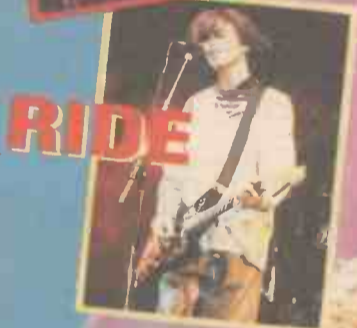


SOUNDS

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**BRITISH
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WEEKEND**
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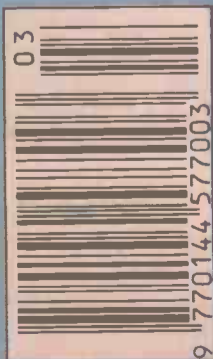
**DAVE
LEE
ROTH**
Life outside
the rock 'n'
roll circus



BACK IN THE REAL WORLD

AN AMAZING RETURN FOR THROWING MUSES

THROWING MUSES PHOTO BY STEVE DOUBLE. PWEI PHOTO BY ALASTAIR INDJGE



+ LIVE +
**ELECTRONIC
SOHO**
ROBERT PLANT

**Shakin'
off the
smell
of sick**



POP WILL EAT ITSELF

FIRST REPORTS

STEVE CLARK 1960-1991



STEVE: FORCED Leppard to play their first gig

Elliott pays tribute to "master of riffs" ● Leppard to continue

THE CAUSE of Def Leppard guitarist Steve Clark's death is still unknown – and there won't be an official verdict until the coroner's inquest, which opens on February 11.

Steve died in his sleep at his Chelsea home and was found on the morning of Tuesday January 8. He was 30.

According to police, there were no suspicious circumstances. But it is no secret that he was a heavy drinker and his death apparently followed a heavy binge.

Steve was born on April 23 1960 in Hillsborough, Sheffield. He got his first guitar at the age of eleven – a Christmas present from his parents, bought on the condition that Steve took classical guitar lessons. He studied Bach and Vivaldi while also learning hard rock licks from Led Zeppelin, Thin Lizzy and Sensational Alex Harvey Band records.

Steve joined Def Leppard in 1978 after a chance meeting with original Leppard guitarist Pete Willis in a college library while both studied a guitar effects manual. A few days later, at a Judas Priest gig at Sheffield's City Hall, Clark met Willis and Leppard vocalist Joe Elliott, who invited him to join a band rehearsal in a "grotty" room they rented in a spoon factory in Bramall Lane (home of Sheffield United).

Clark jammed with them on the Lynyrd Skynyrd standard 'Freebird', played the whole thing perfectly, and he was in. In June of 1978, Elliott remembers, "Steve threatened to leave the band about eight times" as a means of forcing Leppard from rehearsals on to stages.

"I panicked," says Elliott. "Because I knew that if Steve left, it could be the end of the

band."

Clark's ambition drove Leppard to play their first gig on July 18 1978 at Sheffield's Westfield school. Two years later, Leppard had made their debut album, 'On Through The Night', and were at the forefront of the New Wave Of British Heavy Metal.

Clark played on all four Def Leppard albums to date, contributing to virtually all the band's songs. He had been busy working on the fifth album when he died. Last week, on Channel 4's *Tonight With Jonathan Ross*, Iron Maiden vocalist Bruce Dickinson paid tribute to 'Snikker': a quiet sort of bloke, a strict vegetarian, a half-decent footballer and a great guitarist.

Joe Elliott said: "Steve was a really quiet, shy, humble, nice, gentle sort of bloke. On stage he was the business, he was very visual and very energetic – a great person to be alongside. Steve was a very creative person – he was the master of riffs and wrote some of the best we've ever done. We'll definitely miss his creative input. We were due to continue recording our new LP today, but obviously this isn't going to happen. It was a pleasure to know him for thirteen years and I'll miss him like a brother."

Cards only should be sent to Steve Clark Condolences, PO Box 1, Aylesford, Kent ME20 6XD. Fans are requested not to send flowers as there will be a memorial service at a later date and flowers would be more appropriate then.

● As *Sounds* went to press, the word was that Def Leppard would be seeking a replacement for Steve. But the band have no specific name in mind yet.

Mondays: Elland Road in May?

AS *SOUNDS* went to press news was filtering through that Happy Mondays are planning a mega one-off show at Leeds United's Elland Road stadium – probably in May. There are no other details available but it is thought that the event will feature a multi-band line-up. Watch this space.

● The Mondays' new single, expected to be out in February, will be 'Loose Fit', from the 'Pills 'N' Thrills And Bellyaches' album. The B-side is 'Bob's Yer Uncle', also from the LP. According to *Sounds*' sources, both are remixes.

● **FAITH NO MORE** release a live mini-LP through London on February 4. 'Live At The Brixton Academy' was recorded in April last year. Tracks are 'Falling To Pieces', 'The Real Thing', 'Epic', 'War Pigs', 'From Out Of Nowhere', 'We Care A Lot', 'Zombie Eaters' and 'Edge Of The World'. CD and cassette include 'The Cowboy Song' and 'The Grade'. FNM will play here later in the year.

NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN

set out on a 20-date UK tour next month starting at Bournemouth Academy on February 25 then Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 26, Cambridge Corn Exchange 28, Norwich UEA March 1, Hull Tower Ballroom 3, Liverpool University 4, Cardiff University 5, Brighton Event 6, Leicester Polytechnic 8, Coventry Polytechnic 9, Stoke Keele University 13, Sheffield Octagon 14, Leeds University 15, Nottingham Rock City April 2, Bristol Studio 3, London Kilburn National Ballroom 4, Manchester International Two 6, Birmingham Hummingbird 7 and Newcastle Mayfair 11.

DINOSAUR JR

release their new single, 'The Wagon', on WEA subsidiary Blanco Y Negro on January 21. The single was originally released by Sub Pop but this is a version remixed by J Mascis and Murph. B-side is 'The Little Baby' with two extra tracks on the 12-inch and CD, 'Pebbles And Weeds' and a version of Bowie's 'Quicksand'.

FLOWERED UP

Barry Mooncult will not after all be releasing a version of 'Wild Thing' as reported in *Sounds* in November. Flowered Up are currently recording their debut album and a new single. They have just completed a session for Mark Goodier's show on Radio 1 which will be four new songs.

CAIT O'RIORDAN

former Pogues bassist, is in the process of suing the rest of the band over alleged non-payment of royalties. Cait, who left the band in September 1986, has issued a writ in the High Court in London to recover £5,644 plus £400 interest in royalties that she claims she is owed.



THE SPACIES: CRUISING back into town

Spacemen in the city

SPACEMEN 3 release a new single on January 21 through Fire Records – their first release in 18 months. The tracks on the double A-side single are 'Big City' and 'Drive' – and the first track, apparently, is a Spacemen foray into dance music.

Main-man Sonic Boom said: "It's a hypnotic dance track, done to sum up the vibe I felt when I checked out raves after all the shit in the press. The people, the lights, the general sense of well-being that everyone's emanating to each other. Spacemen 3 have always been about the politics of life and in the '90s we can turn the world into what it should be."

The 12-inch has the original demo version of 'Big City' while the CD has demos of both tracks. The band's new LP, 'Recurring', will be released in late February, as revealed in last week's *Sounds*.

TAD

release a new 12-inch, 'Jack Pepsi', on Sub Pop Europe on January 28. It's taken from their new LP, '8-Way Santa'. Tad's new drummer is Rey Washam, ex-Rapeman.

SCIENTIST

releases the remix of his hit 'The Bee' on Kickin'/GTI records this week. There are two reworkings of the techno track.

THE KLF

will support 808 State at their Manchester G-Mex gig on March 16.

SPIN

release a new single on Foundation Records on January 21. It's called 'Let's Pretend', produced by Stephen Street.

PREACHERS PLAY MOTOWN



PREACHERS: STREET trash

THE MANIC STREET PREACHERS release their new single on the hip as hell Heavenly label on January 21. It's called 'Motown Junk' and the Welsh band, who are tipped as the new Clash, will appear on *Snub TV* on the same night. The band head out on tour next month with dates at Hull Adelphi on February 1, Sheffield

University 2, Oxford Venue 7, Dudley JB's 8, Coventry Stoker 9, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 13, Brighton Basement 14, Taunton Priory 15, Aldershot Buzz Club 16, Guildford Surrey University 17 and Nottingham Trent Polytechnic 18. The Preachers told *Sounds* last week that their debut album will be a double with 30 tracks!

FIRST REPORTS

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GLASTONBURY ABANDONED!

No CNL Festival this year as Eavis pulls out



SCENES FROM last year's festival (Inset: Sinéad O'Connor wows the crowd)

THERE WILL be no Glastonbury Festival in 1991. Farmer Michael Eavis, on whose Worthy Farm the event has always been held, has decided that he will not be host to the festival again.

This follows the violence which marred the end of 1990's festival, which starred The Cure, Happy Mondays, Sinéad O'Connor and a host of others. There had been trouble throughout the weekend, caused by so-called travellers, camped on the site despite the fact that few of them had tickets for the actual festival. People attending the festival were being harassed and beaten up, drugs were openly on sale and, allegedly, equipment was stolen. But despite these problems, last year's festival had a record audience. It has regularly attracted between 75,000 and 100,000 punters.

However, Eavis at that time indicated that he was unsure as to whether he would allow another festival

to be held on his land. Last week he confirmed that he was having nothing more to do with the festival.

Eavis had said that he would not hold the festival unless the entire area was sealed off with check points to ensure that entry to the site was limited to ticket holders only. But the Wiltshire constabulary were unwilling to comply.

Last year, Eavis and CNL pressed resolutely ahead with the festival in spite of the fact that the Bright Bill, designed to combat Acid House parties and which would have left Eavis liable to massive fines for breach of his licence, looked likely to become law.

CNL said that they would not be seeking an alternative site and would not be involved with a rock festival this year. A spokesperson told *Sounds*: "It was down to Michael Eavis' organisation that the Glastonbury Festival, the largest anti-nuclear event in Europe, happened at all."

■ **EMF** release a new single called 'I Believe' on January 21, through Parlophone Records. The B-side is 'When You're Mine', which was recorded live at Clearwell Caves in Forest Of Dean. The 12-inch and CD formats include the Dean Age Rampage remix of the A-side plus an Afrika Bambaataa reworking of 'Unbelievable'. Jim Thirlwell of Foetus fame is remixing 'I Believe'. The band's debut album will be released later in the year.

■ **SWERVEDRIVER** play a one-off date at London Camden Underworld on January 25.

■ **THE BLUE AEROPLANES'** drummer John Langley has left the band for personal reasons. John, who has been in the band since 1984 and is the brother of singer Gerard, did not want a repeat of the punishing tour schedule the band were on last year. His replacement is likely to be Jazz Butcher Conspiracy skins man Paul Mulreany who is currently rehearsing with the band.

■ **THE POETS**, Denmark's greatest export since Lurpak, return to the UK to support Pop Will Eat Itself on the dates announced last week. The band will be releasing an EP entitled 'Subversive' culled from their eponymous debut LP.

■ **WIRE** guitarist Bruce Gilbert releases his third solo LP on Mute records next week. Entitled 'Insiding', it contains two long pieces. The first, 'Bloodlines', was commissioned for the Royal Ballet for their wig-out of the same name. The second side is excerpts from the 1989 film *Savage Water*.

■ **DONNY OSMOND**, '70s cult hard rocker (shum mistake shurely? -Ed) plays his first UK gig in over two years at London Charing Cross Road Marquee (yes, that's right!) on January 29. This coincides with the Capitol release of his new single 'My Love Is As Fire'. A new album called 'Eyes Don't Lie' will be released on February 25.

■ **CHRIS ISAAK** releases a new single called 'Blue Hotel' on WEA on January 21, the follow-up to 'Wicked Game'. Isak, who appeared in the film *Married To The Mob*, has just completed filming *Silence Of The Lambs*, a thriller based on the novel by Thomas Harris. He plays a cop tracking down a serial killer who's making a suit out of women's skins.



Marcheni leaves Petrols

THAT PETROL EMOTION bassist John Marcheni has left the band. For the forthcoming dates with Iggy Pop, Franz Treichler from Swiss band The Young Gods will play bass. There is no permanent replacement in mind.

The Petrols' new single, called 'Tingle' is released on January 28. They are also releasing a joint single next month with the Membranes on Clawfish's subscription label. The Petrols will cover The Membranes' 'Everyone's Going Triple Bad Acid, Yeah!' and The Membranes cover TPE's 'Big Decision'.

● No reason has been given for John's departure but we reckon it's because he was always stuck at the back of the photos. See above (John second from left) for an example.

THROWING MUSES HIT THE ROAD

13 dates for March

THROWING MUSES have lined up a series of UK dates for March of this year, following the release on 4AD Records of their new LP 'The Real Ramona', due out that month.

The dates are at Edinburgh Calton Studios on March 1 then Glasgow Mayfair 2, Newcastle Riverside 3, Leeds Polytechnic 4, Liverpool Polytechnic 5, Manchester International One 6, Norwich Waterfront 8, Sheffield Leadmill 9, Nottingham Polytechnic 10, Bristol Bierkeller 11, Birmingham Goldwyns 12, Cambridge Junction 13 and London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 14.

These will be the band's first UK dates with new bass player Fred Abong, who replaced Leslie Langston. Their new EP 'Counting Backwards' is released next week.

● For more Muses see feature on pages 22-23



Steve Double

THE MUSES' Kristin Hersh with some counting backwards - not as easy as it looks

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FIRST REPORTS

MARQUEE SPECIAL FOR THE OZ



OZ: WELL, one does tend to "lose it" after a couple of bottles of vodka...

OZZY OSBOURNE plays a one-off charity gig at London Charing Cross Road Marquee on January 18 prior to his appearance at the Great British Music weekend on January 20. Tickets are £8.50 and go on sale on Wednesday January 16 at 10.30am. They're limited to two per person.

And prime rock nutter Ozzy has teamed up with Def American supremo Rick Rubin for his next LP. The pair have been working together with Rubin in the production chair, and the results should be released in the near future.

Of his attempted strangulation of wife Sharon, in 1989, Ozzy recently said: "It was a lot of stress

and tension and we were in the seventh year of our marriage. I never believed in the seven year itch, but something weird happened and our marriage was upside down for about a year. But it's great now!

"Everybody has rows and the thing was that I had drunk two bottles of vodka that day and I just lost it. It was the stress of the touring and she must have said something to me and the next day I woke up in the f**king jail which wasn't very pleasant."

All charges, however, were dropped after Ozzy was held on remand and went to a detoxification clinic.

SHADES OF RHYTHM have released a double A-sided single, 'Homicide' and 'The Exorcist', on ZTT. The 12-inch version has two additional tracks from the Peterborough trio, 'Out Of Bounds' and 'Winter Science'.

BILLY CURRIE, who played keyboards and viola with Ultravox, releases a new solo LP on his own Hot Food Music Label. One of the tracks also features Ultravox members Warren Cann and Chris Cross.

BLASPHEMY, who hail from Vancouver, release an album called 'Fallen Angel Of Doom' on Wild Rags Records. Blasphemy are an extreme death metal band - their line-up consists of (and, honest, we're not making this up) Nocturnal Grave Desecrator on bass and vocals, Traditional Sodomiser Of The Goddess Of Perversity on guitar, Caller Of the Storms on guitar and Black Heart Of Damnation And Impurity on drums.

MANDRAGORA, Brighton's favourite psychedelic rockers, release a new album called 'Headfirst' on Resonance Records in February. They play dates this month at Brighton Basement on January 16 then London Bethnal Green Stick Of Rock 18, London New Cross Goldsmiths College 22, Winchester Railway Inn February 9, Hastings Pig In Paradise 10 and London New Cross Amersham Arms 25.

THE DREAM ACADEMY release their new single, 'Love', on WEA on January 21. It's a John Lennon song reinterpreted by the band who had a hit with 'Life In A Northern Town'.

KING OF THE SLUMS release a new single called 'Joy' this week on Cherry Red Records.

THE THREE JOHNS, who recently released a new album, 'Eat Your Sons', play London Charing Cross Road Marquee on January 19.

THE GANG OF FOUR release a remix of 'To Hell With Poverty', a track originally released ten years ago, this week. The track was reworked by The Laylow Posse and is backed with 'Call Me Up'.

GAVIN BRYARS 'Sinking Of The Titanic' is reissued on January 28 by Les Disques Du Crepuscule. The album was originally issued on Brian Eno's Obscure label in the early '70s. Bryars is a respected musician and composer who has been compared to Steve Reich, Phillip Glass and Michael Nyman.

JIMMY SOMERVILLE releases a remixed version of Bronski Beat's first single 'Smalltown Boy' through London Records on January 21. All the proceeds from the single will be donated to the housing charity Shelter.

SLOWDIVE

play dates at Guildford Surrey University on February 6 then Brighton Richmond 7, Harlow Square 8, Canterbury Kent University 9, Norwich Arts Centre 11, Leicester Princess Charlotte 12, Leeds Duchess Of York 13, Lancaster Sugarhouse 14, Edinburgh Venue 15, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 16, Newcastle Riverside 19, Bradford University 20, Stafford Polytechnic 21, Liverpool Planet X 22, Sheffield Leadmill 23, Oxford Jericho 25 and Bristol Fleece And Firkin 27. They then support labelmates Ride on their March dates.



SLOWDIVE: ON the road

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS play a St Patrick's Day special on March 17 at London Brixton Academy. Tickets, priced £8.50, are on sale from usual agencies.

DAVE VANIAN AND THE PHANTOM CHORDS play dates at Leicester Princess Charlotte on January 21 then Leeds Duchess Of York 22 and London Charing Cross Road Borderline 23. Their debut LP will be released soon.

29 PALMS play dates at Cardiff Sam's Bar January 24 then Southampton University 26, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 27, Birmingham Barrel Organ 28, Manchester University February 2, London Highbury And Islington T&C2 11, Bath Moles 14 and Billingham Forum 16.

BASTI, whose debut album 'B' is released on January 21, play at Leicester Polytechnic on January 24 then Colchester Arts Centre 25, Cambridge Junction 30, Oxford Polytechnic 31, Trowbridge Psychic

LENNY'S UK DATES

LENNY KRAVITZ has announced UK dates for the spring. He has also just finished recording a new album which will be released to coincide with the dates. A single taken from the LP will be released by Virgin America in late February or early March. The titles are not yet known.

The dates are Manchester Apollo on May 6 then Glasgow Barrowlands 7, Leicester De Montford Hall 8 and London Brixton Academy 10. Tickets are £7.50 for all dates except London which costs £9. They are available from box offices and usual agencies.



LENNY: SEX god

LEMMY AND THE LADS LIMBER UP WITH NEW LP

MOTORHEAD release their new album on January 21 - their first for Epic and their ninth studio album in the past 15 years.

Entitled '1916' after a track on the LP based on a war poem, it was recorded in Los Angeles, where Lemmy is now based, and produced by Peter Solley. And apparently the album is a radical departure from previous Motorhead work - it includes ballads and a string section(!).

Tracks are 'The One To Sing The Blues', 'I'm So Bad', 'No Voices In The Sky', 'Going To Brazil', 'Nightmare/The Dreamtime', 'Love Me Forever', 'Angel City', 'Make My Day', 'Ramones', 'Shut You Down' and '1916'. The band will be signing copies at London Oxford Street HMV on January 21 at 1.30 pm.

FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY

release a new 12-inch and CD single on January 28 through Third Mind Records. 'Virus' is a new track which will be on their forthcoming mini-album. It is backed with an 'Aggro Mix', with a remix of 'Resist' on the CD. The band will be playing some European dates later in the year.

TOXODETH are a Mexican death metal band who have just released their debut album 'Mysteries About Life And Death' on Wild Rags Records. The band are inspired by mountains, the far goblins of the hills (it says here), twilight zones, Renaissance and Baroque ages, terror fiction, religion and girls!



THINGS: ON the street

Things tour on

THE SENSELESS THINGS are back on the road prior to going into the studio to record a new album, the follow-up to their 'Postcard CV' debut. They play Cork Sir Henry's on January 16 then Dublin McGonagles 17, Belfast Queen's University 18, Kill Dewdrop Inn 19, Exeter College 26, Egham Holloway College 31, Kidderminster Market Tavern February 1, Gloucester Arts Centre 2, Sheffield Leadmill 3, Essex University 4, Stoke Freetown 5, Aberdeen Ritzy's 6, Edinburgh Venue 7, Glasgow College 9, Walsall Junction 10, Cambridge Junction 12, Leicester Polytechnic 13, London Malet Street ULU 15, Coventry Warwick University 16, Birmingham Edward's No8 17, Leeds Duchess Of York 18, Trowbridge Psychic Pig 19, Crewe and Alsager College 20, Shrewsbury Fridge 21, Norwich Waterfront 22, Harlow Square 23 and Bristol Bierkeller 25.

Pig February 5, Southampton Joiners 6, Sheffield Leadmill 9, Manchester Boardwalk 13, Leicester Princess Charlotte 14, Canterbury Kent University 19, London New Cross Amersham Arms 20, Birmingham Polytechnic 23 and Salisbury Arts Centre 28.

THE CHEMISTRY SET play a headline gig at the London Camden Falcon on February 1. The band were supposed to play on January 13 at the Marquee but had to cancel when guitarist Ashley was injured in the

Cannon Street train accident. Their new single, 'Don't Turn Away', is released by Imaginary in March.

THE MELVINS and Steel Pole Bath Tub make their UK live debut at London New Cross Venue on January 19. Both bands have new albums released to coincide. The Melvins' third LP, 'Bullhead', and the as yet untitled third Steel Pole Bath Tub album will be released by Tupelo on January 28. Both bands will record *John Peel Show* sessions when they are here.

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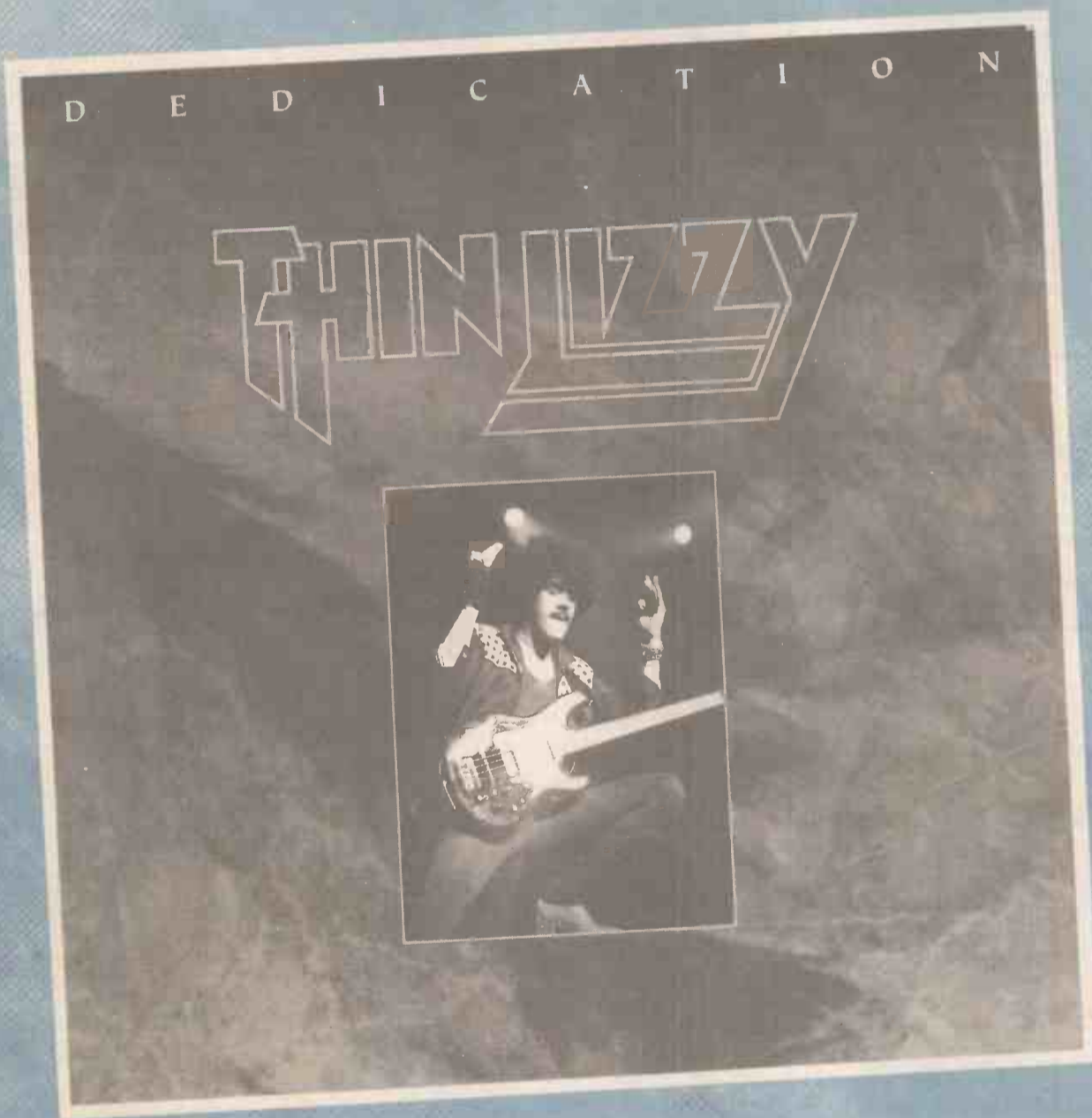
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FIRST REPORTS

■ **MILLTOWN BROTHERS** are set to release their follow-up to 'Applegreen' on January 21, called 'Which Way Should I Jump?'. Following the release the band play a number of UK dates at Loughborough University January 31, Telford Lion Street Club February 1, Colne Municipal Hall 2, London Manette Street Borderline 5, Treforest Polytechnic Of Wales 7, Bournemouth Polytechnic 8, Bath Moles Club 9, Manchester Hacienda 11, Newcastle Polytechnic 12, Stoke Freetown Club 13, Sheffield Polytechnic 14, Nottingham University 16. They are currently working on their debut LP, due out in the spring.

MOMUS.

who has now departed from Creation, will be following up the acclaimed 'Don't Stop The Night' with a new album - as soon as he finds a new label - and meanwhile plays a one-off date at London Islington Powerhaus on January 25.



MOMUS mopes on

■ **BOB**, who will be releasing their new album in April, have lined up a few dates at London Manette Street Borderline January 22, Leeds Duchess Of York 23, Oxford Venue 24, Sheffield University 25, Manchester UMIST 26, York University February 1 and Birmingham University 2.

SCOTS LAUNCH OWN CHART

Local radio stations team up with crisp company to reflect sales north of the border



GOODBYE MR MacKenzie, The Big Dish (top right) and The Blue Nile (below right): beneficiaries of the new system

SCOTLAND NOW has its own charts, compiled by eight local commercial radio stations and funded by a crisp manufacturer, Tudor.

This is not the 'official' chart being compiled by the Scottish Record Industry Association - their effort has not got off the ground yet as they are still seeking funding.

The new chart is compiled partly from sales and partly from airplay on local radio and is broadcast nationwide on Saturdays. So far, the first chart of the new year differed from the national charts in that Seal was at number one, The Big Dish entered the chart at 26, and The Blue Nile's new single entered the chart on airplay alone.



Colin Sommerville, music controller of Edinburgh's Radio Forth dismissed suggestions that charts compiled from airplay made them open to distortion by record companies. "More than they are at the moment, you mean?" he retorted.

According to Sommerville, there is a great need for a separate Scottish chart because of the "deplorably small number of sample points north of Manchester." Sample points are those shops which return sales to one of the chart compiling organisations to work out the national sales of a record.

Sommerville added: "You have a situation where, for example, Goodbye Mr MacKenzie release a record that will sell really well in Scotland but this won't be reflected in the national chart."

■ **LOUD** are releasing a new single called 'Song For The Lonely' on January 28, to coincide with their support slot on Killing Joke's European and UK tour.

■ **THE DYLANs** have signed to Beggars Banquet subsidiary Situation Two. Their debut single, entitled 'Godlike', will be released on January 28.

■ **THE BLACK CROWES** release a limited-edition picture disc edition of their single 'Twice As Hard' on Def American this week.

■ **DRN** release a single called 'Run Run Run' on A-Side Records this week. The band recently toured with Status Quo.

■ **STING** releases his new album 'The Soul Cages' on A&M on January 21. Sting has lined up two dates at Newcastle City Hall on April 21 and 22 and London Hammersmith Odeon 24, 25, 26, 27 & 28. Tickets are available by post only. For the Newcastle dates, prices are £17.50 and £19.50. Make cheques and POs payable to City Hall and write to The Box Office, Newcastle City Hall, Northumberland Road, Newcastle Upon Tyne NE1 8SF. For London, prices are £20.75 including booking fee. Make cheques payable to Sting Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Tickets are limited to two per person. Please include an SAE.



■ **'PRIDE & JOY'** is the new single to be released by Nick Robertson & Slice on January 21. A duet between Nick and Maria McKee, it is taken from his current album 'Bullet Proof Boy'. It's backed with 'Fill Me Up' on 7-inch and an extra track, 'Stitch In Time', on 12-inch.

■ **THE BOOTLEG** remix by The Scource featuring Candi Staton, 'You Got The Love', which puts the vocals over Jamie Principal's 'Your Love', has been officially released by Truelove Records. The record has been an underground hit for some time and has been issued with full approval of the artists concerned.

■ **DR PHIBES & THE HOUSE OF WAX EQUATIONS** have rescheduled their gig at London New Cross Venue for January 25. The band were caught in snow on the way from Liverpool when they were originally due to play on January 10. Also on the bill for the rescheduled gig are Ocean Colour Scene.

■ **RUPTURED DOG**, long time Sounds favourites, play two gigs at London Wandsworth Freeways on January 22 and Kingston Upon Thames Grey Horse (with Gods Of Chaos) 24. These will be their first gigs with a live drummer, the drum machines having been consigned to the secondhand shop of history.

■ **ORBITAL** release their new single 'Satan' on frr Records this week. The techno duo will soon be unveiling their "total live experience".

■ **MEGADETH** guitarist Marty Friedman has his solo album, 'Dragon's Kiss', plus the two LPs recorded with his previous group Cacophony, 'Speed Metal Symphony' and 'Go Off!', re-released by Roadrunner Records on February 11.

Bad Ass 45



VANILLA ICE: total wanker or what?

VANILLA ICE, that controversial bad-ass Miami dude, releases a follow-up to the massive 'Ice Ice Baby' next week. The new single, out on January 21, is called 'Play That Funky Music' on SBK. The B-side is 'Go III', taken from the album 'To The Extreme', and the 12-inch and CD formats include remixes of the single as well as a medley of 'Ice Ice Baby' and 'Play That Funky Music'. Vanilla Ice will announce European dates in the near future.

LOBSTERS SNAP BACK



LOBSTER ANDY: "Eye that'll be right"

CLOSE LOBSTERS are back in action this month after a prolonged lay-off (due to "both guitarists breaking their arms" it says here). Paisley's finest head off on a mini-tourette, playing Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut January 25, Brighton Basement 31 and London New Cross Venue (with Easy) February 1. The band, whose last recorded output since their 'Headache Rhetoric' LP was a version of 'Float On' for last year's 'Alvin Lives (In Leeds)' anti-Poll Tax compilation, have a load of new material ready and are considering offers from various labels.

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BIRDLAND

THURSDAY 14TH MARCH AT 7.30 P.M.

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ROUGH TRADE AND ROCK ON RECORDS OR ON THE NIGHT.

GENERAL PRESENTS

GODFATHERS

SIXTH ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE.

PLUS GUESTS

BRIXTON ACADEMY
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GLOBAL PRESENTS

KILLING JOKE

WITH GUESTS
LOUD
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FIRST REPORTS

League Against Cruel Sports slams huntin' Ted Nugent

"One of the most obnoxious human beings we have ever heard of," says spokesman



TED NUGENT: what a dickcheese (Inset: a passage from the Animal Agenda piece)

TED NUGENT, '70s metal monster and now a member of Damn Yankees, has been slammed by the League Against Cruel Sports following an article that appeared in the American magazine *Animal Agenda* in which Nugent described in lurid detail his predilection for hunting and unnecessary cruelty to our furry friends.

Nugent appeared in a video called *Down To Earth* in which he demonstrated the use of the crossbow by slaughtering a wild pig, a turkey, an armadillo, a deer and a squirrel. After shooting one animal in the throat, Nugent quips: "That'll do it. A broadhead shaft in the boiler room."

Nugent has never made a secret of his penchant for 'whacking' animals with rifles or

crossbows and regularly gave interview in *Sounds* during the '70s where he described his outdoor pursuits.

A spokesman for the League Against Cruel Sports told *Sounds*: "If he did the things described in this country, he would be a criminal since it would be an offence under the Wildlife And Countryside Act. But he reveals himself to have a vicious and sadistic streak and however talented he may be, he is one of the most obnoxious human beings that we have ever heard of."

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.....
UB40 release their new single on January 21 through EMI. It's called 'The Way You Do The Things You Do', a cover of the Smokey Robinson-penned classic originally recorded by The Temptations, and has already reached the American Top Ten.

.....
THE BACHELOR PAD release a new single on Egg Records on

.....
 January 21, called 'Smoothie'. They play gigs at York Winning Post January 22, Preston Ribdale Club 24, Bradford One In Twelve Club 25, Hull Adelphi 26 and Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 31.

.....
SKAW will be appearing at the London Hampstead White Horse on January 25 and Wandsworth Freeways 31. Their debut single will be released in March.

.....
FATIMA MANSIONS SINGULAR play two special gigs portraying "a more reflective side of the band" (it says here) at London Harlesden Mean Fiddler January 21, London Crouch End Kings Head 25.

.....
KONG, from Amsterdam, have released their debut album 'Mute Poet Vocalizer' on Peaceville subsidiary Dreamville.

DEBUT LP FOR HAVANA 3AM



HAVANA: FOUR amigos

HAVANA 3AM, the band formed by ex-Clash bassist Paul Simonon, release their debut single, 'Reach The Rock', backed with 'Hey Amigo' on IRS Records on February 11.

The track is taken from the band's eponymous debut album which is released later next month. They will also play a tour starting on February 22.

Meanwhile, interest in The Clash continues as following the dance remix of their Simonon-penned 'Guns Of Brixton', the band's 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go' is currently being used in the new Levi's jeans commercials.

WINNER

· MILES AWAY ·



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71 81 91

DECADE REACTION

WHAT HAPPENED THIS WEEK IN 1981

Well known 'andsome bloke and all-round diamond geezer Jerry Dammers of The Specials shows off his snazzy choppers on this week's Sounds cover.

Dammers and Specials' singer Terry Hall were fined £533 each after using threatening words and behaviour at their Cambridge gig in October. According to Dammers, a group of Cambridge United supporters had mistaken our heroes for the sort of band who would attract hordes of Coventry supporters. Fighting broke out and Dammers and Hall attempted to stop this through judicious use of strong language.

Also in the news, The Rolling Stones are rumoured to be playing a week at The Marquee in Wardour Street. The Stranglers have been absolved following their imprisonment after a gig in Nice ended in a riot.

The Frantic Elevators, a Manchester band, are interviewed. They insist that they are not a comedy group. Singer Mick Hucknall says, "Sex is pretty good, I'll admit, but in the long run I'd opt for music. I HAVE DONE." They also think they'd like to have a hit. Not with that name, lads.

Single Of The Week is The Virgin Prunes' 'Twenty Tens' which comes in at "a panoramic tangent from Kiss, New York Dolls, Can, PIL, Sex Pistols, Edith Piaf, ABBA and James Joyce." Aye, sure matey! Other singles given the thumbs-up by our man in pseud's corner are Subway Sect's 'Stop That Girl' ("I think Vic Goddard is God") and Spandau Ballet's 'The Freeze' ("Actually, this sounds like early Teardrop Explodes and there's a cruel irony there somewhere but I can't find it right this minute"). It's thumbs down to The Clash with 'Hitsville UK' ("If Alfred



JERRY DAMMERS takes a man-sized bite from the window of opportunity that is Sounds' cover in January 1981

Kevin Rowland, a man who once vowed never to speak to "the dishonest hippy music press", broke his silence to speak to a fanzine about the breakup of Dexy's Midnight Runners. Apparently he and drummer Seb Shelton will carry on, going on the road with a comedian called Keith Allen, part of the 'alternative' group that includes newcomers like Rick Mayall and Alexi Sayle. Kevin's idea of a good audience is "the kind of people with problems and hang-ups".

In Oi - The Column, we look at those charmers Criminal Class, Spoils Of War and The Firm, all headed for big things.

Defiant Pose from Paisley are a punk band who have just featured on the 'Ha Ha Funny Polis' EP. The band lambast "too many guys living in big houses singing songs about unemployment". As atheists, they support neither Rangers nor Celtic. Sounds sums up by saying: "The kids on the street don't wanna hear about Jean Paul Sartre and existentialism." Well, probably not.

Hitchcock had written pop tunes instead of making films... XTC's 'Sgt Rock' and Ultravox's 'Vienna' ("The Kenneth Williamses of modernism.") Pretentious? Moi?

Gen X's first LP with their new shortened monicker, 'Kiss Me Deadly', gets a respectable ****, as does Edinburgh funsters The Fire Engines' 'Lubricate Your Living Room'. But poor Sheena Easton's 'Take My Time' gets a pitiful *. Never mind Sheena, the review wasn't as derisory as that given to the compilation 'Class Of '81', a collection of public school punk bands. You think we're kidding?

OTT good reviews for Lionheart, up and coming NWOBHM band. On the Oil front, Gerry Butthole tells us that we should have been at the Infa-Riot, Angelic Upstarts and Criminal Class gig in Southgate. We sum up Spandau Ballet, rising New Romantic stars, by saying: "Spandau Ballet won't come to you, so you'll have to go to them. If I were you, I'd save the bus fare." Quite.



Bizzerk

By Prize Moron

★★★★★★★★★ Another shocker from Bizzerk ★★★★★★★★★★

TAME TITANS OF DEATH ROCK!!

"We'd rather adopt 'em than eat 'em!" admit top metal stars

Cobblers by ERNIE EFFLUENT and SAMANTHA SHITE

TOP DEATH rockers IRON MAIDEN this week revealed in the Daily Shit that they like to unwind by staying at home with their families, watching videos and drinking mineral water.

The SHOCK revelations revealed that the band - who usually KILL live pigs onstage and EAT their innards - actually like to spend their leisure time reading up on vegetarian gourmet cooking, stripped pine furniture and new exercise ideas.

RISQUÉ

But Iron Maiden are only the TIP of the iceberg. Compared to some sick Death groups, their behaviour is positively risqué.

"I watched Al Jourgensen put away at least a bottle of Perrier every night," admitted REVOLTING COCKS guitarist Chris Connely. "Sometimes, he would even use vitamin pills. But mostly it was mineral water."

Connely, 36, is now back at home in Edinburgh recovering from his "nightmare" experience on the road with The Revolting Cocks.

NIGHTMARE

"It was a nightmare," he



HELPFUL: Onstage he's the king of death and mutilation - but on his days off BRUCE DICKINSON roams the countryside on his bicycle giving directions politely to CHILDREN and stray COWS

confided over a healthy crack pipe and pint of Stolichnaya washed down by two Elephant lagers in an Edinburgh gay live sex club. "Jourgensen would start the day by going downtown to buy wholesome videos. We would then stay up till ten o'clock at night after gigs

watching films like Bambi and The Incredible Journey."

