub Paperhouse
- 45 18 MANIFESTATION ..... D-Magnify Tam Tam/Savage
- 46 - FREE THE SOUL ..... Ade Shut Up And Dance
- 47 43 MOTHER UNIVERSE ..... The Soup Dragons Big Life
- 48 26 THE ONLY ONE I KNOW ..... The Charlatans Situation Two
- 49 - DAY DREAMING ..... Baby D Production House
- 50 27 CELEBRATE ..... Double Trouble Collective Desire

Compiled by Spotlight Research



QUEEN: OOH my word, missus

DANCEFLOOR

ALTERNATIVE

- 1 1 ALL TOGETHER NOW ..... The Farm Produce
- 2 4 INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING ..... Jesus Jones Food
- 3 2 THE STORM/SHE'S A RAINBOW ..... World Of Twist Circa
- 4 6 I BELIEVE ..... EMF Parlophone
- 5 3 UNBELIEVABLE ..... EMF Parlophone
- 6 8 X, Y AND ZEE ..... Pop Will Eat Itself RCA
- 7 12 SITUATION (REMIX) ..... Yazoo Mute
- 8 9 EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY ..... Birdland Lazy
- 9 5 KINKY GROOVY AFRO ..... Happy Mondays Factory
- 10 7 WINDOW PANE ..... The Real People CBS
- 11 13 MY RISING STAR ..... Northside Factory
- 12 10 SCOPE ..... Paris Angels Sheer Joy
- 13 20 FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH ..... Candyland Fiction
- 14 18 GOD KNOWS IT'S TRUE ..... Teenage Fanclub Paperhouse
- 15 15 CUBIK/OLYMPIC ..... 808 State ZTT
- 16 21 UNTIL YOU FINO OUT ..... Ned's Atomic Dustbin Chapter 22
- 17 - HIPPYCHICK ..... Soho Tam Tam
- 18 11 SHE'S SO HIGH/I KNOW ..... Blur Food
- 19 - BLOODSPORT FOR ALL ..... Carter (USM) Rough Trade
- 20 22 TINGLE ..... That Petrol Emotion Virgin
- 21 23 BOB'S YER UNCLE ..... Happy Mondays Factory
- 22 26 LET'S PRETEND ..... Spin Foundation
- 23 - WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT ..... Run DMC Profile
- 24 19 RAVEDOWN ..... Swervedriver Creation
- 25 16 ISLAND HEAD EP ..... Inspiral Carpets Mute
- 26 17 FISHES EYES ..... New Fast Automatic Daffodils Play It Again Sam
- 27 25 THERE SHE GOES ..... The La's Go! Discs
- 28 - COUNTING BACKWARDS ..... Throwing Muses 4AD
- 29 24 HI TENSION LINE ..... The Fall Cog Sinister
- 30 - MISSY/BRAIN CHANGE ..... Some Have Fins Childish
- 31 33 A FOREST (REMIX) ..... The Cure Fiction
- 32 30 GET HIGHER ..... The Moonflowers Heavenly
- 33 29 HURDY GURDY MAN ..... Butthole Surfers Rough Trade
- 34 27 SWAY ..... Ocean Colour Scene !Phfff
- 35 28 FALL EP ..... Ride Creation
- 36 31 PHOBIA ..... Flowered Up Heavenly
- 37 36 GOD'S COP ..... Happy Mondays Factory
- 38 35 DIG FOR FIRE ..... Pixies 4AD
- 39 - RIDE ..... Parchman Citybeat
- 40 34 ROBINSON CRUSOE ..... Cud Imaginary

