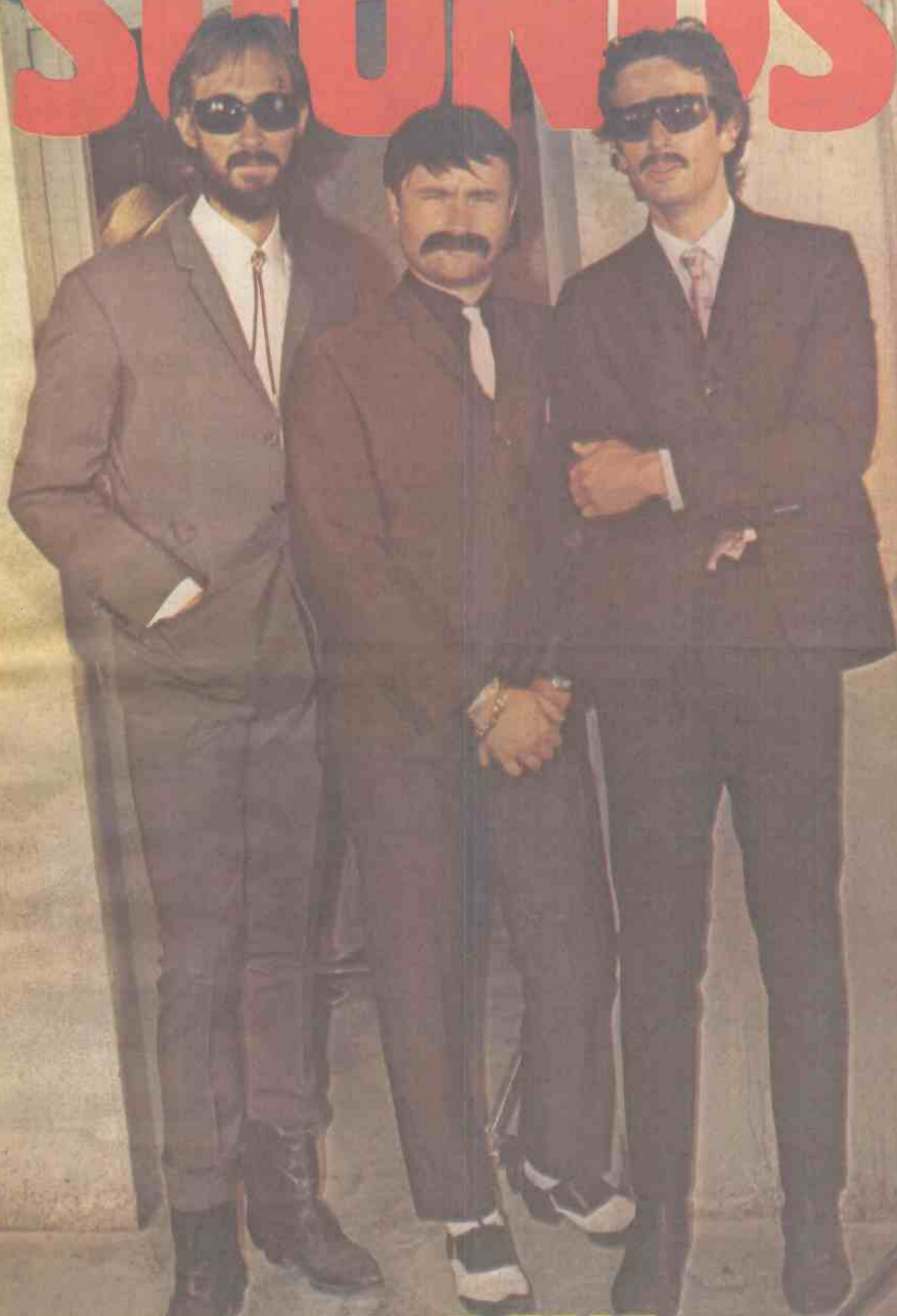


# SOUNDS



## MAMA'S BOYS

The Genesis heavy mob, page 16

68  
PAGES



RAINBOW  
DANGEROUS  
BENDS  
AHEAD



SPECIALS  
RASE  
TODAY



SERIOUS  
DRINKING  
LAGER  
LIFE THAN



KISS  
TOUR  
DATES



R.E.M.  
SEEING IS  
BELIEVING

# Make a date with Dio

DIO (right) follow up their British debut at Castle Donington last month with an 11-date tour of Britain which starts in late October.

They start at Manchester Apollo on October 30 and then play Bristol Colston Hall 31, Hanley Victoria Hall November 1, Cardiff St Davids Hall 3, London Hammersmith Odeon 5, Southampton Gaumont 7, Leicester De Montfort Hall 8, Sheffield City Hall 9, Newcastle City Hall 11, Glasgow Apollo 12, Liverpool Royal Court 13.

Tickets are priced at £4.00, £3.75 and £3.50 and are on sale now everywhere except Bristol which goes on sale at the end of the month.

There will be a new single released to coincide with the tour which will include tracks recorded live at the Castle Donington bash.



## Big Boxers

JOBOXERS release their debut album, 'Like Gangbusters', on RCA this weekend before setting out on their previously announced month-long tour of Britain.

The album includes their three hit singles so far — 'Boxerbeat', 'Just Got Lucky' and 'Johnny Friendly' — and seven new songs.

## Crawling out

SPIDER, who've just signed with A&M after leaving RCA earlier in the summer, are headlining the Mildenhall Festival on October 14 which is being held in a 'big top' on the Speedway ground.

Other acts so far confirmed for the festival are Dumpy's Rusty Nuts, Truffle and Heretic.

Spider are unlikely to have any new records out in time for the gig although they are working on a three-track single which is planned to come out before Christmas.

## 'No Club split'

CULTURE CLUB are not splitting up, contrary to reports in last week's *Sun Bizarre* column.

Boy George confirmed on Radio One's *Saturday Live* show last weekend that there was no question of him leaving the band at present.

## It's a Fad world

FAD GADGET, who releases a new single on Mute Records this week called 'I Discover Love', will be supporting Siouxsie And The Banshees at London's Royal Albert Hall on September 30 and October 1.

The band have been maintaining a low profile since Fad, alias singer Frank Tovey, tore ligaments in both legs at a gig at Amsterdam's Paradiso Club in May. He's now fully recovered and the band line-

up is completed by David Simmonds piano and synthesisers, Nicholas Cash drums, Joni Sackett vocals and viola and David Rogers double bass. The new single also features a cameo appearance from Birthday Party guitarist Roland S Howard.

Fad Gadget are also lining up a series of British dates after which they'll be recording their next album.



JUDIE TZUKE releases her new album, 'Ritmo' on Chrysalis on September 23.

The Spanish for 'rhythm', 'Ritmo' was recorded at London's Mayfair and Odyssey studios and features a greater emphasis on keyboards from Bob Noble and new recruit Don Snow. Its release coincides with the lady's previously announced British tour.

## Jones/Spear Of Destiny team-up confusion

SPEAR OF DESTINY, who were connected by rumour last week to sudden Clash reject Mick Jones, issued a cunningly evasive statement this week that expresses complete confidence in the current band line-up while not exactly slamming the door in Mick Jones' face if indeed he is within the vicinity of the band.

Manager Terry Razor, who is apparently keen to know how the rumours started (aren't we all?), said:

"The line-up of Kirk, Stan, Neil, John Bej and Dolphin is in no danger of breaking up. They have finally become a band in their own right." It's an intriguing riposte that manages to raise more questions than it answers.

However, Spear Of Destiny are currently touring Europe and are about to undertake a two-week trek around Poland, which will doubtless give rise to rumours that Arthur Scargill is joining them.

## Specials man solo project

BRAD from the Specials releases a solo single this weekend on RCA called 'One Minute Every Hour'.

Called the JB All Stars, Brad's band will have a fluid line-up which will change from record to record and it's intended to be a new approach to the Sixties soul reviews.

The single, which is a reworking of a 70's Northern soul classic by John Miles (recorded before he became famous with 'Music') features Billy Hurley and Drew Barfield on vocals with the Fabulous Wealthy Tarts on backing vocals, Steve Naive keyboards, Robert Awai guitar, Big George Webley bass, Paul Wix organ, the Rumour horn section and of course Brad on drums.

Brad's solo activities will not interfere with his work with the Special AKA.

## Knox on the run

KNOX, the Vibrators frontman, releases his first solo album this weekend on Razor Records called 'Plutonium Express'. He's planning a series of solo gigs for the autumn although these will be arranged around the Vibrators' own recording and touring plans.



## Continental combat

THE BATTLE OF THE BANDS goes international this week when six European winners come together for an International final on September 15 at Preston Guildhall.

This alternative Eurovision contest is being filmed by the Beeb and includes German synthesists the Days (pictured above), Spanish electro-popper Mecano, Dutch art-schoolers the Nits, Finnish West Coasters Broadcast and England's own winners Sugar Ray Five from Orpington.

Casting their votes will be Robin Gibb, Kim Wilde, Carlene Carter, Tony Visconti and Paul Gambaccini.



## MSG: built to last?

THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP (above) have added a new member to their line-up. He's guitarist and vocalist Derek St Holmes (second from right in pic) who'll be making his British debut with the band on their October tour.

He has previously played with Ted Nugent from 1974 to 1978 and subsequently fronted St Paradise, Whitford/St Holmes and his own band.

In the wake of some less than complimentary reviews of MSG's latest

album 'Built To Destroy', it's rumoured that the tapes are undergoing a further remix for inclusion on the next pressing of the album but this could not be confirmed by Chrysalis. (See 'Escape From New York' column, page 13.)

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# PILgrim's progress

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD are setting up dates for their long-awaited British tour in November. They should be announced within the next few weeks.

And following their 'This Is Not A Love Song' single, Virgin will be releasing a live double album (revolving at 45rpm) called 'PIL - Live In Tokyo' on September 26 which features a selection of classic PIL material recorded on their recent Japanese tour together with three new songs.

There will also be a 'PIL - Live In Tokyo' video cassette released by Virgin at the beginning of October which includes concert footage as well as 'tourist footage'. It's just under 40 minutes long and will sell for less than £20.

And John Lydon's first major film role in *Order Of Death* will reach the silver screen at the beginning of November when it's premiered at London's Classic cinema in Oxford Street. John stars opposite Harvey Keitel in a story based on a book by Hugh Fleetwood and produced by Roberto Faenza.

## Adams arrival

BRYAN ADAMS, the Canadian singer/songwriter whose latest album 'Cut Like A Knife' is in the American Top Ten, comes over to Britain next month for his first shows here.

With his own rock band *Sounds'* latest front cover hero will be playing at Manchester Metro October 9, Nottingham Rock City 10 and London Dominion Theatre 11.

The title track of his album will be released as a single by A&M to coincide with the visit.

## What a Wayste

WAYSTED, the band formed by former UFO bassist Pete Way, have signed to Chrysalis and release their first single, 'Women In Chains', this

weekend. A limited number will be in a picture disc format.

After UFO disbanded a year ago Way spent some time forming Fastway with Eddie Clarke and playing with Ozzy Osbourne for a while. But 'Eddie took Fastway off in his own direction' according to Way and 'Ozzy was never permanent' and he was already recruiting the musicians who now make up Waysted.

They are guitarist and keyboard player Paul Raymond who saw active service in UFO - 'I just see it as me and Pete carrying on where we left off, although the music is much more 1983' - lead guitarist Ronnie Kayfield (formerly with the Heartbreakers), drummer Frank Noon (the original drummer with Def Leppard) and Glaswegian vocalist Fin.

Dates are now being arranged for a British tour later in the year.



# Kiss in the raw

KISS (above) have announced the dates for their British tour in October amid growing speculation that they are about to 'come out' from behind their make-up.

The band release their new album 'Lick It Up' on Phonogram on September 30 and a record company spokesperson hinted that the cover would show the band 'as they've never been seen before'. And this week's *Hollywood Highs* on page 12 reports that the group will be baring their faces to the world without the protective layers of make-up that have masked them hitherto.

If this is true it means that British fans will never even get the chance to see new guitarist Vinnie Vincent (who replaced Ace Frehley) with his make-up on. It's his first visit here with original members Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley and drummer Eric Carr who replaced Peter Criss shortly before their last shows here a couple of years ago.

Kiss will play Leeds Queens Hall October 21, Stafford Bingley Hall 22, Wembley Arena 23, Poole Arts Centre 25, Glasgow Apollo 27, Edinburgh Playhouse 28, Newcastle City Hall 29.

Leeds tickets are £6.00 and are available either by

post from Kiss Concerts, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ (make cheques and postal orders payable to 'Kennedy Street Enterprises' and enclose an SAE) or from Leeds Barkers and HMV, Bradford HMV and Bostocks, Manchester Piccadilly Records, Sheffield Virgin, Hull Gough and Davey, Doncaster Ashley Adams, York Sound Effects, Halifax Bradley and Wakefield Jat.

Stafford tickets are £6.00 by post as above or in person from Birmingham Cyclops Sounds and Odeon, Manchester Piccadilly Records, Stoke Mike Lloyd, Stafford Lotus, Wolverhampton Goulds, Nottingham and Derby Goulds, Chester Penny Lane, Liverpool TLCA, Cardiff Spillers, Bristol Virgin, Coventry Apollo, Leicester De Montfort Hall, Worcester Music City, Swansea Derricks.

Wembley tickets are £6.80 and £5.80 and can be obtained by post from 'Kiss Concerts' (to whom cheques and postal orders should be made payable), PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH or from the Wembley Box Office and London agencies.

Poole tickets are £5.50, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Newcastle are £6.00 and £5.00 and they are all available from the box offices.



# Top Ranking

RANK AND FILE (above), the Texas based band who have 're-invented country music', release their first album, 'Sundown', on Rough Trade (via Slash Records) this week as a prelude to their British visit next month when they'll be supporting Elvis Costello And The Attractions on tour.

Brothers Chip and Tony Kinman (guitar and bass) were previously in West Coast punk band the Dils and they recruited guitarist Alejandro Escovedo from the Nuns and drummer Slim Evans into the line-up before moving to Austin, Texas, to work up their country fusion.

## Soft Cell finale

SOFT CELL release what could be their last single on Some Bizzare (through Phonogram) this weekend.

It's called 'Soul Inside' and Some Bizzare boss Stevo said last week: "This is the last Soft Cell single as far as I'm concerned."

Following Marc Almond's recent statements over wishing to quit the music business, Marc and Dave Ball are supposed to be finishing off a new Soft

Cell album but there's no date set for its release as yet.

The single will come in a number of different formats. The seven-inch version features 'Soul Inside' backed by the Bond song 'You Only Live Twice'. There's also a limited edition doublepack with a remixed version of 'Loving You, Hating Her' and a previously unreleased track called 'Her Imagination' which was originally recorded for the Kid Jensen show. And there's a 12-inch version featuring all the above songs except 'Her Imagination'.

## Test department

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES, who have a single coming out on Trapper Records (through Rough Trade) next weekend called 'The Jinx', have lined up dates at Bridgewater Arts Centre September 17, Cardiff Ocan Club 18, Sheffield Leadmill (with Chelsea) 20, Glasgow Penthouse 21, Newcastle Shelleys 22, Birmingham Tin Can Club (with GBH) 24, Manchester Jillys 25, Leeds Bier Keller 27, Brighton Top Rank 30.

## Gregory Beast bust-up

BEAST, the group formed by ex-Cramps guitarist Bryan Gregory, arrived to start their British and European tour last week without their founder member.

Bryan Gregory quit the group before they left America for reasons that are typically shrouded in mystery. New York sources reported that he 'threw a wobbler' and announced that he was never going to be in a band again, although what brought this outburst about isn't known.

Gregory's departure from the Cramps three years ago was equally sudden and he went to ground for a couple of years before resurfacing with Beast last year.

His replacement is 18-year-old guitarist Quinn who has known the band for some time and has already played with them on American dates. He joins the line-up of James Christ bass, Jinx drums, Andrella vocals and Walravin keyboards and saxophone.

Having played a number of dates supporting the Damned, Beast play Leeds Futurama Festival September 18, Manchester Hacienda 28, Glasgow Night Moves 29, Liverpool Planet 30, Birmingham Tin Can Club October.

Cramps fans may also be interested in reports that Gregory's replacement in the group Kid Congo has left the band.



## Kurt manners

KING KURT (above), the pioneers of rodent rock who've been building up a following on the London club circuit, have signed to Stiff Records in what they curly term a 'mega Red Stripe deal'.

The first single for Stiff has been produced by Dave Edmunds and is released on September 23. It's called 'Destination Zulu Land' and is

backed by the intriguingly titled 'She's As Hairy (As A Girl Can Be)'.

Currently nesting in a recording studio where an album is being concocted, King Kurt join the Stray Cats at London's Lyceum on September 18 and will be touring the country in October when the aforementioned album is released.

## From Meteor to you

THE METEORS, currently label-less after a tiff with ID Records, head out on their 'Sick Things' tour this week with dates at Edinburgh Nite Club September 14, Dunfermline Roadhouse 15, Glasgow Night Moves 16, Birmingham Tin Can Club 17, Hull Spring Street Theatre 18,

Colchester Woods Leisure Centre 30, Manchester Jilly's October 2, Newcastle Shelley's 3, Sunderland Old 29 Club 4, Wakefield Hellfire Club 5.

The band have been in the studio and plan to have a single out on a new label next month.



## Breathing easy

MELANIE (above), who has returned to the scene with her 'Every Breath Of The Way' single on Neighborhood Records, comes over to Britain for a concert at London's Royal Albert Hall on October 30.

Tickets are priced at £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £2.50. A new album is expected to be released to coincide with her visit.

**THE COMSAT ANGELS** begin a British tour next month to coincide with the release of their new album, 'Land', on Live Records on September 30.

The band, whose 'Will You Stay Tonight' single is still bubbling under the singles charts, have dates confirmed so far at Cockfosters Middlesex

Polytechnic October 5, Coventry Polytechnic 6, Kingston Polytechnic 7, Birmingham Tin Can Club 8, Liverpool The System 11, Leicester University 13, Rayleigh Crocs 14, Canterbury Kent University 15, London Electric Ballroom 27. More dates will be added to this schedule next week.

## Reasons to be cheerful

TRACIE And The Soul Squad, the Questions, A Craze and the Main T Possee are all going out together on the Respond Records 'Love The Reason' tour which starts later this month.

The Questions have just released a new single called 'Tear Soup' while A Craze, who wrote Tracie's current hit 'Give It Some Emotion', will be releasing their new single called 'Wearing Your Jumper' in mid-October.

The tour, which also features DJ Vaughn Toulouse, starts at Southend Queens Hotel September 28 and then moves to Leeds Polytechnic 29, Southampton Top Rank 30, Brighton Coasters October 2, Birmingham Polytechnic 4, Liverpool Polytechnic 5, Stirling University 6, Edinburgh University 7, Durham University 8, Chesterfield Shoulder Of Mutton 9, Manchester Graffiti Club 10, Middlesbrough Madisons 11, Manchester Hacienda 12, Warwick University 13, Birmingham Aston University 14, London Phoenix Theatre 15, Dunstable Queensway Hall 16, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 17, Bradford University 19, Hull University 20.



## Squad recruitment

TWENTY-TWO year old Lia (pictured above) is the new singer in Vice Squad, replacing the ubiquitous Ms Bondage. Like the rest of the group she is from Bristol and was one of forty singers auditioned for the job.

Like guitarist Sooty, who has branched out from solely managing the group, Lia's contribution will be a new and vital ingredient to the revamped Vice Squad.

"We can't forget our punk heritage."

she said, "especially considering the fans we have from that period. But now we're a rock band with a punk feel."

"I'll be singing some of the old songs, like 'Resurrection', 'Last Rockers' and 'Young Blood', but most of the songs like 'New Blood', 'The Pledge' and 'High Spirits' will be new. We've been writing songs that are geared to some sort of commercial success and we want to appeal to as wide an audience as possible." — DAVE MASSEY



## Pass the Psyche bag

PSYCHIC TV (above) have — as exclusively revealed in last week's Jaws — signed to CBS and release their new album called 'Dreams Less Sweet' on October 21.

CBS are being teasingly coy about releasing details of the deal — PTV albums will actually be on Some Bizzare through CBS — but Sounds is happy to stand by last week's Jaws

revelations that it's for seven albums with advances totalling a million pounds. And little Caress (shyly turning her back to the camera) isn't forgotten. She gets a rocking horse.

## For the love of Limahl...

LIMAH (centre in pic) bounces back from his abrupt departure from Kajagoogoo with a new single called 'Only For Love' which will be released on the EMI label



early next month. It has been produced by ex-Fashion member Dee Harris (left) with Tim Palmer (right). The B-side is a barber's shop quartet

number called 'Over The Top' which was part of Kajagoogoo's repertoire on their last tour. There's no plans for any gigs at the moment.

## Goddess join Y&T on tour

Y&T, the San Franciscan heavy metal band who've just released their third album 'Mean Streak' on A&M, will be coming over to tour Britain in November. And they'll be supported by London all-girl HM band Rock Goddess.

Y&T played last year's Reading Festival and toured with AC/DC having established their own brand of 'face melting music' with their 'Earthshaker' and 'Black Tiger' albums. And the title track of their latest album made the Top Forty singles recently.

And Rock Goddess will have their second album out in time for the tour.

The tour opens at Cardiff (venue to be confirmed) on November 20 and continues at Birmingham Odeon 21, London Dominion Theatre 22, Nottingham Rock City 23, Newcastle Mayfair 25, Middlesbrough Town Hall 26, Glasgow Apollo 27, Edinburgh Playhouse 28, Sheffield City Hall 29, Leicester De Montfort Hall December 1, Bristol Colston Hall 2, Oxford Apollo 3, Manchester Apollo 4.

THE COMMODORES have added two more dates to their British tour — at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall September 27 and London Hammersmith Odeon 28.

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## Band for sale or rent

RENT BOYS INC, a Canadian band whose sound has been described as a fusion of Southern Death Cult, Pigbag and Birthday Party, stop over in Britain for a couple of dates next week en route to Japan.

The band, who played 200 gigs in Canada last year but have no British record outlet as yet, will play Fulham Greyhound September 20 and Islington Hope And Anchor 28.

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SEPTEMBER

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Thursday 22nd	Manchester Apollo
Saturday 24th	Wembley Arena
Sunday 25th	Ipswich Gaumont
Monday 26th	Newcastle City Hall
Wednesday 28th	Glasgow Apollo
Thursday 29th	Aberdeen Capitol
Friday 30th	Edinburgh Playhouse

PICTURES TAKEN AT CASTLE DONINGTON



# TOUR NEWS

MERCENARY SKANK, vibrant guitar rockers from the depths of south London, have dates at Covent Garden Rock Garden September 18, Woolwich Thames Polytechnic 25, Hammersmith Clarendon October 5, London 100 Club 11.

LYADRIVE, the Uxbridge heavy rockers featured on the 'Metal Warriors' compilation, play Watford Verulam Arms September 22, Harrow Headstone Hotel 24.

SILVERWING play a hometown gig for the first time in nearly three years when they appear at Macclesfield Leisure Centre on September 23.

HELLANBACH have a couple of dates lined up at Cannock Moonraker September 16 and Walthamstow Royal Standard October 23.

IQ, the London progressive band who've just released their 'Tales From The Lush Attic' album, play dates at Milton Keynes Peartree September 22, Gravesend Red Lion 23, Hitchin Regal 28, Great Yarmouth Big Apple 30, Norwich Whites October 1, Fulham Greyhound 18, Sheffield University 19, Manchester Gallery 20.

DAGABAND, the Chesterfield progressive trio have lined up gigs at Preston Clouds September 20, Crewe Grand Junction 25, York Bay Horse New Inn 27, Worcester Waterside Club 29, Bristol Granary October 1, Whitely Bay Espianar 8.



ONE THE JUGGLER, (above) who have a new single coming out this weekend on Regard Records called 'Django's Coming', will be supporting Big Country on their British tour this month. They also have a gig of their own at Leeds Warehouse on September 23.

LEVEL 42, high in the album and singles charts, have added more dates to their British tour at Aberdeen Capitol September 19, Hastings White Rock Pavilion 26, Tunbridge Wells Assembly Halls 27, Worthing Assembly Rooms 29, Dunstable Queensway Hall October 4.

STRAY, 'the original English heavy rock act' (or so they claim), have lined up a gig at London's Marquee on September 30 supported by Spanish HM band Tigres De Oro.

RED LONDON from Sunderland have local gigs at the Mayfair (with Red Alert) September 14 and Heroes 22.

THE SCENE have lined up a tour to promote their 'Looking For Love' single at Fulham Greyhound September 19, Swansea Four J's 26, Gravesend Red Lion October 8, Peterborough Postillion 27, Leicester Nags Head 28.

GENEVA will be taking their 'string-bending head-banging, raunchy style of metal' to Passfield Royal Oak September 30, Lymington Old English Gentleman October 1, Southampton Compton Arms 2.

BLACK TIGER, a five-piece heavy rock band from the Herts/Beds borders, play Dunstable Wheatheaf September 14, Milton Keynes Pear Tree 15.

THE MAGIC MUSHROOM BAND set out on their Harvest tour (well, it's less damaging than glue sniffing) with dates so far confirmed at High (sic) Wycombe Nags Head September 24, Slough Studio One October 20, Shoreditch College 21, Thatcham Silks 24.



SWALLOW TONGUE, (above) who recently signed to Cherry Red, play their first London gig on September 30 at the Brixton Ritzy supporting Animal Nightlife.

EASY, a band 'influenced by Dire Straits and Foreigner' who are on the verge of a record deal, play Fulham Greyhound September 21, Greenwich Tunnel October 4.

THE DESTRUCTORS, who are shortly losing their singer and both guitarists but are already lining up replacements, play an unemployment benefit at Peterborough Wirrina Stadium on September 17.

EAST TO WEST, a London modern rock band 'in the U2/Duran Duran mould' will play Kingston Royal Charter on October 1 and 29. They are also looking for a keyboard player and aspiring candidates should contact their manager c/o Kay Gee Publicity, 44 The Mall, London W5.



SUFFRAGETTE (above), a glam-rock band featured on the 'Trash On Delivery' Flickknife compilation, have lined up dates with fellow glamsters Aunt May at New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern September 16, North London N15 The Fox 17, East Ham Ruskin Arms 18, Kensington Ad Lib 19, Woolwich Tramshed 20.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS have more dates this month at Oxford Penny Farthing September 23, Gravesend Red Lion 24, Eastbourne Diplocks 25, Kingston Grey Horse 26, Lee Green Old Togers Head 29.

ONE WAY SYSTEM take a break from recording their second album to play a gig at Leeds Brannigans on September 14.

TWELFTH NIGHT follow up their Reading Festival success with another hometown gig at Reading Target Club on September 29.

TREDEGAR the Budgie-esque HM specialists, play Rayleigh Cross September 22, Worcester Waterside Club 27, Southend Alexanders 28, Buckingham Mitre 29, Brighton Richmond Club 30.

PENDRAGON warm up for an October tour with gigs at Dunstable Wheatheaf September 22, Milton Keynes Peartree 24.

STEEL, the Birmingham based rock band who recently supported Magnum, have gigs of their own at Dudley Caesar's September 22 and Lichfield Arts Centre 23.



CYNTHIA SCOTT, (above) currently recording a new single for Red Flame, makes a rare public appearance at Kings Cross Pindar Of Wakefield on September 14.

ULTRA WHITE LOVERS, who claim to be London's 'ultimate glam/punk band' although they are not yet known to either Barton or Bushell, have a chance to put that right at Mayfair Embassy Club on September 27.

RHABSTALLION, the Yorkshire heavy metal band, have added more dates to their 'Get Yer Heads Down' tour at Halifax Somewhere Else September 15, Allreton George Hotel 18, Nottingham Palais 19, Burnley City Limits 26, Nottingham Final Solution 28, Great Yarmouth Big Apple 29, Norwich Whites 30, Peterborough Postillion October 1.

BROADCAST, a five-piece rock/pop band from Slough who've just signed to A&M, play Mayfair Embassy Club September 19, Fulham Greyhound 24.

EKCALIBER get back on the road with dates at Lancaster Park Hotel September 17, Rochdale Flying Horse October 2, Preston Kings Arms 12, Bradford Wheatheaf 19, Hebden Bridge Shoulder Of Mutton 28, Darwen Craven Heifer November 22, Barnsley White Hart 23.

THE ACCURSED play Harrow Roxborough September 19 and 26 and Bromley Greyhound 30.

THE SEARCHERS have club residencies at Peterborough Newmarket Cabaret Club September 15-17, Salford Willows Variety Centre 22-24, Northumberland La Hacienda 26-30.

CONFLICT and Flowers In The Rain will be playing a benefit for Stop The City at Brixton Loughborough Hotel on September 15. A Flux Of Pink Indians have pulled out of the gig however.

TRUFFLE, the heavy rock band, play Oxford Penny Farthing September 17, Tonypanay Naval Club 24, Newbridge Memorial Hall 25, Birmingham Golden Eagle 29, Hereford Market Tavern 30, Shipton Bellinger The Boot October 1.

# RECORD NEWS

CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR have a new single out on De-Lite Records (through Phonogram) this weekend called 'Rock The World'.

OUI, a blonde duo consisting of Kim Barry and Amanda Brown who've been 'brushing with showbiz' for several years, release their first single, Leiber and Stoller's 'Is That All There Is' on Jet Records this week.

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PETER GODWIN, who wrote 'Criminal World' on Bowie's 'Let's Dance' album and was previously lead singer with Metro, has a single called 'The Art Of Love' released by Polydor this weekend from his forthcoming solo album.



ZINGARI, (above) a five-piece band featuring three Chinese sisters, release their first single called 'Everybody's Waiting' on Dakota Records next weekend. Shalamar's Jeffrey Daniels is helping them out with the video.

THE CLIVE TWIGGINS PSYCHO FIRM, a 'hardcore metal squad', have a single out on Pobi Vreizh Records this month called 'VMO-A-Go-Go!' 'Dihunamb'. They'll be touring shortly with the Ideal Zeb Exhibition, a bunch of 'herbert 'n' western' boys who have a single coming out titled 'Ballad Of An Impercunious Itinerant'.

YOUTH (ex-Killing Joke and now in brilliant) has teamed up with Ben Watkins to write a soundtrack called 'The Middle Of The End' for a play called 'Street Captives' which is being presented at the Notting Hill Gate Theatre. The soundtrack album will be released on Rough Trade next month.

CHUCK HIGGINS, the sax player who was recently part of the r'n'b Jamboree in Camden Town, has an album of his early Fifties material called 'Pachuko Hop' released by Ace Records this month. The tracks include 'Motorhead Baby' which should interest Lemmy.

SKELETAL FAMILY release their second single on Red Rhino this week called 'The Night' and are lining up gigs for the near future.

DALE HARGREAVES launches his Zap International label which he's formed with former New York music agent Chris Kingsley with a single called 'The Eastern Side', this month. The label has other singles in the pipeline by Ronnie And Yuri and the Famingolds.

OMEGA TRIBE, who are playing a series of dates later this month (send us details of the venues and we'll put them in, boys) release their first album called 'No Love Lost' on Corpus Christi Records this month.

THE CARCRASH INTERNATIONAL, an amalgam of Dave Roberts and Nigel Preston from Sex Gang Children with Lester Jones, formerly with Crisis, who contributed the title track to 'The Whip' compilation, are releasing a re-recorded version of the song as a 12-inch single on Crammed Discs next weekend.

FOURTH PARTY, a Skegness band release a single called 'Living In The Zoo' this month on their own Pip Pop label (through the Cartel).

DEON ESTUS, the American bassist and vocalist who has recorded with Wham, Blue Rondo and Haysi Fantazee, releases a single under the name of Dream Merchant this week on Legacy Records called 'As The World Turns'.

ZERRA I, who are currently touring with Peter Gabriel, release a new single called 'The Banner Of Love' next month on their own Second Vision label (through Rough Trade). It's to coincide with dates of their own which will be announced shortly.



KUDOS, (above) a young white funk band from Yorkshire, release their first single on Peninsula Records (through IDS) this week called 'I Need You'.

MARGAUX BUCHANAN, the Coventry songstress, releases her second single on MCA this week called 'London Town'. Production is by Peter Collins.

PETER BLEGVARD, sometime member of Slapp Happy and Faust, releases a solo single called 'Karen' on Virgin this week and has an album scheduled for release next month.

TIGER MOTH who consist of the entire English Country Blues Band plus various friends, release a version of 'Speed The Plough' as a single on Rogue Records next weekend.

PULP, the Sheffield group who released a mini-album earlier this year called 'R', release a single on Red Rhino (through the Cartel) this week called 'Everybody's Problem'.



A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS (above) celebrate their appearance at the Leeds Futurama Festival with a 12-inch three-track single called 'If She Was A Car' on Jungle Records this weekend.

COCK SPARRER's debut album 'Shock Troops' will now be appearing on Razor Records after a 'an instant deal between Razor and Carerre'.

COOKIE, the lead guitarist with the Twinkle Brothers, has a single called 'Space Age Nigger' release by Twinkle Records this week. Other singles on the label this month are 'Control Them'/'Take Them Home' by Philip Parkinon and 'Jah Dreadful' by Stiffy Dread.

'THE GUITAR AND THE GUN' is the title of a compilation of Ghanaian highlife music which is released this month by the newly formed Cherry Red offshoot Africagram Records (through Pinnacle).

UNITY, the seven-piece Birmingham band who won this year's Princes Trust competition, release their first single on Virgin this weekend called 'Heat Your Body Up'.

CHICAGO have a live album called 'Beginnings' released on the newly formed Meteor Records (through Magnum Force) this month. It includes their early successes such as 'I'm A Man' and 'Does Anybody Know What Time It Is'.

THE FIXX return from their extended American tour leaving behind a Top Twenty album and single and try to stir up more interest over here with a single called 'One Thing Leads To Another' on MCA next weekend.

THE STUNT KITES from Sheffield have their 'Hail To The Roots' single re-released by Criminal Damage Records (through Stage One, the Cartel and Jungle) this weekend due to 'popular demand'.

FRANK ZAPPA has six pre-Mothers songs he wrote and produced for Bob Guy, Baby Ray And The Ferns and the Heartbreakers released on a mini-album called 'Rare Meat' by California Rhino Records this month.

J J CALE, the reclusive guitar hero who's been a considerable influence on the likes of Eric Clapton and Mark Knopfler, has switched labels to Phonogram and has an album — his first for a long time naturally — called 'No 8' released this weekend. Readers are invited to guess how many albums Mr Cale has recorded thus far.

The album features Britain's own guitar cult Richard Thompson on a number of tracks and was produced by Cale's long-time associate Audie Ashworth. There are rumours of a tour here before Christmas which should be taken with a pinch of salt, a slice of lemon and a large swig of tequila.

RICK WAKEMAN has a new album next week on Charisma/Virgin called 'Cost Of Living'. The musicians include vocalist Hereward Kaye, bassist Johnny Gustafson, guitarist Jackie McCauley and drummer Tony Fernandez and there's a guest appearance from Robert Powell who narrates Grey's Elegy to Wakeman's soundtrack.

Rick is currently rehearsing for a concert in Peking which will be broadcast live around the globe in late October, he has a rock ballet called 'Triumph Of Death' opening in New York next Spring, and is working on a soundtrack to an updated film version of Rider Haggard's 'She'.



BONE ORCHARD, (above) a five-piece band from Brighton, have signed to Jungle Records. They are currently recording material for their first single but meanwhile crop up on a Cherry Red compilation called 'Blood On The Cats' with a track called 'Fats Terminal'.

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**REALLY BIG WOMEN:**

In the good old days of *Jaws*, that wonderful species of womanhood, the Big Legged Boiler, was oft-spoken of in hushed whispers — but we doubt if poor old *Jaws* Ed Rtd Eric Fuller's pace-maker could

have stood the sight of this delightful Big Everywhere Boiler.

Answering to the name of **Patty** this tasty two ton temptress is pictured celebrating Laurie Wisefield of Wishbone Ash's birthday with him t'other week. Worra lucky fellah!



**HIS SECRET PAST:**

Who is this hairy herbert?

Some hysterical HM ham or a rampant roadie with delusions of grandeur?

Mais non, it's trendy young red skin Steve Drewett of the Newtown Neurotics in the days before he got his crop. And to think they called *Crass* hippies — bah!

**GONADS FOR A LAUGH:**

Congrats to Pax man Marcus Featherby for his hilarious 'Bollox To The Gonads' compilation. In one of the funniest sleeve notes ever the joker claims that the Gonads were a money-spinning invention hyped by Bushell and disbanded by same when they didn't make it.

To make sure everyone knows it's a joke, the LP features some of the worst 'punk' noise ever committed to vinyl!

Original Gonads conspirator Sir Toby Belch writes: 'In case anyone takes the sleeve notes

seriously — 1. Everyone knew who the Gonads were and that we were a joke band. 2. If we'd wanted to make money we'd have recruited Pete Way for an HM album. 3. And we wouldn't have signed to Secret. And finally 4. We wouldn't have reformed.'

**COOL FOR CRASS:**

News that *Crass* are currently touring Iceland has caused some concern amongst veggies. After all it's a little bit too cold on the ground for the crazy communards to grow their own out there. So either they're subsisting on tinned beans or,

gulp, they're *fishing*. *Jaws* thinks we should be told...

**A MODEL OF PROTEST:**

London band New Model and a large proportion of their following, the self-styled New Model 'Army' took part in a two hour vigil outside the Chilean Embassy last Sunday to coincide with the tenth anniversary of the CIA-backed coup in Chile.

They've also released a single 'Chilean Warning' on their own MRC label. In case you've forgotten, the democratically elected socialist government of Allende was overthrown by a military coup (recommended reading 'The Guerrillas Are Amongst Us', Pluto Press).

Says singer Hawk Norton "We are trying to inform the next generation about what happened in Chile and how the Chilean people are fighting back." To do this more effectively the first 5,000 copies of their single comes with a free Action Pack of info...

**HANG 'EM HIGH!**

Seems when you mess with the Specimen you'd better watch out. Ollie and co. had such a rough deal at a recent Manchester bash — you know the rack, no ads thus no punters, no booze or food but worse still, the threat of no money — that they decided to take the matter into their own hands and reek terrible revenge on the ineffectual promoter.

A noose was quickly assembled and placed menacingly around the neck of the hapless promoter who was forced to sweat it out whilst a pinball competition was begun to decide which member of the band should have the honour of stringing the fellow up.

Suitably shaken by the ordeal, the promoter dug deep and gave the band half their dues and wrote out an IOU for the rest.

**POTTIER THAN THE REST:**

Mystery of the week is why potty poet and *Sounds* freelance Gal Johnson spent an hour locked in a studio with sensational spiky songbird Debbie 'Vim' Davis during the recording of 'Son Of Oi' at Alaska last week. We dunno, but we think Ian O'Guinness should tell us.

**NOT SO MUCH SCANNERS AS SCANDALS:**

No sooner has *Switch* switched off than the Beeb's own rather less boisterous contribution to the wacky world of youth programming, *Riverside*, returns resplendent in *slightly* different titling and a mere *one* new face.

Even more strange than Exec Prod Mikey Appleton's sense of the new is the wide-eyed, faintly waggish way messrs Blacknell, Andrews and Voller approach their subject, heavily biased by their own dimly remembered memories of teenagerdom.

Opening with the hack hybrid sounds of the *Armoury Show* it hits the viewer in a flash what all this dross is about — comedy. Why else would anybody be forced to endure Mike Andrews' utterly pretentious critique (darling) of some time-lapse trick flick that you've seen a thousand times on *Vision On*?

The dead giveaway is Blacknell's stand up comic routine where he pretends to recount the latest happenings in the big bad biz. Of course the big summer split story was the Jam Steve, but which summer?

But amidst all this high tech tomfoolery it's easy to forget that *Driveside* is about art, and art — as we all know — is about navel watching. Hence the overlong and painfully obvious explanation of how the minimal changes in the opening sequence were brought about by the use of zillions of pounds' worth of the latest video gadgetry.

If they really wanted to give us all an object lesson in computer graphics why on earth didn't they show the incredibly fabulous video to Donald Fagen's 'New Frontier' single?

Incidentally the lady behind the truly amazing credits (did that sound convincing?) went by the unfortunate surname of

Relic. No-one here at *Sounds* is saying a word...

**POP THAT THANG:**

Slim Jim (without escort Britt Ekland), Warren Cann, Ronny, Gary Tibbs, Martin Kemp, Wham and Belle Star Stella (fresh from her ordeal of co-producing C4's *Loose Talk*), all turned up to Tuesday's 'Slim It' night at the Camden Palace last week to see Jeffrey Daniels new dance/body popping troupe, Eklypse astound the crowd with their breathtaking sequences.

Since Jeffrey decided to live in Britain it seems the Palace has become his second home; you just can't keep the poor lad away. *Shalamar* even made their last single video there; ah well, Britain leads the way again.

**GREAT STUFF:**

Dave Mortimer, ex-guitarist with Wham, has found a new pop group called Great, which is to feature Shirley on guitar and will use songs co-written by George Michael, making it into a family project.

Their first disco-pop single will be called 'Golden Soul', and they've used Wham's producer Steve Brown to handle it. And you thought *Haircut One Hundred* was a silly name!

**ET TU BUNNYMAN:**

Box offices throughout the civilized world were thrown into chaos at the announcement of *Echo And The Bunnymen's* October 23 bash at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford Upon Avon.

Or so they would have us believe. Seems tickets for the gig have been shifting faster than those for any previous shindig at the theatre — and that includes all Will's masterpieces and even the *Morecombe And Wise* show!

So heavy was the demand that even WEA didn't get their allotted coach full. A matinee performance has been slotted in the afternoon to soak up some of the disappointed night time gig goers.

**CRAMPS SLAM LID ON THEIR OFFICIAL FAN CLUB:**

Legion Of The Cramped, the *Cramps* official fan club, has been ordered to shut down by the band themselves.

L.O.T.C. president Lyndsay Hutton, who single handedly

ran the club and edited six issues of its excellent fanzine *Rockin' Bones*, was shocked to receive the termination order from the band, part of which ran... 'The fan club has become an entity of its own which has little to do with what we feel The Cramps are about, many things which shouldn't be pinned down or defined. We hope we are different things to different people.'

'We want the fan club stopped cold, and we are unbending in this decision. Maybe we want to stop it just because we are completely insane but in that case this shouldn't be unexpected. We never claimed or aimed to make any sense.'

It is a decision that certainly doesn't make much sense to Lyndsay, who has been forced through his loyalty to comply with the band's wishes.

He expressed his frustration and sadness in a written communique where he stated: 'In all the time I've run the L.O.T.C. I've never made a red cent for myself, it all went towards running an efficient first class service for fans of The Cramps.'

'Ask anyone what they'd do in the same predicament and I'm sure they'd be less than happy. The L.O.T.C. was not funded by the band or a record company, it was run on a hand to mouth income. I gave it my best shot and this is the sum total of my efforts — zero.'

I wish the band every success for the future and hope that the human link between themselves and the fans has not been in vain. They haven't played here for two years but now they're hotter than they ever were.

'I don't think that I'd be unjustified in saying that I haven't played a part in their current status.'

As the club winds down, its last gasp is soon to be published in the shape of *Rockin' Bones 7* which Lyndsay describes as 'a poor imitation of its former self with the full uncensored explanation.'

Lyndsay also asks members interested in receiving this final *Bone* to "send me a stamp to cover postage and help me out" and stresses that "any future membership enquiry would be a waste of stamps and ink".

This latest action by the group to protect their mystery appears on the face of it to be a pointless act which, with no label deal or tour forthcoming, offers their numerous admirers nothing until the court wranglings with former record company boss Miles Copeland are sorted out, and their new collection of material, under the working title of 'Real Men's

*Guts Versus The Smell Of Female*, is finally released. Meanwhile The Cramps remain silent and unrepentant, and as for Lyndsay... "I'm down but am sure as hell not out".

**ROUND THE CORN?**

Ex-cult heroes of *Jaws*, in one way or another, Jon Savage (ex-*Sounds*man) and Alan Horne (ex-*Postcard*, *DMcC's* uncle at one stage) have got together and started a TV show for Channel Four.

It's to be called *Punk Rock Hotel* and is said, by Billy Bland, to be RILLY WILD. Horne, by the way, is said to have relinquished his 'bespectacled wee boy' look for something a mite closer to Billy Idol (hair care courtesy of Edwyn Collins, his present flatmate).

**BIRTH OF A SUPERLABEL?**

Rumours of first signings to Mike Alway and Geoff Travis's new superlabel (details still not available), Blanco E Negro, are *Microdisney* and *Sudden Sway*. Meanwhile, they'll have a job getting anything new on the product front from Mike McGuire's *Sway*.

Seems like the guy's done one of his annual disappearing acts to darkest Africa. *Jaws* bets he does 'em as an excuse for an upcoming interview with Div Mac.

**THE TUBE — AN APOLOGY**

In our issue of August 13 we published an interview with Robert Plant in the course of which he gave his account of his much-publicised non-appearance at the end of June in *A Midsummer Night's Tube*.

Unfortunately the account included remarks which gave the impression that *The Tube* had in the past persisted in broadcasting recordings made by other groups which were not intended by them to be broadcast because they were not final masters.

We accept that this is not true and we unreservedly withdraw this suggestion. We would like to apologise for any embarrassment or inconvenience caused to *The Tube*.



**GIRLS COOL:**

At last, and as promised, the first ever shots of Katy Lynne's hotly, um, tipped *Working Girls* combo featuring — from left to right — Katy herself, André Bernard and Sallie-Anne. As revealed exclusively in *Jaws*, this tasty trio of pop-reggae protagonists are already being wooed by half the A&R men in London (shouldn't that be ooh and ahh?) so records should come quick, and that's not all, cough, splutter etc.

We at *Jaws* say "Up the workers!" (geddit?)



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**LOOSE BOLT:**

In an unprecedented rush, voting has started really early for this year's *Jaws* awards and strongest contender for 'Prat of The Year', after just the first programme of his new series, is *Loose Talk's* Steve Taylor. In a show packed with mediocrity few survived.

Many may ask was Tony Parsons putting on a front, was he stoned or is he just plain stupid? Does Fab Five Freddy really think his rap is as cool as Grandmaster Flash's and why did pentathlete Judy Livermore lower herself to be with such a bunch of wallies.

As for Steve Taylor, he's as exciting an interviewer as a dead parrot. Getting questions wrong? Doesn't he research the programme? And always trying to swing conversations round to get his trendy political viewpoint in, is that entertainment?

The climactic scene saw all present skirt around the subject of hype and bribery in the music world without presenting any real facts. Taylor's ignorance of the subject and his constant attempt to use long words were just another sign that his finger has moved some way off the pulse and is now safely lodged in his ear.

**STONE THE JOSTLER:**

Among those jostling down the front to clock One The Juggler's recent set at the Marquee was the anniversary edition of *Stones* fourstringer Bill Wyman.

He gave up the fight early and retired to the bar but in the spirit of a true combatant he gasped "I'm going back in!"

**NEIGHBOURS AGAIN:**

We know Weller is keen to push the boy next door image of Respond funksters the Questions but this is ridiculous.

Bassist Paul Barry met up with Friends Again bass player Neil Cunningham at the end of term *Switch* bash a couple of weeks back — the first time the Scottish fellows had met since they lived next door to each other in Glasgow. Small world innit?

**FROM EDEN TO EDAM?**

With the release of their 'Amsterdam' single on Phonogram, The Escape have started to find themselves in demand from both the Dutch Milk Marketing Board and Dutch Tourist Board.

A combination of Phonogram's parent company (Phillips) being based in Holland, contacts made by video-maker Nigel Dick, and the subject of the song could lead to it being used as a backing for a commercial on Dutch TV by one of the boards. And as singer/guitarist Alan Griffiths explained there has been some other unusual feedback from the song:

"A firm who erect Dutch homes for exhibitions have donated one for when we want to film videos or do photo sessions. They even offered to supply a girl decked out in Dutch national costume if she was needed! We've also found out there's a cheese called Amsterdam so there's a possibility that free samples may be given away with the single, which would be a novel experience".

At least with the hot weather over, that idea may not have the aromatic consequences it could have had. Rock and roll — phew! — and cheesy grins all round?

**HOUSE PLANT:**

It's not very easy to feel sympathy for the troubles of rich rock stars but our hearts go out this week to Robert Plant whose Sussex house, Plumpton Manor, has become the centre of interest for Max Bygraves, the alleged singer. Max, currently house hunting, espied Robert's pad advertised in a local estate agent's and decided to investigate further.

However, when he arrived at the property he thought he wished to view, he was a little disconcerted to discover that the impressive looking building was not for sale. After protestations on both sides, it transpired that the brilliant Bygraves had been trying to buy Plumpton Agricultural College. Plant's estate is next door.



**MONYAKA:** Steering straight for the dancefloor

**B**IG IN the clubs, as they say, Monyaka's 'Go Deh Yaka' (translating from the Swahili as 'Good Luck' and 'Go To The Top' respectively) is a succulent slab of funk-fuelled reggae "a New York Stylee".

Behind this urban skank currently playing footsie

with the charts is Errol Moore, Monyaka mainman and Brooklyn boy making good.

"All the reggae acts up till now have been either Jamaican or English. What Monyaka is about is getting a sound that is identifiably American, well New York to be exact. What America needs is a reggae act of its own and we could be that."

Certainly Monyaka have their dues paid up in full and the experience to put them

in the front running for such a position.

"We started off around '72 in Brooklyn as the Soul Supersonics. We were a Top 40 cover band playing all the New York dance halls and even some venues upstate. The age range of the group then was between 16 and 30 and around '75 some of the older guys couldn't keep up so they left and we turned around to play authentic reggae.

"There was a big reggae

scene all of a sudden around then with Marley playing Central Park and lots of companies were signing up reggae acts. We went around to a lot of companies but nothing came of it."

It was at this point that Monyaka as they were now called started exploring the avenues of Crossover-blending their reggae feel with a whole range of disco/soul influences. So was this in a desperate bid to get a contract?

"Not at all. We were after creating a sound that was cognizant of America."

The fusion complete, it was nearly a decade's hard slog playing support to all the major JA and UK reggae acts who toured America that got Monyaka their contract earlier this year with New York's Easystreet label.

First release was 'Go Deh Yaka', a song the group had written three years previously but to which they added a rap section to bring it bang up to date. In the offing is a follow up called 'Reggaematic Funk' which Errol assures me will "kick England's tail."

Meanwhile Monyaka have started work on their debut album — a task not made easy by the wealth of material they have accrued over the years and the presence of five active writers in the band churning out new songs by the day.

But Monyaka are not counting any chickens just yet:

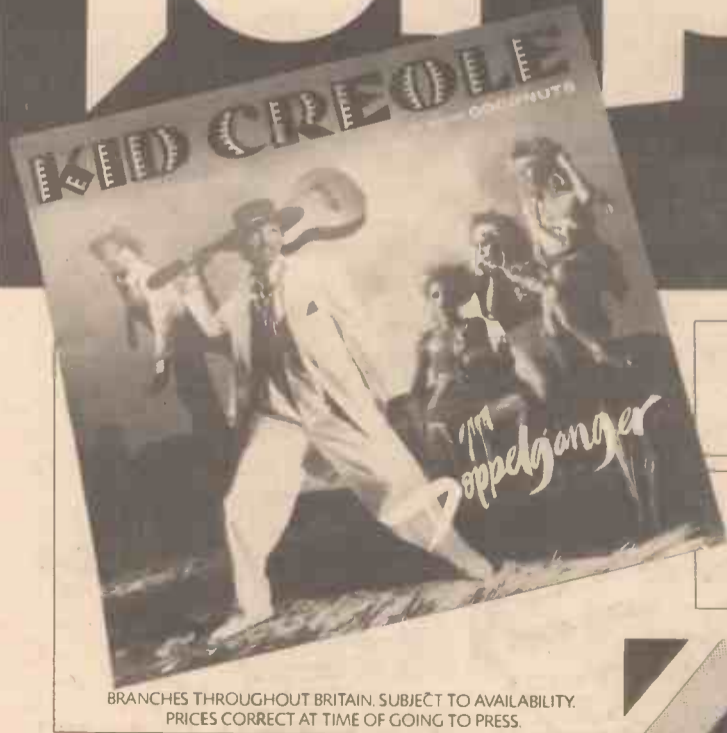
"We're still rather skeptical, we're expecting a monkey wrench in the works any moment. We've been disappointed before so we're not the sort of people who get excited easily, we're gonna keep a lid on it for the moment."

Errol does admit to a twinge of excitement however at the thought of coming to Britain to do some promotion work.

"I've got an uncle who's got a car lot in Manchester so I'll be going up there to see him for the first time in a long while."

BILL BLACK

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TOMMY BOYD with ZZ Top (left) and Jimmy Greaves with Isla St Clair (right)

## SATURDAY MORNING PICTURES

A LIVE show with children, animals, robots and computers? Maybe Central TV's *Saturday Show* was taking its life in its hands with all that lot on the September 10th issue, but the end result proves all the effort and worry was well worth it.



ISLA GETS anarchic

At eight o'clock on Friday evening, Studio Three, from whose cramped confines the Birmingham local news show is broadcast, is finally free to be set up for the *Saturday Show*. Technicians rush around in a buzz of activity. They're having problems with some parallel bars which they can only get through the doors with great difficulty and they need them for a record-breaking attempt by Brian Jacks tomorrow.

KajaGooGoo, one of the two bands who are guesting on the show, arrive this evening; David Rappaport who plays the part of the diminutive Shades is going to do an interview with them and wants to go over a few questions beforehand while presenter Tommy Boyd discusses the computer slot, 'Interface', with fellow presenter Chris Palmer. After all the questions everybody heads off to bed in anticipation of the morning's show.

At half past nine on Saturday morning Central's reception is packed with Numan and KajaGooGoo fans, milling about among the tiny tots, their mums and the show's two resident clowns. The relative calm of yesterday has disappeared in the near chaos down on the studio floor. There's forty minutes to go before the programme starts and Isla St Clair and Tommy are still doing a run-through of the opening sequence. Gary Numan and the band have arrived in the studio; Gary wanders round with a battery-operated razor in hand, shaving

as he goes. They do two run-throughs of 'Warriors' for camera shots and then it's quarter past ten and time to let the kids in.

The studio is tiny, so by the time the last kid and mum have been installed it's feeling slightly claustrophobic. Added to the audience numbers are the fifteen-odd crew on the studio floor operating three cameras and a hand-held unit. Then it all starts so suddenly, the audience is hardly aware that they are live on the telly. The kids have their eyes pointed heavenwards

— instant fame at school and let's hope dad put the video on!

