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BRIAN WILSON

Back from the brink

JAZ COLEMAN

Apocalypse now! Or
maybe tomorrow afternoon

MOTORHEAD

No rest for the wicked

FRANK SIDEBOTTOM

A message to the nation



News

Mozz takes the stage

First solo gigs for Morrissey . . . admission only with a Smiths T-shirt

MORRISSEY steps out for his first solo gig this week – and he's taking all The Smiths with him, apart from Johnny Marr.

He'll be playing Wolverhampton Civic Hall on December 22 and admission will be free to anyone wearing a Smiths or Morrissey T-shirt. Nobody else will be allowed admittance (it says here). The concert will be filmed.

Morrissey apparently made a "spontaneous" decision to perform live as a solo artist late on the evening of December 12 – and by lunchtime the next day the concert was finalised.

The decision was as much of a surprise to the musicians as it was to everyone else. Morrissey has spent the last month recording six tracks with The Smiths' rhythm section, Mike Joyce and Andy Rourke (who almost became a member of Killing Joke two weeks ago before leaving abruptly in strange circumstances), guitarists Craig Gannon (a member of The Smiths during '86) and Neil Taylor, and his co-writer, producer and keyboard player Stephen Street.

There's a single coming out on January 23 called 'The Last Of The Famous International Playboys', backed by 'Lucky Lisp' plus 'Michael's Bones' on the 12-inch.

Morrissey, who last played live at what

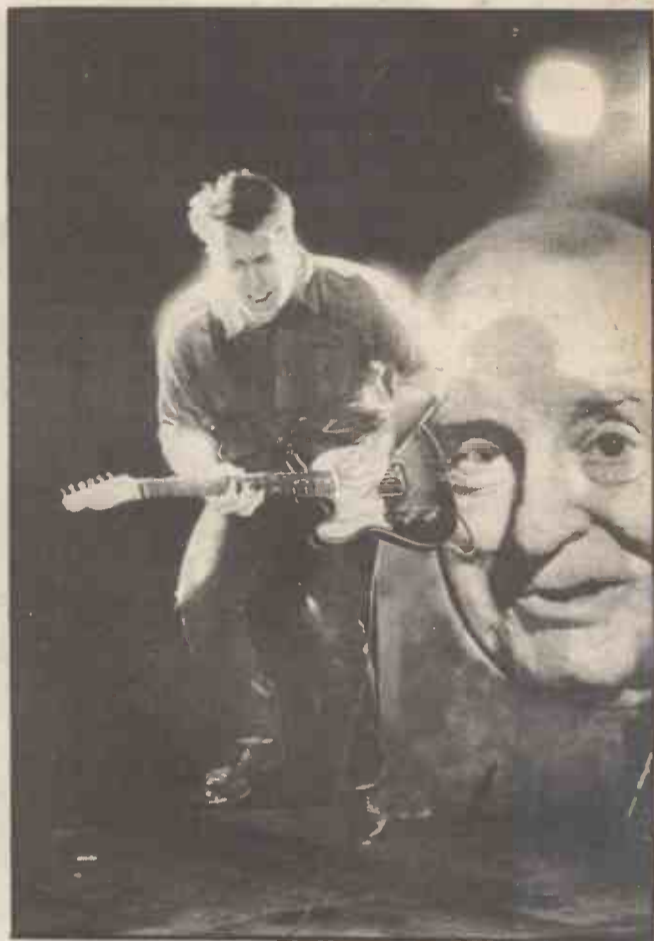


THE LAST of the famous international playboys

turned out to be The Smiths' farewell concert at Brixton Academy in December '86, plans to play "six or seven" songs,

including a couple of new ones. The support band is still to be confirmed and the show will start at 7.30pm.

A giant step for mankind



"JUST LET me squeeze out this last track"

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, the American indie duo who've sold 200,000 copies of their first album in the States, have signed to One Little Indian.

The two Johns – Flansburgh and Linnell – will be coming over from Brooklyn with their accordion, guitar and tape machine to play London gigs early next year. There's a new single to coincide with their visit and a 19-track album is not far behind.

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Addicted to Jane?

Get cured at a week-long showcase of new talent at London's ICA

JANE'S ADDICTION, the West Coast funk/metal merchants who played three acclaimed shows here in September, to coincide with their 'Nothing's Shocking' album, return for more gigs next month.

They'll appear at a week-long showcase of new talent called Hands Across The Ocean at London's ICA, between January 16 and 20. And they'll play further UK gigs (to be confirmed).

And Edie Brickell And The New Bohemians, whose 'Shooting Rubber Bands At The Moon' debut album is currently in the American Top 20, will make their first British appearance at the ICA.

Steve Forbert, who last played here eight years ago, and who recently released his 'Streets Of This Town' album, is also coming over for the Hands Across The Ocean week.

Other artists and precise dates will be confirmed at the beginning of January.



NOTHING SHOCKS Jane's Addiction

Fishbone return for UK show

FISHBONE, the wild Los Angeles pop-rock-ska-funksters, return for their second British gig at London Kentish Town Town And Country Club on January 5.

Since their first show at London Camden Dingwalls in September, which coincided with their 'Truth And Soul' album, the band have been touring America, undaunted by keyboard player Chris Dowd's broken leg, which is currently encased in plaster, although he's still playing gigs with them.

They've also been getting involved in movies, playing a bar band in *Tape Heads* and a street gang led by Curtis Mayfield in *Ino Git U Suca*. They've also been asked by Dave Stewart of Eurythmics to write a couple of songs for a film he's putting together.



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News

James Brown gets six years

JAMES BROWN was given a six-year jail sentence by a South Carolina court last week after being found guilty of assault charges in connection with a high speed car chase by police earlier this year.

The jury, who spent three hours deliberating the case, found him not guilty of assault with intent to kill but guilty on two charges of aggravated assault and for failing to stop for the police.

Brown was given the option of six months in prison, a £3,300 fine and five years probation but he made no decision in court.

"Mr Brown is resigned to the fate the jury has handed him. There's no point in arguing any further," said his defence attorney.

Earlier, Brown had said that he didn't stop for the police because he was "scared to death. I went to Vietnam and I wasn't that frightened".

Only the Big O

ROY ORBISON's new single is coming out as planned - in keeping with his wife's wishes.

'You Got It', written by Roy with fellow Wilburys Tom Petty and Jeff Lynne, is released by Virgin on January 3, backed by 'The Only One', written by his eldest son, Wesley. The 12-inch and CD feature a duet with K D Lang called 'Crying'.

New band for Biafra

JELLO BIAFRA puts his victorious censorship trials and tribulations behind him with a new band called Lard, a collaboration with Al Jurgensen from Ministry.

They've recorded a three-track 12-inch featuring 'The Power Of Lard', 'Hell Fudge' and the 31-minute 'Time To Melt', which will be out on Alternative Tentacles at the end of January. There will be an album later in the year, but there's no live plans yet.

More days in the Country

BIG COUNTRY have added eight more dates to their upcoming British tour at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall January 26, Poole Arts Centre February 7, St Austell Cornwall Coliseum 8, Gloucester Leisure Centre 9, Birmingham Hummingbird 11, Newcastle City Hall 12 and Glasgow Barrowlands 14-15.

Special guests throughout the tour will be Diesel Park West, who have a new single, 'All The Myths On Sunday', due for release by EMI on January 16.

A Fair deal

FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION have lined up a short series of gigs next month to coincide with their new single, from their platinum debut album, called 'Clare'.

The 12-inch and CD also feature versions of Lennon & McCartney's 'Do You Want To Know A Secret' and the traditional Scottish song, 'Jock O'Hazeldean'.

The band warm up for a fuller tour in the spring with gigs at Manchester International January 7, Sheffield Leadmill 8 and London Borderline 11-12.

Prims lose bass player

THE PRIMITIVES' bass player, Steve Dullaghan, has left the band at the end of their American tour.

He's reverted to being a guitarist again and is teaming up with another former Primitive, drummer Pete Tweedy, to form a band called Hate. They'll have a single out early next year on Lazy Records, just to keep it all in the Primitive family.

Christmas with Slade

SLADE THE LEVELLER, Joolz and Rev Hammer, who played a Smalltown England Backrooms Of Pubs tour recently, add a Yuletide postscript with gigs at Folkestone Blackpool Inn December 20, Northampton Black Lion 21 and Leeds Grove Inn 22. These will be Slade's last solo gigs before he returns to New Model Army to prepare for their British tour in the spring.

Swans sign to a major

SWANS have signed a major label deal with MCA and are currently in the studio recording with producer Bill Laswell. More news early next year.

More from Moore

GARY MOORE warms up for his British tour in March with a new single called 'After The War' on Virgin out on January 3.

Tanita's Smile

TANITA TIKARAM, just rounding off four months on the road, consolidating her status as one of the major new artists of '88, takes another track from her 'Ancient Heart' album as a single on January 2. 'Cathedral Song' is backed by 'Sighing Innocents', and there's also a seven-inch edition boxed EP containing two unreleased live tracks, 'Let's Make Everybody Smile Today' and 'Over You All'.



Rescue hopes for Red Rhino

Indie distributor to be sold as "going concern", and could be back in business in the New Year

RED RHINO could be back in business early next year.

Receivers called in by the crashed company's bank on December 8 advertised the business for sale in last week's industry trade paper *Music Week* and have already received a dozen inquiries, at least one of which is expressing serious interest.

"There are a number of people who feel that Red Rhino could be successful as a distribution company," a spokesperson for the Receivers, Cork Gully, told *Sounds* last week. "We have retained all the company's employees in order to be able to sell the business as a going concern."

The Receivers are looking to sell the business quickly and use the income to pay off Red Rhino's creditors before putting the old company into liquidation. It's believed that creditors could get about half their money back, although the Receivers would not confirm this.

With a turnover of £2 million in the last financial year, Red Rhino's distribution business is potentially viable. What caused the company's crash was a heavy - some say profligate - investment in new acts and indie labels which created severe cash flow problems.

After the Inland Revenue temporarily froze Red Rhino's bank account in August, in a dispute over taxes owed, the bank refused to extend the company's overdraft.

From then on Red Rhino was trapped, unable to pay record manufacturers and get their records into the shops where they could generate the income for the company to survive.

The Wedding Present's Ukrainian folk songs album has been a major casualty of this state of affairs. Thousands of finished copies of the album, packaged in an elaborate sleeve design, have been sitting in the manufacturer's warehouse for several weeks. But the manufacturers have refused to distribute them until they are paid - not for this album but for previous work done for Red Rhino.

However, the Receivers have been in discussions with the manufacturers and there's a strong chance the album could be released shortly before Christmas.

It's unlikely that any new buyer for Red Rhino would maintain anything like the same investment in new acts, but the company's earlier investments could still pay off.

Although The Wedding Present are poised to sign to RCA, Red Rhino still have the band's back catalogue which is currently out of stock but, nonetheless, a potentially valuable asset.

Several other bands and labels distributed by Red Rhino have indicated that they will stay with a new company, particularly if the existing staff remain.

In Tape boss, Jim Khambatta, who has albums from Frank Sidebottom and Stitched-Back Foot Airman to hold, told *Sounds*: "I'll give Red Rhino as long as it takes to work something out. If it wasn't for them I wouldn't be in this business. They've showed more faith in my label than I have sometimes. It's the very least I owe them."

And Medium Cool, whose album from The Waltoners has been delayed by nearly two months, is also waiting to see if Red Rhino survives, although it has already had offers to distribute the album from other companies. Medium Cool also has singles and albums from The Corn Dollies and new signings The Poppuns in the pipeline.

Fears that Red Rhino's demise could have a serious knock-on effect within the Cartel, the independent distribution network, have been denied by The Rough Trade Group, who operate the Cartel Wholesale.

"Obviously, we stand to lose the records that Red Rhino released if the company is liquidated," Rough Trade Distribution marketing manager Simon Edwards told *Sounds*. "But we'd hope that most of these would find their way back into the Cartel via other members."

"The Cartel's operations are separate, and so Red Rhino's problems have no direct effect," he added.

Ironically, Red Rhino's collapse comes at the end of the Cartel's most successful year ever, during which they've topped the national singles and album charts simultaneously (with Bomb The Bass and Erasure) and held the top two singles for three weeks running.

Much of this success has been achieved with the dance music fashion from labels like Rhythm King rather than the more traditional indie groups, although Edwards points out that both The Sugarcubes and The House Of Love have achieved major breakthroughs this year.

"We've been able to compete with the major distributors for the past couple of years, but it's been brought home this year because we've achieved a string of successes at the very highest level."

"Everything we've done has paid off, but that's because of the labels more than anything else. As a distribution service we are dependent on the labels finding, producing and marketing new acts. Without them we have nothing to put in the shops."

According to Lloyd Harris, director of Bristol Cartel member Revolver, indie distributors are choosing their releases more carefully these days.

"A few years ago you'd hear a song and go, Yeah, and put it out," he says. "Nowadays, you have to think of all the implications - the investment, the marketing strategy. So each release has to count for more. We've had to take a more realistic attitude, but it's paid off."

JUDDS BRITISH GIGS

THE JUDDS, the Nashville mother-and-daughter duo, return for a European tour in February with gigs at Dublin Stadium February 8, Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre 9 and London Dominion Theatre 11.

Wynonna and Naomi Judd made their British debut at London's Palladium two years ago and have won the Country Music Association's Vocal Duo Of The Year Award for the past four years as well as three

Grammys.

They've topped the country charts a dozen times in the past five years with 'Mama He's Crazy', 'Why Not Me', 'Girls Night Out', 'Have Mercy', 'Rockin' With The Rhythm Of The Rain', 'Cry Yourself To Sleep', 'Maybe Your Baby's Got The Blues', 'Turn Me Loose' and 'Give A Little Love', all of which are on their 'Greatest Hits' collection released in the autumn by RCA.

News

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Winter warmer



JOHNNY WINTER, who's seen more blues revivals than royalty checks, cheerfully climbs aboard the latest with a new album, 'Winter Of '88' on MCA this week and a rare British gig at London Kentish Town Town And Country Club on February 9.

His European tours may be getting

sporadic, but he still spends eight months on the road in America every year.

He says: "The older I get the more I seem to love it. It's like eating and sleeping; a necessity for me."

"The blues may come in and out of fashion but I just keep playing what I love and hope that others love it too."

Simply Red scotch "split" rumours

SIMPLY RED have scheduled a world tour early next year, neatly refuting recent tabloid rumours that Mick Hucknall is quitting the business. They will even have a third album out to coincide with the tour.

Their tour begins in Ireland, at Dublin RDS February 17, Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre 18, and continues at Edinburgh

Playhouse 19, Manchester Apollo 22-23, Newcastle City Hall 28 and March 1, Bridlington Spa Royal Hall 3, Blackpool Opera House 4, London Wembley Arena 9-11 and Birmingham NEC 15-16.

The Neighbourhood have been confirmed as the band's special guests on this tour.

Dogs go with Jacko

DOGS D'AMOUR, the London rockers, have left the rock biz open-mouthed by signing to Michael Jackson's managers,

Frank Dileo and Sal Bonafede, in America. And they'll be giving their 'Dynamite Jet Saloon' album a hefty kick with a US tour early next year.

ELO reform without Jeff Lynne

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA are reforming - but without original maestro Jeff Lynne, who is now a Traveling Wilbury and disbanded ELO back in '86.

Drummer Bev Bevan has apparently recruited "most of the original members" for the new band, although a spokesperson was cagey about who they are.

But it's unlikely to feature Kelly Groucutt and Mike Kaminski, who were both in ELO at the height of their success. Both are now in a band called Orkestra.

Nevertheless, Bevan plans to release an album next year and tour in the summer. He has even invited the "frightfully nice" Don Arden to manage the group.

Razzmatazz reunion for Rolling Stones

Band hotly tipped to perform at special awards ceremony welcoming them to rock's hall of fame

THE ROLLING STONES are likely to confirm their reunion in a blaze of publicity next month when they are officially enrolled into America's Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame at New York's Waldorf Astoria.

It's certain to be a media jamboree with Paul McCartney awarding the ceremonial honour and there's speculation that the band may even play a song or two.

Despite The Glimmer Twins' well-documented squabbles over the past few years, demo tapes have been exchanged and the plans are for the band to record

a new album in the first part of next year before heading out on tour.

Keith Richards, who was seen here recently jamming with U2 at the Smile Jamaica benefit, has just played a series of club dates in America with guitarist Waddy Wachtel and a session band, playing tracks from his 'Talk Is Cheap' album and just one Stones hit, 'Time Is On My Side'.

Mick Jagger has kept his live solo ventures - which includes a wide selection of Stones material as well as his solo songs - to Japan, the Far East and Australia.

BACKTRACKS

TRAX RECORDS' 'Baby Boomer Classics' series moves on from the '60s to take an idiosyncratic sweep through the '70s in six albums (five CDs or cassettes), available separately.

It focuses on the pop/AOR scene, eschewing punk and progressive rock and with only a cursory glance at black music. There's nothing from Bowie, Zeppelin, Roxy Music, the Stones or Pink Floyd. And they haven't gained access to the WEA, Motown or Island catalogues either.

But that still leaves them with Clapton, Hendrix, The Band, Elton John, Lou Reed, Elvis Presley and Gary Glitter. They back that up with cult hits by Mott The Hoople, Ian Hunter, Argent, T Rex, Cockney Rebel and Ike and Tina Turner. And they indulge their sense of the obscure with the likes of Redbone's 'Witch Queen Of New Orleans' and Mountain's 'Mississippi Queen'. Unfortunately, some of the other exhumations - like Pilot, Jigsaw, The Rubettes, Dawn and Lynn Anderson - would have been better left buried.

The remastering at least shows up the duds for what they are and reveals some other unexpected casualties like Elton John, who sounds as if he was recorded in a cardboard box. But Abba and Bachman Turner Overdrive are a revelation.

Pick of the series is 'Electric Seventies', which rocks through a bunch of big names before rounding off with Barry White's 'You're The First, The Last, My Everything', Focus' 'Hocus Pocus', The Byrds' 'Chestnut Mare', John Kongos' 'He's Gonna Step On You Again', Dr Hook's 'Sylvia's Mother' and Sly Stone's 'Family Affair'.

CARAVAN: 'Cunning Stunts' (Request) - A rare descent into vulgarity by the Canterbury band from '75, complete with matching Hipgnosis cover.

DUKE REID: 'Ba Ba Boom' (Trojan) - The original rock steady producer's finest moments, from the soul versions of the Jamaicans, The Paragons and The Gladiators to the reggae beat of John Holt and Joya Landis, Phyllis Dillon and The Melodians.

BOBBY WOMACK'S '74 album, 'Looking For A Love Again', has been reissued by Edsel. It marked a return to his Southern soul roots, notably on the title track (a reworking of an old Valentinos hit) and 'You're Welcome, Stop On By'. Other stand-out tracks include the country soul of 'Point Of No Return' and the moonshine beat of 'Copper Kettle'.

JOHN MAYALL'S BLUESBREAKERS: 'Bare Wires' (Request) - Progressive departure from the blues with Mick Taylor and the band that left to form Colosseum.

'UHURU IN DUB', producer Prince Jammy's version of Black Uhuru's trailblazing 1977 album 'Black Sounds Of Freedom', has been paired with the maestro's 'Osbourne In Dub', featuring 'Pumping Dub' and other fine Johnny Osbourne songs for a double album package on CSA, aptly titled 'A Dub Extravaganza'. Sly & Robbie supply the rock-solid riddims throughout.

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Krush groove

KRUSH BROTHERS (aka Duran Duran), who have sold out their Wembley Arena show, have scheduled a second London date at Kentish Town Town And Country December 22. They plan to play such hits as 'Girls On Film', 'Rio', 'Skin Trade' and 'I Don't Want Your Love'.

The band originally planned to play street shows on Oxford Street, but cancelled them after national papers leaked the news. A spokesperson said they could not play due to problems with crowd safety, security and traffic.

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Record News

Seven days in the hot vinyl kingdom

MICRODOT: 'You're My Ecstasy' (Spartan) – Band led by Mexican singer Ruby C launch a new label set up by ex-Spear Of Destiny member Neil Pyzer. The B-side is a Cantado mix featuring Brazilian percussionist Paulo del Fia.

RICHARD STRANGE AND THE ENGINE ROOM: 'Damascus' (Nightshift/Fast Forward) – Four-track taster for the re-recorded 'Going Gonz' upcoming album, which features "a host of mega-muso types".

EON: 'Light Color Sound' (Vinyl Solution) – Band led by DJ Ian Beta who has already worked with S'Xpress and Bang The Party and aims "at excitement on the dancefloor rather than daytime airplay on Radio 1".

CHOO CHOO TRAIN: 'High' (Subway Organisation/Revolver) – Second single from the Mid-West quartet who've just supported The Flatmates on tour here and will be back to promote their debut album in the spring.

LAVINE HUDSON: 'Intervention' (Virgin) "Radical remix" of the South London songstress' first single, which came out at the beginning of the year to considerable interest but just failed to make the Top 40.

BABYLON 5: 'Alpha Omega' (Cheque This Records/Black Cat) – Belgian New Beat.

BAUHAUS: The Singles – '81-'83' (Beggars Banquet) – Six-track CD picture EP featuring the godfathers of goth's last six singles, from 'The Passion Of Lovers' to 'She's In Parties'.

BLOW: 'Change (Makes You Wanna Hustle)' (10) – A cover of the jazz-funk classic by Donald Byrd from trumpeter Gordon Mathewman and computer whiz Adam Rough with jazz vocalist Belva from Milwaukee.

THE SENATORS: 'One More Chance' (Virgin) – Another track from their 'Welcome To Our World' album and the 12-inch and CD also feature a "Clerkenwellian love rant" called 'Little Italy'.

DAVID BELLAMY: 'Some Things Must Change' (Sealadelic/Fast Forward) – The great conservationist sings to save the seals, helped out by Jo Callis (ex-Human League and Rezillos) and Jesse Rae.

COMMANDO: 'Tell Me' (Nowyertalkin'/PRT) – Swedish "sweet chilling rockers" set out to exorcise the ghosts of Abba, Volvo and Europe.

BABY FORD: 'Chikkie Chikkie Ah Ah' (Rhythm King) – The "true innovator" of Acid House moves on from 'Oochy Koochy FU Baby Yeah Yeah' to a "remarkable piece of wonderfulness". And there's an album's worth of it due in January.

WATERFRONT: 'Nature Of Love' (Polydor) – Second single from the Cardiff duo who are also writing songs for Randy Crawford and preparing for tours of Britain and America.

JESSE RAE: 'Just The Dog In Me' (Edition/Fast Forward) – Reissue of Jesse's first single in '84 featuring Bernie Worrell (Parliament, Funkadelic, Talking Heads), Jimmy Rip of Kid Creole And The Coconuts and Jocelyn Brown on backing vocals.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'Good Feeling' (53rd & 3rd) – Reissued compilation put together by Stephen Pastel – and getting rave reviews in the States – featuring Loop, Shop Assistants, Sonic Youth, Philip Boa, The Pastels, Beat Happening, Camper Van Beethoven and The Membranes.

THE MYSTERY GIRLS: 'Sour Mash' (Blast Furnace) – Debut album from the band who've been around since '83. Ex-members of Dogs D'Amour, Sex Gang Children and Marc And The Mambas rock out while peroxide glam singer Dixie Mix adds a Southern drawl.

SENATOR FLUX: 'Spectacles, Testicles, Wallet And Watch' (Resonance/Fast Forward) – Described as "late period Monkees with a nod to acid damage bands like Plan 9". All this and "wicked" brass arrangements too.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'Human Music' (Homestead) – Double album compilation that pulls together The Verlaines, Big Dipper, Live Skull, Great Plains, Half Japanese, The Pastels, The Membranes, Happy Flowers, The Chills, Death Of Samantha and GG Allin.

JAD FAIR & KRAMER: 'Roll Out The Barrel' (ShimmyDisc/Fast Forward) – Jad Fair of Half Japanese and Kramer from Shockabilly team up to make "lots of good music".

SPASMODIQUE: 'Start To Believe' (Schemer/Fast Forward) – Three studio and five live tracks from a band who make "music of a whirling intensity".

SYLFORD WALKER: 'Lamb's Bread' (Greensleeves) – Originally planned for release in 1980, but never saw the light of day. The title track and 'Chant Down Babylon' have become collectors' items over the years. Mixed by King Tubby.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'Music Works Showcase '89' (Greensleeves) – Gregory Isaacs' 'Mind Yu Dis' plus hot tracks from The Mighty Diamonds, Shabba Ranks, Josie Wales, Nadine Sutherland, Little Twitch, Johnny Osbourne and Jackie Mittoo, all produced by the year's hottest reggae producer, Augustus "Gussie" Clarke.

THE GROOVE FARM: 'Alvin Is King' (Subway Organisation/Revolver) – First album from the band who formed in '86 and have so far been through six bassists (!). There's nine new songs plus a new mix of 'Driving In Our New Car' from last year's 10-inch EP.

THE CHEEPSKATES: 'It Wings Above' (Music Maniac/Rough Trade) – American trio follow their 'Remember' album with a poppier platter.

BON JOVI: 'New Jersey' (Vertigo) – Limited edition picture disc with all the same tracks.

3-D: 'Original Styling' (Citybeat/Beggars Banquet) – "Hardcore, melodic, Def." Eight new tracks plus a remix of their 'Cushin'-N-Bassin' single.

OLIVER MUTUKUDZI: 'Sugar Pie' (CSA) – Zimbabwe pop star, second only to Thomas Mapfumo, who fuses modern soul with traditional mbira music and the beat of his backing band, The Black Spirits.

THIS
WEEK'S
SINGLES

THIS
WEEK'S
ALBUMS

WHO IS NUMBER ONE?



... THAT'S THE mind-mangling question Heavy Metal fans nationwide are gonna be asking themselves, come the New Year!

Yep, in a few short weeks *Kerrang!* will embark on a power-packed promotion that's bound to cause more commotion than a golf cart doing wheelies in *The Village!*

'The 100 Greatest Heavy Metal Albums Of All Time' is the title of an awe-inspiring editorial supplement, to be given away FREE in the four January issues of *Kerrang!*

The staff of the *Mighty K!* have selected what they reckon to be the most essential 'n' influential albums in the entire history of Heavy Metal.

'The 100 Greatest Heavy Metal Albums Of All Time' will feature re-reviews of each and every one of these manic musical milestones, together with reprints of the original LP sleeves!

The way it works is this: bound into *Kerrang!* issue number 220 (on sale January 4) will be a FREE colour booklet, containing all the fun-filled facts behind chart positions 100 to 76. This issue will also carry a FREE wraparound, full colour, stiff card cover, to be used as a folder in which to keep the pull-out pages safe 'n' secure!

Kerrang! issue numbers 221 and 222 will include additional FREE colour booklets, delivering all the details on positions 75 through to 26.

Finally, *Kerrang!* issue 223 will deliver all the scam on the top 25 positions – not to mention the answer to that all-important question: WHO IS NUMBER ONE?

(Helpful hint: it's not 'Perry Como's Christmas Album'.) In addition, this pulse-pounding promotion will feature a colossal competition for one lucky *Kerrang!* reader to win the entire top 100 albums!

No true Metalhead will want to miss these sensational special issues of *Kerrang!*

KERRANG!

THE MAGAZINE THAT
TAKES NO PRISONERS!

Tour News

KING BLANK introduces his new drummer, Alan Burgess, with a one-off gig at London Islington Pied Bull on December 29. Support comes from The Silver Chapter.

EASTER ISLAND, the York beat/folk group who've spent the last six months recording and touring in Germany, return for hometown gigs at Lendal Cellars December 22 and The Windmill 23.

SISTER MIDNIGHT play London Kennington Cricketers December 27 and London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey January 4.

THE THIRD UNCLES, "the best thing to come out of Wales since Ian Rush", promote their 'Bluedress Day' single at Cardiff Chapter Theatre on December 22.

BOY GEORGE has added two more dates to his British tour this month at Poole Arts Centre December 21 and Portsmouth Guildhall 22.

LONDONBEAT, who are heading for a hit with their '9am (The Comfort Zone)' single, return from supporting Bryan Ferry in Europe to play two London gigs at Mayfair Wag Club December 22 and Kentish Town Town And Country Club 23.

ELIXIR preview material from their recently-recorded 'Sovereign Remedy' album at London Walthamstow Royal Standard on January 11. They'll be supported by their good buddies Pariah, previously known as Satan.

BATACUMBELE, the eleven-piece salsa/Latin jazz band from Puerto Rico who were formed back in '81 by percussionist Angel "Cachete" Maldonado, play London concerts at the ICA on January 12 and 13.

SISTER MIDNIGHT, who claim "you've never seen anything like them before!" play London dates at Kennington Cricketers, December 27 and Finsbury Park Sir George Robey January 4.

DR FEELGOOD, with special guests, Steve Marriott and The DT's, dance till 2am with Boss Goodman's Yabba Dabba Disco at London Kentish Town Town And Country Club on December 31. There's free champagne cocktails for the first 250 and a free party hat for everyone else. (!)

THE CARDIACS, who've just completed a British tour and have their 'Cardiacs Live' on release, return from a European tour to play a Christmas show at London's Marquee on December 21. They'll have a new studio album out early next year.

DOWN TO EARTH

YARGO, the moody Mancunians, set out on a series of festive gigs at London Camden Dingwalls December 22, Brentford Waterman's Arts Centre 23 and Manchester International 24. They are currently working on their second album of "earthly bodybeat sounds" which should be out in the spring.



LOVE JUNGLE, who release their debut mini-album in January, and have been described as "melodic, angular", and "brimming full of pop potential," are playing Gloucester Riverside December 29, Dorset Mr C's 30, Cheltenham Cafe Continental January 1, Oxford The Dolly 8, Yeovil Yeovilton Airbase 26, Bristol Fleece and Firkin February 2, London Hype 4 and Leamington Spa Kellys 13.

NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES 3 claim to be the "biggest psychobilly festival ever". The 14 bands, include The Meteors, Demented Are Go, Whip Me Houston, Frantic Flintstones, Skitzo and Long Tall Texans, as well as two groups from Holland with their only UK appearances, play London Forest Gate Upper Cut on January 2, from noon till midnight. Tickets are £10 in advance.

YOU SLOSH appear at Leeds Duchess of York January 8, York Arts Centre 21, Buckley Tivoli 26 and Birkenhead Stairways 28.

LOVE AND MONEY wind up the year with two Scottish dates at Edinburgh Queen's Hall December 22 and Glasgow Barrowlands 23. They have a new single called 'Strange Kind Of Love' out at the beginning of January.

KIEV EXOCET play London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey January 4, Oxford Jericho Tavern, 5, Telford Oakangates, 6, Birmingham Cod Club 8, Wolverhampton Poly 10, Middlesbrough Teeside Poly 11, Birmingham Syntras 12, Birmingham Kaleidoscope (supporting Wilko Johnson) 24, Glasgow Fix 15, Dundee The Dance Factory 26 and Pebbles Cross Key's 27.

CALLING ALL BLUES BANDS

A major brewery is launching a nationwide search for the best new Blues talent of 1989.

If you are an unrecorded Blues Band or Blues musician we want to hear from you!

To receive detailed information and an entry form, send a large stamped self addressed envelope (8½" × 12") to:

Best of Blues '89 PO Box 4, Rugby, Warwickshire CV21 1RU.

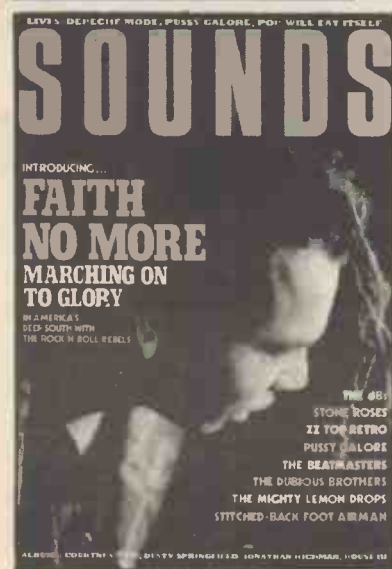
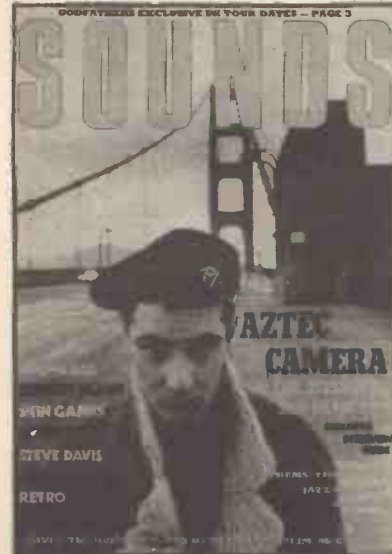
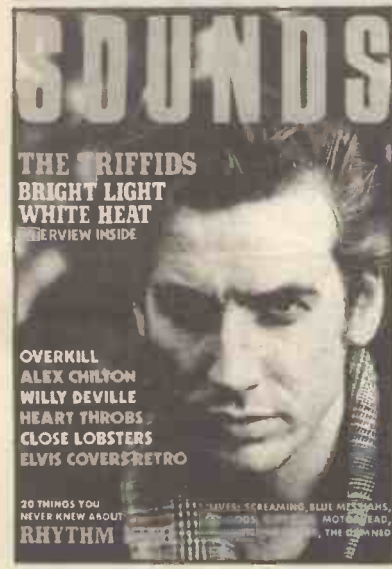
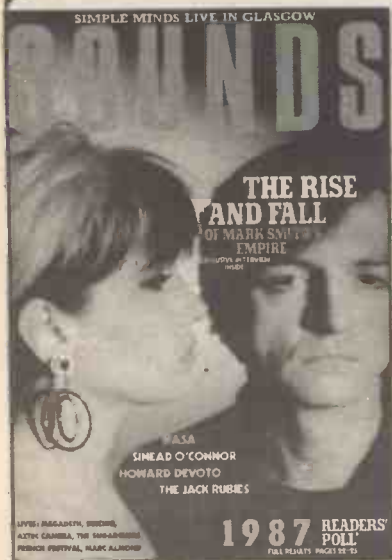
**Don't miss the sponsored Blues event of 1989,
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**WIN a week in a recording studio
WIN fabulous music equipment from
leading manufacturers.**

Inside Stories

1988 - THE YEAR IN FOCUS

JANUARY



Popping metal's rivets

JUST FIVE years ago, four scruffy, greasy geeks from San Francisco's Bay Area blew the lid off the heavy metal underground's biggest secret.

