

THE CHRISTMAS BUMPER THUMPER!

SOUNDS

INSIDE STORIES

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THE 50 ALBUMS OF 1986

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By his former bass player, Noel Redding, who chronicles the self-destruction of the ultimate rock hero



NEWS · VIEWS · REVIEWS · GIG GUIDE · CHARTS · FEATURES · INSTRUMENTS

Missing pages

19,29,49,50

NEWS

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CULT TOUR



THE CULT, who've spent the last few months recording their new album in deepest Oxfordshire, have lined up a British tour for March which marks the start of a world trek.

The album is currently being mixed in America by Def Jam boss Rick Rubin and a single, their first in over a year, called 'Love Removal Machine' will be out at the end of January.

The album should be ready in time for the British dates which begin at Newcastle City Hall on March 4 and continue at

Edinburgh Playhouse 5, Glasgow Barrowlands 6, Nottingham Royal Centre 9, Bradford St George's Hall 10, Birmingham Odeon 13, London Hammersmith Odeon 14-15, Brighton Dome 17, Sheffield City Hall 19, Manchester Apollo 21, Bristol Colston Hall 22, Newport Centre 23, Portsmouth Guildhall 25, St Austell Coliseum 26.

Provincial tickets are £6 and £5.50 while Hammersmith tickets are £7 and £6. They go on sale immediately after Christmas at box offices and agencies.

Mad, Bad And Burns. . .



DEAD OR ALIVE, who've been dead for most of the year, apart from their 'Brand New Lover' hit in the summer, prove that they are still in the land of the living with a new single entitled 'Something In My House' on Epic at the end of January.

The single is taken from their forthcoming album called 'Mad, Bad And Dangerous', which is released on February 2. There are no live dates confirmed as yet, and they probably won't hit the road till early summer.

REDSKINS SAY

"We were becoming more rock and roll than political," say the band who put grass roots socialism before leftist posing

These were meant to have been their farewell gigs but they failed to materialise because of "organisational f***-ups", according to Redskin Chris Dean, who accepts the blame.

"It'd become too safe," was Dean's edited explanation for The Redskins' demise.

The 12-inch extended remix explanation, spread across four sheets of closely-typed paper, elaborates on the bands' growing frustration with "political reality". "It became harder and harder to be a member of the Socialist Workers Party and The Redskins," Dean says. "The group was out of time, out of date and out of step with the political reality of Britain in 1986. It became the wrong vehicle for the right

THE REDSKINS, the agit-rock trio, have disbanded after five years, seven singles and one Top 30 album.

Contrary to recent reports and rumours, there was no split within the group. They took the decision to break up after their European tour in the autumn.

The confusion started when they blew out a series of benefit gigs at the beginning of this month.

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NEWS

TINA BREAKS RULES

TINA TURNER sets out on her Break Every Rule Tour in Europe next spring, reaching Britain for dates in Glasgow, Birmingham and London at the beginning of June.

She'll be playing Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre on June 3 - tickets are £10, £9 and £8 available by post (plus 50p booking fee) from Tina Turner Box Office (to whom cheques and postal orders should be payable), PO Box 180, Head Post Office, Edinburgh. State whether you require standing or seated tickets, enclose an sae and allow 28 days for delivery.

She then plays two nights at Birmingham NEC on June 5 and 6 - tickets are £12.50, £10.50 and £9.50 and available by post (plus 50p booking fee) from Tina Turner Box Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Mark your envelope "Birmingham" and state your preferred date.

Tina then plays four



nights at London's Wembley Arena from June 11-14. Tickets are £14.50, £12.50 and £10.50 by post (plus 50p booking fee) from Tina Turner Booking Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Mark your envelope "Wembley" and state your preferred date.

Tina will be using "Diamond Vision" screens on stage for the first time in this country and she'll be augmenting her regular band of James Ralston guitar, Bobby Feit bass and Jack Bruno drums with Don Snow (ex-Squeeze) keyboards, Laurie Wisefield (Wishbone Ash) guitar, Gary Barnacle sax and Steve Scales (ex-Talking Heads) percussion.

Tina has just finished filming a TV special with her new band which will be screened by ITV on Boxing Day and will feature a duet with Robert Cray. On the same day she will also be appearing on Max Headroom's Channel 4 special.

WISHBONE ASH, currently lining up dates for the New Year, can be caught at London Marquee December 17-18.

Playboys Play

ROBERT PLANT and The Big Town Playboys are appearing together at a memorial gig for bassist John Pasternak at Stourport Civic Centre on December 19.

Pasternak, who died recently, was a stalwart Midlands bassist who formed Bronco with Jess Roden back in the '70s, and also played with Band Of Joy, Pictures In A Dark Room, Volunteers and Fragments. He produced several Midlands bands and helped set up Kidderminster's first indie label, Zone To Zone.

Plant and the Playboys, who played together earlier in the year at a charity bash at the NEC, will be supported by The Hayriders, The Beastly Boys, Pictures In A Dark Room, D Block, The Visit, The Clones and Billy Bowel And The Movements.

A NEW YEAR, A NEW LEAF

SO THIS is it - the *Sounds* Christmas Spectacular, a double issue packed with news, features, reviews, photographs and information. We think you'll agree there's enough to keep you going for at least two weeks. In fact, until our New Year issue, dated January 3, 1987 (available from December 30 at the usual price of 55p).

Of course any double issue is an event in itself, but in these 68 pages you'll see something extra special, not just a one-off seasonal blockbuster. There's a new style to *Sounds*, more extensive news, a bigger gig guide and three new sections. These are innovations which we'll continue in 1987 - and which, to be honest, are in answer to what you have told us you want.

You'll remember we ran a Readers' Questionnaire earlier this year. Your response was overwhelming, and it gave us some very clear ideas for 1987. At the same time, we also did some in-depth research of our own into what people want of *Sounds*. The message we received was that you want us to be a music newspaper. Not a glossy magazine; not a lifestyle guide - just a rock newspaper. It's as simple as that.

INSIDE STORIES, the first new section you'll see, replaces *Jaws*, and it's name is self-explanatory. Although this week's is a thorough review of '86, from our New Year issue it will boost our already excellent news coverage with in-depth and background stories to that week's main events.

PERFORMANCE is another new section. All our normal reviews - *Singles, Albums, Scanners* and *Lives* - will run as one continuous section. This week The 50 Albums Of 1986, those of importance and significance, replace our normal LP reviews, but in future weeks **PERFORMANCE** will include the current releases. Our live reviews will also be expanded to give more regional coverage. And for those of you who sent in sample reviews, be patient - it takes some time to read through over 300 articles!

And finally, there's **RETRO**. Kicking off with a special on Bruce Springsteen, this section was previously known as *Info Riot*. But a change of name also means a change of attitude, and we'll be running more exhaustive discographies along with critical overviews. **RETRO** will be the ultimate consumers' guide to rock releases, past and present.

Generally, we'll still be a rock newspaper, and this star-packed issue gives you some idea of the kind of feature interviews we'll be offering you. And from our New Year issue, *Sounds* will be at least 48 pages in size every week, so allowing us more space to keep you in touch with what's happening in modern music.

1987 is going to be a great year for *Sounds*. We'll see you then.
TONY STEWART

THE PARTY'S OVER

ideas - I think it now requires something very different to what The Redskins were.

"There's an important debate to be had, questions about how socialists relate to culture at the moment, that Billy Bragg and Paul Weller should be addressing themselves to. The cutting difference is that for us, as revolutionary socialists, we have no choice, we have to. The way we address our audience is much more urgent."

He added to *Sounds* that "there is no real debate going on within the Left at the moment. The tragedy of the last couple of years is that any opposition to Kinnock is being crushed. Red Wedge is simply a measure of the desperation on the Left at

the moment. And I think that even a band like The Housemartins will be encountering problems between their political beliefs and their success as a pop group."

Martin Hewes says that The Redskins were becoming "more rock and roll than political. You're taken out of the world that exists for the vast majority of the people that you're addressing".

The split comes when the band have an album's worth of songs ready to record and were playing "better than ever", according to Dean. "I think the new album would have been a stormer, musically. The Redskins Brass are the best young horn section in the country.

"But The Redskins were always obviously about just

a tad more than hot poop. It could have been a great album but it wouldn't have been The Redskins."

The band's last British appearances were last summer at the Harlesden Mean Fiddler. They spent most of the year touring Europe playing benefit gigs for various anti-apartheid and anti-fascist causes. Their final show, in Munich, was filmed for television.

The Redskins leave behind a £136,000 debt with their record company Decca, with whom they had a stormy relationship over the last couple of years.

When asked what he'd done with the money, Dean said: "What money? I made more money as a rock journalist than I ever did in The Redskins."

THE MISSION

IV

JANUARY 9

NEWS

Breath Of Berlin . . .



BERLIN follow their massive hit single 'You Take My Breath Away', with their first British dates next month. They'll be Frankie Goes To Hollywood's special guests on their tour at Manchester G-Mex January 10, Wembley Arena 12-13, Birmingham NEC 19, Glasgow SEC 22. Their new album, 'Count Three And Play', was released last month on Phonogram. It includes their hit and the follow-up entitled 'You Don't Know'.

KENNEDYS BAN HMV!

In a classic case of man bites dog, Alternative Tentacles withhold 'Bedtime' LP

THE DEAD KENNEDYS have banned the HMV record store chain from selling their new 'Bedtime For Democracy' album after they discovered that HMV were removing a 12-page newspaper from inside the cover for "fear of contravening the Obscene Publications Act".

"This is blatant censorship," Alternative Tentacles boss Bill Gilliam told *Sounds* last week. "The store was quite happy to take the customers' cash for the record without giving away the newspaper which is an integral part of the package. As a result, HMV will not be given any more Dead Kennedys records."

The newspaper, titled *F*** Facts*, details the current US censorship debate in which The Dead Kennedys are playing a major role. Jello Biafra is currently facing obscenity charges over the poster in the group's previous album, 'Frankenchrist'. That album was banned by HMV among

other British stores after adverse publicity surrounding the poster.

Whether The Dead Kennedys will be able to ban HMV before HMV ban them remains to be seen. A spokesperson for HMV told *Sounds*: "The new Dead Kennedys album has been temporarily withdrawn pending a decision by an independent committee as to whether or not the album breaches the Obscene Publications Act."

Alternative Tentacles are also incensed by the £6.49 price tag that HMV and Our Price have put on the record.

"The recommended price is £5.99 maximum," said Bill Gilliam. "So not only have HMV been removing the newspaper and burning it, according to one customer who tried to buy it at their Edinburgh branch, but they've also been jacking up the price. I've a good mind to prosecute them for theft."

FM's Stereo Dates . . .

FM, who have spent most of the year supporting the likes of Tina Turner, Meat Loaf, Foreigner and Bon Jovi, will be playing two dates in their own right at London Marquee on December 21-22.

There will be some more dates announced for the New Year, as well as a new single.

Recently, the band have been concentrating on breaking into the American market.

Dig Deeper

BARRENCE WHITFIELD AND THE SAVAGES have added two more dates to their British tour despite the fact that the demise of Making Waves has kept their 'Dig Yourself' album out of the record shops.

But reaction to his shows has meant that he's added two more London shows at Putney Half Moon December 18 (with The Oyster Band) and Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 21.

Although Barrence has not yet finalised alternative distribution arrangements for his album, he is reportedly not short of offers and he is expected to announce a new deal shortly.

He is also planning a return visit to Britain from his home base of Boston, Massachusetts next March, and at least one TV appearance has been set up.

Ice Scream

NEW MODEL ARMY nearly came to regret their struggle to obtain American visas last week when the van taking them from Montreal to Toronto, on the Canadian leg of their North American tour, broke down in the wilderness, 95 miles from Toronto in sub-zero temperatures.

With the van's heating also on the blink, they put out a call for assistance on the CB radio, and were rescued by none other than Metallica, who were travelling in the vicinity.

The band will be back in England in time for their London Kentish Town Town And Country Club date on December 23.

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

will not, contrary to reports elsewhere, be playing Wolverhampton Scruples on December 21. The band are currently playing in Europe and have one Midlands date confirmed before Christmas - at Birmingham Powerhouse on December 23.

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S34

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NEWS

XMAS BOX POP

MARC ALMOND

together with Courtney Pine and Jazz Defectors provide probably the only chance you'll have to interrupt your parents' enjoyment of ageing rock stars on television over the Christmas period.

Marc and Courtney are caught at the first Soho Jazz Festival in *Ten Days That Shook Soho* (Channel 4, December 28). Bridging the age gap will be *Simple Minds: Alive In Rotterdam* (ITV, December 25).

Further on down the road, Eric Clapton will feature in *Eric Clapton And Friends* (Channel 4, December 25) filmed at his Birmingham NEC show last summer with Phil Collins, and in *Blue Suede Shoes* with certain other "friends" such as Carl Perkins and George Harrison (Channel 4, December 24).

Meanwhile, David Bowie announces the end of the road for his Spiders in *Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars* (BBC2, December 31), the first time it's been on the small screen.

And right over the hill comes a repeat of *Queen: Real Magic* (Channel 4,

January 2).

Elsewhere, the Royal Navy, in a desperate bid to rid the tailing Russian spy boats, arm themselves with Paul Young, Bob Geldof, Cyndi Lauper and Go West among others for *Ark Royal: The Rock Show* (ITV, December 25).

Among the annual pop round-ups are *Top Of The Pops Christmas Party* (BBC1, December 25), *Pop Video '86* (ITV, December 29), *The Chart Show Special* (Channel 4, December 30) and *Max Headroom's Giant Christmas Turkey* (Channel 4, December 26).

86 Whistle Test 87 (BBC2, December 31) gives you an added excuse to slip into further oblivion; the star whose concert they've chosen to see in the New Year with is Kim Wilde. There is also live footage from The Police's *Synchronicity Tour* and a second chance to see the Prince's Birthday Trust Concert.

As you recover from the New Year's celebrations, you can check out the best of black music in *The Big Mix* (Channel 4, January 3), or you can just sit there and mellow to *Arena: Bob*

Dylan Sings (BBC2, January 2) which captures him in Australia in 1986 and includes 'Just Like A Woman', 'Like A Rolling Stone' and 'Knocking On Heaven's Door'. If that doesn't ease your state of mind, then *Late Night In Concert: Suzanne Vega* (BBC1, January 2) should do the trick.

But, if you find all this music stuff just a bit too loud, why not catch what is undoubtedly the highlight of the Christmas period - *Stairs* (Channel 4, December 26), which documents their importance in life? Channel 4 remind us that stairs go one of two ways - up or down. Just like life, really.

Strange Brew

THE DIRTY STRANGERS, who've been recording their debut album out at Eddy Grant's studio in Barbados, return to cram in their only British gig of the year at Harlesden Mean Fiddler on December 30.

They'll be releasing a single early next year on Thrill, called 'Hands Up', which features their mate Keith Richards.

All-Star Cast

JUNIOR WALKER, the legendary Tamla Motown roadrunner, slips in with his all-American All-Stars this week for two London gigs, at Kentish Town Town And Country Club December 19 and Camden Dingwalls 20. Tickets for both dates are £6.

BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY

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A WORN STYLUS CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR RECORDS

MATTER OF STYLE



STYLE COUNCIL: please buy the record, we need new socks

THE STYLE COUNCIL, who haven't released a record in over 16 months, are back with a single titled 'It Didn't Matter', which is out on Polydor on January 9.

Their new album, called 'The Cost Of Living', will be released to coincide with their previously announced tour on February 6. Initial copies will be split into two 12-inch records running at 45 rpm.

The album was produced by Paul Weller and mixed by various people including Curtis Mayfield and The Valentine Brothers. The first side (or record) will contain fast songs, the second slow ones.

NEWS

RECORD NEWS

Icicles Up North



THE ICICLE WORKS put out an EP entitled 'Up Here In The North Of England' on Situation Two (via Beggars Banquet) this week. The record includes a number of group and solo songs, and is released in anticipation of their forthcoming third LP due to be released in the new year.

SAMANTHA FOX, who has been touring the world promoting her personality, has her album 'Touch Me' released in a remixed form on Jive this week.

LEE PERRY releases his new single entitled 'Merry Christmas, Happy New Year' in the nick of time on Trojan (through PRT) this week.

ROY WOOD, currently "starring" in Doctor And The Medics' version of 'Waterloo', releases his own single entitled 'Raining In The City' on Legacy (through PRT). The single is taken from his forthcoming album, due to be released in February and called 'Starting Up'.

STACY LATTISAW releases her debut album called 'Take Me All The Way' on Motown this week.

NURSE WITH WOUND recover in time to release their new album titled 'Spiral Insana' on Torso (through Rough Trade) this week.

CIVILISED SOCIETY?, Culture Shock, Instigators and K4 all feature on a compilation called 'Open Mind Surgery', available from Bluurgh Records, 2 Victoria Terrace, Melksham, Wiltshire. It costs £4.70.

PALOOKAS release their self-titled mini-album on Constrictor (via Rough Trade) this week.

CHICO DeBARGE is the latest member of the family to unleash themselves on the unsuspecting public with his self-titled debut album on Motown, out this week.

MUSLIMGAUZE release two albums this week: 'Hajj', which is on Limited Editions (through Red Rhino) and 'Coup D'Etat' which is on Permis De Construire (through DSA France).

CHAOTIC DISCORD, Bristol's exponents of thrash, hardcore and bad taste in general, release their new subtly titled album 'Goat F*****' Virgin Killerz From Hell' on Not Very Nice (via Revolver) this weekend.

DAN release their new EP called 'Can You Dig It' on Meantime (through Red Rhino) this weekend.

RAY, GOODMAN AND BROWN, formerly known as Moments, who had hit singles in the '70s with the likes of 'Dolly My Love' and 'Jack In The Box', release their new album titled 'Take It To The Limit' on EMI America this week.

6 COMM release their first album called 'Content With Blood' and their first cassette titled 'A Nothing Life' simultaneously on Eyas Media (through Red Rhino) this week.

BAD KARMA BECKONS, the London-based band, release their debut mini-album entitled 'Mutate And Survive' on Media Burn (through Rough Trade) this week.

THE SOURCE featuring Candi Staton release a potential dancefloor hit called 'You Got The Love' on Streetwave this week.

Voodoo Club Clean Up



PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB stick out their new single called 'Clean Eyes For Dirty Faces' on Red Flame (through Nine Mile) this week.

ORCHESTRA ARCANA release their first album called 'Iconography', which was produced by Bill Nelson, on Cocteau (through Pinnacle) this weekend.

PSYCHIC MATCHES release a cassette called 'Turning, Tuning In-Up At Rockland' along with Stick Nobils who release their cassette titled 'Earth Roots Set', a solo percussion performance. Both tapes are available for £2.50 each from Musick For The Earth, 76 Sullivan Court, Fulham SW6 3DB.

ALAN RANKINE releases a double-A-sided single titled 'Your Very Last Day'/'Last Bullet' on Les Disques Du Crepuscule (via Pinnacle) this week.

BLUE MINK release their colourful greatest hits package called 'The Collection' on Action Replay this week.

TWANG, the Manchester band, release their debut single called 'Sharp' on Ron Johnson (through Nine Mile) this week.

THE SHRUBS, the London based blues-crossover band, release their new 12-inch single called 'Blackmailer' on Ron Johnson (via Nine Mile) this weekend.

BIG FLAME, who have now split up, release their penultimate record in the form of an EP entitled 'Cubist Pop Manifesto' on Ron Johnson (via Nine Mile) this week.

BACKTRACKS

PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL RECORDS, which did for black music in the '70s what Tamla Motown did in the '60s, have their first 15 years celebrated with a jumbo-size 14-album box set on Streetwave titled 'The Philadelphia Story 1971-1986'.

The label that established the Philly Sound was founded by Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff who had already laid out the framework, writing and producing hits with Jerry Butler, The O'Jays, Joe Simon, Archie Bell And The Drells and even Dusty Springfield.

This set is less of a chronology, more a vinyl documentary of the label compiled by Ralph Tee which establishes the essence of the Philly Sound and then moves on to cover various aspects, with each album having its own title.

The first four albums construct the foundations. 'Hit It!' raises the curtain with 'Zachs Fanfare' from the PIR house band, MFSB, before setting out the stall with the bands who scored the biggest hits up to the mid '70s - The O'Jays, Harold Melvin And The Blue Notes, Archie Bell, and The Intruders.

'The Philly Sound' focuses the magnifying glass a bit with more early hits from The O'Jays and Harold Melvin, bringing in The Three Degrees, Billy Paul, and Lou Rawls.

'The Philly Hits Keep Comin'' rolls into the second half of the '70s with Billy Paul and The O'Jays still going strong and Teddy Pendergrass coming out of the shadow of Harold Melvin And The Blue Notes with 'I Don't Love You Anymore' and 'The Whole Town's Laughing At Me'.

'Cult Cuts' gives the hits a rest and gives some room to The Trammps, deep soul singer Anthony White - who released one album, 'Could Be Magic', in '76 - and more tracks from MFSB's first two albums.

'Oldies But Goodies' continues in much the same vein, introducing the next wave of Philly artists such as Bunny Sigler and Dexter Wansel, both of whom had written and produced many Philly hits before recording their own albums, and Dee Dee Sharp, who married Kenny Gamble.

'Summer Philly' gets carefree with mid to late '70s sunny sounds from Billy Paul, The Jones Girls, the indefatigable Jerry Butler, The Futures' 'Ain't Got Time Fa Nothing' and Silk's 'I Can't Stop Turning You On'.

'Funky Philly' digs into a harder groove featuring Leon Huff's 'Tight Money' from his 1980 solo album, Dexter Wansel, The Jones Girls who made the most of the funky beat and Patti Labelle who joined PIR in '81 although the public took a while to catch up with her.

Two albums of 'Mellow Moments' allow Teddy Pendergrass ample opportunity to insinuate himself into your underwear with the likes of 'Come Go With Me', 'Close The Door', 'Love TKO' and 'I Can't Live Without Your Love'. And Billy Paul and Lou Rawls are waiting to take over when he's finished. The boys can lie back and think of Philly under the ministrations of Jean Carn's 'My Love Don't Come Easy', Patti Labelle's 'Love, Need And Want You' and Dee Dee Sharp Gamble's 'I Wanna Be Your Woman'.

'Party Party' gets you back on your feet with McFadden & Whitehead's 'Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now', Teddy Pendergrass' 'Only You', Dexter Wansel's masterpiece, 'Life On Mars', The Philadelphia All-Stars' social comment 'Let's Clean Up The Ghetto' and Frantique's out-and-out disco with 'Strut Your Funky Stuff'.

Finally, 'Into The Philly Future' scans the last three years, looking for forward pointers with The O'Jays (the label's longest lasting group), The Jones Girls and their lead singer Shirley who has now gone solo, and The Whitehead Brothers, sons of John Whitehead.

'The Philadelphia Story' makes no claims to be a definitive history of the label. There's plenty of hits missing from Archie Bell ('Here I Go Again' and 'There's Gonna Be A Showdown'), The Three Degrees ('Get Your Love Back' and 'Long Lost Lover') and Billy Paul ('Thanks For Saving My Life' and 'Your Song'), not to mention The People's Choice's 'Do It Any Way you Wanna' and Dexter Wansel's 'All Night Long'. And some early groups like The Ebonys are ignored completely. But if you don't understand the precise nature of the Philly Sound after ploughing through these 14 albums then you deserve to go deaf listening to Tony Blackburn's jokes.

Max Talks Turkey



MAX HEADROOM releases his Christmas offering, which will feature on his *Max Headroom's Giant Christmas Turkey* show. It apparently features "Phil Collins drumming, strumming and humming in the background, Cliff Richard preaching the Sermon On The Mount in the final chorus, and Bill Wyman's girlfriend having reading lessons in the corner throughout". The single is called 'Merry Christmas Santa Claus (You're A Lovely Guy)' and it's out on Chrysalis this week.

MEMORY BANK

- Sunday December 21**
1940 Birthday of **Frank Zappa**, in Baltimore, Maryland.
1947 Birthday of **Carl Wilson** of **The Beach Boys**, in Hawthorne, California.
1964 **Charlie Watts** published his book *Ode To A High-Flying Bird*, a tribute to jazz saxophonist **Charlie Parker**.
1969 **Ginger Baker's Air Force**, a 13-man 'supergroup', made its on-stage debut in Amsterdam.
1976 **Generation X** were the first band to play Covent Garden's new punk nitespot, the Roxy Club.
1978 Session drummer **Mikey Waller** sued **Rod Stewart** for £6,000 in unpaid royalties for his work on the 'Stealer' album. He got an out-of-court settlement.
1980 **The Police** played a special Christmas concert in a 5000-capacity circus tent on Tooting Bec Common, London.
1983 **Mike Barson** announced that he was to leave **Madness**.
- Monday December 22**
1949 Birthday of twin **Bee Gees** **Robin** and **Maurice Gibb**, in Manchester.
1962 'Telstar' by **The Tornados** became the first single by a British group ever to top the US charts.
1967 **Pink Floyd, The Move** and the **Jimi Hendrix Experience** topped the bill at the Christmas On Earth Revisited live extravaganza at Olympia, London.
1978 **Todd Rundgren** took Britain's Musicians Union to court for banning the radio broadcasting of one of his London concerts.
1981 **Suggs** of **Madness** married **Bette Bright**. She was given away by producer **Clive Langer**, with whom she had once sung in **Deaf School**. Sotheby's held a Rock 'n' Roll Memorabilia auction, at which small objects sold for huge sums, including **John** and **Cynthia Lennon's** marriage certificate for £400, and a Lennon self-portrait for over £10,000.
- Tuesday December 23**
1939 Birthday of **Johnny Kidd (Fred Heath)** of 'Shakin' All Over' fame, in Willesden, London.
1958 Birthday of **Dave Murray** of **Iron Maiden**, in London.
1966 **Ready Steady Go** came to an end on ITV, after three and a half years of "starting the weekend here".
1968 The Apple Building in London hosted a Christmas party for the children of staff and friends, at which **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono** appeared both dressed as Santa Claus.
1978 **Queen** had their request to play an open-air concert at Wimbledon turned down by the Lawn Tennis Association.
1980 **Fleetwood Mac's John McVie** and his wife **Julie** were arrested at their Honolulu home for possessing cocaine.
- Wednesday December 24**
1945 Birthday of **Lemmy (Ian Kilminster)** of **Motorhead**.
1957 Birthday of **Ian Burden** of **The Human League**.
1964 **Brian Wilson** of **The Beach Boys** was found to be suffering from nervous exhaustion, after collapsing on a plane en route to Houston.
1974 **Tom Johnston** of **The Doobie Brothers** was arrested in Visala, California, for marijuana possession.
- Thursday December 25**
1932 Birthday of **Little Richard (Penniman)**, in Macon, Georgia.
- 1954** Death of **Johnny Ace**, aged 25, after shooting himself in the head whilst playing Russian Roulette backstage at Houston Auditorium. His posthumous hit 'Pledging My Love' became an R&B ballad classic, most recently heard in the **Stephen King** movie *Christine*.
1954 Birthday of **Robin Campbell** of **UB40**, in Birmingham.
1959 **Ringo Starr**, or young **Richard Starkey** as he was then, got his first drum kit as a Christmas present.
1967 **Paul McCartney** and **Jane Asher** announced their engagement.
1978 **Public Image Ltd** made their live debut, at the **Rainbow**, London.
- Friday December 26**
1940 Birthday of **Phil Spector**, in the Bronx, New York.
1963 Capitol in the US issued **The Beatles'** 'I Want To Hold Your Hand', and began a major publicity campaign to break the group in America.
1967 **The Beatles'** film *Magical Mystery Tour* had its world premiere on BBC TV in the UK - seen only in black-and-white.
1979 **Queen** topped the bill of the first of four benefit concerts for the people of Kampuchea, at Hammersmith Odeon, London.
- Saturday December 27**
1931 Birthday of **Scotty Moore, Elvis Presley's** first guitarist, in Gadsden, Tennessee.
1943 Birthday of **Pete Quaife, The Kinks'** former bassist, in Tavistock, Devon.
1976 Death of bluesman **Freddie King**, aged 42, from hepatitis, in Dallas, Texas.
1979 The second London Kampuchea benefit concert was headlined by **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**.
- Sunday December 28**
1950 Birthday of **Alex Chilton** (of **Box Tops, Big Star** and solo fame), in Memphis.
- 1970** **John Lennon's** "primal scream" song, 'Mother', was issued in the US as a single. Onstage in Detroit, **Ted Nugent** was threatened by a man in the front row of the audience who brandished a pistol at him.
- 1979** **The Who** topped the bill of the third Kampuchea benefit concert.
1983 **Tracey Ullman** married **Allan McKeown**.
1983 Death of **Dennis Wilson** of **The Beach Boys**, aged 39, from drowning, after he fell off a boat at Marina Del Ray, California.
- Monday December 29**
1946 Birthday of **Marianne Faithfull**, in Reading.
1947 Birthday of **Cozy Powell**, drummer with **Rainbow, Whitesnake**, etc.
1979 The final Concert For Kampuchea had **Paul McCartney & Wings** topping the bill.
1980 Death of singer/songwriter **Tim Hardin** ('If I Were A Carpenter', 'Reason To

Believe', etc.); aged 40, from a drug overdose, in Hollywood. Jamaica issued a special commemorative postage stamp in memory of **Bob Marley**.

- Tuesday December 30**
1942 Birthday of **Mike Nesmith**, formerly a **Monkee**, now boss of Pacific Arts Video, in Dallas.
1945 Birthday of **Davy Jones**, now a **Monkee** once again, in Manchester.
1959 Birthday of **Tracey Ullman**, in Burnham, Bucks.
1973 **John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra** split up.
1978 **XTC** played their first live gig in America, at Philadelphia.
1979 **Emerson, Lake And Palmer** announced that they were to split.

- Wednesday December 31**
1942 Birthday of **Andy Summers** of **The Police**, in Poulton-Le-Fylde, Lancs.
1946 Birthday of **Patti Smith**, in Chicago.
1948 Birthday of **Donna Summer**, in Boston.
1977 **Jon Moss**, drumming with **The Damned** at the time, was injured in a car crash.
1982 **Miami Steve Van Zandt** married **Maureen Santora** in Asbury Park, New Jersey,

- with **Bruce Springsteen** as best man.
1984 **Rick Allen** of **Def Leppard** was seriously injured when his car crashed outside Sheffield. After several days of desperately trying to save his arm, doctors were forced to amputate it.
1985 Death of **Rick Nelson**, aged 45, along with his fiancée **Helen Blair**, his soundman **Clark Russell**, and four members of his **Stone Canyon Band**, when a chartered DC3 aircraft crashed near De Kalb, Texas, en route to Dallas from Alabama.

- Thursday January 1**
1953 Death of **Hank Williams**, the first country superstar, aged 29, from heart failure, in West Virginia.
1957 Birthday of **Grandmaster Flash (Joseph Saddler)**, in New York.
1962 **The Beatles'** audition for Decca failed to win them a recording contract. When the demo tapes surfaced on an album 20 years later, it was easier to see why A&R man **Dick Rowe** had rejected them.
1964 *Top Of The Pops* was broadcast for the first time, from the BBC Manchester studio (an old church) with **Jimmy Savile** deejaying.

- 1980** **Cliff Richard** was awarded an MBE in the New Years Honours List.
1982 **John Coghlan**, drummer with **Status Quo** for almost 20 years, left to be replaced by **Peter Kircher**.
1984 Death of bluesman and broadcaster **Alexis Korner**, aged 55, from lung cancer, in London.

- Friday January 2**
1963 Completing their last-ever stint at the Star Club in Hamburg, **The Beatles** flew home to play some tour dates around Scotland.
1976 Charges were dropped against **Dennis Wilson** of **The Beach Boys**, following his arrest carrying a .38 revolver which he'd taken from his girlfriend.
1979 The trial of **Sid Vicious**, on a charge of murdering girlfriend **Nancy Spungen**, opened in New York.
1980 Death of '50s rocker **Larry Williams**, aged 45, from apparently self-inflicted gunshot wounds, in Los Angeles.

- Saturday January 3**
1926 Birthday of producer **George Martin**, in London.
1946 Birthday of **John Paul Jones** of **Led Zeppelin**, in Sidcup, Kent.

- 1970** **Syd Barrett's** first post **Pink Floyd** solo album, 'The Madcap Laughs', was released.
1970 **Davy Jones** announced that he was to leave **The Monkees**.



- 1974** **Bob Dylan** opened a US tour at the Chicago Amphitheatre, where six million applications had been received for only 660,000 tickets.

9 out of 10 cats prefer it.



Red Stripe Strong Lager.

INSIDE STORIES

THAT WAS THE YEAR, THAT WAS

1986 was the year we retreated backwards and inwards. When we weren't listening to weak cover versions and bland novelty music we were at home gorging ourselves on the lives of Dirty Den and the rest of them. Here Billy Mann puts the year in focus and considers the options for 1987

THEY'RE LIKE a bunch of old Teds," Jim Kerr told *Sounds* earlier in 1986.

He was referring to the people who whinge on about PUNK! and in 1986, its tenth anniversary year, the whingers had themselves a party.

They wheeled **Bill Grundy** out, and resurrected the now famous "The Filth And The Fury" *Daily Mirror* front-page splash of December 2, 1976. Old hacks churned out long, weighty essays with the kind of professional pride and conformity any self-respecting punk would have gobbled at.

And **Bob Geldof** was given an honorary knighthood.

But none of this stopped us searching for the lost spirit and in **Half Man Half Biscuit** we found, if nothing else, a sense of humour and a run of spectacularly sweaty sell-out gigs. The Biscuits set out to please themselves but, like many of their predecessors, went one step beyond.

They caught the nation's ears with their high regard for Fred Titmus and their hate of Nerys Hughes, but ended up stifled, disenchanted and in bad need of a rest.

And then there was **Fuzzbox**, a gaggle of giggly girls who did little more than come on like pubescent schoolies. They were heralded as *new, exciting and the future of rock and roll*. But it all sounded so hollow in 1986, ten years after.

The **Monkees** reformed, as did **The Mamas And Papas**. **Crass** came out of the closet, and **Conflict** allegedly came under police surveillance.

As the hippy convoy wound its worrisome way towards Stonehenge, only to end up in Glastonbury, we heard predictions that **Dr & The Medics**, with their heads held high in the sky, were about to lead us into the Summer Of Love. We laughed, and thankfully the weather failed us.

In **Big Audio Dynamite**, and in **Mick Jones** particularly, we saw the ghost of '76. "Didn't they do well," it said. And then came the man himself — **Joe Strummer** — fresh from a reckless driving conviction. In the week Joe took Single Of The Week for 'Love Kills', *Sounds* was able to reveal that he and Jones were once again working together.

"Is that Johnny Rotten?" asked the

actress. "No, I've only used it twice," replied the bishop, signalling the return of Mr Punk, Pisspot, Pigsick, Pukeface **Lydon**. Welcome back Johnny, you prodigal sonofabitch.

There we were blabbering on about what a disgraceful specimen the whole class of '76 had turned into when Johnny, the one who used to feed pencil shavings to the rabbits, walks in late with a thing called 'Album' and got five gold stars, the evil bastard.

But the gigs didn't go so well, and Johnny started raising objections to the spitting and missile throwing habits of his audiences.

And when guitarist **John McGeoch** got hit by a bottle in Vienna, sustaining a facial injury requiring 40 stitches, Johnny threatened to quit touring altogether.

GIG VIOLENCE is nothing new but in 1986 we were blessed with a unique form — Ultra Violence.

It came from **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** and started as a rather romantic cinematic idea. Sputnik were trying to cash in on the "Transformers — robots in disguise" market and got into deep water. Ultra Violence was OK when there was a TV screen between them and the consequences, but once they hit the road, it backfired.

At Reading, they were bottled. Drummer **Ray Mayhew**, certainly not unaware that this is what his leader **Tony James** had been publicly advocating, retaliated, hurling a glass back at the audience. He was charged on three counts of malicious wounding, one of his victims requiring 30 stitches.

At Coventry, singer **Martin Degville** was attacked onstage and given an ultra violent wound worth five stitches. Sputnik claimed the violence was planned by the Students Union, but they only really needed to look as far as their own manifesto.

And at the Knebworth Festival **John McGuigan**, a 21-year-old Queen fan from Airdrie in Scotland, was stabbed to death during a fight at the front of the stage. Three youths were charged with murder.

Gang fighting broke out at a **Run DMC** gig at Long Beach, California where blacks and hispanics tried to kill each other. 42 people were beaten or stabbed, one person was shot and only four people were arrested. Similar outbreaks occurred in Atlanta, Pittsburgh, and at Madison Square Gardens in New York, during which 18 people were arrested.

CONTINUES OVER

In the following eight pages we focus on the most important stories of 1986. It was a year in which heavy metal went both 'pop' and thrash. Hip hop and rap artists clocked up mammoth sales figures, and black music from America figured prominently all year. We welcomed the rise of several young jazz artists and none of them had anything to do with *Absolute Beginners*. And, of course we saw the Fleet Street tabloids in action, first with the rise of **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** and then with the fall of **Boy George**. What follows is a comprehensive guide and analysis to the year that was 1986

THE STATE OF INDEPENDENCE

We open *Inside Stories* with a look at how the independent scene performed in 1986. **Ron Rom** looks at the creative renaissance fronted by bands like **The Wedding Present**, **The Primitives** and **Age Of Chance**, while **Hugh Fielder** shows how the potential has been thwarted through lack of cash. And over on page nine **Roy Wilkinson** looks at the year's pop charts and concludes that nothing much has changed at all

"The country was jumping again to the sound of fuzzy, out-of-tune guitars, flat, bashing drums, loud enthusiasm, incompetent youth and raw energy"

WHAT A year! In 1986 the independent scene came alive again after suffering years of goth rockdomination. After its initial threat at the end of '85, a swirling hurricane of tempestuous new talent finally came through, and all the boring old rock rehashes, like **The Mission** and **Zodiac Mindwarp** turned out to be just like the boring old '70s rock bands they were so keen to copy. The space was now clear for a creative renaissance, and boy did it come!

There were bands all over the country taking their inspiration from **The Jesus And Mary Chain**, who had proved the year before that success was possible without catering to mainstream ethics.

The country was jumping again to the sound of fuzzy, out-of-tune guitars, flat, bashing drums, loud enthusiasm, incompetent youth and raw energy.

Some idiots misinterpreted it all, and the celebration of the 'movement' that never was, was carelessly labelled 'shambling': there was nothing shambling about **The Wedding Present's** 'Once More', one of the year's indie classics.

And it was also a year of classic pop singles. **The Soup Dragons** had 'Whole Wide World', **The Wolfhounds**, 'Cut The Cake', **The Shop Assistants**, 'Safety Net' and **The Primitives** had the wonderful 'Really Stupid'. All these groups, and plenty more,

showed that the three-minute pop single was alive in Britain in 1986.

Then there were the nasty groups, usually from up north, who held the new anorak pop with cynical disdain, considering the presentation too gooey and too devoted to the fickle glories of love to have any lasting value.

Nasty bastards like **Bogshed**, **A Witness** and **The Shrubs**, whose ideas were considerably more individual, learned that their challenging approach to rock was going to be harder to make profitable than the pop bands.

Yet **Bogshed** still released one of the best documents of British society in '86 with 'Step On It', an album of manic, stark intensity. **Age Of Chance** got down with 'Kiss', re-launched their career after a false start and became one of only two bands (**New Order** also) to appear twice on the cover of *Sounds* in 1986. They



THE BISCUITS: bankable artists

"Is that Johnny Rotten?" asked the actress. "No, I've only used it twice," replied the bishop, signalling the return of Mr Punk, Pisspot, Pigsick, Pukeface **Lydon**."

INSIDE STORIES

"The fact remains that money — specifically the lack of it — is still at the root of most indie evils. Because without it the indies' prospects of attracting new bands, let alone hanging on to them, are severely restricted."

ANY HOPES that the indie scene was getting itself onto a sound financial footing after the traumas of the last couple of years were dispelled a couple of weeks ago when leading indie distributor and label **Making Waves** sank into liquidation.

Last year **Making Waves** was one of the fastest growing indies. The distribution company increased its market share by 50 per cent and the record label was establishing its own identity with albums from **The Big Town Playboys** and **Terry Allen And The Panhandle Mystery Band**.

But expansion brings its own perils, particularly when financial resources become stretched. Suddenly **Making Waves** was floundering, blaming the chain stores who they said were returning records before they'd given them a chance to pick up sales.

But from outside there were criticisms of the company's management methods and a widely held opinion that if the distribution and record companies had been kept separate then the distribution company would still be in business.

It wasn't a very good year for **Stiff** either. They'd started the year loudly proclaiming their return to indie status — though the indie organisation **Umbrella** complained bitterly because they were distributed through **EMI**. Midway through the year they were busy transferring assets to stay one jump ahead of their creditors and they were finally rescued by Jill Sinclair, co-founder of **ZTT**.

The fact remains that money —

specifically the lack of it — is still at the root of most indie evils. Despite every effort to hang on to **The Smiths** by **Rough Trade** — which even included the staff forgoing wage rises at one point — **Morrissey's** men have finally succumbed to the lure of the majors, signing to **EMI** whose financial backing (from sales of weapons, among other things) will hopefully enable the band to fulfil their aspirations.

In fact, **The Smiths** still have one more album to go under the terms of their **Rough Trade** contract and at first it was assumed that **EMI** would simply "buy" the album off **Rough Trade**.

But despite financial constraints which have reportedly forced **Rough Trade** into such ideologically dubious practices as hiring staff on YOP schemes and firing them when the grants expired, they show every sign of resisting **EMI's** blank cheque and sticking to their principles as well as one more album from **The Smiths**.

So if **The Smiths**, who have been flagbearers for the independent scene, feel forced to sell out, then what hope is there that the indie labels can compete with the majors? **Depeche Mode** remain with **Mute**, disproving the point, but the drain of indie bands towards major labels has accelerated in 1986.

The result appears to be a growing division between indie "hippies", for whom ethics are as important as success, and indie entrepreneurs, who believe that ethics and success have very little in common, particularly in the

revived Victorian values of Thatcher's Britain.

The new breed of indie realist will develop a band through the indie network and once the majors become interested they will sign a deal that continues to give them control over the act while reaping the benefits of major investment.

Bill Drummond, who launched Liverpool's **Zoo** label with **Echo And The Bunnymen** and **The Teardrop Explodes** in the vanguard, was one of the pioneers of this approach. Indeed, he even ventured right into the major's den with a managerial position at **WEA**. But, ironically, he suffered a severe attack of mid-30s ethics this year and "retired" after making a solo album.

But his former partner **David Balfe** has been successful with **Food**, whisking **Zodiac Mindwarp** and **The Love Reaction** to a major deal with **Phonogram** with almost indecent haste.

Up in the north east, **Kitchenware** have been signing their bands to different major labels while retaining their own moniker, which means they are not dependent on one major. And **Pete Fulwell** in Liverpool will not hesitate to sign an artist like **Pete Wylie** to a major, while continuing to develop his own labels under the **Eternal** banner.

Rough Trade boss **Geoff Travis** has just set up a new label called **Blue Guitar** which is distributed through **Chrysalis**.

The object of all these moves is to bring money back into the financially starved indie set-up. Because without it the indies' prospects of attracting new bands, let alone hanging on to them in some form or another, are severely restricted.

There's always the exception, of course, and in 1986 one of the more cheerful sights was that of **Half Man Half Biscuit** pulling 'em in all over the country, generating real money and consequently taking its label **Probe Plus** well into the black.

And **The Housemartins** made the indie breakthrough of the year on **Go! Discs** (if your ethics can stomach their distribution deal with **Chrysalis**) with their Top Three album 'London O Hull 4' which has just gone platinum and is going up the charts for the second time on the back of their 'Caravan Of Love' number one single.

Let's hope 1987 sees more such examples.

HUGH FIELDER



AGE OF CHANCE: it's in their kiss

THE CHART CHALLENGE

IT WAS all-comers year in the Great British Chart Challenge of 1986.

With the bulk of the established pop autocracy hibernating for most of the time, anyone could get up and have a go. Page three girls, soap opera 'personalities', old troupers like **Lulu** and 'controversial' pantomime dames like **Sputnik** all gave it a whirl. But in the end no new dynasty was born.

With the close of the year the **Ancient Regime** was reasserting itself and despite the chart-



MADNESS: precious

topping presence of the ultimate anomaly in Europe's 'The Final Countdown', the status quo was able to put down any formative new order (must have been that time spent in the army) and things are what they used to be.

Still, there were some eclipses, both voluntary and gracelessly unchosen. Wham! or rather **George Michael** decided it was time to stop being a young gun and jettisoned his car-crashing ballast at the height of summer at **Wembley**.

Culture Club lost their nerve, forgot how to write a decent tune and were consumed by the tabloid press.

Already **Culture Club's** past roster of hits seems an eminently dispensable thing, but with the demise of **Madness** you feel that something a lot more precious has passed away.

1985's pop triumvirate of **Frankie**, **Duran Duran** and **Spandau Ballet** all went through a difficult time in 1986 (tax exile in the sun, you know the kind of thing) and took most of the year getting themselves back into shape.

Duran suffered a schizophrenic interlude with **Arcadia** and **The Power Station**, but in the end **Shipmate SI** and his boys got back together. As **John Taylor** put on weight, they slimmed down to a three piece and attempted to jump up an age bracket with an album of finely textured, even (shock) tasteful, rock.

Spandau got themselves a new record deal, misfired with the absurdly paranoiac 'Fight For Ourselves' and ended up putting a footballer's dress sense back in the Top Ten with 'Through The Barricades'.

Frankie spent eight months pissed over Europe, lost the mercurial touch that marked their early career and failed to deliver with 'Liverpool'. They now look as if they might lose **Holly**.

While the self-proclaimed brand leaders of the chart fraternity lay dormant, some upstarts did make a bid for their throne. **A-Ha** with their matinee idol good looks, natty line in videos and impeccable manners were the perfect pop stars during a year in which the new gods weren't so much sex and horror but ambition and ordinariness.

A much more quirky, cognizant venture were the **Pet Shop Boys** who quietly put out a quartet of exquisitely studied pop songs that gave us the unlikely spectacle of a former **Smash Hits** writer as a **Smash Hits** cover star in **Neil Tennant**.

If no new faces pushed forward to dominate the charts then a genre certainly did — the cover version. After the **Fine Young Cannibals** released a version of 'Suspicious Minds' it became clear that the cover version was an acceptable and lucrative way to deal in second-hand goods.

Radio 1 jocks had actually heard of some of the songs being covered and repaid the compliment by endlessly playing **The Damned's** 'Eloise', **Dr & The Medics** 'Spirit In The Sky', The



PET SHOP BOYS: studied

Communards 'Don't Leave Me This Way' and the lowest of the low, **Kim Wilde's** massacre of 'You Keep Me Hangin' On'.

The **Police** went one better by releasing a cover version of their own 'Don't Stand So Close To Me', which just about put the whole charade in focus.

Despite all this retrospection, the charts were infused with some new blood, but most of this came from America. Cameo brought the spirit of **P-Funk**, codpieces and the innovation of irony-inflected dance music onto your radio with the most intelligent pop of the year.

Hip hop made a lasting impact with **Whistle**, **Full Force**, **Mantronix**, **The Real Roxanne**, **Run DMC** and **Lovebug Starski**, all enjoying hits, while ridiculous **Eurorappers** **MC Miker 'C'** and **Deejay Sven** held up the beacon for what has been a disappointing year for **Europop**, despite valiant efforts from **Modern Talking** and **Double**.

So 1986 was a pretty undistinguished year, and without **Black America** it would have been without any landmarks whatsoever.

1987 can only be an improvement, as they say.

ROY WILKINSON



SHOP ASSISTANTS: the wonders of Woolworth

will obviously now go on to be bigger than **Sigue Sigue Sputnik**.

Stump meanwhile proved to be the most innovative and most likely to with 'Quirk Out', and **Pop Will Eat Itself** put the cock back into rock.

Fuzzbox took their zany punk-pop from **Vindaloo** to **WEA** and were promptly rewarded with a Top 40 hit, while **Chrysalis** set up **Blue Guitar**, stealing the moody romanticism of **The Mighty Lemon Drops** and the blistering charms of **The Shop Assistants**.

This year we also saw a rise in the number of girl groups and girls playing instruments in bands. We already know of **The Shop Assistants** and **Fuzzbox** and this time next year we should also know about **Talulah Gosh**, **The Primitives** and **Voice Of The Beehive**.

The old war horses, **The Fall**,

The Smiths, **Cocteau Twins** and **New Order** all released albums this year that did little more than confirm their cult status. **Morrissey** proclaimed that 'The Queen Is Dead', but the question is whether **Rough Trade** will be dead when **The Smiths** finally leave for the highly-principled pastures of **EMI**.

In the end it was the best year the independents have seen in ages and it's one that is already proving hard to follow. I have enough faith in **The Bambi Slam**, **The Primitives** and **McCarthy** to predict '87 to be just as good.

1986 is a year that will be remembered for anoraks, classic pop singles, goggles, **Blue Guitar**, spotty gig-goers, incompetent musicians, 'Quirk Out', leather jackets, fun, fanzines, girl bands, and the preoccupation with love.

RON ROM

INSIDE STORIES

THAT WAS THE YEAR

IN SHARP contrast to all this blood spilling, the charity spirit that dominated 1985 kept its profile in '86, even though it did at times look distinctly second-hand.