FAMILY MEN

But even The Revolting Cocks pale beside the antics of Yank shockers GWAR, self confessed "family men". "Lock up your daughters," they warn. "We're coming to

adopt them." NICE

But the antics of GWAR pale beside the unbelievable antics of self-confessed churchgoer GG ALLIN, who said: "Sure. I just want a nice girl to settle down and raise a family with." (OK, that's enough bollocks - Ed)

A QUIET WORD WITH BEZ

A'right there, readers. I've got Cliff's old job, y'know, like, talkin' in the paper about things. All kinds of things, really. Y'know the sort of things. Anyway, some really strange things 'appen to me. Like, really weird. 'Ave you ever 'ad that 'appen? It's dead funny, y'know?

Um, yeah. So that's what I'm gonna be talkin' about. All that sort of stuff. Y'know what I mean, all that sort of stuff that 'appens. Funny stuff. Like when all dead strange things seem to 'appen an' then you find out it never even 'appened at all! I bet we've all 'ad sort of things like that.

So, yeah, like, that's what my bit in the paper's gonna be about. You could even say that my bit in the paper's gonna be about all that sort of stuff. Y'know, like I said earlier. Funny stuff. So if you've ever 'ad any kind of, y'know, funny stuff, just write in on bit o' paper. An' then I'll, like, read it.

Er, well, so, yeah. Um. How about a bit of a joke to end with? I was walkin' down t'road the other day an' I, er, like went into the shops. No, that weren't the joke. Oh, yeah. There was an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman and, er, summat funny 'appened to 'em, I reckon. Yeah. Summat funny always 'appens at the end of jokes, dunnit? 'Ave you noticed?

* Sadly this is the last column BEZ will be able to write for us

SPARE CHANGE

RAB SNOTTER, former lead singer with F**K THE STATE, and now Bizzerk's resident crustie, writes exclusively for YOU!!

★ Spare some change? Aw c'moan, man, geez ten pence. Ah've got the dug tae feed. Aye, away ya big bastirt, thanks a lot, man. Hope yer next shite's a hedgehog. Ha, ha.

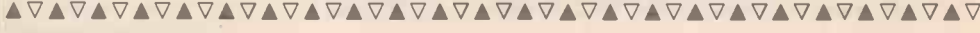
★ Ah was doon at Brixton tube station tryin' tae tap money tae go an' see The Levellers. But naebuddy gave me ony. So I went up tae this straight guy an' says "Geez aw yer f**kin money or I'll break this bottle in yer face!" Then the pigs came and busted me. That's f**kin justice fur ye in Thatcher's Britain isn't it? Hassled fur daein' nuthin!

★ We had a great laugh last week. I started eating scabs off Crapper, ma dug's back. Then we had a puking contest. I managed tae puke out blood. You should have seen the straights' faces, man. They couldnae take it. That's cos they're working for the system, in Thatcher's Britain.

★ Somebody told me that Margaret Thatcher had resigned. What a lot of shite. See you next week in Thatcher's Britain, man.



IT'S RAB



The fruitiest, juiciest column in pop



Sick and tired of malicious music journalism? Ever wished you could get a fair hearing for your pop queries and quibbles?? Well, thanks to *Bizzerk*, you now have a chance! Because it's time to...

RIGHT THOSE WRONGS with

TED TACT - THE KIND MAN OF POP!!

★ YOU know, readers, you're forever writing in to complain whenever some of *Sounds'* blatantly biased writers unfairly rubbish your favourite band. So I've been called in as a kind of ombudsman, if you like, to redress the balance. All you have to do is write to me here at the office and tell me who's been getting at which top pop stars. Obviously, the damage has already been done but I'll do my best to make amends with a short item to toast the slandered party. Here's the pick of the postbag so far.



Dear Ted,
People are always slagging off The Soup Dragons and I can't for the life of me figure out why. They're talented, good-looking and they're always top of the charts. Yours,
Kevin Middleton, Gloucester

TED SAYS:

"Independent" musical groups to use disco drumming with a more traditional 'rock' guitar sound - and I think they deserve a little more credit for that! As for being good looking, well, it goes without saying. And I'm sure all the members of the band are nice people as well.

Dear Ted,
I was reading *Sounds* the other day and they said that The Sisters Of Mercy were a load of old crap at Wembley. I was there and so were loads of other Sisters fans and we all thought it was really great. I bet that so-called 'journalist' wanker wasn't even there! Yours,
Pete Jenkins, Essex

TED SAYS:

playing Wembley Arena, would they? And you're right! Our journalist wasn't at the concert. Instead he spent his time in the 'bar' next to our office. The Sisters are a hard-working band who've built up a devoted legion of fans who'll travel anywhere to hear their distinctive brand of gothic rock. So don't knock 'em, OK?

Dear Ted,
How about a long list of records by my favourite band, The Cure? Yours,
Simon Breen, Worthington

TED SAYS:

I'd love to oblige, Simon, but I'm afraid I've left my really interesting bumper book of pop facts at home. Maybe next week.

YES! IT'S THAT AWFUL MOMENT: WHEN STARS GO...



FUTILE!!

This week: Bobby Gillespie
"...sigh... what's the point... no, I mean, what is the point?... if fear and mortal terror are not your constant companions... I can't go on... the void is gazing into me... no, I mean, I'm gazing into it... no future... sigh... nobody likes me, everybody hates me... I think I'll shut my head in a door..."

Next week: Sinéad O'Connor

★★★★ DO IT TODAY! ★★★★★ WHY NOT... MAKE A COMEBACK?!!



SINGER RICK Astley received the shock of his life last Friday when a solicitor's letter from his record company, RCA, landed on his doormat. The letter, threatening legal action unless Rick replied in three days, asked where the pint-sized pop star had been for the last three years and pointed out that 17 albums and 42 hit singles were overdue.
★ "I felt such a fool," Rick, now 34, said. "One-minute you're flying high in the pop charts, the next you're in some swanky nightclub in the south of France with a bottle of bubbly and the company of some smashing birds. It's easy to lose track of time."

★ Growing his hair to fashionable length overnight, the singer popped out at Saturday lunchtime to pick up some stylish new togs from London's trendy Top Shop boutique. The evening saw Rick scribbling frantically and the album was finally recorded on Sunday morning. 50,000 copies of the track chosen as the new single were hand-pressed in Rick's living room, and presented to impatient record company executives the next day.
★ Rick's dilemma is by no means a new phenomenon. As far back as the middle ages, travelling minstrels would be forced to 'come back' and perform by irate, intoxicated courtesans. These days, the 'come-back clause' is part of every top pop star's contract, requiring a change of image and a selection of new material after a string of semi-successful records, known in the trade as 'flops'.
★ Why not make a 'come-back'? Simply record a novelty hit single, hide for ten years then record a serious album while wearing a whole new suit of clothes.

On the end of a good kicking
this week: Manchester,
Mondays and mundaneness



ANOTHER ORWELL prophecy has been realised and ignorance has indeed become bliss. These days it also sells a stack of records and makes a pile of money. The dregs of the Manchester scene and especially Happy Mondays have proved that the days of intelligence, creativity and imagination within popular music are dead. Welcome to the new order, exactly the same as the old order, dosed up to the gills in apathy.

The irony surrounding the Mondays is that they could quite conceivably have existed in the pre-punk period of the early '70s. The times when stadium rock ruled, where fashion consciousness and dress sense meant getting one over on your mates by spending a fortune on the latest hip clothes and taking as many drugs as possible to escape the shitty lifestyle you led while recreating brain death at the local discotheque. Be a Rebel, you don't think for yourself. Be an individual - but not so you look different from your mates. Welcome to 1991 - or should that read 1971?

The Mondays are the perfect band to epitomise eleven years of Tory misrule. Like all of the 'Me' generation they ignore politics because it supposedly doesn't affect their lives, or as Shaun Ryder has rather articulately stated; "It never mattered to me who was in, Tories or Labour, cos neither of them were doing anything for me. All I wanted was for someone to give me money. And they weren't giving me money."



THE NEW face of apathy?

Ian Tilton

Issues such as the Poll Tax have no relevance to them - what's a few hundred quid to the new rock establishment? And as for the decline and dismantling of the welfare state and the National Health Service, well, when you've got the cash to book into a nice clean cosy private hospital, why worry?

The bands who've followed in the Mondays' wake are equally guilty, taking hedonism as a central point and revolving a lifestyle around it. Who cares wins - who doesn't becomes a lard-arsed, bloated, filthy rich rock star. They may be baggy on the outside but underneath are businessmen, doing a job as if they were working in a bank or labouring on a building site.

Now it's officially not trendy to care anymore, the music press have predictably fawned over Manchester like *The Sun* does over the Royal Family. It's even been suggested in some quarters that the Mondays are the new Sex Pistols!!! The Pistols turned a music industry upside down and along with it thousands of attitudes - all the Mondays have done is turned the heads of the boys and girls who inhabit the local nightclubs.

Meanwhile, back in the quiet after-hours drinking establishments, the people who control your life and mine sit back and smile - because while the people who can instigate change are content with dancing their lives away in an apathetic drug-crazed haze, the foundations of capitalism, Conservatism and corruption are as safe as houses.

Andy Peart

A cry for help or simply a fit of temper? It doesn't really matter how you describe the STRETCHHEADS because this lot defy description let alone belief. CHARLIE ENDELL tries to make sense of 'Eyeball Origami' and the rest of their unlistenable but raucously compelling music

THE MEN WHOSE CRED EXPANDED



STRETCHHEADS: JUST because they're obscure doesn't mean they shouldn't be cherished

STRETCHHEADS GUITARIST Andy - aka Doctor Rastus, aka Doktor Detail - is lecturing on the misconceptions about drug addiction.

"Even people who are hooked on slot machines," he says. "It's all just a cry for help."

It is Phil, the self-styled fat bastard vocalist (imagine Moe of the Three Stooges headbutting Iggy of the Stooges), who finally breaks the spell by interrupting, "Yeah, that's what the Stretchheads are, a cry for help."

He pauses for thought. "No, we're more of a temper tantrum."

IT'S A phrase that's as worthy as any, because the Stretchheads beggar description, let alone belief.

A Glasgow quartet - save for their latest recruit, Jason, of the sadly departed Dandelion Adventure - the first fruits of their unholy alliance with Blast First finally popped its head over the parapet in the last week of 1990.

The single, 'Eyeball Origami Aftermath Wit Vegetarian Leg', may be deliciously titled but why did it take a year to appear?

"Well Paul Smith (head honcho at Blast First and latterday Nostradamus) had

plans for a bastard marriage between us and The Lunachicks," explains bassist Mac Mofungo.

"We were supposed to tour with them, but their album got delayed so our album got delayed and then they saw our photos...and decided they'd rather marry The Ramones."

A promo video for the single (starring the aforementioned Paul Smith) is unlikely to be shown anywhere since it features the kidnapping and savage beating of their label owner before the Stretchheads' getaway helicopter - yes, helicopter - is blown up with the band on board.

Obviously a sucker for punishment, Smith still sanctioned a further two releases from the Stretchheads.

"The next single was originally to be a 5-inch," explains Doktor Detail. "Then we decided on a 7-inch with multiple grooves and three different holes in the record, but this was unfeasible as there's no machine yet designed to do that. So we then thought of a 10-inch single cut off centre to achieve that desired wobbly effect. But that would have proved too expensive, so..."

Yes?
"We finally decided on a 12-inch poster bag."

The 12-inch ('23 Skinner', which has just been released) also features that rarest of creatures - the dance remix. Surely not?

"It's more of a musical concept piece than a dance mix,

really," blushes Phil. "There's a bunch of DJ's orifices in Erskine, the house capital of Scotland, who have been sampling some of our stuff. They'll beat us up if we don't credit them."

AMID THE general incoherence of their contemporaries, the Stretchheads have a refreshing if unusual love of language.

At times, their songs are uncomfortable to the point of being unlistenable - '3 Pottery Owls (With Inuendo)', 'Mao Tse Tungs Meat Challenge' - yet they're always compelling.

It could be Scrabblecore or Call My Bluff played at speed. Yet Phil, who is Frank Muir's double, argues that there's no great message.

"You can read too much into them, there's a lot of patter in there - 'Housewife Up Yer F**kin' Arse Music' (the B-side

of '23 Skinner'). If you watch the TV you live it - Persil adverts in the afternoon. Whereas a lot of these indie-dance bands seem to try and stretch one idea over a groove, we throw a whole load of ideas in and see what happens.

"I mean what were the Soup Dragons on with 'I'm Free'? Like we're free to do what we want any old time, except we're not. Even the Stones stopped singing it years ago because they were embarrassed."

The new album, 'Pish In Your Sleazebag', is due out at the beginning of next month and will come complete with a jigsaw. But we're not talking about no chocolate box Rembrandt here.

"Let's say it involves a scene containing animal sex," enthuses Andy. "I really can't say any more than that. We had considered pensioner sex, but that's neither bold nor funny."

The sleeve for the album also created a rather unique problem as Mac explains: "We had to send off the artwork for the album and decide on the titles of the songs before we'd actually written half of them. So when we recorded the LP we had to choose which song fitted best which title."

This could explain the beguilingly titled 'Machine In Dell (Gary Numan's Round World Trip)' but, then again, perhaps not.

It's hard to see where the Stretchheads fit into the current music scene. While almost everyone else seems to be following an all too familiar tune, they appear perversely out of step, so left field as to be out of the ball park. But they do harbour one tiny ambition.

"We want to be obscure, but cherished."

And I want to be a brain surgeon...



Produced by Philip Tennant

LAZY 24

Designed by Flat Earth

BIRDLAND



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ALL FORMATS HAVE EXCLUSIVE TRACKS.

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everybody needs somebody

THE SOUND OF SPEED

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND COMMENT IN THRASH AND HARDCORE

THE NEW single from North West England hardcore honchos **JAILCELL RECIPES** is out this week. Entitled 'Word Down', it comes in the now almost familiar Sub-Pop spoof sleeve and is a taster for their up and coming second LP, 'Two Years Of Toothache', which will also be available in CD format with lots of extra shit. The band scoot off for a three-week European tour in February that takes in Belgium, Holland and Germany, and will also tour the UK with Nottingham's **FORCE FED**. Label First Strike is also involved with organising up and coming Euro-tours for Stateside acts **MAJORITY OF ONE** (May), **GO** (July), **LIBIDO BOYZ** (August) and **CHAIN OF STRENGTH/STATUE** (September), and is looking for non-flaky continental bands with transport to accompany these goobers around mainland Europe. Interested parties should ring Alan on 0942 826598.

There's been talk of **TOKEN ENTRY** tours over here for many moons and this month they're actually gonna make it, but unfortunately only for one gig, at London Subterania on January 21 - there's an outside chance they'll return after their European stint. After their 'Happy Accidents' LP Canadians **DOUGHBOYS** have secured tour support for **NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN** of all bands and Emgero will be putting out their back catalogue over here.

Hockey stick wielding Boston straight-edge Oil-sters **SLAPSHOT** will also be steppin' out on these shores at long last. They play Brighton Basement February 4, London Venue 5, Nottingham Venus 6, Manchester Boardwalk 8, Liverpool Planet X 9, Newcastle Riverside 10, Edinburgh Venue 11, Edward's No8 (presumably back in action) 12. Other Boston news: **MOVING TARGETS** who, as you should know by now, are Kenny Chambers from **BULLET LAVOLTA**'s other band, have just finished work on their third LP, as yet untitled, which is scheduled for March release. The **FREEZE**, one of Boston's great hardcore bands from way back, have reformed and have been recording new material for an LP entitled 'Misery' which will come out on Taang! in April. The label also hopes to reissue their back

catalogue sometime in the near future. **DYS**, with who knows what line-up, are also recording an LP for Taang! called 'Fire And Ice' - described as being a pretty massive departure from the band's old sound and very metal, to the point where they've even considered changing their name. Ooer.

In March Triple X records from LA is putting out a Ramones tribute LP and contributors include **KEITH MORRIS** (from **CIRCLE JERKS**), **JEFF DAHL**, **DICKIES**, **L7** and **BAD RELIGION**. Also in the pipeline from the label is an **ADOLESCENTS** reunion live album, a newie from **DI** and March releases for **MIRACLE WORKERS** (new album produced by Brett Religion), ex-SAMOAN **JEFF DAHL** and Chili-tallica dudes **LAPD**.

SILVERFISH's long-awaited debut LP proper, 'Fat Axl', is out on Touch And Go, produced by Steve Albini in Sheffield. Also on that label are a couple **MEATMEN** items; a re-release of their 'Crippled Children Suck' EP which has been combined with a bunch of unreleased demos and live tracks into something more LP-like, plus 'Stud Powercock' - a CD-only release of every offensive little tune Tesco and crew ever recorded for the label. This week also sees the release of the new **DIDJITS** single 'Headless', which has a cover of the **DICKIES**' 'Give It Back' on the flip. **JESUS LIZARD**'s next Albini-engineered monster of an LP, 'Goat', will be out on January 21 and there'll be a tour to follow. Other things on their way via Southern are a **SOULSIDE** CD 'Soon Come Happy' which compiles the 'Trigger' and 'Hot Bodigram' LPs along with the 'Bass' single, and a **YOUTH BRIGADE** CD 'Sink With Kalifornija' which contains everything of 'Sound And Fury' as well as some extra tracks.

Next two releases on Pathological are from **LYDIA LUNCH**, an LP entitled 'COW' (Conspiracy Of Women) due out on Valentine's Day, and for April Fools' Day the new album from drone-sters **OXBOW**, entitled 'King Of The Jews', which is apparently a tribute to Sammy Davis Jr.

Info on releases/gigs/mags for this column will be gratefully received c/o Flat 5, 11 Catharine Street, Liverpool L8 7NH



PARCHMAN: NO wishy-washy

PARCHMAN

IVOR PERRY was once hailed as the new Johnny Marr. He was a youthful guitar maestro with bags of talent, and together with his brother Andy he looked like breaking big with the seminal Manc agit-rock band Easterhouse.

And then he left, going on to form a series of little-heard outfits and enrol as a politics student. At long last, though, Ivor - together with his band Parchman - is back on the pop rollercoaster, promoting the killer single 'Ride', a 45 that's causing ructions wherever it's played.

'Ride' is the latest - and greatest - in a long line of "indie/dance" records, combining a way cool beat with mesmeric guitar work. The tag doesn't bother Ivor at all.

"This scene has given me a valid reason to put my music out," he explains. "The indie/dance thing seems really valid - if I just stuck with the guitars and drums and my indie roots, I'd be denying half my personality. I think it's a form of music that's going to last. In ten years' time, people are gonna be using whatever the hit rhythms are then, trying to add the elements missing from electronic music."

Parchman's additions to the dance monster, meanwhile, are aiming at an aggressive injection of much-needed reality to a scene characterised by loopy escapism. "Somebody's got to reflect some type of reality," Ivor enthuses. "People have got to start saying that it's not a 'radical statement' just to go out and dance. There's definitely going to be a reaction against all that."

"If you're like Bez or someone and you're loaded, you're sorted, but if you're one of his followers, dropping all these Es, and the scene dies out, you're f**kin' dead - your brain's fried. What happens to those people? That's what I'm saying."

JOHN HARRIS

THE ESSENCE



THE ESSENCE: a Cure for humanity?

WHEN ARE The Cure not The Cure? When they come from Holland and are called The Essence. With a swirling melancholy sound and song titles like 'Years Of Doubt' and 'The Waves Of Death' it's guaranteed anyone hearing one of the Dutch outfit's albums for the first time would swear it's Bobby Smith and the boys' new demos.

"The Cure comparison does worry me," says vocalist Hans, "because it gets to a point where we aren't taken seriously. I don't actually listen to The Cure that often but because my voice is so similar to Robert Smith's the resemblance is always going to be there."

In Holland The Cure have a huge following, but for The Essence it's not such a happy story.

"We're not popular in Holland at all," remarks Hans. "There's two types of music: one is the garage side of things which works on

the club circuit and the other is the trendy commercial stuff in the charts. The only band we feel an affinity with are Clan Of Xymox. We play mostly in France, Spain and Switzerland. In Spain we get audiences of between two and six thousand so it's quite different."

The band have just finished recording a new album for Midnight Music which is due out in early 1991 and will hopefully see them visit Britain as part of a European tour.

"I really want to play in Britain again," enthuses Hans. "We sing in English because it's a good language to get emotions across in and I hate the Dutch language anyway."

And what would you most like to see happen in 1991?

"For people to realise we don't sound like The Cure intentionally."

ANDY PEART

POST APOCALYPSE



PASTELISM IS a fanzine written by the expanded Pastel family. Predictably it is a pretentious (Stephen Pastel's editorial makes token references to Jean Paul Sartre's *Nausea*) and shambolic (the first issue is issue numbers one, two and three all together) affair.

But taking the piss out of The Pastels is easy and, as ever, they are worthy of a second glance. *Pastelism* carries the best (and most informed) interview to date with Norman Blake of Teenage Fanclub, features on Kramer, Daniel Johnston, BMX Bandits, Speedway (which is a cult sport in Glasgow), Jonathan Richman and Lee Hazlewood (listing some very obscure '60s albums from the man who made 'These Boots Are Made For Walking' with Nancy Sinatra).

Highpoint of the issue is an 'A to Z' of rock 'n' roll listing all the groups you need to know about if you are Stephen Pastel.

By far the largest plug is for Jadfair and Half Japanese complete with a poem in their honour! There is also a photo feature called *Learn To Swim With The Pastels* and a Pastels family tree which are pretty daft.

If you like this sort of thing *Pastelism* is available from Passive Publishing, PO Box 549, Glasgow G12 9BP.

Snowy Brown

BASS



in yo' face

FIRST, A couple of goodies that may have got lost in the Xmas rush. **STEX** are a South London soul group on Some Bizzare and their single, 'Still Feel The Rain', features a guest appearance from **JOHNNY MARR** on guitar. But there won't be any DJs hanging themselves over this slice of perfect dance pop with its appealing vocals and catchier than catchy chorus. It should do well if it can struggle through the post-Xmas quagmire. Another should-be-for-top-pop spot is **A MAN CALLED ADAM**'s 'Barefoot In The Head' on Big Life, which takes a little techno, a little pop and a lot of AMCA's customary driving Balearic sound, tops it off with a neat vocal and mixes up a storm. Sadly, A Man Called Adam are ignored by mainstream radio but if their material stays this good then that can't last for too long.

ORBITAL are back with a newie which looks set to establish them as more than a one-jingle band. Responsible for last year's hugely infectious 'Chime' the new stuff fills out their sound and sees them

heading off in new directions. 'Satan' is British hip-house with a cockney growl not dissimilar to **THE SHAMEN**, but 'Belfast' is a moody, brooding instrumental that works equally well at home or in a club and puts **JEAN MICHEL JARRE** firmly in his place.

South London hardbeat duo **HAVOC** have built a strong reputation on the Continent while maintaining a couldn't-get-arrested profile here at home. Their new single, 'Attitude', on Concrete sits somewhere between **ERASURE** and **NITZER EBB** and rocks along nicely. Armed with their ear for a tune and "film-star good looks" they could easily be as famous as **JOHNNY HATES JAZZ** in no time at all. There will be an album out shortly which should be well worth investigation.

A couple of goodies in from the industrial North. Warp records are putting out 'Yeah You' by **THE STEP** - techno beats, a garage vocal and a sound occasionally reminiscent of **RIP, RIG AND PANIC**. As a new vehicle for Parrot 'Sweet Exorcist' and Winston 'Forgemaster', The Step could be a name to watch. Taking a hard look back in the direction of early '80s electro, **ENERGISE**'s 'Report To The Dancefloor' on Network is becoming a big favourite in clubs north of Brighton. A vocoder call to the floor and then a vicious techno groove like only anonymous Northerners with silly names can make, and what a joyous noise. More from the Network stable next week and until then, keep your tubes clean and don't wipe it on the back of your hand.

Colin C

Climb every

It's almost three years since DAVID LEE ROTH unleashed 1988's 'Skyscraper' but, during his time off, he's been satisfying his taste for adventure by mountaineering in the Himalayas. As he tells PAUL ELLIOTT, it's not scaling the peak that's important, it's simply going for it. The same could be said for Roth's music, since he's going for it again with more sex, dirt and blues on 'A Little Ain't Enough'

mountain

TO KICK the road fever at the close of a world tour, the average LA rock head will take his mud-wrestler wife and go cook under an equatorial sun, or maybe stay on the Strip and coke out in the Rainbow.

David Lee Roth, atypical Californian rock icon, is fond of jungle survival vacations but, when his 'Skyscraper' tour wound up in '88, he journeyed to the Himalayas to climb.

"A coupla buddies and I went," beams a snow-tanned Roth, hair pulled back under a grubby baseball cap, mouth gaping like a frog's. "We got to 23,000 feet, which is the highest I've been, it's all ice and snow."

"We were right across the valley from Everest base camp. We did a peak called Lobuche, which took about six weeks of technical climbing and continual fear and elation. I liken it entirely to the music industry. It's all peaks and valleys but,

people, they're not the kind of peaks that you think. The top of the peak is about as big as this table," he gestures, "and as soon as you get there it's like, Who's got the camera? Who's got the oxygen? Did you get my picture? Let's go!"

He shakes with laughter and starts on a little homespun philosophy.

"It's all in the going, not in making the peak. Those buddies of mine, they're Britishers, they've lived near the Himalayas for close to 14 years, and they've failed to summit at least seven tenths of the peaks they've gone after. They're world famous, they're the spirit of the mountains. I take my inspiration from this kind of thing."

DAVID LEE Roth has a lust for life. You can hear it in his music (from 'Van Halen' to his newest solo record 'A Little Ain't Enough'), you can hear it in his voice (a big, warm smoker's growl), you can sense it in his eyes. Roth spends his big rock bucks on travel and experiences, not more flash motors. He lives for adventure, as does his Texan rose.

"I took my girlfriend kayaking twice in Marina del Rey, past the pleasure boats. You think you got the hang of this, honey? OK! Where are we going on vacation? Well, we're gonna do something kind of like this!"

“I see women very much as equals. I don't want to have a pet, y'know? The poodle was originally a hunting dog but over the decades it was turned into a little thing with three and four syllable names like Tiffany. You see lots of girls like this in videos – here's Coquette doing the splits on Bobby's sports car. . . ”

"A friend of mine is a full-blooded Tahitian and he made me an outrigger canoe carved out of a single log. We fitted it with a compass, I know how to work the sextant and the aneroid barometer, and we went from island to island in the South Pacific, deepwater paddling.

"You have all the sharks going under the boat, and you try to follow the dolphin packs, because where there are dolphins there are no sharks. I call them dolphin parades – once you leave the reef and you're a couple of hours off shore, it's not unusual to see a parade of 150, 200 dolphins, one right after the other, going and going. Sometimes it'll take up to 17 minutes for the whole parade to go by. Oh, it's a spectacular feeling!"

"We traveled at night frequently. You read the stars, go by the compass, sleep on the beaches, and you gotta fish your own dinner. You have to deal in foreign languages – there's not a whole lot of English spoken there – but it's OK, I'm from a rock 'n' roll background, I'm very efficient with monosyllables." More laughter. "I think you know what I mean, babe!"

"It's good to forget who you are sometimes. The closest I get to music on a trip like that is when I sit in the back of the canoe – that's the harder part, for steering and the power push – and even more importantly, I have the Walkman! I got the extra long cord running all the way up to the front of the canoe for her, and I play the DJ: Hey, here's a little sunny Southern California from The Beach Boys! I do the announcing, and I coach through the terrorizing parts.

"We use ZZ Top to get through the hard parts. When the swells get over seven or eight feet, ZZ Top's good. Otherwise, you might go with a little new age, Kitaro, to slow it down; Madonna when you sight land," he breaks into song, "Holiday!; country music to boil the water. . ."

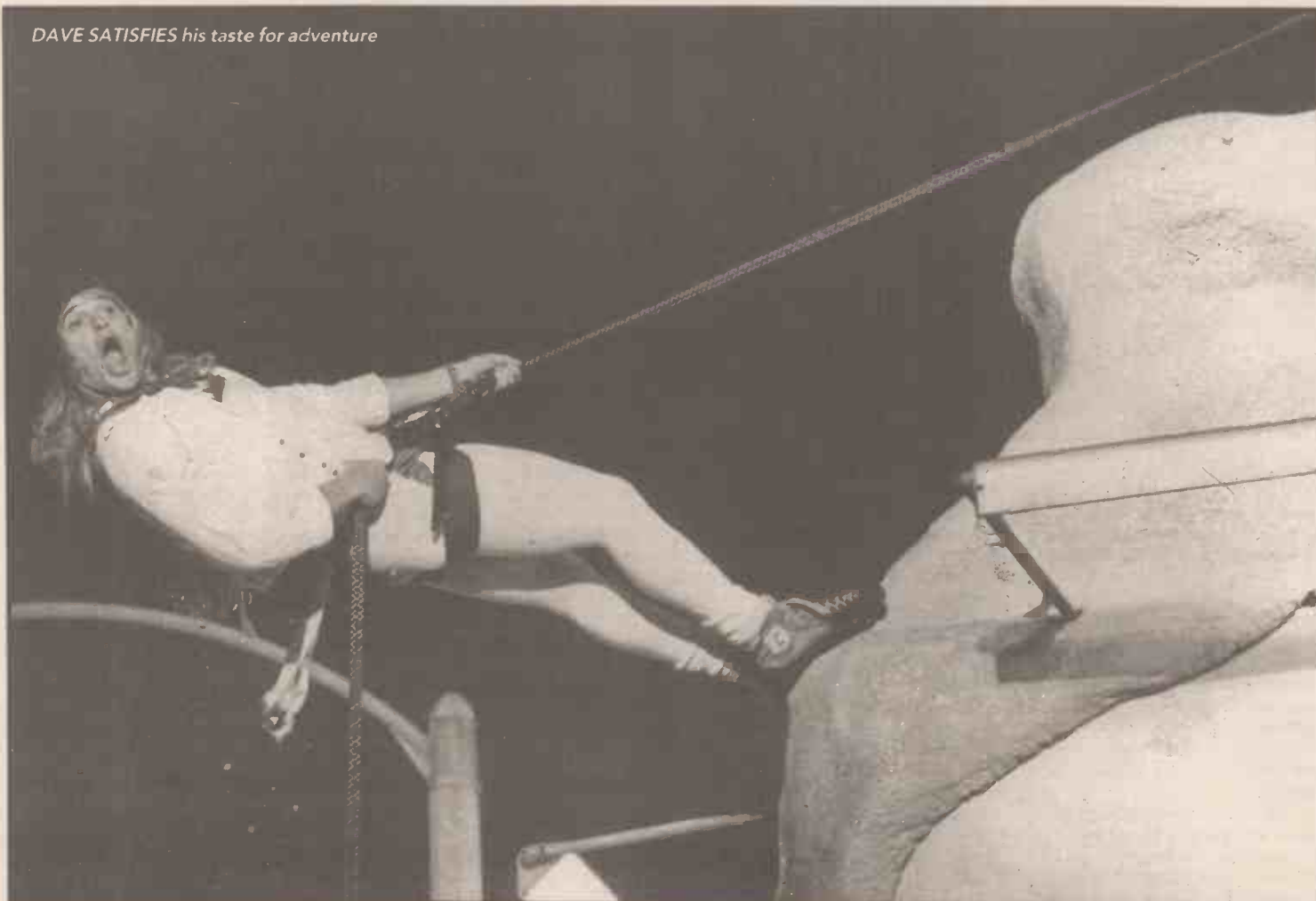
"I use music like a drug. I use it to wake me up, to put me to sleep, I use it for wallpaper. Hey, the first thing you pack is your shoulder motor. I went up to Vancouver to investigate getting Bob Rock as my producer, and there was another band up there, Poison. I walked into the hotel and one of the guys from Poison was coming in carrying a brand new boom box. I said, 'Scuse me, man, haven't you been up here for two months? He says, Yeah. I say, So you're replacing the boom box that you just blew up, right? He says, No, no, this is the first one. I thought to myself, beginner, rookie. The first thing you pack is the box, the second thing you pack is the tapes.

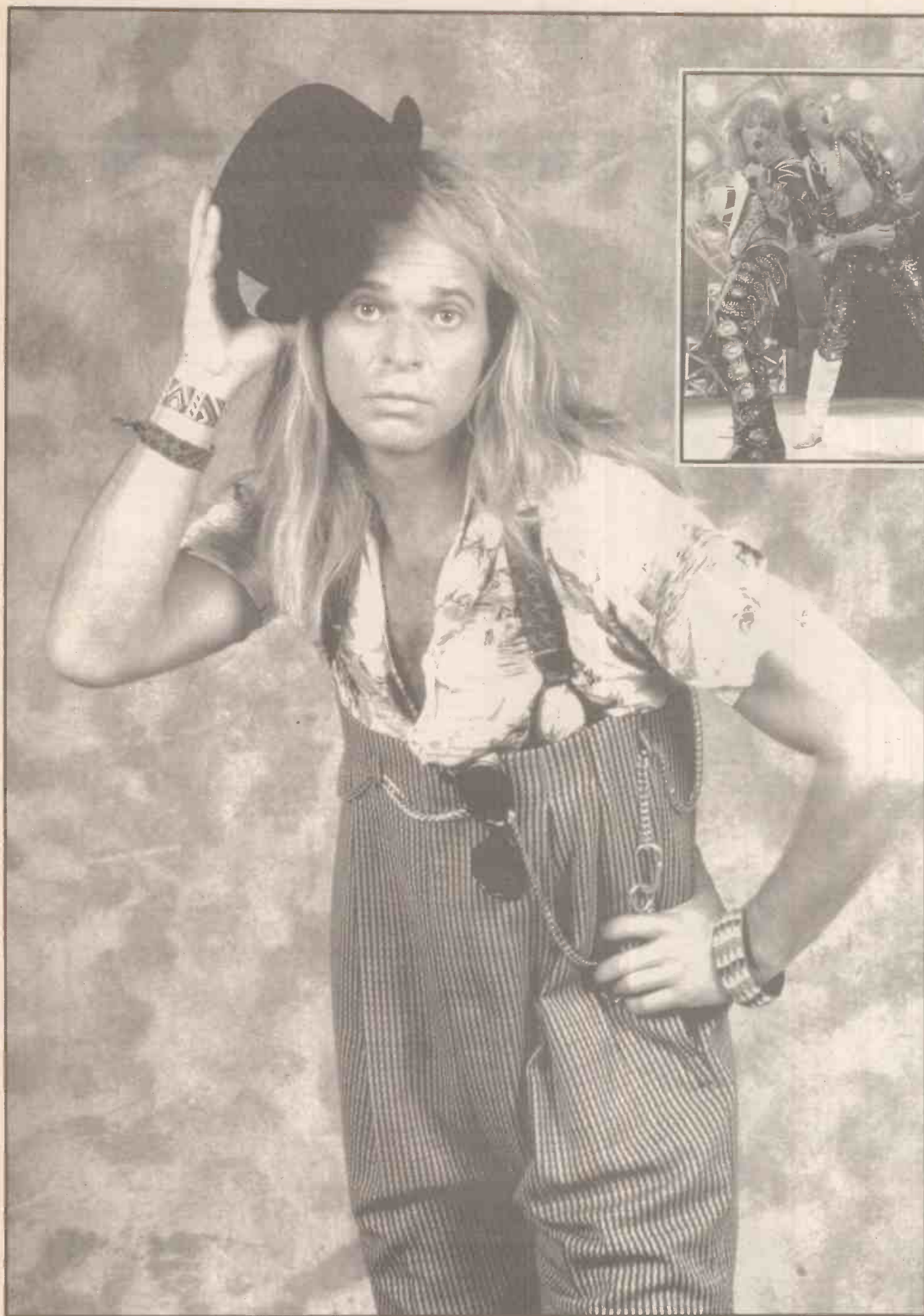
"So, like I say, when it's cookin' time and you build a campfire, what is more natural than George Strait or Hank Williams? Rough 'n' ready is ZZ Top or the old Zeppelin. Getting a tan is reggae music, and on and on. . ."

What music do you play when you're having sex?

"Anything over 110 beats a minute. You're gonna have to differentiate. If you're gonna leave your cowboy boots on, OK, now you're getting a little more sport specific and you can adjust your theme song accordingly. If you're gonna leave your wetsuit on that's a whole other tape. . ."

DAVE SATISFIES his taste for adventure





HATS OFF to the future

ALITTLE Ain't Enough' has more sex, dirt and blues than 'Skyscraper'.

When guitarist Steve Vai exited to work on his masterpiece 'Passion And Warfare' and pay the rent with Whitesnake, Roth found himself another axe nut from hell, the precocious Jason Becker. Fireworks were expected, but not the depth and cool and feel of Becker's playing on subtler songs like 'The Truth' and 'Sensible Shoes'.

"When I first heard Jason Becker," grins Roth, "his music reminded me of overdue dentist appointments. That sort of mock-symphonic supersonic jazz in 7/11 meter time sounds to my pedestrian ear like somebody throwing boiling water on a sick cat. I said it to his face.

"But there's a spirit and a drive there that was undeniable and, around this camp, we train for will, not skill. One ounce of will is worth four pounds of skill, always will be that way. Jason Becker's 20-years-old and he's got all the facility; he just needs a little road mapping. He needs a guy in his corner with a bucket and a brush going, No, lead with the left. He who rules the jab rules the world, kid.

"There were lots of kinds of music that Jason was unfamiliar with – the blues, for starters. He'd never played the blues, thinking, erroneously, that, oh, the blues is simple, just like dance music is simple to play. Wrong. What I did as music director is bring him blues tapes. Here's where Stevie Ray Vaughan got his inspiration, OK, we're gonna go to the root, not the fruit. Here's a guy named Robert Johnson – I know, but pay attention. No, we're not gonna play any songs like this, but we're at least gonna learn how to hold the bat before we start.

"One of the tacks I take with new musicians is to learn up to 40 or 50 songs by other people, and you learn 'em just like it is on the record. And this is The College Of Musical Knowledge! Most bands start off playing other people's songs. Van Halen played hundreds, whether it was old Aerosmith or James Brown, the Ohio Players or Deep Purple. My vocal style and Edward Van Halen's guitar style are hybrid art forms.

"Most musicians make two records and stop learning other people's material, like they graduate, and that's where all the information input stops. And their music grows homogenised, because the

education process stopped. Well, just by saying the term 'education process', a lot of musicians are reading this and going, No, not interested.

"For this record, I wanted people who have their heart and soul in rhythm 'n' blues based rock 'n' roll, blues changes, guitar-oriented. I think in terms of minutes and 28 seconds without even looking at my watch. I like to dance. I don't do it very well, but I sure do love it!" he winks. "That's not Steve Vai's style, he does stratospheric pyrotechnics, and that was perfect for 'Skyscraper', which was like movie music, closer to Tangerine Dream than Led Zeppelin, a total science experiment.

"Jason Becker's parents were hippies in the classic Haight Ashbury sense. The first things he learnt to play were Hendrix, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, he grew up with that music, it was in his house. Steve Vai took lessons. Watch the way somebody dances who grew up in a house where people were always dancing around in the kitchen. It's very different to the person who took dancing lessons."

Sadly, Jason Becker has withdrawn from Roth's touring band due to illness. He is replaced by Desi Rexx (ex D'Molls) and

ESSENTIAL LISTENING:

DAVID LEE ROTH

'Just a Gigolo'/'I Ain't Got Nobody' from 'Crazy From The Heat' EP

'Yankee Rose' from 'Eat 'Em And Smile'

'Sensible Shoes' from 'A Little Ain't Enough'

'Just Like Paradise' from 'Skyscraper'

'That's Life' from 'Eat 'Em And Smile'

VAN HALEN:

"Dirty Movies" from 'Fair Warning'

'Big Bad Bill (Is Sweet William Now)' from 'Diver Down'

'Hot For Teacher' from '1984'

'Ice Cream Man' from 'Van Halen'

'Beautiful Girls' from 'Van Halen II'

Joey Holmes (ex Lizzy Borden).