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INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 PILLS 'N' THRILLS AND BELLIES ..... Happy Mondays Factory
- 2 2 BOOMANIA ..... Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 3 5 RHYTHM OF LOVE ..... Kylie Minogue PWL
- 4 3 ROCK 'N' ROLL LOVE SONGS ..... Various Dino
- 5 4 SOME FRIENDLY ..... The Charlatans Situation Two
- 6 - CLONKS COMING ..... Sweet Exorcist Warp
- 7 7 THAT LOVING FEELING VOL III ..... Various Dino
- 8 9 STREET MOVES ..... Twenty 4 Seven BCM
- 9 6 NOWHERE ..... Ride Creation
- 10 8 BACHARACH & DAVID - THE SONGS ..... Various Dino
- 11 16 DREAMING ..... Patsy Cline Platinum Music
- 12 11 THE STONE ROSES ..... The Stone Roses Silvertone
- 13 10 VIOLATOR ..... Depeche Mode Mute
- 14 12 THAT LOVING FEELING ..... Various Dino
- 15 13 EN-TACT ..... The Shamen One Little Indian
- 16 27 101 DAMNATIONS ..... Carter (USM) Big Cat
- 17 14 GALA ..... Lush 4AD
- 18 15 BOSSANOVA ..... Pixies 4AD
- 19 18 LOVEGOD ..... The Soup Dragons Raw TV
- 20 - FAT AXL ..... Silverfish Wiiiija
- 21 20 BACK FROM HELL ..... Run DMC Profile
- 22 17 GHOST - ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ..... Various Milan
- 23 22 LIFE ..... Inspiral Carpets Cow
- 24 26 PASSION AND WARFARE ..... Steve Vai Music For Nations
- 25 21 HEAVEN OR LAS VEGAS ..... Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 26 23 PIGEONHOLE ..... New Fast Automatic Daffodils Play It Again Sam
- 27 25 THE HEALER ..... John Lee Hooker & Friends Silvertone
- 28 - NAKED ..... Blue Pearl Big Life
- 29 - READING, WRITING & ARITHMETIC ..... The Sundays Rough Trade
- 30 30 THE SINGLES '81-'85 ..... Depeche Mode Mute

Compiled by Spotlight Research



MARI WILSON screentests for Bride Of Elephant Man

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Mari Wilson

MARI WILSON almost singlehandedly reintroduced show business to pop music in the early '80s. Combining a Mecca ballroom glitz with the kind of torch song Cilla Black would once have killed for (care of Muswell Hill's own Burt Bacharach, Tot Taylor), she invaded innumerable teenage record collections with Top Tenner 'Just What I Always Wanted' in September '82. A stunning insight into the materialist mood that plagued the decade, it also contained the immortal line: "Not one Picasso/He'll give me a pair!"

The follow-up, '(Beware) Boyfriend', was no real match for it and it took an awesome revival of Julie London's 'Cry Me A River' to re-establish Neasden's very own Queen Of Soul. But despite the moderate success of 'Wonderful', subsequent singles never took off (to wit, the ominously titled 'Let's Make This Last' and the theme from *Dance With A Stranger*). As Mari herself explains, "Everything was getting too heavy. I was being asked to go on things like *Blankety Blank* which were getting in the way of the music".

The band played their last gig at Christmas '84. Mari went on to form her own jazz quartet, playing a residency at Ronnie Scott's and also supporting Stan Getz at the Royal Festival Hall. Over the last 12 months, however, she's become more interested in returning to pop, collaborating with the one and only Graham Fellows (see *Where Are They Now* January 12) as well as writing her own material. This was interrupted over the summer, though, by her appearance in New York art movie *Rock 'N' Roll Girl*, in which she plays a singer called Angel Baby, and for which she has recorded a song entitled 'The Rhythm'. She is currently negotiating a deal for her own material and hopes to have a record out by the summer.

But what of the rest of the Wilsons? We all know Michelle Collins (*EastEnders/The Word*) was a backing singer but what happened to Hank B Hive? Well, apparently he now directs *EastEnders*. Nepotism or what?

The Gravedigger

ON THE DECK

Andy Peart  
EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY ..... Birdland Un-hip but cool Lazy single  
HENRY'S WORK ..... The Wake From 'Make It Loud' Sarah LP  
4 BRAND NEW SONGS ..... The Cure Live and secret at the T&C2 - bliss!