According to **Sir Bob** 1985 was "the year compassion came out of the closet", a quality that did not extend to the US company **Johnson & Johnson** who blocked the US re-release of 'Do They Know It's Christmas' by not extending permission to use their tradename **Band Aid**. And more trouble came when it was reported that a West German company were suing the trust for £700,000 for failure to honour a contract for the purchase of 28 trucks.

Meanwhile, Bob was organising **Sport Aid** and the **Race Against Time**. "Everybody wants to run the world" blurted the mutated **Tears For Fears** song as a million I Ran The World T-shirts flashed before your eyes.

Other 'Aids' of 1986, apart from the one you get if you sleep around too much, included **Self Aid**, affectionately known as **Paddy Aid**, in which **U2**, **Van Morrison**, **The Pogues** and many more played to 30,000 people in Dublin. £500,000 was raised, 1,100 jobs pledged and 91 per cent of Irish homes tuned in.

Then there was **Disco Aid** and a minor row over whether **Five Star** were goodies or baddies, **Hear 'N' Aid**, an album featuring a load of heavy metal oiks, **Chernobyl Aid** and **Positive Aid**, a photo exhibition.

Other worthwhile causes included: the **Jersey Artists For Mankind** project and their 'We Got The World' single; **People In Progress** with their efforts to raise money to combat Sickle Cell Anaemia, a blood disorder that attacks mainly Africans and Afro-Caribbeans; **Amnesty International**, celebrating 25 years with an album and continued support from artists like **Simple Minds**, **Sting** and **U2**; and **Greenpeace**, who launched a five day fund/awareness raising bonanza (**Bunnymen**, **Lloyd Cole**, **The Cure**) only to find that the money generated fell £50,000 short of the £250,000 target.

Controversy surrounded the **Live-In World** anti-heroin project when **Boy George's** brother **Kevin O'Dowd** was seen to be rowing over who should hog the microphone at a publicity night. And **Chrissie Hynde**, **The Communards**, **Annie Lennox**, **Pete Townshend** and **Working Week** all joined forces at the Royal Albert Hall in February to raise money for the 50,000 people made homeless after the eruption of Volcano Nevado Del Ruiz on the town of Armero in Colombia. 25,000 people were buried, 10,000 children were orphaned, and the Colombian authorities chose to evacuate cattle before people.



JERRY DAMMERS: getting his teeth into the issue



PAUL SIMON: his music knows no boundaries

The most ambitious fund-raising exercise of 1986 must go to **Artists Against Apartheid**, an organisation started by **Jerry Dammers** and **Dali Tambo** (the son of African National Congress leader Oliver Tambo) to promote various anti-apartheid causes.

Scarcely a week went by during the summer for which AAA benefits had not been scheduled, including a series of gigs launched by **Madness**, an event that stood in contrast to the inflammatory accusations in **The Sun of Suggs'** alleged associations with known racists.

But all did not go well for AAA and at a major end-of-series gig at Clapham Common in which **BAD**, **Hugh Masekela**, **Boy George**, **Elvis Costello**, **Peter Gabriel**, **Sting** and many others played to a capacity 250,000 crowd, donations of £25,000 could only meet half the running costs, prompting Jerry Dammers to issue a plea to all who attended to send in 10p each.

APARTHEID ALSO brought us the end of one of Britain's most successful pop bands, **Wham!** For when **George Michael** discovered his management company **Nomis** was about to merge with the SA-financed **Kunick Leisure Enterprises** — owned by **Sol Kerzner** of **Sun City** notoriety — he terminated his contract.

"You don't make a £5 million deal and not look at your shareholders," he told the press after there had been some confusion over whether **Nomis** knew of the SA connection.

But if **Kunick** were disappointed at not securing the services of **Wham!** they still, nevertheless, had involvements with **Harvey Goldsmith's Allied Entertainments**, a connection that, when revealed, caused **Harvey** some public embarrassment; which is not surprising when he promotes anti-apartheid supporters like **Bruce Springsteen** and **Bob Dylan**.

The pressure eventually got too great, and when **Harvey** saw his business interests threatened by his involvement with **Kunick** he bought himself out.

It's not good politics for a **Band Aid** trustee to be found dabbling in South Africa.

The South African crisis, and specifically the whys and wherefores of the United Nations cultural ban, came into question when **Paul Simon** arrived in Britain sporting a bit more hair and an album called 'Graceland' which had been partly recorded in Johannesburg using Soweto bands **Ladysmith Black Mambazo**, **The Boyoyo Boys** and **Tao Ea Matsekha**.

CONTINUES OVER

YOU CAN look at the onset of pop technology in two ways. Either it mashes up stylistic barriers and brings new crossover freedoms, or it makes the whole state of music into a confused, flavourless mess.

The most creative Black musicians, though, have managed to make a specifically Black music out of overstuffed studio toyshops.

Prince, **Larry Blackmon** and **Roger Troutman** produced records that could compete with the most brazen chart pop: it was a year when the light Black pop epitomised by **Kool & The Gang** was completely eclipsed.

'Parade' and **Cameo's** 'Word Up' bridged the gap between studio finesse and contagious pop-soul, audacious and hard records that kept sight of character.

Troutman's productions for **Zapp** and **Shirley Murdock** were the most addictive of all, but missed out on radio play here. Maybe **Troutman's** time will come next year.

In the right hands, exalted studio techniques strengthened music that was more firmly in the Black mainstream. The right hands this year belonged to **Jimmy Jam** and **Terry Lewis**, whose productions for **Patti Austin**, **Janet Jackson** and **The SOS Band** were as immaculate as this music gets.

Their failure to make much of **The Human League's** 'Crash' begs one to reach an all-too-tempting



ANITA: ELOQUENCE

AND OVER AGAIN

WELL, THIS isn't a sane world, is it? An actor in the White House, the British nation captivated by the sexual proclivities of a **Sounds** freelancer — it's almost reasonable, therefore, for the folding pop papers in general to devote column inches patently disproportionate to their readership's interest in young black American music.

But although much of what has crept out from under the umbrella of 'hip hop' over the past 12 months has been simply dreadful, and very few acts have managed to sustain a run of quality product.

There have, however, been moments of brilliance. Although old-timers **Grandmaster Flash**, **Afrika Bambaataa** and **Kurtis Blow** all hit these shores and released new albums (**Flash** and **Blow's** both quite acceptable, **Bambaataa's** flirtation with **HM** falling flat), far and away the two most significant records to have come out of the rap and electro 'scene' in '86 are **Run DMC's** 'Raising Hell', and 'Licensed To Ill' by the **Beastie Boys**.

BLACK SOUNDS CROSS OVER

conclusion.

Whether dealing with the jarring funk of **Jackson's** 'Nasty' or the sprawling landscape of **Austin's** 'The Heat Of Heat', this was a production stamp that was virtually perfect.

In fact, each component of the Black mainstream made its own kind of progress. Rap, hip hop and all bases between no longer seemed so radical: they have become part of the current, as accepted as more traditional forms.

The return of slow soul, that imperishable genre, was made solid and real in the albums by **Luther Vandross**, **Shirley Jones** and **Anita Baker**. 'Rapture' dressed the soul ballad in a cosily polished format that elevated **Baker's** voice to the status of something unanswerable.

This eloquence is the new hallmark of Black pop: the glorious simplicity of **Motown** is actually eliminated, not celebrated by such records.

But it wasn't all new names that dominated Black music. There were fine contributions from **Smokey Robinson**, **Millie Jackson**, **Rick James**, and **Miles Davis** this year: and the link between such disparate Black stylists is a sophistication of purpose and design which is hard to challenge.

There is no Black 'underground' any more.

RICHARD COOK

Both records were produced by the young, white and bearded mini-mogul **Rick Rubin**, and both took well-measured, deliberate steps to (brace yourself) cross over, successfully locking into a market assumed to be impenetrably antipathetic to all things hippy-hoppy.

The realisation finally came that white boys really can play that funky music, and the **Beastie Boys** compounded this by demonstrating that you don't even have to be particularly good singers to generate "savagely action".

Sheltered from the full impact of electro in its early stages, this most basic form of music is taking hold of the UK as inexorably as **AIDS**, and although **Bambaataa** and **Flash** turned in rousing — and well-received — performances at **UK Fresh '86**, the deepest reserves of lung-power were saved for beat-box big-wigs **The Real Roxanne** (remember her?) and the duo who have scooped all the Oscars in this department, **Mantronix**.

The relative sophistication of **Mantronix**, coupled with their

CONTINUES PAGE 12

"Everybody wants to run the world" blurted the mutated Tears For Fears song as a million I Ran The World T-shirts flashed before your eyes"

PHILIPS



HAVE YOU SEEN WHO'S ON COMPACT DISC?



COMPACT SNAP



OUR FAVOURITE SHOP



CAFÉ BLEU



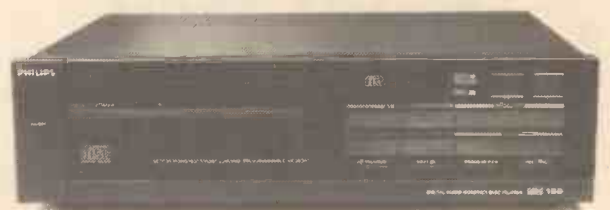
HOME & ABROAD



It might seem a little surprising to learn that you can pick up the Style Council on compact disc. Perhaps even a little more surprising that you get extra tracks on Our Favourite Shop and Home And Abroad. And over an hour of the Jam on Compact Snap.

But the biggest surprise of all is how you can now get a sound so real for a price so unreal. A mere £179 brings you the Philips CD150B. Winner of the What Hi-Fi Grand Prix Award '87. The superior style in CD. Philips.

PHILIPS. TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.



INSIDE STORIES

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enabled them to put the brakes on electro's degeneration into puerility; their 'Music Madness' was just about the last important black music record of the year, and bodes well for '87.

The spillover of hip hop into contemporary music this year has been theoretical rather than practical, but with the select few preparing to meet the lucrative white market half way, the floodgates are about to give way.

Next, the deluge...

ANDY HURT



FLASH: OLD timer

ALL THAT JAZZ

Richard Cook makes the jazz connections of '86

IF YOU neither know nor care about jazz, chances are that you still made two jazz connections this year: **Courtney Pine** and **Absolute Beginners**.

Though it had the occasional glint of saxophones and Blue Note sleeves, **Temple's** film was **Absolute Nonsense** in jazz terms. Even **Gil Evans'** score sounded more like bad rock than a jazz pastiche. As a modern musical it had a certain overlit charm, but it failed to find any place in the 'jazz revival'.

Which was otherwise pursued apace by media hacks and rather fewer record buyers. Each year since **Rip Rig & Panic** there's been some further step towards a popular acceptance of jazz, either in a form which dilutes it to a whisper of jazz 'style' (**Sade**) or in a lot of Latin percussion and howling beat vocalists.

But if, for the mainstream music punter, jazz meant **Working Week**, **Carmel** and a lot of obscure funk outfits, it also this year meant **Courtney Pine**.

Pine is the perfect receptacle of a nouveau jazz interest. A young black saxophonist from Paddington, he looks like a walking textbook of genuine jazz style. His influences — **John Coltrane** and **Wayne Shorter** — are tougher and more volatile than the easy listening jazz which pop musicians have previously espoused.

Island have pushed Pine

brilliantly: no British musician has received more media attention this year. Though his debut LP 'Journey To The Urge Within' is no more than a sampler of his various interests, with one shameless crossover shot, he is ferociously uncompromising in a live context.

Jazz here has needed a figurehead like **Pine** — there are many young players, black and white, who are his equal — but the isolation of the music remains almost total. Jazz cannot make itself popular here because it exerts no mainstream influence. **Pine's** LP may have cracked the charts, but it's a lonely success. As a music, it is too sophisticated for pop appetites.

If the clothes, the style and the feel are accessible to anyone, the core of the music — its strength of intellect, as exemplified by the severe beauty of **Wynton Marsalis**, the great young American trumpeter — is still distant.

Nevertheless, the alternative to all this interest — no interest — is no option at all. This was the year that the word jazz entered common currency again: that must be worth something. These are the jazz names of this year: **Pine**, **Marsalis**, **Chico Freeman**, **Evan Parker**, **Last Exit**, **David Murray**, **Lester Bowie**, **Stanley Jordan**. If you hear what they're doing, if it's part of a 'revival' or not, you'll see that jazz is alive.

Hurrah!

For '87

FROM PAGE 10

For their services Simon had paid them triple US union rates of 190 dollars an hour, a fact that did not impress AAA spokesman Jerry Dammers who condemned the album and slammed Simon as naive.

"He's helping maybe 30 people but he's damaging solidarity over sanctions," said Dammers.

AAA supporter Hugh Masekela, however, took a different line altogether and rushed to Simon's defence.

"He's helping South African musicians who are oppressed, first by the regime and second by the cultural boycott which prevents them coming over here to play. What kind of double standard is it that says, Sorry, we must boycott you in order to help you? That's just bullshit."

Brilliant went into dispute with their record company **WEA** when they discovered that if an artist wants to opt out of sales in South Africa they have to do it at the time they sign the contract; an option **Spandau Ballet** gladly took, and made a big deal of saying so, on signing to **CBS** after finally extracting themselves from **Chrysalis**.

OTHER DISPUTES of a more serious nature came.

In January the remaining **Sex Pistols** plus **Sid's** mum were fighting **Malcolm McLaren** in court for the right to the name and control of royalties worth nearly £1 million. The Pistols won. Johnny was seen rejoicing and promptly went off to try and sue **Zenith**, the makers of the **Alex Cox** film **Sid 'N' Nancy** for wrongful depiction of The Sex Pistols.

"We've seen it and it doesn't smell right," came the remark.

Also in January rumours bubbled around that **Ozzy Osbourne** was being sued by the parents of **John McCollum**, a 19-year-old Californian boy who allegedly shot himself while listening to Ozzy's 'Suicide Solution'. The case came to court, and in August the Supreme Court of Los Angeles threw it out.

"Of course I'm upset that John McCollum took his own life. But to blame me is typical of the hysterical anti-Ozzy US lobby," said Ozzy.

In summing up Judge Cole said: "Ozzy's music may be totally objectionable to many but it can be given First Amendment protection too."



OZZY: his music may be objectionable, but...

The **Dead Kennedys** also came under fire when the parents of a 14-year-old girl brought action against **Jello Biafra** and his label **Alternative Tentacles** over the HR Giger 'Penis Landscape' poster that came with the 'Frankenchrist' album. The charge was "distributing harmful matter to minors", which can carry up to a year in prison and a

2,000 dollar fine with it. Biafra described the "penetrating" poster as "the best metaphor I've seen of a consumer society".

The case is pending.

The **Shriners**, a collection of masonic brotherhood types who wear silly hats and drive toy cars, also took exception to the 'Frankenchrist' album and sued for 45 million dollars over a photograph of them that appears on the rear of the sleeve.



WAYNE HUSSEY: a man with a mission

Disputes of a slightly less serious nature — fiascos — were dominated early in the year by arguments over whether **Andrew Eldritch** or **Wayne Hussey/Craig Adams** should go under the name **The Sisterhood**. Eldritch won and Hussey and Adams became **The Mission**.

Motorhead departed from **Bronze Records**, which then folded; **The Pogues** had their 'Hot Dogs With Everything' track removed from the **Sid 'N' Nancy** soundtrack album when objections to "obscene" lyrics were raised in the US; and **King Kurt** had their 'Big Cock' banned by **WH Smith**.

In October there were murmurs from within the offices of **Virgin Records** that the video to accompany **Marc Almond's** 'Ruby Red' single was "morally offensive", and that the lyrics to his forthcoming 'Mother Fist And Her Five Daughters' album were "filthy". Almond complained of homophobia and Virgin played down the issue.

Almond also went into dispute with the **BBC** over playlists, and concluded that they personally hated him. His **Some Bizzare** label mate **Matt Johnson** also came under the censor's nose at the Beeb with the line his 'Infected' single "from my scrotum to your womb". Out of order, said Auntie, as they did with **Easterhouse's** 'Inspiration' EP, a critique of the British occupation of Ireland.

Others in radio disputes were **The Housemartins** for their now legendary 'Maggie Sex Insult', and **Mike Smith's** favourite band **The Jesus And Mary Chain** for the alleged "drug references" in 'Some Candy Talking'.

CONTINUES OVER

"Of course I'm upset that John McCollum took his own life. But to blame me is typical of the anti-Ozzy us lobby."

ALL HE WANTED WAS A FEW LAUGHS.



When life doesn't seem that great, heroin might seem a great way to have a few laughs.

But it isn't long before the fun turns into a bad joke. You'll start looking ill, losing weight and feeling like death.

You'll lose control of your mind as well as your health. And eventually you might even risk death.

So if a friend offers you heroin, don't treat it as a joke.

Otherwise heroin might have the last laugh.

HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP

INSIDE STORIES

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ELSEWHERE IN the industry we saw **Stiff** teetering on the brink of collapse with debts of £3.5 million, only to be taken over by **ZTT** managing director **Jill Sinclair**.

And **ZTT** themselves had an interesting year, rejecting the many 'Frankie Split' rumours and disappearing to Paris for reasons that are still unclear. They returned to announce that their partnership with **Island** had been boiled down to distribution only, and to win a high court dispute with **Propaganda** who were desperately trying to free themselves from their contract.

The indie scene looked characteristically turbulent, with the profitable ones – the ones run like mini-majors – making more profit and the true cottage-industry types uniting under a new organisation called the **Umbrella**, who nearly came to blows with **Music Week** editor **David Dalton** over their indie charts, which include artists who have distribution deals with the majors.

It was announced at some point during the year that rock touring was dying on its feet.

More and more bands cancelled tours or pulled out of low-sale gigs – acts such as **The Thompson Twins**, **Yoko Ono**, **Julian Lennon**, **Blancmange**, **Bronski Beat** and, of course, **Sigue Sigue Sputnik**. And there was a definite move to the mega spectacular as **Queen**, **Prince**, **Rod Stewart** and **ZZ Top** all came to perform to full, comfortable houses in London.

Also, several London clubs started doing thematic disco nights instead of gigs.



MARK KNOPFLER: "who are you calling a yuppie, you turd."

The Yuppie age came upon us not just with the revelation that **Pete Wylie** owns a Filofax but in the sales of compact discs – CDs to you – which hit the roof and are expected to top seven million by the end of the year. **Q** magazine was launched and **Dire Straits**, **Queen**, **Sade**, **Phil Collins**, **Tina Turner** and **The Police** blurted from every self-respecting Volkswagen Golf GTi convertible in the country.

BUT WHAT else happened in 1986? A lot, I can assure you.

We saw the charts dominated by weak cover versions, re-releases from 1976 (**Real Thing**, **Tina Charles** etc) and bland novelty music. We saw some strange behaviour from **Pete De Freitas**, **Nina Simone** and **Gary Glitter**. **Michael Jackson** started wearing a surgical mask. We saw **Bob** and **Paula**, **Toyah** and **Fripp** get hitched. We saw **Fela Kuti** released, **David Crosby** paroled, **Nick Cave** jailed and **Billy Bragg** arrested... again. **Shane McGowan** had a fight with a taxi. **Luther Vandross** and **Johnny Marr** were both injured in car accidents. **Mike Read** resigned. **Marilyn** bought a pair of running shoes. **Zodiac**

"The yuppie age came upon us and Dire Straits, Queen, Sade, Phil Collins, Tina Turner and The Police blurted from every self-respecting Volkswagen GTi convertible in the country."



JACKO: "HOW many fingers am I holding up?"

went blind. **Virgin** went public. **The Smiths** signed to **EMI** and **Vindaloo** sold out to **WEA**. The pirates did not get their licence.

"I used to listen to New Age music," said **Philip Glass** "only then it was called **Mantovani**." **Absolute Beginners** flopped. **Patsy Kensit** was photographed. **Samantha Fox** said "Touch Me". **Bill Wyman** got found out. **Mandy Smith** giggled. And **Midge Ure**, **Squeeze**, **John Parr** and **The Cult** all made satellite links with America.

Dare we mention London's **Limelight Club**? No thank you.

AND WHAT of 1987?

Well, to quote the captain of the **Titanic**, "it don't look good". We're likely to have twice as much shit shovelled at us as we did in 1986 and another 26 songs from the cast of **EastEnders** are planned. **Ethel's Little Willy** is in the studio right now doing overdubs and the third cauliflower from the left on **Pete's** veggie stall is currently negotiating a six-figure deal with **EMI**.

Robert Maxwell is about to launch **MTV UK** so all those dodgy bands that were previously restricted to **Saturday Superstore** will now be given unrestricted access to our living rooms.

My only hope is that all this force-feeding does not rob us of our ability to recognise crap as crap, but I wouldn't like to make any guarantees. In 1986 we retreated backwards and inwards and in 1987 that only leaves one place to go. Nowhere.

Be seeing you next year, I hope.



SIZZLING, SEXY, Sultry Sam: she wants to feel your body



ANTHRAX: GETTING heavier

BORING OLD heavy metal's getting pushed around," was how **Mr Spencer** put his wily finger on the frantic pulse of '86's thrash metal uprush.

Of course, thrash has been growing, mutating, building up its strength for some seven or eight years now. Cross-fertilised by punk and trad metal and nurtured by the ferociously partisan underground audience, thrash/speed/death, call it what you will, began making ripples in the rock mainstream by the time of **Metallica's 'Kill 'Em All'** debut of '83, but it's only over the past year or so that it's become simply too big for you or I to ignore.

How big exactly? Well, the look of pride on the face of **Anthrax's Scott 'Not' Ian** as he eyed the

Hammersmith Odeon's frontage from a taxi back in September – 'Metallica plus special guests **Anthrax. Sold Out**' – painted more telling picture than any boring sales figures could.

An unpretentious 22-year-old New Yorker with a passion for skateboarding, **Judge Dredd** comics, baggy shorts and moshing, has got his paws on a share of a worldwide recording deal without yielding an inch to the dollar mentality; music industry convention buckles at the knees. And the next album's gonna be heavier...

The lure of thrash? It's all about grass roots, natural exuberance, honesty, sweat, aggression, realism, 17 pints of best before lunch; a (minor) revolution. It's raw, different and going places.

HIGH ART FOR THE OLD GUARD

Richard Cook sees a renaissance in that much maligned breed, the singer-songwriter

THIS YEAR, singer-songwriters never had it so good. Second only to 'Progressive Rock' as a category of damnation, it took just a few cultural barometers to swing their way to make 1986 the year when this unhappy but well-fed breed collected their kudos all over again.

It's one of the vaguest of rock terms. Singer-songwriters, presumably, are people who write songs and sing them. That might as well be **Stryper** as **Joni Mitchell**.

We know, I suppose, that the label really means **Mitchell**, **Paul Simon**, **Al Stewart** – sensitivity, pale voices, acoustic guitars. But nobody plays like that now, not even singer-songwriters.

By a strange quirk, each faction of the genre has gathered a new respectability (or, at least, bankability). The old guard have gone credible by going tough; new students have been applauded for returning to 'roots'.

The ones in between have simply had hits.

There are three basic categories: The first is headed supremely this

year by **Paul Simon**. 'Graceland', though possibly inferior to his previous 'Hearts And Bones' which disappeared without a murmur, is a classic instance of a man catching the right time with the right stuff.

In the post-Live Aid era, **Simon's** sumptuously civilised record was the perfect medicine for an audience who felt they had to be concerned about things without surrendering their designer furniture.

It has nothing to do with the Africa you can glean off, say, a **Thomas Mapfumo** record, but that doesn't matter. **Simon**, a dinosaur if ever there was one, suddenly looked as beneficent as **Geldof**.

Others of his pedigree found the atmosphere much to their liking. **Peter Gabriel** and **Steve Winwood** released what were their best records anyway, but the singer-songwriter's turf has been widened enormously by the shrinking of the chart audience.

As **Top Tēn** pop gets younger and more silly by the month, the mass of older rock buyers turn to singers and songs – who must still have the same trappings of pop's new

INSIDE STORIES

THRASH CROPS

Paul Elliott sorts out the men from the boys

And it all makes Iron Maiden seem so archaic. Let's not even mention Deep Purple, OK?

Major label involvement, frowned upon by some purists, has so far served only to hasten the landslide. Megadeth, Slayer and Anthrax have remained untouched by the sweaty palms of commercial compromise while enjoying vastly increased exposure.

And naturally, the independent labels have continued to spawn more and more fierce, inventive thrashcrops, like Berlin-based Noise's pack of bonebreakers — 'Total Death' gut-busters Kreator, Voivod and the magnificently fuzzed Celtic Frost to name just three.

Plus, there's the new breed of pure hardcore bands (basically anybody who can sucker a small label into lending them a few bucks to cut a record), from longhairs like Nuclear Assault to

skinheads such as the Cro-Mags, who've only just begun to break from the cover of cult obscurity.

And as always, there's Music For Nations' pride and joy, the mighty Metallica, to consider. Surely one of the most successful indie acts ever, Metallica have been through several lesser bands' lifetimes this year, eating up newsprint like it was so much Mexican nosh.

'Master Of Puppets', for many the LP of '86, was a towering achievement. Perhaps the most fitting testament to one of its makers, Cliff Burton, killed in a road accident in the Autumn, is that 'Master' simply will not be overshadowed by his death.

Cliff didn't take the spirit of the band with him, and for that we can all be grateful.

A delayed reaction to the punk punch, thrash has given metal its first facelift since the somewhat

sorry spectacle of the NWOBHM at the turn of the decade.

What's different about thrash is that while Britain has been instrumental in its conception (see Discharge, Venom and, yes Roger, even Motorhead), it's still primarily the American bands who've successfully mixed the raw ingredients of punk speed and metal intensity to its current sandblast potency.

So can British thrash come up to scratch? In '86, only Bristol's ex-punk bumpkins Onslaught and Neat's Atomkraft have done so, and with auld trailblazers Venom contemplating all manner of soft options (tunes for Gawd's sake!), things are looking pretty shaky. Now, more than ever, British thrash needs new blood. Surely it's out there?

Mind you, with '86 being such a bumper year I can't say I've really missed it. Great UK gigs from Metallica and Anthrax, Possessed and Voivod, and the Noise package (headed by Celtic Frost), and great albums from all those names plus Megadeth and Slayer have proved thrash to be so much more than the flashfire fad that many, myself included, originally dismissed it as.

I admit it, in the July '85 issue of Portsmouth metalzine *Forearm Smash* (still going strong! This is a plug) I made a sweeping reference to (gulp) "the redundant realms of thrash." What rubbish!

To paraphrase Megadeth, the word in '86, and for years to come, is that thrash sells — and everybody's buying!

METAL BOXES CLEVER

Neil Perry charts the shift in hard rock credibility and asks whether it all means anything

THE BOYS, it seems, are back in town. As the year dies away with the likes of Bon Jovi and Europe occupying top positions in the singles chart, the question has been asked: Does this mean anything?

Is it significant that long hair and guitar solos are becoming an increasingly regular feature on *Top Of The Pops*?

No, I don't think it is. The sound of hard and heavy rock has seen some sort of shift in credibility this year, with the Run-DMC/Aerosmith collaboration, for instance, but apart from the aforementioned acts, the charts have been devoid of heavy sounds as ever.

Only the mega-acts made the grade, and they are usually in one



ZZ TOP: A mega act

success with 'Who Made Who' more a testament to the band's massive legion of fans rather than any change in the nation's pop consciousness.

What I'm saying is that we certainly won't see the likes of Metallica being introduced on *TOTP* by a giggling DJ come the New Year, which as far as you, I or they are concerned is not really a bad thing.

Some bands have it, some don't, and a pounding rock 'n' roll outfit have no more chance of chart success now than they ever did or ever will. For a rock band, the audience is always there, and a smash hit is just a pleasant extra.



BON JOVI: using a formula

week and out the next. Van Halen managed it with 'Why Can't This Be Love' and so did Ozzy with 'Shot In The Dark'. And Iron Maiden always make the Top Twenty for a week or two.

Bon Jovi have hit upon a formula for success in a spectacular way, and once they hit the *Mirror/Sun/Star* headlines it seemed assured.

To draw any meaning from it, however, would be foolish, as it would be to lump them in with Europe's slice of slush hogging the number one position for the second week as I write.

Ever since Eddie Van Halen provided the guitar-solo for Michael Jackson's 'Beat It', the sound of a wailing guitar has been the passport to instant hipness in some people's eyes — witness Frankie's latest coupling with Gary Moore, or the way Ultravox's Midge Ure began to pose and posture with his 'axe'. AC/DC and ZZ Top also make dents in the Top 50, the former's



EUROPE: SLUSHY

AND ROCK?

IN THE absence of a prevailing wind, rock itself continued to heave back into the general reckoning. 1986 was a year that people wanted to cool off in, after the twin stadium heights of Live Aid and Bruce in '85.

The rock that made its mark was of the grey, failsafe variety. The Mission and Zodiac Mindwarp at one end, Queen and Rod Stewart at the other.

It's hard to nail down exactly why. Queen's history of horrible records isn't quite the thing a flared-nostril meathead like Zodiac would seem to aspire to, but there's little difference — give or take a million pounds' worth of stage junk — between the two.

The purity of rock, exemplified by U2's crystal charge, had a bad year. Big Country soldiered on: they already sound like a greatest hits band. The Cult were away on leave. So it was left to The Mission to pump out the iron.

The trouble with rock now is that everybody else seems to do it better. Metal is louder and harder and flashier, and it has tunes. All rock has left is its plodding power. That's what people treasured in Free and Bad Company, and that's the mantle that has fallen on Wayne Hussey and Mindwarp.

Rock's return continues to seem like pub-rock in mascara. Flesh For Lulu or Alien Sex Fiend might as well be Dr Feelgood. The difference is the end of the road: all of them want to end up playing Wembley.

Unfortunately, as Sigur Sigur Sputnik proved, you can only buy your way into it once.

RICHARD COOK

and went as a Greenwich Village novelty.

The only very successful Authentic was Suzanne Vega, whose music has an icy clarity: it sticks because it's so blankly simple. Vega is more like Melanie than Joni Mitchell. And better an honest old relic like Loudon Wainwright III, who this year released an LP called 'More Love Songs'!

The third category would, a dozen years ago, have been the second-stringers in the shadow of the genre's giants. Instead, they've caught the drift of pop crossover.

The master here is Chris de Burgh, whose gutless 'Lady In Red' is the hollow triumph of the singer-songwriter going off pop. In fact, this category is the most wide-ranging of all, because it also includes reformed hippies, disenfranchised metalmen, disheartened art-rockers and pop stars going serious.

Eurythmics, Bob Geldof, Billy Idol... they come in many guises.

As critics' shorthand, the term has lost its meaning. Like 'rock', it could be anything. But that's because the singer-songwriter, really, is dead. Maybe only Case and Vega could really be tagged that way; and the inescapable Elvis Costello, who gets closer to 'My Aim Is True' with each passing one-man show.

Actually, the LP which this year reveals most about what really happened to the genre was ignored by most of the rock audience. It is 'Songs For Liquid Days' by the highly fashionable minimalist composer Philip Glass, who wanted to compose a song cycle and called on writers he thought were the major lyricists of the day.

His choices? Paul Simon, Suzanne Vega, David Byrne, Laurie Anderson. Singer-songwriters don't die, they get adopted by High Art.



RIDGWAY: A hardnose writer

technology. Hence the state-of-the-art technical gloss on 'So' and 'Back In The High Life', two albums which at base are not much different to the likes of 'Moondance' or 'Court And Spark'.

Billy Joel, Neil Young, Daryl Hall... digital muscle meets the old broken heart.

In category two come the New Authentics, those critics' favourites who cast a vote for traditional values in the pop age. Most of them turned out to sell more column inches than records, rather like the New Authentic bands which the papers insisted were the big things of '85.

Stan Ridgway was an exception, a hardnose writer and performer who scored a substantial hit here but still mustered only a passing interest. Like Ridgway, Peter Case came from a cult failure band and turned out songs of great craft and subtlety. T-Bone Burnett, whose work had predicted the whole trend two or three years ago, chose to put out his most eccentric record.

But none of these tryers left much impression on rock's world. Nor did the more direct country line of Dwight Yoakam. Phranc came

INSIDE STORIES

PRESS TO PLAY

Hugh Fielder checks out the Fleet Street invasion of the rock world

THE TABLOIDS' game of chasing pop stars for fun and circulation finally turned into a bloodsport this summer when **Boy George** was cornered in the junkie's lair.

For six months it had been common knowledge around the rock grapevine that Boy George was hanging around the kind of places frequented by habitual heroin users.

In interviews with music papers and magazines questions about drugs had invariably cropped up but

he never gave anything away. He was, after all, a maestro in the art of media manipulation with all the wiles of a junkie.

Only once did the mask slip, when he shouted at one journalist that he'd sue anyone accusing him of taking heroin.

The end, when it came, must have fulfilled his most paranoid fantasies — shipped to *The Sun* by his brother.

Is it any wonder that the tabloids have leapt upon pop stars' exploits

with such eagerness when so many pop stars are only ready to oblige.

Sigue Sigue Sputnik always made sure *The Sun* knew where the next date of their tour was.

Mandy Smith established a modelling career out of revelations that she'd slept with **Bill Wyman** below the legal age of consent. And Bill Wyman laboriously re-established his by being photographed with former brothel keeper **Cynthia Payne** and then "confessed all" to the *News Of The World*.

Meanwhile, **Paul Young's** ex-girlfriend **Stacey Smith** (another promising model — or does she keep promising to model?) talked to any of the tabloids who'd listen (and they all did) about how she was going to keep Paul's baby even though she was now living with motorcycle stuntman **Eddie Kidd**.

A week later she was talking about how Paul would be at the birth and a few weeks after that she'd ditched Eddie Kidd.

George Michael even tried breaking up **Wham!** but it still didn't work. Having given up trying to prove he was gay, *The Star* started running the confessions of a former

girlfriend. But when *The Sun* ran a story about him throwing up in a nightclub and being kicked out, George replied with a loudly announced writ.

Simon Le Bon was harried across Australia, unable to stand within ten feet of any young female for fear of the inevitable headlines.

Meanwhile, his wife fretted at home and later miscarried their child.

Sade interrupted a German concert because she wasn't feeling well and woke up the following morning to find herself all over the front page for apparently bursting into tears and wailing "Hang on to your love, I lost mine" as she fled the stage.

A few months later all the tabloids ran headline stories about her going on holiday to Spain with a man (gasp!) although the identity of the man in question varied according to which paper you read.

Queen's spectacular feat in selling more tickets than **Springsteen** had the previous year made **Freddie Mercury** fair (or unfair) game. The fact that he'd already confessed to being bisexual enabled bogus rumours of AIDS tests to be printed without fear of writs.

And whenever there was a spare moment, there was always **Madonna** and **Sean Penn's** marriage to be destroyed. The tabloids spent most of the year breaking them up, but by press time they still hadn't succeeded.

The truth seldom comes into it.



BILL UNDERAGE sex

After all, if the pop stars and their girlfriends and minders were making it all up for money, why should the journalists have any higher standards?

The pop columnists on the tabloids are starting to edge the traditional gossip columnists off their pedestal. Because who wants to read about some dodgy aristocrat few people have heard of snubbing another dodgy aristocrat when there's **Sheena Easton's** former minder slagging off his ex-boss who everyone's heard of.

The music doesn't come into it either. Which tells you quite a lot about the people who willingly cooperate with the tabloids.

And as they deck the Page Three girls with boughs of holly, *The Sun* and the *News Of The World* are still running stories about our own dear **Mary Anne Hobbs** and **EastEnders** nonentity **Simon Henderson**.

Still, it's just giving the people what they want, innit?



FREDDIE AND friend at a special bow-tie launch party

THE YEAR OF THE

JANUARY

2. *The Mirror*: "BOY'S BOOB" — Staff at trendy clothes emporium **Paul Smith's** in Covent Garden were amazed when a dishevelled-looking **George** wearing no make-up and scruffily dressed began mocking the items on sale. He then grabbed an expensive umbrella and openly walked out without paying.

3. *The Mirror*: "BOY MEETS GIRL" — Meet **Alice Temple**, Boy George's super-fast new girlfriend. Alice, 18, is the former British BMX bike-racing champion and she is living in George's New York flat while she studies art and works as a model.

8. *Daily Mail*: While filming a guest appearance for *The A-Team*, George has become firm friends with Hollywood tough guy actor **Mr T**.

14. *The Mirror*: "WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH BOY" — Close friend **Philip Sallon** firmly denied music biz rumours that his strange habits may be linked to drugs.



GEORGE AND Maz: Good buddies?

20. *The Mirror*: "BOY STORMS OUT OF THE A-TEAM" — Boy George vowed never to return to the set of *The A-Team* and left without saying goodbye to anyone.

FEBRUARY

9. *News Of The World*: "BOY BOOTS OUT JOHN!" — Boy George fired his drummer **Jon Moss** in an amazing bust-up... and then begged him to stay.

MARCH

3. *The Mirror*: Poor old Boy George has lost a £100,000 contract to write his life story. "He's not as popular as he once was," said publishers **Sidgwick & Jackson**.

21. *The Mirror*: After a furious bust up over George's new girlfriend **Alice Temple**, **Jon Moss** stormed round to George's St John's Wood flat and smashed the front window with a brick.

APRIL

8. *London Standard*: Friends of Boy George are becoming increasingly concerned about his health. One became particularly alarmed when he discovered that George recently spent all day in the bath.

13. *Sunday People*: "POWDER PUFF GEORGE". Excuse me but I must powder my nose. It's normally the sign for a quick exit, but Boy George was just arriving at a London club when he proudly pulled out his puff.

13. *News Of The World*: The Culture Club singer has lost a stone and a half in weight. His moods vary wildly from bright and witty to the depths of despair.

16. *The Mirror*: It's all over for Boy

George and **Alice Temple**, the girl he was talking about marrying less than a month ago.

28. *The Sun*: Boy George has pulled out of next month's Montreux rock festival following a rift with his band. A close friend said: "It looks like the beginning of the end."

30. *Daily Express*: Boy George yesterday laughed off reports that he was seriously ill. The gender bender singer who is sunning himself on a Caribbean cruise has lost weight due to amoebic dysentery, but the attack was not serious.

MAY

30. *The Mirror*: Boy George owns up. "No matter what anyone says, I've never ever taken cocaine or heroin."

JUNE

10. *The Mirror*: "THE DAY BOY GEORGE GAVE ME COCAINE" — by the star's own photographer, **David Levine**. "Though George has been taking drugs for the past year I only realised how bad his problem was becoming last month."

11. *The Star*: "I'm a drag addict, not a drug addict."

18. *The Mirror*: "YOU'RE GONNA BE DEAD" — Boy George is to be questioned by police over claims that he threatened the life of **David Levine**.

JULY

3. *The Sun*: "JUNKIE GEORGE HAS 8 WEEKS TO LIVE"

3. *The Mirror*: "BOY GEORGE AND HEROIN" — He is said to be

spending £80 a day on heroin and uses doses that would kill a normal person.

4. *Daily Express*: My fight to save Boy George, by brother **David**.

4. *Daily Express*: "MY HEROIN HELL" — "You only have to look at me to know I'm dying."

4. *Daily Mail*: Boy George claimed on TV that reports that he was near death through heroin addiction were stupid.

4. *The Sun*: The singer's brother **Kevin** said the "hooked on drugs" story was ridiculous. "If he had been taking cocaine I would definitely have known."

4. *The Sun*: "HOW GEORGE BLEW £7 MILLION IN TWO YEARS"

4. *The Mirror*: "George says he is not a junkie. If that is right, why is he so ugly?"

4. *The Star*: "I love George and I



THE LOVING son: George and his parents

INSIDE STORIES

15 MINUTES OF MEDIA IMPERIALISM

SIGUE SIGUE Sputnik, by wholeheartedly embracing the void that is rock/pop AD 30, launched the most singularly exploitative campaign on its vanity yet witnessed.

In a vengeful fit of premeditated psychological and promotional attrition, of a dimension rare even in rock, SSS helmsman Tony James wreaked havoc with the UK media, causing them to go into a spasm of masochistic wish-fulfillment-turned-sour, systematically baiting them with promises of one kind while delivering those of another.



TONY JAMES: master strategist

Discussing the relative 'success' or 'failure' of SSS is futile and fallacious. SSS, with their colour Xerox of pop history wedded to a technological imperative, needed approval about as much as a photocopier needs love.

It is enough that the machinery went into motion; expectations could not alter the fact one iota.

Witness, please, The Sputnik Corporation's meteoric rise, achieved by acts of sheer vampirism: spring 1986 and 'Love Missile F1-11' charts handsomely in the UK and Europe, followed by a sell-out UK tour, full of wonderfully colourful controversy.

Summer 1986 and '21st Century Boy' hits again all over Europe. Meanwhile Tony James and Sputnik figureheadcase Martin Degville are engaged in global media imperialism in America and Japan.

The debut LP 'Flaunt It', pioneering advertising between tracks, storms the sensibilities of a beleaguered music business. All over Europe SSS return the trash to style and the bubble to gum, repeatedly putting out the same song, shamelessly based on Alan Vega and T Rex.

The British press try to

disinherit their unscrupulous nephews. The nephews, however, have no more need of them.

Latterly, SSS have played an Albert Hall extravaganza, using an extraordinary satellite link-up to supply global TV as a backdrop. In the wake of this coup, the band go west to rape the colonies. Breakfast TV audiences all over America are treated to Tony James, business machinehead gone mad, extolling his virulent strain of heartless capitalism.

Talk about selling ice cream to the Eskimos!

Finally, we have the release of the first video single, 'Sex Bomb Boogie', cleverly evading the erratic sales figures of their British releases in the conventional chart. SSS are threatening another album and are being offered soundtrack work. The bleep goes on.

Whatever gripes one hears about how successful SSS really are, don't forget that above all else Tony James is a master

strategic opportunist and that, though he obviously values vast wealth as much as the next pop careerist, he is also keen to manufacture styles that ape the Glitter-era nonsense of his teenage idols.

SSS have truly exposed pop for the vacuous tripe it so gloriously is. And as the same

single is released again soon, prepare for the next phase.

Nietzsche pointed out that the surest sign of a civilisation's downfall is the degrading to their lowest level of its arts.

In SSS we see his prognosis vindicated.

Let the fiddling commence!

RALPH TRAITON



"THIS ONE'S a bit like the last one... but I'm sure you'll like it"

"No matter what anyone says, I've never ever taken cocaine or heroin," said Boy George in May. Six weeks later he was charged with possession. Jane Simon looks at the year in the life of the world's most public rock junkie as reported by the gentlemen of the press

DRAGON

people, including his brother Kevin and friend Marilyn.

9. *The Times*: No drugs were found at Boy George's mews house during the 7am raid and he was not at the house at the time. Police said they had forced the front door.

9. *London Standard*: "BOY GEORGE IN CLINIC" – Virgin Records appealed to the media to leave him alone for one month.

11. *The Star*: "AIDS – BOY GEORGE IS TESTED FOR KILLER PLAGUE"

11. *Daily Express*: "THE SAVIOUR OF BOY GEORGE" – Dr Meg Patterson uses a revolutionary electronic device which sends a mild current through the brain to reduce a patient's withdrawal symptoms.

11. *The Sun*: "BOY GEORGE HIDEOUT" – Junkie George is fighting his life or death battle at Richard Branson's country hideaway.

11. *Daily Telegraph*: MPs uneasy over Yard treatment of Boy George. "If he has been able to speak to the press, he can certainly speak to the police."

12. *The Times*: Scotland Yard yesterday defended its decision to let the pop star complete his treatment: "His health is of paramount importance."

13. *Sunday Times*: "BOY GEORGE ON HEROIN CHARGE" – Boy George was arrested last night at the Essex clinic and charged with possessing heroin. He was bailed to appear on July 29.

14. *The Star*: "BOY GEORGE SINGS TO THE COPS" – Detectives said he had given them valuable inside information.

14. *The Mirror*: "All the pushers in London are saying they've supplied Boy George – it's like saying 'By Royal Appointment'".

16. *The Sun*: Drugs doctor Meg Patterson slammed the police over the arrest of Boy George. She claimed it would deter other users from seeking help.

17. *Daily Mail*: Drug squad detectives who interviewed George wish to interview others as a result.

23. *Daily Mail*: Boy George is out on the town again. At a party in London's trendy new Lighthouse Club with his girlfriend, Alice Temple. He said: "I'm getting much better and feeling well."

30. *Daily Mail*: "THE LUCKY BOY" – Boy George heaved a sigh of relief yesterday when he was fined £250 after admitting possessing heroin.



"I'M A drag addict, not a drug addict"

Angry MPs declared the fine to be "woefully inadequate".

30. *Daily Telegraph*: Speaking on Radio Four, George admitted his heroin habit had cost him a million dollar contract in Japan because of a morality clause.

31. *The Sun* can reveal today that the judge who let Boy George off with a £250 fine has a stepson who was jailed for smuggling cocaine.

AUGUST

6. *London Standard*: "DEATH AT BOY GEORGE'S HOME" – Police were called to the neo-Gothic mansion in Hampstead at about 5.30am after American musician Michael Rudetski had been found dead.

7. *The Mirror*: "WHAT A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE... WHEN IS IT ALL GOING TO END?" – Kevin O'Dowd, who faces a charge of conspiracy to supply heroin, found Rudetski in the lounge when he returned from a Marilyn Monroe lookalike party and tried frantically to revive him.

7. *The Sun*: "I TRIED ORANGE JUICE TO SAVE MY MATE" – George poured two cartons of juice over Rudetski's face when he collapsed at a recording studio and fell into a drugs coma. "It was then I knew for certain he was a junkie."

7. *Daily Mail*: An inquiry is under way into how Rudetski got hold of narcotics – which were almost certainly obtained in Britain.

8. *The Guardian*: An inquest was told yesterday that Rudetski died of respiratory failure due to the intake of drugs. The inquest was adjourned until October 6.

21. *The Guardian*: A charge of possessing heroin against pop singer Marilyn was dismissed yesterday when the prosecution offered no evidence.

SEPTEMBER

1. *Daily Express*: Reformed junkie Boy George flew home yesterday looking tanned and fit after a three week stay in the West Indies.

1. *Daily Mail*: George said his drug conviction was causing problems. "My American visa was revoked last week and I've been banned from Japan for about 25 years."

3. *The Sun*: Reformed junkie George is to front an anti-heroin campaign. On Sunday he will team up with other celebrities to record a single called "Live-In World" and will also star in an anti-heroin concert at the Adelphi Theatre.

7. *The Sunday People*: George is releasing a solo album and hopes his clean looking crew-cut, trendy trousers and natural look will woo back the fans.

8. *The Sun*: "BOY GEORGE SNUBS DRUG AID RECORD" – "I never had any intention of taking part."

13. *The Sun*: "BOY GEORGE IS BACK ON DRUGS" – Musician Denzil Williams said, "Everyone who knows him knows he is still on heroin, cocaine and ecstasy."

OCTOBER

7. *Today*: "BOY GEORGE LEFT HIS DYING FRIEND" – Barristers told him, "You could have done something for Rudetski by asking for medical assistance, but you didn't because of the trouble you already

had with drugs." The singer, in tears, replied: "Why didn't his mother tell me he was detoxified? I was sent a time bomb. I did all I could."

12. *News Of The World*: "GEORGE'S LOVER ON DRUG CHARGE" – Jon Moss who split from Culture Club earlier this year is to be charged with possessing cocaine.

27. *The Star*: "GEORGE'S HEROIN CURE WAS A CON" – Halfway through he slipped out of the clinic and went on a drugs spree.

27. *The Star*: "WHY JILTED GEORGE BECAME A JUNKIE" – The pain of losing Jon was just too much to bear.

NOVEMBER

4. *The Mirror*: "WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE FOOLING GEORGE?" Pictures show the tragic truth.

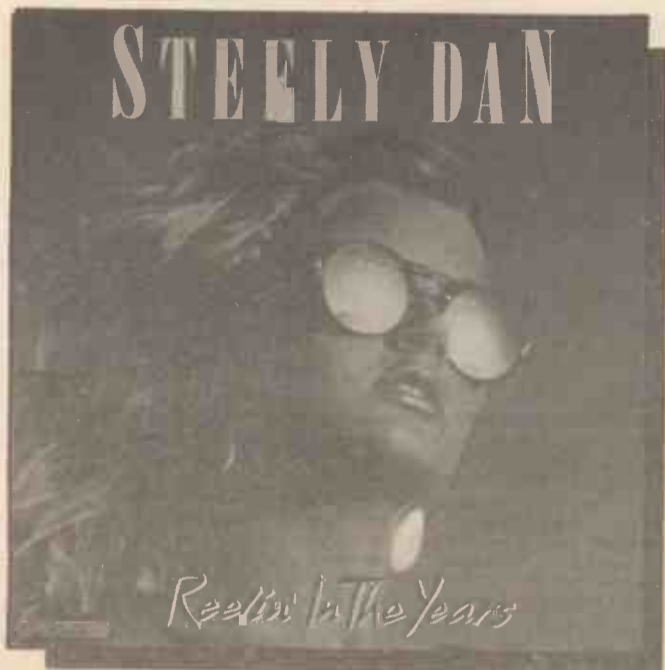
5. *The Star*: Boy George is being sued for £31 million by the parents of Michael Rudetski. They are accusing the star of allegedly helping to give their son the lethal heroin injection.