"Y'know," Roth throws up his hands, "my last four or five records have been released around New Year. The holiday season, by and large, is very special to me. If you have to wait for New Year's Eve to celebrate, you're a beginner, and I prefer Hallowe'en, even if I can never figure out what to wear. But New Year is a time of gathering, and I'm a very tribal person. Celebration is a big part of what I do."

ALITTLE Ain't Enough' is a spontaneous, celebratory noise, but Roth went into the studio prepared.

"You should have those songs in your bones before you go into a studio. You should know every word of every song and so should the bass player. It's like a submarine team. On a nuclear sub, you earn your dolphin wings by learning 200 other jobs on deck. I believe it's the same thing for a rock band. Then when you go into a studio, it's purely a matter of emotional impact.

"It's like football (Dave is a big Arsenal fan – God bless him), you know that play inside out so you don't even think about it, it becomes the formless form, and you give it all the torque and energy you can muster. Some folks go into the studio and attempt to compose under the spotlight. Sometimes, if you're lucky, you can do it. Or if you're The Rolling Stones you can roll tape for a fiscal year and then spend your summer vacation cutting and pasting."

It's said that three or four Van Halen albums were mostly conjured up out of studio jams.

"No, most of the Van Halen material was done well in advance. Yes, we did do some songs that were written or half-written in the studio, and you can tell which. On this record, we went for the visceral effect, a gut feeling. We weren't trying to refine it too much, otherwise it becomes like Elvis, poor old fat Elvis, on stage in Las Vegas with his piece of paper going, 'And his mother cries'... looks at the paper... 'in the ghetto'."

Yup, Diamond Dave is back. Jason Becker is gone, but Dave still has his sweetheart at his side.

"She's just got her commercial license for helicopter flying, so that's where she's going. I see women very much as equals, they just can't lift quite as much. But you can work on that too! I don't want to have a pet, y'know? The poodle was originally a hunting dog but over the decades it was turned into a little thing with three and four syllable names like Tiffany. You see lots of girls like this in videos – here's Coquette doing the splits on Bobby's sports car now..."

Sounds kinda like one of your videos.

"No, not my videos! You know what I'm saying. Any woman that I'm gonna spend a serious amount of time with is gonna have her own thing that she's ascending towards, reaching for. That doesn't mean making money, making a big impression on the world, you don't have to be goal-oriented like that. Just have something that you're furious about. It seems like a lotta rock 'n' rollers prefer the converse of that. They're threatened by any woman with an opinion or some real drive. But then there's a lotta rock stars who are afraid of girls, too..."

JAZZY

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SCANNERS

LISTINGS

music on telly

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 16

RAPIDO: 7.35pm, BBC2. Antoine learns to take it slow with The La's, before reverting to the normal verbal diarrhoea with Talking Heads and a selection of up and coming Spanish bands.
JAZZ ON A WINTER'S NIGHT: 12.15pm, Channel 4. Featuring veteran jazz singer Alberta Hunter.
AMERICA'S TOP 10: 3am, ITV.

THURSDAY JANUARY 17

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

FRIDAY JANUARY 18

THE WORD: 11pm, Channel 4. Gloria Estafan minus wheelchair live from Miami, plus Lindy Layton in London performing her new single, 'Echo My Heart'.
THE JAMES WHALE SHOW: 1.05pm, ITV. Whale Gob struggles with the problem 'Is heavy metal devil music?' My, what a thoroughly intellectual and in-depth discussion this promises to be. Ring him on 0532 461000 with the answer. Or an insult. Preferably the latter.
RAW POWER: 2.35pm, ITV (most regions). The devil wins as ITV begins a new series featuring all your favourite rockers, plus gossip, tour news and videos.

SATURDAY JANUARY 19

THE ITV CHART SHOW: 11.30am, ITV.
SOUND STUFF - THE LISTENING: 7pm, Channel 4. Channel 4 concerns itself with the serious issue of what happens to us physically and emotionally when we listen to music.
THE WORD: 2.20am, Channel 4. Repeat from last night.



BETTY BOO: Channel 4, January 20. *Star Test* returns with our Betty under the electronic eye revealing how she always wanted to have hair like Princess Diana.

SUNDAY JANUARY 20

STAR TEST: 11.30am, Channel 4. The delightful Betty Boo takes her turn in the chair and lets the computer get personal.
BUZZCOCKS IN CONCERT: 9pm, BSkyB Power Station. Dish owners get to enjoy the reformed Buzzcocks playing all the old punk favourites.
SNUB: 11pm, BBC2. Repeat of last week's stormer with Teenage Fanclub and Jah Shaka.

MONDAY JANUARY 21

DEF II - THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL AIR: 6.30pm, BBC2. Having achieved his 15 minutes of fame with 'Girls Ain't Nothin' But Trouble', The Fresh Prince tries to avoid a return to obscurity by starring as... The Fresh Prince - a young streetwise rapper trying to make out in America's most exclusive suburbs.
SNUB: 7.05pm, BBC2. Eyes down, full house and bingo. The only music programme worth its salt tonight has Dinosaur Jr, Manic Street Preachers, Darkside and My Bloody Valentine, plus Spirea X making their TV debut. A corker.

TUESDAY JANUARY 22

TOWN & COUNTRY: 11pm, Channel 4. Hoe down with Nanci Griffith plus British string-picking Albert Lee & Hogan's Heroes.

on the radio

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 16

JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio (102.7/103FM). Music and backstage chat with PWEI and The Poets live from the Cambridge Corn Exchange.
DAVE SANDER: 7pm, The Hot FM (96.9, 97.6FM). Sessions, interviews and the best of the new releases.
MARK GOODIER: 7.30pm, Radio 1. With Poppy Factory in session.
DAVID GRANT: 8pm, WestSound Radio (96.7/97.2FM, 1035MW). Daily light rock show.

HEADBANGERS SHOW: 8pm, Moray Firth Radio (97.4FM, 1107MW). Headbangers' delight.
EARSHOT: 9.30pm, Radio 5 (693, 909AM). On the lookout for new talent, *Earshot* plays the best demos - send yours to PO Box 370, Glasgow G12 8XY.

THURSDAY JANUARY 17

JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio. Guide to London's nightlife.
BRIAN MARTIN'S ROCK SHOW: 7pm, Coast AM (1242, 603 MW). Classic rock show every night of the week.
MARVYN: 9pm, Radio 1. A sad lament for Motown's master voice, Marvin Gaye.
RED DRAGON ROCK: 9pm, Red Dragon Radio (97.4, 103.2FM). (Also Saturdays and Sundays).
EASTERN BEAT: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Rock meets Bhangra with Daljit Neer.
SMOOTH PEBBLES AND ROUGH DIAMONDS: 12pm, RTM (103.8FM). A few gems from the indie underground scene.

FRIDAY JANUARY 18

ROUND TABLE: 6pm, Radio 1. John Peel gives Maria McKee a helping hand with the week's new releases.
PAYOLA: 6pm, Echo 96 (96.4FM Cheshire, 96.9FM Staffs). New releases, interviews and indie dance grooves.
CLUBMIX: 7pm, Hallam FM (96.1, 97.4FM). Sheffield foot-tappers unite.
JAZZIE B: 7.15pm, Kiss FM (100FM). Mr Soul II Soul gets serious.
THE ESSENTIAL SELECTION: 7.30pm, Radio 1. Into the groove with Pete Tong and his Nightlife Top Ten.
ROCKIN' THE UK: 8pm, Echo 96 (see above). News, interviews and the latest rock releases.
THE GREAT BRITISH MUSIC WEEKEND: 8.30pm, Radio 1. Jonathan King goes baggy with Happy Mondays, James, The Farm, 808 State and Northside live from Wembley (see pages 30/31).
RAVE: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Music and views from Wales.

SATURDAY JANUARY 19

DANCE SHOW: 6pm, City FM (96.7FM, 15.48AM). Nine hours of non-stop dance, rap and soul music.
KISS FM DANCE CHART: 7pm, Kiss FM. As voted by London's DJs.
THE GREAT BRITISH MUSIC WEEKEND: 8.30pm, Radio 1. Music and interviews with tonight's entertainers The Cure, Wedding Present, Ride, The La's and Jesus Jones.
JOHN PEEL: 11pm, Radio 1. Peelite has Nirvana and 35 Summers in sesh.

SUNDAY JANUARY 20

GROOVE MACHINE: 7pm, Moray Firth Radio. Dance with an indie feel.
BUS' DISS SOULED OUT: 7pm, Piccadilly Radio (103FM). Manchester dance show.
TRISTAN B: 7.30pm, BBC Radio Bristol (94.4, 95.5FM) Dance/soul from the town itching for Manchester's crown.
CAZ: 8.30pm, BBC Radio Bristol. Indie show with local flavour.
THE GREAT BRITISH MUSIC WEEKEND: 8.30pm, Radio 1. Jonathan King puts his earplugs in for the 'last night at Wembley with Ozzy Osbourne, Quireboys, Magnum, Thunder, David Coverdale, Little Angels and Wolfsbane'.
ACROSS THE LINE: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Something Happens preview their new single.
DIFFERENT WAVELENGTHS: 10pm, Northsound Radio. Underground sounds from Scotland.
HENO BYDD YR ADAR YN CANU: 10.15pm, BBC Radio Cymru (92.4, 96.8FM). Welsh indie music.
JOHN PEEL: 11pm, Radio 1. Sessions from The Orb and The Ugly Music Show.
FAST FORWARD: 12pm, Radio Luxembourg (208AM). Review of the week's indie releases plus the demo spot.

MONDAY JANUARY 21

JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio. Chat with Non-Fiction's new signings Candyland.
BAILEY BROTHERS ROCK SHOW: 7pm, Hallam FM. Classic rock from Sheffield.
MARK GOODIER: 7.30pm, Radio 1. Interview with Wee Papa Girl Rappers plus The Real People In session.
CAESAR THE BOOGIEMAN: 9pm, Invicta FM (102.8, 103.1FM). Dance classics.
KRUSHER'S MONDAY METAL MAYHEM: 9pm, GLR. Rocking out with *Kerrang!*'s finest.
IN CONCERT CLASSIC: 9pm, Radio 1. Elvis Costello And The Attractions recorded in 1987.
THE MIX: 9.30pm, Radio 5. A taste of the West Country with The Blue Aeroplanes and Carlton live from Bath Moles Club.
MIKE READ: 12pm, Radio 1. Beads of perspiration as No Sweat come in for a session.

TUESDAY JANUARY 22

NIGHTLIVE: 7pm, Orchard FM (102.6, 97.1FM). Weekly look at the South-West band scene with local music, gig news plus live session from Bristol band The Flat Stanleys.
MARK GOODIER: 7.30pm, Radio 1. Jesus Jones pop into the studio to play tracks from their new LP plus more from The Real People.
GARY CROWLEY: 8pm, Chiltern Radio. New releases and indie dance.
HIT THE NORTH: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Studio guests The Weddoes plus a look at unsigned bands tipped for the top in 1991.
SHARP AS A NEEDLE: 10pm, RTM. Hardcore mix of hip hop and House.

EDITED BY KATHY BALL

EYE TV



If it's tasteful, daring and different music television you're after then there's only one alternative. As Snub TV returns for a new series Andy Peart speaks to the creator of the programme which brings a new meaning to the term 'independent television'.

THINK OF music TV in 1991 and the picture is rather depressing.

More than likely, you're faced with glitzy, chart-based wallpaper (*Top Of The Pops*) or inane presenters and programmers with about as much idea of 'youth culture' as a 90-year-old hermit, spoiling the flavour of what has the potential to become a decent programme (*The Word*).

But fear not, because from January 14 help is at hand when *Snub*, the radical indie alternative, returns to BBC2. Running for ten weeks, each half hour show will be broadcast on Mondays at 7.00pm, to be repeated at 11.20pm the following Sunday.

As it's difficult for bands outside the realms of mainstream radio and television to gain exposure, *Snub* becomes more and more vital to both bands and audience. In particular, television is able to reach an audience that would never dream of picking up a music paper or tuning into John Peel.

Snub began life four years ago as a 14 programme series for US Cable TV. Attempting to document the British and American underground music scenes, the

show gave precious airtime to bands deemed too 'difficult' for more commercial slots, like Renegade Soundwave and Sonic Youth. After the series had finished, directors and producers Peter Fowler and Brenda Kelly took the idea to Channel 4 who, surprisingly, wouldn't commit themselves to a definite answer. Never one to miss an opportunity, in stepped Janet Street-Porter, the Queen of British youth programming, who immediately took it up for BBC2. The rest, as they say, is history.

FOWLER AND Kelly both come from musical backgrounds, Fowler having worked at Rough Trade and Kelly at indie magazine *The Catalogue*. The new series is the third they've worked on together for the BBC and both still remain massively enthusiastic towards the programme.

"The best thing about *Snub* is that the content has always been decided by mine and Brenda's personal musical tastes," says Fowler, "Which means we don't have to pander to what's in vogue or what's in the charts. We do get sent a lot of stuff which we can't use, like Phil Collins CDs, and a lot of the bigger bands do try to get on the programme, which I suppose is just down to marketing policy. The only other groups we don't tend to feature are those who would otherwise appear on *The Chart Show* or *Top Of The Pops*, even if we like them,



CREATORS PETER Fowler and Brenda Kelly: "We don't have to pander to what's in vogue"

because they don't really need the exposure."

One of the most noticeable aspects about *Snub* is the absence of presenters. The music, not the commentator, is the star.

"That was a top priority we decided on when we started" Fowler confirms. "One of the aspects that always used to put me off music programmes was the presenters, like Paula Yates on *The Tube*, so we decided to get away from that ego thing. The format of the programme is a third record company promos, a third 'promos made by us and a third live footage. Also, because we haven't got a studio it means we don't have a London bias, although, admittedly, the last series did have a slight Manchester slant."

WITH VIEWING figures for that last series reaching over the million mark *Snub* patently emphasises the need and demand for a music programme which caters for the type of bands who wouldn't usually get television exposure. Encouragingly, the BBC have hinted at a fourth series - which Fowler

hopes will materialise in the near future - to keep the momentum going.

"It would be nice to do a series in the autumn as well as the spring," he remarks "Because at the moment just having one in the spring means people tend to forget about the show and any consistency is lost."

With such a diverse and wholesome talent on show over the last two series it is difficult to single out one outstanding performance, although Dub Sex and Fugazi's rendition of 'Suggestion' must have shaken up a few living rooms. Fowler rates the appearances of Renegade Soundwave and The Jesus And Mary Chain plus making The Fall's 'Bill Is Dead' video as his personal favourites.

Adrian Sherwood has written a new theme tune for the series and the first episode features appearances by Jah Shaka and the Mad Professor plus live footage of Teenage Fanclub. With a proposed line up for the rest of the series including Dinosaur Jr, The Cocteau Twins, Manic Street Preachers, Gary Clail, The Butthole Surfers and African Head Charge amongst others, there should be plenty worth setting those video recorders for.

FILM

HIDDEN AGENDA
(Enterprise - Cert 15)

WHEN *HIDDEN Agenda* appeared at the Cannes Film festival, one British newspaper was purported to have led an attempt to have it withdrawn, whilst the Tory MP for that liberal bohemia, Orpington, was moved to call it "the official IRA entry".

It's clearly nothing of the sort, though director Ken Loach freely admits that it's an attempt to balance the scales in what he sees as the "propaganda war against the IRA". It's not Loach's first brush with notoriety - in the '60s, his film *Cathy Come Home* highlighted the issue of homelessness in Britain, which led to the formation of the housing group Shelter.

His latest work is a conspiracy thriller set in Northern Ireland. It follows the story of a British policeman sent over to investigate the shooting of an American civil liberties worker (and an Irishman too, though the inference is clearly that there's only an investigation because of the American) after 'driving through an army checkpoint'. Together with the American's co-worker and girlfriend, he unravels conspiracies, cover-ups and perversions of justice that eventually lead back to the mainland and the heart of the military and political establishment.

Though the main characters are fictional, the film is loosely based on the John Stalker affair and Loach pulls no punches in his allegations regarding shoot-to-kill policies and black propaganda.

Hidden Agenda demands at least as many answers as *Cathy Come Home*. It hits you hard in the gut like *Salvador* did, perhaps even harder because it's so close to home - few films have previously gone this far out on a limb.

Loach has complained that, "even the more serious critics always avoid confronting the content of the film and deciding if they think it's truthful. They'll skirt around it by talking about realism and the function of the film..." The problem is, of course, the information war makes it extremely difficult to differentiate between fact and propaganda on both sides of the divide, but *Hidden Agenda* tells a seldom heard side of the story. Anyone interested in just how far the State is prepared to go must see this and decide for themselves.

This film is so important as to be beyond good or bad - it'll either be deliberately ignored or add much fuel to the fire John Stalker started. And with all the fuss it's caused so far, the wise money must be on the latter.

George Berger

VIDEO

PETER GABRIEL
PoV

(Virgin Music Video - £9.99)

ANTHRAX BROUGHT you POV as in *Persistence Of Video*, Gabriel's PoV stands for *Point Of View*, and that's where, as any reasonable person might expect, all similarity ends.

Gabriel's latest is a live video, filmed over three sultry nights at the Acropolis in Athens - none of which is visible, so that's the archaeology market out for a start. What does make it interesting for non-archaeologists is that Martin Scorsese has overseen the whole caboodle. Yes, people, we're talking serious intercuts here.



Unfortunately, this only works sporadically. At times it's too slick, and occasionally it appears like an amateur art school video. A live video should capture the event itself and not rely on edited, remixed, and polished promo vid techniques.

But then when it does work it's magnificent. 'Biko', for example, has South African news footage woven into the performance, recapturing some of the emotion that's been leached out of it over the last decade.

All too often, however, the techniques simply detract from the live footage. The real highlights - 'In Your Eyes' with Youssou N'Dour,

'Lay Your Hands On Me' and 'No Self Control's impressive battle with the lighting rig - should really be left alone.

If it's consistency you want, this isn't it. Gabriel's got away with experimental music for years, but bugging about in video is a whole different kettle of lobsters.

Andy Stout

VIDEO

SNAP
World Power - The Video
(BMG Video - £7.99)

THE SELF-PROCLAIMED Cult Of Snap is no mean contrivance, but while their prefab rap might shift units it's hard to see how this deceptively short video will do much business.

Perhaps the saddest thing about *World Power*, besides the infernal lip service paid to the bigshot title idea, is that it is actually so competitive. The dearth of innovation and raw power is quite startling but any one day spent watching MTV will reassure one that Snap won't be short of company in their egocentric blind alley.

Snap like to talk about 'power', 'strength' and, ironically, 'the hype' but nothing here is remotely as powerful or strong as it thinks it is. At worst, the German team behind Snap emerge as unpalatably patronising to the American Afrocentric acts they so bloodlessly parrot.

Aspiring to an impact their compromised, repetitive visuals can't hope to deliver, Snap's songs rattle off the conveyor belt blandly. A wooden and remarkably unskilled MC raps the songs in the set-pieces while the live footage is merely an arbitrary show of unexceptional, mindless dancing. Meanwhile the presumably 'aware' lyrics become

just more trite dogma. Only the brief animation segments are worthy of praise, and maybe 'Oops Up', which is radical bubblegum that's hard to fault.

In the end, one conclusion and one only is to be reached: The singer has a really big mouth.

Ralph Traiton

FILM

MIRACLE MILE
(Hemdale - Cert 15)

SOME NINE years in production, it's ironic that such a simple yet shocking peacenik tract as this should finally secure release during the current climate of world tension.

The seemingly soft-centre story of roving muso Harry Washello (Anthony Edwards) whose wayward lifestyle, fatefully, brings him to LA, *Miracle Mile* takes a turn for the sour

as Washello, about to call from a downtown coffee house to make up to an accidentally jilted date, is surprised to find the callbox vacant with the payphone ringing.

Lifting the handset, he hears a frantic, garbled message warning of an imminent nuclear showdown. "It's for real," shrieks the voice, "We shoot our wad in 50 minutes." A scream, gunfire and Washello hears the line go dead. Some kind of joke? LA has less than an hour to find out.

From here, director Steve DeJarnatt turns the movie on its head. Playing against formula, resisting mainstream clichés *Miracle Mile* gains its terrifying effectivity from being exactly the kind of movie it isn't. No twists, no convenient exit points, the movie ends as it should - not as we'd like it to - and the message hits home like a hammer blow.

A truly draining experience.
Damon Wise

WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN!

WE LIKE to think we're pretty New Age around here, what with our crystals and floatation tanks and all. Imagine our communal surprise, then, when the phone rang in the middle of morning meditation.

Our karmic balance was restored, however, when we realised it was only our friends at Hemdale, in conjunction with BMG, calling to offer us ten copies of the soundtrack to their rather chilling *Miracle Mile* (see review) as composed by those arch-deacons of ambience, Tangerine Dream.

To win a copy, all you have to do is answer this simple, nay, retarded question:

Is a 'tangerine' a fruit, a make of spaceship or a piece of Edwardian furniture?

Write your answer on a postcard together with your name, address and mental age.

Don't forget to mark your entry 'Fruity Soundtrack Competition' and send it to our usual address here at Sounds, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ, to arrive no later than Tuesday January 22.

POPWILLEatItself are the founders of that Midlands musical dynasty of greasy mopped hooligans that stretches from the pop genius of Miles Hunt and The Wonder Stuff to crimped teenies, Ned's Atomic Dustbin.

These days, that legacy has even bounced beyond its Stourbridge/Wolves base to churn out colourful, terrace pop that's had a knock-on effect through Jesus Jones' we've-got-a-sampler-and-we're-dead-modernisms to EMF's 'teenage' rampage (hey, they've got to be good – they're young!)

Ex-press pets, Pop Will Eat Itself are slobbed around the bar of a swankpot London hotel that oozes the tinsel lifestyle of the best soap opera of our times, the long lost *Crossroads*.

Looking like a five-a-side football team on a weekend trip to the smoke, the Poppies are a car crash of sportswear and club gear, a barber's nightmare of follicle frenzy, a combination of polite chit chat and the sort of yobbishness that mixes Saki and lager into 'bombers'.

The band are about to record their second *Top Of The Pops* appearance, with their 'X, Y & Zee' single gatecrashing the January death zone of the charts at number 16 this week (hell, Iron Maiden straight in at number one with a lame chunder of petulant, screeching axe wank).

But waiting to see where you are in the charts is not as glam as you would have expected – there's no Rolls Royce delivering a number on a piece of paper. Up in Stourbridge, where vocalist Clint Mansell resides with his parents, things are more domestic, albeit booze-stained.

"God, I was so nervous on Sunday," he recounts. "I was at home, and it got so tense during the countdown on Mark Goodier that me and my Dad went down to the pub. In the end I drank so much, I had to be carried to bed, and I missed the bleeding chart position! Apparently you could hear me being sick through my sister's baby's intercom."

Just shows the unnecessary pressure our stars find their bony shoulders creaking under!

Last year's left-overs or top entertainment for the new millenium? JOHN ROBB meets up with intergalactic punk rock hip hoppers POP WILL EAT ITSELF to find out why they think no one wants to take their chartbound beat bombardment seriously. Pop shop by ALASTAIR INDGE

THE BEAT THAT WOULD N'T DIE

stuff that no one takes seriously at all over here."

"Last year everyone thought that we were indie dance but we hadn't quite grasped it right," spits Clint's rap attack partner Graeme, incredulously. He then points out that the Poppies have been bouncing their moonboots on the dancefloor for a good few years before last year's 'crossover' attempts.

TO THESE days, the Poppies were coming from a very different angle anyway, crossing the bad boy beer beats of the Beastie boys.

Their audience doesn't give a toss for fashion, 'indie/dance' crossover or whatever, the Poppies make great music to pour lager on yer kopf to and act the goat with. Indeed, in terms of diligent, lumpen-headed, sleeves-rolled-up loyal support, Pop Will Eat Itself are like a Stranglers of the '90s with more technology and less bullshit than the men in black.

Following a disastrous support slot to Public Enemy in Belgium (!) a couple of

years back, the Poppies have been snubbed by rap – the form they love most.

"All the bands that we like think that we are basically shit. We always give our record company a massive list of bands that we would like to support, but they're having none of it. They think that we are really shit, which is ridiculous when you think of the size of audience that we can now pull," adds the laconic bass player, Richard, whose city centre Brum flat has been robbed repeatedly.

Richard thinks that the Brum club scene is a joke. "They play Deee-Lite and everyone goes crazy, then its war to walk Beatles and Hendrix – it's like yer dad's record collection."

Because they attract such a partisan following themselves, the Poppies know what it's like to see their own supporters murdered. New York sonic loon, Alan Vega – leather lizard Colonel Gadaffi lookalike and one half of influential art terrorist unit, Suicide – was (un)lucky to get away with his hide at his support slot in London's Kentish Town Town And Country Club last October.

"I suppose you couldn't really blame our crowd when this freak all dressed in leather got onstage in from of them," reasons Clint. "He didn't seem to mind at all. He wanted to play the second night as well, he seemed to be loving it standing under this hail off bottles."

"We couldn't really risk him the next night, though, as our gear would have been smashed," explains Clint, a man lucky to only have journalistic bottles lobbed at his skinny frame.

"It really annoyed me," butts in Graeme. "I got out on stage and was throwing the bottles back."

Let's face it, Vega thrives on confrontation – a ripple of warm applause would have freaked him out.

BUT BACK to the Poppies' current scenario. With a single headbutting the Top Ten, they finally seem to have clambered to the toppermost of the poppermost. However, after years of striving for the release of pop freedom, the Poppies have

IT'S BEEN a long, not very strange trip for Pop Will Eat Itself. Once they were loved by the media (at least in Sun-styled terms) for flailing their spotty buttocks at passing cameras and spouting sexist claptrap.

Now they seem to be dead meat, "too serious", a relic from a different age... But life's not that simple – in those real terms of you, the loveable, fleshy punter, the Poppies' star is in the ascendant.

Their autumn tour packed venues out across the nation, leaving a stench of sweat-stained, stale socks. Their vinyl is shifting, they've become big business. That damned crossover of hip hop muscle-flexing and spotty oik, supa yob melodies has found a home. In fact, a lot of homes.

"I suppose we're like a form of popular working class entertainment," reckons the singer. "It's like that bouncer said at the Wolverhampton Civic Hall gig, You're a popular turn around here, mate."

Clint Mansell, the first famous Clint in pop music, currently huddles behind the nickname Cliff. Time has been kind to this mild mannered, 27-year-old Midlander. He still resembles the wild-hearted, hopeful that strutted Midlands' stages in the early '80s behind a cloud of hairspray in the pop tart exercise, From Eden – a band that used to get their girlfriends to scream at them when they stomped the stage. From Eden gave way to the gothic burn out of Wild And Wandering which mutated into the early speedball fuzzbox snarl of PWEI.

But the Poppies are not content with a salivating horde of mutant pop bastards getting them into the Top 20. They want to be taken seriously.

"I mean, I was annoyed that no one took 'Sweet Sweet Pie' seriously," remembers Clint, in that nasal, down to earth burr, typical of the great wasteland that lies between London and Birmingham. "I was hurt that it wasn't lauded alongside the likes of The Wedding Present, who I thought were absolute gunge."

"In the States we seem to get taken really seriously alongside the likes of Nine Inch Nails, Waxtrax and Urban Dance Squad. I mean, that's a whole scene of



PWEI: A popular turn in the Wolverhampton area

discovered that there's not much magic near the top of the candy mountain.

"I mean, it's not like we get mobbed when we walk down the streets. People don't shout after us, There's Clint Mansell, there's Graeme Crabb!" (Not exactly star studded names, eh? Hardly Gary Glitter, Terry Tinsel or even Brian Connelly!).

"People complain about being mobbed pop stars. But after hanging around the dole for about five years, you're not going to suddenly flaunt your own wealth... Not that we seem to have any," ponders Graeme.

"Other people stay in their dressing rooms before gigs trying to build up this mysterious aura," says Clint, who can usually be found in the bar before a gig, a stranded goony bird in a sea of unsuspecting fans. "It's easier to develop an aura of personality around yourself than to be a normal person. People who come to see us don't treat us like that. They're more likely to come up to us at a match (Wolves) and ask us when the single is coming out."

Hell, the Poppies must stick out a bit at Molineux – their flailing rock star haircuts surrounded by a mob of Steve Bull crops.

To the outsider, Pop Will Eat Itself's music seems to change little. There's a few adjustments here and there, a tinkering with the overall frame, a creeping sophistication maybe, but there's still a brutal reliance of beat over melody – a jackhammer thunder that almost swamped the sound on their recent, triumphant tour.

"That's what I'm into these days, more groove-orientated music with repetition. I don't listen to much melody music," mutters Graeme, the band's main songwriter. "I think that we are good at an overdrive of ideas, a bombardment of ideas as much as we are with tunes. I don't think that there's many people into that idea at the moment."

"I don't think that you could compare us to The Stone Roses in terms of melody. There's a first and second division of bands and a Beezer Homes League – ha! ha! But, in terms of bombardment, we can't really be placed. With our stuff you can get switched off straight away – people either like you or they don't!"

GRAEME'S DAMN right. The Poppies' music resembles a patchwork of the most and trashiest moments of the last ten years, loaded into a sampler and spat out again. PWEI can be a mind-mangling experience.

"When we start an album we usually start completely fresh with no ideas at all – which was a complete disaster last time. Every time you make a record you want to make one that is completely different from the one that's gone before," states Clint.

"None of us are virtuosos, like, masters of any instruments. I just sit at home with my portastudio and work at ideas. We never really know what the record will sound like until we get going on it. We want to make records that are complicated, where you can't take everything in."

Well what d'ya expect? The Poppies are a pop band. Yet they constantly moan about the way they're treated by the press – even taking yer correspondent to task for what wasn't really an evil-smelling review.

It's trauma time for this band who've grown up in public. Once your saddled with an image, it's tuff or almost impossible to get away from it. The Poppies can get dispirited very easily – they've been chewed up, spat out and dumped on the other side, but then, no one owes them anything. Pop is a conveyor belt – building them up to knock them down is a pretty healthy thing cos it keeps things chundering on.

But why the hell should the Poppies give a toss anyway, since they're strictly big bucks now? Clint's a nice guy, maybe too nice in what is basically a cutthroat scene. A scene that requires bastards, really hungry bastards.

"I don't want to come over as an opinionated git, you know, Blah, blah, blah – me this, me that, rubbishing someone else. We just make a sound that's close to what's in our heads. I mean, there's millions of bands that I can't stand, but there's too much bitchiness."

"It's weird how it goes, isn't it? There are bands who have recently had a resurgence in their careers, people who were social lepers a year or so ago are cool again just because their music is back in fashion."

He readjusts his rasta head band, swigs his gin and tonic and grins that irrepressible loon grin.

"F**k it! I'm sick of whingeing – this is a new positive vibe. A more positive Pop Will Eat Itself in '91!"

Well it beats being a postman.



THE MANY faces of Jellyfish Kiss

JELLYFISH KISS are the most curious of bands.

They might revolve around the constant core of guitarist Dave and drummer Mark, but they've had eight different singers to date. And, although they live in Leeds, the band record their albums across the Atlantic with famed American eccentric Kramer.

Their most recent collaboration has resulted in the release of their second LP, 'Animal Rites', on Shimmy Disc – the sound of which, like the band's line-up, is an ever fluctuating entity.

Where their debut LP, 'Plank', edged towards more rocky pastures, 'Animal Rites' is a startling mixture of styles, flowing through the torrential chaos of 'Zero Tolerance' to the bizarre tune and quirky lyric of 'Regular Folk'.

"When the line-up changes every nine months or so, it gives you a wholly different slant," explains Dave. "Yet it's always been very non-dramatic and, whenever anyone's left, there's invariably been someone else who's expressed an interest and is willing to join."

KRAMER GOT involved with Jellyfish Kiss when Mark sent him a copy of "a record we'd done ourselves, not something we dwell on very much". The Shimmy Disc guru was so taken with it that he contacted this hitherto unknown English band without the slightest hesitation.

Dave takes up the story: "We got a letter from him saying he'd like to produce the next album, so we got a date off him and somehow got it together to go over there. We had to get a complete album ready in six weeks."

"People say you can't be very serious if you put an LP together in six weeks," adds Mark. "They're probably right because it does take a lot of time and thought but we're more interested in spontaneity than anything else. Your first idea is often the best, so recording them straight away without the chance of them going stale is a good thing."

Indeed, Kramer's reputation for working at speed and relying more on instinct than technology was the major attraction to the band.

"He can get the best drum sound you've ever heard in ten minutes," enthuses Mark. "Yet people spend days in the studio getting the kick-drum right. It's crazy – it's a goddamn piece of vinyl! A disposable commodity."

THIS REFRESHING lack of conceit takes an amplified twist when the subject of major label interest rears its predictable head.

With the merest shrug of resignation, Mark advises, "You'll have to ask Dave

CONGEALED with a kiss

JELLYFISH KISS are one of those bands who've had so many different members that they even changed their line-up during this interview! IAN CHEEK assesses their latest link-up with Shimmy Disc's Kramer

about that because I don't do it anymore. There...another line-up change!"

This takes me by surprise and naturally beggars further investigation. It transpires that, for economic and personal reasons, Mark currently plays no active part in Jellyfish Kiss.

"Previously, we've always said if you can't be wholly committed then don't do it and I wasn't prepared to have one rule for myself and one for everyone else. I've got a dog, y'know, and there's no way I'd consider going on tour without her. When she came to stay with me five years ago I accepted the responsibility of looking after her and, though it may sound extreme, I'm gonna see it through."

He's unsure whether this is a

permanent decision or not but Dave, equally philosophically, is far from bitter.

"Music's not the most important thing. It's just something we do and if you haven't got the time or the commitment it's unfair to insist someone does it. As for major deals, I don't think so, the business side is just so painful."

JELLYFISH KISS are loathe to reveal too much of themselves but, when prodded, a few revelations do come to light.

They abhor the machinations of the music industry, claim to be hated in Leeds ("Because we're honest, we don't play games") and rarely play live, partly due to the rigmarole of travelling and also because they don't expect an audience to show up anyway.

Their records – especially 'Animal Rites' – have been the subjects of streams of colourful yet wholly inaccurate prose but, as Mark confesses, that's exactly how they like it.

"We don't want people to put our record on and immediately know all the answers. If there's sufficient ambiguity in what we're doing, which I think there is, people can read so many different things into it."

Imminent plans include recording tracks for two Imaginary Records tribute LPs, their third Shimmy Disc LP in March ("We've got half a song so far but there's plenty of time") and the prospect of supporting Bongwater on their forthcoming British tour.

As I wandered off to, er, powder my nose, the tape recorder still rolled as Mark and Dave reflected on our conversation. "I think we lied too much, Dave," was the final comment.

How much of this is true is, therefore, open to anybody's guess. But then, that's half the fun.

WELL, DIDJA EVAH?

Despite hailing from a cute town called Champaign, the DIDJITS are actually yer typical bad-assed, beer-swillin' tough nuts from the US

Mid-West. Or are they?

JOHN ROBB raises a glass to the new wave of pub rock

A MERICA'S MID-west is a tough industrial wasteland, knee deep in bad attitude.

From Chicago to Detroit the small town scenario stinks of pointless existence. Yet this is the rock heartland — home of the gritty end of the yank scene.

The Didjits are typical of such a scene. Three beer-swillin', car-crashin', run-out-of-town bad asses, who fled their hometown village for the relative sanctuary of college town Champaign, Illinois, to ply their mid-'70s R&B-rooted psychodrama turned cranked ZZ Top-style fisticuffs.

The band was kicked into gear almost a decade ago. Squat,

pug-nosed front man Rick Sims threw the band together as a homage to real rock 'n' roll.

Though their UK action has been brief, restricted to one fleeting Fugazi support slot last November and a couple of records, their new single, 'Headless', should lay out the band's manifesto. Flipped with a cover of The Dickies' 'Give It Back', it distils the stubborn purist shtick that brought the band together in the first place.

"There wasn't really too much of what I think of as rock 'n' roll around — like Little Richard, Jerry Lee or the Buzzcocks, that sort of stuff," the jet-lagged frontman chunders in a backroom of the Southern Studio complex.

T HE DIDJITS have been flown in for 24 hours for one gig, a brace of interviews and then it's back to Champaign. A jet set lifestyle, or what?

"We're actually from Sullivan, which is about two hours from Champaign," explains Rick. "I had to move, the cops knew who I was and kept on hassling me. I looked like I was into beer and trouble. They thought that I was a bad influence. Chicago's too big and the rents are too high there. Getting across town is a real bitch, so we moved to Champaign."

So it's true that you're typical mid-west, beer drinkin' slob?

"We all are, I admit it. When my parents got divorced, I got drunk

and crashed the car. That was the last straw really."

Any swift impressions of the UK in yer whirlwind trip?

"Hey, everyone's got gardens in their backyards! Is that an English phenomena?"

R ELEASING RECORDS for top US independent Touch and Go (home of Butthole Surfers and the soon to be discovered, cooler than f**k Urge Overkill, etc), the Didjits seem to be turning into something smouldering, sleazy, powerful and hilarious.

Their live show has Rick squeezed, Alexei Sayle style, into a tight pub rock suit, demonstrating a

lascivious tongue technique while the rhythm section work out in a furlous beer boy mode.

The Didjits are all bad attitude onstage, but pussy cats off. How long are they prepared to wave a rigid didget about?

"We'll continue to a point where it gets stale. You can't beat this horse too much, it's a logical progression for any band."

The Didjits kicked some righteous action at the only London show they've done so far and a return match is promised sometime this year.

The Didjits are prime loaded bar room pub rock. But, for once, ya can use that terminology in a totally non derogatory sense.



DIDJITS: BEER birds of a feather

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BLOODSPORT FOR ALL

3 of a (different) kind

IT'S NINE o'clock on a Monday evening and Bradford city centre is bitterly cold and eerily empty.

The only indication that any sort of entertainment might be going on in these parts is a row of posters for Smokie's 25th anniversary concert.

But slip up a sidestreet and enter a small doorway and you'll discover the sole reason for being in Bradford on such a night - Unique III's club night, Phase III.

Edzy is warming up on the decks, the way he's been doing since Unique III started DJ-ing three years ago.

"There was nothing going on in Bradford so we decided to do it ourselves," he explains. "The only problem has been motivating a local crowd. Even now a lot of the people come from out of town."

UNIQUE III are in fact four - Edzy, Deadly D, JMP and Cutz - who have the distinction of bringing about the rise of 'bleeps' music. Their single, 'The Theme', was the first and arguably finest of the lot, but they feel that they've now moved on from such beginnings.

"We don't feel in competition with the other bleeps makers," says Edzy. "We've tried to experiment with a lot of different styles like ragga,

Bradford was as dull as hell until UNIQUE III livened it up with their Phase III club night. COLIN C hears how they helped to instigate the rise of 'bleeps' music and unleashed a great LP in the process

House, pop music etc, and we certainly wouldn't try to recreate anyone else's sound."

But what about the people who use Unique III's ideas on their own records?

"If someone samples or copies us and they make good use of it to make something new, then that's a compliment," shrugs Deadly. "But if someone like Jive Bunny did it I'd have to go and find them."

After a long period of scratching in Bradford, Unique III put out 'The Theme' themselves, which brought them to the attention of Ten Records.

Their subsequent contract has given them the chance to furnish a small studio where they are free to experiment. As far as Deadly is concerned, this is a very important side to their success.

"I want to learn as much as I can," he says. "If this all falls through tomorrow I don't want to go back to the dole. You have to think ahead."

But on the evidence of their recent LP, 'Jus' Unique', which combined their hard bass sound with just the right degree of commerciality, Unique III will be with us for a while yet.