Anthony Daniels as golden robot C3PO is special guest for today and because of the heat in the studio a crew member takes on the task of aiming an electric fan at him. Isla has brought her dog (who is heavily pregnant) but there are no puddles on the floor. In fact the only mistake was Isla's insistence on calling Anthony 'CPO3', but this is live TV and if you make a mistake, you just carry on.

Jimmy Greaves' 'Sporting Spot' features Brian Jacks attempting a world number of arm presses on the Parallel Bars (still causing problems for the floor crew) and he shatters the previous record by eight — if the people counting can be trusted. On the 'Interface' slot they are attempting a television first — transmitting a computer programme for a quiz, live on the air. They won't know for a week or two whether it worked or not.

The music content of the programme is of a high standard — lots of new videos and up to date news. Today we get the premier screening of the KajaGooGoo video to 'Big Apple' (which the band haven't seen yet) as well as snatches of



AN INCOGNITO Mike Reid picks up ideas for Superstore

videos from David Essex, Howard Jones, Heaven 17, Status Quo and Rod Stewart. The time is slipping by fast, so Shades only gets time to ask KajGooGoo three questions before the next item comes up.

Up in the control room the atmosphere is getting more than a little tense — the problem? Will they get the show off the air before their time is up. Downstairs a lucky dad is having his DREAM COME TRUE — a Page Three girl draped on each arm.

Then it's time for the final slot and the intro to 'Warriors' fills the studio. Everybody crowds round the throne while the Numan band appear and the floor manager almost has a fit because Gary is still in the

changing room getting changed. Tommy points towards the band and Gary appears in front of the mike just as the cameras cut to him and the dry ice flows.

And so ends another live installment of Saturday morning TV with all the ingredients to keep the kids glued to their sets. The audience for *Saturday Show* ranges from eight-years-old upwards and of the five million available, Producer Glyn Edwards reckons they get the larger percentage — a bigger percentage than *Tiswas* ever did — and there's not a custard pie to be seen anywhere.

The *Saturday Show*, ITV every Saturday morning, 10.30-12.15. DEE PILGRIM



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### WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 14

- BBC 2  
NOT THE NINE O'CLOCK NEWS (9.30-10)  
Another dollop of the best of the last series.
- CHANNEL 4  
JAZZ ON FOUR (11.30-12.15)  
Final programme in the series which comes from Edinburgh Gateway Theatre, featuring trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, one-time accomplice of Herbie Hancock.

### THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 15

- BBC 1  
TOP OF THE POPS (7.25-8)  
Introduced by the very unlikely pairing of Janice Long and Jimmy Savile.
- FAME (8-9)  
Last episode of the series (hooray!) and the stage is set for a 'Wizard Of Oz' style extravaganza when Doris slips and hits her head and dreams of Miss Sherwood as the wicked witch.

- BBC 2  
KENNY EVERETT TELEVISION SHOW (9-9.30)  
Repeat of the last series — but still great the second time around.

- LATE NIGHT IN CONCERT (10.55-11.30)  
Annie Nightingale introduces manic Australian band, Men At Work.

### FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 16

- CHANNEL 4  
LADYBIRDS (9.15-10)  
Currently appearing in Blood Brothers, but with a long string of hits behind her, Barbara Dickson is the ladybird featured tonight. The show follows her career from John, Paul, George, Ringo And Bert, through her hit songs and eventually back to the West End Theatre.

### SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17

- ITV  
THE SATURDAY SHOW (9.30-12)  
Tommy Boyd, Isla and Shades introduce another bundle of fun

today when The Truth join the kids in the studio. Wayne Sleep is the star guest and there are videos by David Essex and Big Country. (See story).

- BBC 1  
THREE OF A KIND (8.25-8.55)  
Three of the funniest people around; Lenny Henry, Tracey Ullman and David Copperfield performing some more zany antics for the beeb.

- BBC 2  
THE TWILIGHT ZONE (12.15-12.45)

- ONE FOR THE ANGELS  
The film may have got a pasting from the critics but the series is still a classic. In tonight's episode, salesman Lew Bookman has to pull all his sales stops out when he is informed his time on earth is up. A must for all science fiction aficionados.

- CHANNEL 4  
VIDEO VIDEO (6-6.30)  
Adam Faith introduces some more clips of the new videos available.

### MONDAY SEPTEMBER 19

- BBC 2  
RIVERSIDE (7-7.35)  
Steve Blacknell takes to the air with Gary Numan in his plane and even manages to interview him. Tom Robinson agrees to be interviewed and King Kurt and their supporters agree to be filmed. Musical relief is provided by Mystery Girls.

### TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 20

- ITV  
HOLD TIGHT (4.20-4.45)  
Nick Heyward and Endgames pop up between the questions and answers on today's programme.

- CHANNEL 4  
LOOSE TALK (10.55-11.50)  
The late night chat show with the younger slant remains true to its aims and interviews Paul Young and Jonathon Price (of *The Ploughman's Lunch* fame). From Australia come Los Trios Ringbarkus, a comedy double act with a difference.

DEE PILGRIM

# HOLLYWOOD HIGHS



Lynn Goldsmith

NEARLY, MR Simmons...



Lynn Goldsmith

ALMOST...



California Features

NOT QUITE...



Lynn Goldsmith

A LITTLE more...



Lynn Goldsmith

CLOSE...



Chris Walter

ANOTHER inch or so...



Lynn Goldsmith

AND IT'S...



LFI

... THERE!

## Kiss to unmask — official!

**THE NAKED LUNCH (PAIL):** No more will the merry *dingdong* of the Avon lady be heard around the Kiss headquarters. The band's upcoming 'Lick It Up' album and tour will reveal the Fab Four "without their ghoulish greasepaint", according to *The Star* magazine, which they've wiped off "in favour of the Natural Look".

Yes indeed: Gene, Paul, Eric and Vinnie's mugs will be there on the back of the album cover as naked, if a little more airbrushed, as the day they were born.

As a warning, the mag printed what looked like passport pix of three of the boys which they somehow reckoned make them "look just like four guys next door" (oops, there goes the neighbourhood) "and it's hard to see them as the frightening fantasy characters."

No word from the Kiss camp as to why they've suddenly opted for mortal status after so long. Who said booty's only skin deep...

**GOOD VIBRATIONS:** The next Prince album will be the soundtrack for the film he's shooting right now with *Vanity Six* and his own band. Maybe a couple of the song titles will give you a clue what kind of film we're talking about here: 'Computer Blue' and 'Electric Intercourse'. Bebe Buell isn't getting a part in it. And from what *H.Highs* hears, she ain't getting any part of Prince, what with the friendship being off and Ms B getting Rick Derringer to produce her next album instead.

**SOCIAL SECURITY:** Someone's been feeding too many hormones to some of the security down at Perkins Palace. Ron Murray of *Steeler* got two fingers broken by a bouncer when he was trying to get in to his own band's gig at the Pasadena palais. And Jock of *GBH* went flying at the head security honcho when he started knocking their audience about at their two last L.A.-area shows. The band, to their credit, stopped playing every time a scuffle ensued.

**SO YOU WALLABY A ROCK AND ROLL STAR:** Someone claiming to be Jerry Speiser of *Men At Work* stole a nifty sports car from a girl he managed to pick up by claiming to be in the Aussie band (well, with *Sting* out of town, times are tough on a woman!) telling her he needed it to get to the airport to catch a plane to their Australian tour.

The irksome MAW impersonator did other fiendish things too, like giving interviews to gullible press persons and getting in free to rock and roll shows (hey, some stars wouldn't even want the real Speiser there!)

**STOP ME AND BIKE ONE:** Vespa heaven-down in Westwood last weekend, where *Twist* magazine threw a 'Dancin' In The Streets' afternoon, featuring local dance combos like the *Untouchables*, the top LA mod band, *Angel And The Reruns*, a bunch of melodic female ex cons, the *Shanksters*, *Rebel Rockers* and *Phast Phreddie*, mod dance contests, mod haircut demonstrations, and a massive scooter rally in honour of the annual do at the Isle of Wight.

**REVERENT PAISLEY:** The legendary *Standells* played Club Lingerie with the *Fleshtones*, and though you'd need more than a tab of acid to reckon they sounded much more than a loose Holiday Inn band, the throng that turned up was nice and adoring.

Including several members of the Paisley underground like the *Unclaimed*, *Wednesday Week* and the *Bangles*, along with some *Plimsouls*, *GoGos* and *Chris D* of the *Flesh Eaters*, dancing half-naked down the front.

**OVER BITE:** Make that ex *Flesh Eaters*. After a six month 'stalemate' with the members of his sometimes brilliant band, Chris called it quits. "It's how long you want to keep banging your head against the wall. We've been doing the same material for so long", he told *H.Highs*. "It's just been frustrating."

There'll be a couple of farewell shows, sharing the bill with *X* and the *Blasters* — some of whom were in an earlier incarnation of the band — then that's it, no more poetic hellhound vacuuming his soul. But Chris reckons he'll be back. "But it won't be called the *Flesh Eaters* again. That name has really crippled us too."

Meanwhile he's working on a scrip for a horror film which will hopefully have himself in a starring role.

**CHARGE OF THE LIGHT AND BITTER BRIGADE:** Talking of *Flesh Eaters* reminds me that *Meat Loaf* may lack for fans in the big cities these days, but they love him down in Moosic, Pennsylvania where he just won a Beer Can Eating Contest. Meat managed to crush six beer cans between his teeth in five minutes flat.

**GENITAL GIANT:** Zoogz Rift, king of Dada ditties, has made his own *Snout* label cassette only. He'll release tunes like 'Can You Smell My Genitals From Where You're Standing' and 'Nothing Is Worse Than The Pain Of Children'...

'What Surf' is a compilation of surf bands like the *Halibuts*, the *Pyramids*, the *Surf Raiders* and *Davie Allen And The Arrows*...

Related news (acid) flash: both *Vanilla Fudge* and *Iron Butterfly* are hard at work on comeback albums.

SYLVIE SIMMONS



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**ROBERT PLANT** returns to the Big Apple this week for a concert at Madison Square Garden — his last NYC stage appearance being on Led Zeppelin's 1977 US tour, when the group sold out a marathon six-night stand at the same venue. After warm-up gigs in Peoria and Kalamazoo, the singer's first official solo date was held in Chicago on August 29.

Judged an all-round success, the show opened with 'In The Mood' from the current 'Principle Of Moments' LP and basically comprised numbers from Plant's two solo releases. There were no cries for 'Stairway To Heaven' and evidently Robert is standing firm on his decision not to revive any Zep material.

"If people want Memory Lane, there's always Vegas," he declares. "It's my way of crediting Jimmy, Jonesy and Bonzo — I'd expect that to be reciprocated. The only time it would work is with them. I couldn't do it — out of respect for the past and the capabilities of the people I'm playing with now. I'll leave that sort of thing to Ozzy Osbourne!"

Incidentally, when Plant celebrated his 35th birthday a few weeks ago during rehearsals for the tour, Jimmy Page is said to have sent his greetings by way of a transvestite strip-o-gram!

**CHIC'S NILE RODGERS** must surely be the hottest producer in town at the moment and since working with David Bowie on 'Let's Dance' earlier this year he's twiddled knobs on Southside Johnny's new 'Trash It Up' LP, as well as cutting records with Canadian band The Spoons and recent Island signing Michael Gregory.

Rodgers is now hotly tipped to be producing Peter Gabriel's next effort, together with a single for ace Australian combo INXS, who've been supporting Men At Work in the States and who are set to visit Britain shortly.

To top it all, there's a new Chic record set for imminent release.

ACCORDING TO their New York management stable (Leber-Krebs), the **Scorpions** are due to start a British tour on November 1, which should coincide with their new album. Contrary to recent rumours, both drummer Herman Rarebell and bassist Francis Bucholz are definitely still in the band.

'MERRY CHRISTMAS Mr Lawrence' has just come out in the States and has been widely praised by the critics. According to a review in the New York Times: "David Bowie plays a born leader in 'MCML' and he plays him like a born star. His screen presence is mercurial and arresting and he seems to arrive at this effortlessly."

In the meantime, the American leg of DB's 'Serious Moonlight' tour has come to a close (next stop Tokyo) and, not surprisingly, it was a complete sell-out from coast to coast. Thin White Duke addicts may be keen to learn that several bootleg albums of some of the European dates are available in certain 'seedy' New York record stores (don't ask which ones), including a splendid picture disc from the Lyons show and an excellent double package from Frankfurt titled 'Nothing But A Star'.



BOWIE AND RONSON in former glory days

ON THE subject of Bowie, former Ziggy cohort Mick Ronson came on stage for a jam with the man at his recent Toronto show and played a few licks on 'Jean Genie'. The last time the two had appeared together was at the Marquee back in October '73, when Bowie was filmed for an American TV special. Since then, Ronson has worked with the likes of Bob Dylan and Ian Hunter, but over the last couple of years has become something of a recluse.

Currently residing in Bearsville, New York, the guitarist has been up to Canada on several occasions to work with the group Perfect Affair (previously known as Lennex) with whom he's cut an album for Attic Records.

THERE'S A CHANCE that the new Bruce Springsteen LP could be out before the end of the year, since producers Jon Landau and Chuck Plotkin have been busy mixing cuts at the Hit Factory studios. However, word has it that The Boss may want to record some more material for the album, which would obviously cause further delay. During the summer, Springsteen was seen jamming with a local band called Diamonds at the Stony Pony club in Asbury Park and more recently he turned up on stage with Jackson Browne at Madison Square Garden.

STEVIE NICKS is playing two shows at Radio City Music Hall this week, with Joe Walsh opening up for her on both nights. A few days later, from Sept 18-23, the venue is being taken over by Rush for five nights. The Canadian trio are apparently eager to try out new material for their next studio album, which they'll be completing over the next few months. At Radio City, they'll be supported by Marillion, who recently made their Manhattan debut appearance at the Pier with Todd Rundgren's Utopia.

STEPHEN KING's 'Firestarter' novel is currently being made into a film in the States and stars Drew Barriemore (the little girl from 'ET') and Burt Lancaster. King fans should also note that the celluloid version of 'Cujo' is now being screened in the US. Other big movies at the moment are 'Staying Alive', Sylvester Stallone's follow-up to 'Saturday Night Fever' starring John Travolta, which is pretty lame, and Woody Allen's, which is an absolute masterpiece and his probably his best film since 'Annie Hall'.

THERE'S A new Pat Benatar album due before the end of September called 'Live From Earth' which features recordings from her 1982-83 'Get Nervous' tour, together with a couple of new studio cuts, including the new US single 'Love Is A Battlefield'.

MICHAEL SCHENKER spent a week at the Record Plant studios in NYC recently, where he re-mixed the 'Built To Destroy' LP with celebrated US metal producer Jack Douglas. Ex-Ted Nugent sidekick Derek St Holmes was also around and it looks likely that he'll be joining MSG. Schenker was asking what Soundsman Garry Bushell looked like and he seemed keen to gain revenge on the scribe for the upset caused by his report on Ross Halfin's 'death'. "I must get Bushell!" the German warned and ironically this was before GB's recent MSG album mutilation appeared in the review section.

THE SYSTEM who actually wrote the song 'You Are In My System', which was a hit for Robert Palmer earlier this year, are currently hard at work at their Manhattan studios preparing their second LP. Their debut was an excellent record and this band should definitely be watched.

STEVE GETT

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

One thing's for sure though, if you don't step on down to your local JVC keyboards

dealer soon and take a look for yourself, you'll never know what you're missing. Heaven knows, you won't regret it.

# JVC

You've either got it, or you haven't.

# ...AND SO TO BED

**T**HERE'S NO taking the myth out of Lita Ford!

A rock legend in the making, everything you've ever heard about the former Runaway is (probably) true — stories increase by the day.

Down Liverpool way, where they know all about pop heroes, the Lita Ford Band were supporting Rainbow for two nights and already sparks were flying: the entourage of PRs, managers and record company folks having to surround the gal to keep her from destroying the hotel bar with a fire extinguisher; she settled for igniting her hairspray and using it as a flamethrower!

Darts ace Jocky Wilson was at the same gaff: "Never heard o' hur. Is she guid lookin'?"

Not half! Puppy fat and teen arrogance have departed, along with any axewise amateurishness. . .

On the gig I saw, Lita and pals had decided to 'dress down' — jeans and sweatshirt instead of outrage gear. But the music, mainly from the (re-sleeved for UK) 'Out For Blood' disc, was as sexy as ever.

Flashing a pair of BC Rich (Bitch) guitars, one in stunning purple (not, sadly, the one with 'Eat Me' on the fretboard), the trio hammered out slash and burn epics where the girl's instrumental pyrotechnics never became indulgent or swamped the humping, sassy tunes.

Finger-pickin' good! Blackmore was said to be very impressed with the way his pupil had advanced.

At the hotel later as Lita guzzled her glass of milk, I squeezed in a couple of (im)pertinent queries. Like, what happened to her producer, helpmate and (like herself) former Kim Fowley discovery Neil Merryweather?

"I can respect Kim, but I can't respect Neil. He wanted credit for absolutely everything! Then he got fat and I think he thought it'd look bad onstage. So he left."

The Runaways, fine as they were, always seemed to be pulling in several contradictory directions: Joan Jett — pop/rock, Cherie Currie — MOR, Sandy West — bodybuilding, Jackie Fox — suicide and Lita — HM. This *must* be far more satisfying, huh?

She rolls her head back like a cat in ecstasy: "Oh gawd, I love it! The guys love being in this band, too. I'm burnt and tired but I'm happy".

As I was awakened at 4am by the bed in the next room lustily banging and squeaking, I wondered what room Lita *might* be in. Rumours of romance with Rainbow's Joe Lynn Turner abounded. . .

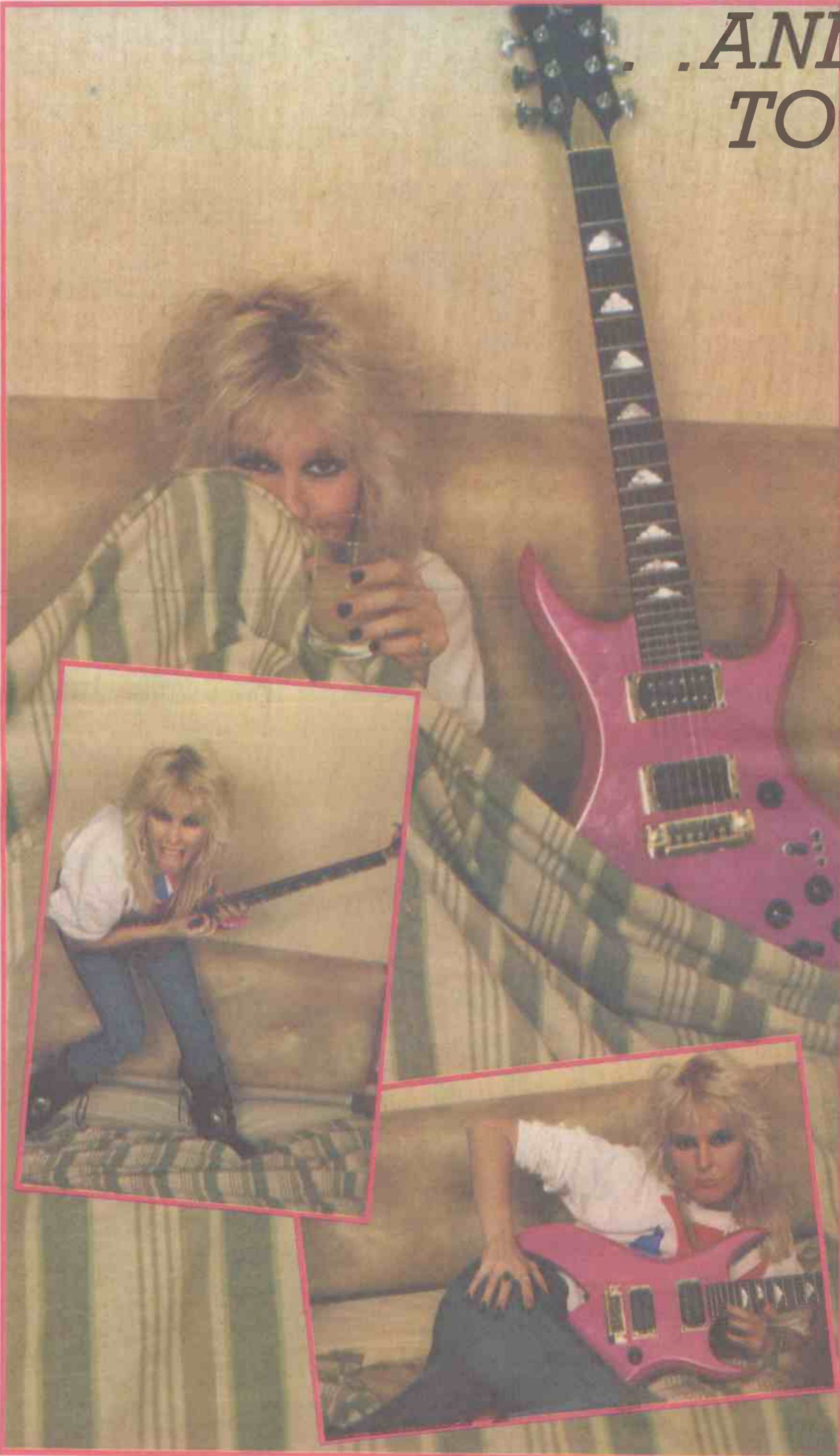
But enuff of all this Gaz Bushole-propagated filth! Lita Ford is just the sort of star that Heavy Metal, and rock'n'roll in general for that matter, could do with at the moment. She's not merely aping male moves; that is her up there onstage: what you see is what you damn well get. Lita Ford walks it as she talks it as she plays it.

No publicist will ever have to make up stories about her to get in *Jaws*. There's no, er, running away from it. I did tell you those gals from Hollyweird would be big one day, one way . . . or another.

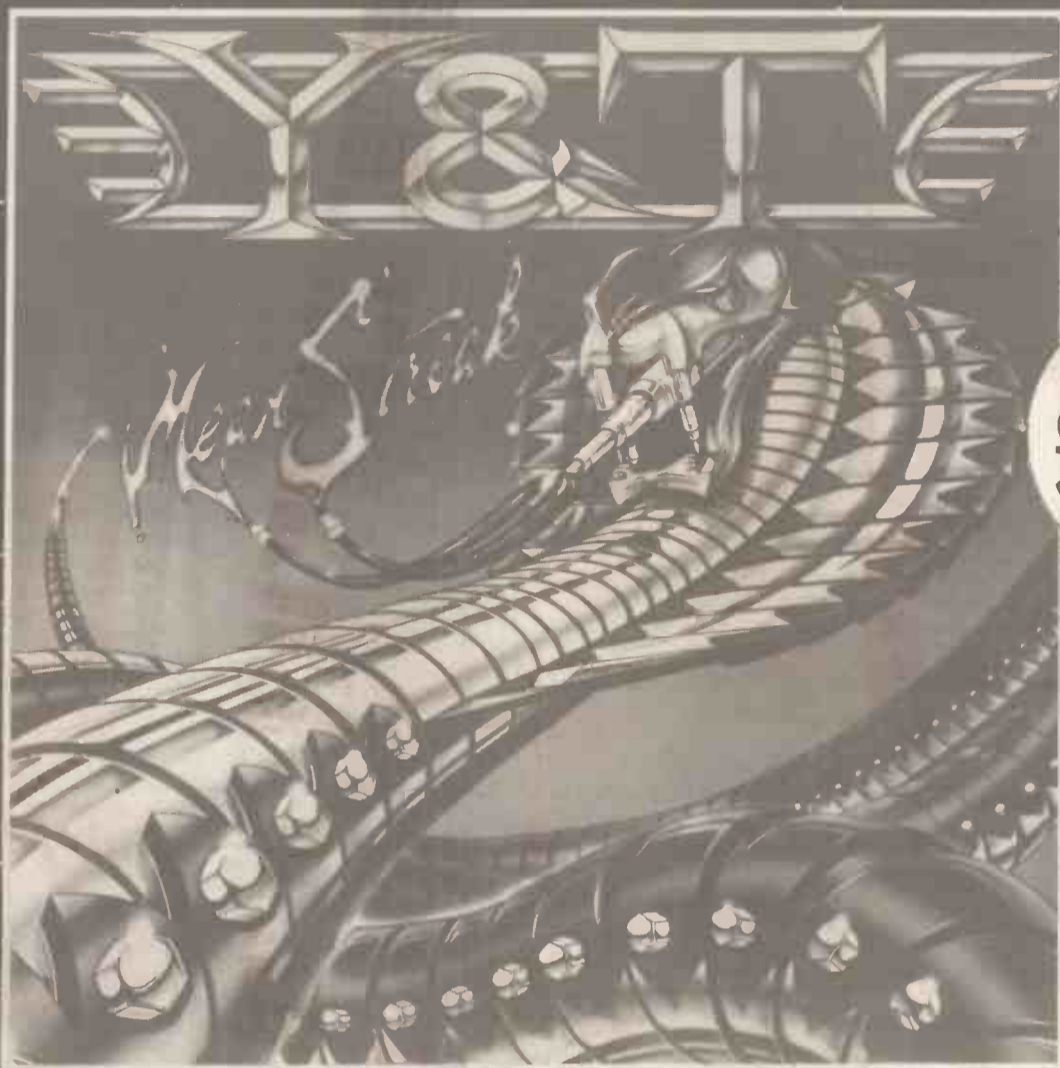
SANDY ROBERTSON

(words)

TONY MOTTRAM (pix)



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# MOTHERCARE

**BILL BLACK**  
wonders what  
the mater is  
with GENESIS



Pix: Andy Rosen

**E**XCUSE ME, can you direct me to the Genesis interview?  
"Just follow the signs mate."

The signs?  
"Yeah, the Top Ten single, the up and coming album, the change of record company."

Of course... it's easy to be cynical about Genesis. Perhaps more than any other band around (until Yes get their act together again for the umpteenth time) they represent the Establishment. In musical as well as Biblical terms they are strictly Old Testament.

More damaging to their credibility in the Eighties is the fact that by virtue of the band's Charterhouse origins they occupy a corner of the music business that is Forever English in an upper crust sort of way — a snug niche from which even Phil Collins' cockney angst cannot dislodge them.

All of which would make the band a decidedly dodgy proposition were it not for the fact that the Genesis everybody loves to hate is not the Genesis that is making records these days.

As history records, and you all no doubt recall, first Peter Gabriel and then Steve Hackett went in search of a solo career leaving the new slimline Genesis of Collins, Mike Rutherford and Tony Banks to undergo a certain regression in the way material was conceived and presented. The shift came almost accidentally with the aptly named 'And Then There Were Three', a collection of what seemed to be three minute ditties after the lengthy explorations of 'Wind And Wuthering'. But the new approach was most apparent on their last album 'ABACAB', a raw, at times even raucous record that succeeded in laying to rest the previous incarnation of pomp rockers.

So are Genesis turning into a garage band? Not quite. The new album, imaginatively titled 'Genesis' is an at times frustrating cocktail of the sassy songwriting that Collins' solo outings have brought to the band, spiced with tantalizing reminders of all that has gone before.

There's even an eleven minute track on it, 'Home By The Sea', and whilst no 'Afterglow', the stately 'It's Gonna Get Better' (which ends side two with a back-tracked keyboard that sounds like cosmic Elgar) is pure Formula. But then there is the single 'Mama'. About as savage as you're likely to get with post-Gabriel Genesis, it features a truly horrific vocal approximation by Phil Collins of the Devil in *The Exorcist*. Just in terms of its chart success this song represents a Break From The Past.

Which is also the reason why this time round the signs don't lead to the band's Surrey hideout of farm-cum-studio but to the middle of Portobello and the Branson Empire's latest offshoot, the swish Canal Club. A few days before the interview is due to take place the press chap from Virgin, which recently swallowed up Charisma Records and Genesis with it, confides that rather than perpetuate the stockbroker belt image of his charge he'd feel happier if the only available member Mike Rutherford (Collins is currently touring Stateside with Robert Plant's band and Tony Banks is on holiday) was interviewed in more "with it" surroundings. To the Canal Club then, where a casually-clad Rutherford arrives a little late, having dropped his Range Rover off for a quick service in town.

We settle swiftly over a tray of Cona coffee and chat about top ten singles, the new album and the change of record label. His knowledge of the charts, or rather the lack of it, is strangely reassuring, his ignorance of the order Genesis albums were released in downright endearing. But enough of this, how does singles success feel, Mike?

"It's fantastic but what's even better — and this is by far the most important thing — is that we've managed it with a song which is very much what we do, if you see what I mean."

"Our problem in the past has been that very often the best stuff we've done on an album hasn't stood a chance as a single because it's been so wrong in that context. So we've put out songs that I've liked and have worked well as singles but have simply not been the best songs we've had at the time."

"But 'Mama' is, I think, one of the best songs on the new album and is at the same time very much what Genesis is all about. To have a hit with a song which is six minutes long is also very exciting. We wanted it to be the single but I expected to play it to our manager Tony Smith and the bods at the record company and be told 'you're crazy', but full marks to them, they agreed we should go with something that was a bit different."

Would the early Genesis be able to recognise the band now it is getting hit records and appearing on *Top Of The Pops*?

"Well our attitude towards it then was that bands like the Beatles, the Stones and the Small Faces were all making really good, adventurous singles and it seemed to us that, while we liked them, we just weren't much good at doing singles. Also the sort of music we were doing in the early days was just so wrong for singles. We're closer to it now because we don't write twenty minute songs anymore."

"It's the same with the first time we appeared on *Top Of The Pops*. For a long time we hadn't wanted to go on it but we felt it was important around the time of 'ABACAB' to show that things had changed and it didn't matter any more whether or not you were on it. In the early days it did because we felt we were making statements and there was also a clear division between album bands and singles bands, but it doesn't matter anymore."

**G**ENESIS ACQUIRING a mainstream sensibility is evidence of a Breaking With The Past, but more striking has been the gradual refinement of their sound to the stage where the highly convoluted constructions of past projects have been replaced by what sounds at times like straight jams. How come?



"The simple reason for it is that we're always looking for change. Since, as you say, we started with very complicated songs then the only way we could go is in this direction, we couldn't have got much more complex. In those days I was quite an intense young man, very keen to prove to the world that I had something as a musician to offer. We probably tried too hard in those days but now we take a much more relaxed approach."

Certainly a relaxed approach to writing and recording. Material for the new album came out of a series of extended jams which took place in their own studio, a vital asset as Mike explains:

"I couldn't go into a professional studio that costs a thousand pounds a day and spend twelve hours messing around on some idea because when you jam often nothing comes of it. With your own studio there isn't that pressure."

"When we recorded 'ABACAB' the studio wasn't quite ready so we wrote the album and then went in to record it, but this time round we were in there from day one. At first it was a little difficult because Hugh Padgham, our engineer, was recording everything and it's a bit difficult jamming on one idea for two hours when you know it's going down on tape, into a song but it started off as a jam. I think the day we wrote it it went down on tape and from there we just tried to put form to it, giving it atmosphere and mood rather than anything too technical."

"I think the new album sounds somewhere between early Genesis and 'ABACAB' but not in a way that was being consciously responsive to the audience, just personal changes. 'Home By The Sea' is a song I could have seen us doing six or seven years ago but we've done it in a way that makes it sound even better."

What differences do you see?

"Well, we were a lot more flowery in the early days."

That's a strange word to use, it suggests unnecessary adornment.

"Looking back, it was. But it's very difficult to look back because things that were contemporary a few years ago now sound very dated. But some things last, 'Supper's Ready' still sounds great, and there's even more power in it when we play it live these days."

The history of Genesis is inescapable, appearing to the band almost as a spectre at times.

"I've felt we've been tied down by our history, it's often felt like a weight around our neck having to keep recording albums in a similar vein. And that's something we've tried to break away from. We made a conscious decision around the time of 'Duke' to do that and it really began to show when we sat down to write 'ABACAB'. We found ourselves with lots of songs which we could have used but they were like things we'd done before so we stuck to the tracks

we knew were different."

Another form of group catharsis has been the Solo Career. Both Banks' and Rutherford's initial solo efforts were slammed for being merely one third of a Genesis album in content but Collins got off to a flying start with 'Face Values', followed up last year by the equally successful 'Hello... I Must Be Going'. Rutherford meanwhile signed a deal with WEA, the first fruit of which was an album last year called 'Acting Very Strange'.

With Tony Banks' new solo venture showing a marked improvement on 'A Curious Feeling', it would appear that individual interests must now be lying somewhere beyond the confines of Genesis.

"I find it very exciting in a way that Genesis can't be, because there can't be that many new challenges for the group. But it's a totally new challenge having to sing a whole album, it's a bit like starting all over again which means learning new things, it's great."

"Genesis these days tends to mean nine months together and the same period apart and I get bored. Plus the way we write Genesis material now means that we don't go in with ten songs of our own to work on, we start from scratch which means there's less demand on us. Genesis on its own is just not enough for any of us anymore."

Does this mean the end?

"Each year there is a big question mark and each year it gets bigger and bigger. This year when we started I was thinking — and I'm sure the other two were too — 'am I just going through the motions?'. Certainly the first couple of days were a bit slow, but then we wrote two or three things on the third day and I knew we were all hooked for the album and a tour."

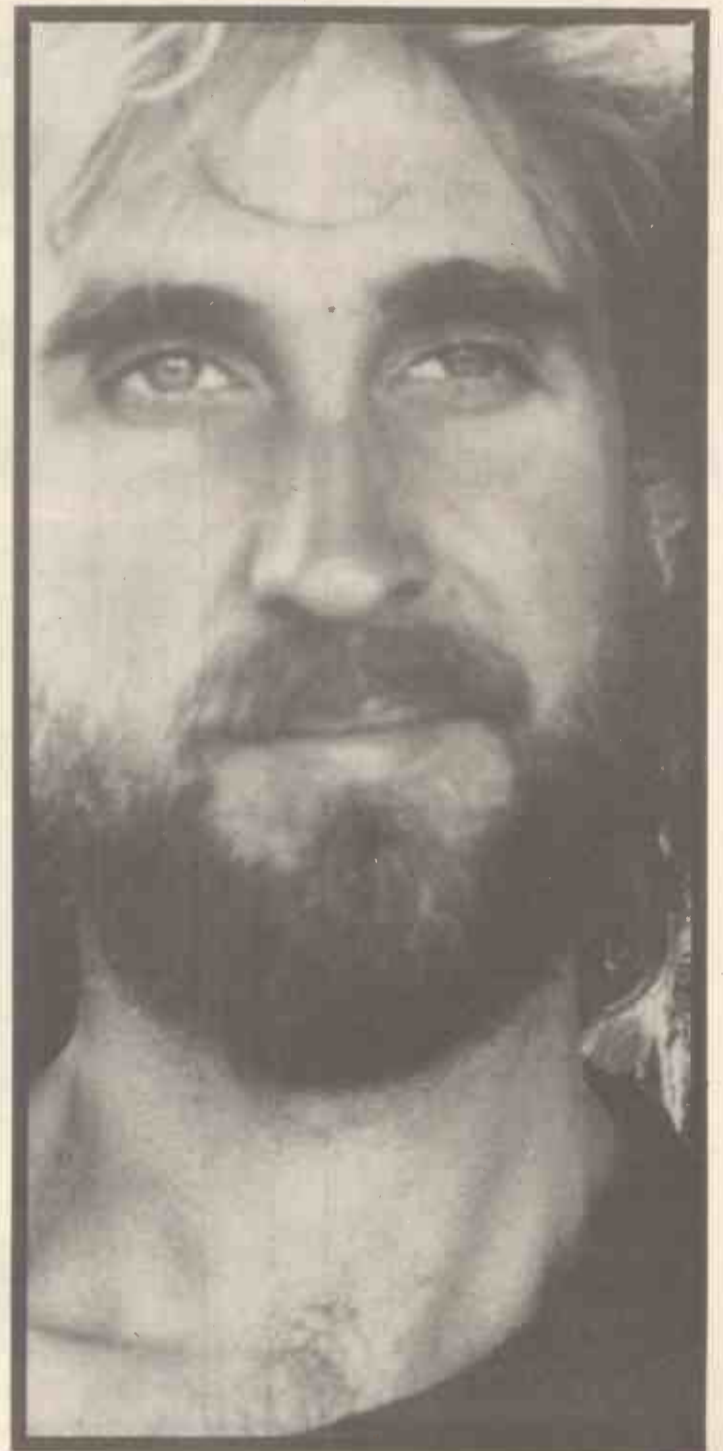
"But if we come to it next time and those couple of days turn into a couple of weeks I think we'd stop because it would mean that working together didn't excite us anymore. I'm sure if we stopped touring the band would finish, because I'm certain it's the one thing we do as a band that holds us together."

**M**IKE RUTHERFORD resists the temptation of pouring himself another coffee and begins to ponder the lot of Genesis.

"You know, we've been unfashionable for most of our career. We got good reviews around the time of 'Foxtrot' but for the majority of the time we've been unfashionable."

"And yet people make you feel like a bank or something when they ask you how secure Genesis is. They like to feel Genesis is going to carry on forever, when the truth is it's as secure or insecure as it ever was."

"That feeling I was talking about when we start to record has been with us since the second album, but we still get excited about it. There's definitely a magic which is either there or it isn't. And when that goes, let's hope to God we stop."



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# SPECIAL REQUEST AND POPULAR DEMAND

Chris Burkham makes friends with the Special AKA



**S**OMEHOW THE QUESTION which should have been asked, the answer to which would have made one or two things a little, though maybe not that much, clearer, did not suit the circumstances.

It was there, nagging away, but it just would not have sounded pertinent. It was definitely there to be asked, ready and waiting to slip out at the

right moment, even though that moment was not to be.

Perhaps my expectations were too high. What I wanted was to ask Jerry Dammers whether he had, at any point, cracked up. It would have been interesting to dig into Dammers and find out why (he does things), how (he feels), who (he trusts) and so on — a touch of amateur psychiatry? Not really, more an interest in the reasons for Jerry Dammers and what makes him tick. For what makes Dammers tick contributes by far the greatest part

of what makes the Special AKA tick.

At least Dammers had enough honesty to admit that being interviewed at this point of his, and the Special AKA's, career was mainly (if not *only*) to help publicise their most recent record release.

That isn't really the *point* though, it may well be cheaper than taking out an advertisement (and this particular 'advertisement' would be a bargain at around £2,000) but there should be more meaning to the exercise — or, at least, one hopes there should be.

This is not to say that it was *meaningless* — his conversation did not show any obvious cracks, if you follow me — but the deliberate setting of the interview as being 'a band one', with Rhoda Dakar and John Bradbury also in attendance, shifted the emphasis from a probing of Dammers to a discussion on the Special AKA.

The Special AKA are, surprisingly, excellent.

The surprise is because there is an expectation that they will deliberately overreach themselves, that their eerie music and pointed lyrics just might not get the next time round.

They are, in fact, a band who work on the brink of their talents and limitations. Theirs is a tenuous music which appears to hold itself together despite itself. The mixture they use — it seldom stays in one place long enough to be pinned down as any particular *type* — works because it only just does so.

The Special AKA also manage to make statements without their lyrics having the air of 'fifth-form-grammar-school-project', instead they are well-crafted stabs against rape ('The Boiler'), genocide ('War Crimes'), racism ('Racist Friend') and the selling of the myth-dream of London ('Bright Lights') — each has a point to make, and does it succinctly and with feeling.

Now this *is* important, for it is that feeling (and the knowledge that it exists) which gives their songs credence and, once again, makes them *work*.

This does bring us to A Point; that is one of the Special AKA's records, as I have said, working but failing to sell in appreciable quantities. Now this *is* surprising, and then again it is not. For the Special AKA are competing with the easy action of the 'pop scene', and their alternative is not designed to comfort and molly coddle the listener but to state that all is not well and that certain things have to be changed. It is not atypical pop.

The new single 'Bright Lights'/'Racist Friend' (Dammers mentioned, at least four times, that the record is a double A side in an attempt to negate Chrysalis's suggestion, "in their infinite wisdom", that 'Racist Friend' was the obvious A side) sees the Special AKA settling down into their continuation of what the Specials started. The crimes are, indeed, still the same.

**F**ROM MY POINT of view it is not enough to just not be a racist yourself, you have to be a positive anti-racist. You have to actually make a stand against it, because otherwise nothing ever changes. Things like the Anti Nazi League and Rock Against Racism were good, but now that has all gone out of fashion and unfortunately racism is still with us. It's almost as if the issue of racism has gone out of fashion, but that doesn't mean that it has gone away.

"It is still important to make your position clear, that you *are* anti-racist, that you do not want to be friendly with racists. You have to make a stand. I personally think that racism should be a criminal offence. People are locked up in mental hospitals for a variety of reasons and I don't see why racism shouldn't be as much a reason as any other mental disturbance. It's illogical, it's irrational, it's a phobia, a fear.

"Just call it advanced xenophobia." The sentiments on songs such as 'War Crimes', and even 'Racist Friend', do not seem to find their way onto the perpetually cheery (It's a wonderful world . . .) deejays playlist.

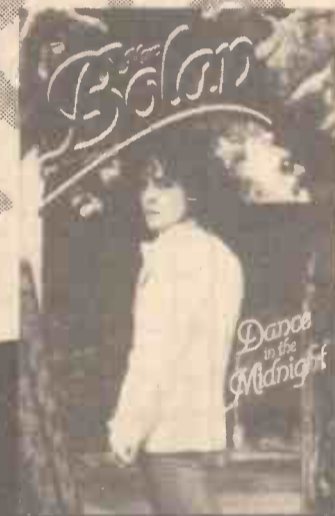
"There are certain things that radio stations feel embarrassed about playing for some reason, it's like censorship in a way but you can't get round it as they'll say, 'We don't like that record so why should we play it?' You tend to

Continued page 20



Pix: Harry Papadopoulos

# Marc Bolan.



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ALL OFFERS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

From page 18

question the reasons as to why they don't like it though, it's probably because it touches a nerve and is a bit too close to the truth I suppose. 'The Boiler' was embarrassing for a lot of men to listen to, because it made them edgy and giggly. That was the reaction that I got from a lot of people, it make them uneasy."

Rhoda Dakar co-wrote and sang on 'The Boiler' and was asked after its release: "Couldn't you do a love song next time?"

Anyone can cobble together a love song, it is the simplest thing in the world — the charts are brimful of them. To take the next step beyond that easy formula takes craft and expertise, to create a pop single which is a pop single and give it content does not endear the makers to the radio programmers and mainstream media.

They would rather another kitsch 'n' sink drama from rice pudding face Paul Young than a single paralleling the atrocities of Belsen with those of the Beirut massacre.

"With 'War Crimes' the subject was almost too serious for a pop song, so it wasn't really a pop song. Because if you write a pop song about children in hospitals getting bombed it is a bit sick if you're reaping in the money from it. So musically we tried to do something a bit more interesting and offbeat, to make it obvious that it wasn't supposed to be a 'pop hit'.

"But, as I said, the band is now getting back into pop music — I hope! We're going more in that direction with the next couple of singles."

In what way are you going to change? "Well . . . I don't know, you'd have to hear the singles really. They're just more poppy, although I don't know what that word really means . . . more likely to be popular we hope. If there's one thing I'd like to put across it's that I hope people will try and make the effort to listen to 'Bright Lights' as I think that is quite a poppy tune."

Do you feel there is any pressure to prove yourself, either from within or outside?

"From outside definitely, and from inside we've got to prove what we're capable of doing musically — I think that's essential. In a way that's the whole point of doing it, to get some satisfaction out of it. In commercial terms I think that with 'War Crimes' and 'The Boiler' they weren't intended as hits, but with the next few records they will be aimed more at that area."

Are you consciously writing in that direction?

"No. The next single, 'Lonely Crowd', has turned out that way, and I think



that 'Bright Lights' turned out that way because it has quite a commercial sound but I don't know whether people will get to hear it."

**A**LTHOUGH AUTHENTIC art — a dangerous phrase! — and commercial brouhaha have to work hand in hand it is always difficult to get the balance right.

At the moment the Special AKA are attempting to perfect that, out of necessity as much as anything else: "We have to sell records to keep going — it's an economic fact of life — we just can't go on making records and not selling them because it is too expensive."

There was a point when Jerry Dammers professed a dislike for continuing to make records — he has variously said that he would prefer to work almost exclusively live, or utilising radio and cassette recording to bypass the record. It appears that his interests are seldom for financial gain purely and simply, and in 1980 Lynval Golding was quoted as saying: "Jerry's got no interest in money, none at all." His interests are wrapped up in the continuation of the Special AKA.

"I'm not totally against records anymore, I've changed a bit on that subject. I went through a phase of doubting the validity of releasing records, but we are going to release records on a more regular basis now."

Do you change your mind about things very often?

"Some things I change my mind on obviously, but you'd have to ask somebody else about that!"

Brad, does he change his mind very often?

"Not very often, no!"

"That whole thing about records was that I personally needed a bit of a rest from being in the public eye, which was becoming something of a strain, and building up this band. We now have enough tracks recorded for a couple more singles and the LP. The thing is that after the Specials people expected you to release records with a view to having hits, whereas I didn't sit down and try to write something that was likely to be a hit."

"With 'The Boiler' and 'War Crimes' we made those records because we felt we had to make a point, and sometimes you have to sacrifice commercial success in order to get that point across. I hope that now we will start to sell records in larger quantities again."

It could be suggested that there is an underlying feeling that now the Special AKA really do have to start selling records, there isn't exactly an air of desperation (far from it, really), but for the Special AKA to continue they need to start making money.

If (God, or whoever you pray for, forbid) there came a point where their future looked in doubt it would be criminal that they would have to stop.

There is a need for a Special AKA, because they have a rare talent — their songs are honest, thought provoking and, equally as important as all these worthy aspects, the actual music is close to (so close to) brilliance.

"This band is trying to carry on the original aims and ideals of the Specials, which is why it has the same name. It is a continuation. Musically it is an obvious continuation, and obviously the ideals have been carried through and hopefully those ideals, what the band stands for, will stand the test of time. I like to think of the band continuing, hopefully, for a long time; a bit like the Drifters really, as they went through loads of line-up changes but the idea of the band was strong enough to carry it through."

"Obviously we suffered some pretty serious set-backs over the last couple of years, with five out of seven members leaving, which was a heck of a kick in the teeth — so we're getting over that now."

That 'kick in the teeth' has not left too sour a taste in the mouth of the Special AKA as the next single, 'Lonely Crowd', is partly inspired by the savage attack on Lynval Golding in the Coventry nightclub.

Although Dammers says that the future singles are likely to be in a more commercial vein it does not mean that the subject matter has been in anyway diluted to further the cause of commercialism.

"It's about the seedy side of nightclubs, and was written partly in

response to Lynval getting stabbed. Because at that time nightclubs were put about as being the be-all-and-end-all, a great way of life. I know a lot of people who go to nightclubs night after night, for years and years, and a lot of them are very lonely people and they're looking for a partner — and there are people who go on and on, but never find one.

"The second verse is about Lynval getting stabbed. In London the nightclub scene is quite nice and safe, but in Coventry it is quite seedy and a bit nasty. There were all the articles in the papers about the great London nightlife, and the reality in Coventry was Lynval nearly getting his bloody throat cut. And that was sickening in the extreme."

Outside of the relative comfort and sophistication of London there is, in the provinces, as Rhoda points out, "violence just below the surface if you step out of line".

On the streets of Leicester, where she lives, it is not unlikely that she would hear the cry of 'NIGGER!' on the streets — this is where the Special AKA really do prove their point, as they highlight the inherent ugliness of modern society, both the loneliness of the big city and the bigotry of the small-town mentality. If only for this (the uncovering of our failings) the Special AKA should not be allowed to disappear.

**T**HE SPECIAL AKA have the courage of their convictions, a strong grip on reality, a recognition of the failings and an attitude which doesn't allow for mealy mouthed platitudes or pushing the dust under the carpet — if they find the dirt they are more likely to fling it in your face.

"Mistakes? Loads, too numerous to mention, I wouldn't really know where to start. In the end though there must have been some good in the band, what it stood for and the music it produced was worthwhile which is the important thing. I think one of the things was that whole uniform image, I don't know whether it was a mistake but I don't know whether the music would have got through to people without that."

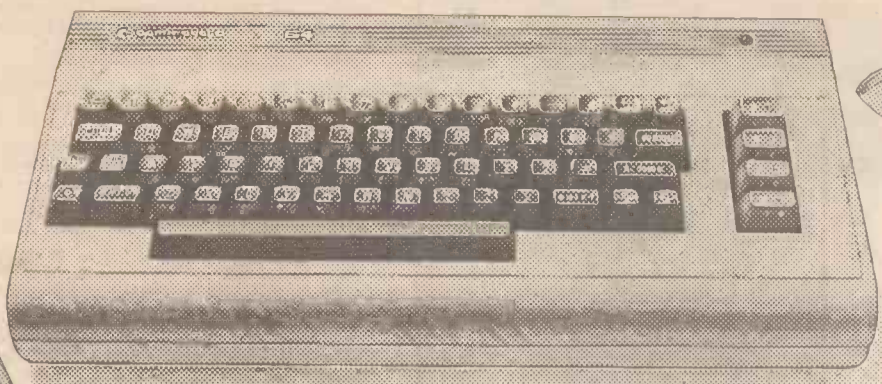
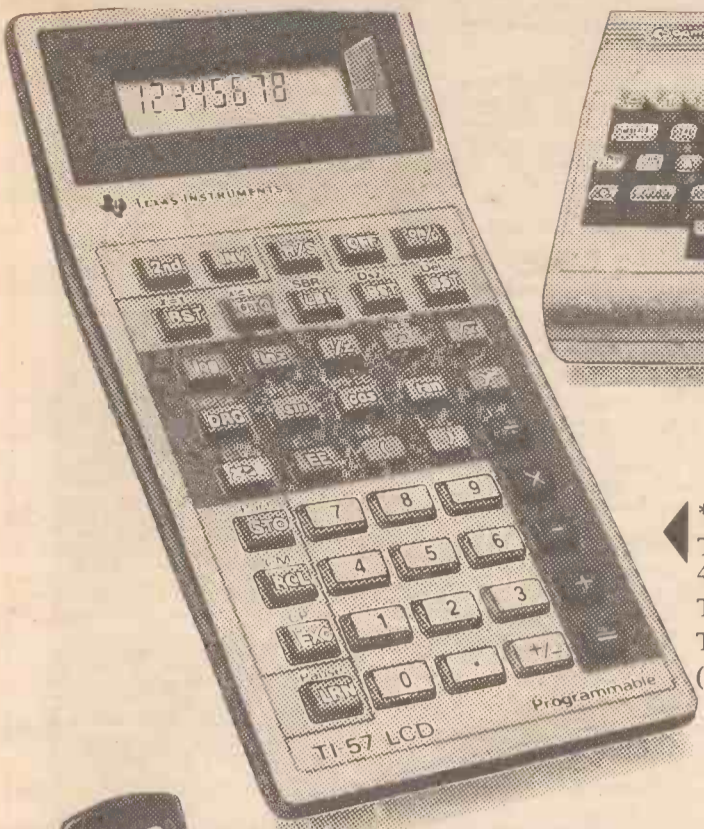
"It's a Bernie Rhodes trick really to give a band an image, because unfortunately that sells records and brings it all across to people. Every band that Bernie Rhodes has handled, from the Clash, to the Specials, to Dexy's, to JoBoxers, he has given them a strong uniform image and you can't get away from the fact that that does get the band off the ground."

"Plus the fact that that image was confused with the whole skin-head thing, although the bands intentions were almost directly opposed to what the public thought that image meant. It's like, can you put across Socialist ideas in a uniform which people associate with right wing ideas? It's doubtful whether the music would have got across otherwise, so I don't know if there is an answer to that question."

What are you most proud of?

"The music. There is nothing else to be proud of except the music."





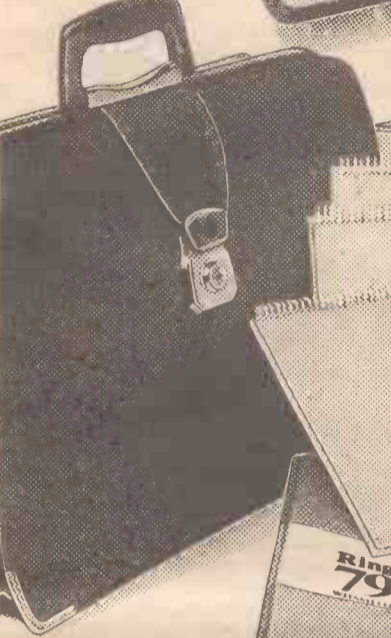
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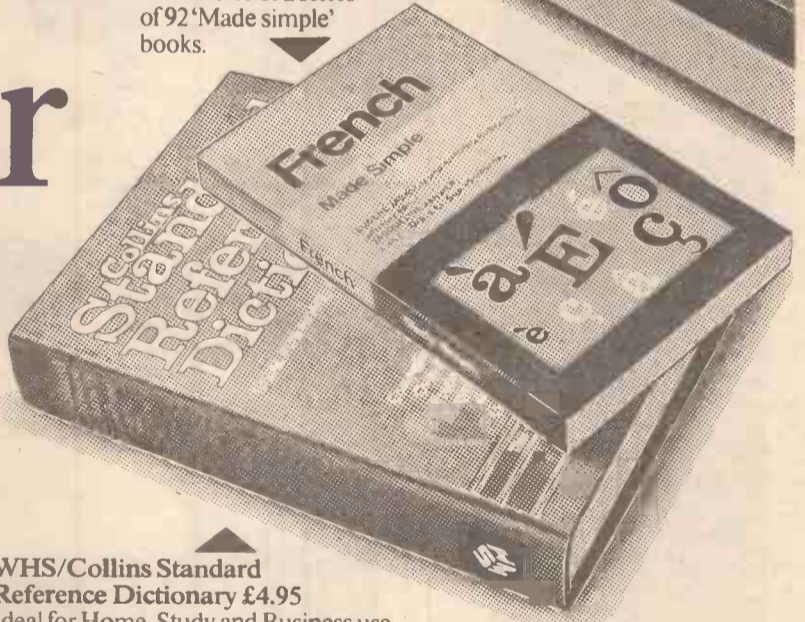
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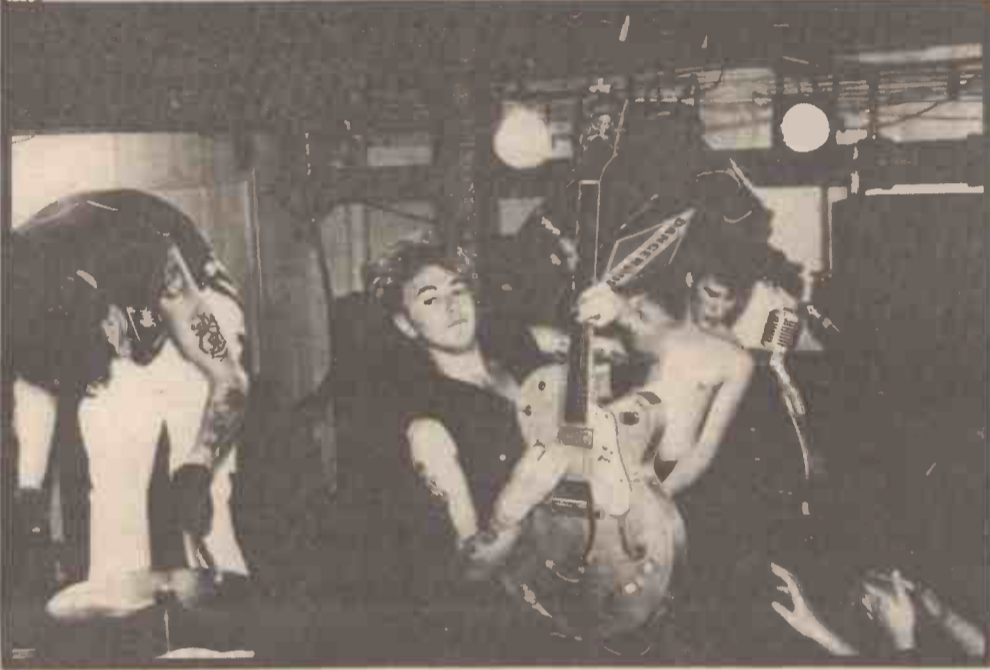
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STRAY CATS LEAD CAROLE LINFIELD ASTRAY



Pix: Andrew Catlin

**T**HE AUSPICIOUS beginnings of the Stray Cats, in a dungeon-like pub called the Thomas A Beckett in the seedy Old Kent Road, was a little populated affair.