For a number of years, the more adventurous young metal bands, spurred by the broiling hardcore movement, had begun mixing influences, setting down traditionally bulky and decorative metal riffs at the accelerated pace of punk and 'core.

But it was Metallica who defined and popularised metal's new sub-genre - dubbed thrash or speed - by shaping the generic rattlehead riff to a challenging complexity.

With a string of classic albums more aped than a new President, Metallica led thrash out of its dark cult breeding ground and, by example, thrust it into the harsher glare of bigger arenas.

And, while adamantly independent and staunchly self-determined, Metallica have grown further into the rock mainstream, drawn there by their snowballing success.

That Metallica's latest LP, '...And Justice For All', has sold upwards of a million copies in the US, and entered the UK album charts at number four, says much for the way they and a handful of contemporaries have, to a substantial degree, altered public perception of heavy metal.

Yet as much as public acceptance has come to them largely on the band's own terms, so Metallica have, with integrity intact, begun playing at mainstream rock big business.

1988 saw Metallica licensed to a major record label both in the US and the UK. Their chart placings have been high (including a Top 30 single in Britain - 'Harvester Of Sorrow'), and their sales figures have outstripped many long-established mainstream metal acts; Iron Maiden and Judas

1988 saw METALLICA not only emerge as the champions of new metal but grow further into the million-selling rock mainstream. PAUL ELLIOTT watches the snowball roll



LARS: A million dollar headbanger

Ray Palmer

which Anthrax (three Top 30 UK hits and rising), Megadeth and Slayer are all slowly reaching.

Slayer, the most stubbornly extreme of the breakaway gang of four, are currently touring the States with Judas Priest.

Anthrax have played arena gigs with Kiss and Whitesnake, Megadeth with Dio. So the mixing of new and trad metal continues, and so the gulf between cult and mainstream metal narrows.

Of course, only a small few of thrash-oriented acts will happen upon big sales. Songwriting quality and band character has bred success for Metallica and their three heirs apparent.

The more generic speed stylists - Testament, Sodom - survive on a subsistence level, as do many of new metal's innovators, like Canada's crazy industrial metal pioneers Voivod.

Yet if a band as difficult and uniquely experimental as Switzerland's Celtic Frost can suddenly conjure an LP that bridges death metal and the cock rock redolent of Mötley Crüe, then maybe the old and the new share more common ground than is widely assumed.

Likewise, maybe it's proof that new metal is developing toward the mainstream when a band of wholly traditional origin such as Queensrÿche can produce, in 'Operation: Mindcrime', an album that's far more a risk and a shock than Metallica's '...And Justice For All', Megadeth's 'So Far, So Good, So What!' or Anthrax's 'State Of Euphoria'.

At the close of '88, Metallica are rapidly evolving into metal's premier people's band, a streamlined American equivalent to the chummy, flabby old school romping of Iron Maiden.

So while Bathory, Kreator et al remain a closed shop, as far removed from the mainstream as is conceivable, so Metallica have grown to a point where they might realistically headline Donington within two years. No cult act does that.

Priest for example.

Metallica have just begun their first headlining arena tour of North America. They have even flirted, admittedly in their own idiomatic way, with such trad pantomime as the big metal stage production - a giant, crumbling Statue Of Liberty: worra crowd-pleaser!

Metallica are the tip of an iceberg that shows only one or two per cent of its bulk above mainstream level. It's a small yet significant fraction.

Metallica have established landmarks - selling a million LPs, signing to a US major, securing a US arena tour support (with Ozzy Osbourne) -

■ ALL CHANGE for rock TV. Defunct *Whistle Test* producer Michael Appleton leaves the Beeb, as does *Top Of The Pops* producer Michael Hurl. Former *Tube* boss Malcolm Gerrie announces his new Channel 4 series, *Wired*. And ITV's *The Roxy* finds a new producer. But some things

never change. A Beeb spokesperson promises that *Top Of The Pops* will remain true to its traditions. "You can fiddle around with the presentation, but the content reflects what records the public are buying each week."

■ THE FALL carry on covering - this time with The Kinks' 'Victoria'. The Stranglers pick up the same bug with 'All Day And All Of The Night'.

■ POP WILL EAT ITSELF start a busy year as they mean to go on by releasing a single, 'There Is No Love Between Us Anymore', and playing four British gigs.

PURE MADNESS

■ EX-MADNESS members Suggs, Carl, Chris and Lee have recorded an album. But they can't decide what to call themselves.

■ THE JUSTIFIED ANCIENTS OF MU MU find themselves sampled for a 'Twenty Greatest Hits' EP, a white label of which arrives anonymously for review. The record plagiarises The Clash, the Sex Pistols and Frank Sinatra and suspiciously resembles a JAMS stunt, although King Boy D swears on an Abba gold disc that it isn't him!

However, the accompanying press release lifts part of King Boy D's resignation letter to WEA when he was simply plain old Bill Drummond.

■ THE LEATHER NUN keep the American guardians of morality busy with the poster for their 'Force Of Habit' compilation, featuring a scantily clad nun. IRS have to mail out the posters themselves after MCA refuse to handle it.

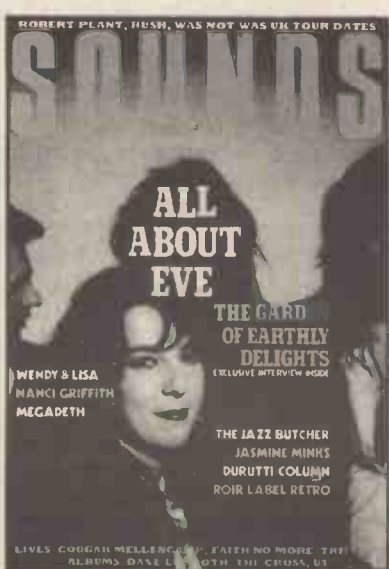
CALLING HOUSE

■ THE HOUSEMARTINS split up after two and a half years of being "quite good". Drummer Norman Cook, who's already making a name for himself as a DJ, says: "It's like we've done everything we could as the old Housemartins, to the point of doing it twice. We don't want to be chugging away like Status Quo for 20 years."

■ ZTT take Holly Johnson, former singer with Frankie Goes To Hollywood, to court to stop him recording for anyone else, claiming he has a valid contract with them.

88 - THE HITS

Little Frank as Brian May
Iggy Pop
Mikhail Gorbachev
Dan Reed Network
Nina Myskow



Inside Stories

1988 - THE YEAR IN FOCUS



CHAPMAN: FROM stadium to besit



FORDHAM: COSMO-GIRL designer concern

At the Nelson Mandela 70th Birthday Tribute, TRACY CHAMPMAN's performance brought focus to a new wave of humane and responsible female artists. MAT SNOW examines this year's alternatives to Kylie and Yaz

On a women streak

ON BRITISH singles sales, the pole positions of Kylie Minogue and Yaz made 1988 pop's Year Of The Women.

Should one feel, however, that a bubbly soap star and a grinning clothes-horse do not fully represent the many facets of womanhood, a far more credible star was born at approximately 3.05pm on June 11 at Wembley Stadium - and then born again at 5.41.

From Mandela Day makeweight to overnight sensation, Tracy Chapman reached from stadium to bedsit

and back again to unite the global rock community in admiration.

Steely where most stars are ornate, and shy where they are flamboyant, Tracy was a bracing refreshment to wash down the more full-bodied likes of Springsteen and Gabriel.

Tracy was introduced to the taste-making British audience only weeks previously with a pair of intimate London dates under the protective wing of 10,000 Maniacs' Natalie Merchant.

Though Natalie herself sings comparable songs, of the human spirit's resilience in the

midst of suffering, she is typical of a slightly different breed of New Woman - the elemental siren, the earth mother.

Can it be a coincidence that also prominent in the affections of the righteous rock audience this year were Sinead O'Connor, The Sugarcubes' Björk and Throwing Muses' Kristen - all mothers of young babies?

Responsibility and humanity are key words, be it the rural protest traditionalism of Michelle Shocked or Tanita Tikaram's sober romantic gravity - or even the Cosmo-girl designer-concern of Julia

Fordham.

Even so, for every humane and responsible polemicist like Gail Ann Dorsey, you get an out-and-out impressionist such as Jane Siberry.

For every Nanci Griffiths weeping heart we have a KD Lang showstopper.

Where do you file Mary Margaret O'Hara? Toni Childs?

That so few of today's New Women can be traced back directly to the 'Blue' period of Joni Mitchell (herself reinvigorated) promises an even greater diversity and richness of women to come.

HOLLY FREE

■ **HOLLY JOHNSON** wins his freedom from ZTT after the High Court judge rules that Frankie Goes To Hollywood's contract is unreasonable. It doesn't even matter that they knew that before they signed, adds the judge, sending a tremor through record labels all over the country. The message is: if you get a hit you are entitled to renegotiate your contract.

The case frees Holly Johnson, who had already agreed to sign to MCA for a solo album. Fellow singer Paul Rutherford and The Lads (as the rest of Frankie are known) didn't want to stay with ZTT either. ZTT also faces costs of £300,000.

■ **JESUS AND MARY CHAIN** singer Jim Reid is discharged by a Toronto court over assault charges during the band's concert there last year. Reid's lawyer said he had sent

personal letters of apology to the two fans he supposedly assaulted with a microphone stand and donated 500 dollars to the local Salvation Army.

■ **PETER MURPHY** releases his first single for two years called 'All Night Long' with an album to follow in March and a London concert.

ZAPPAMANIA

■ **FRANK ZAPPA** announces both a British tour for April and a slew of reissues and live material, including a six-volume set of double CDs called 'You Can't Do That On Stage Anymore'. But he can.

■ **THE WHO** reunite briefly for a TV appearance on the *BPI Awards Show*, edging out Rick Astley in the process.

■ **THE SUGARCUBES** turn down major offers from Warners and Polydor and

stick with their indie label, One Little Indian. The band say that the artistic control on contracts with majors "isn't worth the paper it's printed on".



■ **THE MISSION** release their 'Children' album just in time for their British tour. It is produced by Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones.

IN THE PINK

■ **PINK FLOYD** announce British stadium dates in August. Fleetwood Mac announce arena shows in April and land up playing stadiums too.

ABSENT BYKERS

■ **GAYE BYKERS ON ACID** are rumoured to have split up when they fail to show up for a French TV show in Paris.

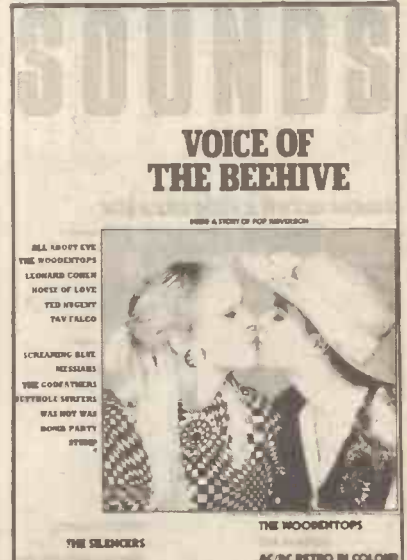
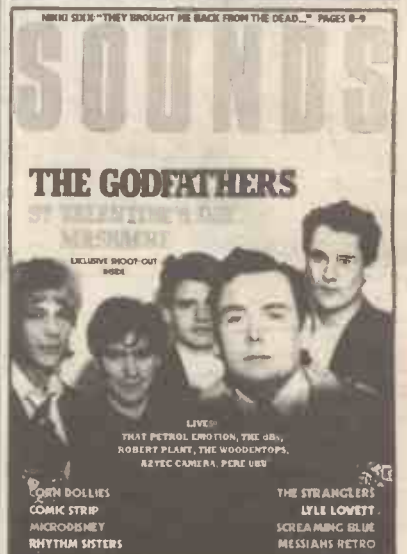
It turns out they didn't know they were supposed to be there.

A few days later the band part company with their manager.

THINGS TO HATE IN 88

Acid House
Kids in suits
The '88 remix
Flappy trousers
President Botha

FEBRUARY



Inside Stories

1988 - THE YEAR IN FOCUS

Are you indie . . . or independent?

In the year when Kylie Minogue vied with The Smiths at the top of the independent charts, the line that divides indie and major has become very thin, particularly in the musical styles represented.

KEITH CAMERON untangles the knots

SO, ARE you independent or just plain indie? In 1988, it made a difference.

Independently distributed records topped the charts - that's the national, boring, dodgy, hyped, plugged, Bruno Brookes charts - and The Cartel earned their first ever platinum disc.

So, a great year for the independents? Yeah! And what indie smash were the kids singing? "I should be so bleedin' bloody well lucky", courtesy of a toothsome dwarf Australian soap opera star.

A great record, too, but bad news if you happen to be a) British, b) a spotty bowlcut youth with too many '60s fixations, and c) fond of flailing guitars and lyrics of lovelorn depression - ie in an indie band.

1988 saw the inadequacies and contradictions of the "indie scene" (that vile phrase) finally arriving at some sort of resolution.

The maxim that "you can't make it on an indie" was trashed once and for all (ask Yazz, recipient of that aforementioned platinum disc).

The demise of Red Rhino, on the other hand, demonstrated that you have far less chance of

making it by placing all your eggs in the generically defined, trad indie ghetto basket.

Red Rhino's fate was merely a single tragic manifestation of throwing money at homebred mediocrity, which sums up most British alternative pop in the past five years.

Despite their frenzied Smiths repackaging - a band whose corpse still moulders pungently in the indie morgue - Rough Trade extracted its head from the sand and embraced the homegrown dance boom.

The label that once released the chorus "burn down the disco!" were now responsible for turning out some of the niftiest DJ faves.

Increasingly, the only half-decent "indie" records came from abroad, primarily America (Pixies plus most on What Goes On, Blast First, SST) but also Australia and Iceland.

So, just in case you're confused: The House Of Love are an indie band which used to be on an independent label but are now on a major, while Kylie Minogue isn't an indie band but she's on an indie, err, independent label and doesn't need to go to a major, although if she did, things might just become a lot less complicated, I think.



PIXIES: "DECENT indie"



HOUSE OF Love: "an indie on a major"

■ **EX-MADNESS** members Carl, Chris and Lee finally decide what to call themselves - The Madness (wow!).

THE ZEPPELIN MISSION

■ **THE MISSION** add dates to their British tour almost as fast as they can play them. They end up playing seven nights at London's Astoria and John Paul Jones even joins them on keyboards for one show.

■ **MEGADETH** unveil their new album, 'So Far, So Good. . . So What' and announce British dates in May, just as soon as all Mexican immigrants have been sent back south of the Thames (!).

MAIDEN FOR DONINGTON

■ **IRON MAIDEN** are confirmed as bill-toppers for this year's Donington Festival. Which surprises nobody because Bruce Dickinson said so at last year's festival. But *Sounds* exclusively reveals that Dave Lee Roth will take the special guest spot, much to the promoters' chagrin.

■ **TRACY CHAPMAN** makes a low-key British debut supporting John Martyn on his British tour. She finishes up playing a gig of her own at London's Donmar Warehouse with 10,000 Maniacs' Natalie Merchant.

■ **U2** deny a "ridiculous" report in *The Star* that they're splitting up. But Stiff Little Fingers abandon their reunion.

INDIES TOP CHARTS

■ **THE CARTEL** - the independent distribution network - score top two singles for two weeks with Kylie Minogue and Bomb The Bass. "The fashion for dance mixes is the biggest indie explosion since punk and the distributors have now got the expertise to hang on to it," they crow.

STRAITS REFORM

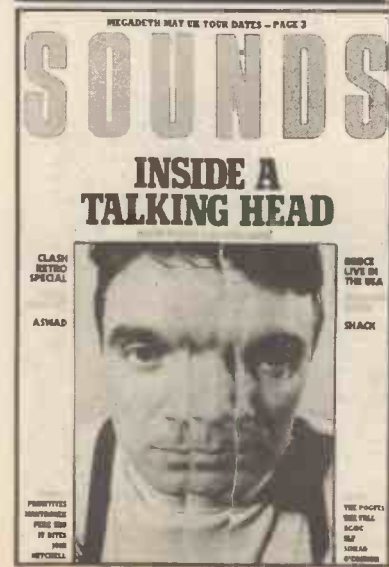
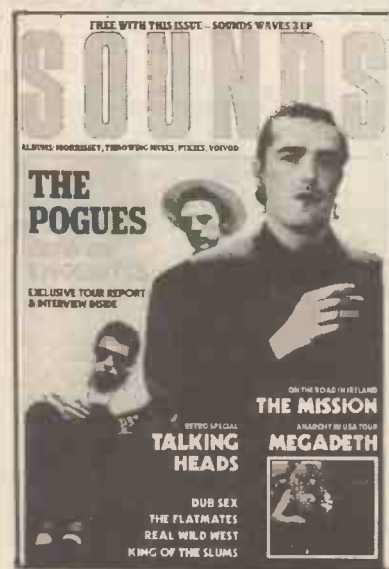
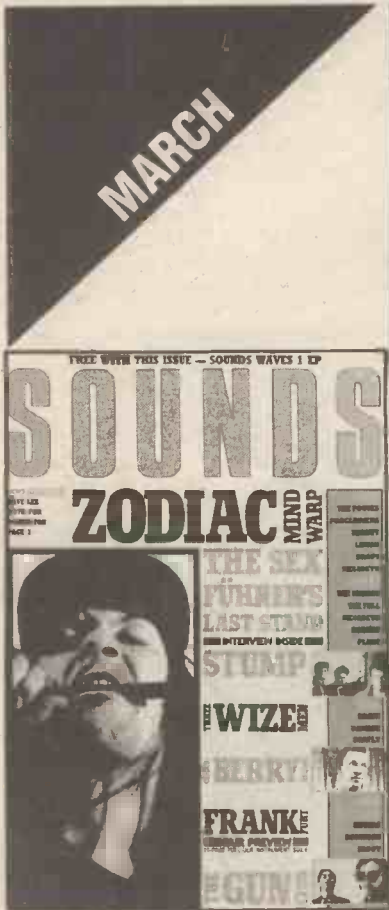
■ **DIRE STRAITS** will reform exclusively for a Nelson Mandela 70th Birthday Tribute at Wembley Stadium in June, along with Whitney Houston, Peter Gabriel, Simple Minds, Hugh Masekela, Maxi Priest. . . and Tracy Chapman.

■ **ANDY GIBB**, younger brother of The Bee Gees, dies in an Oxfordshire hospital, aged 30, after losing his battle against cocaine addiction. He was just about to record a comeback album.

KID CHAOS QUITS CULT

■ **THE CULT** are reduced to a trio following the departure of Kid Chaos, who'd only joined them, just before their last tour, from Zodiac Mindwarp, and Les Warner. Ian Astbury, Billy Duffy and Jamie Stewart head off to Los Angeles to look for a producer for their next album.

■ **RICH, EXILED** rock stars get the green light to come back home after the Chancellor Of The Exchequer reduces the top rate of income tax to 40 per cent.



88 - THE FLOPS

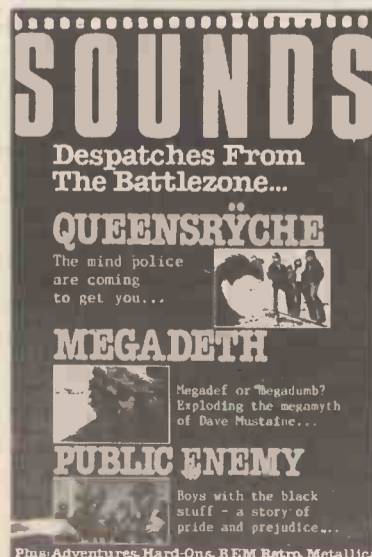
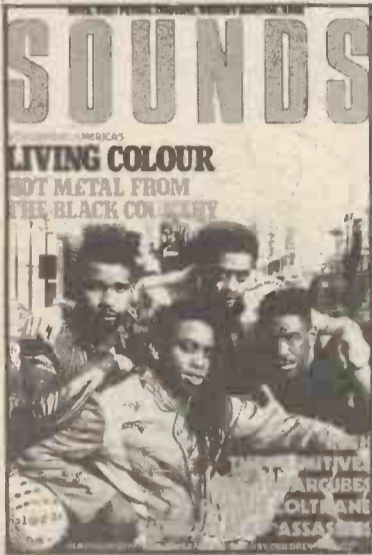
Pro-nuclear green Tories
Frank Bough
Lester Piggott
The '70s revival
Duckworth v Baldwin

Inside Stories

1988 - THE YEAR IN FOCUS

Born to be a bimbo

MAY



Exploit your sexuality to sell records and you can join the illustrious ranks of The Bimbo. RON ROM gets an earful and an eyeful

IT'S BEEN, er, the year of the, er, bimbo.

Yes, bimbos invaded the Top 40 like a bunch of stampeding mushmellows, callously guzzling up teeny-poppers' pocket money with their bland, repetitive music.

It started last year with Sam Fox and the cast of *EastEnders* using pop music as a secondary career, boosting their already large public profile.

The idea caught on like The Black Death. And this year artists from all trades wanted some of the action... and money. So they went along to the Stock, Aitken, Waterman bubble factory and came out gleaming pop stars.

What got up most people's noses wasn't the crappy disposability of the music - terrible in itself - but the cold, methodical profiteering that appeared to go into it. Agents, managers and record company executives became the new power gods because their artists didn't have a clue or give a toss about what they released, as long as it clocked up the dollars and dimes and put them on the front cover of as many magazines as possible.

So Bananarama laughed like Macbeth's witches when they wrested the title of Most Successful Girl Group Of All Time from The Supremes. Elsewhere, Sinitta kept us



SABRINA AND friends

guessing as to what colour panties she would wear to titillate the Benny Hill nation,

while Kylie, on the other hand, provided us with the well-groomed image of a

wholesome, airheaded virginal girl-next-door you could bring home to mum and dad... if he could be trusted.

There were a few who, thankfully, didn't get further than the starting line. Emma Ridley and Mandy Smith soon fell back into obscurity.

However, Sabrina, The Italian Goddess, was Queen Of The Bimbos. She had the talent to turn a video pub into a wasteland of boys boys boys twisting their necks and spilling their beers in a desperate attempt to catch a peep of those smooth brown nipples bursting through her bikini top.

Her arrival sparked off one of the biggest feuds in pop music, with Samantha Fox. And the important issue at stake was, Who had the biggest breasts.

Bitchiness took over from bimboness and Sabrina went on to prove her case by jogging on the spot for her next appearance on *Top Of The Pops*, an attempt to gain maximum bouncability out of her two biggest assets.

Can it get any worse? Yes, it can, so here's a quick guide on how to spot if you are living next door to a bimbo.

1. They have Top 40 hits.
2. They appear in soap operas.
3. They're produced by Stock, Aitken, Waterman.
4. They constantly deny they're bimbos. (Hello, Wendy of Transvision Vamp.)
5. They have fake suntans.
6. They're ex-Page Three models, or they've either been a wild child or performed a duet with a Rolling Stone.
7. They can't string two sentences together.
8. They're always on *Wogan*.
9. They're incredibly vain.
10. They're usually women, but we believe Breathe, Bros and Jason Donovan have gained honorary membership to this exclusive club.

■ **KILLING JOKE** lose their mastery of The Gemetria System as bassist Paul Raven and drummer Paul Ferguson quit, calling the new album "a series of demented rantings". Raven teams up with ex-Cult drummer Les Warner for The Hellfire Club.

■ **MORE JOY** for The Cartel as they hit the top of the singles and albums charts simultaneously with Bomb The Bass and Erasure. Rhythm King's Martin

Heath calls the majors "a hangover from the '60s, too unwieldy to react to what kids want to listen to".

AVALANCHE 'DISOWN' ALBUM

■ **ROSE OF AVALANCHE** "disown" their 'In Rock' album, which is scudding up the indie charts, claiming its not finished - just as they did with their first two years earlier.

Fire Records, who haven't had any communication from Rose Of Avalanche except via their lawyers for the last year, don't know what they've done wrong apart from give the band a number one indie single.

■ **PRINCE** takes off his clothes for the cover of his 'Lovesexy' album, causing the usual "obscenity" rubbish in the States. The Red Hot Chili Peppers do the same before walking across the famous Abbey

Road pedestrian crossing. Fortunately, James Brown keeps his on for his British concerts. But it's his mind, not his body, he should be worrying about.

RUN DMC BANNED

■ **RUN DMC** release their long-awaited new album, 'Tougher Than Leather', but their planned British tour in August is in trouble because Wembley Arena refuse to have them. Wembley management is worried about the possibility of Run DMC's fans rioting, but their similar ban on Bunny Wailer provokes charges of racism.

■ **OZZY OSBOURNE** goes back to his roots with a small-venue tour of Britain. And he's buried the hatchet with fellow Black Sabbath reject, bass player Geezer Butler.

■ **EX-BEATLES** members take action to stop Charly Records selling a CD of their Decca demo tapes recorded at the beginning of '62. The album, this time called 'The Decca Sessions 1.1.62', has been out briefly twice before but the CD is the last straw for Macca and co.

■ **WOLFSBANE** throw a double six and move directly from Tamworth to Los Angeles, where they sign to Rick Rubin's Def Jam America label and start recording a new album.

■ **NICK CAVE** returns with a multi-media attack based on his *King Ink* book, 'The Mercy Seat' single, a major role in Wim Wenders' *Wings Of Desire* movie, and an album to follow.

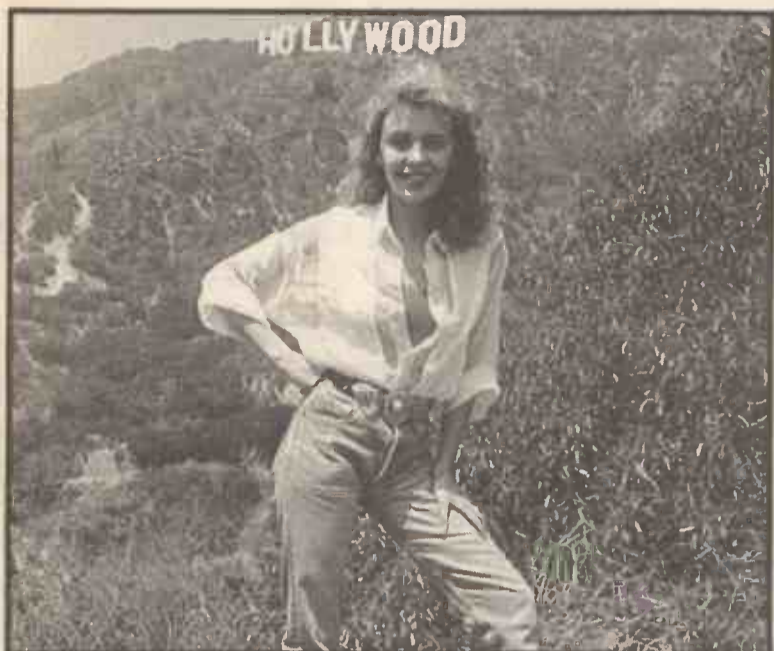
■ **LED ZEPPELIN** reform for the second time for an Atlantic Records New York bash. And The Damned reform for Amnesty.

THINGS TO HATE IN 88

Stock, Aitken Waterman
Yuppie TV ads
Music TV
Vector accounts
Edwina Currie

Inside Stories

1988 – THE YEAR IN FOCUS



KYLIE: SO lucky



BONO: OLD pals' actor

Their aim's untrue

A swooping, amoral cynicism is pervading the charts, armed with its favourite buzzword – commercialism. DAVID CAVANAGH reports

LET'S BE honest. The charts in 1988 were the worst, in content, in trend and in implications, since they started way back in 1952.

The dire buzzword *commercialism* is no longer strong enough. What we have all witnessed in '88 is a kind of swooping amoral cynicism, whereby canny but grossly unoriginal vultures like Stock, Aitken, Waterman engage in prolonged bouts of ambulance-chasing using jerky marionettes such as Astley and Minogue.

Their harvest from the charts in '88 – and this is before we even contemplate the albums – was a depressing one. Not only did Kylie Minogue's four singles all go Top Three, with 'I Should Be So Lucky' effectively ruining February and March, but they developed an insidious formula which was ripped off by Yaz and her plastic friends, who proceeded to cast a shadow over August. The only way is up, when you wield a lowest

common denominator tune played on clean technology, with one eye on the bimbos and the other on the rager louts.

One could argue that U2's 'Desire', which leapt into the Top Three in October, was a rollicking good number and that this somehow vindicates the charts. Sure, if we think that the populus is genuinely capable of spotting the difference between U2 and Bros.

There is a new hierarchy of sound – a bogus, cowardly digital pulse – that U2 managed to deflect. This was due more to the old pals' act than any real interest in their record.

It's the same story all over. Enya? Bobby McFerrin? Terence Trent D'Arby? All Top Three artists during '88. So are we alleging they all sound the same? Well, quite frankly, yes. They all have the sound of a quick buck being made at your convenience. And the message is, Don't get too clever.

That's what infested the charts this year like never before – a surfeit of stupidity.

From the brainlessly beguiling video that sold Belinda Carlisle to the nation in January, through the dread summer of 'I Owe You Nothing' (you owe us a bloody apology for a start) and 'The Twist', right up to the present-day rank ignorance of 'First Time' and 'Missing You', there is a train of self-consciously cretinous thought that culminated, one assumes, in the enigmatic resurrection of The Hollies' 'He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother'.

Alright, we'd seen this before. Sam Cooke, Marvin Gaye and Percy Sledge have all had hits fairly recently with ancient tunes because their juxtaposition with laboriously atmospheric TV advertisements stirred a memory or twanged a string, or whatever. That was fine – if 'When A Man Loves A Woman' could foil that interminable dullard Astley, let's reissue the whole damn catalogue – but it's now reaching the point where every record that appears to endorse a product makes it into the charts again.

It's almost auto-suggestion, and old-timers from the '60s and '70s would be idiots if they did not exploit it. So they will. And the charts will get more cynical.

In the mid-'70s a student of musicology wrote an emotional letter to one of the music papers, claiming that his research had uncovered one stark, appalling, terrifying fact: we had used up all the tunes. Therefore, to keep music going, we would have to start a duplicating process and, in effect, go round a second time. That's what we're seeing now. Hold on to your hairpiece, Englebert, love, you're on next.

The only glimmer of hope – it's more a moribund twitch – is the BPI's decision to exclude multi-artist compilations from the album charts. 'Now 13', which is perched at the top of said charts, will mysteriously vanish on January 1, 1989. And some of us will be trying to make ourselves believe that it was alright, it was only a bad dream, it never really existed after all.

■ MORRISSEY slaps *Sounds* on the wrist for suggesting that he's about to play his first solo gigs since The Smiths broke up. His excuse is that he hasn't even got a band together yet.

PRINCE PLAYS WEMBLEY

■ PRINCE is lining up a European tour in July – but he can't find anywhere to hang his elaborate stage show in Britain. He finally opts for Wembley Arena and lands up playing over a week's worth of shows there.

■ THE WEATHER PROPHETS spend the month on tour around Britain after releasing their second album, 'Judges, Juries And Horsemen'.

■ THE SUGARCUBES are refused visitors' visas to America where they've lined up a tour. Iceland's

diplomatic feathers are ruffled and the Yanks eventually change their minds.

SAFE SEX

■ BOYS WONDER, Lightning Strikes and Crazy Pink Revolvers all come in a Jiffi on their Safe Sex British tour, sponsored by Jiffi condoms.

■ PATTI SMITH emerges from nine years' domestic exile with a new album called 'Dream Of Life', with U2 producer Jimmy Iovine at the controls.

IGGY'S INSTINCT

■ IGGY POP will rock Reading Festival in August, fresh from the release of his new album, 'Instinct'. But the rest of the bill looks decidedly dodgy with Starship and Meat Loaf. Cans out for the lads!

■ JETHRO TULL's Ian Anderson celebrates 20 years of standing on one leg playing the flute with a London show. And Deaf School try to revive the sophisticated art school dance by reforming.



■ SONIC YOUTH announce an autumn tour with Rapeman and Dinosaur Jr, not to mention a whole heap of vinyl releases coming out during the summer.

But Stupid Ed Shred quits his band to concentrate on his other group, Sink. He's

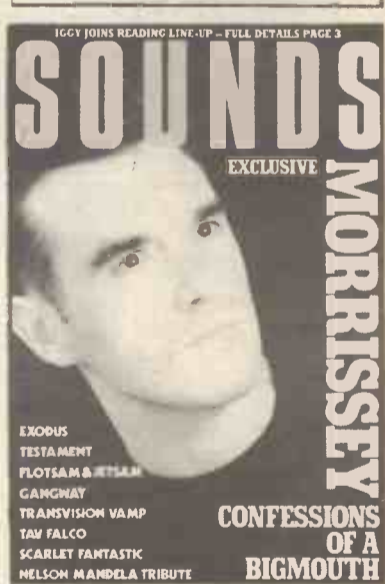
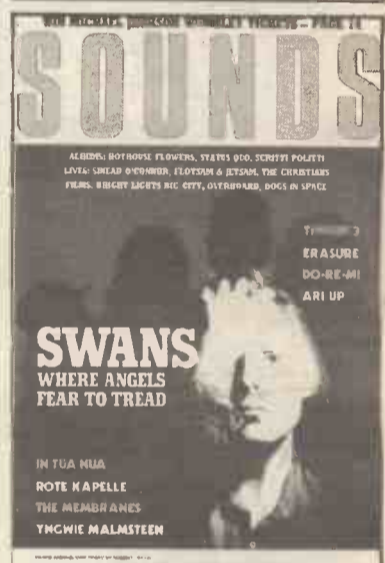
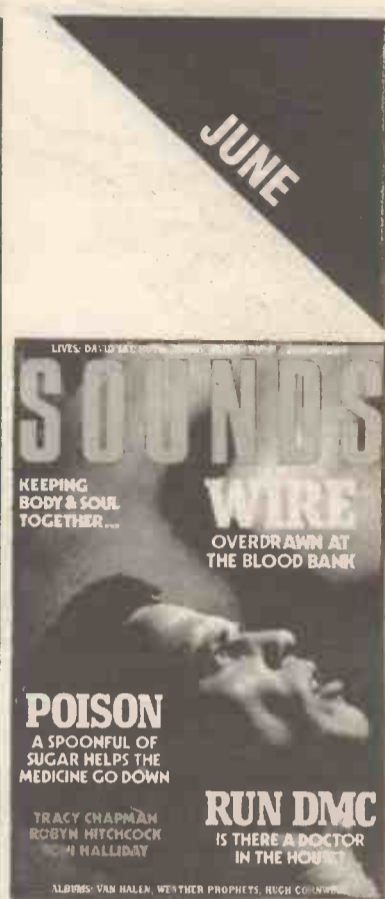
been concentrating so hard we haven't heard from him since.

