

July 2, 1983

URIAH HEEP • MEN AT WORK • SET THE TONE

SOUNDS



A Midsummer Night's Tube — full story inside



Tom Robinson: it's war, baby



Life after Japan for David Sylvian



Sucking up to Jimmy The Hoover



Learning the drill with Midnight Oil



The sound of the men working on the Kane Gang

Plus! Devoto dates rescheduled/ Motorhead Marquee shows/Wham! LP review/Big Country live

LUCKY PUNCH
Inside the JoBoxers hit machine

JoBOXERS: pic by Paul Slattery



Marquee Motoring

MOTORHEAD (Brian Robertson above) add their weight to the Marquee's Silver Jubilee when they headline three nights at the club on July 5, 6 and 7. The club's stage is being strengthened to accommodate the band's equipment and as many of their special effects as they can cram onto the stage. They also promise a few surprises for the shows.

Tickets for the gigs — which are being filmed by

English and American TV companies for future use — go on sale this week price £4.50. They will be available in advance only to members of the Motorheadbangers fan club or Marquee club members and any remaining tickets will go on sale on the night price £5.00.

Motorhead look like getting no sleep till Christmas this year as they have tours of the Far East, America and Europe lined up.

Enter the Dragon

PENDRAGON, who've been out of action for several weeks while their singer/guitarist was undergoing 'serious dental surgery', are back on the road this month.

The progressive rockers have re-pressed their 'Armageddon' cassette and will have it on sale for their gigs at Leeds Ffordre Grene July 2, Stroud New

Lodge 6, Broxburn Astor Club 10, Glasgow Nite Moves 11, Bannockburn Tandhu Atom Club 12, Aberdeen Venue 14, Inverness Ice Rink 15, Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel 17, Hull Dingwalls 21, Milton Keynes Peartree 23, Peterborough Key Theatre 24, Watford Verulam Heads Club 25, Woolwich Tramshed 26.

Juluka hang in there

JULUKA, the South African multi-racial band whose visit here ran into problems when the Musicians Union blacked their planned TV appearances, have been able to salvage one slot following the MU's change of heart.

They'll be appearing on Granada's *Hold Tight* on August 9 although their spot will be recorded some weeks in advance.

Meanwhile, band leader Johnny Clegg is still fighting the MU's ruling that he cannot remain a member of the union if he returns to South Africa. He has written to the union appealing against this decision but has received no reply as yet. Meanwhile, the band have two more dates on their British tour — at Leeds Warehouse July 1 and London Venue 4.

Baten down the hatches

EINSTRUZENDE NEUBATEN, who had to blow out their Brixton Ace gig last week when their drummer was rushed to hospital for an emergency operation (see story on the Brixton Ace elsewhere), have found solace in the arms of Some Bizzare to whom they have just signed.

Their debut album will be released shortly under the title 'Stratagien Gegen Architekturen' which has been translated by the Some Bizzare polyglot phrase book at 'Strategies Against Architecture'.

They are also planning a series of British gigs to coincide with its release. Their only previous gig in England was at the Lyceum back in March.



Howie in season

HOWARD DEVOTO (above) has now reset the British tour he had to postpone a few weeks ago. He now starts at Leeds Warehouse on July 11 and continues at Derby blue Note 12, Liverpool State 13,

Manchester Hacienda 14, Glasgow Night Moves 15, Birmingham Tin Can 16, London Commonwealth Institute 23.

Devoto, who has just released his 'Rainy Season'

single on Virgin, will be accompanied by former Magazine keyboard player Dave Formula, Alan St Clair guitar, Martin Heath bass and Pat Ahern drums. His solo album is out in July.

Give peace a chance

MEATLOAF, Joe Cocker, Black Uhuru and Jimmy Cliff are all lined up to appear at The First World Peace Festival which is being staged in Gothenburg, Sweden from August 5-7.

The festival is being staged at the 55,000-capacity Ullevi Stadium in Gothenburg (where the Rolling Stones played two shows last year) and all proceeds will go to the Peace Child Charitable Trust which is part of the United Nations

World Disarmament Campaign.

The staging of the festival is being handled by Mark Fisher of Britannia Row who worked on the Pink Floyd's 'Wall' concept and has worked with Stevie Wonder, the Capital Radio Jazz Festival and last year's WOMAD Festival at Shepton Mallet. He will be transforming the whole stadium into a spectacular setting for the festival using hydraulic risers, projection screens and dressing up the PA Towers and roof structure.

Among the other bands lined up to appear over the three days are Dr Hook, the Band (who are reforming specially for the occasion), Laura Brannigan, Don McLean, Donovan, Aretha Franklin, Tom Paxton, the Fania Allstars, Klaus Schulze from Germany, Telephone from France, the Mods from Japan and Alla Pugatshova from Russia.

Head games

DIAMOND HEAD drummer Duncan Scott has left the band. He was an original member of the band and one version of his departure was that he was fired after arguments during the recording

of the band's next album.

But more official sources who confirmed his departure said that it was 'entirely amicable'. No replacement has yet been announced although the band are due to release a new single on MCA during July and a full announcement of the band's new line-up and future plans is expected in a week or two.

Scott meanwhile is rumoured to have joined Split Beaver.

STOP PRESS: Diamond Head bass player Colin Kimberley is also reported to have left the band. Further details next week.

Crass desperation

CRASS whisk out a new single this weekend on their own Crass Records. It's called 'Whodunnit' and was recorded 'in desperation' on election night. The single comes in brown vinyl and just in case anyone still doesn't get the message, another brown substance will be featured on the cover.

It follows their 'Gotcha' single released a month ago but the band have no plans for live gigs at present although there is a possibility of another march being organised during the summer.



Watching and waiting

THE THOMPSON TWINS (above) release a new single on Arista on July 8. It's a remixed version of 'Watching' from their 'Quick Step And Side Kick' album with new vocals.

The band, who are supporting David Bowie at Murrayfield and Peter Gabriel at Selhurst Park, also appear on the first edition of *Hold Tight*, a new Granada show which is

being networked through the ITV regions every Tuesday from July 26. The show is being shot in Alton Towers in Staffordshire — Europe's biggest pleasure park — and Musical Youth and Depeche Mode are also lined up for future editions.

The Twins then take a break to write new material before starting work on their next album in September.



Give me Passion

THE PASSION PUPPETS (above), who signed to Stiff Records at the beginning of this year, release their first single this weekend called 'Like Dust'.

The five-piece North London band formed over a year ago and have been writing and recording since then.

They've played virtually no gigs and were snapped up by Stiff supremo Dave Robinson after seeing them in rehearsal. But a series of select British dates is being lined up and will be announced shortly.

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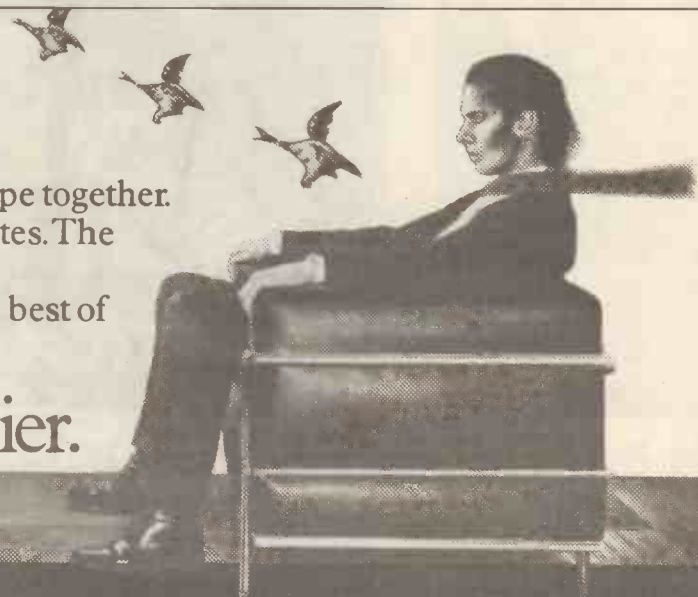
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Tickets are also available by post from:- Wooltare Limited, PO Box 123, WS1 1TJ. Enclose Postal Orders or Cheques made payable to Wooltare Limited and S.A.E. Tickets are £10.50 advance £12.00 on the day (People sending cheques should allow 21 days for clearance.)

Straits of London

DIRE STRAITS have lined up two concerts at London's Hammersmith Odeon on July 22 and 23.

The gigs follow their show at London's Dominion Theatre on July 20 for the Princes Trust which was originally their only British concert this year but they've apparently been swayed by 'public demand'.

Tickets for the Odeon shows, which are part of a world tour by the band, are priced at £5.00 and £6.00 and go on sale on July 2 at 11am at the Odeon box office. Tickets will be restricted to four per person. No postal bookings will be accepted.

The concerts will be filmed and recorded and will doubtless turn up in video or vinyl form in due course.

Nash no-no

CROSBY STILLS AND NASH have pulled out their third Wembley show on July 13. The reason given is that their equipment has to be flown back to the States early in order for the band to start their American tour on schedule but as ticket holder for the 13th are advised that they can exchange their tickets for the two remaining shows (or get a refund) it's obvious that none of the shows had sold out.

The trio release a new single on Atlantic from their live 'Allies' album next weekend. It's the new Stephen Stills song 'War Games'.

Lynott fined

PHIL LYNOTT was fined £350 by a London court last week for possessing quantities of heroin and cocaine.



Echoes of the Mersey beat

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN (above) have added a hometown date to their British tour this month. They'll be playing Liverpool Royal Court on July 15.

They also release a brand new single on Korova to tie in with the tour. It's called 'Never Stop' and is described by Mac as a 'post-election protest song'. The 12-inch version features a 'dance mix' of the song (!) on the A-side and two alternate studio takes of 'Heads Will Roll' and 'The Cutter'.

The Bunnymen have some surprises lined up for their tour, not the least of which will be the presence of four additional musicians on stage with them — a cellist, a violinist, a percussionist and an additional guitarist.

Support group for the dates will be Scottish band Strawberry Switchblade.

There's also a video of the band called 'Porcupine' filmed on location in Iceland and Liverpool and featuring 'In Blue Skies', 'The Cutter', 'My White Devil', 'Porcupine', 'Heads Will Roll' and 'Back Of Love'.

The half-hour video will be available in VHS, Betamax and V2000 formats priced at £17.95.



Death tones

THE DEATH CULT (above), who formed three months ago with ex-Southern Death Cult member Ian Astbury, Billy Duffy from Theatre Of Hate and former Ritual members Ray Mondo and Jamie Stewart, release their first record this weekend on

Situation 2 (through Beggars Banquet).

It's a 12-inch EP containing four tracks — 'Brothers Grimm', 'Ghost Dance', 'Horse Nation' and 'Christian'. But there are no gigs on the immediate horizon to back it up.

Curtis blow

CURTIS MAYFIELD will now headline the Greater London Council's Peace Picnic on July 2 at Crystal Palace Bowl. He joins the line-up — announced last week — of James Cotton, Alexis Korner, Mainsqueeze, Wilko Johnson and Lew Lewis.

Admission is free and besides the blues you'll get stalls, sideshows and inflatable from noon to 8pm.

GBH have added one more gig before they cross the Atlantic for their first American tour. They play Manchester Morrisey's on July 2.

Blood over Brixton

JAMES BLOOD ULMER, the legendary one-time sideman of Ornette Coleman whose 'Are You Glad To Be In America' album on Rough Trade opened up a cult following, comes over for a rare London gig at the Brixton Ace on July 7.

He'll be bringing his Harmolodic guitar with him and tickets are priced at £3.50.

The Brixton Ace is not surprisingly anxious that the four recently cancelled shows at the venue were all due to circumstances beyond their control. Sugar Minott cancelled his entire British tour at two days' notice, the Cocteau Twins caught a bout of nervous exhaustion, Dr John was 'ill' and most recently Einsturzende Neubauten had to pull out after their drummer had to undergo an operation to unblock an intestinal tract. However they do apologise to the various disappointed fans.



Creature comforts

THE CREATURES (above) follow their 'Miss The Girl' hit with another single next weekend called 'Right Now' on their own Wonderland label (through Polydor).

The song was written by Herbie Mann and Carl Sigman and first recorded by Mel Torme back in 1962. And for the first time, Siouxsie and Budgie as the Creatures are joined by other musicians — in this case a horn trio.



Elvis emerges

ELVIS COSTELLO (above, together with the Attractions) resumes his official recording career this weekend when he releases a new single called 'Everyday I Write The Book' on F-Beat Records which has just signed a new licensing deal with RCA Records.

This move marks the end of a somewhat torrid affair

between Elvis and WEA which goes back to his days with Radar, although he has never released any records on WEA directly.

The single, which also features the backing vocals of the anonymous Afrodisiak, precedes his new album, 'Punch The Clock', which comes out at the end of July. The album features

Glad to be Gaynor

SIMPLE MINDS have now officially made drummer Mel Gaynor a permanent member of the band.

Having just completed an extensive American tour the group play a series of European festival dates for the first half of July before shooting back to the States for a batch of dates with the Police.

The closest they get to Britain this summer is a co-headlining appearance with U2 at Dublin's Phoenix Park on August 14, after which they head straight for the studio to begin work on their next album.

They plan to play a few British gigs in the winter but will be reserving their major British onslaught until February 1984.

Both sides now

YAZOO, who recently announced their intention of going their separate ways, release their second and final album on Mute on July 4.

Called 'You And Me Both', it contains 11 songs — six by Alison Moyet and five by Vince Clarke — including their current single 'Nobody's Diary'. It was recorded at Blackwing Studio and produced by Yazoo with Eric Radcliffe.

Don't spare the Rudd

AC/DC drummer Phil Rudd is reported to have the group, although there's been no official word from the band as yet. Sources close to the band told Sounds that Rudd had been kicked out of the band for 'habitual problems'.

His replacement is apparently English sticksman Paul Thompson who was previously with Roxy Music although his last known recorded contribution was with the Angelic Upstarts on their last album.

Chelsea promotion

CHELSEA, who reformed recently after a couple of months 'retirement', have put together a series of dates this month following a stint in the studio.

Gene October and his boys will be playing Newcastle Dingwalls July 5, Leeds Brannigans 6, Hitchin Regal 8, Coventry General Wolfe 11, Manchester Morrisey's 16, Bristol Granary 19, Norwich Gala Ballroom 24, Glasgow Nite Moves 25, London Marquee 30-31.

Electric Prunes

THE VIRGIN PRUNES will interrupt their recording schedule for their next album to play a one-off gig at Camden's Electric Ballroom on August 11. The gig is a warm-up for a Belgian festival appearance and support will be provided by Sisters of Mercy.

Ure my everything

MIDGE URE and Mick Karn release the first fruits of a relationship that began at last year's Prince's Trust Gala when they played together in an all-star band this weekend.

It's a single called 'After A Fashion' which is released on Ure's own Musicfest label (through Chrysalis). The accompanying video was shot in Egypt and directed by Midge



Udo stays with Accept

ACCEPT vocalist Udo Dirkschneider (above), recently featured on the cover of Sounds, will 'definitely remain as lead singer of the band', their manager stated this week, thus scotching rumours that Udo was leaving, as published in various music papers (including this one).

The band are currently lining up a British tour for September and dates should be announced shortly.

and Ultravox chum Chris Cross. Midge and Mick are also planning an album but hesitate to put a release date on it, having spent a year making the single.

Mystery girl

THE EURYTHMICS, who are playing a short series of British dates to warm up for a Belgian festival appearance and an American tour, release a new single next weekend on RCA.

It's called 'Who's That Girl' and is available in seven and 12-inch versions, with an additional track on the latter.

Annie and Dave will be recording their next album later in the summer and it's hoped to have it released by the end of the year.



The Crazy gang

A CRAZE, the trio who got added to the last few dates of the Respond Posse tour recently after they impressed Paul Weller with a demo tape, have now officially joined the Respond camp.

Vocalist Lucy (above), guitarist Chris and bassist Rick are recording their first single called 'Dumb But Not Mute' which will be released in

August. They've also supplied Tracie with her next single called 'Give It Some Emotion' which is issued on July 8 backed by a Paul Weller composition, 'The Boy Hairdresser'.

A Craze, together with Tracie, the Questions and Main T Posse are all appearing at Camden Dingwalls on June 30 as part of the Capital Radio Rock Extravaganza.

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TOUR NEWS



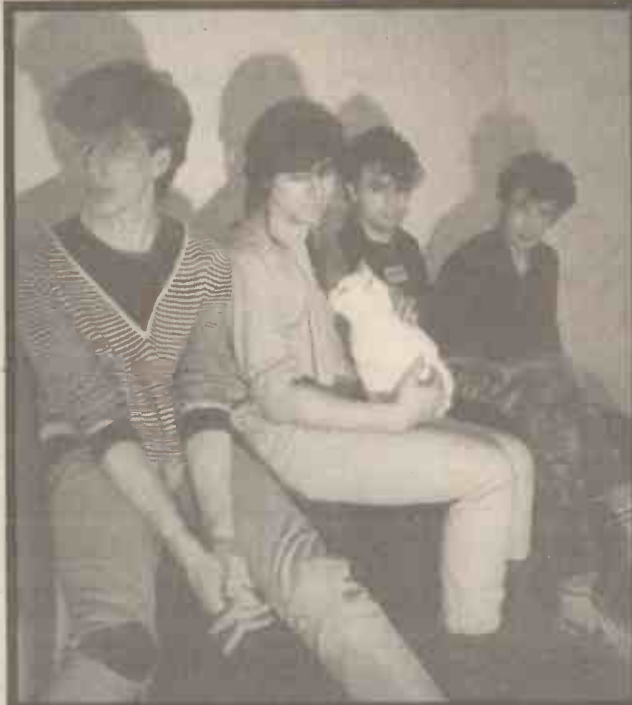
THE PORCH PARTY (above), who recently supported JoBoxers in Manchester and recorded a Radio One session for Janice Long, play Manchester Hacienda July 1 as the first of a series of one-off 'Crazy Sunshine Tour' dates. More will be announced later.

QUASAR, who've been looking for a new vocalist and found one in the form of former Solstice singer Sue Robinson, come out to promote their new album 'Fire In The Sky' on O Records with dates at Leyland Lost Chord Club July 19, Colne Franks Club 20, Blackburn Clouds 21, Garstang Crofters Club 22, Bumley Bank Hall Club 24, Dudley JB's 25, Woolwich Tramshed 26, Blackburn Tickers 28.

LARRY MILLER has added dates to his itinerary at Guildford Wooden Bridge June 30, St Ives Manchester Arms July 1, Cambridge Burleigh Arms 2, Great Chesterford Station Club 3, Kensington Ad Lib 8, Gravesend Red Lion 9, Oxford Penny Farthing 15, Bristol Granary 30.

DAGABAND have more dates on their current tour at Nottingham Boat Club July 9, Wigan Tiffany's 11, Scarborough Taboo Club 12.

ENGLISH ROGUES whip their new guitarist Joe Wearan into shape with dates at Badgers Mount Black Eagle July 15, Chiddingly Six Bells 16, Milton Keynes Peartree 21, Broadstairs Grand Ballroom 28, Wingham Well Eight Bells 30, Fetcham Riverside Club August 5, Milton Keynes Peartree 13, Catford Saxon Tavern 20, Chiddingly Six Bells 27, Oxford Corn Dolly 28.



THE CHAMELEONS (above), a Manchester band who've just released a single called 'A Person isn't Safe Anywhere These Days' on Statik and have an album out soon, play Huddersfield Polytechnic June 29.

THE DESTRUCTORS, who have a live album called 'Armageddon In Action' out on Radical Change Records (through Backs and the Cartel) support Peter And The Test Tube Babies at London Lyceum July 9 and then play Liverpool Venue with the Subhumans on the 11th.

EXPOSURE grab a bit more limelight before recording their next single at Tonypanny Naval Club July 2, Newbridge Hall 3, London Mayfair Embassy Club 18, Brentwood Hermit Club 25.

WARM SNORKEL come up for air at Reading Jives Car July 3, Henley Jolly Waterman 9, Aldershot Jives Bar 12, Reading Caribbean Club 15, Thatcham Silks 27.

WILD ABOUT HARRY, the band formed around the remnants of Drowning Craze, continue their London appearances at Mayfair Embassy Club July 15, Hammersmith Clarendon 24, Brixton Fridge August 6.

BIG LITTLE ISLAND, a duo from the Wirral who've been together for a couple of months, attempt a blanket coverage of Birkenhead with dates at the Corsair June 30, West Kirby Black Horse July 2, Wallasey Five Bars Rest 3, The Pilot 4, the Corsair 7, the Royal Hotel 8, Connah's Quay Central Hotel 9, Neston Coach and Horses 10, the Pilot 11, the Corsair 14, the Royal Hotel 15, Woodchurch Hotel 16, Wallasey Five Bars Rest 17.

UNCLE ROBBIE AND THE C WING NUNCIES, a Nottingham 'experimentalist Oi orchestra', have gigs at Stapleford Westerlands Centre July 1, Sninton Fox And Grapes 3, Sheffield Platform Thirteen 7, Heathfield Comet and Crater 11, Rotherham Country Club 15.

TNT, who have a track on the 'Metal Warriors' compilation on Ebony Records, play Ramsgate Concorde Leisure Centre June 30, Sandwich Youth Club July 2, Folkestone Springfield Hotel 7, Hastings Rumours 16, Chatham Jolly Caulkers 24, Broadstairs Grand Ballroom 28.

THE GYMSLIPS, who are about to sign a new record deal, play Woolwich Public Hall on July 9.

THE ICICLE WORKS, a Liverpool band who've just released a single called 'Birds Fly (Whisper To A Scream)', have a series of dates at Glasgow Henry Afrika's June 30, Manchester Gallery July 1, Middlesbrough Crypt 6, Leeds Brannigans 7, Coventry General Wolfe 9, London Rock Garden 14. There'll be a Liverpool date announced shortly.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL, who now sport a new rhythm section of Rob Hawkes (bass) and Derm The Germ (drums), and have recorded an album called 'Friends Of Hell' for release at the end of July, get into live practice with dates at Wigan Tiffany's July 1, Leicester Palais 6, Manchester Tiffany's 7.

HAZE, the Sheffield progressive rock band, have added more dates to their tour at Barnsley White Hart June 29, Hull Wellington Club July 2, Runcorn Cherry Tree 6, Leeds Royal Park 10, Sheffield Top Rank 13, Bradford Prince Arthur's 15, York Bay Horse 16.

THE WOLFMEN, the Nuneaton 'monster punk band', have local gigs at the Nags Head July 2 and the Hollybush 16.

ZENITH, a Glenrothes heavy rock trio who've just released their own cassette single, headline the Glenrothes open air festival on July 2.

THE ANARCHIST FORMATION DANCE TEAM, 'Luton's popular punkadelic garage band', promote their 'Fear Of Fears' and 'Don't Feed The Anarchist Formation Dance Team' cassette with local dates at Luton Charlie Browns July 20 and Dunstable Wheatheaf August 8.

DEPECHE MODE have added another Hammersmith Odeon date to their autumn tour of Britain announced recently. They play a third night there on October 8.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL stop off the X Mal Deutschland tour just long enough to play a gig of their own at Wakefield Hellfire Club June 29.

THE SUEDE CROCODILES, Del Amitri and Lloyd Cole's Commotion, who are all signed to Loudon Furious Music and have singles out soon, play a party night at Glasgow Mairfair on July 10.

3/D, a progressive band from Sutton, have dates at Carshalton Century Youth Centre July 1 and Luton Charlie Browns 20.

CRASH, the Yorkshire punk band support Abrasive Wheels at Feltham Football Club July 1 and GBH at Manchester Morrissey's 2.

TOUCHSTONE, the East London heavy rock band, have postponed their Walthamstow Royal Standard date until August 17.

KISSED AIR, who've just released a single on Kabuki Records called 'Kawaraya', play Birmingham Duma Express June 30.



APB (above), who have a single called 'One Day' coming out shortly, play Sheffield Dingwalls June 30, Bristol Dingwalls July 1, Camden Dingwalls 5, Hull Dingwalls 6, Newcastle Dingwalls 7, Ayr Darlington Hotel 8.

KABBALA, the Ghanaian band who have a new single called 'Yemo Osee' out on Red Flame in mid July, play Portsmouth Polytechnic July 1, Bracknell Jazz Festival 3.

DOLLAR BRAND, alias Abdullah Ibrahim the South African jazz pianist, comes over with his quartet to play four London dates at Brixton Ace July 9, Palmers Green Intimate Theatre 10, Deptford Albany Empire 11, Kensington Commonwealth Institute 12.

TRUFFLE, the Portsmouth based heavy rockers, spread themselves at Lakenheath Christchurch Regent Arts Centre July 1, Carnival July 2-3, Upperheyford Carnival 4, Kensington Ad Lib 8, Oxford Corn Dolly 10, Wickford East Essex Motorcycle Rally 16.

MARIONETTE, 'the ultimate support band', continue their own 'Lock Up Your Boyfriends' tour at Hammersmith Clarendon July 9 and 11.

THE NASHVILLE TEENS, now celebrating their 21st anniversary, make a bid for the 'art school/film-buff/Guardian reader' market (!) with dates at Wokingham Angies July 3, Nottingham Blotts Club 8, High Wycombe Nags Head 16, Aylesbury Halton Corps Club 21, Boston Haven Theatre 23, London National Theatre Terrace 24, Burton In Kendal Clawthorpe Hall 30.

TALK DARK, a four-piece band from Cleveland, support the Icicle Works at Middlesbrough Crypt July 6 and have other dates lined up at Redcar Leisure Centre 31, Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre August 4, Saltburn Philmores 7.

FRED WEDLOCK, who failed to spark a folk-rock revival despite his hit a couple of years back, plays London's Holland Park Theatre on July 19 to launch the GLC's Festival Of Folk. He's followed by Brass Monkey (the Carthy Kirkpatrick band) and the Watsonsons 20, Dave Cousins 21, Roaring Jelly and Proper Little Madams 22, and the Albion Band with the Albionettes 23.

RED TERROR AND GREEN play 'music to be scared of' at the Batcave in Leicester Square on June 29.

PATRICK FITZGERALD plays two solo concerts at London Conway Street Adams Arms on July 1 and 8. Titled 'Patrick Fitzgerald Is Alive And Well', the show will be in four parts featuring old acoustic songs, new acoustic songs, songs with backing tapes and a set of Jacques Bret songs. Admission is £1.50.



THE TEMPEST (above) from Northampton, who release their first single on Glass Records called 'Lady Left This' next weekend, support their hometown chums Bauhaus at Hammersmith Palais on July 4.

JIFF BOY JIVE, who've just been supporting JoBoxers, have gigs of their own at Fulham Greyhound June 30, High Wycombe Nags Head July 7, Tring Trilby's 19, Carterton Ospray 30.

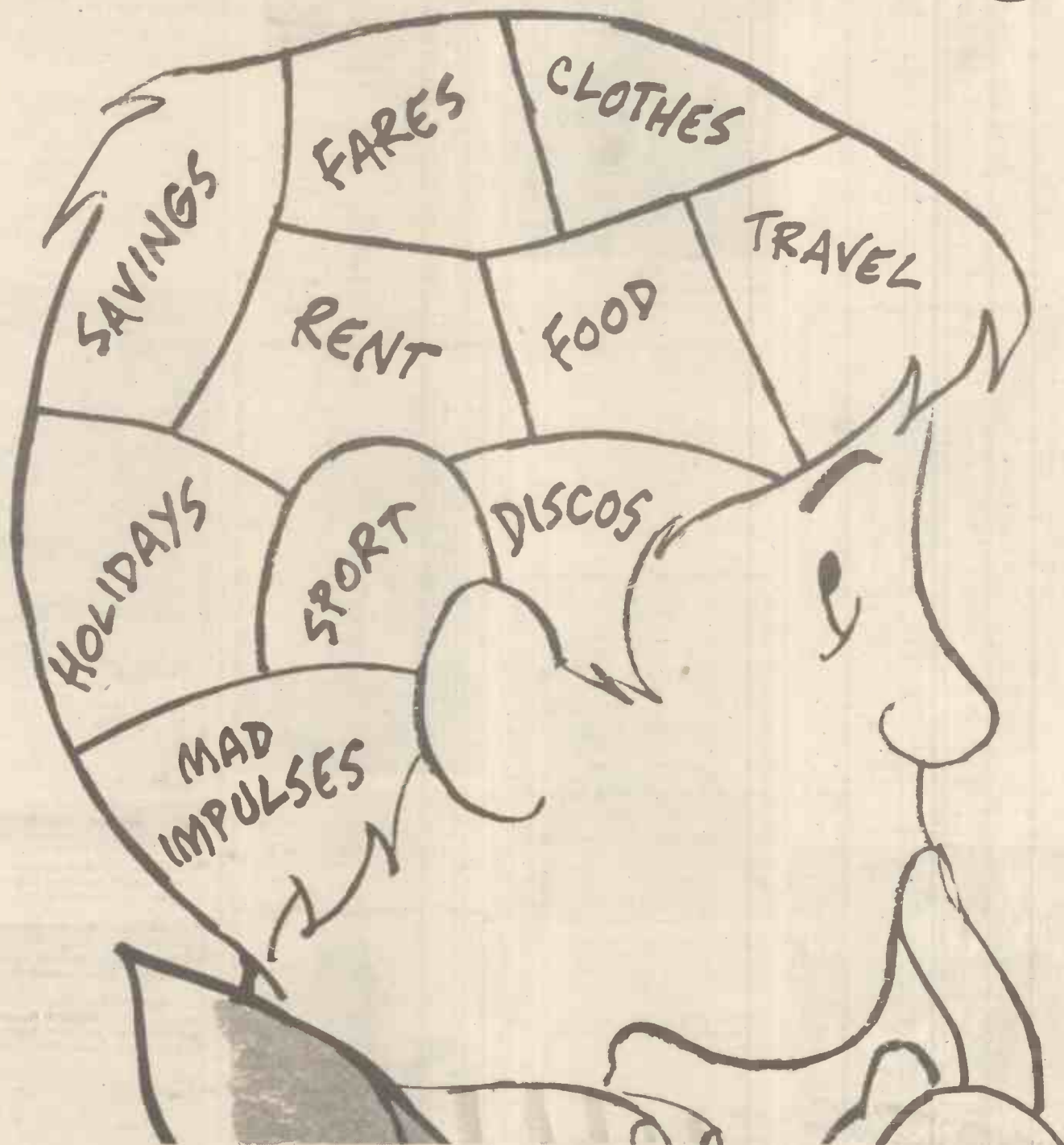
SPIDER have added more dates to their tour at London Marquee July 4, Gravesend Crete Hall 8 and Cambridge Rock Society 9.

STEVE HOOKER'S SHAKERS from Southend set forth to promote their 'Prisoner Of Love' single on Rambert Records at Camden Dingwalls July 1, Stockwell Old Queens Head 3, Finchley Castle Club 8, Southend Blue Boar 15, Fulham Greyhound 29.

LE LE/LUS, whose delectable bassist Denny Gibson is starting to flag in her efforts to woo the frigid news page (not even a picture this time), at least keep their date sheet looking healthy with gigs at Chorley Outbuilding July 3, London Beat Route 4, Lancaster Spiders 7, Preston 100 Club 9.

GAMBLERS WIDOW, a heavy metal band from Deeside in North Wales whose letter paper smells suspiciously of patchouli oil (!) play Flint Chaplins June 29, Deeside Wepre Rock Festival July 3, Deeside High School 6.

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RECORD NEWS

SHARON 'a petite lady with an ever-changing hair colour and a happy-go-lucky sod-em-all attitude to life', has a single called 'Wot A Wally' released by Arista this week.

WINSTON HUSSEY has a new single out on Greensleeves this week called 'Joe Grine Last Night'.

ROBBY KREIGER, former Doors guitarist, has an instrumental album called 'Versions' released by Shanghai Records this month. He's joined by the other two surviving Doors on several tracks, including a version of 'Crystal Ship'.

MURRAY HEAD, a singer/songwriter from the 60s most noted for 'Say It Ain't So Joe' (covered by Roger Daltrey, Gary Booker and Cliff Richard), has signed to Virgin and releases a single this weekend called 'Corporation Corridors'.

LILLIPUT, the Swiss all-girl band who used to be known as Kleenex in the dim and distant past, release their first single this year on Rough Trade this week called 'You Did It'.

LOZ NETTO, currently shooting up the American charts with 'Fadeaway', has that self same single released by Polydor this weekend.

SYNERGY, alias Larry Fast (Peter Gabriel's keyboard player) has a solo album released this month by Shanghai records called 'The Jupiter Menace'.

SPLATI a Long Eaton band, have a three-track EP called 'Yeah The Dum Dum' released by Ron Johnson Records during July. It will initially be available at local Nottingham stores.

LAURA BRANNIGAN, Donna Summer and Kim Carnes are all featured on the soundtrack of 'Flashdance' which is released this week by Phonogram, and of course includes the title track 'Flashdance ... What a Feeling' by Irene Cara.

THE SEX GANG CHILDREN have a new 12-inch single out on Illuminated this week featuring an extended version of 'Sebastiane' and three previously unreleased songs - 'Salvation', 'Mongolia' and 'Who On Earth Can That Be'.

DIANA ROSS releases her new album on Capital this weekend called simply 'Ross'. A single called 'Pieces Of Ice' is being taken from it.

THE BEAT have another single taken off their 'What Is Beat' compilation by Arista this week called 'Ackee 123'.

THE LITTLE HEROES, this week's new Australian band, have their 'One Perfect Day' single released by EMI this week. It was the second most played record on Australian radio last year (don't ask us what the first was).



SILENT RUNNING (above), a quartet from County Antrim who've been supporting Robert Palmer on his British dates, release a single called 'When The 12th Of Never Comes' on EMI this weekend.

THE OPPOSITION release their first album on Charisma this week. It's called 'Intimacy' and was produced by the trio together with Kenny Jones. They'll be playing London dates during July to be announced in a week or two.



NEWT TRAMENT (above), a London DJ, releases his own adaptation of 'London Bridge Is Falling Down' on Jive Records this week. The 12-inch version features 25 minutes of rapping, dub and vocoder mixes.

ARETHA FRANKLIN has her Luther Vandross-produced album 'Get It Right' released by Arista this weekend.

TAKEAWAY, the West London melodic rock band, have a four-track cassette called 'Perfect Timing' released by BPM Records this month.

THE THOUGHTS, formerly Naughty Thoughts from Thanet, have signed to Straight Eight Records (through Pinnacle) and have a three track single called 'Wait A Long Time For You' out this week. It features a guest appearance from former Ruts sax player Gary Barnacle.



EBN-OZN (above), 'two total nutcases from New York', have signed to Arista and have their first single out this week called 'AEIOU Sometimes Y'.

SUBCULTURE, a Cambridge punk band, have an EP called 'Loud And Clear' out during July on Essential Records (through Rough Trade).

LONNIE LISTON SMITH, who has played with Art Blakey, Pharoah Saunders and Miles Davis during his 40 years, has an album released on Dr Jazz Records (through PRT) called 'Dreams Of Tomorrow' next week.

ANTI ESTABLISHMENT release their third single this week on Glass Records called 'Anti Men'. Production is by Rat Scabies of the Damned.

THE VARUKERS have left Inferno and signed to Riot City. They have an EP out this weekend called 'Die For Your Government's Convenience' and an album due out in a few weeks.

JOHN FOX, Bruce Gilbert, Virginia Astley, Gorp and A Certain Ratio are all featured on the cassette 'Meridians 2' (through Rough Trade) which comes with a colour booklet with pieces by Factory designer Peter Saville.

PERSONAL COLUMN, the Liverpool five-piece band, have their second single out this month called 'The Same Old Situation' on Contrast Records (through Probe and the Cartel).



DATA (above), a duo formed two years ago by ex-Sailor George Kajanous with Frankie Boulter, have a single out on Illuminated Records this weekend called 'Living Inside Me'.

THE LUDDITES, a 'post industrial separatist group', have a three-track EP called 'The Strength Of Your Cry' released by Xcentric Noise Records (through Red Rhino and the Cartel) this week.



THE JODELLES (above), featuring singer/actress Jo Kester and Trinidadian twins Anne and Annis, who share an enthusiasm for 60s music and a sense of 'fun and the ridiculous', release a single called 'My Boy' on Arista next weekend.

COMPLETE CONFUSION put out a new single this month on Inspiration Records. It's a double A-side called 'Brother'/'Just Another Clown'.

THE RED GUITARS from Hull release their first single called 'Good Technology' on their own Self-Drive label (through the Cartel) this month.

EDDIE AND THE SUNSHINE, who've been playing a Monday residency at London's Boulevard Theatre this month, release a single called 'Perfect Stranger' on Survival Records (through Pinnacle).

OMEGA TRIBE warn anybody tempted to buy a bootleg emanating from Swindon that the sound quality is very poor. They advise you not to bother.



KIX (above), a five-piece American hard rock band, have a single called 'Cool Kids' released by Atlantic this weekend.

SPLIT ENZ have their 'Six Months In A Leaky Boat' single put out again by A&M this week. It was originally released during the Falklands fiasco and not surprisingly died a death.

C BRAND, the Bar-Kays, Yarborough And Peoples, Fatback, Con-Funk-Shun, Stephanie Mills and Brooklyn Dreams are all featured on 'Wired For Clubs', a compilation of American soul/disco singles previously available only on import.



BLUE ZOO (above), have their first album called 'Two By Two' released by Magnet this week. The band are now recording new material but the only live dates they have planned at the moment are in Japan.

ABRASIVE WHEELS finally have their 'Captured Live' cassette out on the Chaos Cassette series (through Small Wonder).

STEAMING TOWARDS OSLO, a band from the Gravesend area who 'mix the sound of Delta and urban electric blues, add the 1980's recording studio and dance', release their first single called 'Perverse Blues' on Deptford Discs this month.



AMAZULU (above), living proof that all the nice girls don't necessarily love a sailor, have a new single called 'Smiley Stylee' released by Towerbell this weekend to coincide with their appearance with David Bowie at Hammersmith Odeon in aid of the Brixton Neighbourhood Community Association.

THE B BEAT BOYS, a dance music duo from New York, launch Juice Records - a new division of Miles Copeland's IRS empire - this week with a single called 'B Bop Rock'. The other new signing for the label are the B Beat Girls (!) who have a single called 'For The Same Man'.

RIOT SQUAD and Butcher both have a track on a flexi-single that's available with the latest issue of the Chainsaw fanzine.

THE MARY JANE GIRLS have a new single taken from their debut album released by Motown this week. Title is 'All Night Long'.

FINIS HENDERSON, a new signing to Motown Records, releases his first single this week called 'Skip To My Lou'.

JANE KENNAWAY returns with a new single on the newly formed IOU Records (through Pinnacle) this week called 'I'm Missing You'.



CHAS AND DAVE (above) opt for an instrumental as their next single on Rockney Records. It's called 'Beer Barrel Banjos' while the B-side is more appropriately called 'Beer Belly Banjos'.

CHAS JENKEL has his first single for a while released by A&M this week. It's called 'Without You'.

SINNAMON, a New York band who are creating quite a dent in the disco charts on both sides of the Atlantic, have a new single called 'I Need You Now' released this week by Jive Records.

ASWAD release their first single of 1983 this week on their own Simba label (through Jet Star). It's called 'Roots Rockin'.

JEREMY'S SECRET, a group formed last summer by Simon Fisher Turner and Colin Lloyd Turner, have a four-track 12-inch EP out on Papier Mache (through Rough Trade and the Cartel) called 'Jeremy's Secret'. They'll be playing live dates soon.



THE MEMBERS (above), have a new recording of 'Working Girl' - first released over 18 months ago - put out by Albion this week. It's from their 'Going West' album due out later in July.

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DON'T BE DENIED EP
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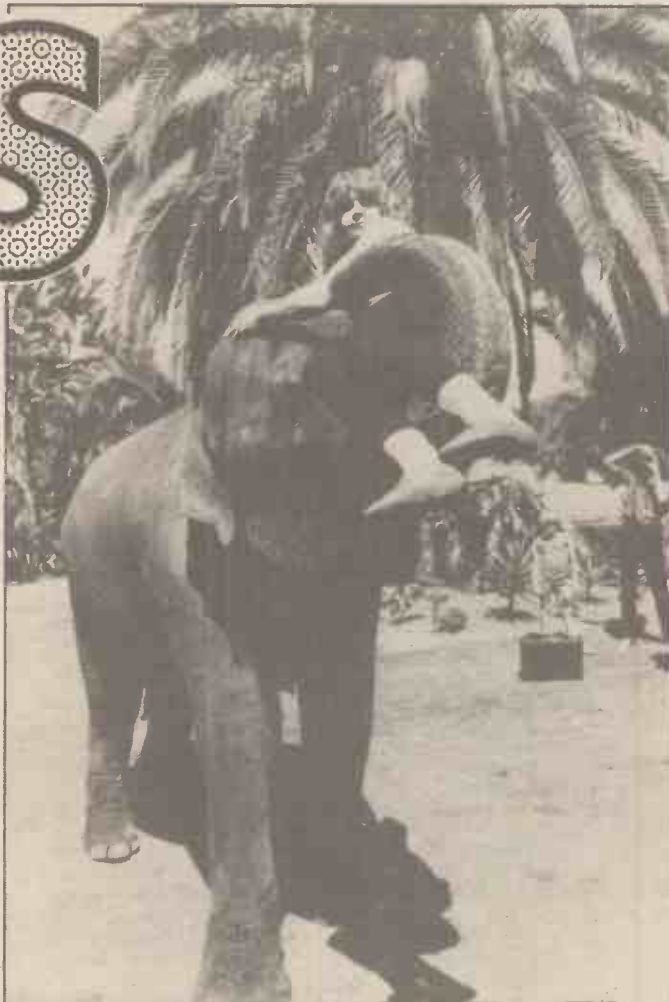
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JAWS



ANIMAL REVENGE: *It had to happen — and it took an elephant to do it! The animal kingdom, vastly depleted by Ozzy Osbourne's acts of barbarism, finally fought back last week when the Metallic Madman found himself confronted by titanic 10 ton trumpeter. Breaking*

intriguing club to open in London for some time, the Stomach Pump, seems most unlikely to attract the kind of posing bozos who frequent the Camden Palace and Chris Sullivan's Wag Club.

his teeth on the animal's hide, Osbourne could do nothing to avoid being hoisted aloft by the elephant's trunk ... and being crushed to death? Perhaps. See next week's Jaws for the end result of this cataclysmic confrontation!

The Stomach Pump will be throwing its doors open once monthly commencing in the second week of July but, as a taster of events to come, there's to be a two and a half hour feature spot at the Fridge

in Brixton on June the 30th. Interspersed with films and videos — and much, much more *Jaws* is reliably informed — will be sets from Test Department, the Creatures Bent On Death And Destruction and the Band Of Holy Joy.

The actual club will be taking place at the crypt of St Pauls Church in south London and details of upcoming events can be obtained from 41, Billington Road, New Cross, London, SE14.

SPIELBERG WHERE ARE YOU?:

Extrovert record label Cherry Red will be following their under a quid sampler 'Pillows and Prayers' — which featured such luminaries as Felt, the Nightingales, Attila The Stockbroker and Ben Watt — with a feature film video sequel. It won't be under a quid you'll be surprised to hear but for a tenner it's going to be sound value.

Holding up this epic, which is being put together by the Red men and Monochrome Set visual man Tony Potts, is their, as yet, fruitless search for some classic footage of Patrick MacNee and Honor Blackman. It seems that those dynamic Avengers did a promo film for Decca Records for their 'Kinky Boots' single but sadly all copies have disappeared.

Cherry Red assure *Jaws* that there were numerous copies run off and on a no questions asked guarantee they'd like to borrow a copy from someone to complete their masterpiece.

Anybody with the absent footage should get in touch with Mike Alway on 01-727 0351.

DEEP PURPLE:

The Magenta club in Brixton have an interesting multi-media event planned for July 7th when they air videos from Cabaret Voltaire's Doublevision company and Twin Vision. Bands also appearing are SZ — who work with computer graphics — and Akwanshi.

The strangely named

Akwanshi are in fact a one off combo comprising of numerous new musos including Martin, the drummer with Shriekback, and Clare from the Belle Stars.

The whole thing starts at 11.15 at the Ritzy Brixton and future bills will include Biting Tongues and hopefully a final appearance of the now defunct Tuxedomoon.

TIGHTER THAN THE REST:

Could WEA's refusal to take a *Sounds* reporter to the States to report on Twisted Sister's progress in their homeland really be down to that record company's increasingly irritating tightness?

Or could it be that they don't want anyone to know that the Blisters still have to play cover versions at their US gigs — including, embarrassingly, a cover version of Def Leppard's 'Rock Of Ages'...

JUST TESTING:

Pity poor old Peter, Test-Tube Baby of this parish. The premier OiOi funsters' recently extremely well received UK dates were marred by spotty herbets extracting the urine out of Pedros's immense chin — greeting him with shouts of "Jimmy Hill" and beery renditions of the *Match Of The Day* theme.

If that weren't bad enough he got back to Brighton only to find his legendary Anarchy Ranch squat had been raided by the landlord and all his worldly possessions evicted into an unsightly pile on the pavement!

Which means of course the old info address has to be binned. Herbets of all descriptions can now contact the banned-from-the-squat tots via 20, Regency Square, Brighton. At least some solace can be found with news of a new Testies EP and LP coming next month...