WHAT MAKES Unique III so convincing is their close contact with their audience, and the way that they use what they see and hear intelligently rather than resorting to simple copying.

For Edzy this is just the way in which they have naturally developed.

"As DJs, we get to see what people like first hand and we can pick up on trends and sounds very early. And using our own studio means we can experiment and sometimes do things that a trained engineer might not do. But it's through mistakes and things that you hear noises you wouldn't normally hear, and they're the noises we like to use."

Later that night, a sweaty crowd stomp and cheer, demonstrating their hearty approval of the Unique way of doing things, and Bradford doesn't seem such a bad place after all.



UNIQUE III - actually, four



NEW SINGLE

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The
Morning*

available on 7" 12" CD

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JANUARY

22nd LONDON UNDERWORLD
24th SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC
25th READING UNIVERSITY
26th KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC
29th MANCHESTER BOARDWALK
31st BOURNEMOUTH HOTOHOUSE

FEBRUARY

1st BRISTOL POLYTECHNIC
2nd WOLVERHAMPTON POLYTECHNIC
5th BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY
6th NEWCASTLE POLYTECHNIC

marketed by AVL

T:n

NELSON might have busked their way to a recording deal with Geffen and topped the American charts with their first single, but they are still struggling to be accepted in their own right. PAUL ELLIOTT meets the twin sons of '50s teen icon Ricky Nelson

RIGHTS OF PASSAGE

GET UP close and you'll see them: zits. Nelson are not perfect, but it's a close thing.

Matthew and Gunnar, 23-year-old twin sons of '50s teen icon Ricky Nelson, are born pop stars, ice cream blond, rabbit-eyed. And they write sunny, poppy rock songs sweet on Boston and The Beatles.

Nelson's first single, '(I Can't Live Without Your) Love And Affection', was an American number one but, inexplicably, it died here.

"It's a great signature sound," says Matt in a boxy room in west London. "Twin harmonies, organic instruments, peaks and valleys. It's a great song emotionally."

They have their acoustic guitars with them, so Matt and Gun play the song there and then. It's dead-on. Nelson have got it.

For an encore, they do 'More Than Ever', their current single which has also been taken from their debut LP, 'After The Rain'.

Nelson love to busk. It's how they secured a record deal with Geffen.

"We had to light a fire under their ass," Matt chuckles. "Every artist should be able to stand on their own. We've played acoustic sets, just me and Gun, to 20,000 people. Last year we had people winning Grammys when they didn't even sing on their records. I almost cried looking at it. Everybody's ripping off other artists who actually wrote their own stuff."

"It's got to a point now where it condones mediocrity. There is no advance in the art, sampling has gone totally crazy. It's so incredibly easy now to make a record with absolutely no talent, and it's the perfect record company product, because it needs no money invested in it."



"IT WAS very difficult for anybody to take us seriously"

"We were raised on bands like Boston," admits Gunnar freely. "They were the other extreme. They'd go to a cathedral and record a church organ rather than use a synthesizer or a computer. You can feel the difference. There are no more heroes, it's all disposable stars. Warhol's right. People want something to believe in."

Some people don't believe the twins' hair is all their own. Matt laughs, a little wearily.

"Milli Vanilli boasted about having hair extensions! Nothing was real. They were saying they're bigger than John Lennon, that Bob Dylan can't write a song, and I'm sitting there in horror going, I can't believe this is happening to this planet."

"It's a jaded world, and music is a reflection of the times. We stopped cutting our hair for a reason seven years ago. We wanted to prove how long it would take for this thing to come to fruition."

AS THE sons of Ricky, Nelson had a hard time being accepted on their own merit.

"After a second generation performer like Julian Lennon, it was very difficult for anybody to take us seriously," sighs Matt. "We experienced a stigma that we had nothing to do with, although the kids we grew up with had no familiarity whatsoever with our father's music."

"We grew up living with my

mom. Dad was touring 300 days a year. Mom drank. To keep sane, Gunnar and I stuck together and played music. We dealt with a lot of emotional abuse as kids, which is something I'm gonna write about."

"Everybody would say, You guys have got each other, you'll be fine. That was the big cop out. Yes, we did have each other, but the fact was you had two individuals who were still going through the same amount of crap and still didn't understand it."

"When my pop died, the media in the United States totally destroyed him. They wrote lies, saying the cause of the plane accident was a fire started by cocaine freebasing."

When the government proved that to be false, that the fire was started by a mechanical fault in the heater, it wound up on page five in tiny little print having been front page news for two weeks."

A flightcase behind Gunnar moves.

"Hey," he deadpans, "pop's here."

"Dad was quietly proud," Matt continues, "but he never pushed us into music. We witnessed with our dad's career an amazing down time. He was really huge in the '50s and early '60s, then went through some bad times in the late '60s. Then he learnt to write and put the Stone Canyon Band together, the first manifestation of the California sound - rock 'n' roll with country vocals. Randy Meisner left his band to form The Eagles."

"We used to take songs to dad to ask what he thought. He told us, Believe in what you're doing and keep doing it. There's a beauty in that statement, it's just truth."

"Ziggy Marley's so talented," adds Gunnar, "but he'll always be Bob's son. That's partly because he plays music exactly like his father, and even does some of his father's tunes. We don't do music like our dad's. We learnt from our dad's example."

"Y'know, people have said to us, Where do you go when you've had a number one with your first single? Well, you have another one, which touches even more people. We have just started to nibble on the great cake of our songwriting skill," he concludes, without a hint of a smile.

THIS ALBUM is about hope, about getting through," says Gunnar of 'After The Rain'. "We lost our dad in 1985 and that sent us into a period of growth. Around the same time our sister got cancer from dealing with the stress, and we saw her fight for her life."

"We realised you have to say your piece while you can. It's so easy to be a negative person. We're not that way. It's much tougher to be positive no matter how much shit comes down the pipe."

When describing the relationship between himself and his brother, Matt comes on all Spinal Tap.

"I'm a little bit more esoteric, spiritual. Gun's aggressive and a lot more overtly sexual. It's a ying and yang kinda thing. Rock 'n' roll symbolises rebellion, but that doesn't mean throwing on a black leather jacket, spilling beer on your girlfriend and making the sign of the incubus."

"We were baptised Catholic but we grew away from it because we didn't believe in a religion based on fear and guilt. We grew up with a Cherokee Indian, an older guy who was 25 when he died. He initiated us into the Cherokee tribe, we went through rites of passage."

"The native Americans are a very peaceful people, at peace with themselves and the planet. If there's anything we really believe in, it's that. I think its time has come."

So has Nelson's.

ANN SCANLON looks back at NELSON's father, the dream pop star and rockabilly, RICKY



RICKY NELSON

OF ALL the '50s rock 'n' rollers, Ricky Nelson was the most misunderstood - born too rich and too good looking to be taken too seriously.

Born in New Jersey in 1940, the son of wealthy showbiz personalities, he became a childhood star on the family's radio (and later TV) sitcom, *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*. Legend has it that a girlfriend told the 16-year-old Ricky that she was in love with Elvis Presley so he decided to make a rock 'n' roll record. However, Nelson's also been quoted as saying that he spent hours listening to the radio, longing "to be Carl Perkins".

Whatever about his aspirations, Nelson's first record was a godawful version of Fats Domino's 'I'm Walkin' which immediately became a Top 20 hit. Nelson signed to Domino's label, Imperial, and by his second LP ('Ricky Nelson') he had curbed his pop croon and turned rockabilly.

He managed to succeed because he backed himself with bassist James Kirkland, drummer

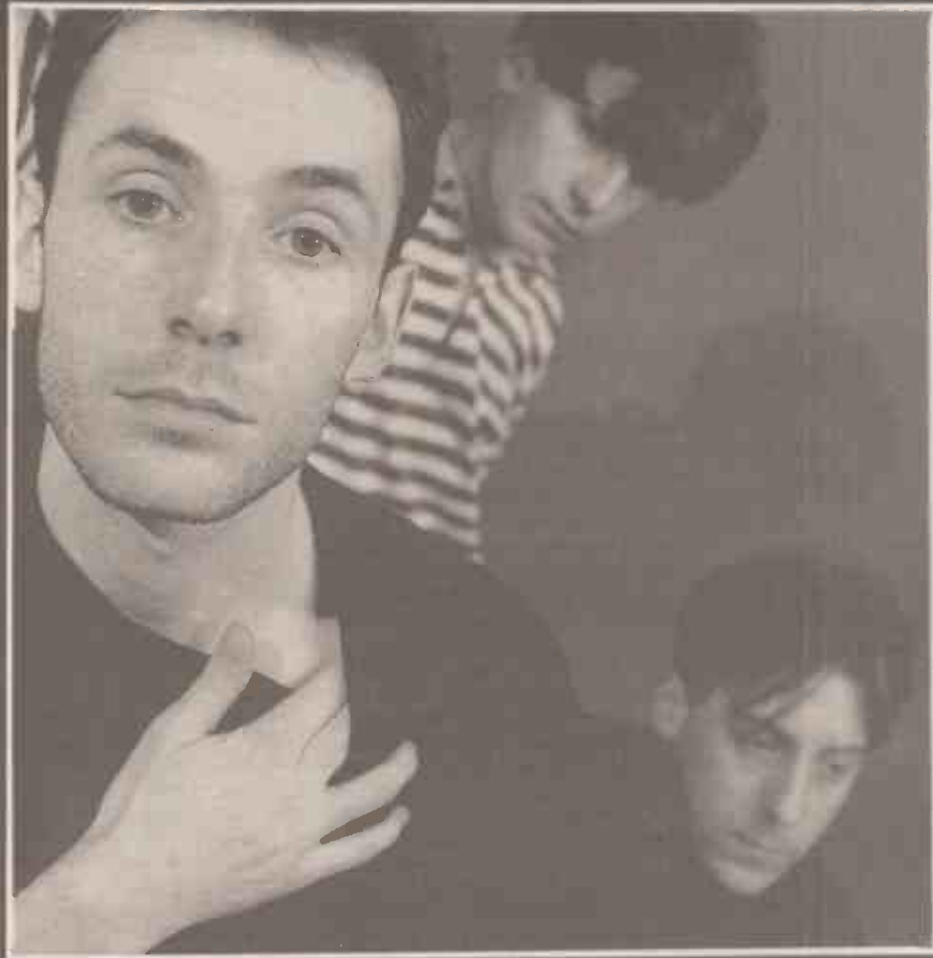
Richie Frost, pianist Gene Garf and, most importantly, guitarist James Burton, who went on to play with Elvis Presley. He also used some great songs by people like Johnny and Dorsey Burnette ('Waitin' In School') and Roy Orbison ('Down The Line'). Between the end of the '50s and early '60s, Ricky sold millions of records - reaching number one with 'Poor Little Fool' and 'Travellin' Man'/'Hello Mary Lou'.

After dropping the 'y' from his name, he signed a 20 year contract with Decca and changed his style to country/rock. He formed The Stone Canyon band in 1969 and when, in 1971, his fans booed him off stage at a Madison Square Gardens rock 'n' roll revival show he wrote 'Garden Party', which became his first Top Ten hit in ten years.

He died on the last day of 1985 when a private DC3 crashed en route to a gig in Dallas, which was rumoured to have been caused by a drug related incident. But whatever about the rumours or his pop origins, Ricky Nelson did more to popularise rockabilly music than anyone since Elvis Presley.

REVIEWED BY RALPH TRAITOR

SINGLE OF THE WEEK ONE



HARBOUR KINGS: Resurging? Who, us?

HARBOUR KINGS 'Shoot The Breeze EP' (Fire) Goddamn but it's good to have another Harbour Kings record! Having finally emerged from the wilderness noticeably unscathed with last year's superb 'Summercolts' mini-album, Sheffield's unsung Kings of song return with what amounts to some sort of ultimatum: ignore us at your peril.

In their endless struggle for guitar rock respect the evidence is, as ever, terribly convincing. Specifically: 'Pass-Over', a brooding, cleansing borderline ballad; 'Scared To Fall', a slightly brighter if no less

introspective lullaby; a startling interpretation of Hüsker Dü's 'Every Everything'; and title track, long a feature of the Kings' live set, its lilting verses abutted by abrupt, cutting choruses.

When so much literal and figurative capital is being made out of the resurgence of British guitar rock it's becoming increasingly ludicrous and glaringly criminal that this gifted trio are being given such short shrift at home. And what will happen? As usual, it will be left to the Americans to separate the wheat from the chaff, a virtual guarantee that, finally, the Kings will get their crown. And this time it won't be made of thorns.

genre-bending stroll through 25 years of West Coast pop. Crash-compacted riffs, references and rousing production take you places others fear to tread, including a spectacular Beach Boys segue followed by power chords without number and a mellifluous chorus destined to occupy some of your mind...there's so much happening on this single it might as well be an album: In fact, a brilliant debut.

As for Jellybean, the smug little so-and-so parading his plastic wares on MTV night and day, he checks in with a dance track fronted by Niki Harris that sounds remarkably like perhaps ten thousand other dance tracks. In fact, a total bore.

LES THUGS/THE UPTOWN BONES 'Falling Apart'/'Spring Is A Cat' (Black & Noir) HYDROLIC SYSTEMS 'Hydrolic Systems' (Black & Noir)

Les Thugs indulge their expansionist tendencies by using their label to launch this single shared with kindred spirits, Philadelphia's Bones. The hosts sound remarkably cheery, not to say arbitrary, descending into their characteristic, inscrutable and rather loud maelstrom mode only at the end, where choice noise short-circuits brutally. The Bones, meanwhile, go a trippier route, chasing feedback butterflies with clubs and letting loose a singer who is surely on secondment from the funny farm.

Hydrolic Systems start fast and stay faster, swinging an axe of black sound so close to your head you'll be lucky to escape without a crop. It's over mercifully quick, but then so's a neutron bomb...if you're into meditation, forget it.

THE BLUE NILE 'Saturday Night' (Virgin)

Unbridled schlock thick enough to make a young man old and an old man buy a CD player. Yes, the legendary Blue Nile massage your figure with a sirocco of sop, leaving no stains a lowly Level 42 B-side can't remove. 'Softcore' anyone?

WELL LOADED 'Make It Mine' (Love)

Dylan should stop wasting his time and get Well Loaded to back him. An excellent single from some of the hardest working young men in showbusiness. If they weren't in a hurry to get their just desserts Well Loaded could have fun touting their superb hard rock as long lost classic Americana. One is tempted to advise them that, rather than waste their time adding their voices to those already overpopulating the disenfranchised rock wilderness, they should get the next plane to LA where they'd have majors queueing.

DAMN YANKEES 'High Enough' (Warner Bros)

You can be sure that no-one is more surprised by Damn Yankees' impressive sales curve Stateside than founder Ted Nugent who, after years of clinging to his well-founded axe god rep, has finally cashed in his chips. This is safe, sexless, almost see-through AOR pomp, the singer trilling the usual lovesick pap mankind craves ceaselessly. Distinguished, predictably, by a glimpse of Nugent greatness, but not nearly enough to save it.

ALICE 'On My Way Home' (TDP)

Where did this woman come from? She sounds like she's just come out of either a coma or convent - or both - singing an original lyric in an original voice to an original tune with an original arrangement and production! Either the business mediocrity mafia will silence her or she'll surely soar in years to come. Most impressive.

QUEEN 'Innuendo' (Parlophone)

This year's Queen's Message is curious for its resemblance to an imaginary Zep outtake. Apart from a prolonged

MARIA MCKEE 'Breathe' (Geffen)

An ethereal wander down the backroads of infatuation that sees McKee gamble away her 'Show Me Heaven' inheritance on a longshot likely to endear daytime programmers by its sheer audacity. Cleaved neatly in half by a fabulously direct solo, 'Breathe' resolves itself in a clearwater violin solo, and is, above all, a beautifully dignified act of defiance in the face of conventional wisdom.



MARIA MCKEE: breath of defiance

outbreak of flamenco guitar it's what one expects. You'd think people this rich would have found hobbies by now, really.

THE DENTISTS 'Beautiful Day' (Integrity)

The Dentists' unlikely but real pop power manifests itself here as a muted charmer that seems weak but nevertheless draws you in. Staid acoustics, invisible drumming and a rather game arrangement combine to carry the day.

COLIN JAMES 'If You Lean On Me' (Virgin America)

When The Boss is away the mice will play and here's

Colin James with his latest bid for sub-Springsteen supremacy. Bold horns and twice the chorus most people manage make this a minor treat but will James' voice be heard clearly in the soundalike throng?

VARIOUS 'The Grease Megamix' (Polydor)

Just what the world needs on the eve of war! Yes, folks, forget your troubles and mental age and write off your pride with this smashing pile of puerile crap - still high in the charts and no sign of droppin'. But, hey, 'Summer Nights' is still the bitchiest 'Louie Louie' cop this side of '75! After this, no wonder Travolta needed Scientology.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK TWO



CARTER USM: shit-dissers of the world unite

CARTER (THE UNSTOPPABLE SEX MACHINE) 'Bloodsport For All' (Rough Trade)

This much-trailed taster from Carter (USM)'s forthcoming long-playing contribution to the end of the century is, in its erudition and pop culture rape and pillage, a worthy successor to The Smiths, which will come as a relief to many, not least Rough Trade themselves. Boys Wonder tried and, because of their fatally sentimental retrospection, failed to proffer something equally post-modern, universal and energising, and it gladdens the heart to see mavericks like this about to kick butt in charts clogged with the super-soporific outpourings of flowerpot boys.

The great thing about these Carters is that they know how to shove the past up the present until it splits and spills the future, a feat difficult to perform even on drugs - which a duo this sharp hardly need spending moolah on. The flip, '2001: A Clockwork Orange', should be placed on school curriculums immediately.

BLOW-UP 'World' (Cherry Red)

A slower run through for The Beatles' 'Taxman' riff, lifted of olde by Paul Weller for 'Start'. At least Blow-Up - who keep threatening to contend seriously and then get lost - put it to good effect, spinning it out into a seductively obvious parallel rave. The wah wah pedal is, as always, most welcome. Right, boys, you're finally back on track - don't make another lousy album for God's sake! The flip's 'I'm In Love With A Gurl', however, will take some explaining...I mean, honestly, a 'gurl'?

BEAT HAPPENING 'Red Head Walking EP' (Sub Pop)

While the rest of rock - and, indeed, reality - rolls along, Beat Happening continue to make their Neolithic folk-pop, indifferent to what was, is or will be hip. 'Red Head Walking', sounding like de-fanged Cramps or maybe Link Wray aged 12, is genuinely revelatory. 'Secret Picnic Spot' is a campfire song for those inclined to spoken word recordings, and if you can follow it it'll start following you. 'Revolution Come And Gone' keeps to the Happening formula but throws in a

wooden electric part to complement the marginally less mesmeric vocal - "Five years ago we were intense". It doesn't bear thinking about at all.

THE DAMNED 'Fun Factory EP' (Deltic)

You'll think I'm kidding but this is, regardless of the fact it's pushing nine years old, The Damned's 'last' single! But the old goats may get the 'last' laugh because this 'lost' recording is *darned* good! Imagine Jim Morrison as a stand-up comedian fronting a bad psychedelic band in some forgotten, misbegotten LSD Trip Or Trap?-type '60s B-movie and you're getting close. But why are the keyboards upside down?? Ah, shucks, we're gonna miss ya! (Until you reform again, that is.)

THE FLAMING LIPS 'Unconscious Screamin' EP' (City Slang)

Seriously f**ked-up noise from Flaming Lips, perhaps the last Midwestern weirdos at large not to have a cult to call their own. There's no point discussing 'melody' or 'arrangement' or anything except the sheer tormented anti-social spastic wonder of the thing, as guitars climb each other like jet fighters on heat and one or more singers hit the eject button every second line. The title track is no party but 'Lucifer Rising' takes some beating - and so will you.

JELLYFISH 'The King Is Half-Dressed' (Charisma)

San Francisco's Jellyfish provide a painless sting with this pleasurable



THE JESUS LIZARD: guess who's not coming to dinner

DIDJITS 'Headless' (Touch And Go) THE JESUS LIZARD 'Mouth Breather' (Touch And Go)

Illinois' mighty Didjits return with a frenzied crawl introduced by a squealing riff that collapses into static clinging noise and incongruous backing vocals, all strangely recalling The Who's more abandoned B-sides.

The Jesus Lizard, another Chicago combo, manage to approximate Richard Hell's revenge, yanking out the timeless 'Blank Generation' riff like a rotten tooth and then drilling it with thrashing drums and a vocal even a mother would shun. On the flip, 'Sunday You Need Love', a coldblooded white blues, plays more by the rules - but there's nothing here to suggest these Windy City shitstormers would make ideal dinner party guests.

tales of

ORDINARY MADNESS

AFTER A gap of almost two years, Throwing Muses are back with a new line-up, a new single and a new album.

They're also back to the phenomenal standard of their first album, which set the indie ghetto on fire back in 1984.

Their new LP, 'The Real Ramona', manages to capture the essence of their eponymous debut — a dark, claustrophobic shriek of guitar and emotion. It was desperate, unhappy music but not music that made you unhappy to listen to.

They were, on the surface, a fairly orthodox mid-'80s rock band. Underlying that, however, was something manic, something that lurched haphazardly from the pits of despair to the heights of elation and back again. It was real good shit.

Their mini-LP, 'The Fat Skier', had them going radio rental, and screeds of hyperbolic prose followed. 1987's 'House Tornado' had some of their most disturbing material in 'Mexican Women' and the clammy 'Colder'.

1988's 'Hunkpapa' either suffered or benefitted from the attention focused on label-mates and fellow New Englanders, Pixies. It also had the absolute fluke commercial single, 'Dizzy', that had a lot of people going overboard on hyperbole, describing them as everything from the new Bangles (oh, please!) to the new Smiths.

In fact, the Muses are still there in never-never land, a dimension that touches ours' very briefly and very lightly. There is something abnormal about the Muses' music compared to the grosser, clumsier sounds that you play every day on your stereo, something that language is quite inadequate to describe.

Something wonderful. 'Counting Backwards', the new single and opening track of the album, has everything essential to the 'typical' Muses song — a bitchin' guitar attack, swirling double-tracked vocals and lyrics about going into a state of hypnosis, a state of forgetfulness. 'Red Shoes' is among the best songs that Kristin Hersh has yet written. And 'Hook In Her Head' will chill you to the bone.

RECORDED IN California in the summer of last year, 'The Real Ramona' belies the sunny setting. Kristin, jet lagged, paying a flying visit to London, confesses that the West Coast was an ordeal.

"I never want to go there again," she says, giggling. "We had all our band meetings in hot tubs and I'm a bitch to complain. But..."

"I was reading this neurology book at the time and there was this piece about how, if the right side of the brain is non-functional, they used to say that there

She's trailed by crazies and sixth form psychos but KRISTIN HERSH just wants to talk about normal things, like shoes and stuff. TOMMY UDO hears how THROWING MUSES deal with the darker side of fandom. Case studies by STEVE DOUBLE

was nothing wrong with you. People seemed to be able to function fine and they used to think that you can do anything normally.

"Yet these people don't have any emotions. They didn't react to anything and they didn't recognise emotion in other people. So if someone shouted, Run! at them, all they would hear is the verb run. They wouldn't know that it meant... something scary was going to happen. And that's what living in Hollywood is like! Just sort of... hmmmmmmmmmm.

Kristin is a surprise. Interviews, TV appearances and between song banter give the impression that she is, well, a bit of a flake. It's only when she giggles — which she does a lot — that you think, Oh God, the medication isn't working.

Throwing Muses themselves seem to attract an odd bunch of fans. More than any other band around at the moment, they have a following of obsessives who search their lyrics for clues about life, the universe and everything.

As in the '60s, when Bob Dylan spawned a cult of bores who saw significance in every syllable, you can find yourself sitting in the launderette next to a spotty sixth form poet who claims to have found the truth behind everything from the assassination of President John F Kennedy to why you can't get a plumber on Sundays in 'Hunkpapa'.

But like the Muses' songs, there is a dark side to all this attention. Kristin has reservations about a lot of the fuss that surrounds her.

"I meet a lot of people that we attract who I don't like at all. It's disappointing. It makes me think that other people are going to meet them and think that they're like us! Heh heh. On the other hand, they're probably only the people who introduce themselves.

"Fan letters are scary. I get a lot, I guess, considering our stature. I'm not famous, but people feel compelled to write to me. And they're really frightening. Some of them are literally frightening. They're obsessive and... they're the kind of people who'd kill you!

"But a lot of them are scary because they're the same, they just all follow this pattern. The first paragraph is, I never wrote a fan letter before, blah blah — a disclaimer — then the second paragraph is total gushing, just complete over the top gushing, saying stuff they would never say in person to anyone. And the third paragraph, to make up for that, is just this... jab! Like, there's always this mean thing.

"One letter went, I never wrote a letter before, then, You saved my life, you're a goddess of music — real mawkish stuff, you don't want to hear — and then he writes, PS, Don't ever make an album like 'Hunkpapa' again! And that was the album that was out at the time.

"They're all like that. They'll say, I sent a picture that really looks like you, and it'll be this really ugly picture!"

Oddly enough, this interview with Kristin Hersh took place on the tenth anniversary of John Lennon's murder. Why is it that the Muses seem to attract this audience of weird little Mark Chapmans?

"Er... I think that the one thing people notice about us is that I seem mad! Which is unfortunate, and I'm sorry if I ever give that impression because I think it gets in the way. But they think, Yeah, she's doing this for me, so I can let go of it! Like, HEY, KRISTIN! I mean, I'm not ready to take on my own problems never mind anyone else's. I mean, when they meet me and I talk about shoes and stuff, they're disappointed."

Do they scare you?
"Sometimes. It's always been hard for me to be scared for myself. But I'm afraid for my son."

THROWING MUSES: The Sounds compilation tape

EVERYTHING!!!!
but especially...

- 'Vicky's Box' from 'Throwing Muses'
 - 'America' from 'Throwing Muses'
 - 'Chains Changed EP'
 - 'Soul Soldier' from 'The Fat Skier'
 - 'Mexican Women' from 'House Tornado'
 - 'Colder' from 'House Tornado'
 - 'Dizzy' from 'Hunkpapa'
 - 'Hook In Her Head' from 'The Real Ramona'
 - 'Red Shoes' from 'The Real Ramona'
 - 'Cottonmouth' from 'Counting Backwards EP'
- All released on 4AD



KRISTIN: SHORT of a six-pack?

ASWELL as borderline psycho fans, Kristin is righteously sickened by the music business. She has a suspicion of studio craft, preferring to prove the songs on the 'Real Ramona' in a live situation, taking the band on the road.

"If you can let the songs fly live then you can make them happen on the record," she says. "Otherwise you get real careful. Most of that stuff, studio technology, that people use to make it easier — overdubs, that sort of stuff — it just doesn't end up helping. It tends to become too stylised... I really think it's hard to be honest, playing little pieces over each other."

Honesty in music is important to Kristin, a concept that may be eroded in the modern day market place. The role of the producer, for example, has been expanded out of all proportion.

"And they call these people 'artists', these little dolls they put on the record," she says. "I mean, we never knew what a producer was for. We were really lucky that we got people who didn't push us around or anything, who was there to boss the engineer around!"

Kristin's disillusionment came to a head when she played an acoustic tour in the US last year.

"It was supposed to be 'fun' or something, but I never had any 'fun' per se. I just found myself wanting to get out of this crummy business. I was so sick of it. I mean, these songs are just like my kids and



KRISTIN: PLAYING with a full deck?

there's people just stomping over my kids. And I thought, what's the point? I mean, the music papers are just garbage and they're writing these things that I didn't even say. Not that I have anything to say! Heh heh."

So why does she continue? Why did she start in the first place?

"Mainly, music was my only religion. You must know what it means to be hit so hard by music that you just think that's what God intends! If I was good at something else, maybe I'd do that."

"Sometimes I go back and listen to X," she says, reminiscing about the seminal US punk band. "David (Narcizo, Muses' drummer) and I are still big fans of X and when we're feeling pissed off, thinking we gotta get out of this business... they're sorta like one of the reasons we're doing this. They were great."

"Maybe it sounds dippy, but telling the truth is all that we're ever supposed to be doing. I can't shake the feeling that lying in music is just evil. And I've also come to realize that no one else feels that way. But the truth is such an efficient medium, that reaches your body and heart and head."

So where does Kristin see the Throwing Muses going in the next ten years? And will they even last that long?

"That's not my job to know that. I used to think that I could read the market place, but there are too many people f**king with it. All these record companies, who are basically loan sharks."

“I think that the one thing people notice about us is that I seem mad! Which is unfortunate, and I'm sorry if I ever give that impression, because I think it gets in the way”

THIS MAY give you the impression that Kristin is miserable and embittered, but not a bit of it. She has, after all, made a stonking album in which she can rightly take pride and is working on solo material.

Throwing Muses are about to embark on a European jaunt to tie in with the release of the album, a tour that Kristin is looking forward to. Because mad fans and record companies aside, she still enjoys playing.

"Yeah, it's always really sad coming off a tour. You don't know how to judge a day. When you're touring, you either have a good show or a bad show or maybe a f**ked up show, and that's how you know what the day is. That's your label for the

day."

Is a tour a test of the band's endurance of each other?

"No, we get along better every day. The more time we spend with each other, the better. It's when we're not around each other and we hear stuff, business problems, that we have problems with each other."

This will be the band's first visit since the departure of Leslie Langston, who left to return to California. Her replacement on the bass is Fred Abong, of whom Kristin says: "He's an angel boy! Although I always thought Dave was the King Of Flakeiness, Fred has surpassed him. Dave was Fred's student for not remembering, ignoring and losing. Heh heh."

LAST YEAR'S visit by label-mates and compatriots Pixies saw them suddenly being taken seriously as contenders for the stadium circuit. Along with Jane's Addiction, Pixies seem set to become like the Talking Heads of the '90s: massively successful without compromising.

'The Real Ramona' could seriously put Throwing Muses into the same league, but on their own terms.

"I wish no one had ever called us arty," she says, sighing. "But on the other hand, we never started out as a cover band. I don't think Throwing Muses are capable of selling records by 'selling out'. We had a hit single with 'Dizzy' by mistake."

"Pixies and Talking Heads have something, and I hate to say it, that is very masculine. They can put a whole lot of other stuff on top, but they have this foundation that is familiar to people. With us, we have a foundation that is unfamiliar to people, so they have to forgive us that or appreciate us for it. People aren't really used to listening to a lot of things that comes out of women. And I don't even know what that is."

Is it definable?

"It seems to take the form of detail. Delicate structure instead of the spine of something. Begin with the detail and then move in and create a foundation."

"Then again, we can easily fool the hell out of people into thinking that these are just rock songs!"

SOUNDS

JESUS JONES



PHOTO BY STEVE DOUBLE



CITY OF SUB-CULTURE

GENERALISATIONS ARE the last resort of the lazy pub talk theorist but, hell, it's fun and it's pretty easy to pin a city down in terms of its music.

Like Liverpool with its folksy melodies scratched out on acoustics, Manchester with its cranky Northernness dashed with LSD insensibility, Bristol in a dubbed-out stupor, London with its confused creeping to fads and Birmingham with its post-goth, mates-of-the-Poppies'-roadies scene.

In these completely gross sweeps, Glasgow has always had a tradition of mixing melodic howl with the foot rammed down hard on the fuzzbox.

From the early '80s Postcard label through to the latest stirrings from pimple-strewn post-mods White Out, the city has always spat out left-of-centre pop goons, eccentrics, and wild-hearted outsiders.

Not that they've been dealt the coolest hand — Glasgow is also the home of turgid mainstream sloths like Wet Wet Wet and their hideous pop hangover, Hue And Cry. Their place in the real scheme of things has been to inspire the rest of the city — in short, they have been good cannon fodder, excellent yardsticks to beat the dowdy with.

Last year saw the crux of the Glasgow scene reach the mainstream. After threatening to cross over for about five years, Primal Scream got to the right place at the right time with 'Loaded' and 'Come Together' while The Soup Dragons scored with 'Mother Universe' and 'I'm Free'.

Teenage Fanclub came into their own while the Pastels, the archetypal G-band of them all, shuffled their line-up.

But just what is it that taints Glasgow's sound

and fuels its sturdy punk rock tradition? And just how long will that tradition continue? Because, at the moment, the city seems more Manchester than Manchester, with loads of baggy-handed kids running amok in Mancs muzo T-shirts.

That said, Glasgow still seems to look to the US as its prime creative influence.

"Maybe it's because Glasgow is the easternmost city, it looks towards the US instead of London," suggests Teenage Fanclub's Norman Blake.

TO GAIN any sort of perspective of Glasgow, you have to start with the Postcard rumble of the early '80s.

Led by Orange Juice, a smart bunch of speed freaks blessed with a charming frontman in Edwyn Collins, OJ were one of the few really exciting things to happen at the time — the logical conclusion to punk rock.

Postcard oozed style. Its mainman Alan Horne was an Andy Warhol freak with a spitting line in invective. Mind you, Postcard also relied on

Edinburgh for most of its guff — picking up the frantic Josef K, but missing the godlike Fire Engines, before going for big bucks with Glasgow's barely-out-of-nappies Roddy Frame and his emergent Aztec Camera.

Of course, like all great pop dreams, Postcard burned out very quickly. Major labels, as is their way, picked the movement to its bare bones.

Edwyn Collins is currently one of our great lost stars, a wandering goony bird still coasting along on charm laced with a sardonic piss-taking, while OJ drummer Stephen Daly is a journalist living in New York, and former guitarist James (arguably the engine room of Orange Juice — the band went horribly limp when he was ousted) apparently sits on top of TV sets reciting poetry, like some kind of acid-fried beat.

Aztec Camera seem to have turned themselves into a gonzo metal act with A-levels and Paul Haig has dabbled with soft boy disco while various and other Postcarders turned up as session men. It all seems like some glorious dream shafted by Thatcher's disgusting '80s.

BUT BACK to the early '80s — when a stunted wee pop elf, with a carefully dishevelled haircut, hauled himself down to the studio, with a faint whiff of disgust for getting so involved in the foul recording industry. Stephen Pastel was about to commit his laconic yet fierce pop to vinyl.

Inspired by the shite that was the Glasgow music scene (soft soul balladeers and smartass post-New Romantic jerk-offs, wine bar culture at its most hideous), The Pastels made their debut with 'Heaven's Above'. A mixture of fuzzihowl punk rock collapsing over a shambling backbeat and Stephen's half-yawned, half-mumbled couldn't-give-a-f**k vocal, the track spat a fierce pop pride and independence.

Live, Stephen would be crumpled in the corner two inches from death or hibernation — his fingers barely making those chord shapes. The rest of the band gawped into the distance but, f**k, they really kicked — mincing out power punk rock with rollercoaster melody without all that macho hardcore grimace bullshit.

On guitar was Brian Superstar, famous for being the grumpy man behind the counter of one of Glasgow's main vinyl offloads. Superstar boosted his P-Rock credibility by rooming with the future manager of Wet Wet Wet. In years to come, Brian would try to revert to his real name of Taylor and master a cool lead technique while scowling from behind his glasses and ambulating across stage like a man on a golf course.

Quiet for about 12 months, the reshuffled Pastels have just signed to Paperhouse and are about to release 'Speeding Motorcycle' / 'Speedway

Star', a double A-side single. Hell, they might even take a week off from running the Friends Of The Pastels, Stephen's fan club of about 200 psychotic knock-kneed cranks and perverts, and get themselves onto the road.

IT WAS Alan McGee's emergent Creation label that pulled together the disparate strands of the Glasgow scene in the mid-'80s. And it was the explosive Jesus And Mary Chain who took the whole thing into the mainstream.

East Kilbride's leather kids, Jim and William Reid, had spent the last four years skulking around in their bedroom with a four-track paid for by their pop's redundancy money. One demo tape as the Daisy Chain was doing the rounds but, with a name change to The Jesus And Mary Chain they



PASTELS: SOMETIME to return

FREAKY FACTS FROM THE FRONTLINE:

1. Teenage Fan Club were originally called Superdrug — Norman dropped the name because it was "too gimmicky".
2. *Sounds'* slothful superscribe and speedway freak Graeme Bent drums for the Primevals.
3. Norman went to the same school as Sean from The Soup Dragons and they put together a half-arsed band called The Fey Tailors.
4. Sean went on to guest in the original line-up of BMX Bandits.
5. Stephen Pastel is the world's first rock 'n' roll librarian.
6. Keen speedway fans, The Pastels are often found on the most dangerous bends of the course getting cheap pervy thrills from leather clad riders.
7. Some bands linked in with the Glasgow mob include Edinburgh's Shop Assistants, The Go Team, Beat Happening and Half Japanese.
8. Biff Bang Pow is the rockin' hobby of Alan McGee and Dick Green of Creation Records. Andrew 'Ballads Are For Saps' Innes (Primal Scream's mad grinning guitarist) once thundered through their ranks.

the
DAMNED

FUN FACTORY
the stonking new single
Delt 7. 7" 12" CD



ORANGE JUICE: the logical conclusion to punk rock

were about to headbutt the flaccid mid-'80s pop parade with their delicate melodies, howling feedback and tough guy aptitude.

The Reids grabbed a bass player in the shape of Douglas Hart (the 'good-looking one', whose father is reputed to be the laziest man in Glasgow, still sending for the young D to change over the TV channels) then gave a demo tape to Nick Kent (not the r'n'r lizard of mid-'70s folklore) who was running a Glasgow club with Stephen Pastel.

But the Mary Chain would probably have festered into a writhing death hate, if it hadn't been for Alan McGee. Fed up with banging his carrot head around the Glasgow backwater, McGee took up the option on his British Rail job and headed for the smoke.

As the bassist in Laughing Apple (a post-mod, pre-Biff Bang Pow outfit), McGee had known people like Bobby Gillespie and Primal Scream's co-founder Jim Beattie since primary school. Rock press junkies to a man, they had ordered their ink fix from the same newsagent for years. McGee was taught to play bass by Primal Scream's current axe hero Andrew Innes and was reputed to be a fine four-stringer, once spending a week in turgid MOR outfit H2O.

Down in London, McGee started putting on gigs as the Living Room, a fine alternative to the scandalously shite capital club circuit where you had to pay to play. The Living Room showcased the Three Johns, Primal Scream, Nightingales and a thousand others, and the profits were poured into McGee's next project... Creation Records - which would eventually become one of the clutch of indies dedicated to style and success.

The Glasgow connection was strong - The Pastels, Revolving Paint Dream, Primal Scream and the Mary Chain, whose debut single, 'Upside Down', set things moving.

In 1985, the Mary Chain were rock press darlings and a thousand rip-offs were inspired. Back home, the city was going through creative turmoil.

"It was Bobby (Gillespie's) Splash One Club that pulled everything together," remembers Stephen Pastel. "Lots of interesting people got to know each other. It was like all these people had been in their bedrooms with their superb ideas, everyone who was really unpopular at school. The outsiders all met up."

People like Douglas, the piss-thin eccentric from Bellshill, who formed the BMX Bandits with Sean Dickson. The Bandits were the archetypal misunderstood outfit, nailed under 'anorak' (that mini-craze that caught on after Stephen shuffled around in rainwear and a daft pair of leather kecks), who were regarded by many as the ultimate in wimp out. Hell, they were so goofball one of their original members left to become a freemason!

"I think people can't handle the comedy aspects," reckons Stephen. "To me the Bandits are the closest group there is to Teenage Fanclub, but Douglas will do really crazy things whereas Norman's a lot more subtle."

"Like at the last gig in London, Douglas had these really fat dancers on stage that most people thought were really sick, or calling his last album 'C86' makes people think that he's just trying to jump on the bandwagon! Douglas thinks everything's really funny, he doesn't seem to know where to draw the line."

Despite a brilliant support to Teenage FC at the tail end of last year, the Bandits remain trapped.