BON JOVI LINE UP NEW PRODUCT

■ BON JOVI confirm that they'll have a new single out in August – a year since they headlined Donington – followed by their eagerly awaited successor to 'Slippery When Wet'. And they're planning on starting their next world tour here.

88 – THE FLOPS

The Cover
The nurses' pay rise
Ben Johnson
England in the
European
Championships



Inside Stories

Three into one just won't go...

1989 will see the beginning of the end for the 7-inch black vinyl single. DAVID CAVANAGH assesses its successor, the CD-3, and predicts some interesting developments for the singles chart

IT'S BEST, they say, not to count your chickens before the buggers are hatched. But let's assume that 1989 will see the beginning of the end for the 7-inch black vinyl single.

And the demise of the cherished 45 will be at the hands of a small silver chap by the name of CD-3.

He might sound like he ought to be flexing his little laser muscles in a new *Star Wars* remake, but he's really a three-inch compact disc single with enough space for 20 minutes of music.

Sony know this, and a spokesman from their London HQ assures us that, "the age of the vinyl record is very rapidly drawing to an end".

And Queen have their hopes resting on CD-3 too. A host of three-track CD-3s have just emerged in a toe-in-the-water manoeuvre that should show just how popular CD-3 will be.

One thing appears to be motivating the manufacturers and musicians alike - the realisation, as voiced by REM's Peter Buck on the sleeve of their 'Dead Letter Office' album, that "a 45 is still essentially a piece of crap usually purchased by teenagers".

Nothing will change that. Ask Kylie Minogue. Her four singles accounted for a huge wedge of chart space during '88, and it was the kids who were buying. This stands up when you learn that her 'Kylie' album doesn't even make it to the Top 50 bestselling CD albums of the year. Vinyl-wise it's proved impossible to shift from the Top Two.

But with CD-3's looking like they'll pitch somewhere around three quid - cheaper than a 12-inch with potentially more music - the singles charts may yet be infested with an outbreak of good value. Hopefully, they will at least put an end to the cynical practice of slapping down an instrumental version on the B-side.

There are snags, of course. Most compact disc players won't take the three-inch CD without a plastic adaptor ring. And, inevitably, the 20-minute capacity may be exploited by record companies - who wants to provide a punter with 20 when he can get away with 12?

The first of these snags has already been solved, and most new CD players are now equipped with special 'recesses'.

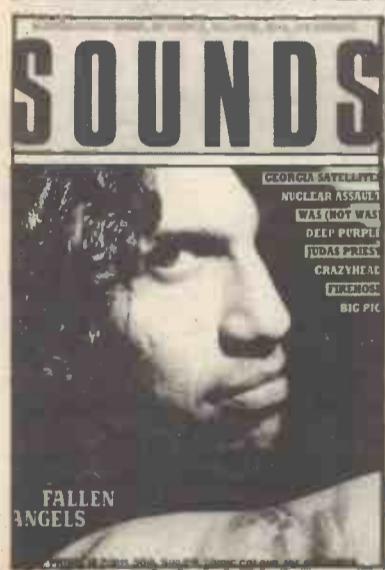
The second snag... well, that'll just have to be put down to music biz trust. At the very least, it'll make the singles chart a sight more interesting.



FREDDIE: CD compatible



PETER BUCK: "a piece of crap"



AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL's British section lose £150,000 on their Festival Of Youth at Milton Keynes because they couldn't get the big names to play it. Just why is revealed a week later when Amnesty International announce a six-week global Human

Rights Now! tour for the autumn, with Bruce Springsteen, Peter Gabriel, Sting... and Tracy Chapman.

LOST FAITH

FAITH NO MORE lose faith in their singer Chuck Mosely during their European tour after increasing animosity between him and guitarist Jim. Faith No More carry on as a quartet, Chuck returns to his previous band, Haircuts That Kill.

UB40 bassist Earl Falconer is sentenced to 18 months in prison - 12 of them suspended - for causing the death of his brother by reckless driving. UB40 find a temporary replacement for their tour.

MOZZER v MAGGIE

MORRISSEY is quizzed by Greater Manchester Police's serious crimes squad over remarks in recent interviews about Margaret Thatcher and the Royal Family. Tory MP Geoffrey Dickens complained to Chief Constable James Anderton, who has also made equally outspoken remarks about criminals and homosexuals.

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS guitarist Hillel Slovak is found dead in his house from a heroin overdose, not long after a successful British tour.

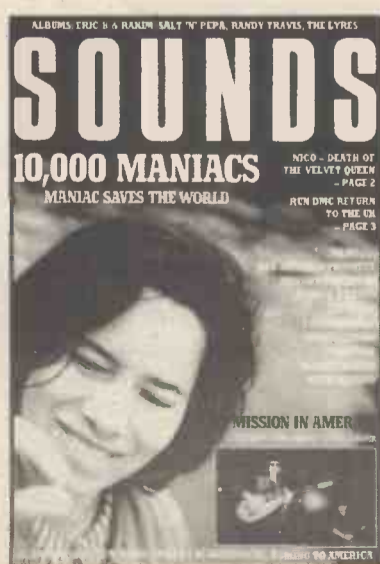
SELF-DESTRUCTING CDs? The record industry is

shaken by revelations that CDs could fade out after eight years or so as the printing ink erodes the protective lacquer around the aluminum foil.

UK FRESH '88 is cancelled just a week after being announced, because of a row between Streetsounds' Morgan Khan and American agents. There will be no Reggae Sunsplash this year either because the promoters can't find a venue for Bunny Wailer.

DEATH OF A PRINCESS

NICO dies in Ibiza, aged 49. She'd fallen off her bike while riding in the sun and was taken to hospital, unconscious but alive. But she died from a heart attack a few hours later. Despite a career that was virtually synonymous with drug abuse, manager Alan Wise says she hadn't had heroin for over a year.



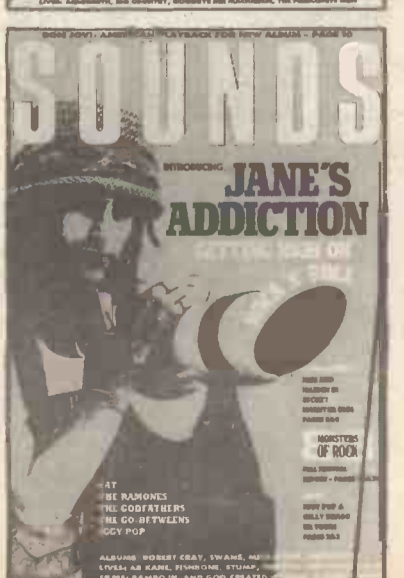
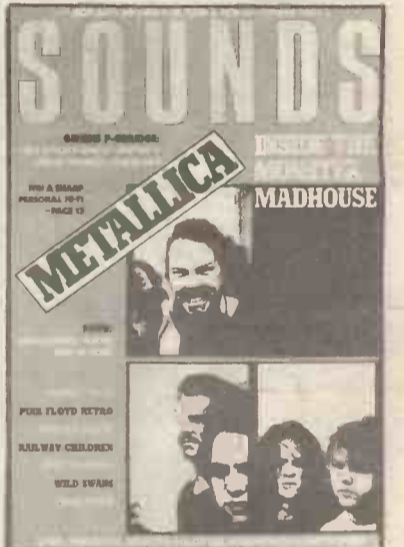
88 - THE HITS

Jeff Healey
Sumo Wrestling
Living Colour
Viz
Brian Clough

Inside Stories

1988 - THE YEAR IN FOCUS

AUGUST



When fun gets out of hand



BAD SCENES at Donington

during a set by Guns N' Roses. There was no violence, but the lesson learnt at Donington was that what makes for a comradely gross-out among a few hundred drunken mates, can easily turn to mass-suicide

when you're in a field with 100,000 equally mosh-hungry rivals. Thinking rationally now, surely '89 has to be an anti-climax. After all, how much further can metal go?

through US promoters who've always regarded heavy metal as a gilt-edged security. Later, dates pick up as Van Halen and The Scorpions' new albums take a firm grip on the charts. But HM is no longer the automatic sell-out it's always been in America as tours by Iron Maiden and Def Leppard have proved. But there is life beyond HM in America, as Depeche Mode, Erasure and The A'Jam are proving. "There are radio stations in Los Angeles that still can't pronounce Depeche Mode and yet they can sell out stadiums down the street," exclaims one delighted promoter. "The point is, this is new and exciting for most people, whereas some of the metal bands have become a bit too familiar."

DONINGTON DEATHS

■ TWO FANS die and another is left in a coma at

be traced back to the harmless pogo-dancing of punk days - a pleasant enough experience until the early '80s, when the advent of faster, rowdier punk transformed the dance from a simple up-down motion into a violent slam.

When punk and metal finally fused to create the current, more-extreme-than-ever thrash style, the already terrifying slam had to progress, simply to keep pace with the music.

And the only way to do it was by copying the Americans, who'd been moshing and stage-diving for years.

The generally accepted way for bouncers to deal with this kamikaze craze is by humanely, but firmly, stopping anyone from climbing onstage in the first place.

The security staff at the Sabbat gig resorted to punching, and even kicking, would-be stage-invaders. The results? Bad feelings all round, and a potential mini-riot situation when, at one point, a confrontation between band and bouncers looked inevitable. Later the same month, tragedy befell the Monsters Of Rock Festival at Castle Donington, when two fans died

pox off his daughter and winds up on a life support machine in hospital with pneumonia. He'd only just started a British tour with BAD and an American tour to promote their new album has to be cancelled.

■ "GENESIS P ORRIDGE is the sickest man in Britain," screams *The People* in a shock-horror 'exposé', aided and abetted by some of the sickest minds on the NME.

CALVERT DIES

■ ROBERT CALVERT, writer and lyricist for many of Hawkwind's finest songs, including 'Silver Machine', dies of a heart attack at his Margate home, aged 43.

■ THE AMERICAN Monsters Of Rock stadium tour featuring Van Halen, The Scorpions, Dokken, Metallica and Kingdom Come does poor business on the first few dates, sending shock waves



SABBAT: DOOM is their speciality

Are mosh-hungry metal fans in danger of burning themselves out? MR SPENCER considers the dangers of metal gigs

IT HAS been an important year for heavy metal.

We've seen the old guard (Priest, Maiden, AC/DC) successfully reassert themselves and, to an extent, an uneasy truce has been called between these ancient Gods of thunder and their flash young challengers (Megadeth, Anthrax, Metallica).

Trad metal is slowly coming to terms with the raw energy of thrash - more and more bands are forming, and the kids just can't get enough of it.

But could the scene be in danger of burning itself out? For while this year has been a mad scramble of riff-merchants, all vying against each other for the looniest concepts, the hottest licks and the loudest power chords, excess hasn't been restricted to the music alone.

At London's Astoria in August, things turned ugly. Derbyshire doom metal specialists, Sabbat, were cranking out their own special brand of Satanic noise and, naturally enough, the fans wanted to let off steam - preferably by indulging in a spot of serious moshing.

Now, the roots of mosh can

■ BIG COUNTRY are back with their first record in two years and a world tour that will start in Eastern Europe and include concerts throughout the Soviet Union.

"SMITHS TO REFORM"

■ THE SMITHS have a posthumous live album set for release by Rough Trade, which sparks off another bout of "Smiths to reform" rumours. "It's getting as bad as the 'Elvis Is Still Alive' stories," moans Johnny Marr's manager.

■ ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN have to deny another split rumour. But, after ten years, the denials are starting to sound thin.

MICK JONES ON LIFE SUPPORT

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE's Mick Jones catches chicken

Inside Stories

1988 - THE YEAR IN FOCUS

SEPTEMBER

SOUNDS
SUGARBOYS IN AMERICA, THE PRIMITIVES, ROBERT LIOTO
SMITHS LIVE, METALLICA, FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM, MICHELLE SNOOKED

HENRY ROLLINS
BLACK FLAG
FLYING

SOUNDS
BON JOVI
Greetings From New Jersey

SOUNDS
RAPEMAN COMETH

SOUNDS
Dinosaur Jr
WANNA BE A FLINTSTONE?
PHIL COLLINS ON BUSTER
BLANKETS, YELLO RETRO
FISHBONE, LORCA QUINCY

Living Colour
AN AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

Who shot JL?

Some say JOHN LENNON was assassinated twice, once by Mark Chapman, and now by Albert Goldman in his scurrilous book, *The Lives Of John Lennon*. CATHI UNSWORTH recounts the saga

JOHAN WINSTON Ono Lennon, ex-Beatle and Prince Of Peace, was murdered on December 8, 1980.

His autopsy began around four years later when Professor Albert Goldman, the legendary muckraker and author of *Ladies And Gentlemen... Lenny Bruce!* and *Elvis*, began researching a new biography.

Hence, the shadow of Lennon's ghost has loomed larger than ever through 1988. Goldman's *The Lives Of John Lennon* hit the book shops in August, shortly after serialisation in *The Daily Mail*. His portrait of Lennon as an anorexic junkie, pathetically kept under the magic spells of Yoko Ono, caused an immediate backlash.

"It's disgusting how someone like Goldman can make up any bunch of lies he sees fit and can be allowed to publish them without fear of repudiation," bellowed Paul McCartney.

His sentiments were echoed by just about every other notable friend and associate of Lennon in Britain - the impenetrable fortress Goldman's researchers couldn't crack.

Goldman, however, was reticent. He told *Time Out* in August: "My interest in Lennon was entirely a product of my admiration for him. But then, as the delineation of his personality became clear to me, I was very disturbed at what I was discovering."

"I'm staring into another scandal, another controversy, more outrage and accusations. And, of course, they'll just say,

What would you expect from Albert Goldman?"

Time Out also proudly listed the "20 amazing revelations by Albert Goldman about John Lennon". These included an alleged homosexual affair between Lennon and Brian Epstein - which had been chronicled five years earlier in Apple MD Peter Brown's book, *The Love You Make*.

Others mainly concerned drug

habits, and had come firstly from allegations by a former Lennon gofer who had been found guilty of stealing Lennon's diaries for potential publication, and secondly from a woman named Marnie Hair, whose daughter was a playmate of Sean Lennon's.

Hair had attempted and failed to file a 1.5 million dollar lawsuit against Yoko claiming her child had been injured during one of her visits. After these, and other sources of Goldman's research had been checked out by *Rolling Stone*, the only startling find to remain intact was that Lennon used Liptons tea bags.

Goldman also claimed that Yoko Ono always "considered her art to be greater than John's". If so, it's amazing how, this year, the woman has managed to build up a massive counter-attack that covers all aspects of her husband's "art". *Imagine*, the exhibition of his 'n' hers artwork, enjoyed a brief residence in London in September. Yoko made her appearance, staying quiet and dignified throughout the whole Goldman affair. As if by magic, *Imagine*, the film and the book and the album of the film, closely followed - a clever collection of footage that was assembled to give the impression of Lennon as the narrator. Even Barry Norman was impressed.

And now it's Christmas and 'Imagine', the single, completes the trilogy, backed, of course, by 'Merry Xmas (War Is Over)'.

And while we're on the subject, the other Lennon that always pops up at times like these is, of course, Cynthia.

After launching her perfume, Cynthia Lennon's *Woman* (named after the song dedicated to Yoko presumably), our Cyn appeared in *TV Times* early this month to defend John over Binia Tyckemeinia's Channel 4 documentary *Lennon-Goldman: The Making Of A Bestseller*.

She made her best point when she said: "There's an amazing contrast between the loyalty that Britain retains towards John's memory and how uncaring Americans can be."

Exactly. That is how all these Lennon related projects thrive here, and how, on the other hand, Albert Goldman managed to write the bestseller he did.



SEAN: PLAYMATE?



ONO AND Lennon: his 'n' hers artists

■ AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL's Human Rights Now! world tour starts at Wembley Stadium with extra dates being added in Hungary, Japan, Zimbabwe and the Ivory Coast. They are also trying hard for a Moscow concert, but *glasnost* isn't moving quite that fast yet.

■ IGGY POP, who's shown how hot he is to trot at the Reading Festival, lines up his biggest British tour for many years, in December.

88 - THE FLOPS

Bruno v Tyson
El Tel's Spuzz
Mavis' wedding dress
Neil Kinnock
Steve Earle's gut

■ JANE'S ADDICTION, the Los Angeles quartet described as "wild, unique, impudent, unfettered, toting the thrill of rock orthodoxy with none of its junk splutter", arrive for their first British gigs to coincide with their 'Nothing's Shocking' album. The album's cover - a sculpture by singer Perry Farrell of two naked Siamese twins with their heads on fire - has already upset America's moral barmy army. But Farrell reckons it's the difference between displaying art in a gallery or a burger bar. "If McDonald's doesn't want my artwork, who the f*** cares," he says.

■ FISH BATTERED
FISH gets clobbered by an Edinburgh nightclub bouncer during an altercation. Two weeks later he gets clobbered by the rest of Marillion, parting company with them

midway through the recording of their new album. "Irreconcilable differences" are cited on both sides.

NO MORE CENSORSHIP

■ MANCHESTER record shop Eastern Bloc is charged with "displaying obscene articles for gain", namely a copy of Flux Of Pink Indians' album, 'The F***ing C***s Treat Us Like Pricks' (or, if you prefer the B-side, 'The F***ing Pricks Treat Us Like C***s'). The irony is that the "offending" passages on the album were sampled from a commercially available soft-core tape, but the police don't know that yet.

■ RIOT AT PIL GIG
PiL star in their own Greek tragedy when they turn up at an Athens festival to find an excitable

crowd and no security. They pull out, leaving a full-scale riot behind which seems too spontaneous to be true. In fact, the crowd have been egged on by anarchist groups.

■ PAUL RUTHERFORD leads the Great Frankie Breakout with a House single called 'Get Real'. Holly Johnson is apparently arguing with his new label, MCA, and The Lads (as the rest of the band are known) are recording with ex-Fashion singer Dee Harris.

PAGE OPERATION

■ JIMMY PAGE has to delay the start of his American tour after a sudden abdominal operation.

■ KILLING JOKE find that Virgin don't understand their Gemetria System either - they are dropped from the label.

Inside Stories

1988 - THE YEAR IN FOCUS

What a hell of a bloody racquet!

It's the return of the guitar hero for a good old heads down sonic thrash. **ROY WILKINSON** celebrates this brand new six string explosion

SET THOSE Jet Phasers on stun, all men play on ten and heads down for a full thrash.

Tennis racquet time is here again - a whole new generation of guitar heroes have the amps and technology to take you into the '90s.

Last year saw the establishment of a new breed of top string torturer, men equipped with the ability to wring a cathartic sonic attack from their instruments, but with a post-punk consensus that eliminated flights into '70s-style bombastic virtuosity. They came from across the Atlantic, and for the most part came to notice via SST.

Sonic Youth, powered by the twin axe attack of Rinaldo and Moore, threatened to set themselves up as The Grateful Dead of this six string revisionists' alliance, while fellow SST-Blast First migrants, Dinosaur Jr, were fuelled by J Mascis' battered Fender Jag.

A man famous for his somnambulistic conversational

style when talking about anything other than effects pedals, J is cut in the time-honoured guitar-slinger's mould. Guitar-less, J is a master of non-communication. But give him an axe and a couple of wah wah pedals and he's transformed into a demonic exercise in guitar garrulity. He's a former Oi sticksman and there's no fat on J's impacted bursts of six string conflagration.

Keeping the wah wahs pressed were Das Damen's Alex Totino and Jim Walters, a post-hardcore challenge to that most infamous of twin axe duellists, Priest's Tipton and Downing. Jim goes for a clean sound, while Alex is very keen on the FX pedals.

"Man, those things are great. I've got loads of them," he says. Alex may have the pedals, but Sonic Youth have the guitars, as Thurston explains: "We've got about 15 or 16 on this tour (the current US bash). If we didn't have so many we'd be tuning after every song, because we have so many tunings."



SONIC YOUTH: loadsaguitars

Oh yeah, you're just guitar fiends. Thurston: "To a limited degree. Sometimes they have a sentimental value - or look nice. But mainly they're just functional tools. Some songs are built around the sound of one particular guitar."

Pixies' Joey Santiago's carefully picked lead lines are a variation on this theme. No blurred flurry of notes for this axeman, but his contribution to Pixies' C21st R&B is vital and eminently tennis racquet-compatible.



J MASCIS: guitar garrulity

■ **STEVE ALBINI's** new band, Rapeman, arrive for their first British dates to be greeted with a chorus of disapproval over their name. Everyone at their record company disowns them apart from the label manager, and Leeds Polytechnic try to cancel their gig until the promoter reminds them that he has a binding contract.

■ **JOHN LENNON**, whose image has been taking a battering from Albert Goldman's new book, has a film documentary released called *Imagine: John Lennon*, compiled from 200 hours of archive footage.

"BASHER" EARLE

■ **STEVE EARLE** announces British dates after settling a court case against a Dallas police officer. Steve got embroiled in an argument with the copperhead rogue in a nightclub where he was playing and, when he

regained consciousness in a police cell later, he found himself battered and bruised. . .and facing an aggravated assault charge. He refuses an out-of-court settlement but eventually accepts a no-contest plea.

■ **POP WILL EAT ITSELF** sign a major deal with RCA. It includes three sets of golf clubs, a video camera and a new stereo.

THE RETURN OF SYD

■ **SYD BARRETT**, the Pink Floyd casualty whose legend has held successive generations of groups in thrall, has an album of unreleased material issued by Harvest called 'Opel'. The label always claimed that the out-takes were "unreleasable", but the sales of a Barrett Peel Session EP changed their minds.

U2 FEVER. . . AGAIN

■ U2 play their only British gig this year at London's Dominion as part of the Smile Jamaica benefit. Rumours of their appearance send thousands of fans racing to the Dominion to queue for tickets. When tickets go on sale U2 still haven't been confirmed and only a money-back guarantee averts an ugly situation. In the event, the band play four songs featured on

their 'Rattle And Hum' soundtrack album.

DEAD RHINO

■ **INDIE DISTRIBUTORS** Red Rhino deny rumours that they are going bankrupt, blaming an altercation with the Inland Revenue for "temporary" cash problems.



SOUNDS WIN! A PERSONAL CD PLATE PLUS 14

Crazy
THEIR KING ON A HORSE
THE STARS WHO TELL TO EARTH
SOME YOUNG BETS
MUSIC IN 200
MUSICALLY ENRAGED
DARKER
EXCLUSIVE: THE RETURN OF KEITH RICHARDS
THE HOUSE OF LOVE
ON TOUR IN HOLLAND

SOUNDS WIN! A PERSONAL CD PLATE PLUS 14

MARC ALMOND'S LAST RESORT
The Return Of The Sonar Kollektiv
EXCLUSIVE: THE RETURN OF KEITH RICHARDS
THE HOUSE OF LOVE
ON TOUR IN HOLLAND

SOUNDS WIN! A PERSONAL CD PLATE PLUS 14

U2
"It's no good being the biggest rock band in the world, it's being the best."

88 - THE HITS

Ever Decreasing Circles
Dr Who
Edwina's eggsplanation
All-day opening
Beetlejuice

SOUNDS EXCLUSIVE! THE RETURN OF KEITH RICHARDS

SONIC YOUTH
A ROCK FOR WHITE HOUSE
INSIDE

SOUNDS

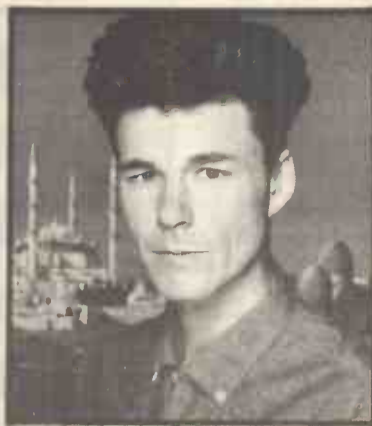
U2
"It's no good being the biggest rock band in the world, it's being the best."

Inside Stories

1988 - THE YEAR IN FOCUS



JOHNNY: AN audience of 150,000



ADAMSON: KIEV correspondent



LYDON IN action

To the gates of Kiev

1988 saw several rock luminaries, both old and not-so, cross the iron curtain to perform to hundreds of thousands of expectant Russians. But did it all achieve anything? HUGH FIELDER reports

AFTER YEARS of getting suitably sanitised rock and roll - Elton John and Billy Joel playing to the sons and daughters of the Politburo - the Russians finally got closer to the real thing this year. Though whether it's what they were expecting is another matter.

Ironically, it took HM has-beens Uriah Heep to persuade the Soviet authorities that rock music was not the heinous symbol of decadence they'd been led to believe. The group's ten sell-out shows to audiences of 18,000 satisfied everyone - band, authorities and fans - and The Scorpions took advantage of rock and roll *glasnost* to start their world tour with Russian gigs in the spring.

It wasn't all heavy metal, though. The sight of John Lydon in his polka-dot shirt and shorts leading PiL onstage in front of 150,000 wildly excited Estonians proved that Russia was prepared to accept most of what the West could throw at them.

Unfortunately, Big Country's jaunt to Moscow in the autumn served only to reveal the depths of Western rock and roll decadence - though it wasn't the band's fault and the Russians probably scarcely noticed it.

The whole trip turned into a media junket, with 200 hacks being

flown in to ensure that Big Country's *perestroika* breakthrough got maximum publicity.

"Big Country Blackmailed Into Leaving Their Equipment Behind" screamed one tabloid headline. Not a word of truth in it, but why let the facts stand in the way of an imaginative headline?

"Russian Riot At Big Country gig" shrieked another, relating how the restless crowd threw bottles at the stage while waiting for the band to appear. Strange that, as there was no drink on sale anywhere in the hall. The only people with bottles were the hacks. And yes, one bottle was thrown.

If you wanted to know anything about the Russian rock scene, what Russian kids thought about Western rock, the culture gap or the difficulties of playing in Russia, you were not enlightened by any of the reports. Too much like hard work, maybe?

It took Eurythmic Dave Stewart to demonstrate what rock and roll *glasnost* should be about. Last month he took a group of musicians over to play shows with leading Russian underground rock star Boris Grebenshikov.

Stewart is helping him to record an album in the West which will be out next year.

LAWYERS IN LOVE

CHRISTMAS is coming and the lawyers are getting fat: John Fogerty is cleared of copying his own songs by a San Francisco court. He was being sued by Fantasy, who own the Creedence Clearwater Revival catalogue. Fogerty even plays an acoustic gig for the jury.

Tom Waits sues a US crisp manufacturer for "painstakingly and deliberately" impersonating his style on a radio commercial. Waits has always been outspoken in his refusal to endorse commercial products.

Ron Wood wins "undisclosed" damages against *The Sun* over a story falsely claiming that he committed adultery with a girl who sold her story to the newspaper. *The Sun* also has to cough up £1 million to Elton John thanks to the lies it printed about

him over a year ago. They give the apology almost as much space as the original allegations.

DONINGTON SNAKE

WHITESNAKE are exclusively revealed as headliners for next year's Donington Festival in your soaraway *Sounds*. The promoters are livid at the revelation, but nobody bothers to deny it. The band are so delighted they part company with guitarist Vivian Campbell just before starting to record the follow-up album to their mega-successful 'Whitesnake'.

THE ULTIMATE JOKE

KILLING JOKE ditch the Gemetria System and announce their "definitive line-up" with ex-PiL drummer Martin Atkins and ex-Smiths bassist Andy Rourke. Unfortunately, the

definitive line-up only lasts three days before Andy Rourke is chucked out for being "too miserable". His replacement is Tafe, a Welshman who is apparently "dangerous". Meanwhile, Jaz has found a suitable island in the Pacific to conduct "geomantic experiments".

THE THE, aka Matt Johnson, is reportedly planning a world tour next year, following the release of his follow-up to the highly successful 'Infected' album.

BIG O DIES

ROY ORBISON, the Big O, dies of a heart attack while visiting his mother in Nashville. He'd just returned to the charts with The Traveling Wilburys, a band he inadvertently set up with George Harrison, Bob Dylan, Tom Petty and Jeff Lynne while recording his own solo album. And there's a compilation of his

own hits from the '60s already in the charts as well. He'd just finished his new album which includes a song specially written for him by Bono.

DEAD RHINO

RED RHINO finally give up the unequal struggle against their creditors and call in the receiver. The Wedding Present, whose Ukranian folk songs album has been lying in the manufacturers' warehouse "waiting for a cheque", look set to sign to RCA.

88 - THE FLOPS

Eddie Edwards
Stephen Hendry's
acne treatment
The Shag
Fife Aid
Balaeric Beat

DECEMBER

SOUNDS WIN! THE YEAR'S BEST... BLACK BISHOP'S... VILVIE COAT... PLUS MASSIVE PRIZES AND SO MUCH MORE!

SPACEMEN 3
WHO FRAMED
WATCH OUT ROBERT CRAY!
IN TOWN
HAPPY HOLIDAYS
ROCK CITY ANGELS

LIFE AFTER HARDCORE

DAS DAMEN

FUGAZI

VOTE IN THE 1988 SOUNDS READERS' POLL

SOUNDS WIN! THE YEAR'S BEST... SUGARCUBES... THREE HOURS OF...

SUGARCUBES

GOODBYE COOL WORLD

IN ACTION

PLEASE...
BUT POP...
SUNGLASS TENDERNESS...
BOBBY THE BASS...
ON WINTER...
GUIDE TO WINTER...
BICE'S NEW HITS!...
LAME BREED...
KIDS...
LONDON BEAT...
LIVE AT THE...
SPIN...
HIT CALLERS...
BY IN BODY VOLTAGE...
SMIT AMBERSON

SOUNDS WIN! THE YEAR'S BEST... BRITCORE 88... LIVE AT THE... REHEARSAL FESTIVAL

BRITCORE 88

IN ACTION

THE SUGARCUBES...
LIVE AT THE...
REHEARSAL FESTIVAL

WIN!