The sheer energy, the rawness, the newness of the Stray Cats' rockabilly took the flagging, après-punk gig goers by surprise, and were welcomed by the British press and public as a solitary gleaming light in a dark, dank winter of discontent.

In keeping with this sweat-stompin' music and cool cat aloofness, the Cats were soon clawing their way up to a more than respectably high branch of the pop tree.

But they weren't spared the cutter. The cruel wind doth blow, and the Cats plunged wailing down to earth.

"We felt as though we were being driven out," recalls Jim.

"It really hurt," agrees Brian, a pained expression crossing his still rather boyish face. "When the second album didn't do too good, we were really disappointed. It was partly our naivety — we didn't expect the British press to go for our throats the way they did."

"In America, they'd rather not write about you at all than print a bad review, or if they do they don't tear you apart — purposely print a bad picture of you, or get bitchy and say things like 'your mother's got herpes and your father's got AIDS...'"

"... And you've got both!" adds Jim wryly — perhaps the most, er, publicised of the band through his recent (much scorned) relationship with Britt Eckland.

That, of course, is a subject for the *Sun* — but does that kind of attention annoy?

Jim: "Well, it can't really hurt the Cats. Whatever they write, it won't make any difference to the rock fans."

You don't think it loses you

credibility?

"When Carl Perkins calls up and likes the music, and James Burton and the Bluecaps, that's where the credibility comes from, not whether or not you get photographed at Hollywood parties or not."

"Touring America, meeting those guys and getting their approval, that's what counts. Hearing them say, 'it's good to hear that Memphis guitar again'. The Bluecaps even gave me some of Gene Vincent's clothes, and Eddie Cochran's fiancée gave me some of his things, and that means an awful lot. That meant they accepted us."

"Without that, we'd have got very depressed after the British thing."

The Stray Cats are, of course, Big News in America these days. Thanks to them, America has woken up again to their rock 'n' roll heritage, and Macy's, New York's bland department store, now stocks double basses and bowling shirts.

"It's good to see all that back in daily life," says Brian. "And now, nearly every town has a rockabilly band..."

But their problems are far from over here. They're treading a little more stealthily and steadily on the muscle of that Stateside success, but still lack any real sting in the tail.

The single, in context with the album, is deceiving, though — it's the obvious 45 lift from the album, and a rather dry song at that. Though 'Rant 'N' Rave With The Stray Cats' does still miss that certain edge that they excel in live, it's certainly a more rockin' effort than the single would deceive you into believing.

Their decision is, they say, to get "more rockabilly crazy", with more of those Hawaiian steel guitars and doo-wop backing vocals. It's a style that may more readily take to the studio set-up.

But the good-naturedness of the Stray Cats — their politeness — is something surprising, too. And that's

despite them saying that they've "never had a good review or interview in *Sounds*" (or *The Sounds*, as they insist on calling it).

Which also caused the incident in which they refused a *Sounds* photographer some pictures of themselves at a Hollywood bash some months ago. It led to them reportedly "hating the British, thinking Britain was a pit and not wanting to talk to the scummy British press". It's a rumour they say as being "too ridiculous for words".

It's certainly not in evidence today, as they munch through fast food burgers, laughing at the story of the cows' eyes reputedly used in those frothy shakes (which nonetheless put Brian off his drink!). Perhaps they've just grown up a bit.

"We went back to America, and we'd learnt how to be a band," says Jim.

Whatever you think — and in snobby Britain, the purists will always hate the Stray Cats — they bring a certain style and glamour back (note those classy Ed "Big Daddy" Roth sleeves), a hint of the rock 'n' roll of old, and a touch of coolness. In America, with the advent of MTV and their extensive touring, they've at least opened up minds previously closed to music and fashion outside of Foreigner or The Police.

"We don't get hassled any more," admits Lee. "Before, you couldn't walk down the street without getting yelled at."

"But what I'd really love to do," says Brian, "is take 15 cowboys from some Oklahoma truck station, and put them in the Kings Road on a Saturday..."

"They'd think they were on another planet!"

Which is a long way from where the Stray Cats sit, feet on the ground, purring somewhat, and preening themselves. They know that, in this country at least, they still need to sing for their supper.

But they're bristling. And ready for some action.

# THE STRAY CATS

NEW SINGLE

## IN AND OUT OF LOVE

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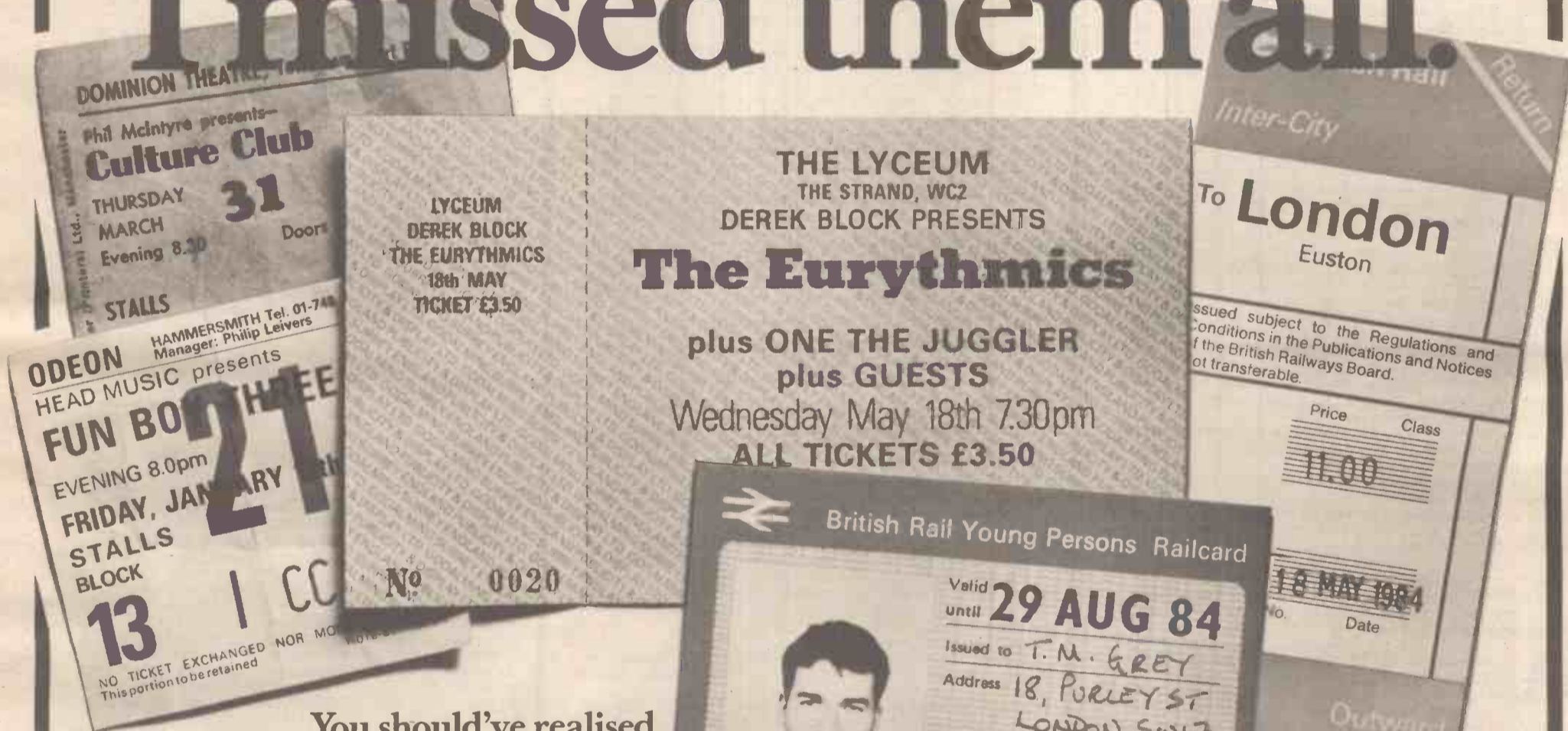
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The psychedelic posters. The doorman's velvet flares.

Going in was something else. The group looked like rejects from a Free Festival.

And the audience weren't much better.

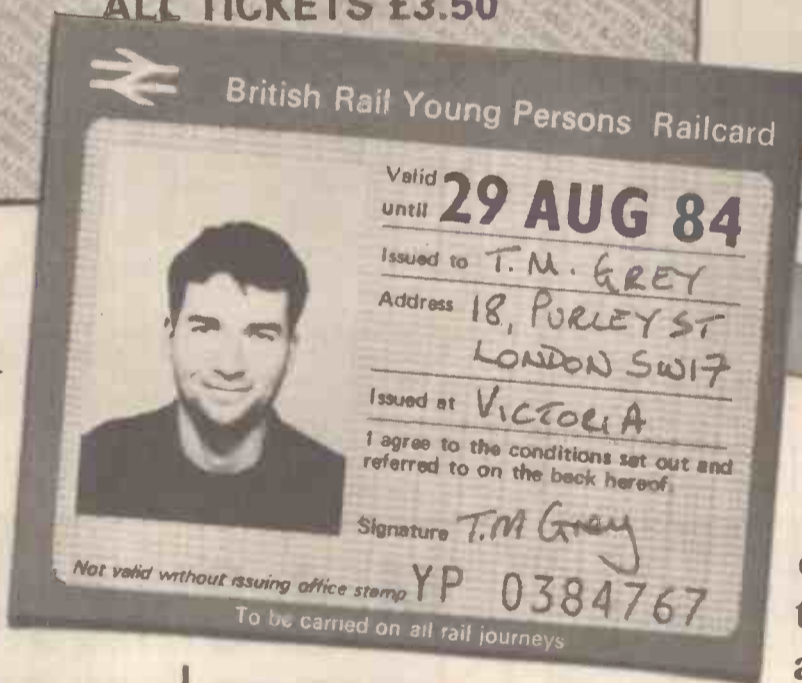
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**T**HE band was an accident really." Serious Drinking stumbled out of the pub (any pub) one closing time, joined together in a selection of beer flavoured chants and then lumbered themselves with *that* name, at once both jocular and damning, as a reaction to the long, hot summer of funk and the rise of the electro-blop empire.

The first faint whisker of the media brush stroked them purely by virtue of that dubious christening. It stimulated the thirsts of the drink uber alles (or any ales) hop-head gang. Meanwhile, the more sober-minded observers envisaged no more than a cheapskate, pint-sized novelty.

And then came 'Love On The Terraces'. A surface appearance of a jolly singalong with sporting connections, it actually ran several stages deeper, making all kinds of visceral connections, capturing precise moods and feelings through its guise of absolute simplicity and *everydayness*.

I met the singers, Eugene and Martin, on a blazing hot day. They're too sweaty, too polite and deep down too *nice* to immediately engage in aggressive verbal battling with the rigid thinking of today's pop world.

Eugene and Martin virtually *radiate* averageness. A string vest, Hawaiian shirt and eyes that say "fancy a pint?" rather than sparkle with dashing showbiz arrogance.

Eugene: "We did initially get carried along with the humorous name. I've been trying to think more about the lyrics I've been writing, trying to put more meaning in."

Ah, but you can't always determine the meaning that people will glean. The joy of parts of the Serious Drinking repertoire is that the effect sometimes goes beyond the intention.

Martin: "The LP is an anthology of the *going down the pub* mentality. Obviously we can't go on for another year writing about going down the pub. We've had a good run for our money, four Radio One sessions and two singles."

Eugene: "Which doesn't mean we're going to change our lifestyle because us and our friends are very much the people who like a drink and a laugh."

**A**ND football? An LP cut, 'Spirit Of '66', ostensibly about the England World Cup winning team of that year, wraps its jaws around the mood of the generation that grew up with that victory (I was nine, Eugene and Martin were both seven). It was a success that compounded the misguided patriotic notion that England both as a football team and as a nation was superior and invincible.

The subsequent defeats (the 1968 Nations Cup tie in Yugoslavia and the lingering farce of Mexico '70) were extreme shocks to young minds. The first chipping away of that unreasoning nationalistic belief. And if you take football as a barometer of the



Pix by Tony Mottram

# TEAM SPIRIT



national psyche, Serious Drinking in 1983 singing "we're going to win the World Cup in Spain" with its obvious after-the-event hollow optimism has a bitter resonance in our post-Falklands society.

Eugene: "I'd prefer it if we were a country like Brazil where the football is taken seriously as a way of bonding the country together — as opposed to war mongering or the patriotic side . . . 'let's put the Great back into Great Britain'. I'd prefer that we rallied round our football team rather than the armed forces. I'd feel more proud of that than the stuff that's thrown at us from papers like *The Sun*. The Falklands Heroes stuff and the whole Death Or Glory image that came out so strongly at the election."

Good team, Brazil. Shame about the economy . . .

Martin: "Our following is made up of very similar people to us, they haven't got a lot of money and they aren't prepared to risk two or three quid on a band they're not sure about."

But that's the current state of the industry. It is all geared around daytime radio and everything, for economic reasons, becomes subservient to that. Airtime makes record sales makes band. If you don't fit in with that then people won't be aware of you.

Eugene: "The big thing nowadays is to capture the punters at home with glossy videos, the little girls and impressionable kids."

Martin: "We've missed out on daytime radio and we've missed building a sort of cult following because of the way we look and dress."

Eugene: "There's no uniform to follow or rockabilly haircuts. But I think that's part of our uniqueness, if you want to call it that. We've had trouble getting gigs because we don't have the following that bands like the Meteors or the Batcave bands have. Still, if we keep lugging away at it . . . if a small independent band like us does become successful then at least it's something you've done through your own hard work."

Very worthy but . . . *plugging away*? The pop arena of '83 is tuned to speed and action. The 'uniqueness' sets Serious Drinking out on a limb. For better or worse.

Martin: "This may sound patronising (?) but we do sum up the spirit of what a lot of people feel at the moment. You look down the chart and everything is just *marketed*. Most blokes who are between 16 and 23 cannot identify with Duran Duran or KajaGooGoo."

Eugene: "There always seems to be an explosion of teenybop things at the start of a decade. Maybe we'll hang on until the late '80s."

Martin: "A lot of our lyrics are quite ironic, 'Love On The Terraces' has that anti-football violence thing in it — "Baby I'm Dying A Death" which highlights the frailty of any teen love affair which involves going out drinking all the time and shouting."

"We're trying to make people aware of the pitfalls of existence and be a bit more sincere to each other."

Eugene: "'World Service' is about not taking things for granted. What you have is better than dodging bullets or ducking

bombs."

Martin: "That line sounds a bit of a joke but most people can't relate to that. It's very difficult when you watch TV or listen to the radio and are confronted with horror for five minutes at the start of every bulletin. The majority of people can't really come to terms with that sort of thing."

Eugene: "Things like that affect us. I've tried to sum up some of the feelings with that humorous edge because that kind of relieves the tension. That what we find with our humour, it does relieve tension from situations — thinking *this* is going to happen to me, making a joke about it gets it out of your system."

Martin: "Someone I played the album to said it was like a documentary of the working man's dilemma. I agree with that up to a point."

Eugene: "Living in Hackney or Whitechapel as me and Martin do, you do look around and think how lucky you are. Just down from Martin's place there are three Bengali families in the three front rooms of the house and in the back three rooms are three Scottish bachelors, they all use one kitchen and living room. So a lot of people are less well off than you are. 'I'm Alone Again' isn't the worst thing that could happen to you. But people do seem to indulge in self-pity for some reason."

Martin: "I suppose there is a similar underlying thing in our album as there was in Sham's 'That's Life'. That sold over 150,000 but if you listen to it you find it is a really desperate LP, it just goes nowhere, there's no optimism. I think there's a lot of optimism in our music."

Eugene: "We have tried writing political songs. There was one called 'Vomit, Vomit' ha ha."

But your songs *are* intensely political, without being blatantly POLITICAL.

Martin: "A song like 'World Service' could have more value to somebody than a 2,000 word piece in the *Guardian* on the state of things in El Salvador. It might just touch people. I'm quite a politically aware person, I read a lot and watch television."

"Perhaps we sing about things that people don't want to hear. The stuff in the charts is just rubbish. The stuff in *The Sun* is just rubbish. We're writing songs for the people on the same level as us, ie they've got little money, too much time and are quite depressed about what's happening around them."

"We are quite happy in our little circle of friends and the opportunity arose over the last nine months to actually say something. Most of the people we're appealing to don't even have that. All they've got is to go out and get pissed on a Saturday night, then struggle through the week on the dole or at some horrible job."

Serious Drinking are neither part of nor separate from all the manoeuvres and exploitation that make up the wicked world of pop. Their place is in the dingy basement at the bottom of a gleaming sky-scraping structure called The House Of Corporate Entertainment.

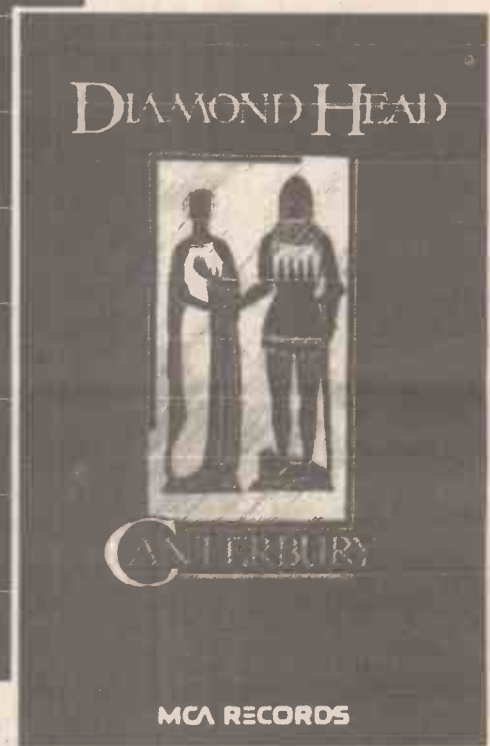
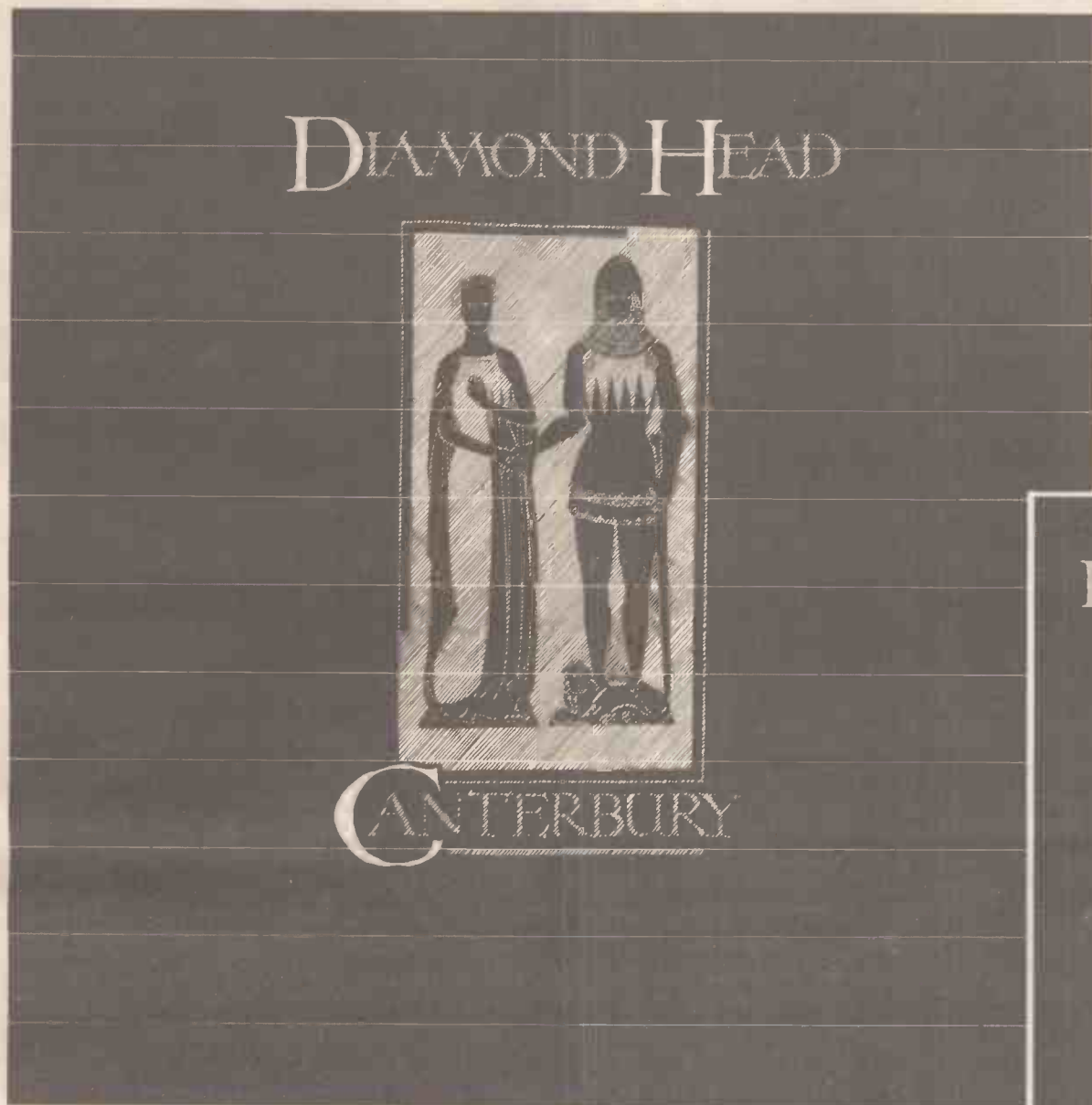
And that's enough to drive anyone to drink. Seriously.

# Mick Sinclair meets his match with SERIOUS DRINKING





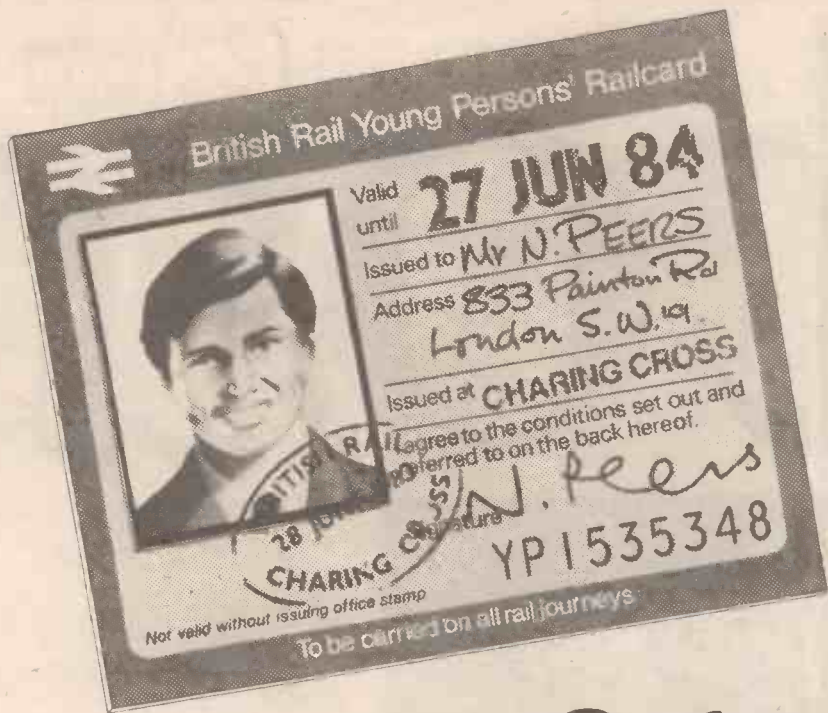
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# Just in

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You won't regret it. (Though your mother might.)



# This is the age of the train

## PUNK AND DISORDERLY



L-R: JOE, GARY, GREG, ALF

## RAT PATROL

ANOTHER DISPATCH from your roving reporter, refreshing the parts hip metropolitan journalists don't reach; this time we're in Exeter, a place I have never, ever seen featured in a music paper before.

For Greater London chauvinists, you turn west (towards Hammersmith) and keep on going - they've got a fairly incompetent football team, lots of good pubs and an excellent new band called Rat Patrol who rock the casbah all the way to Plymouth and back.

Their inspiration is a guy called Joe, a mercurial figure whom I met while the band was still in the planning stage; listening to his inspired style I knew there was something special in the can.

And so it proved when I got their first tape; even at such an early stage, promise and enthusiasm shines through. Joe plays drums and shares lead vocals with Alf (guitar); Greg plays bass and Gary lead guitar in a combination which covers the whole spectrum from hard, powerful rap through swingin' r'n'b à la 101'ers to fierce driving tunes BETTER than side two of the second Clash album. And the words...

'Last Offensive', their best number, spells out the Ratmessage with a broadside against America in Vietnam, or El Salvador for that matter; 'Rat Rap' switches styles and targets, chronicling the rise and fall of punk as a force for change. 'Panic In London' is a fearsome tune, good Clash with something extra, and just for good measure 'Rat Dance' features a Big Country-style instrumental with some excellent dual guitar work. Versatile, this lot!

Three weeks ago the public bar of Exeter's Mitre pub was packed arse to willy for RatPat's latest gig; despite a rather dubious PA and a total lack of space they served up the goods in no uncertain fashion, including a thoroughly modern version of 'Keys To Your Heart', which is just one of many tributes paid to Strummer and the boys. Joe Rat Patrol turns my critical support for Strummer into something a whole lot deeper - this is real positive inspiration, and in Exeter ideas are thrown around which are sorely missed back home.

It's a hard battle in the West Country; some of the local attitudes Joe tells me about remind me of the Tory GLC's pathetic whining about the Pistols' Anarchy tour, and Rat Patrol appear to have something of a reputation. Still, they can get the gigs - a recent communication from Patrol manager Phil tells me of an even more packed evening at the local Riverside Club - and they've certainly got the following...

Usual problem, though - when you live over two

hundred miles from London in the area usually (cretinously!) associated with cider and straw it's difficult to get London publicity and even more difficult to get gigs. So far, Rat Patrol have made it as far as Teignmouth and Torquay; there's a long way to go, but they've got a lot going for them.

By the time you read this, their first single ('Last Offensive' and 'Rat Rap' - totally auto-produced, '77 style) should be available, and it comes with a solid gold recommendation. Distribution problems are anticipated in advance - they're doing everything themselves, remember - and so if you want a copy, £1.25 inc p and p to Phil Hulme, 8 Stoke Hill Crescent, Exeter, Devon.

These days the papers are full of silly mor synth wimps with ridiculous haircuts who get their first feature courtesy of a persistent press officer at their record company (usually a major - that's the only sort of bands they sign these days). Some journalists are quite content to be part of a multinational publicity machine for fashionable prats who have everything laid on a plate because of the clothes they wear or their contribution to the latest computer technology.

Me, I'm a Luddite - give me a good, honest band like Rat Patrol any day. All over the country, in places the clubbers have never heard of, there are bands fired with hope and passion who deserve the chance to reach a wider audience. They are the bands we should be supporting, not the media fashion clones; the likes of Rat Patrol are the very lifeblood of our music scene. Leave the haircut wimps to the myriad versions of *Smash Hits*. They deserve each other.

JOHN OPPOSITION

MORE OIL! Leaks from our red moles at Alaska Studios suggest that the forthcoming 'Son Of Oil' album will be "a right bloody stormer" (a technical term) easily on a par with 'Carry On Oil'.

New street-punk hopefuls featured include the very off-the-wall Paranoid Pictures and the very Clashy PROLE!, while there's strong old guard contributions from the reformed Gonads, 4-Skins and Cock Sparrer, with plenty of poetry protest from Gal Johnson, Attila and Mick Turpin thrown in for radical measure.

Featuring the infant John Rouman on its cover, the album also stars the Anti-Social Workers, the Upstarts, Clockwork Destruction, the Orgasm Guerillas and about EIGHT other poets and raucous rockers. An October release date makes the whole package seem as near perfect as another Barden office invasion (worra wimpl)

# PANIC BUTTON

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

## Short SHRIFT

I SAW your bit about short elpees in a recent *Panic Button* and mine is definitely shorter than your given examples. Entitled 'Life's A Riot' with Spy Vs Spy on Utility Records, (Util 1), it consists of seven songs, and clocks in at 15 minutes and 49 seconds.

I don't feel at all ashamed as it retails at only £2.99 and was reviewed by Garry Bushell who gave it 3½ stars.

"If you can't say it in less than three minutes it ain't worth saying" — Someone Or Other.

"Are you gonna pull that gun or whistle Dixie?" — Josey Wales. — Billy Bragg, Utility Records

CAN ANYONE beat Billy Bragg, (shortly to be appearing at Leeds Futurama), to a *Sounds* sponsored record token? Shortest examples cited by *Panic Button*, (September 3), on the basis of past reader response were 'Sneakers' from the Flamin' Groovies, (Line Records), at 17 mins 10 secs and 'Devo Live', (Oved 1), at 16 mins 47 secs. And, since then, suggestions have been coming in thick and fast.

So far only one LP beats Billy hands down... the Americano effort 'Group Sex' by US punk band the Circlejerks, (Frontier Records FLP 1002), at 15 minutes exactly, submitted by Mark Streeton of Aylestone, Leicester.

Another possible winner from Vince Edwards of Newport, Rare Meat by Frank Zappa, weighing in at 14 minutes 42 seconds, turned out to be a six-track 12" EP. (Rhino RNEP 604), and has been disqualified. Has Mark Streeton won the wherewithal? Or will you? Entries in a plain brown envelope to 'Mine's The Shortest' c/o *Panic Button*.

## b-sides myself

RECENTLY I purchased the 'Peter Gabriel Plays Live' double album, but find I have two b-sides with my copy. I'd like to know if this record is valuable as a collectors item, or if I should take it back and ask for a replacement from the shop? — Gary McCann, Bristol

YOU'RE A Gabriel fan and are probably in the best position to decide whether or not this surfeit of b-sides is a worthy collectors item or not. Do you want to be stuck with it forever? If so, chances are someone else may be willing to pay hard cash for the pleasure.

An initial batch of the Gabriel double was pressed minus the quadruple completion of a 'D' side earlier this summer, and quite a few of these hybrids escaped the eagle eyes of factory quality control and made it into the shops. Dealers are aware of the problem and if you'd like a replacement including missing tracks 'Shot The Monkey' and 'Biko' see the shop where you bought your copy.

## Sound advice

I'M THINKING of buying a stereo system for the first time, and wondered if there's any available easy guide for a first-time buyer. Many of the technical articles in specialist hi-fi magazines confuse me. — B. Bond, Portsmouth

FOR A handy translation of both sales talk and glossy brochure jargon check out guidelines to choosing a stereo system in the May 1983 issue of *Which* consumer magazine.

This feature, testing ten packaged hi-fi systems ranging in price range from under £300 to over £400 offers general tips for those deciding whether to choose a complete package system or separate hi-fi components.

When choosing a record deck, for example, says *Which*, don't be convinced by facilities like a linear-tracking pick-up arm, (this doesn't make your records sound better — all it means is that the deck can be manufactured smaller); a programmable deck, (it can automatically change the sequence of LP or EP tracks, but do you really need this device?); quartz-locked, direct drive, (all this description confirms is that the turntable should revolve at the correct speed!); and stroboscope or fine adjustment of speed, (There's no special advantage in fine speed adjustment, says *Which*, unless you're a musician wanting to play along with a

record at exactly the same pitch, and all turntables should revolve at 33½ and 45 rpm anyway).

Recommended systems include the Pioneer X-G5 big floor-standing stack system, described as doing well "all round" and offering general "good value", and the slightly cheaper Akai PRO-S14, offering a good performance in every respect apart from the speakers: the Aurex Micro System 10B, (now discontinued), and Sony FH-7.

## Spear tickets

LAST YEAR some friends and I acquired tickets, costing £3.00 each, to see Spear Of Destiny at Caesars Bradford on December 8. But the gig was cancelled and the venue told us to hang onto the tickets as it would be rescheduled elsewhere in Bradford. It wasn't and we still have the tickets well over six months later. What do we do now? — Jim Doherty, Huddersfield

NO PROBLEM. Your mates and anyone else out there who still has unused and unusable tickets for any date on the mostly cancelled Spear Of Destiny winter tour 1982 can simply send 'em back to the band for a straight refund. Return your passports to nowhere to Terry Razer, Burning Rome Records, 25 Denmark Street, London WC2.

## Pass the buck

I HOPE the promoters of the Reading festival make a mental note to introduce a better pass-out security system for customers next year.

Once inside the festival grounds, ticket buyers were issued with a thin plastic puke-coloured wrist band to allow identification and re-entry. But for me and some other festival goers, things went badly wrong.

On the Sunday, a number of rock fans were forced to leave the site as the bar ran dry by 2.00pm, and my mates and myself went out for a crate of cider. My wrist band broke and I fixed it with a pin, but the security man on the gate refused to re-admit me, claiming that people who'd already left the festival were selling identity strips. I was asked for £8.00 entrance fee, but didn't think paying it again was worth the trouble.

A friend who attended a Dutch festival this summer spotted a much better check-out system. Punters were stamped with ultra-violet active ink to avoid forgery and had to pass through an activating light ray at the gate. Believe it or not, this was a British system! — Alec Burn, London

IF YOU, or other festival goers, can come up with further ideas about foolproof security passes you're welcome to zap 'em along to NJF/Marquee, promoters of the annual Reading extravaganza. Alas, the ultra violet system has already been tried and rejected.

"We used to have the UV stamp system in the early

seventies but this was dropped as soon as it was discovered that some people could be allergic to the kind of ink we were using. We had a case of someone breaking out in a rash," an NJF spokesperson told *Panic Button*.

"These plastic wristbands, based on hospital bands and especially imported from America, are safe and hygienic and the best system we've had so far, although they are expensive, which may be a reason why more people aren't using them."

"You can wash in them. They're non-allergic and very hard to break. Once clipped on, the only way you can get them off is by physically undoing the clip. We did have one instance, though, where someone complained that his wristband had been cut off in his sleep, overnight on the camp site."

"Obviously this security system is quite good and that's shown in the fact that your reader was challenged at the gate. I'm only sorry that he didn't come around to see the headquarters staff where the problem could have been sorted out."

Pass out tickets can get lost — or sold to festival goers who don't want to pay; ultra violet active ink may be bad for your health, and, under conditions of extreme stress even wristbands can be ripped from your wrist. Anyone who can beat the blight of the creeping wristband with the ultimate solution contact NJF/Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.

## Blow yer (ZZ)top



Ross Halfin

ZZ's BILLY GIBBONS acts the monkey

AT THE Castle Donington festival I bought a large ZZ Top sweatshirt for £12.50, but, due to the amount of alcoholic liquid, like cider 'n' beer flying around at the festival, I didn't take it out of the plastic bag until I arrived home. Then I discovered it was a medium size instead and a bit too small for me!

As the amount I paid is a reasonable sum of money to

spend on a sweatshirt I wondered if there's any way I can change the shirt? — G. Cooper, Rhondda

USUALLY PEOPLE who buy American sized T-shirts complain that they're too big rather than the reverse! Even so, it does sound as if you were sold the wrong shirt.

Sad to say, ZZ Top's merchandising company,

Great Southern, has now recalled any leftover shirts back to the States. But, Bravado, the British outlet for this Donington gear will try to arrange a replacement if you package that sweatshirt, unwashed and unworn, along with a covering letter and send it back to Keith Drinkwater, Bravado, 45/53 Sinclair Road, London W14.

# The Alarm

## SIXTY EIGHT GUNS

The New Single on 7" & 12"



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Fri 30th THAMES POLYTECHNIC  
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Sat 1st AYLESBURY Friars  
Mon 3rd ABERYSTWYTH UNIVERSITY  
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Wed 5th LIVERPOOL The Venue  
Thurs 6th COVENTRY UNIVERSITY  
Fri 7th NOTTINGHAM TRENT POLYTECHNIC  
Sat 8th MANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC  
Mon 10th GLASGOW Night Moves  
Tues 11th EDINBURGH Night Moves  
Wed 12th NEWCASTLE Tiffanys  
Thurs 13th HULL Spiders  
Fri 14th BIRMINGHAM Tin Can Club  
Sat 15th BRADFORD UNIVERSITY  
Tues 18th LONDON Savoy Ballroom  
Thurs 20th BOURNEMOUTH The Academy  
Fri 21st SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC  
Sat 22nd DUBLIN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE





THE ALARM: GUNNING FOR GLORY

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

**THE ALARM: '68 Guns' (IRS)**  
A *SONG*, a real song, without a disco beat, without synth saturation, without a free video bonus... someone pass the smelling salts!

The Alarm are very much part of the current refreshing return to emotion in pop, though they're less hectic than Case, more down to earth than U2 and maybe more up-front and forceful — despite the acoustic guitars — than the beautiful Big Country.

The epical opening surges into a stirring, swirling verse featuring slightly breathless but confidently powerful lyrics from Martin Peters before the 'YAY-AY, YEY-AY' terrace yells that introduce the anthemic chorus refrain of '68 guns will never die/68 guns our battle cry'.

1968 of course being the year that youth said NO. Hundreds of thousands took to the street against Vietnam, young French workers and students brought France to the brink of revolution, and in the States while the hippies roasted their dope, young blacks roasted Watts.

The Alarm celebrate the spirit of perpetual youth revolt in a number that's got more punch than a dentist's waiting room, more spirit than a Charing Cross dossers' convention, and more passion than a Harold Robbins paperback.

It's more to do with punk than anything Crass have ever recorded but it's Dylan and the Clash the melodies bring to mind. And it's bolstered by neat Beatles-like guitar parts, tasty trumpet and harmonica touches, and handsome harmonies that make the Neurotics sound almost amateur hour.

The big production might alienate some, but to these ears it gives the song a Springsteen feel that's supremely airplayable. It's more moving than Pickford's and deserves to be Top Ten.

**RUNNER-UP**

**THE PARTISANS: 'Blind Ambition' (Cloak & Dagger)**  
The ertswile Welsh wizards of whizz once looked likely to degenerate into fashionable juvenile thrash. Instead they've blossomed into a far more commendable creation.

Built on a descending riff that's beefier than a cattle farm, this is a dark, sinevy, naggingly catchy toast to individuality blessed with lead guitar lines that niggle and bite like irritating insects.

The combination of muscle and melody brings the unrealised potential of the Professionals to mind. This is modern punk at its best, powerfully poppy and provocative, thinking and forceful. The Partisans have come of age.

**THE BIGGER THEY COME...**

**SOFT CELL: 'Soul Inside' (Some Bizarre)**  
Almond really is the most pathetic of all the synth-pop 'stars'. A slimey, snivelling, self-centred wimp stamping his precious little feet and threatening to resign because people won't take him seriously. What does he expect? Applause for breathing?

On the evidence of 'Soul Inside' Almond's search for a tune is still unsuccessful. He couldn't write a decent song if he was stranded on Fantasy Island. But at least this makes a change from, his usual dragging banal drone being an uptempo banal drone, that I think is supposed to be an epical (cough) Ultrapox impersonation.

Typically we find the little minx in a terrible tantrum, getting all worked up about nothing and spewing out his dire doggerel as if he thinks it might actually matter to someone. I don't know if he ever took singing lessons, but if he did he ought to sue. His voice is akin to someone kicking a sick frog.

'Should I live, should I die?' he whines at one point. This really is tempting fate. Lady Luck might do us all a favour and donate his 'talents' to the

next world. On this one he's just a waste of oxygen.

**TOYAH: 'Rebel Run' (Safari)**  
Rebel run? She knows about as much about rebellion as Cecil Parkinson. Red-Rum would have been more appropriate given Ms Wilcox's passable resemblance to that famed filly, but no matter.

As relevant to 1983 as Latin, Toyah tries to cover her multitude of inadequacies with would-be epical gloss. Hence the 'stirring' keyboard intro and the 'stirring', for want of a better word, singing. Take it from me, she couldn't stir a cup of tea.

All it really boils down to is the usual plodding sci-fi nonsense and the usual ham vocals (yeah, she sings as well as she acts — that bad) more up and down than a Roman orgy. David Bowie's got a lot to answer for.

I can't think of a good word to say for this awesomely talentless midget, apart, I suppose, from goodbye. This is probably why I'm on her hate list.

**NICK HEYWARD: 'Blue Hat For A Blue Day' (Arista)**  
Oh no! Nick's bird's done a bunk and he's all upset (pause momentarily to throw up).

The best thing about this asinine pine is the line 'You can't understand what I had in my hand'. Put it away, you daft sod, no wonder the poor girl's left you!

Let's hope he doesn't try and find a replacement at a computer dating agency. He'd only end up matched with a fluffy toy rabbit. Or a large plank of wood.

Is Nick really as bright as a five watt bulb or am I over-estimating his intelligence? His tune is so light-weight I'm surprised the record doesn't float off the turn-table. There's more backbone in a blancmange.

Still, I suppose we can be grateful it wasn't a *brown* day, but more about Valac later...

**SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: 'Dear Prudence' (Wonderland, ie Polydor)**

Inspiration or desperation? The Banshees sensibly play this unexceptional old Beatles song fairly straight with only the token phasing and stereo effects to emphasise their, ahem, weirdness.

Maybe they'd run out of acid. Given their obsession with the 'White Album' we're lucky at least that they didn't do 'Ricky Raccoon'. A monster hit.

**UK SUBS: 'Another Typical City' (Scarlet)**

And another typical Subs song. A friend really should take Charlie aside and explain gently but firmly that he's past it, and we're really not interested in hearing stories about how he daringly jumps the pension queue and so on.

There's a rumour going round that everytime he goes on stage there's a teenager standing in the wings attached to him with jump leads. I can believe it, listening to this is like watching Jimmy Greaves trying out for West Ham Youth.

The EP cover proves that someone somewhere fondly recalls 'Holidays In The Sun'. And the record, which boasts the clumsiest chorus of all time, proves the new UK Subs sound exactly like a very poor imitation of the old UK Subs.

**MEATLOAF: 'Midnight At The Lost And Found' (Epic)**

Meat's fat florid face flops out of the cover inviting you to partake in some more tinny r'n'r that as usual hits all the heights of hysterical ham for no good reason at all.

Surely it can't be good for a man of his bulk to get so agitated. Think of his poor heart!

Meat's got a higher voice than my budgie and looks like an easter egg with elephantitis. When he performs the stage has to be specially reinforced with concrete.

My fave Meat story concerns the one time ex-*RM* hack, the dreaded Mike Nichols, who began an interview with him with the words "Is it gland trouble?"

**BARRY MANILOW: 'You're Lookin' Hot Tonight' (Arista)**

Despite hot competition

from Neil Carter, Bazza (aka The Nose That Ate New York) is the only real contender for the scummy *Sun's* Biggest Hooter In Britain competition. The reason he has to play on elevated stages is that otherwise no one could get within a 100 yards of the stage without a real risk to life and limb.

PS. How do you make Manilow's nose 12 inches long? Bend it in half!

**JOCK McDONALD'S INDECENT EXPOSURE SHOW: 'Are You Dirty' (Charly)**

Fears that Valac Van Der Veehe has been eaten by his wig are quite unfounded. He's actually alive and well and writing sleevenotes for records such as this. He must be getting paid by the capital letter seeing as EVERY other WORD is written LIKE THIS to emphasise the record's importance.

Actually it's a Pistolian rugby song circa 'Swindle' (Cook and Jones co-star of course) providing a showcase for Jock's effortlessly tuneless vocals. His singing is flatter than Twiggy's tits, but I can't help liking the silly old sod. He's the sharpest spiv in the biz and one day will be immortalised Arthur Daley-style. In the meantime, Rock 'n' Reel? Erh, nice one, Val...

**TRACEY ULLMAN: 'They Don't Know' (Stiff); SHEENA EASTON: 'Telefon' (EMI); ALTERED IMAGES: 'Change Of Heart' (Epic); ONE THE JUGGLER: 'Django's Coming' (Regard); ELO: 'Secret Messages' (JET); X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND: 'Incubus Succubus II' (4 AD)**

As a pop star, Tracey Ullman makes a great comedienne. No, I merely jest, Ms Ullman is très talented and though this sub-Spector sounding smooch is too *sugary* for my tastes I'd much rather have someone as gifted as her on *TOTP* than Sheena Easton, who shamelessly rips off 'Gloria', or Clare Grogan who's still coming on like a New Wave (sic) Bonny Langford, exactly what New Wave (puke) didn't need.

ELO I would have reviewed except I don't believe in speaking ill of the dead. But, oh me, One The Juggler! Six months or so back they were a name on a lot of hip A&R lips which goes to prove none of 'em know Jack Shit.

Ten years ago One The Juggler would have been called 'progressive'. They sing about magic et al in pained sub-early Bowie vocals, y'know, Tolkien and all that, and HEY MANN what are all these pixies doing on my typewriter? One for Pendragon fans (if such creatures aren't as mythical as Pendragon's talents).

Finally the X-Mals have made a record that ranks amongst the worst I've ever heard (and I've heard some dodos, JoJo). It sounds like the budget was so low the engineer died of starvation half-way through the song and they left his death screams on it.

Are people really still going on about devils? I wonder how Dave Henderson manages to write about such bands. Does he suck lemons to get in the right mood, or d'you think he just goes by the names? It's a real puzzler.

**DUCK OFF**

**SINISTER DUCKS: 'Suicide' (Situation Two)**

At last a band motivated not by a desperate need to have a hit BY ANY MEANS (murdering good songs, selling their mothers etc) but by the humanist desire to tell the world the truth about the most offensive animal know to man — DUCKS.

Don't let the Ian Wallace style of delivery put you off the uncomfortable TRUTH of lyrics which unveil these so-called lovely waddlers as 'web-footed fascists with mad little eyes...' who spend the nights 'stealing cars, reading pornography and smoking cigars'.

'They smirk at your hair-style and sleep with your wives' the lyrics continue, adding reasonably 'forcing old ladies to throw them some bread/Who could deny they'd be better off dead?'

Not me, that's for sure — eat the bastards!

TONY MOTT RAM

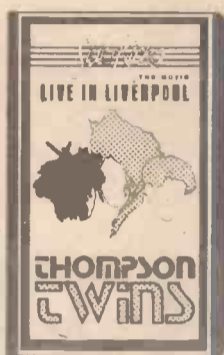
REVIEWED BY GARRY BUSHELL



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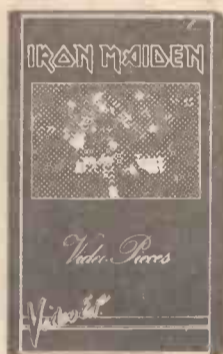
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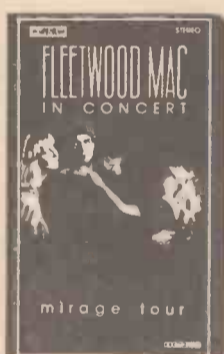
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# WHSMITH



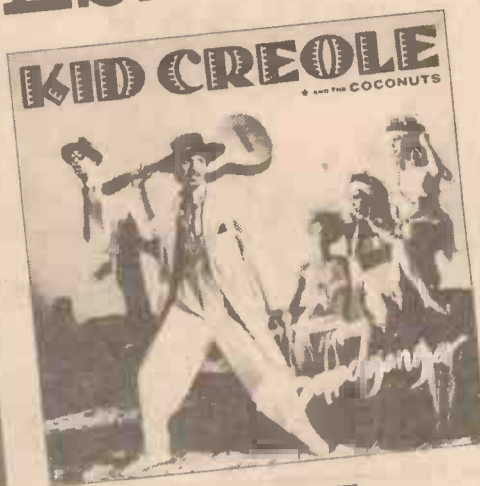
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**THE BEST FOR LESS**



# MURMUR'S BOYS

Sandy Robertson has pleasant dreams over

Pix: Tony Mottram

# R.E.M.



**A** ROOMFUL of Rickenbackers. Deceptive, somehow! REM (Rapid Eye Movement to you: the state of sleep that produces dreams and nightmares) do not yield, well not utterly anyway, to that hybrid myth of the Deep South drawl and Byrdsian twang that you might expect from the guitars. Friends of The Db's yes, allies no. Like Big Star... they transcend the hustle. Which is why I find myself in Hartford, Connecticut, in the execrable Koala Inn...

There have been a couple of groups called REM before; hard to comprehend why such an awkward name should be so in demand? Maybe - until the ear cops the current REM's muse-icl Can't comment on the prior incarnations (that they withered on the vine may be comment enough) but the boys from Athens, Georgia have it all: guitars tingle rather than jangle, there's a Southern ache in the vocals... pop washed in the warp and woof of a heady distortion! Part of a Southern tradition, see the painlessly-thin girlfriend carrying a Faulkner book in the dressing room full of...

Sulking over cold cream of asparagus! Supporting The Police, and the crowd only had time for Sting's strings. Only to be expected, but the fools missed out on aces like 'Radio Free Europe' and 'Talk About The Passion', two of the very best REM strokes from the 'Murmurs' album on IRS/A&M. The four (axeman Pete Buck, vocalist Michael Stipe, bassist Mike Mills and drumboy Bill Berry), originally garnered USA press and radio acclaim for an EP entitled 'Chronic Town', which in itself was more than they'd initially hoped for, having got together merely to play a party in an abandoned church that two of the band were living in at the time (1980).

Pete: "Y' see, I'd worked in a record store and all the musicians I met were real assholes, so I never wanted to be in a band. Michael convinced me it would be alright." Yeah?

"Yeah. He was the biggest asshole I'd ever met!" avows Stipe under his breath, smirking.

The rhythm duo had served time in a band playing Freddie King and Meters material, probably because the school they went to was 80% black, so a beat was kept. Away they went.

Now that they've fought their way up to radio land, who do they get compared to?

"The Byrds!" sez Pete, "Every day! And none of us even like The Byrds! Don't get me wrong, they're alright... But I knew The Jam had Rickenbackers before I knew The Byrds had Rickenbackers! There's a 12-string on three cuts on the album, but it's not like The Byrds' style, y'know? We had two reviews last month that said we sound like Jethro Tull! We get a lot of comparisons, vocally, to Psychedelic Furs. I like them, but I don't think it's valid."

Actually, upon investigation one finds that REM aren't really like anyone. The subject matter of the songs seems rather, um, vague and indecipherable, no?

Pete: "I wouldn't go that far... we all take acid and sit around and write lyrics! No... we're not trying to be vague, we sit and write songs and whatever comes out is the way it comes out, we don't try and edit ourselves or make what we do a lot more understandable for radio people. Rock 'n' roll is personal, and if it comes out elliptical..."

One thing that may hold REM back from the big bux more than any oddity in the toons, is their determination to shy away from big biz and big labels.

"RCA had courted us and we made demos for them. It was a surprise, because we expected small label interest, but IRS was the smallest one to approach us. But if we'd been on RCA our album would've come out the same week as the Scotty Baio album. Now I don't have a whole lotta dignity... it's just that I would prefer to have our record sold by people used to selling things like us..." Me? I think they could take on Scotty Baio... and win! But Miles Copeland? Mmmm...

Trivia fans may note that while the promo room at the gigs I saw were full of varied Police T-shirts, REM only had two kinds. But those two blew the shabby orthodoxy of the biggies away. Monstrous and arcane, the creation of the designs by one Howard Finster is a tale in itself.

Michael: "He's a Southern minister, he had a church for 40 years or so. He painted bicycles on the side, and one day he got paint on his thumb and in it he saw a vision of the Virgin Mary saying, 'Howard, paint sacred art!'"

Pete interjects: "If you just listen to his ideas you might think he's really wacko, but he's real intelligent. If he was insane he couldn't handle everyday business, but he's doing wonderfully, a really smart man. To me going to church and saying you drink grape juice that becomes the blood of Christ is just as silly as him saying he's come from another planet to make earth a better place!"

One wonders how such an odd gent got to be a preacher. But down South they do things a little different.

"You don't even have to go to school to be a preacher, you just 'get thuh call'. He got the call when he was 15. They have these outdoor meetings, they don't wanna see your diploma, you just get up and preach hellfire and damnation. And if they like you then you can build your following by people who think you're wonderful giving you money..." A bit like the rock and roll business, huh!

**A**S MIGHT be expected with a band as original as REM, working their own magic with the pop formulas, not everyone thinks they're wonderful. Tough audiences have been encountered.

"From what you can see in America right now, the current crop of UK bands all want to be rich and famous and beautiful, so some of 'em are gonna miss out on one or two points! I like Gang Of Four, The Beat, XTC and Throbbing Gristle... And the Virgin Prunes. Those bands are original, which I like, but that can be difficult."

"We played in an air force base in Wichita Falls, Texas, and we were getting death threats! They were passing notes: 'If you play one more song like this you DIE, faggots!' So me and Michael kissed one another after that, though we probably played the best show of the tour. They were screaming for rock 'n' roll, all these crew-cut recruits, so we played a Stones tune, and 'Secret Agent Man' and stuff. They got madder and madder, so finally I asked them what they meant by rock 'n' roll and they yelled out 'Scorpions, Van Halen!' That's why I have that Van Halen sticker on my guitar now! I like them, actually, ZZ Top too..."