JAMC: THE stance that launched a thousand rip-offs

They're a festering borderline joke, a lost talent who spent half of last year dressed as a pantomime dragon in a local production.

His original partner Sean Dickson has managed to beat the opposite path, putting together The Soup Dragons with bass player Sushil Dade. Sushil had previously put together one of the city's best 'zines, *Pure Popcorn*, that - along with Stephen's missive *Juniper Berk Beri* and Chris Davidson's *Slow Dazzle* - was the most important narrative of the action.

But then Dickson always did have an eye on pop success and was good at assimilating styles into his muse. An adept tune writer, his time inevitably came last year with the chart scuppering smashes 'I'm Free' and 'Mother Universe'.

The best hits were, however, reserved for Primal Scream whose 'Once' almost became Creation's first single. They made their debut in London supporting the TV Personalities at the Living Room, with just Jim Beattie, Bobby Gillespie and drum machine.

The next five years were going to be a struggle to match razor sharp invective with vinyl action - the Primals' occasional flashes of brilliance on singles and albums were bogged down by the stressful search for excellence.

'Loaded' and 'Come Together' saw them get their just reward, but 1986's 'Velocity Girl' had already lit a thousand hearts nationwide, including those of The Stone Roses - but then cross-pollination between Mancs and Glasgow had always been strong.

Meanwhile, Norman Blake was kicking off a r'n'r apprenticeship. Blake seemed to play for every single group in the city - he'd even played in The Clouds, a post-Shop Assistants buzzsaw gang, but mainly helped out BMX Bandits before finally putting together his own Boy Hairdressers. A couple of years later, he put Teenage Fanclub together along with fellow Hairdresser Raymond McGinley and the Fannies were one of the surprise hits of last year.

GLASGOW HAS also thrown up other great talents: The Vaselines, for instance, formed as a reaction to the cloying pop that was fumbling its knock kneed way around the anorak scam.

The Vaselines cut two fab mewling singles on Stephen Pastel's 53rd & 3rd label (also a launch pad for the Shop Assistants), scuzzing out one of the great trash guitar sounds and a tongue in crotch vocal slaver. They were a band out of time, although frontman Eugene is rumoured to be putting tracks together at the moment.

The '90s have seen a constant flow of new muckers. Jim Beattie (long departed from Primal Scream) has crafted a new outfit, Spirea X - all shimmering 12-string melodies and a nod to the last 18 months of action. There's also Swerve, a band that started by covering The Stone Roses' album and is now finding its own feet; fellow Greenock hoolie Sheer Taft is cutting dance records with Creation; while star spotter Stephen Pastel is plugging Melody Dog, whose debut single 'Futuristic Lover' is getting a release on legendary US underground label K.

Just what is it with these bastards? Jim Beattie reckons that "Glasgow is quite a nutty city and the music is like a reaction to all that. We want to show the English that we can sing, that we don't shout all the time."

Stephen points to the scene's reliance on non-macho techniques.

"Glasgow seems to be different from most good group scenes. There seems to be a non-macho element to it all. Girls are accepted on a much more sincerely equal basis," speaks the man whose current Pastels line-up is half and half. "The bands have never really given a shit what they look like, but there was always a certain arrogance about the bands. They believed that they were playing in the greatest group in the world."

Which, in these sappy, apologetic times, is still a heartening attitude.

NEW FACES

1. MELODY DOG

TWO WILD chicks about to release their debut single, 'Futuristic Lover', on the maverick US label, K, which already has many links with this jocko pack. Katrina and Pat deliver witty broadsides to Stephen Pastel's ego wank 'zine, *Pastelism*, and rattle their way through with a rambling punk rock attitude.

2. PERSPEX WHITEOUT

PW HAVE been hovering around "getting their demo together" for a good stretch of time. They were foolish enough to host the last Pastels convention and deal in a soft psychedelic mush. Stephen likes 'em so they must be (ahem) alright.

3. SWERVE

HOTLY TIPPED by the motor gob manager of Spirea X, Andrew McDermott, these are young whippersnappers who spent their first few months of existence learning The Stone Roses' fab debut album. Now they are moving on from cover versions and, although they are still under the influence of Mancs' finest, striding out into their own direction.

4. SPIREA X

JIM BEATTIE, the man who kicked Primal Scream into action, returns. Spirea X deal in pure pop melody, cruising on a 12-string that bleeds soaring pop prowess. Beattie hasn't lost his knack for tunes and is now aided by the seasoned McGovern brothers and former Wishing Stone Andrew Kerr. Their live show is still a tad stodgy compared to their fluid music, but - if they can keep churning out the songs at the rate they are at the moment - they could be pop stars by summer. Their pop dreams could, however, be dashed if rumours of a split (with Jim and Judith in one camp and the rest in another) are to be believed.



4. SHEER TAFT

RUN OUT of Greenock for his overactive tall tale gland, Taft drifted down to London and is currently putting together dance records for Creation. His combination of natty ideas and cheeky bullshit have carved out one neat (if rather daft) dubby house cut, 'Cascades'. Taft is an opportunist and proud of it and will probably string a pack of lies together to sell his cause. Last spotted buying speed off an eleven-year-old child, Taft is trouble!

5. GROOVY LITTLE NUMBERS

MUCH RATED by the music moguls who goosemarch around the taste pimples of the scene, although the GLNs are only up to demo status.

6. WHITE OUT

TOO VICIOUS to be mods, this is howling teen beat pop. They draw on a whole bunch of reference points from the '60s onwards and crank them through some fuzzbox aggro, which has already left their guitar player with severed fingers. Cool tunes as well.

RECOMMENDED GLASGOW LISTENING:

1. 'Truck Train Tractor' - The Pastels
2. 'I Wonder Why' - The Pastels
3. 'Never Understand' - The Jesus And Mary Chain
4. 'Velocity Girl' - Primal Scream
5. 'Loaded' - Primal Scream
6. 'Everything Flows' - Teenage Fanclub
7. 'Chlorine Dream' - Spirea X
8. 'E102' - BMX Bandits
9. 'Teenage Jesus Superstar' - The Vaselines
10. 'Golden Shower' - Boy Hairdressers

DAT's the way to do it

ELECTRONIC Manchester Hacienda

NOT EXACTLY a bunch of circuit sloggers rotting their way to the top in the back of a transit van, Electronic are very much a '90s supergroup – a loose combination of proven pop talents built round the Barney Sumner/Johnny Marr core, mainstays of the two most important Brit bands of the '80s.

But unlike the big name gangs of the dark early '70s, this is a low key, almost embarrassed affair, with none of the heavyweight ego axe wank of before. This Hacienda secret gig was Electronic's debut UK appearance, a celebration of the Hac getting off for another six months on the lifestyle bust rap that threatened to shut down Manc's top tourist attraction. Or, as Barney muttered in a rare bout of rabble rousing, "We fought the law and we won".

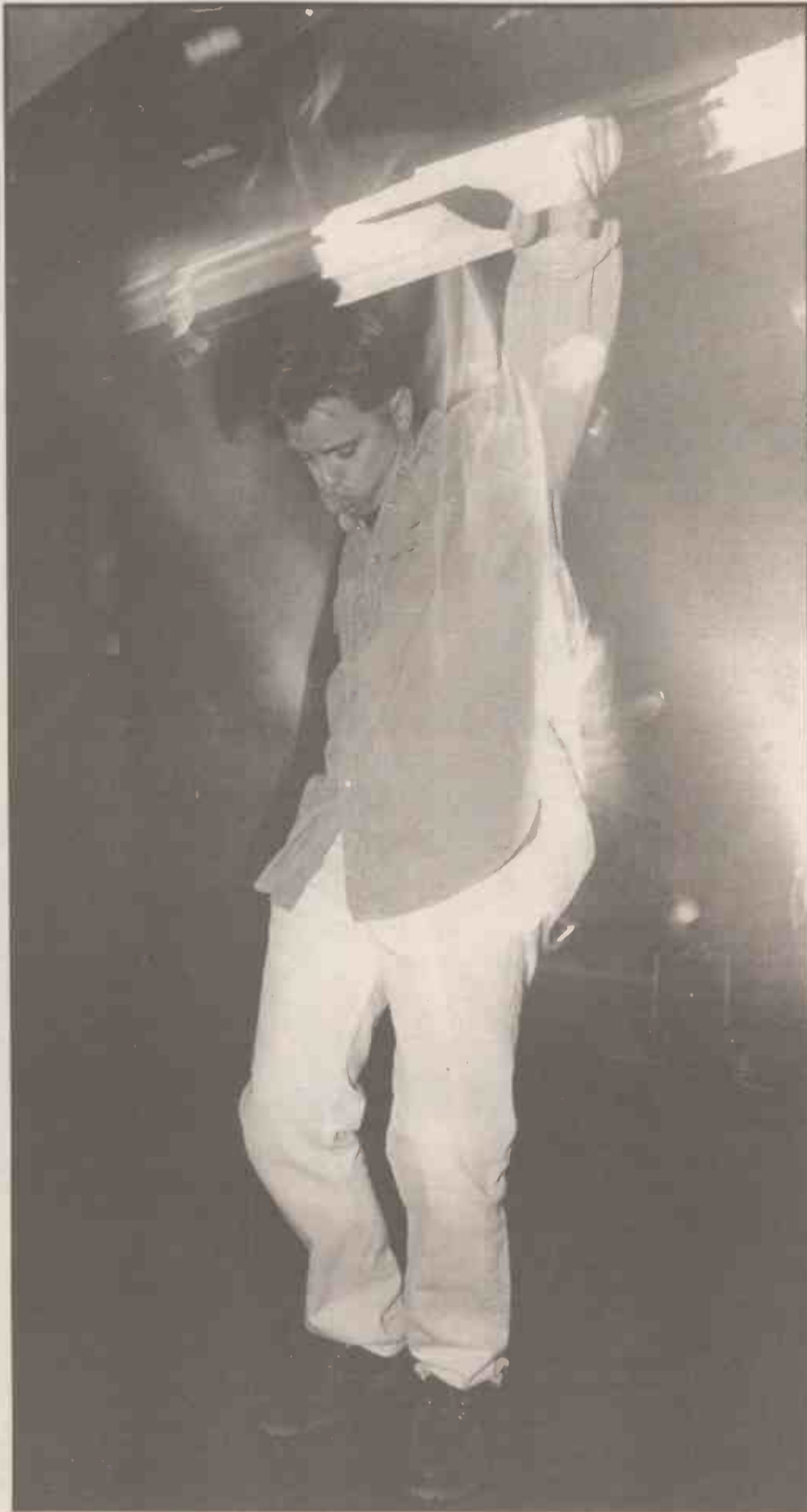
Electronic have only gone out once before, in LA supporting Depeche Mode, where the five-piece oozed the half-finished feel that's characterised New Order's pop battle between machines and personality. And technology dominates tonight, with much of this sound running off DAT. But instead of letting the software pulse completely take over, they still have Barney, the knitwear uncle figure cutting an unlikely star shape but now crooning in a more assured voice that reeks of singing lessons.

Stage right is Johnny Marr, stacked with a *Star Wars*-patented pile of axe gear for a six-string complement that looked live but felt like it was running off tape. Two percussionists, including ACR's Donald Johnson, broke up the tapebeat; DAT may be great studio technology but it's been tough to translate live without its numbing tightness taking control.

Five new songs including an instrumental, a swift encore and no run through of last year's furry psychedelic pop disco smash – yup, despite Neil Tennant introducing tonight's set, 'Getting Away With It' was scuppered because Electronic didn't have it on tape. The new material bore the same hallmarks as the hit: club friendly rhythms, almost folksy melodies. . . New Order without the Viking backbone workouts.

But hell, this was a heroes' welcome – the boss of the nightclub doing a turn in front of the regulars. Operating about ten miles away from the pack, Electronic are dead on course for the '90s, proving that sometimes pop is the easiest thing in the world.

John Robb



BARNEY SUMNER (above) and Johnny Marr (left) may be the closest 1991 has to a supergroup but they can still only afford one decent pair of keks between them
Ian Lawton

THE THREE JOHNS Bradford 1 In 12 Club

MY FIRST ever encounter with The Three Johns occurred when, strangely, they played Leeds Polytechnic on a weekday afternoon more years ago than I care to remember. As any sane young schoolboy would surely do, I missed and therefore failed my French 'O' level and of course blame them to this day.

Many years later, The Three Johns are thankfully still with us, albeit somewhat sporadically. Their recent 'Eat Your Sons' LP sold two and a half copies, inspired little critical acclaim – other than in this august journal – and general consensus would have us (wrongly) believe they are something of a joke band.

Three days before Christmas they're here in Bradford, charming the very pants off a packed 1 In 12 Club. Hyatt looks ravishing in leather trousers; Brennan has grown his hair at the back to compensate for its imminent withdrawal at the front and Langford, well, Langford looks the same as always. He also looks pissed. But it is Christmas.

To celebrate they combine a series of classic oldies with the better moments from 'Eat Your Sons'. The pervasive atmosphere and escalating bassline of 'Key Largo' is perhaps the better moment of that LP, elevated further by Hyatt's exaggerated and self-derogatory vocal manner. 'Blind Heart', building from subtle beginnings to majestic crescendo, is equally fine.

It's several years since 'AWOL', 'Lucy', or, joy upon joy, 'English White Boy Engineer' were heard, but tonight our desires are wholly fulfilled, each performed with the sparkling dexterity that characterised their original appearance. They've lost none of their rapier-like wit either, nor the ability to waffle endlessly between songs. 'Kick The Dog Right Out' is dedicated to John Major ("That man who lives happily in 10 Downing Street with his wife and three suits") while Langford confesses "It's two years since I've played guitar and you've made me feel at home".

Too frivolous to be taken seriously, too genius-like to be dismissed. Thank you Three Johns, you made my Christmas.

Ian Cheek

HONEYCHILD Ladbroke Grove Subterania

PLAY THAT funky wah wah white boy! Honeychild don't so much fall between two stools as get lost in a veritable sea of magic mushrooms.

In singer Ion they have a charismatic frontman with the pout of a young Jagger and the soul scream of James Brown, but who sits well below Lenny Kravitz and Terence Trent D'Arby in the '90s soulman stakes.

Honeychild's main problem is that they rely too heavily on Ion's energy and sincerity to pull them through. Considering they are attempting to push along some viciously funky grooves, the rest of the band have all the personality of Gary Numan's backing band. Guitarist Bruddy

appears to have had his wah wah pedal surgically connected to his foot, and comes across as a bit of a muso, making each song sound as if it is accompanied by an amplified Kenwood mixer.

They do have their moments though. The inevitable Prince-like slow amply illustrates Ion's potentially golden larynx, and when the energy level increases for the encore, 'Chains Of Illusion' turns into a groove where for once the wah wah is useful.

When Bruddy turns his baseball cap round mid-set it only highlights the band's dilemma, lost somewhere between a soul review and EMF. Less wah and more war will be needed before these baby brothers become the bee's knees.

Rockford

INNERVISION (FEATURING MC NATURAL AND DJ ANDY MARTINEZ)

New Cross Goldsmiths
College

"LOVE. . . PEACE. . . joy. . . freedom" – all meaningful concepts and/or currently fashionable buzz-words. South London's Innervision pepper their set with a mixture of concept and buzz-word, and while you're never sure quite which way they'll jump, both give an undeniable pleasure. Skin up, clue up on self-knowledge philosophies, add a touch of Timothy Leary, and we're off. . .

Music floats in firstly off the DJ desk and latterly off a programmed keyboard, while 'Chris and Do' (namechecked on The Beloved's 'Hello') and Jon gyrate wildly over bongos.

They kick off with a dual rap from MC Natural and Dave D, reminiscent of De La Soul, but owing equal amounts to the Washington Go-Go scene, never more apparent than when they invite audience chants, Troublefunk style.

Natural soon leaves Dave D to the vocals, and from there on in we're talking that mixture of peace, freedom and dancing that was an integral part of early rave culture.

"We gotta have peace before it's too late," could either be looked at as nouveau hippy idealism or a plain common sensical attitude in these insane times.

Innervision aren't as tight as Soul II Soul, but when they are, we'll be talking. 'Energy Of Love' is their most accomplished moment, tying all the previous fringes into a more forceful and coherent whole.

The end chant of "We've got to be free" borders precariously on the ridiculous without sufficient sincerity shining through to qualify it, but why piss about with details in the face of such awesome possibilities. They may be lovers, and they're definitely dancers.

George Berger

FLOAT Islington Powerhaus

GOING BOLDLY where, well, where quite a few people have been going recently, actually, Float tackle the lofty indie-dance-crossover prop forward round the midriff and bring it to the ground with a resounding crunch. And a bit of a chuckle.

A pair of refugee Dundonians in cahoots with a couple of Gunners fans from London, Float the folk breeze through a set with the assurance of a rehearsal room-hardened gang of spot-on musos, plus an enthusiasm sustained by youth and a fair few cans of continental lager brewed in Northampton.

Float the set consists of an unbroken chain of persuasive choruses and butt-wiggling grooves.

If this lot were the Pixies, the fact that the bass player is an Akai S950 would make it the star of the live show.

As it is, Float are considerably more entertaining. Singer Tom Doyle lollops about the place like a genial chimpanzee who's had interesting substances slipped surreptitiously into his feed. Tall guitarist Martin Hoyland looks the rock thang part, all droopy hair and gangling attitude. Tony Antonio swaps slide guitar ripostes and Tom Hoyland bashes the drum things, but these two have an attitude problem which seriously handicaps the longterm prospects of the band – they look far too bloody happy. A large shot of self-indulgent misery is called for.

Musically, Float do an ace INXS and a very passable Stone Roses, thus conveniently setting up two stools between which to merrily plonk themselves. Too much talent for their own good, I'd venture, which is the sort of problem a fair number of bands north of Wilmslow would give their eye teeth for. Whatever they are.

Andy Ross

EDITED BY KEITH CAMERON

LOVE/HATE
Charing Cross Road
Marquee

HAIR LANK and oily, skin a dirty white, leathers scuffed and graffiti'd, Love/Hate don't look too LA. Their music, too, is more evocative of, say, New York than California, all jabbing riffs, hard love muscle and mewly gang vocals. It's their names that give them away; Skid on bass, Joey Gold on drums, Jon E Love on guitar and, oh dear, Jizzy Pearl on vocals. It's enough to make even Legs Diamond's Roger Romeo wince.

Love/Hate are a strong rock band, but ordinary. Prior to the release of their 1990 debut album 'Blackout In The Red Room', Love/Hate's best song, 'She's An Angel', was soundtracked on *A Nightmare On Elm Street 4*. 'Angel' is a classically-styled pop song with a psycho streak, but much of 'Blackout' is stiff, and the songs just don't hit.

Tonight, 'Angel' and 'Mary Jane' shine, the latter a twisting, menacing thing. The rest is dumb chaff, like the 'say no to drugs' anthem 'Why Do You Think They Call It Dope?' - cool line, crap song.

Love/Hate are kind of alright in spite of Jizzy's trousers (cut-off jeans laden with silly little buckles), but there are many greater new American rock bands: The Throbs, Little Caesar and the forgotten Rock City Angels to name just three. Sweaty, Love/Hate rock, but that alone is not enough.

Paul Elliott

LES SHAKING DOLLS
Finsbury Park The Robey

HOW DISCONCERTING it must be for bands from foreign climes to face their first British gig in the confines of a veritable dung-pit with an audience of less than a hundred standing rigidly clustered at a safe ten foot distance. Les Shaking Dolls, young and fresh-faced, make an admirable effort to lure them nearer with a barrage of frenzied noise and highly intoxicating rhythms.

Hailing from Angers, France, the same birthplace of Les Thugs, Les Dolls loosely fit their style around the Sub Pop principle, with a larger emphasis on the hardcore element -

at times the result could almost constitute a marriage between Mudhoney and The Hard Ons. From the first notes of 'Straight Edge' they concentrated their efforts on building up speed to a frantic height before tumbling into amiable chaotic riffs.

It's a tactic employed throughout the set, showing off the masterly guitaranship of the leaping, cavorting Hervé, although the mono-vocals of Jean-Philippe often suffered from the dull mix.

'Rock, Bed And Chocolate' (B-side of the single) and 'God Is God' were undoubtedly the prize jewels in a set that glittered with promise. One thing is for sure - this band holds something too big to be contained within a place like this.

Trish Jaega

KING OF THE SLUMS
Charing Cross Road
Marquee

SOCIAL MISFITS, hanging around on corners, kicking against the tide of boredom yet unable to pinpoint the centre of frustration. This is the sound of King Of The Slums.

Sarah's violin dominates, starting out as a lonely lament but soon swinging full circle. Nagging, screeching and insistent, it'll coil itself around the back of your head and refuse to let go. With his cohorts swapping mischievous smiles - only too aware of the harsh discord they create - vocalist Charley Keigher clutches beer and cigarette and sways on the spot, throwing out disjointed phrases.

'Fanciable Headcase' is full of seedy undertones where the violin becomes menacing. There's even a slow reggae-ish number, unconventional and splintered into several ill-assorted parts.

Like a friend whose moods change constantly but who exudes a magnetic attraction, King Of The Slums are difficult to appreciate - but amidst their barely fathomable make-up is a madly danceable beat. Both frightening and compelling, it's the sound of what simmers just below the surface.

Andy Peart



THE SOHO twins spot the culprit who planted some moths in their wardrobe

Alastair Indge

SOHO
Camden Palace

HALFWAY THROUGH the set, the awfully nice man in the multi-coloured striped cardigan and clean, sensible trousers decides it's time he set the record straight: "Ere, you lot didn't know we're a punk band, did ya?"

Guitarist Tim London's mocking remark allows Soho a hard-earned smile. And, quite frankly, who can blame them? Having queued outside pop's palace for a good few years, only to be repeatedly sent to the back, Soho have finally managed to bribe their way in with their pop pyrotechnics and cheeky, freaky dancing.

Yes, when it comes to dancing, Jackie and Pauline, Soho's singing sisters, are up there with the best of 'em. Perpetually posing and preening, the effervescent twins formulate a hundred spontaneous DIY dance routines that are the envy of schoolgirls the world over - spinning and twirling one minute, miming and mimicking the next. What they lack in technical prowess, they more than make up for in exuberance.

Ditto Soho the band. Despite suffering from severe sound problems, they rarely fail to shine. Though nothing really threatens to surpass the

mischievous splendour of 'Hippychick' - an insidious little beast - there are several slinky numbers that cunningly supplement Soho's cutting edge with a smooth, sophisticated undertow.

Take 'Freaky', for instance. A dose of dazzling pop with a crude semi-crazed chorus, it sees the twins jump for joy and roll their eyes in mock amazement, while the lumbering bassist in the tie-dye sweatshirt looks about as comfortable as Eric Bristow at a rave.

If 'Freaky' represents Soho's more manic side, 'Nuthin' On My Mind' exemplifies their calmer face. Introduced by Tim as "a bit poppy, sweet and nice", it playfully lunges and swings, gradually edging closer and closer to the spirit of The Go-Go's, before wisely thinking better of it.

'Love Generation', on the other hand, is something else entirely. A scathing attack on the prevalence of positivity, it prompts Tim into cursing his guitar, while the twins keep themselves amused by perfecting their helicopter impressions and releasing a giant Soho balloon into the middle of the crowd.

Having hijacked the groovy train, Soho want more. Go ahead, punks, make their day.

Paul Mardles

Dinosaur Senior



YO! PUNK'S not dead. More than a decade on and Percy still favours The Pogo.

Steve Gullick

ROBERT PLANT
Kentish Town Town And
Country Club

NOT ALL dinosaurs die, some of them get round to the complicated process of evolving. Such is Robert Plant, the original Wolverhampton Wanderer, and a man fixated enough with his home team to half-inch their logo and mutate it into stage props.

Plant '90 is the hi-tech version, digitalised and sampled away from the root R&B. It all works admirably for him as well. Then again, Percy's not only a survivor of the calibre who could've walked out of Nagasaki wondering what the fuss was about, he's also a crafty bastard. Not many men of his advanced, er, stature, could surround themselves with a band quite as young as his and get away with it. But then, he's about as close as you can get to being a legend without actually being dead, so that makes it a bit easier.

He's not about to trade off history though. A couple of Zep numbers creep in, but not the obvious. 'Nobody's Fault But Mine' and 'Ramble On' are all you're going to get, apart from the odd surreptitious vocal. The voice may remain the same but the songs have changed - tonight, it's 'Manic Nirvana' that holds court.

No complaints there either, really. Guitarist Doug Boyle grabs the acoustic for the melancholy 'Liar's Dance', Percy himself takes the lead in 'Anniversary', but it's 'Hurting Kind' that's the killer groove sting in the tail. All of it rocks so cool you could keep a side of beef on it for a month.

Still the Tall Cool One - Charles Darwin would've been proud.

Andy Stout

JOHNNY GOTTA ZERO
Hebden Bridge Trades Club

IT GOES without saying that all bands have faith in their own material, however misguided some may be, but few bands have the belief and conviction to let their songs do all the talking.

Johnny Gotta Zero rarely speak, look pretty ordinary and have precious little in the way of stage presence. A recipe for disaster in many cases but what they lack in disposition they make up tenfold with the charisma and variety of their songs. They open with the rich clarity of 'Killing Jesus', promptly displaying Matthew Flanagan's unassuming yet unique vocal style and Oliver Jeffcoat's seductive bass.

Indeed this is one of JGZ's many qualities. Their bassist plays eloquently throughout, Flanagan's expressive vocals are mirrored by his guitar playing and drummer Tom Feather, always consistent, has the ability to change the course of a song with the merest flick of the wrist. Yet rarely does any particular instrument dictate the nature of their sound, and the whole has a democratic feel worthy of early Echo & The Bunnymen.

But with that all important contemporary groove credential. 'Reward' takes its cue from a thrilling wah wah guitar; 'Dead Heroes' is notable mainly for its lavish bass while 'Aural Candyfloss' is dominated by a trembling steamroller drum rhythm.

With songs of this calibre coming so freely, JGZ show remarkable maturity for their tender years and though Hebden Bridge will never be at the hub of the rock universe, here are three young men determined to put it firmly on the map.

Ian Cheek



JONATHAN KING and Sam Fox

THE BEST OF

Boasting a line-up to satisfy any discerning music lover, The Great British Music Weekend promises to be a booze-fuelled bonanza. TRISH JAEGER asks maverick media-mouthpiece JONATHAN KING, the brains behind the event, what connects Wolfsbane to The Wedding Present

ROB HEATON, NEW MODEL ARMY "It's a very good bill. We were amazed to be asked to play at anything involving the BBC, seeing as no matter how well our singles do we are always struggling for airplay. I never had much respect for Jonathan King before, but he's obviously got his ear to the ground to get such a great line-up together. It's a pity it's so segregated musically into different nights."

THE GREAT British Music Weekend was the concept and largely the work of media-mouthpiece Jonathan King, producer of The Brits in conjunction with Radio 1.

And it may come as a surprise to many that the line-up of bands, probably one of the best in many years, was chosen by Mr King himself.

The shows will be filmed in order to be televised worldwide, as well as

being shown at the British Record Industry Awards.

The ticket price, at £12.50, seems low, but as disgruntled members of The Farm and Ride, two of the bands appearing, have pointed out, it hasn't been well publicised that the majority of bands will only be playing 20-minute sets. Or where the profits from the weekend will go. *Sounds* spoke to Jonathan King himself to find out the details.

"The idea was formulated last year following the success of the Brit Awards. It was originally my hope to have a seven-day festival covering all aspects of music, each night representing a different form be it jazz, classical or whatever. That idea became totally impractical because of the amount of time it would have taken, time I didn't have available. So in the end it became three nights of rock music in its various forms."

Will this be an ongoing yearly event?

"If the weekend is the success which it looks to be, then certainly it will be done again, but hopefully in an expanded form. What I'd like to see happen would be similar to the New Music Seminar in New York, where the city's venues both big and small get taken over to give exposure to a wide variety of bands of both big and small stature. It would be great to have that happen, not necessarily only in London, but also in places like Belfast, Manchester or Birmingham.

"I'd also have liked to expand it to include international nights. It was a great disappointment to me that Faith No More won't be playing the weekend, as they are a current favourite of mine. Also EMF, who couldn't play due to their tour commitments.

"It's been an exhausting amount of work to pull together, the whole thing wouldn't have happened without the help and co-operation of people like The Cure, Happy Mondays, Ozzy Osbourne, who's a great friend, and the promoters MCP who also do the Donington Festival. These people aren't doing it for the money, The Cure and Happy Mondays can sell out stadiums on their own, and they will only be receiving a nominal fee. They are doing it for the good of the business, and to help all the other bands who wouldn't normally have access to such a good venue, or such a large audience.

"As well as the audience present on the three nights, it will be screened around the world to 800 million people. It's great



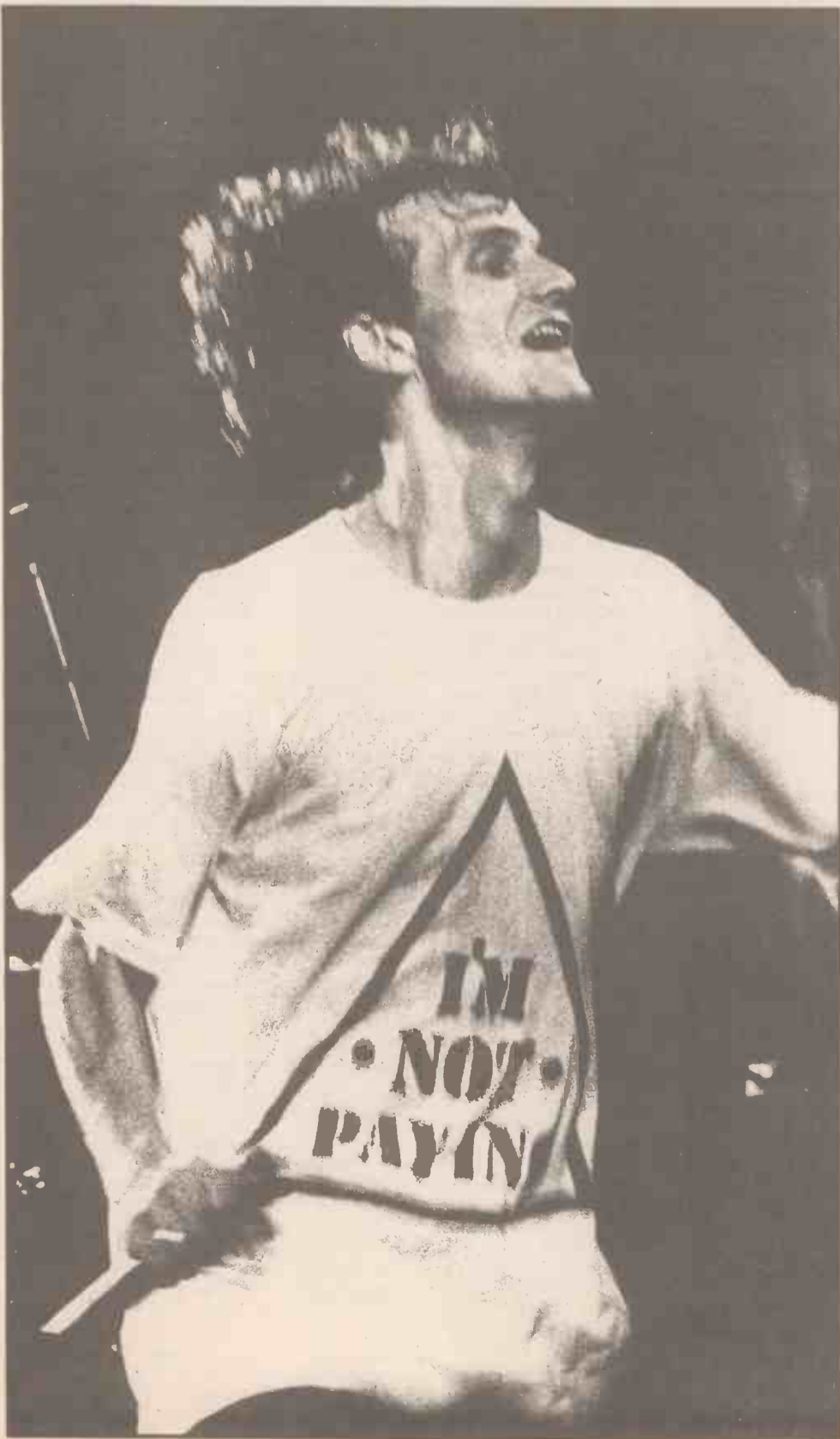
CARTER GET their heads down

that people in places like Rangoon or New Zealand will have a chance to see coverage of bands they would otherwise not have the opportunity to see. It's also a great chance to expose, for instance, a Cure audience to New Model Army, or an 808 State fan to Ozzy. I have a great faith in music fans and their ability to broaden their tastes."

What will happen to the profits from the event?

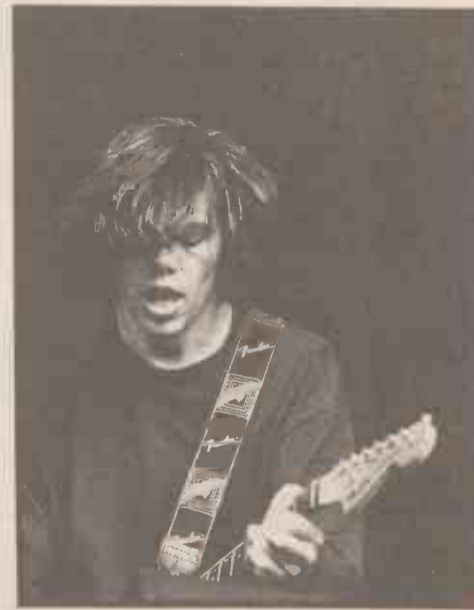
"Once we've broken even and paid out the expenses the rest will go to the British Record Industry Trust, which will divide it between their charities including Music Therapy and setting up a school for performing arts. The ticket price has been kept low, and at £12.50 a day that works out around £2 a band! I'm not a great charity man, I leave things like that to Mr Geldof. I want people like the merchandisers to make a profit. I'm not into morally blackmailing people into giving their services for nothing.

"I'm pleased to have got together a bill of so many different bands who have all achieved something in their own way. It's also great to have a chance to prove to all these TV executives who believe music on the box doesn't work unless it involves Phil Collins and Annie Lennox, great as those people are, that it can. I'm looking forward to seeing bands like New Model Army, whom I've never seen live, and you can also say that I'm likely to get terrible worked up when my favourite band, Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, appear on Saturday."



JAMES' TIM Booth: a groover with a heart of gold

MARK, RIDE "The line-up would be good if most of the bands weren't playing only 20-minute sets. It seems scandalous that it's not been made widely known, when most of the tickets have been sold to people who probably expect each band to play a lot longer. We don't mind doing it, because it'll be good to see bands like The Cure, but on the whole we're very sceptical about the whole thing."



RIDE'S MARK: going Nowhere fast

BRITISH

THE LINE-UP

FRIDAY JANUARY 18

CANDYLAND

The band to open proceedings are South London's Candyland. A dance band, among other things, whose first demo was produced by Gil Norton (of Pixies fame), who 'discovered' them. Since then they've been busy signing with Non-Fiction and getting sexy and wild with their upcoming debut single, 'Fountain Of Youth'. Playing Wembley before your first single's out can't be on many bands' CVs.

NORTHSIDE

Dermo, Sperm, Gizmo and Spazmo are back. Bustin' out of the North Mancs rubble strewn suburb of Blakely, the Nor's haul themselves away from their debut album recording sessions for their first gig action of '91.

1990 was a triumph for the saintly scruffs - two cool singles and a massive following for their rattling keen melodies - and Northside will easily ride the mooted Mancs backlash with their natural charm and fast-improving abilities. Wembley will be a piece of piss for the band that seems unphased by whatever showbiz throws at them.

808 STATE

New Age House production maestros 808 State will be more than willing to provide an electro/dance flavour to the proceedings. It can only be hoped that dickhead around town, rapper MC Tunes won't be joining them.

THE FARM

The lovable scouse hooligans will no doubt bring a lot of irreverence to the occasion, as well as some delicious dance grooves that will have 'em in the aisles. How can the masses refuse to be swayed by the wondrous 'Groovy Train' or the anthemic 'All Together Now'? Show 'em your stuff, lads.

PETER HOOTON, THE FARM
"We're doing it because we were asked to do it, although I had to dial an 0898 number and put some more money in BT's pockets to find out that we're only doing a 20-minute set! We also really wanted to support our favourite band James. As a Liverpoolian I'm at Wembley at least twice a year, so why not make it a third?"

JAMES

This enduring Mancunian pop-sect spent the majority of 1990 becoming formally acquainted with the nation's more cavernous stages and learning to tantalise the most expectant throng. What with the cavorting stage-play of leader Tim Booth and some ominously good new material to match their 'Gold Mother' set, James' Wembley appearance is shaping up as another milestone.

HAPPY MONDAYS

This will probably be the only chance to see Shaun and Co in a live capacity before early summer. After their meteoric rise to fame in 1990 and the success of their 'Thrills 'N' Pills And Bellyaches' album, this headliner was almost inevitable. Expect lots of danceable groove, hooks to sell your soul for and a mass squeezing of melons down the front.

HAPPY MONDAYS
"We don't have anything to say about it. So what? It's no big deal."

SATURDAY JANUARY 19

CARTER (USM)

Last minute substitutes for The La's, Carter will no doubt look rather lost on such a large stage, but their blitzkrieg bop of samples, screaming guitars and socially aware lyrics should carry them through. With a new single, 'Bloodsport For All', heading chartwards and an album, '30 Something', hot on its heels the wild and wacky Fruit Bat and Jim Bob could well turn out to be the surprise of the weekend.

RIDE

Celebrating their success in the *Sounds* Readers' Poll, this is a good chance for Ride to break through to a more mainstream audience. Not that their particularly mesmerising form of FX-drenched aural violence hasn't already captivated a nation's student hearts. Having already battled the winds of Reading, an indoor high decibel count should send the likes of 'Seagull', 'Chelsea Girl' and 'Drive Blind' spiralling to new heights.

JESUS JONES

Those International Bright Young Things take the chance to prove their form as current new pop-media darlings prior to their oncoming tour and the release of their second LP, 'Doubt', on the 21st. Always the equivalent of a stray match dropped into a box of bangers live, keeping up with the Joneses has also become a bit of an inspiration in the Forest Of Dean of late.



808 STATE's Martin Price wishes he'd worn his box

SUNDAY JANUARY 20

WOLFSBANE

Did the organisers know what they were letting themselves in for when they booked in Tamworth's finest rock 'n' roll animals? As the first band on today's bill, Wolfsbane are the perfect warm-up. Raucous rock that should wipe the floor with some of the has-beens that follow, and Blaze Bayley won't let the opportunity pass to ensure his presence is noted.

LITTLE ANGELS

Polished where Wolfsbane are raw, Little Angels are probably the best young rock band in Britain with a chance of radio airplay. Cruising on the verge of US territory, with a groovadelic funky edge muscling in, it's probably best to watch them before retiring to the hotdog stand for the two that follow.

MAGNUM

Stalwart old rockers that have been humping the circuit for years. Apart from a couple of decent tunes, probably the nastiest thing you can say about them is that they're boring. There again that's also the nicest thing you can say about them.

THUNDER

After their success at opening Donington Festival, and now being touted as one of the new wave of great British rock bands, it's not too surprising to find Thunder have crept up into third place on the 'heavy' bill, or indeed that David Coverdale will be appearing with them. Thunder are nothing new, or controversial, rather they are merely younger faces carrying on the British tradition of a classic rock outfit with no imagination.