6. *Daily Mail*: Richard Branson said: "He's on his own now, I won't be giving him any help on this one."

7. *Daily Mail*: "I STAND BY GEORGE" says Branson

18. *The Sun*: "MY JUNKIE LIES BY GEORGE" – Just minutes after appearing on a news bulletin and denying he was a drug addict, George was climbing over a neighbour's fence to dodge the Press and find a dealer. "I thought I was conning everybody, but I was only fooling myself."

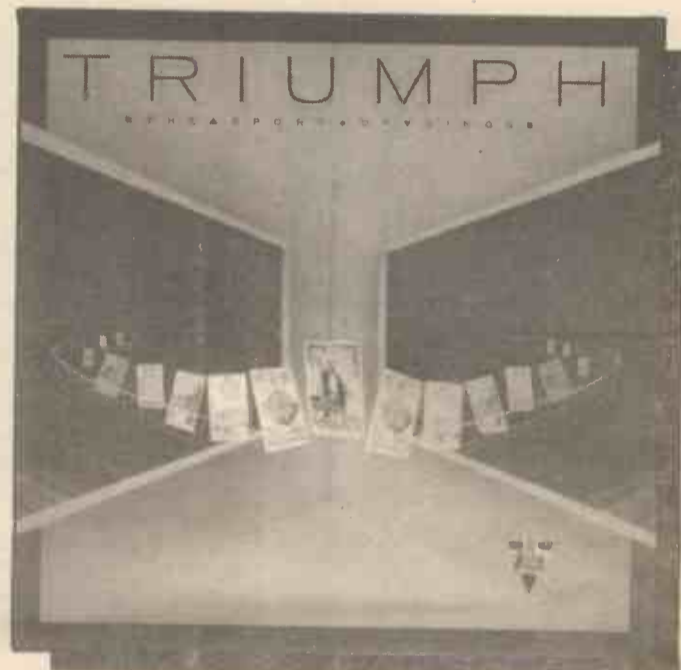
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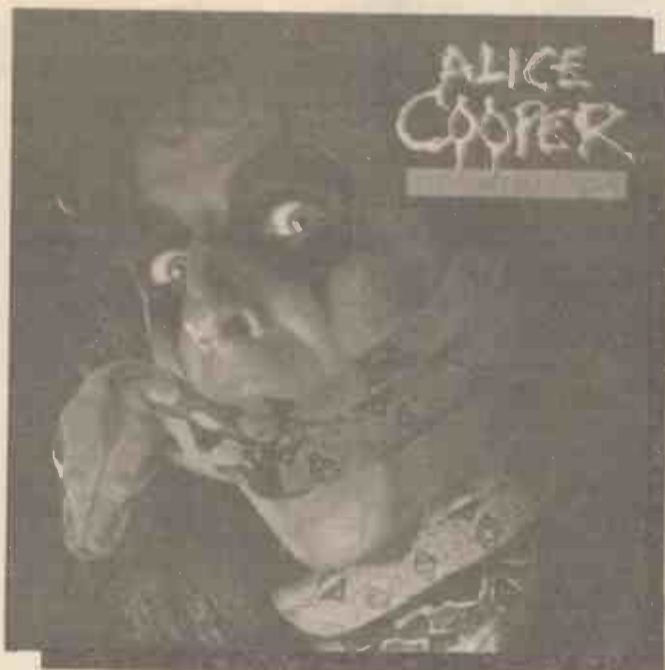
MCLC 1814



MCF 3337



MCG 6010



MCF 3341



MCAD 5537 (C.D. only)



MCLC 1769



MCMD 7002



MCF 3145

the peter gabriel interview

MY bRILLIANT CAREER

He left Genesis over ten years ago to pursue a solo career and 1986 was undoubtedly his most successful period, with two smash singles and the hit LP, 'So'. In this revealing interview, he talks in depth about his music and attitudes

WE MEET in the kitchen of Peter Gabriel's rambling 18th century house in Bath.

Peter is still quiet and reserved, with his customary gentle grin. He still doesn't look like a pop star, despite a new London haircut, trendy black baggy pants, and a multi-coloured sweater.

Peter learned to play the flute and piano 20 years ago at the English public school, Charterhouse, but in his own words, he was "an unexceptional music student". It is, however, where Genesis first formed.

How, then, did he discover that he wanted to take up a musical career?

"It was the passion and commitment I felt in being able to create some of the magic potion that's known as rock'n'roll," he chuckles.

Did his parents object to his choice of career?

"They were disappointed that I didn't go to university," Peter nods, pouring himself some grape juice. "And then that I didn't go to film school, which I rejected so I could work with Genesis. The film school seemed marginally preferable to them because their prime concern was not really that my life-style was rebellious — although we had traditional arguments about length of hair and so forth — but that I wouldn't be able to get a job later on and make a living.

"That worried all our parents at that time. I remember John Mayhew, who was the drummer with the band after Charterhouse, left the group because of parental pressure, and went off to university in the States."

But Gabriel didn't waver.

"I didn't feel that I belonged to the world in which I was brought up. Rock'n'roll was something I could feel involved in and a way that I could get some attention, which I craved as a teenager."

That performing instinct, he believes, is still the driving force behind his career.

"But it's tempered a little now, and there are other values that I've acquired as well. Underlying all that is simple work motivation, which amounts to the need to know that you're doing something well. I

want to make music that's respected by my peers — so it's a matter of trying to come up with music that is satisfying to me, worthy of respect, and which ideally would appeal to a wide audience."

DESPITE THE fact that Genesis, after a faltering start, went on to reach astral heights, it wasn't always easy for a band of ex-public schoolboys to win acceptance in the rough and tumble of the British rock world.

"In England particularly, to have come from a background of affluence and public school education meant that you had to deal with a lot of resentment. If you make any sort of social comment it's going to be seen as hypocritical if you're living a comfortable existence, as I do. But I made a decision a few years ago that if I wanted to say something I would just get on with it and let people make up their minds. In every other country except England no one gives a toss about your background."

His first two solo outings — 'Peter Gabriel 1' and 'Peter Gabriel 2' — were tentative: determined and strained efforts to shake off the pomp that had begun to dim the vitality of Genesis, which he unexpectedly abandoned in 1975. That isn't to say that the LPs were negligible.

The first, a high-energy affair produced by Bob Ezrin, contained 'Solsbury Hill', a haunting valediction of his old band; the second, steered towards hazy experimentation by Robert Fripp, harboured Gabriel classics such as 'DIY' and 'On The Air'.

But it was unquestionably on his third eponymous record that Gabriel finally kicked into gear, bringing his rhythms forward in the mix and honing his songwriting skills to unnerving sharpness. The album's angry thrust, symbolised by the terrifying 'No Self Control', finally lifted him away from art-rock pretensions and post-Genesis self-doubt.

'Biko' concerned the murdered black South African activist. As well as delivering a heartfelt burst of social criticism, the song introduced his method of developing songs from a basis of non-Western rhythms — a process that eventually gave rise to the rich complexities of 'Peter Gabriel 4', his fourth studio record about four years ago.

A more introspective LP, it consolidated

its predecessor's achievements. '4' added Fairlight texturing to the non-Western rhythms, and yielded several minor masterpieces, among them 'San Jacinto', 'Rhythm Of The Heat' and the disco hit, 'Shock The Monkey'.

1982 also saw the release of 'Music And Rhythm', a benefit double LP for WOMAD, a festival that took place near Gabriel's home, intended to focus public attention on the traditional and contemporary arts of non-Western cultures. It was a project close to his heart.

Since then, though, Gabriel has kept a low profile. His only post-'82 projects were a double live album and the soundtrack to Alan Parker's movie, *Birdy*, which drew substantially from pre-existing material.

Until 1986, that is.

With the muscular and infectious 'Sledgehammer' a huge hit, the stage was set for 'So', Gabriel's number one LP, which has given Phil Collins (Peter's Genesis stand-in) a run for his money.

Upstairs in his study, surrounded by video equipment and booklined shelves, interrupted by a constantly-ringing phone, Peter awaits the inevitable question.

IT'S SAID that your single, 'Sledgehammer', was the first step of a concerted effort to rival Phil Collins' recent success. Is that true?

No, it wasn't deliberate! I knew that by using any brass at all I would invite comparisons with Phil, but ever since I was at school, Atlantic soul and Stax have been a pivotal influence on me, and I've always wanted to emulate them. In fact, I've been considering doing an R&B/soul album — it's still possible, and it's sitting on the shelf as a project. On 'Sledgehammer' I had the opportunity to work like that. I consider my approach to be very similar to '60s soul, whereas I think Phil's style is more contemporary.

I respect Phil's music and I would like my own to reach as large an audience as possible, but I would strongly refute the suggestion that I'm just trying to copy him. That pisses me off, because about the time of my third album there were considerable stylistic changes in Phil's music, and I feel that my influence on him hasn't been fairly acknowledged.

What happened to the theatricality

you were so interested in when you were with Genesis?

When I left Genesis I wanted to leave most of the stylistic associations of my past behind me, and obviously the theatrical stuff was part of it. But I think that there's been a disproportionate evaluation of who did what in Genesis. This worked to my favour when I was with the band, because people assumed that as I was the front man I had written everything, whereas most of the songs were largely co-written; we more or less had equal shots in terms of songwriting. But when I left Genesis and the band sounded much the same to many ears, everybody decided that I had written nothing. What was then left of my role was the theatricality.

Actually, when I left I wanted out of the business altogether for a while, and when I decided to come back and start doing things again, I thought I should build my career up on music alone.

You're very interested in myth and ritual. Has that taken the place of the theatricality?

In some ways that may be true. I do have an interest in ritual, but less in myth than when I was with Genesis. I'm interested in myths inasmuch as some mythology occupies a place in dreams, and I believe dreams have a bearing on our lives. But I see my music more in terms of developing pictures that have a strong mood. I've always given pictures more importance than words.

Do you consider your music 'art rock'?

I would question what that tag means. There's a positive side to the notion of 'art rock', which to me is having a visual sensibility that is applied to the music and the way it's presented, but the negative association is that it takes itself very seriously and is pretentious. I do take some of my work seriously, but I try to avoid pretensions, and I still see it as entertainment more than anything else.

LET ME present you with two criticisms that are sometimes levelled at your work. The first is that you're too earnest and liberal, and the second is that you're superficially eclectic, dependent on other people's music for inspiration.

CONTINUES OVER

by john hutchinson

THE PEEL SESSIONS
NEW ORDER

THE PEEL SESSIONS
The Damned

THE PEEL SESSIONS
THE SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS

THE PEEL SESSIONS
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

THE PEEL SESSIONS
Sudden Sway

THE PEEL SESSIONS
Wild Swans

THE PEEL SESSIONS
MADNESS

THE PEEL SESSIONS
Gang of Four

THE PEEL SESSIONS
THE WEDDING PRESENT

THE PEEL SESSIONS
TWA TOOTS

THE PEEL SESSIONS
The Ruts

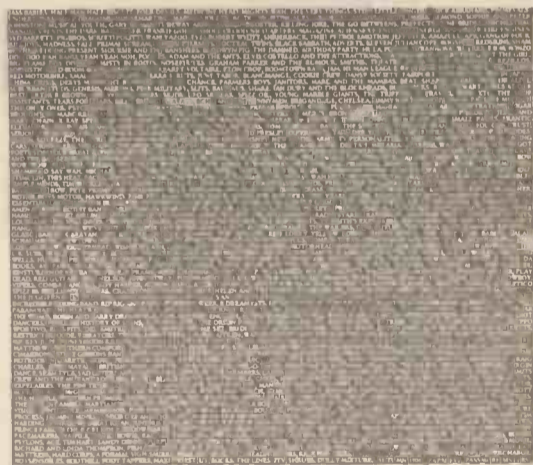
THE PEEL SESSIONS
JOY DIVISION

THE PEEL SESSIONS
THE PRINCEVALS

THE PEEL SESSIONS
June Tabor

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MY BRILLIANT CAREER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Let's deal with the first. You mean the 'white man's burden' or 'middle class guilt' hang-ups? They could be factors, perhaps, because they may be part of me, but I still think I can come up with material that is expressive of some aspect of my personality, and I don't feel that I'm forever flagellating myself.

The second criticism makes me angry. I believe that it's the responsibility of any artist to work with everything that excites him, and not to do so is absurd. There are a lot of things I can say about this. One of the reasons why I became interested in non-Western music is because of my enthusiasm for what I heard in its grooves, which was wonderful, and I began to suspect that conventional rock rhythms would lead to conventional rock writing.

Secondly, when I first conceived the idea of an event that combined Third World music and rock it was from the point of view of a fan convinced that there were many more people like me who would find non-Western music as exciting as I do.

Besides, there were an increasing number of rock musicians like me who had had their ideas changed by what they'd heard in Africa and elsewhere. And partly through helping to get the WOMAD event going, I feel I was redirecting some of the attention and money back to the source. You have to remember that most of these non-Western musicians would like to make a reasonable living from their music, just like everyone else.

Another point: I'm not trying to deliver African pastiches; I'm using the influences as tools to take me to somewhere else within my own music. There are plenty of

there are plenty of musicians in Third World countries taking from our styles. Although I don't particularly like it, I can hear the influence of Genesis in some French African bands. Admittedly it's a lot easier to discern the impact of James Brown and Stevie Wonder, but there are broader Western influences in the way African bands approach recording techniques.

SO' IS certainly more commercial in its orientation than 'Gabriel 4'.

Yes, it is. When I completed the *Birdy* soundtrack I wanted my focus to shift to songs rather than to remain on rhythm and texture, which were dominant on 'Gabriel 4'. Having done a complete album of textures and sound with *Birdy*, I'd got that out of my system.

Which was the first track you recorded?

'Milgram's 37' ('We Do What We're Told') has been around since early last year. It's what I would call a 'dark corner', and perhaps it's the only track that rests on texture and atmosphere as its key elements. Most of the others are songs that you could strum along with on a guitar.

I gather that you reworked two of the songs.

I rewrote the verses in 'Mercy Street'; the B-side of the single, 'Don't Break That Rhythm', is the original version of that song. The other one was 'In Your Eyes', which originally had different lyrics too. The current words belonged to another song which didn't make the album. 'Mercy Street' is one of my favourite tracks.



Gabriel in 1975 with a glint in his eyes ...

precedents for that process. For instance, in his painting 'Les Femmes d'Alger' Picasso took the African mask and totally transformed his own style of painting. From that incident grew a whole realm of new work. Strictly speaking, the idea was 'stolen', but it was a justifiable action.

Similarly, for musicians to 'steal' material from whatever inspires us is fundamentally important, and music as a whole is much healthier for it. In a small way I feel that I've contributed to that process...

Theft, if you like, is the lifeblood of all art.

Anyway, I think that I've done my part in trying to promote the music of the countries I've borrowed from, so I feel completely comfortable with what I'm doing.

The other important issue to consider is the fact that the process isn't one way -

Really? I'm glad you said that, because no one else has, although I like it a lot. In a way, I did more of a traditional 'Gabriel texture job' on that.

Tell me about your duet with Kate Bush on 'Don't Give Up'.

I started off on that song singing both parts myself, but I thought it would work better with a man and a woman singing, so I changed the lyrics around. At one point I tried to work it up in a gospel/country style, and there are still echoes of that approach in Richard Tee's piano playing. **As in many of the songs on the album, the lyrics can be interpreted either personally or more abstractly. Was that deliberate?**

Yes, it was conscious. I was trying to put a personal slant against another backdrop. In 'Don't Give Up' the lyrics were inspired by two things: one was a TV programme

on how unemployment has affected family life, and the other was a photograph taken by Dorothea Lange during the Dust Bowl Depression. The basic idea is that handling failure is one of the hardest things we have to learn to do.

Why did you ask Daniel Lanois to produce the album?

Well, I didn't know anything about him until I came to do the *Birdy* soundtrack, when one of my friends and musicians, David Rhodes, strongly recommended Danny for his work on the Harold Budd record. He thought Danny would be very good for the atmospheric pieces – as indeed he was.

We got on well, and he has good instinctive reactions to my music. I'd actually been thinking of other people for this album, such as Nile Rodgers and Bill Laswell, but as everything was working out so well with *Birdy*, we carried on. Besides, he likes to create an environment where live performances can happen, and he makes sure they don't get lost once they're recorded. He and David Rhodes were my other ears during these sessions. **You've included the song you co-wrote with Laurie Anderson on the cassette and CD. She called it 'Excellent Birds' on 'Mister Heartbreak', and you've named it 'This Is The Picture'. Why the change?**

I'll tell you the story about that. Some time ago I was hustling her for a video project because I was interested in setting up a video company, which never materialised. Later the video artist Nam June Paik approached both of us for a contribution to a video show he was doing on television. We were being pushed to

sound.

You could have trouble sustaining credibility in all this, particularly in the art world. I know several artists who feel that Laurie Anderson has lost much of her intimacy and strength since her crossover to rock music.

Isn't that always the case with anyone who achieves success?

I've had long talks with Laurie, trying to convince her to popularise her music more. I feel that rock could do with far more people with her intelligence, skills and sensitivity, and it is certainly enriched by the involvement of artists like Laurie. It's part of the elitism of the avant garde to argue otherwise. I'm much more interested in an amusement park than an art gallery as a starting point because I'll be cutting out a lot of bullshit. I like art that is generated without much consciousness of critics, other artists, fashion and commercial value.

My current preoccupation, besides music, is the planning of an amusement park.

What?!

Yes, a kind of real world alternative to Disneyland. It's long been a fantasy of mine, but there's an architect in Australia with a two-acre site in Sydney who heard about my idea, and he's asked me to put forward a proposal.

The ideology and aesthetics of the amusement park were established in the 1940s and '50s, and I strongly believe that the creative minds of today could come up with much more interesting experiences than has usually been the case. And with contemporary interactive technology, you could have events and experiences that

ideas about 'ludic art' – the art of games.

DOES THE music you used to listen to at school have any bearing on what you're doing now?

As you know, what I used to listen to at school was John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, soul, Otis Redding, Stax/Atlantic and English beat music – which would obviously include groups like The Beatles, The Kinks and The Yardbirds. Now I usually return to black music, but there's a Byrds influence on 'That Voice Again'.

I'd rejected 12-string after Genesis, but I felt that ten years was long enough, so I explored the sound again. The innovation of the chorus pedal has made the effect very familiar, but it still doesn't compare with two live tracks of sound reacting with each other.

Do you think that the average listener would notice the difference?

Only if he were played the two side by side and asked to say which was the more attractive. You'd choose the one with the living activity of beating notes.

You took a long time making this record. Why was that?

It's strange – someone can write a book in seven days or seven years and no one grumbles. But when you're making records people complain and ask you what you were doing if you're not part of the album/tour circuit. This album was begun in February 1985 and we had mixes done by the following Christmas, so it wasn't much more than 12 months until it was finished, although there was some writing done before that.

It's slow compared with most people, but it's all done here, so I'm not paying

When I left we still hadn't made any money, even though everyone assumed we were millionaires. We'd accumulated huge debts, which was one of the reasons why I had a lot of pressure to stay in the band at that point. But now I'm definitely making money, which I'm investing in a new studio. The last time I toured was the first time I went into profit – until then I'd always made a loss on tours.

Do you enjoy touring?

Yes, I do; but I wouldn't want to do it nine months a year.

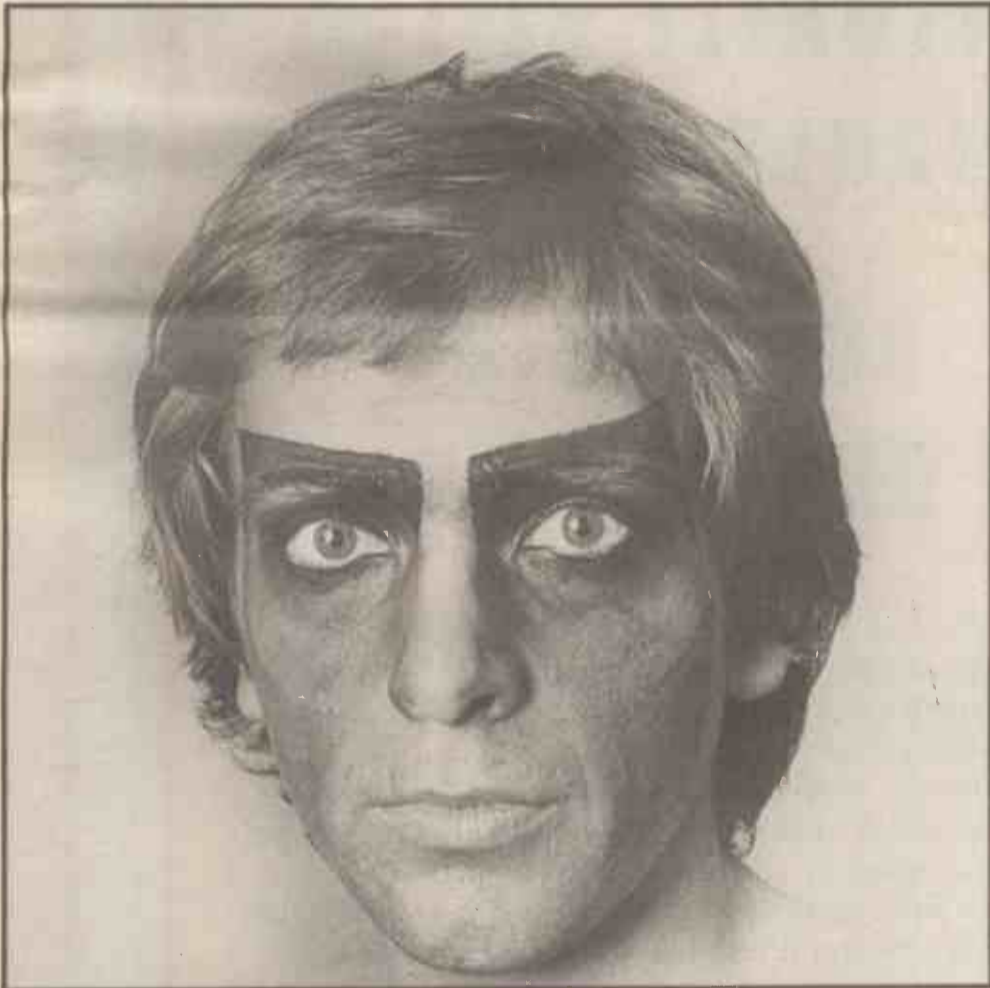
After all those years with Genesis, what remains with you?

Among the musical elements that are still present in my work would be the exploration of chord sequences and progressions that are not rock'n'roll standards. We may have taken that too far in Genesis, because we would never go near something like a 'C, Am, F G' sequence – which, oddly enough, was the basis of 'Solsbury Hill' – but it was sometimes very interesting. I've also retained a little bit of our folk and hymn influences.

I now see Genesis as a lot of fun and a healthy part of my growing up. Certain periods of my time with the band were great; the Italian tours, for instance, are a fond memory. They were chaotic, crazy, but really exciting.

THIS IS all a long way from the schoolboy band at Charterhouse. Does it surprise you how far you've come since then? Did you realise then that you had such a talent?

Actually, I think that idea of 'talent' is incredibly overrated. A need to survive is



Only a shadow of himself . . .

combine forces, so we wrote and recorded the video and song in three days, which may be a record. We quite liked the song, so we agreed that we could both use it on our separate albums. Hers came out ahead of mine. The TV version is closer to Laurie's recording; mine is based on the groove, while hers is more fragmented.

WAS IT Laurie Anderson who reawakened your interest in multi-media work?

She was an inspiration in part, but obviously 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway' and all the rest of it was something I really enjoyed doing. I've avoided it until now largely because of that history. But yes, she's a great example of someone who uses visual media as well as

would respond to the visitor, so it would be a truly participatory process.

I'm sure it's going to happen, and that there are many people in the arts today who will, for want of a better word, become 'experience designers'. I want to be involved with it.

At the moment my plan is, I suppose, still a fantasy, but there is a two-acre reality in Sydney, and my proposal is being examined by the Ministry Of Works in Australia, along with five others. Should we be lucky enough to get through to the next round, we'd be yet closer to reality. I've been meeting up with several artists to talk about the scheme, and I've just spent an evening discussing it with R D Laing, the psychiatrist.

What would your role be?

I'd be a producer, trying to put together creative collaborations on the basis of my



At last, he gets cheeky . . .

vast sums for studio time. My advances from royalties go towards the studio equipment and it gives me the opportunity to experiment and make the record the way I choose. It also means that if I want to do other non-commercial projects, it's not prohibitively expensive.

Are you under pressure from the record company?

Not a whole lot. The problem is that the bigger you become the more pressure you get, because the company does its yearly cash-flow calculations and tries to plan its album releases so that it can balance its income. Artists, of course, can't work to rote, so I think it's a pretty dumb thing for a company to try to do. If a particular album sells 'x' copies, its follow-up may sell either four times or a quarter as much.

Did Genesis make you rich?

much more important: if it becomes critical to your psyche that you do well in a particular area, then you'll acquire the means to achieve it.

An example of this that I like to give is that of the Wolf Children, who managed to learn to run on all fours and to develop a fine sense of smell, which would normally be seen as extra-human talents. I'm convinced that if you went up to someone on the street with a gun and said, 'In 12 months' time you'll be shot unless you produce a great work of art, he would suddenly find the motivation to do so.'

I'd just like to add to that, though, that among the same group of people starting at the same point with the same survival need to acquire a talent, some would advance much further than others. But I do think that we're all potentially multi-talented beings.

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GAYE MANIACS!

They're mean, they're moody, they're magnificent, and they may even be smelly . . . But are GAYE BYKERS ON ACID a menace to society or ideologically sound? MR SPENCER gets saddle-sore trying to find out. GREG FREEMAN clicks into gear

THE ROCK revolution marches on, a dismal parade of freshly creased jeans, rolled up jacket sleeves and maybe – just maybe – a brand new leather studded belt, creaky crisp and worst of all, white.

But what's this?

Into view there suddenly comes an expanse of tatty black hide and mouldering denim, and we're not talking 'image' here; this is real dirt, long past the salvagable stage and well on the way to becoming an affront to public decency.

Four likeable rogues, lucky enough to be unblemished by a desire to stay within the boundaries of good taste, they call themselves, of all things, Gaye Bykers On Acid, and they discuss with genuine fervour the vital element of risk involved in eating tuna.

They all long to have children, and the singer bears a striking resemblance to Peter Cook.

'Everything's Groovy' on In Tape is the debut single, and it makes you think of Hawkwind getting down with The Sex Pistols and feeling like they've known each other for years. It's a searing space rock bombshell, a brilliantly fraught mismatch of salivating basslines and *SHAFT* guitars.

It does not remind me of Europe (the pop group), nor of Gaye Bykers' native Leicester (the town), but perhaps in some way it does awaken memories of Klingon raids on the Starship Enterprise, and more pertinently, Rod Serling's *The Twilight Zone*.

IN A nice pub full of amiable Irishmen with smokes to spare for a hard up post-anarcho sonic punk outfit, I listen and learn as the Bykers grow tipsy on a mere two pints of alcoholic fizz. You may scoff, but in financial terms it makes a lot of sense.

The guitarist with a hyena's cackle, the rude kid who today at least is calling himself Tony, claims to sail through life casting a positive outlook over all that he encounters.

"We think the proverbial glass is half full rather than half empty," he declares, volcanic eyes in search of further giveaway ciggies, mouth grinning when a potential source is located, revealing a set of healthy

sparkling incisors, taking my breath away.

Come to think of it, snatching a quick peek at them all, I find the entire Gaye Bykers On Acid line-up – in stark contrast with the oily old leathers and rampant stubble – is in possession of teeth of equally immaculate condition.

Culture shock! The gleaming choppers leave quite an impression on me, as does singer Montana Wildhack's clever trick with a straw and a bag of dry roasted peanuts. Catching his breath, he reveals that the Bykers have in fact only been together for nine and a half months; bearing in mind none of them has ever been in a group before, they're making rather good progress.

"I promised the others we'd have a deal and a record out within a year, and lo and behold it's happened," boasts the spuriously named Montana.

So, what's the secret?

PJ (bass): "Well, it's the three key words, isn't it?"

He says this in all the interviews.

"Sex, drugs . . . and bikers."

You mean like the bunch who moved into a house in Windsor recently and frightened the neighbours away without apparently doing anything unsociable?

"Oh yeah," enthuses PJ, recognising true glamour when he sees it. "They're like marauding Vikings or something – they've probably even got roots going back to then, it's just a little more subtle these days."

Would you like to do it yourself – purchase a place and have all the residents sell up and flee in terror?

"I think so, it'd be pretty amusing."

Is the title of the single, 'Everything's Groovy', an example of your scolding cynicism?

Robber (drums): "Not at all, if you think everything is groovy, it will be."

You're not bitter?

Montana: "No, there's too many bands with bitterness inside, chips on their shoulders and grudges to bear. We're happy."

And this is a man who cheers himself up, whenever necessary, by listening to Joy Division: " . . . My idea of somebody in a worse predicament than myself."

PJ: "With a name like Gaye Bykers On Acid we didn't really expect people to take us seriously, but they are."

Montana (to journalist): "Have you listened to the words on the single?"

I've had a try, I explain, but it's too loud and raucous by half.

"Yeah, straight down the line rock 'n' roll!"

Actually, the words deal with how cash



ROBBER: is he raving mad?

takes over and becomes the most important aspect in a loving relationship – which naturally enough begs the question: are Gaye Bykers Ideologically sound?

"No," snaps the politically disruptive vocalist, "because who's to say what is or isn't ideologically sound? Who's right and who's wrong? Whose morality do you believe and whose don't you believe?"

Are you sick in the head?

Tony (it's him again): "We're all sick! Everybody's sick!"

Couldn't agree with you more, mate. So are you capable of terrifying physical violence?

Montana: "Yeah, of course."

Robber: "If it's for the right reasons. I don't go out looking for trouble, but if it comes your way and you can't talk them out of it, what else can you do? Say, Hello I'm a pacifist, smack my teeth in? I used to be like that but I got my head kicked in too many times, so now I just f***** kick the bastards shitless."

WHAT DO Gaye Bykers On Acid make of all these old people currently enjoying huge success in pop music? Frontman Montana hesitates for barely a second in pronouncing his judgement on the matter.

"The thing is, it's like Genesis have come

out with this video, and it's full of these ideologically sound messages, and this is the whole argument – because what does a group like *that* know about f***** poverty and trying to find a house? We're in London right? We're trying to find a place to rent, so look at our position."

Tony: "Squatting in the East End is not my favourite occupation."

Do you agree that pop should be the exclusive preserve of the under 30s?

Montana: "Definitely, that's the point. Bands like Genesis should be excluded from the charts."

Gaye Bykers On Acid, a highly promising new age punk group, are motivated to a large degree by the irresistible attraction of the unknown.

"It's life, isn't it?" gushes Montana. "It's amazing what could be there and what isn't; it's *The Twilight Zone*, it's about looking over the edge."

The edge: Gaye Bykers On Acid find themselves persistently feeling compelled to leap from balconies in tall blocks of flats. They regard this as a sign of normality.

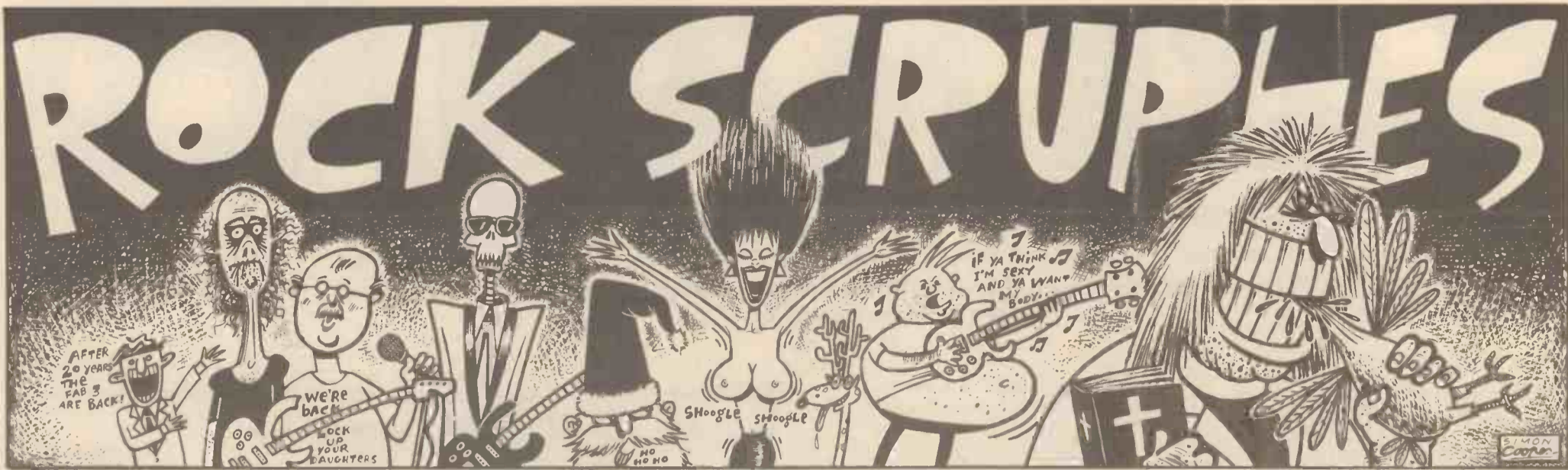
Montana: "Anyone with any sense would want to do it."

Robber: "It's curiosity, isn't it? Can I jump out of here and still be alive when I hit the floor?"

Montana: "The only thing to fear is fear itself."



GAYE BYKERS ON ACID: PJ, Tony, Montana and Robber



Would you sleep with a famous talking head, play Sun City in South Africa or deny your bisexuality and pretend to be straight. These are the questions asked in **ROCK SCRUPLES**, the game that brings you all the moral dilemmas today's 'rock' people face.

By **ROGER HOLLAND** and **ANDY HURT**

YOU'RE THE lead singer of a teeny bop pop group going nowhere. Slowly. At a music biz party you pick up a famous broadcaster. A week later he asks you to move in with him. It could mean a hit. Do you do it?

TWO YEARS ago you were hot stuff. But you've put on a little weight and can only be photographed from certain angles. Your record company aren't very happy with the songs you've come up with for your new album, and refuse to release any of them as a single. They suggest you should try a cover version. You're insulted and angry. But you're also a professional and you haven't had a hit for two years. What do you do?

YOU'RE A freelance photographer hanging out in a well known nightclub. In a quiet corner you snap a Famous Female Rock Star necking with a man who is definitely not her Equally Famous Rock Star husband. You have worked with the husband on several occasions and you got on with him very well. You know that the picture will sell well in Wapping or Holborn Circus, but you think it might ruin the marriage. What do you do?

YOU ARE press officer for a legendary crazed rock singer. After a protracted session of biting heads off chickens he has been packed off to a remote clinic in the USA for an intensive drying-out programme. A friend suggests you inform the tabloids he is getting close to God in some Nepalese retreat, and that you can even offer to fly out some hacks to try and find the old sod. What do you do?

YOUR BRIEF career, built upon the back of your massively successful pop star best friend, is dying after just one hit and a couple of near misses. A national newspaper suggests that you can make £10,000 and grab the headlines again if you're prepared to stitch up your chum in print. Do you talk?

YOU'RE A freelance journalist with an urge to see America. Out of the blue, a record company offers you a week in New York with a band you despise. There is an unwritten convention that writers do not accept trips like that and then slag off their hosts. But your boyfriend/girlfriend points out that you can always lie. What do you do?

YOU ARE one of the hottest new names of the year. You have not released any new material since signing to a major for a small fortune. You are offered a front cover of a pop journal, but your company's press office suggest there is nothing to be gained from a feature at this time. Do you take their advice, or go behind their back and do it anyway?

YOU'RE A hugely successful rock performer renowned for your bisexuality. It's predicted by a American research corporation that by the end of the decade the AIDS phenomenon may well whip up an enormous anti-gay backlash. Do you grit your teeth and stand up to be counted or do you pay a woman friend to marry you in an attempt to buy straight acceptability?

A SOUTH African promoter offers you your own weight in diamonds and gold if you'll play just one date at Sun City. You know, of course, that South Africa is a fascist police state which oppresses the vast bulk of its population, and you're aware that a show in Sun City would cause you problems elsewhere. But you're not getting any younger, and if you were a boxer you'd be fighting heavyweights, so do you go?

YOU'RE A bisexual rock performer whose career has hit the doldrums. A number of stars have recently revealed their own sexual bents (so to speak) and benefitted from the exposure. Your advisers suggest you take advantage of the prevalent fascination with bisexuality and 'come out' yourself. They argue that the press attention should put a healthy kick back into your fading record sales. What do you do?

YOU'RE THE manager of an up and coming band about to go out on their first major tour. Lighting company A have put in a tender for the tour that is 40 per cent more than company B's, but the head of company A is an old friend and he's offered you a 20 per cent under the table kickback if you accept his tender. Company B have offered you nothing. What do you do?

YOU'RE THE singer, guitarist and songwriter in an indie pop foursome. you've got a couple of good songs and no image whatsoever. A wealthy management company offers to take you on and invest, if and only if you agree to sack your bass player and take on a pretty blonde girl who should also get to sing your songs. Do you agree?

YOU'RE THE pop sensation of the year. You're the sex symbol of the decade. You're bigger than Jesus's mother! A 'men's' magazine announces it has just obtained a set of photographs for which you posed when you were a penniless model. Do you scream and shout and stamp your feet in an attempt to halt publication? Or do you lie back and think of all the free publicity?

LIVE AID was the best thing that ever happened to your career. Suddenly you're selling more records than ever before. The loot is pouring in. You've got enough money to pay the national debts of a couple of reasonably proportioned Third World nations. Do you donate any of your newly found wealth to charity?

THREE YEARS ago you broke up the band that had made you a superstar. Since then your solo career has died on its feet. You eventually realise that the only way you'll ever have another hit is to reform the old band. But only the drummer, who you could never stand, agrees. He suggests you reform anyway, bring in a couple of old muso mates, and use the old name and greatest hits back-catalogue. Do you?

YOU'RE THE lead singer of a leading pop act. You're idolised by millions. In a moment of wild theatrical extravagance you bear your breasts to an audience in Birmingham. The incident features in all the usual press. Do you do it again the following night?

Play Rock Scruples with your friends. Cut along the dotted lines and stick the questions on cardboard. The most imaginative answers win you the admiration of your mates





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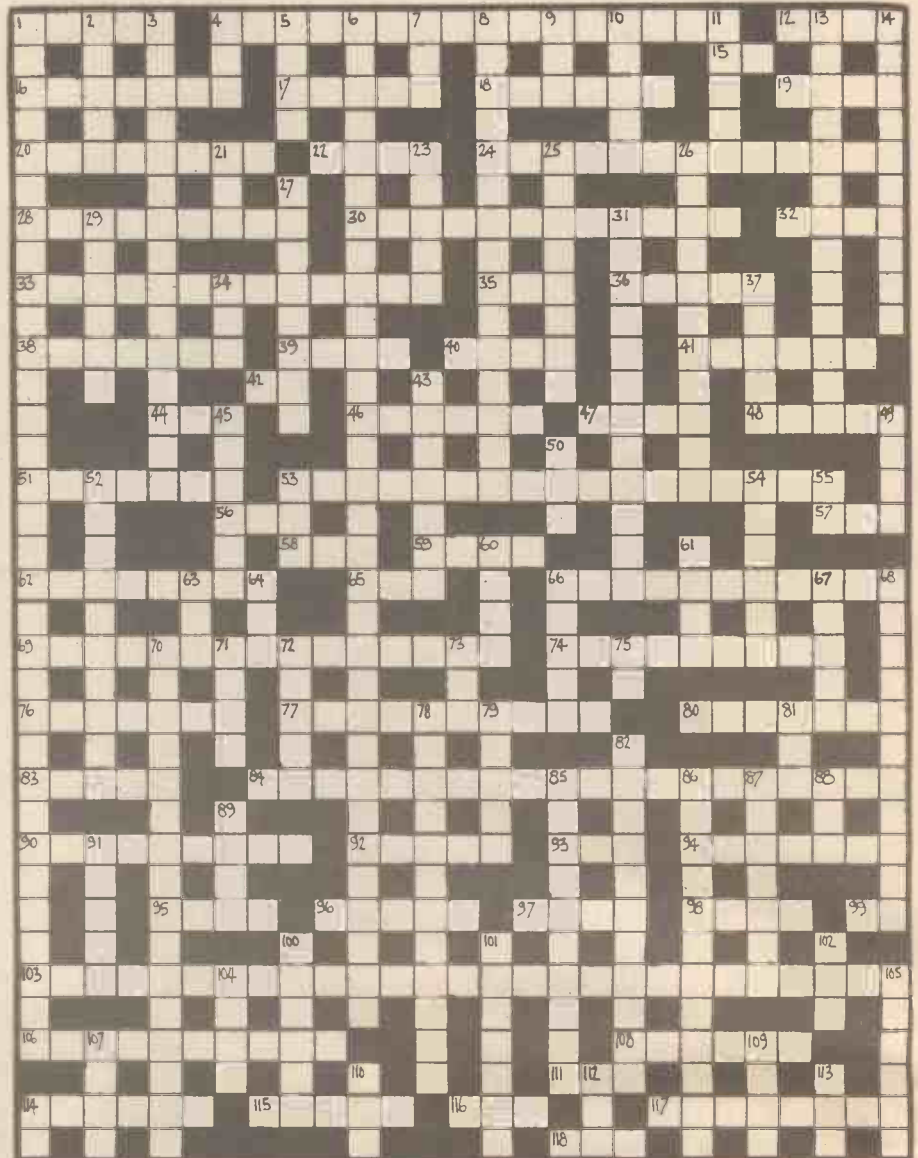
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X-WORD

CLUES ACROSS

1. Just tres hombres (1.1.3)
4. Metallica on a stormy, electric trip? (4.3.9)
12. How Quo addressed John (4)
15. Todd's Egyptian sun god (2)
16. Life/Dogs/Lil (7)
17. Love for 10CC (5)
18. Prince on a formal march? (6)
19. Grateful stiffs for Jerry G? (4)
20. Beginners for Scritti Politti (8)
22. Rock's osculators? (4)
24. TV prog that got mods on their marks? (5.6.2)
28. The Knack's possessive hit (2.7)
30. We haven't heard many rumours about him lately (6.6)
32. Roland's pals get hot for Frankie Z (4)
33. Dear Vince Luce produced this Stranglers' effort (7.6 anag)
35. Loaf sends tab from hell (3 anag)
36. ... but rude Judge is in real fear of reggae (5)
38. Time for Nugent's warriors (7)
39. In short, they tea-partied at Boston (1.1.1.1)
40. Art Of Noise got close to turning the tide (4 anag)
41. Jimmy Cliff had many of these to cross (6)
42. Doubled by Siouxsie (2)
44. Travers/Benatar (3)
46. Coloured lorries eyes fill Smiths's hat! (6)
47. Rockin' Ms Hagen (4)
48. El said it was a good year for these runny sores! (5 anag)
51. Medieval science for the Straits (7)
53. BMX bandits have feline encounter of a third kind (3.4.5.5)
56. Sayer confuses 116 (3 anag)
57. ... but Davey B hits rock bottom (3)
58. Is it hot for Andrew G and Graham G? (3)
59. Mr Pop (4)
62. What period was Alvin Lee 'after'? (3.5)
65. and 83. Hall and Oates get near meat for this hit (3.5 anag)
66. ... but Donald Fagen metamorphoses into a nocturnal insect! (3.5.3)
69. A timely look at 1999 from the Ramones (3.2.3.7)
74. Rogue Male's zoo keeper (6.3)
76. What Madness took 'beyond' (3.4)
77. Regal blues man. ... but not BB! (6.4)
80. James Taylor went ape on this LP (7)
83. See 65.
84. Conflict have that quality which you can't pin down (3.12.5)
90. Crisis for a Girlschool (9)
92. Evita's surname (5)
93. There's 'one' for 'them' according to 4 Skins (3)
94. Marley's plea for monogamy (3.4)
95. Headlines form Cactus World (4)
96. Location of Wilson boys (5)
97. SA hero for Peter G (4)
98. Elkie B led this 'arty' band. ... it was her hobby horse! (4)
99. A maxi-single from Presley (1.1)
103. In which Marvin G discovered how Nick K washed his jeans (1.5.2.7.3.9)
106. Nocturnal chess for Bob Seger (5.5)
108. Creatures from Pan Tang (6)
111. Projected by Alan Parsons (3)
114. Free this Mandela! (6)
115. Did Mary W burn hers on November 5? (2.3)
116. Wild West heroes (1.1.1)
117. The bland boy thought times were a-changin' (3.5 anag)
118. Fruit salt for Bri? (3)



BY SUE BUCKLEY

9. Whom the Chi-Lites asked you if you'd seen (3)
10. Slade's little puppet (5)
11. Amazing Slick! (5)
13. Sad Cafe's sado-masochistic hit (8.5)
14. This little bird gave the Stones a '60s hit (3.7)
21. Boxing decision for US band (1.1.1)
23. Steve Arrington led these servile funksters (5)
25. Prefab Sprout got a hearty one (8)
26. What Heart have at night (5.6)
27. A flimsy, hot hit for Traffic (5.3)
29. Affair/treaties (6)
31. Thomas D doesn't tune in no more (5.7)
34. Sails/Box/Simply (3)
37. Van Halen put one down (5)
43. Magnum Man Tony (7)
45. James/Dallas/Mick (6)
49. Clapton's hand (4)
50. Tripled by 96 (3)
52. Blues band who were on the road again (6.4)
53. Holy animal for Lee Dorsey (3)
54. A hymn like effort from Rush (6)
55. Costello in Spain? (2)
60. Fade to this (4)
61. Just Turner (4)
63. ... and just Garfunkel (3)
64. ... and just a funnily named boy (3)
66. Ozzy O drove a crazy one (5)
67. Last cut for Floyd (5)

68. Thompson Twins request to the lift boy (3.4.2.2)
70. ... but B52's look forward (6.10)
71. Tom R paired it with glory (4)
72. Cheats from the city of the dead (5)
73. UB40 found one in the kitchen (3)
75. ... but Desmond D paired this with 'mek' (2)
78. Original Byrd-Man (5.7)
79. Godley/Rowland (5)
81. Dixie Cups were the first to double this nonsense (3)
82. Madness Man (3.8)
85. How Quo made a comeback (6.4)
86. With his group, he was outside the law (5.7)
87. Mercury-Man (7)
88. River for Duran Duran (3)
89. Bad weather for Phoebe (4)
91. Just like a Van Halen (5)
100. Dan sounds metallic, but really isn't (6)
101. Spoilt Victorian kids? (3.4)
102. Croce/Dandy (3)
104. Butterfly/Maiden (4)
105. Heaven must have sent this '60s Motown group (6)
107. Sparkling hit from the Spands (4)
109. They were in the raw (4)
110. Their cat crept in (3)
112. Morrison's transport (3)
113. Total of Mott's young dudes (3)
114. Midge's lack of regrets (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Mark E Smith 6. Mortal 11. Crass 12. Lee Aaron 13. Tai 15. Jet 16. Liverpool 18. Nine 19. Marc 20. Nobody's 23. Soweto 24. Dr 25. April 27. Ivy 28. The Head 29. Court 30. When The Wind Blows 35. Running 37. Chameleon 38. Eddie 39. Rust 40. Tales

DOWN

1. Mick Jones 2. Road To Nowhere 3. Easter 4. Melissa 5. The Electric Circus 7. Ono 8. T.M. 9. Legal 10. Marvin Gaye 14. Good 17. Robert Calvert 21. Sweets 22. Street Life 26. Lou 28. Tower 31. Edgar 32. Dear 33. Wheel 34. Ones 36. Ned

CLUES DOWN

1. Wild children? (6.8.3.3.4.8)
2. They could be for fears (5)
3. Stoic philosophy from Depeche Mode (6.3.6)
4. Stewart/Argent (3)
5. Queen bit it (4)
6. In which Billy B discusses Tennyson's VAT? (7.4.3.6.5.6)
7. Country cousin Joe (3)
8. Where El has a right royal kip (8.7)

BEDLAM BROTHERS

ROBIN GIBSON
discovers a musical
marriage of bedlam and
beauty in the noise of
newcomers **A R KANE**.
STEVE DOUBLE gets
moody

AR KANE, sucking appropriately on a pack of Tunes when I greet them, could hardly have picked a better word than arcane to corrupt for their name.

Look in the dictionary and you'll discover it defined as "secret; mysterious".

"It's the only label we want. But we don't even really want that! It'd be much better to be completely anonymous..."

Though that's a bit tricky, they admit, when you're intent on turning out records as good as their debut single (out now on One Little Indian Records). But even that hasn't been properly baptised; its original title 'You Push A Knife Into My Womb' having fallen foul of the current arbiters of decency in the independent record business (Rough Trade, mainly) who couldn't quite get to grips with 'womb' as a metaphor for male security.

"But rather than alter the title," smiles Rudi philosophically, "we thought, Well, OK, no title at all!"

For the time being, it'll doubtless be known as 'When You're Sad'... those



A R KANE: Rudi and Alex — a new Mary Chain?

three words being the song's refrain. Whatever, it's arrived just in time to claim a place among the best singles of 1986.