THE NEW SEX BLOODY VALENTINE ALBUM... ANYTHING

SOUNDS WIN! THE YEAR'S BEST... A MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM... SAINT NICK... THE ANGEL WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH GOD

SAINT NICK

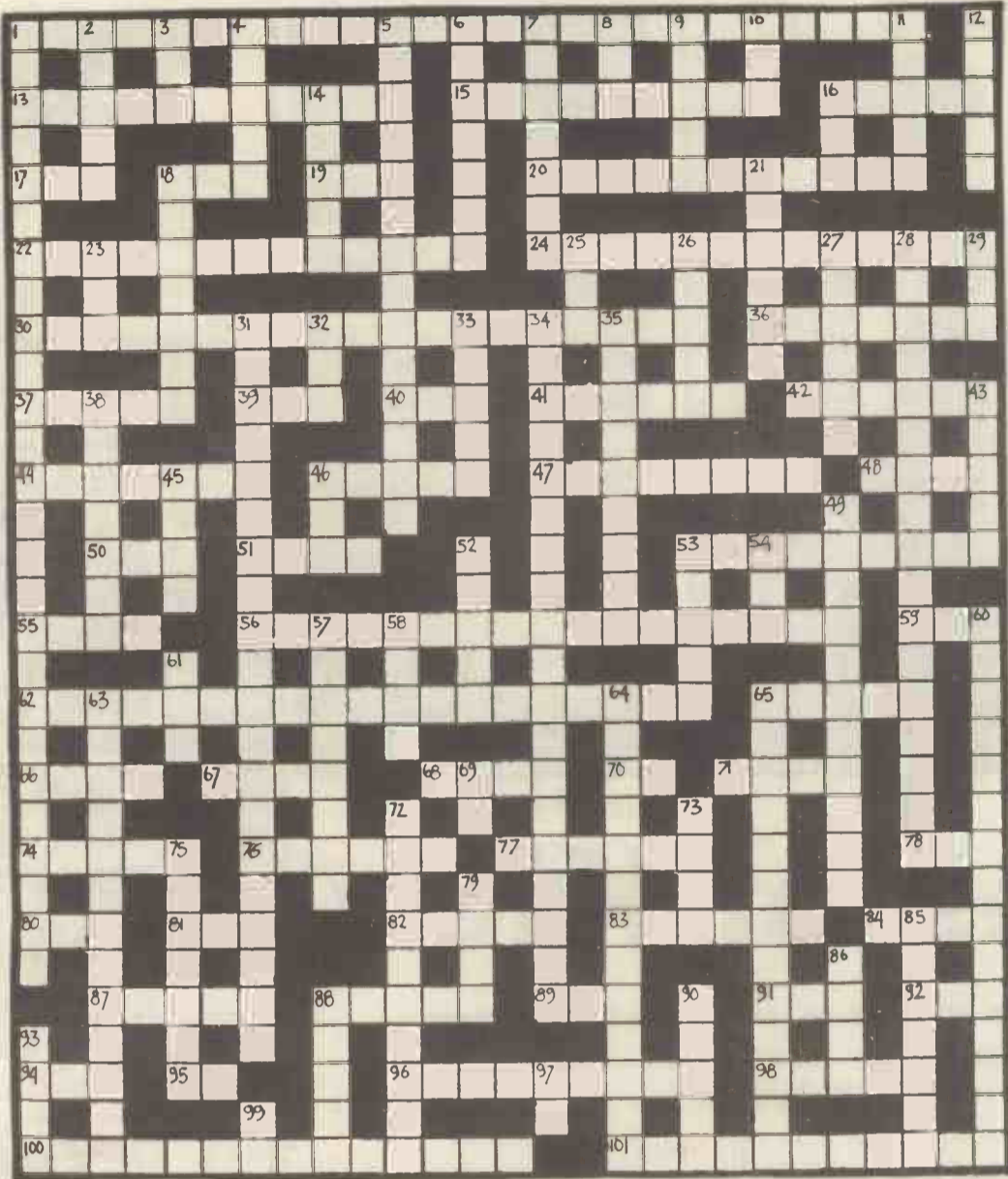
THE ANGEL WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH GOD

THE SMITHS
A Retro Special
METALLICA
Success on their own terms
PUBLIC ENEMY
Fighting talk
ELMORE LEONARD
Who says crime doesn't pay?
THE TIMELORDS
How to have a hit single
BRIAN WILSON
Back from the brink
JAZ COLEMAN
Apocalypse now! Or maybe tomorrow afternoon

MOTORHEAD
No rest for the weary
FRANK SIDEBOTTOM
A message to the nation

Brain Game

PRIZE X-WORD
BY SUE BUCKLEY



CLUES ACROSS

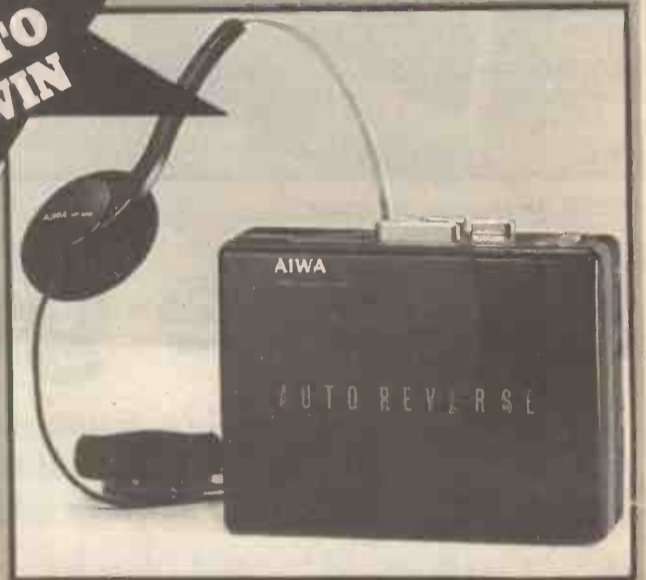
1. Dylan's underground loneliness, circa '65 (12.8.5.)
13. River hit for Enya (7.4)
15. To whom did Elton say goodbye? (5.4)
16. . . .and who did 10cc fly? (5)
17. A heavy Zep? (3)
18. Abba's plea (1.1.1)
19. . . .and Brian just might (3)
20. Metal lady could be related to Malone? (6.5)
22. An obscure settlement for The Christians (9.4)
24. They follow the leader (4.1.3.5)
30. Richard Marx wasn't in England this year! (7.6.6)
36. Pet Shop Boys go to confession (3.1.3)
37. Famous music for 10cc (5)
39. How many steps to heaven for The Adventures (3)
40. Anthrax's house (3)
41. George Michael's pet (6)
42. A youthful Giscombe (6)
44. Football's official FA lager confuses Sharkey! (7 anag)
46. Emmylou Harris had a luxury one (5)
47. Marillion epic (8)
48. For how long did The Band rock (4)
50. They make rockin' contact (1.1.1)
51. Duran Duran had one to kill (4)
53. Anita Baker's tastiest romantic hit (5.4)
55. 'While' you're young (4)
56. Carly Simon on the roundabout (6.6.5)
59. Band in the movie *Help?* (1.1.1)
62. A triple offering from The Pogues (3.6.3.3.4)
65. Stones' static life (5)
66. Harrison's horse (4)
67. and 91. Did she go breakin' Elton's heart? (4.3)
68. Boomtowners send back star (4)
70. and 90. Those big windmill lads (2.5)
71. and 73. Double '60s hit for Cher (4.4)
74. Stevie steals! (5)
76. Admiral/Bill/Mandela (6)
77. Harbour girl for The Vandellas (6)
78. Rodental Scabies (3)
80. Double it for the Soul Miners (3)
81. Remains of Wishbone band (3)
82. Lady Ross? (5)
83. Moodies spent 'em in white satin! (6)
84. How many did the famous Dave Clarke have? (4)
87. Countdown/Cut (5)
88. '60s Pacemaker (5)
89. Jazzer McCann (3)
91. see 67
92. Dixie Cups were the first to double this chant (3)
94. River for Duran Duran (3)
95. and 97. Medical hit for 50 (2.2)
96. A topsy turvy one from mighty fruity drops (6.3)
98. Sinatra/Wilson (5)
100. Switched on address for Eddy Grant? (8.6)
101. Seasonal dwelling provides inspiration (11)

CLUES DOWN

1. Felony anthem from The Smiths (11.2.3.5.5)
2. Most constructive advice from The Housemartins (5)
3. Band in the longest clue (1.1.1)
4. Odyssey went back to theirs (5)
5. . . .and Pet Shop Boys can't forget it (6.2.2.4)
6. Soup Dragons go surfin' (4.3)
7. Clever man for Ozzy O (6)
8. Early reggae leaves its mark, we hear (3)
9. . . .but Mr Ace finds a famous band (5 anag)
10. Ratty hit for Michael Jackson (3)
11. . . .and a lady for Bruce (5)
12. . . .and one for Eric (5)
14. Flavour of 96 across (5)
16. Kim's mate (3)
18. Advice from The Cross (5.2)
21. Mouse/Ripperton (6)
23. Simply a colour (3)
25. Four Seasons' famous doll (3)
26. You can count on this jazzier (5)
27. Echo wants saving (6)
28. . . .while George shows off by oscillating! (7.2.2.6)
29. They were "at work" (3)
31. The Fall's historical lament about infants (6.9.5)
32. Midge in purest white (3)
33. Love for an old label (5)
34. Hüsker Dü just can't fathom out this clue (2.5.2.5.2.3)
35. Suite from other side of midnight (9)
38. Will they ever make a version of 'Wipe Out'? (7)
43. Whole lotta lady for AC/DC (5)
45. A warm feeling from Al Jarreau (4)
46. Brilleaux Aaron (3)
49. He endured the big heat (4.7)
52. Robert in the garden (5)
53. How that bandaged 'Nash' described himself (5)
54. The first little locomotion girl (3)
57. . . .and the Curtis who moved on up (8)
58. Harrison's cloud (4)
60. MARRS liked it loud but awful! (4.2.3.6)
61. Shilling/Dylan (3)
63. Romantic wonderment from Eurythmics (7.2.4)
64. Tracey Thorn longs for faraway places (1.7.5)
65. Why The Skids would never go to discos (6.2.5)
69. Green comes from LA (2)
72. Ry Cooder's right on the edge here (6.4)
73. see 71
75. Class for Judas Priest (7)
79. Who prayed for Danny? (4)
85. Surgical incision from Frampton (2.2.3)
86. Religious mate of surfin' Jan? (4)
88. Ray for Ronnie Montrose (5)
90. see 70
93. They were alright now (4)
97. see 95
99. Top label for 62 (2)

WIN! WIN! WIN!

IN THE
SOUNDS/AIWA®
CHRISTMAS
CROSSWORD



CHRISTMAS NEEDN'T be wasted in front of the box, being corrupted by James Bond re-runs and soap *specials*. I mean, Christmas dinner with your own folks is bad enough, let alone enduring Wicksy, Pauline and Michelle battling over the turkey giblets or watching Rod and our Trace trying to boost the viewing figures by insisting that, yes, *this* Xmas Doreen will be back in time to pour the brandy sauce.

This year, escape the clutches of Christmas with the **SOUNDS X-Word** and you could win an Aiwa HS-P14 personal stereo into the bargain (you can have any colour as long as it's black).

Yes, this little beaut comes equipped with all those useful fixtures (like a play button and a place to put the tape) plus the *extra* facilities of an anti-roll mechanism and a metal tape selector.

Send your entries (to arrive by January 2, 1989) to: **Sounds Xmas X-word Competition, Sounds, Greater London House, London, NW1 7QZ.** The first six correct entries out of the hat **Win! Win! Win!**

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

8. Fisherman's Blues 9. Heart Attack 11. Bono 12. Devo 13. Pony 15. Beat It 16. August 18. Train 19. Deanna 20. John 21. Bomb 23. USA 25. Pet 26. I'm Not Scared

DOWN

1. Mike Love 2. Charlotte Anne 3. Great 4. Rattle And Hum 5. Psycho Candy 6. ELO 7. Setting Sons 10. Up 14. Stand By Me 17. Grand Slam 18. Trower 22. Bete 24. Lee

GANG GREEN X-WORD WINNERS

- Max Rose, Paul Warman, Mike Hingston, Neil Brunnock, Michael Wellings, Stuart Worthington, Tracey Jefferies, AJ Hayward, Debbie Durham, John Lawson

Brain Game

HAVE YOU GOT ONE?

TRIVIA QUIZ

A MEGA CHRISTMAS HELPING TO TEST YOUR BEER-SOAKED BRAINS

- Who named their 1988 LP after a champion steeplechaser?
- JM Stipe, PL Buck, WT Berry... who's missing?
- Who claimed 'Life's Too Good'?
- 'For You' was the 1977 debut album from which puny rock star?
- 'Negotiations And Love Songs' is a 1988 compilation of whose work?
- For which band did Doug Lubahn, Leroy Vinnegar and Jerry Scheff all play session bass?
- Whose 1988 LP is 'How Will I Laugh Tomorrow... When I Can't Even Smile Today'?
- Paul Rodgers, Paul Kossoff, Andy Fraser and Simon Kirke comprised which famous English band of the 1970s?
- Who "popped in" and "souled out" on their 1987 debut LP?
- Mark Hollis leads which UK trio?
- What was the umbrella title of Tom Waits' live album/film project during 1988?
- Which astonishingly durable group features, among others, Bob Weir and Phil Lesh?
- What is the only Bill Wyman-composed song to have been recorded by The Rolling Stones?
- Name Stevie Wonder's first UK number one single.
- What is the title of Bob Geldof's autobiography?
- Yung Wu and The Trypes are alter-egos of which cult US band?
- What surname connects The Proclaimers and the The Jesus And Mary Chain?
- Who, in 1966, was 'Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again'?
- Who replaced the late Cliff Burton as Metallica bassist?
- At Live Aid in July 1985, the reformed Black Sabbath played three of their classics - 'Children

- Of The Grave', 'Iron Man' and what else?
- Andrew Ranken is the drummer with which Anglo-Irish folk conglomeration?
- Which 1979 hit begins with the words "Ivory madonna...?"
- From which country do The Jean-Paul Sartre Experience come?
- 'I Need More' was the single 'Pride (In The Name Of Love)' taken?
- Brinsley Schwarz is the longstanding guitarist/sidekick of which British singer?

- songwriter?
- On which Led Zeppelin album does the track 'Houses Of The Holy' appear?
- 'Til Things Are Brighter' was a 1988 multi-artist compilation of whose work?
- In 1985, which band were denied a work permit by the American Immigration Department on the grounds that they were "of no artistic merit"?
- 'The Madcap Laughs' was the first solo album from which revered English eccentric?
- When Hanoi Rocks drummer Razzle was killed in a car crash in

- December 1984, who was driving the car?
- Lux Interior is the singer with which American band?
- In which all-girl group did 1988 hitmakers Belinda Carlisle and Jane Wiedlin play together?
- 'Ancient Heart' is the 1988 debut album from which singer/songwriter?
- Who had a surprise hit in 1988 with the single 'Somewhere Down The Crazy River'?
- Who had those 'End Of The Millennium Psychosis Blues'?
- Who has a tattoo that reads, "Life Is Pain - I Want To Be Insane"?
- Which member of

- Fleetwood Mac quit after their mega-selling 'Tango In The Night' album?
- According to whom in 1988 did Charlton Heston "put his vest on"?

- Which influential European band released albums in the 1970s with titles 'Future Days', 'Soon Over Babaluma' and 'Saw Delight'?

ANSWERS

- Crazyhead ('Desert Orchid')
- ME (Mike Mills)
- The Sugarcubes
- Prince
- Paul Simon
- The Doors
- Suicidal Tendencies
- Free
- Wet Wet Wet
- Talk Talk
- 'Big Time'
- The Grateful Dead
- 'In Another Land', which appeared on their 1967 LP, 'Their Satanic Majesties Request'
- 'I Just Called To Say I Love You'
- 'Is That It?'
- The Feelies
- Reid
- Bob Dylan (from 'Blonde On Blonde')
- Jason Newsted
- 'Paranoid'
- The Pogues
- 'Food For Thought' by UB40
- New Zealand
- Iggy Pop
- 'The Unforgettable Fire'
- Graham Parker
- 'Physical Graffiti'
- Johnny Cash
- New Model Army
- Syd Barrett
- Vince Neil of Mötley Crüe
- The Cramps
- The Go-Go's
- Tanita Tikaram
- Robbie Robertson
- That Petrol Emotion
- Henry Rollins
- Lindsay Buckingham
- Stump
- Can


BY NICK WRIGHT


Retro

The Light That

I DO believe that one day The Smiths could save their (ie Rough Trade's) financial skin." (Dave McCullough, *Sounds* May 14, 1983)

"At the record company meeting/On their hands – at last! – a dead star!" (The Smiths: 'Paint A Vulgar Picture', September 1987)

The prophetic nature of both the above statements is not a little galling. For why else should Rough Trade begin releasing every Smiths single in CD format ("Reissue! Repackage!"), or present the typically useless live album and effectively re-release a widely available compilation ("Best of! Most of!")?

The vacuum occasioned by The Smiths' demise has yet to be filled, despite fevered efforts by record companies and music press to find new princes of Brit (indie) pop.

For no other reason than the need to fill pockets – coupled with the happy knowledge that their allure persists undiminished – The Smiths in 1988 were the band that would not die.

When 'Hand In Glove' first tumbled from radio speakers over five and a half years ago, it was clear that nothing quite like this had been heard before: a familiar yet rejuvenated guitar tangle behind a voice that articulated a strange, joyous misery in tones boasting an arrogant disdain for conventional phrasing or tonal propriety.

The tension (initially artistic) between Johnny Marr's '60s-via-punk guitar redefinitions and Morrissey's camp, literate ambiguity – the primal versus the cerebral – was The Smiths' magic property, and one that would forever inform their energies until, apparently, it overwhelmed them.

The initial Smiths press hysteria centred around whether their songs promoted or condoned child molesting. That the lyrics to 'Handsome Devil' could be taken as such – and a great many other things – was testimony to Morrissey's wit and the general bewilderment felt at his entirely new approach to sex in pop songs.

The ferment created by 'Hand In Glove'/'Handsome Devil' was deepened by a John Peel session, confirming that these opposites – Marr's youthful, extrovert rock proficiency, Morrissey's more mature, obsessive aura of mystery – were producing the most stunning pop music of the decade.

The Smiths may have split up over a year ago – but no one has stepped forward to claim their vacant throne. Meanwhile, Rough Trade have set about repackaging and reissuing their back catalogue with all the vigour normally reserved for *bona fide* dead pop stars. In this *Retro* special, Keith Cameron examines their legacy and Barry Lazell reels around in the ever-lengthening maze of their discography



THE SMITHS (L-R): Mike Joyce, Johnny Marr, Morrissey, Andy Rourke

And so hotly anticipated was the debut album that when 'The Smiths' finally surfaced it was to a muted reaction of relief and mild anti-climax.

Most of the songs were already familiar, either from sessions or the band's celebratory live shows, and the record merely (merely!) confirmed what was already known: this was a band lacing some typical basic themes of post-adolescent romanticism with an outrageous self-deprecatory humour and a cocksure belief in their own brilliance.

The two further singles of 1984 were no great revelations in themselves, but on the 12-inch of 'William, It Was Really Nothing' sat a startling portent of what was to come. 'How Soon Is Now?' saw both Morrissey and Marr shifting their horizons beyond the plaintive, emotional jangle of that first album into almost seven minutes of hypnotic, phased guitars and a lyric that effectively knocked every previous sob and tortured wail into a single verse and refrain.

Morrissey, whose writing was to become generally more sardonic and less preciously anguished, would never again emulate this quintessential expression of loneliness: "I am the son/ And the heir/Of a shyness that is criminally vulgar."

Its inclusion on the 'Hatful Of Hollow' compilation made sure everyone knew, and that 'How Soon Is Now?' topped Peel's Festive 50 that year doubtless prompted Rough Trade to release the song as a single in its own right early in 1985.

Shades of things to come ("Slip them into different sleeves!") perhaps, but this arch combination of reissue and repackage was atoned for by the sight of Morrissey on *TOTP*, machine-gunning his audience of grinning simpletons.

The received wisdom is to overlook 'Meat Is Murder' when assessing The Smiths' greatness, and while it may be dwarfed by the immense confidence of 'The Queen Is Dead', in many other respects there seems little to choose between the two.

From the polemical title-banner inwards, this was a far truer indication of the band's worldly vitality than its predecessor and depicts them at the stage before their impending hugeness began to sow seeds of destruction.

'Meat Is Murder'

Never Goes Out



ON THE street, 1985



MORRISSEY AND Marr with Sandie Shaw

demonstrated Marr's rockist instincts coming to the fore while Morrissey took up this cue to vent his spleen against, well, the Manchester educational establishment ("spineless bastards all") and the Queen ("the poor and the needy are selfish and greedy on her terms"); a bit harsh, but maybe he meant Thatcher all along.

Closing with the glib but impassioned title track, 'Meat Is Murder' was a defiant two-fingers at all who had mocked The Smiths as one-dimensional bedsit miserablists.

The perceived classic status of 'The Queen Is Dead' derives from its release at a time when The Smiths' belief in their own abilities was (even for them) unquenchable.

And with good reason. They followed it with 'Panic', their finest seven inches since 'Hand In Glove', and made a remarkable film with Derek Jarman to complement that single and the album's two best tracks, 'The Queen Is Dead' and 'There Is A Light That Never Goes Out'.

The former is Morrissey the mythic England visionary's best lyric, the latter almost a parody of his previous paeans to love and death.

Marr was now indeed the prodigal rock child in excelsis, come home with a wah-wah and not afraid to use it, and the live shows demanded two guitarists for full effect.

With Andy Rourke's heroin addiction causing personnel

difficulties, and their live shows increasingly blighted by thuggishness (even against the band), The Smiths entered 1987 beneath that "difficult third album cloud".

After two singles which, though by no means classic, had showcased some vital B-sides, the band signed to EMI. This was a psychological tarnishing of a picture that now swiftly underwent Dorian Gray transformation.

Prior to the new album's release, Marr left and that, despite Morrissey's initial

protestations, was that.

Had 'Strangeways, Here We Come' been released by a living band, it would have been roundly crucified as a tepid rehash of past glories. Instead, its many flaws were immersed in a moist-eyed funeral gloss.

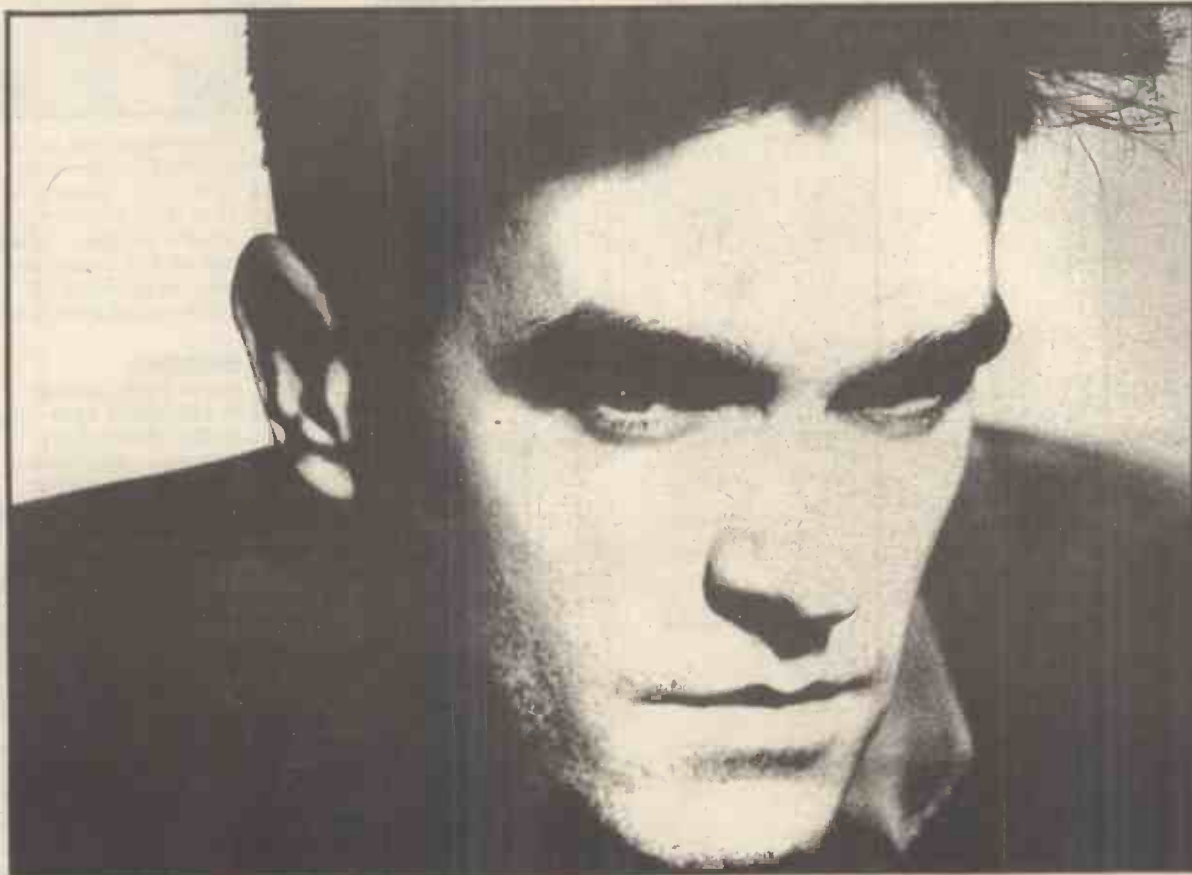
It's a sad valedictory, appropriate in that it sounds like a band falling apart, with even the few excellent moments – 'Stop Me If You Think You've Heard This One Before', 'Last Night I Dreamt Somebody Loved Me' – desperately bleak in a way The Smiths never were

previously – contrary to popular myth.

The current tedious speculation over The Smiths' eventual reformation – an awful prospect, what else could they hope to achieve? – demonstrates, along with Rough Trade's vulgar picture painting, how firmly their loss grips British music.

Both also serve to blacken their legacy.

So this Christmas, why not remember The Smiths as they were, not how others – me included – try to present them. They had something no one else will ever have.



SINGLES

(7-inch except where noted)

- Rough Trade Records
 ■ MAY 1983: 'Hand In Glove'/'Handsome Devil' (RT 132)
 ■ NOVEMBER 1983: 'This Charming Man'/'Jeane' (RT 136)
 'This Charming Man' (Manchester)/'This Charming Man' (London)/'Accept Yourself'/'Wonderful Woman' (RTT 136) 12-inch
 'This Charming Man' (New York remix)/'This Charming Man' (New York instrumental) (RTT 136 NY) 12-inch
 ■ JANUARY 1984: 'What Difference Does It Make?'/ 'Back To The Old House' (RT 146)
 'What Difference Does It Make?'/ 'Back To The Old House'/'These Things Take Time' (RTT 146) 12-inch
 'What Difference Does It Make?'/ 'Back To The Old House'/'These Things Take Time' (RTT 146 CD) compact disc

(After several weeks on the market, the original picture sleeve of this single, a 1960s movie still of Terence Stamp, was withdrawn following the actor's objections, and a new sleeve with a similarly-posed pic of Morrissey substituted.)

- MAY 1984: 'Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now'/'Suffer Little Children' (RT 156)
 'Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now'/'Girl Afraid'/'Suffer Little Children' (RTT 156) 12-inch

■ AUGUST 1984: 'William, It Was Really Nothing'/'Please, Please, Please, Let Me Get What I Want' (RT 166)

- 'William, It Was Really Nothing'/'How Soon Is Now?'/ 'Please, Please, Please, Let Me Get What I Want' (RTT 166) 12-inch
 'William, It Was Really Nothing'/'How Soon Is Now?'/ 'Please, Please, Please, Let Me Get What I Want' (RTT 166 CD) compact disc

■ FEBRUARY 1985: 'How Soon Is Now?'/ 'Well I Wonder' (RT 176)
 'How Soon Is Now?'/ 'Well I Wonder'/'Oscillate Wildly' (instrumental) (RTT 176) 12-inch

■ MARCH 1985: 'Shakespeare's Sister'/'What She Said' (RT 181)
 'Shakespeare's Sister'/'What She Said'/'Stretch Out And Wait' (RTT 181) 12-inch

■ JULY 1985: 'That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore'/'Meat Is Murder' (live) (RT 186)
 'That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore'/'Nowhere Fast' (live)/'Stretch Out And Wait' (live)/'Shakespeare's Sister' (live)/'Meat Is Murder' (live) (RTT 186) 12-inch

■ SEPTEMBER 1985: 'The Boy With The Thorn In His Side'/'Asleep' (RT 191)
 'The Boy With The Thorn In His Side'/'Asleep'/'Rubber Ring' (RTT 191) 12-inch

CONTINUES OVER

Retro

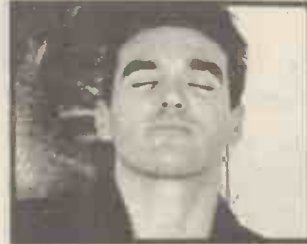
FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

■ **MAY 1986:** 'Bigmouth Strikes Again'/'Money Changes Everything' (RT 192)
 'Bigmouth Strikes Again'/'Money Changes Everything'/'Unloveable' (RTT 192) 12-inch
 ■ **JULY 1986:** 'Panic'/'Vicar In A Tutu' (RT 193)
 'Panic'/'Vicar In A Tutu'/'The Draize Train' (RTT 193) 12-inch
 'Panic'/'Vicar In A Tutu'/'The Draize Train' (RTT 193 CD) compact disc
 ■ **OCTOBER 1986:** 'Ask'/'Cemetery Gates' (RT 194)
 'Ask'/'Cemetery Gates'/'Golden Lights' (RTT 194) 12-inch
 'Ask'/'Cemetery Gates'/'Golden Lights' (RTT 194C)

cassette single
 'Ask'/'Cemetery Gates'/'Golden Lights' (RTT 194 CD) compact disc
 ■ **JANUARY 1987:** 'Shoplifters Of The World Unite'/'Half A Person' (RT 195)
 'Shoplifters Of The World Unite'/'Half A Person'/'London' (RTT 195) 12-inch
 ■ **APRIL 1987:** 'Sheila Take A Bow'/'Is It Really So Strange?' (RT 196)
 'Sheila Take A Bow'/'Is It Really So Strange?'/'Sweet And Tender Hooligan' (RTR 196) 12-inch
 ■ **AUGUST 1987:** 'Girlfriend In A Coma'/'Work Is A Four-Letter Word' (RT 197)
 'Girlfriend In A Coma'/'Work Is A Four-Letter Word'/'I Keep Mine Hidden' (RTT 197) 12-inch
 'Girlfriend In A Coma'/'Work

Is A Four-Letter Word'/'I Keep Mine Hidden' (RTR 197C) limited cassette single
 ■ **NOVEMBER 1987:** 'I Started Something I Couldn't Finish'/'Pretty Girls Make Graves' (RT 198)
 'I Started Something I Couldn't Finish'/'Pretty Girls Make Graves'/'Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others' (live) (RTT 198) 12-inch
 'I Started Something I Couldn't Finish'/'Pretty Girls Make Graves'/'Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others' (live) ('What's The World' (live) (RTT 198C) limited cassette single
 ■ **DECEMBER 1987:** 'Last Night I Dreamt That Somebody Loved Me'/'Nowhere Fast' (BBC recording) (RT 200)
 'Last Night I Dreamt That

Somebody Loved Me'/'Rusholme Ruffians' (BBC recording)/'Nowhere Fast' (BBC recording) (RTT 200) 12-inch
 'Last Night I Dreamt That Somebody Loved Me'/'Rusholme Ruffians' (BBC recording)/'Nowhere Fast' (BBC recording)/'William, It Was Really Nothing' (BBC recording) (RTT 20 CD) compact disc



Strange Fruit Records
 ■ **OCTOBER 1988:** 'The Peel Session (18.5.83)' (SFPS 055) 12-inch
 Tracks: 'What Difference Does It Make?'/'Miserable Lie'/'Reel Around The Fountain'/'Handsome Devil' Also on compact disc as SFPS CD 055.

Rough Trade Records
 ■ **NOVEMBER 1988:** 'Barbarism Begins At Home'/'Shakespeare's Sister'/'Stretch Out And Wait' (RTT 171 CD) compact disc only
 This was originally planned as the follow-up to 'William, It Was Really Nothing', late in 1984, and some 12-inch promo copies do exist of the original release from before it was cancelled. They carried the catalogue number RTT 171, to which this CD adheres. It was issued in most European countries as a single, and the CD track listing matches that of the 12-inch release in West Germany.

■ **NOVEMBER 1988:** 'The Headmaster Ritual'/'Nowhere Fast'/'Stretch Out And Wait'/'Meat Is Murder' (live) (RTT 215 CD) compact disc only
 This was released as a Dutch 12-inch in May 1985 (Megadisc MD 125295), when it also contained 'Shakespeare's Sister'. It doesn't seem to have been ever seriously considered as a UK single during the band's lifetime, so the CD catalogue number is a new one. (It is worth noting that all the CD versions of singles shown above, prior to 'Last Night I Dreamt . . .', are recent additions to the Rough Trade catalogue, and were not actually



released at the same time as the 12-inchers they duplicate. Chances are that the remaining Smiths singles – which are all still available – will also be granted CD equivalents eventually.)

ALBUMS

Rough Trade Records
 ■ **FEBRUARY 1984:** 'The Smiths' (ROUGH 61)
 Tracks: 'Reel Around The Fountain'/'You've Got Everything Now'/'Miserable Lie'/'Pretty Girls Make Graves'/'The Hand That Rocks The Cradle'/'Still Ill'/'Hand In Glove'/'What Difference Does It Make?'/'I Don't Owe You Anything'/'Suffer Little Children' Also on compact disc as ROUGH CD 61, and on cassette as ROUGH C 61, with extra track 'This Charming Man'.
 ■ **NOVEMBER 1984:** 'Hattul Of Hollow' (ROUGH 76)
 Tracks: 'William, It Was Really Nothing'/'What

Difference Does It Make?'/'These Things Take Time'/'This Charming Man'/'How Soon Is Now?'/'Handsome Devil'/'Hand In Glove'/'Still Ill'/'Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now'/'The Night Has Opened My Eyes'/'You've Got Everything Now'/'Accept Yourself'/'Girl Afraid'/'Back To The Old House'/'Reel Around The Fountain'/'Please, Please, Please, Let Me Get What I Want'

The tracks marked * are BBC session recordings of the songs. Also on compact disc as ROUGH CD 76. The original release had a gatefold sleeve.
 ■ **FEBRUARY 1985:** 'Meat Is Murder' (ROUGH 81)

Tracks: 'The Headmaster Ritual'/'Rusholme Ruffians'/'I Want The One I Can't Have'/'What She Said'/'That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore'/'Nowhere Fast'/'Well I Wonder'/'Barbarism Begins At Home'/'Meat Is Murder' Also on compact disc as ROUGH CD 81.

■ **JUNE 1986:** 'The Queen Is Dead' (ROUGH 96)

Tracks: 'The Queen Is Dead'/'Frankly, Mr Shankly'/'I Know It's Over'/'I Never Had No One Ever'/'Cemetery Gates'/'Bigmouth Strikes Again'/'The Boy With The Thorn In His Side'/'Vicar In A Tutu'/'There Is A Light That Never Goes Out'/'Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others' Also on compact disc as ROUGH CD 96.

■ **MARCH 1987:** 'The World Won't Listen' (ROUGH 101)

Tracks: 'Panic'/'Ask'/'London'/'Bigmouth Strikes Again'/'Shakespeare's Sister'/'There Is A Light That Never Goes Out'/'Shoplifters Of The World Unite'/'The Boy With The Thorn In His Side'/'Asleep'/'Unloveable'/'Half A Person'/'Stretch Out And Wait' (with new lyrics)/'That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore'/'Oscillate Wildly'/'You Just Haven't Earned It Yet, Baby'/'Rubber Ring' Also on compact disc as ROUGH CD 101, and on cassette as ROUGH C 101 with extra track 'Money Changes Everything'.

Baktabak Records

■ **MAY 1987:** 'Interview Picture Disc' (BAK 2013)
 Tracks: Interviews; no music.

Rough Trade Records
 ■ **MAY 1987:** 'Louder Than Bombs' (ROUGH 255) double album

Tracks: 'Is It Really So Strange?'/'Sheila Take A Bow'/'Shoplifters Of The World Unite'/'Sweet And Tender Hooligan'/'Half A Person'/'London'/'Panic'/'Girl Afraid'/'Shakespeare's Sister'/'William, It Was Really Nothing'/'You Just Haven't Earned It Yet, Baby'/'Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now'/'Ask'/'Golden Lights'/'Oscillate Wildly'/'These Things Take Time'/'Rubber Ring'/'Back To The Old House'/'Hand In Glove'/'Stretch Out And Wait'/'Please, Please, Please, Let Me Get What I Want'/'This Night Has Opened My Eyes'/'Unloveable'/'Asleep'

Also on compact disc as ROUGH CD 255. This was originally compiled for the US market by Sire Records, hence the heavy duplication of tracks with 'The World Won't Listen'.

■ **OCTOBER 1987:** 'Strangeways Here We Come' (ROUGH 106)



STRANGE kind of LOVE

Retro

Tracks: 'A Rush And A Push And The Land Is Ours'/'I Started Something I Couldn't Finish'/'Death Of A Disco Dancer'/'Girlfriend In A Coma'/'Stop Me If You Think You've Heard This One Before'/'Last Night I Dreamt That Somebody Loved Me'/'Unhappy Birthday'/'Paint A Vulgar Picture'/'Death At One's Elbow'/'I Won't Share You'

Also on compact disc as **ROUGH CD 106.**

■ **SEPTEMBER 1988: 'Rank' (ROUGH 126)**

Tracks: 'The Queen Is Dead'/'Panic'/'Vicar In A Tutu'/'Ask'/'Rusholme Ruffians'/'The Boy With The Thorn In His Side'/'What She Said'/'Is It Really So Strange?'/'Cemetery Gates'/'London'/'I Know It's Over'/'The Draize Train'/'Still III'/'Bigmouth Strikes Again'

A live recording of an October 1986 concert. Also on compact disc as **ROUGH CD 126.**

TRACKS ON COMPILATIONS

Two live tracks appeared on releases associated with the *NME*: 'What She Said' was on an EP given free with the issue of that paper dated May 25, 1985 (GIV 1), while 'Girl Afraid' was on the 'Department Of Enjoyment' various artists cassette marketed by the *NME* in 1984. Neither song is available elsewhere in these particular versions.