CONTINUES NEXT PAGE

BOWIE BOOT:

Already ... in Camden High Street this last Sunday we spotted a girl, a table, a placard. Propped up among stacks of cassettes bearing tacky Xerox pix of DB, the bit of cardboard read: BOWIE LIVE '83, EXCELLENT SOUND QUALITY, £5 ... The BPI, FBI, CIA and GSTPO were nowhere to be seen.

A lone copper strolled by, oblivious ...

ARBUCKLE CHRONICLES:

One of our reporters was grossed-out last week by the ugly, stout fellow in hideous electric-blue suit and black leather peaked cap he saw bowling along Charing Cross Road and looking v. angry with t'world.

Just another day in the bit shitty ... But whoa! Our boy did a double-take and re-ran the VTR in his skull! *Could* that bloated figure have really been, ulp, Elvis Costello?!?!? Or mayhap it was just an imposter?

In any case, we suggest (slimming) pills, and (anytime he thinks of food to wash his gob out with) soap ...

MORE JOURNALISTS IN ROCK:

Following in the ragged footsteps of the Snivelling Shits and of course the wonderful Pretenders yet another rock journalist has entered into the rock arena. Unsuspecting *Sounds* scribe Valac Van Der Veene was sent on an expedition to cover the Bollock Brothers mini tour of

Spain and after a period of silence rang Hugh Fielder in terror early last Sunday morning.

The group, who had taken to beating up their roadie, had scared the young scribbler so much that he intoned to Fielder that he was attempting to do a runner to the airport before they started on him. then ... nothing.

Not a word was heard on the *Jaws* desk until this very morning when a more restrained Valac called to say that in a moment of excitement he had in fact joined the group as lead guitarist.

What can you say? *Jaws* waits in fear.

DOG AND (BROKEN) BONES:

The bad luck of the Wowsers continues ... Mohicaned Bow Wow Wow guitarist Matthew Ashman didn't find the Great Adventure Amusement Arcade in New Jersey particularly amusing when the Wowsers played to some 5,000 fans recently. In his enthusiasm, Mat managed to plunge some 15' overboard during a raucous encore, breaking several bones in his left hand. Though he managed to finish the gig, they've now had to blow out the remaining 30 dates on their Stateside tour at a cost of around ¼m dollars. Meanwhile, the bandaged Matthew and cohorts have returned home while they reschedule the remaining dates.

Appropriately, when the accident happened, the band were playing 'Fools Rush In'.

PUMPING IRON:

Probably the weirdest and most

JULUKA

Sweat through struggle

Verue THE
live at
Monday July 4th
JULUKA

"For two hours on a stage, a South African audience can see what a non-racial tomorrow could be like."

It will take a live performance of their music and spectacular Zulu dances to really launch Juluka into the British music arena.

Impi! Impi! Impi! Black and white fists punch the steaming atmosphere as the chant races to a crescendo. The great sweat is on. Juluka fever is here.

The successful and powerful fusion of urban and rural, of the classical and the innovative, of a former university lecturer and an illiterate gardener, of theory and practice...

... Juluka, the South African rock group that is shattering social taboos.

The audience went wild. Black and white youths pranced in the aisles and danced on the seats.

... the culmination of 14 years of survival under a system which should have destroyed the band before it had a chance to begin playing.

"The police used to take me home to my ma and tell her it was a dangerous place for me to be with all those black men... and faction fighting, shebeens and dagga smoking."

It was illegal for them to play in a public place without a permit... "But we refuse to apply for those permits just as we refuse to play before a non-integrated audience."

"For me Juluka means hope, that people believe there is hope that we will come together."

The new Juluka single Impi (Zulu 3)



The album: Scatterlings Shaka 1
Cassette Shaka C1

SAFARI

War games:

Tom Robinson comes in from the cold



TOM ROBINSON turned up on Peter Powell's Radio One show last week to talk about his smash hit 'War Babies'. Here's the highlights of the interview.

So how did you begin and where?

"My professional career actually began in 1973, I mean I was working as a junior clerk in a publishing company for I think £19 a week at the time and in my spare time I was playing in a folk trio called Cafe Society. We had a residency at the Troubadour, Earl's Court every other Tuesday, and Ray Davies came down to see us once, for which I'll be eternally grateful, and eventually signed the group a year later to his Conk label. The year after that we actually released our first album which did about 600 copies."

The first the majority of people heard about you was with the amazing success of '2468', it was a big summer hit.

"It took us all round the world. It took us to Japan, Australia, huge hit in Scandinavia, I think they sold 80,000 albums in Norway and there's only four million people in the whole of Norway."

So what happened the aftermath of '2468'? There were one or two releases but they didn't really click did they?

"They didn't. The 'Rising Free' EP got to number 18 and 'Against The Wall' made about 30. I think what really happened is that we all got too big for our boots. I got really egotistical at the time. People would ask for an interview and my solution to the world's problems, and I'd start telling them."

What about Sector 27 though.

"Sector 27 was really an experiment and I was pleased to do it, Jo Bert and Steve B of course who are carrying on as the BB's. The word

on the grapevine is that they've got a major record deal about to come through and they are going to be released very shortly and I'm very pleased for them. But I tried to take on the role of being just a vocalist in a group and it didn't really work because most of the audience were coming to see me because the promoters were having to put 'Tom Robinson', or 'the new Tom Robinson band' on the posters just to get bums on seats."

Was Sector 27 a reaction against Tom Robinson the solo artist — an attempt to actually build yourself into a band and to try and be a little more obscure than the Tom Robinson up front?

"That was the idea. Having been flavour of the month, this year's big in thing, you don't want to become last year's in thing, then you become the year before last's, in thing and then you start getting really low. So I thought that if I tried to be someone else it would be alright."

'War Baby' is the most personal song I've ever written and I didn't really write it for any other reason than just it came out that way, and I'm still sort of pinching myself every day, because I can't believe its sold as many copies as it has or made the top 40 after all these years. It's wonderful.

How did the record come together?

"Well there was a record called 'Don't Say That's Just For White Boys' by Way Of The West that I particularly liked so I looked to see who produced it and who engineered it. The producer was Richard Strange, who then went on to do the first version of 'Martin's Gone' with Sector 27, the engineer was Dennis Weinrich who then went on to engineer 'War Baby'. The record was made over the period of a month — not recording all the time, but just when I could wangle some cheap studio time."

You didn't write it in this country did you? You were away for a year, where did you go?

"I went to Hamburg last year after quitting Sector 27 — basically just to get on with my own life. The most pleasant thing about the last two or three years has been as the limelight moved away and as the sort of one hit wonder tag died off and people weren't even concerned about that anymore. I was able to live a fairly normal life and do the things that I was interested in doing. The main one of which was learning to speak German."

Rather than take time out from records to study here, I thought if I actually made records in Germany, I could learn German at the same time which is what happened. I made an album called 'North By North West', with Richard Mazda producing, and I made a single in German called 'Tango And Der Wand' last year.

"And then I did a tour in East Germany with an East German group and a Bulgarian band leader which was really extraordinary and the most bizarre thing I've done for years. They were wonderful, terrific audiences in East Germany and while I was there I wrote this song, 'War Baby'."

I think the amazing thing is that you have done it virtually on your own; you decided not to go to a major company with the song.

"Actually that was no decision of mine. It was quite simply no other major companies were actually interested in it. They were saying its quite nice but have you got anything else."

So who is Panic Records then?

"Me. It was the Sector 27 label actually and I've put out the last few albums on it."

So when people write in to Panic Productions, 75 Columbo Rd, Ilford, Essex, who's going to answer them?

"That's Ross and Harvey who have been faithful mail-order assistants in merchandise, they have come on all the tours with me over the last two years, they've really stuck through me by thick and thin and helped deal with the mail and send records to people in Yugoslavia that couldn't get them. So I owe a great deal to them, they're wonderful people."

I'm going to play another track off the session which you did for us a couple of weeks back, called 'Cabin Boy'. I believe the tracks we've included on the session this week are going to be part of the new LP. How many people did you use in our Maidavale studio for the session?

"Millions of them! We've augmented the basic band we've already described with Nigel Bennet from the Members on guitar, Wil Parnell, who is Jack Parnell's son is playing percussion and Mark Ambler from the old TRB is playing the organ as well as Sean on piano. I'm trying to have a very loose group for '83, an elastic band that can go anything between three and 12 members depending on the occasion."

I'm already stuck into the LP, there are a few tracks recorded and we're just going to do it at leisure. The really nice thing over the last couple of years has been having the pressure off and being able to live a relatively normal sort of life and that's why the writing came out in quite a relaxed way and quite easily, a quite calm reflective mood on 'War Baby' and quite a fun mood on 'Cabin Boy' and stuff and just try to keep that pressure off really just not get too steamed up about it.

You always were known as a strong gigging outfit, you're surely not going to drop that?

"Well in fact we did a UK tour about a month ago through April and May I was touring with the band and we tried not to play in rock clubs, because there the Tom Robinson name really wasn't worth a light in terms of a draw. But playing in civic theatres, arts, Jabs, community centres and things and we had some really nice shows. It was a whole different way of putting on a show because you do a two hour show with an interval and you do a lot of talking."

We are doing the Fridge at the Edinburgh festival again this year. This time instead of a two man show, it'll be a 10 or 12 man show, we shall see.



David Sylvian:

Oil's well

that ends well

LAST WEEK David Sylvian popped up on David Jensen's Radio One show.

Here is a selection of Sylvian's comments...

On David Bowie and Mick Karn

"I'm always interested in what David Bowie's doing. When I criticise him — you only criticise people if you really like them, because you care so much about what they do. I mean, there's been a lot of things said about the way Mick Karn and I have criticised each other in the press."

It's really because you care so much about what each other is doing — and you care if they make mistakes or if they seem to be going in the wrong direction or something. So if someone asks you a question, you answer truthfully, simply because you care.

On the radio

"Recently I started listening to the radio, to get a rough idea of what's going on. A lot of the material seems to be going towards dance music again. I mean, music seems to be becoming popular again in a mundane sense. I don't think people are trying anything new... there are some odd things which are nice — but don't ask me what they are, I'll probably never be able to remember their names!"

Having said that though, I'm still optimistic about young people, they are much more in charge of what they're doing than they ever were in the past, when they were always being manipulated by other people.

Young people now have much more freedom to do what they want, which is really a good thing. But I do think they're playing things a little safe.

On the new Mick Karn/Midge Ure single

"I like it, I really like the instrumentation. Mick tells me on the 12 inch there's a lot more instrumentation and that he prefers the 12 inch... I'd probably agree with him. I'm not an Ultravox fan, to be honest, I don't listen to Ultravox and therefore I'm quite surprised that I like it, because it does seem to lean more on that side for me."

On living in Japan

"I would like to live there. I'm not sure when... I think when I've got no prospects of going there to work or whatever — then I might actually think of moving there. I'm constantly

going backwards and forwards at the moment, so there seems no point. But when there's another reason for me to go there I might actually live there."

On live albums

"I was born in Beckenham, I spent my childhood in Lewisham, South-East London, Japan was really made up of all my childhood friends, that was all really, so we stayed together for that period. I don't see any other friends from that time. I never go back to that area; my family come and see me sometimes. Why? Because of memories, really. I didn't enjoy my childhood and going back would just bring back things I'd prefer to forget. It's a personal thing, really."

On childhood

"I was born in Beckenham, I spent my childhood in Lewisham, South-East London, Japan was really made up of all my childhood friends, that was all really, so we stayed together for that period. I don't see any other friends from that time. I never go back to that area; my family come and see me sometimes. Why? Because of memories, really. I didn't enjoy my childhood and going back would just bring back things I'd prefer to forget. It's a personal thing, really."

On a solo tour

"Nothing's planned at all, and, no, I don't enjoy touring. I still don't enjoy it that much. I did enjoy the last tour, mainly because I knew it was the last one and therefore it was a much happier time for me. I will do some shows, I'm sure I'll be doing some, but I don't know in what circumstances. I'd like to do small clubs."

On touring dislikes

"It's going through the motions on a night when you don't really feel like performing — and that sort of kills it on the nights when you are feeling good about it."

"I always say, if you can keep it down to a minimum then it's good, it's enjoyable... It's a very selfish attitude to take, but I feel I ought to be getting something from it myself, or learning something while I'm doing it."

On the solo album

"I'm starting to record it in August; it'll be released some time around Christmas time. Hopefully Riuichi Sakamoto will be playing on part of the LP... it's going to be recorded in Berlin."

More Jaws...

FLASH TRASH:

The *Daily Mirror* promised pairs of free passes to a forthcoming 'the female Saturday Night Fever'... All you hadda do was turn up on Monday or Tuesday at the Empire, Leicester Square, anytime 'tween when place opened in the afternoon and 6.30 in the evening, clutching yer copy of the rag. We went Monday at noon.

"Ain't no tickets left," rasped a surly girl at the Advance Booking Office, the only part of the place that was open. But we wuz early!... A call to the DM promo dept. brought forth a suggestion that a) maybe they gave 'em all away before they oughta, and b) a long silence, while they hoped we'd go away. We did. We think we'll change back to the *The Sun*

APOLOGIES:

To Jo Way. She's asked us to point out that although she most

definitely is divorcing ex-Ufo bassist Pete Way, it's not for the reason mentioned in last week's *Sounds*. "This paper should keep its nose out of personal matters," she commented.

THE BOY LOOKED AT TONY:

The Tony Parsons cult continues unabated. Now *Cock Sparrer* have entered the affray with a song about 'Jools and Tone' (previously immortalised on vinyl by Pete Townshendzzzz) on their forthcoming 'Shock Troops' album called 'Where Are They Now'. Joe Strummer also gets a passing mention in the lyrics.

A warning to those who detract from the great man's work. When 'Platinum Logic' got an unfair slugging in the *NME* from Adrian Thrills, Parsons promptly put the silly trendy on his back. "I'd have hit him back if it hadn't been Cup Final day," whimpered Thrills later to anyone who'd listen.

HERBERT, NEW HORRORS:

Is the imminent 'Beerdrop Explodes' album really the "definitive vinyl expression of the burgeoning herbert movement", as Frankie Flame claims, or is it as our Gal sez actually the birth pains of the new Posi-PUB phenomenon? More to the point, does anyone care?????

BATTERING FISH?

A heated exchange was noted to take place between the increasingly tragic figure of Nick Heyward and old Fish of Marillion at their recent *TOTP* appearance. Reason for the row seems to have been Nicky's review of 'Garden Party' in a so-called Rival Paper. All the grisly details will be recounted, Harry Carpenter-like, in next week's mammoth Marillion exclusive interview.

PREFAB PRE-SIGNING:

Prefab Sprout of Kitchenware records, who *Sounds* did the first features on OF COURSE, are currently leading the majors a merry chase after their settling on a deal. CBS are reported the most interested but flummoxed the Sprouts when they asked as first question to singer Paddy: "What would you wear on *TOTP*?"

WEA were prepared to release the much Kid Jensen-played 'Lions' single, but that deal fell through. Watch this space for final spouting...

CHINA DULL?

Did you hear?... That the male member of China Doll when he did the group's recent video had to have a mask put over his head because he was/is so ugly?

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HOLLYWOOD HIGHS

MUMMY, MUMMY, I HATE DEVO'S GUTS. THEN LEAVE THEM ON THE SIDE OF YOUR PLATE: *H. Highs* has seen the future of rock and roll parties and it's *not pleasant!* People shuffling along in endless lines like zombies for a free beer and nuke-burger, the kind of unidentified frying object that curls at the corners and squeaks when you put your teeth into it, in an underground car-park-turned-bunker in Beverly Hills. Someone did a very good job of warning about the dangers of nuclear war with this one — the horror, the horror of being trapped in a Bev Hills fall-out shelter with hundreds of over-dressed, over-perfumed people and lost-looking celebs. Who were they? Devo, Tom Petty, a couple of Heartbreakers, Sparks, GoGos, Juice Newton, Timothy Hutton — hey, you can't choose who you get in your bunker!

Didn't see Neil Young down there, and it was *his* party. Happened after the world premiere of his new movie, "Human Highway", the thing he's been collaborating on with Devo for the last five years or so. Couldn't say it did much for me, but the message was nice and the visuals interesting. Otherwise pretty much typecasting: Devo played snooty, funny-looking nuclear plant workers dipped in psychedelic red jello who kept singing the same monotonous straight-faced song. Neil Young played a dork who plays the ukelele and sings in a high-pitched voice, and wants to give up being a car mechanic and get to wear a Sex Pistols T-shirt, play Club Lingerie with a big-name act like Devo and be a STAR. Liked his spanner solo, though, a lot. Oh yeah, there's a Devo/Neil duet in the film, a Dylanesque soliloquy from Booji Boy, a singing waitress, a bad guy and a nuclear apocalypse.

BOWL A PAID 'UN OVER: We told you about *Rock 'n' Run*, so we gotta give equal time to the *Rock 'n' Bowl* event out in the Valley somewhere where celebs knocked over skittles to raise a nice \$30,000 for charity. Same old celebs, Sparks, GoGos, Tom Petty, a couple of Heartbreakers, and a couple of strangers to this here small town, Def Leppard, George Thorogood and Diana Ross.

ALL IN VEIN: L.A. gore-rockers W.A.S.P. and metal-punk sweeties the Stepmothers are among the good-hearted souls headlining a special weekend benefit at the Troubadour club for the Red Cross organisation. The deal: give half a pint of blood, get half the price off your ticket. Hey, you can always pick up plenty more during W.A.S.P.'s set! The mobile blood unit's heading out there as we speak.

BANG HER AND MASH: All that ultraviolence reminds me of an item in the *L.A. Weekly*. Spotted by the mag backstage at the Us Festival the other week was a pouting Joe Nanini, pissed off after his set on New Music day with Wall Of Voodoo. Heading to the exclusive Stars area where the Rich and Famous were getting entertained by acrobats and the like, Joe chucked a plate of mashed potatoes at a dancer. The act of outraged vegetarianism has led the woman to threaten lawsuits for insult and injury.

PLANE TALK: Black Flag are having a big reunion bash down at the Santa Monica Civic this weekend (the Misfits and the Vandals making up the bill). Ron Reyes (Chavo Pederast) who sang with them in the "Decline of Western Civilisation" film is performing with them for the first time since 1980, and Robo and Dez Cadena will put in an appearance. They ought to get Eammon Andrews as comper! Instead they spent their money hiring an aeroplane to fly over Heavy Metal day at the Us Festival to tempt the headbangers down to the Civic.

AUTO BE IN PICTURES: Surrounded by hundreds of beaming extras, the Blasters bashed out a couple of tunes for some "rock fantasy" sequence in the "Streets of Fire" movie. But not before a couple of *Blasters impersonators* sneaked in the lot, tried on their film wardrobe, and made off with one of the old cars being used in the film.

IT'S A FEAR COP GUV: Fresh from his Oscar level performance in "Get Crazy", Fear's Philo Kramer has landed a role — as a cop this time — in another movie with "streets" in the title, "Savage Streets"... The ever-busy Better Youth Organisation has a movie in the works of the last punk tour they put together, titled "Another State of Mind".

THEY'LL MANAGE: Talk about an unholy alliance! Spotted shooting the breeze: the Stranglers and the Damned, apparently about the former's solution of their many financial and legal hassles and the joys of self-management. Also overheard Vanian expressing a wish to do soundtrack stuff for a living. The Damned fitted in three shows at the pretty big Country Club, selling out two completely and doing nicely with the third.

WHEN THE CATS AWAY: Talking of visiting Britts, Dave Edmunds was in town — played at the Palace and sounding the best I've heard him in years — and who should be ogling from the audience but Britt Ekland, *without* Slim Jim!

OPEN AND SHUT CASE: Eatcha heart out B-52's. A record *H. Highs* would recommend for the sleeve alone, were it not that the tunes are so fab — The Blues Brothers imitating Mink de Ville doing the Blasters in some Texan bar — has just been released. "Devil's Daughter", on Kingpin records, is by Fast Floyd and the Famous Firebirds (FF has played guitar with Johnny Thunders and Teenage Lust and is a personal pal of Willie de Ville). The sleeve has a b&w of famous early 60s porn queen Candy Barr — imprisoned for life after getting arrested in Texas with two joints — in sleazy black stockings and suspenders and blonde beehive, making out with an old record player.

EVERY ONE A WINNER: *Poshboy Records* have released Post Hits Volume One, an opus that features 16 local mostly-hardcore bands singing some of their favourite tunes. Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Nuns, Channel 3, Red Cross and the recently split TSOL are among the classics. From what we've heard, Ron Emory will be the only TSOL staying with punk; Jack Delauge is already looking to form a synthesiser band.

SITTING HERE IN LINGO: We've all seen these rock bands do in-store appearances at record shops. But what do they buy when the fans file out? Spotted after an autograph-signing session at Tower Records last weekend (part of an L.A. trip that had them popping up in discos and doing "Solid Gold" and "American Bandstand" TV) buying cassettes were Heaven 17. On the top of the pile: "How To Teach Yourself To Speak Serbo-Croat"...

SYLVIE SIMMONS



PATENTLY OBLIVIOUS

Mick Sinclair licks Honor Blackman's boots



HONOR BLACKMAN in *Avenger* days (left) and today (above)

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Chrysalis

FEW CAN have missed the exquisite pleasure of catching an earful of 'Kinky Boots', a record made by the original *Avengers* pair, Patrick MacNee and Honor Blackman in the early 60s. An attempted spin-off, cash in atrocity if ever there was one but somehow the blind (or rather deaf) faith displayed by the pair in the fetchingly awful nature of the offering enables a transcending of the taste barrier and the striking of a nerve, not to mention funny bone, in all who hear it.

Kenny Everett (yawn) gave the thing a dusting off in his World's Worst Record show (Honor: "Best place for it") gallery of grotesques a few years ago and now, anxious to adjust their reputation from Wimp to High Kicking, Cherry Red have repackaged the whole thing. Once again the record buyer is threatened.

"Surprise would be the polite word, shock would be more apt," comments the female half of the (ir)responsible duo on this skeleton suddenly wrenched from her past.

"It was so long ago I don't remember it that well (What's that psychology thing about repression of traumatic memories...?) and it was an image which had long gone but the record got into some chart or other all by itself so my agent suggested that I did something to promote it."

And here we are. The setting is a record pluggers' less than modest dwelling in a leafy Ealing crescent and Ms Blackman, despite her 58 years (apparently) is still able to induce, to use a cricketering term, a *tickle down the leg side*, in the average male.

"I was the Queen Of The Boots in those days and somebody decided to write a number that would befit me and Patrick. Literally, we hustled off one Saturday evening and did it. Patrick said he had no sense of rhythm and couldn't sing but we thought that was absolute nonsense until we actually got there and found it was absolutely true! We had to hit him on the shoulder every time it was his turn to sing. He really hated it and I wasn't exactly Top Of The Pops either but it was just a gag at the time. I'd long since forgotten about it."

"I guess it ties in with that sort of 60s cult thing. There are all kinds of cults from the 50s and 60s, James Dean cults, Marilyn Monroe cults and I find it astonishing that the children of today, who weren't even around then, are taking these things up."

"I imagine people falling about laughing at 'Kinky Boots' although my daughter tells me they're not and that people are actually singing it, which makes me very curious. I have no explanation for it."

The *Avengers* itself has always had a strong cult following.

"Yes, although they've never seen me which is strange. All my episodes were done on video tape and I left before they

went onto film. They've never seen my *Avengers* which were the *real* black leather and the *real* fighting ones. I don't know if the tapes are still around — my God, that *would* be the end wouldn't it, if they suddenly started showing them!"

How pre-planned was the Queen Of The Boots image?

"It was an accident. When I started doing the *Avengers* and the judo I was just wearing ordinary clothes, obviously I wore trousers to do the fighting. I was doing some wild and extraordinary throw with my backside to the camera and I split my pants from top to toe, *in close up*. They said (adopts TV producer voice) 'this can't happen again' so we had to find a tougher material. I think it was Patrick who suggested using leather. There's not much that can go on the end of a leather suit except boots. So I wore boots — it's good to have something solid on your feet anyway when you're doing judo, for balance."

"This was in March and the screenings were going to be in September. The Paris fashions, which we used to pay more attention to then, came out at the start of September and they had leather! It was extraordinary."

"When the series went out all these fashions were flooding in from Paris and I was probably the only person in Britain walking about *without* leather because I daren't go out in it."

"I love leather but I've never worn it since because of the image and at the time all sorts of people wanted to call me out for a fight. It was very strange. A lot of males, especially when they were drunk, would want to have a fight because they resented the fact that a female was the male equivalent intellectually *and* physically. Lots of people would get stroppy at parties — those who weren't secure in their balls would suggest they could take me outside and finish me off. This was always when they were in no condition to finish *anybody* off."

So did the Cathy Gale character affect attitudes towards women?

"I think it helped, it broke down a few barriers. I mean, it must have some effect when it goes into millions of homes every week. Since then there's been a lot of series from America where girls are always drawing guns and bashing people about."

Back on the subject of 'Kinky Boots' Honor, with barely a trace of sarcasm, adds: "I don't look back on it as my best work or anything. It was just a lark and that is the spirit in which it should be accepted. And that (she adopts the tone of a drunk and disorderly defendant before the bench) really is all I can remember, m'lord."

Guilty as charged. I think.



DUNBAR: a sucker for punishment

CLEANER THAN THE REST

Jimmy The Hoover sweep Sonia Ducie off her feet

IT'S TAKEN some time for the first Jimmy The Hoover record to finally emerge. Over a year ago their strange hybrid of westernised-African-dance-beat was circulating, in demo form, and rumours of an imminent marriage with Innervision were rife.

The fruit of this ever upsurge romance finally emerged a few weeks ago with the release of their refreshing summery single 'Tantalize'. Echoing visions of a long lost summer affair, it's full of bounce and rhythm, the type of thing you'd imagine to blast out of a million overheated radios and cassette players strewn across the parks of boiling Britain.

The five Jimmys — or should that be Hoovers? — came together over two years ago when Dunbar — a fine Scottish name — returned from a five year jaunt in Africa. His songwriting had been noticeably influenced by his heat-drenched stay, and when it was brought together with the rest of the group's light European sounds a natural bond was created.

Minor stirs created enough confidence for Bow Wow Wow to offer them a support slot on their tour and all of a sudden major labels were cramming the stage doors with cheque books at the ready.

Dunbar: "At that time majors like RCA and CBS were offering us deals but they really didn't understand us. Maybe they had difficulty categorising

us, there just wasn't anybody else around similar. I mean, if you don't sound like Abba or Bowie or something they're used to, they're lost."

The next year saw a period of virtual inactivity — as Dunbar recalls, "We just messed around" — but eventually Innervision came up with an offer they couldn't refuse.

"We were impressed by the way they'd marketed Wham! and the fact that they had the major label push of CBS behind them. All the Innervision staff are young and there, I think, lies the secret of their success. Their fingers are on the pulse, not like 45 year old businessmen with milk bottle glasses who decide marketing schemes for bands they know absolutely nothing about."

The Innervision style of business has obviously worked for Jimmy The Hoover. Already 'Tantalize' is becoming one of those undeniably catchy anthems that flood out of Radio One when the sun begins to shine. It's that classic holiday sound, reminiscent of early Haysi Fantayzee and even a more sensitive Boney M, ideal for that record to remember your trip to Ibiza by.

"It's horrific that you should mention Hayzi Fantayzee, they haven't influenced us. They used to come and see us ages ago."

"Maybe we both have similar ideas but I'd hate to think our music was as throwaway as theirs. In fact our lyrics are

quite heavy, just wait until our next single, 'Kill Me Quickly', is released.

"Although I can't speak for the rest of the group my influences are Otis Redding, Bob Marley, Boy George and Helen Terry. They're people with real talent."

But JTH fits so easily into that trendy little bracket that hovers around the London club scene. With the Wag as the latest stamping ground of London's *fun* set how do the Hoovers fit into that cut throat procession of poseurs?

"I don't like the people there, everyone's always trying too hard to be somebody. I resent them because most of them are intensely untalented and we'd feel very hurt to be locked in that category."

"We don't want to invent an image and dictate a style just to market a record either. Haircut 100 may have sold four million records because they all wore yellow shirts and smiled at the cameras, but we would never do that."

The Hoover's video for the single was made months before the record's release and received good response when it was first aired on Saturday morning TV, but as Dunbar stresses, it's the music that is most important to them.

"We weren't into the idea of doing a video single, the music

should stand up for itself, but we wanted to see what feedback we would get."

The three minute epic was directed by Derek Jarman — 'Jubilee', 'The Tempest' — a personal friend of Dunbar's. Another acquaintance, little known actor David Bowie, also gave the Jimmy singer a break in the world of moving pictures.

"I have a better body than him!" boasts Dunbar as he reveals that it was *his* thin white torso that stood in for Bowie in some of the more suggestive scenes in the 'Hunger'.

And the name dropping doesn't stop there, when it's revealed that Malcolm McLaren wanted to manage the band but was turned down because he wanted too big a percentage. Anyway the band were quite happy with their current entrepreneur Ollie, the former Smile hair snipper and Wag club co-manager.

It's all front page stuff behind the scenes in the Hoover camp, on a musical level they have managed to transcend their pretty boy image to produce possibly the first *summer* hit of '83.

The summer took a long time coming and so did Jimmy The Hoover, but now they're here I'm sure they'll both be around a long time — well, at least until September.



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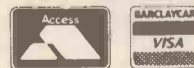
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COUNTDOWN TO Midsummer's Night and up in Newcastle a very strange army is descending on Tyne Tees TV studios. The alleyway leading up to studio five is crowded, above the Perspex arch a grotesque, blow-up pig points his nose in the air as if disdainful of the motley crew below.

And still they come; there are more pairs of shorts than St Tropez, more silk tour jackets than Status Quo and more string vests than the army — and every one of them is buzzing at being a part of television history; a five hour chunk of spectacle, debacle, video, song and dance — *The Midsummer Night's Tube*.

The studio layout is split into two parts; studio five where three stages are set up for the bands, and the barbeque and interview areas, out of bounds to much of the audience and zealously guarded by security men. The barbeque is alfresco, a square patio featuring sunshades and a blow-up hand and car and, most importantly, a bar serving a potent punch nicknamed Vesuvius. Down eight steps and inside for the interview area with coffee tables and squashy sofas and the only monitor to which the stars and press have access.

At eight o'clock the show gets going at the barbeque. A helicopter drones overhead as Barry Humphries, in the guise of Sir Les Patterson, dons a chef's hat and with Paula Yates, Fifi and a buxom blonde under his arms conducts the first interview of the evening. Sir Les and Fifi have a lot in common; both of them are dribbling and both have funny stains down the front of their suits.

In the studio the main stage is set up for Shalamar who do a rousing rendition of the new single. The studio is starting to heat up and *The Tube* moves into second gear. There's no booze being served here so the ticket holders have to make do with a non-alcoholic version of Vesuvius; a liquid of virulent green hue which I took to be limeade (I abstained from tasting).

Meanwhile, in the interview area, Andrew Ridgley of Wham! has arrived, as have Bruce Foxton and Nick Heyward, all looking so incredibly bronzed they could be an ad for instant tanning lotion. In the studio, Culture Club have taken to the stage, Boy George is looking slightly the worse for wear — his pancake is melting in the heat, but the audience are not concerned with that, they just get down and bop like mad.

Clare Grogan arrives looking very chic in a little suit and neatly coiffured hair. She stands chatting to Andrew Ridgley while keeping one eye on Duran Duran on the monitor. By nine o'clock a major hitch in the proceedings has occurred; the booze runs out, it seems the next four hours are going to be dry ones. Malcolm McLaren takes to the studio with the Ebonettes and the punters stand well back. Double Dutch seems to be a particularly lethal sport — probably on a par with Russian Roulette. The way those ropes are whizzing around, one clunk

SCANNERS

Midsummer madness

Was Friday's five hour 'Tubeathon' a success or failure? DEE PILGRIM was there in the studio; DAVE McCULLOUGH watched the whole event on the box



TUBE LIGGERS: Bruce Foxton, Malcolm McLaren and Wham's Andrew Ridgley



Pics: Charles Carne

on your ear and you are liable to lose your head. Jools Holland hastily finishes off the beefburger he is chewing and proceeds to interview McLaren from the relative safety of the DJ's console.

Backstage, Mark Miwurdz is practising some ranting over by the sofa and Paul Young is acting as 'first sub' for the evening — if anyone falls out, ill or over, Paul will stand in and fill the gap.

Best live band of the evening has to be King Sunny Ade; twenty black musicians who don't even sing in *English*, but they get the message across and the studio is filled with steamy gyrations. Stickiest moment is when Jools takes Dame Edna for walkabout. She is looking radiant in tartan taffeta ("I got the idea from an out of work British Caledonian stewardess!") and pink tipped wig. The crowd cram around and a gladioli whizzes past the Dame's left ear narrowly missing Jools' face. He begins to look pensive. A growl starts in the depths of the audience but Dame Edna walks across the studio chatting nonchalantly to the camera and the growl erupts into: "Get yer tits out, get yer tits out!" like a football chant on the terraces. Dame Edna sails calmly on while Jools frantically tries to shut her up and cut to something different.

The proposed Robert Plant slot has had to be scrapped due to the artist not being completely happy with the shot film. This means all the timings have been changed and my plan of action has been seriously disturbed. Geoffrey of Shalamar is watching the Bowie interview intently, but

unfortunately the monitor has no sound so in order to find out what is really going on you have to rush down to the lobby to watch the TV there. It is while sitting here that I see Nick Heyward, Clare Grogan and Andrew Ridgley waiting for a taxi to take them back to the Holiday Inn. Nick remarks that the *Tube's* rendition of 'Wild Women Of Wongo' reminds him of a Wham! video. Kate and Jeremiah of Haysi also decide that it is time they left — these stars, they have no stamina.

Quarter-to-one and a quick dash back up to the studio to catch Shalamar singing 'Gonna Make This A Night To Remember', a wave to Paula as she is leaving to join LWT's *Six O'Clock Show* and then studio five is deserted. The floor is littered with shredded gladioli and crushed plastic cups. The ravening hordes have left in victory; pouring out into a crisp night while the production crew and stars (those that are left) head for the canteen where they will celebrate the end of a successful evening by cracking open a few tubes of their own.

DEE PILGRIM

WHY DOES everyone on *The Tube* look so worried? Answer: because they are frightened their individual 'contributions' (I use the term lightly; a monkey at a tea party contributes more) will fall apart at the seams and They Will Look Stupid.

That it happens every time to these cruds, shows you how shameless they are and how some people will do anything to get a foot on the ladder that leads to Michael Parkinson. Yes, you've guessed it, Friday's *A Midsummer Night's Tube* was a normal *Tube*, only longer and accordingly more unbearable.

As usual, Jools Holland looked suicidal or, at best, suffering from a heavy bout of jaundice (it could just be the colour of one of Paula's party frocks). The girl Muriel, who I love, again seemed constantly on the verge of tears. The fact that she resembles a Gerald Scarfe drawing of an Afghan hound seems to have escaped *The Tube's* visual controllers. Even vicar's wives aren't called MURIEL anymore, Muriel. It is not a very rock 'n' roll name, darling.

As for Paula: the best thing to be said about Paula is that she's leaving, hooray! Now they might get somebody still living like me or Waller or Livingstone or Benn to take her place and add much needed fire power to the shambles; realistically, though, I think Pinocchio might be a better bet — he'd have that same startled look as the rest of them.

A Midsummer Night's Tube should have been called *Tube Goes Hamlet*, so many 'lovely people' died a creative death. Even Dame Edna by the end looked... peeved, letting slip that she hadn't in fact enjoyed any of the 'acts' so far.

Talent wise, and it is an indication of how appalling *The Tube* presenters are, Paula, Muriel and the rest next to Dame Edna on form was like the Guildford Hills at the foot of Mount Etna (Mount Edna?); they weren't so much overwhelmed as swatted like flies. One of the few half decent moments of the whole 'Tubeathon' came when Dame E. let Barry Humphries slip out, and he felt a (sizeable) girl's breast during a corny, near disastrous walkabout that Jools led him on. You could say it added a touch of class.

Otherwise, it was *Tube*-as-normal, viz. it was as real as *No Excuses*, only these people didn't have the excuse that they were acting. One supposes the central thrust of the whole bag of five hours wind, was that This Was A Momentous Occasion In Rock Television History — five continuous hours of it, guys and gals!

It was closer to a rock 'n' roll *It's A Knockout*. The fact that most of the material was on video, and hence excitementwise as dead as a doornail, again didn't seem to cross anyone's mind. Hey, we're having a BARBEQUE, this is like WILD!

Overall it did that practically RARE thing in rock 'n' roll: it was JUST boring. The only mildly disturbing aspect of it, and that may connect to the 'Tubeathon's general air of a great big empty nothing, was the way it showed rock and pop being safely assimilated into five hours' worth of TV. It was like a stamina test to prove to fifty-year old producers that, Hey this rock thing isn't that tbreathening and vile after all!

I don't like this. In five hours of rock music somebody should at least get killed, or a riot take place; or at the very merest, a custard pie get thrown on Muriel's face. Noticeably the words *Smash Hits* were mentioned at least once,

perhaps an unconscious linking with another, similar medium that prides itself on displaying Rock As An Everyday Non-Happening?

Only a very few of the 'lovely people' acted as stoppily as they should have. McLaren was disappointing, especially after telling us all in print in this rag that he wanted to run riot on an earlier programme. Nick Heyward grunted a bit at Paula. Most of the interviews verged on the Kafkaesque, not to say the Unwinesque (Paula asks Nicky what he did on his first date/Nicky replies he ran away/Paula asks: You mean you... KISSED A GIRL?!/Nicky replies, sensibly, No I didn't say that in fact I said I was terrified I ran away/Paula looks at him in disbelief/Nicky grunts at his knees).

Boy George was the sole attacker and good on him. Muriel asked, clearly after hours thinking about it, what sort of people buy your records?

Boy: "Well, it's not like THIS place: we don't just make music for YOUNG PEOPLE..."

Most noticeable of all, finally was the (usual) love shown for the now awful U2, and the scorn hurled at Marillion. Sluggish 'Tubeathon' minds of course would see the currently superb Marillion as 'gristle', just as the out of touch *Whistle Test* would. They have only the mental power to see small areas of unfashionableness, they can't get any further and, in fact, Marillion make them turn nasty because they a) give away the age of most of the 'Tubeathon's producers with their revival of ye olde Genesis, and b) Marillion contravene all the spurious laws of fashion and seriousness these programmes set up.

U2 on the other hand are perfect fodder for 'Tubeathons'. Not only are they clean young faces, and they walk the same slender line between being modern and old-fashioned that *The Tube* does, but they are bleedin' Christians into the bargain! You can just picture the aged beery 'Tubeathon' producers slapping their thighs when they told their superiors that, contrary to having five hours of licentious drug-taking sex-making dirt-raking rock 'n' roll, the headliners are pubescent Bible bashers!!

The Channel Four boss must have choked on his cigar in mirth. It was like a longer, younger version of *Songs Of Praise*.

DAVE McCULLOUGH

VIEWDATA

WEDNESDAY JUNE 29

BBC 1
THE BLACK ADDER (9.25-10.00)
Episode Three — The Archbishop
More tales of wickedness and incompetence from England's dark ages. So far, the series hasn't lived up to Mr Atkinson's reputation; many of the laughs are forced and great chances for really innovative humour have been missed, but nothing can change the fact that Rowan's India-rubber features are a comedy act in their own right.

THURSDAY JUNE 30

BBC 1
TOP OF THE POPS (7.25-8.00)
Another chart run-down with Radio One DJ's Richard Skinner and Tommy Vance.

FAME (8-8.50)
A friend asked me the other day why I bothered to list Fame as I never had anything nice to say about it. Well, I have to admit that Fame must rank with *Dynasty* as one of the funniest programmes around at the moment.

CHANNEL 4
THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT (9.30-11.25)
Having had the opportunity of seeing this film in the cinema, I have no hesitation in giving it five stars and a medal for 'Distinction Among The Dross', in this week's viewing selection. An outline of the plot would take hours to explain and a mental capacity the size of a planet. But, for those of you who have been in hibernation for the last six months, suffice it to say that the action takes place in and around a country house in the 17th century and follows a young draughtsman (Anthony Higgs) in his efforts to draw the truth and only the whole truth in a series of pictures of the house and grounds.

A real feast for the senses.

FRIDAY JULY 1

CHANNEL 4
SWITCH (6-7)
This week featuring Shalamar, New Edition and The Thompson Twins.

FRIDAY JULY 1

CHANNEL 4
BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH — PEN RHYTHM POET (10.30-11.30)
An in-depth look at the young rastafarian poet and musician famous for his ranting stage performances.

PERFORMANCE (11.30-1.25)
Channel 4 comes up with another goody this week in the shape of this cult film, co-directed back in 1970 by Donald Cammell and Nick Roeg (of 'The Man Who Fell To Earth' fame). Starring James Fox, Mick Jagger, Anita Pallenberg, John Bindon and Anthony Valentine, it tells the tale of a vicious gangster (Fox) who moves in with a fading rock star (Jagger).

SATURDAY JULY 4

ITV — All areas except Yorkshire, TSW and Channel No 73 (10.30-12.15)

Gone forever are the days of *Tiswas* and *Swap Shop* (sigh) and bloody battles with the kids over which side to watch. *Superstore* won't be back until the autumn and *Get Set* hasn't really got the same mass appeal. But *No. 37* is slowly becoming more watchable (Gary Glitter the other day was great).

MONDAY JULY 4

BBC 2
CLIFF RICHARD
A recording of last year's Cliff Richard concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, from which his *Dressed For The Occasion* LP was recorded with the help of the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

CHANNEL 4
EAR TO THE GROUND (9.30-10.30)

Tonight's show investigates alternative pressure groups: CND, Greenpeace and Friends Of The Earth among them and concentrates on the way young people today seem to be following their policies rather than those of the recognised political parties.

TUESDAY JULY 5

ITV
RAZZMATAZZ (4.20-4.45)
Featuring Joboxers and the Police.



U2: whistling in the wind?



BOY GEORGE: sole attacker

IMAGINE DARYL Hall being bald and having a slight paunch, John Oates resembling a scruffy, mop-haired nine year old kid. Imagine, even, Spandau Ballet circa 'True' resembling three night watchmen sitting round a fire, their whole mega image having been reduced to (infuriating) rubble. This is the Kane Gang, three ordinary bods sitting on top of a volcano of a soul music.

The Kane Gang are Kitchenware of Newcastle's fourth, probably final and possibly best good music rabbit out of the hat. They are a pretty big contrast to the preceding three acts. Whereas Hurrah! and the Daintees are (loosely) Orange Juice, and the wonderful Prefab Sprout are Steely Dan relived, the Kanes charge up the rear with the most disarming reincarnation of Wilson Pickett you're likely to hear. During a Kane rehearsal upstairs in sweaty Kitchenware H.Q., label chief Keith 'Don't Say I'm In My Late Twenties Again' Armstrong was heard to muse, prior to the Kanes blasting out 'Small Town Creed', "Hang on to your safety belts everybody!" He wasn't exaggerating. The Kane Gang, basically two ferocious lead singers backed by multi-instrumentalist Dave and various backing tracks, are enough to turn soul pretenders like JoBoxers inside out.

HEARING THE debut, soon-to-appear Kane Gang single 'Brother Brother' is notable for not only hearing the strongest 'charcoal black, white-men's soul single' since ABC's 'Tears Are Not Enough', but also because it completely confuses you image-wise. 'Brother Brother' has the same original intensity as 'Tears'; at around the eight minute mark, it starts off urbanely funky before taking off, and building up into all kinds of different directions. You're certain, especially considering *The Face* influence that Kitchenware in part reveals, they're Heaven 17 lookalikes, greased-back ex-computer operators on a weekend jaunt to Making A Rilly Cool Soul Music. Not a bit of it. The clue comes when you listen to the lyrics of 'Brother Brother' which are rather more than breathy Kool And The Gang rhetoric, the honest and simplistic Socialism of singer Martin, a Neil Kinnock deadringer (*U*nfortunately) coming out loud and strong.

And it's a theme that, justifiably, runs all the way through the Kane's songs (interestingly, Spandau are aware of the Kane Gang's existence, and that their words, unbelievably, bare the same Socialist stamp at times — all true!) and, if you were Albert Tatlock, makes you want to relate the Kane's North Eastern Blues with the likes of ancients such as Eric Burdon And The Animals. Is that an unfortunate link again? If it is, it's a general point about the Kanes. They don't only share a blistering set of voices with Hall And Oates, they share image 'problems' (problems to others, to squares) as well. Whereas H&A look 'too cool' to be soulfully honest, the Kanes obviously at the present don't look half cool enough. What WILL the big labels that are on the verge of getting a deal for the Kanes (via Kitchenware, and with the Kitchenware logo and set of morals intact; Armstrong — "We won't have any free Kane singles given to shops") make of them?

PURE SOUL, anonymous looking bunch who write worthy hits, PURE hits like 10CC and Steely Dan, if you like . . . would probably be their answer. The leading major label contender is ready to sign on the Kanes on the strength of having heard just that one song, 'Brother Brother'. And they are wise too! Dave, the lanky lad who plays everything for the Kanes — "I think in a way we'd like to be like Steely Dan were image wise. You know, make people have to search for photographs of ourselves. Or not have any pictures taken at all . . ." And certainly the latter seems the most likely if Armstrong has a say in it, given Kitchenware's ability to be modern and fashionable while still breeding a worthy, subversive fanzine-like spirit. Lots of pictures of balding Martin's (left?) foot . . . Perhaps I have waffled on too long about the Kane's image problems. But in a music scene, as it is at present, depressively reliant on the glossy phoniness of the likes of *Smash Hits* and now the rest of the standard music weeklies following sheepishly (and wrongly; black and white is the colour of SOUL) in tow, it is a detail that could make or break them.