A 12-inch affair, it features two versions of the same song: one live, thrashing, on a perfectly-laid carpet of feedback and white noise; the other a monster mix driven by a robotic dance beat and adding huge slices of guitar that recall the stark attack of The Clash's version of 'Police And Thieves'.

And, most importantly, floating through both of these is an outrageously pretty pop song with a joyous melody and a disconcerting lyrical thrust which concerns the dubious emotional gratification gained

from the infliction of pain on a lover.

'When You're Sad' is a classic single: one of those perfect blends between pop simplicity and devilish noise that's been hunted high and low since the Mary Chain stomped out of East Kilbride. What's more, this marriage of bedlam and beauty hasn't stolen its melodic muse direct from the '60s.

A R Kane sound wholly modern. Rudi: "There's no reason why the '60s thing *should* be there. It's not been an influence for us — I don't actually know a great deal about it. But I do know The Monkees... and I know that if you played Monkees songs with overdrive, you'd probably sound like quite a few bands around at the moment."

This single was completed with the help of a couple of Flux-related sympathisers and two female backing singers. But only Alex and Rudi — songwriters and guitarists — are the permanent core of A R Kane.

They hail from East London and have known each other since schooldays, though neither was involved in music until Alex came up with the idea of forming a group about a year ago. The 30 or so songs they've written since then have evolved from improvisation; they enjoy music that skips along a sonic tightrope and they're fairly fixed in their listening habits.

Alex: "The only person we listen to is Miles Davis. We're not jazz musicians, but we've got a jazz attitude, if you like."

Rudi: "The first time I saw him on TV, he was doing 'Kind Of Blue' in session, and the feel of that was just brilliant... because you knew they were doing it, there and then. There's a basic theme, but you can go in any direction... and you're just waiting for it to f*** up!"

Alex: "And that's what keeps you there."

That feeling, they add, is the basic attraction of their own (infrequent) live shows. Two reasons they make music are that they're interested in "perfect mistakes", and that they relish the thrill of conflict.

THE TENTATIVE plan for the next single is to record 'Ball Of Confusion' (a venture that's proven rather difficult for a few people in the past, aside from The Temptations) with the help of Sugarhill Gang rhythm section Keith LeBlanc and Doug Wimbish...

And after that? A R Kane are very much arcane, whatever their current record suggests. They have no central office philosophy and like any group whose self-image is a loose aggregation revolving around a nucleus which is in perpetual motion itself, the future is anyone's guess.

But right now, hunt down a copy of 'When You're Sad', and just succumb to the sound. Oh, and give it a name that suits you — A R Kane won't mind.

ANDY HURT is taken in by the holler of **BARRENCE WHITFIELD**, a big man with a big reputation. But is he the new Little Richard? Gum view by **GREG FREEMAN**

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! A great ball of fire!

Five foot-nine-of-your-business-buddy's worth of human holocaust, this is Barrence Whitfield.

Barrence is a two-third's scale model of Joe Frazier. He packs a God-almighty punch live and he has released two heroic albums that, between them, run the only gamut worth running — the one that stretches from jump jive to '60s Oriole soul, with R&B and possessed Little Richard rock'n'roll strung out between the two points.

Barrence Whitfield is a fully paid-up wild child.

Barry White, on the other hand, is Mister Meek, the very definition of diffidence. Reserved and smiling, Barry fills his pillar-box red track suit so comprehensively you'd think his idea of exercise is devouring four Big Macs instead of the usual three — hardly the tireless dynamo who's been whipping up a storm in New England and reducing DJ Andy Kershaw to a frothing blob of ecstasy.

For fairly obvious reasons, young Barry decided to adopt a stage name, settling on a pet monicker dreamed up at high school.

"I was thinking of changing my name permanently, but my mum is giving me a hard time about it: if you change your name, you're a dead duck!"

BAZ AND manager Andy Doherty have specifically requested to meet in London's Camden Town, so that they can scour specialist shops Rock On and Rhythm Records for rarities.

By the end of the afternoon, Whitfield has picked up a Lionel Hampton live in Paris, a Track Records compilation featuring some long-lost Parliament numbers, and a Markeys (alias the MGs) album.

Besides several group compositions (which vary according to the line-up of the group at the time), the Savages repertoire comprises an impressive battery of obscure, and *really* obscure, songs-that-got-away that have been salvaged by Whitfield, Doherty and the guitarist from the original line-up, Peter Greenberg. And it was these three who met while serving behind the counter of Boston's own vinyl junkie paradise, Nuggets.

Just where do you find these records?

"Andy picked out 'Mama Get The Hammer' by Bobby Peterson on an Australian record; Rudy Greene did 'Juicy Fruit'; we do a song by Bobby Moore And The Rhythm Aces (no football jokes please) called 'Go Ahead And Burn'; 'Dig Yourself' was by Les Cooper And The Soul Rockers."

Household names, all.

greetings from UP HERE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND

SOMETHING OLD...

The Icicle Works return for a lost weekend to their independent roots

SOMETHING NEW...

A song from the sessions for the forthcoming Icicle Works album / 'Up here in the North of England' / a view of the hometown '86 when you've been around the world /

PLUS a solo track from bassist Chris Layhe entitled 'Waylaid'

SOMETHING BORROWED...

from The Band 'It makes no difference' / from Robert Wyatt 'Sea Song' / from Spirit 'Natures Way' / three solo interpretations by singer Ian McNabb originally scheduled for release under the alias 'Melting Bear'

SOMETHING DUE...

out this week on the SITUATION TWO Label / a five track single on 12" only

greetings from THE ICICLE WORKS

Note for record shops...

THE ICICLE WORKS / UP HERE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND can be ordered from Pinnacle or The Cartel / catalogue number is SIT 45T / no excuses, phone!

MIGHTY MOUTH!

Born in Jacksonville, Florida, Barrence was raised in New Jersey and wound up majoring in Communications in the city of the Red Sox and the Celtics.

He admits to being 31. "I've been singing since I was seven, when I first hit church. I'd say that was in the early '60s."

The time of the Isleys and all that stuff?

"Yeah, The Temptations, Parliament. George Clinton used to work up the street where I lived. He was a barber. He won't tell you that, but that's what he did. He used to do the processes. My brother worked with him and sang on the corner with those guys."

The Savages responsible for the eponymous debut album and the second, 'Dig Yourself', have played their part - "The pace and enthusiasm was slowing down a bit," I am told - and a new tribe has accompanied BW for his first UK shows.

"These guys have been playing around Boston for a long period of time, playing 'GB' gigs ('General Business', apparently) where a guy will call up and say, Hey, listen, I need a drummer and a bass player for tonight, come on down. These guys pick up a song immediately, and they enjoy playing with me because it's a together show, total showmanship."

And the comparisons with Little Richard?

"Sometimes it maybe gets out of hand, but I try to put in a lot of my influences, like Little Richard and James Brown, but it's more in the shouting and screaming (of which there is much) where they compare, and with the new band I get to sing a lot more. We've got some ballads

mixed in with the rockers, but I can still scream with the best!"

AND TO think the man responsible for bringing this plague (symptoms: feverish brow, frenzied movement of feet, yelling) to these shores is Andy Kershaw. So it's good to know he can do *something* right. Andy Doherty is positively fulsome in his praise.

"Andy's a great man. Somebody came over here and gave him a copy of the first record and he was so taken by it he called me up, and the next thing I knew he was sleeping on my floor. A week later he was back to film the show for the *Whistle Test*. I dare say we'd never have come over without his help, and he's making nothing out of it for his efforts. He's just a real enthusiast for our kind of music - God bless him!"

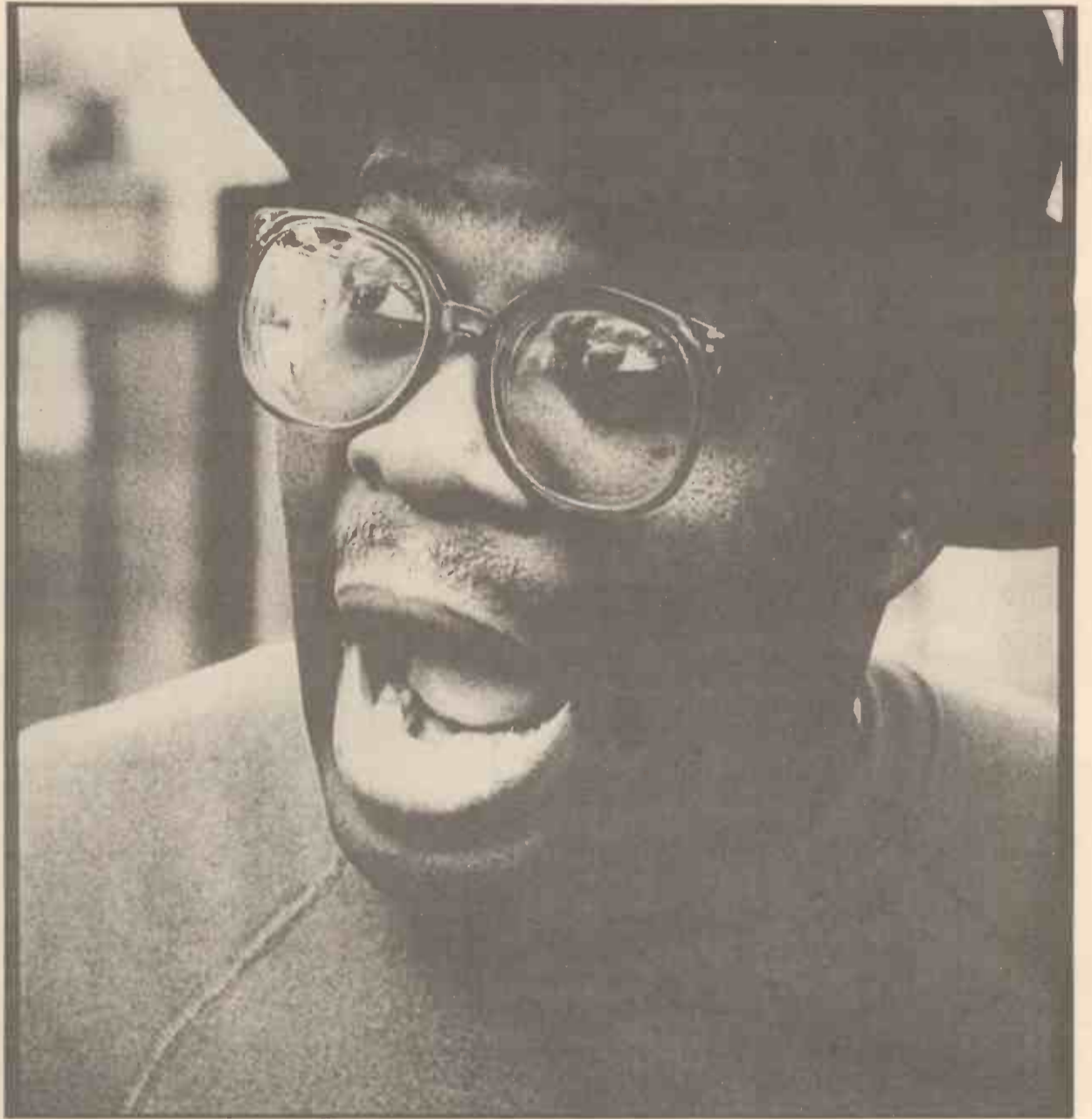
"You won't find the Pet Shop Boys in his collection," Doherty adds knowingly.

So what does Barrence hate? "Synth pop. I can't understand how bands can think they're the greatest and put out this senseless stuff - The Pet Shop Boys, Depeche Mode, Frankie Goes To Hell..."

All British bands, eh? Well, maybe we *do* need a good kick up the arse to rediscover the energy and excitement which has made the music of this country over the last ten years (sporadically) great.

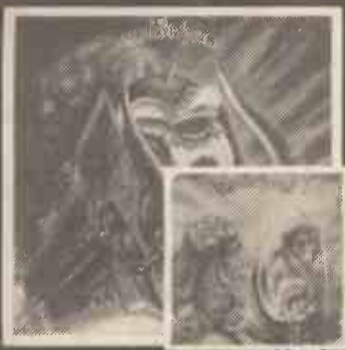
If you've missed him this time around, tough shit, but Barrence warns he'll be back. In the meantime, don your deerstalker and get on the case of tracking down his records.

As Barrence would say, "Waaaaaaah!"



motorhead

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GWTC 1

GWCD 1
GWPD 1

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GWLP 4 / GWTC 4

'BOMBER'



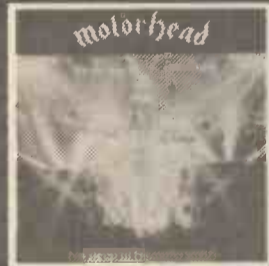
GWLP 5 / GWTC 5

'ACE OF SPADES'



GWLP 6 / GWTC 6

'NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH'



GWLP 7 / GWTC 7

NEW RELEASES FOR 1987 FROM TANK THE ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE

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RECORDS

GIRLSCHOOL

'NIGHTMARE AT MAPLES CROSS'



GWLP 2

GWTC 2

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HAWKWIND

'LIVE CHRONICLES'



GWSP 1

GWSC 1

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THE JIMI HENDRIX DIARIES

by noel redding

with rare photographs from his private collection

FIRST OF A THREE-PART EXCLUSIVE SERIALISATION



NOEL REDDING today

Phil Loftus/LFI



JIMI HENDRIX

photo by Linda McCartney

EXACTLY TWENTY years ago this Tuesday, 'Hey Joe', the first single by The Jimi Hendrix Experience, was released, and rock music was never the same again.

Hendrix was an outrageous showman and an outrageously talented musician, and for two and a half years, the Experience – with Noel Redding on bass and Mitch Mitchell on drums – rode atop the new wave of mind-expanding music that fed the Freedom Generation's desire to turn on, tune in and drop out.

When Jimi Hendrix died in September 1970 after a brief but brilliant career, it was easy to see his death as the inevitable consequence of a thoroughly excessive life.

But for many years, this popular view has been contested by those who claimed to have been close to him. And his several biographers have all leant towards the view – propounded not least by Monika Danneman, the girlfriend with whom he spent his last hours – that, far from being drug-dependent, Hendrix only ever "dabbled" with illicit substances of any kind.

Now, breaking a 20-year silence, Noel Redding reveals, in this first exclusive extract from his diaries, how different the truth was.

LSD, hash, speed, coke, DMT, methedrine, PCP and heroin became the lifeblood of Hendrix's music, providing the creative energy, the motivation to perform and, later, just the means of day-to-day survival.

The vast excesses the band indulged in have to be seen against a background of incredible pressure, manipulation, deceit and downright larceny on the part of manager Mike Jeffery – a dark shadow Hendrix wanted to rid himself of, yet never seemed able to escape.

But while Jimi had at least some wealth to show for the way he was being exploited, Redding and Mitchell lived a miserable hand-to-mouth existence without even contracts to protect them.

Twenty years on, Redding can hardly disguise the bitterness he feels about his "star treatment". And yet he's relaxed and optimistic enough to be working still as a gigging musician and planning for the future in Southern Ireland, where he now lives with his American girlfriend of some 14 years, Carole Appleby.

Soon, they hope to publish the definitive account of one of rock's biggest rackets. It's taken them over nine years to research and document the gaps in Noel's personal knowledge of Hendrix's business affairs. And they've worked against a background of lawsuits which produced a settlement with the Hendrix Estate and Warner Bros that left Redding – a member of one of the highest-earning bands of the era – with virtually nothing after lawyers' fees had been paid.

To Redding, what began as a dream come true soon became a nightmare – a sordid rip-off sustained by anything and everything that could be popped, snorted or smoked. And it started the moment 'Hey Joe' hit the turntables...



THE EXPERIENCE during their first US tour in 1967: Mitchell on left, Redding on right

“Drink, smoke and pills got us in the right frame of mind for performing. Being the Experience was like making a pact to get at least *that* stoned every night”

AT THE turn of 1967 things were changing so fast that our only constant was lack of money.

We were virtually broke; even Jimi borrowed a few shillings from me here and there. There were so many more expenses now; fancy stage clothes and cleaning bills.

The accelerating pressure was also accelerating our drinking. After a British radio appearance on January 17, we ran up a bar bill of £2.25; even pooling our money, we couldn't pay it.

On January 11, 1967, Michael Jeffery and Chas Chandler signed a contract with Track Records two months before Track was fully set up. Only Jimi was mentioned in the contract, which was for three years and called for four singles and two LPs each year. There was a £1000 advance and recording costs to a point. Had Mitch Mitchell and I known that Jimi was the only one being signed to contracts (and we didn't even know there were contracts), the Experience would have ended. We always worked on the basis that we were a group and that the business was being done as such.

Musically, the group was working away and picking up steam daily.

By the end of January, thousands were showing up at gigs. The demands on the gear were incredible; Jimi broke his guitar with his strenuous playing, and I had to run around and borrow an old guitar of mine that another group was using so we could play and play and play.

The star treatment was overwhelming. Gone were the days of a quiet pint. I'd go to a club and they'd announce my presence – to applause! People rushed up for autographs. It was wonderful and horrifying at the same time. I felt like a split personality: the image, and the one who was surviving by living with two friends, who also fed me for £1 per week. I kept wondering why I had no cash, remembering my earlier bands that made less and took home more.

PLANNING THE future, Jeffery signed with Warner Brothers Records in America on March 21, 1967: a five year, million-dollar contract. I couldn't get a copy, but I have heard that the advance was \$150,000, with eight per cent artist royalties and two per cent to Jeffery as producer. The advance never showed up in the accounts, but there was money around. Chas couldn't set up his new £330 stereo – so I did for him.

Personally, publicly, it was getting crazy. I tried to go ice-skating and got pulled apart by schoolgirls. We got mauled going to gigs. Girls in the audience started screaming *all* our names, although management allowed the group to be billed as “Jimi Hendrix”. That created more ego problems in the group than anything else. Mitch and I began to feel as if we were being put down, when we were playing well and going down just as well as Jimi. It was hard becoming stars and we only had each other to hassle with. To top it off, the exclusiveness backfired by being hard on Jimi also; he began to feel the pressure.

On March 31 we began a month-long British tour with the Walker Brothers, then the biggest sex symbols in England. Jimi and Chas now began to use the flash act they had been working on. The other groups on the show hated it as we knocked out audience after audience. But if Jimi did a sexy bit one night, the tour managers would be tackled by the theatre managers and we would be told to clean up.

The first night, *New Musical Express* writer Keith Altham had the idea to set fire to the guitar during ‘Fire’. It was miles more

dramatic than anything else on the tour, especially as we could see Jimi was having trouble getting the fluid lit. But it generated a lot of ill feeling and little things began to happen – like the house lights being turned up full in the middle of our set, or Jimi's guitar being found untuned just before we went on.

As the hysteria built up, the “wild man” image Jimi and Chas had been working on began to pay off. It gave the English press something to write about, because they didn't understand the music at all. And a black man in England could stand out and be different with no effort. Jimi's image made it possible for him to “get away with” his sexiness; blatant sex just wasn't “English”.

Once the media picked up the image, Jimi and our look became fashionable. The tour sold out between our popularity and the Walkers'. And Jimi began to realise that he personally could be successful, which boosted his confidence. Our egos grew and sometimes clashed. After I went home with a girl he fancied, Jimi freaked out and hit her. But our fights, almost all over women, were soon forgotten. A bigger problem was tour hysteria. People climbed on stage during our act. We could no longer go out and cool off between shows. We had no option but to sit around in dressing rooms with nothing to do but get smashed.

OUR FIRST LP, ‘Are You Experienced’, was released on May 12. We managed to finish it on our “off” days. There was a furore in the press over the barrage of Experience recordings; we'd also released two singles in the previous two months. But Chris Stamp, speaking for Track Records, said, “We really couldn't wait as advance orders were already at 25,000.” Besides, they wanted to be ready for the Experience's bill-topping appearance at the Saville Theatre in London on June 4. And it would be necessary to have an LP in the US before the Monterey Pop Festival, June 18. Record reviewers were at a loss for words to describe our drug-crazed energy, though they tried: “musical nightmare”, “raw nerves recorded”, and “electrical neurosis” were some of their attempts.

Immediately upon the album release we were off touring Europe for two weeks. Indeed, we worked nearly every day for five months. We were still borrowing spare change to survive. Hangers-on expected us to buy them rounds of drinks, and our own habits were getting expensive. Drink, smoke and pills got us in the right frame of mind for performing, or just to enable us to stay awake long enough to perform. Being the Experience was like making a pact to get at least *that* stoned every night. The music was built around a stoned frame of mind. And you'd have to stay awake long enough to relax with a jam at a club later.

Our changing status was changing us. We got a creeping suspicion that all was not right with our earnings. Mitch and I were cheesed off over the picture on the new single; it wasn't a group shot. We'd all get too stoned. Jimi was out of his head one night in Germany. I apologised, saying he was ill, and even had to tune his guitar. I discovered he'd taken acid just before the show. He couldn't do anything but sit there laughing.

It made me angry that he didn't keep himself together for shows; I felt that that was the essence of being professional. We had a serious discussion about the group that night. I found out we were making over £300 per night – a fortune then. Flights were cheap. We'd use average hotels and share rooms.

Back in England, we geared up for the States, Jimi's British work permit was expiring. For our “farewell” at the Saville we did a really good show – really loose – and we were rebooked for whenever we returned. We were definitely out of the small club circuit.

People started to hassle me for money. I was asked to guarantee loans, and investments presented themselves

regularly. I was glad to get away to the States; I felt I was escaping.

FIRST CLASS to New York! I flew next to Brian Jones, who had shown me a taste of the other side of life by taking me around with him in his Rolls. And I do mean flying: Brian had just given me my first two tabs of acid – which I swore didn't affect me. What could be trippier than my real life?

Arriving in San Francisco, we all attended the first two nights of the three-day Monterey Pop Festival as spectators and fans. On our day, we went over early for a run-through with the Who, the group we were scheduled to follow. That simple fact filled us with more apprehension than anything else. Nobody knew how it would come off. The Who had just taken America by storm with their “smashing act”. The only thing we had going was that we were new, Jimi being hyped as “a black English guy who plays with his teeth”.

That night, Brian introduced us and we took off for our 40 minutes set. We were in great form, as was the audience. We always fed on the crowd's enthusiasm and it affected our playing. That night the rapport was great, and we flew through the set. Jimi finished by burning his guitar – for the last time.

We'd gone down a bomb, and Bill Graham offered us a Fillmore stint with Jefferson Airplane. We started into the tons of drink and smoke that appeared for the after-gig party.

Next day, it all started to catch up with us. We tried to rest in preparation for our Fillmore gigs – six nights with two shows each – but San Francisco was freaking us out. Mitch and I were seeing hippies for the first time. England was never like this! I wandered out unsuspecting to Haight-Ashbury, coming back smashed on wine and smoke and spiked with acid. It affected me this time!

Jeffery hadn't a clue where our destiny lay. After a run-in with him over a mike-stand Jimi had damaged during our Monterey set, he flew off to New York, getting in touch only to bring us down again. “I've got a great deal for an American tour. You'll be with the Monkees. They're where it's at.”

Our gigs meanwhile were a huge success; Bill Graham gave Chas a \$2,000 bonus. During this tour we were on wages of \$200 per week, and living close to the line financially. I could never understand how other bands would have thousands in spending money. Jimmy Page would buy antiques to ship back. If I had to spend \$100 on stage clothes, it was a serious investment. I could never afford new guitars, but found out about pawn shops.

On the 26th we were off to tackle Los Angeles and start work on our second LP. I became terribly intrigued with playing a 12-string with a wah-wah pedal on a new number, probably the beginnings of ‘Burning Of The Midnight Lamp’. Jimi first used the wah-wah on ‘I Don't Live Today’. Jimi was starting to get into production, but the technical end of recording never did appeal to me. I would get bored with the repetition and waiting. My solution was to buy an acoustic guitar so I could mess around while Jimi and Chas mixed. This was the start of my songwriting career. Chas and Jeffery were very surprised when I started coming up with songs.

I really enjoyed creating ‘Axis: Bold As Love’. We all felt good and positive. It's still my favourite LP, though I was concerned that the lyrics weren't as together as the first songs – good ideas but awkward verse. Many lyrics were just word substitutes for the verbal noises with which Jimi would accompany his guitar playing. Our whole outlook on life was highly experimental at that point. That included music, drugs, women... we thrived on experience.

We made our Los Angeles debut at the notorious Whiskey a Go Go on July 2. But this was a flop. We were tired and too stoned to care. We could hardly stand up and it didn't help to know we had a 10 am flight to New York the next day. We arrived

dog-tired only to be refused admission to the hotel. Sometimes the attitude in America took me by surprise.

IN NEW York, Mike Jeffery was making a lot of heavy connections. The Monkees were “put together” as the American Beatles by a group of businessmen and lawyers to cash in on the scene. Jeffery was into this kind of thinking. We were more than a bit uneasy about it. Chas felt the tour would be a disaster and refused to go with us. But everything was long signed, and on July 8 we picked up Mike and joined the Monkees in Florida.

Our first show was 25 minutes. It was a funny audience for us – very young, about seven to 12 years old – but we went down surprisingly well.

In Charlotte, North Carolina we really died the death. Jimi pulled a moody, which meant he turned his back on the audience and got unreasonably pissed off when his guitar went out of tune or his amp hummed. Mitch and I carried on and pulled it through. The next night I was very surprised when we went down well in Greensboro.

The Monkees' tour manager was on Jimi's back to tone down the act. Jimi rebelled by turning the act off completely at Forest Hill in New York. We were told to get off the tour or else. I hated scenes and had to take two sleepers to get to sleep, but at least we were off. Our publicists made up a good press story about the Daughters of the American Revolution demanding we be pulled from the show.

The moment we left the Monkees tour, we moved from the Waldorf-Astoria to the Hotel Gorham, a wonderful place with no air conditioning (and little else). We had ten days with no gigs, just a lot of time to kill. We did finish ‘The Burning Of The Midnight Lamp’ and ‘The Stars That Play With Laughing Sam's Dice’. Working with Gary Kellgren as engineer, it took us 42 hours to complete. Quite a difference from ‘The Wind Cries Mary’ which took six minutes. None of us had any say about what single was put out. Sometimes we approved and sometimes we just grumbled.

Money worries – like the nagging suspicion that something was going wrong – started to bother us. We were getting on each other's nerves. A good distraction was my desire to write songs. On July 29 I tried recording the roots of ‘Little Miss Strange’. I had a cash shortage and began to see that writing was a definite help.

Scheduled to film a promo clip in Los Angeles, we started by my passing out beyond recall. We were tripping, of course. It was acid, acid, acid. We were spaced constantly. Chas stayed straight. He leaned toward whiskey, his cure for anything including stage nerves. Jimi would talk to Chas like he disapproved of the whole scene while he was completely out of it. We felt that acid was the great cure, a way to find everything, past and future. Chas at least hoped it might help Jimi's lyrics, which tended to be spaced-out and hard to identify with.

But if acid wrote the lyrics, speed played our music. The combination of everything was making us more tense every day with the scene and the hangers-on. We would take turns losing our tempers in sheer frustration at being stuck where we were in life. A year ago we would have been ecstatic. Eleven months ago the band didn't even exist. As people, we were coming apart. The acid certainly helped. Others were reassembling us as they wanted us to be. We didn't have the time or perspective to analyse the situation. We just kept going.

IN OCTOBER we finished ‘Axis: Bold As Love’. Other groups relied on using a variety of instruments for novelty but we relied on Jimi who loved to create new sounds just with his guitar.

Slowly studios got more advanced and with eight-track, it was possible to

CONTINUES OVER

THE HENDRIX DIARIES

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE



"I could never relax any more. I started passing out in trains, in cars, in friends' flats. We weren't into eating much; I usually only grabbed a burger or an occasional Chinese meal and a leaper"

experiment more. At first we would wait until we had some ideas stored up and semi-worked out, and then book a studio. Then Hendrix got into the habit of just hanging out in the studio and hoping something would come of it. He also got in the habit of recording all jams. Then he could listen back for possible usable bits or ideas. Many people write this way. You never know what's going to come out of a jam that's flowing well.

I felt a bit pushed physically. Maybe it was just depression, but I gave in to the constant supply of insurance brokers who were always trying to sell us something. I took out a life policy. I could never relax any more. I started passing out in trains, in cars (with others driving), in friends' flats - taking my sleep when I could get it, or maybe when I couldn't put it off any longer. We slipped into a routine of doing a gig and then heading to the studio for a night session. By this time, unless we were travelling, I rarely got up before 2 pm. If I felt really bad, I'd head for the doctor and a jab of B vitamins. We weren't into eating much; I usually only grabbed a burger or an occasional Chinese meal and a leaper (speed).

'Axis' had taken so long to record. Jimi knew he needed a break and wanted to take six months off just to write. But besides the material being slow in coming, much of the delay was due to hangers-on. They would infest the studio and make it hard to get anything done. I fully admit that drugs controlled our music. Whether it was true or not, we felt we had to be stoned to play properly. Good dope equalled good music.

A lull in December 1967 was only the eye of the cyclone. The storm started with the new year as we polished off a few European gigs in preparation for a second round in America. On January 4, after performing in Gothenburg, Sweden, we headed for the clubs. Jimi didn't usually come with us when we went drinking. He couldn't handle drinking very well and that night, we all got really pissed. Somehow we got back to the hotel and went to Jimi's room. But something went wrong in Jimi's head and he started freaking out at some weird hanger-on. It built up until he started smashing everything in his room.

The noise finally caused someone to call the police. I wasn't there when they arrived but you should have heard the noise. They arrested Jimi and took him away about 6 am, charging him with disturbing the peace. No one woke Chas, but they released Jimi because we had to play. They also made us agree to come back to Gothenburg for a hearing after the tour.

The gig went very well in spite of it all; perhaps the scene had cleared whatever had been building up. We did two one-hour sets to a very appreciative audience. But I felt the band was drifting apart and discussed it with Mitch before the next show. As if to accentuate my premonition, Jimi had a sore throat and did only 35 minutes when he could easily have jammed instrumentally for much longer.

Interviews were becoming incredibly difficult. We'd done so many that there wasn't much left to say. Most of my free time was spent seeing others play. Mitch and I were hanging out together more. Jimi was still living with Chas. The distance was growing at recording sessions. None of us were good at verbalising our problems. When I got fed up with long, fruitless sessions with too many people, I'd protest by not turning up.

NEXT WEEK: Another US tour, bigger audiences, more pressure and more acid start a downward spiral that eventually splits the Experience.

Alan David-Tu. One of a series of illustrations commissioned by TDK



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NEWS

STREETWALKING



THE BANGLES continue their newfound desire for exercise with a single called 'Walking Down Your Street', released by CBS on December 29.

A limited edition gatefold sleeve chronicling a year in the life of The Bangles

at work and play is available on initial copies of the 7-inch single.

Quite why there weren't enough episodes this year for the 12-inch sleeve remains something of a mystery.

Tom And Jimmy Against AIDS . . .

THE COMMUNARDS and Tom Robinson will be appearing at a major AIDS benefit concert at London's Barbican Centre on January 26.

A spokesperson for Action Against Aids told *Sounds*: "There has been talk of pop concerts for AIDS charities for some time. The Communards have very kindly offered to start the ball rolling and we're hoping this will be the first of many concerts."

Ticket details, together with the rest of the line-up, will be confirmed after Christmas.

Proceeds from the show will go to a variety of AIDS charities including The Terrence Higgins Trust.

Fiddler For A Crooked Mile . . .

MICRODISNEY, who have been quiet for most of the year, will play Harlesden Mean Fiddler on January 8 to celebrate the release of their new album entitled 'Crooked Mile' on Virgin on January 5.

The band will also be releasing a single called 'Town To Town' at the beginning of February, to coincide with a British tour.

BABY TUCKOO and Chrome Molly have added dates at Nottingham Mardi Gras January 18, Birmingham Kaleidoscope 19, Burton On Trent Central Park 24 (changed from Bridgewater Arts Centre), London-Marquee 25.

Banshees Burn-Up . . .



SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES, who have just returned from their South American tour, release their version of the Bob Dylan-penned Brian Auger/Julie Driscoll classic 'Wheels On Fire' on Wonderland (through Polydor) on January 9. The song is taken from their forthcoming album, due for release in February.

They'll be performing the song on the *Razzmatazz* special on ITV on January 2.

Slay Bells

SLAYER have run into problems with their new Geffen album 'Reign In Blood'. The album was due to be released through WEA last week, but the company objected to the "offensive nature" of some of the lyrics.

The offensive tracks in question were 'Angel Of Death', about the notorious Nazi doctor Joseph Mengele, and 'Necrophobia'.

The record will now be released over here through London Records this week, according to their American management, although there was nobody at London at presstime who could confirm this.

Baby Sham

SHAM 69, who haven't been heard of for years apart from odd (extremely odd) solo projects from Jimmy Pursey, are back in the form of Pursey and Dave Purcell.

You can see them at London Shaftesbury Avenue Limmelight on December 18.

The band are currently talking to record companies, but nothing has been signed as yet.

Pink Xmas?

THE PASTELS will play two Christmas shows at Bristol University December 20, Edinburgh The Place 22. Their debut album is set for release in the first week of February.

Verity Unto You

JOHN VERITY returns to live action after a break of 18 months when he plays Bingley Arts Centre on December 22. The set will include songs stretching back to his days with Argent, material from his forthcoming album and a selection of Hooligans cuts.

Shoot Out

BILLY IDOL follows up his recent hit 'To Be A Lover' by releasing a new single called 'Don't Need A Gun' on Chrysalis on January 5.

The track is an edited version of the one featured on his current album 'Whiplash Smile', and will be available in a gatefold sleeve.

Loan Rangers

THE GUANA BATZ, currently in the indie charts with their album 'Loan Sharks', fly out to play Hammersmith Club Foot on December 27.

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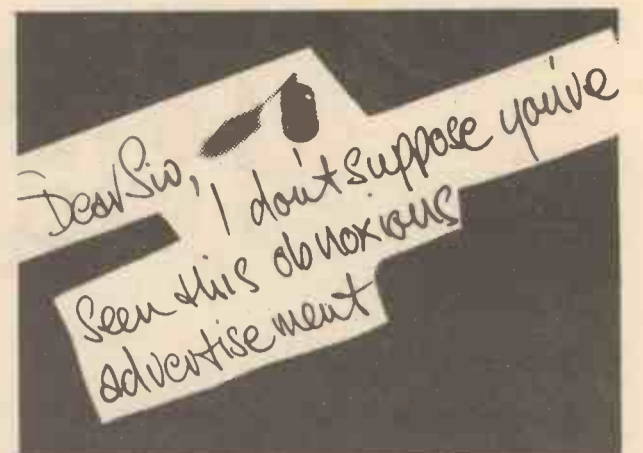
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PERFORMANCE SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD 'Warriors (Attack)' (ZTT) BIG FLAME 'Cubist Pop Manifesto EP' (Ron Johnson Records) A month ago, the original release of 'Warriors' barely got a look in in my Singles column. It was out-rocked, out-danced, out-witted, out-flirted and out-funked by the other predominantly low budget releases; it seemed worthless and lacking, it hardly warranted comment at all. When I tell you now that it is better than all but ten of the records here, it's clear that the standard of releases during the last weeks before Christmas is so dire that even this predictable piece of rock junk can become appealing.

For a band who ejaculated — and there can be no other word — into the British living room caked in leather, chains and the glistening liquid glories of a shining shaft shock press campaign, Frankie have become appallingly tame and useless. For a band who forthrightly sang about homosexuality and the futility of the nuclear stockpile, Frankie have become so bloody obviously boring that they have resorted to making competent rock records.

For their 'Heavy Mental' mix, they have hired the talents of old tarmac face himself, Gary Moore. The only other points of interest are the photos of Mark O'Toole and Holly smashing up a car on the sleeve. Wage hard.

Dancing, listening, or talking alongside Big Flame has nearly always been as inviting as the thrusting of a broken wine bottle into your genitals. A lot of people came up to me at the time they were splitting up and moaned on about how sad it all was, but I couldn't have disagreed more.

For an instance, live, Big Flame had something very shocking, very exhilarating and very brilliant. That they let this fall under the shadow of their aggressively optimistic ideals and opinions instead of building upon them, is as intolerable as Frankie losing anything they ever had. Both bands have let their holier than thou attitudes become fatally self-destructive; one's gone and the other will shortly follow.

'Cubist Pop Manifesto' is a posthumous EP, a funeral souvenir for those who unfortunately missed the band live.

Frankie, Big Flame, big fish and small fish in the same sea, both with the same problems, both with the same pollution to contend with.

SHRIEKBACK 'Gunning For the Buddha' (Island) At a time when Matt Johnson is once again actively stirring his hips, lips and brain, it is



CONCEPT'S T-Money and Doctor Dre: sadly, the Doctor left no room for DJ Easy G

interesting to hear Shriekback release a record that is mainly notable for its similarity to The The's 'Perfect'. This would improve the Top 30 if allowed entrance but, at this stage of cultural decay, it is going to take more than average calypso percussion pop songs to sort things out.

DUB SEX 'Tripwire' (Debris magazine flexi-disc) A freebie flexi that comes with the latest issue of that fine Manchester-based journal, 'Tripwire' is one dastardly little ditty. Sticking its boot in and tongue out somewhere between the guitar sounds of The Godfathers and The Three Johns, the body of the song rolls as soundly and tightly as Michelin rubber on M5 concrete. One hell of a tuneful but ratty racket, with bruised guitars, grazed larynges, and a bass blip that threads the whole thing together quite deftly.

Its crackles like a steak lollypop, so don't trip up, buy it! (Available for 75p PO/cheque to Debris, 48 Princess St, Manchester, M1 6HR.)

THE EASTERN DARK 'Johnny And Dee Dee' (Sonics Records/What Goes On Australian Import) Glyn, Glyn, come back, you can't have finished last week's column. You missed this beautiful packet of punctuated 'meet me/beat me/eat me at the beach' pop! pop! Now this is sex music.

A tribute to The Ramones from a band who were involved in a fatal car crash just weeks after releasing the single. I put it on the record player and this sound peeled out of the speakers; it pushed its way into my mouth and told me that if I didn't get chewing, it would cause me to vomit all over my socially depraved column. I haven't stopped sucking since. The handclaps are smacking me

around the face, like KER THWACK!, and the guitars are burning holes in my pumps and jeans. Hold on, I don't have any pumps. . . oh dear, my hair is turning black and my face is becoming all rubbery. Shit. I'm becoming a Ramone!

I hope The Eastern Dark died listening either to this or The Ramones. I hope that, when it happened, someone somewhere was writing a song as good as this one. I hope they didn't die arguing about the price of strings or who had the last bottle of beer.

THE SHRUBS 'Blackmailer EP' (Ron Johnson Records) The Shrubs are a gruesome little irritant. Their ambiguous pseudo-wacko lyrics and their tendency to ignore any structured format is annoying. If it's done convincingly enough and with a sufficient amount of nerve and charisma, deviant behaviour can be as exhilarating and dangerous as any art form. But squealing and howling your way through an EP is far from sinful. 'Blackmailer' is a nagging bundle of phlegm and this label should be doing better.

FRANK SIDEBOTTOM 'Christmas Is Really Fantastic EP' (In Tape) Who the hell buys Frank Sidebottom jokes. . . erm, records? A man with a face like an inflated ping pong ball, often scratched with graffiti and punched out of shape to look 'interesting', Frank is a horrible Kellogs plastic gift version of George Formby.

Christmas isn't really fantastic, you sick little twerp! The smell of burning flesh 'freshens' the air in the Lebanon, the wind blows sand into the lungs of starving Ethiopians, and in South Africa, people are being shot for their political beliefs. No wonder our country is so backward

ORIGINAL CONCEPT 'Bite'n My Stylee/Pump That Bass/Live (Get A Little Stupid. . . HO!)' (Def Jam Recordings US Import) 'Pump That Bass. . . might not be the A-side but it is Single Of The Week. Not just because it's an exceptional club record; it's here to act as a high visibility, perfectly formed arrow of chevrons to guide you into and around that dangerous curve from rock 'n' roll to hip hop.

Slide into the bend and let your stomach turn as you are hurled into the pit of that hard and gruesome anorak-free world. Where the daring, the excitement, the ex-plo-ra-tion is yelled and thrashed out on the pavement and on the dancefloor, not in the bedroom.

That I had to go out and buy this single for £5.45 should tell you just how bad the selection was this pre-Xmas week, the armpit of the musical year. And mediocrity has been its perspiration. There are but six or seven decent singles here; in my last column there were 24.

But if there is one label that is going to go from strength to strength in 1987 then it is going to be Def Jam Recordings. They have notorious sex brats the Beastie Boys tearing from their leashes, Original Concept pumping throbbing vocals through any ping pong ball beat-box sounds it can find, and lashings of disorderly metal guitars pinching the inch and slimming down to non flab hip hop levels of acceptability.

Hip hop don't stop just paaaaaaaaarty!

whilst supposedly going forwards. OK, I'll admit to smiling four times.

PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB 'Clean Eyes For Dirty Faces' (Red Flame) 'Clean Eyes For Dirty Faces' has the sort of chorus that is going to haunt me in all the deepest of indie dens I frequent. Effective but unaffected, Boa and co start well with a heady background of kettledrums and jungle guitars and then seem to lose themselves within the very polite confines of the song.

This should be good but for some reason it never makes it. The Voodoo drums pulse like the throbbing pain of your worst migraine but they fail to lift the rest of the track. Lacking in snap! Stick your tongue in further next time, Phillip.

THE BANGLES 'Walking Down Your Street' (CBS) The Bangles have as much chance of making that elusive credible record as British Airways have of landing Concorde in the grooves of this one. Poised between the tassle-jacketed oral farting of the Mid West country pop scene and the more serious business of hard-edged gußling rock 'n' roll, Bangles records might walk like an Egyptian but they smell like a camel.

MISTY IN ROOTS 'Own Them Control Them' (People Unite) De-jargonise Karl Marx's theories on class conflict in the industrial society and religion being the opium of the masses, skank it up to a relaxed reggae beat and furnish it with tart brass performances and a repetitive chorus, and you have 'Own Them Control Them'. Misty may well be stating the bloody obvious here, but if people are going to wait until hunger and poverty drives

them onto the streets then it is a message that needs shouting again and again.

SKINT VIDEO 'Cops On 45' (Off The Kerb) If *Spitting Image* was as cutting as the quality of political satire on 'Cops On 45', it would truly be worth gasping at. From 'My Old Man's A Dustman' to the Z Cars theme, Skint Video slice open the tunes and slot in their own disgustingly sharp lines: "My old man said sling him in the van and we'll make up the charges on the way. . ."

The B-side, 'The Rogues featuring Shane McEwans' is a fine pissed-take of the boys from County Hell. Inspired mimicks, Skint Video are the cabaret version of *The Guardian* cartoonist Steve Bell, insanely sharp and perfectly consistent. Sooner or later, they'll run out of Red Wedge benefits but, in the meantime, they are undoubtedly the sharpest stand up comedy duo around.

LOWLIFE 'Vain Delights EP' (Nightshift) A R KANE 'When You're Sad' (One Little Indian) The two best British independent singles of the week.

A R Kane have a bass grumble which sounds exactly like an expensive sports car coughing its outsize engine to a sticky end. They have captured the growl, stoked it and tuned it into a delightfully affronting purr. The drumbeat has been whipped from Lydon and Bambaataa's 'World Destruction', put on a crash diet and slipped in as a stark but stern frontbeat. While the vocals are chased at random by scratching, whistles, and that Panther black bass growl.

Another example of pop bands seeing past their blue guitars and chocolate catalogues and mixing pop noise with the B-Boy culture. Lowlife's 'Vain Delight'

sits on a deep vocal cushion, alongside a confident bass investigation, and pacey drum and guitar races. A definite nod of the cropped head is due to Peter Hook and Joy Division, in the same way that A R Kane owe a lot to the groundbreaking that The Jesus And Mary Chain have spent their last two years undertaking.

Both bands have been snogging with other group's styles but neither have come away with copyist cold sores or plagiarists' lisp. Promising stuff indeed.

THE BATFISH BOYS 'Justine' (Batfish Incorporated) Simon

Denby was Leeds' first gothic businessman. Head hunched deep into his neck, hedged in by his crazy beard and mane, he wore a chunky slab of leather on his back, scuffed winklepickers and . . . pin stripes and a briefcase. True! The March Violets were the snappiest goth monsters; they used to eat crows for breakfast and rotting dogs for tea. I tell you, Leeds in 1982 was no place to walk the Alsatian after 7.30 at night.

The Batfish Boys seem a lot more grim than the Violets; it's unfortunate that everyone who's ever seen Mick Farren's definitive book *The Leather Jacket* and lived to tell the tale is dressing up in the black gooey stuff.

But much as I dislike this regressive rock stuff, I'd rather have Mr D rolling around looking ridiculous in cloaks and leathers than Elton John. Take it to the towpath, boys.

PULP 'They Suffocate At Night' (Fire) Jarvis Cocker has delusions of songwriting grandeur. 'Little Girl' was exceptional, I'll admit — I once spent a sleepless weekend wondering whether or not this bug-eyed Sheffield nobody was the Steel City's own tormented version of Elvis Presley — but Pulp ought to be beaten to one just to see how Jarvis' songwriting abilities fare through the hammering. The atmosphere on 'They Suffocate At Night' is far more rarefied than previous Pulp pressings. Still, maybe someone should get JC some oxygen, a one way ticket to Paris, and a wholesale pack of ring bind notepads. . . then he could become a true poet of pain.

KLAXON 5 'Never Underestimate The Ignorance Of The Rich' (éi Records) Quirky pop song, lined with some imaginative trumpet, and crowned by an excellent title. Just the sort of 45 necessary for the gramophone when the local *Class War* group come round on Sunday for a game of croquet and a chat about jazz.

Reviewed by James 'Scrooge' Brown

ALBUMS '86

PERFORMANCE

The *Sounds* writers present an A-Z of the most important, influential and significant albums of 1986

THE 50



BIG BLACK: going nowhere but going there in style

BIG BLACK 'Atomizer' (Blast First BFFP 11) **AUGUST**

A **FRENZIED**, sometimes frightening onslaught, 'Atomizer' builds on the legacy of Hüsker Dü with an accuracy and purpose that leaves you drained. In the aftermath of hardcore's golden age, a few American bands are picking up the pieces left by the pack leaders, and Big Black's Chicago-based roar is one of the most distinctive survivors.

The drum machines on this record give their rhythms a brittle, crisped quality: the whole sound is scorched, charred to a black twist of metal. Although, like Hüsker Dü, they know how to sneak pop licks in among this terrible sound. In 'Big Money' or 'Fists Of Love', Big Black's music sings.

They're eaten up with the little crimes of small-time America, and their notebooks are actually more reminiscent of The Minutemen than the Hüskers. Where some hardcore is a high, screeching sound that seems to whistle through city blocks, Big Black sound like they're trapped in some subterranean plant, hatching out a furious underground sound.

They already have nowhere else to go, like their predecessors; say this sort of thing once and there's not much reason to say it again. But 'Atomizer' is lacerating proof of the way the American underbelly keeps releasing its dark offspring.

RICHARD COOK

BEASTIE BOYS 'Licensed To Ill' (Def Jam/CBS DEF 450062) **NOVEMBER**

WHEN DEF Jam came to rap London apart in the summer, it was the teenage delinquent thrill of Beastie Boys that emerged with popping eyes and heart-attack asides. Next to their groin-rubbing charge, Run DMC looked horribly pedestrian, inexcusably professional. The Beasties squeezed the living shit out of their sentences and looked dangerous, in that purely r'n'r sort of way.

At the Astoria, they played one of the most scorching sets of the year, an amphetamine haven of panic-rap, snared rhythms and a shared hysteria. They played harlots with a tattered grace, came on like they needed to f*** the living daylight out of the capital. In that respect, they were alone.

Not all of that spell found its way onto 'Licensed To Ill', but there was enough. They packed it full of enough sloth and teen sex thunder to make it count. It lacked the mannered delivery of, say, LL Cool J, but their leering and sneering were probably enough.

In a way, all that the Beastie Boys had to offer was a frantic libido, revved up on a blistering rap that foamed at the crotch and introduced 'lay me now' as a first and last manifesto. Beastie Boys just wanted to get laid and get rich while the queue for the first stretched from here to there.

In London, they were ridiculously famous, hailed as heroes by pale-skinned, whistle-blowing goons. The worst thing about black music this year was its white audience, especially its socio-bullshit protagonists in the rock music press. The Beasties and their writhing sex beat made a great nonsense out of it.

JANE SIMON

JONH WILDE

JACKSON BROWNE 'Lives In The Balance' (Asylum EKT 31/CD) **FEBRUARY**

JACKSON BROWNE has a uniquely sincere voice and so you tend to, if not necessarily believe, then at least listen to what he has to say. And with 'Lives In The Balance', there is plenty.

With a three year absence from the racks, Browne has had more than enough time to work himself up into a right lather about the injustices of this world, and in particular those of Uncle Sam. In the year that saw Paul Simon hop off the fence to find a touch of the old magic through discovering something worth singing about, his fellow elder statesman has returned as the conscience of America.