Andy Stout  
RATED R ..... Boo Yaa Tribe Island  
LIVE AT BRIXTON ACADEMY ..... Faith No More Slash  
RAGGED GLORY ..... Neil Young Hoop-là

Oamon Wise  
PHILLY ..... Fluke Creation  
THE BOOKHOUSE BOYS ..... Angelo Badalamenti Warners  
THE WILD WILD WORLD OF MONDO MOVIE SOUNDTRACKS ..... Various  
Humdinger of a Mondo LP

Keith Cameron  
TELEPOD FLY ..... Snapper From forthcoming Avalanche LP  
I WANNA BE YOUR DOG ..... Iggy Pop And everything else he did at Brixton  
3AM ETERNAL ..... The KLF A heavenly pop hit

Tommy Udo  
DEMOS ..... The Sunflowers Happening sound of the North East  
ECLIPSE ..... GGMH Peaceville LP track  
NO FUN ..... Iggy Live at Brixton. Whata f\*\*kin' gig!

Trish Jaega  
EDGE OF THE WORLD ..... Faith No More London  
PEACEFUL ..... Scorpio Rising Coruscating cover  
SO SUBVERSIVE ..... The Poets RCA soon-come 45

Cathi Unsworth  
THE CURE ..... Live at the T&C2 And Also the Brits Glory to Bob  
I LOVE THE WORLD ..... New Model Army Live at the Brits  
PEACEFROG ..... Scorpio Rising Touched by the hand of Jim



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# CEREBRAL FIX

PRIZE X-WORD BY SUE BUCKLEY

## WIN! WIN! WIN!

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

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

If, on the other hand, we fancy something a little more oddball, we're likely to turn to REM's *Tourfilm*, a bizarre travelogue finding Athens' finest rocking their way through '89's 'Green' tour. Straight-forward concert footage, audible lyrics and rather obvious visual

jokes - what can it all mean?

Fortunately, thanks to Warner Video, for our more discerning readers we've copies of both to just, like, give away! For nothing! Unfortunately for the greedier discerning reader, however, we've only got five of each. All you have to do to win one is jot the relevant inky scribbles in the appropriate boxes of Sue Buckley's ooh-my-word-what-a-difficult Prize X-Word and put it in an envelope with your name, address and preferred video.

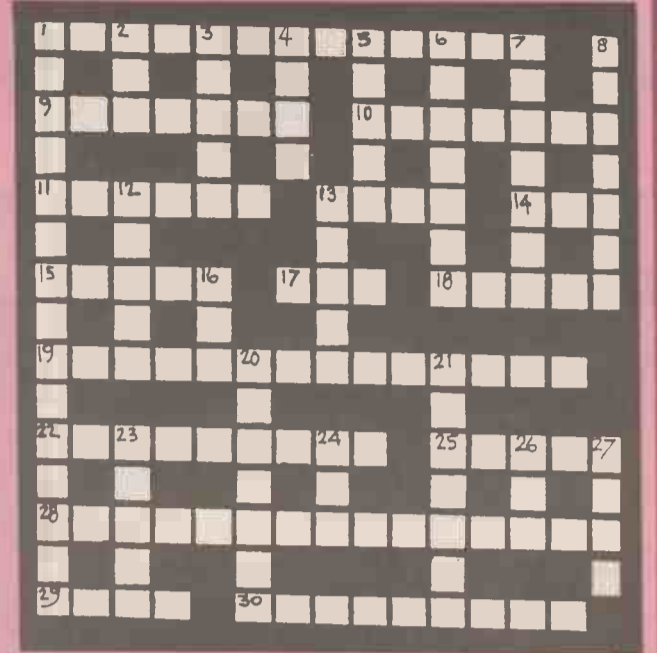
When you're done, paint yourself green and 'float' down to the pillar box with a pair of reindeer antlers taped to your head. You mightn't win but it'll look good on your medical records!

Send your answers to **David Lynch How We Do Love Thee (And You're**



REM: YOU'RE not so bad, Stipey

Not So Bad Yourself, Stipey!) Prize X-Word, Sounds, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ, to arrive no later than Tuesday February 12.