Meanwhile, a live version of 'Meat Is Murder' (from the same March 1985 concert in Oxford, taped by the BBC) was on the LP, 'Animal Liberation', released in July 1987 by Waxtrax Records (WAX UK 25). And finally, a Rough Trade various artists sampler released only in Canada, and adventurously titled 'Compilation - Rough Trade' (RTS 1986), had a further live take from the concert, 'Miserable Lie'.

Finally, back in the UK, the John Peel session version of 'What Difference Does It Make?' is on the Strange Fruit compilation '21 Years Of Alternative Radio' (SFRLP 200).

IMPORTS

'Barbarism Begins At Home' and 'The Headmaster Ritual' were both released as singles outside the UK, and have already been mentioned in connection with their recent UK compact disc release. Both were quite widely



BIGMOUTH STRIKES again

imported here in their day, as was a further German 12-inch of 'Still III' (TD 018T). The one imported single which has a track otherwise unavailable, however, is the Italian 12-inch pressing of 'William, It Was Really Nothing' (Virgin VINX 71), which had on

the B-side a version of 'How Soon Is Now?' in a markedly different studio take from that released elsewhere in the world.

Meanwhile, alternative sleeves and various promotional releases (the latter mainly from the US) have proliferated here during the group's

career; while of interest to completist Smiths collectors as artefacts in themselves, they aren't really worthy of detailing.

More interesting are overseas compilations on 12-inch, LP or CD which have no UK equivalent or offer additional content. Two CD EPs from West

Germany fall into this category, compiling tracks from British single A or B-sides:

■ **JUNE 1987: 'Sheila Take A Bow' (Line LICD 9.00308L)**

Tracks: 'Sheila Take A Bow'/'Is It Really So Strange?'/'Sweet And Tender Hooligan'/'Shoplifters Of The World Unite'/'Half A Person'/'Panic'/'London'

■ **OCTOBER 1987: 'Stop Me If You Think You've Heard This One . . .'** (Line LICD 9.00440 J)

Tracks: 'Stop Me If You Think You've Heard This One Before'/'Work Is A Four-Letter Word'/'Girlfriend In A Coma'/'Keep Mine Hidden'

The Australian version of the compilation album 'The World Won't Listen' (RT 450978-1) is a double LP with the widest track selection of any Smiths compilation (two more tracks than the US equivalent, 'Louder Than Bombs'). Meanwhile, the US pressing of the 'Meat Is Murder' album on Sire 1-25269 had the extra track 'How Soon Is Now?' which is not on the UK version.

ODDS AND ENDS

The Smiths backed Sandie Shaw on her version of their own 'Hand In Glove'/'I Don't Owe You Anything', released by Rough Trade (RT 130) in April 1984. The 12-incher (RTT 130) had the additional track 'Jeane' on the B-side.

'Reel Around The Fountain' was originally planned as the second Smiths single, and there are some demos of this pressed as RT 136 (the number allocated to its eventual replacement, 'This Charming Man'). Two tracks from the first LP, 'Still III'/'You've Got Everything Now', were also pressed on a promo-only 7-inch (R 61 DJ), in order to plug the album to radio DJs, while the cancelled single release of 'Barbarism Begins At Home' also made it as far as the promo stage, with 12-inch copes (RTT 171) combining a full-length version of the track with a much shorter edit for radio consumption.

There was also a batch of the 12-inch 'Shoplifters Of The World Unite' (RTT 195) which were mis-pressed with the unissued-at-the-time 'You Just Haven't Earned It Yet, Baby' (to be included a

couple of months later on 'The World Won't Listen') in place of the A-side. All labels credited 'Shoplifters', so the record has to be played to discover which song it contains, and undoubtedly there were people who bought duplicate copies to see whether they would find the well-publicised mis-pressing (which may just have been Rough Trade's idea in the first place).

MORRISSEY SOLO RELEASES

SINGLES

(7-inch except where noted)

HMV Records

■ **FEBRUARY 1988: 'Suedehead'/'I Know Very Well How I Got My Name' (POP 1618)**

'Suedehead'/'I Know Very Well How I Got My Name'/'Hairdresser On Fire' (12 POP 1618) 12-inch

'Suedehead'/'I Know Very Well How I Got My Name'/'Hairdresser On Fire'/'Oh Well, I'll Never Learn' (TC POP 1618) cassette

'Suedehead'/'I Know Very Well How I Got My Name'/'Hairdresser On Fire'/'Oh Well, I'll Never Learn' (CD POP 1618) compact disc

■ **JUNE 1988: 'Everyday Is Like Sunday'/'Disappointed' (POP 1619)**

'Everyday Is Like Sunday'/'Sister I'm A Poet'/'Disappointed'/'Will Never Marry' (12 POP 1619) 12-inch

'Everyday Is Like Sunday'/'Sister I'm A Poet'/'Disappointed'/'Will Never Marry' (TC POP 1619) cassette

'Everyday Is Like Sunday'/'Sister I'm A Poet'/'Disappointed'/'Will Never Marry' (CD POP 1619) compact disc

ALBUMS

HMV Records

■ **MARCH 1988: 'Viva Hate' (CSD 3787)**

Tracks: 'Alsatian Cousin'/'Little Man, What Now'/'Everyday Is Like Sunday'/'Bengall In Platforms'/'Angel, Angel, Down We Go Together'/'Late Night Maudlin Street'/'Suedehead'/'Break Up The Family'/'The Ordinary Boys'/'I Don't Mind If You Forget Me'/'Dial A Cliché'/'Margaret On The Guillotine'

Also on compact disc as **CD CSD 3787.**

the darling buds hit the ground

the brilliant new single

released december 28th 1988

available on seven inch (blond 2) twelve inch (blond t2) and compact disc (blond c2)



the darling buds hit the road in january 1989 (see press for details)

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

THE 1980s have seen heavy metal redefined, rejuvenated, virtually reborn. And the role of San Francisco's Metallica in this mob law renaissance, if largely accidental, has proven integral – and their influence and popularity huge.

Metallica are the definitive metal band of the '80s. In 1983, they sparked, or at least heralded, the revolution in heavy metal that was as bloody as the sleeve of their debut album, 'Kill 'Em All'.

As seminal as any record of the '80s has been, 'Kill 'Em All' drank in the biggest noises of the new decade – the heavy rock classicism of Diamond Head and the rattle-speed abrasion of Venom, Motorhead, Discharge etc – and spat out a rough, prototypal metal of redoubled ferocity and unprecedented precision power.

If not the first speed metal album (Venom's terrifying 'Welcome To Hell' preceded it in '81, Discharge's 'Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing' in '82), 'Kill 'Em All' was arguably the definitive, and undoubtedly the most influential.

At the very least, 'Kill 'Em All' co-created the environment for metal's great '80s rebirth, shaping the thing that grew to be known as thrash. 'Kill 'Em All' guaranteed Metallica a certain grubby immortality.

WITH 'RIDE The Lightning' (1984), Metallica's sound thickened, their scope broadened. Their songwriting skills embarrassed their contemporaries; 'Escape' was a surprisingly accessible, air-playable chugalong, 'Fade To Black' shaped power-riffing into a quasi-ballad framework, and the staggering 'For Whom The Bells Toll' crawled along booming and writhing.

'Master Of Puppets' (1986) charted another dizzying progression, driving the metal riff to a new extreme of intricacy and needle precision.

Metallica's fourth album, '... And Justice For All', released this summer, had many hopes and expectations riding on it – maybe too many. The ragin', slapdash 'Garage Days Re-Revisited' EP aside, 'Justice' was Metallica's first release for 18 months. Their first for British major label



Bloody revolution changed the face of heavy metal in the early '80s, and Metallica led the rebellion. They recharged rock with energy, power and ferocity, and five years on, with their '... And Justice For All' LP, they're still playing by their own rules. Drummer Lars Ulrich tells Paul Elliott why the years have not mellowed the band – why fear and anger are still the driving forces. Photos by Steve Double

Phonogram. And their first to feature bass player Jason Newstead, drafted following the premature death of the popular Cliff Burton, in a road accident in the autumn of '86.

Yet Metallica don't get the shakes. '... And Justice For All' has a supremely confident thrust.

"Yeah, we felt more confident," explains drummer Lars Ulrich, sipping mineral water and ice.

"Before, we'd always recorded immediately after writing, which can give you a tense, mechanical feel. With this album, though, we'd lived with the songs for a couple of weeks before recording. It sounds a lot livelier and a lot looser.

"It's still tight, but the playing is a little more confident, there's groove instead of stiffness. When you play a song you've just written, you play it with your head and maybe hold back a bit, but when you know a song really well, you tend to play it with your body. When music really

grooves, when we really feel that we're on, which (laughs) is not often, we don't hesitate at all, things flow."

'... And Justice For All' doesn't let up, but loosens up just a fraction, easing off the snare, the pulse growing more rhythmic; less robotic and more human, perhaps.

"Since 'Puppets,'" Lars continues, "my drumming has grown a lot more rhythmic, away from flash drum fills. A few years ago, I think we were all a little insecure in our abilities, and the way we'd cover that up was by doing a lotta flashy stuff all over the place, all of us. As we get more confident, that disappears.

"It's fun to come up with a few rhythmic patterns that are different to the average 4/4 kinda thing, yet not so progressive or contrived that they lose the feel or the bounce. I wanted the drums to be a colouring instrument rather than end up in the background."

Do you work off reflex, or are the

songs plotted more than jammed?

"A couple of the newer pieces came from just f***ing around; the main riff in 'Justice', the militaristic thing in 'One'. So some, rather than none before, came from looser jamming."

And the results are a little less mechanical than 'Puppets'?

"Yes. I think that's very, very apparent. It's a little less square in feel."

WITH SALES of 1.5 million units in the US and 85,000 in the UK, 'Justice' has rapidly outstripped Metallica's previous successes, sweeping 'new metal' into rock's mainstream. 'Justice' has even borne a freak Top 20 UK single in 'Harvester Of Sorrow', a quintessential grass roots hit processed and marketed against the industry grain, Metallica-style!

"'Harvester' was only available as a 12-inch. We didn't even have 7-inch, let alone a super-limited-cut-to-shape-penis-disc!"

Metallica have met success on their own terms. Theirs is a popularity grounded on integrity, not wheedled with compromise. Essentially, Metallica are as big a cult phenomenon as is possible; the worst kept secret in rock.

If 'Justice' has a failing, it's perhaps overwrought. The album's fourth side is a drag; 'To Live Is To Die' an aimless, crumpled instrumental, 'Dyer's Eve' a generic thrash-out.

'Justice' runs to such excess that it needed to be cut as a two-disc set to preserve sound quality. That's a luxury that the highly bankable Jon Bon Jovi insists he was denied by the selfsame record company.

"That's crap!" snorts Lars. "It all comes down to finance. Let's be honest about this – we're taking it up the ass financially on the album cos we wanted to keep it to the same quality as the cassette, and the same price as other albums.

"We didn't feel that 'Justice' was a double album. It's an album that's so long that it's on two discs, but it's not a double album in the classic sense. We didn't want to cut a track, cos that would f*** with its integrity. If you take a song off, it's not how this album was intended. So it's a two-disc set.

"Anything is possible. If you go to the record company and say, 'We'd like to release this as a two-disc set, we'll take it up the backside financially, will you do it?' Of course they're gonna say yes!

"It's too easy to back off from the business side, and that way we wouldn't get our own way. We don't like to dwell on it like businessmen, but you should be aware so you don't get f***ed.

"The success of 'Master Of Puppets' proved to everyone that we work fine when we're left alone. So, this time around, there was even more respect from the record company and management, and even more freedom to pursue what we wanted. Even if the album only sold 22 copies, it would still be an album that we're completely satisfied with.

"But if people say they don't care how many records they sell, that's still a loada shit! You can have an interest in its sales and know that however many it sells, it's still 100 per cent honest."

WHILE LACKING the reckless originality of Voivod or the extreme impact of Slayer, 'Justice' is still an inventive fury, its multiplex riffing as remarkable for its mental agility as for its savagery.

Metallica's stage production may faintly echo Iron Maiden's rock pantomime, but their music hasn't gone the same way. As their awed imitators are aware, Metallica still have the machinery to cut them all to ribbons: the title track's wriggling, locomotive riff; the relentless looping shred of 'The Shortest Straw'; the seeping melancholia and hellish carnage of 'One'...

'... And Justice For All' is a giant noise, wild in flashes, although its recklessness doesn't extend to its lyrics.

Aside from a few naïve, over-zealous moments from 'Kill 'Em All' that guitarist/vocalist James Hetfield would no doubt sooner forget, Metallica have never bloodied themselves in metal's stereotypical hack 'n' slash imagery. And, despite certain inane allegations of 'cock

rock', sexism is also taboo.

If grim, Metallica's lyrics have never been throwaway. Those on 'Justice' are Hetfield's most involved to date and his strongest. They're more ambiguous, less sloganeering.

'One', for example, seems on the surface to be a continuation of the pacifist politic begun on 'Disposable Heroes', this time using as its tool the explicit horror of a soldier robbed of all physical sensation, a limbless, closed cell, conscious yet oblivious. Lars explains otherwise.

"There's not a contrived message or any specific pre-planned shock value there. Maybe these things come out subconsciously more than anything else.

"When the lyrics for that song were put together, the idea was that it would be interesting to try to describe a situation where someone was unable to communicate with anyone around him, where he couldn't touch

anything, hear or see.

"What thoughts would go through someone's mind in a situation like that? He'd be just a consciousness, not even knowing whether he was sleeping or awake.

"That was the original idea. Then, to get a backbone for how a person could've ended up in this situation, it ended up being played out against a war background. It was never meant as a specific message. That's what's so great about the lyrics this time around; being indirect is their strength. People can paint the pictures themselves without us having to do it for them."

Some of the lyrics seem too vague to grasp, though. Staccato lines like "Deafening/Painstaking/Reckoning/This vertigo it doth bring" ('The Shortest Straw') are impressionist but apparently meaningless.

"Fair enough, point taken. But 'The Shortest Straw' definitely has a strong

idea behind it, the idea of the blacklisting that went on in the '50s in the Hollywood entertainment community, people getting cast out for holding extreme ideas.

"The indirectness in these lyrics is what makes them interesting. On the first album you had 'Kill 'Em All', 'Seek And Destroy', 'No Remorse', 'Hit The Lights'; it's all very direct and one-sided. The way James has written these lyrics, 100 different people can say 100 different things about the same song.

"But we laughed when we saw a review pumping up one lyric like it was the equivalent of the Ten Commandments. The lyrics are never really thought of as anything more than stories with a few touchy topics to 'em."

'Justice's lyrics build to a bleak worldview where anything of value is lost or broken. 'One' ponders a soul destroyed, 'Dyer's Eve' reflects on a

bitter and frustrated childhood, 'Harvester Of Sorrow' is pure misery. Beauty is blackened, "Justice is raped..."

"The way I look at it, it's less bleak and grim, and more realistic, with all the facades and pretentiousness stripped away. You're left with a bare, honest mass of blubber.

"Maybe the lyrics are bleak, maybe they're negative, but there's a degree of honesty in them. Truth is something that scares people. We've drained away the bullshit factor, and if that's bleak to some people, fine. It's not bleak to me or to any of the other guys."

You'd agree that Metallica works best off anger?

"Probably, yeah. I can't disagree with that. Anger and, to a certain degree, fear too. The idea for 'One' started from the fear of how weird and scary that situation would be. Rooted deep in some of these lyrics is some sort of fear."

And disgust?

"Yeah, I guess so. Disgust, that's a good one," he grins.

It almost seems desperately world-weary.

"I know, I'm convinced that some people who don't know us really believe that Metallica are the bleakest f***ing people you could meet, when we're really just silly drunks on the road. I guess we take the lyrics fairly seriously, but world-weary? That sounds so f***ing heavy, doesn't it?

"We could sit here and talk about politics for hours but I'd feel uncomfortable. Maybe it's humility, but I don't think I should be taking up space talking about those things just because I'm a drummer in a heavy rock band. And it's hard to elaborate on some of these lyrics cos it's all put together so instinctively.

"Maybe we do have a frustrated view of the world, but it's subconscious more than anything. We're opinionated and aware of the things that go on around us, but we keep most of it to ourselves."

BY BAND consensus... And Justice For All' is more a groove thing than any Metallica album before it. It's therefore surprising that Jason's bass is barely audible in the mix.

Where the hell is it, Lars?

"We said that ourselves before the album was released. It's not a secret or anything!

"Jason's sound and style of playing are a lot closer to James' guitar than ever before. Cliff was always kinda doing his own thing. Now, it's more a full unit. James' guitar sound is also a bit wider now and, because the guitar dictates a lot of the sound in Metallica, the bass is more there as a feel than as a separate entity. It's backing up the guitar.

"In quite a few places, we told Jason to hold back a bit. We wanted to create atmosphere with the riffs and grooves, and not with everybody trying to show off. I hold back too. I'm not saying anything bad about what Cliff was doing, but I think we just understand now that the bass is a third guitar."

Undoubtedly, 'Justice's slight bass sound has gone a way towards fuelling talk of Jason struggling to settle into the band during his two years as Metallica bassist. Nagging rumours have hinted that Jason's share in Metallica is less than a full quarter.

Lars just laughs.

"Let's be f***ing honest here. Jason says he'll always be the new guy in the band. Only if, God forbid, something should happen to the other three of us, and somebody else would come aboard, would that situation change." He thumps the table, shaking his glass of mineral water. "Knock on wood and all that shit.

"He is obviously the new kid in the band and the target for much sarcasm. He's very easy to wind up, which is really funny for the rest of us, and whether he was the newest or the oldest member of the band, that's his personality.

"The bottom line is that he's a great f***ing bass player and he's fitted into this situation better than any of us could have hoped.

"We all feel that he's completely a part of the f***ing team, and he's a lot more confident in himself now. We just give him shit all the time cos it's easy.

"So he's a victim of wind-ups, yeah. But you only usually wind-up people that you like, you know what I mean?"



LARS ULRICH: "We're really just silly drunks on the road."

Ornamental's 'Crystal Nights' might simply seem like a Yuletide extra from the One Little Indian stable. But for Rose McDowall and Hilmar Örn Hilmarsson it's much more. . . Keith Cameron gets a crash course in Free Energy

MAGICAL MYSTICAL TOUR



MOVE OVER Jaz Coleman, here's Hilmar Örn Hilmarsson to tell us the news! Or put another way, Death to false mystics!

While the ever-entertaining Jaz reaped much fame and notoriety from his mind-expanding jaunt to Iceland, and is now staking his considerable claim for immortality on his geomancy dabblings (see page 41), Hilmar's fruitcake is buttered with a good deal more substance — he's Icelandic for a start.

Plus, there's the sweetener of 'Crystal Nights', a peachy pop concoction courtesy of ex-Strawberry Switchblader Rose McDowall and engineer (of The Sugarcubes among others) Mel Jefferson, together with Hilmar and a shifting complement of friends/accomplices. Collectively, they are Ornamental and the fresh incongruity of 'Crystal Nights' could well land them a surprise Yuletide smash.

"I think it's a bit late for that, actually," says Mel.

Well, a post-Yuletide smash, then. Really, as long as 'Crystal Nights' attracts attention and some money, the exact day of the month won't trouble Hilmar too much. Ornamental is purely the vehicle for reaching his ultimate destination: Free Energy, the harnessing and transmission thereof.

Explaining this one is something Rose and Mel would prefer not to do but never fear, I tell them, a brief phone conversation with Hilmar has made things (slightly) clearer.

"Oh good," sighs Mel. "I was dreading having to represent him. . . Hilmar's planet is a bit of a mystery to us. But, er, interesting."

I'll say. And as the high, excited tones of Hilmar crackled over the Iceland-London line, the plot became no less thick.

HILMAR ÖRN is a devotee of the theories of Nikolai Tesla, a Slavic-American physicist who lent his name to the unit of measurement for magnetic induction, invented the Alternating Current and, according to Hilmar, has been roundly snubbed for his trouble.

"Everyone credits Edison with electricity but, really, Tesla did so much more," he says. "He thought man could harness unlimited amounts of energy from space."

Why have people ignored him? "Because he was getting too far ahead, into electro microscopes, robots, computers. He was so obsessed with it, he wanted electricity to be free for everyone. But he was the most



ROSE: "NO matter where you go in Iceland you can come up with a classic."

Photo by Mike Morton

impractical man in the world. He signed away his patents in a gesture of friendship. He invented the original doomsday machine, you know. . ."

Hmmm. But what has this to do with pop music, Hilmar?

"Er, that's what I'm trying to

find out! Ha ha!"

"And no doubt he will, being Hilmar," nods Rose.

She and Mel clearly regard Hilmar as quite a far out guy — just as Tesla was, by all accounts.

"Aye. He's a crystal god," laughs Rose.

Her opinion is hardly surprising, since she and Mel were not the only ones to succumb to Hilmar's charms.

Hilmar flew a planeload of his Britpop acquaintances to Iceland in the summer of '86. There they travelled, marvelled and recorded

— almost an album's worth of material, of which 'Crystal Nights' is the second excerpt, and the first to appear on One Little Indian (a debut single, 'No Pain', was released by Gramm Records).

The creative thrall that Iceland seems to cast on so many musical visitors had Rose and Mel swooning.

"It was just so magical," says Rose, "a beautiful place. You're swimming in a hot spring and you step out onto snow. It's got everything, all the wonders of the world. Including Hilmar!"

Is it something you can put your finger on?

"That's the difficult part, to just try to describe to people," says Mel. "As soon as you get off the plane, if you arrive at night, the stars are so sharp, it looks like there are many more stars than you've ever seen before — especially in London. Then, in the day the sky is this incredible blue. And it seems like the horizon is a bit different. It seems. . . further away."

Like Hilmar, perhaps. There seems nothing overtly sinister about this man — like Rose, an ex-Psychic TV collaborator — but to persuade two perfectly sane (I think) people to embark upon a veritable magical mystery tour of Iceland then spice it with intense bouts of recording must take some form of energy, free or otherwise.

ROSE IS vehement in her admiration for Örn. "Hilmar is brilliant at having an idea, pulling everybody together for it, when nobody else knows exactly what he's on about. It's when you get there you find out what you've actually got to do. 'Crystal Nights' I wrote in Iceland. It was very inspired by Iceland, it's a totally inspirational place."

Mel is more circumspect. "I wrote a song also, which is the first song I've written in six years — because it was necessary. One of Hilmar's infuriating gifts is that he gets people to do things under, not false pretences, but under certain pressures, which he exerts very carefully. He's a master of manipulation, but not in a bad way."

Which, if one is to believe everything Hilmar says — and my telephone receiver positively frazzled with his sincerity — is exactly the point of Ornamental.


"Basically," he crackles, "pop music is very good for disseminating information. And it takes ten million dollars to get my prototypes working. . ."

'Crystal Days' is but the first step. And as Rose says, "If you wanted somewhere to go off and write an album, Iceland is the place to do it. No matter where you go in Iceland you can come up with a classic."


So what are you waiting for? Hilmar awaits.


UT 88


THE YEAR'S BACKSIDE

QUOTE OF THE YEAR FROM DAVE MUSTAINE:
"  "

MIDNIGHT JAN 1ST
-DAVE MUSTAINE
TAKS FIRST LOAD
OF CRAP OF
1988

JAN
JESUS AND MARY CHAIN
ARE NOT ALLOWED ON U.S.
TOP OF THE POPS UNLESS
THEY CHANGE THEIR NAME -

THEY CHANGE IT TO
THE RAMONES

FEB
THE POPE GUESTS ON A RECORD
BY PLASTIC BERTRAND -

BUT HE DISCOVERS THE
SUBJECT IS CONTRACEPTION AND
PULLS OUT AT THE LAST MOMENT

MAR
TWO MEN, A DRUM MACHINE
AND A TRUMPET HAVE ONE HIT
AND THEN SPLIT UP FROM
MUSICAL DIFFERENCES -

THE DRUM MACHINE LEAVES
FOR A SOLO CAREER.

APRIL
PRINCE CANCELS DATES
IN U.K. A FEW MONTHS
LATER HIS TOUR SELLS OUT.

PONCE
LOVEPERVY
TOUR '88
WENT
SOLD
OUT

MAY
MEGADETH KICKS OFF THEIR TOUR IN
IRELAND WITH DAVE MUSTAINE
DEDICATING 'ANARCHY IN THE U.K.'
TO THE CAUSE...

DRIVE HOME
SAFELY
Y'ALL!

JUNE
AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL'S
HUMAN RIGHTS TOUR KICKS OFF.
THEY DANCE ALONE!
LET ME
OUT! I KNOW
MY RIGHTS!

WHO LET THOSE
F***ING MEXICANS
IN?

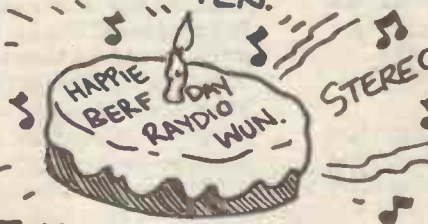
JULY
MICHAEL JACKSON ARRIVES
IN ENGLAND AFTER A
FEW PROBLEMS...
NO, I
SAID I'D
NEVER
EXPLOIT
MY
HITS!
LISTEN - IF
YOU DON'T
LET MIKEY
THROUGH
CUSTOMS,
I'LL BLOW
THE GIGS
TITLER
BUBBLES

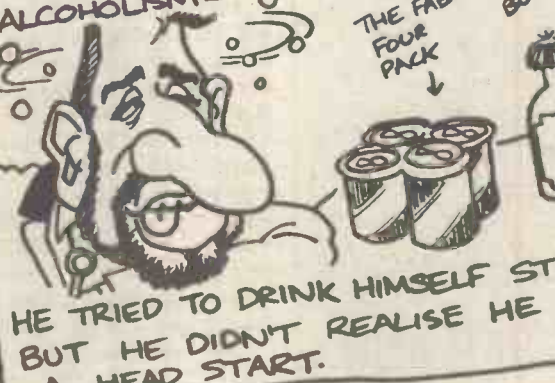
AUG
JOE STRUMMER ATTACKS
THE RICH AND PRIVILEGED -

TAKE
THAT YOU
PUBLIC
SCHOOL
ROCK STAR
BASTARD!
BLEEDIN'
YUPPIE!
AND ACCIDENTALLY
HOSPITALISES HIMSELF.

SEPT
HOUSE PRICES IN LONDON'S
DOCKLANDS PLUMMET -

YOU SAY
YOU WANNA
REVOLUTION

OCT
RADIO ONE IS 21 YEARS
OLD. HOWEVER IT
STILL HAS A MENTAL
AGE OF TEN.

IT IS NOW RADIO ONE
F.M. - F***ING MORONIC.

NOV
RINGO STARR BEGINS CURE FOR
ALCOHOLISM -

THE FAB
FOUR
PACK
THE BOTTLES
HE TRIED TO DRINK HIMSELF STUPID,
BUT HE DIDN'T REALISE HE HAD
A HEAD START.

DEC
AND OF COURSE FOR THE
CHRISTMAS DINNER THE
PET SHOP BOYS HAVE A
TURKEY.

IT COULDN'T
HAPPEN
HERE
PET SHOPS.

THE SENATORS



ONE MORE CHANCE

NEW SINGLE ON SEVEN AND
TWELVE INCH • VS1146

For novelist **Elmore Leonard** crime does pay. His streetwise tales of hitmen and hustlers – the latest, his 26th, is *Freaky Deaky* – are peopled with heroes and villains so real they almost breathe, and have earned him considerable cult status. Background research has led him to bomb squads, to the scene of murders and to Iggy Pop. **Mat Snow** investigates the latest chapter. **Mugshot by Steve Double**

WHEN I was researching *Freaky Deaky*, Iggy Pop came to town, so my researcher said, You wanna meet him? I said, Sure, I'd love to!

"So I sat in this little hall in Detroit, and they're all screaming to get at him. Iggy's got his clothes off by then and they're throwing beer at him and spitting. Then we went backstage and met his Japanese wife, Suchi, who exchanged recipes with my wife Joan.

"I asked Iggy how he met his wife. He said, I saw her on the plane and got her number. Her dad, who was a Tokyo policeman, if only he knew that his little girl was now a rock 'n' roll love slave!"

Elmore Leonard chuckles softly at the memory, never one to lose his cool even for the sake of a good story.

"Now he's a fan," Elmore says of Iggy, "now he's been reading my books. And I asked him, What's it like? What are you trying to do? Cos he never stops those gyrations. Do you want to sail all over the country?"

"He said, No, I just want to hover..."

BORN IN New Orleans in 1925, Elmore Leonard is a teetotal born-again Christian and an absolute gas.

People who don't know about crime fiction say he's the heir to Raymond Chandler but he's quite different. Not for Elmore those mean streets down which a man must walk, a tarnished white knight tempted by the wiles of a corrupt dame. Elmore Leonard's America has all the myth and poetry stripped away, down to the real urban landscape of small-timers trying to do their duty by stopping well-armed lowlifes from turning a dishonest buck.

Elmore's people – where they live and the way their talk – ring tough and true. Unlike dime-a-dozen crime pulp, it's not just the kiss-kiss-bang-bang storytelling pace that keeps the pages turning in a Leonard novel: you believe Elmore's world of pre-menopausal losers-turned-heroes, hard-grafting hustlers and casual hitmen, just as you believe the whiskey priests and Cuban fishermen of his main literary influences, Grahame Greene and Ernest Hemingway.

Elmore Leonard is also immensely hip. His 26th and latest book, *Freaky Deaky*, is about militant '60s hippies turned '80s crooks, and namechecks the Mighty Ig, Run DMC, Whodini, The MC5, The Dictators and – joy of joys – The Incredible String Band.

Previous Elmore's say a lot about their characters by having them listen to The Temptations, Alton Ellis, The Dazz Band or Jerry Reed. A self-confessed Joe Cocker fan, Elmore does his homework on the tastes of younger generations.

"My oldest son graduated in '69 and was kinda wild at that period. He and his friends were the ones who knew about The MC5 from a local hang-out in Birmingham, Michigan, where The MC5 came and played for them – 'Kick Out The Jams, Motherf**ers' was the big hit.

"Now, the guy who does a lot of research for me is about 36 and he was on the young edge of the period but wasn't into it. He would go to rallies,



IGGY: A fan



THE DICTATORS

would go to Cobal Hall when George Wallace came up from Georgia when he was running for President. My researcher was one of those guys who stood up and yelled, Seig Heil, y'all! at George Wallace!"

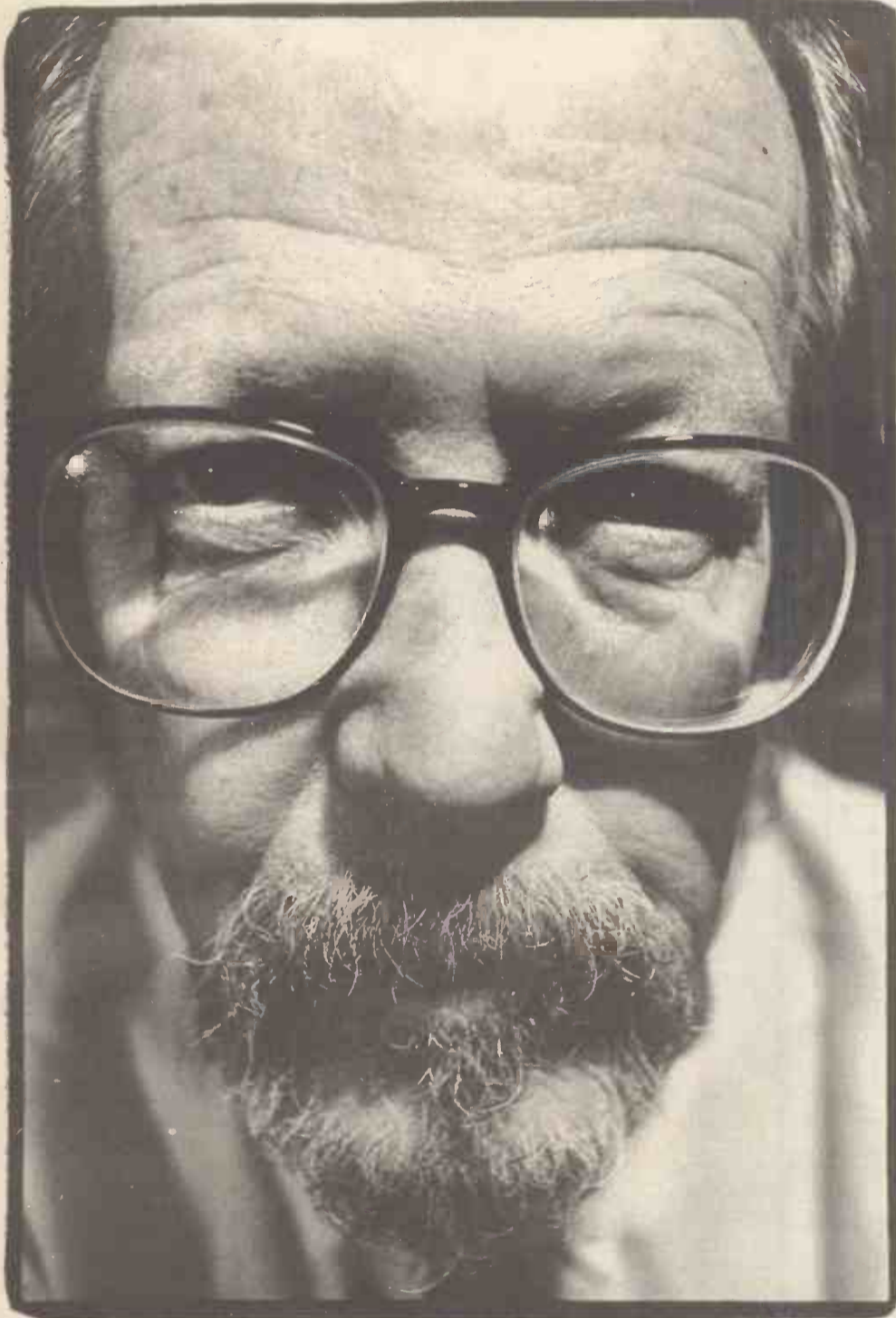
Just as in his previous novel, *Bandits*, he needed a suitcase full of cold cash to make the plot work and so arrived at a story of crooked Nicaraguan Contras – thus earning the unasked-for reputation of a liberal (which I suspect he is anyway) – in *Freaky Deaky*, Elmore was less interested in the hippie hangover than in a book which started, literally, with a bang.