The ghost of 'Nam is exorcised directly by the ironic 'Lawless Avenues', while the legacy of the Asian conflict is put under the microscope in several other tracks, most notably the title track and 'For America'.

The diatribes collared most of the initial critical attention, but he inevitably found room for some self-



JACKSON: sincere

pitiful emotional diarrhoea with 'In The Shape Of A Heart'. So 'Lives In The Balance' is no protracted rant, but it is a big record for the man.

With Dylan losing his direction completely and drivelling towards senility, Jackson Browne has found clarity of vision, a focus for his abundant talent.

ANDY HURT

ANITA BAKER 'Rapture' (Elektra EKT 37/CD) **APRIL**

THE PRIME significance of Anita Baker's 'Rapture' is not so much that this particular set of songs constitute one of the great albums of the year (which they certainly do), it's mainly that this record has belatedly introduced the luxurious voice of a real singer to the British charts. Of course, it's impossible to describe the difference between a great voice and a truly great voice, but I guess Baker's most dulcet of dulcet tones work on a listener in the same way that a dab of honey in a mug of tea helps it slide down more easily.

Anita's is not a big voice like that of Franklin or Turner, but then she is not a big lady. The key to the success of 'Rapture' is the selection of material, perfectly tailored to a gentle sexuality. Baker wrote 'Been So Long' and 'Watch Your Step' and drew on six separate sources for the remainder of the album's eight tracks. Although it will be referred to as the record which contains the monumental single 'Sweet Love', 'Rapture' is a random collection of wonderful melodies.

The sole criticism that can be levelled at this LP is the shameful lack of credits for a team of musicians who have turned in the most exquisite of performances. But it's all in a good cause, as 'Rapture' transcends categories and qualms to perfectly underline the aptness of its title.

ANDY HURT

THE BAND OF HOLY JOY 'The Big Ship Sails' (Flim Flam HARP BABY 1) **MAY**

AS 1986 dies like a lonely pensioner from hypothermia, the rum-rosey cheeks of The Band Of Holy Joy are staring from the front covers of many of the nation's music comix. This is encouraging. For not only does the group's disconsolate but loving depiction of socially disenfranchised souls in Britain jar against the current banal pop sensibility, TBOHJ have achieved this print invasion on their own terms.

To initially create a media stir, the New Cross inebriates chose weekly residencies in venues that suited their music. The Player's Theatre at Charing Cross has the kind of intimate ambience on which TBOHJ thrive and in which journalists like to get drunk. The word spread like creeping cirrhosis.

'The Big Ship Sails', a six track 'shanty' affair for the landlocked, is utterly singular. I say 'shanty' but that is shorthand for a complex sound that collapses fairground organs, trombones, big bass drums etc around Johnny Brown's distraught vocals.

TBOHJ are forging a late 20th Century folk music with its roots in the local community and its heart in the corner pub. They don't reflect or glorify their subjects; rather they illuminate the emotional fallout that shatters the victims of decay. And it's this facet that makes them intoxicated with hope.

JACK BARRON

THE BANGLES 'Different Light' (CBS 26659/CD) **MARCH**

GIRLS AREN'T supposed to be in bands - ask anyone. They can sing (provided they're Debbie Harry) but putting a guitar in their hands is the punchline to every joke about women drivers ever told. The fact that most boy bands also have crap guitarists matters not one jot when confronted with a Bangle. So how come they're featured here?

This time last year, The Bangles were strictly nowhere. Then, in the last dying moments of '85, they were anointed with the mark of Christopher Tracy (alias Prince, who had a girl guitarist of his own), and the

promised land laid itself out before them like a purple carpet.

One month later they'd cracked it. Of the dozen or so pop tunes that made it worth turning on your radio this year, The Bangles had three of them on this LP; 'Manic Monday', 'If She Knew What She Wants', and the played-to-death 'Walk Like An Egyptian'. The music press, which was sworn on oath in blood to hate pretty women (except Debbie Harry), faced a terrible dilemma, but decided to hate The Bangles for not being pretty enough!

Whatever they do next, this album proved that girls have every right to be just as bad as the boys. Official.

JANE SIMON

JONH WILDE

BUTTHOLE SURFERS 'Rembrandt Pussy Horse' (Red Rhino Europe RRE LP 2) **MAY**

SOME AMERICAN bands are brutal, others tender, but only the Butthole Surfers can lay claim to being the most wiggled out surrealist purveyors of sonics in the universe. In truth, this fine if uneven album, is only a fragment of their power.

The Butties were undoubtedly the most provocative and inventive group I saw live in 1986, but they still have yet to capture their full array of weirdness and wiredness on vinyl. 'Rembrandt Pussy Horse' - the title of the year - is certainly a gouging out of the eye of orthodoxy but it sometimes sacrifices intensity on the altar of loopy experimentation.

As singer Gibby yowls on 'Perry' - partly a parody of a promotional man replete with a mock English accent - this album is about "Licking the shit off the floor . . . Bits of crumbling crayon . . . And all the things you wish you had".

When the going gets tough the Butties get



GIBBY wigs out Steve Double

laughing. 'Rembrandt Pussy Horse' is full of sly chuckles, from the barking souzaphone, that insane tiger that has had its meat spiked and is let loose on the second side, to what Edwin Pouncey in his original review called, "the bit which sounds like a toilet exploding".

While the majority of Britain's flipped youth decided to walk the safe way and pretend that The Mission, the Medics and so on were somehow the new psychedelia, the Butties released this unhinged album and came over here to play one (disastrous) gig. Yet they are, like Swans and Sonic Youth, still culturally influential on a number of this isle's more forward looking artists, though to a lesser extent.

The Butties are about to be signed to a prominent British indie and promise freaky fun in abundance in 1987. Meanwhile, let 'Creep In The Cellar' walk up your backbone and look for the hole in your brain where your mind should have been this Christmas.

JACK BARRON

PERFORMANCE ALBUMS '86

ALBUMS OF 1986

CAMEO 'Word Up!'
(Phonogram/Club JABH 19/
CD)

SEPTEMBER

FOR BETTER or for worse, one of the lasting memories of 1986 must be that of Larry Blackmon's codpiece. The envy of Blackie Lawless and David Gower, the red box wiggled its wicked way across our TV screens and into immortality.

But it couldn't outshine Cameo's music. 'Word Up!', their twelfth album – amazingly, it wasn't until their tenth, 'She's Strange', in '84 that Cameo began their assault on Britain – was unstoppable. Its title track remains the year's most distinctive slug of the dancefloor libido, while its successor, 'Candy', is smoother, sweeter, but no less effective.

You can't argue with a groove this good, although had Cameo stooped to the sexist muscle-flexing of the dumbest funk junk, or squeezed the life out of the beat with layers of mellow glitz, then it would have been a little more difficult to get steamed up about them. But Cameo's highspots leave



LARRY: unstoppable

you breathless.

Unlike Run DMC's rap-metal ransacking, 'Word Up!' turned new heads, not with crossover catches but with pure mastery of the form. In 1986, 'Word Up!' put Cameo entirely into context: a club rave, a chart institution and a cut above the artless disco gloop.

And as for Larry's haircut . . .

PAUL ELLIOTT

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN 'Telephone Free Landslide Victory'
(Rough Trade ROUGH 95)
MAY

IN A year satiated with 101 inter-changeable rhinestoned regiments of American trad rockers and one which featured a more welcome return to a basic roots music, Camper Van Beethoven lapped all this up then went one better. They took a rampaging psychedelia-tinged Tex-Mex polka, made it their own and then infused it with an ironic laid-back cynical personality that has a lot in common with the more adaptable, more intelligent US hardcore bands.

Eclectic was as ever a word over-used in 1986 but CVB were nothing if not this. Their sharp-eared magpie's approach to musical piracy allowed them to successfully nick tidbits from everywhere, from Vladivostok to their local beach, and blend them together, their vibrant personas holding the stew together.

By the end of the year, with the release of their third album 'Camper Van Beethoven' ('Telephone' being the first, with the second, 'Two And Three', only available on import in this country), they'd moved on to a guitar-orientated sound which took in covers of 'Interstellar Overdrive' and a backwards-played 'morse code' version of 'Stairway To Heaven'. Still, for me, 'Telephone' was their finest album, including as it did the inspired lyricism of 'Take The Skinheads Bowling'.

While Half Man Half Biscuit were taking a diet of trashy TV esoterica to produce a recorded homage to 'enforced leisure time', CVB were doing something similar but using American musical tradition as their base. Their result was just as funny but will prove more lasting.

ROY WILKINSON

ELVIS COSTELLO 'King Of America' (F-Beat ZL 70946/CD)
MARCH

COSTELLO'S MOST productive period for years opened with this sprawling exploration of various British and American myths. Conceived, perhaps, as a cousin to the Nashville-oriented 'Almost Blue', the music is performed by Californian players who helped to shape the original sound of American rock – each track has a dignified gleam that gives invincible class to Costello's tunes.

The lyrics are sharp and bloody: never has Costello sliced so deeply into bad romance and hypocritical lives. And there is some pathos too. 'Our Little Angel', a tragic masterpiece, is the song Elvis should retire on.

In a singer-songwriters' year, this record set an unflinching standard.

Even so, Costello's paranoid streak still came through. Narcissism is always a beat away, in moments like the misanthropic cover of 'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood' or the painful 'I'll Wear It Proudly'. His distance from pop, as a craftsman who never listens to his radio, gives the LP a studied air. The only track with The Attractions, 'Suit Of Lights', is one of the best, setting the stage for the sloppier but probably more truthful 'Blood And Chocolate'.

Costello sounds as though he's singing these songs to himself, immaculately twisting himself, alone in a studio. A record to admire but a difficult one to love.

RICHARD COOK



BON JOVI: bet you didn't know they used to be deckchair attendants!

Greg Freeman

BON JOVI 'Slippery When Wet' (Vertigo VERH 38/CD)
SEPTEMBER

THE WORST thing Bon Jovi did in 1986 was sweep aside the barriers to chart success for those abominable curly perm pompsters Europe. Any sane rock aficionado will agree that it's Jon Bon Jovi who deserves that Number One spot – if only as a reward for accomplishing the near impossible and re-fuelling a clapped out singles chart with a double helping of uncompromising quality rock.

'Slippery When Wet' is my number one album of the year – no contest. Not just because it's achieved so much for a musical genre so unjustly reviled throughout most of the '80s, but because Bon Jovi have produced, in only their third LP, the classic that many more esteemed rock artists might spend a decade chasing after.

No one, least of all the band, would claim that there is

anything stunningly original about this record. What makes it special is the manner in which the band have scooped up all the basic ingredients of rock – the anthemic rush of 'Let It Rock', the cruising tempo of 'Livin' On A Prayer', the modern day cowboy imagery in the delightful 'Wanted Dead Or Alive' – and welded them together into a definitive whole.

Most of all, 'Slippery When Wet' is accessible. There are no time-wasting drum displays, no stretches of arduous guitar virtuosity – although Richie Sambora is fast proving to be rock's greatest guitar hope since Jake E Lee. The catchy simplicity of the 'Bad Name' single is the Bon Jovi blueprint throughout.

In the wake of Bon Jovi's success, much has been made of metal's so-called coming of age, with hard rock suddenly becoming 'respectable'. Of course, some of us know that it's always been respectable. 'Slippery When Wet' is the proof.

ROBBI MILLAR

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS 'Your Funeral. . . My Trial' (Mute STUMM 34)
NOVEMBER

FOLLOWING ONLY a month or two after 'Kicking Against The Pricks', 'Your Funeral. . .' shows the extent to which Cave has been influenced by the work of the tormented balladeer of '60s America. What this four-sided, eight-track, 45 rpm collection does is to bring all his obsessions into focus and convey them through his most accessible presentation so far.

'Stranger Than Kindness' absorbs its strength from the way Mick Harvey's drum rolls and Blixa Bargeld's loose, Western guitar take it into cowboy country. 'Jack's

Shadow' employs slide guitar, while the rest of the band adopt a warping of the usual Seeds conventions for a massive stride closer to Johnny Cash's dirge-like acoustics. And the title track, one of two outstanding pieces, deals with the classic Cave nightmare of being deserted by a woman he loves and has destroyed.

It's one step to the other climactic piece, 'Hard On For Love', where God, Cave's secondary obsession, and the malevolence of females unite to drive believer into unbeliever. A furious litany of lust ends on a continually retold rosary of frustration to crystallise a man tantalized to the end of time.

With 'Your Funeral, Nick

Cave reaches a pinnacle of wilful tragedy and exhibits his blackest portrait yet of the thwarted outsider stalking the edge of town.

GLYN BROWN

THE ROBERT CRAY BAND 'Strong Persuader' (Mercury MERH 97/CD)
NOVEMBER

THE BLUES had been down so long it felt like up to them . . . then along came Robert Cray. Three good albums on the trot is an exceptional achievement these days, in any style. And Robert Cray has not only rejuvenated the blues virtually single-handed, he's also restored to it a dignity that some of his ancestors had let slip in their dotage.

'Strong Persuader' has the same understated but insistent sense of purpose as 'Bad Influence' and 'False Accusation', characterised by Cray's gentle self-assurance. He has established an articulate, often wry, identity by making a virtue out of self-consciousness and expanding occasional quirks of delivery into a recognisable trademark.

He's stuck to the same production team and his band remains virtually the same, but he's not about to get stuck in a rut by hogging all the songwriting. The other three members of the band all contribute their fair share of material.

This ensures a variety of material for Robert to impose himself upon as well as keeping him fresh and alert.

HUGH FIELDER

DIED PRETTY 'Free Dirt' (What Goes On GOES ON 7)
OCTOBER

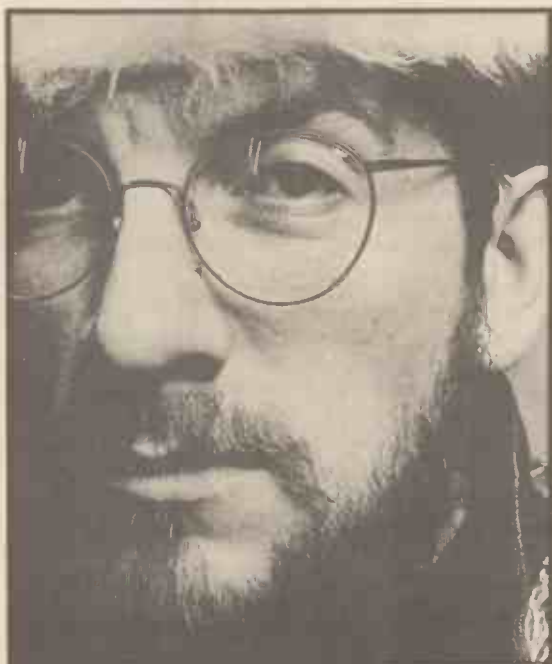
AFTER NUMEROUS flashes of inconclusive inspiration from the Sydney rock underground, Died Pretty have fully vindicated both their peers' faith in the scene and the legacy of their late '70s Australian forbears' rock 'n' roll puritanism, notably that of Radio Birdman, whose former vocalist Rob Younger produced this debut album.

Embodying Younger's 'nothin' is cool' creed, Died Pretty eschew the more common trappings of great songwriting and go straight to its cerebral and sensual core, returning to it a spirit, a self-respect and a pedigree paralleling that of the best '60s West Coast groups.

Died Pretty's pronounced personality imprint discourages sycophancy in press and public alike. Far from sensational, they are instead integrally earthy in an opaque way that refuses penetration by prevalent standards of analysis. Their poetic vein is as embracing and abraded as their jugular, cross-cutting raw emotion without needing to see blood to feel confident.

As a signpost to a new wave of rock 'n' roll that is innocent yet not naive, powerful but not immoderate, Died Pretty are exemplary. Their work, thus far, equals a primary body of regenerative '80s rock, sure to provide an incidental axis for a new breed.

RALPH TRAITOR



ELVIS: a crowning achievement?

ALBUMS '86

PERFORMANCE



FRANKIE go to pot

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD 'Liverpool' (ZTT Records ZTT IQ8/CD)
OCTOBER

1986 WAS the year in which Frankie's formerly immaculately packaged sortie into hedonism and the pleasure dome collapsed in a tedious round of drunken binges at Europop festivals. Even if Holly does resolve his apparent differences with the lads, it's nigh on impossible to imagine them recapturing the fetching if slightly obvious sense of danger or even the quality of either 'Relax' or 'Two Tribes'.

Falling from the appropriately ridiculous level of hyperbole that accompanied their leap from leathers to their sartorial zenith on the front of a million T-shirts, 'Liverpool' was the innocuous whimper in the wake of the bang.

EASTERHOUSE 'Contenders' (Rough Trade ROUGH 94/CD)
JUNE

THIS HAS been a year when, more than ever before, pop came to terms with politics.

And while Red Wedge took this almost unnatural relationship to its logical extreme, and while The Redskins shattered their songs and their souls upon the pillars which support the temple of contemporary conservative Britain, undoubtedly the leading political album of the year came from Easterhouse.

It's taken four years, but with the 'Inspiration' EP and this marvellous 'Contenders' album, the Mancunian five-piece named after a housing estate in Glasgow have at last revealed the full range of their exceptional talent and insight.

Yes, Easterhouse support the Revolutionary Communist Party. Get Back To Russia, you say. No chance, says singer and brilliant propagandist Andy Perry. "England made me, and here I'll stay... let England deal with me".

Perry's songs are almost pamphlets. The structures and the images are crisp and irrepressible. The logic compelling and undeniable. The passion genuinely shocking. And when his sharply inspirational words are forged to the versatile steel patterns shaped by his guitarist and brother Ivor, then the blade which eventually emerges from the furnace is a beautifully conceived and sternly momentous collection of oblique confrontation and immense classical rock power.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE FALL 'Bend Sinister' (Beggars Banquet BEGA 75/CD)
SEPTEMBER

'BEND SINISTER' is one of the few LPs to seriously alleviate the painful spread of 'no style, no wit, no Northern sex sound' through our musical trough. 'BS' not only served to fuel the respect and fear that most wise people have for the band, but also to pump much needed manoeuvrability into the feet of dance-starved spit, rant and roll fans.

'Bend Sinister' boasts tracks like 'Shoulder Pads' (both versions) with a keyboard refrain that was lifted from the anthem of an American high school cheerleaders' band, or 'US 80's-90's' and 'Gross Chapel - British Grenadiers', with their luminous lyrical indictment of big scale smalltown bureaucracy and officialdom. Both are part of the twin set crazy cash card syndrome where you put in the record, quote the number and then laugh or retch as Mark E Smith and The Fall stretch your mind around their vision. And Smith and co do have a very peculiar, very perceptive and very brilliant understanding of our society. An understanding that has helped The Fall develop into a thoroughly self-sufficient, independent, non flab cool group.

No band is in such a position of individuality as The Fall; it's taken The Velvet Underground 20 years to influence as many bands as The Fall have in eight.

'Bend Sinister' is sexy, capable and pleasingly unfinished. No Jeffrey Archer crp here. Stp.

JAMES BROWN

THE GO-BETWEENS 'Liberty Belle And The Black Diamond Express' (Beggars Banquet BEGA 72/CD)
MARCH

IT'S HARD to believe that The Go-Betweens were so harshly dropped by Sire at the beginning of '86.

Luckily, Beggars saved the day, allowing the best songwriting partnership since Lennon & McCartney to continue exploring the frail insecurity of people whose lives have been turned upside down by love.

Robert Forster and Grant McLennan compliment each other so well: one's the failed pop star and the other is the failed introvert, and

their jewels are like bachelor diaries. 'Liberty Belle' was the most confident and lavish Go-Betweens to date, an orchestra of violins and accordians melted together to enrich the subtleties of their exquisitely unblemished pop. There was a new romantic breeziness replacing the world-worn sombreness, but the painful emotions still remained to enforce the frustrated inadequacy and brittle edge that's so prominent in The Go-Betweens' work. 'Liberty Belle' was The Go-Betweens opening their private diaries to the public and confessing their secret sins.

RON ROM



PETER GABRIEL: worth waiting for

HEAD OF DAVID 'LP' (Blast First BFFP10)
OCTOBER

ONE OF the few albums spawned by wholly English bands that were worth shouting about in 1986 came from out of nowhere. From the shadowhills of Dudley, Head Of David unleashed the guitar guillotine of 'LP'.

While the British indie scene donned anoraks and feyly watered down Morrissey, HOD took their lead from America's aesthetic brutalists: Swans, Sonic Youth, the Stooges etc.

To hear 'LP' is to be immersed in an instrumental holocaust which makes HOD the most visceral British band since the Mary Chain - though without the Reid brothers' pop hooks. But to actually listen to 'LP' is to understand that life is a trial in which we are all found guilty.

The latter perspective percolates like fear through the nine original compositions here which, whether dealing with the media, America, racial prejudice or Jimi Hendrix, are totally obsessional in feel and outlook. As a bonus, there's a choice cover of Suicide's 'Rocket USA'.



HEAD OF DAVID: surely shome mishtake?!

HOD are not yet fully convincing in the flesh. But like Lydon's similarly titled 'Album', 'LP' was the only vinyl to turn metal guitars mental again and say something worthwhile.

JACK BARRON

PETER GABRIEL 'So' (Charisma PG5/CD)
MAY

THERE ARE a handful of artists for whom normal rock 'n' roll criteria do not apply because they are involved with putting art into rock music, sometimes with a capital A and sometimes with a capital F.

So if Peter Gabriel takes three and a half years to come up with a new studio album, then there's nothing anyone can do about it. Whether it's better or worse than his other albums is a personal matter, but he seems to be getting better at finding the right blend of effort and enjoyment.

The rhythmic emphasis that dominated his last two studio albums is less pervasive on 'So', superficially at least, although you don't have to scratch very far beneath the surface to discover that they are still a consuming passion.

The constant struggle between Gabriel's intellect and his gut reactions is probably never going to produce a perfect album but it will give you some pretty fine highs along the way. 'Sledgehammer' is an out-and-out soul song where the lyrics have been deliberately stretched beyond the normal soul clichés, while 'Don't Give Up' has the kind of fervour you find on sanctimonious country songs but which is instead transformed into an eerie dialogue with Kate Bush (another of the aforementioned handful). And then there's the painfully exquisite psycho-analysis of 'Mercy Street'.

Gabriel is also losing his fear of the past. Is that an old-fashioned Genesis-style 12-string guitar I can hear in the mix occasionally?

HUGH FIELDER

THE HOUSEMARTINS 'London 0 Hull 4' (Go Discs AGOLP7/CD)
JUNE

THE LAST time politics figured so prominently in the national Top Ten was when 2-Tone's updated ska dominated the charts. Remember 'Ghost Train's haunting message in 1981, calling out to a Britain that burned with riots in Bristol, Toxteth and Brixton?

The Housemartins, without doubt, were this year's least likely pop stars. They were pretty ugly, very spotty and one of them wore National Health goggles. They weren't exactly pin-ups and they stuck out on Top Of The Pops like a bunch of Oxfam rejects. What they did have, however, like the soon-to-be-greatly-missed Madness, was an understanding of the demands of pop music, and especially that pop music which aims to subtly emphasise the ills of a nation.

The Housemartins realised that, to put these ideas across, you had to put the pop before the politics, and they did so with great effect.

Yes, The Redskins and Billy Bragg desperately tried to keep the red flag flying, but their efforts could easily be ignored around the outer reaches of the Top 40 while The Housemartins were up there with the Madonnas, Queens and Boris Gardiners of the world, telling a nation of TV addicts to think for a minute.

The effect of such an achievement will hopefully be seen in years to come, when the young record buyers they've reached start deciphering the messages in the records. The Housemartins made it all look so easy. They entertained, touched, provoked and truly challenged the pop establishment's current disposability. 'London 0 Hull 4' confirmed their talents.

PERFORMANCE ALBUMS '86

JANET JACKSON 'Control' (A&M AMA 5106/ CD)

APRIL

WHO IS in control here? Along with Cameo's 'Word Up' and 'Zapp IV', the best funky pop of the year came from yet another Jackson, abetted by the omnipotent Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis.

The usual Jam-Lewis strategy – to weave an entire sound around a chosen protégée – worked perfectly with Janet because she sounds as contagiously sparky and electric as their music. She seems to have the measure of everything – the massive, almost abstract 'Nasty', the girlish bounce of 'He Doesn't Know I'm Alive'. The LP gets under way with a *Cosmo* manifesto in 'Control', 'Nasty' and 'What Have You Done For Me Lately', but side two is all sugar and spice.

It's funny how it's always the soul girls that bring about a producer's best. Just as Chic peaked with Sheila B Devotion, so it looks like 'Control' may be the zenith of Jam and Lewis. The record suggests a perfectly balanced truce between the serious techno-soul of 'What Have You Done For Me Lately'

MADONNA 'True Blue' (Sire WX54/CD)

JULY

AT THE time of its release, 'True Blue' looked like it would almost certainly stiff. Madonna Mania (bare calves and lacy gloves a go-go) had been a 1985 rage, and the very suggestion that this singing, dancing sensation might make it through another year unscathed was enough to reduce unbelievers to fits of derisive laughter.

But she did it, she bloody went and did it and shot right back to the top of the charts, firstly by wringing a few last drops from the rapturous 'Like A Virgin' LP and then with 'True Blue' and a string of hit singles from within its exotic confines: 'Papa Don't Preach', 'Live To Tell', the title track itself, plus the current biggie, 'Open Your Heart'.

The new year will be interesting. Only six tracks remain to be lifted from 'True Blue' and then Madonna's back in the firing line, ready to be dragged down and picked to bits by the gutter press at the slightest sign of decline. I honestly believe they'll be disappointed.

MR SPENCER



METALLICA: 'wilder than even the wildest punk'

Steve Double

METALLICA 'Master Of Puppets' (Music For Nations MFN 60/CD)

JULY

THROUGHOUT 1986, and indeed over the past couple of years, the headbanger discos of Great Britain and most of Europe have reverberated to a devastating new sound: thrash metal, a gloriously unsubtle mix-up of HM's virtuosity and punk's hell-for-leather aggression.

It's been in the air for ages, a mutant music form drawing the spiky tops and an ultra-barmy strain of metallurgists closer and closer, until finally a crazy conclusion was reached with the sudden emergence of Metallica as standard bearers of an entire new youth phenomenon. The kids, at last, were united.

And the music? The music was utterly deranged. 'Master Of Puppets' (Metallica's third LP) was almost classical in its complexity, and yet it was wilder than even the wildest punk. And by now, even the music press was starting to take notice.

With the word now spreading from the street and into the ears of the months-behind rock critics, Metallica played their trump card: a headlining UK tour, climaxing in a triumphant sell-out show at the Hammersmith Odeon.

Days later, in a stupid accident, bassist Cliff Burton was thrown through a coach window and on to the tarmac of Sweden's busiest motorway.

Metallica will continue, in respect to Cliff's memory, and no doubt with as much ingenuity and dynamism as before. Given a year or two, they'll be enormous.

MR SPENCER



JANET: contagious



MADONNA: invincible

and the trembling, demure ballads on the second side.

Jackson's giggles and asides are the human face on what was a commercial monster. Some of the best pop-soul grooves since... 'Thriller', of course.

RICHARD COOK

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS 'Happy Head' (Blue Guitar/Chrysalis AZLP 1)

SEPTEMBER

FLASHES IN the pan come and go, but whether or not The Mighty Lemon Drops' autumnal publicity airburst will prove to be yet another case of too much too soon

for too little has yet to be determined.

A young group – in terms of both personal ages and months of existence as an active beat combo – these wandering wonderkids from Wolverhampton first hit the road as recently as 1985, immediately attracting large crowds of people too hip to admit to liking the Bunnymen but eager to flaunt their admiration for Julian Cope and The Doors.

The Mighty Lemon Drops were drawing heavily on the past, yet simultaneously the present was very much where they were at. Their surprisingly distinctive, abrasive but soaring pop screamed at you: now!

MR SPENCER

A widespread gasp of admiration greeted the independently released debut single, 'Like An Angel', and soon the band were playing to capacity audiences, negotiating with most of the major labels and generally having a ball. They eventually signed to Chrysalis, putting out the excellent 'Happy Head' LP just as the overkill bubble reached bursting point.

The Mighty Lemon Drops ought by now to be at least jostling for promotion into the first division; as it is, they're in danger of dropping back down to the third. Now that would be a tragedy of epic proportions.

THE MISSION 'God's Own Medicine' (Mercury MERH 102/CD)

NOVEMBER

THIS YEAR, a lot of people remembered how much they liked Led Zeppelin and The Mission remembered more loudly than most, carrying their fond reminiscences down to the very last detail of Simon Hinkler's twin-necked 'Jimmy Page' brand guitar. They seemed to spend most of the year weighed down with drink and drugs as if trying singlehandedly to bring a great tradition, that of the seriously touring rock conglomerate, out of the grave and back up among the dry ice.

Yes, The Mission were absurd and ridiculous – they said so themselves on a *Sounds* front cover. You could well call them disgusting anachronisms but, as far as I'm concerned, they deserve praise for taking all the portent and hammy self-importance of gothdom and treating it with a winning self-deprecatory humour. In the end, they were not so much Aleister Crowley as Charlie Caroli.

Despite all their *Hammer Of The Gods* histrionics, The Mission were as much a pop band as anything else. From the chart penetrating debut single 'Serpent's Kiss', they always underlined their ornate dramatics with an instant pop sensibility and this is present in reasonable quantities, lurking beneath the runic, celestially overwrought cover of 'God's Own Medicine'.

The Missionary position was quite an embarrassing one to be caught in but it was also pretty good fun.

ROY WILKINSON

MOTORHEAD 'Orgasmatron' (Great Western Records GWR 1/CD)

JULY

"I WAS born to rock 'n' roll, everything I need/I was born with the hammer down, I was built for speed..."

After a long legal battle for survival and supremacy, the hardly new but virtually unrecorded four-piece Motorhead finally emerged from its Kensal Rise Motorlair brandishing a fearsome 12 inches of solid black vinyl Motorrock 'n' roll.

'Deaf Forever', the opening track and single, was all but a mirror for the rest of the album. With one eye on the Motorlegend, "stone deaf forever" and all that, it cut up decidedly rough with a great up and down primal grate of a riff quite unlike anything Motorhead had attempted before – certainly not since the 'Overkill' album.

Inspired by the presence of two lean and hungry guitarists, Wurzel and Phil Campbell, and hungry for success like only lapsed successes can be, Lemmy pulled out all the stops on 'Orgasmatron'. Revealing his new Motorhead as a rock 'n' roll band without parallel, a heaving behemoth of pounding sound. And never more so than on the monstrous and barrier-shattering title track.

Make no mistake about it, I don't know if this was the year metal went pop, or the year it went thrash (and just who do you think was responsible for that?), but it was certainly the year it got louder than ever before. Motorhead... remember them this way.

ROGER HOLLAND



HÜSKER DÜ: bending all the rules

HÜSKER DÜ 'Candy Apple Grey' (WEA WX 40 925 385-1/CD)

MARCH

'CANDY APPLE Grey' is Hüsker Dü's fourth consecutive classic and their first album for a major label.

Since 1982, this image-free Milwaukee trio of quick-witted hardcore evolutionists has continually disproved most the preconceptions about '80s rock, latterly releasing their seminal quartet: 'Zen Arcade', 'New Day Rising', 'Flip Your Wig' and this.

While most American punk and hardcore stalled at the gates of accessibility, the prodigal Hüskers stormed through bullishly. Honing their skills ferociously and jealously guarding their artistic integrity in a display rare since the '60

icons peaked, Hüsker Dü reached their 'Revolver' period in record time.

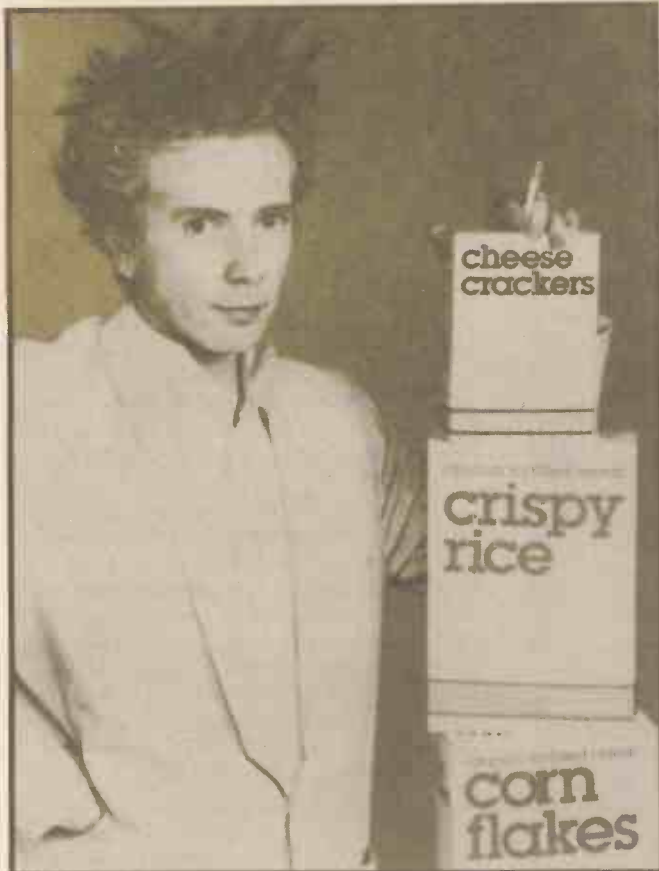
'Candy Apply Grey' represents a watershed for American rock in that it negates popular wisdom about America's music industry and consumer care, bending no rules but its own en route to mass success. Many lesser lights are turning green or going out trying to emulate them, but Hüsker's sound is unique, an organic punk pop blend. The songs, with their sagacious lyrical observations and myriad melodic triggers, promise universal appeal and an implicit quality that betrays the mediocrity of their contemporaries.

Remarkably, with a further two album's worth awaiting release, Hüsker Dü have only just started. The story could stretch into the '90s for these boys.

RALPH TRAITOR

ALBUMS '86

PERFORMANCE



JOHN LYDON: just a quick bedtime snack, honest!

PIL 'Album' (Virgin V2366/CD)
FEBRUARY

THE JUICY rumours that circulated before the release of this latest PiL offering saw a lot of confused heads. Ginger Baker on drums? Zappa prodigy and metal whizz kid Steve Vai on guitar?

'Album' reaffirmed John Lydon's status as *enfant terrible* of the business. He made a record filled with warped, wired heavy metal, at the same time delivering some of his most vicious, razor-edged vocals ever, and that's no lie. The moderately successful single 'Rise' was the eye of the hurricane, the calmest moment from a record given a clean-cut sheen through Bill Laswell's magnificent production (he also played bass).

And the joke was on us. 'Album' annoyed people – it was seen as the sell-out of the year, and no doubt Lydon lapped it all up. He was back, causing irritation, positively revelling in telling us how he enjoyed listening to Van Halen. Very unhip, but that's why Lydon is always two sneers ahead of everyone else.

But it's a fact that the basic construction of 'Album' was not a million miles from the debut 'Public Image Ltd' all those years ago. It was a racket, a stirring strident noise, and we could take it or leave it. Most importantly, Lydon was doing just what the hell he wanted to do. If the '87 model of PiL is nothing but animal noises we shouldn't be surprised, but to hear Lydon's vitriolic lyrical thuggery against the frenzied fret-heroics of Steve Vai was an unforgettable experience.

Anger is an energy: the message of 1986.

NEIL PERRY

NEW ORDER 'Brotherhood' (Factory FACT 150/CD)
SEPTEMBER

AFTER THE distressing superficiality of 'Shellshock' and 'State Of The Nation', 'Brotherhood' arrived just in time as New Order's finest hour (so far).

As an advance, 'Brotherhood' is so subtly executed that it seems almost unconscious. But for all its comfortable familiarity, it harbours a new, lush depth along with plenty of prickles and intrigues. There's nothing here as bitterly dejected as parts of 'Low-life', and the world-weary cloud that envelops the songs has become less of a threat to their blithe ascent. 'Brotherhood' is relaxed, and often hilarious too.

Apart from New Order's uncanny knack for blending the ridiculously banal with moments of real perception and power, 'Brotherhood' underlines a sound that is still utterly unique. And that nonchalant singularity is a last laugh at the close, of a year full of every kind of vain straining-to-be-different.

Oh, New Order have filched things, from grandiose classical themes to pseudo-'Street Hassle' resonance. But their spoils are made an integral part of their own overall mesh. While Sputnik, BAD and plenty of lesser lights spent 1986 boastfully dropping incongruous baubles into painfully thin grab-bags, New Order relied on pure natural ability rather than contrivance.

'Brotherhood' is flawed – of course! But to be human, idiosyncratic and popular right now is a rare distinction. New Order thumbed their beautiful nose again this year, at everybody. And they're healthier than ever because of it.

ROBIN GIBSON

IGGY POP 'Blah-Blah-Blah' (A&M AMA 5145/CD)
OCTOBER

IT'S TAKEN Iggy Pop nearly ten years to emerge from a protracted musical menopause as a coherent character with a gripping tale or two to tell. It's taken another collaboration with Bowie to draw out the first consistent, impressive expression of Iggy's muse since 'Lust For Life'.

'Blah-Blah-Blah' still acknowledges all the key weaknesses that made his classic moments classic – the narcissism, the self-pity, the sarcasm, the scent of sex, the sense of danger, the animal instinct, the blues grease filtered through the leather jacket. But it finds a new context for them. The tones of the songs are variously passionate, sardonic, reflective, anything but razor's edge dangerous. The noise of the album is polished modern rock, though blessed with enough of the tension that marked previous Bowie/Pop workouts to make it tempting.

Iggy's most satisfying LP in ages, it neither tries to contend with his vintage violence nor attempts to set any young pretenders to rights. Instead it asserts his maturity. 'Blah-Blah-Blah' is the real Iggy Pop, 1986 model and, like it or not, he sounds as sane and adult as anyone who boasts a past like his could hope to be.

ROBIN GIBSON



IGGY pops back

PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION 'Parade' (Warner Bros WX39 925-395-1/CD)
APRIL

SOME PEOPLE would argue that any Prince record automatically merits inclusion on these pages, if only on the strength of its master's genius. I'm not so sure that Prince is God – except maybe in his own mind – but 'Parade' makes the grade on three counts.

Firstly, because of 'Kiss'. Probably the single of 1986, and certainly one of the choicest dance cuts ever, 'Kiss' gained immediate indie credibility via a clever cover version by the Age Of Chance... or was it the other way around?

Secondly, because it gave us a last glimpse of the Revolution. If you missed

Prince at Wembley then you also missed a damn fine band!

Thirdly, because, like Madonna, Eddie Murphy and *Blind Date*, Prince is ultimately beyond criticism. However many duff songs he might come up with (not many!), however many daft things he does, he is a star.

'Parade' itself is by no means Prince's greatest achievement. It's a funny little record – veering from the hard-edge funk of 'New Position' and 'Girls & Boys' to the syrupy charm of 'Sometimes It Snows In April' – but after you've played it four or five times, you somehow become addicted.

Odd to think that it started off as a soundtrack. Can anyone remember the name of the film?

ROBBI MILLAR



THE REDSKINS: bet Ronnie's breathing a sigh of relief!

THE REDSKINS 'Neither Washington Nor Moscow' (London/Decca FLP 1)
MARCH

THE REDSKINS have put the fear of Lenin into all who have cared to think about them. And many have. Barely a week has gone by without some feeble fence-sitter muttering, moaning or bitching about the band, when they could have been saying something of interest themselves. The Redskins were about

power, passion, freedom of thought, sharp-talking and cute-assed walking. 'Neither Washington Nor Moscow' was the Black Panthers in loafers and Harringtons, clutching a very imperative piece of plastic, from 'Dock Of The Bay' to 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais', in one hand and a Kalashnikov in the other.

The LP features the cream of their live set, 'Hold On' and 'Go Get Organised' – an open-armed embrace of the lead riff

STAN RIDGWAY 'The Big Heat' (IRS MIRG 1008/CD)
MAY

THIS ONE was a bit of a shocker! The last thing anybody expected, early in '86, was for Stan Ridgway to be tasting mega-success and going on *Top Of The Pops*, briefly becoming a household name and being responsible for the proper summer hit of the year. But that's the beauty of pop.

'The Big Heat' was released in May to universal acclaim, showcasing Stan's discovery of a perfect combination of hummability and weirdness. It was a spellbinding collection of strange tales set to hauntingly pretty tunes, with that determined Ridgway drawl hanging over the music like a bouquet of cactus needles – a hell of a potent recipe.

The standout track, 'Camouflage', emerged as a single, and amazingly the nation took to it like lambs to the slaughter, buying the record in vast quantities and sending it soaring up the charts. Throughout July and August, everybody was humming its spooky refrain.

So, just three years after parting company with cult LA combo Wall Of Voodoo, Ridgway had achieved minor stardom, driving home the twin points to all and sundry: firstly that nothing is impossible in rock 'n' roll, and secondly that being a one-hit wonder doesn't have to be an artistic catastrophe, not always.

Perhaps we'll hear more from Stan over the next 12 months. Certainly it came as quite a tonic, watching his delicate snippets of strangeness lurking around the Top Ten throughout last summer. To have him back in the listings would make a lot of people very happy. Sit tight and hold your breath.

MR SPENCER

DAVID LEE ROTH 'Eat 'Em And Smile' (Warners 925 470-1)
JULY

LIKE BRUCE Springsteen, David Lee Roth is a rock star turned all-American hero. In Roth's case, it's all in his own mind: but the million dollar energy of 'Eat 'Em And Smile' trounces any doubts about his ability to work away from Eddie Van Halen. If Van Halen's '5150' was steadfast, almost classical, 'Eat 'Em And Smile' blew up all the cartoon elements in Roth's persona into a brash, comic avalanche.

The opening 'Yankee Rose' lets Roth carry all before him. It's an irresistible rock 'n' roll anthem, a statement of faith in American womanhood and a grotesque piece of chauvinism – a thunderclap of showbiz rock. By the time the following 'Shy Boy' is out of the way, our role as fellow conspirators is clear. Roth is as harmless as that good boy Bryan Adams: he's a ringmaster, not an overlord.



DAVE goes showbiz

In guitarist Steve Vai, Roth has got himself a terrific sidekick. Vai lacks some of Van Halen's sense of humour, but his ludicrous speed and twisted imagination mark him as the best metal guitarist since Eddie VH. It's Vai that keeps the record in rock, even as Roth capers towards Hollywood. There are tougher and nastier slugs of metal this year, but none which is so much fun.

RICHARD COOK

from The Fall's 'Bingo Masters Breakout' – and most of The Redskins' simmering singles. And what singles they are! 'Lean On Me' is the best red dance sound... ever.

Contrary to popular belief, The Redskins never believed that their very existence would topple capitalism. They always knew and were caught up by their limitations, and by the contradiction of socialists making money for big business. At the same time,

they always knew that they were here to prick some optimism into popular music and lifestyles.

'Neither Washington Nor Moscow' is like a beautiful collaboration between Russian constructivism, The Four Tops, social disorder, The Clash, and the politics and art of the Spanish CNT/FAI trade unions. The Redskins mixed style, song, wit and politics, and built one mighty soulful red propaganda machine.

JAMES BROWN

PERFORMANCE ALBUMS '86

SHOP ASSISTANTS 'Shop Assistants' (Blue Guitar/Chrysalis AZLP 2) NOVEMBER

THOUGH THEY are not the future of rock 'n' roll as the Bruce Springsteen boxed set generation knows it, the delightfully real and yet still dreamy Shop Assistants have ridden upon the crest of the indie pop wave for almost two years now. And as that wave begins to founder, so they venture into major label territory in order to release their long-awaited debut LP.

Superficially, the prospect is attractive. Shop Assistants have lost none of their winning ways and subtle shades. And 'Shop Assistants' is full to brimming with their crisp and precisely delivered pop beauty. The tear-tinged true life romances which dominate their world still touch upon nerves that other bands seldom reach.

When Alex Shop Assistant sings with gentle sorrow and strong self-determination over that well-defined if one dimensional wall of guitar

SHINEHEAD 'Rough And Rugged' (African Love Music ALMP 001) AUGUST



DAVE goes shopping

sound, the world stands still for just a moment.

If their album has its weak spots then that is only because Shop Assistants have their weak spots too. And not because they've lost any of their wistful charm upon the sacrificial altar of the major record deal.

Let's hope that, in '87, they manage to squeeze their often perfectly conceived pop splendour into the charts proper.

ROGER HOLLAND

IT'S TEN years since a blonde, spiky-haired acid doll from Bromley shared a scene in punk folklore. Where's Bill Grundy now? Siouxsie's early outbursts were punctuated with vitriolic digs at an established hierarchy that had dragged the music world to unplumbed depths. The Banshees, along with the new breed, threatened to take pop's corpse by the scruff of the neck and shake some new life into it and instil a sense of long-forgotten rebellion.

Ten years on, and from the swirling bite that has been the Banshees' musical trademark since those early days, many faces have come and gone. But their sound has remained reassuringly familiar. The years have eaten away at the raw edges and their palette has become richer, but the painting still depicts the same landscape.

When the Banshees are no more, 'Tinderbox' isn't what they'll be remembered for; the script for the obituary was written years ago, although this arrogant chapter has its place in the overall scheme of things. It's a refreshing oasis in what's been a desert in the Banshees' recent history. 'Candyman' and 'Cities In Dust' brought a brief respite from the mountains of fungus rapidly enveloping the dying limbs of pop.

Ten years on and the Banshees still sound convincing and credible. Siouxsie's influence on a generation of gothic children has never been more keenly felt and her continued reign only serves to strengthen their belief.

'Tinderbox' might not have set the world alight, but it kept the ashes of yesterday's dreams still glowing.

KEVIN MURPHY



RUN DMC offer cut-price on-the-spot ed... eye-testing to everyone who bought their record

Ebet Roberts/LFI

RUN DMC 'Raising Hell' (London LONLP 21/CD) JULY

A MASTERSTROKE! "Peter Piper picked pepper" is the first rasping, unaccompanied line of 'Raising Hell'. And as the saliva spatters against the microphone, it brings Run DMC right into your living room, and you can almost feel the specks of spit hitting your cheek. 40 minutes to go and you're on their side already.

I heard someone the other day referring to 'Walk This Way' as a 'novelty' hit. While the novelty aspect is hard to deny in isolation, it's one which is experimented with on more than one of the tracks on 'Raising Hell': there's the 'My Sharona' wind-up, plus 'It's Tricky', and the title track, on which producer Rick Rubin realises his fantasies by rocking out on guitar.

Furthermore, the most interesting of the thoroughbred raps

is 'Perfection', the only accompaniment being a convincing drum programme which is pure rock rather than electro, a trend pursued on the relatively melodic 'You Be Illin'. And these rockist hybrids are interspersed with a string of top-class raps which command attention in their own right, particularly 'Peter Piper' and 'My Adidas'.

So it's hard to perceive 'Raising Hell' as a novelty album. Run DMC are not ditching their roots as if shedding skin - they are the not-so-thin end of the wedge breaking through into a new age of rap. Criticisms that this album makes blatant use of crude gimmickry can be countered by the argument that, if rap is to progress at all, someone has to do something.

While Bambaataa's collaboration with Lydon a while back went off at half-cock, 'Raising Hell' manages to hit a fair few, if not all, available targets.

ANDY HURT

THE SMITHS 'The Queen Is Dead' (Rough Trade ROUGH 96/CD) JUNE

MORRISSEY AND Marr are the sort of characters that the modern world would like us to dispose of. They're passionately talented, honest, questioning and perceptive. 'The Queen Is Dead' is a pure squash of personal contradictions, insecurity balanced by screaming confidence, naivety pushing against world-weary cynicism.

Like Truman Capote researching for *Breakfast At Tiffany's*, Morrissey is stuck camp and fast in the middle of English life, pulling out the topics for rational consideration that others only sensationalise: drug abuse, homosexuality, transvestism.

Morrissey and Marr's world is fortified by a healthy crop of notably British reference points: photographer Bert Hardy, George Formby, *The Likely Lads*, Rita Tushingham and Frankie Howerd.

The LP's songs are split three ways. There are the almost completely depressing ballads - 'Never Had No One Ever', 'Cemetery Gates' and 'I Know It's Over', the quirky, witty tricks like 'Vicar In A Tutu' and 'Frankly Mr Shankly', and the perceptive savagery of 'Bigmouth Strikes Again' and 'The Queen Is Dead'.

'The Queen Is Dead' is the strongest Smiths LP to date. It has, in the latter two tracks, a masthead so sturdy and definitive The Smiths should only be able to build on it.

JAMES BROWN

SONIC YOUTH 'Evol' (Blast First BFFP 04/CD) MAY

IT HAS been a year that will be remembered for its bland lack of adventure and daring, a year when rock's primal scream was condensed down into an insignificant whimper, neatly packaged for the rich heartlessness of the compact disc. But beyond the unrelenting mediocrity of the mainstream, Sonic Youth screamed into the valleys of the American Dream, castrating rock's false hope by being the living incarnation of that nightmare. Funnily enough, 'Evol' is one of the very few albums that I would enjoy listening to on compact disc... in a very dark room.

There's no real way of rationalising Sonic Youth's 'Evol'. It exists on the borders of an internal destruction, as Sonic Youth strip music down to its most basic and purest form. 'Evol' gently caresses you and then claws your back with its vindictive guitars. But Sonic Youth aren't a noise band. Noise suggests a flamboyant mess of sound without direction or cause and 'Evol' is too beautiful a record to fall into such a bracket.