How can we fail to take such catholic boys to our hearts? Drink to them only with thine eyes!

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# PATIENCE STRONG

**D**ON'T YOU think that all this writing about films and TV and video that's going on in the rock press these days has its equivalent in society at large with those people who buy home videos and sit indoors all the time, immersed in mindless video, escaping the real?

Certainly, the rock press's escapist acceptance of utter pig swill such as JoBoxers has its parallel in 'most people's' acceptance of Maggie T. Before the sub editor swoops to cut, I'd better say Peter Hammill made me think all this. My discovery of Hammill's music recently (and my delight when I think all you Marillionisers are probably doing the same thing) doesn't even make me feel embarrassed (that it didn't come 22 albums earlier); the negligence has made it all the better when the discovery comes.

It has come on what I take to be, even for the man himself, a particularly on form Hammill LP, 'Patience' (rush out and BUY). Talking to Hammill at his local in Bath revealed him to be particularly sharp as well in his critique of modern rock trends (all bad!). He was as cuttlingly eloquent as early Mark (forget the latterday 'E') Smith.

He looks like Peter O'Toole, talks like him, is devoted to the English language in an era of language-wreckers in rock, and is every inch a very glamorous pop star.

He has a mad grin. You would, if you were (22 on and counting) him.

*"Sometimes I don't know why I bother/But I'm bothered."*  
P. Hammill, 'Losing Faith In Words'

*Was your career boosted by Marillion's constant mentioning of your name?*

"I think it's the passage of time more than anything else. The style of 'Patience' came from playing with those three (Marillion) musicians over a couple of years, hardly any of which has been in this country. I almost haven't an answer to that question. . ."

*You're obviously in touch enough to reflect on rock's current badness in 'Jeunesse D'Oree' on the album.*

"Obviously that's about the business. Part of style is music, that's the modern shift. But the attitude around now is very much that of The Time Is Now, The Time Is Ours — and that's obviously something that goes back way beyond rock'n'roll."

*But hasn't it got worse, broadly speaking?*

"I can't tell. I can't be sure, because of my age, because I'm older now, whether what I would say to that would be the effect of my age! . . . Maybe because it's so much more obvious these days (the rock con) then it's better that way. When something's insidious that's the time to worry about it."

"I think a lot of it comes from the business being much older. It's exemplified by how the young bands know that much more about the business. I don't think it's possible anymore for bands to come in and blissfully make music. The nature of the world is a lot harder now, it's accountant-ruled to an extent. Bands have to be hot on that, which of course is opposite to my time."

"I don't envy anyone who's 18 now; it's a much harder world. . . It was super-naivete in my day to believe that record companies were charitable organisations there to promote art — I mean, they should be that, but. . ."

"They also of course have to be business, I'm not saying anything else."

*But the new album tells me you don't like the accountancy trends!*

"No, I don't like it, because it means there isn't enough attention paid to the art in it, whatever-you-want-to-call-it: sincere effort, if you like. Work of heart. Soul."

*But it affects you. It keeps you as 'an obscure artist', despite the merits of the new album and your current love of melody.*

"Publicly I've either been The Manic Depressive Suicidal Merchant, or The Great Egotist. To an extent that's been my fault for not being more deliberately visible. The way I see it 'Patience' is fairly mainstream stuff for me. I have much more 'difficult' stuff locked away. . ."

"Difficult? It means, needing a bit of work. There again, I think any music of value needs a bit of work from the listener. And that doesn't only apply to 'intellectual' music. Great dance records need work to understand how they happen. Disposable music: you just take it in and don't get anything from it. . ."

**I** NTERESTINGLY, THERE'S been much more of an audience for my music outside this country. Quebec Province in Canada, that was the one place that really took to Van Der Graaf Generator — and it was the French speaking part of the Province! Italy, Germany, I'm popular in places like that too.

"In terms of this country I'm (long gasp) 'Peter Hammill', the name to drop! 'we don't know much about him, he's the Egomaniac, The Depressive! . . ."

*The forerunner of Joy Division (as well as Marillion). . . ?*

"Very Van Der Graafy band, Joy Division. Something about the feeling around them. . . the Obsession, do y'know what I mean (mad grin)?"

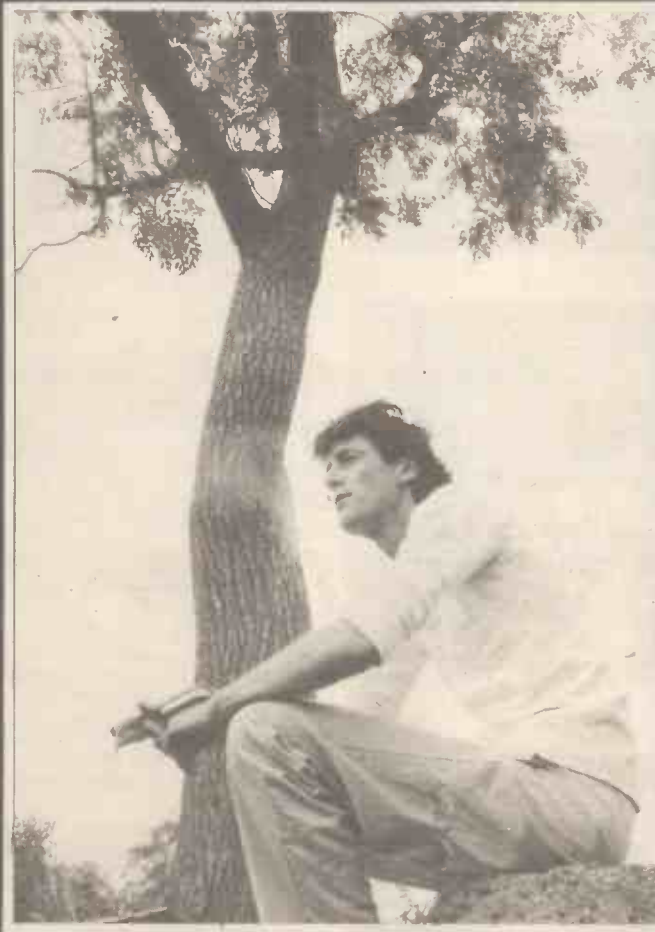
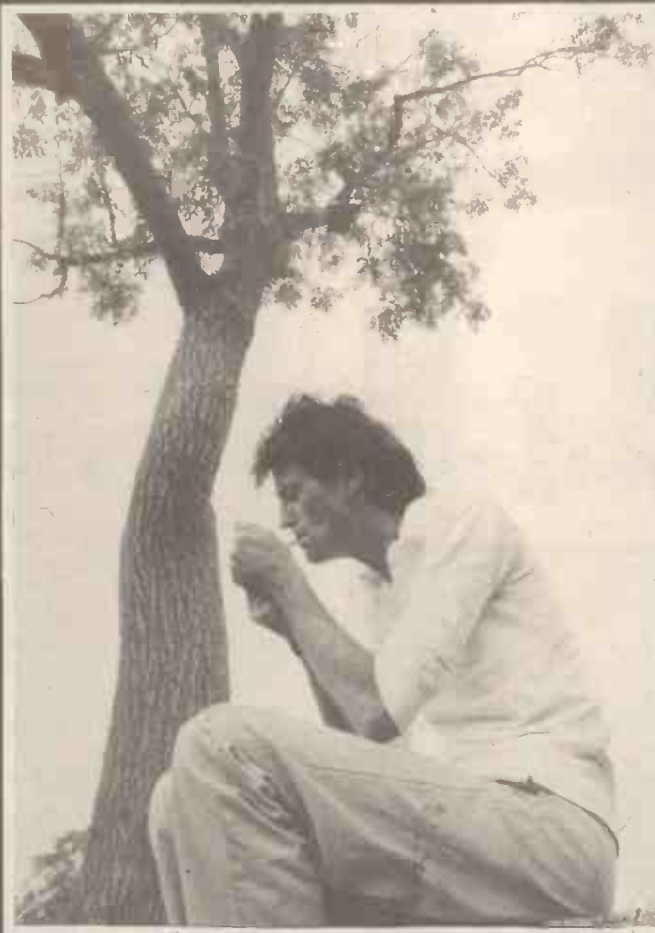
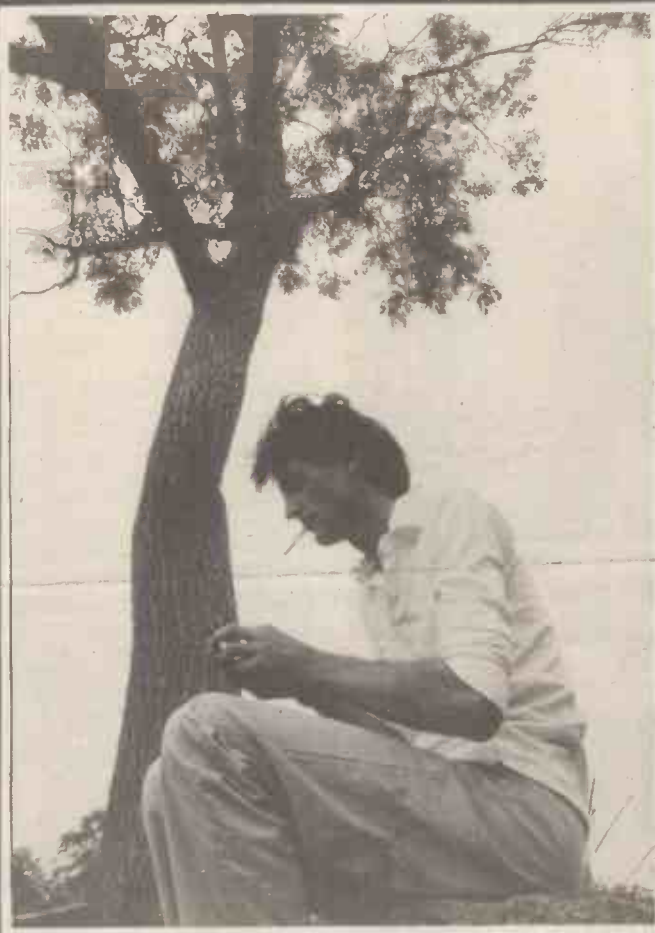
"Anyway, considering I'm supposed to be the wordsmith, how come it's non-English speaking places that take to me? I've lately come to the conclusion that's it's to do with work on the listener's part."

*You write about the obvious clichedness of story-telling. In songs, in real life too. . .*

"I regard songs more as stories. . . The songs occupy different strata of meaning simultaneously. The title track 'Patience', that song's the complete turnaround on the album. A lot of them are jokes! That's again, The Big Laugh — the new album is of course far from being This Year's Depressive Outpouring, Hi There Fans!"

*Desperation is the same as humour in the sense that all good musics should have both simultaneously. . .*

"If you're really desperate and want to lay that desperation on the line to other people the last thing you'll do is write a song."



# WILL PETER HAMMILL strike it lucky? wonders an impressed DAVE McCULLOUGH

"Because any statement is in itself positive, it's an up. One of my sincerely darkest songs ends: 'I don't believe in anything anymore in the world.' But the line is screamed out, so much so that you can't really believe in it! I like these paradoxes, you see. They're what sustains me. . . They're more than paradoxes, worse than that!"

"Para-paradoxes?"  
*Is the central idea of 'Patience', revolving around the notions of sickness and waiting in that word, an original idea of yours? Is it Nietzschean?*

"I'm not really a very well read man. I don't believe in total originality of thought either. I believe, you know, that the time comes for certain ideas — you see it happening in science."

"Not being well read, I stumble around and hit on something. Don't forget that 'Patience' is also to do with the fact that this album was finished in December last. I've been waiting around ages in getting it out."

"Obviously that song has to do with self-healing. About the fact that in order to believe in self-healing you ultimately have to believe in someone coming along to heal you. You don't get healed unless you have the strength within you to get healed. But that strength only emerges if you believe there's somebody outside who's in control."

"You can't get well unless you really want to — you can take that on any level you want."  
*'Patience' applies to you within the rock context yourself. 'You have been in the shadows too long. . .'*

"All I can say is, I couldn't help but be aware that there would be some overtones of that perceived. They're not specifically written in, but they're not specifically written out neither. . ."

*Is there an audience to appreciate your complexities?*  
"A small one. . ."

*Or will you and Fish end up making so many cross references to each other in lyrics that it becomes an intellectual clique?*

"Ha ha, it's possible. The cartoon of 'Peter Hammill' sees him as the wordsman. I don't see myself as that at all. First and foremost, I'm a songwriter. Profession on passport: Songwriter. For 15 years. There gets to be a craft in it! Same as anything else."

"Point is, I can't stand dogmatic songs. The whole form of a song is set up to express Question and Doubt, and not to express Statement."

"Statement just isn't what songs are good at. It's hard to write an essay, on the other hand, about Doubt. But songs do that perfectly. In a song you come in at point A and leave at point B, while something happens in the middle."

"Second thing is, you don't just write what the words mean. Because they have to sound as well. The beauty of the English language is you've got so many synonyms and so many jokes between words as well, that it can do a great deal. That's where the craft comes in."

"Something just sounds at first. I mean, I wouldn't expect anyone to come to grips with my lyrics until after three or four listens."

*Russell Harty would ask you now, how have you kept your edge after 22 albums?*

"I push myself to it all the time. I'm still very 70s in my attitude that, I still love doing it, playing live. To have a bit of fear and a bit of uncertainty hanging around it as well. . . I mean, that's another thing that's lacking today as well. This attitude of Be Fair To The Audience, play them the same songs every night, be the same for them all the time. Bah!"

"A live show exists for me in that moment, at the end the audience should look back on it and go. Well that was that show. Tomorrow night who knows, the drummer might feel sick. You don't know what will happen. . ."

*Two observations: one, that I can see you in the role of that old and great TV programme Survivors, coming under great difficulty in order to get your music across to people. And, secondly, I think individuals like yourself and maybe Devo and others will survive longer and come into reckoning in a much greater way some day, than bands will. Bands have almost become a clumsy entity!*

"Well, firstly I think writing songs, writing The Song, is a need within me, a thing-to-be-done. It's my responsibility to the song to write it, and once I've written it it's my responsibility to record it. I'd still go into my little room and write even if I thought there was hardly any audience out there picking up on it."

"I think if things got that bad, got totally plastic and bland, then in one way or another I wouldn't be allowed to do it. Mind you, I don't think things are that bad yet. It's only when things get as bad as this, that things can happen! It has to get bland first."

"Taking up your second point, I think things will more and more now come down to individual responsibility and individual responses. All 'waves' can produce are a standard set of responses. Look at the 'new wave', at punk as it is nowadays — the lowest common denominator has taken over, that's what happens to all waves. . ."

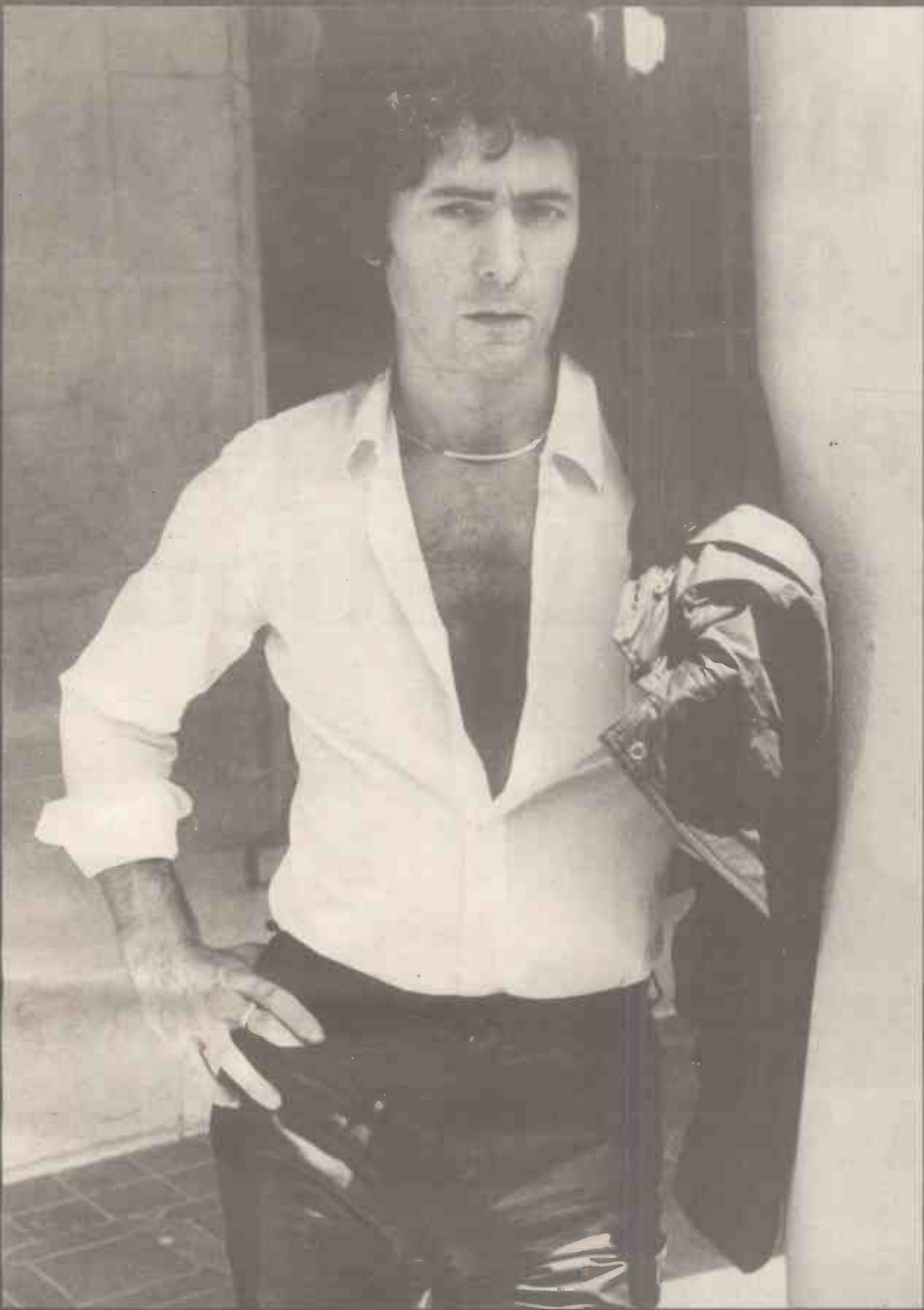
**H**E GOES on to point out how democracy within bands doesn't work; he expresses worry about the use of technology growing in rock ("How can yer garage band use synths and be fierce?!"); he notes with sadness how songs and groups these days have to have theory behind them (aka recent Stray Cats and Glove LPs); he points out how the front man is even more susceptible these glossy rag days to getting messed up "and he's the guy with the talent, they always go for the good man".

Hammill is . . . something missed-over that is worth a million star faces. He is incredibly glamorous and strikingly handsome. He is the very picture of rock ageing and, frighteningly against the norm, getting sharper, more menacing and more vengeful all the time. I'd take my hat off to him if I hadn't already eaten it long ago.

*"On the values by which this world makes its heroes then the best violinist ever was Nero, because he had the most press and his fire gimmick was simply the best."*  
From 'Two Or Three Spectres' by Peter Hammill

Pix: Paul Slattery





Pix by ROSS HALFAN and TONY MOTTRAM

# the SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

## GARRY BUSHELL GOES ON A BENDER WITH RAINBOW

"YOU'D BETTER have this," Ritchie Blackmore grunts by way of a greeting, thrusting an unconvincing plastic skeleton mask into my mitts.

I obviously look more thrown than Eric Bristow's best darts, so the grim guitarist expands mysteriously: "You've got to be my decoy..."

Erh, right Ritch.

He clambers into the back of an anonymous looking van, its paintwork as white as shaving cream.

"Couldn't we have got one a bit older?" he moans. "This one's a bit obvious."

In his hand is a walkie-talkie matched by the one clutched by his personal assistant, the affable and

unflappable Barry Ambrosio, who bundles me and Tony "Wot? My round?" Mottram into a less discreet hire car.

Trading mumbled progress reports, van and car proceed with military precision towards tonight's gig at Liverpool's Royal Court Theatre. (Ritchie's banned from the Empire for trashing the Royal Box in '77).

The elaborate precautions are easily explained by the sight of hundreds of denim and leather disciples milling around the stage door. The logic behind my dodgy decoy disguise is equally as apparent.

As we approach people stare and point, and... hey who wuz that masked man? The sense of a skeleton mask in depression blitzed Liverpool sinks in thirty seconds too late. Think of the pasty colouring, the

billiard cue baldness, the bone structure, it could only be one man — NORMAN TEBBITT!

Lynch mobs are formed and unprintable insults rend the air. In the confusion Ritchie had planned to nip out the back of the van and into the gig unnoticed. Only someone opened the side door instead so he had to brave the fervent throng anyway.

"I told you we should have driven right onto the stage," the transmitter in Barry's motor crackles reluctantly before Mr B is swallowed up — well, nibbled at least — by an adoring mob.

**T**HEIR EXCITEMENT was understandable. After all, this was Rainbow's first British date for two years. The Man In Black was back — but he almost didn't make it. In the less hectic confines of his dressing room Ritchie confides news of a disconcerting back problem.



"It started two years ago," the man reveals over his customary large scotch and coke. "I started getting this weird feeling in my left hand as I was playing. The doctor said it was slight arthritis between the fifth and sixth vertebrae. It's been getting progressively worse."

"You see the guitar strap pinches a nerve and the nerve numbs the hand. I had to go to a physiotherapist to learn correct posture and exercises to stop the relevant muscles from atrophying."

"It got kinda worrying — it's my life! And it's downright depressing cos I'm an active person. I don't like to curb my interests, football, etc. Maybe it's a sign of, hey, time for you to get out. I'm sure you'll get lots of people in your mailbag saying 'yeah — get out now'."

Maybe, but I'm sure the two packed houses here in the 'Pool would have a few things to say about that.

Baron Blackmore, typically, manages to find a knife to twist. "The worse thing in the world is the sympathy though," he grimaces. "I went to rehearsals with a sign saying 'No I'm not alright, so don't ask me, what the hell can you do about it anyway?'"

The same macabre humour colours Ritchie's contributions to the new Rainbow tour programme — eg what's your happiest experience? "Happiness... what's that?" Though of course he *should* be happy having just master-minded Rainbow's most satisfying album for some time.

Released last week 'Bent Out Of Shape' is a sparkling showcase for the band's expansive talents, though naturally the more alert amongst you will have already noted the full mouth-watering review in last week's exciting edition.

Defying a grim warning sign of 'Keep out — this means YOU' on the dressing room door I barged in like a simple-minded donkey to catch Ritchie bathing his back in steaming hot towels before strapping himself up in a complex array of braces.

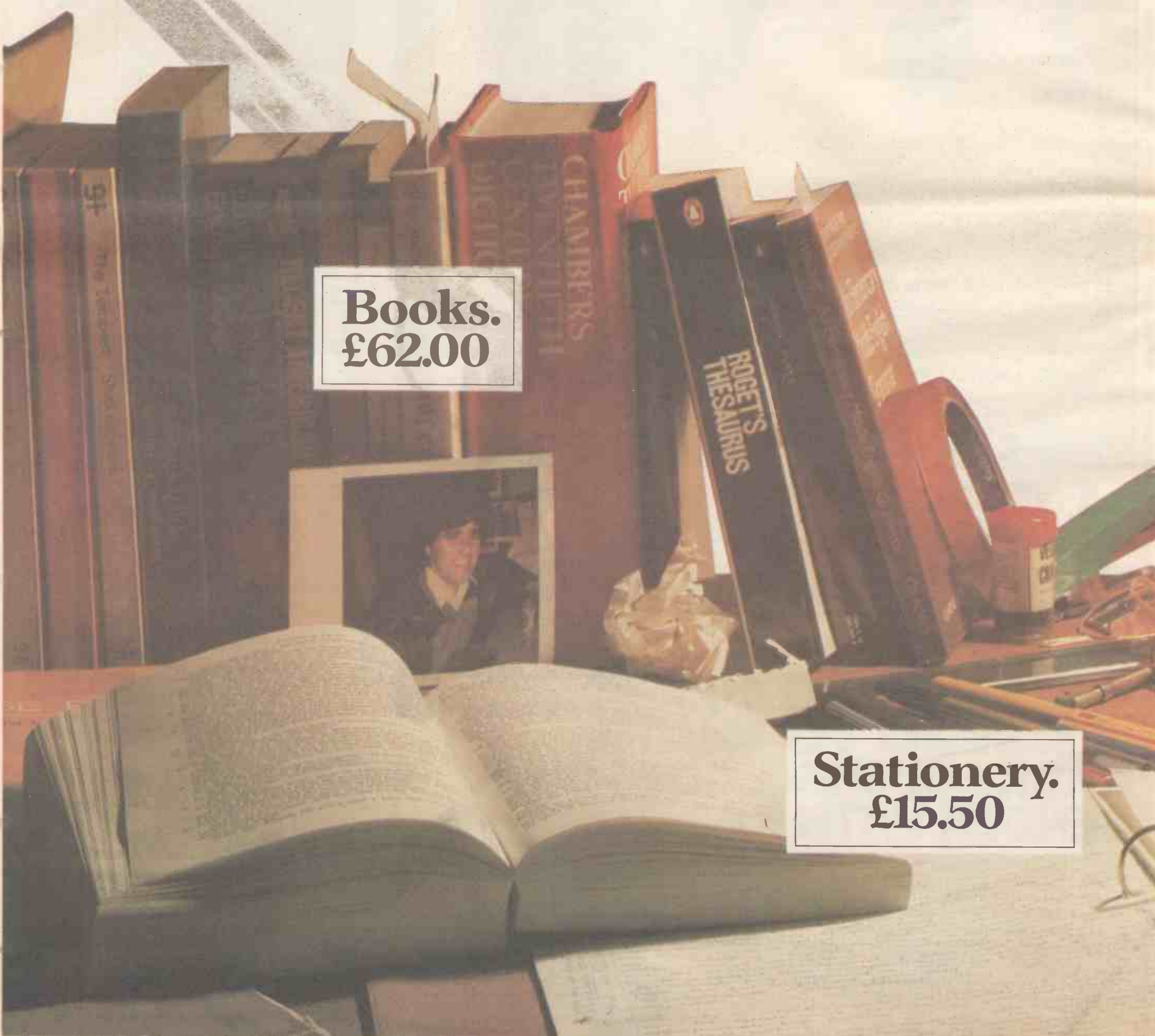
As usual, the dressing room scene supplied a colourful cornucopia of revelations. Mottram noticed the free beer, sorry, the unusual concave frets on the Baron's Fender Strat — he'd done it himself "To slow me down, I'm getting too fast". He almost grins. "No, it gives me better note control."

And there were plenty of interesting stories surrounding the recording of 'Down To Earth' in a haunted French mansion (more soon), not least Mr Cozy Powell's keenness to play table tennis outweighing his keenness to play drums. Seems he refused to do more than one take on 'Since You've Been Gone' and Rainbow manager, amiable American Bruce Payne, claims to have supplied the fills himself on his briefcase.

The relative failure of 'Street Of Dreams' in the UK provokes Ritchie to muse. "I didn't realise how completely disco orientated the UK charts have become. It was obviously the wrong single for England, but I'm not sure what to bring out next. I had thought of doing a rougher live mix of 'Stranded' — but who would it appeal to? The fans would already have a version on the album and the

Continues page 36

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From page 33

housewives wouldn't buy it. Actually I've been thinking of doing different, harder mixes on all our European releases, leaving the very polished sound for American releases."

The biggest thing on my mind was the departure of bawdy Brooklynite beat-basher Bobby Rondinelli (né Ron Dinelli).

"He was one of the nicest people we ever had in the band," the Baron admits, "let's just say there was a timing discrepancy there."

No such problems for Bob's superb replacement Chuck Burgi — he's really given the band a lift five. Having previously worked with Al Dimeola, McLaughlin *et al.* Chuck's just what Ritchie wanted: "A jazz drummer with rock overtones because Rainbow are a sophisticated band and we didn't need another BASHER."

**T**ONIGHT WAS Burgi's live debut. It was also the band's first gig since December — and I had to swear an oath in blood not to review it on pain of imprisonment in Halfin's bedroom.

I don't know whether it was the band's 'virgin' state or the pain, but Ritchie swigged about three times as much scotch as normal pre-gig. Natch this didn't impair his live performance — he's too professional for that — but it did seem to sharpen up his awesome piss-taking prowess post-gig.

One lovely lump (see previous feature for coarse definition) called Angela was given the full Python 'Sir Edward' treatment (ie "You don't mind if I call you Angie-baby, do you" etc).

"We share everything," he told her, pointing suggestively in my direction and following that through with: "Did you mention nipples? I did once but I think I got away with it?" — an inebriated tribute to comedy's cool ruler Sir Basil of Fawlty.

Regular perusers of Rainbow ruses will be privy to Blackmore's penchant for setting people up with transvestites (I got my scallie spy Al Turner to supply a list of clubs to avoid in just in case — Hoxton's? Are you sure?). Usually it's Halfin who suffers (?) but I think Mottram must have got wind of similar plots against his person (and pig-tail) cos he spent the second night in a different hotel!

Back in the bar Blackmore was on top form. "What do you think about... ah... what do you think in general?" he asked one unsuspecting lump before relating the perils of the Purple curse — "People keep coming up to me and saying 'Hello — Smoke On The Water?'. How are you — Smoke On The Water?'. It's very disconcerting."

Best moment of the night came when promoter Paul Loasby decided to illustrate the high and low points of the set with his hands. Ritchie got him so agitated he ended up gesticulating like a lobotomised traffic warden on sulphate cut with rat poison.

Loasby ("A jerk in a jerkin" according to the uncharacteristically sharp Motters) then compounded the error by taking him on for a serious debate about classical music ("Ere Ritchie, you're a classical buff" etc). Natch he ended up more confused than Spaghetti Junction.

"What's your opinion as if anybody cares?" Ritchie asked me in a flash of acid tongue artistry... aw, the fun we have, ja?

Joe Lynn Turner was his usual bouncy self pursuing foxy tour support. Ms Ford, the lovely Lita (meet her, mate) and generally demolishing Dee Snider for his recent digs at him in *Farmers Weekly* (as *Melody Maker's* known in the trade). Amongst much other nonsense Dee reckoned Joey sounds like Lou Gramm — he does, but so what?

"I knew Dee when he really was a woman," Joe confides, adding "he'd have to stand on a chair to listen to us and it'd still go over his head. It's not true that their 'success' has made Twisted Sister big-headed — they've always been big-headed!" (Seconds away, round three!)

Only Roger Glover seems slightly miffed, unsure of both his polished production job on the album and tonight's performance.

"Sometimes I think they'd clap if we farted," he

sighs and nothing I can say will cheer him up so I leave this talented but tortured soul to his vodka and head for bed.

Next day finds Ritchie and Barry darting furtively around the hotel with their walkie-talkies, avoiding fans, lumps etc. so the Baron can have brekkers undisturbed.

Over burnt bacon he talks of his admiration for the literary works of the late, great Pete Makowski and reveals the pleasure he takes in tricking the band on stage.

"I like starting songs they're not expecting," he reveals with a sly smile, "or playing the blues passage in a different key to the one they're expecting. I can never fool Dave though — he's got perfect pitch..."

I should really steam into tonight's gig now, but for the hell of it I'll leave you sweating and adjourn to The Interview.

**A**FTER MIDNIGHT, in a discreet corner of a hotel bar, with just two charming 'lumps' and Ritchie's ghetto blaster for company, the conflag commences. Natch the important things come first.

"Who wants a drink?" asks Mr Ambrosio. "My father would never forgive me if I didn't drink cider," says Ritchie. "He swears by the stuff. He's from Somerset... Wales actually. I'll have a beer..."

But what about the new album, a million *Sounds* readers shout as one.

"I'll be honest," Ritchie says, "I've heard it. And I'm not impressed. No, actually I think it's very good, it's got a lot of substance. I'm very pleased with the way my writing's going."

I feel personally that Rainbow's more melodic numbers are closer to Abba than they are Foreigner, despite Mr Snider's snipes.

"Yes, I think you're right. I will never write a song like Foreigner, although as I've said I do really like Lou Gramm's voice..."

Bruce Payne interrupts at this point with a telex announcing that 'Bent' has charted at 27 in the US Top 30 — a great achievement.



And with 'Street Of Dreams' simultaneously charting straight in at 36 in the singles chart one that augers well for Rainbow's chances of really cracking the States later this year.

"Bruce is happy," Ritchie confides, "he gets all the money."

In your last interview with *Sounds* you said you felt you were facing a bit of a directional crisis. Does the fact that you've recorded 'Bent' this year mean the crisis has passed?

"No — I'm still at that crisis point and I think I'll be there for the rest of my life. As John Cleese said, I think I'm stuck with it. Musicians should always be at crisis point. One is never progressing unless one is at odds with one's self as to how to progress."

"I was very satisfied with the new album though. I know it's not exactly the hard rock people want, and we'll probably lose a few fans by deviating, but that's the price you've gotta pay."

His own favourite tracks are 'Street Of Dreams', 'Can't Let Go', 'Snowman' and the exquisite instrumental 'Anybody There'. "That's a misprint on the sleeve," Ritchie reveals, "it should be 'Anybody There' with a question mark, as in the way you open a seance."

"The songs based on Bach's 'Prelude in C'. It's got no middle eight and no chorus. The chord structure goes for 28 bars and then repeats so it's very unlike the usual rock song. There's no catch line, just non-stop continuity. 300 years ago they would have accepted that, now bands only go 12 or 14 bars before they get into the hook. I initially called it 'Doomed'."

'Snowman' has an interesting history.

"It originally came from an animated cartoon I was watching about a snowman who picks a kid up and flies away with him. It's a great fantasy film. It took me back to my childhood dreams. I have an affinity towards snowmen, you see."

"Anyway, the excerpt on the video had about 16 bars of this tune which I took and elongated and added my own arrangement. The guy who wrote it, Howard Blake, is probably this 60 year old pianist living in Brighton, he hadn't even heard of us."

"Originally he called it 'Walking In The Air'. To me it's one of the best tracks on the LP, it's the direction I'd like to go in. I love that sort of intense, majestic kind of rock. I'd love to have a whole backdrop of snowmen. We've changed it from a happy snowman into an abominable snowman incidentally — I have this effect on people."

One of my favourite guitar parts is the 'yelping' lead on 'Desperate Heart'.

"That was the only solo I did in the States. I'd done a solo in Copenhagen and wasn't happy with it, so I redid it in New York — the studio sound was so good it really inspired me."

'Firedance' and 'Drinking With The Devil' will probably be the biggest crowd pleasers.

"Yes, 'Firedance' is kind of a step back I suppose. It's a really complicated riff. I have to tune the bass string down to bottom D every time I play it, so I have to do the solo on five strings instead of six... I want everyone to know how difficult it is for me!"

"Dancing With The Devil' is just a down-home rock'n'roll thing. The best thing about it is the guitar line at the end. It's worth waiting three minutes for."

A brief chat about drumming leads back to the Cozy Powell story related earlier.

"Actually I'm thinking of writing a comedy about the whole thing," Ritchie reveals. "I like the way Michael Palin writes when he does things like *Ripping Yarns* and I'm thinking of writing about the 'Down To Earth' recordings in a similar way with my roadie Colin who's got a great way with words. I kept a diary and everything turned out so weird, the musicians, the cooks, the problems, the seances that went down, that it'd make a great one-off comedy. If you can imagine Palin as a rock'n'roll musician... John Cleese would have to be the bass player! Always!"

Did your idea of making a live blues album ever happen?

"No, but I'm still thinking about it. I'd have to do it with different personnel, a band more in the Bad Company mould. It wouldn't sell because it wouldn't

be at all commercial, just total blues, but it'd be interesting to me if nobody else."

The Purple reunion might still be on, he reckons, though only "for fun, for a week or two." Only Mr Gillan wanted it to be a serious long-term proposition apparently. And besides Rainbow's current tour commitments (UK, Europe, USA) take them well into next year so it's not exactly imminent.

*I wondered if the Baron was familiar with U2 and Big Country's pioneering work in the field of guitar resurrection.*

"No," he says honestly, "but it sounds good. I'm all for anything that leads us away from this disco domination. My friend Barry put it in a nutshell when he said most of these new wave people now are just disco in disguise. Now there's nothing wrong with people dancing but there has to be room for other music to breathe too.

"Bach had the same problem - I was talking to him the other day. He was always being asked to compose minuets in 3/4 time so the lords and ladies could dance to them. He got very upset that people were dancing and not listening."

*How do you react to claims that Rainbow have sold out your rock'n'roll roots? (A claim ridiculed by the live show incidentally.)*

"Yeah, we have it.

"Face it, how easy is it to go on stage and have all the guitarists playing in unison? No disrespect to Status Quo - they're great, they invented it - but that's all you get now. The guitarists standing in a line and trying to convince everyone what fun they're having. I'd rather watch aerobics on TV!

"No, we haven't sold out. We're still Heavy Metal, but we're sophisticated Heavy Metal. I'd like to think some of the audience are sophisticated enough to keep up. If not it's our loss - and theirs. But I will not go on stage and do Status Quo impersonations like Judas Priest and the Scorpions.

"It'd be so easy for us to do a really cliched heavy album but that's not the point. A lot of people are very discontent in England at the moment but it would be dishonest of me to try and reflect that in my music. I can't raise my fist in the air and play moronic 12 bar blues and 12 bar progressions either. We all grow up, I'm just not interested in doing that kind of thing any more. Maybe we'll lose some people but I refuse to fall back on moronic albums to make a few more bob. I don't need it."

*Do you consider Rainbow are a cynical concern at all though?*

"Of course. I suffer from terminal cynicism - that's my outlook on life. I also think we're all doomed. We all act like imbeciles and pretend we're having a good time but we're not. I'm not at least, and that's the most important thing.

"I think terminal cynicism is coming through on the American side at the moment. They know we're fucked. Reagan's gonna blow us all up so let's buy the new Rainbow album' - that's obviously the attitude there now.

"I think I see life similar to yourself but maybe I'm not so articulate. I've got something to say but sometimes I don't know the words to use. And when the words come there's no-one there to tell, so I'm fucked, I suppose.

"And that's another thing. I dislike being cool. I like being awkward and stubborn. That's the way I am, that's the way I'll always be."

**A**ND ON that definitive note, let's at last back track to the show, Joe.

Elgar and Garland still open the set, the killer combination of stirring patriotism and Hollywood glitter convulsing the audience before the speedy and tough 'Spotlight Kid' builds on the adrenalin. Tonight's set is harder and longer than the Copenhagen show I caught last year - like the new album it's altogether more satisfying, and an ideal showcase for the band's talents.

Burgi's drumming seems effortlessly effective, noticeably energising the set. Joe Lynn's hammer than a bacon factory, but a man with such a polished set of pipes I can forgive anything. Roger is quietly confident, casually in control of his situation - but where *did* he get that hat? Young Mr Rosenthal is a veritable keyboard king in the making while Ritchie of course manages to combine beauty and bludgeon, dynamism and dignity, at once aloof and in charge.

The pleasant plod of 'Miss Mistreated' is chased by the nifty new foot-tapper 'Fool For The Night' ending with the Baron's axe erupting like it's spitting molten lava. Then keyboard conjurer Dave introduces 'I Surrender', followed by the currently anti-Soviet 'Can't Happen Here' (Joe should write *Sun* editorials in his spare time) and the 'Little Wing' reminiscent 'Catch The Rainbow', Ritchie demanding the crowd cut the claps for the gentle opening guitar passage punctuated only by a connoisseur's shout of "It's dead good that is, Ritchie".

The hell-raisingly heavy 'Drinking With The Devil' ups tempo and toughness (possibly the Baron sold his soul long ago) before the mesmerising musical madras of an Indian-flavoured instrumental and the still droog-approved splendour of their 'Song Of Joy' its power diminished to these ears by being overburdened with solos. Short and snappy keeps 'em happy is my philosophy - or is it that I just hate drum and organ solos? (though it must be said that Dave did turn in a passable impersonation of the Star Ship Enterprise).

'Power' comes next with retinas rising, the enormous eye-balls on full beam, followed by a smidgeon of blues, the monster riffer 'Stargazer', the penultimate punchy pop of 'Stranded', and the final power putsch of 'Death Alley Driver' complete with Dumpty Dunnell style revving intro, a literally explosive end to a deliciously diverse set.

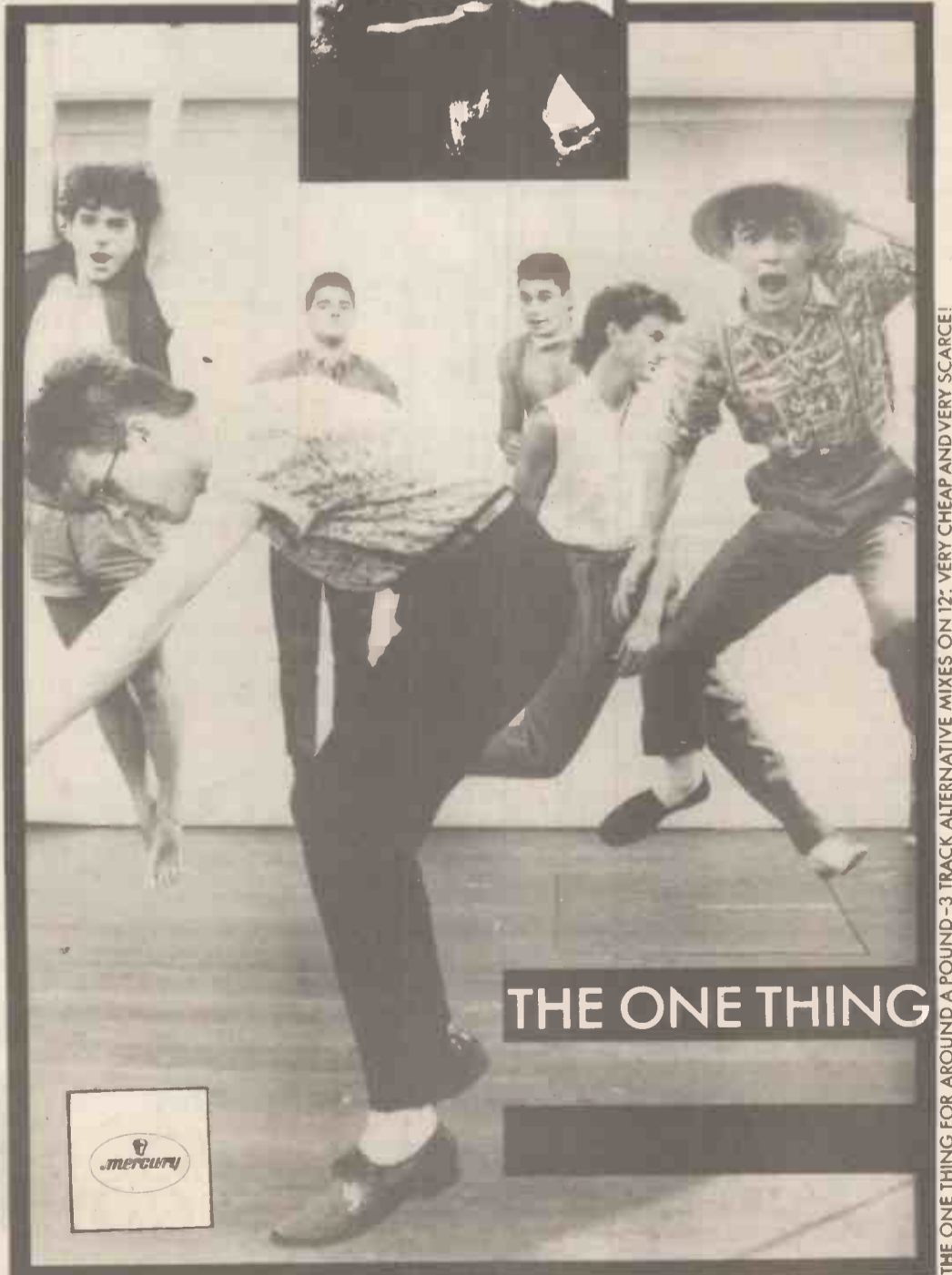
Encores erupted like they could go on all night but the dreaded cutting scissors of the Barton forbid any further exploration here. Tune back next week for even more leg-shakin' live details - or better still go and catch the Rainbow yourself.

You're unlikely to ever find them on better form.



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# WILD PLANET

The difficult Music column edited by Dave Henderson

## HUNTING LODGE: 'Exhumed' (Datenverarbeitung)

Hailing from Port Huron, Hunting Lodge are pretty strange. This tape, released through the German Datenverarbeitung label, is the perfect soundtrack for some elongated nightmare that revolves around the slightest movement or sound.

Hunting Lodge employ very subtle changes in their music which is built around almost tribal minimalism. If ever there was a southern death cult or people bent on ritual killings lurking in the woods it's probably Hunting Lodge.

It's disturbing and unnerving the way they fill the room with indefinable sounds and when they do burst into something that is rhythmic it sounds like a tribal warning shot.

Available from Andreas Muller, c/o Normal, Bornheimerstr, 31, 5300 Bonn 1, West Germany.

## VARIOUS: 'The American Music Compilation' (Eurock)

The paradox of Euro-rock coming from America doesn't quite ring true once you've listened to this LP. The advantage that these artistes have is that they aren't strictly limited to what is a well defined medium.

Four acts are included and strangely it's Richard Bone's unorthodox synth playing that comes out as most pleasing. I say strangely because his more recent releases — through Survival — have tended to verge on the throwaway electro-pop syndrome and his contribution here is much more appetising.

Also on show are Anode, Doctor Wize and there's a collaboration between Jason Martz, Eddie Jobson and John Luttrell. Overall it's a good way to gauge four new acts from the States and discover that not all Americans are obsessed with rock music.

Available from Archie Paterson, PO Box 4181, Torrance, CA 90510, USA.

## VARIOUS: 'A Sudden Surge of Power' (Cause For Concern)

Resplendent with incisive booklet this C90 runs the gauntlet from alternative pop — Mex, 12 Cubic Feet — to extreme electronics — Paul Kelday, Howard Naylor. In between there's some essential listening but overall this is a cohesive selection.

That middle ground where the experimental tentatively shakes hands with the accessible is rivetting. The new style with a dance beat as performed by Chris And Cosey, Attrition, Test Department, Cultural Amnesia and 400 Blows with the left wing covered admirably by We Be Echo and The Cult of the Supreme Being.

A quality product of distinction. (A bargain at £2.30 from CFC, 53 Hollybush Hill, Snersbrook, London E11. Cheques to L. Peterson).



## BENE GESSERIT: 'Postcards From Arrakis' (Ding Dong Cassettes)

At times this Flemish duo almost get commercial as synths weave in and out of sexy, pidgin English vocals but strongest tracks, on this consistently good tape, are undoubtedly the slower ones.

'Postcards' has some neat twists and shows a touch more daring than our British synth duos. The inverted story telling leads you into a world reminiscent of the moody, wandering scenes in 'Bladerunner'.

They beat Steve Strange's tailor dummy Ronny hands down for sex appeal with simple, repetitive rouches fuelled by underlying melodies. Effects run rife as you're transported into some futuristic sex/love/detective story.

Bene Gesserit conjure fantastic fantasies, toying with the images that wake you with a start in the middle of the night. 'Postcards From Arrakis' is their recorded highlights.

Available from PO Box 1155, 6801 BD, Arnhem, Holland.

## MUSLIMGAUZE: 'KaBUL' (Kinematograph)

Recorded on the minimum of equipment this LP concentrates on rhythm. Naturally there are other bits and pieces but the whole thing revolves around the beat.

Crisp and pulsating it's best heard on the title track which boasts the minimum of underlying melodies and very little else. In fact it's that very little else that makes it work.

By implication and restrained inuendo something is constantly almost happening while the beat pounds on, giving a feeling of expectancy. Intelligently it's what Muslimgauze have left out that gives this LP the power and integrity.

It's a riveting experience as the beat pins you firmly to your seat and it's ultimately a rewarding one.

Available from 447 Chorley Road, Swinton, Manchester.



**IRSOL:** Originally set up in 1981 Irsol have been attempting to fill the gap between electronic pop music and more esoteric works. Their first cassette release 'First Contact' seems to bear this out pretty well as they trek through an intriguing set of songs.

Heavy electronics and effects retain a certain commercial-style and, although some of it seems to wander a bit, on the whole it's well worth investigating.

Contact: 142 Kenilworth Road, Coventry, West Mid.

**L'INVITATION AU SUICIDE:** Stylish French label run by Yann Farcy. First signs of their activities came in the shape of a ten inch box set by the Virgin Prunes. Latest releases include Christian Death's 'Only Theater of Pain' — a gothic horror from an extreme American band who put Southern Death Cult et al to shame — and 'Loin De La Plage' by Les Provisoires — French outfit who sing in English fusing trad rock with a punky Beefheart sound.

Contact: L'Invitation au Suicide, BP. 1056, 76062 Le Havre Cedex, France.



Robert Haigh

**LE REY RECORDS:** From the ashes of the Truth Club — often support act mid '80 for the likes of This Heat and Cabaret Voltaire — came Fote and the offshoot group Sema. Their history is documented admirably on a series of releases from Le Rey which is masterminded by Robert Haigh.

Fote are an intriguing bunch who are reminiscent of so many things but in their own way quite unique. Sema, on the other hand, have been described as 'Gothic Ambient Music'. "This description is quite close to the original idea of Sema as a kind of ambient music to be played quietly but which is not quite as gutless as the Eno, perfumed garden, approach."

Le Rey is an extremely enterprising label which fully deserves your attention, contact them at 69 Swinburne Court, Denmark Hill, London SE5.



Nagamatzu's A Lagowski

**NAGAMATZU:** Three piece based in Ipswich whose name is derived from a character in JG Ballard's 'Atrocity Exhibition'. All three members are horror fanatics and in a way this seems to

influence the music. Their knowledge of more commercial outfits like Bauhaus and New Order does, however, give them a nice edge as the accessible clashes nicely with the avant garde.

Their cassette 'Shatter Days' is a powerful debut that deserves attention but it's in their live work that the real power is created in their music. Already their sound is maturing, heading towards harmonies and complex rhythm patterns, it's very danceable and given time should develop into a healthy and energetic sound.

Contact: 33 Anglesa Road, Ipswich.

**LA OTRA CARA DE UN JARDIN:** Group pseudonym for Francisco Felipe who, in that guise, released a cassette and single last year in his native Spain. With the tape now deleted — and a marked musical progression from the material featured on the single — a new tape will be available this month.

Contact: Francisco Felipe, Apartado 156.016, Madrid, Spain.

**OUTLET:** Magazine of an extremely informative nature compiled by Trev Faull. In existence for about four years it's up to issue 28 covering a broad spectrum of music and concentrating on extremely in depth reviews.

Working on a research basis, the magazine uncovers and gives details of an enormous variation of music from around the world with addresses etc given. With a healthy respect for experimental, electronic and avant-garde releases the latest issue features Portion Control, Mirage releases, Grafika Airlines, Etat Brut, Giorno Poetry Systems, Subteraneans, Selektion, the Box, Dream Syndicate, DDAA, Fondation, and hundreds of others.

Essential reading and numerous back copies available from Trev Faull, 33 Aintree Crescent, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex IG6 2HD.

Also available through Outlet is a compilation tape done in collaboration with Glass Records. 'Alternative America' features several unknown American outfits including the Space Negroes, Nightcrawlers, Hidden Combo and the Oil Tasters.

**O YUKI CONJUGATE:** Nottingham based four-piece whose interwoven sound textures are beginning to develop into a truly individual style. From a grounding of Cabaret Voltaire they have developed the style into a wild divergence of pop music which succeeds on its layered structures.

Information from Andrew Hulme, 5 Woodford Road, Hucknall, Notts.



**PACIFIC 231:** Organisation set up by Axel Kyrou — formerly of Vox Populi — to try and find alternative music in the Paris area. Contrary to public belief there is not merely rock music in France and following in the footsteps of Illusion, Bain Total and Ptose Production, 231 was created as an outlet for Parisian groups.

First steps have been carried out with visually exciting graphics as a central point. Working in the cassette medium for now, 231 hope to eventually move into vinyl but intend to use cassette as a means to an end.

The first release 'Ritual Dos Sadicos' is a C60 compilation featuring eight groups who all have valid alternatives to music in their style and performance. There's the doomy Pacific 231, the anarchic Nox, the haunting Art Remains. Tangible and plenty more.

The sound quality is high too, making it well worth seeking out. (Tape available from 191 Avenue du Maine, 75014 Paris, France for £3 including post).

**PIGFACE RECORDS:** Home of American band Smegma and an active and highly interesting label. Recent releases include the first Smegma album for four years entitled 'Pigs For Lepers' which immediately sold out and is currently being repressed.

Also released is a retrospective 2 x C60 collection of the groups work over the last ten years and a compilation LP, 'Flies', of Portland artists involved with Pigface records. It includes contributions from Possum Society, A Rancid Vat, Jungle Nausea, Gourmet Dogs, Faulty Denial Mechanism, Dickensmeglee and of course Smegma.

The records, although selling quite well in Europe, are relatively obscure in America probably due to Europeans' more open minded attitude to the music.

Contact: HC Poole, 76 NE Thompson, Portland CR 97212, USA.

**PULSE:** An electric music club set up in Leicestershire by Bob Cutts. People interested in the music can get in touch with the club who meet sporadically to discuss the genre and how they can contribute to its growth.

The first fruits of their labour was a cassette by Janus which is soon to be followed by a tape from Technique, a duo from Loughborough consisting of John Thornley and Pete Senior. It will retail at £3.50 including post and packing and will be available — as is information on the club — from 20 The Green, Long Whatton, Leicestershire LE12 5DB.

**RECLOOSE ORGANISATION:** New release preceding the much lauded Bourbonese Qualk LP is a box set of three cassettes by Italian post industrial/power electronics musicians — Roberto Marinelli, Pierpaolo Zoppo and Pietro Mezzochin.

The package is scented — far out man — and also contains a magazine by the musicians. Recloose's temporary new address is c/o Sterile Records, 90 Lilford Rd, London SE5.

**GEFF RUSHTON:** Member of Psychic TV whose career in alternative music has provided some very interesting material in the musical marketplace. Former editor of *Stabmental* magazine, Rushton was involved with Lustmord and Cultural Amnesia before recording under the names of John Balance — tracks on the forthcoming 'Rising From The Red Sand' vols 3 and 4 —, Current 93 — a trio with David Tibet and Fritz from 23 Skidoo who have a track on the new *Touch* cassette and a single due through Crepuscule — and Coil — a duo with Jim Thirwell of Feetus fame.