Red hot soul music isn't enough, in a sense, though the Kanes aren't totally 'naïf' and are up to manipulation themselves. With 'Brother Brother', for instance, they've subtly altered the song to suit an openly disco market.

Martin — "We don't want to be labelled as a disco band, it's more Soul Music we're after. There again, the disco gives us another option for breaking the record as opposed to just relying on Radio One plays. And at any rate, the song's too long for daytime play . . ."

Dave: "Outside Radio One discos are the ONLY places where you can get a record to really take off on its own and sell. Having made that decision, to get the record into the discos, you need a really good production like the rest of disco records. Therefore the song's been changed from the original demo, where it's more light and airy, to having more of a backbeat and with the voices slightly lowered to suit the 12" format . . ."

Some, including myself, would say that the change slightly blunts the power of the original. But it's still good to see the wily Armstrong and the Kanes getting together and getting their hands mucky with slight manipulation themselves instead of sitting back and watching nothing happen.

Kitchenware have sparkle and bite, but mostly, I believe, bite. The raw edged soul music of the Kanes is the place to show it. Are the Kane Gang part of the Newcastle, Kitchenware chicque then?!

Martin: "We know Keith's very much into that kind of thing, and we DO like wearing nice clothes, but we've no intention of dressing up in gold lamé suits. We want to project a more honest approach . . ."

Your lyrics reflect that — a very simplistic, traditional blues singing style . . .

Martin: "We don't want to sloganeer like Crass or Weller . . . I think there's truth in the saying, You either have soul or you haven't. Partly with us it comes down to background. We're all basically miners sons. We've got a song called 'Small Town Creed' and we want to stick to the roots in that sort of way. There's no attitude in us that says move to London and be anything grander. It's like there are probably better clubs up here than the Camden Palace. We know all about those myths . . ."

Paul, the other Socialist shouter — "It's like, the people from 'The Switch' came up to see us on Sunday. They'd heard the record and obviously they expected us to look like Wham!, cool soul boys. They literally had to go away and rethink what we were about!"

Martin: "The whole point of the Kane Gang is to do with the singing. We do something with the singing that most people can't do. Don't do, can't do, or won't try to do, I'm not sure which. But we do it. It's like, hardly any groups have two decent singers to play off. Paul and I experiment, we go right to the edge of things, we're willing to make mistakes and sometimes we do . . ."

Paul: "I'll think of something like Hall And Oates 'She's Gone'. The rest of the record may be lousy, but just to hear him get that really high note at the end is worth buying it for. That's fantastic singing . . ."

Martin — "One of the reasons we don't rehearse that often, and why we use backing tapes, is because we want to keep the singing really fresh. Whereby, for large pieces of a song we don't know what we're going to sing . . ."

Dave: "It's the same with the music too. The soul runs the whole way through the music because it's an attitude, it's HOW you do everything . . ."

What about the clear socialist view your songs take?

Martin: "Well, I write them and I AM a member of the Labour Party! . . . But we all think it's an accurate view of things as they are. And it runs through each of our songs. One of our sweeter songs, 'You Make Him Cry', is about Tony Benn. I wrote it when I read this reporter who'd witnessed Tony Benn close to tears at the end of a speech. It's so sad that that man, who's got all the right policies, should be so misunderstood . . ."

Dave: "Let's get back to talking about the Staple Singers!"

LIKE PREFAB Sprout, the Kane Gang have been going for years, neglected, shut up in bedrooms and the overall obscurity of the North East. Information point to A&R men: they assure me they are the VERY LAST of this breed.

The three of them, now in their Twenties (not late, early, Keith), were together in a group when they were fourteen. In '82 the soul edge they have come together in a group called the

Kings Of Cotton who played one gig at Sunderland and, with titles such as 'Bible Belt' and 'Pray To God For Candy', were mistaken after it for Moonies.

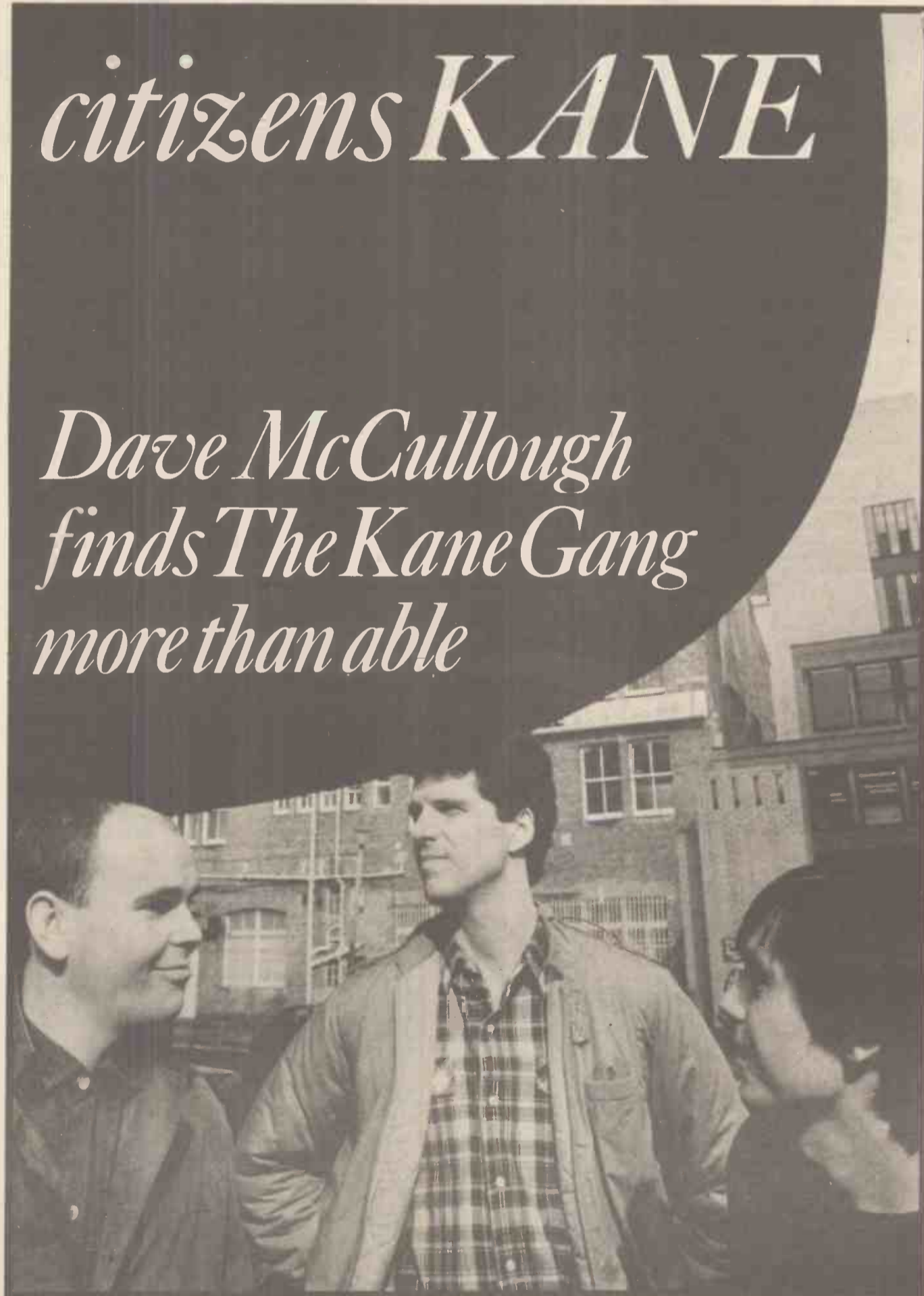
What's all this Mid Western Bible Belt pushing image about then?

Dave: "It sounds funny I know, but there are loads of barns out in the sticks up here that actually look Mid Western American! Also, any pub you walk into out there and they'll be playing C&W. The whole place is like Mid West America. Also we wanted, with the name, to refer to 'Citizen Kane', and we liked names like the Hues Corporation and the imagery there . . ."

The Kane Gang's music, in danger of being thought old-fashioned but really geeing-up into reality various 'modern' phony musics like Heaven 17, is hopeful despite itself, and its backgrounds.

Martin: "It's like, 'Brother Brother' was written in a fit of temper and it still came out saying, You know we CAN all get together and make things right. That's good I think . . ."

I just hope that hopefulness stretches to the Kane Gang's fortunes in the charts, that a wobbly image won't affect a volcano of a music (can't that Bible Belt look be perfected in some way, Keith?) and that they in the end do what Martin, contrary to the way he looks, wants them to do. A Benn instead of a Kinnock.

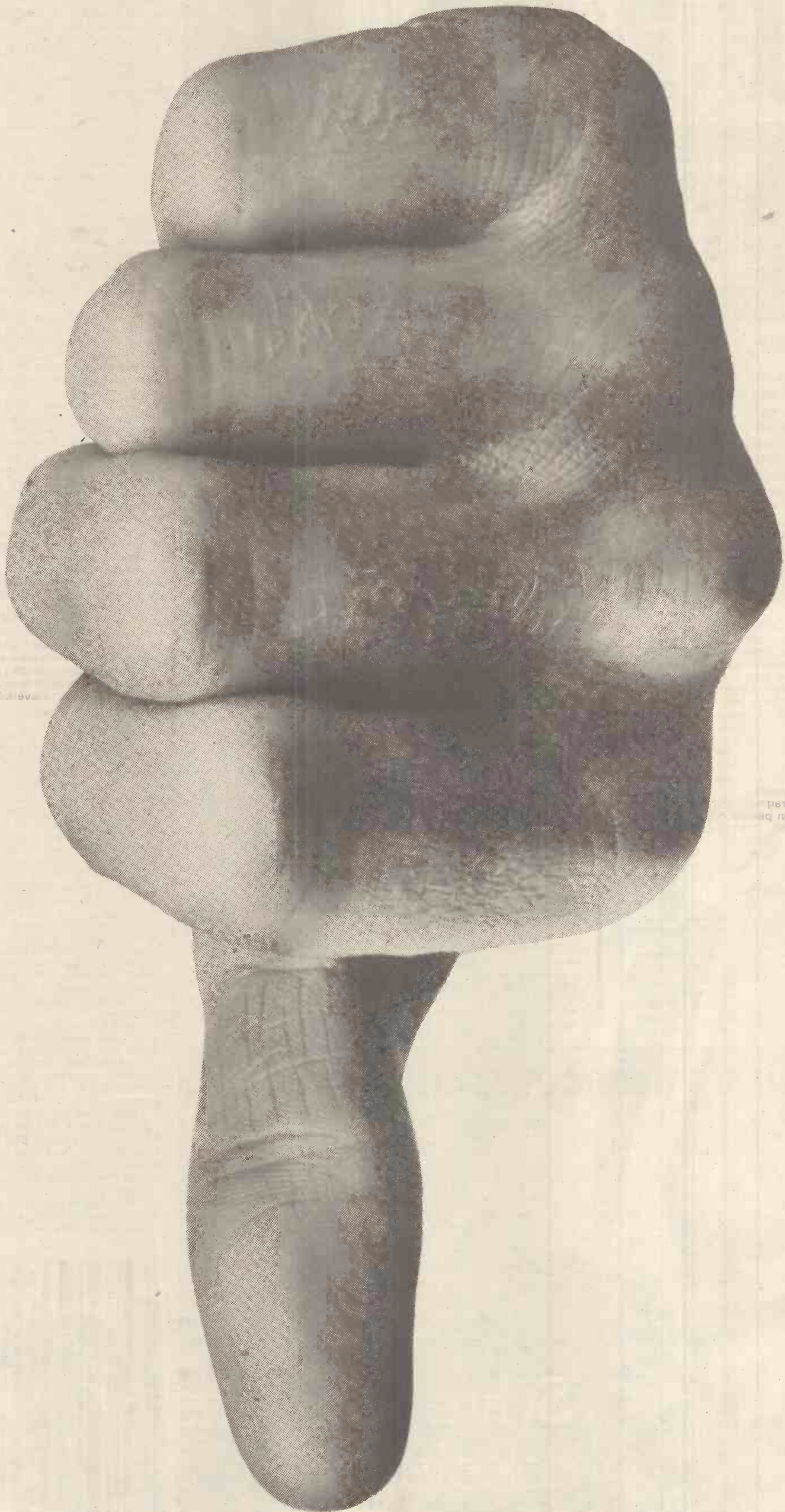


Pic: Paul Slattery



A year on the Youth Training Scheme will turn a 16 year old school leaver's job prospects around. Ask at your Careers Office or Jobcentre. If you don't get on the Youth Training Scheme, how are you going to get on?

"Experience! Training! Come this way!"



"No experience? No training? No way!"

WORKING CLASS

IF I'D been the head of those other record companies and witnessed the debut of Men At Work, I'd be whipping myself. I'd be crawling on my hands and knees to the nearest priest — forgive me Lord, I know not what I've done; back when they were paupers I turned them from my door, and now it's come back to me platinum fold — and making arrangements to become an insurance salesman.

I mean there's promising debuts. There's impressive debuts. And there's Men At Work. A band of Aussies given the thumbs-down by just about every label you care to mention. And out, eventually, comes their first album and right away it's quadruple platinum down under, top ten in France, massive in New Zealand, big in Britain and triple-platinum — that's three million copies sold — in the States. The longest run at Number One for any debut album since the Monkees!

The record company didn't even want to release the thing outside of Aussieland, for Chrissakes; thought it would never catch on with a big audience. You know — clever lyrics, catchy tunes, good musicianship, Sting-style vocals and a sense of humour only have a limited following. They should have asked the band.

"All things to all people!" reckons Greg Ham. "Yes," nods Colin Hay, "to everyone. All things to all men and all women and all animals. Small furry animals. Marsupials preferably. We love animals. When this is all over, Colin and I are going to start the Men At Work koala bear mud wrestling tour. I think it will be very big in the States."

Which is where we are. By the side of the pool at the Sunset Marquis, if you want details — the very spot where Cozy Powell once bent his nose diving into the shallow end in an effort to

impress the girls — where Greg and Colin are sipping a cup of tea in their swimsuits, while a bunch of overdressed people hover nearby. A stuffy reporter from the *LA Times*, a film crew from the TV station, a couple of rock photographers, the sort of characters these celebrity types attract. "We're not celebrities!" Greg gasps, making a mess of his cup of tea. "We just got lucky. It's not as though rock and roll is the most important thing in the world either. People who just live it, they just get cut off from everything else."

"Yeah," chortles Colin. "We're definitely not in a lot of ways your standard rock and roll kind of people. For a start, none of us looks like Keith Richards."

"None of us," chuckles Greg, "even *feels* like Keith Richards!" "You have to laugh," Colin tells me as his sidekick collapses in paroxysms of glee.

"Just doing a tour like this, you've got to get giggles out of it, or you end up taking yourself too seriously. It's a very vacuum-like existence, a tour." They'd come out here originally to finish their second album, "Cargo", but with the first record doing so well, they got dragged along as opening act on the Fleetwood Mac bill, then as headliners.

"We found out," says Greg, "the night before we left that we were going to be over here for four months instead of three weeks." Did it worry you?

Colin: "Well, I didn't pack enough socks or underwear — that worried me for a while. I only had about five pairs with me, so by the end of the first week I was a bit worried."

Yes, somehow things just never work out the way they should. Here they are in Hollywood, big Aussie stars and all that, and no glitzy party. "One of our biggest rockstar fantasies," Colin sighs, "was that we wanted a real Hollywood party when we got here." "You know," Greg explains, "with people like Ringo Starr and Britt Ekland..."

So what are your other rock star fantasies?

Colin: "We made a list — there's about 40 of them."

Greg: "Girls waiting for us outside the dressing room — I thought that was a reasonable sort of fantasy. The thing is, the more well-known you get, the more separated you become from the audience. People can't come backstage. The only people you get to see are the security guards and the real dork-heads who are just so drunk."

Colin: "I'll show you what we mean. The other night our drummer came offstage and a security guard grabbed him and said, 'Have you got a pass?' They almost threw *him* out!"

Fantasies aside, they reckon there was no big plan to become Household Names around the world. "Only," says Greg, "if they like the music and if it comes part and parcel with that. I don't think being a star is a priority with anyone in the band. I think the priority is to keep on doing what we like doing and if people like it, fine."

THE BIG question has to be, why do people like it? Other than AC/DC, the only Aussies who have really raked it in outside wallabyland are of the Extreme Wimp variety. The Air Supplis and the Newton-Johns and the Little River Bands. Most people, if asked, could be forgiven for thinking that Australian rock is something kangaroos jump over to get from one side of the desert to the other (or in the case of the aforementioned wimp acts, something kangaroos stick in their ears).

"I don't know," muses Colin. "A lot of luck, a lot of persistence. Not being a fashionable thing. I suppose there's so many different influences in the band that we appeal to all sorts."

Okay, let's trace the influences back a bit. Who did they impersonate in front of the mirror at impressionable ages?

Colin: "I used to impersonate John Lennon. Trouble is, I used to play drums then. I'd just bash away in my bedroom in front of the mirror and try to look cool. My father had a music shop in Scotland" (that being where Colin was born and raised). "We left when I was 14 — it was too cold, so we emigrated — anyway, I got to use all the instruments."

Greg: "I impersonated Jimi Hendrix. Not easy when you consider he's the sax, flute and harp player. 'I'd put 'Hey Joe' on and lie in front of the stereo and listen to it again and again and again. I just about destroyed that record. In fact, all the early Hendrix stuff just wiped me out totally."

Colin: "I was learning to play the guitar from this girl who was much more experienced than me; I was twelve or 13 and she was an old lady of 16 or 17 and she was really beautiful. I was in love with her really. I used to go up to her house every Saturday and try to play chords and just stare at her."

Greg: "Consequently, Colin knows some very strange chords. It comes from not even looking at the fret board."

Hmm; this is all beginning to fall into place... Colin: "And then I came to Australia, and my first week there my father bought me a 15-watt amplifier. I started playing in a band in my first year at school there, and I played in bands all through school. Garage bands. We used to have a rivalry with the other band in the suburb to get the Church social and play there on Sunday night. We were called Deep Impression, and the rival band was called Grandma's Depression. They changed the name of the band to Something Wicked — which it really was: something wicked!"

Greg: "I didn't start playing until after I left school, though I was into rock and roll and always saw a lot of bands. There were some great local bands to see, and in those days in Australia there were dances you could go to. They didn't serve alcohol, so there was no age limit, and all the big bands in the country would play those dances. So when I was 14 or 15 I saw them all with monotonous regularity. But I still had this thing in my head that if you didn't start playing when you were five years old, forget it because you're never going to be able to do it. Plus, I got caught up at school doing sports and stuff. At some schools you can't avoid it. It's either sports or be whipped to death. I went to public school — you know, into bestiality in the locker room."

"Rear-ended a lot," Colin shakes his head. Hmm, another influence?

"Never happened," says Greg, who was studying to be a lawyer so you've got to believe him.

"I left university and worked for three years on and off in theatre companies where I had plenty of time to spare to just muck around with the instruments. I was in a house and a girl there had a flute, and I used to pick it up and play around with it until she took it away because I left bogeys on the mouthpiece and forgot to clean it off. She never used to play it and kept it really clean, and I'd be up there eating dinner in my room and I'd pick up the flute and I'd leave it there, all hard — this is disgusting! — and then I was forced to buy a flute of my own. And then I did four years at music college and that really frightened me out."

"I can't think," says Colin, "of the number of times Greg's legal training has come in handy." Neither can Greg. "I can come up with a word like *ipso facto*. Actually I spent all my time at university playing cards."

COLIN WAS at university too, doing economics. That's where he met Men At Work drummer Jerry Speiser and manager Russell. The rest — Greg, guitarist Ron Stryker and bassist John Rees — he'd either known over the years or met around the neighbourhood.

Greg: "I was living in St Kilda, which is like the low-life area of Melbourne. Next door was a boarding house where all these old derelicts used to live and all the really out-of-it people, the Aboriginal prostitutes and the mental retardards. And I'd start playing saxophone out back and it would set some old guy off into the DTs in the next room. There was a Maltese criminal who owned the place who came round and threatened us. He'd spent 15 years in jail for kicking one of his tenants to death... It was an interesting place to live in and play music."

And out of this came Men At Work. A pub band. Just like the English type, except Australians take their drinking more seriously. "They do get annihilated," Colin admits. "The stereotype Australian is pretty funny though. There's a lot of ammunition there."

"There's a million jokes about Australians," offers Greg. "Rolf Harris..."

"Rolf Harris," says Colin, "has done more harm than anyone I can think of for the image of Australia."

But they've got something in common, this lot and Rolf. "See, we were never the darlings of the rock press in Australia, because there were always bands around like Birthday Party that would get it. Because the Australian press tries to emulate the English style." Men At Work came out around the same time as the Aussies started doing a second-hand, for the most part, version of British punk.

"We were very sponge-like in a way," says Colin. "We listened to very different things. Like our bass player John always listens to obscure jazz stations, no matter where we are. We picked up ideas from every area that was available — not only rock and roll but people walking down the street, everything — and there's a

Continued page 42

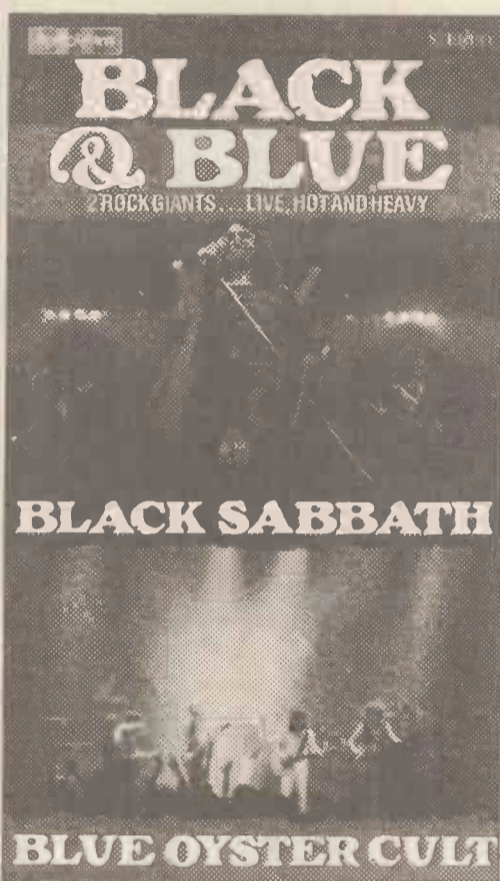
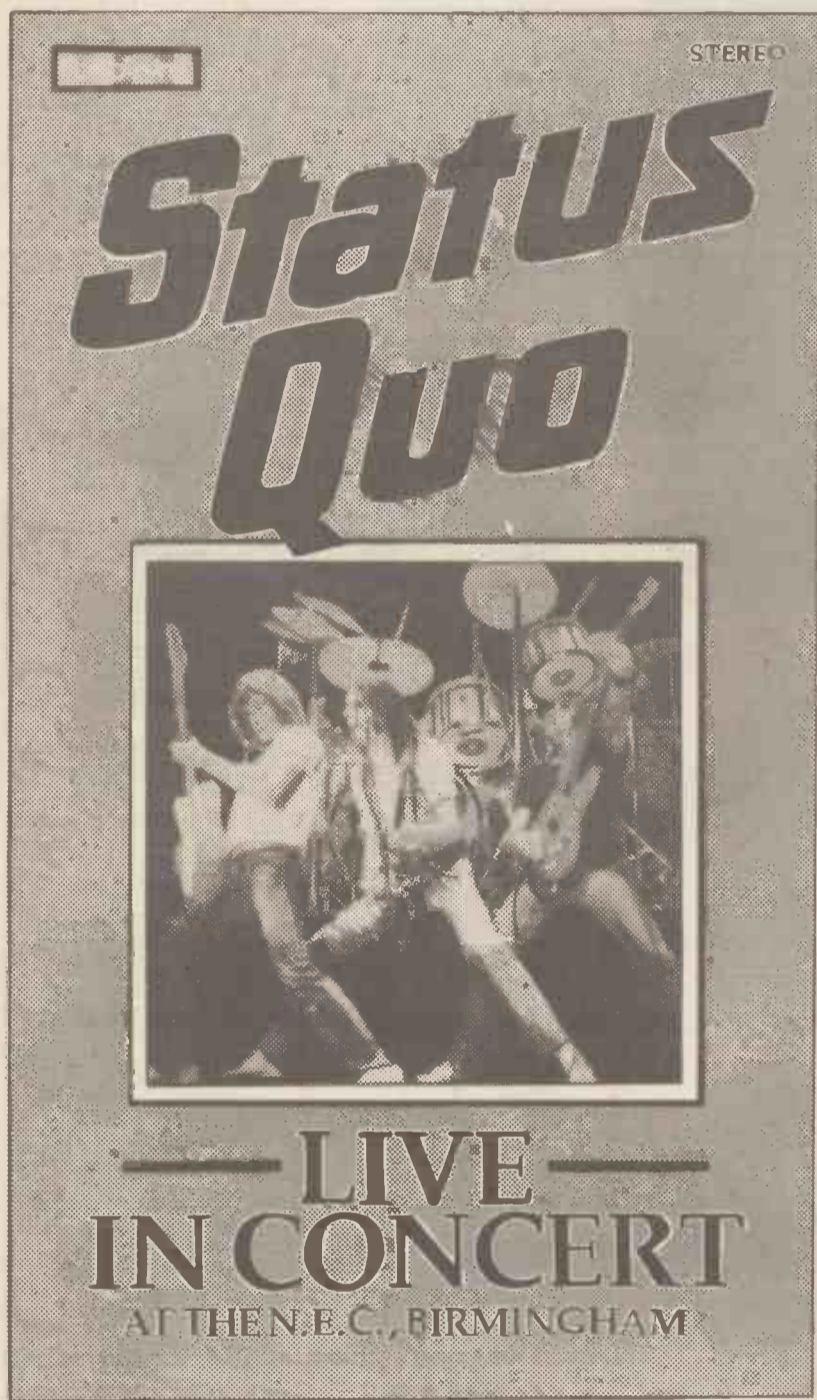
COLIN

Sylvie Simmons
doles it out to
Men At Work



GREG

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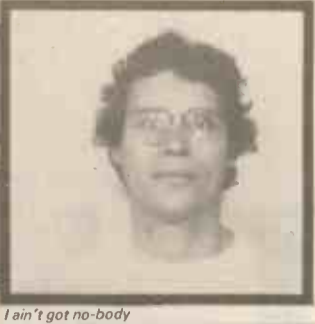
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SINGLES

Reviewed by
Hugh Fielder



I ain't got no-body



CABARET VOLTAIRE: we belong to the plank generation



MODERN SINGLE OF THE WEEK

CABARET VOLTAIRE: 'Just Fascination' (Some Bizzare)
Forceful and determined start to the Cabs' career with Some Bizzare. Their austere approach has been nudged into a more commercial path by American producer John Luongo but he never loses sight of the essence of the group or the song.
It's still a bit threatening for daytime playtime on wonderful Radio One, but it wins the protest vote with ease.

TRADITIONAL SINGLE OF THE WEEK

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS: 'Every Day I Write The Book' (F-Beat)
From the stark, sombre strains of 'Pills And Soap', Elvis switches to a light, soulful ballad that consciously apes the way such songs used to be written but is put together with care and affection. A consummate performance from a master craftsman — as good as you can get without smiling.

to JoBoxers than Todd Rundgren. Hope you get lucky too, Todd.

THEY MUST BE RUSSIANS: 'Chains' (First Floor)
Jostling somewhere between Pigbag and Shakatak and with lyrics and vocals from the David Byrne Academy, They Must Be Russians manage to carve themselves a jaunty niche with plenty of room to dance around in. Which is just as well, given the irresistible brass riff that crops up with enjoyable regularity.

BURNING SENSATIONS: 'Belly Of The Whale' (Capitol)
Intriguing hybrid from a (presumably) American group who've given an essentially hard rock song a nifty rhythmic and atmospheric twist that provides several dramatic changes of pace — a sort of synthesised Meat Loaf. The intrigue doesn't wear off after a couple of plays either.

ELO: 'Rock And Roll Is King' (Jet)
Having produced a couple of tracks on the new Dave Edmunds album, Jeff Lynne wraps the familiar ELO trademarks around a hoary old 12-bar routine with renewed vigour. He's done it dozens of times before but he can still turn the screw convincingly.

MARC AND THE MAMBAS: 'Black Heart' (Some Bizzare)
Spanish-flavoured ballad with Doors-style backing plus a few strings and a saxophone to maintain the moorish intent. Marc seems to be shaping up as the teenybop Julio Inglesias but at least the lack of substance is matched by the lack of pretensions so I guess that makes it alright.

RAVEN: 'Break The Chain' (Neat)
HM single of the week. All the familiar tricks are there but Raven have arranged them by leaning on the music rather than the myth, and there's a magnificent guitar crackling away throughout on the verge of feedback. The sound is loud but clear and the lyrics make a brave effort to avoid most of the cliches.

ICEHOUSE: 'Uniform' (Chrysalis)
In which Icehouse break the news to their newly-found following that they don't sound like Japan all the time (or indeed much of the time). It's more distinctive but not as pretty as 'Hey Little Girl'.

AFTER THE FIRE: 'Dancing In The Shadows' (CBS)
Having banged their heads against European brick walls for years, After The Fire suddenly jumped all over the American charts with 'Der Kommissar' after they'd split up in despair. They'll be back together again shortly! Meanwhile, this song from their 'Batteries Not Included' album sounds more old fashioned but has a healthy swing and plenty of jangling guitar chords.

JULUKA: 'Impi' (Safari)
This multi-racial South African band have struck a rich seam on which to develop their Zulu folk-rock style but so far they haven't been able to match the impact of their live shows on record. For that they'll need a more multi-racial studio and a producer with vinyl vision.

JEANETTE: 'In The Morning' (Survival)
This lady's disarming and haunting voice saves a song that's almost strangled by an inappropriate and drab synth-pop backing. What makes her voice so unnerving is that it sounds so naturally unnatural, if you get what I mean. She needs a Svengali, quick.

THE TEMPEST: 'Lady Left This' (Glass)
A Northampton band who are just a bit too clever to be heavy metal. A short but hectic burst of aggression that still manages to reveal that they've got a lot more than this when they care to let it show. In the end it's the song that lets them down.

SHARON: 'The World Is Full Of Wallies' (Ariola)
Blatant ageist attack on Chas And Dave lovers and Cortina owners everywhere, delivered with withering schoolgirl contempt by the new Lorraine Chase. Buy it and put her on *Celebrity Squares!*

BANANARAMA: 'Cruel Summer' (London)
Who's been listening to the Mamas And Papas then? But if they've learnt the technique they still shy away from the spirit. The hook line apart (which is probably enough to give them a hit by default), their ideas are spread pretty thinly and their lacklustre vocals verge on the turgid.

WANG CHUNG: 'Don't Be My Enemy' (Geffen)
Dance record of the week and insidiously catchy after a couple of plays. And just as you think they can't possibly stretch the hookline any further they throw in a great sax solo.

NAKED EYES: 'Always Something There To Remind Me' (EMI)
Re-released here in the hope that we'll be impressed by its Top Ten status in the American charts. They show due respect to the original while adding a new dimension, but ironically several other tracks on their 'Burning Bridges' album (of which this is the only cover) are better.

THE LOTUS EATERS: 'The First Picture Of You' (Arista)
Two good people from Liverpool whose first single tugs gently at the heartstrings via an emotional drip-feed production technique. If it gets the airplay it should be a hit.

THE EX: 'Gonna Rob The Sperm Bank' (Sneeleaser)
Song title of the week, matched by a cover showing a crowd of people drenched in gallons of what is presumably whitewash (if it isn't, the imagination really boggles). Inside it's minimalist, Teutonic, uncompromising, anarchic punk which is not much to laugh at.

PETER GABRIEL: 'I Don't Remember' (Charisma)
Fresh from his critical drubbing over his live album (panned for all the wrong reasons), Gabriel inflicts further self-punishment with a single that's unlikely to attract any but the die-hard fans in search of 'Kiss Of Life' on the B-side of the 12-inch version.

WORLD SERVICE: 'The Man Whose Head Expanded' (Rough Trade)
My daughter spotted the Casio VL Tone (£20 or less from Woolies) rhythm box at once and reproduced it minutes later. I told her that in my day they used to play this kind of thing off the back of a lorry while we danced around in loon pants shouting 'Out Demons Out'. She gave me a funny look and hasn't played the Casio since.

KIX: 'Cool Kids' (Atlantic)
American stadium rock and roll of the kind kids listen to while throwing cans waiting for Kiss or Styx. Sounds pretty stupid in the average British living room though.

ONE THE JUGGLER: 'Damage Is Done' (Regard)
If the ghost of early 70s Bowie is still rampant after Milton Keynes then One The Juggler are in with a chance.

EUROPEANS

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ON STAGE

JUNE 30	BIRMINGHAM NEWMAN COLLEGE	JULY 4	BIRMINGHAM FACES
JULY 2	LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE (CONCERT BOWL FESTIVAL)	JULY 5	LONDON BRIXTON FRIDGE
		JULY 9	LONDON HERNE HILL HALF MOON

THE REST

THE EURYTHMICS: 'Who's That Girl?' (RCA)
I think I see a career in the making here. The Eurythmics are already developing a 'high media profile' — they've already been on the cover of the Sunday colour mags — and this single shows that they'll be able to build on their 'Sweet Dreams' album and give their image more substance. And if Annie Lennox is the visual mistress of disguise, her voice is starting to take on a more unmistakable character, right down to the way she mispronounces her r's.

MIDGE URE AND MICK KARN: 'After A Fashion' (Musicfest)
This meeting of musical minds has taken a year to reach vinyl, but the song's skilfully vague eastern promise justifies the effort even if the result is sometimes a bit precious and their identities never really merge. But then they don't need to, their individual skills work well enough side by side.

TROY TATE: 'Love Is' (Why)
Behind the easy-going vocals and the most hummable hook line of the week there's a wealth of subtle hi-fidelity technology that shows off Troy Tate's production acumen and shows up any defects in your hi-fi system. Unfortunately, Mr Tate is closer to a hit than I am to a new hi-fi.

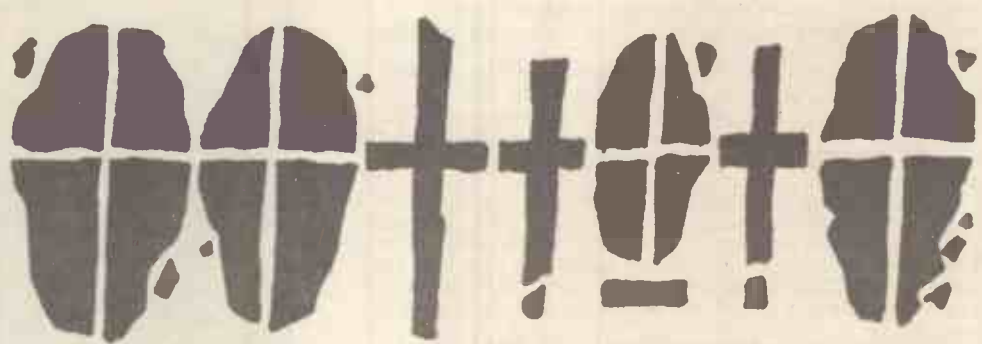
MUSICAL YOUTH: 'Tell Me Why' (MCA)
Far from floating away on a cloud of bumfluff, Musical Youth seem so unaffected by all the ballyhoo around them that they're getting better. They know just how far they can reach and stretch a little further every time, giving this John Holt song a freshly scrubbed but fully grown sound. These boys are nobody's fools.

TODD RUNDGREN: 'Bang The Drum All Day' (Lamborghini)
Along with Neil Young, Todd Rundgren is one of the last rock stars who can be relied upon to be unpredictable. This is closer



RAP YOUR LOVE: Chris and Evelyn of Set The Tone try the Listerine test

TONES ON TRIAL



CHRIS BURKHAM ALMOST TALKS TO SET THE TONE

CUTE LITTLE throwaway phrases such as 'Once more into the breach' and 'It's all coming back to me now' have recently been invested with a new meaning — one that even manages to cover up some of the cracks in their hackneyed make-up — which fits in very nicely with the United Kingdom's current ravenous appetite for all manner of subjects steeped in nostalgia.

This is perhaps shown in its most rampant form on the television: each and every week the viewer is assaulted with images (after images) which are either from, or stolen from, good old yesteryear.

It never really matters what this thirst is sated with, as it is the revelling in a rose tinted vision of a past glorious heyday which is the marketable produce — the selling point.

This quest for the re-creation of a past 'golden age' today is not peculiar only to the small screen. Contemporary music, both rock and pop, also loves to rummage through its dusty history books and cast-off wardrobes in a frantic search for inspiration and fulfillment. One day the primitive glamour of the fifties is being celebrated, and the next it could be the youthful exuberance of the sixties.

More than just being a dabbling in the stylistic mores of rock and roll's "instant history" (as Roy Orbison astutely dubbed it), today's nostalgia fad is a refusal to look forward and grow up. In much the same way that the original, and particularly the white, performers of rock music preferred to tint their songs with easily accessible teen images for the disc buying tots, so now all the regurgitated shadows of former myths are aimed squarely at Kiddieland — ho yus, I'm sure we all missed one hell of a swinging party.

It is not necessarily rebellion that this nostalgic fug indicates a lack of, but a sense of maturity, a sense of, although I hesitate to use the word, progression (in the best possible way). Carry cots, romper suits and fluffy bears should belong to childish memories, and maybe 'positive punk'.

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH one of the handful of groups who are actually attempting to make something new out of rock 'n' pop's messy legacy initially appear to embody all the wilful childishness of the very worst of the 'new pap'. But there is a slight difference here: Set The Tone (for it is they) are not neighing workhorses trying to carry too heavy a load, but sprightly fillies with a yen for the topsy-turvy end of the pop playground.

The same week that I met Chris Morgan and Evelyn Asiedu of Set The Tone the nostalgia swing was doing great business, anyone who still had the braincells left to remember were all spilling their stories out in the Sunday papers. The *Sunday Times* had devoted its whole colour supplement to a dewy eyed retrospective on the BEATLES — by those who saw it all happen — and the *News Of The World*, in its own sublimely scummy style, was to be found digging up Brian Jones' body with the question: 'Was He Murdered?' — the answer to which has to be: WHO CARES.

Amidst the debris of all yesterday's parties — and have you noticed that it is always those who actually achieved some sort of peak at the time being fondly remembered, who are always the ones trying to revive the corpse — Set The Tone strikes a suitably irreverent pose. There is no spouting of manifestos, no date-stamped fashion consciousness, nothing to really pin them down with. Except their attitude.

It isn't even that this attitude is particularly new or tremendously innovative in any way. What Set The Tone typify is a disregard for the burden of history; they are two young punks running wild with the steady knowledge of Kenny Hyslop's hacking around (perhaps sometimes in both senses) of the music fringes (splashing in pop with Slik, dabbling in punk with The Zones, and so on) behind them.

But Hyslop is in no way a 'steadying' influence, or so the impression goes, for Set The Tone are loathe to settle down into any easy pattern. They had just finished recording their first LP in that week of re-visited 'glories' and Chris Morgan's reaction was an almost dismissive "thank fork for that", which isn't an indication of negligence for the record but of relief that a sting of hard work (remember that?) has ceased, albeit temporarily.

There is no mammoth drive of professionalism running through the two parts of Set The Tone who sat in a Lancaster Gate hotel, greedily sucking glasses of Jack Daniels dry. There is exuberance, a joy — something that can all too easily be interpreted as spastic playing of the hip-hip-happy pop persons role. But it is not a role, that is merely an instance of the insularity that Set The Tone are not a part of. They are grabbers; if they see something and want it they take it. And still, despite this natural arrogance, there is surprise that they have managed to take themselves this far.

This is as far as two singles and an LP. 'The Shifting Air Affair' ("without a 'g', by-the-by") — sorry, 'The Shiftn Air Affair' should be a realisation of their maniacal attitude to the process of ripping music's guts out and jiggling all the entrails around. It is started with a sketchy idea — a horny bass line, a melodic motif, whatever — and then fleshed out into a big bad dance sound that owes so much more to the East Coast of America than to any UK stylism; and that could be why it is difficult to give it a fitting description without slumming it in street-jive clichés.

Which returns, once again, to Set The Tone's lack of insularity: their reliance on the US funk idiom (particularly the more recent, zappier records from New York) immediately sets them up in the position to be accused of just being toytown funkateers ripping off the ghetto beat (die! jive-cliche) for the amusement of a lackadaisical British pop system. But toytown MC's don't do it like that. T Town players are ones who take the original and strip it of its possibilities, whereas Set The Tone add to their definition of what they've been inspired by.

"IT'S SOMETHING you don't expect from a British band — so it's harder to swallow," muses Morgan in a rare moment of sober insight, as the point is that there is no reason why anything from across the Atlantic shouldn't be taken up by a band who are willing to press ahead with what amuses and excites them. With what delights them. It's like seeing a pop person's favourite list of records and wondering why the hell they don't use their favourites to build up something of consequence for themselves.

For Set The Tone are definitely users. The 'art' in their music is "the art of making the decision as to whether it works or not". The art of making sure that it doesn't all fall apart after the second listen, making sure that whatever is sewn together with the studio's mixing desk has a real quality of vibrance to it. Set The Tone are not just doing this for the sake of it, it was "a real struggle" to get through their debut LP and this acceptance of the difficulties that beset them in pulling together their music (which is primarily a studio music) reflects their interest in what they do.

There is, of course, an element of *The Game* to Set The Tone but this is not the over-riding be-all-and-end-all to their existence.

The game, the joke, the big laff are the cause and effect of Set The Tone. 'Rap Your Love' (the second single, which I would have spelt with a double-yew) is a basic chorus which has been stretched out and moseyed around by the band, with yells and shrieks high-tailing it through the mix which gives off a spontaneous impression — which is not really the case.

The spontaneity of Set The Tone comes in actions, initially off the cuff, which are then taken through the winding alleyways of the mixing desk until a slot has been found that suits them. Half the time Set The Tone may not even know what they're doing, they look for "doors that might not even be there". They are not so much playing around (although their surface appearance may sometimes suggest just that) as working it out.

It comes back to that work again, the idea of achieving a goal through their creation. Set The Tone don't try to prove anything, they are just in the process of making something out of what entertains them. Funnily enough, both ha-ha and peculiar, their attitude doesn't suit the music press for they are not pretending that they have any knowledge to impart but would rather tell the monkey to jump instead of what to think of it all. This honesty, if you will, of not bothering to play up to any predetermined roles, of not getting too serious about it all and not playing (the 'play' repetition, you will have noticed, doesn't dilute its meaning) at being important, worthy people feeds back into their overall attitude towards their busy-mess.

There is not so much a response as a reaction against what has been before them, not even a dismissive one totally but one that accepts that what has been done, has been done (to death, at times). So many peaks have already been reached by others that it would be futile and pointless to think of treading the same old ground again and again.

MAFIA BOY Frank Sinatra has, at his best, used the natural singing voice to its maximum effect. As has head boy Jimi Hendrix with the guitar. As has live wire boy Gil Scott Heron with evocative, pertinent lyrics. What has to be done now is to harness what's available, and Set The Tone seem to have more than a reasonable amount of trickery at their fingertips, then let it run riot with imagination until what's worthwhile makes itself apparent.

There is a deliberate lack of control in Set The Tone. So much so that temporary member Stephen Lironi (formerly Restricted Code, now Altered Images) left the band with the words, "I can't stay in this group, they're too unstable".

This despairing phrase hits the nail right on the shiny bonce, as it is that lack of stability which results in Set The Tone's music hitting that offbeat groove (die! jive sucker cliché). It isn't a rashly radical music out on its own though, it is taken from New York and given a thorough kicking with British shoes that does set it to one side of the starting point, and one step ahead of their 'sceptered isle' (more mere nostalgia?) contemporaries.

Words do not really have the flexibility to describe Set The Tone's attitude after having met them — it could, it would sound facile once the details were laid bare on the page, but it is ultimately a natural attitude. One without any real pose to it.

Perhaps it would be easier to saunter around the edges of what Set The Tone are not: they are not tied down to insularity, they are not tied down to any guide-lines, they are not tangled up with the past. And they are not something that is terribly special — yet. They have still got to really prove themselves, the two singles are snippets of hints and 'The Shiftn Air Affair' should be their vindication.

Now, let's get on with 'The Interview'...



WHY ARE the JoBoxers a successful band? In the true context of pop music you shouldn't, of course, have to question this, it should just be accepted as another twist of flavour in the merry whirl.

To see the reasons for the success of, and indicating some of the ingredients for, *A Band In The Charts* it is best to watch the pop programmes which are aimed at the young children.

For it is here that pop is most acutely and, although perhaps not by design, perceptively mirrored. Everything is there from complete and utter freneticism to an incredible amount of diversity within a single format. And it was on Saturday morning's *Get Set* that the JoBoxers' video, for their single 'Just Got Lucky', was voted, by the pubescent audience, Video Of The Week.

The surprise here was not the fact that it was *their* video which won, but that they scored what seemed to be at least one hundred more votes than Paul Weller's 'Money Go Round' video.