If Swans' scenic maelstrom rapes you then 'Evol' makes love to you in a blood red sunset. Sonic Youth's power is that their music exists, and dies, between the fuzzy bliss of an orgasm and the wild abandonment of death. And the results are always sensual, erotic and threatening. You could lose yourself in 'Evol', the sheer essence of it overpowers you.

'Evol' took Sonic Youth's evocative tapestry into deeper channels of the mind. When so much of rock seemed dead, they proved themselves to be one of the year's ultimate musical experiences.

RON ROM

STUMP 'Quirk Out' (Stuff Records STUFF U2) NOVEMBER

AND THEN there was Stump...

While many of their peers sought security with major labels, Stump stayed true to the indie cause. And it paid off! After a difficult growing period with Ron Johnson Records, they finally realised their dazzling potential with their debut LP, 'Quirk Out', on their very own Stuff label.

'Quirk Out' is a very special LP. It manages to bridge the ever-widening gap between the invigorating, enthusiastic but often disappointingly amateur attack of the indie chart bands and the slick commerciality of chart acts.

Within this rich medium, Stump display an oddball, vaudeville character, their idiosyncratic music showing a professional disdain for formulaised lyrics and get-rich-quick plagiarism. As a result, 'Our Fathers' throws a catchy sparkle across its essentially sad anti-war theme, while 'Tupperware Stripper' catches the listener out with its offbeat sketch of everyday life.

With 'Quirk Out', Stump prove that being a new independent band in Britain doesn't necessarily mean being dull, derivative or aggressive. When their contemporaries are packing away their guitars and calling it a day, Stump will still be going from strength to strength.

RON ROM



MICK is stumped



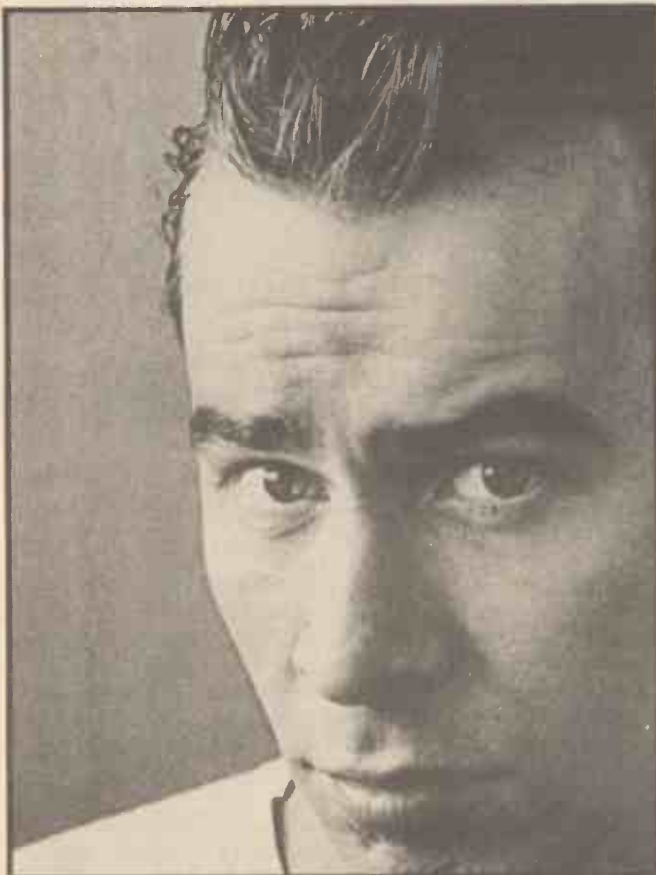
SHINEHEAD: more than slightly ahead of his time...

JAMES BROWN

RICHARD COOK

ALBUMS '86

PERFORMANCE



MATT JOHNSON: original sin

THE THE 'Infected' (Some Bizzare EPC 26700/CD) **NOVEMBER**

TWO YEARS in the making, 'Infected' burst open with a voice that could blister paint from 30 paces. Matt Johnson emerged from hibernation with an evil glint in his eye, to the sound of snapping tendons, as a fully-fledged antagonist. 'Infected' was the year's most naturally erotic rock record, full of lewd desires, with a clutch of songs all obsessed with the degradation of morals.

Johnson impolitely barged into the charts with the 'Heartland' single back in the summer, making some sense out of the gormless muddle even then. And when it finally arrived, his reply to 'Soul Mining' had a reputation galloping ten steps in front of it, blown up by Stevo's machiavellian bullshit antics, a set of videos already setting controversy on its course.

The video collection makes for a necessary visual complement to the LP's rakehell intensity, Matt Johnson tumbling through sin and entirely surreal sensations on his travels. Libertine, liar and potent lyricist, Matt takes a pickaxe to all this nearsighted pop that litters the landscape. 'Infected' was and is a beautifully piercing pleasure, holding back its tears with difficulty.

It was dramatic to see Johnson become a proper star – or maybe an improper star – leaving us with starry eyes and moist panties, something to think about. The greatest thing about his daring 'Infected' was its complete lack of worthiness, its refusal to resort to yob politicising. It seemed more concerned with leading us to sin, which sounds like the best idea when all is considered.

'Infected' was the most arousing pop record in 1986, a scathing attack on numb normality. A proper kind of subversion.

JOHN WILDE

SWANS 'Holy Money' (K422 KCC3) **SEPTEMBER**

SWANS ARE a name, along with Sonic Youth and Hüsker Dü, that people drop more often than they listen to. Their influence is pervasive.

Swans didn't make it into the Top 140, but so what? I'd wager that, in 20 years' time, they and the aforementioned



MICHAEL SWAN: influential

Yanks will still be an important part of rock's torn tapestry. After all, the Velvet and Stooges weren't exactly household names in the '60s compared to Gary Puckett And The Union Gap or The Monkees, yet the latter pair are hardly '80s blueprints.

And yes, rock will still exist in the year 2000 in some mutated form. And Swans will be remembered as one of the innovative groups of our time. In turn, 'Holy Money' will be recalled as the last in Michael Gira's lyrical and musical trilogy dealing with power relationships.

Swans are developing swiftly. 'Holy Money', with its occasional horns, tribal drums, the odd disco-beat, acoustic piano and Jarboe's yearning 'You Need Me', is light years on from, say, 'Filth' or 'Cop'. The media backlash is due in 1987, but by then it'll be too late.

Jarboe and Michael's solo albums, as part of the 'Skin' project due in January, are something different again. Gracefully brutal and aesthetically beautiful, Swans are forever.

JACK BARRON

THROWING MUSES 'Throwing Muses' (4AD CAD 607/CD) **SEPTEMBER**

'THROWING MUSES' uses over 30 years of rock music as its base material but such is the sheer individuality of this album that it really has little to do with this year. Relatively speaking, it was formed in a vacuum.



KRISTEN MUSE: almost seminal

Unlikely to be even seminal (it's too abstruse for that), 'Throwing Muses' is a mite impenetrable at first, such is its disregard for conventional song structure. But once broken into, it provides a wealth of instrumental originality and a fearsomely idiosyncratic, indeed poetic, sensibility.

The wellspring of the vast majority of this worth is 20-year-old Kristen Hersh, a young mother who radiates a chubby-cheeked innocence yet comes up with lines as arresting and puncturing as "He won't ride in cars anymore/They remind him of blowjobs, that he's a queer".

Songs like 'Call Me' and 'I Hate My Way' oscillate between sweetly resolved chord structures and spiky, cauterising cacophony, with David Narcizo's drums often pinning a song down with marching band rolls rather than propelling it on. This band takes the traditional guitar/bass/drums axis and draws forth from it an astounding array of textures and nuances.

'Throwing Muses' is quite simply a work of art.

ROY WILKINSON

THE TRIFFIDS 'Born Sandy Devotional' (Hot Records HOT 1023) **JULY**

FEW GROUPS can claim to evade easy classification as fairly as The Triffids. Hailing from Perth, on Australia's isolated west coast, the band arrived on these shores as the decade opened and, ever since, they've patiently pushed their fluid groove. But 'Born Sandy Devotional' shines as their first certifiable masterwork.

'Born Sandy Devotional' is a tremendously disciplined, human and pandemic collection. Always serious, with this The Triffids reached a heartfelt crossroads, where the key elements of songwriter David McComb's talent became manifest, providing a faultless summary of his vision of an anti-urban, opaquely metaphysical music.

The Triffids' ability to enter their musical vehicles, then work their way out again to a point of transcendence, is very special. As a songwriter, McComb earns the accolade 'mortally spiritual'. Apt

comparisons have been made to Dylan's '70s zenith, 'Blood On The Tracks', because McComb's work possesses an exceptional measure of humanity and insight. As do his fellow travellers.

All in all, a pinnacle for The Triffids and for independent music.

RALPH TRAITOR



ROLO WOODENTOP: too cute?

THE WOODENTOPS 'Giant' (Rough Trade ROUGH 87/CD) **JUNE**

IN THE six months since its release, 'Giant' has become something of a fixture in the independent charts, somehow putting The

VAN HALEN '5150' (Warner Bros W5150/925 394-1/CD) **APRIL**

AMONGST ALL the hair-pulling and eye-gouging, this was the year that the two warring Van Halen factions got down to the real business, that of making music; a contest which saw Eddie's troops, with Sammy Hagar, take the honours.

While David Lee Roth plunged headlong into the rock 'n' roll vaudeville he loves so much, Van Hagar produced a fiery, fierce near-solid rock album, dispelling the oft-aided theory that David Lee Roth was Van Halen. The fans sweated, the writers worked themselves into prophetic fevers, but the monumental success of '5150', and particularly the single, 'Why Can't This Be Love', said it all in terms of 'units'. The living, breathing soul of Van Halen was kicking as hard as ever.

'5150' was way out there, cruising on the magnificent melodies and festooned with the general guitar genius of Eddie Van Halen. The effect of '5150' was to push what is still seen as a minority form of music in the UK into the Top 20s all over the world.

Between the good-time, glad-rag theatre of Roth and the mischievous six-pack boogie of Van Halen, I go for the latter every time. So do millions of others.

NEIL PERRY

WASP 'Inside The Electric Circus' (Capitol EST 2025) **NOVEMBER**

HAVING OPENED with a terminal gross-out in 'F*** Like A Beast', WASP could only progress into a state of calm. Such is the placid equilibrium of 'Inside The Electric Circus'. They make too much money now to consider anything but safe metal albums. But the taming of WASP has polished them into a severe, rigorous metal-pop outfit.

In Blackie Lawless, they have the vocalist who was born to front metal. Lawless has only one throat setting, a monotonal roar that's the closest the human voice can get to a metal guitar. Blackie has a trivial set of songs to deal with – only the ejaculations of 'Shoot From The Hip' can be termed 'outrageous' – but around him, WASP fuse together a relentless operation. They are playing a dreadful kind of pop, cheerless in everything except its bludgeoning energy – which is why their cover of 'I Don't Need No Doctor' works superbly.

Live, WASP still stink. They were made to make records and leave the racks and chainsaws to the imagination. This hit album is another object lesson in metal's long trudge from darkness to pop daylight.

They only want to be stars, these huge, desperate men.

RICHARD COOK

Woodentops on terms with such major league attractions as the wonderful Smiths and the ever-present New Order. It's a funny old world.

Beloved for the simplicity and the cutely (too cutely?) quirky ways of their quaintly up-and-down pop stumblings, The Woodentops emerged from the Roundhouse and Power Plant studios with a vaguely different navel of pop fluff gripped tightly in their stomachs. What had once leapt and jerked upon occasions now flowed seamlessly upon a deftly controlled flood of sophisticate's instrumentation and an almost too busy, too clever,

too extrovert rhythmic jumble.

'Giant' begins with three slices of extraordinarily infectious pop glee, 'Get It On', 'Give It Time' and, caught between these two, the minor pop masterpiece of soaring good intentions and breathless hope, 'Good Thing'. Unfortunately, though, the LP eventually tails off into sadly complacent and fiercely uninspired mundanity.

When a new band ends its first album struggling to recapture the effortless flight of its first recordings, then that band is not completely healthy.

ROGER HOLLAND

ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION 'High Priest Of Love' (Food Records WARP 1) **JULY**

Q: WHY IS such an abysmally produced, monotone pile of aural cack featured on these pages? I hear you ask.

A: Because, as one of the Love Reaction once said, "We're the coolest guys on the whole damn block, we got the biggest cocks", and who's going to argue with that?

This album puked in your face the minute it broke your record player! Actually, they could have done it without the LP, but that wouldn't have been as much fun. After years of solo haircuts, skeleton factory goth bands and the bloody Smiths, these boys kicked Morrissey in the goolies, pissed in his flowerbed, traded in his Oscar Wilde compendium for some sticky copies of *Penthouse*, cut down the blessed DJ and gave him a decent record to play at last. They did it all by their own set of rules and came out on top; right now they're probably

busy shagging, snorting and boozing their way through Phonogram's £250,000 advance. 1986 was their year and no one else's.

Zodiac, the delinquent genius whose poetic prose and codpiece colossus thrilled the girlies and chilled the guys; Slam, the garbage man who thinks he's the new messiah on drums; Cobalt, a guitarist who quit Wham! when they introduced minor chords, dismissing them as poofs; and Kid, a teenage Dennis The Menace with spunk stains up his AC/DC T-shirt.

Between visits to Dennis Cockell's tattoo studio on London's Finchley Road, they might even find time to bother reading the forthcoming and inevitable backlash. But to a gang of sleazebags who were nurturing bad breath, boils and itchy balls 1,000 years before Lemmy sprouted his first wart, it'll just be something to line the cat-letter tray with or a second line of defence when the bog roll gives out.

Do they care? I think not.

JANE SIMON



ZODIAC: 'delinquent genius'

PERFORMANCE SCANNERS

THUNDERBIRDS Countdown To Disaster; In Outer Space; To The Rescue; Pit Of Peril; City Of Fire

(Channel 5)
FIVE . . . FOUR . . .
three . . . two . . .
one . . . Thunderbirds are
go! At last, the chance to see
International Rescue at work
any time you desire, and at
only £9.99 per 90 minutes
(although to get the full effect
Saturday morning is still the
recommended time).

Thunderbirds is one of
only a handful of television
series that bear repeated
viewing, along with comedy
greats such as *Fawlty
Towers*, and cult classics like
The Prisoner.

Its success is easily
explained. Gerry Anderson
(creator and master
puppeteer) manages to
incorporate both childhood
and adult fantasies without
falling into the trap of merely
portraying the American
dream. Our heroes are not
only the Tracey family and
associates such as Lady
Penelope, but also the
people they're rescuing, be
they test pilots, solarnauts or
the family of three trapped in
a towering inferno.

Thunderbirds has
succeeded where others
have failed, not for its
technical expertise – the later
Terrahawks puppets were

much more sophisticated –
but in its masterful scripts
and a set of characters that
has never been superceded.
The series was innovative
in many ways and the
similarity in its appeal and
that of a James Bond film is
no coincidence – although it
has to be said that
Thunderbirds wins on charm
and charisma every time.

BERNARD ROSE

STATUS QUO Rocking Through The Years

(Channel 5)
GOOD VALUE for Quo fans.
With 26 tracks and over 100
minutes of pure Quo for
£9.99, it provides a
complete history of the group
from 'Paper Plane' to the
recent 'Dreamin'.

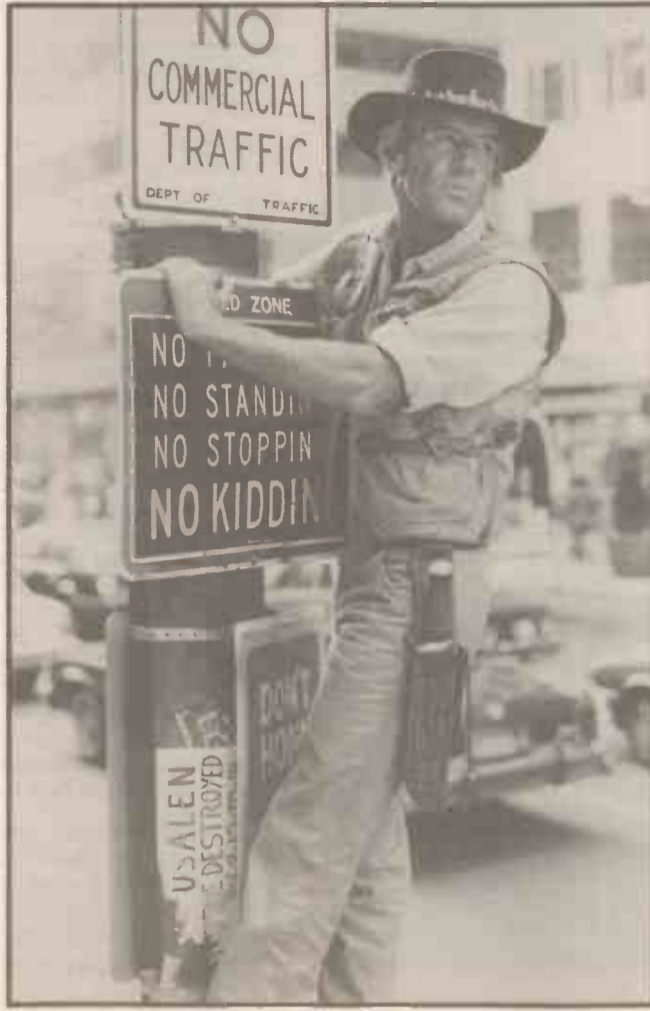
There isn't much meat on
Quo for pseuds and hacks,
but this gives diehards the
chance for some serious
rockin' round the living room
without the interruption of
flicking over LPs.

Quo aren't exactly visual.
Once you've seen the blond
poodle and the flaxen
Yorkshire terrier shake their
locks, you've seen it all.

Still, they give you a
chance to get nostalgic over
how simple we like to think
things used to be; they may
not be hip, but it's difficult
not to feel affection for them.

DEBBIE MOOGAN

HOGAN'S HEROES



CROCODILE DUNDEE (20th Century Fox)

FOLLOWING ONLY
commercials in the name of
some incredibly popular
'amber nectar', and a less
than amusing TV comedy
series, it's nothing if not
ambitious that Hogan
should write and star in a
feature length production.

But it works, because
Mick "Crocodile" Dundee is
actually an extended parallel
of the character in the
Foster ads, born to ridicule
the over-complicated and
challenge the necessity of
material possession. He's a
poacher who has, ironically,
built the self-same amiable
rapport with animals and
human beings alike. And
although survival is
instinctive, he'd willingly
risk life and limb for a cold
beer.

His valiant adventures are
brought to the attention of
Sue Charlton (Linda
Kozlowski) when he rescues
her from the jaws of a giant
crocodile. She's a New York
journalist daddy's girl with
everything to prove, and she
persuades Dundee to
retrace his steps on a two-
day alternative excursion

through the outback.

It's this chapter of the
story where the distinctive
humour within Hogan's
script really shows its true
and glorious colours.

Meanwhile, back at the
ranch, Charlton decides to
add an interesting twist to
her story. Enchanted by and
indebted to Dundee for
saving her life, she invites
him back to the Big Apple.
He befriends junkies,
transvestites and sheriffs
alike, but just as
relationships appear to be
blooming, Charlton (triple
groan) accepts a proposal of
marriage from her drippy
boyfriend. At this news
Dundee decides to go
'walkabout' in America.

Will the marriage go
through? Will Dundee get
lost in America? Well,
suffice to say that the
answers leave the story wide
open for a sequel.

Crocodile Dundee is
unique in its parodies of real
life culture-shock and
monumental in its flawless
slip-stream of good old
action-packed adventure.
It's a very, very funny
movie.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

WHOLE FOOD



KATE BUSH The Whole Story

(Picture Music International)
THE PACKAGE is now complete.
Following up swiftly behind the top five
compilation album comes the video of the
same name. A logical ploy, especially as
Kate Bush is renowned as one of the leading
exponents of the pop video.

Just as her music and, most notably, her
singing have evolved along clear if not
always easily definable lines, so Bush's
videos have improved beyond all
recognition. Well no, not beyond all
recognition, for the one easily and instantly
recognisable constant throughout are Kate
Bush's own curiously elfin and delightfully
quizzical looks.

The early videos are conveniently defined
by the opening 'Wuthering Heights' (with the
original vocal rather than the vastly superior
'86 model). Precious and self-centred, they
concentrate upon the singer and not her
songs, and struggle to express themselves
through stilted mime rather than mood.

'Cloudbusting' is perhaps the finest pop
video yet made. Only Bush herself, or
perhaps Madonna, has the capacity to better
it. Following immediately after 'Wuthering
Heights', 'Cloudbusting' is quite explicit

evidence of Kate Bush's maturity into
splendour. Its pure green landscapes and
timeless tweed traditionalism are the perfect
companion to the consistent soundscape
which underpins the song; this is the perfect
complement to the reach, the power and the
beauty implicit within her performance.

Although the mid-term videos began to
stray away from the simple callisthenics of
the first, it's not really until the 'Hounds Of
Love' material that Bush's reputation as a
video performer begins to be justified. No
longer intent upon the literal yet pretentious
friperies of, say, 'Breathing', where she
struggled to emerge from an allegorical
Clingfilm womb, she works with a sense of
atmosphere and refined reality which
somehow adds to the momentum of the
songs rather than merely dogging their heels
as they dash from start to finish.

Once upon a time, Kate Bush's singles
were let down by the videos used to promote
them. Now they are *interpreted* and
strengthened, made complete.

With the release of the brilliant
'Experiment 4', a song which can only be
fully appreciated when experienced as a
whole, music and video together, Kate Bush
has become the first true video performer.

ROGER HOLLAND

LIONEL RICHIE The Making Of Dancing On The Ceiling

(Hendring)
THIS IS an expensive way of
gaining half an hour's
garbled information and one
song – the kind of thing you
might just sit through if it was
on TV.

Richie says he made this
video because he felt like
being silly, and to "satisfy
other people's enthusiasm".

This is showbiz and
anything's possible on an
infinite budget, folks. Even
the people knocking nails
into the set are colour co-
ordinated.

But it was more impressive
when you thought it was all
clever camera work, not all
hard graft and hard cash.

That's what it's really
about – young American
dreamers with penthouse
aspirations; they make up the
production team, the cast,
and the market.

DEBBIE MOOGAN

CHET BAKER/ELVIS COSTELLO/VAN MORRISON At Ronnie Scott's

(Hendring)
ON THIS evidence, jazzier
Chet is far more impressive
playing the trumpet than
singing. But his melancholic
charisma is undeniably
consistent.

The live action is intercut
with interview footage, with
Elvis Costello as interrogator;
Van Morrison sings 'Send In
The Clowns' and Costello
performs the last three
numbers, finishing with 'I'm
A Fool To Want You'.

On the whole this is
poignant jazz – something to
befuddle the facile with its
lack of stylish smugness.

DEBBIE MOOGAN!

GAOL FORCE FIVE

THE PRISONER (Channel 5)

GOOD NEWS for TV
trendies and culture snobs
everywhere. The invariably
excellent Channel 5 have
just announced plans to
issue all 17 episodes of the
long lost classic TV series,
The Prisoner, on video.

The first two releases, out
now, span the first four
programmes of the series.
The very first of which,
Arrival, forms something of
a formal introduction to the
strange and eccentric saga
which follows.

Patrick McGoohan, an

unnamed but obviously high
ranking government official,
resigns from his Top
Security job. He returns
home to pack for a holiday.
But while he's sorting out a
couple of clean pairs of
socks, a passing undertaker
billows an anaesthetic gas
into his room.

When he wakes,
McGoohan finds himself in
a curious yet beautiful and
totally isolated community
called The Village, where
men and women, stripped of
their identities, are reduced
to mere numbers.

His captors want to

discover why he resigned his
position. But Number Six,
McGoohan, is determined
to escape. Now read on . . .
through a bewildering web
of mind bending intrigue
and intriguing mind games.

The Prisoner is a
frighteningly stylised and
artily enigmatic production
which concentrates, beneath
all the attendant
paraphernalia, upon one
man's extreme paranoia.
Unfortunately McGoohan's
perpetual intensity and
fraught barking wear
exceedingly thin over double
episode sittings of 90
minutes plus.

Although many of his
supporting cast give fine
performances, and although



The Village itself is played
with more than mere
distinction by Port Meirion,
the indeterminate but much-
discussed philosophy behind
Patrick McGoohan's

brainchild now seems
hollow and exasperating,
when once it was thought to
contain all but the secret of
life itself.

ROGER HOLLAND

LIVES

PERFORMANCE



VICKI FUZZBOX: bet you'd be pleased to find her on top of your Xmas tree!

Scanlon

WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT/FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN
Leeds Polytechnic

ON A night set aside for festive fun, *Flowers In The Dustbin* were about as appropriate as the pledge. Rising from a gloomy graveyard of bass, drums, keyboards, flailing arms and screeching vocals, they staved off total anonymity only by the Jeffrey Lee Pierce jib of the singer.

Fuzzbox were a different tune altogether. Bold, bright and alive, their painted faces, voluminous hairstyles and two-minute hits looked like a cartoon cut of the Spector dream – singer Vicki, drowned in a seasonal shower of pink trimmings, being the obvious focal point. But before we'd had time to mull over our preconceptions, they launched into 'XX Sex' and revealed that, beneath the glitter, there's more than solid tinsel.

The band excel in pure entertainment and a total lack of pretence. Trying on a different instrument after virtually every number, the party spirit shines from band to audience and back to the band. Although they all take turns on drums, Tina is the ultimate force. Jo provides Fuzzbass (with Springsteen impressions), and Vicki and Maggie interchange vocals for sax and violin. While Maggie's rendition of 'Spirit In The Sky' would have caused even Greenbaum to worry, Vicki's voice is used to considerable effect on 'Love Is The Slug' and their classic 'Rules And Regulations'.

But down at the front, the inevitable hecklers were less than convinced; "Like A Virgin," leered one. Shrapnel-sharp Maggie cut back: "If you were the only choice I would be". The cat calls continued, but Fuzzbox had long lost themselves in a fine chorus of acappella, notably 'Tutti Frutti' and 'Da Doo Ron Ron'.

The highlight came when Santa Claus and two crystal-tipped fairies appeared for the encore. While the fairies fired well-aimed tinsel into the crowd, the band gathered for 'White Christmas'. It started as pure Bing but was quickly shot to a one-two-three-four Yuletide bash. In panto form such as this, Fuzzbox could not be matched.

GRANUAILE

PANTOMIME DAMES

THE GO-BETWEENS
London Astoria

AT THE risk of having my molars extracted by Antipodean acquaintances, I have to say in all honesty that tonight, The Go-Betweens churned out the most boring bundle of Australian hippieshit I've whistled myself to sleep to in quite a while. "Heresy!" cry the groupie hacks who trail in Robert Forster's wake at every gig this cult-ivated phenomenon play. "Dingbats!" say I.

There has always been a critical buzz about The Go-Betweens for as long as I can recall. And certainly, in terms of their exquisite songwriting ability, this has always been justified. But if it's one thing to vibrate one's navel and meditate on the band's astute perceptions in the comfort of one's own home, it's quite another thing to stop slouching when they perform live.

It's not simply that friction, sparkle, spectacle and itchiness is missing from The Go-Betweens in the flesh, the problem is they are so introverted in spirit. Robert Forster stripping off his shirt and slithering along the lip of the stage can't hide the band's weariness of soul.

To be fair, I was probably the only person present who didn't gain a thrill or spill from this gig. A colleague, who became . . .uh . . . transported during songs such as 'The Wrong Road' kept bubbling, "Oh what

brilliant songs". That's as maybe, but he also thinks The Go-Betweens are the sexiest band in the world. They might be if one was blind.

Padded out by a woman violinist, whose name I didn't catch, the whole approach of the quartet – far from shimmering and shuddering with the nervous energy of the late '80s – recalled the studied bohemianism of Dylan circa 'Desire'.

Many of the songs were dedicated to friends and also to Lee Remick, thus reinforcing the cosiness of the proceedings. Friendly, well-crafted musical artisans The Go-Betweens might be, but I still left the Astoria feeling they were the most boring band I've seen in ages.

JACK BARRON

THE ICICLE WORKS
Camden Palace

COMING ON after a band who were U2 right down to their laboriously perfected Irish accents, The Icicle Works are a group who could well be saying: there but for the grace of God go I. If they were to inject just a dash more expedient rock dramatics into their wordy, windblown rock romanticism, they could be playing stadia and being reviled on a grand scale rather than packing out this high tech flea pit and annoying small sections of the rock press.

Not that The Icicle Works'

mild-mannered rock bluster is at all offensive. It's just that some people can't deal with a little melodrama even when it's presented as effectively as this.

Ian McNabb does have a weakness for overblown, over-consciously evocative lyricism, and this effect isn't helped by his sub-Scott Walker, finely-tuned foghorn of a voice. From the autumnal purple prose of 'Love Is A Wonderful Colour' to the booming 'Who Do You Want For Your Love', an Icicle Works song is a big, striving, slightly gauche beast that doesn't know when to whisper instead of project operatically. Still, this doesn't quite stop it being a 'reasonably good thing'.

McNabb and co are basically sound. You can tell this because they don't like Chelsea FC and this is, after all, an anti-heroin benefit, a fact they are just a little aware of when they opt to include a cover of Neil Young's 'The Needle And The Damage Done'.

Tricky axework that manages to be both technically accomplished and listenable, the band's lack of anything approaching an affected air and some fine tunes set their slightly overwrought longings in a workable context. This makes them nothing less than the acceptable face of *Boys' Own* music: conquistadorial good time rockin'.

ROY WILKINSON

KIM WILDE
Kentish Town Town
And Country Club

A LAMB in sheep's clothing, Brian Spence, tonight's support, has his heart in the right place but his head in clouds of dreamy clichés. Even so, his off-the-peg pop rock was still a bit brusque for Kim's crowd.

Naturally, the bouquets were saved for their favourite. "We want Kim!" they rallied. It's OK, she's

yours. You were made for each other.

On she danced, and ouch! Opener 'View From A Bridge' got winded by a few quick thumps of homeless metal guitar twang. Kim was gasping for breath, her voice soaring like a hedgehog. This was awful. And it lasted. And lasted . . .

Kim's a pleasant enough girl, though a dreadful bore. Just like her dad, really.

PAUL ELLIOTT

KOOL & THE GANG
Wembley Arena

THAT JAMES Taylor and the Kool gang can fill up the hangar of Wembley Arena is evidence, though we don't need it, of the drawing quality of their funky pop soul. Though tonight's show has a flawed new LP ('Forever') and a featureless single ('Victory') to promote, and although, as is the way with most of the soul circuit's current lacklustre second division, there is uneventful dross to endure, Kool & The Gang peddle a lot less boredom and a lot more fluid grooving than you'd expect to find in. . . well, say Wembley Woolworth's on a wet Wednesday.

Over a backbeat which occasionally wilted to sub-Chic levels of imagination, vocalist Taylor (or 'JT' as his close friends know him) triumphed, due not least to Robert 'Kool' Bell's resonant bass underpinning. Like obedient puppies we sat through the slowies (I find 'Joanna' a bit of a chore, myself, and 'Cherish' could have a bit more provocation in it) and finally got what we came for: the lemon zest of 'Fresh', a 'Celebration' which filled this hall as much as anything ever can and brought a number of reckless exhibitionists to their feet, and – a personal favourite – the throwaway hip invitations of 'Misled'.

Kool & The Gang don't bracket themselves with the top-league crooners – they surrendered any aspirations to that after their earlier, though respected, more jazz-tinged days. But having gone through their most productive phase circa the 'Emergency' LP of two years ago, they're currently lazing into early laurel-resting. Some serious thought should be given to getting back down on it.

I left when the first number all about God started limbering up, and went home to dance to 'Misled'.

GLYN BROWN



TBOHJ'S JOHNNY: drunk on hope

Greg Freeman

PERFORMANCE LIVES

BIG EARS STRIKES AGAIN



KIRK BRANDON: round three, seconds away...

Greg Freeman

SPEAR OF DESTINY Manchester Hacienda THE PROUD lion returns.

His primal roar has doubled in volume, his embittered heart is pumping again with a pounding ferocity, and I reckon that his new urgency is fuelled by the pain of previous failure. Brandon, the man, the hero, the fool, is back with Spear Of Destiny Mk III and the veins in his neck are popping through his skin while his voice is trying to destroy a few walls.

This time last year, Spear Of Destiny were a highly stylised rock 'n' roll cabaret, melodramatic and larger than life. But they had no daring, no threat, no edge – they had become too complacent, and Brandon was in danger of turning into a clichéd rock icon like Bono, Kerr and Adamson. Brandon's unquestionable integrity and persevering sincerity wouldn't allow him to ignore this worrying fact, so he promptly sacked the band and set about recruiting new troops for a sharper Spear.

From the first spaghetti western riffs in 'Rainmaker', one instinctively knows that Brandon

means business. He's snarling, the guitars are angry and the drums are massive. The unnecessary frills which made the previous Spear such an irritating circus have been dismissed. There are no excessive saxophone solos, lavish keyboards or dominating percussive fills bidding for space, just a powerfully dramatic rock band that's as passionate as anything you'll ever see.

Brandon still allows his heart of gold to turn issues like poverty and bad housing into epic Hollywood movies, without realising he's romanticising issues that should never be romanticised. 'Land Of Shame', 'Micki' and the stark 'Miami Vice' all contain sad home truths that other rock bands wouldn't dare touch, but because Brandon's style is so close to both reality and escapism, you never know where one ends and the other begins.

But Brandon has re-launched his career with a harder passion, and one feels that Spear Mk III will be his final battle. I hope he wins. Rock would be dead without him.

RON ROM

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY Kentish Town Town And Country Club

ONCE UPON a time, a decade ago, Southside Johnny ran The Boss a close second in Britain. He toured here regularly with a great band and a dynamite horn section – something Bruce never had. But once Miami Steve Van Zandt switched sides, the result was never in doubt – and the horn section landed up with Diana Ross.

He can still make good albums though – 'At Least We Got Shoes', his most recent on RCA, is a welcome return to form after a lean spell – and he can still fill the Town And Country Club twice over at the drop of a poster.

The soul brew he stirs up transcends fashion or fame.

The voice may grow hoarse more quickly but the passion and commitment is all there in pools of sweat around the mike-stand and the searing, gut-wrenching riffs that lose none of their impact through familiarity.

He can still raise a good band, and he can make them work for him. If the show had few surprises, Southside at least looked in better shape than the last time he was over. And the audience weren't looking for any surprises. They wanted to be able to howl along on the choruses up at the front or stand further back and grind their heels deeper into the floor as the next blistering brass salvo roared overhead.

They got what they came for. Southside still delivers.

HUGH FIELDER

THE PASSMORE SISTERS/THE JACK RUBIES

Kentish Town Timebox

A DOZY acquaintance of mine describes them as 'worthy' and I know what he means. The Jack Rubies are armed to the teeth with songs guaranteed to set the numbskulls in your head clog dancing; they're The Smiths with baseball bats.

They're not very sexy though. Ian sings and swings his guitar, and Stephen the human tank sways guitar while the hedgehog on his head sleeps through it all. Stephen's party trick is to don one of those outsize dental braces that pass for harmonica holders and actually try to play it (how we laughed!). Like someone eating a hot dog side-on

without using hands, it's a real treat. In three years time, we'll be saying: "Now they were a fine band, why weren't they enormous?"

The Passmore Sisters don't have the depth of sound of the Rubies and compensate accordingly by zipping about, both physically and musically. Their speed-jangle is fronted by Sister Martin, an identikit composite of Marc Almond and Freddy 'Parrot Face' Davies who dances like a puppet from *Junior Showtime*, legs jerking, arms windmilling like Graham Dillie loosening up for a crack at the Aussies.

As we applaud their exertions and tootsie-tap merrily to their tunes, I cannot help but think that their boat weighed anchor and cast off some time ago. While others strut about their musical cages as tigers waiting for the dawning of a new rock 'n' roll age in '87, the Passmores scuttle about with the urgency of laboratory mice. Possibly the definitive indie group.

ANDY HURT

SLY AND ROBBIE AND THE TAXI GANG Kentish Town Town And Country Club

THE WORD going around certain of the more eager, sensationalist hack circles is that reggae is dead. Tonight's show should have been the emphatic kick in the teeth that those deaf, dumb and blind beggars need to make them sit up and open their eyes.

The inseparable and unsurpassed Sly and Robbie (the bass and drums duo who have played more notes and hit more beats than there are atoms in the universe) weaved their rhythmic magic live before a sardine-packed audience, an audience who, from above, looked like a

sea of corks bobbing up and down to the swell and fall of the music. And for more than two-thirds of the show, it was indeed a vibrant event.

Sly and Robbie and the rest of The Taxi Gang (keyboards, guitars and horn section) played as a revue band, providing over two hours of live music as a backing for vocalists Ini Kamoze, Half Pint and Yellowman. An ever present sound was a combination of the hard, electronic beats of Sly Dunbar and the massive wall of bass noise from Robbie Shakespeare.

First, Ini Kamoze swooned and swooped over the rhythms, tying up the loose ends of the tunes in vocal bows, crooning sweet nothings in our ears. But his reception was nothing compared to the feeling in the audience when Half Pint stepped up to the microphone. The whistles blew and the hands thrust towards the stage, the atmosphere charged with electricity.

Half Pint has the charisma to match his voice, teasing the audience with his bursts of frenetic movement, egging us on to greater excitement. If this was an evening out with a dead form of music then I'm turning into a necrophiliac.

Despite my reservations about Yellowman, despite the way he turned in a set veering between mediocre reggae, godawful rock 'n' roll (Yellowman singing 'Blueberry Hill'? Yeuch!) and perfect soca, there was still more gut-feeling in the music than in anything populating chartland UK.

Faced with the power of the top two-thirds of his show, I'd defy anybody to make reggae roll over and play dead.

RICKY KILDARE

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

**THE BAND OF HOLY JOY
Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall**
IN KEEPING with their fondness for offbeat venues, The Band Of Holy Joy tonight set up their carouser's choir in a convent hall, patrolled by a British Legion stalwart of an usher who had all the tact of Percy Sudgen.

Little did those in charge at the Notre Dame realise that TBOHJ are not in fact the direct descendents of the temperance society from whom they so cheekily stole their name. Rather, they're the drink-besotted chroniclers of desperate hope in dire times, the waltz-paced weavers of a haunting series of tableaux that depict the pathetic fatalism of the human spirit with their jagged, jarring pissehead parables.

Following performances from their usual supporting cast of miscreant mates, one of whom was wittily togged out as a hunchback, TBOHJ stumbled on and set about their curiosity shop collection of instruments. Accordions creaked, the big bass drum beat out a lurching three/four time, singer Johnny – a man with teeth cosmetically rotted for

that fetching Shane MacGowan look – located himself on his bar stool, and straight away they were into 'Who Snatched The Baby': "I don't understand this town anymore/And the future of our child looks very poor".

This group, with their marching band shuffle rattled by the tinny '80s trashbeat of a Casio organ rhythm selection, shy away from literary references like Dickens and Brecht. Yet their lugubrious strains and Johnny's simultaneously bewildered and biting voice drag with them traces of Victorian squalor into the gloom-revisited of Britain 1986.

With the year drawing to its close, TBOHJ are the questioning ghost of Christmas past, the reproachful, aural equivalent of the matchgirl on the snow-lined street corner, the soundtrack for a Desmond Wilcox production of a day in the life of a Camden drunk. TBOHJ say that, most of all, they are about hope. On the strength of this showing that's true, if only because they're one of the most enthralling, precariously brilliant bands that I've seen all year.

ROY WILKINSON

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Wed 17 & Thur 18 December (Adm £5.00) Marquee's Christmas Special WISHBONE ASH and guests and Monty Zero	Thurs 25 & Fri 26 December CLOSED
Friday 19 December (Adm £4.50) TWENTY FLIGHT ROCKERS Plus Support and Nick Henbrey	Saturday 27 December (Adm £5.00) Heavy R&B DUMPY'S FESTIVE NUTS Plus Support and Martin Ball
Saturday 20 December (Adm £4.00) Return by Public Demand VOW WOW Plus Excalibar and Martin Ball	Sunday 28 December (Adm £4.00) "Beki's Glam Christmas Show" BEKI BONDAGE & THE BOMBSHELLS Plus Guests and Monty Zero
Sun 21 & Mon 22 December (Adm £4.00) Christmas Shows FM + Arena (21st) and Monty Zero + Support (22nd) and Nick Henbrey	Monday 29 December (Adm £3.50) "Shimmie and Shake" with COLBERT HAMILTON Known as "Black Elvis 2000" Plus Support and Nick Henbrey
Tuesday 23 December (Adm £4.00) THE GODFATHERS + The Chain Gang and Monty Zero	Tuesday 30 December (Adm £4.00) FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM Plus Support and Monty Zero
Wednesday 24 December (Adm £5.00) Christmas Eve Party with THE BABYSITTERS Plus Support and Monty Zero	Wednesday 31 December (Adm £6.00) "New Years Eve Party" TERRAPLANE Plus Danny And The Do Wops and Monty Zero

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Dec 20th: NOTTINGHAM - Maid's Gras
 27th: BIRKENHEAD - Stalwards
 30th: LONDON - Fulham, Greyhound

THE WELLINGTON
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 Thursday 18th December

IDOL RICH
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The Wellington wishes all its customers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
 We will be closed 'till January 8th.

nearest tube Shepherds Bush (Central Line) Admission £2 on door Open 8pm-11pm

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Wed 17th Dec	ROCK N ROLL	JOHN OTWAY
Thurs 18th Dec	ROCK N ROLL	BLYTH POWER + THATCHER ON ACID
Fri 19th Dec	ROCK N ROLL	IRISH MIST
Sat 20th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	BOOGIE BROTHERS BLUES BAND
Sun 21st Dec	SAT SPECIAL	Lunchtime jazz with Iggy Quail BARRENCE WHITFIELD
Mon 22nd Dec	SAT SPECIAL	JAZZ RENEGADES
Tue 23rd Dec	SAT SPECIAL	VERTICAL HOLD + FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN
Wed 24th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	JAMIE WEDNESDAY + A MONTH OF SUNDAYS + MARGIN OF SANITY
Thu 25th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	LUNCHTIME FESTIVAL (12.00-4.00pm) HACKNEY FIVE O + PEACE ON THE PANHANDLE
Fri 26th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	GENO WASHINGTON & THE RAM JAM BAND + REDNITE
Sat 27th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	STEVE MARRIOTT & THE OFFICIAL RECEIVERS + NOT THE HOLLIES
Sun 28th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	LUNCHTIME JAZZ WITH IGGY QUAIL & FRIENDS Manic Depressives Disco
Mon 29th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	JOHN COOPER CLARKE + THE FRIDGE + PRIDE & PREJUDICE
Tue 30th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	THE LOCOMOTIVES + LAZY DAZE + THE EX MEN
Wed 31st Dec	SAT SPECIAL	WILKO JOHNSON + STORMED + STEVE HOOKER'S SHAKERS
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The Royal Standard

THURS 18th Dec	ROCK N ROLL	THE AVENGERS + STEVES HALLOWEEN HOP	£2.00 £1.50 CONC
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SAT 20th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	LITTLE SISTER + PIERRE HOLLINS + MAD WEDNESDAY & THE BUNCH OF JOHNS	£2.50 £2.00 CONC
TUES 23rd Dec	XMAS SPECIAL	RICHARD DIGANCE IN CONCERT (Tues 23rd - Charity Performance)	£3.50 £3.00 CONC
FRI 26th Dec	ROCK SPECIAL	X.F.X. XMAS PARTY	£2.50 £2.00 CONC
SAT 27th Dec	SAT SPECIAL	THE YA YAs + TWO FINGERS + DANANG IN ENGLISH	£2.50 £2.00 CONC
MON 29th Dec	A FIN NIGHT	THE CAROLINE ROADSHOW BAND + DJs	£2.00

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Show starts 7.30 - tkts £9.50/£8.50

Tickets available for Wembley by post from P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH enclosing a cheque or postal order made payable to DEEP PURPLE Box Office for £10.00/£9.00 (includes 50p booking fee) and a stamped addressed envelope. Please allow four weeks for delivery. Also available from Wembley Arena B.O. 902 1234, Stargreen 734 8932, Prowse 741 8989, Premier 240 0771, LTB 439 3371

N.E.C. BIRMINGHAM
 Sat. 7th March 1987

Show starts 7.30 - tkts £8.50/£7.50

Tickets available for NEC by post from P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH enclosing a cheque or postal order made payable to DEEP PURPLE Box Office for £9.00/£8.00 (includes 50p booking fee) and a stamped addressed envelope. Please allow four weeks for delivery. Also available from NEC Box Office (021 780 4133), Odeon Theatre Box Office, Cyclops Sounds, Lotus Records, Stafford, Mike Lloyd Music, Hanley and Newcastle Under Lyme, Piccadilly Records, Manchester, Way Ahead, Derby and Nottingham, Leeds Cavendish Travel, Lincoln Box Office, Goulds, Wolverhampton.