Other projects have seen him release material on Power Focus and Hearsay and Heresy and several things in collaboration with Datenverarbeitung's Andreas Muller.

Coming soon through Hearsay and Heresy will be a C90 cassette entitled 'Bethel' which will feature Bauhaus' David J, the Meat Puppets, Coil, Virgin Prunes, 23 Skidoo, Nurse With Wound, Metamorphosis and others.

Coil too have releases planned which will include an LP and a C90 cassette.

Hearsay and Heresy can be contacted at 14 Beverly Road, Chiswick, London W4 2LP.

**THIRD MIND TAPES:** With the success of 'Rising From The Red Sand', Gary Levermore, who has taken over the running of the label, has volumes three, four and five already under way.

The label will be branching out into the vinyl arena in the autumn with a four in one package featuring SPK, Nurse With Wound, Legendary Pink Dots and Konstruktivits. Prior to that, available now, are five cassettes. Artistes featured are Attrition, Portion Control, Legendary Pink Dots, Chris Carter and a compilation of quality synthesiser music from Ian Boddy, Colin Potter, Dave Jones, Paul Nagle and Carl Matthews.

Also scheduled are LPs from the Legendary Pink Dots and Konstruktivits and a retrospective of early Nurse With Wound.

**391:** Nick Cope has left Metamorphosis to concentrate on this infrequent magazine and is planning to enlarge the project to air all of his involvements. A video is in progress which should be ready by the end of the summer.

"It will deviate from the standard post TG shock/porn content to a more visually stimulating/ambient/hypnotic filmscape."

Before that Nick has released a cassette as an indication of the expansion into other areas of communication. '391 Soundtracks' contains a series of ethnic and minimalist soundscapes full of haunting ambience. It's available for £1 and sae or a blank C90 plus sae from 2 Clifford Close, Keyworth, Nottingham.



**TUXEDO MOON:** The final release from Tuxedo Moon, 'The Cage', is out on Crepuscule Records. The group will now be following solo careers with Steven Brown and Blaine Reninger releasing material through Crepuscule and Peter Principle getting involved in production work.

Winston Tong, the poet and performer, who has been involved with the group for some time also has a cassette and booklet of his poetry available through Crepuscule entitled 'Like the Others'.

**UNLIKELY RECORDS:** After the dubious issue 6 where I could only really go for the tracks by Tina Fulker and Bourbonese Qualk, the final issue of *Real Time* sees the light of day this week. As usual it's a motley crew assembled for your perusal and for £2 the C90 is always worth investigation.

This set of hopefuls seems very pop orientated but as usual there's a few extroverts, a three minute thrash and a few lunatics. *Gambit* of Shame, Mex, *Magnificent Everything* and *If All Else Fails* play poppy stuff with different angles and the ridiculously named Terry Crocodile almost has a stab at being Holger Czukay but falls a little short.

Top marks go to Robotghost who use voices like instruments and throw words against the wall with a good deal of humour. Close behind is Real Time mentor Andrew Cox on his new project Rimarimba who have the makings of something exciting and at present are very intriguing.

Contact: 42 Haven Close, Felixstowe, Suffolk.

# ALBUMS



OLLY  
**DOG**  
19 83

## Grape'n' pillage

**UB40**  
**'Labour Of Love'**  
(DEP International Dep 5)\*

ONE'S SOURCES tell one that the incredibly sensitive and politically motivated UB40 have, for a long time, been chuckling into their brandies late at night and telling friends that once they can't think of any new material they'll stick out a ragbag collection of old reggae covers.

Certainly, judging by 'Labour Of Love' (which is the latter), for the group so supposedly concerned about The Future Of Our Sick Right-Wing Governed Country, they have an unhealthy fascination for the past (what next, a number one 45 smash hit cover of 'Hey Mista Talleman Tally Me Banana?').

History makes 'Labour Of Love' (isn't that so sincere title a giveaway?) look decidedly dodgy. While UB40 have spent the past thirty or so years writing about The Evils Of Thatcher, what happens when the old bag gets back into No 10 and the country really begins to look like Colditz without the escapes?

They do a 'Red Red Whine', the rhythm of which is reminiscent of waiting in a dentist's waiting-room, and the voice(s) on top of which make you feel the same as having a whole mouthful of teeth extracted. It's a dead dead whine all right.

I'm sorry for speaking in generalities, but what do you really expect from 'Labour Of Love'? Saying it has subtleties which I could

be missing is like saying a box of Maltesers is an incredibly complex thing. It's BLAND, it's consoling, it is loaded with easy leftist contradictions the foremost of which, and which it seems ridiculous even stating, is: bland, consoling music is not the music of change, which the UB40 non-image suggests they are a vehicle of.

Easily recognisable fact for even the non-reggae lover: the Campbell boys' voices are terrible, nondescript by now to the point of being mildly insulting patois. The entire feel of the music reminds me of those toy dogs they used to have in the back window of cars, nodding. It is a music to nod to, which is the limit of its revolutionary body talk.

'Labour Of Love' is humourless, sexless and flat misinformation for the young nouveau riche without even the wit to recognise it shouldn't, by common decency, be a standard priced album. It makes me think this fair land would be a much fairer place if said UBees and their mass stupid audience were towed away on a large raft and left in the middle of the oceans somewhere, leaving Tony Benn as Prime Minister (Hattersley and Kinnock towed duly away too as UB roadies).

I can see looming a self-destruct device in their holier than holy name, too. One day soon (next week, tomorrow) one of them will buy a Rolls with his sensitively earned fortune; he'll get a personalised number plate on it with the inscription 'UB40 I'.

Even then, he'll insist it's a subtle dig at the motor industry bosses.

DAVE McCULLOUGH

**JAMES WHITE'S**  
**FLAMING**  
**DEMONICS**  
**'James White's**  
**Flaming Demonic's'**  
(Ze/Island ILPS  
7023)\*\*\*\*\*

ORIGINALLY, THERE was supposed to have been a greater stylistic difference between James White And The Blacks, James Chance And The Contortions and James White's Flaming Demonic's — or, at least, that is what James Siegfried once told me. For 'Flaming Demonic's' does, at first, give the impression that, yes, you have heard it all before and, perhaps, James White may not be quite the cutting blade he once was.

Beneath that similar — not really the same, but using similar guidelines — taunted funk mesh (although to use the phrase 'funk' is, in a way, to miss the point as 'Flaming Demonic's' is more of a perverted jazz vision), there is James White working a lot harder to bring it all together. There isn't anything that has the immediate attraction of an 'Irresistible Impulse' but there is an undeniable pull to 'Flaming Demonic's'.

In fact, 'Flaming Demonic's' seems to be a very well thought out record, with James White seeing where his limitations lie and bouncing off them. 'The Natives Are Restless' (most of the song titles have a voodoo/demonic suggestiveness to them) contrasts White's wildly swerving saxophone with the Discolitas' flattened and sneering vocals, which is a key to the whole record as it continually plays the controlled off against the uncontrolled.

As with White's vocal screams on 'The Devil Made Me Do It' and the steady rhythm track behind it, the two opposites come out to play

and, somehow, manage to complement each other.

Funnily enough, 'Flaming Demonic's' is, in parts, White's most traditional offering, but the real fun of the 'fun-nily' is just what he gets up to with tradition. The way a basic, almost swing-style bassline will be given prominence on 'Boulevard Of Broken Dreams', and then submerged beneath that squealing, squelching, squawking saxophone.

That first impression does, in retrospect, only pick up on what you know is going to be on 'Flaming Demonic's', but after you've heard what you know you're going to, then there is more sense as you discover which way White is swinging his hatchet these days.

James White is that strange creature in the pop business: a (pop) artist, for his music is not going to sell-sell-sell but it has a rare passion and artfulness — of sound, style and delivery — that I would miss-miss-miss.

CHRIS BURKHAM

**JUDIE TZUKE**  
**'Ritmo'**  
(Chrysalis CDL  
1442)\*\*\*\*\*

WELCOME AT last to a five star Judie Tzuke album. Not that its predecessors have been anything less than excellent but considered side by side with them, 'Ritmo' is the one that makes its point best. It is undoubtedly the most mature and cohesive record that she has yet released, with an assured strength that must surely break down the barriers that have seemed to block her forward path this far.

Taking a line from a point in 'Chinatown' and extending it through and beyond 'City Of Swimming Pools', 'Ritmo' is built on cool, haunting atmospherics that push the songs almost into the realms of the surreal, built on a heavy keyboard predominance with Judie's voice floating like a wraith in the mist.

Guitarist Mike Paxman takes a more detached role in the proceedings, giving the keyboards of Bob Noble and Don Snow the upper hand, but gets the chance to prove his mettle with a few impressive breaks. There's a percussive drive that's vaguely reminiscent of Peter Gabriel, but the feel is much more seductive than his abrupt vigour.

There are remnants of albums gone by, however; the swirling warmth of 'Face To Face' and the cool 'Nighthawks' both show their heritage strongly, and there's a (very) distant relative of 'For You' in the powerful 'How Do I Feel'. This time, there's a dramatic distance to the song in a hauntingly layered production, building to an immense peak on the band's multiple vocals — an effective motif that frequently surfaces on the record — and it's something that must be absolutely colossal live.

On 'Another Country', the band get positively rowdy, Mike Paxman taking the lead in bashing out a churning, raucous slab of quirky energy. The rest is less of a full-frontal attack though, concentrating more on an air of mystery coupled with a crisp, percussive edge. The opening trio of tracks — 'Jeannie No', 'She Don't Live Here Anymore' and 'Shoot From The Heart' — map out the terrain with a seductively sparse feel, the excellent production placing everything perfectly to add a chilling edge to their languid style.

'Walk Don't Walk' and 'Push Push' are equally memorable, both featuring powerful hooks built on the distant might of the band's backing vocals, rather than on the more conventional vocal lead.

'Ritmo' brings Judie Tzuke bang up to date with a strongly contemporary feel that should open many eyes and ears. Whilst it's still identifiably — and obviously — a Judie Tzuke album, it marks a striking change of emphasis and one that deserves recognition.

PAUL SUTER

**DIAMOND HEAD**  
**'Canterbury'**  
(MCA DH 1002)\*\*\*½

THE TRULY marvellous thing about owning a heavy metal record is being able to listen to the band responsible without, at the same time, having to watch a bunch of posing, mock-orgasmic, tight-trousered twits making utter sissys of themselves.

Diamond Head, pride of Birmingham (or thereabouts), were once your typical tight-trousered sissys. Indeed, not long ago they were posturing their way, completely straight-faced, through a totally farcical In Concert fabrication on our TV screens. But even then, if you squeezed shut both eyes tightly enough, battling against visions of daft pointy-toe poses and those trousers, it was patently obvious, that the Head — possessors of a ridiculously fine (if over-emphasised) voice, courtesy of mega-talented vocalist, Sean Harris — were a fabulous band, masters of spine-tingling drama and true rock power and not really 'heavy metal' (perish the thought!) at all.

Months later, and the devils have dropped their embarrassing jeans in favour of a looser, fuller, more practical mode of trouser-ware. This act in itself will probably prove enough to provoke hordes of disgruntled headbangers into the tearing of D H logos from their denims, yet, to make matters even worse, in an incredibly brave move that reveals large amounts of self-confidence and personal pride, the Diamond boize have gone and taken their music several



SEAN HARRIS: meaty, eh girls?

## A Chaucer selection

steps forward. (That does it! — A million tuming metal-men.)

Disappointingly though, the band's new ideas, however impressive they might be in their boldness and keen sense of adventure, don't always succeed.

There are moments on 'Canterbury' — the limpish 'One More Night', 'The Kingmaker's pompously dull intro and 'Canterbury' itself's horribly twee opening notes (nightmarish memories of, would you believe, Freddie Mercury?) being the biggest offenders — that leave one positively craving the more straightforward rock 'n' roll of the last, more easily accessible album, 'Living On Borrowed Time'. But dig deeper and the new hungrier Head are revealed in all their glory.

Like Led Zeppelin and the god-like Deep Purple before them, Diamond Head know how to use their musical prowess properly — sparingly. They don't bore brainless with infinite riffing or soulless 'blazing' guitar solos. Instead they take a theme, building upon it ravenously and drawing from numerous influences (including classical sounds and the brilliant Police!) and successfully create layer upon layer of deeply satisfying rock atmospherics: a genuine intensity.

So forget the trousers, ignore the posing and beware of the video. The sound of Diamond Head — masters of authentic heavy rock brilliance — is not to be missed.

WINSTON SMITH

Andrew Catlin



**IQ**  
**'Tales From The Lush Attic'**  
**(Major MAJ1001)\*\*\*\***

THE CONTEMPORARY progressive renaissance tossed up its vanguard early on: Pallas, Twelfth Night, Solstice, Pendragon and, of course, Marillion were the clever clique with the machinery and motion to earn reputations. In a regular trend, that would be the end of the matter.

But this is no trend, so a reappraisal is *always* due. IQ have been struggling for recognition for years. And as a measure of their belief, A Lot Of Their Money has been invested in their conviction, to produce a debut disc that dazzles with its dexterity.

Lush indeed! 'Tales' should lift IQ to immediate stardom. Five songs quoting IQ's musical intelligence in terms as sharp as allowed by four days of studio time.

Almost predictably, the sounds are derived from classical/Genesis/Yes influences. But far from settling on being a surrogate, feeble impersonation, IQ search for identity and do so with maximum musicianship.

'Awake And Nervous' maintains a lurching, pokey atmosphere for some time, before IQ's zany humour looms large in the ludicrously titled 'My Baby Treats Me Right Cos I'm A Hard Lovin' Man All Night Long', which turns out to be a solo piano spot.

Otherwise, nearly thirty-five minutes are filled by 'The Last Human Gateway' and 'The Enemy Smacks', two astounding pieces!

Nicholl's individual voice — Gabriel influenced but reminiscent of David Essex! — inserts passion into the two 'tales', one of the despair of a lonely soul, the other of drug-induced neurotica.

Packed with befuddling rhythms (held down by bassist Tim Esau and frantic drummer Paul Cook), deftly executed mood switches, a grasp of theme repetition badly lacking in other acts and memorable melodies, the full force of these sonatas is simply too sweeping to convey here.

Anyway, 'Tales' goes on sale at IQ's Marquee headline on the 15th, and tragically will only for the present be available at gigs or for £4.20 including p&p from: IQ, 2 Buchanan Gardens, Kensal Green, London NW10 5AE.

PHIL BELL

**GANG OF FOUR**  
**'Hard'**  
**(EMI EMC 1652191)**  
**\*\*\***

AGAINST ALL expectations, this is a very strange album indeed.

Previously, as we know, the Gang have been one of the easiest entities in rock to flick away and forget about. First of all, circa after-punk, they were an atrocious embarrassment, a post-punk trendies' delight. They seemed to get to know this themselves, kept a low profile musically for a while and then cropped up last summer with the surprisingly strong 'I Love A Man In A Uniform'. They seemed that rare thing: a very hot live band (their OGWT performance was impressive stuff).

So, we might expect 'Hard' to surprise us by revving up the Gang's career by consolidating the steamy promise of 'Uniform' — we could do with a good GUITAR band nowadays, a return of that Wilko Johnson feeling in the able form of Andy (here 'Andrew' — they still have not lost their pomposity!) Gill.

What do we get? A 'mysterious' album in not a very useful way. It leaves you dumbfounded initially, even though they haven't changed the Gang format that much, a feeling which runs on to irritation. This could have been a powerful album: as it is, it can only be remembered by its strangeness.

'Hard' is about uncertainty, doubt, *about* running away from what's real. You can see the parallels with what has happened inside the Gang themselves quite clearly;

making the transition from facile agitrock to... that's where 'Hard' should come in and supply the last word. That it doesn't fill us in is where it fails. We're left in limbo.

The songs have (giveaway) titles like 'I Fled' (a rather uncertain satire on Simple Minds), 'It Don't Matter' and 'Is It Love'. You get the drift of what they're on about, overall, but that's about all.

I think the failure has to do with much simpler matters. I don't think there's enough energy here: Gill is never let off the leash. Or he is just once, on the resulting only strong track, 'Silver Lining'.

'Silver Lining' is the only thing allowed to flow. The stuttering quality about everything else, lyrics included, is unsatisfactory. 'Woman Town' positively cries out for a relaxed panache that the Gang never manage, its elongation tires soon.

Sheer songwriting ability? Perhaps the Gang don't have it. Maybe they ARE more about that Gillian punch than about trying to copy (unselfconsciously, I'm sure) Heaven 17. Too many songs here fall apart, too little gells into cohesive Song Writing.

Can the Gang make their desired transition from, what they essentially want, namely from being an unfriendly band to being a group full of humility? Maybe that's the central battle that 'Hard' is all the while fighting. The result is a mish-mash lacking anything definite.

Maybe (maybe! That would have been a preferable title!) the Gang are more natural BEING unfriendly, with an unfriendly Gill guitar to the fore, than about, as 'Hard' attempts, a honestly self-doubting disco act.

Still, 'Hard' lives up to its name, if not in the obvious sense. If there were rock 'n' roll degree courses, it would take up a whole syllabus in itself.

DAVE McCULLOUGH

**GARY NUMAN**  
**'Warriors'**  
**(Beggar's Banquet**  
**240241-1)½**

I'LL NEVER forget reading years ago a certain pretentious journalist's discovery of How Thick Gary Numan Is.

He'd spent three days with him: ate with him, went to bed with him, had x-rays done of his cranium, asked him every question under the sun and the moon. Suddenly, as he was driving along with our Gal in our Gal's Range Rover, it struck him. He put it in print too: THIS MAN IS A COMPLETE THICKIE!!!

Successive Saturday morning TV appearances have rammed home the point. In the brain region, Gary Numan has his equivalents in Doberman of *Bilko* fame, the eponymous Brains of *Top Cat* cartoonery and a sack of potatoes. It is with this total lack of wee grey matter that GN sets about making albums that propound to be packed with the stuff.

**TOM WAITS**  
**'Swordfishtrombone'**  
**(Island ILPS 9762)**  
**\*\*\*\*\***

WITH 'Swordfishtrombone', Tom Waits has managed to make his achievements match his pretensions. This is not to belittle his past work, but 'Sword' has such an unforced, natural flow to it that there is an amazed surprise as to why he has taken so long to reach this point.

Without betraying any of his previous music, he has added an extra dimension which cannily mixes that massive *pot pourrie* of American musical heritage out of which he fishes some of his most heartfelt songs, with a casual, very offhand in places, acknowledgement of rock and pop trickery.

Also, his ability to move from the relatively straightforward to the decidedly strange and unnerving is quite astounding — the beautifully structured 'Shore Leave' runs into the crazily jagged instrumental 'Dave The Butcher' with a quirky sense of purpose.

The former almost throws away fistfuls of Waits' painfully accurate lyrical observations — his talent with words and phrases always leads him to use the right amount of expression



JOBBOXERS investigate the possibilities of heavy (scrap) metal

Pennie Smith

# Wanna be in our gang?

**JOBBOXERS**  
**'Like Gangbusters'**  
**(RCA BOXXLP1)\*\*\*\***

WHEN A perfectly harmless snake is cornered by an enemy, it will flatten its head, coil up to strike and hiss violently, all in the hope that its attacker will think it is a venomous cobra, deadly and fast. It could be that the snake deliberately copies its poisonous relative, or it could be that the cobra is simply a highly evolved example of such behaviour. An example itself of the eternal dilemma — does life imitate art, or art...?

Likewise, Joboxers: harmlessly hissing, spitting out pseudo-gangland stereotypes, portraying life as some artfully posed hard guys, poised for action and ready to strike. Real ganglands are, of course, ugly, brutal and inevitably deadly; life on the Joboxer quayside is glamour, money and a cool, cool lifestyle.

The difference in this imitation is simply this: that Joboxers punch HAPPY, and they do it in kid gloves. The picture is painted as art and not as life; the blows strike to hit, but land on the soul and raise grins, not bruises. The hobnail boots are made for DANCING.

New York, of course, is the scene of the crime. Joboxers start their incitement to riot with the simplistic and rather flat 'Boxerbeat', but from there on in the beat gets sleazier

and more sophisticated. The suggestive tones and undercurrents that culminate in the breathless (and superior) 'Johnny Friendly' are mapped out through the seemingly treacherous tracks, and the journey through dockland is a surprisingly scenic one.

"You know what you are," they yell out to Johnny, and it's the criteria by which they save themselves. Joboxers know exactly what they are; they know full well that in this artful dodger world they've created, their immunity stems from their own plain silliness. The clothes, the stances, the dances — they fool their enemies with a veneer of carefree smartness, under which they're laughing.

And with all this in mind, the tinkling jazz piano, the titles like 'Curious George' (no, not an ode to Mr O'Dowd), the deep black bass voice, all fall into place, all take effect. The pursued-up emotion of 'Crime Of Passion' (no jury would convict); the finger-snapping Broadway melody of 'Not My Night', with that rinky-tinky-tinky piano, it all stacks up into a royal flush.

Joboxers took a gamble, injecting this nightlife bop into the placid waters of pop. They could so easily have drowned in proverbial cement boots. Instead, they just got lucky. Three sixes in a row...

But then, you know Joboxers. They only bet with matchsticks anyway.

CAROLE LINFIELD

As the sort of buff who gets asked to review his albums each time they raise their numbskull heads, I can vouch for the fact that 'Warriors' is one of his best/worst, whichever way you look at it.

With 'Warriors', our Gal proves that he is eternally stuck as a rock 'n' roll *Blake's Seven*, with no chance of promotion to *Star Trek* (Ready Brek commercials would be more like it). 'Warriors' manages to break Numan's own personal Cliché Barrier. It doesn't only have clichés this time around: it is made of them. It is a personal

best/worst, whichever way et cetera. He is getting fat — this is 'Warriors' giant revelation, as the unfortunate sleeve tells it. Abominably, he is now working with Bill Nelson, who drones away throughout 'Warriors' on various instruments as only our Bill can.

Bill Nelson is 93. In one single human form, he represents almost entirely everything that is amiss with rock 'n' roll in '83. He is a compulsive bore, he symbolises everything that is wrongly compulsive about rock.

While Bill and seventy other session men drone away, proving to be the musical equivalent of picking your nose, Gary increasingly sounds like Kenneth Williams when he played Julian in those *Round The Horne* sketches (I'm Gary, and this is my friend Bill...?).

Suffering this severe nasal pain For His Art, he waffles on about 'Warriors', 'The Iceman' and 'The Tick Tock Man' in a fashion that would make Nietzsche spin in his grave. Moreover...

(Review interrupted by Police message: "Have you seen this

man? He is a tubby white-haired 'pop singer'. He has been seen in the Surrey area. This man can fatally depress YOUR children. He can make YOUR children sullen and moody. He sometimes attacks them from his private aeroplane. Effects of his attacks can be seen when the child asks, 'Mummy, what is a Tick Tock Man?', or when the child starts to talk with a clothes peg over his/her nose.

This man has an alias of 'Gary Nu-man'. He is 58 years of age."

DAVE McCULLOUGH



TOM WAITS: wake us up when you reach the punchline, Billy

Tom Sheehan

and impression, allowing his singing to assume equal amounts of dispassion and personalisation — over a shuffling rhythm and an understated melody that only blooms along the chorus-line, and there the tune is still delicate.

All through 'Sword', Tom Waits plays the part of a

musical juggler, or perhaps even a *conjurer* would be a more apt description of the dexterity inherent in the feeling. Still he manages to under-emphasise the musical intricacies with an air of simplicity — that image of Waits the ivory-tinkler at a run-down bar in the *barrio*, playing for another shot of hooch or

just for the hell of it, is as strong as ever.

What 'Sword' benefits from the most is that touch of madness, of being extraordinary, which Tom Waits brings to the best of his music.

Whether it be the short, bagpipe-infected eeriness of '16 Shells From A 30.6' or the

melodic rhythm of 'Just Another Sucker' (the lyrics of which are so *exactly* suited to the tune, both the content and the almost *grafted* suggestiveness of the scanning) there is always a sense of the manic, a nod in the direction of the offbeat.

Each of Waits' tales reflects the other side of the tracks, his boulevards and characters inhabit a lyrical ghetto area where *nice people* don't feel comfortable. Across in this faded nether or underworld, the sentiments and actions (born out of longing, of desire, of frustration and, again, of feeling) are true and pure.

Either the simple piano playing of the tender 'Rainbirds' or the warped swamp country rock of 'Gin Soaked Boy' could be said to be true to their emotions, yet both differ from their treatment to their delivery.

Without fracturing the LP, Tom Waits has found a way to pull together lyrics and music which can vary from song to song; everything has its own peculiar flavour and adventure. For it is important not to forget just how *adventurous* 'Swordfishtrombone' is: it has beauty, pride, passion and excitement scurrying through it. It shows Tom Waits still in the ascendant and brilliance being perfected. I hated it.

CHRIS BURKHAM

THE RED CRAYOLA WITH ART & LANGUAGE 'Black Snakes' (Pure Freude ALRC 1849)\*\*\*

'BLACK SNAKES' is by far the Red Crayola's most cohesive and accessible outing. Mainman Mayo Thompson's time with Pere Ubu seems to have added yet another ingredient to this strange musical melting pot...

DIE HAUT WITH NICK CAVE 'Burnin' The Ice' (Illuminated SJAMS 30)\*\*\*

THE DEBUT LP from Die Haut came as a bit of a surprise following their 'Der Karibische Western' 12 inch from earlier in the year. Then they were twangy and cheeky with additional vocals from Lydia Lunch, an almost commercial joy.

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Chris Walter

BITCH: now, where did we put that key?

# A good line in chattel

A selection of metal imports unchained by Dave Roberts

## BITCH 'Be My Slave' (Metal Blade MBR 1007) \*\*\*½

WHEN BETSY asks 'Be My Slave', how can you resist?

If you don't already know, Betsy is the lead singer with Bitch, a woman with a fetish for whips, chains and kinky pleasures. Her band produce basic, thrash metal with little flair and absolutely no originality. The only attraction is the Big B, who goes so over the top that it's pointless shouting 'sexist' accusations, and better to just lie back and take the pain.

"When you tie me up and gag me... / The way you give me pain / Give me lashes, come on and drag me!"

Howzabout that for a little girl next door, huh?

As I've said, the music is pretty unconvincing but the image is a dream. Try this one for size:

"Kick me in my shins / Come on, slap me in my face / And then I'll get down on my knees / And move you like this / Hey, front and centre / Come here!"

If only the girl could sing. Now where was that phone number?

## VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Metal Massacre Vol III' (Metal Blade MBR 1008) \*\*\*

JUST WHAT I needed to brighten up my weekend, another volume of the 'Metal Massacre' series. After playing the first side, my fears were justified. This was back to the dreadful standard of the first release and despite the appearance of Bitch, it was a dismal portion of vinyl, guaranteed to commit US Metal to its grave.

However, side two resuscitated the beast, bringing life back to the limbs of the old warrior. Warlord began the rejuvenation with the impressive 'Mrs Victoria', while the wonderfully-named Sexist (produced by Don Dokken) and Virgin Steele followed suit.

A nifty contribution from Snowwhite (doing the Priest impersonation, of course) and La Mort's closing 'Fist And Chain' kept things to a reasonable standard, making the project almost worthwhile. All we can do now is wait with baited breath for Volume 59. Yawn.

## KIX 'Cool Kids' (Atlantic 80056-1)\*\*\*

THIS ALBUM begins magnificently. 'Burning Love' is a catchy HR songerouni, keyboards twinkling like stars on a summer's night (romantic imagery, huh?), while the title track reminds me of another Starz which is a compliment indeed. Opening with a spoken rap, it launches into a fine pop metal anthem with a dumb chant chorus. 'I was great, but didn't last long, I'm afraid.'

Following that were a few mediocre rocksongs, a little blind boogie, a boring ballad here, a disco vocal chorus there, and the ultimate in trash? a heavy metal Boney M-style number complete with a pseudo-Giorgio Moroder synthesiser beat. Ugh!

Kix are obviously a fine band if only they'd made up their minds about which direction to pursue (preferably the pop metal angle) and stick to it. They've got a good vocalist in Steve Whiteman, but his voice is going to waste on some under-par material.

Funny how US bands are

beginning to sound like Leppard too, isn't it? Yes, some of the less inspired songs here sound like the Def Ones doing their much-reputed AC/DC impersonation. The Leps influencing a whole generation of American rock and rollers? Takes some swallowing, that does.

## WRABIT 'West Side Kids' (MCA-39005)\*\*\*½

WRABIT ARE the archetypal wimp rock band, indulging in more wimp than rock. Grab that rocking chair and lay back, listeners, for some light entertainment — Wrabit style. This band should have come from California, but as it is I think they're Canadians. West Coast beaches, here we come.

When they almost rock out ('Waiting', 'Hold On To Me'), Wrabit produce a fine AOR sound, chock-full of harmonies and stop/start guitar riffs. However, they're just as inclined to down a couple of sleeping pills and drone on about their missus or girlfriends. Pshah! What wimps!

Surprisingly, they let their hair down for 'Cry Cry' which is a sub-Rainbow rabble rouser that comes like a bright spark into a dark room. The life on this track shows up the blandness of the rest of the LP for what it is.

Finie, if you like your rock and roll not too rocky and not too roly, but not one for the Anvil fans of this planet.

## SPYS 'Behind Enemy Lines' (EMI ST-17098)\*\*\*\*½

WITH THIS, their second LP, SPYS have confirmed themselves as one of the best US rock bands to emerge in the past couple of years. Unlike the aforementioned Wrabit, they manage to draw a fine line between melody and muscle to keep interest at all times.

Unfortunately, the tunes on this offering don't seem to be quite as strong as its predecessor. There are some inventive sections to the songs, such as a Russian vocal chant during the title track, but overall the general standard is lacking that magic touch.

On the plus side, though, some excellent pumpy keyboards combine with dynamic guitarwork to give an impression of Styx circa 'Pieces Of Eight' and modern pop is not neglected on 'Sheep Don't Talk Back' (!) with its drum crashes and ELO-style vocoders.

John Blanco vocalises in the best US AOR tradition, while the backing singers harmonise like a choir of angels. The epic 'Younger Days' proves that they've got the quality; it's just a matter of honing the consistency.

## SHOOTING STAR 'Burning' (Virgin/Epic BFE 38683) \*\*\*\*

IF SHOOTING Star ever do start 'Burning', I'm sure they'll produce a classic album. As it is, they're doing a good four-minute mile without ever quite reaching the finish line.

Led by guitarist Van McLain and singer Gary West (who can't get enough sleep judging by his cover photo where he's ludicrously sporting a pair of Marks & Sparks finest pyjamas), this is their fourth LP.

Opening with an instrumental 'Preview', things take off during 'Straight Ahead' which hits the ball like a strength-testing machine at the fairground. There are the inevitable wimphem tracks from

what is undoubtedly a hard rock band (no arguments, please), most notably the title track, which ain't bad at all for an intended tearjerker.

Another good LP, but with a little more effort Shooting Star could be a valid commercial force. They're not far from the Foreigner mould already, and a touch more bite could have wondrous effects.

## ARCANGEL 'ArcAngel' (Portrait BFR 38247)\*\*\*½

POMP ROCK lives, run for the hills. That intro brings back memories, doesn't it? But ArcAngel are brand new pomp rockers, raiding the crypt of a long-forgotten movement.

Seemingly the pet project of vocalist/drummer/songwriter/producer Jeff Cannata, they indulge in pomp histrionics as if the Eighties were a distant speck on the horizon. Locked into 1976 with a crateful of Kansas albums, they're modulating synthesisers and harmonising vocals with Styx-like precision.

Closest comparison is the excellent Avary, but lacking the latter's quirky humour and originality. Attempts to 'kick ass' like 'Rock Me Tonight' are reasonable, along with the inevitable atmospheric instrumental opening 'Before The Storm'.

ArcAngel do what they do quite well, without ever having the class of the megapomstars. Good listening for anybody waiting for the third Boston LP.

## OVERDRIVE 'Metal Attack' (Planet MOP 3025)\*\*\*

I CAN'T believe the number of Swedish metal bands appearing who think that all they need to do is wear some satin and spandex (à la Scorpions), write a couple of riffs and take over the world.

Unfortunately, it takes more than a studded wristband to become a star, or we'd have untold millions on our hands by now. 'Metal Attack' is typical continental HM, clichéd being the operative word. I may actually have spotted an original riff on the third track on the second side, but I was probably mistaken.

For anybody who's still interested, the overall sound is slightly reminiscent of that archive 'Roxoff' EP by the Def Ones, without having the same potential.

## WIZARD 'Wizard' (Future Track FT-001)\*\*½

SO THE progressive rock revival reaches America, huh? Roy Wood should stomp his platform boots on this record to keep his good name intact. 'See My Baby Jive?' 'See my baby smoke a joint and pass out on the floor', more like.

This record is not completely awful, it's just that the whole project is somewhat over-ambitious. If they'd tried writing four-minute rock songs this could have been a reasonable album but, as it is, Wizard aren't capable of sustaining enough interest through their epic meanderings.

Some sections of the songs are reasonable, particularly during 'The Power Of Rock And Roll', but they've got about as much direction as a broken compass, chopping and changing like an Agatha Christie sub-plot.

Wizard should summon up their mystic powers to guide their music in a cohesive direction. At the moment, they're barking up a tree with no fruit.

Above records available from Bullet Records, Stafford.

# Drowned at birth

## BLACK SABBATH 'Born Again' (Vertigo VERL 8)\*\*\*

MOST PEOPLE I know seem to be treating this Ian Gillan/Black Sabbath collaboration as something of a joke; a 'commercial, capitalist outfit' (to pinch a phrase from this week's letters page) that, in an HM world gone crazy, should most definitely not be taken seriously.

And certainly this tedious/titanic team-up (delete where applicable) does smack of more than a degree of desperation.

With original vocalist Ozzy Osbourne trailblazing further and further ahead, Messrs Iommi and Butler obviously had to do something to stop the slow-but-steady Sabslide.

But their welcoming of Ian Gillan into the ranks of the band seemed, on the face of it, as senseless as Charlton Athletic's feteing of Allan Simonsen at the tail end of the last football season. They had to be kidding, surely?

And as for Gillan — well, what with those 'voice problems' never being satisfactorily explained, plus

his reported desperation to bring about the reformation of Deep Purple... it's difficult not to view his joining of the Black Ones as a blatant (not to say last gasp) career move.

It's difficult also not to allow these devious background stories to colour your judgement and taint your enjoyment of 'Yawn Again' — sorry, 'Born Again' — because the prime issue at stake should surely be: is this damn record any good or not?

And the answer is... yeah, it's alright.

It's not a classic for our times; but it's not an entirely torpid turkey either. In fact, the album actually contains two great tracks: 'Disturbing The Priest' and 'Zero The Hero'.

The doomy drud drone of the instrumental 'Stonehenge' leads us into 'Priest' which, despite the occasional grating Gillan guffaw, sounds strong and convincing via a blockbusting backwards Iommi riff and some comforting traditional devil-worship lyrical content.

Meanwhile, 'The Dark's' hidden demonic messages bleed nicely into 'Zero The Hero', a giant grinding

number with effective single-note keyboard contributions from Geoff Nicholls (in many ways, the unsung hero of this LP) and a marvellously meandering guitar solo that cuts through the cynicism and knocks you backwards.

The remainder, however, isn't half as hot. Tracks like 'Trashed' and 'Digital Bitch' are too 'rock 'n' roll' for this group; the former is practically 'Speed King' revisited; the latter more Gillan than Sabs and consequently much too fast — this band works best on a brooding, devious and deadly level and should never be allowed to stray into Total Noise territory.

Elsewhere, 'Hot Line' and 'Keep It Warm' are just plain average, while the title track is a dismal histrionic slowie and, as such, barely listenable.

'Born Again' isn't the total disaster some have predicted, but neither is it the riotous resurrection that millions (Sam Millions, milkman) had hoped for.

And that's about as fair as I can be about what is, after all, a faintly ludicrous hunk of plastic.

GEOFF BARTON



Andre Csillag

BLACK SABBATH celebrate their Reading performance (wild, eh?)

## SUGAR MINOTT 'Sufferer's Choice' (Heartbeat Records 21 US Imp)\*\*\*½ 'Dance Hall Showcase' (Black Roots 10" BRST 1002)\*\*\*½

IT'S SIMULTANEOUSLY instructive and depressing to watch the cyclic careers of top rung reggae singers. In the past year, Gregory Isaacs and Dennis Brown have hacked new inroads through a jungle of indifferent haircuts to the pop market in a modest way. There are rumbles on the 'street' that Sugar Minott is poised to do the same thing — but not on this showing.

The difference (at least one of them) is Sugar hasn't got a major record company underwriting him and so the question of quality is thrown to the vultures in the chase to keep himself and his posse fed and watered. At the moment, he has a glut of pre-singles, discs and albums on release. No doubt producers operate in the hope that if you toss enough shit at the walls of the chart, something will stick.

That curse out of the way, there is something to be rescued from these two elpees — one of which is on his own label, Black Roots. Even a cursory listen indicates that despite the UK Top Ten success of 'Good Thing Going' in 1980, Sugar's running fast against the prevailing trend.

Of the pair, the 10" 'Dance Hall Showcase' is probably the better. It features four songs with their respective dubs, two good and two naff.

A favourite theme, 'Informer', slips the elpee from its chocks. Doing the business as a pre-single currently, the tune is embedded in a brooding Black Roots' Players backlash and warns of the professional grasses to be found in your area — which isn't as loopy as you might think. Dank and a little creepy.

Fanfare by shrill horns and voices, 'Genuine Lover' continues the ponderous, brooding pace. Unfortunately, the lyrics are truly rank, being of the 'If I didn't love her she wouldn't be my baby mother' ilk.

It's just not good enough to grab hold of the mike and sing the first phrases that come into your stoned head, because all that comes out is a babble of stoned clichés. I'd hate to think Sugar spent more than 60 seconds over the words on 'Genuine Lover'.

The same could be said of the title cut, a eulogy to the myriad pleasures of the dance hall. But in this case the music — a perfect late night blues atmosphere just before dawn — is overwhelmingly seductive.

Enter Heartbeat, definitely one of the best new-ish labels around — people who seem to actually care about reggae. As usual, there is plenty of info on the sleeve which isn't as well dressed as some of the US company's other offerings.

Of course, that doesn't matter. It's the music that counts. So... 'Sufferer's Choice', you will no doubt glean from the name, is ghetto skank. A couple of the songs are superb, 'Rough Ole Life' and 'The Youth Them Getting Bad' which book-end the elpee in particular.

You've guessed! The bits in-between are mostly dodgy, with exceptions. Why is difficult to

figure out. The melodic tapestries are more varied than 'DHS', but they don't convince or excite.

So that leaves one factor — Sly 'n' Robbie who power nearly all the tracks. I've never heard them so feeble and uninspired. Not baad in both senses of the term, but not good either. And that's not good enough.

JACK BARRON

## JAGUAR 'Power Games' (Neat 1007)\*\*

NEAT RECORDS have been responsible for alerting the public's attention to quite a few Northern bands that otherwise might not have emerged from the NWOBHM scramble.

Raven, Tygers Of Pan Tang (whatever happened to them?) — fresh, hungry rockers to a man, brash new metal boys who grabbed the bullshit by the scruff of the neck and rejuvenated HM. But now the second wave doesn't seem so carnivorous... the bark is much worse than the bite.

Jaguar have got the speed ('Dutch Connection' is as fast and mayhem as anything Rayen have done) but they lose points in the originality and stamina stakes. 'Power Games' is a mish-mash, a melee of jumbled riffs that go so fast they bump into each other and never give the seasoned headbanger anything to gyrate his medulla oblongata to.

More time and more planning lads, give it a bit of that and you'll come good. But this is just a bit too... no, a lot too rushed. Get on the right side of the punk/HM fence and get stuck in.

JAY WILLIAMS

# ROADRUNNER



Andy Catlin

BEAST'S ANDRELLA: at least she's, er, prettier than Gene Simmons

## Creatures of the night

### THE DAMNED/BEAST/PLAY DEAD/FLESH FOR LULU Hammersmith Palais

THE PALAIS closely resembled some rejected sequence from *Night Of The Living Dead*: this was a depressing downer, blessed with a generous quota of meathead skins and zomboid 'punks' — for what, in this case, the term is worth — gleefully devouring the wretched pantomime garbage of the headliners and treating the support acts with varying degrees of liquid/solid/vocal contempt. But as brave bottom of a

somewhat less than inspiring bill, *Flesh For Lulu* rescued the event from being an utter waste of time. They're a rich blend of slurred, soothing vocals, skin-tight bass and resounding, crashing drums. And guitars. But used — as guitars have too rarely been used of late — to create a sweeping, sensual feeling rather than for the bludgeoning purposes of so many contemporary exponents of the art. It was an incredibly impressive set: the kind of rock 'n' roll that seems to have been lost since the Only Ones struck their last chord. Naturally, it was badly received — perhaps

too thoughtful in approach for tonight's crowd — but the surging majesty of 'Roman Candle', the addictive 'Coming Down' and the simple exhilaration of 'Lame Train' won't go unnoticed for much longer. *Flesh For Lulu* were magnificent. Play Dead were anything but. They droned and moaned, a sub-Black Sabbath noise-assault. Horrible, ugly slabs of guitar and thudding drums, supporting a singer who needs all the support he can muster, and perhaps some sympathetic treatment for his disturbingly advanced John Lydon complex. If Play Dead were a town,

they'd be Port Talbot: the word 'grey' might have been specifically invented for their terminally dull tantrums. By now, I was desperate for Beast, featuring Bryan Gregory, legendary ex-Cramps enigma. Unfortunately, Beast did not feature. In fact, as their wailing, SICK AS A PARROT, informed us, he had ca. "flipped out in a park". Instead, they featured five slightly shabby extr. the Kiss story, clad in hideous fur-trimmed gl. attire, pouting and preen themselves furiously, presumably in compensation for the set's lack of any halfway-good songs.

Not at all beastly, Beast are predictable American 'outrage', frantically trying to catch up on the last ten years' musical trends with little success. Whether Bryan Gregory could, or would, or even intends to aid them is a question best left unanswered. To put it mildly, Beast disappointed. Their music is dated, their image more so and their human gimmick conspicuous by his absence. Later on, the Damned played as the Damned usually do. I looked round the venue, realising that any point which may have once existed has long since been blunted far beyond repair, and left. ROBIN GIBSON

### STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN Venue

STEVIE RAY looked at his watch for the umpteenth time and swore quietly to himself: 'Christ, if that motherfucker Tommy is late we're gonna have to blow out the gig!' Suddenly, it dawned on him. He wasn't holed up in some Texas township getting ready to rock the local saloon with his barroom brawl; he was in London, England with his rhythm section Double Trouble to blow away the trendy townies at their local nitespot. Stevie Ray Vaughan didn't miss his bud and he didn't miss a note. That goes for Double Trouble, too. Tommy Shannon carries his bass like a sack of potatoes and plays it as if he were spud-bashing. Chris 'Whipper' Layton is the pristine sticksman, almost catatonic in his restraint yet blistering in his execution. To the uninitiated, this is a hoary old axeman exercising a strictly frontroom-only brand of six string egoism backed up by a crunching if rather crusty old bass 'n' drums set up. To the devoted, he is a Southern messiah with a growling guitar that sounds as if it has been dragged through every dusty plain in the Union, and a voice which must have accompanied it every bump of the way. Forget Bowie, forget the Hendrix ritualism, this is about as authentic as you're likely to get in sleazy Victoria, so warm to the gruff beauty of 'Lenny' (taken sitting down by Stevie) or the vibrant variations brought to 'Little Wing'. Whatever else may be said about Stevie Ray Vaughan — and it must be noted that he is giving George Thorogood a run for his money in the Ugliest Rockstar stakes — let it be known that this man owes a lot to both the Kings but currently holds all the aces. BILL BLACK

### KOLO Bristol

FOR A night at Upstairs, Bristol's newest, most claustrophobic, sweaty nightspot, Kolo drew out the Bedsit Brigade in force. Swarming in from Clifton, Redland and Montpelier, the hordes came to view a jazz-based combo, classically illustrating (and made up from) the selection of musicians who've in the main trodden the boards for years, to local acclaim but little else. The most notable band member was Ollie Moore, late of Pigbag, one of the four-man horn section, fronting an octet of musicians whose collective abilities were well tuned to the collective good. Of the instrumentals performed, there was a pleasant and occasionally humorous blend of quirky, idiosyncratic jump jazz, swinging along in Carla Bley-style, moves to the more mainstream tradition, and some lighthearted cruises through the Caribbean. Pete Brandt's bass called the tunes, the horn section varied the feel and the soloists, notably the blistering trumpet player and the scalding, slightly manic sawing of the violinist, typified the carefree nature of Kolo. The fun built up when Sarah and Jo came on for a vocal spot and a saucy salsa inspired by the delights of rum and cola. They added both a visual and lyrical dimension that broke up the set nicely, leaving me keenly anticipating the return to the improvisation and exploration of the players. The jazzers' time may be past but it's always good to see the happy and humble stance of the music being carried on, and a Kolo solo passes the test. DAVE MASSEY

## The apeman cometh

### PETER GABRIEL Hammersmith Odeon

THE LADY said I couldn't come in. I told her I was there because my reviews editor had me put on the guest list over the phone. "Look, are you trying to be rude?" She was unfriendly. She had glazed eyes. Peter Gabriel at the Ham Odeon is scarcely Sex Pistols at the 100 Club; I was all but indifferent. The lady finally came back with two standing-only stage passes. "Now: are you going to apologise for being rude?" I was left speechless by the incident, but not unaware that the little (one way) fracas with the lady from the Promoter's has its tinge of something I have always found in the Gabriel/Genesis camp, and in their musics. A kind of terrible and effortless commercially successful *emo*. A tinge of Big Brother. I don't care how much money Gabriel donates to armless Africans, how many songs he writes about Zimbabwe, or how many free mini Woodstocks he holds in

fields in Glastonbury: the man is an aristocrat of rock in the worst sense. The English class system is perhaps more evident in Gabriel's attitude and his music on stage than in any other areas of modern music. Forget the final remnants of lyrical psychedelia from his Genesis days (daze), they are seemingly only there still to placate Gabriel himself; far more significant is, put simply, the twee Englishness of his songs' content. I think people like Gabriel because they are reminded of the bedtime stories of *Bre'r Rabbit* and *Beatrix Potter*. This provides a kind of childlike devotion to his music. Two studenty fellas in front of me positively spat out every single Gabriel lyric with gusto, going mad with applause each time the man shook a track-suited limb. It is a fanaticism for Gabriel persona, mainly, for the rare class-riddled nobility of his voice between songs. He is Noel Coward; they are the saucy who are privileged enough to have been permitted in to see him (I? ...). If Gabriel spoke like Pursey or Parsons



Andy Hanson

PETER GABRIEL: has he gone insane?

and sang those Enid Blyton adventures in an acid fairyland, people would laugh and walk out. As it is, Gabriel's upper-class aura holds them entranced — the Prince Charles of rock! Even the pretentious twinge of West Country that has lately come into his voice makes it only doubly as charming. OF COURSE the music was overblown and far too loud. OF COURSE he is now backed by session musicians who jump up and down in time with him and are ugly-looking. OF COURSE

he is now doing second-rate Genesis. But, good guy that he used to be, why does he do it? I think he's a bit mad. Some of his Prince Charles-voiced song intros were rambling and didn't make sense. He was talking mad gibberish and no-one noticed. 'Shock The Monkey' might have been the clue. He comes swinging in on a bar, monkey-like, doing all the monkey actions. At the end he does an embarrassing, and surely ARCH, song song with the audience. "Come on and

ROCK that monkey too-nite!" He sat at the edge of the stage and stared at the monkeys performing in the audience, expressionless. Then he sprawled out on his back on the stage, yawning, full of sleepy ease. If it was meant to be clever, it turned out more scary and very sad. 'Simon Smith And His Amazing Dancing Gabriel! Poke him with a stick and watch him go lunatic!' I trust Marillion will write a song about it. DAVE McCULLOUGH

## FARMERS BOYS

Venue

I HAVE a vaguely hazy recollection of the night about a year and a half ago when I first succumbed to the charms of the Farmers Boys: the ironing boards, the stupid songs, guitarist Smelly Stan eating on stage, ex-choirboy Baz and his astonishing vocal range. From the fields to the boards, they presented a kind of honest, refreshing opposition to the sterner sensibilities of beatdom.

Since then, they've staid (sic) basically the same and the affection that I first felt for them has dwindled with their apparent inability to reassess their position and adapt accordingly. Let the novelty fade and their naked music lacks depth, meaning and substance. The sound they make doesn't admit anything. It's a hollow sham with no acknowledgement of pop's possibilities, just an empty embrace of its fallow routines.

There are a few cosmetic changes, a heavier synth orientation and, tonight, a Higson engaged to blow brass on a few numbers. But it's not enough. The Farmers Boys are standing still. No feeling of movement (save for the tacit salute to the Norwich-London road), no striving towards anything. Simply a static situation and the vacant delivery of a handful of pop tunes, the gruff edges of which having been slowly filed away to attain a nauseatingly smooth level of blandness.

Collectively, the Farmers Boys lack the power to crack an egg. Their philosophical aesthetic is shaped by their rural studies degree courses. Their conception of dare-devil risk-taking would be giving up sugar in their tea and their notion of strength is a half pound block of Bourneville Dark.

Even the typical Farmers Boys fan has assumed ugly proportions. I remember a collection fresh from the sty, full of the country stench, pig shit dripping off their backs, straw in their hair, drinking cider and munching cowcake. Nowadays, the quartet attract the over-washed, gawping, dumb offspring of the disgustingly affluent, attired in best frocks and borrowed pearls, who seek nothing more than cutesy melodies and an amusing degree of wackiness from their pop performers.

I was left feeling queasy and ill. I spent the whole of the following day heaving — a strange, sour-tasting vomit gushing from my innards.

Talk about gut reaction!

MICK SINCLAIR

## ELVIS COSTELLO/ AZTEC CAMERA

New York

PIER 84 is way off on Manhattan's west side and it really is a pier, sitting out on the edge of the Hudson.

They've built a stage, found room for about 8,000 people and it's a pleasant — if fairly impersonal — space for outdoor concerts, with an aircraft carrier looming ominously next door.

Costello's polite but partisan audience isn't there to see Aztec Camera, so they go mostly ignored, which is a shame since their largely acoustic, tender yet persuasive pop is perfect for the warm summer evening. Aztec Camera's strengths are in their charm, their emotional honesty and their stunning melodic sensibility; over and over again, they rope you in with some bright, soaring chorus, some incredibly accurate observation about loss, longing and resignation, and on top of all this they've got Roddy Frame standing front and centre.

The spiky-haired flannel-shirted troubadour is a true personality, and a warm and talented one at that — and Frame hasn't learned to act yet. He's as natural as can be, projecting a mixture of wit, precociousness and adorable humility.

Frame and Aztec Camera are modern romantics in the true sense of the word. When's the last time a catalogue of love songs have been so direct, so embraceable? The powerfully seductive, nimble, flamenco-laced pop that Frame and cohorts Craig Gannon (rhythm guitar — restrained to the point of not playing for a large part of the set), Dave Ruffy (drums) and Campell Owens (bass) play is equally as honest and fresh.

Aztec Camera are a perfect yet clearly subordinate compliment to Frame's glorious, textured, chiming pop vision, though one could easily choose to be distracted by the legendary Dave Ruffy: so few drummers are this adept, this much in command of their kit, this inventive, this capable of using the traps as a true musical instrument. His fluid and patient playing has given

Aztec Camera the room to develop the quirkless pop inherent in Frame's flawless, seamless songs.

If this sounds like a rave, well, it is. Bands like Aztec Camera, REM, Big Country and the Go Betweens extend the life of pop rock indefinitely by plugging it with honest emotion and a new yet wholly accessible approach to the pop group sound.

Aztec Camera are subtle, honest, natural, are greeted by mild applause, and are a striking contrast to the overwhelming Elvis Costello Show.

These days, Costello has become *The Entertainer*, a glossy, contrived, high-spirited new wave Sinatra. He knows what he's doing, he has the bright, simple and well-arranged material to do it with, and he does it well, as long as you don't mind a complete absence of spontaneity, genuine emotion or any sort of on-stage honesty.

Six years of working the States has eroded any real friction or tension in Costello's stage work: it's just a Big Act, a Big Show and he's pretty good at it — very good, actually. I'm not particularly taken in by Costello's new age MOR, but it's pleasant enough. He is a fairly gifted stylist and arranger, as all easily palatable performers must be, and his sense of visual style and co-ordination would seem to be as adept as his musical one.

But you can see right through Elvis. He's just a bright and powerfully rehearsed performer, his emotions (probably real and valid enough at the time he wrote any of the many songs he throws out in rapid yet careful order at the Pier crowd) on stage are carefully deliberated and plugged in; they read well under the bright lights and from a distance, but they are transparent, easily summoned and dispensed each night of this long American tour.

How different from Aztec Camera's unpretentiousness and natural performance! Costello is tight, good, attractive, and quite boring. He has the Eighties performance style down perfectly and his music is a fine contemporary synthesis of familiar influences and acceptable pseudo-modernism.

As a colourful and unspontaneous actor, he is to this decade what Springsteen's mechanical athletics were to the last. He should be dishing it out for a long time.

TIM SOMMER



VICTOR DeLORENZO of Violent Femmes prepares to glaze some sausage rolls

# Femmes fatale

## VIOLENT FEMMES Dingwalls

CURIOSITY FULFILLED the cats? Well, some of the time, maybe. This was the night that what made Milwaukee famous and Chrissie Hynde delirious came to London, and out of the woodwork came those expecting a hybrid of early and mid-period Jonathan Richman. Those who had heard the Violent Femmes LP probably guessed it wouldn't be that simple. I mean, hey — Fall-guy Mark Smith is supposed to be lurking around somewhere tonite, hear?

Painfully late as usual for Dingers, on they came with the slightly disconcerting announcement that this was merely a 'promotional' visit. Whaaaat tha mean? Two sets of about 25 mins apiece.

They begin well, these three geeks who range from handsome to demented and unshaven. Upright tap/snare-snapper, acoustic (mainly) bass, twang's-thuh-thang guitarist vocalist, pumping out those sort of Modern Love parodies from the platter with the pleasing sleeve. "Whyyyy canna git jest wunnn fuuuuck?!", all that mumble, beating the instruments till they feel the burn, Jane. But then it got giggling...