"A previous idea in which a car explodes just wasn't getting anywhere, but the idea of the car blowing up still intrigued me. So I went to see a bomb squad cop in Detroit. I said, How do you make a bomb? and he handed me *The Anarchist's Cookbook*. I thought, This could be interesting!

"And, at the same time, some of those counter-culture leaders – Eldridge Cleaver, Jerry Rubin and Mark Rudd – are in the news again as born-again Christians, stockbrokers, financial consultants and what have you. I thought, What if someone who was really into it, who was a Weatherman type blowing up government facilities, thinks of these guys who had sold out?"

LIKE ALL great gritty wordsmiths, Elmore Leonard (nicknamed 'Dutch' after a baseball star of his

GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER



ELMORE LEONARD: "There is not a message but a morality to my work."

youth) was not born to violence and mayhem. The only shot he's heard fired in anger were when the Japanese bombed the dry-docks a mile away from where he was stationed in the Admiralty Islands, during World War II.

"I've met people who have committed murder but only because I was researching with police and they'd bring the guy in, sitting right there. I was in the interrogation room with them when they were questioned," Elmore explains how he knows his subject.

"In late '78 I did my only experience in journalism. The *Detroit News* asked me to do a piece on homicide, following the detectives around for their Sunday magazine. I spent two or three weeks with them, went through their files extensively, got to know the guys. They would call me when a murder happened and I would go to the scene. We became good friends and, within a short time, they had read my books. And when I did write the piece I showed it to them and they trusted me. That's why they let me sit there and listen to them. Then, for the next three months, I hung around.

"I don't need them as much as I used to," Elmore continues. "I have a very good rapport with this bomb squad guy,

"This psychiatrist was an authority on Chuckie (in *Stick*), wrote a paper on it! He said, I'd like to know where you got your information, it was dead on! I wrote back and said, I made it up."

— Elmore Leonard

who, even before *Freaky Deaky*, helped me out with guns. I would go down to his office for *Split Images*: What's a good gun for this guy to use to shoot somebody? He said, You want an assassination rifle — the high standard .22 with a long barrel with a suppressor on the end. For that same book, I said, How much do you think a Mack 10 would

cost? You can get one in Detroit for about \$900; in Miami it would cost you \$1,500..."

And what Elmore doesn't figure out through research, he arrives at via a novelist's intuitive grasp of human nature — plus the crime scribe's special insight into the criminal mind.

"My characters just develop. Teddy Magyk (*Glitz*) was psychotic. As for Chuckie, in *Stick*, I found out from a psychiatrist who wrote to me that Chuckie suffers from a minimal brain disfunction, hyperkinetic as a child. This guy was an authority on Chuckie, wrote a paper on it! He said, I'd like to know where you got your information, it was dead on! I wrote back and said, I made it up. If you had a character who was hyperkinetic, what would he do? I gave him a bunch of hats. He can't stand still, so now he kind of glides..."

In the '50s, Elmore was a successful advertising copywriter for the Chrysler car corporation in Detroit, starting to write Westerns in his spare time and then Hollywood screenplays. Advertising he hates and is dismayed that four out of five of his kids work in the industry. The market for Westerns has vanished; besides which, it was years before this confirmed dweller in Detroit and Miami set foot in the West.

As for movies, 'creative' committees have to justify their salaries by monkeying with perfectly good original scripts.

"People who haven't been out of Beverly Hills in 20 years telling you how people in other parts of the country talk!" Elmore fumes.

Ham-fisted film versions of his crime novels confirm his low opinion of modern Hollywood, and he's none too optimistic about a screen version of *Cat Chaser* being made by *Driller Killer* director Abel Ferrar ("a thug").

Of Elmore Leonard's 26 crime novels, there's not a clunker in the bunch. My favorites are *Glitz*, *LaBrava*, *City Primeval*, *High Noon In Detroit*, *Swag* and *52 Pick-Up*, all published by Penguin. As for his weirdest book, there can be no doubt that it is 1977's *Touch*, a parable of Christian redemption. 1977 was also when Elmore Leonard got divorced and kicked a king-sized alcohol habit. A traumatic year?

"No, I didn't think it was traumatic. I don't approach these books very seriously, they are for fun. I didn't approach it that way." Elmore won't be so easily trapped on the couch, or in the confessional.

"In *Unknown Man Number 89* there are several AA (Alcoholics Anonymous) meetings in it; I used to go to AA. I was drinking when I entered AA in about '74 and, every once in a while, I would fall off. Since January 24th of '77, when I quit, I haven't even had a desire to drink. Before that I couldn't imagine a life without booze, and that's why I drank. Things were going bad. When things were going bad with my work, I went to it. Corrected it. Rewrote it. Worked it out whatever it was. I've always approached problems head on."

Elmore Leonard is no sermoniser. But in his novels strong women often kick 40-year-old guys out of a personal and career drift into a situation where they tackle some extremely nasty customers. Isn't this a kind of moral stance?

"I think that there is not a message but a morality to my work. The style comes out of my attitude, how I look at things, and I am a moral person."



THE MC5's Rob Tyner



RUN DMC

AND SO to the future. In *Freaky Deaky* a highly entertaining black guy called Donnell Lewis nearly stole the book from a familiar Elmore hero, a slightly down-at-heel white cop. Only *nearly*, mind.

"If I had thought of him earlier I would have been tempted to make him the main character, and as a film it could be his story. But I doubt that I would have done it, I think, for commercial reasons," Elmore admits.

"I'm still commercially-minded enough to know what's gonna sell, that it wouldn't have sold that many books. But I could still have fun with him, take him as far as I could take him."

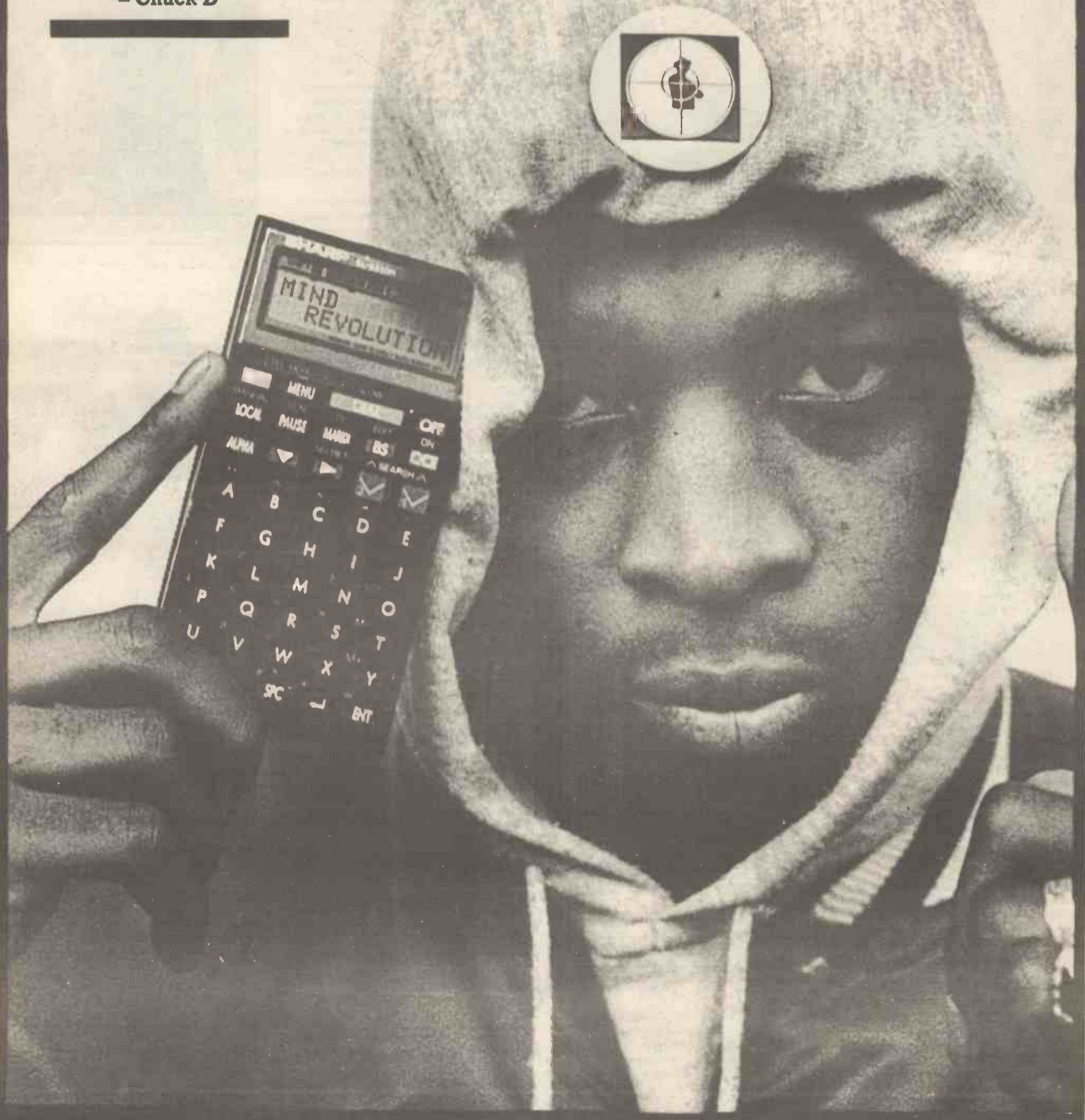
No such commercial misgivings have prevented Elmore from making the main character of his next book, *Killshot*, a woman. But now that he no longer hangs around in bars, how does he keep his ear to the ground, hearing the low-life lingo that makes his characters breathe so realistically?

"Because I'm aware. I listen. It is just going on all the time. Also, watching documentaries, watching people on game shows. You know, people in the audience, on the street. Just people talking."

"Life aint all pain. There's love and there's hate and you have to make the message digestible, especially when you're putting something down someone's throat.

Sometimes you need some water and the humour of a Flavor Flav to make the message palatable."

- Chuck D



CHUCK D: "You can't attack a smack with a kiss."

IT'S FAST. A hard-boiled black fist flies through the air toward me, a present from Chuck D's powerful right arm in response to my outstretched hand.

"You can't attack a slap with a kiss," he'll say later on as the interview gets heated.

After 30 minutes the same fist will be flying in anger and a handshake will seem impotent beside it.

Big and built like a middleweight, Chuck D is holding court in his sixth floor suite. His intense and highly energised figure gives no indication of fatigue, even though he was carried exhausted from last night's *après-gig* party.

As we talk he alternately sits back in his sofa and leans forward, his finger tapping the table emphatically when he wants to make a point, the body language equivalent of his full force rap delivery.

He's joined today by one Brother James, a member of Public Enemy's notorious Security Of The First World 'militia'. James' presence is somehow incongruous, as if he were some backstage presidential advisor, ready to step in at the slightest wrong move — "Ah, what he really meant was..."

The rest of the band are either downstairs, where Flavor Flav is entertaining girls in the lobby, or, like Professor Griff, still in the States. It's not important because, to all intents and purposes, Chuck D is Public Enemy.

As their figurehead, Chuck D is undoubtedly the most innovative, vital man in rap today. Kids may once have idolised LL Cool J, but ever since Public Enemy's hardcore audience whistled his 'I Need Love' offstage at Hammersmith Odeon, there's been no doubt about who is boss.

In the two years since the release of 'Public Enemy No 1', Public Enemy have created a unique style of rap that dispenses with the gold-laden, macho-ridden materialism of people like Eric B, Schoolly D and Ice T.

They've become the antithesis of the safe and mediocre, rap's most dangerous model, echoed by many, equalled by none and sampled with near-monotonous regularity. And when venues like Wembley Arena are said to 'ban' rap, it's really Public Enemy they're afraid of.

The essence of Public Enemy's hardcore rap music is their message. The cornerstone of their last LP, 'It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back', it focuses on the mind revolution against what they describe as "the years of conditioning and subjugation of black people".

It's a controversial message, to say the least, and when they also state that black Americans shouldn't pay taxes, should be given billions of dollars and a couple of states of their own, things get even more highly charged.

Is it all really necessary?
"For us," declares Chuck, "separate development is essential — y'know what I'm saying. You play a game but if you don't know the other team or how they operate, then you're going to lose that game."

"What we're trying to say is that this is a game that's been set up and this is the gameplay for the other side, because we're looked at as the other side, whether we like it or not."

THE REAL question now is not what Public Enemy think or represent — that's quite clear — but rather, why they think it. And what made Chuck D decide to use a medium as politically ineffective as music in the first place?

"It came through the teachings of my parents and the togetherness of my community. That and the fact that when I left it from time to time I saw that things were different."

"Back where we were living, in one square mile in the town of Roosevelt, there was so much unity, so much respect for one another that it was almost like a paradise."

"But when you left it and tried to deal with the world on the same level, it was like it was looking at you in the same way as you'd be looked at if I took you to Harlem where there's nothing but black people. And you wouldn't feel too comfortable about it."

Was there any incident that made you realise that Public Enemy was

going to be the vehicle for this?

"The reaction I got when I started my radio show. I was a DJ in the early '80s (on college station WBAU) and it was like other kinds of music would try, they had big money, big productions, but they had to do so much to reach the people."

"A Michael Jackson song would have to be played 90 times on the radio to get the people. And I saw a rap record that was still on tape make people go, Yo, where did you get that? Let me tape it. People would do anything to be around that music."

"So when I started playing rap on the radio, I built a structure around it for the people so that they could understand it better. Almost as if there was a science behind it."

And that became Public Enemy?

"Eventually. Going from radio to record was a transition, because you're doing the music as well as explaining it to the people. But a lot of the ingredients became Public Enemy."

"The radio station brought everyone together and it was a tie in to the community, which felt that it was theirs. And in Public Enemy we use the same idea, This is yours, it's a reflection of you."

But Public Enemy are not just about raising black consciousness (although everything is related to that). Their last single, 'Night Of The Living Baseheads', is a powerful attack on drugs and drug dealing in their neighbourhood, with lines like "Shame on a brother when he dealin'/The same block where my 98 be wheelin'" emphasising their concern about their community.

Like everything else they do, the song title is deliberate. Any references to George Romero's zombie films is intentional.

"It's deliberate, because the drug situation and the mental unawareness it brings have thrown us into a situation where we are zombies, walking and senseless."

"The song basically says, This is the situation, but it's being created by an outside force, while inside you've got black on black. So that when Griff says, 'Sucker tash is a meal for kids that make cash/Selling drugs to the brother man instead of the other man', it's directed at the brothers who are out there killing us. Every brother ain't a brother, y'know," he adds sadly.

Griff's statement seems to suggest

that you're quite happy as long as no one's dealing to blacks, that it's fine to deal to the rest of us?

"No," moans Chuck emphatically, "you're not content with selling drugs at all, I think that drugs are the poison of the world. But at the same time when you tell a drug dealer this, you throw up a confrontation because there's a lot of money in it. But they sell in black areas because they're scared to go into white areas because they know that they'll get the shit kicked out of them."

"So we're saying, If you're such a man, if the dollar is your god, go into the white areas where you'll make so much more money. But they know they'll be taken out fast and that'll bring them to their senses."

EVERYTHING ABOUT Public Enemy makes you realise just how carefully planned the group is. From Professor Griff's militancy to Flavor Flav's inconsequential humour, Public Enemy is the ultimate concept band — a deliberate collaboration between the sectarianism of the Black Panthers and the neighbourliness of "round the way" homeboys Run DMC.

How important is the humour?
"Everything should be a reflection of life," declares Chuck philosophically, "and life ain't all pain, you should enjoy it sometime. I mean there's love and there's hate and you have to make the message digestible, especially when you're putting something down someone's throat. Sometimes you need some water and the humour of a Flavor Flav to make the message palatable."

The extent to which Public Enemy is contrived can be judged not only by the highly defined differences between Chuck and Flav, but also by their image. Once again, it's no accident that the militaristic Security Of The First World support the rappers with their uniforms, drill dancing and Uzis at the ready. And it's no accident that it's here that things start to get heated.

How necessary is the image?
"It's very important because we can't come across as, quote unquote, faggots. But the image sets the example. If we were projecting a weak image or a foolish image, all we would be directing is a nation of foolish people," he says, the irritation rising.

Isn't flirting with paramilitary gear

and water pistols a bit foolish though?

"First of all," says Chuck as he slams his hand on the table, "if the guns could be real and in this country they would be real. I'm telling everybody here, Don't be stupid, if they could be real and up there they wouldn't be loaded, but if they could be real they would be real."

"I'm saying, How do you counter the idea that might is right? You can't do it with flowers, that does not counter the brainwashing involved. It hurts in a western civilised culture to see a black man with a gun."

Actually, it's the idea of guns I'm bothered about, Chuck — not who's holding them.

"People like Martin Luther King attacked the system in the wrong way. You can't attack a smack with a kiss," he says. And with that the hand starts to fly.

This time I don't shake it.

THE LAST time I saw Public Enemy I swore that I'd never so much as touch them. Like Albin's pathetically named R***man outfit, their show crossed the acceptable boundary that usually limits flirtation with the shocking and the indecent.

In this case it was Professor Griff's much publicised remark that "All white people are murderers", which in the context of their last, emotionally charged gig in Camden seemed either outstandingly stupid or deliberately racist.

Griff is the band's *bête noir*, the man Chuck describes as "The black man that the whites don't want to see."

"He didn't say all white people are murderers," attempts Chuck, a denial which cuts no ice at all.

Later on, when we're taking pictures, he confides, "I think he could have put it into better words. He could have said that the structure is based on murder and lies and you have people today who follow it and think that nothing's wrong."

"He could have made it a little more digestible, but at the same time Griff's my brother and he's going to say what he says... This system's f***ed and people don't know it, so I think in a way he was right because at least it woke everybody up."

Yes, but which side of the bed did they get out of, Chuck?

RAGING BULL



Yo, and welcome to fight night. In the near corner we have **Public Enemy's** middleweight rapper **Chuck D** — whose hardline message on drug dealing packs as strong a punch as his fist. In the far corner, **Sam King** finds that leading the talk onto the band's militaristic image is deemed to be a bit below the belt... Photos by **Peter Anderson**



TALK OF THE DEVIL...

I DON'T really remember that much about 1988," admits Nick Cave.

"I'm just happy that I've managed to be able to hold on to what I've been doing — despite the circumstances — and that I've got something in front of me now."

For a man who not only came up with one of the best singles and albums of this year, but also appeared in its finest film, this is a surprisingly vague assessment of the past 12 months.

But Nick Cave — who has been accustomed to accolades since his first LP with The Birthday Party was lauded as "one of the greatest rock albums ever made" — treats both acclaim and criticism with equal disregard.

"Good reviews and bad reviews affect me in much the same way," he says. "Which is with a fair amount of distrust..."

Far more articulate in his work than he'll ever be in front of a tape recorder, Cave's relationship with the press has rarely been easy.

He might not be mainstream enough for tabloid taste but, thanks to the increasing Grub Street mentality of certain sections of the music press, Cave's private life is now gaining more column inches than his music.

One article, in particular, was determined to expose the singer's heroin addiction, painting him as the baddest Johnny in the apple cart and making a severe moral judgement between the creative powers of speed and the nihilistic destruction of smack.

By a neat quirk of fate, the feature coincided with Cave's appearance before a London magistrates court, where he pleaded guilty to possessing heroin and immediately after entered a rehabilitation clinic.

ELEVEN WEEKS after his court case, Nick Cave is sitting in a Paris hotel, drinking mineral water with espresso coffee

Nick Cave not only made one of 1988's greatest albums, but also appeared in its finest film, *Wings Of Desire*. But he's just glad he made it through the year — which has been marred by both a heroin conviction and a spell in a rehabilitation clinic. Ann Scanlon meets him in Paris to talk about 'Tender Prey', his ongoing acting career and his deep mistrust of the music press. Mary Scanlon gives him a light

chasers. He and the Bad Seeds — Mick Harvey, Blixa Bargeld, Thomas Wydler, Roland Wolf and Kid Congo — are midway through a European tour, which began just five days after Nick came out of drug rehabilitation.

The prudence of such a move might have been questionable, but Cave's entourage are ensuring that his transition is as painless as possible.

Cave has agreed to a handful of interviews during the tour, but any unwanted enquiries have been preempted by a series of warnings — from everyone from record company and PR to the manager and bassist — not to mention drugs.

No one needed to worry about the French TV journalist Cave had faced earlier in the day, who was clearly more interested in the singer's haircut than the state of his head.

"Why is it that you have the long, pointed sideburns?" he had earnestly asked. "Is it because you want to look like Elvis?"

Nevertheless, Rayner Jesson — who assumed managerial duties at the start of the tour — isn't taking any chances, and forms a less than shadowy presence throughout Cave's interviews.

Cave himself is polite, but far from verbose. When asked about his latest LP, 'Tender Prey', he admits that he hasn't really heard it for months.

"I just saw it as being a record of total chaos and, in a way, it was quite a surprise that it was accepted and considered to be one of our best

records."

Placed alongside the Bad Seeds' previous LPs — 'From Her To Eternity', 'The Firstborn Is Dead', 'Kicking Against The Pricks' and 'Your Funeral ... My Trial', 'Tender Prey' not only evidences Cave's increasing power as a songwriter but also his relentless creative obsession.

"What's motivated me for a long time — I'm not sure if it motivates me now — is a desperate desire to rectify the artistic mistakes that I made before."

"With each album that we've put out, I've been in the unfortunate position of not really being able to accept them as good enough. So I've had to go and make another one to fix up."

"I could never really hold up a record and be proud of it. And I think, in a way, that kind of negative approach to things is possibly what's kept the standard of our records quite high."

Like the band's covers LP, 'Kicking Against The Pricks', 'Tender Prey' is characterised by its complete inconsistency.

"Most of our records have a basic concept of some sort behind them — which usually arises towards the end of recording. But the common thread running through 'Tender Prey' seems to be its diversity. The whole record is just a stew of different styles."

The resultant chaos is probably due, in no small measure, to the conditions under which 'Tender Prey' was recorded.

"We ended up recording in about eight different studios. That was a lot to do with the way we were working, which was perhaps disrespectful to the people in the studio and the studio itself. So we kept having to move from one to another."

"It was also recorded in three different countries (West Germany, England and Australia) and, for that reason, it was hard to get a pointed idea on things."

"But once a record's been made," he concludes, "it tends to be put on the shelf and we start on something else. And I really don't have much to say about it once it's done."

ONE OF the outstanding songs on 'Tender Prey' is 'New Morning', an uncharacteristically joyful uncton enhanced by harmonica and tambourine: "Thank you for giving this bright new morning/So steeped seemed the evening in darkness and blood"

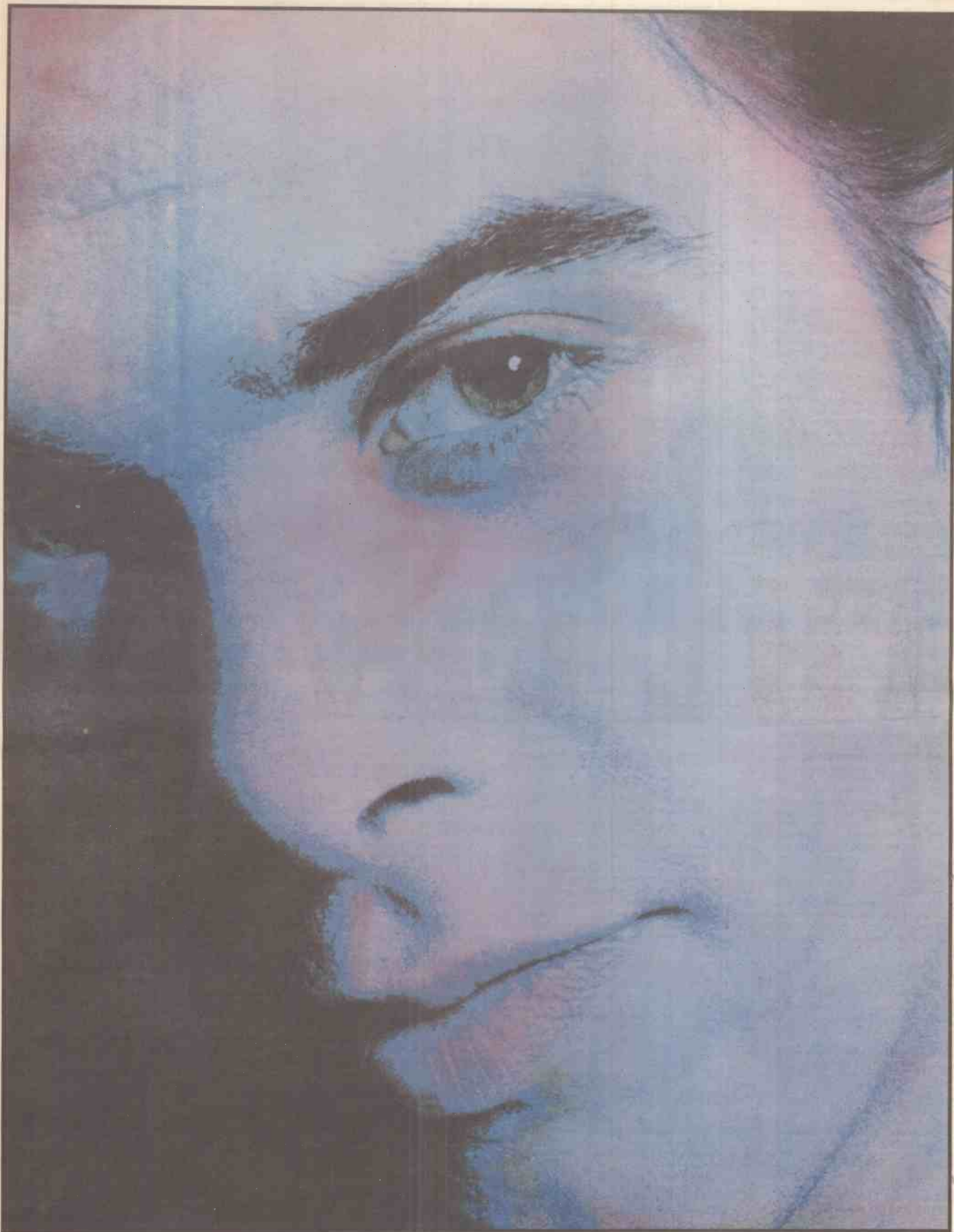
"That particular song is quite ironic, I suppose. It was written in a situation of complete disgust with myself and everything around me. But it seems to be a little bit prophetic now, in some ways. Things seem a bit more hopeful."

Cave's personal favourite is the jubilant 'Deanna', but it's the colossal execution hymn, 'The Mercy Seat', that was the easy winner of Single Of The Year. And while both these songs smash what has stylistically gone before, 'The Mercy Seat's' "eye for an eye and a truth for a truth" returns to the well-trodden theme of retribution.

"Basically I believe in some sort of system of balance. The suffering that you've dealt out, you must live at some time. I don't really see that it happens in this life — people get away with too much — so I believe it must happen in another life."

"I feel really different about the whole idea of an afterlife all the time. I tend to just fall into patterns of neatly organised thought, you know, This is OK, this seems to be a way of looking at things and so forth."

"But, like any philosophical thought, it seems to be so full of holes that I



"The way I used to feel about the audience was totally unrealistic. A couple of arseholes shouting at the front could almost destroy an entire performance. I'd immediately feel, This audience doesn't deserve anything. F*** this! – and I'd go and sulk up the back of the stage. It was very unprofessional of me..."

NICK CAVE

FROM PAGE 34

can't really stick by it for that long, and I just sort of drift from one idea to another... But I do believe in a God or higher power just about all the time."

'The Mercy Seat' was undoubtedly influenced by Cave's involvement in the Australian prison movie *Ghosts (Of The Civil Dead)*.

"When the idea for the film was first conceived, I had to do a great deal of research — watching videos and getting through a lot of literature. So, I guess it's not an accident that just about every third song I've written in the last few years is about prison. It's got a lot of potential, that theme."

Cave's role in *Ghosts* expanded from scripting the early drafts to playing an outrageously psychotic inmate.

"There were gaps in the scripts where I was supposed to just expostulate, and it was basically..." he pauses, then laughs. "Improvised, should I say. I mean, for most of it, I just had to sit in front of the camera and be this person."

Cave wrote his first film script for *Ghosts'* producer Evan English, more than four years ago in LA. But the plot evolved into something far too complicated for the screen, and eventually became the basis for Cave's novel, *And The Ass Saw The Angel*.

Like *King Ink* — a collection of lyrics, prose and short plays, which appeared earlier this year — *And The Ass Saw The Angel* will be published by Black Spring Press (next spring). But the author, who has reached the "very final editing" stage, does not care to elaborate on the storyline, other than to say, "it's about a fundamentalist religious sect who live in a small valley, in a sugar growing area somewhere in the world. It's basically about a mute boy who observes everything and is quite obsessive."

IN ADDITION to his performances in *Ghosts* and Wim Wenders' *Wings Of Desire*, Cave also appeared in Richard Lowenstein's Melbourne punk movie, *Dogs In Space*. In a rather briefer role than the director would have liked, Cave flashes up on a video screen singing The Boys Next Door's epochal 'Shivers'.

"I was asked to act in *Dogs In Space* but I refused. It was supposed to be a film about a certain period in Australia which I have quite a lot of feelings about, and I was very much a part of, and I didn't really think it could be successfully put down in a film."

"And the part that was suggested for me was to be the narrator — like the character in *Cabaret*. I had to sing some songs, including a version of 'Lust For Life' by Iggy Pop, so I... umm... just had to say no."

"But they managed to use me anyway, totally without any permission or money."

More successful was Cave's relationship with Wim Wenders in *Wings Of Desire*. The heroes of Wenders' story are angels, and both the Bad Seeds and Mick Harvey's alter outlet Crime And The City Solution appear as angels who've fallen from grace with God.

Wenders instinctively decided that 'From Her To Eternity' was the perfect soundtrack to take the angel from eternity to her (the mortal with whom he falls in love).

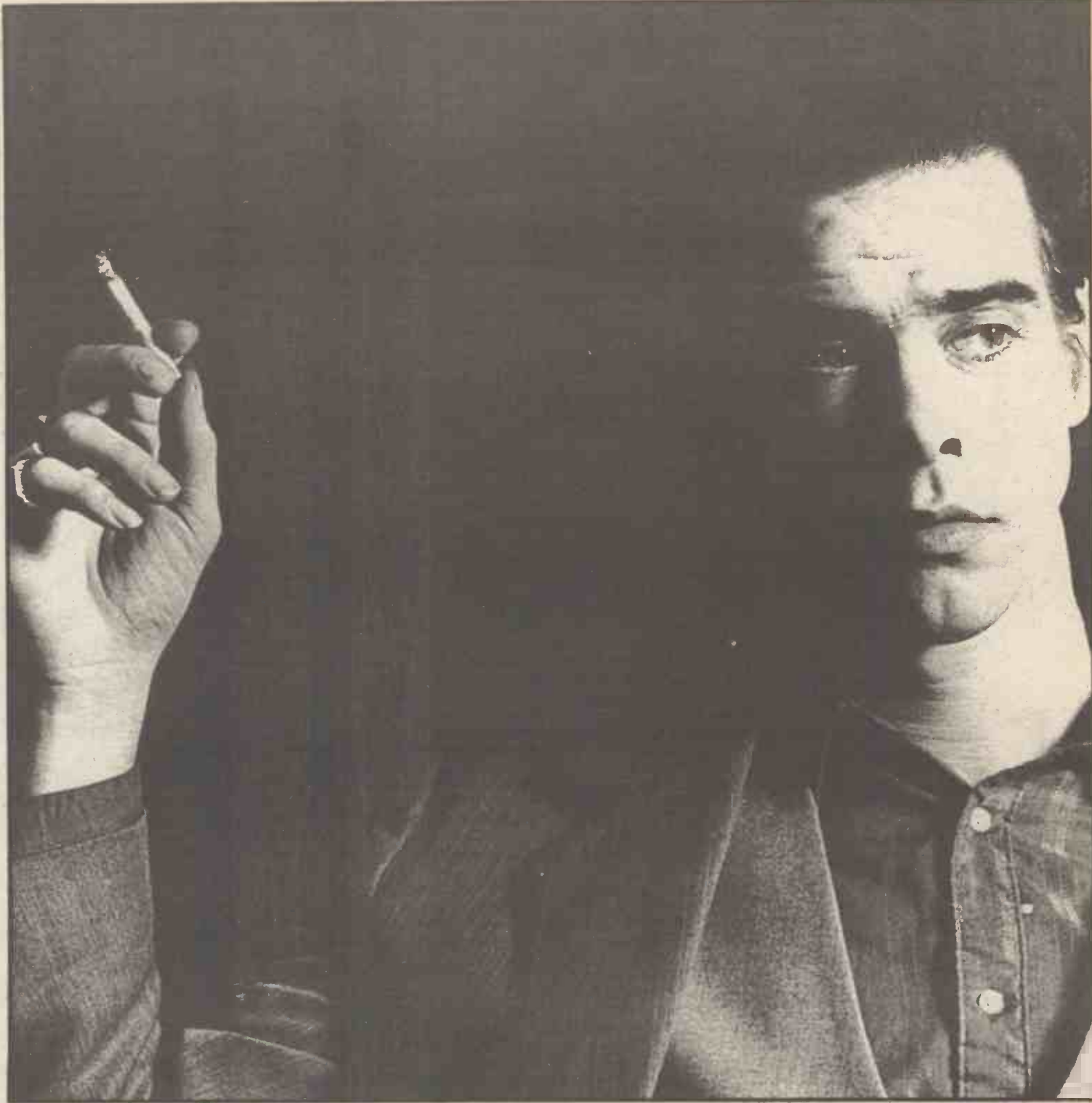
"I think both Wim and I tend to have a very romanticised view of things," reckons Cave, "and basically look at everything from an outsider's point of view."

"Our part in *Wings* was quite small, we basically did it in a day. But it was really exciting to be involved in — working with people in the film industry is a real relief from working with musicians. There just seems to be a lot more genuine work going on."

"The actual idea of putting our group into a film like that was really touch and go and could have been horrible. But Wim Wenders is a great film maker, and I think the end product is really brilliant."

Wenders' next movie is a sprawling sci-fi epic, with a screenplay by Booker Prize winner Peter Carey, that's provisionally titled *Till The End Of The World*. Set between 1988 and 2003, it's been described as "the ultimate road movie", and will be shot in 25 cities in 17 countries.

"I don't really know too much about it," confesses Cave. "But I think there'll be music and a group to represent each country. And we're representing



NICK CAVE: "I got one script that wanted me to play a luminous saint that glowed ghoulish green in the dark."