Admittedly it hardly ranks as the dethroning of a deity, though it does make a nice little dent in Weller's ego. But what it did highlight was that there is a current appetite for *action* in the charts.

In this particular case Weller's video looked far superior to the JoBoxers' romp through *The Madness Video Handbook* (with a few extra 'On The Waterfront' moves of their own), but the JoBoxers were all moving, each one of them was doing something. And of course there was the uniform.

However much the JoBoxers may dispute the idea that their image carries quite an important role in their success, if it were not for the clothes, the dockland backdrops, the gang sentiments, the understated *machismo* — in fact the whole Andy Capp, down-and-out-on-the-Bowery fantasy — then the JoBoxers would still be the Subway Sect with a new singer.

This sometimes and somewhat *overly* tangible image mixes well with the music which is itself a wide-ranging collection of various influences. It is these two things working together which set JoBoxers off against the relative toothlessness of many of their peers, but this still doesn't prove that the JoBoxers are *all that much better*.

They are rougher around the edges instead of simpering smooth, and this stance is obviously deliberate — and the children just carry on lapping up this month's flavour of milk.

What the JoBoxers make of their music is probably quite the most obvious formation of styles to appear this year, it takes musical mannerisms that other recent groups have plundered and takes them second-hand.

So the contemporary feel that they may invoke is, in part, due to the way that the Soul sound, or Funk sound, or Pop sound, has been filtered through others' interpretations rather than direct from the source.

Everything could shelter under their musical umbrella *because* of their unwillingness to concentrate on one, or a few, musical badges. In a way they recognise their obsolescence and are ready for it with another change of direction up their sleeve.

THE SATURDAY after I meet the JoBoxers they are to be playing support for Rod Stewart at the Ibrox Park in Glasgow, this was for the fine artistic reasons of "doing it for the money" and "to meet Garry Glitter" — which shows where a large portion of their heart lies.

For the JoBoxers are; and this is nothing to sneer at or get uppity about, very close indeed to performing the same function as Glitter, and others of that ilk, did in the 'seventies. The hod carriers bop: Glam Rock.

Obviously the trappings are visually different, but do actually serve the same purpose. It is *Yesteryear* played for real *Now*, it is extremely nostalgic and suits this Age Of Plunder, as Jon Savage dubbed it, down to the ground. And all the while it is the children who have the chance to decide the JoBoxers' fate.

"The people that bought 'Boxerbeat' were young, they were the six and seven year olds."

What is it about you that is so attractive to a seven year old?

"The videos help a lot, and the fact that we don't stand still on stage — we're like their older brothers! We don't really court them, they just happen to like us. I think that with 'Just Got Lucky' we've got a lot of older people buying the records as well, because we've proved that there is more to us than just 'Boxerbeat'. With that song a lot of people thought 'Oh yeah, good song', but that is all they can do."

"People actually told me that they were surprised when they saw us on *The Switch*, and heard the other songs, that we could do something else. They thought that 'Boxerbeat' was all we could do."

No doubt it is partly an attempt *not* to sink into the area of rapid turnover teen-sensation success the JoBoxers put great emphasis on their *pedigree* and their *musicianship* — they are, to refer back to hod-carrying, very workmanlike about their profession. They get the job done.

The point that they miss, though, is that it is not necessarily *wrong* to be a pop band, pure and simple, it is not that degrading and does throw up (ha!) delightful music from time to time.

As they are playing the pop game at the moment the JoBoxers have a problem balancing their ambition to *stay*, to be a part of Rock's tattered History, and their obvious longing for a weekly pat on the back from the charts — Yes you are a good band, you *can* sell records.

It is slightly touching the way that the JoBoxers are coming to terms with this balancing act, their playing of both fields, for already, at this *early* stage, they have to start considering ways to change, to find new methods of keeping up the interest.

"We've already started to change musically, I mean the song that we're bringing out as the new single is a lot different from the next one. If you're talking about what we look like . . ."

Well aren't they both inter-linked?



BOOTS FOR DANCING

JOBBOXERS SPAR WITH CHRIS BURKHAM

"They are inter-linked, but we aren't going to dress like this in two years' time. We'll just dress how we feel at the time, because we don't put any importance on the way we dress, other people put the importance on it."

Surely, particularly in your case, the way you dress and look is a very important part of the way the public think about, and see the JoBoxers.

"It's a unity amongst us — it's important — but it's not like we're saying that this is the way we are and this is the way we're going to be. We're open to change, and we will change — we've got some ideas of things we want to move onto."

"It is important, but it seems to us that this is what everyone wants to talk about rather than music. We're in the music business and they want to talk about the way we dress."

It is of *secondary* importance, but you (still: *particularly*) cannot totally divorce the two.

"You've got to look like something, you've got to wear something. We wear what's comfortable and what we can afford, but you've got to do something *strong*. Like the other night we were talking to some guy from a college paper, and he was going on about how we were so *contrived* and *thought out* — at least he thought it may come off that way to some people. And I told him, you've got to make up your mind as to what you're going to do, you've got to do something strong."

"People have got to think you're strong and think that you know what you're doing. You've got to think about it, you don't just stumble onto something, or just lock into it, you've got to think about it and know what you're going to do — you don't just jump-in without having thought about what you're going to do."

"If that came off as *contrived* to people, then maybe it's *contrived*. I don't think it's *contrived* at all, it's just well thought out."

"We spent two months, roughly, with no money and basically that just meant that we could rehearse — we

stayed in rehearsing. The way we were dressing naturally progressed to whatever it was, to whatever it turned out to be, and we worked solidly."

"So we had got nearly enough material for an album, if not more, by the time we approached the record companies, dragged them down to see us and said 'Look, this is the JoBoxers and we're starting now'."

"So there was thought put into it, but a lot of it was natural progression as we were spending a lot of time together."

FUNNILY ENOUGH it was the JoBoxers themselves who first made any solid reference to their 'image', their 'look', during the course of our conversation.

They are rather more touchy and aware of it, and its implications, than they would care to admit.

When there is so much emphasis on the strength of each part of *being* a JoBoxer then each constituent can tend to become more important than it has a right to be.

Those Doctor Marten boots (with the *white* laces), the baggy trousers that leave the ankles feeling decidedly chilly, the leather jackets and the barrow-boy caps: these are definite reference points for their public, easily assimilated visual images that instantly scream 'JoBoxer!'.

More than just the ephemeral attraction of a new set of clothes on the pop scene, the JoBoxers are careful about how they are seen, what backdrops are the best to set this image off against.

Nearly every photograph I have seen of them seems to be set in some mystical world where London dockland meets Dennis The Menace — they have refused to do photographs in the studio saying that there is a "lack of atmosphere" (instead they try to create a, rather archaic, atmosphere of a *real live* gang of semi, or would be, hoodlums).

This is probably because they would just look totally out of place, and perhaps a little silly, in any other setting. Even more than this — the look itself, and the

appropriate background — the JoBoxers give the impression, admittedly through what has been reported of them, of vainly attempting to live out this, at times, seemingly asinine image.

The tales are a mixture of boyhood bravado and dumb fantasy rock and roll style (the car crashes, the hedonism, the supposed poverty, the whole ethos of *living on the edge*).

They explain to me, and I can understand, that reports of their death have been greatly exaggerated (a small jape for the fans of the Obituary).

Newspapers in need of a quick 'pop related' story have found it easy to associate the JoBoxers with petty tales of stupidity — so, in a way, there has been an image foisted upon them that may not be completely of their own design. They're just *misunderstood*?

"I think we've been treated pretty well by the press, a bit of slugging perhaps but most people like us — they either like us or really hate us, no-one is in the middle.

"Some people do try to establish us as a certain type of band through bits in the papers. Like in Scotland, which we had already left to go and do *Top Of The Pops*, our manager and a roadie were in a cafe and they left without paying the two pounds, or whatever it was, and they were stopped by the cops. Then in the papers it came out as 'JoBoxers do a runner on a bill from a restaurant!', I can understand people looking at that and thinking that it is just a big put-on."

Isn't it worrying that people can put handles on you that aren't of your own making?

"The thing that is good about it is that it does establish an image, and when someone reads about it they may think that it's great, it's okay. It's only the people who *know* what's going on who think that it is bullshit."

IT IS not all that long ago that the JoBoxers were the house band at Bernie Rhodes' Club Left in Soho, then they were the Subway Sect and played with Vic Godard, Lady Blue, Dig Wayne or whatever singer Rhodes had managed to line up for that particular night.

Behind Godard they were playing a mutated swing style that shifted around areas such as Radio Two (*the* catchphrase of the time), a more youthful Manhattan Transfer (it's difficult for any band playing around with fake/*nouveau* swing not to have some similarities here!), a sixties nightclub consciousness and the flash of eighties pleasure seeking.

In suits and bow-ties they were a great deal more subdued than they are now, they were just the band, the musicians playing behind the vocals of others.

Now, in the JoBoxers, they have built themselves into a unit that *incorporates* the singer instead of just helping him out. This gang of theirs — still very boyish and reminiscent of the schoolyard — is very much more successful than the Subway Sect could have been.

"Obviously what we're trying to do is creative in the first place, and it just seems that what we're doing is being successful at the moment. But if 'Johnny Friendly', which I think is one of our best songs, has trouble and doesn't get into the charts then maybe there will be a problem. But then again maybe there won't be a problem at all!"

There is one member of JoBoxers who unerringly sums up everything that is, and could be, wrong with the band. He is the drummer.

His name is Sean and he really tries, he really makes a concerted effort, to act out the part of a complete and



utter fool. When we were talking about keeping an audience through continually surprising them, his surprise is "yesterday I ate a pint of maggots ..."

Unfortunately this childish belief in the more puerile of Punk-ish shock tactics only spotlights the reasons why the JoBoxers might only last a season in pop, because one day they have to grow up. The rest of the band seem to have come to terms with this fact, but Sean is still the baby — throwing tantrums and showing everyone up.

Each character within the JoBoxers is worn away slightly because they have such a strong visual unit to put across, there doesn't appear to be much room for each individual outside of the group identity.

"It's good if you're not too secluded from the public, it's good to meet them — you have to to a certain degree."

You don't think that there's any point in retaining a

certain amount of mystery about yourselves?

"Definitely there is, you don't want to let them know everything. But you have to give them some insight otherwise they can't really get involved with you, they're only involved with you on the level of the records."

How they can dodge their way around the traps that surround this yearning is another matter.

Although 'Boxerbeat' was quite possibly the ugliest single of 1983, 'Just Got Lucky' and 'Johnny Friendly' do show that the JoBoxers aren't all mouth and trousers, boots and braces. They do have a knack for crafting immediate, rhythmic pop out of all our yesterdays.

What they do best is a form of play-acting, of shadow-boxing, it isn't really for real and as the script is unwritten it can be changed when it suits it. It is just pop music, and pop often has a lot to do with pretending.



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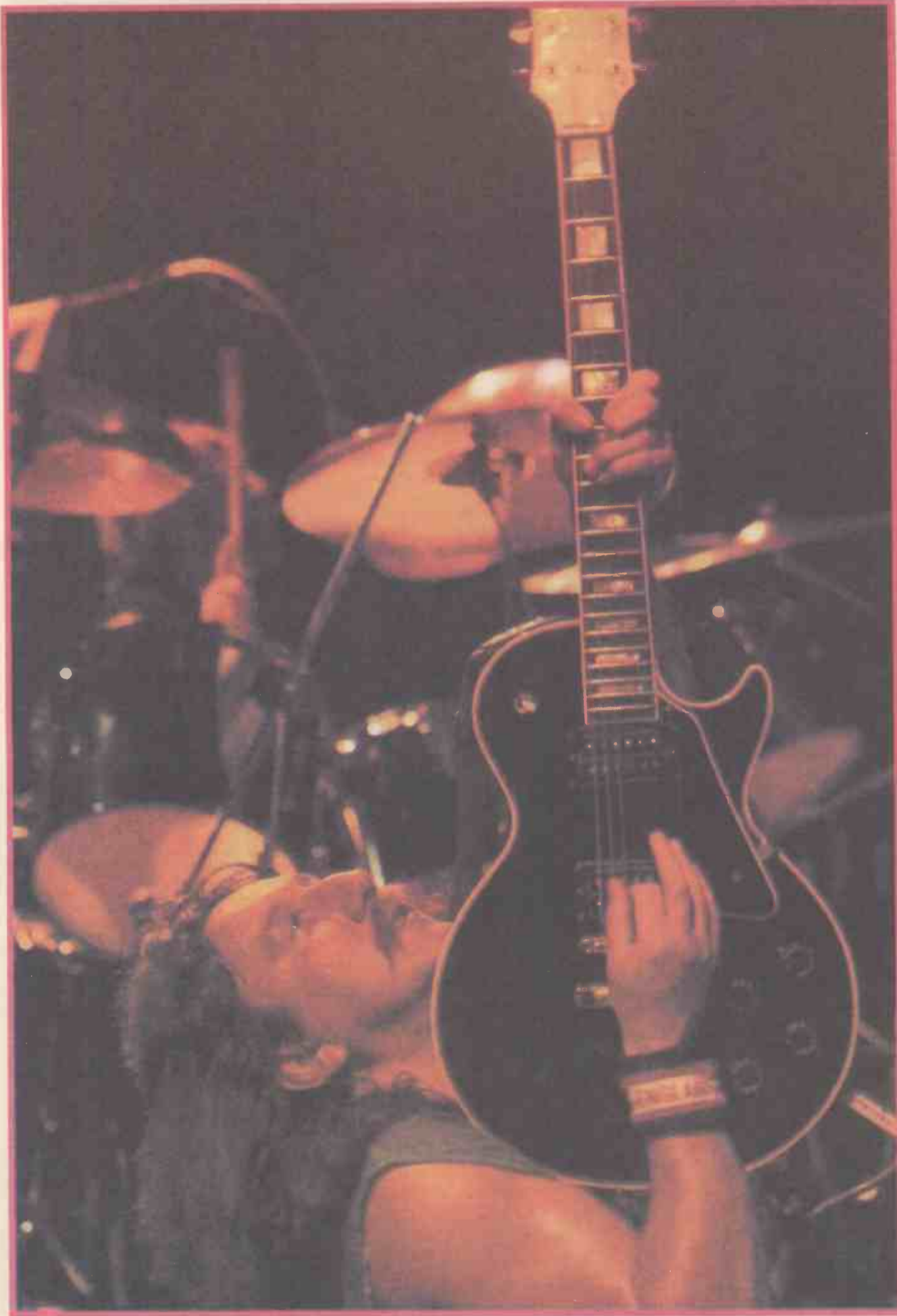
Automatic Rhythm unit...

In fact, to coin a cliché, there's just too much to list here.

One thing's for sure though, if you don't step on down to your local JVC keyboards dealer soon and take a look for yourself, you'll never know what you're missing. Heaven knows, you won't regret it.

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GUILTY PARTIES



URIAH HEEP guitarist and founder-member Mick Box will be thirty-six years old soon, and he's no stranger to this game. He knows exactly what's going on, and he loves every moment!

I read him a quote from last year's interview with Geoff Barton who suggested that the only way the band could get into the papers when they started was by flying journalists all over the world, and Box had agreed "yeah, that was the way most of our early publicity used to come about!"

So, come on Mick — here we are in sunny Tel Aviv ... what's it all about?

"Yeah, that did happen a lot, I can't deny it, it's fact! But this time round, the purpose of you being here is coming out to see us on unknown territory, we're not playing safe by taking you to a stadium concert in America, you're seeing us in a country we've never played before ... we just thought it would be nice for you to come to Tel Aviv — and it's an interesting thing to write about, there's a lot more to write about than the gig."

And Mick Box is right — it was nice for me to go to Tel Aviv, I had a really great time and the Heep (as we rock writers call them) are a bunch of funny, friendly blokes. But let's get this straight ... I was there to do an interview, not sun-bathe, and I asked to write about Uriah Heep (after last year's Donington festival — and long before I knew it might mean a trip abroad), simply because I thought their infectious sense of fun would be tempered by a rare articulacy. I'm fascinated by this phenomenon of HM and wanted to know why someone like Box could devote his life to it.

"Well, we've always steered away from heavy metal," he's quick to assert, "we're more *hard rock*."

Yeah, but I remember when I was at school, you were the archetypal heavy rock band — along with Black Sabbath and Deep Purple — and so I avoided you like the plague! However, having listened to 'Very 'Eavy, Very 'Umbler' last week for the very first time in my life, I was really surprised at the subtle use of melodies and harmonies — it sounded like an early Queen album!

"Absolutley, yeah," agrees Box, "and Heep have always had that — but why we got labelled as heavy metal was cos we always took the heavier side on stage with us, never the lighter side — we only did that on record."

Is that cos you were frightened to risk it?
"No, cos there was one stage where we actually did a tour where we played an acoustic set, had an intermission, then came back and did all the hard rock stuff ... just to show people there was another side to Uriah Heep — and it used to go down a riot!"

SO WHAT is Uriah Heep's problem — is it that the music itself is too narrowly defined for commercial success, or are heavy metal fans too narrow-minded? I mention to him that ex-vocalist Ken Hensley had said "It reached a point where we did a couple of albums which consisted more or less of the same songs with different words — and Heep had narrowed its appeal to such a degree that the only people who knew about the band were the hardened fans."

"I would say that was down to the music — Kenny himself was narrow-minded about it all! Before he left to do his solo thing, he wanted *total* control over the song-writing, but the songs he was bringing in just weren't good songs and he wouldn't own up to that fact."

"So the songs he had that would have become 'Abominog' then became 'Free Spirit' (Hensley's solo LP) — and it just died a death! That was cos the material wasn't up to scratch."

OK, but what the hell was Mick Box doing all this time — because according to the credits on the labels, you sure as hell weren't writing any songs!

"I was basically just playing guitar — I mean, I was still writing, but there were better songs around, which was OK and it made me fight harder to get my own songs accepted. But then around the time of 'Firefly', it was all falling apart and we were becoming less of a band."

MICK BOX IS GUILTY! He's an old rock'n'roller who doesn't know when to give up. "It's something that's born in you, I think, and I could never see myself doing anything else ... I'll



Uriah Heep stand accused Johnny Waller gives evidence

TOO MUCH of today's rock music — and the wasteful rock journalism that attends it, almost smotheringly so — is concerned with myths. Not merely celebrating and enjoying the decaying fantasies of blood, thunder, magic and lust ... but actively propping up their crumbling surrealism.

Why bother with the ambition of truth when, for an hour on stage each night, you can live out a pantomime of nightmare proportions, dreaming with tunnel vision and a narrow mind?

Rock bands, rock musicians, rock journalists — they all glory in this extravagant conspiracy of delusion, chortling with delight at its golden greatness. Anything to escape the tarnished reality of everyday life for a few fleeting moments.

And so, **URIAH HEEP ARE GUILTY** — but their plunderous

innocence betrays not a sense of cynical ruthlessness in exploitation, but rather a childish indulgence in pursuit of fun-seeking hedonism to the full.

The rock industry feeds the bands, managers, journalists and hangers-on — and it expects cowed loyalty in return. You never bite the hand that feeds. This is why people with big mouths and strong hearts are often encouraged to keep quiet about the injustices they see. There is a lot of money in the rock industry — and money talks a lot louder than social conscience.

URIAH HEEP ARE GUILTY — they take rock journalists abroad as a soft-option attempt at covert bribery. Their record company, Bronze, pay all my expenses to go to Tel Aviv with the implicit understanding that I will repay this investment with kind words about their product. This ain't Tel Aviv, this is *Dallas!*

And make no mistake, this is all about "investment". To start with, it's cheaper to pay for a journalist to go abroad than it is to buy a full-page advert in *Sounds* — and often much more effective!



Pix by George Bodnar

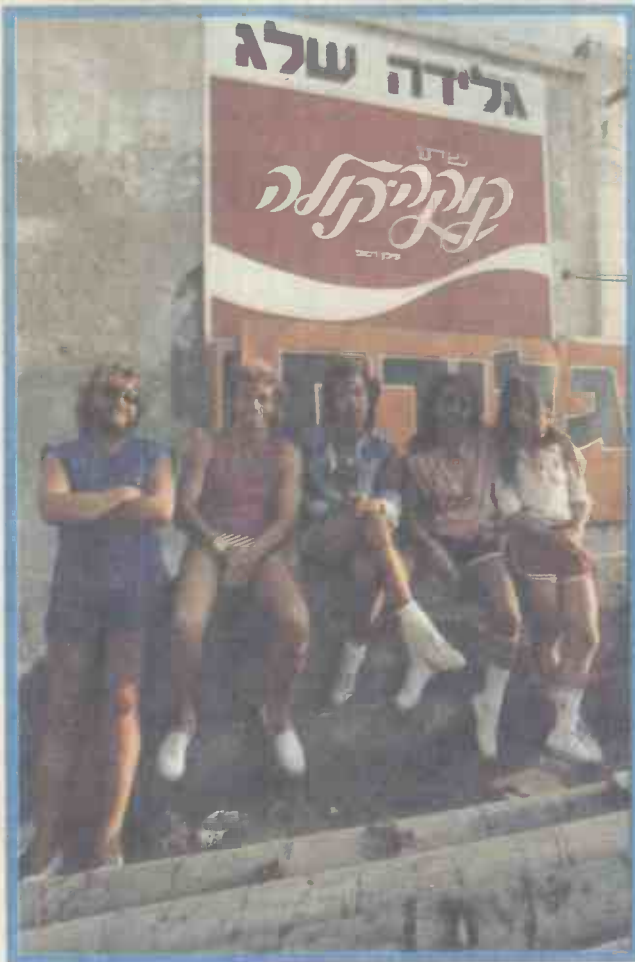


"Well, 'Red Lights' is just basically an experience all of us have," he justifies. "You know, we all end up in the Reeperbahn in Hamburg, don't we?"
 Speak for yourself — I never have!
 "It's just that raunchy thing, cos hookers and things like that tend to be associated with rock'n'roll bands," he continues.
 "Maybe it is a bit clichéd — you can take it too far sometimes, that's why we try to avoid 'on the road' songs!"
 How do think girls relate to those sort of lyrics?
 "I don't know ... I've never looked at it that closely, never actually thought about it in those terms — admittedly, I do see it all as 'the lads on the road' sort of thing."
 What about women you've known, girlfriends etc — have any of them ever said "Box, you sexist pig!" and hit you with a copy of *Spare Rib*?
 "No (laughs) — I've never had any problems like that! See, it's one thing *writing* it, but quite another thing actually doing it!"

AND SO we come back to the myths of the rock culture — the most enduring being the strutting, macho lady-killer guitarist (with his instrument as a huge electric phallic symbol!) as the ultimate hero for schoolboys and girls alike.
 To get a female point of view, I asked Annie, wife of drummer Lee Kerslake, and she reckoned most of the girls who went to Heep gigs really enjoyed the music but also had a degree of sexual craving for the band, a sort of lusty hero-worship. This was confirmed by Libby, the extraordinary singer with the local support band Libby And The Flash.
 Like an incredible cross between Suzi Quatro and Millie Jackson, she agreed that for a girl, music like Uriah Heep is "all about sex — that's what turns the girls on, and why not?"
 As I said before, Mick Box knows exactly what's going on and he loves every moment!
BUT URIAH HEEP ARE STILL GUILTY! I have to explain to Mick exactly why this is so — the facts are undeniable ... Box's



Pete Goalby auditions for Tight Fit



The Uriah Heep 5-a-side team: Lee Kerslake, John Sinclair, Pete Goalby, Mick Box, Trevor Bolder

probably end up playing in a club somewhere to just 30 or 40 people — as long as I keep playing, I don't mind!"
 But when Uriah Heep virtually disbanded two years ago, you were left all alone with just the name and nothing else — and you hadn't made a good album for several years, so why didn't you just do everyone — including yourself — a favour and just give up?
 "Well, up to that point I'd dedicated ten years of my life to Uriah Heep ... I formed the band in 1969 and we've had a bumpy career since then and I've been in it all the way — but my agent said I could go out as The Mick Box Band and do my guitar hero bit instead ... and that was quite flattering, but such was the response from letters and phone calls into the record company, that I was swayed into keeping Heep going — a lot of that was from abroad, but some of it in England too."
 Does the success you enjoy abroad compensate for meaning almost nothing back home?
 "It still hurts really — but I think a lot of it's been our own doing because we haven't spent a lot of time playing in England. If there's a trouble with this band, it's the best trouble you can have, and that's we're in a world-wide situation — there's not a country we've visited where it hasn't opened up and gone really well for us. So we've neglected Britain a bit, but hopefully we'll be able to put that right soon ... when or where or how, I don't know yet."
 When you're away from England, what do you miss most?
 "O dearie me!" he exclaims. "Just England, all of it! I like going down the pub for a nice pint of beer and I find the English are the warmest, most honest people in the world ... like in America, where we do a lot of touring, you never know if you've got a true friend or not."
URIAH HEEP ARE GUILTY. As a "traditional" rock band, they conform to so many stereotypes it's almost amusing, if it weren't also slightly dangerous. For a start, their attitude towards women is — to say the least — patronising, if not downright sexist.

I REMEMBER standing in Tel Aviv's Penguin Club with a dispirited member of Uriah Heep who, glass in hand, lump in throat, mumbled through a tired, drunken haze and confided to me: "Christ Johnny, look at all these women — how come I never score? I've gotta get a women tonight!" When I suggested that I drive him back to the hotel to get some sleep — it was 4am by now — he insisted on going to a local bar with a couple of the band's road crew, still bemoaning his lack of success in sexual adventures.
 This prompted me to remind Mick that, in a previous *Sounds* interview, he'd admitted that he'd formed his first band, The Stalkers, "because we wanted the women". Thirteen years and over a thousand gigs later, how many women have you had?
 "Well, it's all part of the rock'n'roll syndrome," he laughs. "I've had my fair share! *Enough* ... I've quietened down a bit now."
 You seem to drink a bottle of vodka at each gig — have you had more women than you've had bottles of vodka?
 "Christ, you said you were going to ask some difficult questions, but ... well, I've shared a lot of vodka with a lot of women!"
 Why do rock bands in general — and Heep are as guilty as any in this — insist on writing clichés about 'Red Lights' and 'Hot Night In A Cold Town'?



Heep are old, rich, comfortable, old-fashioned, sexist, traditional, long-haired establishment figures. I remind him that in 1977 Heep were about as much out of touch with reality as you can possibly get without being dead — while the Pistols were singing about anarchy and the Clash were having a white riot, Uriah Heep released pathetic records like 'Firefly' with hopelessly hallucinogenic sub-Roger Dean cover paintings of fairies and wizards!

"That's right," he admits ruefully, "and there was so much lethargy in the band as well, cos Kenny was trying to lead it into the lighter side and we're all going 'hold on, we're a rock'n'roll band!' But this new line-up is only two years young and it took the original Heep four or five years to reach a peak, so we don't mind taking our time."
 Yeah, but it's those clichés that worry me! Whereas some bands are attempting to recreate the drama and pathos of true emotions, to really touch and inspire people, you seem content to merely retread all the old rock ideas that have been around since Buddy Holly and Elvis Presley!
 "Yeah, I know what you mean — but we don't set out to do that, it just happens! It's all part of the fun really — it's almost like a parody of ourselves!"
 But the emotion, Mick, where's the emotion?
 "Well, on 'Lonely Nights', Peter's really trying to sing with all the emotion he can muster."

Yeah, I know that — but he's restricted by that standard rock format and that standard idea of what a good rock vocal should sound like ... if he was really devastated by loneliness the last thing he'd be worried about would be singing in tune!
 "It's almost too polished in approach you mean? Yeah, well, we've always been very tuneful in our approach, our emphasis is on doing really good, melodic songs, cos those are the ones that stand the test of time."
 And Peter was a fan of the band before he joined us, and the old stuff that we do, they're great songs to sing, so they still come over as being fresh. Sometimes I hear him sing 'July Morning' and I think 'yeah, that's the business, that tops even the original' ... cos he's really into it."

But all the rock clichés — you just love them really, don't you? All those guitar solos while Pete twirls the mike-stand like Rod Stewart or someone — you can't resist all that rock band imagery that goes with the life-style.

"Oh yeah, definitely — we love all that," he laughs.
 And so, compared with say the Clash, you've no desire to subvert the rock biz and bring down the rock establishment?
 "Absolutely not! Because we were part of building it up in the first place!"
 And you must have made a load of money from this business — where's it all gone?
 "That's what I keep asking myself," he jokes. "I'm not rich, if that's what you mean — I couldn't afford not to work."
 "I've had a lot of tax problems — and still have — and at one point we were living a fantasy with limousines, champagne, first class hotels and flights wherever we went — the old dream-machine game ... not realising we were paying for the whole lot!"
 "We used to have a banquet laid on at each gig — but it was all coming out of our own pockets, every last morsel. Then when you get home at the end of the year, you suddenly wonder why you haven't got any dough left!"

"Nobody was advising us correctly — but the best move I ever made was buying a house, which I sold to buy another one — and now I've got a house in New Mexico and an apartment in London. But the only car I've got is an 'H' reg Morris Midwife ... it's an old Morris Minor which gets me from A to B, but I call it the Midwife, cos they've all got them, haven't they?"
 Mick box laughs again — he loves every minute!
 And that's worth remembering, because apart from Heep's flair for harmonies and melodies (their new LP 'Head First' features three great tunes, which isn't as many as New Order but is three more than Tank, Saxon and Anvil can muster between them!), their greatest strength is their sense of fun and their sense of humour.

AND SO, although URIAH HEEP ARE GUILTY, they should not be condemned. As I flew back from Tel Aviv and smiled at the beautiful girl sitting next to me, I thought of Heep and Box loving every moment. I remembered the long talks I had with bassist Trevor Bolder about running, the joy of discovering that Box was almost a professional footballer, the outrageous clothes sense of keyboardist John Sinclair (nick-named 'Marilyn' by the rest of the band), the open charm and honesty of Pete Goalby and his wonderfully ironic Midlands accent, and the genuine friendliness of drummer Lee and his wife. The gigs? Well, I remember them and they were, er, *interesting*, but hardly to be cherished!

But it's all a laugh, isn't it? At least to Box it is. "I really love Tommy Cooper — we often have band Tommy Cooper nights where we get drunk and tell Tommy Cooper jokes ... here, try this, 'Doctor, doctor, I feel like a pair of curtains — Pull yourself together!' or how about 'Doctor, doctor, I feel like a bar of soap — Ah, that's the life, boy!' And we all love *The Life Of Brian* — on our last American tour, we used to travel for hours in the bus and we'd always end up watching the video, it would be that and *Arthur*, cos Dudley Moore was brilliant as a drunk in that."
 "We could all relate to that, cos we all have a few drinks at times! I really like the bit where his hat falls off and he says 'I fucking hate it when that happens!' — brilliant!"

Is that what makes rock'n'roll brilliant as well — those little moments?
 "Mmm, yeah," reflects the Box. "There are moments in our songs that I really get off on, like on 'July Morning', I just love hitting that end riff, that's the business!"
 Look, this is ludicrous, Mr. Box, you're much too nice a guy to have such a naff image — you're nowhere near as threatening or degenerate as Motorhead or Iron Maiden, so why don't you just get your hair cut and settle down ... I mean, what the hell does your mother make of it all?
 "Well, I've always had my hair long, even at school I was always getting bollocked for it — it was quite rebellious then. But my mum loves all this, she loves it, absolutely loves it — this'll be in the scrap-book as soon as it's printed. But I don't regret anything ... there's no point in looking back. I'm very emotional and I stand by what I do — if it's a mistake, well ... at least it's an *honest* one!"

And if you weren't called Uriah Heep, what would you be called?
 "Oh — Sketchleys ... cos we've all been taken to the cleaners so often!"
URIAH HEEP ARE GUILTY.
 Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.

PANIC BUTTON

BEEN DONE over? Ripped off? Or think you're going to be? If you need some information and advice press the Panic Button. We'll investigate.
 Write to Susanne Garrett, Panic Button, Sounds, 40 Long Acre, London W2. Or ring our hotline on 01 836 1147. This is a free service. Please enclose a sae to ensure a personal reply.

ULI BEEF



I HAVE absolutely no memento of the best concert I've ever been to in my life. Which one? Uli Roth at Newcastle City Hall, last month, of course. The only piece of merchandise I could really afford or really wanted anyway was a tour poster, but these had sold out by the end of the gig. Where can I buy one now? — Ian Wood, Stockton

NO NEED to spend a dime. While those posters, printed up by tour promoter Phil McIntyre, sold out at the speed of light, the Uli Roth team have salvaged a spare for you, and autographed it too, and your personalised souvenir should be with you by the time you read this column. All other merchandise sold at Uli Roth gigs came from Concert Publishing in London (not to be confused with a completely different company, travel people Concert Promotions of London, mentioned in a recent 'Panic Button'). For full details of mail-order leftovers, send an s.a.e. to Concert Publishing, 178 Liverpool Road, London N1.

SET THE RUNE



PAGE: Even more bootlegs abound

I RECENTLY bought the Led Zeppelin 'Runes' album, also called 'Four Symbols', which is supposed to carry four symbols on the sleeve. My copy doesn't have any. Also, the third song on side one seems to be called 'The Battle Of Evermore' although I thought the track

was called 'The Battle Of Evermore'. Is my copy riddled with errors, or is this a bootleg? I don't want to fork out yet another fiver. Incidentally, the album itself is brilliant. — Paul Jeynes, Antrim, Northern Ireland

SOUNDS LIKE you have a copy of ye olde runic bootlegge rather than a bona fide pressing of the official untitled Zeppelin material, otherwise known as 'Led Zeppelin Four' and many other names, some of them unprintable.

The strictly original version, released in 1971, hasn't been deleted and is still available on order thru' any dealer (Catalogue number — Atlantic ATL 50008). And, the goody goody version includes an inner sleeve with the lyrics of 'Stairway To Heaven' as well as those missing runic symbols.

More fax on the Zeppelin catalogue for the price of an s.a.e. from Swansong, 484 Kings Road, London SW10.

ADRIFT ON THE HIGH C'S

THIS IS a desperate plea for urgent action. Some three months ago, a firm called A.D.D. PA Hire of Great Yarmouth despatched a cheque for a blank tapes order to a firm called P.M.D. of PO Box 19, Stratford On Avon. The order was for 50 Ampex C20's with cases and we paid £18.50 in advance.

We're still waiting for these cassettes, which we desperately need to release our first cassette single. The covers are printed and the copying machines are ready to roll. The tapes were part of a larger order which, presumably, was to be sent to A.D.D. in Great Yarmouth. — Pete Fisher, Norwich

PROBLEMS, PROBLEMS. Looks like you'll have to go back to that PA hire firm for full details of exactly when

they issued the second cheque, and for some confirmation of when and if it was cashed. Sad to say, when 'Panic Button' contacted PMD (Pangbourne Musical Distributors), at their Unit 4, Avenue Industrial Estate address in Stratford On Avon they could find "no trace" of that elusive order. But, once you're equipped with more info, simply ring P.M.D. and ask for Debbie on Stratford 68579, or drop a line. Or ask the PA people to do it on your behalf. Keep us in touch with developments too.

'Panic Button' is ready, willing and able to help out any reader who has a mail order problem, but we do need the fullest possible information from you to ensure a speedy result.



FISH: Piranha happy face...

COD ONLY KNOWS

HERE'S SOMETHING a bit fishy! After seeing Marillion, the best thing to come out of Aylesbury since Genesis, who have got better and better over the last 18 months or so, I sent off to The Web (their appreciation society) for more information, with a cheque for £3.50.

So far I've received nothing, not even acknowledgement of fan club membership, even though my cheque has cleared and the first newsletter was supposed to have been issued in May. — D.B., Oxford

EACH AND every Marillion fan out there still in the same boat, keep your scales on! Club secretary Stef who runs the appreciation society from a secret hideaway in Waddesden, Buckinghamshire, has been inundated with hundreds of letters and membership applications over the last few months, as well as planning the newsletter and keeping her own full-time job together, so she hasn't been able to respond to all-comers as quickly as she, or you, would have liked.

But, Marillion management assures us, the first official newsletter, as

crammed as a can of sardines, is now printed and ready to go and should be with you by the end of this week. Everyone who has applied for club membership direct to the Waddesden address should have been contacted by the end of June at the very latest.

If you wrote to The Web at the new mailing address, c/o EMI Records, fairly recently, you're asked to be patient, as Marillion's record company are collecting whole batches of mail before sending it on to Stef.

People still with problems come the end of this month please contact 'Panic Button', just in case your application has been overlooked in the mass of fan club work.

Thanks to every Marillion fan out there who was honest enough to issue a duplicate cheque for merchandise ordered, following the theft of a load of Marillion gear, including your cheques, from a parked car outside London's Marquee Club in April. Fish and the gang were celebrating his birthday at the time. We're told that reader response to our brief

mention in 'Panic Button' was high.

Although Fish hasn't yet managed to recover his missing lyric book, stolen at the time, he quickly rewrote the songs, so those original lyrics will prove pretty worthless to anyone who has them now.

Any more Marillion followers interested in joining the new club, write to The Web at EMI Records, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

Thanks to everyone who has written to us in an attempt to get hold of a strictly limited edition Marillion 'Garden Party' poster. As these have all been distributed our chances of success are low, but we're keeping all your letters and, if we can track down some of these freebies, people who've written will be sent a copy in first-come, first-served sequence.

Meanwhile, anyone like Jonathan Grainger of Sheffield who has defective Marillion merchandise, or wants to find out what's in stock, write to Allround Productions, 6 Lillie Yard, 19 Lillie Road, London SW6.

MUSIC CENTRE MUSO

ANY IDEAS on what I should look for when choosing a secondhand guitar for the first time?

Also, as I'm not rich enough to buy my own speaker unit for the instrument, I'm intending to plug it into my Sharp SG-170EW music centre. I've seen this done before on a Pye music system. The instruction manual does say something about the fact that a microphone can be plugged into the system for voice amplification so I'm wondering if I could plug a guitar directly into my Sharp and use it as a speaker/amplifier unit. — Giles Prichard, Coulsden

WHAT'S THE secret of finding that rare commodity, a low-priced secondhand bargain guitar? Like the quest for the Holy Grail, it isn't an easy one to crack. But finding a relatively cut-price bargain, unlike the legendary impossibility, can be done provided you have a fair idea of what you want and why you want it; are prepared to spend a lot of time shopping around, rather than being tempted by the first or second likely contender; and, if your knowledge of guitars is limited or non-existent, you're willing to take along a more knowledgeable friend when you make your choice — the more clued-up, the better. Otherwise, you'll do better to keep on saving and buy new.

It's a fact that most first-

time buyers considering a secondhand instrument don't want to spend much, and your budget could well be way under the heady heights of £200. A worthwhile secondhand buy won't necessarily be cheap. It's a general principle of the trade that the more you're willing to spend, the better the instrument, although even this adage won't apply to each and every transaction.

"It is possible to buy very cheap guitars secondhand, for around £20 or £25 or slightly more, but these will generally be models beaten about by someone else, and, in turn, you're bound to have quite a battle to beat them into submission," one dealer told 'Panic Button'. "Cheap guitars are made cheaply. When they're sold as secondhand, it's often because someone has encountered a problem which you'll have too when you buy the guitar."

Buying ultra cheap isn't the only mistake you can make. Keep your eyes open too for instruments with basic structural flaws. On prospective acoustic buys, look carefully at the bridge. If it's lifting off the front of the guitar, or the front of the guitar is doming up, don't bother. On electric guitars make sure that the action isn't too high. If it is, can it be adjusted?

Although you can't reasonably expect the same

virginal quality from a secondhand buy as you would with new, buying secondhand shouldn't mean buying second best. Just as when you buy brand new and full price, any guitar should be "fit for its usual purpose", and "of proper quality". You should still expect a reasonable standard of quality and durability for your money, and, if there are likely to be particular problems with a guitar, the shop should point them out at the time you buy, and shouldn't attempt to mislead you or gloss over faults. If in doubt, ask. Some salesmen are sharks, but others will genuinely try to help you select a good buy for your specific needs.

If faults do show up later and you weren't warned beforehand, you have every right to return to the dealer for repairs free of charge, or to negotiate for a replacement guitar or a refund.

Buying from a specialist musical instrument store offering its own guarantee on any secondhand guitars in stock can save you a lot of time and trouble if things go wrong. Many retailers offer a full one year guarantee covering spares and servicing; others give only a six month or three month guarantee. Remember that even if no guarantee is offered by a shop, you can still take up problems with the dealer

when things go wrong if faults weren't mentioned at the time you bought.

A word of warning if you're thinking of doing a private transaction with an individual, and not a dealer, advertising in the classified columns of a local newspaper or music magazine, or if you're aiming for a speedy bargain from a friend of a friend. If things go wrong you don't have the same comeback as when you buy from a dealer. A guitar has to be as a private seller describes it, and any statement he or she makes to convince you to buy should be true, but you don't have the right to return a guitar to an individual seller if the instrument is otherwise unfit for its usual use or bad quality. If friendly persuasion doesn't work, your only option is to sue an individual privately, throwing more good money after bad.

Some dealers, neck deep in the secondhand business, have been known to masquerade in the small ad columns as private individuals, which allows them to cop out if they manage to offload a dodgy

buy on an unsuspecting customer. Anyone who suspects a so-called "private individual" of being a dealer in disguise (the frequency of his ads appearing is one good clue), can ask the nearest Trading Standards Department to investigate, and, if your suspicions prove founded, they'll take action on your behalf.

Back to the music centre, Sharp tells us that it should be possible to use this as a speaker/amp unit provided that the output voltage of the guitar is slightly higher than the mike input (one millivolt/10 kohms), of this model. If the output voltage is too high you'll get distortion; if too low, you'll get absolutely nothing going through.

Once you have a guitar and before you do anything disastrous, you're advised to contact Sharp for some technical information. Write to CPD Technical Department, Sharp Electronics Ltd, Sharp House, Thorp Road, Newton Heath, Manchester 10. Or ring them direct on 061 205 2333.

MAIL ORDER FLASH: When making an order through the post, always keep full details of what you ordered and how much you sent, and a copy of the ad, or at least a note of the address. You should expect to wait no longer than 28 days for your order to arrive. If the worst happens, write to the advertiser and if you've ordered through a publication, contact its advertisement manager or consumer service too. 'Panic Button' will help chase up any problems of this kind. Simply write, or ring us on the usual number.

ROCK CONCERTS ABROAD: If you've ever joined a package trip to see your favourite artist or band play abroad, we'd like to hear your experiences, good, bad or indifferent. Worrying tales of disorganised cut-price operators are hitting the 'Panic Button' fast, and the most worrying of all has to be the saga of one Rod Stewart fan left stranded in Paris minus his passport by a cut-price tour operator earlier this month. Watch this space for a 'Panic Button' investigation, and if you have something to tell us about ring 01 836 1147.

****Buy****Blag***Hear**Flog*Dump

ALBUMS

THE COCONUTS 'Don't Take My Coconuts' (EMI America AML 4001801)****

IT HAS always seemed to me that the Coconuts have a kind of O-like devotion to August Darnell. Perhaps it's just that as with anything to do with the Kid, there seems to be a constant aura of sexuality about him; a wherever-I-lay-my-hat attitude fed on sexual riposte and double entendre, untempered even by his marriage to 'head' Coconut Adriana. 'Kid Creole and his call girls', mocked Zee stablemate Cristina.

But this pimp and prostitute image that they nurtured merged so perfectly with their kitsch styles and Creole/Latin rhythm/funk music that the innuendoes subtly became double-edged with a female wit, a certain sexual liberation rather than full-blown macho imagery. The result is a fun in the sun quality of richness and humour that is infectious and lovable.

And those (unshy!) Coconuts, so willingly milked for their style and sensuality, have now decided to be wheeled out on their own for a taste of the limelight, remixing the cocktail so the taste is the same but the flavour's different. Each member has the qualities of a Doris Day or Lucille Ball, with those elements of wackiness and frivolity. It's a recipe for an enjoyable, fun

album.

Posed like triplicate Barbie dolls on the cover, the Coconuts smooch and sway through assorted fruity love songs, from the bouncy single 'Did You Have To Love Me Like You Did' and the sensual yet scathing 'Ticket To The Tropics'. Each one has a delicate Fifties flavour with that essential extra Eighties punch.

The whole thing is served up as a tongue-in-cheek 'live' format, with Cheryl announcing between numbers, "We want to thank you for coming to the ballroom tonight, and to all you out there listening," as you picture art-deco furnishing and sequinned ballgowns.

"And this one's for all the dizzy blondes in the world," they continue, launching into a version of the Wizard Of Oz kiddies' classic 'If I Only Had A Brain'. I suppose the idea is to emphasise their own dislike of the fluffy Farrah/brainless Britt image — an admirable sentiment — but it doesn't work, sounding bitchy and rather childish. Their own (or rather, the Kid's) lyrics could say it so much more subtly.

What this album is really successful at is creating a relaxing sound of the summer. Nothing too taxing, just a typically tropical aura of beaches and barbecues, palm trees and parasols, candyfloss and convertibles. Served up with that element of style and not too serious flair, it's just delightful deckchair music.

CAROLE LINFIELD

TV SMITH 'Channel Five' (Expulsion Exit 5) ****

RIGHT IN the middle of the very first track, 'A Token Of My Love', Smith suddenly exclaims "surprise surprise" — and that could well be most people's reaction to this unexpected, unannounced gift of beauty and vitality.