ACROSS

1. Backward counters? (8.5)
9. Sounds like a heavenly venue for Fields Of The Nephilim (7)
10. In the '60s they had to get outta this place! (7)
11. Egg classic from Patti Smith (6)
13. Bee Gee's hit talkin' (4)
14. Feelgood's Brilleaux (3)
15. Deep Purple's king (5)
17. One of the Heart sisters (3)
18. Blue ones for jazz label (5)
19. Join in with The Farm! (3.8.3)
22. Spies in the house of love? (3.3.3)
25. Crows that were jealous again (5)
28. Natives of a native place and relations of Jenny Agutter? (7.8)
29. Diamond ones for David (4)
30. Exotic haircut for the Mondays! (5.4)

DOWN

1. Kate tries to create a warm global ambience (3.7.5)
2. A kinky Davies (3)
3. Idol's bland wedding (5)
4. Title of Abba's game (4)
5. Vice state for the Gun Club (5)
6. House Of Love continue to glow! (5.2)
- 7...but All About Eve are

coloured by embarrassment (7)

8. Merciful ones doin' it for themselves (7)
12. Jethro Tull's hardened monkey (5)
13. A Jackson sister (5)
16. Once an Elf, once a Sabbath man (3)
20. Beatles take a return ticket (3.4)
21. Disease that inspired a famous ballet (7)
23. Who's in a soul cage? (5)
24. Fry's gang (1.1.1)
26. Ginger Baker led this old force (3)
27. Your love was regal to Sade (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Depeche Mode 6. Bad 8. El Loco 9. Geddy Lee 11. Danger In The Past 14. True 15. Speaking 18. White 19. Air 20. Japan 21. Stool 22. Meat 24. Eden 25. Top 26. Tang 27. Step 28. On 29. Open

DOWN

1. Dreadlock 2. Pil 3. Cocteau Twins 4. One Step Beyond 5. Eddie Van Halen 6. Bella 7. Dee 10. Big 12. Native Place 13. Tygers Of Pan 16. I Can't Stop 17. Kiss 20. James 23. Jar 24. Ego

## TRIVIA QUIZ

Which member of Love is Maria McKee's brother? Which famous rock star once appeared in an ad for the Stylophone? Trivial facts central to the scheme of rock 'n' roll - we've got them. And if you're prepared to do a spot of Agatha Christie-type detective work you could too. In this week's roving quizette we present 20 teasing clues and pose the question, WHO AM I?

People posers by Sue Buckley.

1. My father had a hit in the '50s with the 'Theme From Exodus', and I've played keyboards with Linda Ronstadt and Jackson Browne. Who am I?
2. I was born in Khartoum and had a relaxing debut.
3. My ex-manager was once in a garage band called Balloon Farm and I once had the audacity to break into Graceland!
4. I'm quite an accomplished violinist and my brother appeared in Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love' video.
5. I went to the same school as Peter Frampton and I once appeared in a TV ad for the Stylophone!
6. One of my earliest jobs was as warm-up man on *Ready Steady Go*, and my first hit was a two-part hymn to R&R.
7. I've never had a British number one although some of my songs have hit top spot. One of my pseudonyms is Roosevelt Gook.
8. My southern accent is because I was born in Florida. My early bands include The Epics and Mudcrutch.
9. I'm a bad seed and once had an attack of the cramps!

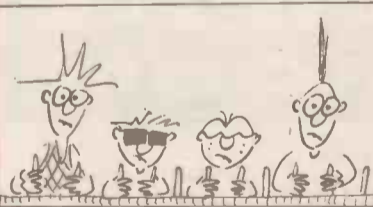
10. My sister is Maria McKee and I used to be in cult band, Love.
11. I'm told I'm a blues legend enjoying a Silvertone renaissance. I love dimples!
12. My real name's John Baldwin and I was really heavy!
13. Some say I'm a legend, some say I'm a weirdo. I've led my own bands and produced The Cramps and Tav Falco.
14. I once edited a fanzine called *Alphabet Soup* and played in a band called The Bugs.
15. I'm 28 and was born in Birkenhead but emigrated to Los Angeles. I was once asked to play Jim Morrison in a movie.
16. My group left lasting impressions, and I've worked with Dr Robert and Paul Weller.
17. Born as Mary O'Brien, my most famous creative period was in the '60s, although I have recently had something of a comeback by teaming up with the Pet Shop Boys.
18. I attended the famous New York School of Performing Arts and studied dance. I've always been left of centre.
19. I was born in Prague in 1950 and have worked with Sarah Vaughan, Jeff Beck and Don Johnson.
20. My real name's Don Van Vliet and I'm almost 50. I'm safe as milk and unconditionally guaranteed!