Australia although, as the group is at the moment, we could represent a lot of places."

Shooting will probably start next June, but Cave is still considering other film work.

"I keep getting scripts, although they're usually pretty horrible. I got one a while ago that wanted me to play a luminous saint that glowed ghoulish green in the dark, because I'd been infected by this weird strain of AIDS!"

"But I actually feel very conscious of the fact that I'm in a band, and I don't think it's very easy to direct someone who's made a name for themselves in the rock 'n' roll industry."

"When you've got an actor who's in a different role each film, you accept that person for what they are. But you can't help looking at a rock star in a film — no matter how well they act — without referring back to the way he presented himself or herself beforehand."

IF NICK Cave has found it difficult to confound expectations in the past, then there are few who would have expected him to cope with such a testing Euro tour.

"There seems to be a sort of growth process that's going on with our actual performance, and particularly with me and the way I'm able to put songs across."

"Before this tour, it was just a case of going onstage and doing the best that was possible under the circumstances. There was no recall — just one of disgust, perhaps — but now the whole thing is much more powerful."

"I know now that the way I used to feel about the audience, and the way I thought they felt about me, was totally unrealistic. It was all filtered through my own disgust with myself."

"A couple of arseholes shouting at the front could almost destroy an entire performance. I'd immediately feel put off by it. This audience doesn't deserve anything. F*** this! — and I'd go and sulk up the back of the stage. It was very unprofessional of me, I know."

The contempt which Cave once felt for his audience is now saved exclusively for the press.

"I don't think my feelings towards the audience were really justified, but I think my feelings towards the press are completely justified."

"The situation has arisen where I find I can't really be honest with the press — or at least with certain papers — because the whole system of trust has broken down. And I don't know how it could possibly be repaired."

"I've done so many interviews where I've sat there and basically tried to talk to the journalist. And they've sat there going, Yes, Nick and, Great, Nick and all that sort of stuff, and then when you read it it's a completely cynical representation."

"But I guess it's very much a two way thing — and very often I don't present myself honestly, because I've got so many defences built up over the years. I'm basically a very paranoid person. And, at other times, I think I've been honest and then I feel like I've been betrayed. I dunno..."

THREE WEEKS after the Bad Seeds' Paris show, Nick Cave is back in his record company office in London. Free from the pressures of the road, there is no longer any need for the jurisdiction of his manager, Rayner.

"Things are quite new for me at the moment," he says. "I'm trying to settle down somewhere, and work on my personal life a little bit — and there tends to be even more pressure there, in a way, than touring."

"I mean, there's a routine that you get into with touring, and you have this apparatus around you that kind of protects you from everything."

It is only in hindsight that Cave realises exactly how apprehensive about the tour everybody was.

"When I look back on it, there was a remarkable absence of people backstage, dealing drugs and that sort of thing."

"But I had basically come out of this clinic and gone straight on tour, and everybody said it was the most stupid thing you could possibly do if you want to remain sober. I did it, though, and I think everybody else was a lot more

nervous about it than I was."

Cave is currently based in London — "shifting my place of residence all the time has never really helped me very much, actually" — but he has no long term desire to remain here. Or, indeed, anywhere. He views the world with the restlessness of the eternal emigrant, and now views his homeland with only the vaguest sense of nostalgia.

"I feel rootless in that I don't feel any desire to belong to what Australia has become. When I was a child there it was a different place altogether for me, and I look back on those days with a lot of love and so on. But there are some really great parts in Australia, where I would really like to go to."

IN THE New Year Nick Cave will appear on a charity album for Neil Young's wife, with the likes of Swans and Sonic Youth performing a selection of Young songs.

In the meantime, the Bad Seeds are doing a handful of Christmas dates in Brazil. It's a trip to which Cave — who dedicated 'Tender Prey' to the Brazilian actor Ferdinand Ramos (*Pixote*) — has been looking forward to for some time.

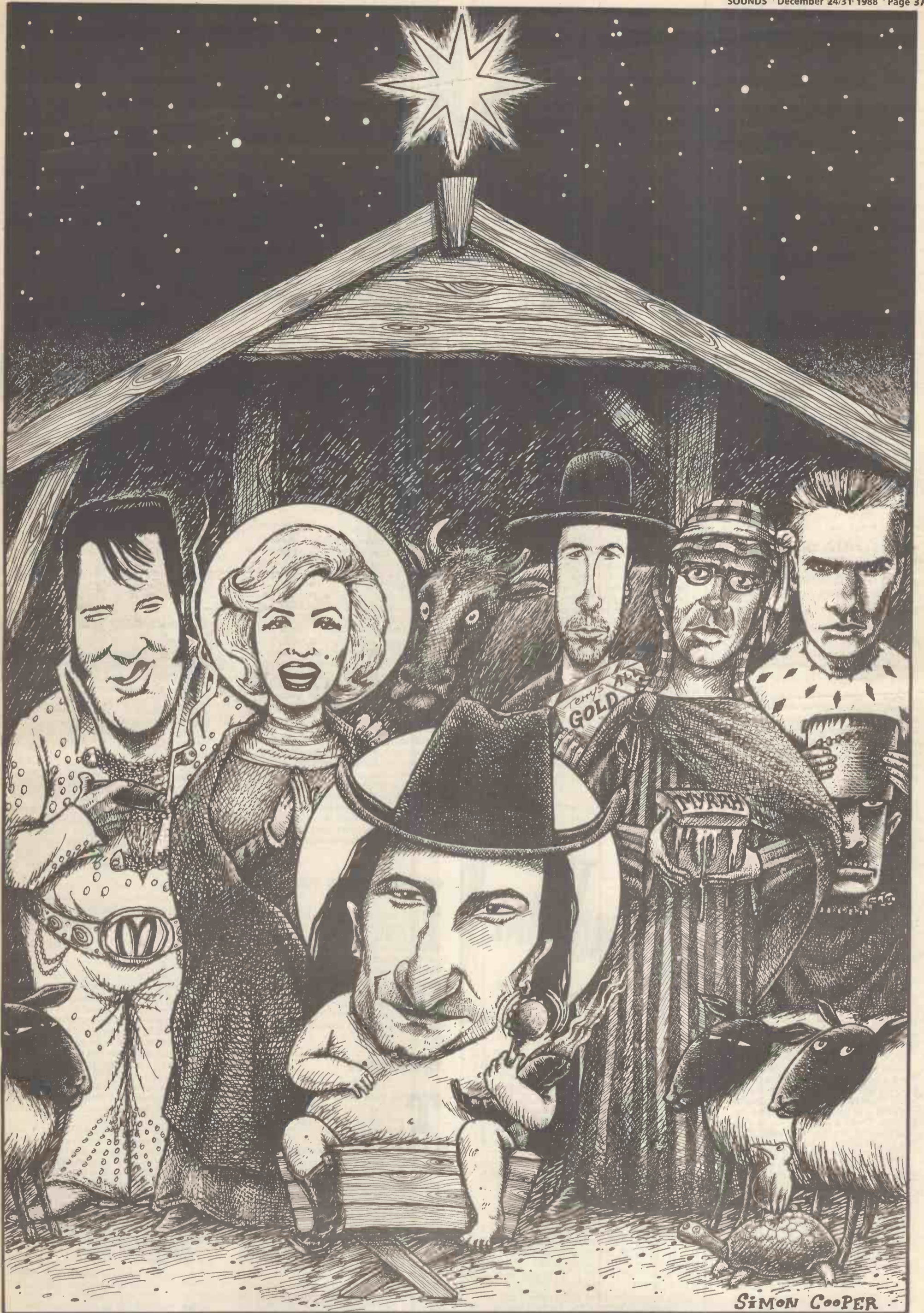
"*Pixote* is my favourite film, and when I heard about his death I was mortified. The situation there is incredible — the police in Sao Paulo shot something like 90 children last year, and that was considered a routine matter."

"They showed the *Ghosts* film in Brazil recently and Hector Babenco (*Pixote* director) embraced the director. He thought it was great — so that's nice."

But despite the films the books and the acclaimed records, Cave continues to define success by his own impossibly high standards.

"For me, personal success is a period of elation, which happens for a short time, when I realise that there's some proof in front of me that my creative powers haven't dwindled."

"Then, after that period of elation, I just start to worry about whether I can do it again. You know, I worry a lot, really — and that fear is basically the force behind my creativity."



Rattle N' Hymn – an alternative nativity scene

LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE

So you want to be a pop star? Make big bucks, impress your mates by appearing on *Top Of The Pops*, and kick Rick and Kylie off the number one slot? Nothing could be simpler. Just follow this easy guide to megastardom, as outlined by **The Timelords** in an exclusive excerpt from their *The Manual (How To Have A Number One The Easy Way)*...

SO HOW do you go about achieving a UK number one? Follow this simple step by step guide.

Firstly, you must be skint and on the dole. Anybody with a proper job, or tied up with full time education will not have the time to devote to see it through.

Also, being on the dole gives you a clearer perspective on how much of society is run. If you are already a musician stop playing your instrument. Even better, sell the junk. It will become clearer later on but just take our word for it for the time being.

Sitting around tinkering with the Portastudio or musical gear (either ancient or modern) just complicates and distracts you from the main objective. Even worse than being a musician is being a musician with a band. Real bands never get to number one – unless they are puppets.

If you are in a band you will undoubtedly be aware of the petty squabbles and bitching that develop within them. This only festers, and grows proportionately as the band gets bigger. And no band ever grows out of it. All bands end in tantrums, tears and bitter acrimony.

The myth of a band being a gang of lads out "against" the world (read as "to change", "to shag" or "to save" the world) is pure wishful thinking, to keep us all buying the records and reading the journals. Mind you, it's a myth that many band members want to believe themselves.

So, if in a band, quit. Get out. Now.

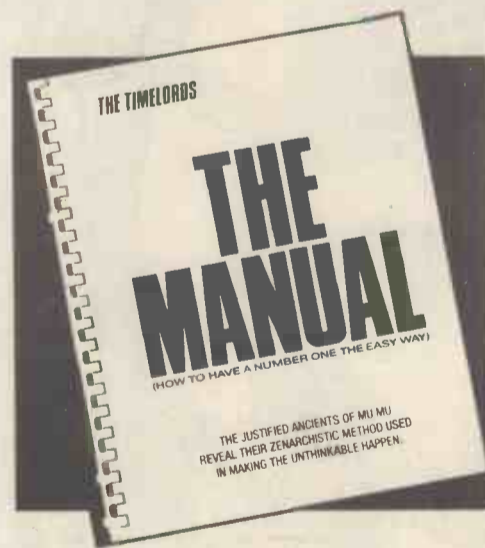
That said, it can be very helpful to have a partner, someone you can bounce ideas off, and vice versa. Any more than two of you and factions develop and you may as well be in politics. There is no place for the nostalgia of the four lads who shook the world or the last gang in town.

Watch *Top Of The Pops* religiously every week and learn from it. When the time comes, it is through *TOTP* that you will convince the largest cross section of the British public to go out and buy your record. Remember, *Top Of The Pops* is all powerful and has outlasted all the greats (Cliff being the exception to the rule). Taking the angst-ridden, "I'm above all this!" outsider stance only gets you so far and even then takes sodden years – and you end up alienating vast chunks of the Great British public who don't want to be confronted with Jim Reid's skin problem on a Thursday evening. I repeat, take *Top Of The Pops* to your bosom and learn to love the platform that matters the most.

YOU CAN begin any Sunday evening by listening to Bruno Brookes introducing the Top 40 show between 4pm and 7pm.

You don't have to sit down and dissect and study it, just have it on and make the tea. After that do whatever you do on a Sunday evening. But before you go to sleep that night you are going to have to come up with a name for your record company. Nothing too clever or inspired. Something that sounds solid. You just want something that's not going to be offensive and people are going to be happy doing business with.

Monday morning. Check that the company name that you have chosen is still sound. Be up, dressed and out by 9am. You are going to have to get used to getting up earlier; no lying in until noon now. From now on every time you telephone someone on business



remember to give them your name and the company you are from (even though it's only you). Don't bother getting headed note paper. People waste a lot of time, effort and money having stationery produced when getting a new business off the ground. People in the late '80s can see through the smart graphics.

Spend the remainder of the morning amassing the rest of the tools you will need for the job in hand. These are:

1. A record player (the crappier the better, as long as it actually works). Mass appeal records can always transcend any apparatus they are played on; the expensive set-up is only for judging coffee table records.
2. Copies of the latest in the series of 'Now That's What I Call Music' and 'Hits' LPs.
3. A couple of the most recent dance compilation LPs ('The Techno Sounds Of Dagenham Volume VI', etc).
4. All the 7-inch singles in your house that ever made the Top Five. (If there are any other records you want to add

to the pile, make sure there is a very good reason why they should be there and make sure they were never released as indie records or had any punky associations.)

5. A copy of the latest edition of the *Guinness Book Of British Hit Singles*.

6. A copy of the *Music Week Directory*. This you will have to send off for.

Address your envelope to: Sylvia Calver, Morgan Grampian PLC, Royal Sovereign House, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6BQ (telephone 01-854 2200), with a cheque or postal order for £15. It will take about ten days to get to you.

7. A hard back note book and a fine point, black ball Pentel. If you do not already have any of the above, or are unable to borrow them, then we are afraid you are going to have to spend some real cash. Hopefully, this will be the last time in the whole project that you will have to use up some of your Giro, other than the odd bus fare and phone call.

If you have all that done and it's not yet one o'clock, start listening to the 'Hits' and 'Now' compilation LPs from end to end.

CONSTRUCTING YOUR HIT

IT IS going to be a construction job, fitting bits together. You will have to find the Frankenstein in you to make it work. Your magpie instincts must come to the fore. If you think this just sounds like a recipe for some horrific monster, be reassured by us, all music can only be the sum or part total of what has gone before. Every number one song ever written is only made up from bits from other songs. There is no lost chord.

THE GROOVE

THE BEST place to find the groove that 7-inch single buyers will want to be tapping their toes to in three months time is to get down to the hippest club in your part of the country that is playing import American black dance records.

The unknown track the DJ plays that gets both the biggest response on the floor and has you joining the throng will have the groove you are looking for. Either try and get the name of the track that night, or at least remember some stand-out feature of the record. If you are lucky to have a specialist dance shop near you they should have this record you are after.

If there is neither a suitable club or specialist dance shop in your part of the country don't throw in the towel as this is where the dance music compilations we have instructed you to buy come in. Stick them on the record player, turn it up loud and get lost in the groove,

leave your mind on the bookshelf where it belongs, feel yourself if need be, but keep going until you "feel the force" and you are "lost in the music", when the only answer to the question "can you feel it" is "yes".

CHORUS AND TITLE

THE NEXT thing you have got to have is a chorus. The chorus is the bit in the song that you can't help but sing along with. It is the most important element in a hit single because it is the part that most people carry around with them in their head, when there is no radio to be heard, no video on TV and they are far from the dance floor.

It's the part that nags you while daydreaming in the classroom, or at work, or as you walk down the street to sign on. It's the part that finally convinces the punters to make that trip down to the record shop and buy it. So, slip on the 12-inch or your dance compilation and sing along with the breakdown sections; any old words will do, just whatever comes out of your mouth.

If you have difficulty in forming a tune in your head or you feel a bit inhibited, flick through your copy of the *Guinness Book Of Hits*, pick any Top Five record that takes your fancy and see if you can sing the chorus of it along to the track.

Take for example: "That's the way/a-ha, a-ha/I like it/a-ha, a-ha/That's the way/a-ha, a-ha/I like it/a-ha, a-ha" by KC And The Sunshine Band. That one usually works and should get you going in the right direction but there are hundreds to choose from.

The lyrics for the chorus must never deal with anything but the most basic of human emotions. This is not us trying to be cynical in a clever sort of way when we say "stick to the clichés". The clichés are the clichés because they deal with the emotional topics we all feel.

No records are bought in vast quantities because the lyrics are intellectually clever or deal in strange and new ideas. In fact, the lyrics can be quite meaningless in a literal sense but still have a great emotional pull.

An obvious example of this was the chorus of our own record: "Doctor Who, hey/Doctor Who/Doctor Who, in the Tardis/Doctor Who, hey/Doctor Who/Doctor Who, Doc/Doctor Who Doctor Who, Doc/Doctor Who".

Gibberish, of course, but every lad in the country under a certain age related instinctively to what it was about. The slightly older ones needed a couple of pints inside them to clear away the mind debris left by the passing years before it made sense.

As for girls and our chorus, we think they must have seen it as pure crap – a



TIMELORD KING Boy D (aka Bill Drummond) – the artist not the bank manager.

fact that must have limited to zero our chances of staying at The Top for more than one week.

Stock, Aitken, Waterman, however, are kings of writing chorus lyrics that go straight to the emotional heart of the 7-inch single buying girls in this country. Their most successful records will kick into the chorus with a line which encapsulates the entire emotional meaning of the song. This will obviously be used as the title.

As soon as Rick Astley hit the first line of the chorus on his debut single it was all over – the number one position was guaranteed: "I'm never going to give you up".

It says it all. It's what every girl in the land, whatever her age, wants to hear her dream man tell her. Then to follow that line with: "I'm never gonna let you down/I'm never going to fool around or upset you".

GENIUS.

As soon as they had those lyrics written they must have known they could have taken out a block booking

Stock, Aitken, Waterman are able to spot a phrase – a line that the nation will understand exactly – and then use it perfectly . . .

Pete Waterman may be a loud-mouthed self-publicist, but the man has never outgrown his true, deep and genuine love of "now" pop music.

on the Number One slot. Then, within the next 12 months, to have written the chorus: "I should be so lucky/Lucky, lucky, lucky/I should be so lucky in love". . .

Out of context, as meaningless to lads as our own Doctor Who chorus was to girls, but in those three lines there is, for many, more meaning than in the complete collected works of Morrissey.

Stock, Aitken, Waterman are able to spot a phrase – not actually a catchphrase, but a line that the nation will understand exactly – and then use it perfectly. 'Fun Love And Money', 'Showing Out', 'Got To Be Certain', 'Respectable', 'Toy Boy', 'Cross My Broken Heart'.

They are ridiculed by much of the media and only have their royalty statements for comfort. But history will put them up there with Spector and the boys. Waterman might be a loud-mouthed self-publicist, but the man has never outgrown his true, deep and genuine love of "now" pop music. The year that the pair of us spent

working with Stock, Aitken, Waterman pulled into focus what we had learned about pop music throughout the rest of our lives.

Michael Jackson may be the biggest singing star in the world, sold more LPs than any other artist at any time in the history of pop – but he has had very few UK number ones. If he would like to make amends on this front he should start co-writing with the SAW team or read this manual. He has quite a bit to learn about the opening line of a chorus.

We have just taken a coffee break from writing this lot and, while in the cafe, have come up with the ultimate Stock, Aitken, Waterman chorus never written. It's called 'Live In Lover', either performed by Sinitta or, ideally, by a Dagenham blonde called Sharon: "Live in lover I want you to be/My live in lover for eternity".

Either use it for yourselves or we will go and blow what last vestiges of credibility we have, and do it ourselves. We can see it now: we'd call the act Sharon Meets The KLF and of course the B-side would have to be 'Sharon Joins The JAMS'. If there are any good looking Sharons out there that want to be pop stars, please don't hesitate to contact us.

We are afraid you can't just go down to the local supermarket and listen to the check-out girls' talk and hope you can pick up the right line before Waterman gets to it. The line has to come to you and when it does you've got to grab it. Mindlessly singing along to the 12-inch groove track you have is the best way.

Morrissey has undoubtedly come up with some of the wittiest titles of the decade. 'Shakespeare's Sister', 'Girlfriend In A Coma' or 'William, It Was Really Nothing' are classic. However, with titles like these he will always be guaranteed a non-Top Five placing.

We made the mistake of calling our number one 'Doctorin' The Tardis'. Obviously, we thought it a clever play on Coldcut's 'Doctorin' The House'. We had the title before we made the record. If we had had our wits about us, we should have changed it to plain 'Doctor Who' or at least 'Hey! Doctor Who'. Us trying to be witty-clever must have lost us a few all-important sales.

Do not attempt writing chorus lyrics that deal in regret, jealousy, hatred or any other negative emotions. These require a vocal performer of great depth to put it over well: the epic Euro-balladeers or the kings of country, the great soul men or the crown prince of hate – Johnny Rotten.

You should stick to nonsense, pleasure, good times: "I wanna dance all night long, love you forever, or at least until the morning comes", but nothing too sensual; that too requires too much performance talent. Just remember there is a difference between bland cliché and cliché, and only you can tell the difference in the context of the song you are constructing.

So make sure you find a title that can be used as the opening line in your chorus, and that the chorus is no longer than eight bars.

THE INTRO

THIS IS simple: The classic thing to do is have an instrumental version of the chorus.

Sometimes a record might have a full blown vocal chorus in the intro, but this is usually considered giving it all away too soon. The other regular intro used is created at the mixing stage of the record, where different elements can be thrown in until the whole track is happening.

This is something you can leave to the engineer who is doing your mixing; they are usually full of creative ideas on how to start a record off. They usually like to hear a bit of atmospherics – they tend to think it denotes class. If he comes up with anything good, use it.

BRIDGES

DON'T EVEN think about them. They are for the more musically mature. If one happens it will happen in the studio. Your programmer might come up with an idea for one that helps take the song from the bass riff of the verse up into the celebration of the chorus. As always, if it's any good, use it.

CONTINUES OVER

LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

THE BREAKDOWN SECTION

YET AGAIN you don't have to concern yourself with this at the pre-studio stage. Just account for its length in bars when you map out the structure of the song. Use the bass riff from the verse or some enticing variant on it that the programmer can come up with.

When mixing, the engineer should strip the track right back and then start piling in with the studio wizardry and gimmicks before hammering into the final chorus.

In years gone by this was the part of the song that would feature a solo. Nowadays, solos either get in the way, or have to be fabulously stunning at the same time as being able to fit in with the studio sculpting that is going on around it. Having some guitarist give you his interpretation of what a really good guitar solo should sound like is totally out of the question.

Guitar solos only work in modern pop records when they are over the top things full of hideous histrionics and lacking in any emotional depth whatsoever. This type of guitar solo is one of the very few things that heavy metal has given back to Top Ten chart music. Yet again, Jackson's name comes in here. It all started when he used Eddie Van Halen on the 'Thriller' LP. So unless you have a mate that can play just like Eddie - forget it.

HANGING BITS

IN SOME records, there will be one or two bars stuck in between two of the sections where most of the music stops and a few bits are left hanging in the air before the whole track comes crashing back into the next section.

We do not know if it has an official name but it serves the purpose of adding dramatic effect to the song. It is a bit sophisticated for ourselves, but your programmer might recommend it - give it a go if he does.

That's it. There are no other parts that can possibly exist in number one hit records. Relisten to your copies of 'Now That's What I Call Music' or 'Hits' and practise picking out the different sections, counting the bars as you go.

FIVE DAYS IN A 24 TRACK STUDIO

ON ARRIVING at the studio, introduce yourself to the studio manager, find out where the kitchen is and put on the kettle. A day's work in the studio cannot start without first having a cup of tea.

On entering a recording studio for the first time you will naturally be impressed with all the gear. Do not be intimidated - it is all there ready to work for you. There will be thousands of dials, knobs and faders at the engineer's fingertips and he will know what every one of them does.

This might overawe you but just remember, he was most probably reading in *Studio Weekly*, only moments before you walked in, about some new piece of studio hardware that's just come on the market and that every studio should now have if they are to stay in the race. That studio engineer is going to be worried that you will notice that they haven't already got it in this backwater of audio technology.

The programmer should already have arrived and have his gear set up. Sit down with them both. Get another cup of tea if need be and then be totally frank with them. Don't try and bluff your way at all. Tell them that the game plan is to make a future number one single.

Play them the groove track you want to rip off, sing them your chorus lines and show them your chart of how the 7-inch record should be structured. Get the engineer to give you a quick tour of the studio and a rough idea of what

everything does. Have the programmer explain what his computer/keyboard/sample linked together can achieve and then ask the engineer to either turn up or turn down the air conditioning.

Tell the programmer that he should stretch your 7-inch calculation up to about six minutes to allow for the 12-inch mix then leave the two of them to get on with it; they will know what to do and you have already given them enough to keep them busy for the rest of the day.

If you are technically-minded, feel free to watch them and learn all you can or just sit back and answer their questions when they ask you. If something sounds wrong, tell them. If something sounds great, tell them. At all times encourage them.

If the studio has a tape op he will already be attempting to ply you with tea. If not, offer to get the engineer and programmer as many cups of tea as they can possibly consume. To begin with they will look to you for direction and you can tell them that A, B and C should sound like X, Y and Z record. Learning the language of making modern records is learning the language of talking about component parts and atmospheres of other people's records.

From now on you will begin to feel the inevitable pull of the unseen life force of the record you have allowed to be created. It will be as if you are in a sailing boat and suddenly, from nowhere, a wisp of wind fills the sails. Your job is to hold onto the rudder and at all times never lose sight of the harbour lights.

Let the crew bail out the water. Let the crew trim the sails. Let the crew man the galley. Remember, if you ever leave go of the rudder to help the crew, all hands may be lost - along with any chance of ever hearing your record being played at five minutes to seven on Radio 1 on a Sunday evening.

From now on nearly everybody you will be dealing with has the possibility of becoming a millionaire by what they do. The success of your record is going to help them get there, even if they don't share directly in the profits of your little enterprise. It is because of this that you will not come across any "job's worths". Quite the opposite; nothing will be too much trouble.

Tuesday in the studio will be Big Doubt City and nothing's going to change that. What stuff you have got down is sounding like total crap. It's not just your paranoia that's telling you it's crap. It is crap.

There is no way out and you will have to plough on.

The cynic in you must, by now, be thinking, What are these dickhead Timelords on about? They haven't told us one concrete thing to do since we've been in the studio other than, Leave it to the engineer and programmer! If it was that easy, everybody would be having sodding number ones. This manual is a con. Just like all those 'get rich quick' and 'keep young and beautiful' books.

Just another part of the late '80s sham. The fag-end of Thatcherism. Full of patronising prose and cheap metaphors. I mean, for God's sake, The Timelords! They've only had one hit and that was pure fluke. A pair of ageing fakers and now they're trying to take the piss by writing this load of crap.

We don't think we could argue our way out of the above, other than to say that some time between mid-Tuesday evening and late Wednesday afternoon something will happen and everything will start to make sense again. The track will begin coming together. By Wednesday evening you will know you are on to a winner. There is nothing more that we can tell you, even if we were there with you in the studio.

Just hold on to your fantasy. Roll around on the floor and scream if need be, because it's all too late now. Ideas will come out of you that you never thought were there, just let them flow. Don't get too ahead of the game. Don't get carried away thinking your record is going to change the face of pop music.

COUNT DOWN

RELLEASE DATE is looming. The right clubs are playing your record. The plugger has already had a meeting with a very close friend up at Radio 1. The publicist keeps telling you he's got to have some photos and some sort of biog. You know you need a video.

So it is best to go in there skint and with no securities. Of course, there is no point in asking to borrow any money. Just put yourself in the bank manager's position; some unlikely youth comes in, looking like nothing in their ad campaigns, and makes some outrageous request for a £20,000 unguaranteed loan to finance the making of a number one hit single.

Would you let them have the money? If this lad were to start brandishing a copy of this publication by The Timelords, you would advise him that he had been had and should get a refund on the book instantly, before going out to look for an available vacancy on a Youth Training Scheme.

If you already have an account with a bank, make the appointment with the manager or his assistant. If not, get into any branch (the nearest to where you live will do as long as it's one of the big five). Open a current account and make that appointment. Do this on Monday afternoon while you're out and about. The appointment should be for some time that week. Just tell them you are setting up a small, independent record label - no big plans yet, just aiming to put out the one single and see how it goes.

Tell him there will be a couple of times when you will have to issue cheques before others have come in. No big stuff. You will let him know beforehand. The most important thing is to get a rapport going with him; attempt to keep him in touch with what is happening over the next few weeks.

As well as having the pusher's instincts, the bank manager has the instincts of the old mother hen. The small business accounts are his baby chicks and he loves to watch them grow. If you were to go in and try and convince him of world domination plans he could only be disappointed with whatever results you had.

It is necessary that he should feel part of it all when everything starts to take off. It will be then that you will need his serious help. It will be then that you will have to find £17,000 by the end of the week and there is no sight of anything coming in until the beginning of the next month.

Those pay-up dates on the invoices are looming larger than the release date. They were adding up to £12,000 at the last count. You need to get your hands on £20,000 - fast. No muggable pensioner is carrying that much cash about with them and it's not as if borrowing a fiver from your mum is going to make any difference. Enterprise Allowance Scheme? Why didn't you think of that before! Because you are not thick.

You are going to have to hold tight. Check in with your solicitor. Check in with your accountant.

If you are a dope smoker, you will find yourself skinning up before breakfast. You will almost have a nervous breakdown over the sleeve when you realise it is completely crap. Nobody would want to buy a record that looked like that!

Monday, 10.30am and you are still in bed. There are record shops all over the country already open, with your record in them. Is there anybody out there who has actually gone out and bought it? Why should they?

You switch on Radio 1. You almost explode. They're playing it - Simon Bates is playing your record! Oh my God! Oh my God, why? Why? Why?, screams a voice inside your head. It sounds crap one second and brilliant the next.

You start to shake. The telephone rings. You hide under the covers. The telephone stops ringing. Simon Bates starts talking over the fade. The bastard. What does he say? He likes it. Thinks it could be a chart bound sound and tells a few million people they will be hearing that one again.

Call the distributors. Orders are beginning to come in. "All the signs are there - it's going to be a big one!" They were telling you this last week and the week before and they are telling it to you again.

Call the plugger's office. He won't be there but his assistant will tell you they have already had five plays this week so far. They are expecting about ten to 12 plays by the end of the week. "It's going to be a big one!" she will tell you. The plugger will want to call you back later in the afternoon. He does.

"We gotta have a video. Look, this record could be huge. Without a video we're looking at a record that will peak at 28 - if we're lucky. And have you sorted out what kind of performance you'll be doing for *Top Of The Pops*? All the signs are this record could enter the 40 on Sunday. If the predictions on Friday confirm it I've got to tell the *Pops*' production meeting on Friday what your act is all about."

He will go on and on. You will have to come clean and tell him you have the greatest ideas in the world but no money. Nothing. You can't conjure up a video out of thin air. He won't like to hear this because you already owe him £1,000 that he should have got before last Monday. He will ask you if you have asked for any sort of cash advance from the distributors yet. You answer no. He will advise you to do that. They are bound to let you have it, seeing as the record is all ready to explode.

Call the distributors before they sod off home. They will know all about the radio play and the reaction from the sales force. Get straight to the point: you need money to see this thing through properly.

"How much?"

"£20,000."

They will understand your situation and ask you to call back in the morning. You call back the next morning just after 10am. They agree to give it to you.

Call your bank manager. Tell him what is happening. Tell him you want to draw out £200 now. He will say yes. Go to the bank and draw out the cash. This money is not needed for any instant purpose, but if you are going to be given a cheque for £20,000, you want to feel some of it there in your pocket - now.

Get down (or up) to London as fast as you can. You have to get that cheque into a bank before 3.30pm. If you have time, go to a café by yourself and have a coffee and just look at the noughts on that cheque.

After the bank, get round to your plugger's to talk video with him. It could already be too late. You should really have had a finished video over a week ago. You are going to have yours done by the following Thursday. That is shot, edited, dubbed, union cleared - the lot - and ready for transmission.

Call your accountant. Tell him about the money. Get him to issue cheques to settle all your outstanding bills.

You will now once again feel like a free man.



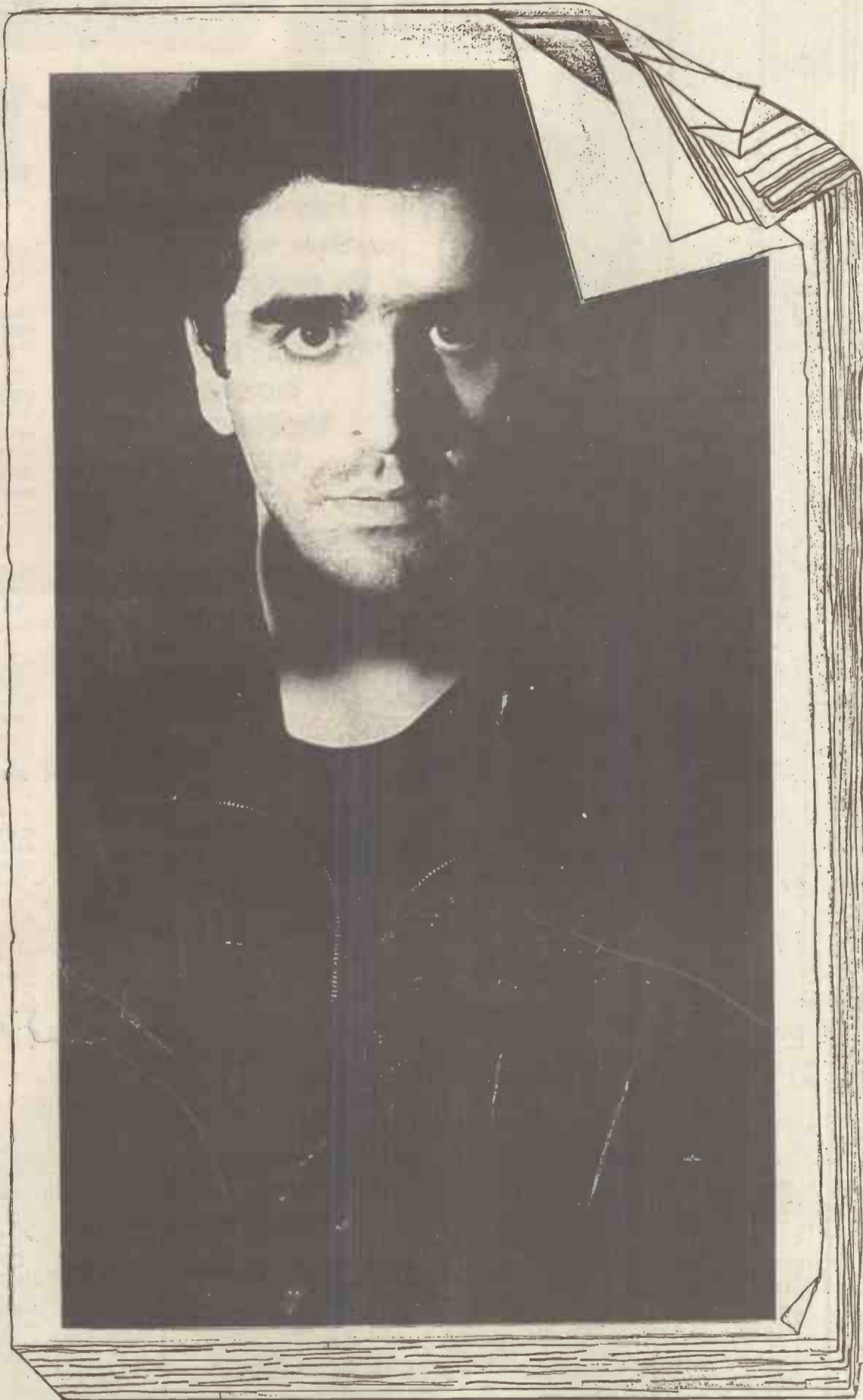
REMEMBER, WHEN you are going in to see a bank manager you're going to see a pusher; a pusher dealing in one of the purest, most addictive drugs - money.