This most talented and perceptive songSmith has at last made the transition from literary punk to a genuine singer-songwriter of worth.

In my own (admittedly partisan) judgement, TV now ranks up alongside Paul Weller and the Difford/Tilbrook partnership, as many of the compositions on 'Channel Five' prove with an effortless panache and ease.

As a wordSmith, he continues to excel in storytelling whilst still weaving a web of linguistic sophistication. He's at his caustic best when using everyday phrases in a stunningly ambiguous manner, as in the anti-chemical warfare ballad 'Burning Rain' where he dismissively intones "the weathermen got it wrong again".

But the pen and voice of TV Smith are not new weapons and should need no emphasis again — no, the truly sparkling attraction of 'Channel Five' is the rich splendour of its melodies and arrangements.

Now surprisingly teamed up with a pair of old musoes in Tim Cross (last seen twiddling keyboards for the symphonic entourage of Mike Oldfield) and ex-Sutherland Brothers And Quiver guitarist Tim Renwick, Smith has nevertheless contrived to create a stirring, almost modernistic disco sound.

If it isn't exactly a fiercely disco noir creation to rival New Order, it's still a sprightly electronic mood soundtrack that reminds slightly of recent Altered Images releases.

So songSmith blends together that amazing voice with a clutch of sparkling, emotional songs sympathetically arranged and comes up with his best album since the Adverts' debut. A few of the compositions here have recaptured that old fire and damnation while adding a new smooth gloss that suits them well.

And talking of suits, make sure you hear 'The Suit' — a harrowing tale of an individual who becomes possessed by his suit: An update on the 'Gary Gilmore' syndrome. But even that is surpassed by Smith's teasing, taunting sensual vocal on the closing 'The Beautiful Bomb', which is a masterpiece of lyrical and musical understatement.

You may have read a lot about the Smiths recently, but this is the real McCoy! TV Smith is back and 'Channel Five' is here. Tune in now!

JOHNNY WALLER

GOLDEN EARRING 'Cut' (Mercury 6302 224) ****½

GOLDEN EARRING — almost the band that time forgot.

I admit I've only got two Earrings in my collection; 'Switch' and 'Moontan', the latter spawning their sole UK hit 'Radar Love'. 'Cut' is a fine album which displays their rhythm and blues roots while at the same time demonstrating their new found hard-edged pop.

'The Devil Made Me Do It' is a breezy opening, punctuated with soaring horns and carried along by George Kooymans' Jaggeresque vocals. Gone is the almost negro sound of 'Radar Love' — it's replaced by a much cleaner vocal, but that's not to say it's clinical.

'Baby Dynamite' sounds too solemn, mournful and slow initially, but if you bear with it the song will pay off.

'Last Of The Mohicans' is very Stoneshish, with the

emphasis on Cesar Zuidervijk's bass (or should that be basjk?), plus strong words, words that can be construed as a vehement dismissal of the white man's ethics.

The standout track though is the single (which sadly didn't enjoy the success it deserved), 'Twilight Zone', a melodramatic, powerful epic which builds in atmosphere and mood throughout its 7.55 minutes.

'Chargin' Up My Batteries' is driven along by a steadfast bassline and Kooymans' snarling vocals; a far cry from the occasionally pretentious singing style he adopted for 'Switch' and the bulk of their earlier material.

'Cut' is a very good album; well balanced, well produced, and well executed. The hooks are swift and memorable (I couldn't get "When the bullet hits the bone" out of my head all last week) and the overall impression is that Golden Earring are about due for a bout of success.

JAY WILLIAMS



WHAM!: at least they don't have to mow the lawn.

WHAM! 'Fantastic' (InnervisionIVL 25328) ****

I REMEMBER making 'Wham! Rap' Single Of The Week and looking all around and into the sleeve of the 12" single for any clues that might solve, as it was then, the mystery of Wham!.

If they were English as Epic claimed, they had to be nuclear physicists doing a project course on Making An Authentic English Dance Music — nothing less than boffins would have made a sound that natural and cohesive. Even after certifying the 'Wham! Rap' a dance classic, I searched for cracks in its brilliant arrangement, some embarrassing glimpses of (unsoulful) English stiffness. Of course there were none, and I'd forgotten — or didn't quite know and 'Fantastic' shoots it home now — that there was a reason for this music sounding fresh as well as Swiss watch-tight: The boys enjoy what they do.

'Fantastic' is a stunner. Eight tracks that show George and Andrew enjoying what they do with a total vengeance. The only thing I'm suspicious of now is if they've moved Watford, Herts to Watford, Philadelphia, thus granting the dance terror twins an otherwise impossible fifty years of dance music heritage.

'Fantastic' oozes panache, a handling of the soulful dance style that is ridiculously easy sounding. The last dance music to genuinely 'hit the streets' in the same way as 'Fantastic' will, and those three Wham! 45s have done already, was the Jackson 5 way back when Michael was a tot and 'ABC' amazed us with a freshness that's never quite been recaptured since for me by black artists.

Wham! do just that, and show that 'the streets' are the right place for their dance music. For Wham! are punky, not (faded, exotic) funky. They are more at home On The Waterfront as opposed to at the cocktail bar or on the clothes horse. 'Fantastic' — corny as it sounds but true — is a great summer '83 coda to the post-Election depression.

It fairly hums along.

From 'Bad Boys' on (where have you last heard opening horns that good?!), the pace is a steady 100mph without a single stop for lachrymose reflection. Wham! on 'Fantastic' take you by the throat and hurl you on the dance floor. If you don't respond, you must write for Melody Maker; This is white heat disco. If Jane Fonda used this on her work-out record, her followers would end up as pieces of shrivelled charcoal. Wham! don't take any prisoners.

The trick, if there is one, is of course in Andy Ridgeley and George Michael's arranging, which is never less than inspired, keeping things tight-sounding without too much sheen. Michael's voice too is a revelation across a complete album, best illustrated by the way he varies tones from the stroll of 'Club Tropicana' to the swing (the sad, sad swing) of 'Nothing Looks The Same In The Light'.

For a start, anyone who can write a title as good as 'Nothing Looks The Same In The Light' is gifted. When you follow that up with a song that is this album's standout, and if released (as it ought to be) as a single will be a summer chart standout, it's just teasing you.

'Nothing Looks The Same In The Light' sees Wham! genuinely beginning to bite at the toes of best Stevie Wonder. The song has a chorus so strong it is practically the entire song along with the inspired title line; on these two fundamentals, Wham!'s dance genius just breezes along. 'Nothing Looks The Same In The Light' is a song that will refuse to leave you alone. It's magical.

Other goodies? 'Club Tropicana' proves they can write brilliant pop; they do a version of 'Love Machine' that will knock your block off, it's so fast. In fact, amid the white heat of the boogie, questions such as Are They Politically Alright? (even sad old Bushell says they are now) or Is This Taking Music Anywhere New? hardly seem to matter.

And that exclamatory mark at the end of Wham!'s name now looks like a health warning rather than a vain threat. 'Fantastic' is easily the record of summer '83.

DAVE McCULLOUGH

Tin Tin



Eek-A-MOUSE bravely faces the prospect of his rising mortgage costs

Rodent control

Eek-A-MOUSE
'The Mouse And The Man'
(Greensleeves GREL 56)****

SQUEAK THREE from Ripton Hilton aka Eek-A-Mouse and it's a pleasure to report that he's still in a league of his own, moulding and modelling himself, feeling his way around his style while taking care not to fall into a trap or be tempted by any big cheese.

Eek-A-Mouse, King Rat of the sing-jay artists of the reggae world, is an entertainer who chooses to tread carefully and competently down a path that many have given up for lost.

Expertly produced by Linval Thompson and elegantly bolstered by the able pounding of the Roots Radics back line, 'The Man And The Mouse' comes over sounding like a complete, bouncing work.

The Mouse's lyrical tongue wraps itself around a variety of subjects including the eagerly awaited, scatterbrained account of Hitler's rise and fall, together with a brief round-up of SS atrocities made even more bone-chilling by the sad innocent wonder he projects into lines such as "Him put many in a gas chamber/Them history I man remember/I do not know if it happen in September or October, November or December". 'Belsen Was A Gas' pales into insignificance compared to 'Hitler'.

What makes the Mouse a cut above his rivals is his originality, keep listening to his seemingly nonsensical twang long enough and you'll eventually hear beneath the tales of depressingly pointless gun hooliganism and the plight and tragedy of the poor who are pushed to the brink of violent crime which leads to suicide.

The feeling comes through that here is a man who cares and is shocked by the evil exploding around him as he gently draws the listener into his experiences and warns of the consequences.

It's not all doom and gloom though; the title track, for example, is a brilliantly executed diary of events that happened on Eek's latest visit to the US where he came into contact with unobservant cops, turkeys, groupies and... Mickey Mouse who lays some skin on our hero in that man-made, mouse-dominated, big rock candy Babylon, Disneyland.

The image of the tall gangling figure of Eek-A-Mouse fixing a reddened eye straight into the mindless, plastic grin of Walt's rodent is one that I wish I had a Polaroid of.

The Mouse originally took his moniker from a successfully backed racehorse and, judging by the standard of the material here, I suggest you put your money on 'The Man And The Mouse' and let it ride. The Mouse continues to roar.

EDWIN POUNCEY

Eye And Eye

BLUE ZOO 'Two By Two' (Magnet MAGL 5041)***½

THIS ISN'T, despite the title, a Noah's Ark full of caged animal passion. Blue Zoo aren't chained cheetahs, straining at the leash, leaping and tearing at the throat. They don't have the strong, gripping jaws of the shark that their cover so proudly bears. Their songs don't charge or stampede.

Yet despite a clouded vision over Blue Zoo — let's face it, the mind becomes a blank, the eyes mist over with a kind of non-recognition at the name — the band do prove that they possess some kind of barb with this album. Some leech-like quality that hangs on in spite of the odds.

Blue Zoo's strength lies in their aping quality: Although not subtle, they effectively steal from Bowie and U2 and even, it seems, KajaGooGoo, to expel an album with little newness, virtually no imagination and yet some style.

Its qualities are therefore limited (I could pick you out perhaps three tracks I will willingly play repeatedly) yet that quality is enough — just — to pull it out of the mire which second-rate, bland disco dancefloor music has become.

Blue Zoo can produce haunting, eloquent songs like 'Love Moves In Strange Ways' — clichéd but good nevertheless — which exploits to the full those qualities they ape. In their own right, they possess a gentle way with melody and an ear for the lyrical.

But though it sucks life-giving blood from its host, the parasite eventually robs the body of goodness, and the album shows these telling signs of tiredness and weakness. Like the synth pop, chart-orientated music it is, it has become a shrunken, dehydrated parody of its former self.

There are flashes of enjoyable, plain, down-to-earth pop. But Blue Zoo are still a symptom, and one which will could well become eradicated with time.

They just desperately need a life-giving injection of energy and originality. It could mean that vital transition from commodity to essential.

CAROLE LINFIELD

MINIMAL COMPACT 'One By One' (Crammed Discs CRAM 021)***½

PICTURE ORSON Welles outside the walled city of Jericho, directing some modern crime thriller that contemplates death and the morbid sensations that it creates in some people. The film would be very long — *Godfather-II* proportions — and the music, which would seep through in sporadic bursts on the transistors of several young hoodlums, wouldn't be far from what is presented here.

There's a tinge of flamenco mandolin, a snatch of market scene mayhem (the chase scene) and the romance of poetically discordant music. Minimal Compact's Samy Birnbach would star as the young guy pestered by the mob. He sings in his bath going anarchically out of tune but always adding to the atmosphere.

'One By One' would easily be the soundtrack of that film. Birnbach's vocals meander and the musical angle merges the traditional structures of the Middle East with the truly westernised predictably of a Factory group, born in the wake of Joy Division.

Minimal Compact can be dire but more than half of this album is great. The strange mix of styles actually works, and when the balance is right, so is the quality.

I'd like more of their truly individual translation of West-meet-East with a tinge of the commercial; there's a unique sound there. But mingling between these standout tracks are a brace of derivative outings which are too predictable.

DAVE HENDERSON

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'The Kids Are United' (Music For Nations MFN 4)****

MUMMY, WHEN I grow up can I be Gary Bushell?

The bearded one's name on a compilation has long been a sign of quality but never more so than with his record which turns out to be an essential punk history lesson from 1978 to 1981 — Oi's greatest hits and more.

Ranging from Sham 69 to Splodge, 'The Kids Are United' proves conclusively that not only did punk not die when the Sex Pistols split but also that you can write powerful punk tunes and still get into the charts.

Both Sham contributions, the title track and 'Hersham Boys' — were Top Ten singles, the former also defining the hopes and dreams of the Oi movement it spawned — that punks, skins and jack-the-lads would stop fighting each other and start fighting for social justice instead. "Alright mate? yeah, I'm alright" chirps Pursey,

and yes he was! Say what you like, his heart was in the right (ie the RAR) place.

The Cockney Rejects are up next with their greatest moment 'Power & The Glory' from their crossroads album of the same name. I prefer Turner's singing here to his current Dan McCafferty impersonations and the track itself is a definitive example of Geggus' Professionals-type power chords brightened up by football mob vocals.

Elsewhere, they contribute the shorter 'Oi Oi Oi' which is a bit crass but captures the spirit wonderfully. If they'd built on their early energy instead of changing horses in mid-stream, the Rejects would still be a name on everyone's lips instead of a memory.

The Upstarts contribute 'Last Night Another Soldier' and the definitive 'Two Million Voices' (better make that 'Five Million Voices' now the creature from the Grantham grocery is in again); Mensi always had more to say than any punk since Strummer and I remain convinced that, one day, he'll recapture his 'Teenage

Warning' TOTPs glory.

The 4-Skins are here with 'Wonderful World' which reminds you how good a vocalist Hodges was (I wish Roi well but he won't have an easy task), while the Exploited regurgitate their two 'Oi-The Album' tracks, though I'd have said 'Dead Cities' and 'Alternatives' or 'Army Life' would have been better.

The Toy Dolls blitz through the great 'Tommy Kowey's Car', all grins and great big chants, and follow that with 'I've Got Asthma' which, according to legend, was embalmed by an EMI executive whose son had asthma very badly. A shame as it would have been a hit.

I think Max Splodge is a fool in need of a script-writer but here's no denying his 'Two Pints Of Lager' is very funny, a deserved number one from the hot summer of 1980. While 'Warhead' from the UK Subs was a Top Thirty hit the year before that, a mid-paced rumbling hymn of defiance which showed how the band could get away with changing their format — it's a pity they

retreated to formula thereafter.

And that just leaves Cock Sparrer and 'Sunday Stripper', a strange choice but one that indicates a second volume may be in the pipe-line. Why, there's no Slaughter or Blitz or ANL here so it bloody ought to be!

It's hard to imagine a time when punk was Top Thirty instead of tribal trance music, but it's really heartening to think that thousands upon thousands of people bought this sort of music when it was done well and the choice was there. The final word must go to Gal:

'Of the people and for the people (these bands) proved that rock music doesn't have to be the province of snobs, trendies and high-brow virtuosos, that it could be down to earth and exciting, and it could challenge. Inevitably the glossy fodder that dominates today's charts will be blown away by a modern equivalent of the Sex Pistols... and when that happens, the years this album spans will be looked back on as a golden age for street-level rock'n'roll.'

JERRY HARRIS

Plague it again, Sam

DEMON
'The Plague'
(Clay LP6)****

AN EVIL-looking figure in a pin-striped suit and bowler leans against a tattered UN flag with a syringe in his hand and a foot on the world. Provocative pessimism of the highest level and a fitting cover for this doom-laden document of foreseen disaster, 'The Plague'.

It's Demon's third album and their most complete both lyrically and musically, with Chris Ellis and Andy Richards working overtime on keyboards and consequently increasing the depth of the songs and Dave Hill penning some of the band's best ever lyrics to great effect.

It's an album which moves from anger to melancholy and from sarcasm to sincerity in its horrific account of nuclear war and its after effects, warning us at first to beware of 'The Plague' and complaining bitterly of how they "Turn a blind eye to the jobless millions/Queues

of wreckage to be broken down/ Leaders feed us with their solutions/ Mistakes the death cart clears away," But it offers no hope in 'Nowhere To Run', asking questions like "What's for the living?/ They'll build you up to knock you down again".

'Fever In The City' stems from a marvellous melancholic acoustic guitar and piano piece and emotionally explains how "the wind she cries" at the diabolical outcome of the city, while 'Blackheath' reports on the naivety of the people who are trying to adapt to the new life: "Keep belief in avoiding wars/ Keep faith in Santa Claus/ Feel free the first time in your life/ Give yourself away".

'The Writing On The Wall' offers no consolation; in fact, it's quite a bitter view of society, but still manages of humour with "Life's no more exciting after twenty one/ Than Billy Graham or Mary Millington with no drawers on/ Piss artists who feel they're owned one



DEMON'S DAVE Hill: he'll bowler you over!

after time/ Rise up from the slaughter-house into the mime".

There's also sarcastic political comment like "Dr Frankenstein getting government grants/ While Mrs T nurses another right-wing transplant" and even a pathetic shout of "You've never had it so good" followed by a wicked cackle.

'The Only Sane Man' is a pitiful resignation, while 'A Step

Too Far' hints on the wheel coming full circle: "Run free you spaced our monkey/ Run free you superman... You wait in the slipstream/ To be called." And the album ends with a startling cry of "Oh My God — You Finally Went And Did It!".

A must for CNDers everywhere, it's a package which'll surely expand the Demon appreciation society.

MARK PUTTERFORD

NIKKI SUDDEN
'The Bible Belt'
(Flicknife SHARP
110) ****

QUÉ PASSE?

Nikke Sudden has risen like a phoenix from the ashes of his previous solo efforts, which I personally found hard to ingest, and released an engaging, musical, inspired and totally natural rock 'n' roll album.

No longer opaque or self-indulgent or weird, Nikki has obviously put a lot of considered and intelligent thought into this record and it shows. It's very good. Even great at times. Always enjoyable in the extreme.

'Gold Painted Nails' opens 'The Bible Belt' with style, a short, tight instrumental that starts nowhere and ends up the same and covers just enough ground in between to justify itself. It rolls more than rocks and the roll is gentle and cool. Nice.

'English Girls' is next, reminiscent of Peter Perrett's nobler efforts, a talkin' girlfriend blues with coy lyrics and a vaguely Hispanic twang, sung in that Nikki voice that is so unashamedly off-centre that it's disarming and winning.

Transplanted straight out of

1974 is 'Cathy', a chip off the Mott The Hoople block and worthy of the comparison, even approaching the poignant punch of Reed's 'Coney Island Baby' period. 'Blenheim Castle' could be Flamin' Groovies circa 'Sneakers', a lightfingered jive, genuine folk-rock that has a ramshackle, hula-hooping Cochran-up rhythm to it and includes the priceless lyric (amongst others) "Don't you wonder why you always miss the bus?"

'Six Hip Princes' kicks off side two, a stab at off-white funk, followed by 'Out Of Egypt' with its clarion-call ending extravaganza of creating guitar and brisk snare drum.

Guest vocalist Lizard is featured on 'The Angels Are Calling', delivering the soothing refrain like a brief outbreak of sun on a dark day, her airy voice lifting the melody higher and higher. 'Missionary Boy' is a rock interlude and closer cut 'The Only Boy In Heaven' is a restful, cauterised drift back into dreams, broken and otherwise, a kind of gladness.

'The Bible Belt' is an unpretentious and felt record, one of the best direct hits of English rock 'n' roll that I've heard in a while. Support your local band. . . Nikki Sudden is your man.

RALPH TRAITOR

QUARTZ
'Against All Odds'
(Heavy Metal HMR
LP9) **

QUARTZ SEEM to have been around for longer than Geoff Boycott or Pat Jennings; to add up their ages would probably blow the circuits of the most sophisticated calculator. But they've finally laid up their 'poor man's Sabbath' albatross to rest on this LP — despite the presence of Tony Iommi as technical assistant (?) — and opted for a more commercial direction.

However, it doesn't quite succeed because their overall sound is at odds with the new material. This is like forcing

Bucks Fizz to sound like Motorhead.

Occasionally, things gell on tracks like 'Tell Me Why' and 'Too Hot To Handle', but these are not typical of the general standard. Most of the songs are instantly forgettable and Geoff Bate's vocals are more suited to the HM of 'Buried Alive' and 'Avalon' than to the poppier tunes.

A short synthesised instrumental opens the second side, leading into more familiar territory, but this is only half-hearted. They seem to be unsure of their new direction and are still hanging onto their past for security.

Without committing themselves to either course, Quartz are floundering.

DAVE ROBERTS

AGNETHA
FALTSKOG
'Wrap Your Arms
Around Me'
(Epic EPC 25505) ** 1/2

BLONDE AGNETHA takes time out from her Abba commitments to release her first solo album in English with ace producer Mike Chapman.

I can't criticise the songs because she didn't write them (with one insubstantial exception called 'Man' — don't those Swedes just have a wonderful way with words!). I can't fault her on the production either or the musicianship or anything that actually goes toward making this LP sound the way it does because all she does is sing.

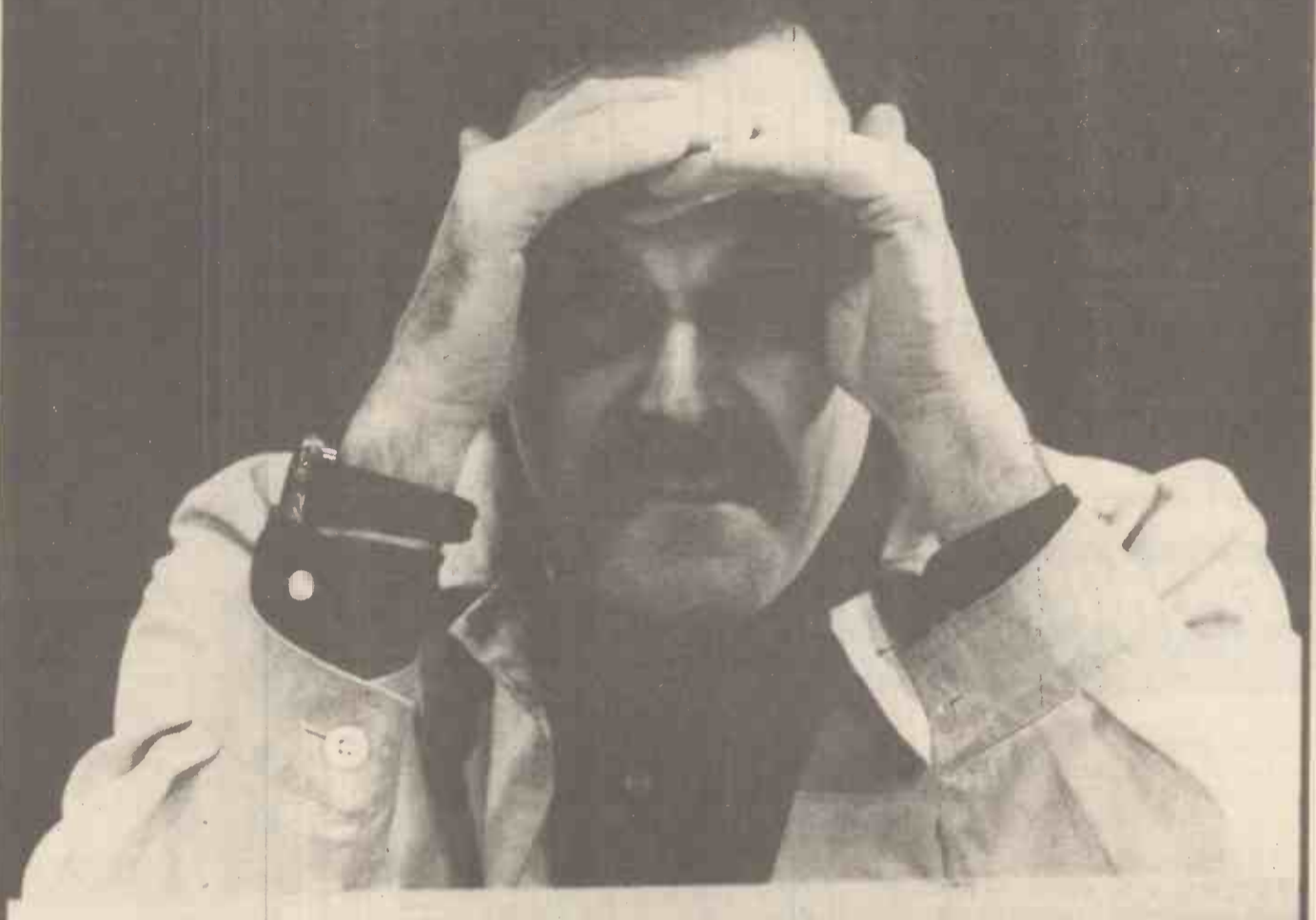
So what can you say about her voice other than it's fairly pleasant though pretty thin and undistinguished without Anni-Frid's harmony. That's a damning indictment of someone who has contributed to the acquisition of so many gold and platinum discs (so many that they can afford to use them as Frisbees), but it's a fact.

The market for this is already assured and the buyers won't be disappointed. Abba fans want to hear Agnetha sound like a quarter of Abba and that's the depressing part.

If she had taken this opportunity to stretch out, we may all have benefitted but, as it is, 'Wrap Your Arms Around Me' ends up like fluffy sweet candyfloss.

PAUL ROLAND

The ultimate Pyth-take



MONTY PYTHON
'The Meaning Of
Life'
(CBS 70239) ****

THE RECORD of the soundtrack of the film. The book follows shortly.

But cynical as I'd like to wax, even without the oft revolting visuals, the record is chock-a-block with moments of high hilarity and will be purchased by the ton after the film's on general release if only for communal renditions of the Mr Creosote sketch.

The only thing wrong with Python is Python fans given to quoting huge chunks of vintage nonsense at the drop of half a shandy!

John Cleese might be displeased by the film's orgiastic reception but it's hardly surprising. Like Milligan before them, the Python team

were and remain decades ahead of conventional humour. That name, like Smokey Robinson, Gregory Isaacs, Pele and Tom Sharpe, is synonymous with quality.

The only comics to emerge post-Python worthy of anything like similar acclaim are Rowan Atkinson and Pamela Stephenson. The very funny Kenny Everett needs his head dipped in one of Creosote's buckets.

For those who don't know yet, *The Meaning Of Life* is a collection of sketches rather than a full-blown film-with-plot (though of course, in that category, *Life Of Brian* stands along with *Blazing Saddles* and *Animal House* as one of the few genuinely rib-tickling post-Ealing Studio comedies).

Among the highlights are Eric Idle's pastiches of Noel Coward, Lionel Bart and similar

kitsch-gurus. Favourite has to be the inspired absurdity of the *Oliver*-style orphans sweetly intoning the Pope-bashing 'Every Sperm Is Sacred' viz "Every sperm is sacred, every sperm is great, if a sperm gets wasted, God gets quite irate".

It's impossible to recreate the humour — Suffice it to say that, elsewhere, the officer classes get hilariously parodied, Protestants take precautions ("what, you mean locking the door?"), the grim reaper pays a call and organs are transplanted live, this particular sketch ridiculously including a guest appearance by star-hopping cabaret crooner Eric Idle with the insight: "Pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up in space cos there's bugger all down here on earth. . ." I'd say the election result makes you right, El.

BERTIE BINGO

JOHN CLEESE: Comedy's answer to Gregory Isaacs?

WILDLIFE
'Wildlife'
(Swan Song
79-0078-1) ****

FOR THE uninitiated, Wildlife are a young (howzat for kindness, Simon?) South-East band, led by the Overland brothers Chris and Steve, who've acquired the help and experience of Mick Ralphs' production work and mentor turned member Simon Kirke (also of Bad Co, of course) to record their first (self-titled) LP — and a promising debut it is too.

More pop-rock than heavy-rock, Wildlife would be more aptly named tame but that doesn't detract too much from the songs and the cool professionalism in their delivery. 'Somewhere In The Night' is a fine example; a lightweight almost Foreigner-like toon with more than a hint of air-playability, it's lively and classy but not too limp-wristed.

The next two tracks are equally appealing with the catchy 'Just A Friend' incorporating some sweet guitar-work and 'Surrender' tugging insistently at my unashamed affection for funk, and easily winning my vote for

the album's best moment. Listen carefully for the slight vocal similarities to Michael Jackson.

'Charity' exhibits some neat touches of sax from Simon Kirke, but ultimately it's quite a tame track, while 'One Last Chance' is a bit too ordinary.

Flip the thing over, kids, and you've got another softish, easy rocker 'Taking A Chance' and, while its neighbour 'Haven't You Heard The News' is also a bit watered-down, its funky sections make it worthwhile for me.

'Midnight Stranger' is next, an excellent, sultry strutter brimming with soul and reminding me (at least) of some Motown material: But before you smash your cardboard guitars up in disgust, let me swiftly add that 'Rock 'n' Roll Dream' and 'Downtown Heartbreak' return the band to their rockier groove.

My one and only complaint is that I fear Wildlife have played things just a touch too safe. A couple of songs are too tame and while the band are obviously not a crash-bang-wallop crew, certain tracks could've done with more punch, conviction and even, dare I say, wildfire.

MARK PUTTERFORD

Upmarket HM

GARY MOORE —
'Rockin' Every Night
— Live In Japan'
(VIL-6039 import)****

HEAR BRITAIN'S finest rock guitarist rip the ears off a few thousand Japanese mayhem merchants. Samurai warriors never wielded their weapons as skillfully as this axeman.

Gary Moore is the Portsmouth FC of lead guitarists — a sleeping giant just waiting to explode into a flurry of fame and fortune. And with Ian Paice and Neil Murray as his rhythm section, he is being driven towards that inevitable goal.

Having matured into a responsible but volatile technician, Gary is only now fulfilling his true potential. Four songs from 'Corridors Of Power' highlight this development to heavy rock classicism.

'Nuclear Attack' in particular crashes, thrashes and bashes through its grave warning after a Don Airey keyboard intro. 'I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow'

provides the alternative — a haunting ballad, always accompanied by such an expressive guitar, although perhaps a touch too long.

'White Knuckles' is the histrionic axe extravaganza, notes soaring like an eagle in flight or rushing like a violent waterfall. This is where the man proves his worth in musical terms. True, it's not all flash 'n' grab. 'Sunset' is a subtle instrumental exploiting full use of sparse notes and emotive feedback.

John Sloman manages to sing reasonably well but little more, while Gary does a surprisingly good job on his own lead vocals. Still, another Lou Gramm would suit the material very nicely thank-you.

With this line-up, it will only be a matter of time before the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is reached. Such good songs and musicians cannot be ignored. Whether you can afford this import LP is another matter, but support the man whatever. Gimme more, gimme Moore.

DAVE ROBERTS



AGNETHA FALTSKOG: shows another use for a dead cat

Michael Putland

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ROA DRU NNER

THE TRUTH Marquee

JUDGING BY the average age and haircut of the audience, tonight's band must be the young mod equivalent of KajaGooGoo. But no — according to the names on the t-shirts, it's some group called Lonsdale!

In fact, it's new pop/R'n'B sensation the Truth, only they're not really that sensational at all; they're not even that good at what they do.

Firstly, let's explain plainly what the Truth do. Taking the hard, direct pop strain of rhythm'n'blues as favoured by Sixties exponents like the Animals, Spencer Davis Group and the Small Faces, they've tried to inject a new enthusiasm and freshness to shake off the jaded old ghosts of '79's wimpy Mod revival.

And, to an extent, I suppose they've succeeded, especially if the frantic, fervent audience are any guide (which, frankly, I don't think they are). It's too close to self-congratulatory ritual for comfort — the chanting, clapping along, cheering, sweat-dripping-down-your-neck-into-your-drink (somebody-else's sweat, that is!) all merely reinforce the image of old newsreels being replayed from an era of *Juke Box Jury* and *Ready Steady Go!*

But if the Truth lack the searing anger and fire to fully inspire their r'n'b pop to become a savage release for universally pent-up frustration, then neither do they have sufficient ambition to create something more extreme or classy or original.

Compared with others who have begun in the same arena — and you can immediately list the likes of the Beat, Specials, Joe Jackson, even the Beatles — the Truth simply don't have any class.

Vocalist Dennis Greaves (who used to be in Nine Below Zero — now what sort of pedigree is that?) doesn't have a distinctive enough style at all. I'd much prefer to see him rasping at the injustices of lost love, but when he sings "You're always on my mind", it sounds like he forgot to turn on the video before he came out.

But really, the songs are the main culprits, as would-be tough anthems like 'Love A-Go-Go' and 'Me And My Girl' were so numbingly repetitive and stylistically conformist that the two *Record Mirror* journalists could stand only three numbers before rushing to the bar for relief!

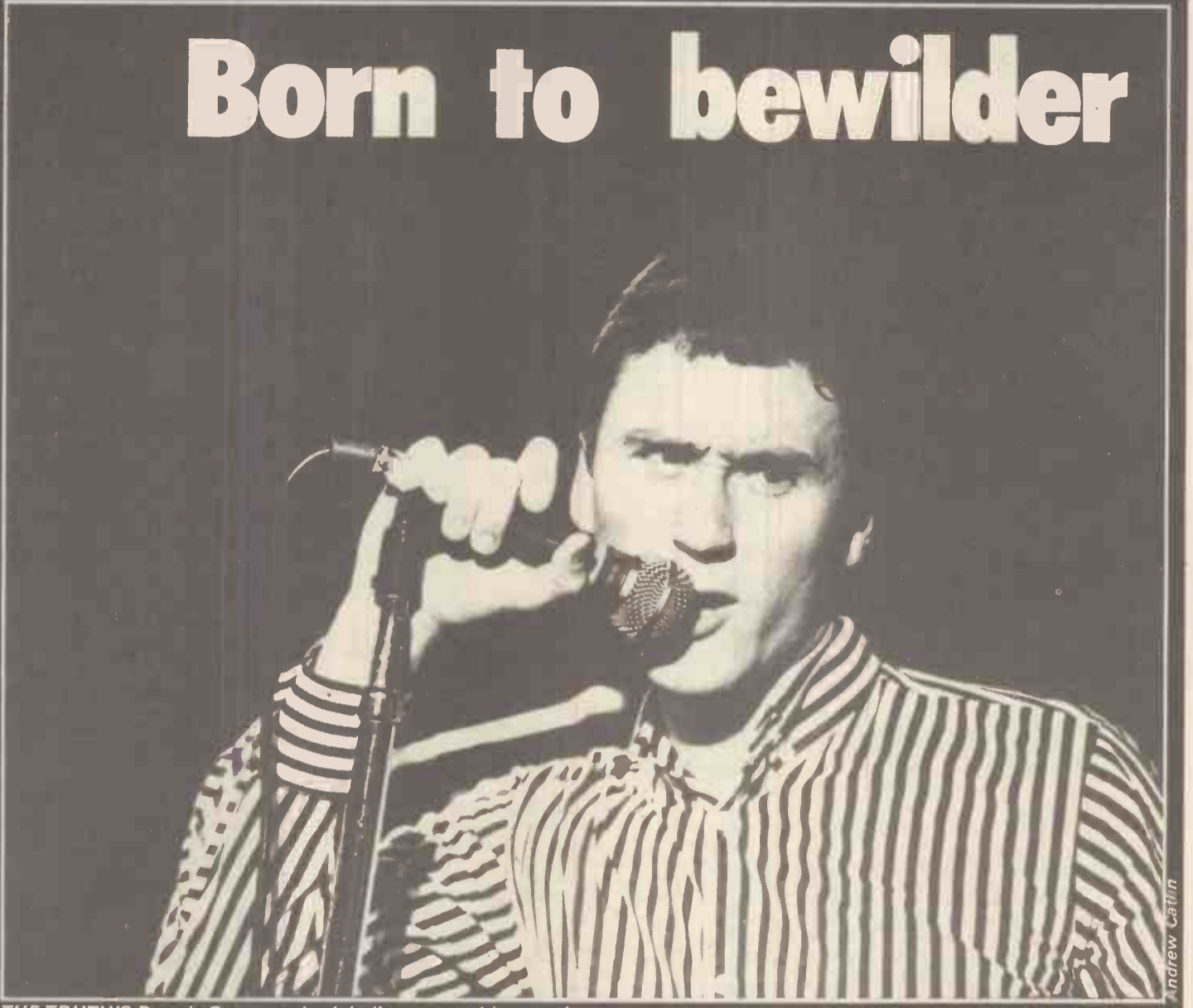
It's not that the Truth aren't sharp — see those button-down shirts! — but they just aren't *mean* enough. The young kids who follow them may not realise enough to distinguish between well-intentioned enthusiasm and inspired energy but that fine distinction is what, at present, makes the Truth a lie. And don't anybody dare use Lennon's name and reputation to boost their sagging egos again, OK?

As I left, they were starting a cover version of a Spencer Davis song and someone remarked 'what do you think? — a bit like the Chords, eh?'

Yeah, *the Chords* — I could never bleeding well stand them, either!

JOHNNY WALLER

Born to bewilder



Andrew Catlin

THE TRUTH'S Dennis Greaves: don't believe everything you hear

ZOOQ Birmingham

THIS IS an old pals act, a trio who can point to the towering remnants of unwanted Birmingham bands who never went clear. There's not much point in going through old scrapbooks, but you might get a glimmer when it's pointed out that ZOOQ's Jim Hickman played (plays?) with Robert Plant's 'occasional combo' the Honeydrippers (you know; occasionally they're a combo, the rest of the time Bob counts his money...).

To get to the point: Because they've been musicians a long long time, they can play their instruments (bass, guitar and drums) very well indeed. One supposes the name was chosen to forestall the 'old fart'

accusation, and if they developed the handful of interesting ideas they have (taped drums and lone voice were an unexpected twist, for example), they'd be well on the way to eliminating it completely.

Every so often they play in a spacy, restrained fashion reminiscent of the Police, which is the kind of 'rock trio' I can just about stomach.

I don't know what they want, but as long as they trade off parochial jokes ('This one's about a day trip to Wolverhampton') and whack out tiffarama that Birmingham dropped as a stock-in-trade circa 1974, they're not going to get much beyond the local pub circuit.

They must want more than that?

PHILIP HACKMAN

SPECIMEN/FLESH FOR LULU Sheffield

CRAWLING FROM the gutters of the West End, the Batcave swoops down on the unsuspecting provinces.

A disco mixing Seventies glam with positive punk was a little disappointing, but *Flesh For Lulu* made up for matters. They're a fine band, ready to give the movement badly-

needed commercial impetus. Strong songs and even stronger vocals were boosted by an unforeseen sense of humour.

This was my First Encounter Of The Specimen Kind, and it was a most fulfilling experience. Visually stunning, they're also musically impressive; guitars powerful and keyboards harsh. Ollie is a dream, his 'body coated in a PVC jumpsuit, torn fishnet caressing his arms and shoulders. Deep hollowed cheeks and mascara'd eyes

acted the garish story of the words. This was more Bolan than Marc.

Fondling tailor's dummies while 'Dead Man's Autochop' chop, chop, chopped like Jason's axe. Die screaming while the gothic horror wakes the living dead of rock and roll.

Tackier than a tube of Bostik, trashier than a corporation dustcart, this is where glamour comes full circle, pink nail varnish clashing with worm-infested corpses.

This is not simply a reincarnation, it is a new beginning. Slow and moody 'Wolverines', bright and sparky 'Kiss Kiss Bang Bang'; the Specimen are driven along by a perverted sexuality that we would all love to possess, jealously unguarded.

Carrying the image to break a million hearts and the music to fire as many psychopaths, the Specimen should be analysed immediately.

DAVE ROBERTS

Body and soulless

ROD STEWART Earls Court

AMIDST ALL the Bowie euphoria, the return of Rod Stewart, the pouting, preening prodigal son, seems to have been all but forgotten.

Looking back on both the artists' early Seventies heydays, I remember I always used to prefer raunchy, rough-house Rod to big noise Bowie. Of course, to my mind Bolan was always there at the top of the heap, but... he ain't around anymore.

Whatever, some ten years on I went to Earls Court determined to prove that, despite the lavish attention recently devoted to DB, Rod Da Mod can still cut it, can still maintain a high position in the Bartonian affections.

In the end, I came away confused and bewildered. OK, so maybe it's unfair to offer direct comparisons between Rod 'n' Dave, two such radically different performers in the first place... but surely, surely the Bowie shows must have been a helluva lot more magical than this curiously low-key Stewart showcase.

Magic. I guess that was what was lacking the most. Rod Stewart at Earls Court was too polite, too clean, the volume was too subdued

... it was really a pleasant evening's out rather than a riotous rock 'n' roll celebration.

The spectre of the McCullough-inspired Blackpool season may rear its ugly head again — but it's true.

Inevitably, I suppose, this was more chicken in the basket than vomit on the floor, more Moet and Chandon than lager top, more Lord John than Millets.

And, almost unbelievably, Rod appeared apprehensive at the start. I stood on my chair waiting to be captivated by this legendary figure, I wanted his charisma to flood out from the stage and fill the whole arena — but it was not to be. There was nothing that I could feed off of or hang on to; Stewart was and felt miles away, just another anonymous dot on an immense stage.

To be fair, matters improved as the show progressed. Rod admitted (showbiz hyperbole or heartfelt sincerity? Take your pick) that "I haven't been so nervous since I played the Marquee club in 1964" and certainly, after he let that slip, from 'Baby Jane' onwards much more confidence was evident from both stage-strutter and crowd alike. 'BJ' was far



Tony Mottram

ROD STEWART: spot the ball

better live, in fact.

In Stewart's eyes, I guess it was downhill from here on in, from the ludicrously licentious 'Do Ya Think I'm Sexy', through the (astonishingly) moving 'Sailing' to the encores of 'Baby Jane' (again?) and 'Hot Legs'.

In the final analysis, it was alright, but I didn't leave the show mouth agape, feeling My God I Have Just Seen One Of Rock's Megastars And, Boy Was It Ever Wonderful. It was just alright... it wasn't magical... it was, I suppose, cosy.

Yeah, cosy's the word I've been searching for throughout this convoluted review. It was cosy to see Stewart sit on a swivel-stool

(not since Peter Criss and 'Beth'l) and croon a few toons. It was cosy to see Alana and child in the wings, watching Pop parade up and down the stage during 'Gasoline Alley' and 'Maggie May'. It was cosy too to hear Stewart announce a band member's name and add, importantly, "His wife's in the audience, y'know". It was cosy to see all the roadies dressed in white. It was cosy to leave the show and watch couples holding hands file into the tube station...

Me? I got into my company-supplied Sierra 2000 GL and went straight home to bed. And, yes, it was cosy.

GEOFF BARTON

WARREN ZEVON Dingwalls

SUBTITLED AS 'A Solo Recital' on the lone roadie's t-shirt and presented as part of Dingwalls' anniversary celebrations (surrounded by terrorist-volume fireworks), Warren Zevon's first headline show in the UK (he appeared before as support to pal/mentor Jackson Browne) saw him disconcertingly sans the fiery and feisty backup unit that made his live 'Stand In The Fire' LP such a treat.

Perhaps 'twas because he's between deals that he appeared with naught but a plangent acoustic guitar and a piano to accompany his willowy vocals, but on he wandered in a vaguely absent-minded way, looking like a stubby Geoff Barton clone (I kid you not!) before assailing the overstuffed, oddly-shaped club with a selection of his best, from 'Lawyers, Guns And Money' to the EC-horrorrock of 'Jesus Mentioned' (replete with a scene depicting the grave-robbing of Elvis: The King goes Stephen King?).

Some of the tunes, like

'Roland The Headless Thomson-Gunner', a bizarre ballad if ever there was, suited the sparse treatment while the normally-gutsy fare such as... well, such as about 50 per cent of the material plainly didn't. Still, the music-biz type at my table (I confess that like most of the clientele, I was forced to watch the show on the video monitors) was pounding and screaming for all he was worth.

To paraphrase the star, this fan had obviously been hitting the shit, so stoned was he! It remains to be seen whether a twisted and perverse worldview (not so unusual for LA as you may think; Bukowski, no?) as Zevon's will work with such a fragile structure in the grosser venue of Hammersmith Odeon.

But on this night, at least, the guy at my table understood: The shit had hit the Fan, you might say. Good, yummy, tough shit it was too. As I reached my apple pie and ice cream, he drooled over into his friend's hard-pressed ear: "Makes me wanna take the rope offa my neck!"

The werewolf has reached London at last. So don't miss him; he'll rip yer lungs out, Jim.

SANDY ROBERTSON



Steve Wright

BIG COUNTRY'S Stuart Adamson: 'resurrecting' the sound of the geetar.

Land of hope and glory

BIG COUNTRY

Reading

"OH LORD — where did the feeling go?" What was that about the little girls understand? The three fifteen-year-olds dangerously too close to me strain their lungs with that simple but telling question, a question roared with rowdy enthusiasm by this very young, very mixed and very appreciative Reading crowd.

Stuart Adamson has little trouble coaxing this, or indeed any other reaction, from their ranks. They obviously know a breakthrough when they see one.

Big Country are both a guitar-based band and a Top Ten act. Eight months ago, this combination would have seemed at best unlikely and at worst a suitable case for considerable critical scorn.

The reason was the domination of the charts by bands whose lack of talent was matched only by their producers' abilities to gloss over their song-writing shortcomings via lavish banks of studio high-tech akin to a Cape Kennedy control room. Written by numbers, designed by computers, played by morons.