### TRIVIA QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Andrew Gold 2. Holly Johnson 3. Bruce Springsteen 4. Tom Petty 5. David Bowie 6. Gary Glitter 7. Bob Dylan 8. Madonna 9. Kid Congo Powers 10. Bryan Maclean 11. John Lee Hooker 12. John Paul Jones 13. Alex Chilton 14. John Lee Hooker 15. Ian Astbury 16. Curtis Mayfield 17. Dusty Springfield 18. Suzanne Vega 19. Jan Hammer 20. Captain Beefheart

BY NICK WRIGHT

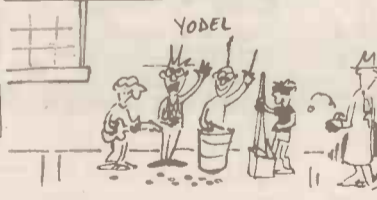
### NOBBY NAUSEA AND THE NOWHERES



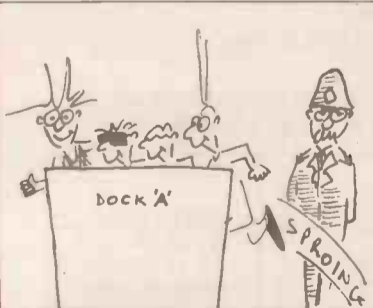
THE LADS HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO COURT BY A SLEAZY SCUMBAG WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE RECORDING RIGHTS TO ONE OF THEIR HIT SINGLES (I.E. TOOK A TAPE RECORDER TO ONE OF THEIR EARLY GIGS). THE TRIAL IS JUST HOTTING UP...

EXHIBIT A

MEANWHILE THE BOYS ARE MAKING GOOD USE OF THEIR TIME BY BUSKING IN THE COURT CHAMBERS...



CALL THE NOWHERES' BEAT GROUP



LATER... AND I WILL SHOW TO THE COURT THAT MY CLIENT, MR STUART SLIME WAS THE FIRST TO RECORD AND PRODUCE THE NOWHERES' CLASSIC 'WAZ MACHINE' SINGLE...

SURELY THE VALUE OF THIS CLAIM IS ONLY PROPORTIONAL TO THE BEAUTY OF THE MELODY AND INSIGHT OF THE LYRICS

SUDDENLY HANG ON YER HONOUR - I'LL GIVE YOU A BLAST!

I JUST TOOK A RIDE - IN MY WAZ MACHINE AND I'M STILL FEELIN' MEAN!

...OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT ANYWAY... CASE DISMISSED...

YOU WERE BRILLIANT MOE! WHAT DID I DO?

OH NO...

Bloody HELL

Bop!

ETC.

## TWIN PEAKS X-WORD WINNERS

BIG ED, Audrey Horne, Leland Palmer, Lucy, Bobby, Donna, Shelley, Dr Jacobi, Katherine, Josie, Nadine, Hank, Norma, Madelene, the Log Lady - who the bloody hell did kill Laura Palmer? We at *Sounds* still don't know but ten people will be nearer the truth than us as the *Twin Peaks* video is on its way to them. They are: AJ Ryan, Claire Davis, Stuart MacFarlan, Darren Hill, Mark Dyer, P Lawlor, Booth Savage, Tim Cox, Emma Madsen and A Micklethwaite.

And those who can content themselves with the soothing *Twin Peaks* CD soundtrack by Angelo Badalamenti whilst they puzzle over the mysteries of that way weird town are: W Thackray, Stephen Richards, Malc Miller, Jenny Gibson, Simon Bardwell, Sally Howarth, Arnold Layne, Angie Hibbert, Phil Rodriguez and D Symonds. Your coffee and cherry pie are on the house.

## 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

## In for the groove

AS SOMEONE who has not read the music press or taken any interest in the samey music scene for the past couple of years I felt moved to reply to your Voice Of Treason column on the Manchester scene (*Sounds* January 19).