Tom Rapp & Pearls Before Swine — no, scrub that. Have you ever heard the Fugs? The early albums, where Manson-chronicler Ed Sanders and buddies plucked untutored lutes and burned USA flags? Down-home folkie accents... that's what a lot of Violent Femmes began to remind of. Tuli Kupferberg would've wept with joy. Then a

toon like the Cramps, ghoulies and ghosties style, an odd mix indeed.

They veered from a couple of great, ragged pop spurts recalling the original Buzzcocks efforts, to rambling 'poetic' guffers that showed they'd listened to Jim Morrison's 'American Prayer' once too often. What a li'l compendium of vices and virtues they were — almost as though momentarily stuck for filler, they chucked in a piece that simulated Presley's 'All Shook Up' rendition. To be fair, at least it was Scotty & Bill period and not Vegas latterday arrangement.

Us pervs will nevahev nevahev tire of the Velvet Bloody Undergroun', and these new Yank bands know it. Dream Syndicate and Femmes: both have brilliant debuts which, nevertheless, seem to be straining to fill two sides with worthwhile material. But live, I hear the Syndicate will cover any old tune or even embark on 40-minute Stoogeling no-intermission anthemics. Feedback a-go-go, whereas Violent Femmes are apparently lost in the wilderness of random influences and dead-ends. And calling it "a promo visit" don't make it better or worse.

Still, at least a third of the stuff is perfect, plus which they haven't forgotten the punk dictum of 20 minute sets (Springsteen should note this). In these lean times... we should be thankful for the smallest of mercies. I mean to bleedin' well say, they weren't as boring as X. Now they are fatale.

SANDY ROBERTSON



ROBERT SCHRÖDER: he must have a large electricity bill!

# Give us watt we want

## UK ELECTRONICA FESTIVAL

Milton Keynes

IT WASN'T quite the epic, of David Bowie proportions, that you'd expect in Milton Keynes but this first UK Electronica Festival set up by *Inkeys* and *Mirage* magazines with a little help from Lotus Records was a success. Early afternoon highlights came from Chris And Cosey, Ian Boddy and Jasun Martz — or so your humble reviewer was informed — and with a full house, all was set for the evening bill of Mark Shreeve and Robert Schröder.

Mark Shreeve seems to be the English hope of Euro Rock but he got a pretty rum deal. Headliner Schröder's equipment almost obscured the chap and with lasers flickering on the back wall, you could have been

forgiven for thinking you were just listening to his latest LP.

Shreeve may in fact lose his popular status if he goes the way I wish he would. Grounded in the Tangerine Dream/Schulze school of synth playing, he seems to be attempting to try something new and escape the genre's well-worn trappings. Tonight, he didn't break free. He went down well but it was really just preaching to the converted.

Schröder could do nothing wrong. He mixed well his stylised sounds, straddling the line between commercial dance beats and long, drawn-out epics — but it was predictably sterile inasmuch as you knew exactly what came next.

There are hints of something new, as there was with Mark Shreeve, but his education in synthesised sound — he's done four albums for Klaus Schulze's

IC label — was well in evidence. There's a middle ground that is quite intriguing, though. As he changes gear between his commercial numbers and his more self-indulgent numbers, there's the glimmering sensation of a musical area that has never been tapped.

The title track of Shreeve's 'Assassin' LP is almost on that line as is the majority of Ian Boddy's 'The Climb' LP, but Schröder seems reluctant to stay there. He works with what he knows best, he goes down well and everyone's happy.

Electronic music of that sort, on today's evidence, has some gaping limitations: Robert Schröder seems to be happy never to transcend them but Mark Shreeve definitely has the potential.

DAVE HENDERSON

## SOPHISTICATED BOOM BOOM

Glasgow

THE INCEPTION of Boom Boom must have been a torrid affair, highlighting original incapacities to exist in musical harmony and forming a determination to conquer this incompatibility, to improve and thus quell the criticisms levelled towards them. And finally, to cross the thick red line between clumsy adolescent musicianship and tight professional performance.

Or so you might think when, really, there has never been an urgency in their development and there has never been a lack of admiration from the likes of

Peelie. To direct this to their being a feminine fivesome would be frivolous.

Tonight, a far from sophisticated but more of a casual approach sees Boom Boom open with 'Next Time' and display an 'Instant Appeal', both underlining a serious Country and Western strain and mainly attributed to Libby McAllister's Tammy Wynette-like vocalising style. Draped in a grey blouse and a somewhat grubby black skirt, she only enhances parallels which have always been made between working class Glasgow and C&W.

'Nothing To Lose' is the 'would be' Sophisticated Boom Boom of a single, being their strongest from tonight's execution of songs. But still it falls short of total commercial

acceptability — despite all the little qualities, especially to this Glasgow audience.

There is nothing superfluous or superficial about Sophisticated Boom Boom; no image, no easy categories. They are difficult to define, always leaving you with a nagging desire to make comparisons which remain out of reach.

Tricia's solid and (rare) semi-acoustic jangle, combined with Laura on bass and Jackie on drums provide heavy backing, a sort of heavy duty jangle rock. It's effective and shows (to some extent) that Boom Boom have come a long way since their Peel session days of white elephant cover versions like 'White Horses'. Halfway to paradise.

JOHN DINGWALL

# Look back in angryyo

## FURYO

### Marquee

YOU SHOULD'VE seen the mess, passion everywhere. All over the walls and splattered across the ceiling it was, yet, from the blindingly lit stage, spasmodic and directionless, it continued gushing.

With a vast smile illuminating his face, Abbo — followed by old chums Steve and Eddie from UK Decay, plus (ex-Gene Loves Jezebel) guitarist Albie — strode purposefully and passionately into view, his excited expression full of promise; a promise that Furo (Furo???) would supply all the power, all the mad fiery glory that made UK Decay so special, plus an awful lot more.

#### A New Beginning.

The earth moved, Abbo looked like he was having the time of his life, the crowd went crazy and, of course, the passion: the Passion spewed forth by way of brain-splitting volume and unbearable mind-numbing howls of anguish and via viciously erratic rhythms, brutish drums, lashings of echo, stark, startling guitar and an epileptic's nightmare of a lightshow.

Everyone clapped like there was no tomorrow, encouraging the still-on-top-of-the-world Abbo and his men into another number. Once again, the 'passion', like pus from an over-ripe spot, burst forth and drowned the dancing masses beneath a reassuringly cataclysmic blanket of melodramatic nothingness, and gradually the horrific truth sank in.

Quite simply, Furo sound exactly the same as UK Decay always did, only now, presumably in some vague grope at progression, they possess no (discernible) tunes!

Soon, Furo's rhythms grew irritating in their pointless complexity. Abbo's endless wailing became an utter yawn and the — pure and simple — dumb brutality of the band's music (easily mistaken for just another bunch of bad UK Decay copyists) pummelled any remaining vestiges of enthusiasm down into the sloppy, splashing floor.

Again and again, hopes were momentarily raised by drummer Steve's tensely dramatic intros, cloudy hints at (just maybe) something with the magical force of an 'Unwind' or a 'Stage-Struck'... but without fail, all that followed was yet more empty gothic noise.

Still looking radiant, Abbo smiled as a purple-haired punk girl leapt onstage and danced alongside him, whipping her companions into further ecstasy and swirling a studded belt above her head, just the way she must have done in the good old days.

Around and around in circles went the shimmering, spinning belt, while Furo, hopefully with a very close eye on it, pounded on.

WINSTON SMITH



FURYO'S ABBO: purveyor of yet more 'empty gothic noise'

Jason Pevovar



## KLAXON 5

### Soho Wag Club

"COME ON, come on," they chant excitedly, and they're perfectly within their rights to do so. For the sound of the Klaxon 5 is a stirring, impressive blend of tinny pop and dirty funk, which implicitly suggests as much as it explicitly says and reaches out beyond itself by means of a subtle accessibility.

Danceable diatribes marred only by bad diction (a common fault these days) and a muddy mix (a common fault since time began). Delightfully devious

disco, threatening to lapse into Pigbag-style indulgence but successfully clinging onto the walls of tacky tease and refusing to fall to the ground level of taciturn tedium.

Klaxon 5 struck me as being very white. Not just because their frontmen look like trendy ghosts or Cabaret Voltaire or people who couldn't afford a holiday (God bless 'em), but also because their funk, palatably aggressive as it is, lacks the gleaming, glorious heated sex factor that the tightest, meanest, most whiplashing of black bump and grind thrusts into your veins. (Refer: the Gap Band on an evil morning — guaranteed to blow

the scum off your coffee.)

Nevertheless, there is enough substance and style within the short songs to convey their depth and noble intentions. When their sense of pop humour is poured over these qualities like so much liberal syrup, the taste that lingers is enticing enough.

They're not, in reality, all that pretty. Few records will be sold on the basis of their appeal to carnal or even material instincts. They're not Damp Duran or even Smug Spandau but at least they're marginally more glamorous than UB40 (cue jingle-number one...) and this is thanks to the mobile if unpoetic efforts of Mandy

Washbourne and Marc Chivers. All the instrumental ingredients blend fluidly (the McClean brothers, Angus and Donald, featuring prominently) and the extra percussion, when played this dynamically, is a vital bonus rather than an in-vogue platitude.

Short, sharp shock-songs like the opener 'Dynamite' and 'Falling Over' (which reminded me in terms of ambience of Orange Juice's 'Falling And Laughing') are hugged to the breast by a fashionable but not insensitive audience, who for the duration of group's set actually tear their gazes away from the nightclubbing Heaven 17. Most dance, some just

admire the band.

A combo like Klaxon 5 could be successful and important, or could never again be heard of from now to eternity. A lot depends on the first single, funnily enough, and while they're nothing to match 'I Want You Back' or 'I'll Be There' (sigh), 'Dynamite' could certainly cause the odd thousand turntables to revolve if not explode.

The Klaxon 5 will work their way 'in' — not with a bang but with an endearing whimper.

CHRIS ROBERTS

## GENE CHANDLER

### Dingwalls

A LONE mod in search of a time-machine — resplendent in sta-press and striped shirt — stares bug-eyed and bemused before the stage as Gene Chandler launches into his funky classic 'Get Down'.

Gene knows the game somewhat better. He hollers and smiles, sweats and croons, puffs and pants and duets with his female backing singer. He's a trouper and he enjoys being one.

He dismisses 'Duke Of Earl' in suitably casual style and novelty attire. He panders to the whims of his audience — even to the extent of repeating a song twice within ten minutes — and asks two 'gents' and two 'ladies' (who look "too good to stay down there") up onstage to dance. He shakes hands with someone who's come from France to see the gig and is definitely the life and soul of his own party.

Gene's backing band are Fantasy, who would clearly be more comfortable in some innocuous, sterile jazz-funk groove. But they plod dutifully and precisely through the classic hits routine.

Meanwhile, Gene Chandler keeps all his bases covered — rhythm and blues, sweet Sixties soul and plenty of funky stuff. His voice is still elegantly rough and unaffected by the passage of twenty years; his show is speedy, his manner confident and the atmosphere is just the right side of too-slick cabaret.

Fantasy haven't learnt all the songs the crowd yell for: they don't know 'A Song Called Soul' or 'Rainbow' — I doubt of Gene would remember the words anyway — but that doesn't really concern anyone.

Everyone has fun: Fantasy get to break loose on 'There Was A Time' and as Gene yet

again heartily assures us that 'She's Such A Pretty Thing', the mod's face breaks into a grin and his feet begin to move. Gene Chandler is not, of course, the son of Raymond. But apart from that, everything is great.

ROBIN GIBSON

## EKO EKO

### Fulham Greyhound

TAKE A lesson from Freaky Pete. Freaky Pete woke up last Tuesday night under a table at the Greyhound after a trip that began in 1967. Freaky Pete looks like an extra in a Roger Corman flick but he knows good music when he hears it. And Freaky Pete liked Eko Eko.

Eko Eko are a riddle. Last time I saw them at the Rock Garden, I came away unsure of what sort of an impression they had made. I was almost ready to dismiss them out of hand and leave it at that, but the sound of that guitar came filtering back to me, sometimes rasping, sometimes melodic.

Tuesday night at the Greyhound is not the setting for legendary gigs. Eko Eko don't go on at 8.30 as scheduled because No One Is Here Yet. You get the picture?

Eko Eko are Colin on guitar and vocals, a drummer who is adequate but unremarkable, a bass player who is talented but only temporary and a sax player. At the Rock Garden, I thought this guy looked like a vicar. I would like to take that back. He looked like a vicar on a Boystown Picnic.

Once I manage to tear my attention away from this distraction (and it ain't easy), I return to Colin who is producing some of the most pleasant sounds from a guitar this side of Factory.

Rather like a young David Byrne, Colin has the same sombre expression as he growls his wryly constructed lyrics just below the bassline. Unfortunately, this is no place for them to be.

Eko Eko are halfway to becoming something. What they really need at the moment (apart from a good hairdresser and a shopping trip down to Ken Market) is a new singer who can project some of the band's personality on their behalf and let Colin retire to the background with his guitar where he seems happiest. And where he can write that hit single that's aching to get out.

LUAKA BOP

## KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS

### Pool

WE'VE ABANDONED ship. The Titanic pop scene, rendered apart by the iceberg of recession and whipped by the cruel seas of blandness and respectability, lies sinking. We clamber desperately on board... the Lifeboat Party! Does a refuge lie here?

Clutching water wings and clinging to the oars for dear life, the masses set sail, heading (we hope) for warmer climes and banana republics, hoping for no more than duty free rum and grenadine-soaked sunsets.

Kid Creole captains the ship; Coati Mundi is purser; the three luscious Coconuts are our hostesses for the evening. All hands are on deck — all 13 pairs of them. This is some survival quota.

Pool Arts Centre is the suitably nautical setting for one of the premier ports of call on this around Europe ferry, and it's awash with expectancy. Crackles of music filter from behind the taunting curtain until, an overlong five minutes later, they eventually part... and the scene is, quite honestly, breathtakingly tropical.

A spectrum of colours, offset by the band's black uniforms and gleaming trombones. It's obvious, from the opening cavortings of percussionist Eddie 'Magic' Folk's warm-up number, that this is Hollywood sleekness and Broadway slickness. On prances the Kid, on dance the Coconuts. The strains of 'Stool Pigeon', and they're already, it seems, home and dry. Whether from 'Doppelganger' or 'Off The Coast Of Me', the songs were



THE COCONUTS experience problems with their macramé

Kerstin Rodgers

# Coming to the crunch?

irrelevant (though 'Que Pasa' was disappointingly short). The point is more to witness the event.

The tackiness is deliberate, the innuendo always intended. The contortions of Creole's hips, the humping Hernandez, all as intentionally suggestive as a Bergasol advert. All the preening and gleaming, the costume changes, the grass skirts, the additional humour — this is *South Pacific* in the suburbs.

The split personalities within the band — the solo Coconuts, the lone Coati Mundi — all rest happily next to the egoism of the Kid, and it's a positive

enhancement, adding a variety and extra exotic flavour. It's all so creamy smooth: those white tropical suits of the Kid, making him look like some South American spiv, alongside the almost non-existent feather bikinis of the Coconuts.

The showmanship reigns supreme — so why does everyone seem to hold some reservations about the show? Perhaps it's because a certain soul has been destroyed in the creating of this monster tour. Perhaps because the demands of the audience are lost in the slick execution of the show — mapped out in minute detail — a theory borne out by the

inclusion of a second lengthy encore when nine tenths of the audience had gone home.

Or perhaps it was just that slight element of a *Seaside Special*, the 'Find The Lady' mentality...

But it's a fairground ride, and it's fun. A crossing from pop to theatreland, sure, but spirited and sunny!

The Lifeboat Party marked a point of sink or swim for the entourage, and they knew it. But they swam with the tide and now they're coasting in, easily, but with maximum effort.

And that's one heck of a wave they're riding on.

CAROLE LINFIELD

Space restrictions prevented the appearance of our cartoon series 'Scumworld' last week. So to make up for it, here's a dynamic double dose...

# SCUMWORLD

ART-BRYAN TALBOT SCRIPT-THE CRABS FROM URANUS

STEADY ON TESTICLEESE. I JUST WANT A WORD WITH MR. SCHAGGNASTI IN PRIVATE. GET SHUT OF THESE WIMPS IN THE TEMPLE AND NAFF OFF YOURSELF FOR A FEW MINUTES.

ER... KAKTI HAS SPOKEN!

'AVE THEY GONE? BLOODY FANATICS.

ANYROAD, I'LL GET STRAIGHT TO THE POINT.

I KNOW YOU, DJANGO. I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE.

WHADDYA MEAN?

MERCENARY, ASSASSIN, THIEF, GUNSLINGER, EX-WAR HERO - Y'KNOW - ALL THAT SHIT

OH YEAH?

WHAT ABOUT IT, KAKTUS?

LOOK, CALL ME HARRY.

I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU MY LAD.

KAKTI'S USED FOR CURRENCY, DRUGS, DRINK, FOOD & SO ON...

BALASKO INDUSTRIES

...THERE'S THE MASSIVE KAKTI FACTORY FARMS, THE PROCESSING PLANTS - THE WHOLE KAKTI INDUSTRY OWNED BY BIG JACK BALASKO.

WE'RE OPPRESSED AND WE'RE NOT GONNA STAND IT ANY MORE! THE KAKTI POPULAR FRONT IS READY TO STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW AGAINST THE TYRANNY!

PROSTRATE YOURSELF INFIDEL BEFORE THE DIVINE LORD KAKTUS!

WHERE WAS I? OH AYE...

WE'RE GONNA SABOTAGE THE RACE - THE BALASKO RUN. IT'S BIG JACK'S BIGGEST ADVERTISING SCAM.

UH... HARRY... THIS JOB?

OH, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS ASSASSINATE BIG JACK BALASKO!

YOU GOTTA BE FAKKIN' JOKIN'! HE LIVES IN A FRIGGIN' BIG CASTLE SURROUNDED BY GUARDS AN'...

WE'LL PAY YOU 1/2 A MILLION KAKSTIKS...

NOW YER TALKIN' SQUIRE! I'LL DO IT!

TESTICLEESE!! BRING TH' KAK!

THE TEMPLE OF KAKTI HOLY GROUND OF THE CHILDREN OF KAK CHAPTER N-4

THERE'S HALF - YOU GET THE OTHER HALF WHEN T'JOB'S FINISHED. OK?

BAW!

NOW NOB OFF, I'M KNACKERED AN' I WANT SOME KIP.

BAW!

GREAT LORD?! YOU TRUST THIS OBNOXIOUS PRICK?

HE'S A MAN OF HONOUR. GO FORTH DJANGO AND IMPLEMENT THE WILL OF GOD... I.E. ME!

HARRY KAKTUS HARRY KAKTUS HARRY KAKTUS HARRY HARRY

GODS (GROANED)

1/2 OF A MILLION KAK! I'M RICH!

HA HA HA!! SO LONG SUCKERS!

WHERE'S TH' NEAREST WHOREHOUSE?

SHADDUP YA GODDAM BRATS! CAN'T HEAR M'SELF THINK!!

# SCUMWORLD

NEARLY THERE, BOSS!

WE'RE GONNA HAFTA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THE KAKTI...

HOWDYA MEAN, BOSS?

THEY'RE GETTIN' FANCY IDEAS...

LOOK AT THIS... GOT IT THIS MORNIN'

TO BIG JACK BALASKO YOU HAVE OPPRESSED US FOR TOO LONG! WE DEMAND YOU CLOSE DOWN YOUR KAKTI INDUSTRY & STOP TRADING IN KAKTI FLESH!

Yours Faithfully THE KAKTI POPULAR FRONT (OR ELSE!)

KRAKLE... AND AS THEY APPROACH THE STRETCH INEXPLICABLY CALLED 'THATCHER'S ARSE' IT'S THE IRON VIRGIN LEADING THE FIELD, FOLLOWED BY...

TH' RACE SEEMS T'BE GOIN' ALRIGHT BOSS. I'VE GOT 20 KAK RIDIN' ON 'SUICIDE SMAX'. HE'S...

SHADDUP GOBLOB!

MUSTA BEEN WRITTEN BY THOSE CREEPS WHO'VE TAKEN TO WORSHIPPIN' THE KAKTI PLANTS. EX-KAKAHOLICS MOST OF 'EM. JERKS!

YEAH, 'CHILDREN OF KAK' THEY CALL 'EMSELVES OR SUMTHIN'!

NO SWEAT. I'LL DEAL WITH 'EM STRAIGHT AFTER THE FEAST OF THE STOPOVER...

BLOW TH' WANKERS AWAY!

IT'S ONLY 2 WEEKS OFF NOW N' GOOD PR. FOR THE RACE...

...THEN WE'LL PISS ALL OVER 'EM!

THE TEMPLE OF KAKTI...

YEAH, I SAY UNTO THEE, BROTHERS & SISTERS, EVEN AS I SPEAK THE MIGHTY WARRIOR DJANGO SCHAGGNASTI IS ENGAGED IN THE HOLY MISSION! THIS HERO, ANOINTED BY THE GRACE OF LORD KAKTUS HIMSELF, WILL SLAY THE TYRANT BIG JACK BALASKO!

LET US PRAY TO KAK TO GRANT THIS NIGHT DIVINE STRENGTH TO AID OUR CHAMPION IN HIS SACRED TASK!

THE 'FROG AND DILDO' SALOON, PHARTVILLE...

GIMME A BLOWJOB AN' A BOTTLE O' BEER!!

ART-BRYAN TALBOT SCRIPT-THE CRABS FROM URANUS

TO BE CONTINUED...

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**ME**  
Morgan Grampan plc, 1983

## Herbert horror

COULD IT be that the next great Sounds letters page debate (viz Ozzy v Dio, Bon Scott v Brian Johnson, etc. etc. ad nauseam) will be between two non-musicians? I refer of course to the on-going James Herbert v Stephen King tedium started by Michael Rome in a recent issue.

Well, in my opinion both King and Herbert are superb writers and the only contemporary horror writers to stand out from the thousands of trash merchants.

James Herbert has written a number of brilliant books — most notable being *The Fog*, *The Survivor*, *The Rats* and *Lair*. Herbert's style of numerous short chapters alternating between (a) the progress of the villain of the piece (be they rodents or avenging spirits from airline disasters) and (b) the 'hero', has been copied by most of the trash horror novelists — Guy N Smith included, Mr Rome!

To say that Stephen King has only written one good book (as Mr Rome contests) is pure crap. Perhaps a few books have passed Mr Rome's attention — or does he just choose to ignore them because of his bias towards James Herbert? What about *The Shining*, *Carrie*, *The Stand*, *Nightshift*, *The Dead Zone*, *Different Seasons* (which proves King can write more than horror, as Fluke does for Herbert) and of course *Firestarter*? Now admittedly King's latest (excepting *Christine* which I haven't read yet) *Cujo* is the proverbial bowl full of (rabid) dog shit, but everyone's allowed one cock up aren't they?

As for Guy N Smith — in my experience he's only written two books which weren't banal crap — being of course *Manitou Doll* and *Doomflight*. If Mr Rome is looking for another good supernatural writer he need look no further than Peter Straub. His book *Ghost Story* is a classic (if admittedly slightly in debt to Stephen King).

So I'd just like to say that there's no need to start these stupid King v Herbert arguments — they're both brilliant. Incidentally Stephen King in his non-fiction horror work *Danse Macabre* singles out James Herbert as one of his

# LETTERS

Write to Sounds, 40 Long Acre, London WC2.



JAMES HERBERT: inferior to Stephen King?

favourite writers and defends him against accusations of 'violence for violence sake' and 'trash horror' critiques. — Neil Hill, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

IN ALL the time that I have been reading Stephen King's novels, I have heard him called various things, notably: "A literary phenomenon", "The master of the psychic suspense novel", "Today's leading horror writer" and last but not least "The acknowledged master of horror". Quite an impressive assembly of tributes.

All of which leads me to the recent letter from Michael Rome which praised James Herbert and condemned Stephen King because of him not being a 'real story teller'.

I have a question to ask: What the hell is Michael Rome talking about?

To put James Herbert on the same level as Stephen King is

bad enough. To put James Herbert above Stephen King is nothing short of sheer bloody stupidity. Quite simply, there is no comparison. King is King and nothing that Herbert can do will change that.

The two writers are totally different in their approach to the horror genre: Herbert writes about conventional things; the fog, the dark, etc. But Stephen King is totally unafraid to try and write about such things as a demonic car. How the hell King managed to get 482 pages of hardback out of a car that is possessed is a mystery, but I'm damn sure it leaves Herbert standing out in the cold.

King even took an old idea — the vampire — and set it in modern day America: he came up with a brilliant book — *Salem's Lot*. Admittedly Mr Rome rates this book, but it's ludicrous to infer that it's the only good thing King's written. James Herbert poses very

little threat to Stephen King; Stephen King is hardly likely to be neglected as long as he continues to write about what people want him to write about. So I'm afraid, Michael Rome, that giving James Herbert the tag 'King of Horror' isn't a very intelligent thing to do. You might end up with a lot of egg in your face, due to the sheer stupidity of the idea.

So before Michael Rome thinks about continuing his half-arsed condemnation of Stephen King, let him read such masterpieces as *The Shining*, *The Stand*, *Cujo*, *Danse Macabre* and *Firestarter*. And let's see if, even then, when placed against such inferior fodder as James Herbert (not to mention Guy N Smith), Stephen King doesn't stand above them and piss on them from a great height. — Michael Brown, Clitheroe.

THANKS FOR both of the James Herbert and Stephen King interviews, which were both excellent. Maybe this might become a semi-regular feature in which other authors could be introduced. People like Graham Masterton who has written classics like *Charnel House* and *The Wells Of Hell* and Peter Straub who has written my personal favourite (and supposedly Stephen King's as well) novel, *Ghost Story*. The film that came out a year ago was crap and was based on about two pages of Straub's book.

I am dreading what cock-ups the film world is going to make of Stephen King's *Christine* and *The Dead Zone*. My advice would be to ignore the films and read the books. — The Trashcan Man.

## Disorderly delight

I'M GLAD to see that Sounds has had the sense to realise that there are still worthy bands going under the punk banner, with the introduction of the 'Punk And Disorderly' feature. With the amount of punk singles released every week and no way for most people to hear them (except for the odd record which slips onto Peel's show), it's important to have a column which distinguishes the gems from the dross.

After Bushell's 'Punk Is Dead' piece, I was dismayed to see the 'Total Chaos' column phased out, with the proportion of throwaway punk vinyl. I'd have thought there was even more need for this column to identify what is worth buying. As for Johnny Oppo's comments about compilation albums (re 'Chaotic Dischord' LP review), the reason people buy them is that it's a more economical way to hear nine or 10 bands than buying 10 different singles.

Finally, keep up the good work Bev Elliott — and for future columns how about the Underdogs, Emergency or the Expelled, who are all worthy of an article. — Richard Levene (17), Eastleigh, Hants.

## Messin' with my Head

CAN SOMEONE please tell me what MCA are doing to those up and coming Birmingham rock stars Diamond Head? They seem determined to turn them into the biggest bunch of nancy-boys since Wrathchild.

Just look at poor old Brian Tatler, not content with dying the unfortunate lad's hair good old MCA employed a blind thalidomide to attack his fringe with a pair of scissors. The new drummer Mr Italian (or whatever his name is) looks like a reject from Palitoy's 'Action Man' factory whilst Mervyn, the new bassist, has got a silly name.

And then there's good old Sean Harris who looks as though he's just been released from Belsen — have they fed him at all in the past month? And what's with the dumb tiara, anyway?

All I can say is it's a bloody good job the band are still able to make good records ('Makin' Music') despite all that is going on around them.

But what have MCA got in store next, we ask ourselves. Will Boy George be guesting on the next album? Or will they give Brian a sex-change? I think we deserve some sort of explanation. — Angry of Oxford.

# The demolished man

HAVING READ your September 3 issue, I felt compelled to write and tell you what a stupid, vindictive fart Garry Bushell is.

His review of MSG's 'Built To Destroy' is the biggest load of crap I've ever read. For a start it was a daft idea to get Bushell to review the LP cos it seems that he and Schenker aren't exactly bosom pals. So Bushell took the opportunity to have a good bitch — but boy, did he go over the top!

I could swear the cruel sod was reviewing a different LP, cos after I read the 'review' I almost had second thoughts about listening to the record. But I did. Thank God. 'Built To Destroy' is a very good LP, no doubt about it. Not MSG's best, admittedly, but then again the other LP's were of a very high standard.

As for predicting or rather hoping that MSG will cease to exist after this LP, well, Mr Birdbrain, I suppose you'd be very smug and self satisfied if that happened. You're probably just one of those narrow minded morons who love a good gloat over someone else's misfortune, cos let's face it, Michael Schenker has had more than his fair share of problems.

As for the 'Kraut Kondemned' and 'Mad Michael' titles — come on Sounds, grow up, and remember it's the quality of the music that we want to read about in reviews, not what the LP's cover model might or might not be wearing. — An irate



SCHENKER gives Bushell the finger...

MSG fan, who hates Garry 'The Bitch' Bushell.

GARRY BUSHELL'S review of Michael Schenker's latest album 'Built To Destroy' was callous and unjustified to say the least; and on lending an ear to the album turns out merely to be an outlet for Bushell's naive and fevered rantings.

So Gary Barden's voice has not been done full justice by the production job. So what? 'Built To Destroy' is by no means a 'totally forgettable collection of regurgitated ideas' to choose but one of the numerous phrases that Bushell uses to make exactly the same point.

It contains three excellent tracks ('Rock My Nights Away', 'Systems Failing' and 'Captain Nemö') and the rest of the album never comes close to being average.

The review was an insult and a complete waste of time, as was the accompanying sketch, which disgusted me. People should stop putting the mad axeman down and hope instead that he has finally pulled himself together.

'Built To Destroy' is what the second MSG album should have been and it's a shame that Sounds does not appreciate this fact.

Long live Metal Mickey. — Rick, Great Bookham, Surrey.

WHAT MUSICAL and professional instruction has Garry Bushell had to qualify him to write such personal abuse as that written about Michael Schenker, and MSG's new album?

When a person sinks so low as to make comments about someone's mother, and what's more to put a swastika in the illustration accompanying the review, then that person is only qualified to lick arses. Who does GB think he is? If I were Michael (or indeed his mother) I'd sue him for slander — it's disgraceful that anyone could print such rubbish! — Sandra Megson, MSG fan, Little Hulton, Manchester.





SABS NEW boys Gillan and Bevan: pathetic

# No respect for the Sabbath

I HAVE never written to your paper before, but after what I saw at the recent Reading Festival I just had to say my piece.

Once upon a time there were four young gentlemen known as Black Sabbath who, over the years, became looked upon as Britain's premier HM outfit.

They had a unique sound and every show was a near mystical event without all the commonplace poses and woaarrghs (hope I spelt that right) of other such bands. This image they successfully maintained after the major line-up change of Ronnie Dio for Ozzy.

Ronnie realised the band's originality and status and fitted in nicely without being an Osbourne clone.

Then Ronnie left and something rather dreadful happened — Gillan walked on to the stage and ruined everything.

Black Sabbath's image collapsed in a mere few seconds, no longer were they the Kings Of HM, but a backing band to the inflated ego of Ian Gillan.

Gillan wore exactly the same clothes as he did at Reading two years ago, acted more like a fan than a performer, persisted in screaming at the audience and, over Tony Iommi's guitar solos, kept trying to play those confounded bongos. And worse than all that, the band encored with 'Smoke On The Water'.

Just what is he trying to do? I don't expect him to completely change his image, but at least he should realise that he has joined Sabbath and Sabbath haven't joined him.

Sabbath may not be the greatest band in the world and I may not be their biggest fan, but I do hold a certain amount of respect for them and I think it's rather selfish of Gillan to let his lesser talents destroy their image. My advice to Tony and Geezer is: THINK AGAIN. — Cosmic Spudboy, My House, The Town Where I Live.

I FEEL I must once more open the Gillan/Dio debate following the Reading Festival. To say Black Sabbath were bloody awful would be understating the case somewhat. The sound system was deplorable whilst Gillan's voice resembled that of a wounded hound. The material from the show was weak (even a version of 'Smoke On The Water') because of silly bickering between Sabbath and Dio, resulting in none of the latter's material on view.

Dio, a week earlier at Donnington, was quite superb. Excellent material, both old and new, while the voice sounded in top form. Black Sabbath now appear to be purely a commercial capitalist outfit. Long may the Children Of The Sea reign. — Two Holy Divers, Southfleet, Kent.

# Setting the world to rights

I WAS appalled to read a letter in your magazine praising right wing groups. What Gary from Herts calls 'love of our country's culture and traditions' is actually blatant racism. These right wing groups want to send all coloured British citizens back to the country where their ancestors came from — sometimes hundreds of years ago, and as slaves!

They may want to withdraw from the EEC, but this is not for our country's economic benefit, it is simply part of their nationalist policy. In their pre-election broadcast, the British National Party said, "We should forge close links with our kinfolk in the white dominions" — Australia, Canada, New Zealand. They obviously think that anyone who is not of British descent is totally inferior!

Right wing groups want to ban US missiles from Britain, but they are certainly not nuclear disarmers. Michael McCloughlin, leader of the British Movement, has said, "We'll have two intercontinental ballistic missiles pointed at America, and by God, if they don't honour their pledges to us, Washington and Miami Beach will each get one in the belly button."

These parties want to bring back hanging, flogging (!) and national service. There would be no freedom under the fascist regime. Nothing which goes against the norm would be tolerated, from homosexuality to wearing scruffy jeans. They believe in instilling discipline into the youth of Britain, and of course all young men would have to have crew cuts. (Long hair is effeminate, you know!) A nation of skinheads? God help us! — Rosemary Gastrell, Brampton, Chesterfield.

# Have a pleasant trip...

WHY IS it that Sandy Robertson always seems intent on slagging off Journey left, right and centre? Is it some kind of crime to be rich and famous, or is it just the old 'build 'em up and knock 'em down' syndrome?

From 'Evolution' onwards, each album has had four star plus reviews in Sounds (except for 'Departure' — but no prizes for guessing who reviewed it!). Even 'Frontiers' got five stars and was said to be 'a flawless killer' — yet Sandy Robertson claims Journey play like Barry Manilow and dress like tramps. Well, what the hell does he want 'em to wear, lamé suits (that's gold cloth, you

uneducated slob) or does he regard people in jeans and T-shirts as tramps?

In the review for 'After The Fall' Robertson says 'whatever they had that was neat, it only lasted for five minutes'. Well, how does he account for the fact that the last six albums went platinum in the States?

Robertson even had the audacity to watch Bryan Adams support Journey, and then leave after his set. What a pillock! No doubt should Bryan Adams hit the big time he too will start dressing like a tramp and singing like Barry Manilow. Look who's crying now! — Benny.

# MEMORY BANK



JIMI HENDRIX: suffocation in '70

## Sunday September 18

- 1951 Birthday of Dee Dee Ramone (Doug Colvin), in Fort Lee, Virginia.
- 1970 Death of Jimi Hendrix, of 'suffocation from inhalation of vomit due to barbiturate intoxication', in London, aged 28.
- 1976 Queen headed a Hyde Park free concert which also featured Kiki Dee and Supercharge.
- 1977 Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers introduced the UK to their live act at Hammersmith Odeon.

## Monday September 19

- 1934 Birthday of the Beatles' manager Brian Epstein, in Liverpool.
- 1940 Birthday of Bill Medley of the Righteous Brothers, in Los Angeles.
- 1943 Birthday of Cass Elliott (Mama Cass of the Mamas And Papas), in Alexandria, Virginia.
- 1946 Birthday of John Coghlan, formerly of Status Quo, in West Norwood, London.
- 1956 Tommy Steele, Britain's first rock star, was

- discovered by a Decca talent scout in the 2 I's coffee bar, Old Compton Street, London.
- 1971 Birthday of Paul and Linda McCartney's daughter Stella.
- 1973 Death of Gram Parsons, of a drug overdose, at Joshua Tree National Monument in California. He was aged 26.
- 1981 Simon and Garfunkel reunited for their concert in Central Park, New York, before almost 500,000 people.

## Tuesday September 20

- 1964 The Beatles completed their first tour of America with a charity concert at the Paramount Theatre, New York.
- 1970 The legal verdict on the Doors' Jim Morrison's cock-flashing episode in Miami was that he was guilty of indecent exposure and profanity.
- 1971 Peter Frampton and Humble Pie parted company.
- 1972 Paul McCartney was charged with growing marijuana on his Scottish farm.
- 1973 Death of singer-songwriter Jim Croce, in a plane crash at Natchitoches, Louisiana.
- 1976 London's 100 Club staged the first punk-rock festival, topped by the Clash, the Damned, and the Sex Pistols.

## Wednesday September 21

- 1934 Birthday of Leonard Cohen, in Montreal, Canada.
- 1954 Birthday of soulstress Betty Wright, of 'Clean Up Woman' fame, in Miami.
- 1964 The Beatles began two weeks of sessions at Abbey Road studios to record their fourth album

- 'Beatles For Sale'.
- 1971 The first broadcast of the *Old Grey Whistle Test* on BBC 2.
- 1978 Sham 69 pulled out of a projected Rock Against Racism carnival, to avoid collaring the blame for expected aggro at the event.

## Thursday September 22

- 1949 Birthday of David Coverdale, in Saltburn, Yorkshire.
- 1956 Birthday of Debbie Boone, daughter of 50s star Pat Boone, and herself a 10-week US chart-topper with 'You

- Light Up My Life' in 1977.
- 1958 Elvis Presley, in the US Army, left Brooklyn Army Terminal for duty in West Germany, aboard the USS Randall.
- 1962 The as-yet-unknown Bob Dylan played five songs at New York's Carnegie Hall, on the bill of a folk music 'Hootenanny'.
- 1979 Joe Walsh, while a member of the Eagles, announced his intention to run for President in 1980.

## Friday September 23

- 1926 Birthday of jazzman John Coltrane, in Hamlet, North Carolina.
- 1932 Birthday of Ray Charles (Robinson), in Albany, Georgia.
- 1939 Birthday of guitarist Roy Buchanan, in Ozark,

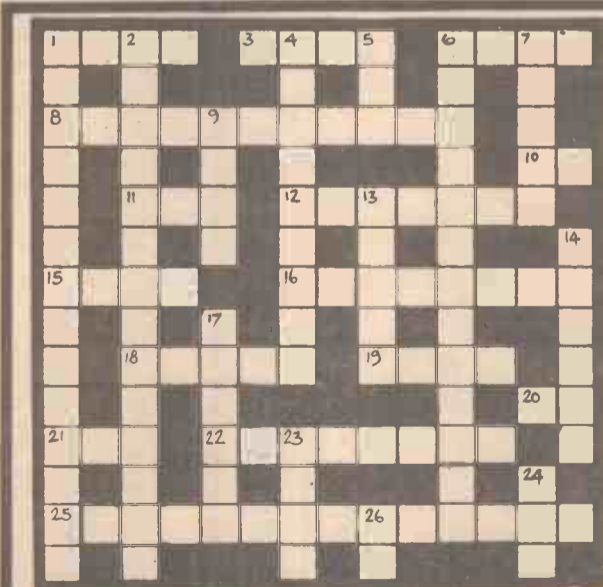
- Arkansas.
- 1940 Birthday of singer-songwriter Tim Rose, in Washington D.C.
- 1949 Birthday of Bruce Springsteen, in Freehold, New Jersey.
- 1954 Elvis Presley made his 'Grand Ole Opry' country radio debut, and was not a success.
- 1969 An article in an Illinois newspaper sparked a lengthy and world-wide 'Paul McCartney is dead' rumour. Despite all the 'evidence', he wasn't (so he says).
- 1974 Death of Robbie McIntosh, of the Average White Band, of a heroin overdose in Los Angeles.
- 1976 The Runaways opened their first British tour at the Glasgow Apollo.
- 1977 Jimmy Pursey of Sham 69 was fined £30

for playing on the roof of the Vortex Club in London.

## Saturday September 24

- 1934 Birthday of Anthony Newley, in Clapham, South London.
- 1942 Birthday of Gerry Marsden of Gerry And The Pacemakers, in Liverpool.
- 1942 Birthday of Linda McCartney (formerly Eastman), in New York.
- 1976 Leslie McKeown of the Bay City Rollers was found Not Guilty on a charge of shooting at a girl fan with an air rifle.
- 1980 The launch of the 'Son Of Stiff' road tour, featuring Tenpole Tudor, Joe 'King' Carrasco, Any Trouble, Dirty Looks, and reggae band the Equators.

BARRY LAZELL



by Sue Buckley

### ACROSS

- 1. Can we take Phil Collins' solo LPs at this value? (4)
- 3. This Cox is a bridge builder (4)
- 6. Fee Waybill's fave TV show, despite Paula? (4)
- 8. Sounds like Christopher Cross having a double take of a Zep axe man (7,4)
- 10. See 26
- 11. Wilde/Fowley (3)

- 12. Their brother wasn't heavy (7)
- 15. ... And they threw away the key (4)
- 16. After 10 years he pumped iron on his own (5,3)
- 18. Rude judge... in fear of reggae? (5)
- 19. What a good year for this (singular) bloomer (4)
- 20. Bryan ran with this crowd (2)
- 21. Four Seasons' famous doll (3)
- 22. and 24. Floyd's last vinyl effort? (3,5,3)
- 25. Eddy Grant's shocking address? (8,6)

### DOWN

- 1. Leader of the love parade? (7,7)
- 2. Espionage from Witchfynde? (5,3,6)
- 4. Group that was blinded by the light (5,4)
- 5. Early reggae leaves a skin blemish (3)
- 6. Vardis in a greedy mood? (3,5,5)
- 7. Tambourine men who jangled eight miles high with their rodeo sweethearts? (5)
- 9. Precise place in a big country for harvest (4)
- 13. Someone who likes easy sounding reggae 'rock'? (5)
- 14. Heep's little devils? (6)
- 17. Eddie Van Halen enhanced this M. Jackson hit... then left (4,2)
- 23. Bell/Stewart (4)
- 24. see 22
- 26. and 10. They create bedlam in Belgium (1,1,1,1)

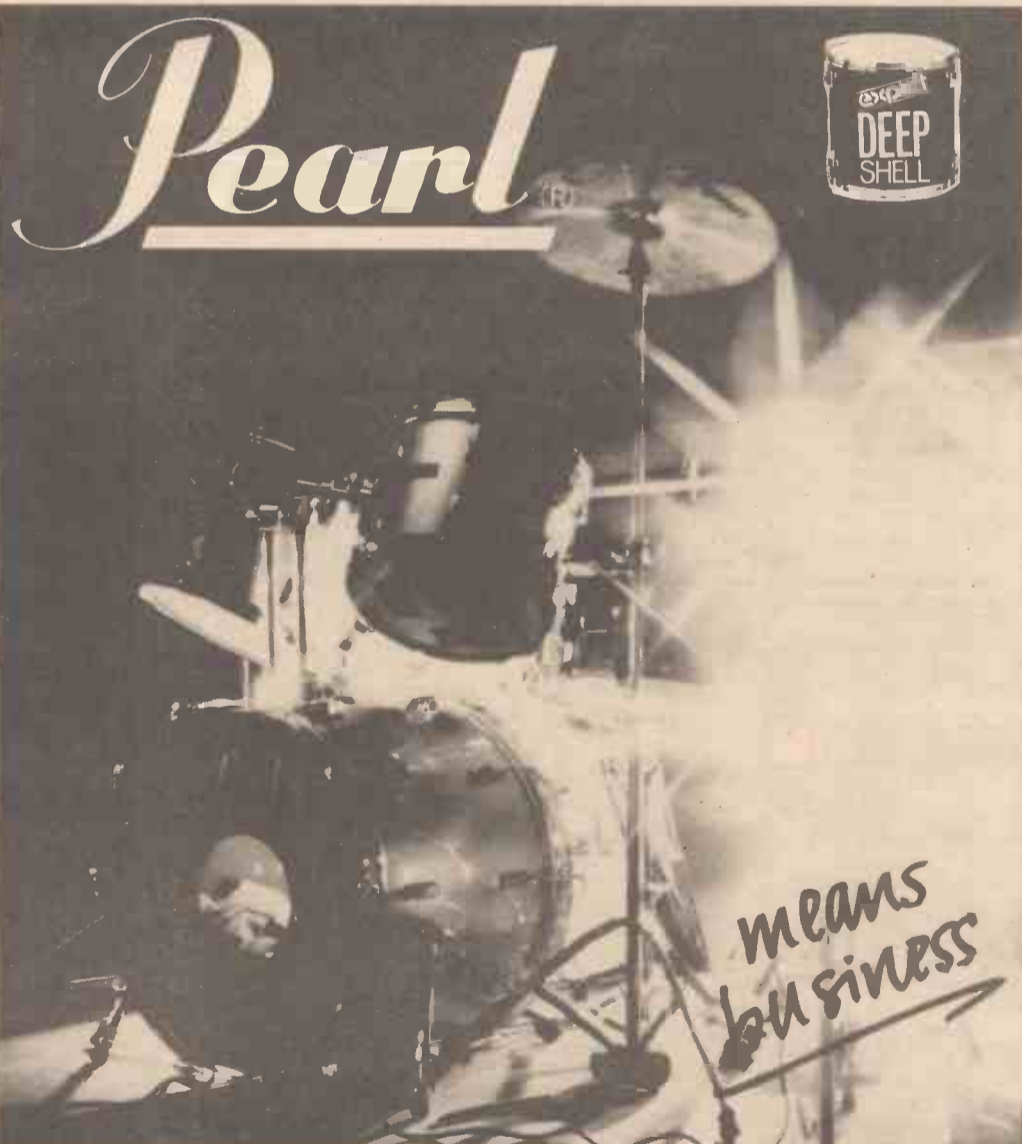
THERE WAS NO CROSSWORD LAST WEEK, BUT HERE ARE THE ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE PUBLISHED TWO WEEKS AGO...

- ACROSS 1. This Means War 7. Mr 9. Vee 10. Eddie 12. Hot Girls In Love 14. Dee 15. ELP 17. Wet 18. Edgar 20. Girls 21. Kim 22. One 23. West 24. Dion 25. EMI 26. Lola 27. Strange 30. Syd 32. Stay On Top 33. XTC 34. Axe
- DOWN 1. Tony Hadley 2. I'd Rather Go Wild 3. Machine 4. Anvil 5. She's In Parties 6. Alex Lifeson 8. Reed 11. Dave Wakeling 13. Atomic 16. Page 19. Rosalita 25. Essex 28. Riot 29. Edge 31. Bye

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# TOM-TOM CLUB

**F**OLLOWING THE enormous success of last year's Zildjian cymbal clinics come another string of Simon Phillips sessions.

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This year Simon has undertaken not simply one repeat performance, but two national cymbal clinics.

The first, as last year, will be held at the Venue, Victoria on Tuesday October 25 when Simon, accompanied by a world famous guest drummer (to be announced) will once again inform and astound his audience as he takes the cymbals through their paces.

The second national clinic will be held at the Renolds Building, UMIST, Piccadilly, Manchester on Wednesday October 25.

Both shows start at 7.30pm. Tickets are £2.50



SIMON PHILLIPS: fancy a trip to the clinic?

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made to Rose Morris (Retail) Ltd, 81-83 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1.

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# Beating a budget

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THE LAST time I reviewed Yamaha drums it was their top of the range recording series kit. This week we go to the other end of the market to try out some Yamaha drums built to suit those buying drums on a lower budget.

The 5322 series kit comprises of 22" x 14" BD, 12" x 8", 13" x 9" and 16" x 16" tom toms and 14" x 5" metal snare drum, all complete with stands, pedals and fittings.

The thing that strikes you when you first look at the kit. This particular set there is no way that it comes across as a cheap kit. This particular set came in a classy and quite expensive looking black finish, and other colours are available. Appearances aside, let's get straight into testing them for quality of sound and manufacture.

The 22" bass drum, like the toms, is made of mahogany and is built really quite solidly. The inside shells, although they appear to be unvarnished, are quite well put together and finished. Similarly the outer fittings, although of simple design, are all

chunky and well made, especially the double tom holder which is very efficient indeed.

An interesting feature is that the bottom four tuning lugs are unlike the normal T-type found on most bass drums and are instead the regular type found on the other drums. The theory behind this is that it is then possible to easily tune those lugs using your key while the kit is set up.

Another simple but efficient idea is the strip of rubber on the rim where the bass drum pedal would be screwed onto, thus saving wear on the wooden rim which is usually the case. The spurs are again of simple but efficient design with removable rubber tips leaving just the spikes. Soundwise I found the drum quite punchy and with the right heads and a bit of time spent tuning I'm sure the sound would be more than adequate.

The tom toms, which come in 12", 13" and 16" sizes, are manufactured both inside and out in the same way as the bass drum.

Considering the price of the drums I found the tom sounds to be surprisingly good. Like the other Yamaha kits the internal dampers are absent in favour of optional external ones, internal dampers are something I never miss on



**YAMAHA 5322: big sound, low price**

drum kits as they are usually more trouble than they are worth especially in studios. Tuned to ring or to be dull these drums have a pretty good sound and are more than adequate for a lot of situations. The tom holders are very efficient as are the floor tom leg mounts and all drums stay in place no matter how hard you thrash them.

The Snare is a metal 14" x 5" drum. I've always been a fan of deep snares so I was a bit dubious about this one. In fact I was quite surprised as to how

much volume this drum kicks out. Simply designed but quite solid with good rims, this drum produces a good sound especially when dampened. The snare release system is adjustable at one side only but is quite effective.

Next we come onto the hardware. All pedals and stands are part of the 5000 series, and are available as kits or separately. First impressions of the hardware may make you think it is a little lightweight but on closer inspection you find it well

made and very good value.

The bass drum pedal (RRP £35) has no fancy frills or gimmicks but is very fast and responsive.

The hi-hat pedal (RRP £44) is also fast, with good spring action.

The snare stand (RRP £37) again has an excellent locking system and good manoeuvrability with arms that are tightened from an easily accessible wing nut.

The cymbal stand (RRP £33) is the only piece of hardware that I wasn't really happy with. A bit lightweight for my liking,

but still not bad value for the money.

Last but not the least we come to the double tom holder. Extremely chunky and easily positioned, once locked into place the toms are there to stay.

In summing up, it's true to say that overall you can't really compare this kit to say the up market recording series kit but at such a low price I find this Yamaha 5322 kit great value and worth checking out.

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IN BASSES**

## The stars' choice: Paiste cymbals

These four great drummers found the perfect cymbal sound for their individual style of music with Paiste.

**Stewart Copeland**  
of Police

**Ian Paice**  
of Gary Moore

**Jeff Porcaro**  
of Toto

**Bill Bruford**  
of King Crimson

**PAISTE**  
CYMBALS SOUNDS GONGS

Paiste AG, Drummer Service, 6207 Netwil/Switzerland



**MXR DRUM  
COMPUTER**  
RRP £1550 inc VAT  
QQ VV

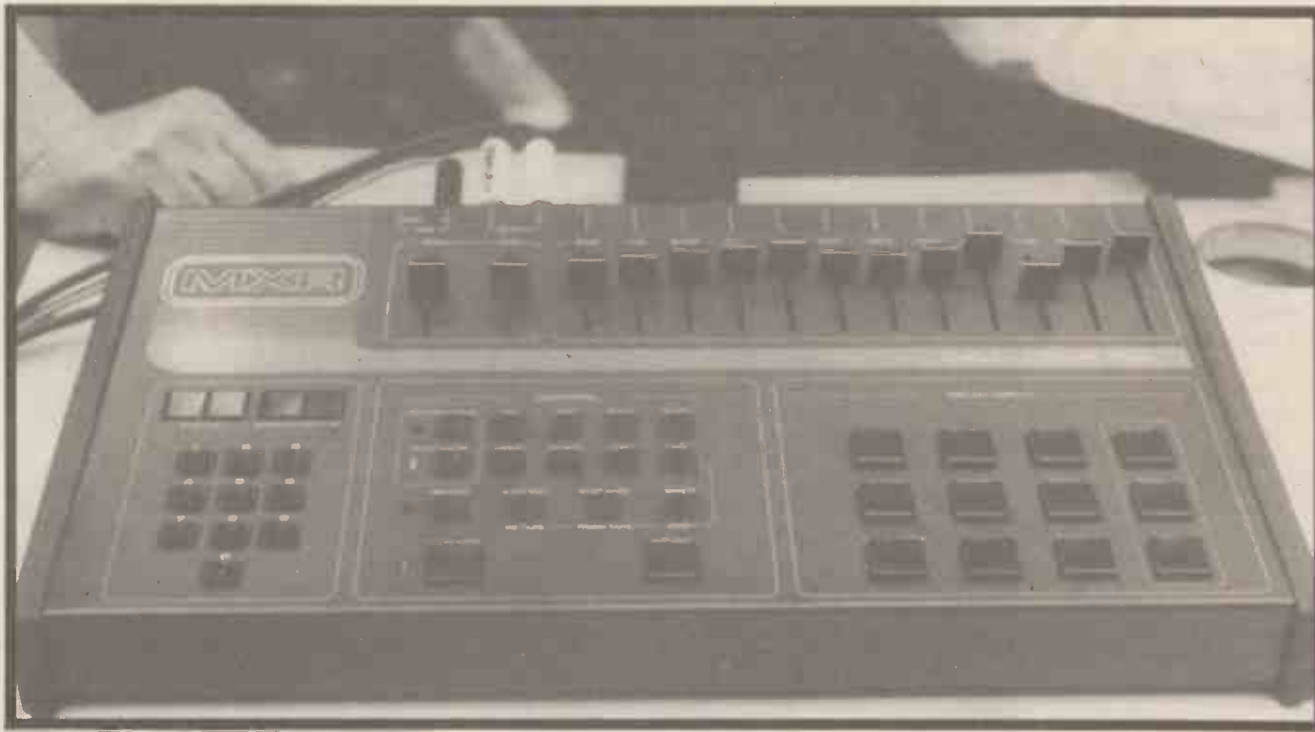
IT'S NOT bad. It's not bad at all. I mean if I was given one I wouldn't exactly grumble. But... given the competition, especially the Oberheim DX reviewed in this feature, I don't think the MXR represents the best of buys.

First the drum sounds, twelve of them, selected and operated by large square push buttons, situated on the lower right hand side of the control panel. These are all digital studio recordings, of a generally high standard.

The kick (American for bass drum) is deep, powerful and precise, the snare gutsy and full, toms (three of them) clear and powerful, hi hat (open and closed) standard but good, crash — with a good long decay, rim shot — slightly indistinct, claps, block, and bell — all good and authentic.

Although there are more actual sounds here than on the DX, there is no initial volume option. Each drum is solely variable in terms of volume by its corresponding slider at the top of the control panel. This deficiency is not tragic in any way, but the chance to incorporate dynamics into your patterns has obviously been reduced.