Synthesisers were only a symptom. Cynicism was the driving force of these new elitists. Emotion? Melody? Feeling? Forget it! Clock the twenty grand video. It was the sound of the City, and I do mean bowler hats and monetarism.

The self-styled pop intelligentsia falsely diagnosed this retreat to big biz basics as the New Order Of Things. The guitar they said was obsolete. For the umpteenth time, rock was buried and soul along with it. An NME reviewer recently slagged the Truth for setting great store by 'bullshit' like passion and honesty!

But nothing as boring as the blatantly pretty vacant techno-poppers could rule the roost for long. Now, they're being shot by both sides! Their icons like Bowie and Oakey have recently re-evaluated the role of guitars, while the very human soul vision of Dexys et al is smashing big holes through the robot trance stance.

Big Country's rise mirrors magnificently both the return to emotion and, in Stuart Adamson's case, the resurrection of guitar-based music. With his guitar partner Bruce Watson, Adamson is busy proving the guitar can still be a vehicle for stimulation, innovation and the expression of far more than the usual brute aggression.

Propelled by one of Britain's tightest rhythm sections in bassist Tony Butler and drummer Mark Brzezicki, Big Country build on a rich Celtic folk heritage to conjure up a

dazzling kaleidoscopic expanse of emotions and majesty.

Big Country are populist without pandering to any lowest common denominators. Their songs are always songs — never just riffs or tuneless drivel — and their playing is never clichéd, more an intermeshing of sounds than standard lead/rhythm parts.

Adamson is capable of moments of sheer beauty. To paraphrase Oscar Wilde, he and his band may be down to earth but they're looking at the stars. They don't want to be seen as saviours but there's no real getting round it.

The most inventive guitarist to emerge from the post-'76 holocaust, Adamson's only real contemporary is the Edge, although there's none of U2's Moral Majority fanatical intensity here — Stuart even sings a jokey snatch of 'Boy About Town' during 'Fields Of Fire'!

The three fine singles are fair indications of that big Big Country sound and new fans are advised to check out last year's debut the under-valued 'Harvest Home', a joyous onslaught more reminiscent of Stuart's Skids days than the dreamier romance of 'In A Big Country'.

In the set, this is preceded by the forceful scorching opener '1,000 Stars' and chased by the heavy swing of 'Close Action'. An impressive array of rhythms follow — the insistent 'Balcony', the bouncy 'Lost Patrol', the cascading opening and heavy punch of 'Perrohman' — all made special by the occasionally breathtaking guitar exchanges.

'The Storm' stands out especially. Its melancholy opening notes hang heavy in the air before the drums build into a gallop to the big sweep of the chorus and the folk jig-flavoured guitar interplay.

'In A Big Country' is followed by the gentle lament of 'Chance', source of the 'Oh Lord' chant, the tougher sinewy 'Angle Park' and the set-closing 'Fields Of Fire'. Rapturous applause results in two encores tonight, the first opening with, gulpo, 'Tracks Of My Tears'. Most people who meddle with Smokey ought to be strung up but the fact that Big Country can do it and get away with it is an immense tribute to their soulfulness.

Post-gig, as the fifteen-year-old girls join the hundreds queuing up for autographs, I convince myself that being fashionable is nowhere as rewarding as being good, but being good AND fashionable, well, that's gotta be the ultimate.

Big Country's current fashionability is based on an anti-fashion reaction. Let's hope it also sets the tone for a new host of equally honest bands more concerned with creativity than high finance. Pop's health depends on it.

GARRY BUSHELL



Zbysiu Rodak

BLANCMANGE'S Neil: cheaper than a new hair-do!

BLANCMANGE

Aylesbury

IF I wasn't so lazy, I could write a book about this. So many nuances and details to place correctly in *The Continuing Story Of The Blues*. As it is, this is merely a resumé, and some points you may care to ponder.

1 Blancmange — loosely, 'white food'. I don't believe this name was chosen quite as arbitrarily as Neil and Steven

2 The oppositional paradigm is traceable through lyrics, where "feel me now — take the pain — feel the strain — pull the chain" is as obviously meaningless as "get on up — like a sex machine".

3 Neil Arthur is the most awkward performer since Bryan Ferry — his revenge for never being able to dance at school discos. Such revenge is needless to say very sweet, and understood by those who

shared his plight.

4 The current infatuation with black girl singers is not new — Humble Pie had the Blackberries in 1973 — but is the most obvious token towards root inspiration that can be easily incorporated into a white pop sound.

5 It seems Blancmange now occupy a position formally held by the League. 'Feel Me' is the hardest, chunkiest white disco since 'Hard Times'. Resounding!

6 Their live sound is as massive, impenetrable and metronomic as the recorded version — a veritable wall.

But eventually, the emphasis shifts from musical expertise (the precision of an exceptionally good drummer, say) to prowess as an electronics technician (mastering the programming of a Linn drum, say). I find this shift deeply uninspiring.

7 "It don't mean a thing.

if it ain't got that swing." Computers can't sing (yet); if you don't know what swing is find out quick. This explains why such a fat dramatic sound as that of Blancmange becomes virtually unlistenable after 40 minutes or so.

8 This is a 'first major tour' and Blancmange play all their hits, some of them twice. Not very adventurous, but by no means unexpected.

9 Finally, this might be the best time in a long while for white black music. See those charts! Human League, Wah, Heaven 17, Culture Club, KajaGooGoo, Wham... Blancmange. White bands doing what white bands have always done: pillaging black sources and making them acceptable to white audiences simply by not being black! Whatever the case, I love them all for what they are but I love where they are coming from even more.

PHILIP HACKMAN

CABARET OF FOOLS

Brixton Ace

THIS WORKED. Despite a disappointingly half-full venue, the whole evening turned out to be a success on every level. The key to the event was persuasion rather than attack, intimacy rather than the usual confrontation between artist and audience.

Tony Allen set the tone by opting to climb down from the stage and address the crowd from the floor. On the level, he perhaps not up to scratch, he admitted himself that he wasn't all he should have been. Whether his patchy and anarchic comedy worked or not, that mere first move was just enough to break down the communication barriers.

The warmth of the reception which greeted Akimbo was heartening. They're a duo, playing an exhilarating mix of something like African folk and classic blues, using only keyboards, percussion and one of the most searing voices I've recently heard.

If they're more at home in a smaller venue than this one, they didn't let it show. The sheer pride and freedom of their songs spoke volumes and proved once more that conviction is easily capable of superseding any need for expected musical structures.

And then, clad in some

strangely glam garments, the Poison Girls took the stage, played and made good the promise of their recent album. They've successfully extricated themselves and their music from the confusing punk tangle, and flown clear while staying intact.

'Where's The Pleasure' was the pointer and tonight was the reassurance that the Poison-Girls have gained new strengths, without losing their insistence or tenderness. Musically, the change is obvious and fairly dramatic. Taut rhythms dominate, swerving melodies skate over the top, and things are as intricate and unpredictable as before. But now, less is left to chance.

The songs are as potent as ever, old and new (although, significantly, the majority are new). And they offer so much and are founded on such a vast experience that surely no one can come to see the Poison-Girls and go home empty-handed.

Certainly, as the set closed with the definitive coupling of 'Soft Touch' and 'Persons Unknown', and as they bravely made their final encore the unexpectedly quiet 'I've Done It All Before', only the most obstinate could disagree that the Poison-Girls' development is a triumph, and one which is for the benefit of all.

ROBIN GIBSON

SHRIEKBACK/ MAXIMUM JOY

Electric Ballroom

MAXIMUM JOY has always struck me as an unfortunate over-estimation. Moderate Joy is more appropriate. Piggy-in-the-middle is their game; khaki is their colour. Do you get my drift or am I going too far?

Maximum Joy dither a lot. They're still searching their little souls for direction. Having jumped off the 'new jazz' bandwagon just before it lost its wheels, they're now heading for funkville on foot. And these feet are showing the strain, their stamina is low and the adrenaline has yet to flow freely.

Peta the new lead singer has got the feeling, the fire and the force but she hasn't found the correct combination number yet. Her best resources are still tucked away in a private deposit box. She still needs the right focus and the right inspiration behind her. Times ahead.

Maximum Joy are okay. The feet shuffle and the sensation is vaguely agreeable but they desperately lack sparks. There's no conflagration. Their reliance on cover versions is an obvious play and a defeat in itself. There's too much half-baked

activity under this bridge and not enough hardline creativity. A backseat.

Whereas Shriekback take a strident frontseat. The emphasis is suddenly on insistency, incisiveness and intensity. Shriekback, funnily enough, is an underestimation. Stampedeback, Hurlback, Yellback, Smackback, Bombback. In the end, Bombast is nearer the point.

And their points are jagged — fiercely penetrating yet proudly abstract. Shriekback have got a lot of pretensions, intellectual ones, and lots of barefaced determination, bare-chested as well. You can see the veins of self-will bulging out from their bold bodies.

Positivism oozes out of their pores in a relentless stream. As far as they are concerned, they are on a one-way track to an all-out victory.

Shriekback force you to dance, they stick spines into your feet. Pain, they reckon, is an intrinsic part of pleasure.

Shriekback achieve their aims although their resolution is frightening. Frantic, thoughtful, arty, disturbing dance music. David Byrne takes credit. Hedonists for the head. Visit Their Beat Boundaries.

ROSE ROUSE

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE/THE MILKSHAKES

Lyceum

LUCKILY, I find it quite easy to forget as quickly as possible the empty and depressing content of what the Anti-Nowhere League parade in the name of 'punk'. Unfortunately though, merely forgetting doesn't destroy the reason for the existence of crass business concerns like this.

Really, this music barely merits comment. But there are, on the evidence of tonight's crowd, a lot of people who enjoy it. It's well-polished and neatly constructed sub-heavy metal masquerading under some transparent banner of 'chaos'. And it's weak, timid and incredibly tame.

The band themselves aren't even passable actors. I'm not quite sure exactly what sort of animal Animal imagines himself to be: It certainly doesn't seem to be anything of a strain which could possibly be described as wild. This animal stands still before his microphone throughout the show, occasionally making some token gesture of action like stepping backwards a few paces or swearing awkwardly at the audience.

As if to balance the effect of this odious but harmless character, the rest of the band are very polite, even to the extent of being visibly worried

when the new material is received something less than the ardour reserved for the old favourites which are professionally dispersed throughout the set.

It is notable that before they deigned to make an appearance, these people had their minions spend fifteen or twenty minutes sweeping the stage clean. Big boots are obviously of immeasurable importance in the Anti-Nowhere League's philosophy. But honestly, it might seem slightly more convincing if at least those boots were dirty.

On the other end of the honesty scale, the Milkshakes blasted their way through a set of covers — songs of rather obscure rhythm 'n' blues origin, but of undoubted quality. They played with spirit and an unhidden affection for every detail of garage rock tradition, and they won through because of that.

The live-wire enthusiasm with which they imbued the songs almost made it irrelevant that they were not their own. Whether they can maintain their momentum once the standards lose their appeal and original material becomes a necessity rather than an option, however, is not an irrelevant question.

But for the present, on a showing as unruly and exciting as this one and on a night as otherwise uninspiring as this one, it seems only natural to let reason be cast aside in favour of exhilaration.

ROBIN GIBSON

A novel experience

FINISH THE STORY Bristol

A FINISH The Story gig is not a regular event, the group preferring to take their development at their own pace, in spite of more immediate possibilities open to them. It's perhaps a good thing as they have many experiences to share, some common to us all but most based on their own contact with love and joy, followed by tragedy, anguish and the process of recovery.

Finish The Story are a trio. Two instrumentalists — Gary on synthesiser and rhythm control and Peter switching between cutting lead and pummelling bass guitars — create a model, almost madriqal-flavoured wash of sound in songs like 'Cold As Roses, Damp As Dew' and 'Every Angry Word', echoing in an amalgam of elements from folk and punk.

The music can soothe and caress or bite with a vengeance but the coup-de-grace, the essence of Finish

The Story is supplied by the stunningly physical presence of singer Nicola. Equipped with a voice that can cry, taunt, tear or plead with comparative ease, her songs confront the disease of dishonesty between lovers, friends and associates.

Finish The Story probe the emotions and heal the scars that upsetting them can leave. Their performance is filled with a purging energy, suffused with atmosphere.

There is even a sense of righteousness to where they stand (the 'Righteousness Talk Of Remembers', to quote another song) with the audience having to look to themselves, as the group are merely a reflection of what they themselves may be going through. But the show of strength blows away the doubters and can only lead to better things.

The hopes of higher ruling guiding Finish The Story will result in many more stimulating chapters. Watch this space.

DAVE MASSEY



FINISH THE STORY'S Nicola: a very physical performance

Simon Archer

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS Manchester

TAKING TO the stage armed with cans of Fosters and looking like part-time sheep farmers, Hunters And Collectors immediately convey an unusual impression. Consisting of enough people to form a couple of rugby teams, they crammed onto the Hacienda's stage like sardines in the proverbial tin.

An unorthodox frontman led the massed ranks of percussion, keyboard, guitar and brass players through an array of songs which ranged from the dire to the excellent but which were always fascinating.

The music is written around a heavy percussive base, overlaid with sound effects that would make any migraine sufferers literally tear their hair out. And poor acoustics hid much of what was taking place, turning the event into a mass of distortion relieved only by a double dose of noise à la carte.

'Lumps Of Lead' screeched into gear, followed closely by

the superlative 'Tow Truck', a song that rides up and down like a bumpy roller coaster.

"The distortion was incredible", it states. Too true, squire, too true.

Australia's popular culture has created some horrendous mutants, not least of which is Hunters And Collectors.

Without being as extreme as the Birthday Party and lacking the latter's sex-energy and blitzed baloney, they nonetheless possess a commendable subversion both in their music and their attitude.

'Long Walk Home' clashed nicely with the rest, while 'Talking To A Stranger' emphasised how the best numbers were the ones featuring the booming brass and a modicum of tune.

They occasionally fell into a pit of noise and dishevelment but usually bounced back for a two-bit poke in the eye of resentment. Hunters And Collectors hold a challenge that, when it works, is wonderful but when it doesn't, is still worth the effort of trying.

DAVE ROBERTS

TENPOLE TUDOR Dingwalls

WHAT a shambles!

When a singer announces "most of our songs are about fornicating in the green fields of England", it's a sure sign that the evening is likely to centre on frivolous low camp rather than serious high art — and that's often a pretty damn good thing too!

But when an artist such as Eddie Tenpole so wilfully steals

elements from previous sources — both musical and theatrical — it's no laughing matter; especially since he is so patently and painfully following too many steps behind McLaren's well-worn path.

And yet magpie Eddie can't resist picking up every little idea that others have already discarded. Rapidly he gobbles up such diverse aural postcards as New Orleans swing, Highland reels (and Eddie's even less Scottish than Rod

Stewart!), Morris dancing and traditional earthy folk ribaldry, rolling them all together to create a fun-fusion of Cajun-ably bardance soundtracks. And it nearly works, damn it!

But it doesn't... it's a failure. Not a miserable failure, mind you, because the whole concept of Eddie's new raggedy troupes of gypsies, tramps and scarecrows is a lunatic jamboree of what he terms 'rural punk'.

Songs such as the appalling

'Yippee-Aye-Yippee-Aye-Aye' are, however, a disturbing sign of the new Toryism running rampant in post-election dementia. So desperate are Tenpole and his acolytes (and that includes the wildly dancing throng in the audience) to have a jolly knees-up that they're caught up in blind mindless rejoicing — right over the edge of a bloody great precipice.

It was depressing it its extreme lunacy. I left early.

JOHNNY WALLER

TANK Marquee

"ARE YOU enjoying yourselves?" growled ex-Damned bassist Algy Ward (whose singing, incidentally, makes Lemmy sound like Sinatra) on an embarrassingly silent crowd. Enjoying Myself? Jeez, I've had more fun at a funeral. No wonder HM has such a bad name with bands like Tank carrying the banner.

I mean, this band could do

for HM what Thatcher has done for unemployment: Sweet FA. I've experienced more

excitement watching Channel Four in 3-D and even new guitarist Mickey Dolenz (wasn't it?), despite the odd flashing solo, couldn't haul the gig from the quagmire of pointless ear-splitting thrash.

'Walking Barefoot On The Glass' was about the best song of the evening and coming second in the set, it offered some hope that after the appalling opener, the gig would

become less painful. But I'm afraid that was just wishful thinking on my part and with every song — the one exception being 'This Means War', the title track from the band's next album which kindled a faint, flickering flame of hope that the new elpee will be something worthwhile — I winced more.

Tank, it suddenly dawned on me, is certainly an apt name for this band; they bulldoze along in a unswerving line with the undeniable power of a

Sherman. But they're also about as inventive and attractive as one and, judging by the mild ripples of polite applause they strained to squeeze from the largely impartial crowd, I wasn't the only one who wouldn't rather have been elsewhere.

It's never a pleasant task slamming a band, but I make no excuse here. Tank are one of the worst HM bands I've seen and surely the genre warrants more than that.

MARK PUTTERFORD

White dopes on punk

STONEHENGE FESTIVAL Stonehenge

THE FIRST music I heard when I arrived at Stonehenge summed up so much. Stylus made contact with record and... clang! roll!, the noise became Motorhead, a group who epitomise better than anyone else the hippy/punk mutated cultural crossover which the Stonehenge Festival glaringly represents.

What function does an event like this hold? It's an opportunity for a section of the four million jobless to get free entertainment, adequate narcotic supplies — plenty of speed!, acid!, lebl!, coke! etc on display — and it's the sort of occasion that gets the Daily Express into knots, despite being a classic example of the Establishment's benign benevolence.

Otherwise, like Glastonbury, it's a chance to meet friends and long-lost acquaintances, happily enjoy the sunshine and (relatively) fresh air and indulge hedonistically in your chosen poison as well as clocking whatever music is laid on.

It was the stage sounds that provided the greatest degree of contemporary consistency, with plenty of tasty funk, spacy dub and deeply moving reggae. Notably, the Festival organisers had been able to get a section of the Glastonbury Festival PA for their use and, in spite of the erratic quality of the live music, it was a pleasure to be able to hear the bands on offer present themselves with a clarity usually denied to them.

The Impossible Dreamers, suitably enough, were the first to test out the sound system and audience reactions. They're a spirited enough combo, probably doomed to eternal

warm-up spots, but able to lay on an entertaining mix of reggae, funk, rock and bluesy jazz, showcasing their snazzy arrangements while retaining a witty humour.

But the laboured nature of the drummer's contributions may not be the only obstacle to the ID's getting a clearer identity and presence. They have a long road to travel before they represent a genuinely interesting proposition. They were free but too easy to contemplate...

But, of course, nomads do little of that. The Nomadics' limited options of guitar, bass, drums, percussion and vocals meant that their all-too-familiar variant of white reggae condemns them to the usual west London round of community benefit gigs. In spite of the punky reggae antecedents of the two ex-Amazulu and Androids Of Mu members and the billowing guitar lines of Steffy Sharpstrings, their music was essentially lightweight. Too many duff intros and derivative, uninspired songs did little for me: Keep wandering, boys and girls, and you may find your goal.

For Benjamin Zephaniah, the aim is much more true. His brand of up-beat abrasive humour, interestingly more rooted in the history of British culture than most realise, confronts issues in a frank and naked fashion. But unlike many of his serious-minded brethren, he lets light and laughter come into his work, able to poke fun at caricatures both black and white with a sense of observation that is razor-sharp.

He raised the biggest cheer of the day with an anti-Thatcher poem and the assault on police brutality in 'Scarman Dub', which moved one guy to



FREE MASSAGE at Stonehenge: nudge, wink (choke!)

make a solo assault on the stage to register his disagreement.

Zephaniah had been preceded on stage by the more traditional Afro-Caribbean display of the Ekome dancers and drummers and by the ten-piece reggae/highlife of the Ekome Arts Band. The dancers and drummers never fail to draw a crowd to the stage, and this occasion was no exception. They exude a magnetic vitality which moved many to let their bodies shake to the rhythms, entranced by the beautifully choreographed dances.

By the time Here And Now came on, midnight had passed but for a group like them, time could be standing still. Here And Now are the ultimate free festival band with a loyal following happily getting off on

the trippy, energetic, fantasy-ridden music, dominated by those long guitar solos that hippies love. Here And Now do have a surprisingly tough musical approach — the first number was almost teutonic — but their brand of floating anarchy still contains too much sloppiness of content and predictability to convince me.

Stonehenge, for one section of (young) punters, acts as a form of opium for the people, an almost routine escape from dependency and a certain amount of desperation. The organisers can admire their own contributions which at least are positive but, for many of the festival-goers, I'm afraid it's an excuse for passivity and a far cry from the ethos that events like this grew from.

DAVE MASSEY

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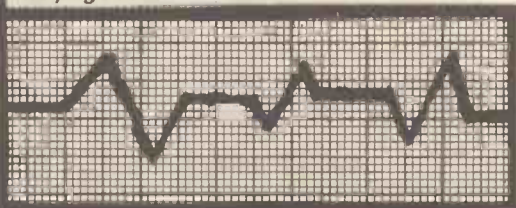
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BAND AID



Edited by TONY MITCHELL

Get fret for summer

MAKE SURE you spell my name right," was the last thing that Roger Giffin said to me on my way out of the door. It seems that some people think he's called Griffen! Maybe he should have a word with John Entwistle, one of his more maligned punters, who also suffers from regular spates of dyslexic journalism.

Not only is Roger Giffin famed for his guitar making capabilities, he's renowned in the business as being the best guitar repairman in the UK. Unlike America, guitar repairing is not seen as a profession in this country, with the net result that the public demand very little, pay accordingly, and reap the rewards of inferior workmanship.

Roger Giffin does not subscribe to this school of thought and has been tinkering about to see how things are made since the late Sixties.

"Primarily I'm a builder of guitars, and the repair thing is just the bread and butter. I suppose custom built guitars has a very limited appeal, most people want a Gibson or a Fender. The people that want an unknown name on the end

of their guitar are few and far between, but what I can offer, is a guitar made exactly to someone's specifications. If you go into a shop and try a guitar, it may sound nice, but doesn't feel right.

"Each of my guitars are different, there's no two the same, so whoever buys a Giffin has got a unique guitar, and there'll never be another one quite the same; I'm sure that's half the appeal. The owner knows damn well that when he goes out to the next gig, the other band's not gonna have the same thing; it's a bit of an ego trip."

Most of Roger's customers are pros, with a fair sprinkling of big names amongst them like Pete Townshend, Eric Clapton, Mike Rutherford, Hank Marvin and Pink Floyd to a start.

Giffin's apprenticeship was spent in the employ of Top Gear in Denmark St, Roka's (which now occupies the same premises), and another 'vintage guitar specialist' he'd prefer me not to mention by name, who operate not a million miles away from Roger's premises in Kew.

These days he prefers to work by himself, for himself, and I'm wondering why more young people haven't opted to join the profession when employment is getting more difficult to find by the day, and why repair standards are currently running at an all time low?

"I'd say the problem regarding standards, is that there are too many people who think that they can do the job, and really they're just cowboys. They BODGE; it's hammers and nails, and plastic padding jobs, and there's a lot of people like that. Consequently, repairers in this country have a very bad reputation, at least that's the impression I get. Obviously I don't have that much dealing with other guitar repairers, apart from the stuff that comes in here that's been to somebody else, where the customer's not happy with the work that's been done.

"I guess it's not taken seriously because it's not considered to be a skilled trade. I get the impression that people think 'AH A GUITAR, all you've got to do is arm yourself with a screwdriver and a soldering iron, and you can fix anything — even a chimpanzee could do it'. And there's quite a few people who fit that description quite nicely!! Obviously, to do a job properly requires a lot of skill, it takes years to learn to do it. There are training courses at the London College of Furniture but it would be a mistake to believe you can learn everything there in two years. You've got to do it for years and years before you actually realise the pitfalls and all the other problems that crop up. It's taken me a long time, and I'm still learning."



Roger Giffin, ace guitar repairman, fixes it for Ed Park

WHEN ROGER Giffin first arrived in London, he tried to get work with Tony Zemaits who patiently explained to Roger that the reason he wouldn't take him on as an apprentice was because he didn't have the time, and his customers wanted the work done by him and not by somebody else.

Today Roger finds himself refusing youngsters for the very same reasons, making life exceedingly difficult for any serious budding young guitar repairers out there (and I sincerely hope there are a few).

"It's very expensive to set up on your own and I've been accumulating odds and ends for a number of years. When I first started, I borrowed £200 and equipped myself with all the hand tools I needed. Two hundred pounds these days wouldn't buy you anything, you have to spend a lot of money. There's a lot of tools you need if you're going to do the job properly and be able to do every possible job that comes in; you've got to spend a fortune. There are things I still need; you can go on forever."

One of the strangest pieces of equipment in Roger Giffin's workshop is a device for cutting the fret slots in fingerboards.

"I worked out what I needed," says Roger, "and spent a long time marking out the distances, which was a very tedious job. There was no way I could afford to buy the sort of machines they use in guitar factories which have a long spindle with 22 blades on it which cuts all the slots in one go, so I worked this thing out and got an engineering company to build it from bits and pieces. It's made out of a Kenwood Chef motor, and

various brackets with little saw blades on it. You can clamp necks in the machine four at a time, and it cuts very accurately because it was machined on a very accurate jig; so the fingerboards turn out one hundred per cent accurate."

A guitar of Roger Giffin's that's been well publicised of late, is the double neck bass built for Del Palmer of the Kate Bush Band. It cost Del £1900, although Roger's prices start from around £450.

"That one was well over the top. It took a lot of work to build, but it did look good in the end, it was quite spectacular. We sat down and spent hours designing it to keep the instrument as small as we could. Half the body was hollow, and it was built up in sandwich layers like an Alembic, with the top half hollowed to keep the weight down.

"The silliest thing I've ever built, is a guitar with the machine heads at the bottom of the instrument that I built years ago" claims Roger, proving himself to be a genuine 'ideas man' in light of Steinberger's recent triumphs in that field.

I was going to tell him that Fender also have one floating about their R&D department, but not wishing to deprive Roger of any minor glories associated with this feat, I keep my trap firmly shut.

"I think to be honest, the next progression in guitar making will be to get back to basics. You go full circle with everything and you get more and more complicated, and in the end everybody says 'Hell, I can't handle all this, let's have something simple again!' I'm going by what I get asked to build and a lot of people no longer like active tone circuits

on guitars, they wanna get back to the simple stuff. The basses I build are all passive with Jazz and Precision type pickups. I prefer passive electronics myself, I don't like the sound of the active stuff. It's great if you really want to tear your speaker cones out, but if you want a guitar that sounds like a guitar, and not some electronic gadget . . . But obviously, if that's what the customer wants . . . fine . . . he can have it."

IF YOU are stuck for advice on pickups when Roger builds you a guitar, he's more than willing to offer useful tips.

"A lot of people know exactly what they're after, and ask for X brand of pickups, but if a customer asks what I recommend, it's Bartolini which are great pickups."

If you happen to be a vintage freak, Roger Giffin is not the kind of person who'll throw away a piece of your original cloth covered wire circuitry.

"You've got to treat old guitars as a valuable instrument, and they've got to be near as possible, one hundred per cent original. I use bone nuts wherever possible, I don't like brass nuts, I don't like what they do."

Roger Giffin's prices are not the cheapest, but working on the theory that you get what you pay for, frets range between £38-£48, reshooting a warped fingerboard will set you back £10, a bone nut clocks up £10, and a rewiring averages about £9 per coil.

To contact Roger Giffin, call 01-948-5891 or make your way over to Kew where you'll find him beavering away under Arch No. 7, Kew Bridge, Surrey . . . You won't be disappointed.

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 which delivers pure guitar sound without dampening or colouring the tone.

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 CASH: Send cheque to Gigsounds Ltd, "Drum Offer", 86 Mitcham Lane, Streatham, London SW16 or telephone 01-769 5681 and quote your Access or Barclaycard number (ask for London) despatch is immediate.
 CREDIT TERMS: Send cheque or postal orders or credit card number for only £39.00 you will receive by return full written quotation of credit terms and conditions under which you will qualify (subject to status). Terms are through H.F.C. Trust Ltd, APR 34.6%. Weekly payment approx £5. Total purchase price £521.40.
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DEATHWISH
 urgently require vocalist into Horror Metal.
 Phone Stuart, Crawley 541039
 Management deal and gigs waiting. B2921

VOCALIST/LYRICIST required for SWORD AND SORCERY Rock band. Own gear essential. Ring Neil on 0772 700186. Preston area. B2953

NEW S.E. London H/Metal band need bassist into Ozzy, Sabbath, Purple etc must have own transport 732 3825 daytime. B2954

BANDS

ATTENTION!

MUSICIANS

MVA - a new service for all types of musician opening on 1st July 1983. An easy and fast method for bands to audition a new member and for musicians to display their talents. This process is based on the obvious system - VIDEO.

BANDS

- ★ Save time and money wasted on lengthy auditions. View, select and shortlist musicians off the display cassettes available in our centre.
- ★ The musicians you see will reply to questions normally asked in an audition and demonstrate some of their skill on their instrument.
- ★ For £3.00 per cassette your band can view six musicians. Individual headphones are provided in our comfortable viewing booths.

In the first month of opening we are making the OFFER to all musicians of UNLIMITED DISPLAY TIME.



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MUSICIANS

- ★ Our Mobile Video Unit will meet you for 1/2 hour to film you talking and playing anywhere (including your home) in the London area.
- ★ Five minutes of this will be recorded and displayed with other musicians of the same instrument in our centre to bands in need of musicians in your category.
- ★ £20.00 will take care of the filming and two weeks' display time. A small additional fee will secure extended display.

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SOUNDS CLASSIFIEDS

BAND AID

Musicians Wanted PUNK

£1 per advertisement

ANOK BASSIST wanted for Southend punk group. Also any other punk anok musicians wanted in any area. No time wasters. Phone Andy, Canvey 686498. B2944

MWAB BASSISTS gone AWOL if you're out there Gus, ring Gem 'Musical Flatulence' tape still available. £1.00 SAE to MWAB, 51 Apperley Road, Stockfield, North Lond. B2933

BLOWN TO BITS PUNKZINE No. 1 CHAOS UK, BEKI, DESTRUCTORS, RABID, WHEELS COMPETITION + MORE SEND 25p + LARGE SAE TO BAZZY, 35 RONALDSHAY WIDNES, CHESHIRE (EXPLOITED WANTED) B2928

HERBERT DRUMMER required for Kingston fun - punk band into Testies; Toydolls, Adicts, Cartoons, Laurel and Hardy, Motorhead, Barracudas, Dickies, Batman, Rejects etc. Phone Keith 642 8013. B2927

SINFUL BEAT - Live tapes - send SAE for List + Nuclear suicide studio + live tape - Paul 12 Alden Avenue, West Ham, London E15 send £1.00 + stamp. Witchunt Soon!! B2925

SELF DESTRUCT, Scottish punk band would like to exchange gigs with English punk band. Write to: Dougie, 95 Ivanhoe Crescent, Wishaw, Scotland. NO Oi Boys. B2975

EX RITUAL need powerful and imaginative drummer also original guitarist Errol 863 3439 Mark 908 4171 evenings only. B2482

PUNK BAND Impact wish to do exchange gigs with other bands throughout UK contact Tony, 3 Meadow Brook Avenue, Pontnewydd Cymbran, Gwent, NP44 1BJ. B2587

Musicians Wanted Electronic/Pop

£1 per advertisement

UNDISCOVERED BANDS wanted for Sane Records compilation LP 'Dance Vibes' (Sane 005) pop, electro-pop, jazz/funk, disco - anything danceable!! Everything considered, demos/info to Sane Records PO Box 7, Bridlington, North Humberside. B2799

UNDISCOVERED ELECTROPOP bands wanted for Sane Records compilation LP 'Subtle Hints Volume II' (Volume One out now - watch out for it!) All demos considered. Send Demo's /SAE to Sane Records (Dept II), P O Box 7, Bridlington, North Humberside. B2860

DRUMMER ELECTRONIC or/and acoustic for young South London band commercially geared but willing to experiment into Duran Tears for Fears Gabriel, etc. Tom 789 5949. B2917

DRUMMER FOR 'Duran Duran' ish, group must have good, modern image, style and playing ability. 01-980 0878 anytime. B2965

KEYBOARD PLAYER wanted vocals an asset M.O.R. band with view to turning professional 021 556 3539. B2936

DRUMMER REQUIRED for exciting pop band with original music. Tel: Romford 750736. B2976

Musicians Available

£1 per advertisement

KEYBOARD/SONGWRITER wants to join up with Birmingham based band for mutual advancement. Beatles and McCartney influenced. Phone John 021-357 7207. B2924

ROCK DRUMMER (22) available, ambitious, experienced, seeks dedicated original working band (m/f), with new, fresh 'no formula' ideas. 7 drums, transport, London area, phone now 01-946 9406 into Rush, Queen, UFO (Rip), Zeppelin, + Pearl. B2923

BASSIST AND drummer (18) competent, good gear, transport, dedication, seek original pro-minded Dio/Ozzy influenced band. Epsom - W, Byfleet area. Phone Mike: 01-393 2115 evenings. B2964

GUITARIST 17, formerly in Cult band 'The Miraculous Muthas' wants to join similar rock/hard rock band or other like minded. Pete, 904 1700 (NW9 area). B2967

GUITARIST INTO Yes, Rush, Zep, Hillage, seeks keyboards vocalist, bass drums to form melodic rock band E London Ilford area. Ray 478 7997. B2958

EXPERIENCED VOCALIST seeks professional heavy rock band own material and equipment willing to travel contact Derek phone St Austell 63091 after 6pm. B2906

Instruments for sale

£1 per advertisement

SHERGOLD MARATHON six string electric bass guitar with case £200 ono. Telephone evenings 0753 888980 (Gerards Cross). B2930

SYNOPSIS ELECTRONIC Drums hardly used only 6 months old bargain £55 ono. Tel: 01-950 4202 after 5.30 evenings. B2926

IMMACULATE BLACK Aria pro Z250V 'Explorer' with hard case (worth new £300). Quick sale wanted hence £175.00, under guarantee. Ring Tom 01-890 9102. B2977

FENDER STRATOCASTER excellent condition, dimarzio, powerpop, maple neck, natural £220. Gibson SG, cherry, Lawrence pickup plays great £125. Phone Rory or Melissa 7.300pm-10.00pm. 01-373 8502. B2739

'ALRIGHT JACKS' top quality instrument leads, microphone leads, speaker leads, XLRs, jack plugs, cables. 'MULTI LINK' custom multicore/multi-pair systems. For catalogue phone MUSICABLE: Slough 38869. B2762

WHITE FLYING V hand built by Manson Guitars. Tremelo, 1 distortion pick up. Excellent rock guitar only £230!! Dave Edenbridge 864034. I'm only selling because I'm skint!! B2673

ROLAND GA60 60 watt combo reverb Overdrive 6 band graphic m.volume footswitch £210. 478 7997. B2857

GIBSON STANDARD Cp.H + tremelo super guitar only £110. 01-570 2958. B2865

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JOHN BIRCH Les Paul stereo, looks and plays beautifully, £275 ono or will exchange plus cash for Gibson Les Paul, S.G., Phone Leicester 386011. B2916

PEARL CONGAS as new £200.00, Cop-icat £45.00, Gibson Melody Maker £180.00. Amersham '4224 evenings. B2802

J.H.S. 12-STRING acoustic/Electric guitar synthetic sound bowl v.g.c. £75.00 ono. (Southall) 674 1301. B2922

GIBSON THE V same as in Sounds 'Schenker' competition USA custom built frame burst white trim must be seen excellent bargain £500. 021-474 3174. B2942

Drums 10p p.w.

PREMIER 'SOUNDWAVE' five piece drum kit. Complete with Zildjian cymbals, stands, cases, stool etc. v.g.c. bargain at only £850 ono. Telephone Dave, Bristol 678967. B2955

Songwriters 10p p.w.

ABSOLUTELY FREE songwriting booklet from International Songwriters Association (SN2), Limerick City, Ireland. B663

Amplification 10p p.w.

'ALRIGHT JACKS' leads - Slough 38869. B2765

ROLAND CR 800 Compurhythm new, with free delivery! £299 also Boss DR55 Doctor Rhythm £79 use Acces/Barclaycard to Telecomms Music Store, Portsmouth (0705) 660036. B2645

MACDONALD 100W P.A. system, very good condition £250 Roland SH-101 synthesiser and combo amplifier £300, Telephone 310 3269 after 7pm. B2878

1 PAIR Carlsbro mini-bins (Speakers) Ideal P.A. system or disco £300 ono phone Berwick on Tweed (0289) 305103. B2963

300W PEAVEY Bass Amplifier and two Peavey 2 x 15's, good condition, £475 ono will split. 0633 67399. B2938

Guitars 10p p.w.

ANDYS GUITAR CENTRE - American & Vintage secondhands, also amps; effects; etc. Pro guitar & amp repair workshops, customising, making GUITARS & AMPS BOUGHT ANY CONDITION 27 Denmark Street, WC2. 01-836 0899 & 01-379 3491. Open 6 days. B357

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POLYSIX NEW, with free delivery! £895 use Acces/Barclaycard to Telecomms Music Store, Portsmouth (0705) 660036. B2644

LOWREY COTILLION (RRP £5,995) in mint condition, 1 year old, less than 100 hours home use. Only sensible offers around £3,000 to Ashstead 74247 eve weekends. B2946

For Sale 10p p.w.

ELVIS MAGS 14 odd issues. From No. 12 1964 - 1968 to No. 99 offers. Phone Winterbourne 774276. B2869

Vocalists 10p p.w.

VOCALIST/FRONTMAN REQUIRED FOR CROYDON BASED BAND. DAYTIME: CRAIG 735 8171 ext. 80 EVENINGS 8pm - 11pm, 647 0147. JOHN. B2947

Tuition 10p p.w.

DRUM TUITION LLOYD RYAN 874 8619. B2361

SUPERFAST GUITAR booklet £2.00 - Speed technique, solos - arpeggios - Rockbizz, 2 Postern, Barbican EC2Y 8BJ. B526

Management 10p p.w.

'PASSION POLKA' Electronic Liverpool band require manager urgently - Record companies interested. Only best required. 051-924 4957. B2943

Transport 10p p.w.

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Maximum number of words is now 25 per advertisement.

All other classifications are now charged at 10p per word. Words in BOLD CAPS are charged at 10p per word extra.

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Detach form below and insert in envelope with cheque/P.O.

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- Heavy Rock
 - Punk
 - Electronic/Pop
 - General
 - Tick-box as required
 - Musicians available
 - Instruments for sale
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ALL CLASSIFIED COPY MUST ARRIVE IN THIS OFFICE NO LATER THAN MID-DAY WEDNESDAY, 10 DAYS PRIOR TO COVER DATE OF ISSUE.

By Susanne Garrett and Dee Pilgrim. For free listing, write early to Sounds at 40 Long Acre, London WC2, or phone 01-836 0142

NIGHT SHIFT

SUPERTRAMP (John Helliwell pictured right) start the week off with three nights at London Earl's Court Stadium, (Wednesday, Thursday and Friday) while **Men At Work** bring it to a close with dates at Glasgow Apollo (Sunday), Edinburgh Playhouse (Monday) and Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, City Hall (Tuesday). In the middle there's **George Benson** doing Birmingham National Exhibition Centre, (Saturday) and Brighton Centre (two shows on Sunday). So take your pick of that lot.

BOWIE'S STILL bobbing about all over the place, he's at Hammersmith Odeon (Thursday), and Milton Keynes Bowl (Friday, Saturday and Sunday), and **The Residents** pop up at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (Wednesday), Edinburgh Town Hall (Thursday), and Leicester Polytechnic (Friday).

TO FINISH this week, **X Mal Deutschland** will be at Manchester Gallery (Wednesday), Hull Dingwalls (Thursday), Dudley JB's (Friday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday), Leeds Warehouse (Monday) and Bristol Dingwalls (Tuesday).