EXTRA DATE! N.E.C 8th March 1987

NIGHTSHIFT



THE SCREAMING Blue Messiahs, born sometime round now

LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Cry No More
 LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) The Launderette/The Happy End
 LONDON Brixton Old White Horse (01-274 5537) John Hegley And The Popticians/Ian Saville/The Hairy Marys
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Questionnaires
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Screaming Blue Messiahs
 LONDON Catford Bramley Road Green Man (01-698 3746) Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Astoria (01-434 0403) Shriekback
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Sideway Look
 LONDON Dalston Crown And Castle Coming Up Roses
 LONDON Deptford Albany Theatre (01-691 3333) Take 5 Team/Jah Revelation Sounds/Team Ten/Black Jazz Orchestra
 LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar Swinging The Blues
 LONDON East Ham High Street Denmark Arms The Surfadelics/Major Flood/The Atoms
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Irish Mist
 LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) The Jackie Lynton Band
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Rubella Ballet/Benjamin Lampshade
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) By The Way/Flight
 LONDON Hackney Glasshouse Pop Will Eat Itself
 LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (01-985 2424) The Flying Pickets
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Naz Nomad And The Nightmares/The Wigs/The Dagger Men
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Blues Band
 LONDON Holloway Road Lord Nelson (01-609 0670) Little Feather
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Bolivar
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Wendy May's Xmas Party/Junior Walker And The All Stars
 LONDON Kentish Town Road Wolsey Tavern (01-485 3237) Danger Zone
 LONDON Kingston Fife Road Dolphin (01-546 1630) Scared To Move
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Blubbery Hellbellies
 LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) Juice On The Loose
 LONDON North Finchley High Road The Torrington (01-455 4710) Kokomo
 LONDON North London Polytechnic Barence Whitfield And The Savages
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Meantime/Art Hammer
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Rent Party
 LONDON Putney Hall Moon (01-788 2387) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
 LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) ICQ
 LONDON Stoke Newington Clissold Road Golden Lady The Heartbeats
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Desolation Angels/Xcess
 LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road Club Dog Ring/Ozric Tentacles
 LOWESTOFT South Pier Ballroom (4793) The Composters/This Little Piggy/The Bed Wetters/Bedbugs Bedbugs/DJ Cheese
 MAIDSTONE London Tavern English Rogues
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) Culture
 MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) Gary Glitter
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Wild Swans/Pure
 MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) Colonel Gomez/Scrapyard
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Funhouse
 NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells Huw Lloyd-Langton/M/Gante
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Psycho Surgeons
 NOTTINGHAM Underground Uneven Planet
 OXFORD Hanney Hall Children On Stun
 OXFORD Radcliffe Arms Caddyshack
 PORTSMOUTH Basins Dance Hall (824728) Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys/The Caravans
 RIFON St John's College Zoot And The Roots
 SCOTTOW Three Horseshoes Scottow Barn Runestaff
 STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Little Creatures
 STOURPORT Civic Centre Robert Plant/The Big Town Playboys/The Hayriders/The Beastly Boys/Pictures In A Dark Room/D Block/The Visit/The Clones/Billy Bowel And The Movements (John Pasternak tribute)
 TOLWORTH Recreation Centre The Trudy/Sex With Sharon
 WASHINGTON Arts Centre (4166440) Flight 19/Harvest/Phil And His Ukelele
 WELLS High Street King's Head Michael Law
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) The Groundhogs
 WHITBY Metropole Hotel (603329) Indian Dream/The Incredible Underground Experience/Burning Passion/MOD
 WISHAW Sharades The Tribute

SATURDAY 20

BIRKENHEAD Cleveland Alternative Radio (Lunch)
 BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Square Sir James' Caverns Alternative Radio
 BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) Engine
 BIRMINGHAM Blackheath Shoulder Of Mutton Goats Don't Shave
 BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Omnia Opera/Depraved/Indecent Assault/Dan/Incest Bros/Anorexia
 BIRMINGHAM Muhammed Ali Centre Culture

BOURNEMOUTH Town Hall (22066) Eek-A-Mouse
 BRIGHTON Art College Basement (604141) The Electric Circus
 BRIGHTON King's Road Arches Zap Club (775997) Splatt And The Knobby Troop
 BRIGHTON Pavilion Theatre (682127) Attacco Decente
 BRISTOL University Post-Graduate Club (735035) The Pastels/Talulah Gosh/Vaseline/Bubblegum Splash
 BURTON ON TRENT Central Park (63265) FM/Arena
 CARDIFF New Bogeys (26168) SEX
 CHICHESTER Rock Society County Line
 COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Glitter Band
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) No Spring Chicken (Lunch)
 Mungo Jerry (Eve)
 DERBY Rolls Royce Club Just Blue
 DONCASTER Gaumont (4626) Dr & The Medics
 DOVER St Johns Ambulance Hall Gutrot/Mulch/Fast/Active Conspiracy/Fight Back/Atavistic (Greenpeace Benefit)
 ELLESMERE PORT Ellesmere Arms (051-339 3044) Persia
 GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre (36498) Smith And Jones
 HANLEY Victoria Hall Spear Of Destiny/Twenty Flight Rockers
 HARLOW The Square (25594) Real By Reel/Some Other Day
 HARROGATE Lounge Hall Zoot And The Roots
 HASTINGS Carlisle (420193) English Rogues
 HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head (21758) Lazy
 HUNTINGDON Waterloo Hondo
 KINGS LYNN Fermoy Centre (773578) Harvey And The Wallbangers
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Yeah Jazz
 LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) The Suicide Stars
 LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) Milk Monitors/The Surfadelics
 LONDON Barnet Red Rag Club The Edgar Broughton Band/Manic Opera
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) John Otway
 LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Dance Exchange - The A Class Girls
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Luddy Samms And The Deliverers
 LONDON Camden Gloucester Avenue LMC (01-722 0456) Ping Pong Club
 LONDON Camden High Street Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) The Highliners
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Junior Walker And The All Stars
 LONDON Catford Bramley Road Green Man (01-698 3746) Steve Gibbon's Band
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Who The Hell Does Jane Smith Think She Is?
 LONDON Deptford Albany Empire (01-691 3333) The Men They Couldn't Hang/Shade And The Maestro/Swinging Plonkas
 LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar Swinging The Blues
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Boogie Brothers Blues Band
 LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) Stan Webb's Chicken Shack
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) UK Subs/Intensive Care
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Xaos In The Garden/John Jolliffe/2 Cold 4 Hands
 LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (01-985 2424) The Flying Pickets
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Naz Nomad And The Nightmares
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Blues Band
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) African Connexion
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Buddy Curtess
 LONDON Kentish Town Wolsey Tavern Gasworks Gang
 LONDON Kingston-Upon-Thames Dolphin Flick Spatular
 LONDON Ladbroke Grove The Elgin (01-243 8587) Little Feather
 LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Holloways
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Wolfie Witcher
 LONDON New Malden Fountain Blues Intrusion
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Wilko Johnson
 LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Tanh Chi
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Little Sister/Pierre Hollins/Mad Wednesday
 LUTON Switch Club (699217) The Twitch
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) The Lawnmower/Barrence Whitfield And The Savages
 MANCHESTER G-MEX Centre Spandau Ballet
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Three Johns/The Danny Boys
 MANCHESTER Town Hall Club Sandinos (061-881 2236) Yargo
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Crush
 NORTHOLT C&L Country Club Charlie Don't Surf
 OLD WINDSOR Wheatshaf Polish October
 OXFORD Caribbean Club Hondo
 PERTH Plough Inn Tredegar
 PORTSMOUTH Basins Dance Hall (824728) Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Eliakim/Brother, Brother
 SUTTON IN ASHFIELD Golden Diamond Hard Road
 WALSALL Town Hall (21244) Some Like It Hot/The Violet Slides/Split In Two/The Fair Weather Friends
 WARRINGTON Lion (30047) Kooga
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Haze
 WINDSOR Arts Centre (859336) Juveissance

SUNDAY

21

BIRKENHEAD Rock Ferry Abbotsford Alternative Radio
 BRADFORD Keighley Road Spotted House (45158) Black Spot/Wild Willi Beckett
 BRADFORD St George's Hall (752000) Gary Glitter
 CHELTENHAM Town Hall And Pitville Pump Room (523690) Dr Feelgood/Gino
 Washington And The Ram Jam Band/Cats Eyes/Dynamic Pets
 COALVILLE Railway Hotel Just Blue
 COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Toy Dolls
 CORBY Juicy Lucy's Play The Joker
 CRAWLEY Apple Tree Smile On Impact/Objet D'Art
 CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) Fields Of The Nephilim
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Roy Peters (Lunch) Mud (Eve)
 DONCASTER Rotters Hot Tub Club (27448) Dr Feelgood
 FALKIRK Baxters Ellingtons
 KILMARNOCK Cheers Tredegar
 LEATHERHEAD Fetcham Riverside (375713) Hohokam/Deep Joy
 LEICESTER Studio The Hunters Club
 LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistro (051-709 4776) The Lawnmower/The Beach Bastards
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Living Daylights (Lunch) Fat Profit (Eve)
 LONDON Camden Gloucester Avenue LMC (01-722 0456) Research/The Doonicians/Music Doctors/Mark Hewins
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Junior Manson Flag/The Valley Forge/The Lettuces/My Baby's Arm
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Wispers Yvette The Conqueror
 LONDON Deptford Albany Empire (01-691 3333) The Forest Hillbillies/The Rivals/1000 Miles Of Sunshine/Skint Video/Brighton Bottle Orchestra
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Barrence Whitfield And The Savages/The Skaters
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) The Reactors
 LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) John Otway
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) The Surfin' Lungs/Tinzel Town
 LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) Spear Of Destiny/Twenty Flight Rockers/Ghost Dance
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Shanty Dam (Lunch) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band (Eve)
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Stan Tracey Orchestra (Lunch), Stan Tracey Quartet/Art Themen (Eve)
 LONDON Islington Upper Street Hare And Hounds (01-226 2992) Coming Up Roses
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Wolfie Witcher/Bryce Poribus
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Buddy Curtess/Jazz Defektors
 LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) Easter And The Totem/Cultural Thugs/Cidilla Daze
 LONDON Leytonstone Plough And Harrow The Catholic North/Naked Next To Sheep/The Idiot Kids
 LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Heed The Omen And The Big Bang
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Go 4 Jo/Some Other Day
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Hershey And The Twelve Bars (Lunch) The Jazz Renegades (Eve)
 LONDON Stratford Tom Allen Centre The Broom Dusters (AIDS Benefit)
 LONDON Theobalds Road Yorkshire Grey (01-405 2519) The Georgia Jazz Band
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Helen Rhinehart And Laura, Shavin
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) FM/Arena
 LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road TU Centre John Hegley And The Popticians/Eric The Roadie/Steve Rawlings/The Hairy Marys
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Scarlet Town/The Latest/Bradford/Freezing Idiots
 NORTHAMPTON Racehorse Haze
 NORWICH Shire Hall Colin Cross' Lonely Tarts Club Band
 NUTLEY Shelley Arms Black October
 OXFORD Cornmarket Street The Dolly (244761) Fair Exchange
 POOLE Mr C's (631912) Truffle
 SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Smith And Jones
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Arize

MONDAY

22

BINGLEY Arts Centre John Verity And The Guestlist/White Hot And Blue/Shanghai
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) The Surf Drums
 BIRMINGHAM Hill Street Kaleidoscope Screen Heroes
 BIRKENHEAD Oxton Road Richmond Alternative Radio
 BIRKENHEAD Pacific Hotel Cunard Yanks
 BLACKHEATH Rowley Reges College Ritual/Cosmic Brief Dancers/Ocean Bridge/Carpet Sweepers/The Chartham Method
 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange (53395) Hondo
 CARDIFF Maesteg Town Hall Dr Feelgood
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Lend Us A Quid
 DERBY Blessington Carriage Just Blue
 DERBY Blue Note Club Fatal Charm/The Egyptian Kings
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Alicia

CONTINUED OVER



BALAAAM AND The Angel, visiting shepherds near you!

NIGHTSHIFT

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

GLASGOW Fiery Murry's Kevin McDermott Orchestra
 GRAVESEND Prince Of Wales Touch Of Red
 HARROGATE The Nelson Factory
 LEICESTER The Cooler Brother Brother
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The DT's
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) The Amazing Rhythm Burglars
 LONDON Camberwell New Road Union Tavern (01-735 3605) DAN/The Volcanoes/ Help Engine/My White Bedroom/The Last Salute/Reiver
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Rivals
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Abundance/The Ventilators/Wanda And The Willy Warmers
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Blood Brothers/Soldiers Bike
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Jazz Renegades
 LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) The Rave
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Dentists
 LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) Dr & The Medics/Voodoo Child/The Rose Of Avalanche/Y
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) On The Air/And So To Bed/Pride Of Passion/Under Ice
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) The Saviours Of Pop Music/Milk Monitors/Frontier/City Giants/Bogue Arts
 LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
 LONDON Leicester Square Comedy Store Fields Of The Nephilim
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) The Pleasure Splinters
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The John Otway Big Band
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Spandau Ballet
 MAIDENHEAD Holyport Hall Caddyshack
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Zoot And The Roots
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Hydra
 NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Russells (473239) Lipstick Killers
 OLDBURY Hen And Chickens (021-552 1058) 444
 OXFORD Cornmarket Street The Dolly (244761) Huw Lloyd-Langton
 POOLE Mr C's (631912) Hazel Dean
 PORTSMOUTH Basins Dance Hall (824728) The Len Bright Combo/The Dilberry's/The Magic Roundabout
 PRESTON Guildhall (21721) Gary Glitter
 SHEFFIELD George IV (344922) Haze
 ST HELENS Royal Alfred Hotel Poisoned Electric Head
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Woody's Boogie Brothers
 WOKING Schoolhouse Cardiacs

TUESDAY 23

BIRKENHEAD Sir James Club Cunard Yanks
 BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 9650) Jegsy Dodd And The Sons Of Harry Cross
 BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) Balaam And The Angel/The Mighty Lemon Drops/The Wild Flowers/Pop Will Eat Itself
 BRIDGEWATER Arts Centre (2700) Rodney Allen
 BROWHILLS The Turf Steve Murray Blues Band
 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange (53395) Dr Feelgood/Rough Justice
 COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) The Babysitters/Perfect Days
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
 GLASGOW Customhouse Quay Panama Jax (041-221 0865) Dynamite Club
 GLENROTHES JD Hoggs Sneaky Liberty
 HARROW Roxborough (01-427 1084) Aquala
 HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head (21758) Caddyshack
 KIDDERMINSTER Town Hall Rouen
 KINGSTON Grey Horse (01-546 4818) Rhubarb Tarts
 LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) The Macc Lads
 LEEDS Astoria (490914) Zoot And The Roots
 LEICESTER Newark De Montfort The Houndogs
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Chrome Molly
 LIVERPOOL Bootle Firehouse The Persuaders
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) King Cotton
 LONDON Brixton Frigate (01-326 5100) Courtney Pine And The Jazz Warriors
 LONDON Camberwell New Road Union Tavern (01-735 3605) Two Lost Sons/Crikey It's The Cromptons/The Davincis/Vlad The Impaler/The Chairs
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Clive's Jive Five
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Apple Mosaic/Flying Tractors
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Astoria Theatre (01-434 0403) The Potato 5/Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays/Luddy Samms And The Deliverers/The Trojans
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Hollywood Killers
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Flowers In The Dustbin/Vertical Hold/Taming The Outback
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey Flowers In The Dustbin/Vertical Hold
 LONDON Fulham High Street King's Road (01-736 1413) Big As The Ritz/Hoi Poloi
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Laughter Castle/All The Mad Men



FRANK SIDEBOTTOM gets all festive, like



MARILLION, TOGGED up for their nationwide trek

LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Wait And See/Citizen Joe
 LONDON Hampton Court Jolly Boatmen The Monday Sisters/The Blues Band
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Lords Of The New Church
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) The Guest Stars
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) The Larks/Timothy London/Mind The Gap/Namron Transformer
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) New Model Army
 LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) Love Parade
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Len Bright Combo
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Jetset And Friends
 LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Biff Bang Pow!/The Revolving Paint Dream/Bill Drummond/The Mick Houghton Connection/Phil Wilson/The Robert Hayden Experience/The Lesley Alexander Trio/John Kennedy Plays Brel
 LONDON Redcliffe Gardens Des Artistes (01-352 6200) Iron In The Soul
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Richard Digance
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Spandau Ballet
 MANCHESTER Withington Wilmslow Road Mulberry's (061-434 4621) 1/5th Of Heaven
 NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Russells (473239) The Chimneys
 POOLE Mr C's (631912) Dancing In English/After David
 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall (824355) Gary Glitter
 SHEFFIELD Hallamshire Hotel (29787) Vicious Circle/The Blues Sisters
 SURBITON The Southampton (01-399 6107) The Georgia Jazz Band
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) These Tender Virtues
 WINDSOR Arts Centre (859336) IF
 YORK Spotted Cow Haze

WEDNESDAY 24

BLACKBURN King George's Hall (582582) Frank Sidebottom
 BRIGHTON King's Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Cheyne Dance
 BURTON ON TRENT Central Park (63265) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
 CHATHAM St George Hotel Touch Of Red/Hyacinth Girls
 CHIDDINGLY Six Bells English Rouges
 CREWE Cheshire Cheese Badger
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Fingertips
 DENABY Miners Welfare Charmed Life
 GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4691) Gary Glitter
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Dirty Work
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) To
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Jamie Wednesday/A Month Of Sundays/Gatecrash Heaven
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Paddy Goes To Holyhead
 LONDON Green Lanes Chas And Dave's Jack Plug And The Sockettes
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Frank Chickens/Chris The Pyss
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Big Bang Xmas Reunion/The Gasworks Gang
 LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind (01-985 9186) Courtney Pine And The Jazz Warriors
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Joy Of Life
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Voice Of Europe/11T9/Resistance/A Strange Desire/Stupid Idiot
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Spandau Ballet
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) Zoot And The Roots/Tanh Chi
 PORTSMOUTH Basins Dance Hall (824728) The 27 Mattoids
 SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall Psycho Surgeons
 SHEFFIELD Black Horse County Line
 SLOUGH Pied Horse Caddyshack
 SOUTHPORT Midnight Lounge Floral Hall Persia
 WARRINGTON Lion (30047) The Quest
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Strap On Jack/Split Beaver
 WORKSOP Whitewell Middle Club Just Blue
 YEOVIL The Gardens Esprit

THURSDAY 25

DONCASTER Stainforth Central Charmed Life
 GRAYS THURROCK The Grange Poisoned By Alcohol

FRIDAY 26

BUXTON WM Club Just Blue
 EDINBURGH High Street Clowns Bar Avail
 GREENOCK Subterranean The BMX Bandits
 GRIMETHORPE Grimethorpe Miners Charmed Life
 KINGSTON Grey Horse (01-546 4818) Little Sister
 KIRK LEVINGTON County Club Blues Burglars/After Midnight
 LONDON Brixton Frigate (01-326 5100) 23 Skidoo/Bubble Boys
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Hackney 5-0/Peace On The Panhandle (lunch) Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band/Rednite (eve)
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Dogs D'Amour
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Sambatacuda
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Tearaway
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Spandau Ballet
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Funhouse
 NOTTINGHAM Grand Central Diner Dumpty's Rusty Nuts/Roads To Rome
 NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Russells (473239) Big Bandit
 NUTLEY Shelley Arms The Chase
 TINTWISTLE WMC (4764) Spies
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Trevor Burton Band

SATURDAY 27

AYLESBURY Maxwell Hall Marillion
 BARRINGTON Village Hall The Witchdoctors/Red Smed/The Hot-Trot Boogie Band
 BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Desecrators/Deviated Instinct/Annihilator
 BOGNOR REGIS Elmer Cabin Club (694942) Waterfront
 CARLISLE Front Page Club 1/5th Of Heaven
 CHELTENHAM Town Hall (523690) Frank Sidebottom
 CROYDON Dingwall Road Warehouse Theatre Ring (Morning)
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Bad Influence
 DUNFERMLINE Jamies Bar Sneaky Liberty
 FOLKESTONE Leas Cliffe Hall (53193) Dr & The Medics
 GILLINGHAM Southern Belle English Rogues
 HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head (21758) Mournblade
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Chuck Farley
 LONDON Brixton Frigate (01-326 5100) Dance Exchange
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Alias Ron Kavana/Sugar Ray Ford And The Hotshots
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Miller Family
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Steve Marriott And The Official Receivers/Not The Hollies
 LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) The Pirates
 LONDON Fulham Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) A Bigger Mercedes
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Pablo's/Arnold
 LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind (01-985 9186) Dudu Pukwana's Zila/Somo Somo/Taxi Pata Pata/Flo-ing/Sanko/Abdul Tee-Jay's African Culture
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) The Guana Batz/The Hi-Liners/Turnpike Cruisers/Har Har Hermann
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Gary Glitter/The Larks/God
 LONDON Hoxton Square Clef (01-729 2476) Orchestra Jazira
 LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) African Connexion
 LONDON Kingston-Upon-Thames Dolphin Wastelands
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) All Crucial British Soul Band
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays
 LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Sad Among Strangers
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) The Ya Ya's/Two Fingers/Dancing In English
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Spandau Ballet
 LUTON Switch Club (699217) The Infernos
 LONDON West India Dock Road Buccaneer The Toothbrush Clan Christmas Happening
 MANCHESTER The Gallery (061-832 3597) The Macc Lads
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Jazz Defektors/The Brazil Project
 MIDDLESBROUGH Newport Club After Midnight
 NEWARK Newark SC Just Blue
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Crush

NIGHTSHIFT

NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Russells (473239) The Dinosaurs
 PORTSMOUTH Basins Dance Hall (824728) Steve Gibbons Band
 RHYL MCA Rhy! Football Club Badger
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Zoot And The Roots
 STOCKPORT Manchester Arms (061-480 2852) Spies
 STURMINSTER Marshall County Line
 THORNE Thorne Miners Charmed Life
 WEST BROMWICH Coach and Horses (021-588 2136) Mystic Revelation

SUNDAY

28

AYLESBURY Maxwell Hall Marillion
 BEDFORD Angel Inn (40251) Thunderbird Five
 BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 9715) Dr & The Medics
 BOLTON Bradshawgate Dance Factory 1/5th Of Heaven
 BRADFORD Kelghley Road Spotted House (45158) Hobnailed Terrier Frenzy/
 Sam The Juggler/Nick Toczek
 BRISTOL Fleece And Firkin (277150) Esprit
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Answers On A Postcard (Lunch)
 The Monday Band (Eve)
 LEEDS Duchess of York Out Of The Blue
 LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistro (051-709 4776) The Bingo Brothers
 LONDON Battersea Park Road, Latchmere (01-924 3216) No Corridor
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Mandrake (Lunch)
 Kokomo (Eve)
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Free Spirit/The Worry Dolls
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends
 (Lunch) Manic Depressives' Disco (Eve)
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) The Reactors
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) I Cried II/Honeymoon
 Killers
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Bone Structure (Lunch) Pete
 King Quartet (Eve)
 LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) Keeping Up With The
 Reagans/51st State/Cynika Project
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Real Rock Drive
 LONDON New Cross Clifton Rise The Harp (01-851 6373) Beki Bondage And The
 Bombshells/Dangerous Rhythms
 LONDON North Finchley High Road The Torrington (01-445 4710) Little Sister
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Dudu Pukwana's Zila
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Alias Ron Kavana (Lunch) Wee Willie
 Harris And The Class Of '58 (Eve)
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Helen Rhinehart And Laura
 Shavin
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Spandau Ballet
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Ignition/The Moon/
 Some Now Are
 MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) The Force/The Beached Wails
 OXFORD Cornmarket Street Dolly (244761) Preacher
 NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Russells (473239) Roads To Rome
 POOLE Mr C's (631912) Fester And The Vomits
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) After Eden



WIG OUT with the Doctor!

BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) Alicia
 BRIGHTON The Old Vic (24744) Black October
 BRISTOL Bristol Bridge Inn Michael Law
 BRISTOL Studio (25069) Dr & The Medics
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Second Sight
 DUDLEY Oakham Wheatsheaf (53725) 444
 KINGSTON Grey Horse (01-546 4818) Hoozhoo
 LEEDS Duchess of York Zoot And The Roots

LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre (051-709 4321) Marillion
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Life Sentence
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Jivin' Instructors
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Chevalier Brothers
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Love Act/Izzy The Push
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) John Cooper Clarke/The
 Fridge/Pride And Prejudice
 LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) Ravenna
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Shadowland/Manifesto/
 Kazan
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The
 Wallbangers
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Masque
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Wasp Factory
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) ET Mensah
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) And So To Bed/The Bird
 House
 LONDON Leicester Square Empire Ballroom Who The Hell Does Jane Smith
 Think She Is?
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Naked Next To Sheep
 LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Das Psycho Rangers
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Julian Bahula And The Electric
 Dream
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) One Fell Swoop
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Colbert Hamilton (Black Elvis
 2000)
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Distraction Faktion/After
 Death/Peroxide
 OLDHAM Mare And Foal O'Jet D'Art
 OXFORD Cornmarket Street Dolly (244761) Deja Vu
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Billy Bowel And The
 Movements

TUESDAY

30

BIRKENHEAD Sir James Club Cunard Yanks
 BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 9650) Erogenous Zones
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Out To Lunch
 KINGSTON Grey Horse (01-546 4818) The Bombalnis
 LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) The Chicken Ranch/Legion Of Sin
 LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre (051-709 4321) Marillion
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Closer Apart
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Doc K's Blues Band
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Dr Feelgood
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The One/Under the
 Influence
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Locomotives/Lazy
 Daze/The Ex Men
 LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (01-736 1413) Veto
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Wrathchild/April 16th
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 2471) Timothy Lond on
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Brazil Project
 LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) The Gunslingers
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Fingertips
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Rapiers
 LONDON Redcliffe Gardens Cafe Des Artistes (01-352 6200) Ultima Thule/The
 Bird House
 LONDON West India Dock Road Buccaneer (01-515 2048) The Reactors
 NOTTINGHAM Shakespeare Street Russells (473239) Marcel Marceau Sound

MONDAY

29

BARNESLEY Toby Jug Lady
 BIRKENHEAD Pacific Hotel Cunard Yanks

TOUR NEWS

TV Toy Boys



THE TOY DOLLS return from a European tour in time to play Coventry Polytechnic on December 21 to augment their earnings for the Ready Brek TV ad.

TREDEGAR have added another string of gigs at Letchworth Plinston Hall December 17, Prestwick Red Lion 18, Aberdeen The Mooring 19, Perth Plough Inn 20, Kilmarnock Cheers 21.

THE BOHN LEGION, an Edinburgh trio who are releasing their debut single in January on Stranded called 'May In Berlin', play Edinburgh Cavern December 20.

HARD ROAD wind up their live account for the year at Sutton-In-Ashfield Golden Diamond December 20.

THE WEEPING MESSERSCHMITTS fly down from Wolverhampton to drop tears and promote their 'Nothing Yet' single on Upright at London Kennington Timebox 2 December 17. They then return to base and play Dudley JB's 19 before joining The Mighty Lemon Drops and The Wild Flowers at Wolverhampton Scruples on the 21st.

MEGA CITY FOUR have their "annual yuletide thrash" at Woking Old Schoolhouse on December 21. They'll be supported by Big House and Second Balcony Jump.

APARTMENT 69, made up of former Psychic TV members Alex Fergusson and Philip Ebb, play a one-off gig at Alex's hometown (and Sandy Robertson's too) of Renfrew Town Hall on December 19. Also on the bill are "industrial fun" quintet Fire Exit and "energetic punk band" Seitan Ka.

DANGER ZONE, the hardcore R&B specialists, have one more gig this year at Kentish Town Wolsey Tavern December 19.

HONDO, the avant-garde reggae band, have added one more date this month at Cambridge Corn Exchange December 22.

THE DaVINCIS, a Liverpool band who have a track on the 'Way To Wear Coats' compilation, have dates at Liverpool World Downstairs (with Grown Up Strange) December 18, Birkenhead Hard Rock Cavern 20, Kennington Timebox 2 23.

CIRCUS CIRCUS CIRCUS come ashore from their Thames riverboat party to play Soho Paramount City (at The Windmill Theatre) on December 19.

SLABI, the fuzz-funk exponents, play Kennington Timebox 2 December 18 before recording a new single for release at the end of January.

Surreal Thing



SURREAL ESTATE, whose 'Curtain Call' single was given top votes on Radio One's Singled Out programme, celebrate with a gig at Uxbridge Brunel University December 17.

DOGS D'AMOUR have just completed their first album and will be playing gigs at Fulham Greyhound December 26 and London 100 Club January 1 before leaving for a short American tour. They'll be touring early next year when the album comes out.

APRIL 16TH, a Surrey heavy rock band who've been playing solidly on the South East circuit, have lined up gigs at Fulham Greyhound December 30 and Croydon Star January 17.

TWO LOST SONS will be concluding their "Percy Toplis Commemoration Tour" (he was found dead at Penrith police station) at Kennington Timebox 2 on December 23. There are five other bands on the bill.

SNEAKY LIBERTY, a Scottish heavy metal quartet, will be "Shitkickin'" at Auchtermuchty Boars Head December 19, Glenrothes J D Hogs 23, Dunfermline Jamies Bar 27.

RETRO

BOSS CUTS

BILLY MANN embarks on a voyage through **BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN'S** vinyl history, from his humble beginnings to the latest record breaking sales of his box set



OVER 21 years ago, Bruce Springsteen played his first gig with The Castles at the Woodhaven Swim Club, New Jersey.

The band split 35 dollars five ways and the set included a Springsteen arrangement of Glenn Miller's 'In The Mood', Them's 'Mystic Eyes' and The Who's 'My Generation'.

Springsteen was an awkward, skinny 16 year-old playing an 18 dollar second-hand guitar from the pawn shop.

By 1972 he had naively signed a management deal with Mike Appel and was being presented, alone with his guitar, to CBS bigshot John Hammond, the man who had signed Bob Dylan. Hammond was impressed but raised his eyebrows when Springsteen insisted on recording *with a band*. Even so, in January 1973 CBS released 'Greetings From Asbury Park NJ' on a world in search of the new Bob Dylan.

It stiffed and all the little men at CBS started looking at each other.

A year later with 'The Wild The Innocent And The E Street Shuffle' they were more optimistic. They were unhappy with the sales but the album and the gigs to support it had turned out glowing reviews, so they kept their mouths shut.

And it was from one such review — in Boston's *Real Paper* by heavyweight rock critic Jon Landau — that they lifted the line "I saw rock 'n' roll future and its name is Bruce Springsteen".

A massive marketing campaign followed and before long, accusations of a hype started flying around. Springsteen was cautious. "Attention, without respect, is jive," he said. The campaign had its effect though and people were now eagerly awaiting the next album.

The pressure on him to 'deliver' at this point was enormous but Springsteen resolutely refused to be moved. "Listen," he said, "the release date is one day. The album is forever," as CBS and an expectant public waited while he went back and forth re-recording, overdubbing, adding to and subtracting from the tapes.

In August 1975 after 15 months, 'Born To Run' was finally

released with a 250,000 dollar promotion budget on its back. It didn't need it. It smashed through, a classic rock album that will stand forever in time. It went gold (500,000 copies sold) in one week and on October 27 1975 Springsteen's face took the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek*.

WHAT FOLLOWED 'Born To Run' is sad but indicative of what success can do.

Jon Landau had by now become a close friend of Springsteen, and had assisted in the production of 'Born To Run'. This caused a rift between Springsteen and his manager Mike Appel; a rift that turned into a chasm when Appel sent Springsteen a note saying that under the terms of his contract he could not use Jon Landau as his producer.

On July 27, 1976 Springsteen responded with legal action against Appel for mismanagement, a case that lasted ten months, ending in an out-of-court settlement that "satisfied both men".

Mike Appel was rich and Bruce Springsteen had been legally prevented from recording for ten months, a prohibition era in which the bootleggers went mad, feeding off his every gig.

Today there are over 250 known Springsteen bootleg singles, EPs and albums of varying length and quality. Many are in picture disc form as well. But the demand for bootlegs does not merely stem from the fact that he takes so long to put out albums.

Before 1978 many of his new songs were 'worked out' in performance but never appeared on a later vinyl release.

Springsteen has written or co-written some 238 recorded songs. He has performed 183 live cover versions. The work he has recorded only represents a small proportion of what he has actually written, and the ones that have found a vinyl home are but a small fraction of his total creative output.

In other words, people root through his bins.

And this is why there is a business in Springsteen bootlegs.

He has never personally objected to the practice and was even heard at a gig in San Francisco in 1978 to call out, "Bootleggers... roll your tapes". The triple set 'Winterland 1978' was the result.

But despite the huge backlog of songs accumulated during his legal wrangle with Appel, 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town' did not appear until June 2, 1978, 366 days after recording had started. Sales were slow because of competition from the

new wave acts with their apparently fresh approach, but the album weathered the storm and secured him the kind of dedicated following record companies measure in zeros.

By now people were placing bets on how long it would be before the next album would appear... one, two years? And 'The River', a double album of 20 songs, finally appeared in October 1980.

It moved like shit off a shovel, promoted by a massive sell-out tour lasting 12 months and taking in 13 countries and 132 gigs.

Springsteen was now one of America's biggest acts.

WHAT HAPPENED next was as surprising as it was interesting.

Through most of 1982 Springsteen kept his head down, only turning up for the occasional jam session with people like Nils Lofgren, The Stray Cats and Dave Edmunds, to whom he gave the song 'From Small Things Big Things Come'.

The 'Nebraska' tapes finally turned up at CBS HQ in September 1982 and the remark generally agreed to have been heard echoing around the building was, "F***** hell, it sounds like a bootleg."

With its stark, open John Steinbeck/Woody Guthrie inspired social commentary, recorded at home on a 4-track machine, it now seemed ironic that in 'Nebraska' Springsteen really did sound like Dylan circa 'John Wesley Harding'.

At the time 'Nebraska' seemed like an odd move, but today it stands as a natural companion to 'Born In The USA'.

'Dancing In The Dark' marks the beginning of the Springsteen we recognise today. It was originally released on May 10, 1984 but re-released in 1985 with a Paul Schrader (*Blue Collar, American Gigolo, Cat People*) directed video. Casual enthusiasts could have been forgiven for believing it to be the beginning of a singles catalogue, but he had in fact had eleven previous releases.

The rest, as they say, is history: the 17 million selling 'Born In The USA'; the muscles; the home in LA; the 'priddy gurl' bride; and, of course, the massively successful 'Live 1975-85' album.

We have offered here a condensed history, a bunch of signposts to one of the most outstanding careers in rock and roll. If you want to learn more about the man and his motivation consult Dave Marsh's excellent *Springsteen — Born To Run*. And if you want the dates and the details see *Springsteen — Blinded By The Light* by Patrick Humphries and Chris Hunt.

RETRO



more a marketing exercise than anything else, since it contained his two (then) best-known earlier recordings. The 7-inch B-side was omitted.

A 1557 'Cadillac Ranch'/'Wreck On The Highway' August 1981

A 2794 'Atlantic City'/'Mansion On The Hill' October 1982

A 2969 'Open All Night'/'The Big Payback' November 1982

A 4436 'Dancing In The Dark'/'Pink Cadillac' June 1984

This was also released on 12-inch as **TA 4436**, featuring a remix of 'Dancing In The Dark' on the A-side. There was also a 7-inch (approximately!) Cadillac-shaped pic disc in a limited edition, as **WA 4436**.

A 4662 'Cover Me'/'Jersey Girl' September 1984

TA 4662 'Cover Me'/'Jersey Girl'/'Dancing In The Dark (Dub)' (12-inch only) September 1984

The release story of 'Cover Me' was by no means as simple as the above, however. In various limited editions, there were also the following:

WA 4662 'Cover Me'/'Jersey Girl' as a Bruce-shaped disc, complete with stand!

DA 4662 This was a 7-inch double-pack, and it came in two different forms, both including a 7-inch of 'Cover Me'/'Jersey Girl'. Firstly, this was coupled with the 7-inch of 'Dancing In The Dark'/'Pink Cadillac', but when that had run out, the coupling was switched to the 7-inch reissue of 'Born To Run'/'Meeting Across The River' (**7077**).

The story doesn't quite end there, either. In 1985, the 'Dancing In The

A 6342 'I'm On Fire'/'Born In The USA' (double A-side) June 1985

A limited number of the above included a competition postcard, the prize of which was seats for one of the UK Springsteen concerts.

WA 6342 'I'm On Fire'/'Born In The USA' in a 7-inch (again, approximately!) US flag-shaped picture disc.

TA 6342 'I'm On Fire'/'Rosallita'/'Born In The USA (Freedom Mix)/'Johnny Bye Bye' (12-inch only) June 1985

A 6375 'Glory Days'/'Stand On It' July 1985

TA 6375 'Glory Days'/'Stand On It'/'Sherry Darling'/'Racing In The Streets' (12-inch only). A limited number of the 12-inch pressing, numbered **QTA 6375, came in a poster sleeve.**

A 6773 'My Hometown'/'Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town'

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: The River (CBS). Do you ever wonder why Bruce Springsteen has never had a hit single in the UK? Well one of the reasons is surely that somebody at CBS hasn't yet discovered the difference between a *Single* and an *Album Track Played At 45rpm*. The other reason is that Springsteen is a boring old twerp with zilch relevance to the British music scene. He'd have gone down very well on the electric folk circuit about ten years ago, though, with this tired old preaching.

SOUNDS, April 1981

December 1985

The only official UK release of this was the 7-inch, but a 12-inch Dutch pressing (**A12-6773**) was quite widely available, containing the same tracks.

BRUCE 1 This was the 'Born In The USA 12-inch Single Collection' **December 1985**

A boxed set, it contained the 12-inch singles of 'Dancing In The Dark', 'Cover Me' (the reissue), 'I'm On Fire' and 'Glory Days', plus a poster and a 7-inch single coupling 'I'm Goin' Down'/'Janey Don't You Lose Heart', which had been released in its own right as a single in many parts of the world – notably Japan, where it came in a gatefold sleeve containing five postcards of The Boss. The box set was, obviously, a limited edition aimed at the Christmas market.

650193-7 'War'/'Merry Christmas Baby' November 1986

650193-6 'War'/'Merry Christmas Baby'/'Incident On 57th Street' (12-inch only) November 1986

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: "GREETINGS FROM ASBURY PARK, N.J." (COLUMBIA KC 31903).

WHO IS Bruce Springsteen and why is everyone saying all these nice things about him? Mr. Springsteen doesn't make it as far as I'm concerned — he tries to be clever with his lyrics and indeed they flow well in songs like "Blinded By

The Night" which has a fairly strong hook, but Loudon Wainwright does it much better. It looks like an album that Bruce has done pretty much himself — he plays guitars, bass and harmonicas, but brings in Vincent Lopez, Clarence Clemmons, Gary Tallent, David Saucious, Harold Wheeler and Richard Davis to swell out the sound. Bruce Springsteen is certainly an acquired taste. I just don't believe he has very much to offer artistically. Neither his singing nor his words move me one iota and so there's really nothing more to say except that the sleeve design is really excellent — like a giant picture postcard of Asbury Park. Nice idea. — J.G.

SOUNDS, April 1973

'Dark' and 'Cover Me' singles were reissued in the UK, to far greater chart success than they had achieved in '84, partly due to the fervour surrounding The Boss's forthcoming UK concerts.

In the case of 'Dancing In The Dark', the 7 and 12-inch pressings already listed were reissued. Same applied to the 7-inch of 'Cover Me' (except that a lot of them came in a new poster sleeve this time), but the 12-inch release was a new one, containing five tracks in all:

QTA 4662 'Cover Me (Undercover Mix)/'Cover Me (Dub)/'Shut Out The Light'/'Dancing In The Dark (Dub)/'Jersey Girl'

The next single got 'the treatment' too, though it was slightly less complex:



'ERE JOHN, wanna buy a new motor?'

copies of 'Hungry Heart' and 'Cadillac Ranch' are now worth £40 the pair, by Tim's reckoning, so you may find you have some valuable records too.

It is worth detailing a few foreign releases, however; some because they have been widely available here as European imports to complement UK issues; and a couple more for historical interest. The latter category covers Springsteen's first two US singles, released in the early 1970s to little success, though both were covered and made hits by Manfred Mann's Earthband. Neither got a UK release at the time (or since, for that matter):

Columbia 45805 'Blinded By The Light'/'The Angel' January 1973

Columbia 45864 'Spirit In The Night'/'For You' May 1973

In 1979, 'Rosallita' was issued in Holland, but not the UK, as a single (**CBS 7753**). The 12-inch version, which played at 33rpm, got quite wide distribution here because of the popularity of the A-side:

12 7753 'Rosallita'/'Racing In The Street'/'Night'

In many countries, the 12-inch version of 'Dancing In The Dark' was a three-track disc containing three quite distinctly different versions of 'Dancing'. The Dutch pressing of this again sold well here on import:

A12 4436 'Dancing In The Dark (Blaster Mix)/'Dancing In The Dark (Radio)/'Dancing In The Dark (Dub)'

Subsequent Dutch-imported 12-inchers have offered further variations of the 'Born In The USA' period releases:

A12 4920 'Born In The USA (Freedom Mix)/'Born In The USA (Dub)/'Born In The USA (Radio)'

A12 6148 'I'm On Fire'/'Johnny Bye Bye'/'Shut Out The Light'/'Jersey Girl'

A12 6375 'Glory Days'/'Stand On It'/'The River' (same number as UK 12-inch, but different third track)

A12 6561 'I'm Goin' Down'/'Janey Don't You Lose Heart'/'Held Up Without A Gun'

7-inch copies of the above single, minus the third track, were also in circulation. As already pointed out, the only UK issue for this outside of the album was in the 12-inch box set.

The UK was also one of the few territories to combine 'I'm On Fire' and 'Born In The USA' as a double A-side single. Elsewhere, they were mostly released independently, with 'Johnny Bye Bye' and 'Shut Out The Light' as the B-sides, respectively. The 7-inch singles of these couplings could be found as imports, too.

Reiterating that we're leaving aside the question of promos — most of the interesting examples of which appeared overseas and are

extremely rare and expensive — it is worthwhile before leaving the singles to mention the ubiquitous 12-inch interview picture discs. There are examples of these around featuring almost everybody, and because they don't contain actual performances by the artist in question, just him (or them) talking, they seem to enjoy at least semi-



official status without running into legal or copyright problems.

I'm indebted to **Robert Galloway of Peterborough**, who was the first to tell me of three featuring Springsteen, one a 12-incher, the second a 7-inch motorbike-shaped disc, and the third a double 7-inch picture set. I don't have any details on where these were recorded; at least one of them is a UK interview from the 1985 trip, I believe.

Adrian's Records of Wickford, which advertises every week in *Sounds*, is a good source of these — and indeed of Springsteen imports — though I can't guarantee that they'll necessarily still have them in stock, of course.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN's album discography, as far as official releases go, is fairly straightforward, since essentially the same albums have been released all over the world in pretty well the same form. Some countries changed sleeve designs or added gatefold packaging or coupled single albums together as they apparently saw fit, but again such variations are mainly the province of the Springsteen 'accumulative speculator' rather than the follower of his music.

Here are the UK albums, all on CBS:

65480 'Greetings From Asbury Park, NJ' March 1973 (Reissued at mid-price in the 'Nice Price' series as **32210**, in **November 1982**)

65780 'The Wild, The Innocent And The E Street Shuffle' February 1974 (Reissued in the 'Nice Price' series as **32363**, in **November 1983**)

69170 'Born To Run' October 1975



RETRO

86081 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town' **June 1979** (Reissued in the 'Nice Price' series as **32542**, in **November 1984**)

88510 'The River' **October 1980**
66353 Box set containing the first three Springsteen albums in their original sleeves. **October 1980**

25100 'Nebraska' **September 1982**

86304 'Born In The USA' **June 1984** (Also released as a picture disc, on **11-86304**. This was a limited edition)

450227-1 'Live: 1975-1985' (Box set containing five records) **November 1986**

All Springsteen's CBS albums are available as cassettes and are also on CD. He also had a track on the CBS 'We Are The World' album by various members of USA For Africa, the song being 'Trapped'. Bruce had a line or three on the single 'We Are The World' too, of course.

THERE USED to be quite a lot of Springsteen bootleg

albums around, particularly in the late '70s, when live shows and FM radio broadcasts especially were bootlegged extensively. *The Hot Wax Bootleg Bible* book lists these fully, giving an idea of sound quality as well as what was on them; although by the very ephemeral nature of the bootleg, they are all long gone now.

Some early studio material leaked onto bootlegs as well in this period, including out-takes from all the

albums up to and including 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town'. At Springsteen's own insistence, tighter security at record company and recording studios managed to stem the flow of illicit material after 'Darkness', so most subsequent boots were either of live concerts or were rehashes of earlier bootlegs.

The release of the five-album live set has, in part, invalidated much of the live bootleg vinyl by gathering up properly-mastered versions of a lot of the oldies and classics which highlight Springsteen stage shows amidst his own familiar album material. What the boots people still look for are the 1970s tapes of acclaimed Springsteen gigs — at New York's Bottom Line club in August 1975, for instance, and Philadelphia's Main Point club the previous year. These all predate the material selected for the box set.

Although it is fairly pointless to list these a decade later when the records/tapes in question no longer exist, the discs which fans looked for in those days included:



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: "THE WILD, THE INNOCENT & THE E STREET SHUFFLE" (CBS KC 32432).

AN ALBUM that has rarely been farther than arm's length since I acquired it a couple of months ago. CBS still haven't released it in Britain but it's too hot to sit on any longer. The wild street singer from Asbury Park, New Jersey, may have missed out here with his first album "Greetings From Asbury Park, New Jersey" but that's because it was recorded so long before it was released — whilst Springsteen was still trekking round New York companies trying to get a deal. This music contains all the rough street sounds of the city and his dishevelled looking band have really come up trumps this time with one of the most

unlikely commercial sound permutations going. Springsteen fronts this band with a low slung electric guitar which he plays shit out of, looking like a cross between Dylan and Tim Buckley and portraying rich imagery so reminiscent of the former around "Highway 61 Revisited" period. Seeing him in concert last year was one of the great thrills of 1973 and he's gone a long way since his first album with as consummate a collection of tales and ballads from the streets and street bars as you'll find anywhere. He'll wander off into the distance on some self-indulgent tangent but always return to some of the strongest themes you'll hear on record. The kid's a genius all right and now people have got tired of labelling him the new Dylan he's finally got around to showing it. Situ-

ations he seems to have a knack of embracing in the richest imagery and it's a pity no lyric sheet is included. He can paint a happy carnival sound as he does on "Wild Billy's Circus Story" and "The E Street Shuffle" or relapse into the tenderest of love songs manifested on "4th Of July, Asbury Park (Sandy)", which is my favourite track. Springsteen is lucky enough to have a great bunch of guys from New Jersey behind him, headed by Clarence Clemons, a master horn player. Between them they get through just about every instrument in the book — but they always sound just right for what Springsteen wants and so the result is seven magical compositions which twist and turn through some beautiful sequences. — J.G.

obsessive attitudes towards quality control and careful selection of his own work, though, it is not advisable to hold your breath while we wait.

Only slightly less worthless is a quest to find Springsteen bootlegs of any worth these days, as opposed to rare overseas promo releases, which are quite a different proposition, and I'll again refer you to *Record Collector* because it's pointless reiterating all their work here.

Finally, it is equally pointless attempting to communicate with *Retro* or *Sounds* on bootleg availability. We don't know, guv!

And that, broadly, is the Springsteen vinyl story to date...

SOUNDS, Feb 1974

'The Jersey Devil' (Hoffman Avenue Records)

'Hot Coals From The Fiery Furnace' (Hoffman Avenue)

'Live At The Roxy' (various labels)

'You Can Trust Your Car To The Man Who Wears The Star' (Coral)

'Live At The Bottom Line, 8/15/75' (Coral)

There were also assorted boots of Springsteen's original audition tapes and demos for CBS, from around 1972, and mainly solo acoustic material. Most of the leaked studio material which followed this comprised alternative versions of released songs from 'Greetings From Asbury Park' and

the three albums which followed it, plus samples of songs Springsteen was working on during the lengthy periods prior to the releases of 'Born To Run' and, particularly, 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town', but which were not included on the albums.

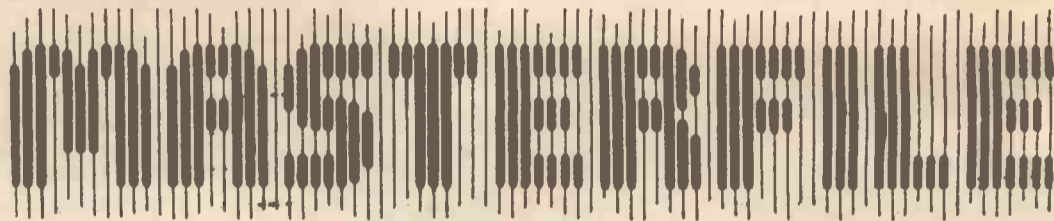
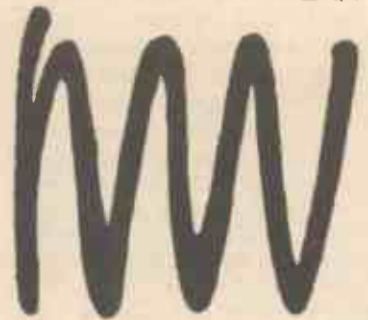
There are some well-known songs hidden away here, including 'leased out' items like 'Fire' (which Robert Gordon and Shakin' Stevens both cut), and songs like 'Ramrod' and 'Sherry Darling' which later turned up in revamped form on 'The River'.

Hopefully, one day Springsteen may be persuaded to compile a representative box set of studio out-takes and unused songs from the 1975-85 decade to complement the live box. In view of his almost



BRUCE IN Sly Stallone chic

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LETTERS

SILLY BILLY

BILLY MANN'S review of 'Springsteen Live 1975-'85' (November 15) is narrow-minded and inaccurate. He seems more concerned with what he would like to have heard, rather than what he did hear.

OK, any "self-respecting Bruce bore" would agree that '78 marked the beginning of chapter two of his career and yes, the 'Born To Run' years were a creative period live, but the concert recordings from those years are not necessarily superior to the later live versions. If Mann feels that 'Saint In The City' from '78 is a "bombastic splurge" then he should listen to the versions from '74/'75 which feature a ten minute mad axe solo, hardly an "ironic smile".

'4th July, Asbury Park (Sandy)' was always melodramatic in live performance, long before the version from 1980. If he feels that most of the album consists of "dragged out versions of previously recorded work", then what on earth are the 20 minute versions of 'E Street Shuffle' and 'New York City Serenade' which I have on various bootlegs from the '73/'74 period? Mann is also inaccurate in implying that Springsteen played particularly large venues on the '78 tour, the majority of gigs were 2,000 seaters.

It is interesting to note that most of the recordings from '78 were recorded at the same venue as 'Thunder Road' from '75. Mann makes much of the "open atmosphere silence" that greeted this rendition. How about the atmosphere inside the superdomes when songs from 'Nebraska' were performed in '84/'85? It seems obvious to me that Mann does not like Springsteen's rise to superstardom, preferring him to have stayed the cult figure of the early years. Well, we all would have liked that too, but by the same token rock music would have lost a lot if it had been so; this album would certainly not have been made, let alone 'The River', 'Born In The USA' and 'Nebraska'. Springsteen could never hope to satisfy everyone, unless he had made a ten record set, which would have cost a lot more than £25.

So, Billy Mann, don't be so critical of material that made up Springsteen's most popular years, just because you want to hear endless tapes from the 'Bottom Line' in '75 which, incidentally, are hardly any different from the '78 shows — Robert Love, Oxon

A SMALL REQUEST

I'M WRITING on behalf of many people of my age (approx 15) and height (approx two foot seven inches) to say that I was well annoyed that The Smiths' bash at the Royal Albert Hall was called off at the last minute. I mean, it's a bit much, it's hard enough for me to get into a '15' film let alone places like the Academy or the Palais. Because of this, the next time The Smiths play in London they'll probably play in one of the aforementioned venues, and once again I'll miss

them. Also, most bands of the indie variety seem to play these sorts of venues so I never get to see them either.

Come on lads, gissa break and play somewhere sensible next time — Cybill
Shepherd's toy boy,
somewhere in South London

ULTRA ULTRAVOX

I CANNOT believe that Roger Holland went to the Ultravox concert at Wembley Arena, which he reviewed in *Sounds* (November 15). Firstly, he says that his second favourite Midge Ure persona was "the Nouveau Punk Rich Kid" who would "tear down a number of concert halls with some sterling live work". By all accounts The Rich Kids were pretty terrible live, as Midge Ure himself admits.

I never saw Ultravox at Wembley, but I did see them in Edinburgh and I can safely say there was "beat" and "tension". There was not a drum machine in sight, and though I do agree Ultravox were better with John Foxx, they were a punk band then and even punk bands had to move on or break up.

Mr Holland said, "for all their cinematic big sound productions, Ultravox ring hollow. They mean nothing to me". Well, if he had been listening he would have heard 'Vienna' played without a drum machine. There were no big production sounds, no grandiose epics, no swirling synthesiser solos; Ultravox have got back to basics. There were seven people on stage, yet only Midge Ure is mentioned. This tour was done to allay fears about the Phil Collins and Genesis comparison, and it has worked, which is more than Roger Holland will admit to. He went on to write about how it's Midge Ure and Ultravox. He may just as well not have gone.