What kind of attitude do you expect these bands to take, coming from a part of the country that seems to be regarded by the Thatcherite politicians and the now toothless Left as natural wastage for free market forces? Five or more years on the dole and facing an uncertain future would turn anyone into a hopeless cynic. Any reasonable member of the record buying public is probably in it for the grooves and not an informed political opinion, given that most popstars seem to have the intellectual capacity of a diseased potato or are given to bouts of screaming hypocrisy when defending their bloated bank balances (did I hear someone mention Sting?). At least you know where Shaun Ryder et al stand.

I myself would consult the opinion of someone with an intellect suited to the task. I have, however, had my faith in British music restored by the advent of the indie-dance scene and the appearance of indie bands on *TOTP* through '89/'90. It's nearly worth buying albums again and provides an interest beyond the mainstream marketing of the same popstar by the major labels (same haircut, slightly different lyrics). Hopefully it's only the tip of the iceberg forcing A&R people and journalists to get off their fat expense accounts and venture out of London once in a while.

The more ugly, drug-taking popstars that get on *TOTP* the better. Then all of us can see what kind of people and attitudes their system is throwing up! LA BOYD, Sutton, Surrey

Congratulations, LA, you've won The La's LP.

TROUSERSHOCK BC my arse! Bleach may well be deeply and most profoundly crap but at least they have an element of consistency, unlike Yateley's blessed Trousers who do a different style of song depending on what mood they happen to be in that week.

Mr Miserable's glowing tribute (sadly, not an epitaph!) to the tedious twosome (*Sounds* January 19) really did defy belief: "A singer who can sing"...only if your previous reference points are Michael Gerald and David Gedde, and the only reason they don't "rely on a stageful of pedals" is cos I doubt they could manage to move their hands and feet at the same time! The "tunes you can hum" bit is true but only cos they rip off other people's

already well humoured melodies. The only half-decent thing they've ever done is a cover of an Ivor Cutler song but even then they manage to submerge it beneath an 18-months-old Mancs beat and Loop's 1989 'Fade Out' guitars...and they call Slowdive unoriginal! Or was it Bleach?

I wouldn't be at all surprised if that letter was really written by 'Handsome' Julian Kill just to get his sad band some well undeserved column inches.

DICK SCRATCHER, Aldershot, Hampshire

WOW! ROSETTA Stone in the Readers' poll, not once, but twice! Is this a mistake? Could a band that are so ignored by the press get so high? I thought only hyped bands achieved this. Perhaps it is because they work so hard and have such obvious talent that people don't wait for the music press to get around to them.

How much longer will you pass over the fantastic amount of fresh talent on the goth/alternative scene? Bands such as The Marionettes, The Ancestry, Every New Dead Ghost, Creaming Jesus, Nosferatu and Rosetta Stone. The latter four bands feature on the 'New Alternatives' compilation album. Don't ignore them any longer.

STUART, DANNY, Manchester (city of baggy crap)



JUST TO say thanks for the piece on Paganism in your Yule issue. A first, nay, a milestone in the history of music journalism (or any for that matter). It was refreshing to get a balanced viewpoint on the subject instead of the selective approach so often used by the mainstream media. Perhaps you got your hands on a copy of the Pagan Manifesto, *And It Harm No One* which was published as a result of all the bad press and tar-brushing Paganism has endured.

Congratulations for a well researched feature and for telling the truth. I'm sure many readers will be enlightened and interested as a result.

Music plays an ever-growing role in the healing of this earth – as a medium of communication, a creative outlet and an energy/power raiser.

The reawakened interest in

Paganism and the native British tradition over the last few decades, I believe, is a sign of the need for the healing of this earth.

May music and the Pagan philosophy together help to save our beautiful planet.

GILL, musician and Pagan and proud of it!, Lichfield, Staffs

THANKS FOR printing your Glasgow's 'Friends Of The Pastels Society' introduction (*Sounds* January 19). It came in really handy because it just so happened that I ran out of toilet paper that week!