NORWICH, St Andrews Hall, (21799), Bluebells
 OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Cloven Hoof
 PETERSFIELD, Petersfield School Youth Club, Midnight
 To Six
 PRESTON, Warehouse, (53216),
 Membranes/Genocides
 RAMSGATE, Royal Hotel, (51486), Logo
 RAYLEIGH, Crocs, (770003), Sinatras/Agent Orange
 ROTHERHAM, Clifton Hall, (78300), Flying
 Saucers/Bel-Airs/Wild Cat
 SHEFFIELD, Dingwalls, (21807), APB/Junk-
 *SHEFFIELD, Leadmill, (754500), Poison Girls
 *SLOUGH, College, (33300), Death Pop/Approaching
 Footsteps
 SLOUGH, Studio One, Blue Murder/Running Blind
 SOUTHEND, Queens Hotel, (32823), Le Mat/Doctor
 And The Medics
 SOUTHPORT, Follies, (36733), Le Lu Les
 STOCKPORT, Cobden's Place, (061 477 6994), Special
 20
 STOCKPORT, Smugglers, (061 480 4617), Soldier
 Dolls/Nutrix
 STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Dovecot Arts Centre, (611625),
 Chameleons
 WALSALL, Buddle Arts Centre (624276), Eastside
 Torpedoes
 WATFORD, Heads, Verulam Arms, (21035), Bleak
 House
 WOKINGHAM, Angies, Cantley House Hotel, (789912),
 UK
 WOLVERHAMPTON, Woodhayes, (732413), Sub Zero
 WORCESTER, Waterside, (22719), Arc
 YORK, Bay Horse, (33384), Redeye

WEDNESDAY 29th

ABERDEEN, Valhallas, (26706), Strawberry Tarts
 BARNESLEY, White Hart, (82683), Haze
 BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle, (021 643 5403), Bollock
 Brothers
 *BRADFORD, Caesars, (724982), Bauhaus
 BRADFORD, 1 in 12, (23918), 7 Antelopes To The Jade
 Kitchen/Stupefaction
 BRADFORD, Prince Arthur, (664982), Excalibur
 BRIGHTON, Coasters, Radiation
 BRISTOL, Colston Hall, (291768), Supertramp
 CARDIFF, Chapter Arts Centre, (31194), Roat X 21
 CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Bromley Blues
 Band
 CROYDON, Star, London Road, (01-684 1360), Red
 Socks
 EDINBURGH, Niteclub, (031 557 2590), Alldette
 Syndrome/Joy For Dance/Burlesque
 GUISEBOROUGH, Quoit Club, (32947), Jimmy
 Lawton/Kaye Brothers Flying Circus
 *HASTINGS, Downtown, (420090), Set The Tone
 *HUDDERSFIELD, Polytechnic, (38156), Chameleons
 *HULL, Dingwalls, (20048), Aztec Camera
 IPSWICH, Albion Mills, (714553), Joolz
 LEEDS, Brannigans, (446365), Omega
 Tribe/Varukers/Skeptix
 *LIVERPOOL, Royal Court Theatre, (051 708 7411) The
 Residents
 LONDON, Ace, Brixton, (01-274 4663), Sisters Of
 Mercy/Smiths/Flesh For Lulu
 LONDON, Barcave, Leicester Square, (01-930 6966), Red
 Terror And Green
 LONDON, Canteen, Great Queen Street, (01-405 6598),
 Lynn Hoffman/Bobby Rosengarden
 LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-928 8402), A
 Scanner Darkly/Barney Rubble Band
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967),
 Amazulu
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773) Roddy
 Radiation And The Tearjerkers
 LONDON, Earl's Court Stadium, (01-284 120)
 Supertramp
 LONDON, Father Redcap, Camberwell, (01-703 9208),
 Separate Energy
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385
 0526), Sanctus/IQ
 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Warren
 Zevon
 LONDON, Jackson's Lane Community Centre, Archway,
 (01 883 6337), Dave Hughes
 *LONDON, King's College, Wellington Hall, Vincent
 Square, (01-836 7132), Hank Wangford
 LONDON, Latchmere, Battersea Park Road, (01-437
 5782), Martin Wheatley
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603),
 Girlschool
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), The
 Rockets
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Ken
 Colyer's Alistair Jazz Band
 LONDON, Piccadilly Theatre, Denham Street, (01-437
 4500), Jeb Millia And The Millionaires
 LONDON, Pindar Of Wakefield, Grays Inn Road, (01-837
 1753), Crazeology
 LONDON, Prince Of Orange, Rotherhithe, (01-237 9181),
 Lista Davis Band
 LONDON, Royal Standard, Walthamstow,
 Scaramouche
 LONDON, Sunset Club, West Kensington, (01-603 7006),
 Chevalier Brothers
 LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), The
 Wait
 LONDON, Venue, Victoria, (01-828 9441), Midnight Oil
 MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061 832-6625),
 Victor Brox
 *MANCHESTER, Gallery, (061 832 3597), X Mal
 Deutschland
 MARGATE, Ship Inn, (20644), Ghost Music
 NEATH, Talk Of The Abbey, (3333), The Handsome
 Beasts
 NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Dingwalls, (324156), Poison
 Girls/Benjamin Zephaniah/Tony Allen/Akimbo
 NOTTINGHAM, Asylum, Whispers, (55736), The Man
 Upstairs
 *NOTTINGHAM, Rock City, (412544), Big Country
 OXFORD, Apollo, (44544), Mezzoforte
 RYECORN, Cherry Tree, (74171), Geddes Axe
 SHEFFIELD, Dingwalls, (21807), Roy Harper
 SLADE GREEN, Railway Tavern, Sneaky
 SOUTHAMPTON, Streetlevel Wine Bar, London Road,
 (331800), You Laugh, I Cry
 SWINDON, Solitaire, (34238), Bollock Brothers
 WAKEFIELD, Hellfire Club, Heppys, Town Centre, Gene
 Loves Jezabel
 WAKEFIELD, Pussycats, Glitter Band
 WOLVERHAMPTON, Arches Club, (27252), Mr Rons

THURSDAY 30th

BATH, Sweeney Todds, (62368), Blue Side Of
 Midnight
 BIRMINGHAM, Dumas Express, Another Dream
 BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Little Sister
 BRISTOL, Dingwalls, (294312), Umo Vogue/Force
 Majeure
 CANTERBURY, Millers Arms, (52676), Playing By
 Numbers
 CARDIFF, Dowlais Inn (36164), Harfoot Brothers
 CASTLEFORD, Britannia, (522011), Nine Play Hendrix
 COVENTRY, Dog And Trumpet, (89402), Zander
 System
 *COVENTRY, Warwick University, Multi Act Multi Venue
 Event (27406), Aztec Camera/Jivin' Jump/The
 Truth/Matt Fretton/Laurel And Hardy The
 Smiths/Impossible Dreamers/Jazz Afrika/Ruby
 Turner Band/Pink Umbrellas/Nigel Mazlyn
 Jones/As-One/Ronnie And Johnnie/The Dial
 Tones/Ronnie Golden/Chip McDonald/Brian
 Bailley
 *DERBY, Blue Note, (42569), Set The Tone
 DUNGANNON, Whitehorse, Renegade
 *EDINBURGH, Town Hall, (031 225 2424), The
 Residents
 *GLASGOW, Henry Afrikas, (041 221 6111), Icicle
 Works
 GOSPORT, Atlantis Club, HMS Dolphin, (81298),
 O'Hara's Playboys
 GREAT YARMOUTH, Big Apple, (661489), Renegade
 GUILDFORD, Wooden Bridge, (72708), Larry
 Miller/Capricorn
 HULL, Heathcliffe's, Princess Street, XY Love
 HARTLEPOOL, Nursery Inn, (68994), Outer Limits
 HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (66325), Rfch Bitch
 HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head, (21758), Approaching
 Footsteps/Syntax
 *HULL, Dingwalls, (20048), Cold Dance
 KERRIDGE, Railway Club, Jimmy Lawton/Kaye
 Brothers Flying Circus
 KETTERING, Recreation Centre, (892933), The Kind
 Deed VI
 KINGSTON, Polytechnic, (01-546 8340), Red Lorry,
 Yellow Lorry
 LEEDS, Bar-celona, (758622), Glitter Band
 LEICESTER, Coasters, (537375), Radiation/Karmuna
 *LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall, (27632), Motorhead
 LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford, (01-692 0765),
 Joolz/Frank Chickens/Killer Koala
 LONDON, Barbican, Silk Street, (01-638 414), Denver
 Chamber Chorale
 LONDON, Canteen, Great Queen Street, (01-405 6598),

Maggie Bell
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967),
 Tracie/The Craze/The Questions
 LONDON, Dominion, Tottenham-Court Road, (01-580
 9562), Mezzoforte
 *LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Red
 Beans And Rice
 LONDON, Earls Court Stadium, (01-385 1200),
 Supertramp
 *LONDON, Fridge, Brixton, (01-737 1477), Test
 Department/San Tan/Holy Joy/Creatures Bent On
 Death And Destruction
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385
 0526), Kahuna Dream/Jiff Boy Jive
 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), David
 Bowie (charity concert)
 LONDON, Jungle, Sunset, West Kensington, (01-625
 6544), The Creamies
 LONDON, Kulture Bunker, King's Head, Crouch End,
 (01-341 3220), Zen Agents
 LONDON, Latchmere, Battersea Park Road, (01-437
 5782), Duffo
 *LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603),
 Girlschool
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942),
 Hank Wangford
 LONDON, Old Tiger's Head, Lee Green, Dumpy's Rusty
 Nuts
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933),
 Gymslips
 LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington,
 (01-226 5930), Hank Wangford Band
 LONDON, Piazza, Covent Garden, Wayne
 Pritchett/Wild Girls/Little Brother
 LONDON, Piccadilly Theatre, Denham Street, (01-437
 4506), Jeb Millia And The Millionaires
 LONDON, Prince Of Orange, Rotherhithe, (01-237 9181),
 Eggys Hot Shots
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961),
 Bouncing Czechs
 LONDON, Snake Club, Castle, Tooting Broadway, Ging
 And The Tonics
 LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Oakfield Lane, (01-855
 0618), Straw Dogs
 LUTON, Pink Elephant, Red Lipstique
 *MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061 832 6625),
 Oriental Wind
 MILTON KEYNES, Peartree Bridge Centre, (679344),
 English Rogues
 NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Dingwalls, (324156), Mighty
 Stripes
 NEWPORT, (Isle of Wight), College Of Arts And
 Technology grounds, (526631), Petit Amour/Quiet
 Life/Woolly Jumpers/Waltons/Catch 22/Drowned
 In One/Jumpin Jack And The Beatnikkers (open
 air)

FRIDAY 1st

BEDALE, Youth Centre, Seizure
 *BIRMINGHAM, Tin Can Club, Bradford Street, (021
 643 6958), Set The Tone
 *BOURNEMOUTH, Academy, (304535), Haysi
 Fantayzee (personal appearance)
 BOURNEMOUTH, Midnight Express, (26444), Smiths
 BRADFORD, Palm Cove Club, (499896), Bollock
 Brothers
 BRADFORD, Wheatsheaf, (576381), Excalibur
 BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Ruthless Blues
 Band
 BRISTOL, Dingwalls, (294312), 5 Guys Named
 Mo/Skin The Peeler
 CHESTERFIELD, Brimington Tavern, (31649), Strikes
 Twice
 CHORLEY, Joiners Arms, (70611), Sapphire
 CHRISTCHURCH, Regent Arts Centre, Truffe
 COVENTRY, General Wolfe, (88402), Here And Now
 *CROMER, West Runton Pavilion, (203), Motorhead
 DOVER, Louis Armstrong, (204759), Ghost
 *DUDLEY, JB's, (53597), X Mal Deutschland
 FELTHAM, Football Club, (01-890 6241), Abrasive
 Wheels/Crash/Intensive Care
 GREAT YARMOUTH, Big Apple, (651489), Freeway
 HARROW, Roxborough, (01-427 1084), Takeaway
 *HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Pavilion, (64451), Bauhaus
 HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), 30
 Seconds/Transmission
 *HULL, Dingwalls, (20048), Sisters Of Mercy
 KIDDERMINSTER, Market Tavern, (62590), Virgin Stai
 LAKENHEATH, USAF Lakenheath, (2056), Jimmy
 Lawton/Kaye Brothers Flying Circus
 LAUNCESTON, White Horse, (2084), Man Upstairs
 LEEDS, Bar-Celona, (758622), Glitter Band
 LEEDS, Forde Grene Hotel, (490984), Poison Girls
 LEEDS, Peel Hotel, (455128), Toranaga
 *LEICESTER, Polytechnic, (555576), The Residents
 LIVERPOOL, Rotters, (051 708 0715), Karmuna
 LONDON, Ace, Brixton, (01-274 4663), Winston Reedy
 LONDON, Adams Arms, Conway Street, (01-636 8937),
 Patrik Fitzgerald
 LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603
 3249), Blind Fury
 LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford, (01-692 0765),
 Joolz/Lanice Perry
 LONDON, Barbican, Silk Street, (01-638 4141), Midas
 Trio
 LONDON, Bishops Park Theatre, Bishops Park, (01-741
 3696), Phase I/A Scanner
 Darkly/Artificial/Standards (Hammersmith Rock
 Test 2)
 LONDON, Broadway Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-928
 8412), Anonymous Sisters/Pulse
 LONDON, Canteen, Great Queen Street, (01-405 6598),
 Maggie Bell
 LONDON, Carlos 'N Johnnys, Fulham, (01-352 0379),
 Thirteen At Midnight
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967),
 Eastside Torpedoes/Steve Hookers Shakers
 *LONDON, Dominion, Tottenham Court Road, (01-580
 9562), Nick Heyward
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773),
 Blueberries
 LONDON, Earls Court Stadium, Earls Court, (01-385
 1200), Supertramp
 LONDON, Embassy, Old Bond Street, (01-499 5974),
 Echo Base
 LONDON, Fridge, Brixton, (01-737 1477), Choc Zula
 LONDON, Garage, Frontline, Brixton, (01-274 2887),
 Jailbirds
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385
 0526), Hollywood Killers/Southern Gypsies
 LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-274 2733), Lucy
 Show/Drunk On Cake
 LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, (01-788 2387), Hank
 Wangford Band
 LONDON, King's Head, Fulham High Street, (01-736
 1413), 45's
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Ten
 Years After
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942),
 Steve Gibbons
 LONDON, Old White Horse, Brixton, (01-487 3440),
 Wayne Pritchett/Wild Girls/Little Brother/London
 Band
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Dudu
 Pukwana's Zila
 LONDON, Oval Banqueting Suite, The Oval, Kennington,
 (01-699 5265), Joolz/Slade The Leveller/Jenny Le
 Coat/Little Dave/Markus John
 LONDON, Piccadilly Theatre, Denham Street, (01-437
 4506), Jeb Millia And The Millionaires
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961),
 The Sinatras
 LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham, (01-472 0377),
 Desolation Angels
 LONDON, Tie Spurs, Roundway, (01-808 4773), Shuttle
 Service

Gus Stewart

LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, (01-478 0660), Raunch And Roll Band
 MAIDENHEAD, Bell, (24409), Tony McPhee
 MANCHESTER, Gallery, (061 832 3597), Icicle Works
 MANCHESTER, Hacienda, (061 236 5051), Matt Fretton
 *MILTON KEYNES, Bowl, (Shenley Church End 520), David Bowie/Icehouse/The Beat
 *NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Dingwalls, (324156), Aztec Camera
 NEWPORT, Harper Adam College, (811280), Dave Kelly Band
 NORWICH, Gala Ballroom, (28708), Farmer Boys/Hollow Men/18 Yellow Roses/Kamikaze Sex Pilots
 NORWICH, Peaceful Green Fair, University Village And Farm, Earham Road, Here And Now/Jah Warrior/Big Amongst Sheep
 OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
 PURFLEET, Circus Tavern, (4001), Mezzoforte
 ST IVES, Manchester Arms, Larry Miller
 SHEFFIELD, Dingwalls, (21807), Toy Dolls/Major Accident
 *SHEFFIELD, University, (24076), Big Country
 SUNDERLAND, Annabelles, (659117), Caffrey
 SWINDON, Brunel Rooms, (31384), Orange Juice
 TODDINGTON, Angel, Gothique
 WALLSALL, Buddle Arts Centre, (624276), Cosmotheka
 WOKINGHAM, Angies, Cantley House Hotel, (789912), Reactors

LONDON, Alexandra Palace, (01-444 7203), Hank Wangford Band
 LONDON, Broadway, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-928 8412), Guana Batz/So You Think You're A Cowboy
 LONDON, Canteen, Great Queen Street, Covent Garden, (01-405 6598), Maggie Bell
 LONDON, Cricketers, Oval, Kennington, (01-735 3059), Republic
 LONDON, Cricklewood, Cricklewood Broadway, (01-450 7469), Wayne Pritchett/Wild Girls/Little Brother/London Band
 LONDON, Crystal Palace Bowl, Blues In The Bowl, (01-778 0131), James Cotton/Alexis Corner/Mainsqueeze/Lew Lewis/Wilko Johnson
 LONDON, Dingwalls, (01-267 4967), Eastside Torpedoes/Agent Orange
 *LONDON, Dominion, Tottenham Court Road, (01-580 9562), Nick Heyward
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Juice On The Loose
 LONDON, Fridge, Brixton, (01-737 1477), Rent Party/Ivor/Main-T-Possee
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), The Duellists/Shazam
 LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-274 2733), A Bigger Splash/Exceptions
 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Jaco Pastorius And Word Of Mouth
 LONDON, Jackson's Lane Community Centre, Archway, (01-340 5226), Holloway Allstars/The Four Threes
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Dirty Nights
 LONDON, Old Cherry Tree, East Dulwich, (01-693 1491), Ken Wood And The Mixers
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), London Jazz Big Band
 LONDON, Oval Banqueting Suite, Oval, Kennington, (01-699 5265), Little Brother/Kevin Coyne/Spartacus R
 LONDON, Saxon Tavern, Catford, (01-698 3293), Heretic
 MACCLESFIELD, Gawsorth Parish Hall, Macc Lads
 MALVERN, Nag's Head, (4373), Hooker
 MANCHESTER, Morrisseys, (061 872 2558), Bollock Brothers
 *MILTON KEYNES, Bowl, (Shenley Church End 520), David Bowie/Icehouse/The Beat
 NORWICH, Peaceful Green Fair, University Village And Farm, Earham Road, Ranata Spirit/Ground Zero/Disrupters
 NORWICH, Whites (25539), Airbridge
 OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Vetos
 PURFLEET, Circus Tavern, (4001), Mezzoforte
 RAMSGATE, Royal Hotel, (51486), First Offence
 REDDITCH, Hopwoods, Surface
 *RETFORD, Porterhouse, (704981), X Mal Deutschland
 SHEFFIELD, Dingwalls, (21807), Humanity
 *SOUTHAMPTON, Solent Suite, Guildhall, (32601), Look Back In Anger/The New Convertible/Two Finger Zen/Steppin' Sideways/The Poor Batchelor/Paul Henry/Jennings Incontinental/Nick Petford
 *STIRLING, Albert Hall, (4391), Big Country
 TONYPANDY, Royal Naval Club, (432068), Exposure
 WARRINGTON, Lion (3004), Fallen Angel
 WIGAN, Prince Of Wales, (41463), Original Sin
 WITHERNSEA, Teddys Club, Radiation

BRADFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Fast Buck (lunchtime), Rodeo (evening)
 BRIGHTON, Centre (203131), George Benson
 DOVER, Louis Armstrong, (204759), Mister Meaner
 EASTBOURNE, Diplocks, (25141), The Press
 GLASGOW, Apollo, (041 332 9221), Men At Work
 *GLASGOW, Mayfair, (041 332 3872), Set The Tone
 GREAT CHESTERFORD, Station Club, (Saffron Walden 30223), Larry Miller
 HAYES, Hayes Beck Theatre, (01-561 8371), Roy Harper/Dave Cousins/Neil Innes
 HUDDERSFIELD, White Lion, (22407), Spiral
 LONDON, Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, (01-223 6557), Holloway Allstars
 LONDON, Brabant Road Community Centre, Wood Green, (01-881 1196), Wayne Pritchett/Wild Girls/Little Brother/London Band
 LONDON, Broadway, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-928 8412), Hearts A Gas/Hired Guns
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Elderly Brothers (lunchtime), Ruby Turner Band (evening)
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Dirty Strangers/The Downbeats
 *LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Orange Juice
 *LONDON, Lyceum, The Strand, (01-836 3715), Hanoi Rocks/Eddie And The Hot Rods/James King
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Eddie Tenpole Tudor And His Hayrick Band
 *LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Legendary Luton Kippers
 LUTON, Pink Elephant, Central Line
 MANCHESTER, Apollo, (061 273 1112), Mezzoforte
 *MILTON KEYNES, Bowl, (Shenley Church End 520), David Bowie/Icehouse/The Beat
 NEWBRIDGE, Memorial Hall, (243019), Exposure
 NORWICH, Peaceful Green Fair, University Village And Farm, Earham Road, Karma Canix/1/2 Cut/Golden Dawn
 OXFORD, Apollo, (44544), Steve Winwood
 PAIGNTON, Festival Theatre, (558641), Sad Café
 *PETERBOROUGH, Key Theatre, (52439), Wrathchild
 ST AUSTELL, Cornwall Coliseum, (Par 4261), Motorhead
 STOCKPORT, Manchester Arms, (061 480 2852), Special 20
 WIGAN, Jaspers, Ad Astra
 WINDSOR, Blazers, (56222), Heatwave

LONDON, Hammersmith Palais, (01-748 2812), Bauhaus
 LONDON, Harrow Inn, Abbey Wood, Zak
 LONDON, Le Beat Route, Greek Street, (01-734 1470), Thirteen At Midnight
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Marino The Bard
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Still Life
 LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham, (01-472 0377), Stroller
 MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061 832 6625), The Reporters/Rivington Spyke
 PORTSMOUTH, Cumberland Tavern, (730445), Mike Garner Blues Band
 ST ALBANS, Haven Hotel, (62750), Jimmy Lawson/Kaye Brothers Flying Circus

SATURDAY 2nd

*AYLESBURY, Friars, (88948), Orange Juice/Screaming Nobodies
 AYLESBURY, New Zealand Club, (23559), Gothique
 BIRKENHEAD, Sir James Club, (051 647 8282), Karmuna
 BIRMINGHAM, National Exhibition Centre, (021 780 4141), George Benson
 BIRMINGHAM, Tin Can Club, Bradford Street, (021 643 6958), Tik And Tok
 *BOLTON, Dance Factory, Set The Tone
 BRAINTREE, Essex Barn, (25228), Central Line
 BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Fast Buck
 BRIGHTON, Alhambra, (27874), The Press
 BRISTOL, Dingwalls, (294312), Scream And Dance/Papa Yung Yung/The Yo Yo
 CAMBRIDGE, Burleigh Arms, (357021), Larry Miller
 CAMBRIDGE, Sea Cadet Hall, (353172), Hanoi Rocks/Playn Jayn/Storm
 CHORLEY, Joiners Arms, (70611), Sapphire
 DURHAM, Fowler's Yard Youth Project, (69576), Hot Banana/Passion Trade/Methra
 GREAT YARMOUTH, Big Apple, (651489), Doozoot
 HAYES, Hayes Beck Theatre, (01-561 8371), Richard Digance/The Firm/Cosmotheka
 HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), Assyne
 HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head, (21758), Wild Willy Barrett/Dawntrader
 HORSEBRIDGE, Boship, Die Laughing
 *HULL, Dingwalls, (20048), Poison Girls/Benjamin Zephaniah/Tony Allen/Akimbo
 HULL, Wellington Club, (23262), Haze
 IPSWICH, Gaumont, (53641), Bauhaus
 LAKENHEATH, USAF Lakenheath, (2056), Jimmy Lawton/Kaye Brothers Flying Circus
 LEEDS, Ffordre Grene, (490984), Pendragon
 LEEDS, Packhorse, (453980), Silent Routine
 LEEDS, Warehouse, (468287), Haysi Fantasyzee (personal appearance)
 LONDON, Ace, Brixton, (01-274 4663), Heatwave
 LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford, (01-692 0765), Joolz/Janice Perry

SUNDAY 3rd

*ABERDEEN, Fusion Ballroom, (21135), Big Country
 *BIRMINGHAM, Odeon, (021 643 6101), Bauhaus
 BIRMINGHAM, Railway, Sub Zero
 BOSTON, Wrangle Festival, Jimmy Lawson/Kaye Brothers Flying Circus

MONDAY 4th

BOURNEMOUTH, Academy, (304535), Central Line
 BRISTOL, Dingwalls, (294312), Likwid Ice/Automatic Diamini
 BRISTOL, Hippodrome, (276193), Steve Winwood
 *EDINBURGH, Playhouse, (031-557 2590), Men At Work
 *GLASGOW, Tiffanys, (041 332 0992), Big Country
 *HANLEY, Victoria Hall, (24641), Motorhead
 HARROW, Roxborough, (01-625 6544), Impact/Chaos
 HULL, Dingwalls, (20048), Toned F/Les Yeux
 LEEDS, Bar-Celona, (758622), Radiation
 *LEEDS, Warehouse, (468287), X Mal Deutschland
 *LEICESTER, Horsefair, Swinging Laurels
 *LONDON, Boulevard Theatre, Raymond's Revue Bar, Soho, (01-734 1593), Eddie And Sunshine/Mustaphas Three/Jon Punter (ex Japan producer)
 LONDON, Broadway, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-928 8412), Broadcast/Number One Sons
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), King Kleary And His Savage Mooses
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), 40 Rifles/Fictitious 4

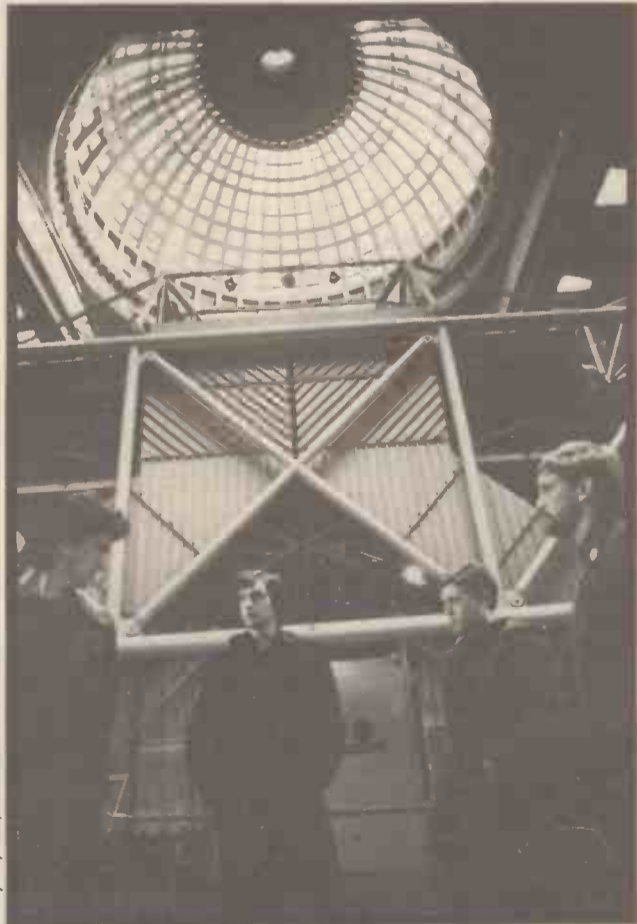
TUESDAY 5th

*AYR, Pavilion, (265489), Big Country
 BARNESLEY, Rebeccas, (43005), Daryl And The Chaperones
 BILLINGHAM, The Swan, (553157), Satan
 *BLACKPOOL, Pavilion, (25212), Soft Cell
 BRADFORD, Bensons, (728322), Starfighters
 BRADFORD, Palm Cove Club, (499895), Hunters And Collectors
 *BRISTOL, Dingwalls, (294312), X Mal Deutschland
 DERBY, Smithy's Wine Bar, Sadler Gate, X Offender
 *EDINBURGH, Playhouse, (031 557 2590), Motorhead
 GLOUCESTER, Bristol Hotel, (28232), Deviantz/3D4
 HANLEY, Vine, (274039), Seventh Plague
 HARROW, Wealdstone Football Club, (01-427 7035), Invaders
 HULL, Dingwalls, (20048), Emerald
 *ISLE OF SKYE, Gathering Hall, Portree, Echo And The Bunnymen
 KINGSTON, Dolphin, (01-546 1630), Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
 LEEDS, Bar-Celona, (758622), Radiation
 LIVERPOOL, Mr Pickwicks, (051 207 2701), Mezzoforte
 *LONDON, Ace, Brixton, (01-274 4663), Shockabilly
 LONDON, After Eleven Club, Old Queen's Head, Stockwell, (01-737 4904), Timbuktu
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), APB
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), The Zodiacs
 LONDON, Fridge, Brixton, (01-737 1477), The Europeans
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 5026), Rhythmic Itch/The Nomadiks
 *LONDON, Hammersmith Palais, (01-748 2812), Bauhaus
 *LONDON, ICA, The Mall, (01-930 6393), Gaspar Lawal/Mark Springer/Sean Oliver And Flash
 LONDON, The Jack, Brockley, The Wait
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Morrissey Mullen
 LONDON, New Merlin's Cave, Margery Street, (01-837 2097), Still Life
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Exploited
 *LONDON, Venue, Victoria, (01-828 9441), John Cale/Viva Lula
 MANCHESTER, Apollo, (061 273 1112), Steve Winwood
 NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, City Hall, (320007), Men At Work
 NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Dingwalls, (324156), Chelsea/Painted Faces
 RICHMOND, Terrace House Hotel, (2342), Straw Dogs
 SHEFFIELD, Dingwalls, (21807), Haze/March The Third
 SOUTHEND, Zero Six, (546344), Central Line
 WOLVERHAMPTON, Scruples, Sub Zero

INFO RIOT

Write to Barry Lazell, Info Riot, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

The Twilight zone



Following on from last week's mammoth coverage of the Belgian Les Disques Du Crepuscule label, a bit more info has already come in from people responding to the first mention. However, I won't collate any of it into an update until we get the (inevitable) feedback from the listing itself, which on past form is bound to offer plenty of food for print!

In the meantime, you'll remember that I intended to append a list of the releases so far on the British associate of the label, Operation Twilight, though of course there wasn't room to include it with the main listing.

- Here it is...
- OPT 001 Tuxedomoon - 'Divine' (LP)
 - OPT 002 Antena - 'The Boy From Ipanema'/'Spiral Staircase' (7")
 - OPT 003 Paul Haig - 'Running Away'/'Time' (7")
 - OPT 004-006 (not yet released)
 - OPT 007 A pack of six badges under the collective title 'The Twilight Set', and featuring Paul Haig, Antena, Pale Fountains, Lost Jockey, Tuxedomoon and Twilight Star. Available from Better Badges mail order.
 - OPT 008 (not yet released)
 - OPT 009 Pale Fountains - '(There's Always) Something On My Mind'/'Just A Girl' (7")
 - OPT 010 (not yet released)
 - OPT 011 Lost Jockey - 'Professor Slack' (3-track 10" EP)
 - OPT 012-015 (not yet released)

OPT 016 Mikado - 'Romance' (7")
 OPT 017 (not yet released)
 OPT 018 Ralph Dorper - 'Ralph Dorper's Eraserhead' (12" EP)
 OPT 019 (not yet released)
 OPT 020 French Impressionists/Thick Pigeon - (title unknown) (7")
 OPT 021-022 (not yet released)
 OPT 023 23 Skidoo - 'The Culling Is Coming' (LP)
 OPT 024 April Showers - 'City Sleeps'/'Wasn't That A Rainbow?' (7")

Most likely, not all the missing numbers will get filled, although these releases weren't all absolutely chronological, and the badge set (OPT 007) was in fact the last of the items above to hit the market. Avid Crepuscule watchers will have noted already that certain of the 7" releases in the listing above - those by Antena, Paul Haig and Pale Fountains, to be precise - have also had 12" equivalents on Crepuscule. Maybe the same also applies to the later release, but if so their Belgian numbers are still currently among our unsolved mysteries.

Incidentally, the name Operation Twilight wasn't chosen at random. As a cursory glance in my Collins Gem French/English dictionary revealed, 'Crepuscule' is actually French for twilight, dusk or gloaming(!), so the literal translation of the Belgian label's name is 'The Records Of The Twilight' - clever stuff, eh?

Geoff Muggerridge, one of the contributors to last week's missive, footnoted his letter "How about a full Factory Benelux listing? I only know of fifteen releases, but the catalogue numbers go up to 25."

He's right that this would be an appropriate point at which to do such a listing, the general interest in F-B releases being very similar to that in those of Crepuscule. Also, on checking my own files of such matters, I find that I know of twenty-two releases, but of catalogue numbers going up to only FACBN 20... which means that Geoff and I differ for a start. Definitely time to get it into print and garner a few (dozen) third party opinions, I thought. So here it is, also from Belgium but by and large available here as imports through Rough Trade and the Cartel indie distribution network, the Factory Benelux label:

- FACBN 1 A Certain Ratio - 'Shack Up'/'And Then Again (live)' (7")
- FACBN 2 Durutti Column - 'Lips That Would Kiss'/'Madeleine' (7")
- FACBN 3 Durutti Column - 'Lips That Would Kiss'/'Madeleine' (12") (Yes, these two had EXACTLY the same number, so how dealers were supposed to distinguish one from the other when ordering from the label, heaven knows)
- FACBN 3 Section 25 - 'Charnel Ground'/'Haunted' (7")

(As mentioned last week, these first three - or four(?) - F-B releases were joint issues with Les Disques Du Crepuscule, and were also numbered TWI 004, 005 and 006 respectively, just for the utter confusion of future discographers)

- FACBN 4 Crispy Ambulance - 'The Presence'/'Con Corde Square' (12")

(This release went under the overall title of 'Live On A Hot August Night')

- FACBN 5 I hesitate to say 'not released', 'cos I bet it was, but this is the only number in the

sequence I have no release details for.

- FACBN 6 Crawling Chaos - 'The Gas Chair' (LP)
- FACBN 7 Various - 'The Factory Compilation' (LP)
- FACBN 8 New Order - 'Everything's Gone Green'/'Cries And Whispers'/'Mash' (12")
- FACBN 9 Names - 'Calcutta'/'Postcards' (7") (Same number for two different formats again!)
- FACBN 9 Names - 'Calcutta'/'Postcards' (12")
- FACBN 10 Durutti Column - 'Weakness And Fever'/'Tears And Madness'/'Stains' (This went under the overall title 'Two Triangles')
- FACBN 10 Same again, but the 12" release!
- FACBN 11 Minny Pops - 'Time'/'Trance'/'Night Visit' (7")
- FACBN 12 Crispy Ambulance - 'The Plateau Phase' (LP)
- FACBN 13 Minny Pops - 'Een Kus' (flexi-single given free with the Dutch magazine *Vinyl*, edition No. 8)
- FACBN 14 Section 25 - 'The Key Of Dreams' (LP)
- FACBN 15 Minny Pops - 'Sparks In A Dark Room' (LP)
- FACBN 16 Swamp Children - 'Taste What's Rhythm' (12")
- FACBN 17 A Certain Ratio - 'Guess Who' (12")
- FACBN 18 Crispy Ambulance - 'Sexus' (12")
- FACBN 19 Stockholm Monsters - 'Miss Moonlight' (12")
- FACBN 20 52nd Street - 'Cool As Ice, Twice As Nice' (12")

I don't know the B-sides of the last five, not having seen the records, whilst any issues with catalogue numbers from 21 onwards are unknown to me. And that should be all that collectors of the label need to prompt them to take up the pen.

Harry Papadopoulos

CRISPY AMBULANCE rush to the scene of the action on Factory Benelux

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lot of things we could have done style-wise, but it would have been difficult with the people in the band to have gone new wave or something. We listen to all kinds of music. We never really followed that fashion, but we would draw from whatever was available. I listened to a lot of records and thought, like, the *Never Mind The Bollocks* album was fantastic.

"We'd all just been stumbling around for a few years finding a style, trying to develop our own sense of streamline."

Greg: "It never worried us that we were fashionable. I think not being fashionable is a real plus, because to me it implies longevity for the band... I think they couldn't categorise us, so that was the real problem. They didn't know what to do with us, so they ignored us completely, until the record started happening."

And then they called them old hippies.

Greg: "Sure I was a hippy! I think everybody who was a certain age at a certain time identified in some way with it."

Colin: "But we weren't the stereotyped hippy, the earth shoes and the kaftans and a bit stupid. We didn't take a lot of acid."

And now — in the English press at least — they're called Police impersonators.

"I thought the English press would hate us," shrugs Colin, who reckons he's been singing exactly the same way for years. "For one thing, we come from Australia... America's been remarkably good in the sense that they're definitely a lot more conservative. They tend to be supportive rather than build you up and then kind of knock you off, which the English press are very good at. You read a review by an English reviewer and it's usually really funny, but they can make a mess of some bands if they want to."

Talking of a mess, there's been some digs about their overall look onstage. Or lack of it.

"We've got," says Greg, "a random look onstage. Our look totally defies fashion. In fact, some people have gone so far as to say it's unfashionable."

"Sometimes," says Colin, "we all get to the dressing room and find we all happen to have yellow on. But that sort of thing only happens coincidentally."

Greg: "I don't think we'll ever be the sort of band to have a uniform. It's not consistent with the kind of people we are. Also, we don't play the kind of music that would suit a uniform, be it high-fashion or leather or whatever. Everyone wears what they want to wear — what's clean, actually."

Colin: "If you look at everyone onstage, you can get a lot about their personalities just from what they're wearing. We tried for a while to streamline it though. We told John he'd look great in leather pants, so we stuck him in them. He looked great, but it just wasn't him. He wore them for about two weeks and then he got his jeans back."

Greg: "You get guys who say, 'hey I've got a fantastic idea; you guys should wear overalls and construction hats!'"

Colin: "Duhhh, yeah, we never thought of that, men at work... The first photo session we ever did was at a construction site three years ago."

Greg: "Even if we don't wear construction hats, we're working; we're doing what we're doing, doing our job, whatever that entails, and there's a certain freedom in that."

A MAN'S gotta do what a Man's gotta do. Almost included women in that. At one point they were looking for a female bass player. Would have had to call it 'Persons At Work', though, "and done feminist gigs. It would have been great."

Still, their music does seem to appeal to the fairer sex. "There's a strong masculine side to the music," says Colin, "but I think there's also a strong feminine side to the band. It's not that we're writing for women, but there are songs about women. Even just the way we play it too — there's no macho posing, using the guitar as a big cock."

"There's a melody and wit to the songs," adds Greg. "Just things that are attractive. We're sensible people."

What else are they into? Colin: "Heavily into life-prolonging activity. We don't jog, don't play tennis —"

Greg: "But we try to sleep when we can. I don't think anybody in the band lives out the rock and roll fantasy. The people in the band have done a number of other things beforehand. It's not like we've come straight out of school and gone into a band complete with all the misconceptions."

What's the best bit about all the success though? "It gives everyone a kind of autonomy and credibility to do other things at some point which hopefully the band would have been really helpful in. It's like," muses Colin, "there's a certain kind of unity there. It's an unspoken one, but you do kind of feel part of something. We'll keep doing this as long as we enjoy it. I think we'll all know before anyone else does whether we're still doing something that we like."

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MEN AT WORK
From page 18

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Beached Wales

TO WHOEVER is in charge of the *Sounds* letters page — I demand that you print this letter because I am fed up with the 'arseholes to the English' attitude displayed by Steve Evans in your June 18 issue. Doesn't he (and other morons like him) remember that when Wales was given a vote on devolution a few years back, it was rejected by over 80% of Welsh people? God, you people are worse than CND, trying to inflict your minority views on everyone else.

As for *Sounds* spelling the names of Welsh bands wrong, what do you expect when they are printed in a language so ridiculous that the majority of Welsh people can't even speak it?

As for the bands themselves, well if they put as much effort into writing songs as they do into blowing up cottages, they might get somewhere. Even Omega, the best Welsh band by far (and who have the ability to wipe the floor with most of the HM crap which *Sounds* raves over every week) let themselves down by ripping off 'foreign' (ie English) bands.

If Welsh bands tried to be more original they might be worth listening to. As it is their songs are tedious, their lyrics banal and the guitar solos are only marginally less boring than those of Saxon or Iron Maiden. I hope Steve reads this and accepts it as constructive criticism because I don't think it is particularly clever to slag off bands (or adopt petty attitudes) merely to appear trendy.

If he promises not to burn my house down he can drop by sometime and I'll play him some real music — Mark, Stranded in Portdinarwic

Malicious Wounding

THE RAMBLING single mindedness of Mr Boot's letter (June 18 issue) concerning the musical merits of Nocturnal Emissions, Nurse With Wound etc has led me to believe that Mr Boot is an exceedingly nauseous and naive individual who demands his music be served up in neat little boxes, each labelled, categorised, numbered and checked!

So what went wrong? Things just don't fit in so easily these days, not like back in the early seventies, what with Can and Henry Cow inspiring all these 'pretentious art rock bands' (labelled but as yet unboxed!),

Index after index has become tangled and confused, his once perfect system has suddenly become a crumpled mess. He is outraged, he is angry, he whines and squeals about 'the seriousness', 'the lack of humour', 'the lack of musical morals of those 'po-faced, humourless and lifeless' bands who have escaped his categories, and a fit of futile mindlessness he attempts to define a 'true' music that suits all his requirements ('humour, emotion, rhythm').

He very hastily praises Henry Cow's 'Greasy Truckers' contribution which is probably one of the coldest pieces of free improvisation your average punter would ever hear, and totally devoid of any emotion or humour to boot!

Contradiction after contradiction, followed by even more rash statements turned my anger into uncontrollable laughter. Open your ears Andy. — Sylvie and Babs, Finchley.

Theatre critics

RE DAVE McCullough's article on Kabuki records, in the June 18 *Sounds*.

We would like to make it clear that we, Kabuki, THE BAND, have nothing whatsoever to do with said label of the same name.

We found it quite horrific that no mention was made of this, so as to avoid further confusion, as already there have been several misunderstandings, may we just say:

Kabuki, the art form (Japanese people theatre) deals with the visually exaggerated entertainment derived from the underlying subversive elements of life which forms the basis for Kabuki — the band. Can as much he said for the label?

Nice name though. — Max and Cub on behalf of Kabuki

LETTERS



FRANKIE FLAME: does this man look like a 'clapped out ex-art student'?

Flame is the spur

I FIND it so amusing that Frankie Flame is now being touted as the top Herbert of our times. The bloke is in fact a clapped out ex-art student. I can prove this and expose him for what he really is.

Flicking through a Uriah Heep tour programme circa 1977 — dodgy, I know — I noticed a write up on the support band, Woody Woodmansey's U-Boat, featuring Frankie Marshall on keyboards. . . now of course called Frankie Flame. In the picture of the band the idiot's got wide hairy sideboards like an old Ted, long lank hair, and looks about 90.

Even better it states that Frankie used to play gigs with the early Stones, which must make him at least the same age as Charlie Harper's dad. And get this — our lad off the streets has got a first class honours degree in art, so much for working class culture, eh? He's even had his work displayed in New York. He was a session musician for Jeff Beck, Deep Purple and Little Richard.

'Top Herbert' my arsehole, the Pope's got more to do with Oi than Frankie Flame. The geezer's been exposed as a fake, a con merchant and a bad case of band wagon jumping has been uncovered. Frankie, my son, we won't be fooled. — An amused Herbert, Manchester.



DAVID SYLVIAN: carry on Oil!

Canvassing support for Japan

I'VE BOUGHT *Sounds* regularly for many a year but I've never written in before. But I'd grateful if you would print this letter. Today I bought *Sounds* and read the review of Japan's new album 'Oil On Canvas' and was truly disgusted. The review was the most degrading garbage I've ever seen in any music paper, and bore no relation to the music on the album itself. It was simply a very childish and pathetic attempt to slag Japan.

Chris Burkhams' remarks were abusive, totally without foundation

and blatantly made without any regard to the music contained on the album. Japan are not, nor were they ever, part of the 'musical bourgeoisie'. All of the band came from working class backgrounds, and struggled for many years in Britain to gain even recognition! It was in fact *Sounds* who originally supported Japan, so why change?

To say that 'Oil On Canvas' is 'a slapdash affair' is bordering on the absurd. It illustrates that Chris Burkhams knows nothing of Japan or their music. He said that their music

was 'pop music' — how pathetic can you get, how low can you stoop? Close to Duran Duran and Kajagoogoo? Such remarks show Chris Burkhams has never seriously listened to a Japan album. Japan made real music, not trash, their last album 'Tin Drum' was a magnificent blend of Eastern and Western music, owing nothing to either David Bowie or Roxy Music. Japan have and may still make an important contribution to music.

I seriously think Chris Burkhams should be sacked for his review, it

really was gutter level journalism. Where were the musical criticisms — nowhere, just pointless criticisms of the band and what he thought they stood for.

I don't usually get annoyed by what journalists write but Burkhams went too far. *Sounds* — please review the album, choose someone capable of fair judgement, not some infantile cretin who is not fit to walk upon the same planet as any member of Japan or the rest of the human race. — Simon Duckett, Earby, Lancs.



FISH: metal excess

The heavy mob

I AM writing this letter to you because I don't know the address of MRIB, the company that compiles your (ahem) 'Heavy Metal' charts.

Basically, I wonder if the MRIB understand the term 'Heavy Metal'? Granted if you glance through the HM chart you can pick out the true 'Heavy Metal Heroes' (excuse the cliché!) with great ease: bands like Motorhead, Iron Maiden, Samson, Twisted 'Fookin' Sister, Accept, Judas Priest, et al. But stuck in-between these bands you see names like Toto, Marillion, the Tubes, Styx, Rush etc. I mean, there is no way that any of these bands are Heavy Metal!

OK, I can understand the predicament that MRIB have put themselves in. They obviously have great difficulty in finding 30 HM albums (or 20 HM singles) to fill their chart, so they just pick out some of the better selling 'rock' singles/albums to fill in the gaps.

So, therefore, dear MRIB, may I suggest that you search harder for more HM records for your chart? Either that, or change the title of this chart to

'Rock' (even then, you'd probably still have the likes of Bonnie Tyler in your chart!) You can't win, can you? — R.B.Y., Edinburgh.

PS: Kate Bush has got much nicer tits than Judie Tzuke!

(Not) part of the Union

SO THE bloody Musicians Union strikes again. Initially it's there to safeguard the interest of the muso, but lo and behold it tries to ban the synth and now the silly bastards ban the magnificent Juluka from appearing on TV. Surely of all the bands in the world they're one to approve of! They deserve all the attention they can get; they've fought bureaucracy and an ultra-racist government and are winning. It takes guts, nerve and determination to make that kind of stand. They have and the music is great as well.

It seems the MU is now on a par with the South African government in terms of policies. It's become a stupid organisation, outspoken, outdated and out of touch with the real world of here and now. We all know what era they all come from man, and when they got their act together, man.

How can they ban Juluka? I'd like to meet the man who made the ban, I'd stuff a zulu spear so far down his throat it would come out of his arse and shewer him to the ground. — The Holy Church Of Venom, Edmonton Coven.

Crisis? What Crisis?

I THINK it fair to point out to the bloated egos of the *Sounds* staff that many people only buy the paper for the tour and record news and consequently take little or no notice of the laughably biased reviews. I am one such person — mildly irked by the consistently dire standard of journalism, but not annoyed enough to have to put pen to paper.

However, this time you've gone too far:

Question — has any of the *Sounds* staff ever listened to a Mike Oldfield album since the 10 year old 'Tubular Bells'? It

would appear not. In 1982 he released his finest album to date, namely 'Five Miles Out', yet all you could manage was a paltry few lines with the obligatory slagging off. Now, three weeks after the release of 'Cries', we're treated to an almost identical review of an extremely different album. Be honest, did you give either album a listen?

Mike Oldfield's music grows in depth, power and variety with each album and the use of such diverse vocalists as Roger Chapman and Jon Anderson is typical of his approach to each separate piece of music. The reason Mike doesn't bother including bum notes or Millions Of Dead Cops is because he, like his fans, has an unfashionable appreciation of talent and musicianship.

Finally, saying that an Oldfield album is 'the musical equivalent to voting Tory' is blind arrogant bigotry as shown by Mr John Opposition — Bob Hawkins, Notts.

Blood and guts

TO ALL *Sounds*' punk readers. I ask you, how can the Blood make the front page of *Sounds*? One poxy single under their belt and Bushell thinks they're amazing. Their names surely make everyone spew, fancy calling themselves 'J.J. Bedsores' and 'Cardinal Jesus Hate'!

They freely slag off true punk bands like GBH and the Exploited, and although the Anti Nowhere League may be claimed to be posers by some they still pull a bigger punk audience than the Blood will if they play until they're 90.

They reckon if they released a single on No Future that is fast 'n' loud they will get a punk audience, but take a look closely at these dubious characters. Did I hear someone whisper 'plastic', or are they simply a bunch of shits trying to make money out of the reputation of No Future Records? Ignore these false cretins and support true punks like the Abrasive Wheels, One Way System, Discharge, UK Subs, Defects, GBH and Subhumans. — Phil Bell, Burgess Hill, West Sussex.



TV AT THE controls: time to stand down?

Gunning for Tommy

IT'S ANNOYING, all this controversy about Tommy Vance vs. Alan Robson as top disc jockey — I think you should publish this letter to state the truth.

Firstly Tommy Vance is a national station DJ, so if he is given a rock show it is obvious that he and he alone will win the Readers' Poll year after year. He is also involved heavily in advertising, the Top 30, *Top Of The Pops* — so by all accounts he's made it, he's now in that nice jolly clique known as the BBC — the establishment. What does he do for us — the people who really love rock?

Well up in the North East and further afield Alan Robson is a cult figure — he is the funniest DJ I've heard since Kenny Everett sold out. It's easy for you people to take the piss, but you must know what independent radio stations are like. All you get is middle of the road tracks — the heaviest being Kajagoogoo. Well Alan has taken a two hour rock show and has made it into a four hour rock show — this is a major victory for him and us. Vance hasn't done much to further the boundaries.

Alan's other show 'Bridges' is quite simply the best radio programme in the

country. Fish from Marillion said that too, and many top stars say the same thing. David Coverdale said that Alan was the most professional DJ he's met and recently Tony Freeman from Safari Records, once Deep Purple's manager, was singing his praises in a Hi Fi magazine. Christ, he should know.

So don't pre-judge Robson — just because in other parts of the country you're not lucky enough to have heard him yet. This guy has raised a fortune for charities, takes handicapped kids to meet AC/DC, he gets his listeners autographs, backstage passes, tickets, records, etc.

I met him once when he was compering the Police gig at Gateshead stadium and he is a real nice guy.