Although there is a pitch



MXR DRUM COMPUTER: no turkey

# The kick inside

control — slider operated — this is a unilateral control, affecting all instruments at a stroke. Hmm... I don't see the option of e.q.'ing the entire drum track in one go as being too good. However in MXR's defence, as there is a separate output for each instrument, should you have the luxury of recording in a sufficiently well endowed studio, each drum sound can be given special attention. The DX does offer both individual tuning and individual outputs though.

The method of writing a complete song seems fairly simple and standard. First you write a pattern, and then join up the various patterns into songs.

Up to 100 patterns can be programmed, and they are

called up via the ten digit keypad and displayed on a small digital display situated above. The functions of the keypad/display extend further than pattern selection: all functions are programmed using the small push buttons in the 'control' section of the panel.

Having found a vacant pattern you must then decide on its length, which can be up to 100 beats. One bar of 7/8 would require the numbers 07 to be punched in. Two bars of 4/4 would need 08, etc.

Although MXR claim that an infinite variety of time signatures is possible here, I cannot but help think that setting the bar and beat length in one operation is wrong somewhere along the line.

From here on, creating your pattern is pretty much plain sailing. The metronome or click track will begin, and a good feature here is that the first beat of each bar is not only accentuated, but the four LEDs on the 'control' panel light up at the same time.

Initially of course you will make mistakes and require the services of the erase button. To erase a particular instrument you must hold down the erase button and the offending sound until it is gone. Although I found that I could re-record with little difficulty, before correcting my mistakes, I could still hear the 'wrong' sound in the background.

This failure to erase cleanly seems a trifle odd. One of the main reasons for early mistakes

is that you won't have set the accuracy level. This is in no small part due to the fact that MXR only tell you how to operate this feature long after the instructions for creating a pattern. However, using a series of codes ('O' is an eighth note (quaver), '3' is an eighth note triplet, '5' is a sixteenth note triplet etc) you can set these corrective levels with little difficulty.

Once all the patterns in your song have been programmed, you can begin to piece them together into a finished article. Up to 100 songs can be internally stored, and the cassette interface option means that external storage is limitless. Although the song capacity is large, each song will only accept 100 patterns.

This compares with 50 song capability with 255 patterns on the Oberheim DX. The edit facilities here are fine, allowing you to add new patterns to a finished song with little fuss and bother and patterns can be easily lengthened, shortened and copied, in order to use as little memory space as you can get away with.

The shift or 'feel' feature, whereby you are encouraged to attempt copying drummers of incredible stonedness or manic energy, is offered in four levels of 'shift'. The larger the number, the more pronounced the shift.

Other features as yet unmentioned include the tempo slider, whose speed can be printed out on the digital display — it ranges from 40 to 250 beats per minute, and an accent button, which increases the volume of any drum that is playing at the time of pressing.

At the back, apart from the twelve individual voice outputs, are stereo main outputs which are panned from an audience's point of view looking at a conventional drum kit, tape 'to' and 'from' jacks, and two multi pin connectors for adding an alternative sound — replacing the bell sound in fact — and 'trigger inputs', whereby an individual voice can be externally triggered.

As far as looks go, the MXR's metal panel is sort of khaki/deep pea soup coloured, with neat and clear button/slider markings. The measurements are 3 1/4" x 17 1/2" x 10 1/2" and it weighs 11 1/2 lbs.

Although fun to play, as are all 'real drum' drum machines, I would find the extra £500 above the cost of the Oberheim DX hard to justify. There is only real time recording, no single instrument tuning, and a slightly vague or at best hardly comprehensive air about the manual that I find annoying.

All the same this is no turkey, as they say 'cross the great divide, and certainly bears a thorough inspection.

**JULIAN COLBECK**

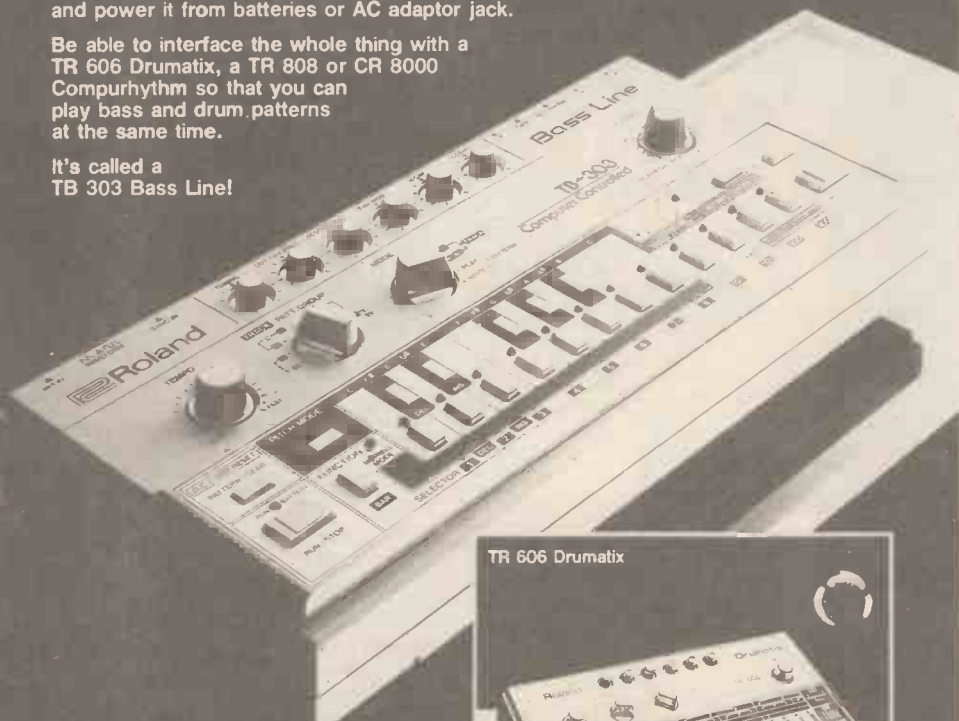
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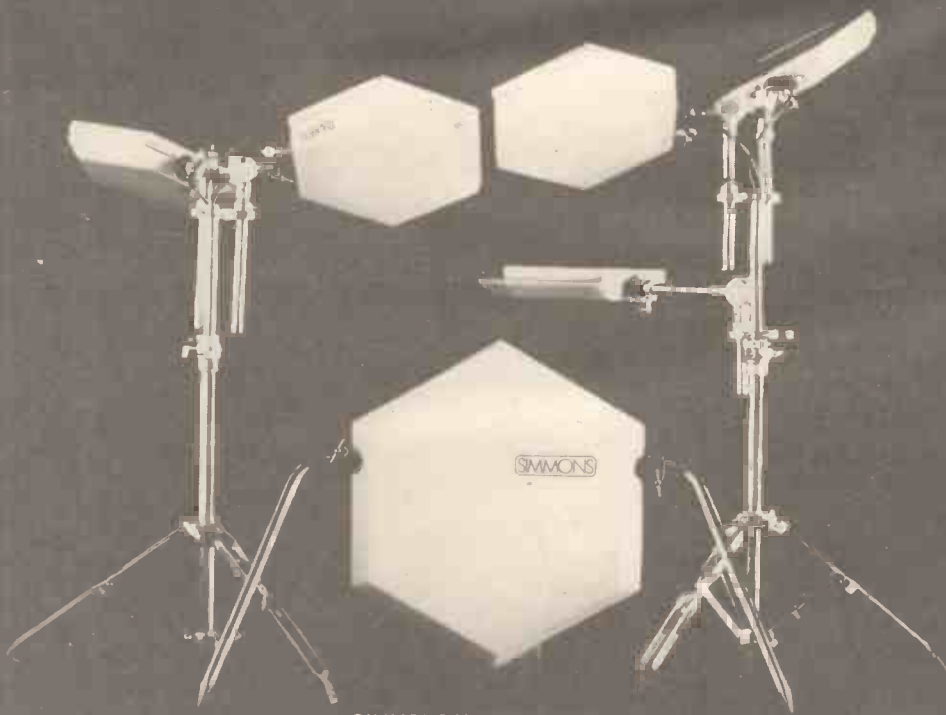
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**NEW SOUND**  
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RRP £275 inc VAT and  
integral stand  
QQ VV½

UNTIL VERY recently few inroads have been made into producing low cost congas that actually look and sound reasonable.

Sure, there are cheap congas around, and have been for some time. Chances are you've seen some, coming on more like an elongated biscuit barrel or a float from a Spanish pedalo than a tunable percussion instrument.

Stashed away in the dark recesses of one's neighbourhood instrument retailer, they tend to remain inert until the guy eventually goes bust (it's on the cards anyway if the shop stocked that kind of trash) and are then dragged out at the ubiquitous liquidation sale with some jolly, giveaway price emblazoned on the drum head in best butcher's paint.

All very well, but in the long run potentially damaging to the beginner whose dreams are crushed by the sheer uselessness of such an uninspiring object, purchased solely on the bargain basement tag.

Believe me, I've seen stuff about like this and it's so appallingly unbelievable you think you've staggered into a joke shop by mistake.

Trouble is, the only joke is on you if you believe the "Yes sir but it is only £60 after all" spiel that inevitably goes along with product this bad.

The other angle is the so-called 'Ethnic Sell'. *Time-Out*, *City Limits* and *NME* readers are real suckers for this one. All the prospective retailer needs are a few dozen 'HENCHO EN MEXICO' or 'FABRIQUE EN AFRIQUE' stickers to snare his prey. It might be crap but make 'em believe it's from a Third World backwater and still

# Bongo crazy!



**NEW SOUND CONGAS:** an interesting proposition

made the same as it was before Columbus sailed and you got 'em in your pocket.

All the better if the purchaser is made to believe it's featured on a record that's virtually impossible to come by. Snob value? Nah, never heard of it!

The copy market, as in guitars, has been a long time coming to congas and more's

the pity as only recently have low cost versions of more prestigious products started to raise their heads.

Roland Meinl, a West German manufacturer and distributor, has some fine examples of L.P. and Asba style wood and fibreglass drums available, but sadly they have no distribution in this country as yet.

Cosmic Percussion, a branch of L.P., have an excellent range of lower priced congas available in the U.S.A. which should hopefully be on sale in the U.K. sometime in 1984. But first though, to these shores, come a feisty little pair that I had no knowledge of prior to their arrival at the *Sounds* office, they are distributed

by John Hornby Skewes and they definitely deserve deeper investigation.

The New Sound congas as they are affectionally titled are of Taiwanese origin and come as a pair complete with stands. The drums are of fibreglass construction and both stand 28 inches high with a head size of 11½ and 12½ inches respectively.

The smaller headed drum is called the conga and the larger the tumbadora giving a pairing at the larger end of a scale which ranges super quinto, quinto, conga and tumbadora or quinto, conga, tumba and tumbadora depending on who's whispering in your ear.

The fibreglass bodies are around three-quarters of the thickness of L.P. congas and are similarly constructed in two halves which are joined at a centre seam. The drums are finished in a black satin lacquer which exudes a certain depth not often found in hard gloss lacquers and are banded around the centre seam by chrome and vinyl trim matching the shell colour characteristics.

The heads are of a medium quality rawhide which are held in place by chromed steel rims onto which the tensioning rods hook. These are of heavy duty chrome as are the tensioning brackets, which number six and are located around the upper belly of the drum.

Each of the brackets is affixed to the shell by screws and glue and feature a standard thread, washer and bolt system that I found reasonably smooth when tensioned with the spanner provided. The brackets and hoop are very similar to L.P. style as are the carrying handles which are as thick as a docker's doughnut and fixed to the upper side of the shell.

In fact the only visual difference between these and L.P. drums are the round edges on the tensioning brackets and the trim around the centre. Where they are a lot different though is in the



stand area, but more on that later.

Soundwise how do these rate, then? Looks can be imitated quite easily but the sound is the important element and not so easily copied and if that doesn't hold water you've got problems. Bear in mind these are not electric instruments and henceforth they cannot have a poor initial sound dressed up in layers of effects.

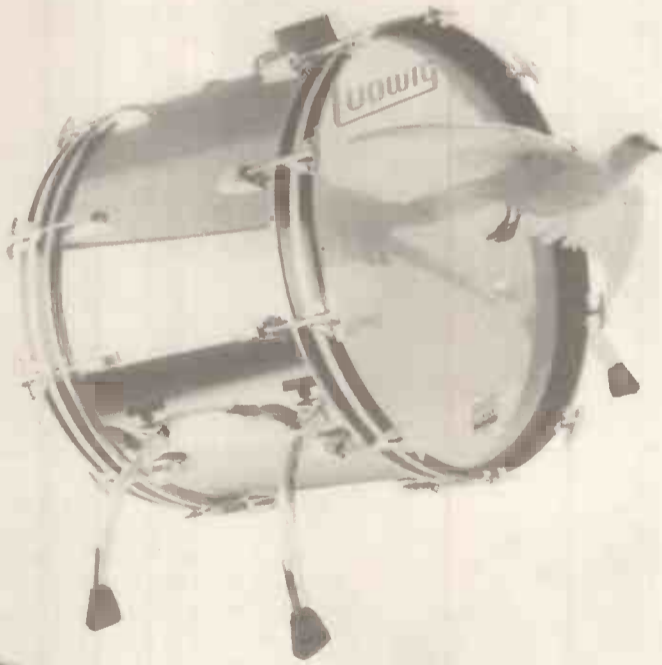
When fresh out of the transit packing the heads will need a fair amount of work in the tuning department and that doesn't mean only one turn on the screw. These are natural heads and consequently take time to bed down, but a playable sound should be available from the off. The smaller of the two drums, the conga, is the lead drum and can produce three pronounced tones, the slap, open tone and the closed heel of the hand sound.

I found the head of this drum had to be tightened up some considerable amount to bring the tones into play and eventually an acceptable playing sound was arrived at. Not as full or as rich an L.P. or Gonbops drum but certainly good, in fact I'd say suprisingly good when you bear in mind the price, some £300 cheaper than top line

*Continues page 54*

# P M A G I C

# U R E

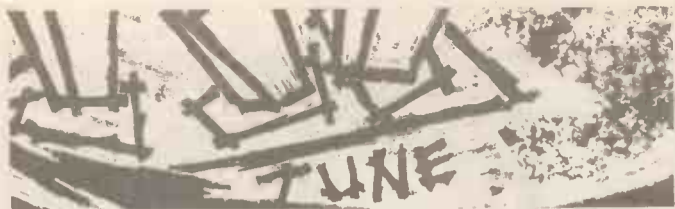


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## Congas

pairs. The slap was cutting, the open tone/hand sound clear without too many overtones and both drums yielded a fair degree of clout often not found on lower priced drums.

The tumbadora produced a deep yet suprisingly bright sound for such a wide bodied drum, where extra attention should be paid to tuning and tensioning so the sound does not blur. It's interesting to note that both of these drums sport bellies wide enough to do a beer-boy proud when normally, in lower priced congas, the girth is kept slim to save on fibreglass and tensioning brackets.

Positioning congas for playing is usually a matter of personal preference whether used sitting down, negating stand use, or played standing up when some form of stand will obviously be required. Newsound have included a built on telescopic type mount with their congas that can swivel through 90 degrees allowing it to be packed flush with the drum. Here I found a few

problems arose. Stability was okay but in the long run would need to be stronger. Congas take a lot of hammer and there's nothing more annoying than playing a pair that are wobbling all over the place.

Also it would be advantageous to have an extra 3 to 4 inches on the mounting leg extensions as I found that even fully extended they were not high enough for me - and I'm not over six foot. Played sitting down or with the stand only slightly extended they stayed in place well.

For a selling price of £275 these drums represent an interesting proposition although the built-on stands could do with upgrading. I would suggest the congas be sold with a separate stand, say a double frame type, which would cost no more to manufacture than the supplied mount but would provide all the stability needed.

The congas themselves are good drums. For the price well made, good sounding and good looking. Fix the stand and the package could be a real winner.

JON NEWEY

IN THE CYMBAL department this week we have some new ranges and new ideas from the two most established companies, Zildjian and Paiste.

It's incredible that there never seems to be an end of new products coming from both these companies, always making the cymbal world that much more interesting and providing the drummer with lots of new sounds and effects to choose from.

Starting with Zildjian and a new range of cymbals they call the paper thin crashes. The idea behind this range was to produce a cymbal with a very fast response and decay used for live work and especially aimed at studio situations.

The cymbals come in four sizes - 14", 15", 16" and 17".

One thing the manufacturers were quick to stress was that although they are called paper thin it does not mean they will crack easily. Like all top of the range Zildjians I found them to be of excellent quality and it has to be seen if they stand up to the test of time.

**Zildjian Paper Thin Crash 14"**  
RRP £70 inc VAT  
QQ VV

Extremely light and thin cymbal but with a good crash tone. Really good and fast attack and decay. Although a small cymbal it is really quite



ZILDJIAN Paper Thin Crash: in 14, 15, 16 and 17 inch sizes

# Crash course

aggressive with a great tone when riding the bell.

**Paper Thin Crash 15"**  
RRP £77 inc VAT  
QQ VV

Not quite as crisp as the 14" but still obtaining the same effect. Again quite explosive and powerful for its size.

**Paper Thin Crash 16"**  
RRP £85 inc VAT  
QQ VV

Here we are getting closer to a more recognisable crash sound. Quite harsh but with a really fast decay. Any resonance there might be is quite pleasing and short. All these cymbals are quite cutting and would be interesting to use miked up in a live situation.

**Paper Thin Crash 17"**  
RRP £91 inc VAT  
QQ ½ VV

This is the largest of the range and still possesses exactly the same qualities as the other three. These are very characteristic cymbals and only the pitch changes as you run through the line. I can see them being very useful in the studio where you are after the crash without lingering resonance swamping every other sound. Quite expensive cymbals really but they do the job they are specialised for. Worth checking out.

NEXT, TWO new cymbal products from the Paiste company. The first of these is what they call the inverted china. This is a brilliant idea and it's amazing no one has ever thought of it before. As most drummers play their china cymbal upside down Paiste have manufactured a china cymbal with an inverted cup so that the cymbal can rest on the stand naturally and also provide a bell to play on. This new idea is only available from Paiste and is titled the Novo.

**Paiste Novo China Type 20"**  
cymbal  
RRP £170 inc VAT  
QQQ VV ½

The Novo's come in the 20" and 22" sizes and really are an incredible idea. They have a great china sound with an

individuality of their own. They are great quality with crispness and tremendous volume that fills the air and then vanishes quite rapidly. The bell area which has never been available on a china before is great for riding on and playing latin rhythms. Stick definition while riding the cymbal itself is excellent with a really interesting sound. This cymbal is extremely loud and penetrating, an incredible design and all at about the same price as a regular china. Should be a winner.

**Paiste 2002 20" power ride**  
RRP £150 inc VAT  
QQQ VV ½

Two new cymbals to come in the 2002 series are the 20" and 22" power rides. The 20" is very heavy and thick for its size with a strong emphasis on its ping qualities. This is not an extremely loud cymbal but excels as a ride with great definition of individual beats. Nice and crisp with a nice resonance lingering in the background. Good bell sound to. Great riding definition that will cut through.

FINALLY PAISTE are putting a range of sticks onto the market. Apparently they have been available in Europe for some time but are only just released here now. The sticks come in Prime Hickory, Maple and Hornbeam and in a range of sizes and with nylon tips. The actual balance of the sticks felt pretty good and they aren't heavily laquered so they are easier to keep a grip on. The nylons are available in the 2, 3, and 4 sizes and incorporates a new system of manufacture to ensure the tips do not come off.

Paiste sticks come at around £2.25 a pair and £3.10 for nylon tipped.

BOGDAN WICZLING

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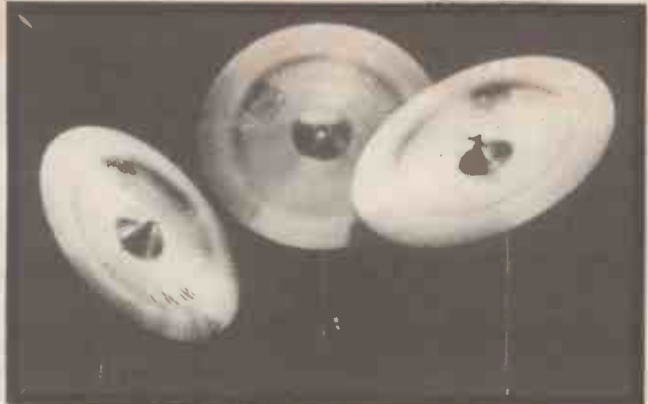


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PAISTE POWER RIDE: 22 inch version pictured



PAISTE Novo China Type

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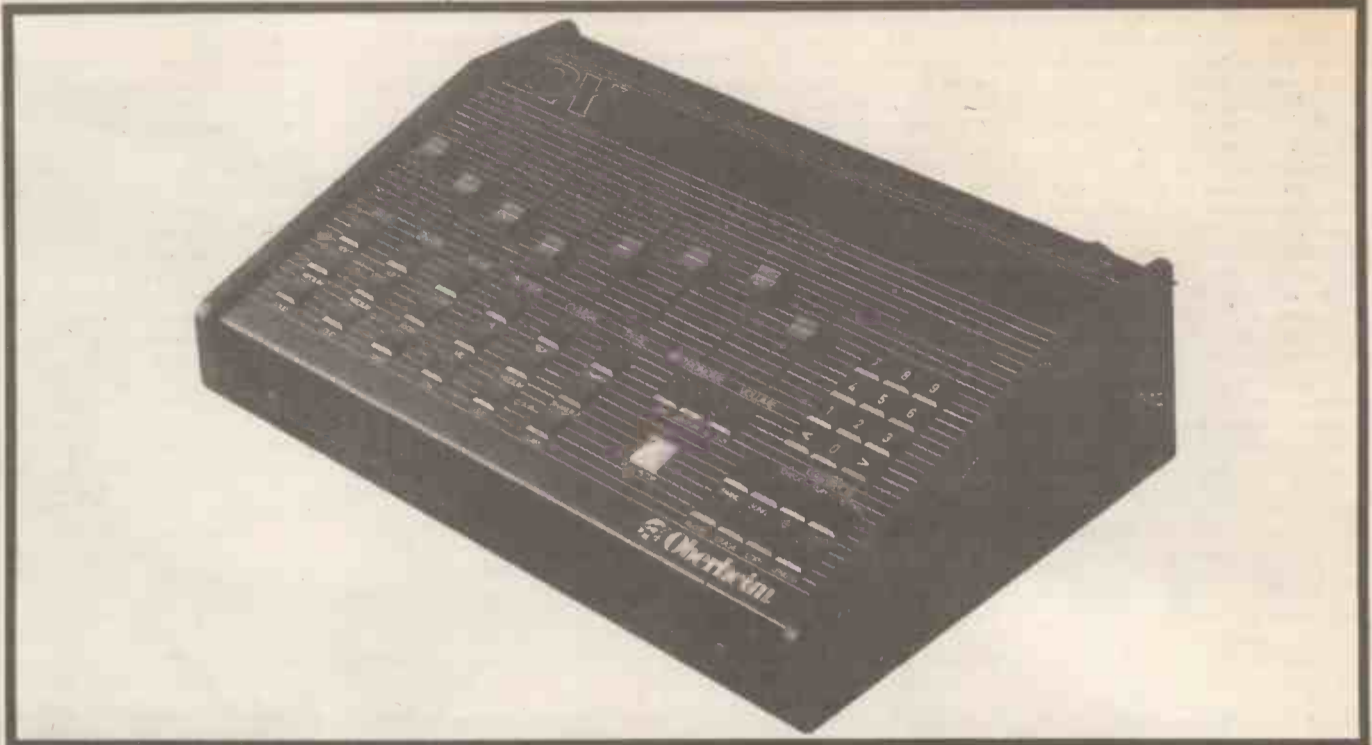
# All Ober bar the shouting

**OBERHEIM DX  
PROGRAMMABLE  
DIGITAL DRUM  
MACHINE**  
RRP £999 inc VAT  
QQQ VVV

I FIRST 'clapped' eyes on the Oberheim DX in a Los Angeles music store some three months ago. 'A - B'ing' it with elder brother the DMX, I felt that the sounds on the cheaper

DX were infinitely better. I am told that the new DMX now sports these updated sounds as well, but at a considerably cheaper price, the DX must represent one of the most viable 'real drum' drum machines available today.

A trip to Chase musicians, and the London Rock shop - where I believe a most generous price can be found - confirmed my initial thought on this totally convincing, adaptable and



OBERHEIM DX: one of the most viable 'real drum' drum machines available



## A DRUM KIT AT YOUR FINGERTIPS FOR £89

As drum machines go, the Yamaha Producer Series MR10 has to be one of the most compact, adaptable and universally playable units on the market. It combines all the advantages of a conventional rhythm box with the flexibility of a manual drum-synth, all within a design which is so neat you could carry it in your pocket.

Using twelve basic preset auto-rhythms, you can programme in fills for every four, eight or sixteen bars by virtue of a Rhythm Variation Facility. Add a Variable Tempo control, plus a finger-pad facility to start and stop the tempo dead on beat, and you have what amounts to a very handy little rhythm box.

But that's only half the story. The MR10 also has independent finger-pads for Snare, High Tom, Low Tom, Cymbal and Bass Drum (with optional foot-pedal) sounds. You can play over the auto-rhythm, or dispense with it entirely, using the MR10 as a mini drum kit in its own right. Individual Bass Drum and Cymbal level-settings, plus an overall Tune control for pitch variation give you a single, direct-out signal, compatible with a guitar amp, home stereo, headphones or a mixing desk.

Just think of the advantages! Now even the drumming novice can put his ideas on tape with his own backing, using even the smallest home studio recording system, with no 'card-board box' acoustic distortion, and without the extensive sound-proofing, miking and mixing problems that recording a conventional kit entails. The MR10 is truly a drum kit at your fingertips. And at £89 RRP, it shouldn't be out of anyone's reach.

highly useful drummer-in-a-box.

Although the DX has less drum sounds than its predecessor, their size and weight is identical (457mm X 300mm X 127mm - 5.4kg). The classical Oberheim look of blue-striped-black-metal-casing-with-wooden-end-pieces has also been retained.

For those unfamiliar with the DMX, the sounds you play with here are digital studio recordings of real drums. No disrespect to the Roland drumatrix *et al*, but the budget priced imitation sounds inherent in the smaller 'rhythm box' orientated devices soon wear thin, and it can only be a good thing that the work pioneered by Messrs Linn has been streamlined and made more available by other manufacturers.

The sounds on the DX cover the basic but entirely satisfactory range of bass drum, snare, hit hat, toms, crash cymbals and percussion. The bass drum can be recorded at three set levels of 'soft', 'medium' and 'loud', but the volume can also be adjusted by a fader set above these three push buttons.

For recording, the three set volumes are obviously useful for build ups, swells, changes in attack in the context of a song, and the fader is essential once you finish recording in order to gain the ideal balance between instruments. Each instrument or drum has its own volume fader.

The sound of the bass drum is, well, superb. Starting my musical career long before drum machines were on the scene, I remember only too well the hours of farting about in the studio while the drummer stuffed 3 cwt of bedding in and out of the bass drum; took heads on and off, reels of tape... to achieve this middle of the chest kick that Oberheim achieve here by pushing a bloody button.

At a reasonable volume, the DX bass drum neatly re-adjusts your internal organs, pushing lungs to somewhere around the lower back region. Great.

The snare too has three initial volumes and produces a fair crack with plenty of depth and definition.

The hi hat comes in three modes - closed, accent and open - and once again is

totally loyal to its 'real' counterpart.

The toms have only one channel - one of the losses from the DMX (which has two). High, mid and low are the three pitches in this line of push buttons. Each tom has near perfect balance of depth and attack, the sound lively and exciting.

Now is probably the time to mention that each channel has a corresponding tuning control at the back of the DX. The pitches can be varied by up to half an octave up or down. This has the obvious added effect of shortening or lengthening the duration of each drum note. Thus a crash cymbal can become a gong. In respect of the open hi hat button, tuning will alter the length of time that the hi hat remains open.

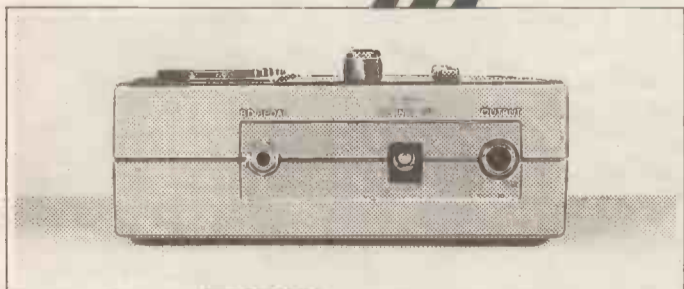
The crash cymbals have three volumes. No ride crash options I'm afraid, but careful use of the volumes will probably fool most people. The decay factor is beautifully weighted and timed.

The final channel is labelled percussion featuring two shakers and hand claps. Perhaps a tambourine would have been of more use than TWO shakers, but I suppose Oberheim are conscious that the DMX (which in fact has TWO tambourines) must be seen to offer a good deal more for the money. The hand claps are not the greatest I've ever heard, but they are here anyhow.

All the sounds appear courtesy of the large push buttons clearly labelled with their instrument volume or variation underneath. Fairly obviously you must tap these in order to produce your sound.

First, however, some thought must be given as to what you're hoping to achieve as a finished product. Oberheim's method of culling individual drum sounds into a coherent song is both relatively simple and comprehensive. You are not compelled to enroll at the Guildhall school of music in order to understand the deepest secrets of writing rhythm charts, you can merely use a modicum of logic and trust your ears.

The process is broken down into 'sequences', i.e. bits of songs, and then into complete songs. There is a small digital display and ten digit keypad plus forward and reverse arrows which is



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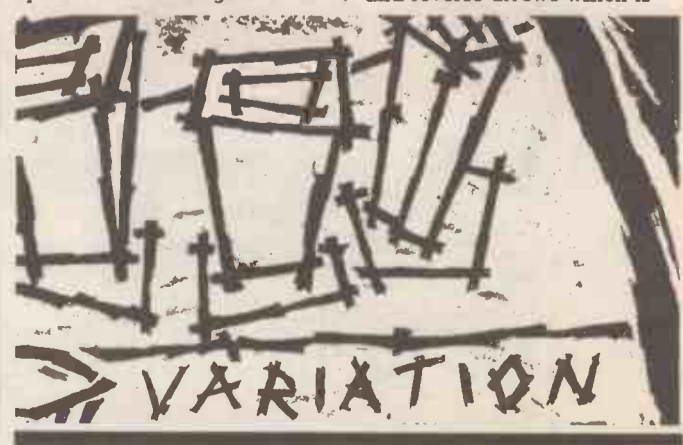
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SNDS 9.83





used as the communication link between you and the DX's brain. Via the keypad you can select any one of the 100 sequences, in which up to 2200 notes can be stored.

The sequences can then be combined in any order to produce up to 50 songs. The DX will retain these 50 songs in its memory, and thanks to the lithium battery, these should last five years. As there is a cassette interface option on the DX, Oberheim suggest that you dump favourite or important songs onto cassette.

I don't imagine this to be some form of veiled doubt concerning the reliability of the instrument, but power surges, cups of boiling coffee... cannot be deemed their fault.

There are two methods of forming sequences here. In real time, or step by step. Real time is by far the speedier and easier, though step by step has its uses - which I'll come on to in a minute. In real time recording, you play along with a metronome click track, set initially at 80 beats per minute, though you can alter this speed from 25 to 250 beats per minute.

Before you begin wildly tapping the buttons and generally 'getting down', decide which time signature or beat you're going to 'get down' to. Pretty well any permutation is possible, and you use the digital display and keypad to choose. 26/16 was an interesting one I tried. Don't think it'll be a hit though.

OK, next question, how long is a sequence? Well unless you program otherwise, it will be two bars long. As you begin, say with bass drum, then snare, this two bar phrase will repeat, allowing you to build up a complete pattern as you go along. A sequence doesn't have to be two bars long though. Anything up to 99 bars is possible. It is as well to know that the DX will not erase while recording. In other words should you make a mistake you cannot simply wait for that bit to trundle along once more and stab in the correct beat. It will merely add the correct beat to your mistake.

To erase, you use the erase button, which can do the job 'on the move' if necessary. It is a simple procedure. Allowing for the fact that you will probably not be micro precise in your tapping, the 'quantize' button establishes the smallest beat that you'd like recorded, and will round

off any minor timing discrepancies to that amount. It is normally set to a sixteenth beat, though it can be set from a quarter note (crotchet) down to a 48th note with many options including triplet timings in between.

In real time recording you can elect to dispense with the services of 'quantize'. Having successfully recording a sequence you then move on to another 'bit' of the song until all the parts have been covered, now these sequences can be assembled into a song. Each sequence by the way can be of varying length, time signatures and speeds. To save space you can also copy sequences, append sequences into larger sequences, in other words learn how to save space in the memory by avoiding unnecessary repetition.

This might all sound daunting in print, but in reality once you have learned the setting up procedure, recording is just a matter of playing the instrument of your choice vaguely in time and there you are. Bye bye drummer.

The second method of recording is step by step. Here you record one beat at a time, and for this you must determine a 'quantize' factor. Each time you hit an instrument button, you will advance the sequence by one beat. The beat being a quarter note, eighth note - whatever you have programmed the smallest beat to be.

Kindly, the screen will display the beat that you're on, so if you must have a crash cymbal on the third beat of the seventh bar, then skip through the bars to that point - in fact to the second beat - and then punch it in. A 'rest' in step by step recording is programmed by using the arrows on the keypad. Not only can you record in this mode, but erase also. Although more laborious a method, step by step can obviously be more precise.

Working on the theory that if accidents can happen, they will, Oberheim have attempted to minimise total erasing - of all sequences and songs - by a cheeky if useful talk back system from the digital display. In order to achieve total erasure, you have to press erase and then press both arrows on the keypad. Aha, but the DX cannot blithely follow such destruction of its treasured sounds just like that. 'CLR?' (Clear?) it will say, and if

you're quite sure thank you, then you must repeat the process. It's a good idea really.

To combat accusations of sterility or lack of feel - a rather facile arrow to sling at a machine - Oberheim have retained the services of the 'swing' feature. As I see it, rather a moot point, but the general idea is to split up a beat into percentage emphases - 50% being an even, normal amount. You can shift the emphasis of a beat to give, say, the first half of a beat more than half the time. The result? Supposedly a shuffle, give and take, 'jazzier' feel, though my experiences seemed merely to make the feel out of time. I should say that this could well be my fault, not the instrument's.

Oberheim illustrate the theory by saying that a programmed (on the display again) 'swing value' of 66% will transform two 8th notes (quavers) into a pair of tied 8th note triplets, followed by a third 8th note triplet. It certainly makes sense if you think about it long enough.

Once you have recorded a song (internally that is) you can run a mono or stereo mix from the DX. The stereo image is set with the bass and toms in the centre, and the other instruments in a preset stereo pattern around

them. Each individual drum or instrument also has its own output at the back. For more professional recording onto a tape machine this is obviously the way to go, for e.g., effects etc. on each facet of the drum track. Further connections at the back are for clock in and out, trigger input, and cassette interface in and outputs.

Two footswitches can be used; one for 'start/stop' which when used during the programming of sequences will always return you to the beginning of a sequence, but when used during a song, will return to the point in the song where you stopped. The 'next' footswitch advances you to the next sequence.

For the money, it is very difficult to find fault with the DX. The sounds are first class, method of recording as simple as being versatile will allow, and the package clearly and attractively presented. Strongly recommended.

JULIAN COLBECK



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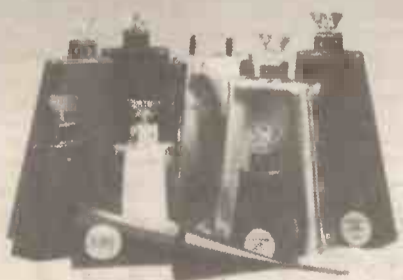
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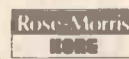
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# SOUNDS BAND AID

\*Source: Target Group Index.

## Musicians Wanted GENERAL

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**SINGER SONGWRITER** needs musicians to work as a GROUP, and not just to please themselves. Influences Bowie, Bunynmen, Velvets, please phone Stuart, Manchester 788 9475. B3402

**HANGOVER-HOARSE**, Phlegm-filthy voice? Shout lyrics? Scream for the hell of it? Wanna form really raw band? Write - Arjen, 40 Chesnut Avenue, Newcastle NE5. B3403

**BRASS SECTION** plus others to help form tight and professional jazz funk outfit. (Cheshire area) Phone Steve, Middlewich, (060684) 3076 after 6pm. Only dedicated musicians please. B3628

**NICHE REQUIRE** wild vocalist into early Ants, Joke, Prunes, Eno, Bauhaus. Have contacts, gear, ideas, image, original 'sex' clothing welcome. Steve 383 2991 between 5-7pm. B3688

**SOLENT AREA** vocalist to form band into Hendrix, Rush, Sabs, Zepelin, Cream. Gear supplied. Strong material. Phone Chris, Stubbington (0329) 661559. B3675

## KEYBOARDS AND DRUMMER

required for melodic progressive rock band phone (01) 556 5822 evenings. B3760

**DEDICATED, POWERFUL** drummer and keyboards for heavy progressive band forming now. Andy/Phil, Basement Flat. 722 8016. B3573

**VIDEO PROMOS** of your band. Professional promos, at low low cost, ideal for sending to record companies, agents and clubs. Tel VTTV Blyth (067 06) 66323. B3572

**CREATION RECORDS** seek pop groups with fantastic songs and a hatred for the current pop scene. Creation Records, c/o Rough Trade, 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W14. B3624

**ESTABLISHED ROCK** band. London gigs waiting. Required class singer with image. Dedication 100% USA/English rock. Phone Pete 01-994 4295. After 5.30pm. B3594

**ANY MUSICIANS** interested in working with bassist and drummer. Diverse interests especially rhythmic and inspirational music. Nick, 6 Wheatstones, Bishops Lydeard, Taunton TA4 3NS. Tel. 86601. B3483

**VOCALIST LYRICIST** and Poet asks for guitarist with dynamite to form band with eventual recording at Eel Pie Studios. Please phone, ask for Tommy 937 2051. B3697

**BIRMINGHAM BASED** band urgently require replacement keyboardist. Studio work/live gigs. Experience not essential imagination dedication is Accommodation could be found. More info Paul 021-384 4816. B3488

**UNDISCOVERED BANDS** wanted for Sane Records compilation LP 'Dance Vibes' (Sane 005) pop, electro-punk, jazz/funk, disco - anything danceable! Everything considered, demos/info to Sane Records, PO Box 7, Bridlington, North Humberside. B3489

**1984 DIRECTORY** of Performing Arts, Musicians, Lyricists, Artists... Your chance of fame and recognition. For details send SAE to Box No. 289. B3541

**BASSIST WANTED** for progressive punk band. Must be committed. Into Rock, Punk, everything. Demo soon. Living in Wickford area. Phone Nigel after 4.30. Wickford 4659. B3638

**DRUMMER/PERCUSSIONIST** with a desire to experiment. Must be creative and willing to commit. We love noise - Beauty - movement contact Cindy Talk, London 3412 0120. B3641

**BASSIST NEEDED** Urgently to form band in North East. No pros but must be competent and dedicated with own gear. Contact Mick, South Shields 551143. B3644

**GUITARIST (19)** seeks female vocalist or second guitarist (acoustic) with vocals to form folk rock duo contact Mick, 378 Hobmoor Road, Yardley, Birmingham B25 8UE. B3646

**EDINBURGH BAND**, The Shattered Family need competent bassist now. Bauhaus, Scars, TOH, Sex Gang, Killing Joke, You choose, Bring your ideas here. Phone Robin 031-332 8887. B3650

**VOCALIST AND BASSIST FOR EAST MIDLANDS** based Jazz rock funk band. Original material. Government artists welcome. Phobne Spen; Bingham 37893 anytime. B3651

**NOT JUST** for decoration! Imaginative powerful female vocalist (Nona Hendrah?) for exuberant band record deal assured. Preferably write lyrics play percussion. (021) 772 4660. B3652

**HARMONY VOCALIST** rhythm guitarist, sax and keyboards required for pop/soft rock band - own material only. Good outlook essential interested? Phone Ray, Port Talbot 885771. B3653

**INVENTIVE PERCUSSIONIST(S)** wanted urgently, diverse influences; Experiments with metal/primal rhythms, intuition, feel. 021 440 7452. B3690

**VOCALIST/LYRICIST** wants to form progressive type band (Lincoln area) musicians (16-20) interested phone Daren between 5-6pm Bassingham 225. Talent before experience. B3691

**GIRL WANTED** to join us in a serious Musical Venture. We are seeking a sweet feminine young lady, who is a quiet, sensitive and unassuming person. She should be a serious-minded person, and possibly a little shy. She should have a genuine interest in Music and have a genuine desire to be part of a Rock Group. She would be joining a creative, ambitious group, led by two considerate and dependable fellas. This group has far-reaching aims and ambitions, and it will be a close-knit unit, both socially and musically. We want you to play Bass Guitar, and sing occasionally... and we can teach you to play, and provide your Instrument. No previous musical experience is required, though you should be prepared to learn... however, musical experience in areas other than Rock Music would not be a disadvantage. The most important thing is that you should be the right kind of person, and we would also expect both loyalty and dedication from the right girl. It is important that you should be in the position to make your own decisions, if we choose you. If you are seriously interested, write to... Chris and Jeff, c/o 31 Manor Park Close, West Wickham, Kent BR4 0LF. B3692

**VOCALIST/LYRICIST moving to Orebro, Sweden in November, seeks musicians to form new wave/rock band. Any nationality, but must be committed and dedicated. Box No. 292. B3694**

**VERSATILE KEYBOARD** Player synths etc. Urgently needed for recording musicians, record company interest. Only 100% musicians apply phone 061-793 9874. B3544

**SAX REQUIRED** by Danzig Twist, a melodic, light rock, American influenced band. Now gigging and recording in October. Mick - 366 7808. B3776

**DOCTOR JES AND THE EMISSARIES OF FILTH** want drummer. No influences weird image. Gigs played. Must not be trendy corpse. Birmingham area. Phone 438 1040 evenings. B3693

**GUITARIST KEYBOARDS** for modern rock band songwriting ability essential vocals an asset excellent musicians need only apply. Phone Manchester 344 5743. B3695

**VOCALIST WANTED** - Powerful, melodic voice with aggressive delivery to front 3-piece band with attacking, danceable style. Strong visual presence preferable commitment and creativity essential. Phone Rick 01-428 0772. B3696

**RIGHT YOU Bastuds** we want a vocalist. And a sax-player. Liverpool band into Hawkwind, Gong, Here + Now, VDDG, Paddy, 4 Trentham Avenue, L18. 734 2199. B3698

**SHEFFIELD BAND** want backing vocalist influences - X-Mal, Nico. Also needed to play percussion. Commitment essential own gear. Ring Jules on 0742 701748. B3699

**BASSIST WANTED** for powerful guitar based band. Phone 0883 48253/01-684 1545. 0883-42950/ evenings. B3700

**GUITARIST WANTED** for North London rock band phone Gerry 607 0602. B3701

**WANTED FEMALE** vocalist/keyboards to help develop ideas into reality influences are the heavier side of Steeleye/Solstice/etc. Beauty unimportant but musical feeling is. Box No. 293. B3702

**WEST MIDLANDS** guitarist - beginner, seeks other inexperienced musicians to learn together. Box No. 294. B3703

**PSYCHEDELIC MUSICIANS** for The Rubber Band. Seeds Meet Arthur Brown. 16-21. No guitarists. Basingstoke, Reading, Andover area. Dedication before ability. Gavin, Basingstoke 3071 before 7.00pm. B3704

**VOCALIST REQUIRED** ability looks, stage presence, although not necessarily experienced. S. London, NE Surrey. Tel: Burgh Heath 55033. Dominic: BH 58430, Paul 01-641 3346. PS preferably with transport. B3749

**SHEFFIELD BAND** want drummer. Influences: Killing Joke, Stooges, Banshees. No beginners - own kit. Commitment essential age 18-24. Ring Jules on 0742 701748. B3750

**COVENTRY BAND** require bassist and vocalist to complete line up. Have original material, dedication is essential. Phone John, Coventry (0203) 83441. B3744

**BLUES MUSICIANS** wanted to form band, with guitarist, influences Hendrix, Clapton, B.B. King. Must have own gear and transport. Also professionally minded. Phone Phil, Rotherham 816896. B3745

**GUITARIST (AGED 17)**, Essex based, wants to join/form Rush/Colosseum 2 type band. Phone Norm: Ongar 362379. B3746

**GUITARIST WANTS** to start band Bauhaus, Banshees, Cocteau, Violent F, but looking for new and different sound. No would be pop stars please. Phone Julie 790 9703. B3747

**BASSIST KEYBOARDIST** between 15-19 wanted to join guitarist, drummer in Brum. It would be an invaluable asset if you could sing as well! 308-1774, 429 1098. B3775

Picked at random from this weeks advertisements.

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**AMBITIOUS AND** Enthusiastic bass also lead vocalist needed by young rock band. Gigs waiting + management phone Upper Warrlingham (820 from London) 5174. B3646

**AMBITIOUS AND** Enthusiastic vocalist needed by young rock band. Gigs waiting + management. Phone Upper Warrlingham (820 from London) 5174. B3647

**VOCALIST WANTED** by pro minded rock band. We have the songs; have you got the voice? Phone Wickford (STD: 03744) 65518, South East Essex. B3621

**DRUMMER WANTED** by pro minded rock band. We have the songs; have you got the ability? Phone Wickford (STD: 03744) 65518, South East Essex. B3622

**CLASSICALLY TRAINED** keyboardist, drummer, female vocalist, seeks imaginative guitarist (Gilmore type); bassist, 2nd female vocalist. 25-35ish. Floyd, Rush, 60s-70s 1000% dedication. No timewasters. Barry 01-737 3387. B3613

**HEADBANGING MUTHA**, Longhaired, dirty, drunk, maniac, lunatic, guitarist, C\*\*\*, F\*\*\*\*\* his guitar nightly, wanted, into Motorhead, Venom, Exciter, Heavyload, metallica, Acid, Accept. Allan 01-346 3175. B3655

**VOCALIST REQUIRED** Dio influenced 16-18 must have good range image on gear essential to complete band with classy material Walsall area phone Andy Willenhall 67880. B3657

**MELODIC SINGER** with powerful voice wanted for hard rock band playing mostly own material no time wasters phone John, Glasgow 944 6907. B3661

**BASS, VOCALS** to complete creative rock band N/E Hants area. Good gear, knowledge to use it a must. Rush, Budgie influenced. Phone Jem, Farnham 723817. B3662

**BASSIST AND** Drummer (15+) wanted to join two guitars and vocals in Heavy Metal group, must have own gear, experience not needed. Phone Walton 241138. B3705

**A CHRISTIAN** reading this column? That makes two of us, telephone Pete. 01-800 1790 soon after 6.30pm. Anyone considered with faith, hope and energy. B3706

**POWERFUL MALE VOCALIST** for W. London HR/HM band into Maiden, UFO Van Halen, Rhodes, own gear and writing ability. Prof. Phone Stuart after 10am. 995 5753. B3707

**SABBATH STYLED** guitarist and drummer needed to form band with bassist. Own songs waiting to be played. Julian, 45 Knapp Way, Malvern, Worcs. Phone 3375. B3708

**BASS PLAYER**, Keyboard player wanted by new band (16-18) in Sunderland area (own gear) + competent contact Snakebite, 23 St Christophers Road, Sunderland or phone 285860 between 6 and 8. B3709

**EXCELLENT RAUNCY** Heavy metal band, require powerful male vocalist. Must be dedicated. Recording and gigs waiting. Own gear advantage. No plebs. Phone: Graham 061-653 6617. B3710

**SINGER WANTED** if Rainbow had Gary Moore and played Journey Y & T and Billy Squiers type songs they'd be copying us. Great gear, great songs. 0532 716082. B3711

**POWERFUL DRUMMER** Urgently needed for fast, powerful heavy metal band. Based in Portsmouth area. Gigs soon. Must be dedicated. Please phone: Hayling Island 2368. B3712

**DAGENHAM HEAVY** rock band urgently require vocalist with powerful voice and good range also keyboards or rhythm guitarist. Phone Terry 597 2173 or Martin 593 0921 evenings. B3713

**DEDICATED DRUMMER** required for Wirral rock band aged 16-19, influences NWOBHM. Must be prepared to work hard phone Tim, 051-327 5764 (evenings). B3714

**REFUGEE IS** a sleeping giant, we give everything 100% and need a likewise vocalist, we are a dynamic modern rock singers dream. Wake us. 0532-716082. B3715

**BASS/RHYTHM** guitar 18-25 gear essential transport preferable pro outlook S.E. London metallers only phone Bill 01-310 6025 or Chris Crayford 527289. B3716

**VOCALIST AND** Bassist needed to complete no frills power rock band. SE London area. Experience essential. Don't waste our time. Phone Chris 6-8pm 693 2472. B3761

**ROCK DRUMMER** wants band/musicians extensive studio/live experience. Ambition essential. Material waiting, influences Bonham, Paice, Powell. No time wasters! Charlie, Pilton (Somerset) 447. B3762

**EXPERIENCED LEAD** guitarist and vocalist require drummer, bassist, and keyboard player. Influences Rush, Kansas King Crimson. Dave 021-350 3729 leave message. B3763

**WANTED GIRL** rock guitarist by male rock vocalist to form male, female hard rock band in Herts, Beds area. Phone Gar 0462-815510. B3764

**BASSIST, KEYBOARDS**, Guitarist, for unique heavy pop band. Diverse influences - Sweet, Kansas, Magnum, Quo, Smoke etc. competent but no musical snobs! Telephone Derek, Hornchurch 53034. B3774

**KEYBOARD PLAYER** wanted by East London melodic rock band (Rush, Hillage, Yes, Zep) Ram 478 7997, Rick 515 4611. B3631

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22nd September	Freedmans, Leytonstone	Woodford More House, Oak Hill, Woodford, Essex
26th September	Music Forum, Grimsby	Winter Gardens, Kingsway, Cleethorpes
27th September	Kitchens, Leeds	The Griffin, Leeds
28th September	Newtown Music, Newton-le-Willows	Nupro Club, Liverpool Road, Ashton-in-Makerfield
29th September	Carlsbro Sound Centre, Mansfield	Commodor Int., Nuthall Road, Nottingham

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By Susanne Garrett and Dee Pilgrim. For free listing, write early to Sounds at 40 Long Acre, London WC2, or phone 01-836 0142. This gig guide can be viewed on Prestel, frame \*51423#

# NIGHT SHIFT

AS THE year winds down, so the gigs mount up and those people who complain that London gets more than its fair share of events — do not despair, there could well be a major concert near you this week! Up at Leeds Queens Hall the annual Futurama Festival gets underway, and five stars to Sounds for having featured most of the bands already. Howard Devoto, The Smiths, Clock DVA, Chevalier Bros and Gina X are the main attractions on Saturday, while Killing Joke, Death Cult, The Armoury Show and even (gasps of horror) The Bay City Rollers are on the bill for Sunday.

BIG COUNTRY flit all over the place on their tour with gigs at Birmingham Odeon (Wednesday), Sheffield City Hall (Thursday), Aberdeen Capitol (Saturday), Edinburgh Playhouse (Sunday), Glasgow Tiffanys (Monday), and Newcastle-Upon-Tyne City Hall (Tuesday).

OR YOU could cut out your Sounds coupon and go and see the Truth cut-price at Dublin TV Club (Friday), Belfast Queen's University (Saturday), Liverpool Venue (Monday), and Manchester Adam And Eve's (Tuesday).

AND JUST in case the Londoners are feeling slightly left out, The Royal Albert Hall is the venue for a very worthwhile gig this week when Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Kenny Jones, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman and Andy Fairweather-Low take to the stage for a special concert in aid of ARMS (Aid Into Research Into Multiple Sclerosis) on Tuesday.