Don't ever show Glasgow up like that again! We've got loads to offer, not just an incestuous bunch of wank bands for John Robb to arselick. Next time, if there ever is a next time, try focusing on Dawson, Subliminal Girls, Jerry Krishna, AC Acoustics, Static and

Badgewearer to name a few. You won't be disappointed!

The Pastels and Teenage Fanclub are crap! Everyone knows that, so don't try and kid us on. If that's all you can offer for a focus on 'The Glasgow Scene', stick to Manchester!

I hope you're happy, now that everyone thinks Glasgow is the toilet of the music scene!

Yours, in the bog,  
RAB C NIBBLET, Glasgow, North of Manchester

SAY, chaps, I've just been watching Manic Street Preachers on *Snub* (January 21). Generation X doing 'Ready, Steady, Go!' on the 'Pops, right? Nuff said.

Posey Punk revival anyone?  
EDDIE GRUBB, PHIL FLASK AND THE BULLY BROTHERS, St Albans, Herts

## You're alright, John

UNFORTUNATELY I didn't see Tim Poet's original "John Peel must go" letter (*Sounds* December 15) but got the drift from John Christie's follow-up missive of support (*Sounds* January 12). I too used to listen to Peel's shows in the late '60s to mid '70s and it must be said that his modus operandi hasn't changed a bit – he plays what he likes (and I do believe he really likes the stuff), which is usually what other DJs can't or won't play.

In the early '70s this was Rory Gallagher and ZZ Top, as well as Tyrannosaurus Rex (later to become plain old T Rex), The Faces (with Rod Stewart in tow) etc, etc. Many of these names, having had their first nationwide radio exposure on John Peel's programmes, have gone on to become extremely popular. Once this has happened, the need to play material by those artists isn't quite so pressing and I think he would have been doing his listeners a disservice by clogging up what is a relatively short space of time with music that can be heard elsewhere.

Much of the same argument applies today – probably even more so, as music is now so fragmented. It may be that the tastes of people like Poet and Christie haven't changed at all over the intervening years and any 'new' music would fall on deaf ears, no matter how it's presented.

My own record buying habit began in 1965 with 'Positively 4th Street' and while still revering 'Pet Sounds', 'Blonde On Blonde', 'Astral Weeks' and their ilk, I have nevertheless picked up on The Smiths, 10,000 Maniacs, The Jesus And Mary Chain, Throwing Muses, Stone Roses, Wedding Present, My Bloody Valentine, Sonic Youth, Ride and the superb Pixies, mainly through listening to Peel. For this alone, I and many of your readers I suspect are indebted to the man.

However, I'm the first to admit that listening to the programme isn't easy and there are a fair number of things he plays which I personally find excruciating, my particular bete noire being any rap, Jessie Matthews and The Orb. But I remember back in the early '70s, putting up with Soft Machine's discordant racket because one knew then, as now, that the next track on could be an absolute gem.

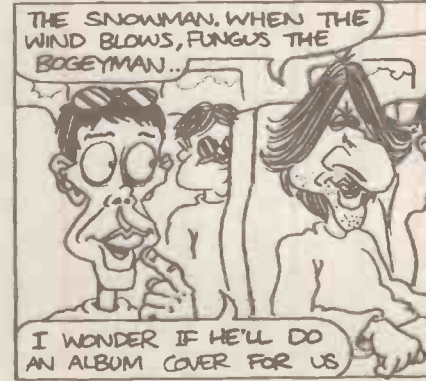
What's amazing is that they are still coming: Teenage Fanclub, Babes In Toyland and Heavenly (could be big in 1991) are some recent examples.

I say let him stay for as long as he can summon up enough enthusiasm for the music he plays – the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages. He has become a bit of an institution but that's not really his fault, more that of a chart-orientated radio system. At 50-plus John Peel still remains a 'force to be reckoned with', as borne out by his continued success in *Sounds* (and other, lesser competitors) annual poll.  
HOWARD DAVIS, Hitchin, Herts



**BEST LETTER** of the week wins a chart album of your choice. So engage your brains and get scribbling to: **Sound Off!** Sounds, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ

UT



BY KEV F. & A. PEN.

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