So for God's sake *Sounds*, as a top rock paper support this sort of guy — we hear enough about the establishment, surely we must also pay our dues to the new breed. Alan Robson will make it big, of that there is no doubt — but until then we're looking after him, while we're lucky enough to have him all to ourselves. Keep the Faith. — Jake and the hot'n'heavy Army, Blyth.

MEMORY BANK

- Sunday July 3**
 1946 Birthday of Matthew Fisher, formerly of Procol Harum, in Croydon, Surrey.
 1950 Birthday of Jona Lewie, in Southampton, Hants.
 1969 Rock bands — including Jethro Tull, Blood Sweat And Tears, Johnny Winter, James Brown, John Mayall, Ten Years After and Zappa And The Mothers — played at the Newport Jazz Festival for the first time ever.
- 1969 Death of Brian Jones, shortly after leaving the Stones. He drowned in his own swimming pool.
 1971 Death of Jim Morrison of the Doors, in Paris. He died of a heart attack in his bath — officially — though there have been disputes about cause of death (and even those who believe he didn't die at all, but went to ground in Africa!)
 1973 David Bowie announced his impending retirement, from the

- stage of the Hammersmith Odeon.
 1976 Brian Wilson was reunited on stage with the Beach Boys at Anaheim Stadium, California. It was his first live appearance with the band for more than a decade.

- Monday July 4**
 1900 Birthday of Louis Armstrong, one of the fathers of jazz, in New Orleans.
 1938 Birthday of Bill Withers, in Slab Fork, West Virginia.
 1952 For the first time ever, a British record — 'Auf Weideseh'n Sweetheart' by Vera Lynn — topped the American singles chart. It wasn't to happen again for ten years.
 1971 Death of Donald McPherson, lead singer of soul group the Main Ingredient, of leukemia.
 1976 The Ramones played their UK debut, with the Flamin' Groovies at the Roundhouse, London.
 1978 The Vibrators fragmented, leaving only two members to keep the band name going.
 1980 The 4-BE-2's marked US Independence Day by playing on the back of a lorry outside the American Embassy in London.

- Tuesday July 5**
 1920 Birthday of Smiley Lewis, one of the first stars of R&B and the original recorder of 'I Hear You Knockin'', in Union, Louisiana.
 1943 Birthday of Robbie Robertson of the Band, in Toronto, Canada.
 1954 Elvis Presley made his first commercial recording, 'That's All Right Mama', with Scotty Moore and Bill Black in Sam Phillips' Sun Records studio in Memphis, Tennessee.
 1969 The Rolling Stones played a free concert in Hyde Park, London, to an estimated audience approaching half a million. Jagger read some poetry from Shelley as a tribute to Brian Jones.
 1978 Complaints from Lucille Ball and Raquel Welch about their being among the featured females on the Stones' 'Some Girls' album sleeve, caused production to be halted and some alterations made.

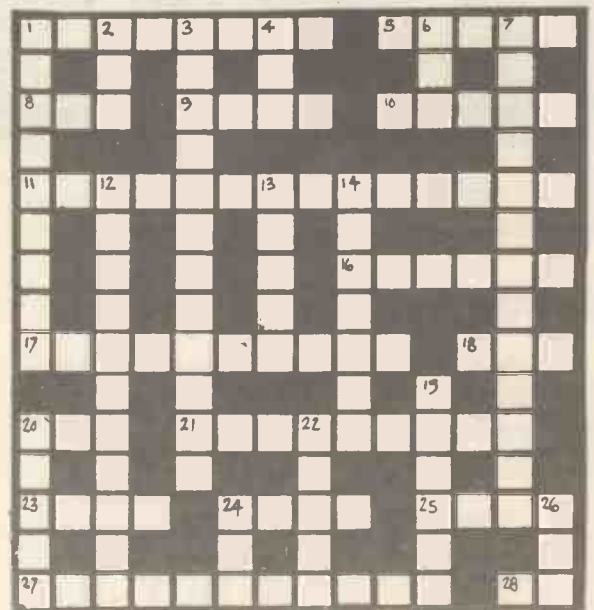
- Wednesday July 6**
 1925 Birthday of Bill Haley, in

- Highland Park, Michigan.
 1937 Birthday of Gene Chandler, the 'Duke Of Earl' and a long-time soul hitmaker, in Chicago.
 1959 Birthday of John Kemble of Spandau Ballet, in London.
 1964 The Royal Premiere in London of the first Beatles film 'A Hard Day's Night'.
 1971 Death of Louis Armstrong, of heart and lung disease, in New Orleans.
 1973 EMI released Queen's first single, 'Keep Yourself Alive'.
- Thursday July 7**
 1940 Birthday of Ringo Starr (Richard Starkey), in Liverpool.
 1952 Birthday of Lynval Golding of Fun Boy Three, in St Catherine, Jamaica.
 1968 The original Yardbirds broke up, leaving their name in the care of Jimmy Page, who put together the 'New Yardbirds' to fulfil contractual obligations for gigs. They then renamed themselves Led Zeppelin.
 1975 Keith Richards was arrested in Arkansas for reckless driving and possession of a knife.

- Friday July 8**
 1908 Birthday of Louis Jordan, R&B and jump blues king of the late 1940s, in Brinkley, Arkansas.
 1969 Marianne Faithfull overdosed while in Australia to work on the film 'Ned Kelly' with Mick Jagger. Her role was taken by another actress as she recovered in a Sydney hospital.
 1972 Lou Reed joined David Bowie on stage during the encore of a 'Save The Whale' benefit concert at the Royal Festival Hall, London.
 1977 The high street multiple stores agreed to sell the Sex Pistols' 'Pretty Vacant' in their record departments, after having banned 'God Save The Queen'.
- 1980 Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys ran for mayor of San Francisco. He lost.

- Saturday July 9**
 1929 Birthday of Lee Hazlewood, mentor of Duane Eddy and later Nancy Sinatra, in Mannford, Oklahoma.
 1946 Birthday of Mitch Mitchell, drummer of the Jimi Hendrix Experience, in London.
 1955 Bill Haley And The Comets topped the US charts with 'Rock Around The Clock'.
 1976 Uriah Heep sacked their lead singer David Byron.
 1979 A bouncer at a Cardiff theatre was given three months inside after assaulting Slade's Noddy Holder and breaking his nose.

BARRY LAZELL



ACROSS

1. Have they time to take Advantage? (5.1.1.7)
5. Crimson King Robert (5)
8. They've time to rock (1.1.1)
9. Lennon saw her sparkle in the sky (4)
10. Gray, the original in crowd man (5)
11. How Hawkwind might begin two stories (5.4.1.4)
16. Strangled birds (6)
17. He made contact with 8 (4.6)
18. Steely Fogelberg (3)
20. They had a look of love (1.1.1)
21. Venue for a banker, a fireman, Fab 4, pretty nurse etc (5.4)
23. What Marley's group might do (4)
24. Heyward added one to it (4)
25. These solitary ones fired on all six (4)
27. He looks for reggae's promised land (6.5)
28. Guitarist from the borderline (2)

DOWN

1. 5...4...3...2...1...Rush have lift-off (9)
2. Mrs Lennon (3)
3. It made pretty patterns for Siouxsie (12)
4. Dept S searched for him (3)
6. Venue for S.L. Bon (3)
7. One who felt Virginia was rather plain (4.9)
12. A sort of hunch that Spandau Ballet might hit the big time (11)
13. Quo's plane (5)
14. ...and Genesis' cryme (7)
19. H.M. strongmen? (6)
20. They helped 27 across in his quest (5)
22. When will Triumph surrender? (5)
24. Paul, the pioneer of the electric guitar (3)
26. Shaft of light for Kinky Davies (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

- ACROSS: 1. Reach The Beach 8. Tim 9. Future 10. Pyromania 12. ELP 13. Eliminator 14. Fat 16. Boz 17. Complex 19. Godley And Creme 21. NY 22. Stevie 23. Slow
 DOWN: 1. REO Speedwagon 2. Asher 3. Hot 4. Human 5. Buffalo Soldier 6. Anthem 7. Hard Place 11. Maisonette 15. Sparks 18. Ade 20. Moon

LIFE & HOW TO LIVE IT No. 89 By the Reckless Pen



Secrets — HAVE TIPS. HAVE LOTS OF LITTLE ONES ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE AND KEEP THEM TO YOURSELF BUT MAKE SURE IT'S KNOWN YOU'VE GOT THEM. TO HAVE A SECRET IS TO DEPRIVE SOMEONE ELSE OF AN ADVANTAGE. SO THE MORE SECRETS YOU HAVE THE MORE YOU ARE DEPRIVING THEM OF WORKING KNOWLEDGE. THIS EN- GENDERS FEAR, JEALOUSY AND PARANOIA IN THE DEPRIVED WHICH PUTS YOU IN A POSITION OF POWER AND SUPERIORITY. THUS, TO SECURE THE SERVICES OF SOMEONE, LET THEM INTO A SECRET AND THEY WILL FEEL BEHOLDEN TO YOU. HAVING SECRETS MAKES YOU APPEAR KNOWLEDGEABLE AND TRUST- WORTHY WHICH ENCOURAGES PEOPLE TO TELL YOU THEIR SECRETS WHICH YOU CAN THEN USE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE. HOWEVER, AVOID THE BIG SECRETS. THE ONES WHICH CAN TOPPLE GOVERNMENTS OR RUIN MULTI-NATIONAL CORPORATIONS AS YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF TAKING A WALK TO THE CANAL ONE FREEZING NIGHT IN A PAIR OF GOOD CLOTHES SUPERS AND A CHAINMAIL BATHROBE. DON'T TRUST YOUR SKELETONS TO A CUPBOARD; KEEP THEM IN A NUMBERED BOXES BASKET AND FORGET THE NUMBER. (UNTIL YOU'VE READ CARD NO. 84 — 'BLACKMAIL')

CHART ATTACK



TOM ROBINSON back in the charts after a long absence with 'War Baby'

HEAVY METAL

SINGLES

- 1 3 GARDEN PARTY, Marillion, EMI
- 2 2 SEND ME AN ANGEL, Blackfoot, Atco
- 3 4 GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN', ZZ Top, Warner Brothers
- 4 9 I WON'T HOLD YOU BACK, Toto, CBS
- 5 1 THE KIDS ARE BACK, Twisted Sister, Atlantic
- 6 6 SHE'S A BEAUTY, Tubes, Capitol
- 7 7 LONELY NIGHTS, Uriah Heep, Bronze
- 8 — MALIBU BEACH, Hanoi Rocks, Licks
- 9 12 DON'T LET IT END, Styx, A&M
- 10 5 I GOT MINE, Motorhead, Bronze
- 11 8 GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE, Grand Prix, Chrysalis
- 12 11 FLIGHT OF ICARUS, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 13 10 COUNTDOWN/NEW WORLD MAN, Rush, Mercury
- 14 17 TYRANT, Judas Priest, Gull
- 15 — WE BECAME ONE, Fastway, CBS
- 16 14 RIDIN' HIGH, Persian Risk, Neat



- 17 19 DIE HARD, Venom Neat
- 18 — THE OTHER SIDE, Stampede, Polydor
- 19 — ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK, Geddes Axe, Bullet
- 20 15 CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, Kiss, Casablanca

ALBUMS

- 1 1 HOLY DIVER, Ronnie James Dio, Vertigo
- 2 6 FORGED IN FIRE, Anvil, Attic
- 3 8 ELIMINATOR, ZZ Top, Warner Brothers
- 4 5 SAMURAI, Grand Prix, Chrysalis
- 5 3 ANOTHER PERFECT DAY, Motorhead, Bronze
- 6 4 SIOGO, Blackfoot, Atco
- 7 2 PIECE OF MIND, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 8 21 HEAD FIRST, Uriah Heep, Bronze
- 9 7 UNDER THE BLADE, Twisted Sister, Secret
- 10 15 HURRICANE TOWN, Stampede, Polydor
- 11 10 THE ELEVENTH HOUR, Magnum, Jet
- 12 9 BACK TO MYSTERY CITY, Hanoi Rocks, Lick
- 13 17 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR, Marillion, EMI
- 14 — KEEP IT UP, Loverboy, Columbia import
- 15 11 MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND, Meat Loaf, Epic/Cleveland International
- 16 13 OUTSIDE INSIDE, Tubes, Capitol
- 17 12 OCTOPUSS, Cozy Powell, Polydor
- 18 16 CAN'T STOP ROCK 'N' ROLL, Twisted Sister, Atlantic
- 19 14 TOTO IV, Toto, CBS
- 20 18 IN THE RED, Fist, A&M Import
- 21 25 NOW HEAR THIS, Hellenbach, Neat
- 22 29 KILROY WAS HERE, Styx, A&M
- 23 — THIS MEANS WAR, Tank, Music For Nations
- 24 19 CONEYHATCH, Coneyhatch, Mercury
- 25 26 THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, Thin Lizzy, Vertigo
- 26 — RATT, Ratt, Music For Nations
- 27 — QUEENSRYCHE, Queensryche, 206 Import
- 28 30 FRONTIERS, Journey, CBS
- 29 22 RESTLESS AND WILD, Accept, HM Worldwide
- 30 — MODERN MEDICINE, Doc Holiday, A&M Import

IMPORTS

- 1 KEEP IT UP, Loverboy, Columbia
- 2 IN THE RED, Fist, A&M
- 3 QUEENSRYCHE, Queensryche, 206
- 4 MODERN MEDICINE, Doc Holliday A&M
- 5 MICHAEL BOLTON, Michael Bolton, Columbia
- 6 US METAL VOL. III, Various, Shrapnel
- 7 PRAY FOR METAL, Axewitch, Axe
- 8 ARCANGEL, Arcangel, Portrait
- 9 IN THE RAW, Rods, Shrapnel
- 10 OUT FOR BLOOD, Lita Ford, Mercury

Compiled by MRIB

PUNK

SINGLES

- 1 1 SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS, Crass, Crass
- 2 3 LET THE VULTURES FLY, Icon Ad, Radical Change
- 3 2 EVOLUTION, Subhumans, Blurg
- 4 6 BAD NEWS, Hit Parade, Crass
- 5 24 JAILHOUSE ROCK, Abrasive Wheels, Clay
- 6 — DEFENCE OF THE REALM, Anti-System, Paragon
- 7 4 CAPITALISM IS CANNIBALISM, Anthrax, Crass
- 8 11 NO FIGHTING, NO WAR, Lost Cherries, Riot
- 9 7 BECAUSE THIS FUCKING WORLD STINKS, Fartz, Alternative Tentacles
- 10 5 CATCH 23, G.B.H., Clay
- 11 13 HANGOVER, Serious Drinking, Upright
- 12 — THE WHEEL, Spear Of Destiny, Epic
- 13 10 BAD BOY, Adicts, Razor
- 14 8 SOLIDARITY OVER ALL, Angelic Upstarts, Anagram
- 15 9 TELECOMMUNICATION, Blitz, Future
- 16 12 ANIMALS IN LIPSTICK, Blitzkrieg, IKF
- 17 — LAST RITES, Enemy, Fall Out
- 18 21 RIOT, Active Quiet
- 19 22 GUILTY, Vibrators, Anagram
- 20 14 ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH, Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Trapper
- 21 16 NEVER TRUST A FRIEND, Chaotic Discord, Riot City
- 22 25 FAT MAN, Southern Death Cult, Situation 2
- 23 15 LOVE UNDER WILL, Blood And Roses, Kamera
- 24 17 FIGHT TO WIN, Major Accident, Flickknife
- 25 18 IN NOMINE PATRI, Alternative, Crass
- 26 20 MEGALOMANIA (EP), Blood, No Future
- 27 23 PEOPLE (EP), Action Pact, Fall Out
- 28 19 ANGRY SONGS, Omega Tribe, Crass
- 29 28 FORCES OF THE LAW, Destructors, Illuminated
- 30 30 GARY GILMORE'S EYES, Advert, Bright

ALBUMS

- 1 1 YES SIR I WILL, Crass, Crass
- 2 — OFF THE BONE, Cramps, Illegal
- 3 2 MERCURY THEATRE — ON THE AIR, Action Pact, Fall Out
- 4 6 ZOMBIES, Attak No Future
- 5 3 PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOLUME III, Various, Anagram
- 6 — THE SOUTHERN DEATH CULT, Southern Death Cult, Beggars Banquet
- 7 4 A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION, UK Decay, UK Decay cassette
- 8 8 WE'VE GOT THE POWER, Red Alert, No Future
- 9 5 SECOND EMPIRE JUSTICE, Blitz, Future
- 10 9 THE DAY THE COUNTRY DIED, Subhumans, Blurg
- 11 7 HOME KILLED MEAT, Fall Out, Fall Out
- 12 16 THE GUILTY HAVE NO PRIDE, Death In June, New Europeans
- 13 10 GRAPES OF WRATH, Spear Of Destiny, Epic
- 14 11 A TOUCH OF CLASS, Ejected, Riot City
- 15 14 THE 4Ps, Dead Man's Shadow, Expulsion
- 16 12 IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO, Conflict, Corpus Christi
- 17 13 LET THE TRIBE INCREASE, Mob, Mob
- 18 18 CHRIST THE ALBUM, Crass, Crass
- 19 17 ALL SYSTEMS GO, One Way System, Anagram
- 20 15 ROCKIN' WITH THE RENEES, Gymslips, Abstract

Compiled by MRIB

SOUNDS PLAYLIST

Garry Bushell
SHOCK TROOPS, Cock Sparrer, pre-release LP tape
THE MEANING OF LIFE, Monty Python, very silly film
COMPLETE WORKS OF, Smokey Robinson And The Miracles, private tape

Dave Henderson
CHAINS, They Must Be Russians, First Floor Records 12"
ALCHEMY, Various, Twin Vision video cassette
WARSZAWA, Holy Toy, Uniton LP

Dave McCullough
BROTHER BROTHER, Kane Gang, Kitchenware pre-release
BLASTING AND BOMBARDIERING, Wyndam Lewis, Thirties classic
CHARTING THE SINGLE, Marillion, EMI bee-side

Edwin Pouncey
THING WITH A HOOK, Half Japanese, Press Records 12" EP track
THEME FROM DOCTOR DETROIT, Devo, Backstreet 45
THE PHOTOGRAPHER, Philip Glass, Epic LP

Winston Smith
THE MOLES ARE COMING, The Residents, Ralph EP track
EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE, The Police, A&M single
THE SOUTHERN DEATH CULT, Southern Death Cult, Beggars Banquet LP

Johnny Waller
DAWN ARISES, Jeanette, Survival b-side
SCREAM IN BLUE, Midnight Oil, CBS LP track
CHANNEL FIVE, TV Smith, Expulsion LP

UK SINGLES

- 1 1 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE, Police, A&M
- 2 6 BABY JANE, Rod Stewart, Warner Brothers
- 3 2 CHINA GIRL, David Bowie, EMI America
- 4 4 FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING, Irene Cara, Casablanca/Phonogram
- 5 3 BAD BOYS, Wham, Inner Vision
- 6 9 I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES, Elton John, Rocket/Phonogram
- 7 10 WAITING FOR A TRAIN, Flash And The Pan, Easy Beat/Ensign
- 8 14 WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHIN', Michael Jackson, Epic
- 9 5 NOBODY'S DIARY, Yazoo, Mute
- 10 23 WHEN WE WERE YOUNG, Bucks Fizz, RCA
- 11 11 LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME), George Benson, Warner Brothers
- 12 20 DEAD GIVEAWAY, Shalamar, Solar
- 13 8 LOVE TOWN, Booker Newberry III, Polydor/Montage
- 14 7 BUFFALO SOLDIER, Bob Marley And The Wailers, Island/Tuff Gong
- 15 15 DARK IS THE NIGHT, Shakatak, Polydor
- 16 24 GARDEN PARTY, Marillion, EMI
- 17 19 DREAM TO SLEEP, H2O, RCA
- 18 13 HANG ON NOW, Kajagoogoo, EMI
- 19 27 MOONLIGHT SHADOW, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 20 18 WE CAME TO DANCE, Ultravox, Chrysalis
- 21 40 TAKE THAT SITUATION, Nick Heyward, Arista
- 22 12 JUST GOT LUCKY, JoBoxers, RCA
- 23 44 I.O.U., Freeez, Beggars Banquet
- 24 41 CONFUSION (HITS US EVERY TIME), The Truth, Formation/WEA
- 25 58 ROCK 'N' ROLL IS KING, ELO, Jet
- 26 21 IN A BIG COUNTRY, Big Country, Mercury/Phonogram
- 27 16 PILLS AND SOAP, The Imposter, IMP/Demon
- 28 22 CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU, The Beat, Go-Fet
- 29 32 LOOKING AT MIDNIGHT, Imagination, R&B
- 30 62 WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT (THAT'S MY HOME), Paul Young, CBS
- 31 17 CANDY GIRL, New Edition, London
- 32 25 TEMPTATION, Heaven 17, B.E.F./Virgin
- 33 — COME LIVE WITH ME, Heaven 17, B.E.F./Virgin
- 34 45 IT'S OVER, The Funk Masters, Master-Funk Records
- 35 29 TRUE, Spandau Ballet, Reformation/Chrysalis
- 36 46 SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY, Donna Summer, Mercury/Phonogram
- 37 42 I WON'T HOLD YOU BACK, Toto, CBS
- 38 28 WHAT KINDA BOY YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR (GIRL), Hot Chocolate, RAK
- 39 — WAR BABY, Tom Robinson, Panic
- 40 38 JUICY FRUIT, Mtume, Epic
- 41 43 FLESH OF MY FLESH, Orange Juice, Black/Polydor
- 42 33 BRING ME CLOSER, Altered Images, Epic
- 43 36 THE HEAT IS ON, Agnetha Faltskog, Epic
- 44 31 DANCING TIGHT, Galaxy Featuring Phil Fearon, Ensign/Island
- 45 30 FEEL THE NEED IN ME, Forrest, CBS
- 46 — ALL NIGHT LONG, Mary Jane Girls, Gordy
- 47 26 MONEY GO ROUND, The Style Council, Polydor
- 48 34 OUR LIPS ARE SEALED, The Fun Boy Three, Chrysalis
- 49 47 WONDERFUL, Mari Wilson With The Wilsations, The Compact Organization
- 50 39 LET'S LIVE IT UP (Nite People), David Joseph, Island
- 51 55 IT'S SO HIGH, Matt Fretton, Chrysalis
- 52 37 THE KIDS ARE BACK, Twisted Sister, Atlantic



- 53 — I LOVE YOU, Yello, Stiff
- 54 — TANTALISE (WO WO EE YEH YEH), Jimmy The Hoover, Inner Vision
- 55 54 TRAGEDY AND MYSTERY, China Crisis, Virgin
- 56 73 DON'T LET IT END, Styx, A&M
- 57 56 TEACHER, I-Level, Virgin
- 58 — LET'S ALL GO (TO THE FIRE DANCES), Killing Joke, EG/Polydor
- 59 — HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE RAIN?, Bonnie Tyler, CBS
- 60 48 SURPRISE SURPRISE, Central Line, Mercury/Phonogram
- 61 — TRANSFER AFFECTION, A Flock Of Seagulls, Jive
- 62 — SISTER FRICTION, Haysi Fantayzee, Regard
- 63 52 THE SMILE, David Essex, Mercury/Phonogram
- 64 35 STOP AND GO, David Grant, Chrysalis
- 65 57 BLUE MONDAY, New Order, Factory
- 66 74 YOU CAN HAVE IT (TAKE MY HEART), Robert Palmer, Island
- 67 59 FORGET HIM, Billy Fury, Polydor
- 68 51 BLIND VISION, Blancmange, London
- 69 — SOME KIND OF FRIEND, Barry Manilow, Arista
- 70 — HANGING AROUND WITH THE BIG BOYS, The Bloomsbury Set, Stiletto/RCA
- 71 60 DID YOU HAVE TO LOVE ME LIKE YOU DID, The Coconuts, EMI America
- 72 72 BEAT IT, Michael Jackson, Epic
- 73 64 WALK OUT TO WINTER, Aztec Camera, Rough Trade
- 74 61 LET'S DANCE, David Bowie, EMI America
- 75 — ALL TIME HIGH, Rita Coolidge, A&M

Compiled by Gallup

UK ALBUMS

- 1 — SYNCHRONICITY, The Police, A&M
- 2 1 THRILLER, Michael Jackson, Epic
- 3 2 LET'S DANCE, David Bowie, EMI America
- 4 3 IN YOUR EYES, George Benson, Warner Brothers
- 5 11 BODY WISHES, Rod Stewart, Warner Brothers
- 6 4 TWICE AS KOOL, Kool And The Gang, De-Lite/Phonogram
- 7 12 CHART STARS, Various, K-tel
- 8 5 OIL ON CANVAS, Japan, Virgin
- 9 6 TRUE, Spandau Ballet, Reformation/Chrysalis
- 10 7 TOO LOW FOR ZERO, Elton John, Rocket/Phonogram
- 11 17 DIONNE WARWICK—THE COLLECTION, Dionne Warwick, Arista/Dione
- 12 9 CRISES, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 13 15 THE LUXURY GAP, Heaven 17, Virgin
- 14 10 WHAT IS BEAT? (THE BEST OF THE BEAT), The Beat, Go-Feet
- 15 8 PETER GABRIEL PLAYS LIVE, Peter Gabriel, Charisma/Phonogram
- 16 13 CONFRONTATION, Bob Marley And The Wailers, Island/Tuff Gong
- 17 16 FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT, Bonnie Tyler, CBS
- 18 — BITE, Altered Images, Epic
- 19 14 THE HURTING, Tears For Fears, Mercury/Phonogram
- 20 22 HOLY DIVER, Dio, Vertigo/Phonogram
- 21 18 WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, Agnetha Faltskog, Epic
- 22 21 SPEAKING IN TONGUES, Talking Heads, Sire
- 23 — STREET SOUNDS — EDITION 4, Various, Street Sounds
- 24 19 CHART ENCOUNTERS OF THE HIT KIND, Various, Ronco
- 25 20 PIECE OF MIND, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 26 24 SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS), Eurythmics, RCA
- 27 25 NIGHT DUBBING, Imagination, R&B
- 28 27 CARGO, Men At Work, Epic
- 29 23 WHITE FEATHERS, Kajagoogoo, EMI
- 30 49 IN THE GROOVE (THE 12 INCH DISCO PARTY), Various, Telstar
- 31 54 MY LIFE FOR A SONG, Placido Domingo, CBS
- 32 38 RICHARD CLAYDERMAN, Richard Clayderman, Delphine/Decca
- 33 34 THE LAUGHTER AND TEARS COLLECTION, Various, WEA
- 34 26 DUCK ROCK, Malcolm McLaren, Charisma/Phonogram
- 35 29 DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION, Cliff Richard/The London Philharmonic Orchestra, EMI
- 36 28 THE KIDS FROM "FAME" SONGS, The Kids From Fame, BBC
- 37 31 THE FINAL CUT, Pink Floyd, Harvest
- 38 73 LOVERS ONLY!, Various, Ronco
- 39 95 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR, Marillion, EMI
- 40 39 TUBULAR BELLS, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 41 30 QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK, Thompson Twins, Arista
- 42 32 POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES, New Order, Factory
- 43 40 RIO, Duran Duran, EMI
- 44 35 TOTO IV, Toto, CBS
- 45 57 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf, Cleveland International/Epic
- 46 45 MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND, Meat Loaf, Cleveland International/Epic
- 47 37 TEARDROPS, Various, Ritz
- 48 33 THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST, David Bowie, RCA International
- 49 36 UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S, Yazoo, Mute
- 50 — THE FUGITIVE, Tony Banks, Charisma/Phonogram
- 51 50 MAGICAL RING, Clannad, RCA
- 52 41 HUNKY DORY, David Bowie, RCA International
- 53 55 REFLECTIONS, Various, CBS



- 54 — OFF THE BONE, The Cramps, Illegal
- 55 71 JOURNEY THROUGH THE CLASSICS, Louis Clark/The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, K-tel
- 56 53 BUSINESS AS USUAL, Men At Work, Epic
- 57 46 HEAD FIRST, Uria Heep, Bronze
- 58 85 LOVE SONGS, Barbra Streisand, CBS
- 59 42 HELLO, I MUST BE GOING!, Phil Collins, Virgin
- 60 60 LIONEL RICHIE, Lionel Richie, Motown
- 61 59 ALADDIN SANE, David Bowie, RCA International
- 62 70 DIAMOND DOGS, David Bowie, RCA International
- 63 68 LOVE OVER GOLD, Dire Straits, Vertigo/Phonogram
- 64 51 WORKOUT, Jane Fonda, CBS
- 65 47 ANOTHER PERFECT DAY, Motorhead, Bronze
- 66 58 H₂O, Daryl Hall And John Oates, RCA
- 67 77 OFF THE WALL, Michael Jackson, Epic
- 68 72 JARREAU, Al Jarreau, WEA International
- 69 61 MARY JANE GIRLS, Mary Jane Girls, Gordy
- 70 80 QUEEN GREATEST HITS, Queen, EMI
- 71 63 GET ON UP!, Various, RCA
- 72 52 WAITING, The Fun Boy Three, Chrysalis
- 73 44 THE KIDS FROM FAME LIVE!, The Kids From Fame, BBC
- 74 89 MAGGIE, Foster And Allen, Ritz
- 75 43 THE SOUTHERN DEATH CULT, The Southern Death Cult, Beggars Banquet

Compiled by Gallup

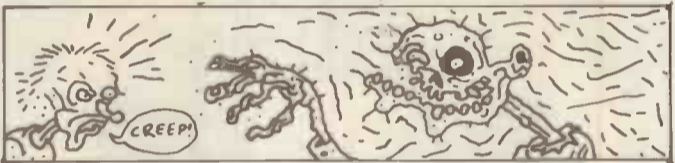
COMIX

- 1 1 X-MEN 174, Artist: Paul Smith, Marvel
- 2 5 ALPHA FLIGHT 3, John Byrne, Marvel
- 3 2 NEW MUTANTS 8, Sal Buscema, Marvel
- 4 4 FANTASTIC FOUR 259, John Byrne, Marvel
- 5 15 RONIN 2, Frank Miller, DC
- 6 — WARRIOR II, Various, Quality
- 7 8 OMEGA MEN 6, Keith Giffen, DC
- 8 — GREEN LANTERN AND GREEN ARROW, Neal Adams, DC
- 9 — JLA AND AVENGERS TEAM-UP, George Perez, Marvel And DC
- 10 17 CEREBUS 50, Dave Sim, Aardvark Vanaheim
- 11 — BATMAN ANNUAL 9, Michael Golden, DC
- 12 6 LEGION OF SUPER HEROES, Keith Giffen, DC
- 13 3 TEEN TITANS, George Perez, DC
- 14 — CLOAK AND DAGGER, Rick Leonardi, Marvel
- 15 — SWORD OF ATOM 2, Gil Kane, DC
- 16 — AMERICAN FLAGG 1, Howard Chaykin, First
- 17 — VIGILANTE 1, Keith Pollard, DC
- 18 18 CAMELOT 8, Brian Bolland, DC
- 19 16 SABLE 5, Mike Grell, First
- 20 — JOURNEY 2, Bill Leobs, Aardvark Vanaheim

Compiled by Chris Archer, Forbidden Planet, 23 Denmark St, London WC2

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 3 SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS, Crass, Crass 12/19843 (I)
- 2 1 PILLS AND SOAP, The Imposter, Demon IMP 1 (RT/IDS)
- 3 2 NOBODY'S DIARY, Yazoo, Mute YAZ 003 (SP/I)
- 4 5 WAITING FOR A TRAIN, Flash And The Pan, Easy Beat EASY 1 (IDS)
- 5 13 WORKING ON THE GROUND, Shriekback, Y Y 104 (IDS)
- 6 6 SHIPBUILDING, Robert Wyatt, Rough Trade RT 115 (RT/IDS)
- 7 11 LET THE VULTURE FLY, Icon Ad, Radical Change RC 4 (RT/I)
- 8 10 IT'S A FINE DAY, Jane, Cherry Red CHERRY 65 (P)
- 9 8 BLUE MONDAY, New Order, Factory FAC 73 (I/P)
- 10 12 HAND IN GLOVE, Smiths, Rough Trade RT 131 (RT)
- 11 7 WALK OUT TO WINTER, Aztec Camera, Rough Trade RT 132 (I/IDS)
- 12 4 EVOLUTION, Subhumans, Bluurg FISH 2 (RT/I)
- 13 9 QUAL, X Mal Deutschland, 4AD BAD 305 (I/P)
- 14 15 HE'S A REPTILE, Soft Boys, Midnight DING 4 (SO)
- 15 — WAR BABY, Tom Robinson, Panic NIC 2 (IDS)
- 16 21 LIONS IN MY GARDEN, Pre Fab Spout, Kitchen Ware SK 4 (I)
- 17 22 BITTER SWEET, New Model Army, Quiet QS 002 (J/P)
- 18 32 BIRDS FLY, Icicle Works, Situation 2 SIT 22 (I/P)
- 19 14 ALICE, Sisters Of Mercy, Merciful Release MR 015 (I)
- 20 17 CAPITALISM IS CANNIBALISM, Anthrax, Crass 321984/11 (I)
- 21 — COLOURS, Brilliant, Risk/Rough Trade RTT 105 (RT/I)
- 22 19 JET SET JUNTA, Monochrome Set, Cherry Red CHERRY 60 (P)
- 23 16 BURNING SKIES, Tones On Tail, Situation 2 SIT 21 (I/P)
- 24 31 BAD SEED (EP), Birthday Party, 4AD BAD 301 (I/P)
- 25 18 SCREAMING, Gene Loves Jezebel, Situation 2 SIT 20 (I/P)
- 26 28 PENELOPE TREE, Felt, Cherry Red CHERRY 59 (P)
- 27 35 ROCKALL, Mezzoforte, Steiner STE 710 (P)
- 28 27 BANDWAGON TANGO, Testcard F, Whaap NCH 4 (I)
- 29 39 DARK NIGHT OF SOUL, Kamikaze Sex Pilots, Lowther International HCN 002 (BACKS/I)
- 30 24 OCTOBER LOVE SONG, Chris And Cosey, Rough Trade RT 078 (RT/I)
- 31 33 CAPITAL LETTERS, Ruefrefx, Kabuki KAR 7 (I)
- 32 20 CATCH 23, G.B.H., Clay CLAY 22 (P)
- 33 26 PEPPERMINT PIG, Cocteau Twins, 4AD AD 303 (I)
- 34 23 CROW BABY, March Violets, Rebel RB 18 (I)



- 35 38 ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH, Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Trapper EARS 1 (RT)
- 36 — ARE YOU READY, Virgin Dance, Probe Plus PP 5 (PROBE/I)
- 37 25 HANGOVER, Serious Drinking, Upright UP 5 (I/SO)
- 38 — I GET ALONG VERY WELL WITHOUT YOU, Durutti Column, Factory FAC 64 (RT)
- 39 30 ANGRY SONGS, Omega Tribe, Crass 221984/10 (I)
- 40 36 ANACONDA, Sisters Of Mercy, Merciful Release MR 019 (I)
- 41 37 BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD, Bauhaus, Small Wonder WEENY 2 (I)
- 42 29 BAD BOYS, Adicts, Razor RZS 104 (I/IDS)
- 43 46 KINKY BOOTS, Patrick Macnee and Honor Lackman, Cherry Red CHERRY 62 (P)
- 44 43 BEWARE, Sleeping Dogs, Crass Crass 221984/11 (I)
- 45 40 TELECOMMUNICATION, Blitz, Future FS 3 (I/P)
- 46 34 OLD STYLE DROP DOWN, Box, Go! Discs VFM 2 (I/P)
- 47 41 ANIMALS IN LIPSTICK, Blitzkrieg, Sexual Photograph SPH 3 (I)
- 48 50 BECAUSE THIS FUCKING WORLD STINKS, Fartz, Alternative Tentacles VIRUS 21 (RT/I)
- 49 — JAILHOUSE ROCK, Abrasive Wheels, Clay
- 50 — MALIBU BEACH, Hanoi Rocks, Lick LIX 1 (IDS)

Compiled by MRIB

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 YES SIR I WILL, Crass, Crass 121984/2 (I)
- 2 2 POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES, New Order, Factory FAC 75 (RT/P)
- 3 3 HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN, Aztec Camera, Rough Trade ROUGH 47 (I/IDS)
- 4 7 FETISCH, X Mal Deutschland, 4AD BAD 302 (I/P)
- 5 4 NOTHING CAN STOP US, Robert Wyatt, Rough Trade. ROUGH 35 (RT)
- 6 18 HAND OF KINDNESS, Richard Thompson, Hannibal HMBLP 1313 (RT)
- 7 5 MERCURY THEATRE ON THE AIR, Action Pact, Fall Out FALL LP 013 (J/I)
- 8 — OFF THE BONE, Cramps, Illegal ILPO 45 (P)
- 9 8 MACHINE, 1919, Red Rhino, REDLP 25 (I)
- 10 6 VOLUME! BRILLIANCE! CONTRAST!, Monochrome Set, Cherry Red M RED 47 (P)
- 11 15 A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION, UK Decay, UK Decay DK 6 (I)
- 12 12 SECOND EMPIRE JUSTICE, Blitz, Future FL 1 (I/P)
- 13 9 PILLOWS AND PRAYERS, Various, Cherry Red Z RED 41 (P)
- 14 21 THE GRIND, Will Sergeant, 92 Happy Customers HAP LP 001 (RT)
- 15 13 STOP THAT TRAIN, Clint Eastwood And General Saint, Greensleeves GREL 52 (P)
- 16 10 THE WHIP, Various, Kamera KAM 014 (SO)
- 17 14 PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOLUME III, Various, Anagram GRAM 005 (P)
- 18 11 HOME KILLED MEAT, Fall Out, Fall Out F3 LP 1 (I)
- 19 17 THE FIRST FLOWER, Play Dead, Jungle FREUD 3 (I/J)
- 20 — DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES, Dream Syndicate, Rough Trade ROUGH 53 (RT/I)
- 21 16 BEGINNING OF THE END, Wasted Youth, Bridgehouse BHLP 007 (P)
- 22 25 UNREHEARSED WRONGS, Disruptors, Radical Change RCLP 1 (RT/I)
- 23 29 THE GUILTY HAVE NO PRIDE, Death In June, New European BAD VC 3 (RT/I)
- 24 28 ZOMBIES, Attak, No Future PUNK 6 (I/P)
- 25 19 ENGINE SHADOW, Moodists, Red Flame RFM 21 (RT)
- 26 — PERFECT STRANGERS, Eddie And Sunshine, Survival SURLP 006 (P)
- 27 — WHO SAYS SO, Dif Juz, Red Flam RFM 24 (RT/I)
- 28 20 1981-1982 MINI LP, New Order, Factory FEP 313 (RT/P)
- 29 24 SEDUCTION, Danse Society, Society SOC 882 (I)
- 30 22 BACK TO MYSTERY CITY, Hanoi Rocks, Lick LICLP 1 (IDS)

Compiled by MRIB

AMERICAN ALBUMS

- 1 2 FLASHDANCE, Soundtrack, Polygram
- 2 1 THRILLER, Michael Jackson, Epic
- 3 4 PYROMANIA, Def Leppard, Polygram
- 4 5 LET'S DANCE, David Bowie, EMI America
- 5 3 CARGO, Men At Work, Columbia
- 6 6 FRONTIERS, Journey, Columbia
- 7 7 H₂O, Daryl Hall And John Oates, RCA
- 8 9 CUTS LIKE A KNIFE, Bryan Adams, A&M
- 9 8 KILROY WAS HERE, Styx, A&M
- 10 10 1999, Prince, Warner Brothers
- 11 11 LIONEL RICHIE, Lionel Richie, Motown
- 12 12 LIVING IN OZ, Rick Springfield, RCA
- 13 13 THE GOLDEN AGE OF WIRELESS, Thomas Dolby, Capitol
- 14 14 KISSING TO BE CLEVER, Culture Club, Virgin
- 15 16 KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE, Eddy Grant, Epic
- 16 18 ELIMINATOR, Z Z Top, Warner Brothers
- 17 17 WAR, U2, Island
- 18 15 JARREAU, Al Jarreau, Warner Brothers
- 19 19 OUTSIDE/INSIDE, The Tubes, Capitol
- 20 20 BUSINESS AS USUAL, Men At Work, Columbia
- 21 28 BETWEEN THE SHEETS, The Isley Brothers, Epic
- 22 22 THE CLOSER YOU GET, Alabama, RCA
- 23 23 LISTEN, A Flock of Seagulls, Jive
- 24 — ALL THIS LOVE, Debarge, Motown
- 25 25 WE ARE ONE, Maze, Capitol
- 26 26 HEAD HUNTER, Krokus, Arista
- 27 33 RETURN OF THE JEDI, Soundtrack, Polygram
- 28 30 JUICY FRUIT, Mtume, Epic
- 29 29 WHAMMY, B 52's, Warner Bros
- 30 25 PIECE OF MIND, Iron Maiden, Capitol

Compiled by Billboard

AMERICAN SINGLES

- 1 1 FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING, Irene Cara, Polygram
- 2 2 TIME, Culture Club, Virgin
- 3 4 ELECTRIC AVENUE, Eddy Grant, Epic
- 4 14 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE, The Police, A&M
- 5 3 LET'S DANCE, David Bowie, EMI America
- 6 10 FAMILY MAN, Daryl Hall And John Oates, RCA
- 7 7 DON'T LET IT END, Styx, A&M
- 8 13 NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO, Sergio Mendes, A&M
- 9 9 AFFAIR OF THE HEART, Rick Springfield, RCA
- 10 15 TOO SHY, KajaGooGoo, EMI America
- 11 11 BEAT IT, Michael Jackson, Epic
- 12 12 FAITHFULLY, Journey, Columbia
- 13 8 ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME, Naked Eyes, EMI America
- 14 16 SHE'S A BEAUTY, The Tubes, Capitol
- 15 17 WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHING, Michael Jackson, Epic
- 16 18 I'M STILL STANDING, Elton John, Warner Brothers



- 17 19 COME DANCING, The Kinks, Arista
- 18 5 OVERKILL, Men At Work, Columbia
- 19 21 OUR HOUSE, Madness, Warner Brothers
- 20 6 MY LOVE, Lionel Richie, Motown
- 21 25 ALL THIS LOVE, Debarge, Motown
- 22 22 WE TWO, Little River Band, Capitol
- 23 23 TRY AGAIN, Champaign, Columbia
- 24 24 THE WOMAN IN YOU, The Bee Gees, Polygram
- 25 32 IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW, Duran Duran, Capitol
- 26 27 BABY JANE, Rod Stewart, Warner Bros
- 27 36 STAND BACK, Stevie Nicks, Atco
- 28 28 THAT'S LOVE, Jim Capaldi, Atlantic
- 29 30 WISHING, A Flock of Seagulls, Arista
- 30 34 SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY, Donna Summer, Polygram

Compiled by Billboard

REGGAE

PRE-RELEASE 45

- 1 FOLLY RANKIN, Triston Palma, Power House
- 2 ROOTS GIRL, Little John, Power House
- 3 WATER PUMPEE, Tony Tuff, Volcano
- 4 MY LOVE, Dennis Brown, Yvonne's Special
- 5 FEEL LIKE JUMPING, Marcia Griffiths, Studio 1
- 6 MAKE YOU MY WIFE, Little John, Sonic Sounds
- 7 YOU MAKE ME FEEL BRAND NEW, George Nooks, Truth And Rights
- 8 STEWED PEAS, Chalice, Pipe Music
- 9 HAVE WORK TO DO, Little John, Black Roots
- 10 DREADFUL DAY, Barry Brown, Hitbound

DISCO 45

- 1 BUFFALO SOLDIER, Bob Marley And The Wailers, Island
- 2 POLICE IN HELICOPTER, John Holt, Greensleeves
- 3 RESERVATION FOR TWO, Lloyd Parkes, Intense
- 4 ONE MORE RUB A DUB, Johnny Osbourne, Tads
- 5 SENSIMILIA, Yellow Man, Hawkkeye
- 6 ALL KINDA PEOPLE/LAST DANCE, Al Campbell, Greensleeves
- 7 I LIKE IT LIKE THAT, Dennis Brown, Yvonne's Special
- 8 PROMISED LAND, Dennis Brown/Aswad, Simba
- 9 YOUR LOVE GOT A HOLD ON ME, Dennis Brown, Joe Gibbs
- 10 ROOTS ROCKING, Aswad, Simba

ALBUMS

- 1 CONFRONTATION, Bob Marley And The Wailers, Island
- 2 COME ON OVER, Freddie McGregor, RAS
- 3 VERY BEST OF RUDDY THOMAS, Ruddy Thomas, Mobiliser
- 4 JUNJO PRESENTS TWO BIG SOUNDS, Various DJ's, Greensleeves
- 5 STOP THAT TRAIN, Eastwood And Saint, Greensleeves
- 6 SATISFACTION FEELING, Dennis Brown, Tads
- 7 FEELINGS, Jean Adebambo, Ade J
- 8 OUTLAW, Josie Wales, Greensleeves
- 9 DUB ME CRAZY PART III, Mad Professor, Ariwa
- 10 BABY FATHER, Lival Thompson, Greensleeves

Compiled by Jerry at Hawkkeye, 2a Cravens Park Road, Harlesden, London NW10

peter gabriel

A

B



C

D

PLAYS LIVE

A NEW DOUBLE ALBUM AND CHROME CASSETTE
PRODUCED BY PETER GABRIEL & PETER WALSH

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