QUIREBOYS

The glam boys return, arrogant and assured as ever, to play some dirty riffs and generally fart around being rockstars. Listening to the Quireboys live is like standing in a VD clinic when the sewers explode. Faces rip-off artists that make the Dogs D'Amour seem like a worthwhile proposition.

OZZY OSBOURNE

King Ozzy returns to reclaim his flock. It really doesn't matter how well the Oz performs, his name passed into legend so long ago, and his live appearances are so rare these days, that his mere presence should suffice to inspire awe and adulation in every metalhead with a denim cut-off.



WOLFSBANE'S BLAZE Bayley: likes it hot

BLAZE BAYLEY, WOLFSBANE
"For 20 minutes no matter what the programme what the programme what the programme controllers, the DJs or the dance fans want, the airwaves belong to us and we'll play what we want, standing where heroes have stood. Then we'll get rat-arsed!"

NIGHTSHIFT

IT DOESN'T COST A PENNY!

GET IT IN!?! - TEL: 071-921 5900



Power Of Dreams

It's been over a year since *Sounds* heralded this unfeasibly young Irish combo as "one of the bands of the '90s". Since then we've had a couple of glorious singles, a damn fine debut LP in 'Immigrants, Emigrants And Me' and a plethora of crazed live pop performances. Current single 'American Dream' shows a certain maturity but their spontaneous vibrancy remains intact. At 19, Vocalist Craig Walker is still destined to be one of the '90's great songsmiths but for your own sake, catch this band now when his undoubted prowess is matched by youthful exuberance. This band have all it takes to be Dublin's answer to The Undertones.

POWER OF Dreams play Nottingham (Wednesday), Leeds (Thursday), Glasgow (Saturday), Dundee (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday)

- LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Martin Blackwell And Ian Ballentine
- LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) 3D Echo/ Toxic Truth
- LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett The Legendary Doughnuts
- LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Trike/ Union
- LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) Bright Carvings
- LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) Skaw/The Muscle Shoal/The Colour Noise
- MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Albion Band
- MANCHESTER Green Room Frank Sidebottom
- MANCHESTER Seven-O-One (061-681 2648) House/Techno Night
- MANCHESTER Soundgarden Aplitos
- MANCHESTER Witchwood The Risk
- NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) Donovan
- NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre (472328) Cinderella/Slaughter
- NOTTINGHAM University Power Of Dreams
- READING University (860222) EMF
- SEAL HAYNE Polytechnic South West Buttermountain Boys
- SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Taylored Soul
- YORK Bonding Warehouse The Rain Poets

- LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Jelly In The Fridge
- LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Flying Saucers
- LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) West- Weston And The Westones
- LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Trash County Oominators/The Voyd
- LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Mark Eitzel
- LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Thumbs Up For Friday/Detour
- LONDON Dean Street Gossips Gaz's Rockin' Blues (071-434 4480) Les Pires/Tiger Lily & The Jitterbug Bites
- LONDON Elephant And Castle South Bank Polytechnic (071-261 1525) This Picture
- LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) DJ Danny Blue
- LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) Screaming Custard/The 4 Waltons
- LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Edwyn Collins (Main) Kathleen Haskard/John Dougherty/Chris Jupp (Acoustic)
- LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Sue Shattock/Terry Disley Group
- LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) The Honeythieves/Drive George Drive
- LONDON Kings Road Crazy Larrys Assassination
- LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Half Man Half Biscuit/Levellers 5
- LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) Bad Influence
- LONDON New Cross Goldsmith's College (081-692 1406) JJ
- LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) The Cosmics
- LONDON North Wembley East Lane Flag (081-450 4506) Storm Warning/Trojan Horse
- LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) The Bicycle Thieves
- LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) The Lonnie Donegan Group
- LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Brian Leake Duo
- LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett The Jacket Potatoes
- LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Dangerous Mice/Big Machine
- LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) Liberty Vengeance
- LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) The Deltones/Coming Up Roses
- MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Free Parking
- MANCHESTER Green Room Frank Sidebottom
- MANCHESTER Seven-O-One (061-681 2648) Formerly Neclicide
- MANCHESTER Witchwood The Candidates/The Adams Family
- MELKSHAM Bear (703864) KADS
- NEWCASTLE Joe Wilson's The Percys/Just Like Alice
- NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Orange Dance
- PLYMOUTH Polytechnic (21312) The Redwoods
- REDCAR Bowl Love/Hate
- SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) Silverfish/Mad Cow Disease
- SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Robert Cray Band
- SHEFFIELD Polytechnic (738934) Kingmaker/The Glass Hammers
- SOUTHAMPTON Joiners Arms (225612) UX Diver
- SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Eddie Vortex & The Cupid Stunts
- SOUTHEND Dickens Shout Sister Shout

WEDNESDAY 16

- ASH VALE George (543500) Snatch
- BATH Moles (333423) Club Dance Night
- BIRMINGHAM NEC (021-780 4133) George Michael
- BRIGHTON Zap Club (821588) Psychic TV
- BRISTOL Fleece And Firkin (277150) Silverfish
- CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange (357851) Pop Will Eat Itself
- CARDIFF Bogiez (226168) Cronos/Warfare
- CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) Hybrids
- COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Edwyn Collins
- CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Manitu
- DONCASTER Jug (361803) The Underpaid
- DUBLIN Baggott Inn The Moonflowers
- DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (662571) Peace Love And Guitars
- EXMOUTH Rolle College The Redwoods
- HULL Jailhouse Jackie McAuley/Poormouth
- LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Bastard
- LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) Pete Jagger
- LONDON Brixton Academy (071-326 1022) Iggy Pop/That Petrol Emotion
- LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) The Shamen/The Grid/The Orb/Neutron 9000/Inresistible Force/The Magic Mushroom Band
- LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Backwater
- LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) British Blues Review Jam
- LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Luxury Drive/Django

- LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Beverley Craven
- LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Thule
- LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar (071-629 9813) Linda's Box Of Tricks
- LONDON Great Portland Street Albany (071-388 0588) John Whiffen & Joey
- LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) The Mighty Kola Nuts
- LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Tina Egan Band/Yellow Station/De Facto De Jure (Main)
- Trevor Clawson/Big Sky/Arthur Nibble (Acoustic)
- LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Sue Shattock/Terry Disley Group
- LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Ring For Details
- LONDON Kings Road Crazy Larrys The New Hooligans
- LONDON Lichfield Street Bunjies Dan Driscoll/Heidi Gerschel/Steve Jarosz/Roy Birch
- LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (071-580 9551) The Shade
- LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) Bolt Thrower/Nocturnus
- LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) New England/Trash County Dominators/Burning Skies Of Elysium
- LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Le Piers
- LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Crying Earth
- LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Mel Mezzrow/Brian White's King Jazz
- LONDON Piccadilly Circus Tower Records FAX (Lunch)
- LONDON Shepherds Bush Opera On The Green (081-749 5928) Chalk Garden/Hurl/The Transmitters

THURSDAY 17

- ASH VALE George (543500) Maid In England
- BATH Moles (333423) Spirit Box
- BELFAST Art College The Moonflowers
- BIRMINGHAM Hummingbird Iggy Pop
- BOLTON Oscar's Wine Bar (393 463) The Dutsiders
- BRADFORD St George's Hall (752000) Pop Will Eat Itself
- BRISTOL Fleece And Firkin (277150) The Crazy Trains
- CARDIFF St David's Hall Cinderella/Slaughter
- CARNFORTH Grangers Priest Town
- CHELMSFORD Y Club Blow Up/The Bush Kangaroos
- CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) A Kind Of Fury
- CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) M16
- DONCASTER Jug (361803) Cell Mates/Juvis
- DUDLEY JB's (53597) Bigger Than Rod
- DUNDEE University Taza
- EXETER Arts Centre (219741) Cronos/Warfare
- EXETER Polytechnic South West Buttermountain Boys
- FELIXTOWE Grand Jeopardy
- GAINSBOROUGH Trent's Bar Sound Foundation
- GLOUCESTER Arts Centre Bob
- GRAVESEND Prince Of Wales Limited Company
- GUILDFORD Civic Hall (67314) Fairport Convention
- HARLOW Square (25594) Dreenagh Darrell/Austin Lawler/Harry Hall
- HULL University (42431) Stress
- LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Power Of Dreams
- LEIGHTON BUZZARD Wheatheaf (374611) The Score

FRIDAY 18

- ASH VALE George (543500) Strike A Lite
- ASHFORD Castle Moonshot Blues Band
- BANBURY Football Club (267205) Cancer/Impaler/Pulp/Decomposed
- BATH Moles (333423) Manic Street Preachers
- BELFAST Queen's University The Moonflowers
- BIRMINGHAM Goldwyns (021-643 5835) Love/Hate
- BIRMINGHAM Pen And Wig (021-256 4171) Flipside
- BRIDGEWATER Manor Hotel Lone Sharkz
- BRISTOL Polytechnic (656261) The Redwoods
- CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Jenny Lecoat/Pierre Hollins/Keith Dover/Indie Disco
- COLCHESTER Arts Centre (577301) Christabelle Children/Scarlet Dawn
- COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Moist/Tall Man Sleeps/The Timothy
- CROYDON Gun Tavern Chinese Whisper
- CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Atomic Blue/The Spin Doctors
- DONCASTER Jug (361803) Brick Supply/Florida Shopper
- DUDLEY JB's (53597) Kingmaker
- EXMOUTH Polytechnic South West Buttermountain Boys

- **A-HA:** Play Manchester Apollo February 22, Nottingham Royal Concert Hall 23, Bristol Hippodrome, London Hammersmith Odeon 26.
- **THE ATOM SEED:** Bristol Bierkeller January 23, Scunthorpe Baths Hall 24, Milton Keynes Woughton Centre 25, Cambridge Junction 30, Buckley Tivoli 31, Birkenhead Stairways February 2, London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 4.
- **BIRDLAND:** Play Nottingham Poly February 22, Leicester Poly 23, Glasgow Mayfair 24, Edinburgh Network 25, Middlesbrough Town Hall 26, Liverpool Univ 28, Manchester Univ March 1, Sheffield Univ 2, Leeds Poly 3, Norwich Waterfront 5, Birmingham Institute 6, Coventry Tic Toc 7, Bristol Victoria Rooms 8, Exeter Univ 9, Cardiff Univ 11, Southampton Univ 13, London Kilburn National Ballroom 14. Chunk support on February dates.
- **THE BLUE ORCHIDS:** Play a one-off at Leeds Duchess Of York February 1.
- **CACTUS RAIN:** Play London Camden Underworld January 22, Sheffield Poly 24, Reading Univ 25, Kingston Poly 26, Manchester Boardwalk 29, Bournemouth Hothouse 31, Bristol Poly February 1, Wolverhampton Poly 2, Birmingham Univ 5, Newcastle Poly 6.
- **ERIC CLAPTON:** At London Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall February 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, March 1, 3, 4, 5, 7 & 9.
- **JULEE CRUISE:** One off at London Palladium on February 17.
- **CONFLICT:** At Milton Keynes Counter Point February 2, Bristol Bierkeller 6, Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre 8, Bradford One In Twelve Club 9, Birmingham

... on the road

- Mosley Dance Centre 10, Manchester International Two 14, Newcastle Riverside 16.
- **THE DEAD MILKMEN:** Brighton Basement January 30, London Charing Cross Road Marquee February 1.
- **DREAM WARRIORS:** London Kentish Town Town And Country Club February 23.
- **BDB DYLAN:** Plays Glasgow SECC February 2 & 3, Belfast Ice Bowl 5, Dublin Point 6, London Hammersmith Odeon 8, 9, 10, 12 & 13.
- **EMF:** Play Newcastle Riverside January 24, Edinburgh Calton Studios 25, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 26, Dundee Fat Sam's 27, Brighton Zap Club 29, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 30.
- **FAIRPORT CONVENTION:** Play Norwich UEA January 23, Cheltenham Town Hall 24, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 25, Southport Art Centre 26, Sunderland Empire Theatre 27, Burnley Mechanic Theatre 28 & 29, Oxford Apollo 30, Edinburgh Queen's Hall 31, Cambridge Corn Exchange February 1, Swindon Wyvern Theatre 2, Southend Cliffs Pavilion 3, Hayes Beck Theatre 4, Bradford St George's Hall 6, Chesterfield Winding Wheel 7, Northampton Spinney Hill Hall 8, Leamington Spa Centre 9, Derby Assembly Rooms 10, Stafford Gate House Theatre 11, Cardiff St Davids Hall 12, Reading Hexagon 13, Salisbury City Hall 14, Cullompton Verbeer Manor 15, St Albans City Hall 16, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 17.

- **TH'FAITH HEALERS:** Play a one-off at the London Islington Powerhaus January 31.
- **THE FARM:** Play Glasgow Barrowlands February 25, Edinburgh Network 26, Newcastle Mayfair 28, Leeds Univ March 1, Hanley Victoria Hall 2, Birmingham Hummingbird 3, Exeter Univ 4, Cardiff Univ 6, Cambridge Corn Exchange 7, Norwich UEA 8, Sheffield Octagon 9, Brighton Event 11, London Kilburn National Ballroom 12, Warrington Parr Hall 15, Manchester Academy 16, Hull City Hall 17, Bristol Studio 19, Leicester De Montfort Hall 20, Middlesbrough Town Hall 21, Liverpool Royal Court 23.
- **INSPIRAL CARPETS:** Play Preston Guildhall April 22, Hull City Hall 23, South Shields Leisure Centre 24, Exeter Univ 26, Newport Centre 27, Swindon Oasis 28.
- **INTO PARADISE:** Play Southampton Joiners February 7, Oxford Jericho Tavern 8, Harlow Square 9, Trent Poly 11, Newcastle Poly 12, Hull Adelphi 14, Northampton Nene College 15, Dudley JB's 16, Leicester Princess Charlotte 17, Birmingham Univ 19, Stoke Wheatheaf 20, Loughborough Univ 21, Manchester Boardwalk 22, Warwick Univ 23, Middlesex Trent Poly 26, Canterbury Kent Univ 27, Brighton Poly 28, London Houghton Street LSE March 1, Bath Moles 2, Guildford Surrey Univ 3.
- **JESUS JONES:** Belfast Queen's Univ February 8, Dublin SFX 9, Leeds Poly 11, Birmingham Institute 12 & 13, Liverpool Univ 15, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 16, Middlesbrough Town Hall 17, Nottingham Rock City 19, Cambridge Corn Exchange 20, Manchester Academy 21, Sheffield Octagon Centre 23, Leicester Univ 24, Cardiff Univ 25, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 26 & 27.
- **JDE ELY:** Plays Cambridge Junction February 1, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 2.

...OR FAX IT IN - 071-928 2852

GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) Iggy Pop
 HARLOW Square (25594) 9 Below Zero
 HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) Junkyard Angels
 HULL Wellington Club The Rain Poets
 HYTHE Red Lion Hotel The Added Family
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) The Nutty Boys/Hot Knives
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Laurel Aitken
 LIVERPOOL Planet X (051-709 7995) The Darkside
 LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) The Bedrocks
 LONDON Brixton Frigate (071-326 5100) FATF
 LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Stargazers
 LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Moose/Midway Still
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Soho Rocks
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) The Venus Beads/Tambourine
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (071-385 1840) Damidge
 LONDON Hackney Brooksbys' Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Life B'Zar
 LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) The Aardvark/The Stepping Stones
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Edwyn Collins (Main) Hugh Cornwell/Roger Cook/Andy West (Acoustic)
 LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Dick Morrissey Quartet
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) The Man From Delmonte
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) Mr Pits/The Catholics
 LONDON Kings College Skaw/Sweet Jesus
 LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Submerge
 LONDON Lewisham Limes Grove Labour Club Baby Trio/Best Foot Forward/Brain Of Morbius/The Balloons
 LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (071-580 9551) Silverfish/Bagman
 LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Les Pires/Deep With A Lid/Brother Groove
 LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Fingers & Co
 LONDON North Finchley Lodge Lane High Road Torrington (081-445 4710) JB's Funk Ambassadors
 LONDON North Wembley East Lane Flag (081-450 4506) Air/7 Days
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Campbell Burnap's 100 Club All Stars
 LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Richard Buisakiewicz Duo
 LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett The Dick Ugly Ensemble
 LONDON Tufnell Park Junction Road Dome (071-281 2195) The Pleasuredome
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Gangland/Original Sin
 LONDON Wembley Arena (081-902 1234) Happy Mondays/James/The Farm/008 State/Northside/Candyland/Beats International/The KLF
 LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) Leatherface
 LONDON Willsden Green Library Centre Happy End/Rocking Globe
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-256 2793) Toss The Feathers
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Progression
 MANCHESTER International II Donovan
 MANCHESTER Soundgarden K-Klass
 NEWPORT King's Hotel R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
 NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) Strangely Enough
 NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) EMF
 PLYMOUTH Academy (665445) Cronos/Warfare
 PRESTON Polytechnic Pop Will Eat Itself
 SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Robert Cray Band/Joe Ely
 SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Twice Over
 STAMFORD Hypnotide Club Man Made Monster
 TAUNTON Priory Social Club Bob
 TONYREFAIL Wine Cellar The Zero Option
 TREForest Polytechnic Of Wales (480558) Stress
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Halls Fairport Convention
 UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) JJ
 WALSALL Junction 10 (648100) Neil Jackson's Rock Disco
 WHITECROFT Royal Oak KAOS

BANBURY Football Club (267205) Paul Lamb And The Kingsnakes
 BATH Moles (333423) Imperial Eye
 BIRMINGHAM NEC (021-780 4133) Robert Cray Band
 BRADFORD Royal Standard Buttermountain Boys
 CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Donovan
 CANTERBURY Kent University (464724) Kingmaker
 COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Toss The Feathers
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Ruthless Blues/Wot's Cookin'
 DONCASTER Jug (361803) The Nutty Boys
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Bogus Brothers
 GLASGOW King Tut's Wah Wah Hut Power Of Dreams
 GOSPORT Kelly's Mild Mannered Janitors/Nothings
 HARLOW Square (25594) Leatherface/The Redwoods
 HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) Sasha
 HIGH WYCOMBE Buckinghamshire College Of Higher Education JJ
 HUDDERSFIELD Top Spot The Fevertree/Drone/Jellystone Park
 KIDDERMINSTER Market Tavern Nod/Pretty Tame
 KINGSTON ON THAMES Grey Horse The Wandering Crutchlees
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Under Neath What
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) RDF
 LIVERPOOL Planet X (051-709 7995) Drive/Jail Cell Recipes
 LONDON Bethnal Green Stick Of Rock (071-739 6068) Two Tribes
 LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) The Barley Works/David Parsons
 LONDON Brixton Frigate (071-326 5100) Reasons To Be Cheerful
 LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Howlin' Wilf
 LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Spitfire/Cut Cut Emma
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) The Christmas Club
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) The Signet Rings/Tiberius Kirk
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) The Rain Poets
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Cinderella/Slaughter
 LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) Gallon Drunk
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) BJ Cole's Tender Mercies (Main) The Flamingos/Getz Loose (Acoustic)
 LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) John Etheridge Quartet
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Cactus World News/The Mavis Toi
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) Green Mivi/Shoot The Joker/2nd Skin
 LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Choice
 LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Alias Ron Kavana/Altogether Elsewhere
 LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) U Slosh
 LONDON North Wembley East Lane Flag (081-450 4506) Just Jake/Storm The Bastille
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Frank Sidebottom
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) The Zenith Hot Stompers/Richard Leach's Northside Hot Stompers
 LONDON Russel Street Brahms And Liszt Moonshot Blues Band
 LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Nick Webb And Greg Carmichael
 LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett The Flying Ducks
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Freddie Blue And The Fingertips/The Spin Doctors
 LONDON Wembley Arena (081-902 1234) The Cure/The Wedding Present/New Model Army/Jesus Jones/The La's/Ride
 LONDON Wembley Stadium (081-902 1234) George Michael
 MAESTEG Harlequins Branded
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-256 2793) Plenty/First Offence
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Blue Movie
 MANCHESTER Witchwood Fair Warning
 MILTON KEYNES Madcap Theatre Bob/The Fireflies/In Fear Of Ray
 MILTON KEYNES Woughton Centre (660392) Love/Hate
 NORWICH Ferryboat Tom Small's Box
 NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Nine Below Zero
 NOTTINGHAM Asunderland Dead Fins/Futura Wild Horses/Venus In Seal Pup
 NOTTINGHAM Polytechnic (476725) Silverfish/Fudge Tunnel
 PORTRUSS Kellys The Moonflowers
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) EMF
 SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Big Wonderful
 STEVENAGE Old Lime House The Monkey Club/Blackout
 WALSALL Junction 10 (648100) Custard Beast Rock Road Show
 YEOVIL Octagon Theatre Fairport Convention

Silverfish

With their foamingly received new 'Fat Ax' LP in the shops and a juicy UK tour all set to kick off, London's premier filthcore merchants, Silverfish, look about to sweep aside all and sundry in '91 with an unmistakable guitar-saturated sound that's developed from its early shambolic attack into a well-honed six-string barrage of killer proportions.

These barmy brain manglers are a notoriously hot 'n' sticky live experience, and you're unlikely to emerge with your eardrums intact. Similarly, if dance music is your groove don't expect to be able to indulge in anything more complex than a kamikaze stagedive. This isn't music to savour like a good w(h)ine, this is music to listen to while bashing yourself over the head with a lump of concrete. A truly once in a lifetime experience.

SILVERFISH PLAY Bristol (Wednesday), Salisbury (Thursday), London Malet Street ULU (Friday) and Nottingham (Saturday)

SUNDAY 20

ASH VALE George (543500) Limited Company
 COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Free And Easy (Lunch) Groovy Garden (Eve)
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Be Sharp (Lunch) Enigma (Eve)
 DONCASTER Jug (361803) Captain Blood
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) E Numbers
 DUNDEE Dance Factory Power Of Dreams
 EASTCOTE Clay Pigeon The Cellmates/The Juvies
 EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Robert Cray Band
 GLASGOW Mayfair (041-332 3872) Conflict
 GOSPORT Kelly's All Our Heroes/Duck Soup
 GUILDFORD Surrey University (71281) Kingmaker
 HARLOW Square (25594) Dussy
 HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) John Taylor Trio
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Under Neath What
 LEICESTER Que Pasa Wolly And The New Cranes (Lunch)
 LEIGHTON BUZZARD Wheatstheat (374611) The Four Of Us (Lunch)
 LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) Mambo Dumbia
 LONDON Brixton Academy (071-326 1022) Pop Will Eat Itself
 LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Lucy The Cat (Lunch) Soul Commotion (Eve)
 LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Jazz Jam (Lunch) Shakey Vic's Blues Band (Eve)

CONTINUES OVER



SATURDAY 19

ASH VALE George (543500) Sweet Life
 ASTON VILLA Leisure Centre Pop Will Eat Itself

...on the road

■ JUDAS PRIEST: Tour 1991 at Aston Villa Leisure Centre March 19, Manchester Apollo 20, London Hammersmith Odeon 22, Newport Centre 24, Sheffield City Hall 26, Newcastle City Hall 27, Edinburgh Playhouse 28.

■ KINGMAKER: Play Middlesex Trent Poly January 22, Southampton Joiners Arms 23, Brighton Poly 24, London Malet Street Univ 25, Bath Moles 26.

■ MELT: Previously We Are Going to Eat You play Chelmsford Y Club January 31.

■ THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG: Farewell tour at Bristol Bierkeller February 7, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 8, Manchester International Two 9, Nottingham Trent Poly 10, Newcastle Riverside 12, Edinburgh Calton Studios 13, Glasgow College of Building and Printing 14, Leeds Boddington Hall 15.

■ GEORGE MICHAEL: London Wembley Arena March 19, 20, 22 & 23. Sold out.

■ MOTORHEAD: Newport Centre February 3, Guildford Civic Hall 4, Leicester De Montfort Hall 5, Liverpool Royal Court 7, Newcastle City Hall 8, Glasgow Barrowlands 9, Aston Villa Leisure Centre 10, Manchester Apollo 12, Hull City Hall 13, Sheffield City Hall 15, Bradford St Georges Hall 16, Portsmouth Guildhall 18, London Hammersmith Odeon 19 & 20.

■ GARY NUMAN: Plays Liverpool Empire March 16, Glasgow Pavilion 17, Manchester Apollo Theatre 18, Newcastle City Hall 19, Sheffield City Hall 20, Birmingham Hummingbird 22, Hull City Hall 23, Oxford Apollo 24, Southampton Mayflower 25, Guildford Civic Hall 26, Bristol Colston Hall 27, Leicester De Montfort Hall 28, London Hammersmith Odeon 29 & 30.

■ PET SHOP BOYS: UK tour at Birmingham NEC June 2 & 3, Whitley Bay Ice Rink 5, Wembley Arena 8 & 9.

■ POWER OF DREAMS: At Newcastle Riverside January 22, Coventry Tic Toc Club 23, Birmingham Barrel Organ 24, London Malet Street ULU 25, Manchester Boardwalk 30.

■ THE REVOLTING COCKS: Finally play London Charing Cross Road Astoria January 24, Manchester International One 25, Glasgow College of Building and Printing 26.

■ RIDE: Play Manchester Academy March 2, Cardiff Univ 3, Cambridge Corn Exchange 4, Nottingham Rock City 5, London Kilburn National Ballroom 6.

■ DAVE LEE ROTH: Plays Glasgow SECC February 22, Whitley Bay Ice Rink 23, Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion 28, London Wembley Arena March 1, Birmingham NEC 4.

■ SILVERFISH: Play Barrow In Furness Eddysons January 25, Glasgow College of Building and Printing (Supporting Revolting Cocks) 26, Newcastle Riverside 28, Norwich Waterfront February 1, Sheffield Leadmill 3.

■ STRESS: At Stafford North Staffs Poly January 25, Glasgow Tunnel Club 31, Cardiff Hanging Gardens February 2, Loughborough Univ 7, Manchester Univ 8, Sheffield Leadmill 9, Nottingham Poly 15, Coventry Poly 16.

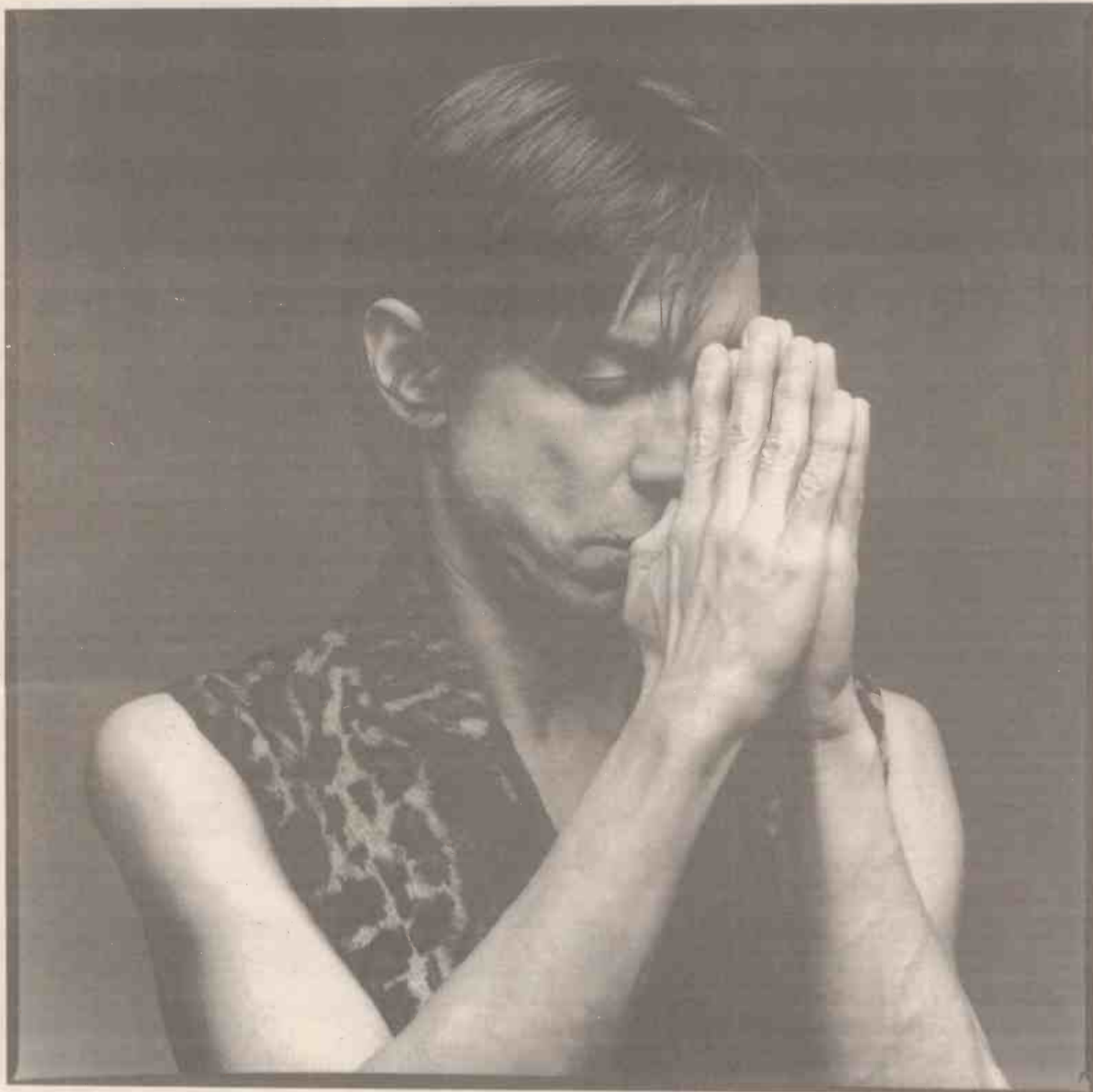
■ ROO STEWART: Dates at London Wembley Arena April 1, 2, 4 & 5, Birmingham NEC 6, 9, 10 & 11, Gateshead International Stadium June 2.

■ TANITA TIKARAM: Spreads some cheer at Cork City Hall March 1, Dublin Stadium 2, Belfast Ulster Hall 3, Poole Arts Centre 5, Margate Winter Gardens 6, Bristol Colston Hall 8, Cambridge Corn Exchange 9, Birmingham Hippodrome 10, Nottingham Centre 11, Norwich UEA 13, Newcastle City Hall 14, Sheffield City Hall 15, Edinburgh Playhouse 17, Glasgow Pavilion 18, Manchester Apollo 19, Brighton Dome 23, London Hammersmith Odeon 24.

■ TOM JONES: Major UK tour at Oxford Apollo March 21, Cardiff St David's Hall 23, 24, 25, 26 & 27, Brighton Centre 28, Port Talbot Afan Lido 30 & 31, Sheffield City Hall April 2, Newcastle City Hall 3, Glasgow SECC 4, Blackpool Opera House 5, Manchester Apollo 6, Birmingham NEC 7, Bournemouth BIC 9, London Wembley Arena 10, Dublin The Point 12, Belfast Kings Hall 13, Liverpool Empire 14, Manchester Apollo 15.

Sounds has the most informative & comprehensive gig guide in Britain - and it won't cost a penny to get your gig in. Send information to Sounds Gigs, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ. Fax copy to: 071-928 2852. Or call Nightshift on 071-921 5900.

NIGHTSHIFT



Iggy Pop

Taut muscle-strewn body, not an ounce of fat, a stretched leathery face battered by 30 years of running too close to the wild time flame of puerile inspiration. Ig is the rockin' machine, the living embodiment of the spirit of rock 'n' roll, a high-IQ jackass, long past his sell-by date but still writhing free in the only environment that can't hold him down: the live hellhole sweatbox of the stage. Stripling proof that the hazardous r'n'r existence is not bad for you, live he's still an out-of-control dervish, a spine-crackin' energy surge, last spotted kickin' ass at Ian Astbury's Gathering Of The Oiks scam in LA last year. Ig was smart, wild and free — a shame his backing band was the usual dunderhead lame rockas convention and most of his recent records are crap, but whaddya want...blood? You'll probably get it!

Support in London is from That Petrol Emotion, fronted by the even skimpier live trampoline, Steve Mack. In a battle of the torsos, will Mack tone down his Igpersonation, will he try and upstage the master? He's got a good few years on Pop but he could never afford the drugs!

What a contest! Pop's most reliable old tart spinning a teenage rampage and That Petrol Commotion. Something to do in January! Heavenly!

IGGY POP plays London Brixton Academy (Wednesday, with That Petrol Emotion), Birmingham (Thursday) and Glasgow (Friday)

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Slim Ghosts
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Servitus (Lunch)
 LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scott's (071-439 0747) Hugh Cornwell/Roger Cook/Andy West
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Cinderella/Slaughter
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Butterfly Z/Catacoustics (Main) Jon Williams/Nigel Smith (Acoustic)
 LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Bobby Wellins Quartet
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Traditional Irish Session
 LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Terry Clarke And Michael Messer
 LONDON North Finchley Lodge Lane High Road Torrington (081-445 4710) The Hamsters
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Linda's Box Of Tricks (Lunch) Friends Of Harry (Eve)
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Paul Lamb And The Kingsnakes
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Bambalam/Strange Conflict
 LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) Metropolis/The Violets
 LONDON Wembley Arena (081-902 1234) Ozzy Osbourne/Quireboys/Thunder/Magnum/Little Angels/Wolfbane/David Coverdale
 LONDON Wembley Stadium (081-902 1234) George Michael
 LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) The Boogie Brothers
 MANCHESTER Boardwalk Leatherface
 MANCHESTER Soundgarden Sidecar
 MANCHESTER Witchwood Switch Doctor
 NORTHAMPTON Old House Strangely Enough
 NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Love/Hate
 WORTHING Assembly Halls Fairport Convention

Also recommended: EMF, Love/Hate, George Michael, Stress, Psychic TV, Pop Will Eat Itself, Cronos, Cinderella, Cactus Rain, Edwyn Collins (below), Fatima Mansions Singular, The Shamen, The Moonflowers, Leatherface and Frank Sidebottom



LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Well Loaded/The Crawling Kingsnakes
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) The Clockwatchers/The Completely Hatstands/The Spire Cranes
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips Alice In Wonderland (071-434 4480) Nutmeg
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Two Tribes (Main) Fatima Mansion Singular/Patrick Fitzgerald (Acoustic)
 LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Bobby Wellins Quartet
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Levellers 5/Thousand Yard Stare/The Spin Doctors
 LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Token Entry
 LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Dolphin Smile/TT Alcatraz/Chalk Garden
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) This Witness/The Mother Machine/Smashing Time
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) The Honkin' Hep Cats
 LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Martin Blackwell
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Swamp Angels/Kitch/Garageland
 LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) TVNV
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Paul Lamb And The Kingsnakes
 MANCHESTER Witchwood Leigh Sterling
 NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) 16 Forever/Hellbastard/Bad Samaritans/Poker Alice/The Elvis Church/XLR8R
 NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Benjamin Frith/Linda Merrick
 NOTTINGHAM Polytechnic (476725) Dave Howard Singers
 SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Pork Pie Hat

HARLOW Square (25594) Derek Brimstone
 KENTON Plough (081-907 2498) Silver Chapter
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) The Phantom Chords
 LEEDS Warehouse (468287) EMF
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Far Too Gone/Free Loaders
 LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Daisy Chain
 LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) South
 LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Wavy Gravy
 LONDON Camden Road Underworld (071-267 3626) Cactus Rain
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Bob
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) Thunderbug/The Pagoda/The Thunderbox/Dean Carter And The High Commission
 LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Jan Allain
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) The Big Truth Band/Escape/Hollavision (Main)
 LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Tai Farlow/Peter Ind Ouo
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Rapture/Love Groove/This Ragged Jack
 LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) The Bottle Garden
 LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Club Seal
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Thumbs Up For Friday/Nu Ingliss Language/Wot's Cookin'
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Stan Tracy/Don Weller/Dave Green/Pete Green/Jack Parne/Jim Mullen/Clarke Tracy/Elaine Oelmar/Art Theman
 LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Martin Litton
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Ritual/Pretty Tame/All Points West
 LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992) Raptured Ogg/Sing Luther
 LONDON Wembley Arena (081-902 1234) George Michael
 LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) Bright Carvings
 MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) Robert Cray Band/Joe Ely
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Cottonopolis
 MANCHESTER Witchwood Split Decision
 NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) Power Of Dreams
 NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Magic Mushroom Band/Harold Juana
 NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic (476725) Kingmaker
 SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Steve Hunt
 STEVENAGE JJ Hunsekers Out Of The Blue
 TROWBRIDGE Psychic Pig Club The Fontaines/More Money Than God

MONDAY

21

BATH Royal Theatre Fairport Convention
 BIRMINGHAM Hare And Hounds (021-444 2081) Dog Food/Magic Farway Tree Band
 CANNOCK Smackers Alicia
 CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) Silver Hearts

COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Studie Studie Studie
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Little Darlings
 DUBLIN McGonagles Cronos/Warfare
 DUNFERMLINE Monty's Priest Town
 DUNSTABLE Wheatseaf (662571) Nefarious
 EDINBURGH Venue Power Of Dreams
 GLOUCESTER Steam Rock Cafe KAOS
 HARLOW Square (25594) Marina Speaks/Big Wednesday
 HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) Kevin Brown Blues Band
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Leatherface
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Phantom Chords
 LIVERPOOL University (051-794 4143) EMF
 LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Uptown Boogie Band

TUESDAY

22

ASH VALE George (543500) Tried And Tested
 BOLTON Oscar's Wine Bar (393 463) The Tansads/Peter James Mercer
 CARDIFF Cyncoed College Jackknife Disciples
 CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) If 6 Was 9
 COLCHESTER Essex University (863211) JJ
 CREWE College Of Crewe And Alsager Hope Springs Eternal
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Said And Done
 DUOLEY JB's (53597) Sister Love

LIVE ADS ★ LIVE ADS ★

BANDSTAND & H.G.E. PRESENT

the men

they couldn't hang

The Farewell Tour 1991
plus support

**THURSDAY 7th FEBRUARY
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TICKETS £6.50 ADVANCE FROM BIERKELLER, OUR PRICE, RIVAL, REVOLVER & USUAL AGENTS

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NOTTINGHAM
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CLUB TILL 2 am COACH AFTER CLUB TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION
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Tickets: £10.00, Available from B/O Tel: 021-328 5377 (Credit Cards accepted),
Odeon Theatre, Ticket Shop, Tempest Records Birmingham,
MLM Wolverhampton, Poster Place Coventry (All subject to a booking fee).

MANCHESTER APOLLO
WEDNESDAY 20th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £10.00, £9.00, Available from B/O Tel: 061-273 3775
(Credit Cards accepted) and Piccadilly B/O Manchester Tel: 061-839 0858
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HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY 22nd / SATURDAY 23rd MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £11.00, £10.00, Available from B/O Tel: 081-748 4081 (Credit Cards
Tel: 081-741 4868), Ticketmaster, Premier, Keith Prowse, Stargreen,
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NEWPORT CENTRE
SUNDAY 24th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £10.00, £9.00, Available from B/O Tel: 0633-259676 (Credit Cards
accepted), Our Price Bristol, Spillers Records Cardiff and Booking Now Bath
(All subject to a booking fee).

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
TUESDAY 26th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £10.00, £9.00, Available from B/O Tel: 0742-735296 and all usual agents

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WEDNESDAY 27th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £10.00, £9.00 Available from B/O Tel: 091-261 2606 (Credit Cards
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**Plus Personal Appearances by
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SATURDAY 19th JANUARY

The Cure

The Wedding Present

New Model Army

Jessey Jones

Ride

**Plus Personal Appearances
to be confirmed**

SUNDAY 20th JANUARY

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Quireboys

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**Plus Special Guest Appearance
David Coverdale**

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Up to date information is available by ringing:

0898 345506 - Friday 18th

0898 345507 - Saturday 19th

0898 345508 - Sunday 20th

This will give details of appearance times nearer the date.