Ultravox have moved on; Mr Holland is still in 1978 — The October Man, Edinburgh

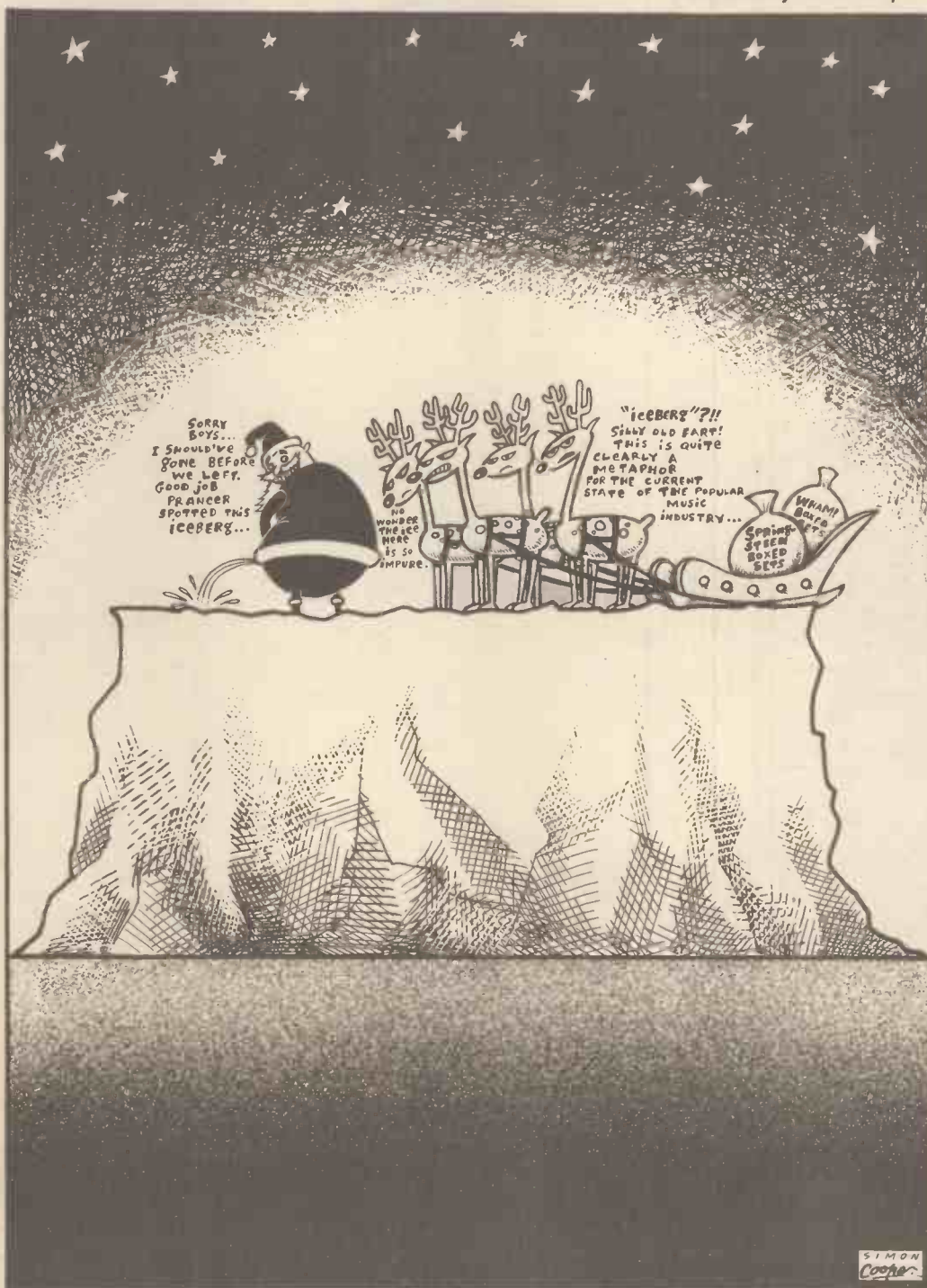
UNIVERSAL LORDS!

WHY DO these bands bother? I wouldn't give them the droppings from my nose. I would pay money not to see these bands or listen to their wanky LPs. They have less than zero talent. They are a discredit to their service! They are useless and a waste of human life. There's only one band that is worth following and that's Hawkwind — the Masters of the Universe. Everybody else is rubbish — HRH Prince Andrew

CONFUSED? YOU ARE!

SURELY THE true worth of a band is shown by vinyl product or live performance? This fact still stands, no matter how many words are written and glorious adjectives over-used in the pursuit of small time hype.

Case number one: The Mighty Lemon Drops, *Sounds* August 1986. Elevated to front page status, backed by a two-page spread, and hailed as sparkling and unique. While in the same issue, tucked in amongst the singles reviews, one word destroys all this good work: "Appalling" kicks



THE STATE OF ROCK — PART 204 (YAWN)

RE: 'THE State Of Rock — Part 203' from *The Colchester Bandit* (November 29).

Your opinion of obscure, "no-hoper" bands gives me an excessive superiority complex. To know that there are such narrow-minded bastards out there gives me a feeling of intelligence and superiority. Firstly, may I point out that every group was once obscure and unknown; even the shit like Iron Maiden that you seem to consider exciting.

Secondly, it is my opinion that the music world is structured as follows: there is a small group of bands at the tip of the iceberg, exposed to the elements (weathered and beaten), the shape of which is determined, nay controlled, by the vast amount of money which is rained down on them. The ice here is impure. Then there is the bulk of the iceberg submerged and thus protected from the aforementioned elements. The

ice here is pure and clean, uncontrolled, and it props up the shit above it.

If you're so thick as to miss my metaphor, your kind of music is the tip of the iceberg, and the obscure groups are the bulk. This bulk writes the most pure music around, and the kick they get out of it goes far deeper than the financial one craved by (in)famous groups. Also, for such obscure groups, even the smallest crowd pulled at a gig makes it worthwhile. Not so for the groups I could name who would not hesitate to cancel a concert for lack of ticket sales.

However, please, please continue with your beliefs; I enjoy having someone to look down on and I relish the knowledge that people like me have something of our own, something more private than that experienced by the majority of people liking the minority of groups — The Silliest Named Band Of The Week

off the review of their debut platter. Shame.

Case number two: Stump, *Sounds* November 1986. More or less the same treatment, but being a band with such massive potential it took two consecutive issues to bury this myth. First off, we were treated to the 'we're having fun, on top of the world' interview, followed by an album review proclaiming these new messiahs as "the most important new band in Britain". Seven days passed. Stump live review. Aaah! Such gems as "shockingly

worthless", "disharmonious grind of noise" and "rubbish like Stump" confirming their hopefully swift crash into oblivion. I rest my case, m'lud. W/ise up and seek out — David James Brown, nr

FLESH OF MARY ANNE

I FORMED a band today. I don't care if we never get a deal (although the advance money might come in handy for an erotic weekend for two that I'm planning). I couldn't give a shit if we never play a gig, 'cos I don't want a platinum record or a support

Illustration by Simon Cooper

used biros? Yours — An infatuated Dave Lee Roth lookalike with a hole in the heart and a lump in the trousers

WILDE ABOUT JONH

AS HE is too modest to do so himself, I feel it is high time to defend my hero, Jonh Wilde, against recent allegations on this very *Letters* page that he is a "prat".

I have known this ethereal polymath since he was no more than a twinkle in his father's left eye, and have seen him blossom from a mere slip of a thing into arguably the most talented (and certainly the sexiest) writer of modern times.

I was privileged to sit next to "genius Johnny Wilde" (as he was already known) at school in West Wales where his fearsome Intellect was honed on a breakfast of five Ramones LPs with milk and an occasional teaspoon of sugar scattered on top.

His essay writing, even then, was prodigious (he never got less than six and half out of ten for his English homework).

This cerebral leviathan not only graced the academic arena, he was also a gifted athlete who astounded the world of football as a free-scoring winger for local club Milford United, where his sizzling silky skills on the right flank were almost certainly not the reason why thousands of rabid females swelled the average gate each time the velvety dandy strode majestically onto the park.

Finally, I can quell any lingering doubts, should any remain, about Jonh-boy's genius, by pointing to the impeccability of his heredity. It is not true that his great grandfather was the model for the statue of the Milford Haven And District Champion Rapist (1872)... at least it has never been proved and that's good enough for me. He is, however, definitely related, albeit indirectly, to Herbert Wilde who, under the pseudonym of Napoleon, once stood on the threshold of world power.

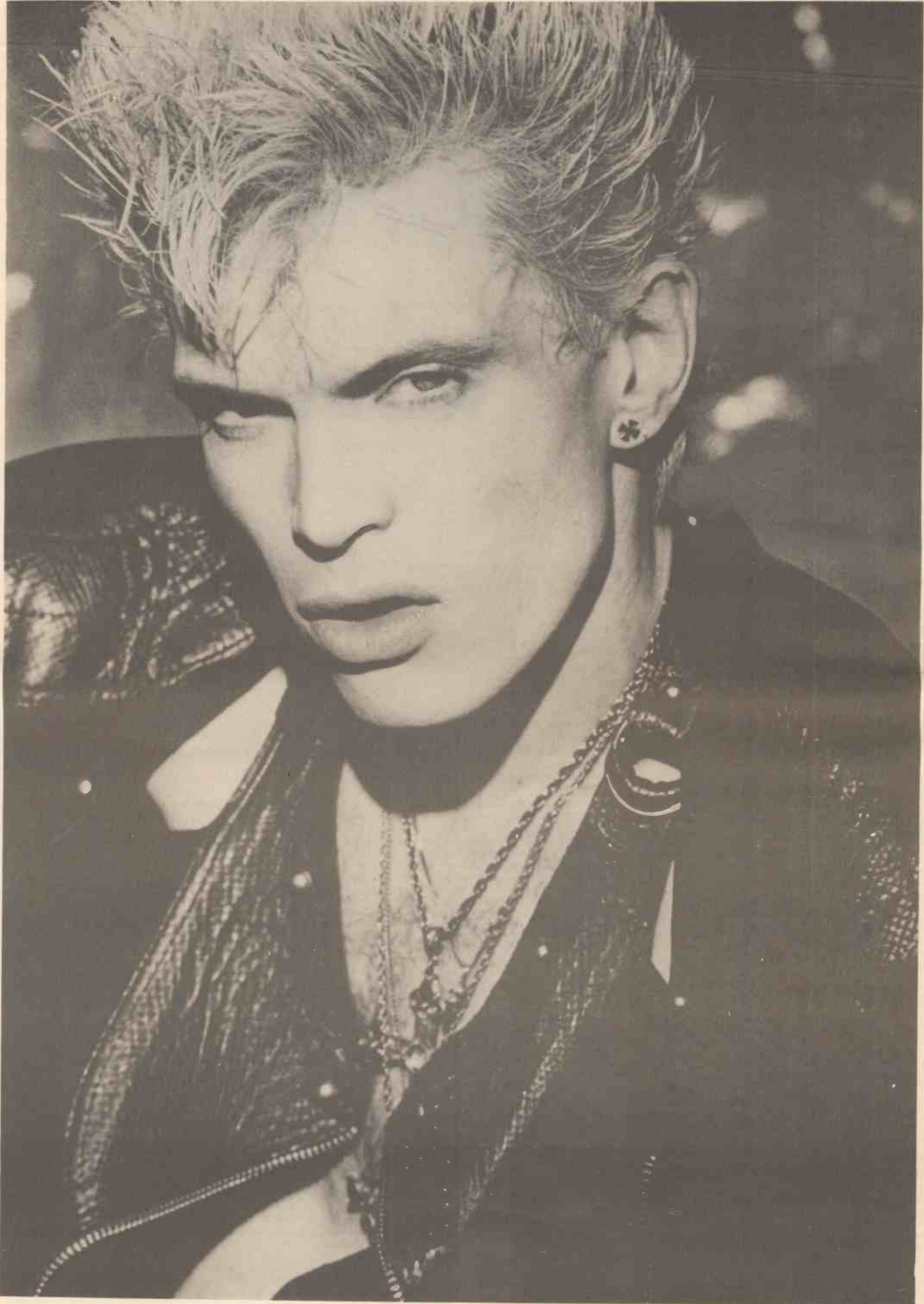
Anyone wishing to start a "Jonh Wilde is a prat" bandwagon will have to run me into the ground with it first. Johnny for Pope! Yours in NHS glasses — Timothy Barrett

A DEAD GOOD GIGGLE?

I STOPPED reading your paper about two years ago, but recently started buying it again. Now, however, I realise why I stopped and can say that I will never buy — nor look at — *Sounds* again.

The reason? Well, look at your charts on November 29. *The Late Late Breakfast Show* chart wasn't funny, wasn't wacky, wasn't alternative — it was sick and it made me very sad. I don't care that you didn't write it, you printed it, and have been guilty of publishing similar articles in your paper in the past.

I could say more about other's grief etc, but I'm so sickened that I can't. I remember now why I stopped buying *Sounds* — because you laugh when people die. I hope you're f***** ashamed! — Giz



the billy idol interview

THE WHIPLASH BOY

He was once the archetypal Brit punk, always ready with a sneer for the world. But when Generation X finished he had to leave Britain and rebuild his career in America. Now, that's paid off and, with help from his guitarist Steve Stevens, he explains the traumas of his music and his life

WHEN BILLY Idol set off for America, armed with producer Keith Forsey, manager Bill Aucoin and a failed song in 'Dancing With Myself' as a going away present from the group he'd deserted, there were few people waving goodbye.

Not many tears were spilt over Generation X's demise and so, in the face of such apathy, their golden boy with the vicious snarl decided not to stay and fight.

Instead he chose to seek solace and safety in America.

He found a country that troubled itself little with his amusing past and it was here that he was able to start afresh, creating a new image, a place where he could finally live out his musical fantasies.

In his travelling companions he'd assembled a team that could make his dreams come true.

Forsey had worked with Giorgio Moroder, Donna Summer and Simple Minds, establishing himself as a master technician in the complexities of dance record production. Bill Aucoin had been the mastermind behind Kiss' success and had become involved with Idol when looking for a new challenge; and it was his masterstroke to introduce Steve Stevens to Idol as a suitable companion.

With all the ingredients assembled, it was now merely a matter of time... and the right song.

When they resorted to covering Tommy James And The Shondells' 'Mony Mony', they at last got themselves a minor hit, though Idol's name had been cropping up regularly in gossip columns more as a result of his nightclubbing activities than his musical ones. His alleged involvement with drugs had been common gossip to the point where drug cocktails were named after him.

Things weren't quite working yet.

The next scheme was to obtain the video-making skills of David Mallet, whose past credits included the masterful 'Ashes To Ashes' collaboration with Bowle, for the next single, 'White Wedding'.

The result was a massive hit, reaching number five in the American dance charts and, more importantly, the video was played to death on the newly formed and hugely influential MTV.

The image portrayed by Idol as a leather-clad master presiding over an erotic fantasy set the tone for the brilliant scenes of *Mad Max* imagery coupled to SM overtones that accompanied his follow-up releases, 'Eyes Without A Face', 'Rebel Yell', 'Dancing With Myself' and 'Flesh For Fantasy'.

The bold styling and choreography by ex-Hot Gossip dancer and Idol's long standing girlfriend, Perri Lister, gave the videos a blatant sexuality that established them as firm MTV favourites and Idol as a national star.

"Some of the videos you're talking about are two to three years old," Idol explains. "At that time, even in America I had no critical acclaim. People wouldn't listen to my music, they wouldn't even play it on the radio. The videos were my only platform.

"I was pretty frustrated about the fact that I had a great guitar player, that I was making good records and they were not coming across. I had to scream at people to get them to notice me. Now I'm much more relaxed about what I'm doing. I have my own audience and I can expand my personality."

This new-found inner calmness is reflected by the new album, 'Whiplash Smile'. Emerging two years after the aggressive arrogance of 'Rebel Yell', it wins you over through subtlety rather than strength. Steve Stevens' guitar still plays a leading role with his occasional indulgence in heavy metal histrionics. It steps beyond previous boundaries to explore fresh fields.

The new-found confidence that comes with success has resulted in the album's more humorous approach. As Idol himself confesses, "I don't need to take myself seriously to do what I do."

'Whiplash Smile' takes the Billy Idol character a step further; the sketchy blueprint for success that accompanied the self-doubting figure on his trip to America has worked, and the older, wiser and richer Idol sits with a knowing grin as he reflects on those who questioned his belief.

UNLIKE YOUR previous LPs, 'Whiplash Smile' offers a far more personal view of your life.

Billy: I went through emotional changes in the fact that I split up with the girlfriend I had had for a long time and was very much in love with. Up to that time one of the hardest things to do was to write love songs... Especially in my case, a lot of people look at me and think that I would be soft if I sang about love, whereas that's

one of the most difficult things to sing about.

It's really hard to get your emotions out, and it took until I went through a period of heartbreak to really write about it. I think when you search inside yourself you are really looking for things that make you happy and happiness is the hardest thing to sing about.

Steve: He's a human being. Everyone has feelings and some day you let them out, some day you feel compassion...

Do you see yourselves as a band or is this team mainly an outlet for Billy's ideas?

Billy: The great thing about it is that it's very equal. With Keith Forsey (producer), Steve and myself, we work together as a team; we're a group really. If it wasn't equal I don't think we could make the sort of music we make.

For instance, Keith Forsey doesn't wanna make a Keith Forsey album when it comes to my music; he wants Billy Idol to make the songs. Keith wrote a song for Simple Minds called 'Don't You (Forget About Me)' and I said to Keith, Why didn't you let me sing it? And he said, Well, Billy, it's because I want you to write the songs, not me.

That was great, he really tries to push me, and Steve does as well. They want me to achieve something for myself... When we work together we push ourselves not to let each other ride on the other person. **Steve, why was it important to team up with Billy Idol?**

Steve: As a guitarist and as a person who plays an instrument for a living, sometimes you have to look at what someone else gives you more than what you're giving him. I started to play guitar when I was seven and that initial feeling of being able to entertain people, that real excitement, is gone now. When I met Billy the most adamant idea was that it's not the notes, the technical level that counts, it's the idea behind the notes and if you've got something to say. Forget the technique.

For me, it's a new direction. It was Billy Idol music from the minute I met him to the minute we played Lou Reed or something. It was an idea more than a lucrative situation. So many people approach me and say, You're making money now... but we never spoke about money or anything other than the fact of having a musical interaction that we both would be proud of.

I'm not Van Halen. He's not playing music; his guitar playing is just exercise, gymnastics. What I learned from Billy was to respect the song first, to work for the

theme of that specific track and for what that song is trying to say.

Did you ever feel frustrated about being only Billy Idol's guitar player and not have any standing on your own?

Steve: No, of course not. I'm really proud of it. This is not a project simply featuring Steve Stevens. Joan Jett or Huey Lewis did that with their groups but that's segregating, that makes you feel a scumbag. I'd rather be part of Billy Idol than a segregated name... I'm allowed a real musical freedom...

Billy, when you moved to New York were you just looking for a guitar player or something more?

Billy: When I used to be in Generation X, I mainly wrote the music for the songs and Tony James would think up the basic ideas for the lyrics. One of the things I could never do was to improve musically. I had no one around me to help me even understand guitar. I was living off just the knowledge I had.

When I got to the States and I met Steve I found someone who could really help me expand musically, thus giving me a chance to focus on my singing, to write my own lyrics. I would talk to Steve about the atmosphere I wanted in the songs; Steve could help me bring it to the surface.

I mean, I've got a very basic guitar knowledge. I'm a rhythmic player, I play chords, I use the guitar to back my voice up. Steve helped me understand a lot more about keyboards, the whole musical process, even understand the technology of the studio, which was something I was having trouble with. I'm not a technical person... I've got basic feelings. The same basic things that drove me on with Generation X still drive me on now. At the time, the exciting thing for me was more to be on a stage than actually be singing.

Now I feel like I've got a voice I can put across, whereas in those days I purely shouted and didn't even know how to sing. What I still like is the exciting rush of those days.

Are you still in touch with the guys from Generation X?

Billy: I see them if they come to New York. A few days ago I met Sigue Sigue Sputnik in Germany but I tended to talk to the rest of the band rather than Tony. **You can't stand him, can you?**

Billy: I think he's got a strange sense of humour...

Do you like Sigue Sigue Sputnik?

Billy: I think it's a great idea that isn't totally fulfilled.

CONTINUES PAGE 61

by francesco adinolfi

FROM PAGE 59

What does it need to be fulfilled?

Billy: It needs me!

WHY DID you decide to leave England?

Billy: I was trying to avoid that sudden death 'cos in England music is a sort of fashion trend and once that trend is over, they just wanna cut you down.

With Generation X we had big problems with a manager we had to leave. It took us two and a half years and during that period we couldn't play live because if we had done, he would have taken all the money and there would have been court injunctions against this and all those sorts of things. We got to a level where the fans thought we didn't care about playing any more and we just wanted to be pop stars. The critics thought we didn't care about music any longer.

When we came through our last album everybody thought we were dead and so, in a way, I had to go to another country just to even get the chance to live again musically.

It was my own choice to go to America, but it was just to escape the stranglehold of England. By the time Generation X did their last album we were kicking on three cylinders, not four, and this really meant that the life of the group was dead.

There was also a change in the relationship between me and Tony James. . . I was starting to write my own lyrics and taking over a lot of the musical stuff on the songs. We were no longer working as equals — it was starting to be Billy Idol, solo music. I needed a new platform, new musicians to help me out; I needed someone like Steve to help me expand musically.

In England people thought I was finished as a singer and a songwriter. . . I needed to go somewhere else where they could accept me and where I could find a new audience.

At first, was it difficult to accept such

wasn't even sure if I could write songs any more. I got into that state of mind of worrying about everything instead of relaxing and realising that Generation X music was *my* music. All I had to do was continue on my own flow and just be myself. Being in New York made me sit back and re-examine my own character, whereas in the UK I could rely on the fact that I was well known and that one way or another people would give me some kind of chance.

Have you ever had the idea of leaving the music biz and doing another job?

Billy: With this haircut? Ha! Ha! Ha! I don't have that sort of qualification. . . All I want, and can do, is music. That's why I needed to go somewhere where I could keep on doing it.

What hurts you most about America?

Billy: There's a lot of poverty in the States that people don't always read about. . . I think that's the worst thing with that country. People say America is the land of dreams, but the American dreams are not exactly there, it's a bit of a falsity. Anyway, I see the same things happening everywhere.

In England the worst thing is the lack of jobs; there is no real chance of changing the situation. That's one of the reasons why rock'n'roll is so strong there, it gives you a chance to break out. In England the education system is so good that people can talk and do many things. . . but they can't put anything into practice.

AT WHAT stage of your career are you now?

Billy: Well, I think I've been lucky to have had such a long time to develop as a songwriter and singer. Usually English groups get a very short time to prove who and what they are; a period of three years or so and then they're finished.

The fact is I didn't really start playing music seriously until I was 20, 21; now I'm 31. It has taken me this long to work with

Billy: I don't agree. New York helped to improve me as a singer. Once I started to get a bit more of a voice I could really begin to bring out the melodies and combine a level of hard music with the feelings I felt. I think my past adrenalin rush had to be left behind to go for a lot more of the R&B approach.

I haven't so much softened the music, I've just been able to enlarge it. **Do you think that recruiting Miles Davis' bass player Marcus Miller is a step towards this new musical direction?**

Billy: You would expect someone like Marcus not to want to play something such as 'Sweet Sixteen', but he really understood it. Our trouble was to find musicians that would understand the music. When he came in, he even said, I know how to play this song. . . it's kind of corny! And I went, *That's right!*

Marcus was so great. I need people like him. Most musicians don't want to play your music, they want to play their own inside your music. We needed someone who could understand the songs and bring out their whole quality. Someone who had to get into what I was about.

Steve: Marcus is not just a bass player. I guess he co-produced the last Miles Davis album. He is somebody who looks at music from a wider point of view. Too many people come to the studio, play, get the money and run away.

Have you already chosen other names for your next world tour?

Billy: Not yet. We will be playing with musicians who are right for the music. We're just looking for people. We wanna go on tour; we haven't played live for two and a half years. First, we will play in the States and then come out to Europe. The tour starts in March or April.

Steve: It's difficult to find the right people. Billy Idol music calls for different musical influences; it's like a cartoon and you travel within the music. . .

Billy: I like reggae, blues, soul music. I've grown up with rock 'n' roll; my whole life has been spent listening to a whole array of music — that's what I put into all the songs. I'm not looking for one style, I'm just looking to integrate the whole thing and make it have a wholeness about it.

Steve: As far as I'm concerned, I like Curtis Mayfield but I don't play guitar like him. I never really listened to guitar music; I never sat down and learned Eric Clapton. . . I liked Little Richard, he was the first thing I saw as a kid on TV. **Steve, what about the rumours of you joining Duran Duran?**

Steve: I don't know anything about it. We know Duran Duran and maybe they thought that since I had done something with The Thompson Twins I could have done something with them. When Andy Taylor left the band they didn't know who could replace him. . . not me.

Billy, did you ever feel Steve could have left?

Billy: Well, the one thing that we've got is that we are quite solid inside what we're doing. Whatever the rumours are it's not worth taking notice of them. I speak with Steve daily, so when I read things in the papers it's just funny.

BILLY, DO you think your music has contributed to spreading heavy metal in the States?

Billy: Christ! I hope it hasn't. I think we combine a certain amount of heaviness with a sort of R&B feeling. A lot of heavy metal hasn't got an inner rhythm. I want nothing to do with heavy metal. We're rock 'n' roll.

If there was ever a rock 'n' roll award, do you think you'd win it?

Billy: No! There is no rock 'n' roll award. . . The rock 'n' roll award is the audience.

THE WHIPLASH BOY



Steve Stevens and Billy Idol get axed

Photo Ross Marina/LFI

a different culture as that of America?

Billy: Although I was in a kind of totally different culture, the great thing about New York is that it's so multinational that I could still see a lot of English friends. Of course, at first it was kind of very lonely for me, then the uncertainty of whether or not I was musically valid was in my mind as well.

England is a very crushing place, it can really effect you. It was only really living in America that made me realise I should just get on with improving myself and just taking my own risks and continue to play. . . whatever happened. For a while, I

people like Steve and to get a level of musical expertise where I think I can really perform and get my soul out. I have had a gradual flow; my career hasn't been over in five minutes. I haven't had to make millions and millions of records just because I've got a record contract or because I've been forced by other people to do that. The reason why we took a long time with 'Whiplash Smile' was to make sure you got ten good songs, not just two.

Don't you think living in America has softened you too much? You can't deny that 'Whiplash Smile' is a typical American album. . . and Americans are generally soft.

"In England people thought I was finished as a singer and songwriter. . . I needed to go somewhere else where they could accept me and where I could find a new audience"

CHARTS

UK 50 SINGLES

- 1 1 CARAVAN OF LOVE The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 2 4 THE RAIN Oran 'Juice' Jones Def Jam
- 3 12 OPEN YOUR HEART Madonna Sire
- 4 1 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe Epic
- 5 2 SOMETIMES Erasure Mute
- 6 30 REET PETITE (THE SWEETEST GIRL IN TOWN) Jackie Wilson SMP
- 7 6 SHAKE YOU DOWN Gregory Abbott CBS
- 8 11 SO COLD THE NIGHT The Communards London
- 9 3 TAKE MY BREATH AWAY Berlin CBS
- 10 23 CRY WOLF A-ha Warner Brothers
- 11 9 LIVIN' ON A PRAYER Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 12 5 EACH TIME YOU BREAK MY HEART Nick Kamen WEA
- 13 26 IS THIS LOVE Alison Moyet CBS
- 14 7 FRENCH KISSIN' IN THE USA Debbie Harry Chrysalis
- 15 10 THE SKYE BOAT SONG Roger Whittaker & Des O'Connor Tembo
- 16 18 SHIVER George Benson Warner Brothers
- 17 27 STEP RIGHT UP Jaki Graham EMI
- 18 19 MIRACLE OF LOVE Eurythmics RCA
- 19 33 BECAUSE OF YOU Dexys Midnight Runners Mercury
- 20 13 BREAKOUT Swing Out Sister Mercury
- 21 — BIG FUN The Gap Band Total Experience
- 22 15 SHOWING OUT Mel & Kim Supreme
- 23 22 LAND OF CONFUSION Genesis Charisma
- 24 28 DREAMIN' Status Quo Vertigo
- 25 21 CANDY Cameo Club
- 26 17 YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON Kim Wilde MCA
- 27 16 SWEET LOVE Anita Baker Elektra
- 28 — ONLY LOVE REMAINS Paul McCartney Parlophone
- 29 14 WAR Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band CBS
- 30 20 IF I SAY YES Five Star Tent
- 31 24 FOR AMERICA Red Box Sire
- 32 38 OH MY FATHER HAD A RABBIT Ray Moore Play
- 33 41 HYMN TO HER The Pretenders Real
- 34 — NO MORE THE FOOL Elkie Brooks Legend
- 35 25 WARRIORS (OF THE WASTELAND) Frankie Goes To Hollywood ZTT
- 36 — RADIO MUSICOLA Nik Kershaw MCA
- 37 — HIP TO BE SQUARE Huey Lewis & The News Chrysalis
- 38 29 THROUGH THE BARRICADES Spandau Ballet Reformation
- 39 — I'M ALL YOU NEED Samantha Fox Jive
- 40 43 DANGER ZONE Kenny Loggins CBS
- 41 35 WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN The Bangles CBS
- 42 31 DON'T GIVE UP Peter Gabriel & Kate Bush Virgin
- 43 — THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 44 45 MR BIG STUFF Heavy D & The Boys MCA
- 45 36 I'VE BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE Cutting Crew Siren
- 46 — NIGHTS OF PLEASURE Loose Ends Virgin
- 47 37 TRUE COLOURS Go West Chrysalis
- 48 — OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY Gary Moore 10
- 49 50 ALMAZ Randy Crawford Warner Brothers
- 50 — A SPACEMAN CAME TRAVELLING Chris De Burgh A&M

UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 1 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 8 Various EMI/Virgin
- 2 2 HITS 5 Various CBS/WEA
- 3 3 THE WHOLE STORY Kate Bush EMI
- 4 5 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE — THE SINGLES The Police A&M
- 5 6 TRUE BLUE Madonna Sire
- 6 8 GRACELAND Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 7 3 LIVE MAGIC Queen EMI
- 8 7 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK — TOP GUN Various CBS
- 9 10 SILK AND STEEL Five Star Tent
- 10 14 SOUTH PACIFIC Various CBS
- 11 16 REMINISCING Foster & Allen Stylus
- 12 22 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 13 9 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 14 13 REVENGE Eurythmics RCA
- 15 18 DIFFERENT LIGHT The Bangles CBS
- 16 29 SIXTIES MANIA Various Telstar
- 17 38 NOW THE CHRISTMAS ALBUM Various EMI/Virgin
- 18 11 LOVERS Various Telstar
- 19 36 AN ALBUM OF HYMNS Aled Jones Telstar
- 20 17 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 21 37 FORE! Huey Lewis & The News Chrysalis
- 22 42 SCOUNDREL DAYS A-ha Warner Brothers
- 23 24 THE GREATEST HITS Bonnie Tyler Telstar
- 24 15 THROUGH THE BARRICADES Spandau Ballet Reformation
- 25 25 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 26 — MOTOWN CHARTBUSTERS Various Telstar
- 27 19 LIVE 1975-1985 Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band CBS
- 28 46 THE FINAL Wham! Epic
- 29 21 NOW DANCE VOLUME 2 Various EMI/Virgin
- 30 48 SWEET FREEDOM — THE BEST OF MICHAEL McDONALD Michael McDonald Warner Brothers
- 31 23 DISCO Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 32 — THE CAROLS ALBUM Huddersfield Choral Society EMI
- 33 30 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 34 40 JUST GOOD FRIENDS Paul Nicholas K-Tel
- 35 41 CHRISTMAS Elaine Page WEA
- 36 26 SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 37 20 AUGUST Eric Clapton Duck
- 38 — THE RIGHT MOMENT Barbara Dickson K-Tel
- 39 34 RAPTURE Anita Baker Elektra
- 40 45 DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie Motown
- 41 27 UTTER MADNESS Madness Zarjazz
- 42 — CHRISTMAS WITH KIRI Kiri Te Kanawa Decca
- 43 12 NOTORIOUS Duran Duran EMI
- 44 39 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 45 — COMMUNARDS The Communards London
- 46 28 ANYTHING The Damned MCA
- 47 32 THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SUPERTRAMP Supertramp A&M
- 48 35 GREATEST HITS OF 1986 Various Telstar
- 49 — CHRISTMAS CAROL ALBUM Chas & Dave Telstar
- 50 33 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe Epic

Compiled by MRIB



MADONNA: a song for Papworth

SOUNDS TRACKS

Ron Rom
SHE FELL AWAY Nick Cave Mute LP track
COME DOWN AND DANCE Bloodloss Demo tape
AWFUL FLUTE SONG The Bambi Slam

James Brown
LEV BRONSTEIN/PEASANT ARMY The Redskins CNT release
LEAN ON ME/UNIONISE The Redskins CNT release
KEEP ON KEEPING ON The Redskins Tamla Motormouth

Mr Spencer
DING DONG DING DONG George Harrison EMI
WOMBLING MERRY CHRISTMAS The Wombles CBS
HEY MISTER CHRISTMAS Showaddywaddy Bell

Kevin Murphy
TRANSMISSION Joy Division Strange Fruit
UTTER MADNESS Madness Zarjazz
INTERCEPTION Front 242 Red Rhino

Hugh Fielder
LIVE ALIVE Stevie Ray Vaughan Epic
THE ORIGINAL HIT SOUND The Ethiopians Trojan
EVERYTHANG'S GROOVY Gaye Bykers On Acid In Tape

Bernard Rose
TOWERS OF FAITH Roger Waters Virgin
EBB TIDE Jeremy Kidd Forthcoming Self Drive single
WALTZING MATILDA The Pogues live at Hammersmith Palais

MUSIC VIDEO

- 1 THE FINAL Wham! CBS/Fox
- 2 HITS 5 Various Artists CBS/Fox
- 3 ROCKING THROUGH Status Quo Channel 5
- 4 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE The Police A&M
- 5 THE WHOLE STORY Kate Bush PMI
- 6 UTTER MADNESS Madness Virgin
- 7 WE WILL ROCK YOU Queen Video Collection
- 8 DIRE STRAITS Alchemy Live Channel 5
- 9 IN CHINA — FOREIGN SKIES Wham! CBS/Fox
- 10 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Polygram
- 11 LIVE IN RIO Queen PMI
- 12 WHO WANTS TO LIVE Queen PMI
- 13 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star RCA/Columbia
- 14 NO 1 VIDEO HITS Whitney Houston RCA/Columbia
- 15 THE COMPLETE BEATLES The Beatles MGM/UA
- 16 GREATEST FLIX Queen PMI
- 17 THE SONG REMAINS... Led Zeppelin WHV
- 18 BREAKOUT Bon Jovi Polygram
- 19 THE VIRGIN TOUR Madonna WEA Music
- 20 LEGEND Bob Marley Channel 5

Compiled by Video Week Research



MADNESS: gone, but not forgotten

SHEEP & GOAT

- 1 RIDERS ON THE SHORN Annabel Lamb
- 2 WOOLLY BULLY Sam The Ram And The Pharoahs
- 3 SOUTHDOWN DOWN Status Goat
- 4 WE GOT THE BLEAT The Go-Goats
- 5 TIRED OF WAITING FOR EWE The Flock
- 6 TAILS OF TALIESYN Dip Purple
- 7 MUTTON ON THE STYLE Lonnie Donegan
- 8 BAA BAA ANN The Beach Baas
- 9 I GOT EWE BABE Sonny And Shear
- 10 GOAT NOW The Moody Ewes

Compiled by Colin for Esther and Sharon at the Co-Op

THE BANGLES seen in a different light

CHARTS

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 1 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe Epic
- 2 2 LIVIN' ON A PRAYER Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 3 4 DREAMIN' Status Quo Vertigo
- 4 3 STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND Iron Maiden EMI
- 5 6 YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 6 5 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 7 8 HE'S BACK (THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK) Alice Cooper MCA
- 8 12 THIS LOVE Bad Company Atlantic
- 9 7 SIX TRACK EP Warlock Vertigo
- 10 10 GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER Meat Loaf Arista
- 11 18 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Island
- 12 16 WASTED YEARS Iron Maiden EMI
- 13 13 CREEPING DEATH Metallica Music For Nations
- 14 17 JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations
- 15 9 AMANDA Boston MCA
- 16 11 95-NASTY WASP Capitol
- 17 14 ROCK THE NATIONS Saxon EMI
- 18 15 BLACK AND BLUE Waysted Parlophone
- 19 — GIRL CAN'T HELP IT Journey CBS
- 20 20 VELCRO FLY ZZ Top Warner Brothers



HAWKWIND'S HUW LLOYD-LANGTON: chronicled

ALBUMS

- 1 1 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 2 2 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe Epic
- 3 4 IN THE ARMY NOW Status Quo Vertigo
- 4 3 SOMEWHERE IN TIME Iron Maiden EMI
- 5 — LIVE CHRONICLES Hawkwind GWR
- 6 7 7800° FAHRENHEIT Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 7 6 CONSTRICTOR Alice Cooper MCA
- 8 20 BON JOVI Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 9 8 THIRD STAGE Boston MCA
- 10 — FASHION BY PASSION White Sister FM/Revolver
- 11 5 INSIDE THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS WASP Capitol
- 12 14 INDISCREET FM Portrait
- 13 15 EAT 'EM AND SMILE David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 14 22 VIGILANTE Magnum Polydor
- 15 10 TRILOGY Yngwie Malmsteen Polydor
- 16 11 TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL Stryper Music For Nations
- 17 21 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 18 24 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 19 19 DANCING UNDERCOVER Ratt Atlantic
- 20 26 DOOMSDAY FOR THE DECEIVER Flotsam And Jetsam Roadrunner
- 21 27 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 22 — RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 23 29 GAME OVER Nuclear Assault Under One Flag
- 24 — EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK Venom Neat
- 25 9 SAVE YOUR PRAYERS Waysted Parlophone
- 26 12 PEACE SELLS... BUT WHO'S BUYING? Megadeth Capitol
- 27 13 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN Poison Music For Nations
- 28 16 THE DARK Metal Church Elektra
- 29 18 TRUE AS STEEL Warlock Vertigo
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- 5 6 INTO THE GROOVY Ciccone Youth Blast First
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- 11 10 LIKE A HURRICANE/GARDEN OF DELIGHT The Mission Chapter 22
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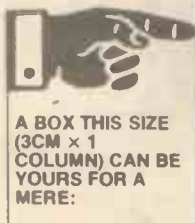
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Julian Colbeck concludes his look at Korg's newcomers with the SDD-1200 dual delay

RICK BUCKLER, former drummer with The Jam, has now opened his own 16 and 24-track recording studio in Islington, which is going under the name of Arkantide.

Both studios are now fully operational and a number of clients have already passed through the doors, including Australian singer Andrew Brian, Italian band I Refuse It and a band called Wastelands who helped dispell any final gremlins in the 24-track.

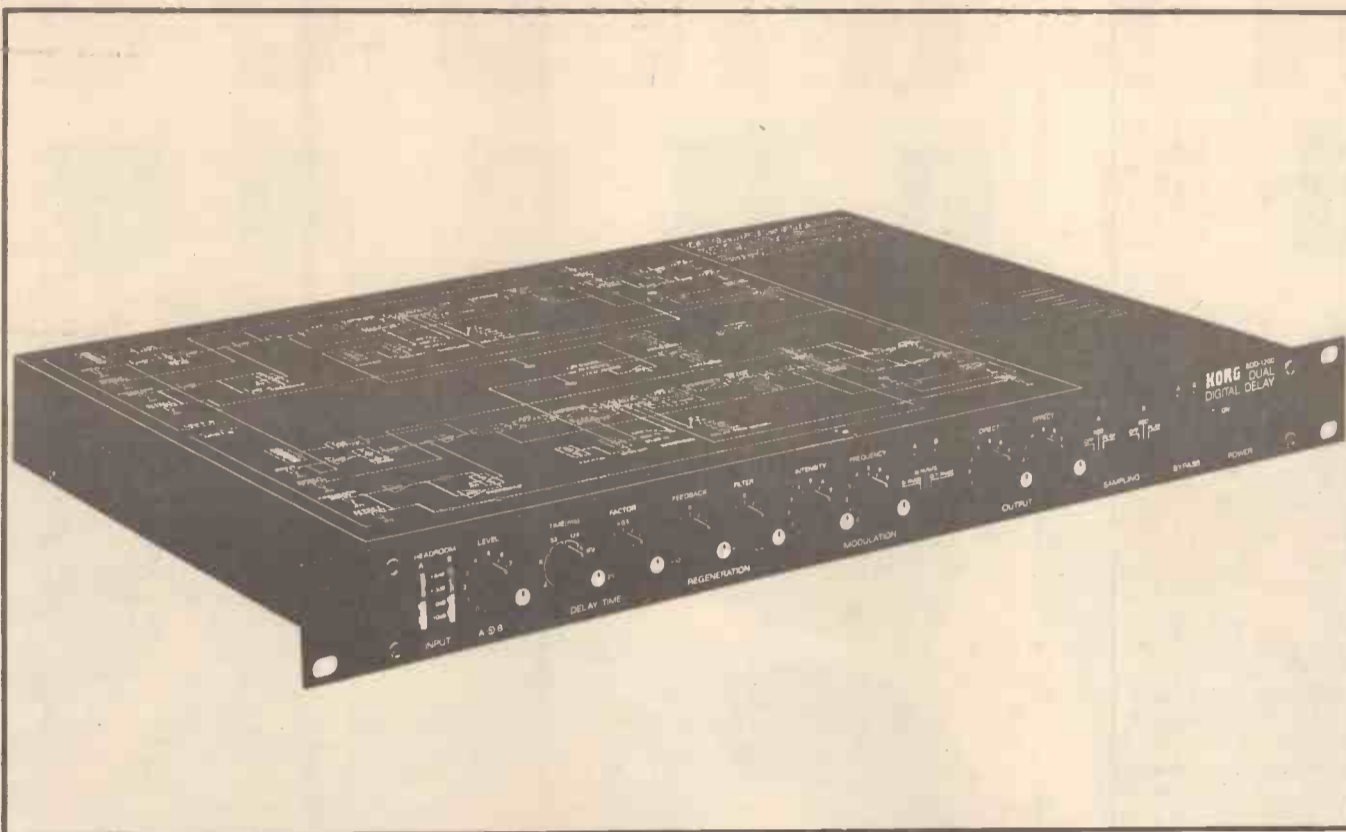
Explaining why he decided to switch from performer to studio owner, Buckler says: "I have always enjoyed working in studios and for some time I had my own 16-track set-up at home. In the end I decided to take the plunge and have a go at running the 16-track as a business.

"I leased this building - it used to be a factory in Victorian times - and moved my equipment in. There was so much room here that we decided to build a 24-track studio as well. It is still early days but eventually we hope to develop the facility into a 24 and 48-track set-up."

Studio One is equipped with a Raindirke Concorde mixing console, a Soundcraft SCM 762,24b open reel tape machine, JBL monitors and a wide range of outboard equipment including Bel, Drawmer and Yamaha gear. Buckler hopes to add more over the next few months.

Studio Two has a Fostex B16 multitrack tape machine, a Soundcraft Series 2 mixing console and JBL monitoring, plus outboard equipment.

Arkantide - the company name came 'off the shelf' and so far Buckler still hasn't found out what it means - has two rest areas and facilities for cooking snacks. Emblazoned across the wall of the main rest area is a mural of the company's emblem - a Chinese dragon affectionately known as Arkle.



major problem, it feels fiddly and long winded, highlighting in a way how dependent we have become on screen-aided digital accuracy and control.

Feedback level and filtering come next, feedback centre-detented at zero for just a single repeat and progressively increasing in strength (positive or negative phase) to the left or right, and the filter progressively lopping off high or low frequencies to the left or right.

The final pair of regular DDL parameters concern modulation, comprise intensity and frequency and are simply calibrated 0 to 10. Again, they can be set in phase or out of phase.

The quality of all the above is first class, and bearing in mind you have two units, genuine stereo delay and auto panning effects can be set up with little fuss.

But the SDD-1200 also offers a modicum of sample time. Samples of up to 1024 milliseconds can be held internally and re-triggered via a footswitch, or even a pulse from a drum machine, connected at the rear. Although you can vary the pitch of a sample after recording, using the time and factor controls, with no MIDI, sampling on the SDD-1200 is always going to be rudimentary. But the facility is there, and it's always worth having.

In performance terms this is a high quality DDL. However, with no memory bank or display screen, the SDD-1200 is hardly ideal for live use. This tends to make me think it can only be of interest to those running a home or mid-level professional studio.

A DUAL AT DAWN

KORG SDD-1200 DUAL DIGITAL DELAY £475 QQ VV

IT HAS to be said - there are a lot more exciting things to look at and learn about than digital delays and digital reverbs. Only when some revolutionary concept comes along like the Alesis Midiverb, Yamaha SPX-90, or Roland DEP-5 do any of us really sit up and take notice.

Accordingly, the Korg SDD-1200 runs the risk of passing us by. Which, though the unit is never going to set the world alight, would be a shame as it's a high spec, flexible signal processor that should find many friends

in the mid-level studio field.

First things first. The SDD-1200 is not programmable, nor is it MIDI controllable, and there is no display screen. All the parameters must be set manually, using conventional control knobs. Well I say conventional; they are "stacked" as Korg say, which is their way of describing how the unit's dual capacity works. Each knob has an outer and inner section, the inner controlling Unit A's settings, the outer Unit B's.

So the first piece of good news is that the SDD-1200 is two DDLs in one.

Initial connections are standard and straightforward. Units A and B have separate input and output jacks, comprising regular inputs, feedback inputs (cancelling out the internal feedback loop when used), and four outputs: minus mix and plus mix providing mixed outputs (normal and reverse phase); effect output, for the processed signal only; and direct output, which simply bypasses the processing circuitry and is helpful should you want control over a "straight" signal as well as an effected one.

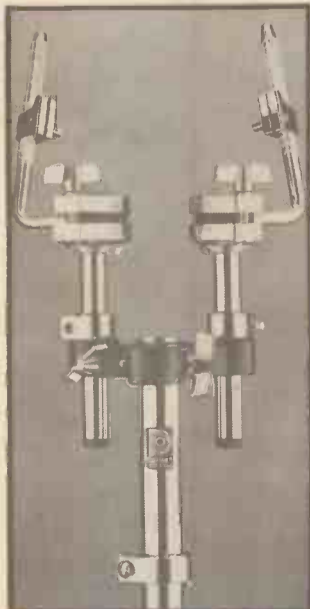
In addition there are Unit A/B bypass footswitch jacks and A/B

hold and trigger jacks.

Moving around to the front panel, we can set our input level from one of the said stacked control knobs, the levels being monitored by a pair of input headroom meters. With no high/low level input selector around, it may prove impossible to get enough gain out of a mike, necessitating the use of a preamp, which would be a bit annoying.

The basic delay parameters are standard; delay times can be set from 0.5 milliseconds to just over one second using two knobs; time and factor. While this method works, and is hardly a

TOM FOOLERY



PREMIER FASTBALL tom holder

AUNTY FLO may not be too thrilled at the prospect of striding into her local music shop and asking for a set of Deadheads, but she'll probably be thankful for your suggestion, since these chipboard-mounted rubber pads from Premier will certainly help keep the noise down over the Christmas period.

Fitting snugly over your toms and snare and clamping onto you bass drum, a set of Deadheads will set her back a mere £47.59.

Premier's suggestions for awkwardly-shaped stocking fillers continues with a professional tom holder. Their Fastball triple tom holder looks menacing, and, individually adjustable in height and angle, permits an

almost endless choice of arrangements. By fitting a 2395 bass socket to take the holder's central post, the FTTH can be used on any bass drum and sells for £62.

And there's a drum tutor, written by one Johnny Dean, which takes the uninitiated safely through the basics before tackling the clever stuff - priced at £4.68.

Finally, to add a bit of spice at the end of the year, Premier's Double Value consumer competition remains on the go until the end of December. All you have to do, ho ho, is buy any Premier item (even a pair of sticks), match what you think the four most important features of a Premier kit are with what three Premier endorsees think, and write a tie-breaking slogan, to stand a chance of winning yet more Premier gear to the value of your original purchase - up to £2000.

LOADED MCKENZIE

LOUDSPEAKER ENCLOSURE manufacturers McKenzie Acoustics announce a line of fully loaded loudspeaker enclosures featuring the company's Studio 7 Series chassis and custom made heavy duty BHF 520 Bullet horns.

The Q-Max 7000 has been designed ultimately for use as a modular PA rig. Featuring reflex tuning and equalisation, along with internal filtering for a smooth frequency response, the three models so far announced (200watt and 400watt mid/high range units plus 200watt bass reflex) are shipped with a lifetime guarantee and cost £295, £375, and £322 respectively.



RATINGS: QQQ - absolute perfection; QQ - good quality; Q - naff; VVV - a real bargain; VV - a fair price; V - definitely overpriced. Prices are full list unless otherwise stated

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