Joe Bangay

BIG COUNTRY's Stuart Adamson, still out on the high road

## WEDNESDAY 14th

- ABERDEEN, Valhallas, (26706), 22 Beaches
- \*BIRMINGHAM, Odeon, (021 643 6101), Big Country
- BRADFORD, 1 In 12, Tickle, (23918), Ex/Alerts/Three Johns
- BRADFORD, Wheatheaf, (882071), Bobo
- BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Chuck Farley
- CARDIFF, Great Western, No Mean feat
- \*CARDIFF, St David's Hall, (426111), Rainbow
- CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Eavesdropper
- DERBY, Birdhouse, Chamaille's Winebar, (346766), None So Blind
- EDINBURGH, Nightclub, (031 557 2590), The Meteors
- EDINBURGH, Playhouse, (031 557 2590), Peter Gabriel
- FLINTSHIRE, Red Lion, Thirteenth Candle
- HYTHE, Applemore Youth Centre, (847889), The Press
- LEEDS, Brannigans, (446985), One Way System/Burial/Subnormal
- LEEDS, Warehouse, (468287), Death Cult
- LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Hearts Agas/The Caper
- LONDON, Battersea Arts Centre, (01-223 8413), Breakfast Band
- LONDON, Broadway, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-631 5221), Chinchilla
- LONDON, Diorama, Peto Place, (01-487 5598), Real State/Marcus Gahn/Bros Sceptix
- LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Doc K's Blues Band
- LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden, (01-485 9006), Spear Of Destiny/Pleasure Beasts
- LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Peachy Keen/Cold Dance
- LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Upper Street, Islington, (01-359 4510), The West
- LONDON, Jungle Club, The Sunset, West Kensington, (01-625 6544), The Websters
- LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), The Heartbeats/IOU
- LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, (01-226 5930), Poor Boys
- LONDON, Pindar Of Wakefield, Grays Inn Road, (01-837 7269), Cynthia Scott
- LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, (01-478 0660), RDB
- LONDON, Titanic, Berkeley Square, (01-499 1520), Mystery Girls
- LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Lewisham Performance Collective
- MANCHESTER, Gilly's, (061-236 0265), Peter And The Test-Tube Babies/Toy Dogs
- MANCHESTER, John Bull, (061 832 3621), Ex-Directory
- NOTTINGHAM, Rock City, (412544), Level 42
- PERRANPORTH, Pomsers Hotel, (2225), Sphinx
- RUNCORN, Cherry Tree, (741711), The Frank Hall Band
- \*SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont, (29772), Depeche Mode
- SUNDERLAND, Old 29, (59825), Caffrey
- WASHINGTON, Arts Centre, (416640), Haze
- WATFORD, Baileys, (39848), Gibson Brothers
- WOLVERHAMPTON, Queen's Hotel, (22839), The Sears/Final Glory/Out Of Order

## THURSDAY 15th

- \*BIRMINGHAM, Odeon, (021 643 6101), Kid Creole And The Coconuts
- BLACKBURN, Gallygrave, (670593), Omen
- BLACKBURN, King George's Hall, (58424), Level 42

- BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Little Sister
- BUCKINGHAM, Mitre, (813080), Emmerson Martin
- BUCKINGHAM, Peacocks, Needless Alley, The Copy
- CAMBRIDGE, Lord Nelson Hotel, (48387), Sapphire
- CAMBRIDGE, Arts Theatre, (352000), Su Lyn
- \*CARDIFF, St David's Hall, (426111), Rainbow
- COLCHESTER, St Mary's Art Centre, (77301), The Without/Cracked Actor/Moog
- \*COVENTRY, Apollo, (24570), Depeche Mode
- COVENTRY, Dog And Trumpet, (88402), City Shakers
- CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Major Setback
- DEWSBURY, Black Tulip, (461930), Legion/Screaming Red
- DUNFERMLINE, Roadhouse, (Whitburn 40347), The Meteors
- FELTHAM, The Airman, (01-890 2112), Bullitt Proof
- HALIFAX, Somewhere Else Club, Rhabstallion
- HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), Assnye
- HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head, (21758), Syntax
- LEICESTER, Palais, (59967), Tredegar
- LLANTRISANT, Talbot Green Vale Club, Sphinx
- LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Igor's Night Off
- LONDON, Bull And Gate, Kentish Town, (01-485 5358), Phil Miller In Cohoots
- LONDON, Camden Palace, Mornington Crescent, (01-387 0428), Sense/Nottinghamites
- LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Farenji Warriors
- LONDON, Diorama, Peto Place, (01-487 5598), Bros Sceptix/Jeanette Bushkamush
- LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), King Klear And His Savage Moose
- LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), The Nancy Boys/Foreign Flags
- LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Upper Street, Islington, (01-359 4510), The Ramblers
- LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Gothique/IQ
- LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Bhythm/MetHod/Mixed Blood
- LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Mystery Girl/Jumping Belafontes/Love Republic
- LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, (01-226 5930), Hank Wangford Band
- LONDON, Sunset, West Kensington, (01-625 6544), London Cowboys
- LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, (01-475 0660), Diz And The Doormen
- LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Red Brick House/First Third
- LONDON, Venue, Victoria, (01-828 9441), The Smiths/Go-Betweens/Felt
- LONDON, Wag Club, Wardour Street, (01-437 5534), Jah Wobble
- MANCHESTER, Adam And Eve's, (061 881 3320), Fireclown
- MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061 832 6625), Art Farmer
- NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, City Hall, (32007), Peter Gabriel
- NOTTINGHAM, Ad Lib, (753225), Ex/Alerts/Three Johns
- OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Seducer
- PONTARDAWE, Dynevor Arms, (863750), Reaction
- PORTSMOUTH, Rock Garden Pavilion, (21992), Radical Dance Faction
- RAYLEIGH, Crocs, (77003), Tame
- READING, Target, (585887), Mendes Prey
- SCARBOROUGH, Taboo, Nine Play Hendrix
- SHEFFIELD, City Hall, (735296), Big Country
- SHEFFIELD, Limit, (730940), Death Cult
- SOUTHPORT, Follies, (36733), Shywolf
- STALYBRIDGE, Buckton Castle, (Mossley 2060), Thirteenth Candle
- STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Dovecot Arts Centre, (611625), Rules Of Croquet/Friendly Society
- WATFORD, Baileys, (39848), Gibson Brothers
- WATFORD, Heds, Verulam Arms, (21035), Solstice/Masquerade
- WHITEHAVEN, Whitehouse Club, (2215), Quasar
- WOKINGHAM, Angies, Cantley House Hotel, (789912), Sam Mitchell
- WOLVERHAMPTON, Woodhayes, (732413), Sub Zero
- WORCESTER, Waterside, (27719), Becky Swan
- YORK, Bay Horse, Gillygate, (33384), Straw Dogs
- BANBURY, GF Club, (52852), Mendes Prey
- BARNLEY, Civic Hall, (203232), Radiation
- \*BATH, Moles, (333423), The Smiths
- BIRMINGHAM, Boney Maroney's, Dale Hargreaves
- BIRMINGHAM, Frankley Community Centre, Holly Hill, The Prisoners Of Hope
- BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle, (021-643 5403), The Famous Five/Washington Hands
- \*BIRMINGHAM, Odeon, (021 643 6101), Kid Creole And The Coconuts
- \*BIRMINGHAM, Tin Can Club, Digbeth, (021 643 2850) Alien Sex Fiend
- BLACKBURN, Regent, (50839), Shywolf
- BOLTON, Cotton Tree, (20237), Street Legal
- BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Ruthless Blues
- BRIGHTON, Alhambra, (27874), Exit-stance
- BRIGHTON, Kensington, (699342), In From The Light
- BRIGHTON, Top Rank, (25895), Delroy Wilson
- BURY, Bluebell, Colours Of Crimson
- CARDIFF, Bogeys, (26168), Sphinx
- CARDIFF, Grassroots, Charles Street, Oppressed/Mutilated Jelly
- CHERITON, White Lion, (78276), D-Talk
- CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Trimmer And Jenkins
- \*DUBLIN, TV Club, (758891), The Truth
- DURHAM, Dunelm House, (48404), The Handsome Beasts
- EDINBURGH, Nightclub, (031 557 2590), Emerson
- FELTHAM, Football Club, (01-890 6241), Dead Men's Shadow/Guests
- GALASHIELS, Three J's Club, Blues 'N' Trouble
- GATESHEAD, Honeysuckle, (781273), Blood Robots/Reality Control
- GLASGOW, Nightmoves, (041 332 5883), The Meteors
- GLOUCESTER, Bristol Hotel, (28232), Three Imaginary Boys

## FRIDAY 16th

- GRAVESEND, Red Lion, (66127), Touchstone
- GREAT YARMOUTH, ABC, (3191), Shakatak
- HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), Samurai
- HINDLEY, Red Cap, Horizons
- INVERNESS, Ice Rink, (35711), Quasar
- KINGSTON UPON THAMES, The Swan, Departure/Foundation/Axis 37
- LEEDS, Peel Hotel, (455128), Stallion
- LEICESTER, Spectrum Studio One, (530943), The Recession
- LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Ah Leu Cha/Compulsion
- LONDON, Allnations Club, Hackney, (01-249 2168), Black Roots
- LONDON, Broadway, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-631 5221), Hank Wangford/Billy Bragg
- LONDON, Clinker, Metropolitan, Farringdon Road, Allan Dallas Smith Trio
- LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Europeans/Cane Administration
- LONDON, Diorama, Peto Place, (01-487 5598), Keith Knowles/Lol Coxhill/Steve Beresford
- LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Electric Bluebirds
- LONDON, Enterprise, Chalk Farm, Graham Larkbey
- LONDON, Goldsmith's Tavern, Newcross, Suffragette
- LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Frankie And The Flames/The Downbeats
- LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Upper Street, Islington, (01-359 4510), Chevalier Bros
- LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Man
- LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Mick Ralphs/Johnnie Pinko
- LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, (01-226 5930), Republic
- LONDON, Spurs, Roundway, Tottenham, (01-808 4773), The Reactors
- LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Woolwich, (01-854 2030), The Freak/Force
- LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, (01-478 0660), Penny Arcade/Shake It To The East
- LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), T-34/Xtrax
- LYBSTER, Community Centre, Rocky Sharpe And The Replays
- MANCHESTER, Apollo, (061 273 1112), Level 42
- NORWICH, Grundy Whites, (25539), Deviator
- OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Tredegar
- RAMSGATE, Royal Hotel, Bullitt Proof
- RAYLEIGH, Crocs, (77003), Dr And The Medics
- ST AUSTELL, Cornwall Coliseum, (4261), The Commodores
- SALISBURY, Grange Hotel, (25321), Static Activity
- \*SHEFFIELD, City Hall, (735296), Depeche Mode
- SILLOTH, Sunset Inn, O'Hara's Boys
- SWINDON, Prospect Club, (22495), Le Booze Band
- TELFORD, Dawley Town Hall, (613131), Ion Age
- WATFORD, Baileys, (39848), Gibson Brothers
- WOKINGHAM, Angies, Cantley House Hotel, (789912), New Empire
- YORK, INL Club, Walmgate, Straw Dogs

## SATURDAY 17th

- \*ABERDEEN, Capitol, (23141), Big Country
- \*BELFAST, Queen's University, (45133), The Truth
- BIRMINGHAM, Fighting Cocks, Birmingham, (021 449 2554), Crucial Music/Peto
- \*BIRMINGHAM, Tin Can Club, (021 643 2850), The Meteors
- BLACKBURN, Regent, (50839), Shywolf
- BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Fast Buck
- BRISTOL, Adelphi Hotel, Dale Hargreaves
- BRISTOL, Granary, (28272), Tredegar
- \*BRISTOL, Trinity College, (684412), The Smiths
- CARMARTHEN, Club Royale, Queen Street, (7634), Picture Frame Seduction
- CASTLEFORD, Trades Club, (552589), Stallion
- COVENTRY, General Wolf, (88402), I
- CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Little Sister
- GALASHIELS, Three J's, Blues 'N' Trouble
- GRAVESEND, Red Lion, (66127), Tobruk
- GUILDFORD, Wooden Bridge, (72708), Larry Miller
- HARROGATE, Church Hall, Woodfield Road, Mercenary
- HEREFORD, Market Tavern, (56325), Long Street
- HERTFORD, Woolpack, (53766), Gothique
- HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head, (21758), John Otway/Choir
- HULL, Spring Street Theatre, (23638), Nine Play
- HULL, Wellington Club, (23262), Haze
- IPSWICH, Gaumont, (53641), Shakatak
- LANCASTER, Park Hotel, Excalibur
- \*LEEDS, Queen's Hall, Futurama, (31961), Howard Devoto/The Smiths/Gina X/Clock DVA/Daniella Dax/Billy Bragg/Chevalier Bros/Chameleons/Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/A Popular History Of Signs/Red Guitars/Edward's Voice/Masque Of Bizarno/Real Foo Foo/Colenso Parade/MRA
- LIVERPOOL, MacMillan's Bistro, (051 709 3737), Reverb Bros
- LIVERPOOL, Royal Court Theatre, (051 708 7411), Level 42
- LONDON, Ace, Brixton, (01-274 4663), Death Cult/Lavolla Lakota
- LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Dirty Strangers/We Are Only Human
- LONDON, Broadway, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-631 5221), The Milkshakes/X-Men
- LONDON, Cellar Folk Club, Cecil Sharp House, Regents Park, (01-521 4649), Robin And Barry
- Dransfield
- LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), K K Khan/DTs
- LONDON, Diorama, Peto Place, (01-487 5598), DNA Sounds/Wild Girls
- LONDON, Dublin Castle, (01-485 1773), J J And The Flyers
- \*LONDON, Fridge, Brixton, (01-737 1477), Klaxon
- 5/Dance Macabre/Old Nick
- LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), The Chevalier Bros/Miklos Galla
- LONDON, Half Moon, Heme Hill, (01-274 2733), Hank Wangford Band
- LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Upper Street, Islington, (01-359 4510), The Gymslips
- LONDON, Kidbrook House, Blackheath, Dancette/Remarkable Family/Between Yes And No

Continued on page 64

# Albums extra

**TROBBING GRISTLE**  
**'Editions**  
**Frankfurt/Berlin'**  
**(Illuminated SJAMS 31)\*\*\*½**

YET MORE from the TG archives and would you believe there's still more to come? Next release on Illuminated from the Throbbers comes in the shape of a soundtrack they did for a Derek Jarman short, but for the time being it's yet another live outing.

TG live was a visual high which, with sympathetic mixing and selected sound levels, usually worked really well. On record, some of the force is lost and when the disc has to adapt to the confines of the listener's environment, some of the power is lost.

The LP itself doesn't really tell you anything new about TG and, worthy as it is, the sound quality leaves a bit to be desired. For collectors it's a must and for the uninitiated it's a useful starting place but in the context of today's music scene, it sounds dated. Already, the two halves of TG have progressed from these aggressive beginnings and there's a lot of TG orphans who have developed the sound to varying degrees.

'Editions' contains the excellent 'Discipline' and a mutated version of 'Strangers In The Night' as well as the esoteric 'Something Came Over Me'. It's a moment caught in time that will mean different things to different people, an artefact from an influential outfit.

Not the best of their live excursions — 'Mission Of Dead Souls', the live LP from the TG limited edition box set, is soon to be released by itself — but enjoyable all the same.

DAVE HENDERSON

copy — it's more lethal than a nuclear bomb, and a more painful way to die. Believe me, the Moody Blues really live up to their name on this one.

It's a nervous breakdown put to music, so don't play it if you suffer from depression — it would be like giving a bottle of whisky to an alcoholic: fatal!

If the cast of *Crossroads* made a record it would sound like this. If Mrs Whitehouse threw a party this would be the music she'd play. It's so safe and clinical it could be a soundtrack for a soap powder commercial.

The sleeve is pretentious, the music is bland — imagine an album of Eurovision Song Contest losers — and the lyrics are the worst ever written. They make Jonathan King, the number one writer of mindless pop pulp, seem in the same league as Dylan and Springsteen. And they even have the nerve to print the offending lyrics on the inner sleeve — they read like they were stolen from cheap Birthday Cards.

As for the songs, they're so slow, po-faced and one-paced, it's advisable to listen to it standing up — it's like a musical sleeping tablet. Imagine Cliff on downers and you'll get the picture. There's more life in a cemetery.

Still, it'll probably be number one in the USA (the home of bad taste) which says it all. It's called 'The Present' and it is the perfect present — for someone you hate. Like Martin Webster.

GARRY JOHNSON

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**HEAVY ROCK NIGHT**  
**TAME**  
Doors open 8.30pm 1am + ROCK DJ

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+ Support  
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Annual Xmas reunion of the legendary **Fairport Convention**

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Rules of the Club:  
Must be over 18 years of age. No admittance after midnight. No skinhead fashion allowed — Upstairs no dress restrictions.

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Saturday 17th September  
**THE METEORS**  
Friday 23rd September  
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+ FRANK CHICKENS + MARK MIWURDZ  
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**HOLLYWOOD KILLERS**  
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**ODYSSEY**

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Thursday 13th October  
**SUN RA ARKESTRA**

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Fri 16th, Sat 17th & Sun 18th Sept (Adm £3.50) Welcome Back <b>MAN</b> Plus guests & Jerry Floyd	Wed 21st Sept (Adm £2.50) <b>THE DUELLISTS</b> Plus support & Jerry Floyd Thur 22nd, Fri 23rd & Sat 24th Sept (Adm £3.50) Welcome Return of <b>THE TRUTH</b> Plus support & Jerry Floyd PLUS SPECIAL MATINEE SHOW ON SATURDAY FOR UNDER 16's (Doors open at 5.30)
Mon 19th Sept (Adm £2.00) <b>CROWN OF THORNS</b> Plus support & Martin Ball	

\*ADVANCE TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS — TO MEMBERS ONLY

ANGELS LTD PRESENT  
**WILDFIRE**  
supporting  
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New Album 'RITMO' Available NOW on Chrysalis Records & Tapes No CDL 1442  
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Sept 10th Feltham Football Club  
12th Ruskin Arms  
17th Focus Y.C. Peterborough  
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23rd Garstang Rock Club  
24th Queens Head Riddings  
Oct 14th Mildenhall Supertent  
16th Clarendon Hotel Hammersmith  
20th Follies Southport  
23rd Flying Horse Rochdale  
30th Kaim Park Hotel Bathgate  
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MORE DATES TO BE ANNOUNCED SOON!

**DIAMOND HEAD**  
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HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE  
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NIGHTINGALES  
MARK MIWURDZ  
TOXIC SHOCK  
TICKETS £2.00 AT DOOR

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THE FOX, TOTTENHAM Sat 17th  
THE RUSKIN ARMS, EAST HAM Sun 18th  
AD LIB, KENSINGTON Mon 19th  
TRAMSHED, WOOLWICH Tues 20th  
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Keith Prowse, LTB, Premier and Albermarle.

To advertise here  
call Lynda  
01 836 1522

# night shift

## From page 62

LONDON, The Living Room, Adams Arms, Conway Street, Three Johns/The Ex/Alerta  
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Man  
 \*LONDON, Michael Sobell Sports Centre, Finsbury Park, (01-607 1632), Rainbow  
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Chickenshack  
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Ian Stewart Band  
 LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, (01-226 5930), Big Chief  
 LONDON, Riverside Centre, Deptford, Delroy Wilson  
 LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Woolwich, (01-854 2030), Sexagisma/Playn Jayn  
 LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, (01-478 0660), Mantilla/Beggar's Opera  
 LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Boys From Brazil/Radio Radio  
 LYBSTER, Community Centre, Rocky Sharpe And The Replays  
 \*MANCHESTER, Apollo, (061 273 1112), Peter Gabriel

MANSFIELD, Mason's Arms, (22049), Wolfpack  
 MILTON KEYNES, Peartree Bridge Centre, (679344), Dealer  
 NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Ord Arms, Ponteland Road, Cowgate, Total Chaos/The End  
 OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (246007), Truffle  
 PLYMOUTH, Main Event, Roman Holiday  
 RETFORD, Porterhouse, (704981), Brilliant  
 RETFORD, Sutton Church Hall, Passion Killers/Instant Automotons/Victims Of Romance (Evening)  
 RETFORD, Whitehouses Inn, (703703), Chumbawamba/Passion Killers/Instant Automotons/Victims Of Romance/D & V (afternoon)  
 SIDCUP, Charcoal Bumer, Main Road, Klash Of Egos/UK Disaster/JYK  
 SOUTHAMPTON, The Crown, (613627), The Press  
 WARRINGTON, Lion Hotel, (3004), Handsome Beasts  
 WATFORD, Baileys, (39848), Gibson Brothers  
 WHITLEY BAY, Esplanade Rock Club, Skinny Herbert  
 WISHAW, Heathery Bar, (72957), Quasar  
 WOKINGHAM, Angies, Cantley House Hotel, (789912), Ground Zero  
 WOOLPIT, (Suffolk), Village Hall, Desolation Angels

# SUNDAY 18th

\*ABERDEEN, Capitol, (23141), Depeche Mode  
 ALFRETON, George Hotel, (833007),



ROMAN HOLLIDAY: Plymouth, Saturday

Rhabstallion/Archangel  
 BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle, (021 643 5403), Dark Alleys  
 BIRMINGHAM, Railway, (021 359 3491), Sub Zero  
 BRENTFORD, Red Lion, (01-560 6181), Fast Buck (Lunchtime), Rodeo (Evening)  
 BURNLEY, Bank Top Miners Club, (26695), Stallion (Lunchtime)  
 CARDIFF, St David's Hall, (426111), The Commodores  
 CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Hollywood (Lunchtime), The West (Evening)  
 DOVER, Louis Armstrong, (204759), D-Talk  
 DURHAM, Wheatley Hill Club, Caffrey  
 \*EDINBURGH, Playhouse, (031 557 2590), Big Country  
 GLASGOW, Henry Afrika's, (041 221 6111), Xpertz  
 GLASGOW, Locarno, (041 332 9221), Level 42  
 GRIMSBY, Goodbodies, Haze  
 HULL, Spring Street Theatre, (23638), The Meteors  
 \*LEEDS, Queens Hall, Futurama, (31961), Killing Joke/Death Cult/Armoury Show/Beast/Jayne County/Mekons/Three Johns/Box/Ligotage/New Model Army/Flesh For Lulu/Pleasure And The Beast/Under Two Flags/Sex Beat/Play Dead/Bone Orchard/Lavolta Lakota/Bay City Rollers/Lost Boys  
 LIVERPOOL, Empire, (051 709 1555), Peter Gabriel  
 LONDON, Broadway, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-631 5221), The Shillelagh Sisters/The Crazy  
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Blueberries  
 LONDON, Goldsmith's Tavern, New Cross, (01-692 3648), Mel Wright's Quaggy-Delta Blues Band  
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), Outboys/Double Agent  
 LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Upper Street, Islington, (01-359 4510), The Deadbeats  
 \*LONDON, Lyceum, The Strand, (01-836 3715), Stray Cats/King Kurt/Sex Beat  
 \*LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Man  
 LONDON, Michael Sobell Sports Centre, Finsbury Park, (01-607 1632), Rainbow  
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Dave Kelly Blues Band  
 LONDON, Old Queen's Head, Stockwell, (01-737 4004), Youth In Asia/Wet Paint Theatre Co/The Snort Maidens  
 LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, (01-226 5930), Chevalier Brothers  
 LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, (01-478 0660), K K Khan  
 LONDON, Torrington, Finchley, (01-445 4710), Little Sister  
 LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Radio Utopia (Rock Cabaret)  
 NOTTINGHAM, Newhouse, Normal Bias  
 OLDHAM, Plough, (061-624 4809), Horizons  
 PETERBOROUGH, Glasshouse, Keys Theatre, (82437), Care For A Waltz?  
 ROCHDALE, Flying Horse, (46412), Stallion (Evening)  
 SHEFFIELD, Leadmill, (754500), Nine Play Hendrix  
 SOUTHAMPTON, Compton Arms, (31761), Prowler  
 SURBITON, The Ritz, (01-399 1852), Yardbirds/Steve Warley Band (Tadworth Children's Hospital Benefit)  
 SUTTON, Secombe Centre, (01-642 2218), Juveissance  
 SWINDON, Kingsdown Inn, (824802), Catchy For One  
 WOKINGHAM, Angies, Cantley House Hotel, (789912), Geisha Girls

GLASGOW, Nightmoves, (041 332 5883), Succession  
 \*GLASGOW, Tiffanys, (041 332 0992), Big Country  
 HARROW, Roxborough, (01-427 1084), Accursed  
 \*HASTINGS, White Rock Pavilion, (436607), Shakatak  
 \*LIVERPOOL, Venue, The Truth  
 LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Aunt May/Capricorn  
 LONDON, Broadway, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-631 5221), The Remarkable Family/Pulse  
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), The Group/Recognition/The Team  
 LONDON, Embassy, Wardour Street, (01-499 5974), Broadcast  
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), The Scene/The Way Out  
 \*LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Kid Creole And The Coconuts  
 LONDON, Kings Head, Fulham, (01-736 1413), John Otway  
 LONDON, Le Beat Route, Greek Street, (01-734 1470), Igor's Night Off  
 LONDON, Maze, Ronnie Scott's, Frith Street, (01-439 0747), Pseudos  
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Prima Voce  
 LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, (01-226 5930), Reactors  
 LONDON, Pindar Of Wakefield, Grays Inn Road, (01-837 7269), Suppose I Laugh  
 LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, (01-478 0660), T-Boys  
 LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Radio Utopia (Rock Cabaret)  
 LONDON, Venue, Victoria, (01-828 9441), Poison  
 Girls/Frank Chickens/Nightingales/Mark Miurdz/Toxic Shock  
 LYBSTER, Community Centre, Rocky Sharpe  
 \*MIDDLESBROUGH, Town Hall, (245432), Gloria Gaynor  
 \*ST AUSTELL, Cornwall Coliseum, (4261), Rainbow  
 THATCHAM, Silks, (65562), Larry Miller

# TUESDAY 20th

BATLEY, New Frontier Club, The Commodores  
 CARDIFF, Great Western, No Mean Feet  
 CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Naked City  
 DARLINGTON, Lucindas, (60057), Straw Dogs  
 DUDLEY, JB's, (53597), Tobruk  
 DUNSTABLE, Queensway Hall, (603326), Gothicue  
 EDINBURGH, Buster Browns, (031 661 1662), Succession  
 GLASGOW, Apollo, (041 332 9221), Gary Numan  
 \*GLASGOW, Tiffanys, (041 332 0992), Depeche Mode  
 HARROW WEALD, Middlesex And Herts Country Club, (01-954 7677), Breakfast Band  
 LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Shazam/Baseball Boys  
 LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith, (01-631 5221), Rich Bitch  
 \*LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Beast/Sex Beast  
 LONDON, Diorama, Peto Place, (01-487 5598), Dave Chambers/Keith Knowles/Bros Sceptix  
 LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Balham Alligators  
 LONDON, Embassy, Old Bond Street, (01-499 5974), Ministry Of Truth  
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-385 0526), The Rent Boys Inc/Ghost  
 \*LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Kid Creole And The Coconuts  
 LONDON, Hammersmith Palais, (01-748 2812), The Fabulous Platters/Lambert And Ross (Concert in aid of MS)  
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-636 0933), Chinchilla/Size Paranoia/Peacock Parade  
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham, (01-385 3942), Chuck Farley/Spain  
 LONDON, Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, (01-589 8212), Eric Clapton  
 LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, (01-478 0660), South Side Blues Band  
 LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), Suffragette  
 LONDON, Tunnel, Mitre, Greenwich, (01-858 0895), Radio Utopia (Rock Cabaret)  
 LONDON, Venue, Victoria, (01-828 9441), Hollywood Killers  
 MANCHESTER, Adam And Eves, (061 881 3320), The Truth  
 \*NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, City Hall, (320007), Big Country  
 NOTTINGHAM, Yorker, (42739), Haze  
 SHEFFIELD, Limit, (730940), Take 2/Sons And Lovers/Aku-Ake/Take 4  
 SHEFFIELD, Marples, (25783), Horizons  
 WARRINGTON, Lion Hotel, (3004), Quasar  
 WHITLEY BAY, Churchill's, (523197), Caffrey  
 WINDSOR, Arts Centre, (59336), Still Thinking  
 YORK, Bay Horse, (33384), Stallion

# MONDAY 19th

BRISTOL, Colston Hall, (291768), The Commodores  
 CROYDON, Cartoon, (01-688 4500), Deliverance  
 \*EDINBURGH, Playhouse, (031 557 2590), Depeche Mode

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# CHART ATTACK

## U.S. ROCK

- 1 1 SYNCHRONICITY. The Police, A&M
- 2 2 ALPHA. Asia, Geffen
- 3 4 LAWYERS IN LOVE. Jackson Brown, Asylum
- 4 3 THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS. Robert Plant, Atlantic
- 5 9 HEART. Passionworks, Epic
- 6 6 DRASTIC MEASURES. Kansas, CBS Associated
- 7 5 KEEP IT UP. Loverboy, Columbia
- 8 8 THE WILD HEART. Stevie Nicks, Modern
- 9 7 REACH THE BEACH. The Fixx, MCA
- 10 10 RANT N' RAVE WITH THE STRAY CATS. Stray Cats, EMI America
- 11 22 THE PRESENT. The Moody Blues, Threshold
- 12 11 SPEAKING IN TONGUES. Talking Heads, Sire
- 13 19 FLICK OF THE SWITCH. AC/DC, Atlantic
- 14 12 PYROMANIA. Def Leppard, Mercury
- 15 — LITTLE ROBBERS. The Motels, Capitol
- 16 23 PUNCH THE CLOCK. Elvis Costello, Columbia
- 17 24 METAL HEALTH. Quiet Riot, Pasha
- 18 18 RHYTHM OF YOUTH. Men Without Hats, Backstreet
- 19 28 PASSION IN THE DARK. Danny Spinos, Pasha
- 20 13 ZEBRA. Zebra, Atlantic
- 21 26 AN INNOCENT MAN. Billy Joel, Columbia
- 22 14 LET'S DANCE. David Bowie, EMI/America
- 23 25 TAKE ANOTHER PICTURE. Quarterflash, Geffen
- 24 20 TEXAS FLOOD. Stevie Ray Vaughan, Epic
- 25 — THE CROSSING. Big Country, Mercury
- 26 16 YOU BOUGHT IT — YOU NAME IT. Joe Walsh, Warner Bros
- 27 — ARK. The Animals, I.R.S.
- 28 30 HOLY DIVER. Dio, Warner Bros
- 29 27 OUTA HAND. Coney Hatch, Mercury
- 30 — YOU CAN'T FIGHT FASHION. Michael Stanley Band, EMI America

Compiled by Billboard

## U.S. DANCE

- 1 1 ROCKIT. Herbie Hancock, Columbia
- 2 4 SPEAKING IN TONGUES. Talking Heads, Sire
- 3 10 HOLIDAY. Madonna, Sire
- 4 6 JUST BE GOOD TO ME. The S.O.S. Band, Tabu
- 5 2 SWEET DREAMS. Eurythmics, RCA
- 6 7 OUT IN THE NIGHT. Serge Ponsar, Warner Bros
- 7 8 BUILD ME A BRIDGE. Adele Bertei, Geffen
- 8 5 STATE FARM. Yaz, Sire
- 9 9 GET IT RIGHT. Aretha Franklin, Arista
- 10 24 ADDICTED TO THE NIGHT. Lipps Inc, Casablanca
- 11 3 DO IT AGAIN BILLIE JEAN MEDLEY. Slingshot, Quality
- 12 25 SEARCHIN'. Hazel Dean, TSR
- 13 13 I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT. Pamela Stanley, Komander
- 14 18 AIN'T NOBODY. Rufus Featuring Chaka Khan, Warner Bros
- 15 15 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE. Otis Liggett, Emergency
- 16 12 STAND BACK. Stevie Nicks, Modern
- 17 19 I WANTED TO TELL HER. Ministry, Arista
- 18 20 BAND OF GOLD. Sylvester, Megatone
- 19 — SLANG TEACHER/CHICKEN OUTLAW. Wide Boy Awake, RCA
- 20 — PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER. The O'Jays, P.I.R.
- 21 — THE MAN WITH THE FOUR WAY HIPS. Tom Tom Club, Sire
- 22 22 DEAD GIVEAWAY. Shalamar, Solar
- 23 11 SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY. Donna Summer, Mercury
- 24 27 COLD BLOODED. Rick James, Gordy
- 25 — MAJOR TOM (COMING HOME). Peter Schilling, Elektra
- 26 21 A.E.I.O.U. (SOMETIMES Y).. EBN/OZN, Elektra
- 27 17 PIECES OF ICE. Diana Ross, RCA
- 28 16 SO MANY MEN; SO LITTLE TIME. Miguel Brown, TSR
- 29 — CONFUSION. New Order, Streetwise
- 30 26 GUILTY/ANGEL EYES/ON THE GRID. Lime, Prism

Compiled by Billboard from a nationwide club survey of the most requested dance songs.

## INDIE SINGLES

- |    |    |   |    |    |   |
|----|----|---|----|----|---|
| 1  | 1  | CONFUSION. New Order, Factory                                 | 26 | —  | NIGHT CREATURES. Screaming Dead, No Future 1201 25 (I/P)  |
| 2  | 2  | EVERYTHING COUNTS. Depeche Mode, Mute                         | 27 | 29 | DIE HARD. Venom, Neat                                     |
| 3  | 3  | BLUE MONDAY. New Order, Factory                               | 28 | 32 | LOUD AND CLEAR. Sub Culture, Essential                    |
| 4  | 6  | LEAN ON ME. Red Skins, CNT                                    | 29 | 33 | ANACONDA. Sisters Of Mercy, Merciful Release              |
| 5  | 4  | TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LAWS. Conflict, Corpus Christi          | 30 | 41 | EVOLUTION. Subhumans, Blurg                               |
| 6  | 5  | TREES AND FLOWERS. Strawberry Switchblade, 92 Happy Customers | 31 | 22 | BIRTHDAY PARTY EP. Birthday Party, 4AD                    |
| 7  | 11 | IGNORE THE MACHINE. Alien Sex Fiend, Anagram                  | 32 | 26 | WAR BABY. Tom Robinson, Panic                             |
| 8  | 13 | THE CRUSHER. Bananamen, Big Beat                              | 33 | 20 | NOBODY'S DIARY. Yazoo, Mute                               |
| 9  | 9  | WHO DUNNIT. Crass, Crass                                      | 34 | 36 | LOVE WILL TEAR US APART. Joy Division, Factory            |
| 10 | 14 | REPTILE HOUSE. Sisters Of Mercy, Merciful Release             | 35 | 21 | BLITZKRIEG BOP. Newtown Neurotics, Razor                  |
| 11 | 10 | CHEERIO AND TODDLEPIP. Toy Dolls, Volume                      | 36 | 27 | WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF EP. Case, Sus                        |
| 12 | 7  | NIGHT AND DAY. Everything But The Girl, Cherry Red            | 37 | 23 | KARDOMAH CAFE. Cherry Boys; Crash                         |
| 13 | 18 | BRUISES. Gene Loves Jezebel, Situation 2                      | 38 | —  | HIP HIP. Hurrah, Kitchenware SK 6 (I)                     |
| 14 | 12 | BROTHERS GRIMM. Death Cult, Situation 2                       | 39 | 28 | STEN GUNS IN SUNDERLAND. Red London, Razor                |
| 15 | 24 | GOOD TECHNOLOGY. Red Guitars, Self Drive                      | 40 | 38 | I'M THINKING OF YOU. Box Of Toys, Inevitable              |
| 16 | 8  | LINED UP (REMIX)/MY SPINE IS THE BASSLINE. Shriekback, Y      | 41 | —  | BACK ON THE PISS AGAIN. Sex Aids, Riot City RIOT 28 (I/P) |
| 17 | 17 | SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS. Crass, Crass                  | 42 | 35 | THINK ZINC. Marc Bolan, Marc On Wax                       |
| 18 | 34 | MUNSTERS THEME. Escalators, Big Beat                          | 43 | 37 | BIRDS FLY. Icicle Works, Situation 2                      |
| 19 | 16 | THE MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED. Fall, Rough Trade                | 44 | 40 | ALICE. Sisters Of Mercy, Merciful Release                 |
| 20 | 30 | THE STRENGTH OF YOUR CRY. Luddites, Xcentric Noise            | 45 | 39 | GARY GILMORE'S EYES. Adverts, Bright                      |
| 21 | 31 | WOULDN'T WANNA KNOCK IT. Cook Da Books, Kiteland              | 46 | —  | TEMPTATION. Popular Voice, BACKS 12INCH 005 (BK/I)        |
| 22 | —  | ANOTHER TYPICAL CITY. UK Subs, Fall Out FALL 017 (I/I)        | 47 | 47 | HAND IN GLOVE. Smiths, Rough Trade                        |
| 23 | 15 | BUSY DOING NOTHING. Dave Stewart And Barbara Gaskin, Broken   | 48 | 50 | JAILHOUSE ROCK. Abrasive Wheels, Clay                     |
| 24 | 19 | DIE FOR YOUR GOVERNMENT. Varukers, Riot City                  | 49 | 42 | LEADERS OF TOMORROW. Major Accident, Flicknife            |
| 25 | 25 | ONE DAY. APB, Oily  | 50 | 43 | CLOCK. Danse Society, Society                             |

Compiled by MRIB

## INDIE ALBUMS

- |    |    |  |    |    |   |
|----|----|--|----|----|---|
| 1  | 1  | CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN. Depeche Mode, Mute                          | 16 | 10 | FUCK POLITICS. FUCK RELIGION. FUCK THE LOT OF YOU. Chaotic Discord, Riot City |
| 2  | 2  | POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES. New Order, Factory                        | 17 | 23 | BLOOD BROTHERS. Barbara Dickson, Legacy                                       |
| 3  | 3  | YOU AND ME BOTH. Yazoo, Mute   | 18 | —  | THE REVOLUTION STARTS AT CLOSING TIME. Serious Drinking, Upright UPLP 3 (P/I) |
| 4  | 5  | FROM THE GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE. Virginia Astley, Happy Valley | 19 | 24 | SEDITION. Danse Society, Society  |
| 5  | 4  | OFF THE BONE. Cramps, Illegal  | 20 | 15 | YES SIR I WILL. Crass, Crass  |
| 6  | 6  | HIGH LAND HARD RAIN. Aztec Camera, Rough Trade                       | 21 | 18 | A DISTANT SHORE. Tracey Thorn, Cherry Red                                     |
| 7  | 7  | LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTTS. Weekend, Rough Trade                          | 22 | 16 | 1981-1982 MINI LP. New Order, Factory   |
| 8  | 19 | BOLLOX TO THE GONADS. Various, Pax                                   | 23 | 21 | KOLLAPS. Einsturzende Neubaten, Zick Zack                                     |
| 9  | —  | DEATH CHURCH. Rudimentary Peni, Corpus Christi                       | 24 | —  | PATIENCE. Peter Hammill, Naive  |
| 10 | 8  | ANOTHER SETTING. Durutti Column, Factory                             | 25 | 20 | UNKNOWN PLEASURES. Joy Division, Factory                                      |
| 11 | 9  | DEMOLITION BLUES. Various, Insane                                    | 26 | 17 | STILL. Joy Division, Factory  |
| 12 | 11 | FETISH. X Mal Deutschland, 4AD                                       | 27 | 25 | MOVING STAIRCASES. Escalators, Ace  |
| 13 | 12 | THE DAY THE COUNTRY DIED. Subhumans, Spiderleg                       | 28 | 30 | INTO GLORY RIDES. Manowar, Music For Nations                                  |
| 14 | 14 | HAND OF KINDNESS. Richard Thompson, Hannibal                         | 29 | 22 | JAZZATEERS. Jazzateers, Rough Trade   |
| 15 | 13 | PILLOWS AND PRAYERS. Various, Cherry Red                             | 30 | —  | ONLY THEATRE. Christian Death, Future FL 1(P/I)                               |

Compiled by MRIB

## PLAYLIST

- Geoff Barton  
KILL 'EM ALL. Metallica, Music For Nations  
LICK IT UP. Kiss, Komring Soon  
ZERO THE HERO. Black Sabbath, Vertigo
- Garry Bushell  
GENERATION LANDSLIDE. PROLE!, advance tape  
THIS IS NOT A LOVE SONG. PIL, Virgin 12"  
BLOW IT UP. BURN IT DOWN. KICK IT TILL IT BREAKS. The Apostles, not-the-SDP ep
- Dave Henderson  
THE TREASURE. Fra Lippo Lippi, Union 12 inch  
LIVING DAYLIGHTS. In Embrace, Glass 45  
DREAMSLEEP. Attrition, X Tract LP track

- Dave McCullough  
PATIENCE. Peter Hammill, Naive LP  
I WONDER WHY. The Pastels, Rough Trade soon-come 45  
FOLKLORE. James, Factory 45

- Edwin Pouncey  
PEBBLES VOLUME 11. Various Artists, Archive import LP  
PEBBLES VOLUME 12. Various Artists, Archive import LP  
PERFUMED GARDEN VOLUME 2. Various Artists, Psycho LP

- Sandy Robertson  
CHEAP THRILLS. Planet Patrol, 21/Polydor  
THE CHRIST IS NEAR. Popol Vuh, Union Norway  
ET SOUNDTRACK. John Williams, MCA Tapes

- Johnny Waller  
THE HOST. The Wake, Factory b-side  
CONFUSION. New Order, Factory 12"  
ONCE BITTEN. Annabel-Lamb, A&M LP

## METAL

### ALBUMS

- 1 1 FLICK OF THE SWITCH. AC/DC, Atlantic
- 2 — BUILT TO DESTROY. Michael Schenker Group, Chrysalis
- 3 — MEAN STREAK. Y & T, A&M
- 4 5 HEADSTONE — THE BEST OF UFO, UFO, Chrysalis
- 5 2 ALPHA. Asia, Geffen
- 6 3 THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS. Robert Plant, Atlantic
- 7 9 ALL FOR ONE. Raven, Neat
- 8 4 INTO GLORY RIDES. Manowar, Music For Nations
- 9 10 AIN'T NO REST FOR THE WICKED. Helix, EMI
- 10 8 GUARDIANS OF THE FLAME. Virgin Steele, Music For Nations
- 11 6 ELIMINATOR. ZZ Top, Warner Brothers
- 12 7 OUT OF HAND. Coneyhatch, Mercury
- 13 29 LIVE AT BUDOKHAN. Gillan, Virgin
- 14 14 PIECES OF MIND. Iron Maiden, EMI
- 15 18 DRASTIC MEASURES. Kansas, CBS
- 16 — PASSION WORKS. Heart, Epic
- 17 11 HOLY DRIVER. Dio, Vertigo
- 18 13 OUT FOR BLOOD. Lita Ford, Mercury
- 19 21 LIVE AND MORE. Billy Squier, Toshiba/EMI import
- 20 14 WEST SIDE KID. Wabbit, MCA
- 21 15 BACK IT UP. Robin Trower, Chrysalis
- 22 23 ROCKIN' EVERY NIGHT. LIVE IN JAPAN. Gary Moore, Virgin Import
- 23 17 SAVATAGE. Savatage, Greyhound
- 24 19 WELCOME TO HELL. Venom, Neat
- 25 20 TOTO IV. Toto, CBS
- 26 25 BURN THIS TOWN. Battleaxe, Music For Nations
- 27 16 BE MY SLAVE. Bitch, Metal Blade import
- 28 22 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR. Marillion, EMI
- 29 — KILL 'EM ALL. Metallica, Music For Nations
- 30 — TRACTOR. Tractor, Thunderbolt

### SINGLES

- 1 1 ROCK OF AGES. Def Leppard, Vertigo
- 2 — OL' RAG BLUES. Status Quo, Vertigo
- 3 4 STREET OF DREAMS. Rainbow, Polydor
- 4 2 MEAN STREAK. Y & T, A&M
- 5 7 MAKIN' MUSIC. Diamond Head, MCA
- 6 6 YOU CAN'T STOP ROCK 'N' ROLL. Twisted Sister, Atlantic
- 7 10 GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN'. ZZ Top, Warner Bros
- 8 19 UNTIL I GET YOU. Hanoi Rocks, Lick
- 9 3 BIG LOG. Robert Plant, Atlantic
- 10 5 GUILTY OF LOVE. Whitesnake, Liberty
- 11 8 HOLY DIVER. Dio, Vertigo
- 12 9 DON'T CRY. Asia, Geffen
- 13 13 BORN TO BE WILD. Raven, Neat
- 14 14 DIE HARD. Venom, Neat
- 15 — AFTER THE FALL. Journey, CBS
- 16 11 1-2-3-4 ROCK 'N' ROLL. Girlschool, Bronze
- 17 15 THE TROOPER. Iron Maiden, EMI
- 18 12 STAY ON TOP. Uriah Heep, Bronze
- 19 16 THE SUN GOES DOWN. Thin Lizzy, Vertigo
- 20 17 NIGHTMARE. Saxon, Carrere

### IMPORTS

- 1 LIVE AND MORE. Billy Squier, Toshiba EMI
- 2 WEST SIDE KID. Wabbit, MCA
- 3 ROCKIN' EVERY NIGHT. LIVE IN JAPAN. Gary Moore, Virgin
- 4 SAVATAGE. Savatage, Greyhound
- 5 BE MY SLAVE. Bitch, Metal Blade
- 6 BEHIND ENEMY LINES. Spys, EMI
- 7 STEALER. Stealer, Shrapnel
- 8 AVION. Avion, RCA
- 9 FIRST REICH. Cobra, Epic
- 10 MINI LP. Queensryche, 206 Records

Compiled by MRIB

## COMPUTER GAMES

- 1 1 JET PAK. Ultimate
- 2 — SCRABBLE. Psion
- 3 2 FLIGHT SIMULATION. Psion
- 4 3 HORACE AND THE SPIDERS. Melbourne House/Psion
- 5 8 TRANSYLVANIAN TOWER. Shepherd
- 6 7 HORACE GOES SKIING. Psion/Melbourne House
- 7 4 FOOTBALL MANAGER. Addictive
- 8 6 HOBBIT. Melbourne House
- 9 10 AH DIDDUMS. Imagine
- 10 — PSSST. Ultimate

Compiled by WH Smith, Strand House, 10 New Fetter Lane, London EC4A 1AD

# PUNK

## SINGLES

- 1 2 IGNORE THE MACHINE. Alien Sex Fiend, Anagram
- 2 1 TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LAWS. Conflict, Corpus Christi
- 3 3 LEAN ON ME. Red Skins, CNT
- 4 4 CHEERIO AND TOODLE PIP. Toy Dolls, Volume
- 5 5 THE CRUSHER. Bananamen, Big Beat
- 6 11 NEVER SAY DIE. Oppressed, Firm
- 7 8 BLITZKRIEG BOP. Newtown Neurotics, Razor
- 8 — ANOTHER TYPICAL CITY. UK Subs, Fall Out
- 9 — NIGHT CREATURES. Screaming Dead, No Future
- 10 6 WHO DUNNIT. Crass, Crass
- 11 9 BROTHERS GRIMM. Southern Death Cult, Situation 2
- 12 7 DIE FOR YOUR GOVERNMENT. Varukers, Riot City
- 13 20 RAPIST. Combat 84, Victory
- 14 15 STEN GUNS IN SUNDERLAND. Red London, Razor
- 15 13 EVOLUTION. Subhumans, Bluurg
- 16 10 NO SIGN OF LIFE. Instant Agony, Flickknife
- 17 12 SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS. Crass, Crass
- 18 17 SEBASTIAN. Sex Gang Children, Illuminated
- 19 18 IN NOMINE PATRI. Alternative, Crass
- 20 19 GARY GILMORE'S EYES. Adverts, Bright
- 21 28 THE NIGHT THE PUNKS TURNED UGLY. First Offence, Chaos
- 22 — BACK ON THE PISS AGAIN. Sex Aids, Riot City
- 23 14 LEADERS OF TOMORROW. Major Accident, Flickknife
- 24 22 SCARRED FOR LIFE. Skeptix, Neon
- 25 27 SUFFRAGETTE CITY. Rose Of Victory, No Future
- 26 16 SYSTEM IS MURDER EP. System, Spiderleg
- 27 21 LIVE FOR TODAY. Lords Of The New Church, I.R.S.
- 28 26 JAILHOUSE ROCK. Abrasive Wheels, Clay
- 29 — MEN OF ACTION. State Of Emergency, PLM
- 30 30 ROBOT MAN. Gymslips, Abstract

## ALBUMS

- 1 4 BOLLOX TO THE GONADS. Various, Pax
- 2 — DEATH CHURCH. Rudimentary Peni, Corpus Christi
- 3 1 OFF THE BONE. Cramps, Illegal
- 4 2 DEMOLITION BLUES. Various, Insane
- 5 3 FUCK RELIGION, FUCK POLITICS, FUCK THE LOT OF YOU. Chaotic Discord, Riot City
- 6 6 THE DAY THE COUNTRY DIED. Subhumans, Spiderleg
- 7 7 YES SIR I WILL. Crass, Crass
- 8 5 FIRST FLOWER. Play Dead, Fall Out
- 9 — ARMAGEDDON IN ACTION. Destructors, Radical Change
- 10 14 WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Channel 3, No Future
- 11 8 ADJUSTMENT TO SOCIETY. Kraut, Kraut
- 12 9 PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOLUME III. Various, Anagram
- 13 12 AND THE LORD SAID. Uproar, Beat The System
- 14 — ONLY THEATRE OF PAIN. Christian Death, Future
- 15 11 IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO. Conflict, Corpus Christi
- 16 15 SOUTHERN DEATH CULT. Southern Death Cult, Situation 2
- 17 13 A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION. UK Decay, UK Decay cassette
- 18 — THE REVOLUTION STARTS AT CLOSING TIME. Serious Drinking, Upright
- 19 19 ROCK FOR LIGHT. Bad Brains, Abstract
- 20 17 GATEWAY TO HELL. Enemy, Fall Out

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# PROMO VIDEO

- 1 2 CLUB TROPICANA. Wham!, Duncan Gibbins/Jon Roseman TV
- 2 1 I'M STILL STANDING. Elton John, Russell Mulcahy/MGMM
- 3 5 WINGS OF A DOVE. Madness, Dave Robinson/Stiff Films
- 4 3 GOLD. Spandau Ballet, Duffy/Chrysalis Films
- 5 9 MODERN LOVE. David Bowie, Jim Yukich And David Bowie/EMI Music Video
- 6 8 ROCKIT. Herbie Hancock, Kevin Godley And Lol Creme/Medialab
- 7 4 LONG HOT SUMMER. The Style Council, Tim Pope/GLO
- 8 — MAMA. Genesis, Stuart Orme/Rooster
- 9 7 WATCHING YOU WATCHING ME. David Grant, Mike Brady/Jon Roseman TV
- 10 6 EVERYTHING COUNTS. Depeche Mode, Clive Richardson/Chase Films

# HERBERT

- 1 GODZILLA VERSUS THE TETLEY BITTER MEN. Swells, Radical Wallpaper
- 2 ON YOUR BIKE. Frankie Flame, Secret
- 3 HAVE A CIGAR. The Postmen, EMI
- 4 YOU'RE NICKED. Laurel And Hardy, CBS 10"
- 5 S.L.A.G.. The Magnificent Gonads, Secret
- 6 MARGATE. Chas And Dave, Rockney
- 7 ENJOY YOURSELF. The Specials, 2-Tone
- 8 RED RED WINE. UB40, DEP
- 9 SITTING IN A CELL WITH YOU. Cockney Rejects, EMI
- 10 WILLIE WHITELAW'S WILLIE. Attila The Stockbroker, Secret
- 11 DRINKING AND DRIVING. The Business, Secret
- 12 THE SIDEBORD SONG. Chas And Dave, Rockney
- 13 JIMMY JAZZ. The Clash, CBS
- 14 OL' RAG BLUES. Status Quo, Vertigo
- 15 LAGER TOP. Max 'n' Gal, Razor
- 16 GIVE US A GOAL. Slade, Polydor
- 17 GREATEST COCKNEY RIP-OFF. Cockney Rejects, EMI
- 18 HURRY UP HARRY. Sham 69, Polydor
- 19 I LOST MY LOVE (TO A UK SUB). The Gonads, Secret
- 20 TOO RISKY. Jim Davidson, Abstract

Compiled by Nod, Bod, Baz and Garfield of the Lewisham Lager Appreciation Society.

# DANCEFLOOR

- 1 MEET ME AT THE GO GO. Hot Cold Sweat, D.E.T.T.
- 2 AM I GONNA BE THE ONE? (DUB MIX). Colors, First Take
- 3 VALLEY STYLE (DUB MIX). T Ski Valley, Capo
- 4 ROCKIT. Herbie Hancock. CBS
- 5 WHAT I GOT. Unique, Prelude
- 6 TIME ZONE. Wild Style, Celluloid
- 7 ON THE GRID. Lime, Prism
- 8 MIXER. Studio 57, BMC
- 9 LOVE TEMPO (DUB MIX). Quando Quango, Benelux
- 10 CONFUSION. New Order, Factory
- 11 TOUR DE FRANCE. Kraftwerk, EMI
- 12 CRACKDOWN/FASCINATION. Cabaret Voltaire, Some Bizarre
- 13 POWDERED LOVER. Dormanu, Illuminated
- 14 LEARNING TO COPE/JERUSALEM. Mark Stuart Mafia, Texas
- 15 WE'RE SO HAPPY. Danse Society, Society
- 16 KISS KISS BANG BAG. Specimen, Phonogram
- 17 THE MAN WITH THE FOUR WAY HIPS. Tom Tom Club, Island
- 18 INSTRUMENTAL. Hot To Trot, White Label 12"
- 19 MEDLEY. Andrew Sisters, MCA
- 20 PREPARE TO ENERGIZE. Torch Song, Cassette Promo

Compiled by Eddie Richards and Colin Faver, Camden Palace, London NW1

# EUROROCK

- 1 OMEGA 11. Omega, Pepita
- 2 EINZELHAFT. Falco, A&M
- 3 EROC 4. Eroc, Brain
- 4 IN A STATE OF FLUX. Earth And Fire, Polydor
- 5 VALENTINE'S DAY. Machiavel, EMI
- 6 TOO LONG. Locomotiv GT, EMI
- 7 MATINEE ET SOREE. Blanchard, Barclay
- 8 EUROPE. Europe, CBS Holland
- 9 ILLUSION. Falckenstein, Nature
- 10 NEUMOND. Novalis, Vertigo
- 11 ELECTRI-CITY. Michael Bundt, Ariola
- 12 RAZZIA. Grobschnitt, Brain
- 13 HARD BREATH. Faithful Breath, Sky
- 14 GERMANIA. Jane, Brain
- 15 BEST OF. Shocking Blue, Carrere/Kwik
- 16 PERFORMANCE. Eloy, EMI Electrola
- 17 DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU. Guru Guru, Atlantic Reissue
- 18 ELSE NABU. Else Nabu, Pool
- 19 SHAMPOO. Shampoo, Polydor
- 20 TRIO. Trio, Mercury

Compiled by Paul Johnson, Europe Endless, Flat B, 74 Putney Hill, London SW15

# LIFE & HOW TO LIVE IT

NUMBER 79 BY THE RECKLESS PEN



**D.I.Y.** — DON'T. EVEN IF YOU'RE A DAB HAND AT CONSTRUCTING Particle Beam Accelerators OUT OF USED TIN CANS, A MAGNET AND A BIT OF OLD HOSEPIPE. THIS IS BECAUSE D.I.Y. INVOLVES STATUS (HIRE SOMEONE TO FIND CARD NO. 68 FOR YOU)... D.I.Y. TAKES UP TIME, AND TIME IS MONEY. ERGO, IF Howard Hughes HAD PUT UP HIS OWN SHELVES THEY WOULD HAVE COST, EFFECTIVELY, \$30,000 EACH. THUS YOUR TIME SHOULD BE WORTH HELL OF A LOT MORE THAN A PLUMBER'S OR A JOINER'S WHOM YOU WOULD NORMALLY HIRE TO DO THE ODD JOB AROUND THE HOUSE; AS THEY ENJOY A LOW STATUS, BEING MANUAL WORKERS. BELOW THEM ARE THE UNTOUCHABLES OR D.I.Y. FANATICS WHO MAKE A MESS OF EVERYTHING, TACKLING ANYTHING FROM AN OCCASIONAL TABLE TO A QUICKIE DIVORCE. THEY ARE NECESSARILY CHEAPSKATE BORES WITH MASSES OF TIME TO SQUANDER ON THINGS LIKE GROMMETS, GUTTERS AND CHIPBOARD. IDEALLY, YOU SHOULD HAVE PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE DOING EVERYTHING FOR YOU - COOKING YOUR MEALS, DRIVING YOUR CAR, WIPING YOUR ARSE, BECAUSE IF YOU WANT THE BEST AND  $\frac{3}{4}$  BECAUSE YOU WANT TO MAXIMISE ON YOUR TIME IN HAVING FUN OR MAKING MORE MONEY RUNNING YOUR D.I.Y. BUSINESS (OR SIMILAR).

N . E . X . T

MANOWAR

RANK & FILE

TOYAH

PETER GABRIEL

W . E . E . K

Compiled by A.B. See/The Video Gallery 119-121 Freston Road, London W11

# Black Sabbath

new album *Born Again*



● VERL 8  
☐ VERLC 8  
phonogram



VERTIGO