Calls cost 33 pence per minute cheap rate, 44 pence per minute at all other times.

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ALBUMS

★★★★★ CLASSIC ★★★★★ BUY ★★★★★ BORROW ★★ HEAR ★ IGNORE

DUSTDEVILS
'Struggling Electric & Chemical'
(Matador/Teen Beat Import) ****

OH YEAH, despite what any trendy contrary reviewer says, Dustdevils do sound like old Sonic Youth – especially circa '85 and 'Bad Moon Rising' – right down to the sparse female vocals, an affecting moaned/yelled Kim Gordon sing-speak.

Like SY, too, they offer that tense, jarring, arty noise propelled by the mighty guitar, oddly tuned and treated, and banged violently and percussively. But Dustdevils crank up

the guitar crunch considerably, becoming way denser and more consuming, a much meatier stew.

'Struggling Electric & Chemical' is Dustdevils' fourth album and easily their best, showing them at their least arty and depressing, and finally revealing a sense of humour. 'Freeborn, Man' and 'They Don't Sleep 8 Hours A Night' put twisted instrumental backing to sampled spoken pieces, the former an improvised 'got me a gal in Memphis' travellin' man ditty, the latter what seems to be a mental patient's telephone ramblings.

The centrepiece is their glorious cover of The Fall's 'Hip Priest', which takes up two-thirds of side one. Not to denigrate The Venerable Mark E Smith – God forbid – but the

hypnotically warbled "he-e-e i-i-i no-o-o-t ap-pre-ci-a-ted" is scarier, the guitars more crackly, the bass more guttural, and the sudden, explosive noise-fest Mount F**kin' Vesuvius compared to the original. Go go go!

This ex-pat Leeds crew – now shackled up in NY – will undoubtedly tempt yards of pretentious "cathedral of sound"-style guff from less judicious scribes. But this isn't Bongwater or John Zorn or The Residents; this doesn't have to be appreciated to be enjoyed. Just be sure to play it insanely loud – and often – or not at all. A real beautiful mess.

Nils Bernstein

VARIOUS
'53rd & 3rd – Fun While It Lasted'
(Avalanche) ****

AS A haven for mid-'80s knock-kneed weeds, 53rd & 3rd cut some spirited vinyl, bristling with the pride and eccentricity that the much-maligned indie scene contained. Named after the Ramones street weary paean to male prostitution and needle high sleaze, Stephen Pastel's vicious assault on the music industry allowed the pixie maestro to enslave some of the freakiest geeks extant.

Arguably pop's most evil outfit, BMX Bandits were a collection of gangling coy wimpoid nerds led by frontman Douglas. Though their kitsch pop trash ass-thetic 'E102' still sounds like it can't make up its mind between being a tune cruise or a dumb one-liner, it manages to hit home on both levels. And Douglas is still the last star in Glasgow not to receive national attention – unlike ex-bandmates Sean and Jim, who went on to join The Soup Dragons.

Maybe the prime contenders for the great lost band, though, are The Vaselines, who hang out their dirty washing with 'Son Of A Gun'. Though they frittered out just before anyone could get their hands on them, their horny combination of Velvets leering and f**ked up trashcan guitar still makes them kick from the vantage point of time – especially now that US rock gods in waiting Nirvana have professed their admiration for the band.

The Shop Assistants blueprinted the sound for most of the peroxide pop chicks of the late-'80s with their fab 'Safety Net', and Norman Blake in pre-Teenage Fanclub mode throws in a stink bomb prank with the underrated Boy Hairdressers, who blast through the daftly-titled 'The Assumption As An Elevator'.

Sturdy pop fiends to a (wo)man, Stephen and his chums' struggle has left a sore taste in the mouth – but in its own way this spirited pop tart scowling has fuelled the core of the ever creative guitar f**k up that is the crux of the Scottish scene.

John Robb

JOE ELY
'Live At Liberty Lunch'
(MCA) ****

IT ALREADY seems a lifetime ago that The Clash were touting Joe Ely's talent on one of their countless American tours, at a point when he'd already been playing a lifetime without such celebrated publicists. And, part of a lifetime later, Ely is 'back', as if he never went away.

Joe Ely is a suitable archetype for the journeyman musician, a man whose life and the road are synonymous, who will go anywhere, East and West, to play what the uneducated might dismiss as "just rock 'n' roll". But what makes Ely and his hardy breed special and undying is that they don't play their music – they become it.

'Liberty Lunch' gives the Ely devotee nothing he hasn't already had in spades – it's more of a watershed, a breaker in a long career. Beginning with Ely's acknowledged classic, 'Me And Billy The Kid', so pleasingly and



THE JESUS Lizards remember that Steve Albini used to front Rapeman

If you go down to the woods today...

THE JESUS LIZARD
'Goat'
(Touch & Go) ****½

THE JESUS Lizard is a monster with few equals right now. They make a music which could conceivably be the result of the group being locked for a length of time in a small room until something gives and some bewildering sound begins to make sense. In fact this is entirely probable – like their first LP proper 'Head', 'Goat' first breathed life in the Chicago studio of spindly asshole noise guru Steve Albini.

Some of the obvious Albini production trademarks are there, in the tight crash of drums, splinter-sharp guitar and characteristic vocal distortion. The whole has a taut, compressed quality familiar to devotees of the Big Black school of barbarity, but The Jesus Lizard take tension a step further. The closest they have to a true peer is in Bastro, but in comparison Bastro are a heap of laughs. There's a seriously disturbed element throughout the thirty or so minutes of 'Goat', and it's suspiciously prevalent whenever David Yow opens his mouth – an

incomprehensible murmur to growl to full-throated scream, a kind unheard since Mark Stewart in the heyday of The Pop Group.

'Goat', like its predecessor works as a complete piece from beginning to end rather than just as a collection of songs, swinging in mood from bad to worse at will. The curtain razor 'Then Comes Dudley' heads in with a walking pace beat and one-fingered guitar motif, threatening to be vaguely joyous before inevitably falling into something altogether more rabid. You can almost see the animal frothing at the mouth.

But always the tension remains, and as one instrument lets fly another holds off. It's a sinewy nervous creation with as much steam held back as unleashed – a rarity this, more frustration than masturbation.

Attempting to pick out individual songs proves fairly futile. 'Rodeo In Joliet' features a particularly fine shriek, 'Monkey Trick' culminates in a typical winding Duane Dennis guitar line scaling untold heights, while 'Nub' almost finds The Jesus Lizard playing pop, before things get tense again and muscles seize. A relief – or not.

For tough nuts only.

James Robert

apparently unconsciously reminiscent of '50s 'gunfighter ballads', the Texas master then kicks into 'Are You Listening Lucky?', a generic four-bar rocker the form, if not the content, of which is reprised in 'Musta Notta Gotta Lotta' and others included here. 'Letter to LA' still shines, and 'Grandfather Blues', its narrative encased in taut musical muscle, stands shoulder-to-shoulder with comparative upstarts Green On Red's finest minutes.

The oddly titled 'BBQ & Foam' shows off Ely's pronounced but more often fully integrated country roots, and is one of several covers – including the inevitable, unbeatable Butch Hancock numbers.

Ralph Traiton

REPTILICUS
'Crusher Of Bones'
(8) ***

WHATEVER YOUR preconceptions of Icelandic music – whether via the philanthropic acts of Crass, Killing Joke or Psychic TV, or the more recent first-hand success of The Sugarcubes – it's probably fair to say one would not expect a very mainstream pop sound from those remote parts.

Reptilicus are two young, electronically minded boys from Reykjavik (not to be confused with their countrymen Reptile), and this most certainly isn't pop music.

'Crusher Of Bones' is their first vinyl venture, and a very sulkily confident outing it proves to be too. Consisting of seven pieces, varying in length from two minutes (don't be fooled by the pop format) to eleven, all are heavy in their use of samples and tapes – if live instruments are used at all, it's usually courtesy of outside sources, most notably Godkrist's searing guitar hacks.

When things work out, as on the epic, hard-edged 'Ointment' with its mind-numbing polyrhythmic throb, Reptilicus are really very interesting indeed. On occasion they could be accused of treading water, but for the most part 'Crusher Of Bones' is stimulating and, dare one say it, probably very typically Icelandic.

Both Godkrist and producer Hilmar Orn Hilmarsson have had dealings with post-industrial prog rock gods Current 93, and therefore Reptilicus' audience is made, but the more open-minded of yer Euro New Beat beefcakes too might find something here to turn them on.

James Robert

THE PURPLE OUTSIDE
'Mystery Lane'
(New Alliance) ****½

IF THE Screaming Trees (US version) aren't the most underrated band in the world right now then Joe here would like to know who the f**k is. Those porkers from Washington

state appear able to toss out heaven-on-earth slabs of psychedelic beauty as regularly as a squirrel shits nuts, and nobody even cares.

Well you should, and you should also want to look into The Purple Outside, which is as near as makes no difference a solo thing by the band's guitarist, Gary Lee Conner.

On 'Mystery Lane' he's aided only by Patrick Conner on drums (presumably a relative – Van Conner plays bass for Screaming Trees, so maybe they could be the new Osmonds) but with overdubbed bass and organ has succeeded in stitching together a complete-band sound that's no more than a few pigeon steps wide of Screaming Trees as a whole. Even the vocals are straight out of the Mark Lanegan school – not quite so dulcet, but listening to the dreamy and weird syrupy melodic flow it just has to be the product of a Tree, so to speak.

There's a wealth of good material on this album even though in places it feels a bit stiff, which is something you'd expect given the way it was assembled. Still, Gary Lee bats out unrestrained wah-soggy hard psych slop till it's dripping like candle wax off your turntable and the tracks that close both sides – 'Combination Of The 3' and 'Strange Days Flight' respectively – are close to peerless mountains of hallucinatin' '60s-'90s guitar munge.

In all, a very nice companion piece to the – highly rated here at Sounds – Mark Lanegan solo effort of last year.

Ian Lawton

MINORITY RULES

FRONT 242
'Tyranny For You'
(RRE) ****

TECHNO-TERRORISTS. Neo-Nazis. Crypto-Communists. Front 242, those cuddly Belgian electro-experimentalists accumulate libellous labels like others collect foreign stamps. Abhorred by a few, adored by many, they tirelessly pursue their one goal: to create as much ambiguity as possible.

'Tyranny For You', Front 242's fifth LP, is as ambivalent and aggressive as its predecessors. Brimming with a never-say-die concoction of suppleness and strength, it finds the Belgian beatmasters ranting and raving at many an unspecified target while their trusty sequencers squabble amongst themselves.

That their lyrics are little more than barked slogans should hardly come as a shock. Whereas others ponder for hours on the most appropriate rhyming couplets, Front 242 reduce the English language to a short, sharp clip round the ear, intentionally leaving you somewhat dazed and confused.

'Gripped By Fear' and 'Rhythm Of Time', for instance, are particularly unsettling. The former, a public-service announcement from the bowels of hell, kindly informs us of "Recession, regression, aggression", before Satan's right-hand man concludes, "And now your life is in danger", while the latter, a steep, heady electro burn-out, asks "what's outside?" in a manner that implies it really doesn't want to know.

Such trepidation is hardly surprising. Though 'Tragedy For You', their latest 45, a steamy, pacy little number, gives the impression of a barely-concealed soft-spot in the Front 242 gameplan, the overriding impression is one of courage in the face of fear. From mumbling death cries that hang in the air forever ('Moldavia') to the sound of a gang of Samurai warriors psyching themselves up for one final battle ('Trigger 2 (Anatomy Of A Shot)'), Front 242 effortlessly conjure up a bizarre world rife with unmentionable monstrosities.

Hard yet pliant, frisky but firm, 'Tyranny For You' throws caution to the wind and lets its jackboots do the talking. Welcome to the terrordrome.

Paul Mardles



FRONT 242: cheer up lads, life's not always a concoction of ambivalence and aggression, ya know

EDITED BY KEITH CAMERON

VARIOUS
'The Third Mind'
(Third Mind) ****

THROUGHOUT THE '80s Third Mind Records established a reputation for being perhaps the UK's finest electro label with a string of accessible yet uncompromising releases, securing positions of dominance for Attrition, Bushido and Front Line Assembly.

One year into the '90s and Third Mind remain at the forefront, firmly resolved to progress with their successful artists while always looking ahead with newer acquisitions like *Courage Of Lassie*. In keeping with that policy, this mid-price sampler relies equally on the established and the unknown with the majority of tracks being previously unreleased.

The selling points are obviously Front Line Assembly and In The Nursery, familiar names with tracks from recent releases. The latter's haunting, orchestral 'L'Esprit' provides the compilation's most dramatic moments while 'Mental Distortion' sees FLA in typically hard electro-mood, a stance similarly adopted by Ganzheit and Terror Against Terror who somehow incorporate delightful melodies beneath driving rhythms and taunting vocals.

Diversity is the key, though, and a lighter side to 'The Third Mind' is revealed with Faction's femininity, Solar Enemy's electro-funk and choral overtures and the quite irresistible warmth of Son Of Sam's 'St Augustine Said'.

The LP concludes with The Beautiful Pea Green Boat's chiming 'Paper House', but on the CD you'll discover further tracks by FLA, Solar Enemy, Faction and In The Nursery, whose potent dance piece 'Epitaph' is worth the extra outlay in itself.

Beautifully packaged and lovingly compiled, 'The Third Mind' is proud,

committed and, as a taster of the past, present and future delights this label has to offer, an absolute pleasure to own.

Ian Cheek

VARIOUS
'Reggae Attack'
(Attack) ****
SHABBA RANKS
'Just Reality'
(Blue Mountain) ***
TIPPA IRIE
'Original Raggamuffin'
(Mango) ***
COCOA TEA
'Rikers Island'
(Greensleeves) ***

TO SOMEONE who likes reggae but is no expert, the specialist racks of any record shop can prove a daunting prospect. So here's a selection of recent releases that would be worthy of anyone's Xmas tokens.

Of the very many reggae compilations on the shelves, few are as good as 'Reggae Attack', a collection of classic Trojan and Attack releases from the '60s and '70s. Everything you could want is here, from Ken Boothe's lovers rock 'Crying Over You' to the rude boy skank of 'The Liquidator' and 'Skinhead Moonstomp'.

The original tracks here are shining diamonds compared to their contemporary reworkings. UB40 are given a severe trouncing by Tony Tribe and Jimmy Cliff on 'Red, Red Wine' and 'Many Rivers To Cross', respectively, while Paul Young is firmly shown the door by Nicky Thomas's 'Love Of The Common People'. All of this plus 'Double Barrel', 'Train To Skaville', 'Israelites', 'Suzanne Beware Of The Devil' and Lord Tanamo's recent advert hit 'I'm In The Mood For Ska', make this LP an undeniable pleasure.

DUMBO MUMBO JUMBO



DANIELLE DAX: all vamped up with nowhere to go

DANIELLE DAX
'Blast The Human Flower'
(Sire) **

FOR A personality credited with an addiction to extremes, Danielle Dax certainly has a fetish for the mundane. Lacquered flat by Stephen Street's pedestrian production, stuffed with thundering guitars and generously sautéed with dance beats à la mode, 'Blast The Human Flower' is certainly some indication of creativity in crisis.

The nightmare histrionics are gone – in their place, a new middlebrow sensibility vying to repackage this Stonehenge of style's fashion violations as some video-friendly New Age novelty. The songs themselves are trite, aching naive and tinged with shallow irony, of which 'The ID Parade' – a tedious, clever-clever anti-establishment rant – is perhaps the nadir.

Others parrot safe, liberal indulgences. 'The Living And The Stillborn' takes up the plight of the homeless and other human debris left behind by, one presumes, the Thatcher administration. Living in Brixton, Danielle Dax will have seen it all first-hand, no doubt. Could this be the same Danielle Dax, we wonder, whose inner sleeve so casually trumpets her agent in Hollywood?

'Blast The Human Flower' is just a mess of contradictions, peppered with artsy double-speak and obvious in a stale, mid-'80s way. Only one cut, a lush and spaced-out, bass-heavy reworking of Lennon & McCartney's 'Tomorrow Never Knows' lights up an uninspired, turgid album.

But it's not enough. There's none of the casual malevolence of early Lemon Kittens material and too much of Dax's trite, surrealist solo work. There's mysticism and mumbo jumbo, and with its cop-out, broad-based AOR foundations, 'Blast The Human Flower' is an album between cult and mainstream that wants to have it both ways.

But it can't, it's just Transvision Vamp with knobs on. Or is that EMF?

Damon Wise

As a recent incident of "Shabbamania" at Tower Records in London displayed, in certain circles Shabba Ranks is a superstar, yet many people are aware of the name without being aware of the music. Over 12 or so years on the Jamaican music scene, Shabba has worked up to the point where he is now top

draw on the sunshine island. 'Just Reality' sees him teaming up with his old spar Bobby Digital for the first time in a while. Bobby's production and rhythms boast a much rawer sound than Shabba's recent work with Gussie Clarke and Mikey Bennet. The outstanding cut is the title track – with its awareness lyric

and digital roots rhythm, it easily stands up to the best of Shabba's work.

It's been a long time since Tippa Irie popped into the charts with 'Hello Darling'. But 'Original Raggamuffin' is a million miles from that novelty pop. Recorded in Nottingham and Birmingham and utilising some fine UK reggae talent, it contains ten prime slices of Tippa's brand of ragga. His cover of the old Elvis tune 'Girl Of My Best Friend' is a gem, a ragga tune with chord changes and a pleasant pop lilt that radio chose to ignore when it came out as a single a while back.

Cocoa Tea came to massive attention alongside Shabba Ranks and Home T on the Classic 'Holding On' LP in 1989. His earlier career is more obscure – he cut some tracks in 1973 then promptly disappeared for around 13 years. His fine voice has really come to the fore since he began working with Gussie Clarke at the Music Works studio.

Cocoa shines here, his voice and phrasing are on tip top form and the fine songs and hard rhythms showcase his talents superbly. In a fair world this would sell a million and Mr Tea would be a household name – but for the time being at least this will remain excellent music for the educated few.

Colin C

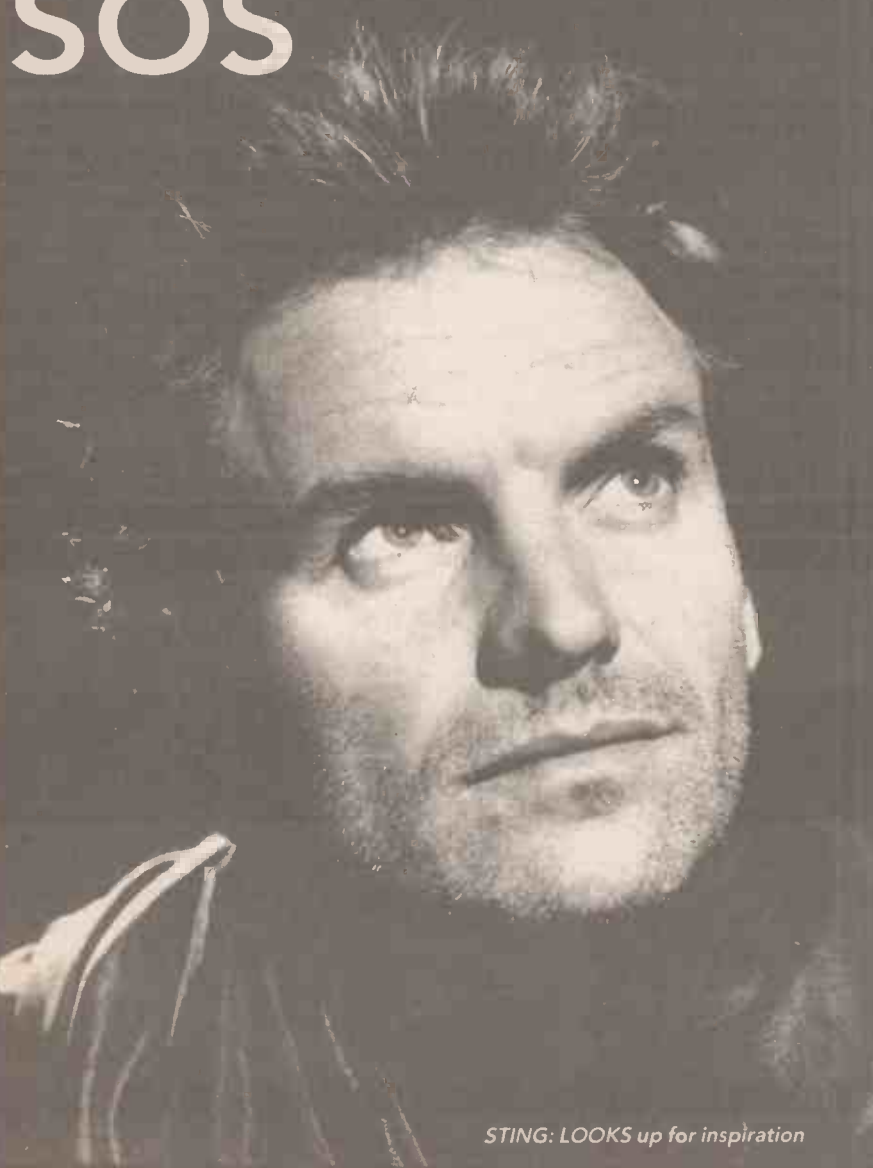
trio lighten up on a jokey little number called 'Kill The President', with an altogether airier Alice Donut-cum-Dickies chirpy wee riff.

On flipping over we find the touching cover of Hüsker Dü's 'Diane', a similarly ear-friendly piece of tasty trash pop, and 'Tuesday Thursday Man' repeats the feat one more time for good measure with a nod in the general area of the Lemonheads. Everything else on show, though, is so hopelessly uninteresting and Coffin Break's three ventures into tune territory are absurdly out of place in the company of the bulk of 'Rupture'. A shame – would've made a fine EP.

What else is there to say? Another Jack Endino production. There is not a lot of wah wah on this record. Real punk f***ing rock.

James Robert

SENDING OUT AN SOS



STING: LOOKS up for inspiration

STING
'The Soul Cages'
(A&M) **1/2

THIS IS Sting's third solo studio album, wherein he's trawled new depths of creativity and artistic inspiration to produce the aural equivalent of Victorian wallpaper. Admittedly, it's quite pleasant wallpaper to have a quick glance at, but you wouldn't exactly want to smother it in Polycell and hang it in your bedroom.

How he's quite managed to make an album of such insipidness with some of the world's top session musicians is a mystery. 'Bring On The Night', his double live album, was jazz-fusion at its most powerful, the album he'd had loitering up his sleeve since The Police split, but this stampedes into wimp-out, safe bet territory.

The album takes its name from one of those feisty old BBC2 folk tales that the pissed yokel recounts at 3am dahn the local. Apparently the Devil is a fisherman (plausible, so was JC don't forget) who keeps entrapped souls in lobster cages under the sea. To get yours out, you've got to drink him under the table – under water. Not easy, the Devil's been known to put away quite a few.

Lyrical, the album's rather nifty. Sort of in the Mike Scott poetic vein, but then we all know how crap The Waterboys sound nowadays. Instruments doodle under the famed nasal vocals, trying to get a thumbnail sketch together but ending up with something that makes Jackson Pollock look vaguely coherent.

The single, 'All This Time', sounds like Paul Simon heading for the New Age market, and that's the vibe through the whole album. 'Island Of Souls' tries to recreate 'We Work The Black Seam' from his first album but trips over its own flaccid feet rushing towards the Melody FM playlist.

Muzak not music, and the sort of thing they'll play in elevators and supermarkets for years to come.

Andy Stout

COFFIN BREAK
'Rupture'
(Tupelo) **

SO WHY, in all the initial furore over the mighty Sub Pop, did Seattle's very own Coffin Break find themselves neglected in the ears and eyes of the powers-that-be over there? The dust has settled and the stale beer has dried on the stage along with the sweat and vomit, and suddenly Coffin Break might yet come out of it all with some credit. Why, there's even a recent Sub Pop single – 'Lies' (neither side included herein) – as if to prove acceptance.

Regrettably, the initial reaction is why didn't everyone just let them be? 'Rupture' is four songs old before anything remotely interesting happens. It's a thoroughly meaningless punk rock thrash best left alone since the worst excesses of the US school of '81 wiped their noses and joined the stockbroker belt. Then this cheeky

SIMON FISHER
TURNER
'The Garden – Original Soundtrack'
(Mute) **1/2

AMBIENT STUFF indeed. The soundtrack to *The Garden*, the latest film from Brit celluloid genius Derek Jarman, is full of the sparse orchestration, weirdo noises and disembodied voices so beloved of '90s New Agers. And like most ambient gear, sometimes it works... and sometimes you're left wondering what the fuss is all about. Frequently, 'The Garden' makes for entertaining listening, in a funny kinda way. In turns disquieting, relaxing and plain baffling, tracks like 'Drowned By Time', 'Golden Showers' and 'Come My Darling' are affecting pieces, non-pop mood changers par excellence.

But then things get tedious. The whale noises, string quartets and synthetic atmospheric sound pleasant enough, but without the idea of songs, they all too often turn into shapeless tosh. The one belting tune offered here, a mock music hall piece entitled 'Think Pink', breaks the monotony beautifully, but it's a rare treat.

So who's going to buy this album? No self-respecting pop kid, that's for sure. Nope – leave this to the crystals and mineral water set, and see the movie instead.

John Harris

ALBUMS

THE COUNTRY ROCKERS 'Cypress Room' (New Rose) ***1/2

FOR A trio whose collective age is 187, including mere spring chicken Ron Easley (40, and best known for his guitar work with Alex Chilton), The Country Rockers contain two of the hippest OAPs in music today. This might not sound like the most fascinating snippet of info but a

listen (and consequent bop) to 'Cypress Room' neatly bucks the 'live fast die young' ethic.

Their name says it all - rocked up country and countrified rock - but it's all done with such style and (ahem) maturity that these guys can easily hold their own with other Memphis lynchpins like Chilton and Tav Falco.

The LP opens with a neat rockabilly run, through Bobby Lee Trammel's 'Arkansaw Twist' and the following version of Marty Robbins' 'Don't Worry' brilliantly eschews modern

production values in favour of pure feeling. Obviously at 70, Sam Baird's voice is going to sound lived-in, but his less than dulcet tones do make a refreshing change from the over-produced likes of Billy Idol.

Side two throws up the album's real gems, particularly the thoroughly obscure 'Love-a-Rama' and 'Castro Rock' with delightful lyrics like "Castro hey, your long legged rebels better leave my girl alone/Or you won't see the light of another day".

Throw in a neat 'Raining In My Heart', shuffling treatments of 'Steel Guitar Rag' and 'Stompin' At The Savoy', and a pre-senile 'Trail Of A Lonesome Pine', and you've got one of the oddest and most endearing albums you'll hear this year.

Leo Finlay

WALK THIS WAY



GANG STARR: brains win over brawn

THE MAGNOLIAS 'Dime Store Dream' (Twin/Tone) ***

WERE THE many great Minneapolis bands to form a line, The Magnolias might be near the back. After all, Hüsker Dü, The Replacements and Soul Asylum aren't names to be trifled with, and The Magnolias haven't yet distinguished themselves with certifiably classic material, a situation this third album won't much alter.

But we mustn't feel sorry for The Magnolias, pity is the last thing they need. Some don't achieve greatness, they live in its outskirts and The Magnolias are one of those, a proudly plain rock 'n' roll band as energetic as their peers and, when unfair comparisons cease, damn good with it.

Buttressed by a new rhythm section, founders John Freeman and Tom Lischmann lash out admirably on 'Dime Store Dream', an apt title since this is the sound of hometown boys with no real desire to move. The similarities to Soul Asylum needn't be overstated, the same cocktail of punk, pop and precocity bleeding from every groove, but it is a little strange, on 'Pardon Me', to be reminded so strongly of 'New Day Rising'-era Hüsker Dü. Minneapolis must truly be a state of mind.

Ralph Traitor

GANG STARR 'Step In The Arena' (Cooltempo) ****

LIKE MOST genres, rap has matured with age. Whereas the infantile 2 Live Crew insist on waving their willies at everyone in the playground, their far superior peers prefer to extol the virtues of a genuine education.

Thankfully, Gang Starr, namely DJ Premier and The Guru, aren't about to let the side down. From the taut 'Who's Gonna Take The Weight?' to the terse 'The Meaning Of The Name' ("Seek and ye shall find cos Gang Starr stands for mastermind"), 'Step In The Arena' wears its thinking cap with pride.

Proud, they may be - pure, they're not. Despite

Gang Starr's obvious penchant for the soothing, languorous nature of prime-time jazz, The Guru's slow, quietly menacing delivery suggests that, in the event of a fatal road accident, Gang Starr would gladly leave their hearts to the Dream Warriors and their heads to Public Enemy, Boogie Down Productions et al.

That's not to say they share Chuck D's belligerence, though. Despite offering a similar ideological perspective to Public Enemy, Gang Starr rarely raise their voices, choosing to win sceptics over by the strength of their argument rather than the size of their shotgun. 'Check The Technique', for instance, manages to tickle its way into your consciousness, swiftly setting up home before you have time to think.

A welcome triumph of brains over brawn, 'Step In The Arena' is a brave stride forward.

Paul Mardles

'A PARTICULARLY GOOD SINGLE'.....JOHN PEEL

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Tracks from the vaults re-released and reviewed

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & THE MAGIC BAND 'Clear Spot'/'The Spotlight Kid' (Reprise)

FOR FANS of the Captain, this is the first time these albums have been issued on CD - an event worth celebrating in itself. And if you haven't heard them before, boy are you in for a treat.

Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band made some of the most timeless rock 'n' roll ever and some of the best stuff is on this CD, capturing their best period, after the classic 'Trout Mask Replica' and 'Lick My Decals Off Baby'. It's possible to hear a wholly new music that Beefheart invented.

The elements of this new music were primitive swamp blues, R&B and improvised jazz. Reassembled in a different order, the resulting sound was partly a hybrid, partly a collage. 'The Spotlight Kid' kicks off with the white metallic noise of 'I'm Gonna Booglarize You Baby'. But that's tame stuff compared to 'When It Blows Its Stacks' or 'Grow Fin' - shining examples of Beefheart's fusion of surrealist lyrics to delta blues.

That's not to say that none of the material here is approachable: on 'Clear Spot', 'Too Much Time' sounds not a hundred miles away from some R&B contemporary like Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band (!).

But on the whole, we're talking about a sound that was revolutionary, like nothing on earth at that time. The Beefheart influence can be heard in bands from REM to Pere Ubu and most of this still sounds fresh 18 years on - The Captain can still scare the bejaysus out of you. TU

DWARVES 'Horror Stories' (Coxx)

IT'S NO small shock to find that the terminally fashionable Dwarves' 'Horror Stories' debut first hit the racks five years ago. The time just buzzsawed by and this one vanished along the way, so one supposes this is what's called a timely reissue.

Here's 12 brief blasts of cheap dirty guitars with screaming keyboard cheese reverberating around the place and some semi-audible mug behind it all, feeling pretty bad about something. And it's all gone in one blinding half-hour of speed-inspired dumbness.

You get four cover versions for your money too, one of which, Calico Wall's 'I'm A Living Sickness' is the most gnarled, snarled cut on show, an increasing howl of tension which breaks off just as the world's about to cave in. For sheer punk rock damage, their own 'Lick It' doesn't fall far short either, a veritable monsoon of grind. Check these boys on the back sleeve, too - shades and flicknives, that kinda spookiness.

Yup. Once you get a sniff of this stuff, you'll be in no hurry to go back to what's been going down with Dwarves since. While they've developed their bad taste and refined matters in the overdrive department - most notoriously on last year's Sub Pop opus 'Blood Guts And Pussy' - it's doubtful

whether they or anyone else will turn out a slab of such raw sleazeball garage filth as 'Horror Stories' in a very long while. Honest. JamesR

KING OF THE SLUMS 'Barbarous English Fayre' (Midnight Music)

AH, IF only The Fall sounded like this. 'Barbarous English Fayre' spans 1987-89 by cobbling together the Slums' Play Hard releases, plus some early tracks from compilations. And frankly, it makes you wonder just what they've done to avoid being massive.

Herein lie bits of rock, bits of punk, bits of The Fall (without MES's grating vocals) and lots of wonderful weirdness. Gary Sparkes' guitar and Sarah Curtis' violin go gung-ho crazy over the top of an essentially rockin' base, all topped off by Charley Keigher's lazy vocals and charmingly eccentric words.

'Simpering Blonde Bombshell' is their *pièce de résistance*, while 'The Pennine Spitter' is proof of Charley's lyrical certifiability. But it's 'Leery Bleeder' that perhaps best sums up King Of The Slums' attitude... "not much of a life, but it keeps me out of mischief".

In the same way you can look at some chart songs and wonder how the f**k they're so successful, this album makes you wonder how the f**k KOTS aren't. Sublime. GBerg

Sifting their warped-out folk formula through a range of horrible computers, THE LEVELLERS play by instinct rather than rules. CATHI UNSWORTH meets the band who make the most of ancient and modern and finds out why battered is sometimes best



FIDDLIN' JOHN Sevink

Julian

DESPIKE USING the complete range of traditional acoustic instruments, there is nothing orthodox about the Levellers approach to making music.

The five Brighton buskers take their inspiration from just about everything, and reflect it in their hand-customised range of hardware – which, in some cases, includes antiques.

Fiddler John Sevink provides the core of the Levellers sound, with his haunting, warped out instrumentals – while the violin itself has a past that perfectly fits in with the bands' folk-telling formula:

"The violin I have is actually made from the parts of three others," he explains, "but the main body used to belong to a merchant seaman, who travelled the world with it. It's about a hundred-years-old.

"It was hanging on a friend's wall, smashed, as an ornament. They gave it to me to fix, but I've never given it back."

ACCORDING TO John, the violin is one of the hardest instruments to get to grips with: "I wouldn't recommend anyone to learn it. Because I'm slightly tone deaf, it makes it easier for me to deal with all the grates and groans the instrument can make!"

The emphasis on learning to play a violin always seems to rest on the quality, and therefore the price of an instrument. Fortunately, John proves that's it's not really necessary to own a Stradivarius before you can play brilliantly.

"It's just that the weird thing about violins is that you can only play them if they sound good to you," he explains. "But they're not like guitars, you can't grade them as going up to the best. Each

ON THE FIDDLE

has its own individual sound, you just have to find the one that you're happy with."

And far from scraping the proverbial catgut, John actually uses human hair on his bow.

"It's better than horse hair," he laughs, "cos it doesn't break as easily. I just have to take a trip to the hairdressers for scraps every so often!"

Having started playing as a child, John – unlike the rest of the band – has been taught a basic classical approach.

"I was forced into it as a kid, but I only really perfected it when I had to go inside for a while," he recalls. "We were allowed one instrument, so I decided to get back

to grips with it. That's when I began playing by instinct, rather than rules. I used to sound disgusting when I first joined the band, cos I didn't know how to play.

"But I've always been attracted to this instrument because it's so much better sounding than a guitar, and it adds a whole new dimension to a band.

"I know there are loads of bands with violins, but I don't think there's many that really realise the potential of fully integrating that sound into their music, instead of just using it for token gesture effect."

He now has a range of "horrible computers" through which he feeds his violin. A "shit shifter", which is home made and an old Chorus which has been similarly dabbled with.

"It's a mix of all things turned up to maximum volume," he cheerfully admits.

Despite this seeming irreverence, John has managed to produce some unique and, at times, unnerving forays into experimentation. 'Three Friends', in particular, stands out for its psychedelic trippiness turned into aching lament.

"That is my favourite," agrees John. "Before it was recorded, it was improvised every night, so it'd never be the same twice. But I had to put one final version down, and that's the version we recorded."

SONGWRITER, SINGER and guitarist Mark Chadwick again goes in for the "battered is best" approach to instruments.

His Kay acoustic guitar has the arm from a record player stuck inside it, to use for pick-ups. His WEM amp was acquired from a friend who used to roadie for the Revillos, so it's past is almost as colourful as John's violin.

"The record arm is for the authentic acoustic effect," Mark reveals. "It worked for Les Paul, so I guessed it would work as well for me, too."

Mark denies playing by instinct alone, he attributes his proficiency to sheer hard practice.

"We do about four hours a day, together acoustically," he says. "But I've never had any training at all."

"Mark will get some chords down," adds John, "and I have to come up with a good melody."

It's obvious that the skill of each musician is imperative to the way the Levellers can adapt and rethink so many of their multicultural influences, and yet still sound totally at home with each other.

"We steal, horrendously," laughs John. "From everyone possible, and put it all together. Because of the way we play, it sounds like us."

"We have no set formula," agrees Mark. "We approach each song for its own merit. But we get bored with our own songs quite quickly, and seeing what other bands are getting up to is always a driving force for new ideas."

"I think we are more willing than most bands to take risks," he furthers. "I'll pick up anything, a banjo, a mandolin, whatever, and play around with it until I find a good sound."

"But we always have to be getting on with something, which is why we gig such a lot. We can't be left at home, or sitting in a pub. We're always planning new ways to get good."

Together all the way.

“ We steal horrendously from everyone possible and put it all together. Because of the way we play, it sounds like us. ”

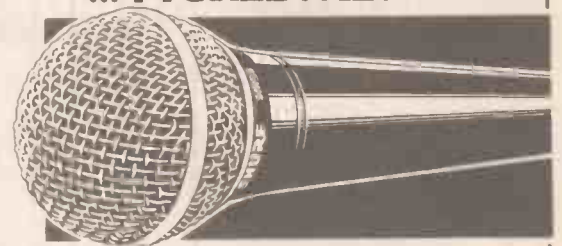
— JOHN



ON THE level

Steve Gullick

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CHARTS

UK SINGLES

- 1 1 SADNESS PART 1 Enigma Virgin International
- 2 8 CRAZY Seal ZTT
- 3 2 BRING YOUR DAUGHTER... TO THE SLAUGHTER Iron Maiden
EMI
- 4 4 THE GREASE MEGAMIX John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John
Polydor
- 5 15 GONNA MAKE YOU SWEAT C&C Music Factory Columbia
- 6 20 (I'VE HAD) THE TIME OF MY LIFE Bill Medley & Jennifer Warnes
RCA
- 7 3 ICE ICE BABY Vanilla Ice SBK
- 8 38 INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING Jesus Jones Food
- 9 14 CRAZY Patsy Cline MCA
- 10 6 ALL TOGETHER NOW The Farm Produce
- 11 13 PRAY MC Hammer Capitol
- 12 27 I CAN'T TAKE THE POWER Off-Shore Columbia
- 13 12 ALL THE MAN THAT I NEED Whitney Houston Arista
- 14 5 YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELING Righteous Brothers Verve
- 15 - 3 AM ETHERNAL KLF KLF Communications
- 16 - XY & ZEE Pop Will Eat Itself RCA
- 17 7 JUSTIFY MY LOVE Madonna Sire
- 18 11 MARY HAD A LITTLE BOY Snap Arista
- 19 - ALL TRUE MAN Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 20 50 ALL THIS TIME Sting A&M
- 21 9 THE TOTAL MIX Black Box deConstruction
- 22 30 PREACHER MAN Bananarama London
- 23 35 MERCY MERCY ME Robert Palmer EMI
- 24 16 UNBELIEVABLE EMF Parlophone
- 25 - SENSITIVITY Ralph Tresvant MCA
- 26 28 GOT THE TIME Anthrax Island
- 27 - HIPPYCHICK Soho S&M
- 28 - BOX SET GO The High London
- 29 - ALIL' AIN'T ENOUGH David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 30 22 ARE YOU DREAMING? Twenty 4 Seven BCM
- 31 18 WICKED GAME Chris Isaak London
- 32 - CAN I KICK IT? A Tribe Called Quest Jive
- 33 34 I'M NOT IN LOVE Will To Power Epic
- 34 37 SUMMER RAIN Belinda Carlisle Virgin
- 35 - JORDAN EP Prefab Sprout Kitchenware
- 36 24 SITUATION Yazoo Mute
- 37 47 ALWAYS THE SUN Stranglers Epic
- 38 23 DISAPPEAR INXS Mercury
- 39 - III Orbital frf
- 40 19 UNCHAINED MELODY Righteous Brothers Verve
- 41 - GET HERE Oleta Adams Fontana
- 42 - MISS AMERICA Big Dish East West
- 43 17 THE ANNIVERSARY WALTZ PART TWO Status Quo Vertigo
- 44 - WELL, DID YOU EVAH! Deborah Harry & Iggy Pop Chrysalis
- 45 25 24 HOURS Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 46 43 TELL ME WHERE YOU'RE GOING Silje Lifetime
- 47 26 FREEDOM! George Michael Epic
- 48 31 SUCKER DJ Dimples D FBI
- 49 - WHERE HAS ALL THE LOVE GONE Maureen Urban
- 50 36 A MATTER OF FACT Innocence Cooltempo

Compiled by MRIB

NICE 15

- 1 NICE BOTTOM (SCHOENER ARSCHE) Pankow
- 2 THE NICE SONG Adrenalin OD
- 3 NICE BIKE Ry Cooder
- 4 A NICE BOY LIKE ME Barry Manilow
- 5 NICE ONE CYRIL Cockerel Chorus
- 6 HALF AS NICE Amen Corner
- 8 THE NICENESS OF IT ALL Gilbert O'Sullivan
- 9 NICE TO SEE YOU (TO SEE YOU, NICE) Bruce Forsyth
- 10 A NICE CUP OF TEA The Damned
- 11 NICE PEOPLE Flanagan & Allen
- 12 TOO NICE TO TALK TO The Beat
- 13 NICE HOUSE White House Connection
- 14 SO NICE YOU NAME HIM TWICE William Collins
- 15 YOU'RE NICE Clive Barber

JONATHAN KING 10

- 1 LICK A SMURP FOR CHRISTMAS Father Abraphart & The Smurps
- 2 EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON Jonathan King
- 3 LOOP DI LOVE Shag
- 4 SUGAR SUGAR Sakkarin
- 5 IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE 100 Ton & A Feather
- 6 UNA PALOMA BLANCA Jonathan King
- 7 CHICK A BOOM (DON'T YA JES LOVE IT) 53rd & 3rd
- 8 IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG Weathermen
- 9 (I CAN'T GET NO) SATISFACTION Bubblerock
- 10 IN THE MOOD Sound 9418

Lest we forget. See you at Wembley?

UK ALBUMS

- 1 1 THE IMMACULATE COLLECTION Madonna Sire
- 2 2 THE VERY BEST OF Elton John Rocket
- 3 3 SERIOUS HITS... LIVE! Phil Collins Virgin
- 4 6 LISTEN WITHOUT PREJUDICE VOLUME 1 George Michael Epic
- 5 4 I'M YOUR BABY TONIGHT Whitney Houston Arista
- 6 24 MCMXCAD Enigma Virgin
- 7 12 TO THE EXTREME Vanilla Ice SBK
- 8 5 SHAKING THE TREE - GOLDEN GREATS Peter Gabriel Virgin
- 9 7 CARRERAS DOMINGO PAVAROTTI - CONCERT Various Decca
- 10 9 SOUL PROVIDER Michael Bolton Columbia
- 11 8 THE SINGLES COLLECTION 1984/1990 Jimmy Somerville London
- 12 17 X INXS Mercury
- 13 16 CHOKE Beautiful South Go! Discs
- 14 11 THE RHYTHM OF THE SAINTS Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 15 28 DIRTY DANCING Original Soundtrack RCA
- 16 14 ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS Status Quo Vertigo
- 17 18 PLEASE HAMMER DON'T HURT 'EM MC Hammer Capitol
- 18 15 THE VERY BEST OF The Righteous Brothers Verve
- 19 13 THE VERY BEST OF The Bee Gees Polydor
- 20 22 REMASTERS Led Zeppelin Atlantic
- 21 10 FROM A DISTANCE... THE EVENT Cliff Richard EMI
- 22 23 PILLS 'N' THRILLS AND BELLIES Happy Mondays Factory
- 23 20 ONLY YESTERDAY The Carpenters A&M
- 24 21 BEHAVIOUR Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 25 25 THE ESSENTIAL PAVAROTTI Luciano Pavarotti Decca
- 26 26 BOOMANIA Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 27 36 I DO NOT WANT WHAT I HAVEN'T GOT Sinéad O'Connor Ensign
- 28 27 VIVALDI: FOUR SEASONS Nigel Kennedy EMI
- 29 40 NO PRAYER FOR THE DYING Iron Maiden EMI
- 30 33 PRETTY WOMAN Original Soundtrack EMI USA
- 31 19 RHYTHM OF LOVE Kylie Minogue PWL
- 32 32 CORNERSTONES 1967-1970 Jimi Hendrix Polydor
- 33 34 BEMY LOVE... AN ALBUM OF LOVE Placido Domingo EMI
- 34 30 KIM APPLEBY Kim Appleby Parlophone
- 35 39 DREAMLAND Black Box deConstruction
- 36 - THE LOST BOYS Original Soundtrack Atlantic
- 37 46 THELA'S The La's Go! Discs
- 38 47 BELIEF Innocence Cooltempo
- 39 41 WORLD POWER Snap Arista
- 40 31 TRIPPING THE LIVE FANTASTIC - HIGHLIGHTS Paul McCartney
Parlophone
- 41 37 LOOK SHARP! Roxette EMI
- 42 38 TRIP ON THIS - THE REMIXES Technotronic Telstar
- 43 45 MIXED UP The Cure Fiction
- 44 35 STEP BY STEP New Kids On The Block Columbia
- 45 - NECK AND NECK Chet Atkins And Mark Knopfler Columbia
- 46 43 ... BUT SERIOUSLY Phil Collins Virgin
- 47 - SOME FRIENDLY The Chariotans Situation Two
- 48 - MUSIC FROM TWIN PEAKS Angelo Badalamenti Warner Brothers
- 49 - THE VERY BEST OF Ben E King & The Drifters Telstar
- 50 - THE RAZOR'S EDGE AC/DC Atco

Compiled by MRIB

5 YEARS AGO

ALTERNATIVE

- 1 - DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 2 1 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 3 4 TINY DYNAMITE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 4 3 REVOLUTION The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 5 2 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins
Abstract Dance/Priority
- 6 10 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 7 8 SLAMMERS King Kurt Stiff
- 8 7 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 9 13 NEEDLE GUN Hawkwind Flicknife
- 10 5 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 11 - THE BATTLE CONTINUES Conflict Mortarhale
- 12 - SPIRIT WALKER The Cult Situation Two
- 13 11 DESIRE Gene Loves Jezebel Situation Two
- 14 20 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 15 12 NO PLACE CALLED HOME The June Brides Intape
- 16 9 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 17 15 CRUISER'S CREEK/LA The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 18 - LET THEM EAT BOGSHED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 19 - DRINKING AND DRIVING The Business Diamond
- 20 6 BRAINBOX The Three Johns Abstract

10 YEARS AGO

ALTERNATIVE

- 1 1 CARTROUBLE Adam And The Ants Do It
- 2 2 ZEROX Adam And The Ants Do It
- 3 3 IT'S OBVIOUS/DIET Au Pairs Human
- 4 6 RABBIT Chas 'N' Dave Rockney
- 5 5 DECONTROL Discharge Clay
- 6 7 SIMPLY THRILLED, HONEY Orange Juice Postcard
- 7 4 THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING/DREAM A LIE UB40 Graduate
- 8 10 TELEGRAM SAM Bauhaus 4A0
- 9 9 GUILTY Honey Bane HB
- 10 13 BLOODY REVOLUTIONS/PERSONS UNKNOWN Crass/Poison
Girls Crass
- 11 20 FEEDING OF THE 5,000 (SECOND SITTING) Crass Crass
- 12 12 TRY Delta 5 Rough Trade
- 13 19 KILL THE POOR Dead Kennedys Cherry Red
- 14 16 REALITY ASYLUM Crass Crass
- 15 11 DANCED Toyah Safari
- 16 8 BEER DRINKERS AND HELL RAISERS Motorhead Big Beat
- 17 - HOLIDAY IN CAMBODIA Dead Kennedys Cherry Red
- 18 - IT'S KINDA FUNNY Josef K Postcard
- 19 - CALIFORNIA UBER ALLES Dead Kennedys Fast
- 20 - ARMY LIFE The Exploited Exploited

METAL SINGLES

- 1 1 BRING YOUR DAUGHTER... TO THE SLAUGHTER Iron Maiden
EMI
- 2 2 GOT THE TIME Anthrax Island
- 3 3 THE ANNIVERSARY WALTZ PART TWO Status Quo Vertigo
- 4 - ALIL' AIN'T ENOUGH David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 5 4 THE ONE TO SING THE BLUES Motorhead Epic
- 6 - TWICE AS HARD The Black Crowes Def American
- 7 - DON'T BELIEVE HER Scorpions Vertigo
- 8 5 MONEY TALKS AC/DC Atco/East West
- 9 6 TOO TIRED Gary Moore Virgin
- 10 7 MIRACLE Jon Bon Jovi Vertigo

MUSIC VIDEO

- 1 1 THE IMMACULATE COLLECTION Madonna WMV
- 2 3 LIVE Pavarotti/Domingo/Carreras PMV/Channel 5
- 3 2 SERIOUSLY LIVE Phil Collins Virgin
- 4 5 THE VERY BEST OF Elton John PMV/Channel 5
- 5 4 FROM A DISTANCE Cliff Richard PMI
- 6 6 STEP BY STEP New Kids On The Block CMV
- 7 7 LIVE FROM BARCELONA 1990 Tina Turner Channel 5/PMV
- 8 - LIVE Luciano Pavarotti Music Club
- 9 8 CITY OF LIGHTS Runrig PMV/Channel 5
- 10 - AN EVENING WITH Daniel O'Donnell Ritz

Compiled by Gallup

METAL ALBUMS

- 1 1 ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS Status Quo Vertigo
- 2 2 REMASTERS Led Zeppelin Atlantic/East West
- 3 4 NO PRAYER FOR THE DYING Iron Maiden EMI
- 4 3 CORNERSTONES 1967-1970 Jimi Hendrix Polydor
- 5 - PERSISTENCE OF TIME Anthrax Island
- 6 5 BLAZE OF GLORY/YOUNG GUNS II Jon Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 7 - SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 8 8 STILL GOT THE BLUES Gary Moore Virgin
- 9 6 THE RAZOR'S EDGE AC/DC Atco/East West
- 10 9 HEARTBREAK STATION Cinderella Vertigo

Compiled by Spotlight Research



MOTORHEAD: SINGING the booze

INDIE SINGLES

1	1	ALL TOGETHER NOW	The Farm Produce
2	2	ARE YOU DREAMING?	Twenty 4 Seven BCM
3	3	SITUATION (REMIX)	Yazoo Mute
4	4	SUCKER DJ	Dimples D FBI
5	5	24 HOURS	Betty Boo Rhythm King
6	6	FREEDOM	A Homeboy, A Hippie And A Funky Dredd Tam Tam
7	28	STILL FEEL THE RAIN	Stex Some Bizzare
8	15	LET ME HEAR YOU (SAY YEH)	PKA Stress
9	16	MY RISING STAR	Northside Factory
10	10	CLONK	Sweet Exorcist Warp
11	8	KINKY AFRO	Happy Mondays Factory
12	11	THE EXORCIST (REMIX)	Scientist Kickin
13	7	ISLAND HEAD EP	Inspirat Carpets Cow
14	17	WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT	Run DMC Profile
15	24	STEP ON	Happy Mondays Factory
16	27	PROGRESSIVE LOGIC EP	Nexus 21 Network
17	-	MANIFESTATION	D-Magnify Tam Tam
18	14	MADCHESTER RAVE ON EP	Happy Mondays Factory
19	22	SPICE	Eon Vinyl Solution
20	12	MOTHER UNIVERSE	The Soup Dragons Big Life
21	13	STEP BACK IN TIME	Kylie Minogue PWL
22	20	CELEBRATE	Double Trouble Collective Desire
23	9	THE BEE	Scientist Kickin
24	19	GROOVY TRAIN	The Farm Produce
25	-	STEPPING STONE/FAMILY OF MAN	The Farm Produce
26	-	I'M NOT IN LOVE	Rum & Black Shut Up And Dance
27	-	IUSETA LOVE HER	Saw Doctors Solid
28	23	LITTLE FLUFFY CLOUDS	The Orb Big Life
29	26	PHOBIA	Flowered Up Heavenly
30	-	ILLEGAL GUNSHOT/SPLIFFHEAD	Ragga Twins
31	-	PLAY EP	Ride Creation
32	18	FOOLS GOLD	The Stone Roses Silvertone
33	-	SCHOOL OF THE WORLD	Nicolette Shut Up And Dance
34	21	THE ONLY ONE I KNOW	The Charlatans Situation Two
35	33	THEN	The Charlatans Situation Two
36	32	UNTIL YOU FIND OUT	Ned's Atomic Dustbin Chapter 22
37	30	SOLID GOLD	Ashley & Jackson Big Life
38	-	SHALL WE TAKE A TRIP	Northside Factory
39	35	THE BEST THING	Charley Big World
40	-	MAGIC ROUNDABOUT	Rising High Collective Tam Tam/Savage
41	46	TOTAL CONFUSION	A Homeboy, A Hippie And A Funky Dredd
42	38	LITTLE BROTHER	Blue Pearl Big Life
43	29	MAKE IT MINE	The Shamen One Little Indian
44	50	LOADED	Primal Scream Creation
45	45	THE ORIGINS OF DANCE	Timothy Leary/The Grid Evolution
46	25	MR KIRK'S NIGHTMARE	4Hero Reinforced
47	31	FALL EP	Ride Creation
48	41	A PLACE CALLED BLISS	Cyclone Network
49	37	ONE LOVE	The Stone Roses Silvertone
50	44	GOD KNOWS IT'S TRUE	Teenage Fanclub Paperhouse

Compiled by Spotlight Research

ON THE DECK

Andy Peart
NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THERE The Hysterics Demo tape
MAKE THE CHANGES The Revs Demo tape
THREE TRACK DEMO TAPE Beautiful Losers

Tommy Udo
LADY FRIEND The Byrds Sony LP track
YUMMY The Hard Ons Vinyl Solution LP
TYRANNY FOR YOU Front 242 RRE LP

Mr Spencer
HONEYPOWER My Bloody Valentine Spooky sonic rapture
LURCH Steel Pole Bath Tub Tupelo LP
INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING Jesus Jones Corking hit single

Damon Wise
HEAVEN Frazier Chorus Mysteriously stillborn 45
JUST TO GET A REP Gang Starr Cooltempo
DOUBT Jesus Jones EMILP

Kelth Cameron
THE HOLY MUGGER Fatima Mansions Kitchenware Jihad on 45
HONEYPOWER My Bloody Valentine Pop pearl from Cool Titles Inc
BLINDFOLD EP Curve Future Anxious 45

Leo Finlay
NICOLE Ween Twin/Tone
HIVE Fatima Mansions Kitchenware
THERAPY Live in Kill Mine's a large bottle.

Paul Mardles
FRENZY Soho From forthcoming 'Goddess' LP
STEP IN THE ARENA Gang Starr Cooltempo
SOON My Bloody Valentine Blissfully brilliant

John Robb
TOO MUCH FOR THE RED TICKER Dog Faced Hermans 7-inch live grenade
SOON My Bloody Valentine Cool as expected
MOTOWN JUNK Manic Street Preachers For sheer attitude and a dash of
surging melody



WHITNEY HOUSTON: female pop star

DANCEFLOOR

ALTERNATIVE

1	6	ALL TOGETHER NOW	The Farm Produce
2	1	THE STORM/LIKE A RAINBOW	World Of Twist Circa
3	5	UNBELIEVABLE	EMF Parlophone
4	-	INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING	Jesus Jones Food
5	2	KINKY GROOVY AFRO	Happy Mondays Factory
6	-	I BELIEVE	EMF Parlophone
7	11	WINDOW PANE	Real People CBS
8	-	X, Y, AND ZEE	Pop Will Eat Itself RCA
9	-	EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY	Birdland Lazy
10	8	SCOPE	Paris Angels Sheer Joy
11	10	SHE'S SO HIGH/I KNOW	Blur Food
12	-	SITUATION	Yazoo Mute
13	7	MY RISING STAR	Northside Factory
14	27	LOSE CONTROL	James Fontana
15	4	CUBIK/OLYMPIC	808 State ZTT
16	12	ISLAND HEAD EP	Inspirat Carpets Mute
17	20	FISHES EYES	New Fast Automatic Daffodils Play It Again Sam
18	25	GOD KNOWS IT'S TRUE	Teenage Fanclub Paperhouse
19	15	RAVEDOWN	Swervedriver Creation
20	-	FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH	Candyland Fiction
21	24	UNTIL YOU FIND OUT	Ned's Atomic Dustbin Chapter 22
22	-	TINGLE	That Petrol Emotion Virgin
23	35	BOB'S YER UNCLE	Happy Mondays Factory
24	-	HIGH TENSION LINE	The Fall Cog Sinister
25	3	THERE SHE GOES	The La's Go! Discs
26	-	LET'S PRETEND	Spin Foundation
27	26	SWAY	Ocean Colour Scene !Phfff
28	33	FALL EP	Ride Creation
29	-	HURDY GURDY MAN	Butthole Surfers Rough Trade
30	19	GET HIGHER	Moonflowers Heavenly
31	14	PHOBIA	Flowered Up Heavenly
32	16	HALF LIFE REMEMBERED	Pale Saints 4AD
33	-	A FOREST (REMIX)	The Cure Fiction
34	32	ROBINSON CRUSOE	Cud Imaginary
35	13	DIG FOR FIRE	Pixies 4AD
36	-	GOD'S COP	Happy Mondays Factory
37	39	EVER SO	The Telescopes Creation
38	36	KISS AND MAKE UP (MIDSUMMER MIX)	Saint Etienne
39	30	TRAGEDY (MIXES)	Front 242 Play It Again Sam
40	17	SUNRISE EP	Chapterhouse Dedicated

Compiled by Streets Ahead, 8 Granville Park, London SE13 7EA

INDIE ALBUMS

1	1	PILLS 'N' THRILLS AND BELLYACHES	Happy Mondays Factory
2	3	BOOMANIA	Betty Boo Rhythm King
3	4	ROCK 'N' ROLL LOVE SONGS	Various Dino
4	2	RHYTHM OF LOVE	Kylie Minogue PWL
5	6	SOME FRIENDLY	The Charlatans Situation Two
6	14	NOWHERE	Ride Creation
7	8	THE STONEROS	The Stone Roses Silvertone
8	5	THAT LOVING FEELING VOL III	Various Dino
9	7	BACHARACH & DAVID - THE SONGS	Various Dino
10	10	VIOLATOR	Depeche Mode Mute
11	9	STREET MOVES	Twenty 4 Seven BCM
12	13	LOVEGOD	The Soup Dragons Raw TV
13	16	EN-TACT	The Shamen One Little Indian
14	22	BOSSANOVA	Pixies 4AD
15	12	THAT LOVING FEELING	Various Dino
16	17	LIFE	Inspirat Carpets Cow
17	20	GHOST - ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK	Various Milan
18	23	HEAVEN OR LAS VEGAS	Cocteau Twins 4AD
19	24	GALA	Lush 4AD
20	11	LEATHER & LACE - SECOND CHAPTER	Various Dino
21	29	PASSION AND WARFARE	Steve Vai Music For Nations
22	21	BUMMED	Happy Mondays Factory
23	18	BACK FROM HELL	Run DMC Profile
24	-	BREAKS, BASS & BLEEPS	Various Rumour
25	25	NAKED	Blue Pearl Big Life
26	15	BETWEEN THE LINES	Jason Donovan PWL
27	-	PIGEONHOLE	New Fast Automatic Daffodils Play It Again Sam
28	27	WILD!	Erasure Mute
29	28	THE HEALER	John Lee Hooker & Friends Silvertone
30	-	BIORHYTHM 2	Various Network/Kool Kat

Compiled by Spotlight Research



BARRIE MASTERS: come 'n' get it

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Eddie & The Hot Rods

EDDIE & The Hot Rods had more tunes than the whole punk scene put together. Trouble is, most of them were someone else's. Essex pub-rock diehards, they first charted way back in September '76 with a 'Live At The Marquee' EP which featured '96 Tears', 'Get Out Of Denver' and a medley(!) of 'Gloria' and 'Satisfaction'.

Inspiration soon came their way though, and after making their *TOTP* debut with the seminal 'Teenage Depression' followed through with the titanic 'Do Anything You Wanna Do', making the Top Ten in the summer of '77. Bearing the immortal line, "I don't need no optician to tell me what I ought to see," it remains perhaps the greatest pop single of all time. Unfortunately, things went sour and despite a follow-up hit with 'Quit This Town', the albums 'Life On The Line' and 'Thriller' (definitely no relation) were ridiculously overblown affairs.

The band finally split in '82, though singer Barrie Masters continued to use the name between stints as a dispatch rider. Bass player Paul Gray joined UFO for eight years, whilst drummer Steve Nichol returned to his original vocation - bricklaying. Second lead guitarist Grame Douglas went back to college, while fellow axeman Dave Higgs became a roof tiler, although more recently he opened a rehearsal studio in his native Canvey Island.

The original line-up, however, reformed in March of last year to coincide with the release of an album, consisting of demos and outtakes from various albums, on the Hounddog label but went their separate ways again after only a handful of gigs.

Barrie Masters now concentrates full-time on his career as a glazier.

The Gravedigger

CEREBRAL FIX

PRIZE X-WORD BY SUE BUCKLEY

WIN!

15 copies of the new Happy Mondays *One Louder* video to be won

WE'RE PARTY mad at the Prize X-Word desk. It's not for nothing we took Happy Mondays' '24 Hour Party People' as our theme tune so we could frug away all night long in the Sounds office. So we were well chuffed to learn that there's a new corking video in the shops from those big, bad, ravers extraordinaire called *One Louder*. Oh joy joy of sweet joys, if it doesn't contain such raving beauties as 'WFL', 'Lazyitts', 'Hallelujah' and 'Do It Better'. Recorded at 1989's infamous Free Trade Hall gig in Manchester, it's 60 minutes of crucial dance culture. Previously only available as a bootleg (over 3,000 sales in Manchester), *One Louder* is, as Bez would say, 'top'.

And to avoid forking out a tenner in the shops for this video treat, all you have to do is get your pop trivia IQ into shape for we have 15 of said videos (courtesy of Weinerworld) to 15 clever winners. Simply fill in the X-Word grid correctly and send it along with your name and address to **Happy Mondays Prize X-Word, Sounds, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ**. All entries should arrive no later than January 22.



HAPPY MONDAYS say it loud

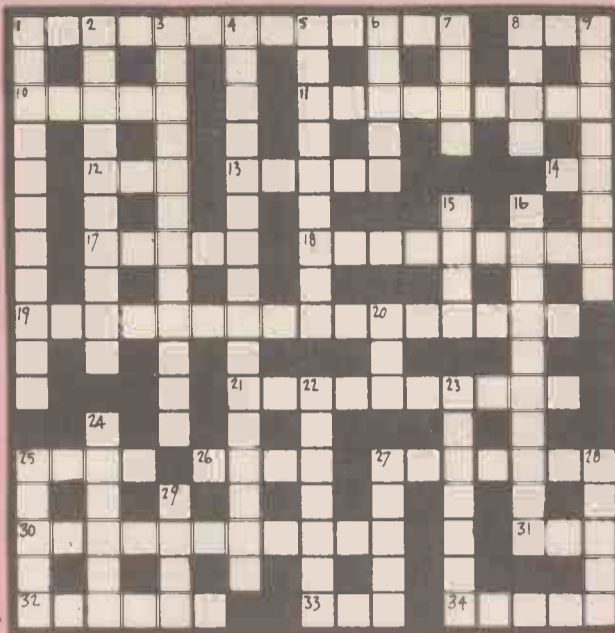
NEW ORDER WINNERS

THROW YOUR hands in the air like you just don't care Simon Wood of Blewbury, Oxfordshire for you are the winner of ten, yes ten, New Order and Joy Division albums. You correctly answered that New Order toured America with The Sugarcubes and PiL in 1989.

The runners up who will each receive New Order's 'Substance' LP are: Mr AJ Walter, Simon Gee, David Griffin, John Barrett, Mr P Lockhart and Miss SL Whitaker. Congratulations one and all.

Are you ANDY BIRD's neighbours?

WELL, tough shit. Because Andy, of Watford Fields, Watford, has won himself the Philips F290 hi-fi system and will shortly be blasting you out of the stratosphere with 90 watts per channel of rock 'n' roll power. Andy not only named the Philips in our mega Xmas competition correctly - Philip Oakey, Philip Lynott and Philip Collins - but also came up with the best tie breaker, completing the slogan "Philips is a rather fine name for a hi-fi competition because..." with the imaginative phrase "who would want to call a company Trevors?" Full marks for originality, humour and surrealism, Andy. Six runners-up each receive a pair of Philips SBC3170 CD headphones, and they are: David McBurnie, Dumfries; D Hand, Redland, Bristol; David Stempfer, Worcester Park, Surrey; Gary Jenkins, Christchurch, Dorset; Doug Turner, Enfield, Middlesex; RS Sidhu, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge. Stand by your doors - your prizes will be with you soon.



ACROSS

- Cooks of the Dream Kitchen (7.6)
- One creature d'amour (3)
- Flowered Up are certain it'll take place! (3.2)
- Marc Almond is delighted! (9)
- The pit of Bowie's career? (3)
- Simply Red found it too tight to mention (5)
- Cooder in four year stretch! (2)
- Sharp Tracey! (5)
- Alexander O'Neal takes

- some verbal stick! (9)
- Absence causes problems for Spandau Ballet! (4.4.3.5)
- Communist-coloured axe band that gave us good technology (3.7)
- Drifters got up on one (4)
- She was so high to them (4)
- See 3 down
- A better class of kitchen! (11)
- Tripled by The Cure (3)
- Mick's electric razor? (5)
- Producing Dudgeon (3)
- Stevie Wonder's were in the key of life (5)

DOWN

- Real things don't believe! (5.2.4)
- It's definitely Madness (10)
- and 27 across. George was confident that Aretha would be there (1.4.3.4.7)
- Cameo's macho fashion advice (4.3.4.5)
- They're still looking for Linda (3.3.3)
- The film that spawned 'Eye Of The Tiger' (5)
- Mazzy one hung brightly (4)
- Cramps wanted one with Elvis (4)
- One who had power windows! (5.3)
- Monroe/Scott/Joyce (4)
- Fat Axl lot! (10)
- Which Pere? (3)
- Those dear Buds! (7)
- Criminals like New Order (7)
- Undertones' perfect relative (6)
- Love and record label (5)
- This band was definitely on the run (5)

- Rainbow's way in to Babylon (5)
- Gabriel's South African hero (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

- Pop Will Eat Itself
- Chris Isaak
- Melvin
- Mission
- Donovan
- Toast
- Naked
- REM
- Clouds
- Wilson
- Hair
- Fad
- Queen
- Stone
- Dog
- The
- ELO
- Sad Songs
- Free
- Lines
- Meat Puppets

DOWN

- Pacemakers
- Paris
- Inspiral Carpets
- Last Note Of Freedom
- Abandon
- Swervedriver
- Living In Sin
- New Moon
- Snake
- Tamla Motown
- Da-Da
- Quo
- Jets
- Steel
- Three
- Coda
- Gap
- Puppets

MASSIVE XMAS X-WORD WINNERS

KEVIN SPAULL from Solihull in the West Midlands obviously had plenty of time on his hands over the Christmas holiday period. So much so that he managed to complete the Massive Sounds Xmas X-Word correctly. But it was well worth the time and effort since for his troubles he receives the top ten albums of 1991 as voted by the Sounds writers (see Sounds December 22/29 issue).

Equally clever and similarly lucky were Geraint Jones, Andy Williams, Nick Tonge, Tim Graham and Glenn Watson who receive a bumper selection of video treats from Betty Boo, Soul II Soul, Peter Gabriel, Phil Collins and a couple of indie compilations. Not bad for filling in a few blank spaces on a grid.

TRIVIA QUIZ

CALENDARS OUT for this week's brain seducers as we present the happy DAYS quiz. Twenty teasers on the seven, 24-hour sections of the week.

Days to remember by Sue Buckley

- In Morrissey's 'Everyday Is Like Sunday' what did he 'etch on a postcard'?
- On which 1990 LP is there a track called 'Thursday'?
- In what year did the Mamas And The Papas hit with 'Monday Monday'?
- ...and who penned The Bangles' biggie 'Manic Monday'?
- Which veteran teamed up with Happy Mondays for a dose of 'Lazyitts'?
- Who sat "day after day, alone on a hill"?
- "Sifting to the bottom every day or two/All energy funnels, all becomes you." Name that tune!
- Who directed the video to the U2 version of Cole Porter's 'Night And Day'?
- Whose tragic tale was the subject matter of the Boomtown Rats' number one 'I Don't Like Mondays'?
- Who were soul/funk's famous 'Everyday People'?
- In which year was Debbie Harry our favourite Sunday Girl?

- Which soul group had a hit with 'Everything's Tuesday'?
- Who had a guitar hit with his version of the Easybeats classic 'Friday On My Mind'?
- ...and who liked to spend 'Saturday Night At The Movies'?
- Who produced Sad Café's only Top Ten entry 'Everyday Hurts'?
- "Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody!" - a familiar tale but which late great soul artist made the original lament?
- 'Days' gave Kirsty MacColl a welcome hit. Who wrote it?
- With what did Elton John follow up his 1973 hit 'Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting'?
- Which Phil Spector classic opens with, "Met him on a Monday and my heart stood still"?
- On which Beatles LP did 'Eight Days A Week' originally appear?

TRIVIA QUIZ ANSWERS

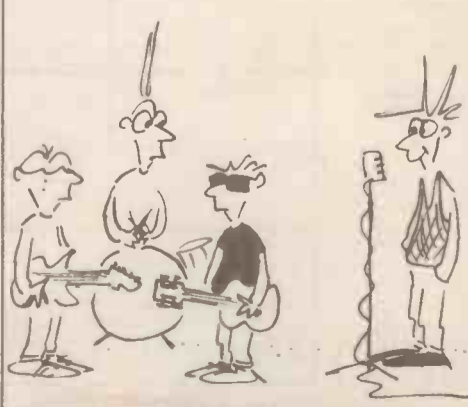
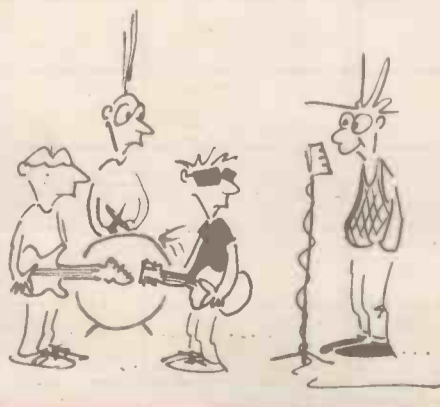
- "How I dearly wish I was not here"
- Fatima Mansions
- Viva Dead Ponies
- Prince
- Karl Denver
- The Beatles
- Fool On The Hill
- Faith No More's 'From Out Of Nowhere'
- Wim Wenders
- Brenda Spencer who shot 11 people allegedly because she didn't like Mondays
- Sly And The Family Stone
- Chairmen Of The Board
- Gary Moore
- The Drifters
- Eric Stewart
- Sam Cooke
- Dave Davies of The Kinks
- Goodbye Yellow Brick Road
- Da Doo Ron Ron
- The Crystals
- Beatles For Sale

BY NICK WRIGHT

NOBBY NAUSEA AND THE NOWHERES

A PRE-DEMO WARM UP...

'ERE LADS, DO YOU WANT TO SEE MY MILLI VANILLI IMPRESSION?



THE READERS WRITE TO REPLY

ALBUM WINNER

Readers who write to *Sound Off!* should include their chosen LP when writing. Either chart published in *Sounds* – the big one or the indies – is acceptable

One man and his travelogue

AS IT happens I am not planning to go and see Snuff play at the Shinjuku Antiknock club in Tokyo in February. But I would like to be told about it in a little more detail in your news pages rather than a few words in a 'What's Happening in '91 Guide' so that I can choose for myself whether to go or not, instead of missing it through not knowing about it.

Similarly, your paper (or any other) did not report details of The Seers' shows in Japan this month nor Mega City Four shows last August in Japan, Vibrators shows in Europe for two weeks in December, Killing Joke shows coming up in Europe next month, UK Subs in Europe next month, Sham 69, Discharge, Chaos UK, Exploited, Napalm Death, Allen Sex Fiend gigs in Japan happening soon... these are not even the tip of the iceberg.

I suggest it's because you don't know what the f**k is happening except in Manchester. F**k Manchester – you British music press could (and do) make a success out of whatever shite music comes along, because you have the power. All you are interested in is selling more papers than your competitors.

In a couple of years we will have a fast link to Paris and at that time I would hope that there will be a gig listings for France. Why we should wait that long and why only France? How come football supporters travel in their thousands the world over to see their favourite teams play – I'll tell you how come. It's because their clubs take the trouble to tell the punters about the 'gigs' and also because it's great fun.

Whenever possible I like to get the hell out of the UK with some mates for the weekend and once or twice a year, for a whole tour or maybe a couple of weeks in an exotic part of the world to drink beer and mix with the local punters. Wherever I am in the world it is possible to buy the British music press and all I get to see is the f**king Happy Mondays staring at me from the page.

Why do you keep publishing live reviews of European festivals and gigs in clubs around the USA without first telling us in your news pages weeks or months in advance of the gig? James just played in the USSR. You, the music press told us, the punters, only a week or two in advance. What kind of chance does that give us to save some cash and apply for an independent visitors visa to the USSR? The way it looks to me, you're taking the piss out of us.

Even if kids don't end up going to far flung gigs, an essential part of following a band is knowing where they are and what they are doing at all times. Fan clubs can sometimes fulfil this task but the information should be much more accessible.

Changes will, I think, come naturally with Europe coming together in the next few years, but I hope you can realise there is a big gap in the market and race to be the first publication to fill that gap successfully.

DAVE MAC, London SE1

Give us a call Dave, and tell us what album you'd like. The number is 071-921 5900.

READ your review of the Swervedriver gig at ULU (*Sounds* January 5) with great interest – especially the remarks made about Bleach, the "toast of the

indie/noise scene", a scene which already has more toasts than a Mother's Pride factory after an arson attack.

When referring to their originality I can only assume that the reviewer had the misfortune to fall into a coma in 1988 and has only recently been revived.

And if Bleach are so great then what does that make Trousershock BC, the band who blew them away as support in Aldershot?

Well, it makes them unlikely to succeed as they're a band with a singer who can sing, musicians who can play without having to rely on a stage full of pedals and songs you can hum afterwards... tunes with tunes! A band that make most of your 'top tips' look about as exciting as, er... Stephen Hendry.

To misquote a Mega City Four T-shirt or two: "Stop listening and you might hear something".
MR MISERABLE, Camberley, Surrey



WHAT IS going on? After reading the review of The Poets' gig at the Windsor Old Trout by Trish 'I like any music that's absolute bollocks as long as the pay-off is good' Jaega in *Sounds* December 8, I was amazed by the fact that anybody noticed they were there, let alone reviewed them!

To quote: "When The Poets hit the stage with the shuddering 'Horse Dog' all sit up and take notice." She forgot to say, "and two seconds into the number all went straight back to sleep again!" Credit due, I did see one dickhead jumping about with all his mod gear on, acting a right arsehead (like they do).

As a regular to the Old Trout, I've seen many good bands including the Soup Dragons, Carter (USM), even the Pixies, a gig so secret (on August 25, the night before they headlined the Reading Festival) that it was performed without any music press knowing about it and, more recently, the group that the Poets supported, Five Thirty. I'm amazed you waste your time and space on shit like The Poets and there is no review of the brilliant Five Thirty lads!

Even the first act, Thousand Yard Stare, a great local band (check 'em out) didn't get a mention when they were a class above The Poets. And the next night I saw the best band I've seen this year so far (and I've seen a few) in Teenage Fanclub – where was that review? If you can waste your time to review support acts at this overlooked venue then you could at least review some main acts!

You wasted no time in covering the crappy, sorry Happy Mondays' F**king rip-off shit gig at Wembley, at which I was also present. Teenage Fanclub cost

£4.50, Happy Mondays cost £18 – I know who I'll be seeing again!
GREG PULLEN, Ashford, Middlesex

WISH to protest in the strongest possible terms about the contents of last week's issue of *Roofing Monthly*.

MR MORON, Welwyn Garden City

WHILE I don't object to your paper championing the Manchester movement, especially as it seems to have thrown up some decent bands and songs, I do feel that this is done at the expense of often more deserving cases.

Take the example of The Shout, who have endlessly trolled around the most uninspiring of the capital's toilets (laughingly known as venues) with little or no coverage in *Sounds* or the other music papers. While they may not yet seem to represent a scene they deserve coverage as do numerous other hardworking but under-represented bands such as the supercharged Scat Opera, East London's Fury Things and especially Bugeyes.

There seems a reluctance to cover bands that are seen as having missed the boat. But music is not about bandwagon freeloading (that is if it is aspiring to be anything beyond wallpaper) but about ploughing a lonely furrow until people realise that any genre is valid in specific contexts and that music is perhaps the most dynamic field to which anyone can contribute. Just look at The Fall.
ANDY GENOVESE, Swansea, West Glamorgan, Wales

WE'D BEEN looking forward to the Xmas editions of the music weeklies to see what album has come top of the heap in 1990. For us there was but one choice. However, on stopping at the newsstand, the *NME* had placed it at a lowly number 18. Couldn't believe it! *Melody Maker* would surely show more sense – but no, 11 is the best they could manage. Depression set in. Finally, *Sounds* – breath held as copy opened. There it was at number one: the Pixies' classic 'Bossanova'. Jubilation!!! With our faith in humanity and good judgment restored, we congratulate all of you on your excellent choice and vow never to pass over *Sounds* in 1991.
HOWARD, AMANDA AND ALL PIXIES FANS EVERYWHERE, Six Hills Way, Stevenage

IT'S BEEN a long time since I bought a music paper. I've nicked them after gigs.

I fail to understand how a hyped up, surgically altered bonny-bimbo like Kylie Minogue has been able to shaft her way into no less than five spots in the Indie charts. And how does her friend Jason also get in there?

What is 'indie' about those acts? Why does a so-called independent chart make space for talentless time vampires like these two?

Anyway, I doubt that any of your semi-literate readership genuinely give a four-eyed flying f**k about this issue. I know I don't. Despite that, I would willingly pay £450 for a copy of *Sounds* and give it back to you after I'd glanced at it. You could even have sex with my dog.

I'm bored shitless – cheers.
JONNY EVANS, Hackney, London

SOUNDS

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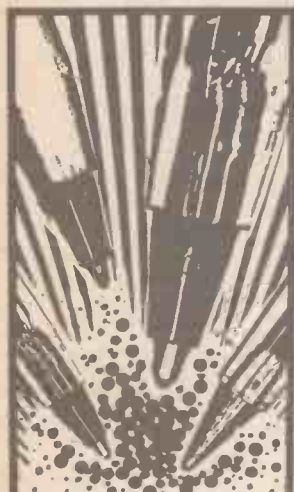
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BY KEV F & A. PEN

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