If for some reason you already have some property (or have a family who are foolish enough to indulge your wilder whims and provide you with collateral) you will be at a disadvantage. As you sit there in the sucker's seat in the manager's office he will smell the scent of securities.

He will be checking your veins to sink his syringe in, and all the time he will be telling you about the Genesis CD he has just bought or how you would never guess it, but he used to be a punk and still treasures his copy of 'Neat Neat Neat' by The Damned.

OLD JAZZ'S ALMANAC

Who needs Nostradamus when Jaz Coleman's around? Roy Wilkinson hears him predict that we'll all be destroyed by fire before the '80s are out and that '89 will be Killing Joke's best year yet – but he proves a dead loss in advance tips for the pools. Prophet of doom pictured by Greg Freeman



JAZ COLEMAN: "If you're not with us, you'd better get out of our way."

cannot continue the way we're going. I believe it'll happen because I've got a funny feeling in my gutty-wutty. I've got a chapter in my book called *Painter And Witness*. I believe I was born to witness this. Ha Ha Ha Ha!

"Wouldn't it be funny if I was wrong, though! Ha Ha Ha Ha! Then you could all live your miserable lives a little longer! Ha Ha Ha Ha! It's a giggle, isn't it?"

In The Bible, the Book Of

Revelations (significantly, 'Revelations' is the title of a Joke album!) predicts the end will come with a battle at Armageddon, a site thought to be just outside Tel Aviv. Uncannily, Jaz's predictive instinct homes in on the same area.

"I've studied this area because in geomancy (divining by means of lines or geographic features) the Earth is seen as a human body with spiritual chakras (world

navels) which align the body. The base of the spine, the bottom chakra, is the Middle East in geomancy which means, because the back of the Earth isn't straight, metaphorically speaking, that this is where the focus of trouble will be.

"Now the Soviet Union has accepted the PLO and recognised Palestine as a state – that's a radical event. The balance of power is being altered there,

because half the world'll follow the USSR. If the US doesn't recognise Palestine, they'll be advocating crimes against humanity. I think it'll hot up in the Middle East. As illustrated by the bombing of Tripoli, things can escalate very quickly in that area."

ANY TIPS for the Cup? "No, I only bet on certainties. My sport goes as far as sub-aqua diving and fishing. Ha Ha Ha Ha."

No Maiden-esque mystic soccer rock for this boy. As well as watching the Earth in the coming year, Jaz will attempt to mould a small part of the planet. With ODIC (Order of the Distant Island Charter), the Joke collective plan is to buy some land on a Pacific island and dedicate it to a program of geomantic study.

"One of the greatest works of art I've seen in the last 12 months was a place called the Waipura Water Gardens in New Zealand. Two German scientists bought 200 acres of land. With an Eastern style of geomancy, they diverted all the streams and transformed it into a place where there were so many species of butterflies and moths that epitomised the health of the area.

"The idea is, unlike those prats in The Cult, not to spend our money on Harley Davidsons, but to buy 200 acres on a Pacific island and dedicate that area to research. The program is in motion – the land'll only cost £40,000 – and the location will be revealed to the ODIC membership on March 20. Ha Ha Ha Ha!

"The objective is to see if these geomantic siting techniques enhance the general fertility of this specific area. I predict that you'll be able to notice the change within three or four turns of the cycle. A cycle is a year, but I take my year from the spring, not the birth of Jesus Christ. Sounds like a wheeze doesn't it? Ha Ha Ha Ha! I'm telling all the numerous nutcases out there not to bother turning up there. Ha Ha Ha Ha! Maybe I've been guilty of that (being a nutcase) myself in the past. Ha Ha Ha Ha!"

ALIVELY year on the geomantic front will be accompanied by an equally vigorous Jokomantic year. Jaz predicts a revolutionary approach on the concert front.

"I feel that, more than any time, something good is going to happen with the music we're writing. It's like a dream is beginning to happen somewhere. I will make a prediction: next year Killing Joke will have their most exciting year in the last eight years.

"We're going to bring in a whole new way of looking at what you call gigs. The ODIC party on December 22 is just the start. I will take live performance to the extreme limits. We're trying to arrange a couple of bizarre happenings, one in the Northern hemisphere, in Greece. It'll be very tribal.

We're trying to control the environment – to me the landscape is frozen music. One day we will perfect that approach. Mark my words, Killing Joke will set you on your heels next year. Ha Ha Ha Ha! If you're not with us, you'd better get out of our way. Ha Ha Ha Ha!"

Beware the Ha-rangues of Jaz Coleman.

HA! HA! Ha! Ha! The eyes stare unflinchingly from their black pits, the head thrown back.

This isn't a laugh, but the mocking taunt of one who has seen what's coming, who knows everything is not alright. It's the end of the world as we know it and Jaz Coleman feels fine.

I have travelled to the very ends of the District Line of the *Underground* (Ha Ha Ha) for an audience with the Coleman. As we see out the old year and welcome in the new, this seeker of extremities is casting a wary eye over the 89th year of the second millenium AD.

The chosen ones will find a stout pair of wellies in their Christmas stockings...

"People like Friends Of The Earth have been saying that as the greenhouse effect takes hold we will have more disasters like Bangladesh and Jamaica, and that London will be under water by 2030," reasons Jaz. "I believe there will be an acceleration of the greenhouse effect. All the prophecies says it'll come in the '80s. Ha Ha Ha Ha! In a time of peace." Casually he begins to hum a killing Joke song – 'Eighties'.

Beyond the prophecies that Jaz refers to, there are more portents as to the coming year's destiny. If you add its constituent numerals, 1989 becomes 27. That could well mean 2x7 and when two sevens clash, the end of the world is nigh!

Then there's the seventh son of the seventh son which brings us to that arcane document. *Ye Laste Album Of Ye Maiden Of Ye Iron*, and its mystical chant 'The Clairvoyant': "There's a time to live and a time to die/When it's time to meet the maker"! The time is now and if the agent of fortune isn't flood, then it'll be fire.

Jaz continues: "Though I increasingly believe the threat to this planet is ecological, all the mythologies predict the Earth will be destroyed by the element fire. At the end of the day I must tell you the truth, and I believe we

LIFE OF BRIAN



Brian Wilson's debut solo album marks an end to his years of self-imposed personal and creative exile, and shines the spotlight once more on the former Beach Boy. Looking back on these dark ages, Ralph Traitor hears about Wilson's ceaseless struggle against schizophrenia, loneliness – and gets an insight into the controversial figure of Dr Eugene Landy. Soul in isolation shot by Mary Scanlon

BRIAN WILSON is, at 46, to borrow the apt title of a Wilson bootleg, truly an 'adult child'.

This makes Wilson perhaps a more challenging interviewee than any other pop legend.

To really fathom Brian Wilson now – a man emerging from a self-imposed personal, public and creative exile for the first time in two decades – you have to know something of the events that led to his extraordinary withdrawal from the limelight.

That exile began in 1967, midway through the recording of 'Smile' – the intended successor to 'Pet Sounds', his 1966 landmark pop masterpiece.

The abortive 'Smile' sessions were the immediate cause of Wilson's submergence, but the real reasons lie deeper and are inextricably linked to his fragile psyche.

Wilson's story is well-documented, but the most telling, poignant clues are found in his songs. Early on during The Beach Boys' meteoric rise, Wilson's work began hinting at a perspective, both personal and creative, formed by feelings of isolation, vulnerability and insecurity.

1962's 'In My Room', for example, exposed Wilson's need to keep life at a distance and, as the demands of fame engulfed him, this theme became a constant.

'I Just Wasn't Made For These Times', from 'Pet Sounds', conveyed Wilson's difficulty in adjusting to adulthood and stardom, and his unrequited search for souls whose vision matched his own in wise simplicity and childlike innocence.

To this day Wilson's songwriting is shot through with these same themes. 'Melt Away', from the new 'Brian Wilson' album, his first substantial work since 'Pet Sounds', includes a particularly telling line, "I feel just like an island".

BRIAN WILSON: "I do think, sometimes, God ripped me off."

Wilson's troubled, often vain search for an end to his loneliness is the underlying theme of his life, let alone his music. It's essential to know this; although the facts of Wilson's '60s downfall make stirring reading, they can never explain everything.

WHAT HAPPENED to Brian Wilson? Basically, after the awesome achievement of 'Pet Sounds' — Paul

McCartney was reportedly daunted by it as he worked on 'Revolver' — Wilson set out to make the ultimate pop record, provisionally entitled 'Smile'.

Obsessively competitive, nearly paranoid in his shyness, oversensitive, Wilson took all these qualities (exacerbated by drug experimentation) into the 'Smile' sessions with him, along with a breadth and scope of vision that was as much a burden as a joy.

'Smile' rapidly became Wilson's cocoon. He lived and breathed his work then, exacting superhuman feats from the session men who toiled for him faithfully. The Beach Boys were worried: Wilson was going so far, so fast, that he was bound to crack under the pressure. And he did.

So close to his avowed goal of a revolutionary, *avant* pop classic, Wilson scrapped 'Smile', 'lost' the tapes and retreated into himself. 'Smile' sank without trace, barring a sad flotsam and jetsam of reverential rumours and fragmentary bootlegs, the latter suggesting that, had 'Smile' been released, it would have rivalled 'Sgt Pepper' as the watershed LP of the '60s.

The recording studio was Wilson's inviolable domain, his safehouse, his factory but, in the end, his need to excel proved his undoing. Wilson understood and used the studio as few others could, and now he seemed to be giving up his birthright to pre-eminence there.

Wilson continued to contribute to The Beach Boys' albums, and 'Good Vibrations' topped the charts in the wake of the mixed critical reaction to 'Pet Sounds' that had so frustrated him.

But as the '60s drew to a close, Wilson drew back further and further. While certain '70s and '80s Beach Boys albums bore his indelible stamp in part or whole — 'Surf's Up', for example — the illuminated moments became fewer.

Bizarre and self-destructive behaviour became the norm. What public profile Wilson *did* have was besmirched by woeful tales of a man adrift, at the nadir of his powers.

Then, in 1975, Wilson's then-wife Marilyn placed him in the hands of Dr Eugene Landy, an ex-A&R man turned flamboyant showbiz psychotherapist. Landy's controversial and extreme 24-hour-a-day programme soon saw him unceremoniously ousted by Brian's Beach Boy brothers.

But some years later, as their desperation peaked, The Beach Boys recalled Landy. For the past six years he has worked with Wilson, unravelling his patient's tangled mental problems and assuming the weighty mantle of Wilson's guru-cum-manager and father-figure (Wilson's relationship with his father is a bedrock source of his illness).

Often criticised for his control over Wilson's daily life, Landy has been accused of blatant opportunism for seemingly elbowing his way into 'Brian Wilson', for which he is credited as 'executive producer'.

Regardless of the dubious procedure Landy uses, an extreme cure was necessary.

Landy has enabled Wilson to re-enter the studio and, aided by an expert team of co-producers and co-writers, create 'Brian Wilson', his first solo album. This is of paramount importance: without his work, Brian Wilson cannot be whole.

BRIAN WILSON', the result of a happy coincidental meeting at an awards show in New York, was recorded over a year, at a cost of one million dollars. WEA president Lenny Waronker took the project to heart, personally supervising its completion.

It's taken great courage and a lot of hard work for Wilson to take such a drastic step after years away but, finally, he can be seriously reinstated as a contemporary artist.

I met Wilson in Ibiza last autumn when he was filming a segment there for European satellite TV. I was introduced to him by Kevin Leslie, one of two personal assistants who, along with the omnipresent Dr Landy, escort Wilson everywhere, acting as buffers

for the outside world he finds so potentially frightening.

At first Wilson is guarded, shaking hands mechanically then lying still on a couch as I speak. Stroking a pillow, like a child's security blanket, as he replies, he watches me. Does he still feel "just like an island"?

"I do, even now. When I'm with people I'm like an island. I can't help myself, it's the way I am. I cut things off, y'know? I try to get things all arranged in my head, so my thoughts are all together — so I don't have to worry about offending somebody: I'll know beforehand that they're OK and I'm OK.

"I suppose you could call it a certain shyness about people, if you will, but I usually get by. I have trouble with people, because of my shyness. I have to make sure that, when I'm with them, I won't upset them. . .because I find people a little fussy. So I have to work doubly hard to not put people on a bummer with my own shit."

This answer typifies many of Wilson's responses. He can be surprisingly forthcoming about his inner battles, or curtly reject a question with pointed sarcasm.



THE BEACH Boys in days gone by

He brings in facets of Dr Landy's therapy at the unlikely places and then suddenly changes course, backtracking to the core of the question, or overshooting it wildly.

Once Wilson warms to the interview, however, he is animated and friendly — even intimate — and his mood changes mercurially to one of buoyant concentration.

This is where the 'adult child' tag bears fruit, for Wilson seems incredibly raw and vulnerable, while his infectious enthusiasm and periodic outbursts are oddly intimidating. Brian Wilson's heart is that of a boy — albeit a brilliant, volatile and tender one.

Repositioning himself often, chuckling abruptly or considering an answer with eyes shut, Wilson is a fascinating, complex, frequently disarming and touching enigma. He looks his age, a slight speech impediment and continually jittery hands attesting to the toll of numerous mental crises. Yet, when he's rolling, Brian Wilson might be a 12-year-old or a wise man.

I tell Wilson that his LP strikes me as an act of faith — faith in himself, in his songs and in the business he hid from for so long.

"My music, through the years, was a great deal of hell for me — to get these songs to the public. There was a great deal of discomfort and I had to hang on like hell for a few years there. . . But, let me tell you: no pain, no gain. I couldn't handle where I was at the time. I hid in my bedroom. . .

"There's a lot of personal stories I can't tell you because. . .I can't go too deeply into my personal life, what really occurred. I just can't do it. . ."

Does Wilson feel bitter about his 'dark ages', in retrospect?

"Well, I have a certain amount of jealousy I have to deal with, minor bullshit jealousies. . . And I ask myself, Why don't I have personal power like some other people. A certain person may have a lot of magnetism and power.

"The answer that always comes up is, Well, you have your own power, so why be too bent out-of-shape by somebody else's. But I do think, sometimes, God ripped me off and didn't let me be like other people. I get bent out-of-shape, but not too much."

'Brian Wilson' is Wilson's first album without The Beach Boys, who are now an American cultural institution. But they've also been a personal burden in the past. Making an album without them was a radical departure.

What did Wilson feel on the eve of his solo debut?

"It was similar to like, say, if you were taking an X-ray to see whether you had cancer or were clear, and you had to wait all weekend for the results. I sweated it out, and then my imagination got rolling. . .when it finally came out it was just a relief to know it sold 50,000 copies the first week."

And where do The Beach Boys fit in in the wake of 'Brian Wilson'?

"We're having our problems, experiencing tenseness about each other. . .but this has been going on for many years. We're not communicating: the guys go out on the road and I stay home and produce their records.

"I'm having a problem I never had before, deciding which of The Beach Boys should sing what on their next record. . .but Gene (Landy) said, Look, we don't have to record The Beach Boys, we can do another solo LP. But I feel bad about the guys, they need my guidance, my musical genius.

"I'm getting to feel like it'd be a big hassle to go in the studio with them. So I'll just do 'Solo II', it's lookin' good: I'll do some good stuff, do my best, *goddammit!* (Laughs) I just want to get in there and do something. . ."

An end to the long-running internal squabbling may have finally arrived. Since this interview, the band have scored their first number one in years, without Brian Wilson at the helm. The damaging assumption the band laboured under — that they couldn't make it again without their 'big brother' — has finally been given the lie.

Hopefully, now the band can recover its self-respect and Wilson can go his own way with a clear conscience.

WILSON ISN'T terribly in touch with contemporary pop, although he expresses admiration for Phil Collins and makes a benign reference to Springsteen. Conversant with modern studio technique, but not output, he appears alienated.

The name he comes back to often is Phil Spector, whom he considers possibly the greatest pop producer. When Wilson was first charting, it was Spector's unprecedented 'Wall Of Sound' he emulated and competed keenly with. Still in awe of Spector's hits, Wilson admits indirectly that they sound dated now.

He tells me about a meeting with Spector three years ago.

"He calls Gene Landy and requests that we come over to his house to discuss the possibility of his producing The Beach Boys. So we went to his mansion and it was all dimly lit. We waited 20 minutes before he came into the room: I guess he wanted to build up the tension, or something.

"We talked for a while and he said, I'll produce you a record that even the DJs now will want to play! And I said, Great! He called a couple of days later, but he and Gene couldn't come to an agreement on the money side of it.

"It would have been scary for me. I don't think that, after all the Spector records I've heard, I could be on his record. Let's put it this way: I'm glad it didn't happen."

Wilson often still projects from his halcyon '60s days; he admits he finds it hard to relate to the charts.

"In the '60s I could get a gut feeling for a hit, cut it and sell it. . .two weeks later it's number one. There was a time when my gut feeling and the audience were married to each other — art and commercialism were virtually the same thing for me. But not in the '80s.

"How can you take it seriously if nothing's selling you can relate to? I can't create 'new wave' music, I don't know how."

Yet 'Walkin' The Line', a standout track on 'Brian Wilson', is, as Wilson claims, "a good example of '60s-influenced '80s rock: it has soft-sell verses and hardcore choruses".

While Wilson seems disappointed that rock now is not "an emergency level of creativity", he isn't ready to personally raise the stakes by becoming more experimental. 'Rio Grande' recalls

his adventurous '60s material, veering into relatively uncharted territory.

"Whether I do that kind of depends on Dr Landy," he replies, restating his reliance on his mentor and guide. "He's like an educator and director all in one, so it'd be hard to speculate on the future, because I can't. . ."

Does Wilson intend working with his former collaborator Van Dyke Parks, whose *avant* ideas are echoed vaguely by 'Rio Grande'?

"Van Dyke and I have just grown apart, but he's a multi-talented guy. He's a lot of ability in a lot of different things. . . he's good.

"Doctor Landy's that way too: he has foresight and talent and leadership and strength. All bunched into one; just the heaviest dude you'd ever want to meet."

Wilson obliquely explains how he perceives his relationship with Landy: "Say we all look up to somebody or something. Well, I can't sit around and look up to a person too much. I just do my thing and be myself but, at the same time, I guess I have this thing for somebody."

Landy's critics — including the California Attorney General's office, which is currently investigating possible 'gross negligence' in his treatment of Wilson — seriously question his extensive involvement in Wilson's life.

And Landy's omniscience is a little. . . creepy. However, Wilson, diagnosed as a schizoid with manic-depressive features, clearly needs him, and regards him with a combination of affection and awe.

Wilson describes how they worked on 'Love And Mercy', the album's stunning opener, so reminiscent of 'Pet Sounds'.

"'Love And Mercy' is a ballad, and a lot of love went into making it. It actually started in Honolulu, where I recorded the backing track and put all the background vocals on myself. We put it all together and it was like a choir, so beautiful.

"A few months later, we started working on it again and Dr Landy told me to try the lead vocal again, to refine it. We finally got what we wanted, but a couple of days later he wanted me to study it, to better it. It was like doing homework on the album. It was important to me to get out what I could feel in my heart."

'Brian Wilson' is so good that it's tempting to argue that whatever Landy has done to make it possible is good too. There are weak links, of course; the second side is uneven in places and strays often.

But songs such as 'Love And Mercy' (a classic Wilson evocation of loneliness, compassion and insecurity) and 'Little Children' (a deceptively slight celebration of childhood that speaks volumes for its author's rare insight) are magical and monumental.

Wilson's voice, which on Beach Boys records is usually in the backing, takes on the lead role confidently, with an understated quality and peripheral rawness that communicates his sentiments perfectly. Wilson is pleased by the LP's respectable commercial success, calling it "a 50 per cent hit" for its Top 50 Billboard placing.

Brian Wilson is an enigma. At one moment he is an artist at the height of his powers, talking maturely about his age: "I take it in my stride: young people don't have the wisdom, the overview that I have, they don't see the bigger picture. Like, I can look at the music business and have a total overview of all the (pop) music ever written. You can see the bigger picture at 46."

Not much later, though, the same person seems to be an overgrown pre-teen, and frail one at that.

WILSON'S PERSONALITY shifts are baffling and fascinating. He disappears and reappears before you and in the meantime, another Brian Wilson stands in — but which one is the most real? And, which combination of personalities comprise Wilson the pop genius, and which ones comprise the child? And what caused them to split?

It's easy to forget that, at the centre of all this, is Brian Wilson, one of the very few pop musicians worthy of being termed a genius.

His perennial isolation has made him unique and tortured. It has either been his revelation or his ruin.

Wilson is still at war with his psychological demons but now deliverance might be at hand. He will likely remain a troubled man but now it's clear that his creative promise has survived its severe ruptures intact. And that is a happy thing indeed.

Performance

ALBUMS

MARC ALMOND 'The Stars We Are'
(Parlophone PCS 7324/CD) **SEPTEMBER**

IN THIS year of Smiley culture, Marc Almond's torrid emotions finally took a swing in the right direction.

With his Willing Sinners honed down to the La Magia trio – Annie Hogan, Billy McGee and Steve Humphreys – Almond produced the antithesis of his previous 'Mother Fist' album in shimmering, sensual brilliance.

With all the joy of 1985's 'Stories Of Johnny' but with more sophistication and mystique, 'The Stars We Are' was instantly heartwarming. Almond delighted in weaving stories of mystery ('She Took My Soul In Istanbul'), magic ('The Very Last Pearl') and weeping angels ('Tears Run Rings').

And, of course, there was that last legacy of Nico's, their smouldering duet 'Your Kisses Burn'. But perhaps even better was the other collaboration, reserved for the CD and cassette only, 'Kept Boy'. Almond's cavortings with the wonderfully eccentric Agnes Bernelle was the most wickedly over the top of all. True magic.

CATHI UNSWORTH



MARC: SHIMMERING

BLUE AEROPLANES 'Friendloverplane' (Fire LP 15/CD) **NOVEMBER**

THIS YEAR something happened to Blue Aeroplanes. Where once their live shows were a beautifully chaotic mess, they're now a flaming ecstatic experience, with guitars racing about in an all embracing frenzy.

Four sides encompass the four years of their development (heavily conceptual, eh?). From the original excellence of the Talking Heads-like 'Ashtrays From Mt. Etna' to the scorching rhythms of the present's 'Etiquette', the closest they've yet come to their outstanding live sound.

At its best, 'Friendloverplane' is the sound of a band that's just found its feet. Gerard Langley's breathless vocals still have me perplexed. Their blend of Irish and Bohemian echoes some seriously major star whose identity continually escapes me. But it's lyrical whimsy that gives the band their distinctive, warped edge and makes 'Friendloverplane' such an intriguing gem.

SAM KING



OL' NICK: a godsend

Mary Scanlon

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS 'Tender Prey' (Mute Stumm 52/CD) **SEPTEMBER**

AFTER A year of workmanlike performances from timid rivals, it was damn refreshing to be smacked in the face by an album crammed full of soul.

'Tender Prey' is real 'soul' in a way that all those dreary plastic dance records pretend to be. Cave himself echoes the strained larynx of other wounded bull vox heroes of the past. The hulking brute of Elvis again casts a shadow over the proceedings and, at some points, Cave is even crooning like Bryan Ferry, totally negating his confession that he cannot sing.

The dark corners of this LP see the band facing up to the same demon that perched on Jerry Lee Lewis' shoulder. But instead of crackin' up, these cats confront and wrestle with the horny midgit.

The opening track, 'The Mercy Seat', broods menacingly on the horizon, crackling like a pent up thunderstorm. Harpsichord notes dash across the scene, like vultures picking the flesh of humanity clean away from the rockin' beast. The pop blasts of 'Deanna', and its memory-hugging toon, serve almost as light relief compared to its hideous Hogarth relatives.

'Tender Prey' sees a cranked up band exploiting their own very individual niche: using rock as a tool to search and destroy some very dark areas. The devil himself has been shackled into the recording studio to cut some tracks. Good job he hoofed together a band as fine as this to help him in his endeavours.

JOHN ROBB

ROBERT CRAY 'Don't Be Afraid Of The Dark'
(Mercury MERH 129) **AUGUST**

ALTHOUGH A fine performer in his own right, Robert Cray is arguably more important for what he represents, ie the 'blues revival'.

The public perception in this country is that the blues was dead and buried until Cray came along and singlehandedly disinterred it. But the blues has continued to thrive in the States, and a flood of albums issued in this country by Sonet, Alligator, Demon and others suggests a fair few people over here are still interested.

'Don't Be Afraid Of The Dark' is significant for its incorporation of mainstream music forms. There's a more soulful delivery than previous records latching on to a slicker, rockier phrasing (eg, the single, 'Night Patrol').

The contribution of co-producer and occasional writing contributor Dennis Walker (and partner Bruce Bomberg) can be gauged by their work on this year's Phillip



BOB'S BLUES

Walker album, 'Blues', which matches Cray in every department.

There's evidently more than one way to skin this

cat called the blues, but Cray is right up there, and set to take the blues into the '90s.

ANDY HURT

CRAZYHEAD 'Desert Orchid' (Food FOODLP 1) **SEPTEMBER**

EXPECTATIONS FOR the debut Crazyhead LP, 'Desert Orchid', were high. The band's opening salvo of singles – 'What Gives You The Idea That You're So Amazing Baby?' and 'Baby Turpentine' – had blasted themselves into the hearts of the nation's noise-freaks with a winning blend of succulent tunes and searing energy. It seemed as though their time was due.

And 'Desert Orchid' was a fine album, but Crazyhead had spent the money from their deal with Parlophone on cleaning up their once-deliberately gritty sound.

Gone was the greaseball thunder of the group's early days, to be replaced by a new, cleaner raunch – equally noisy, but somehow a lot less satisfying than that which had preceded it.

The singles from the LP, 'Time Has Taken Its Toll On You' and 'Rags' came complete with horn-sections and, while perfectly acceptable as thumping great pop numbers, they threw Crazyhead's position at the top of the grunge-rock league table into serious doubt.

MR SPENCER

DEAR MR PRESIDENT 'Dear Mr President' (Atlantic 781 800-1) **SEPTEMBER**

TWO CRIMSON fingermarks smear across a stark black sleeve, as Dear Mr President make one of America's most startling debuts.

This album is the White House's nightmare. It addresses America's ugliest problems: heroin addiction, suicide, child abuse, disability, prejudice. . .

'Dear Mr President' does not, however, mount the same sneering, political attack as many thrash metal acts this year. It's the album's pure intimacy – particularly 'Reality's' moments of helpless distress – that are really frightening.

The album's sensuality is rare, sparse and precious, yet streaked with power. It's a remarkable accomplishment for producer Mick Jones (Foreigner) and possibly the first wholly wind-free album he's ever been associated with. Ultimately, it is Julian Raymond's tunesmithing brilliance, and his gorgeous, tortured vocal – sometimes crying like a baby; at others, possessed and ranting – that puts a high price on the head of Dear Mr President.

MARY ANNE HOBBS



CRIME AND The City Solution: back to basics

CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION 'Shine' (Mute Stumm 59) **APRIL**

IF 1988 has had anything vital to say, it's that forwards is backward, or rather backwards is forward.

Along with Pixies and Dinosaur Jr, Crime And The City Solution have adopted this seemingly illogical ideal and used it to return rock to its original, primal state. They've replaced the current preoccupation with technology and pageantry with simple, much needed guts.

'Shine' is the epitome of this raw philosophy, being a composite of guitars, keyboards and violins, working together without the small-mindedness of musical sophistication.

Like 'Surfer Rosa', 'Shine' succeeds by reimposing the idea of the band, using the power of its songs – 'Hunter' in particular – to create an astonishing feeling of completeness. This becomes so intense that it's often difficult to separate the individual tracks. The single 'On Every Train (Grain Will Bear Grain)', for instance, with its gloriously underplayed emotion, seems horribly deprived without the plaintive 'Angel' preceding it.

Everything about 'Shine' boasts a conviction that most albums never achieve. From Simon Bonney's gravelly vocals (which have finally reached their romantic peak) to the beguiling, languid keyboard sweeps of Chrislo Haas there's an undisputably adult atmosphere. A feeling that says, I've been there, seen that and this is what it's really like.

With 'Shine', Bonney, Adams, Harvey and company have developed an earth-scorching intensity that just grows with each play. Ignored by far too many, 'Shine' – the sleeper of the year – is just starting to glow.

SAM KING

Performance



DINOSAUR JR: lazy diamonds

DINOSAUR JR 'Bug' (Blast First BFFP 31/CD) **OCTOBER**
IN THE year Hüsker Dü imploded under the weight of expectations and self-doubt, it was a relief to see their blazing torch rescued and revived by another US threesome, born out of hardcore's burgeoning scene. Unlike their anguished Minneapolis brethren, though, Dinosaur Jr were Massachusetts mogadon maniacs whose intensity extended only as far as the vital grooves of 'Bug'.

Which was far – and fair – enough. The Dinosaur magic rests in the baffling duality between their well-documented personal lethargy and the psychosolar combustion of their music. 'Bug' proved that laziness could equal strength.

As with last year's 'You're Living All Over Me', 'Bug's' blueprint lay in a post-hardcore buzzcharge shredded through the archetypal '70s guitar aesthetic of Led Zep and Crazy Horse. What made 'Bug' a more satisfying work was its sharpening of focus onto an unambiguous – if righteously dishevelled – pop organism.

The single 'Freak Scene' was atypical, unusually coherent but, elsewhere, 'Let It Ride' and 'They Always Come' saw J Mascis shaking his hair amid distortion soaked positivism and sky-blue vocal harmonies. 'No Bones' treads an almost reverential path through Neil Young with its laconic guitar lines and J's whine, while 'The Post' lurches from Jurassic jet-lag into a veritable riff charnel-house.

The (extremely) vague romantic sentiments of 'Bug' completed the muddled but satisfying picture. A fractured, dissonant, funny Valentine that thrilled like little else in 1988. The power trio lived again – shine on, you lazy diamonds.

KEITH CAMERON

STEVE EARLE 'Copperhead Road' (MCA MCF 3426/CD) **NOVEMBER**

STEVE EARLE knows the value of patience.

With his 'Guitar Town' debut in 1986, Earle already had his sights fastened on transcending the country market that spawned him. 'Exit O', 1987's potent consolidator played safe stylistically, but live you could tell Earle was angling for a place among rock's roots big boys – Mellencamp, Petty and Springsteen. He was simply biding his time.

'Copperhead Road' is the outcome of Earle's careful planning and manoeuvring.

Disenchanted with MCA Nashville's conservative underselling of his potentially massive music, Earle moved this year to UNI, under whose auspices he recorded his statement of mainstream intent, 'Copperhead Road'.

It's a calculated risk, granted: 'Copperhead Road' has the potential to make or break Earle, and it's still too early to tell which way the chips will fall. Nevertheless, 'Copperhead Road' marks a successful, decisive transition from *avant* country backroads to rock's muscular highway.

Where songs are concerned Earle's gamble has paid off handsomely. The title track, as its author avows, is a powerful, proud summation of his oeuvre, while 'Johnny Come Lately' (with The Pogues), 'Back To The Wall' and 'Snake Oil' handily deliver Earle from the stereotyping of yore and guarantee hardcore rock interest. Mid-tempo ballads 'Waiting On You' and 'Once You Love You Care' cover the middle ground, and work as both pop and country-rock.

Earle has struggled 20 long years to make 'Copperhead Road' a reality. And, if it pays off, it's one insurance policy that will keep him in clover permanently. As it stands, he seems to have loaded the dice in his favour.

RALPH TRAITOR

EPMD 'Strictly Business' (Sleeping Bag SBUKLP 1/CD) **NOVEMBER**

IN '88 you couldn't hear rap music for the sound of people jumping on the Acid House bandwagon. Pushed underground – in the UK – rap had to evolve and produce something new if it was to break its own artistic conservatism. Few made it through...

To progress, EPMD looked back to hip hop's funk roots and struck gold. Ripping rhythm tracks wholesale and exploring the advantages of a solid rhythmic backbone, EPMD side-stepped the usual, tedious, scratch-mix earache and brought rap back to the all-purpose dancefloor.

It's the result of practice and coincidence – DJ K La Boss makes vinyl tremble at his touch, while rapper Erick's laid-back slur is actually attributable to the way he lisps. If he speaks too fast, people don't understand him.

'Strictly Business' brings rap out of the twilight zone of dis favour and I've a feeling, if EPMD don't let it get to their heads, this won't be their epitaph.

DAMON WISE

STEVE FORBERT 'Streets Of This Town' (WEA WX 167/CD) **JULY**

NOBODY'S IDEA of Mr Fashionable – and he knows it – Steve Forbert's return with this impressive collection was one of the year's more surprising entries.

Forbert made a modest name for himself as a potential new Dylan a dozen years ago, when people cared about that sort of thing. Mostly in the wilderness since, his neglect has sharpened his laconic eye on life's little troubles. Try 'I Know' for a dry look at being down.

Gary Tallent produced the set with a gritty immediacy and it suits the sandpaper vocals that Forbert favours. 'I Blinked Once' must be his masterpiece, a shrug of the shoulders at how everything slips away.

RICHARD COOK

NANCI GRIFFITH 'Little Love Affairs' (MCA MCF3413/CD) **MAY**

THE EMERGENCE of Nanci Griffith – along with that of Lyle Lovett – owes less to what constitutes Nashville's notion of country music than it does to the Texan school of folksie singer/songwriters like Guy Clark and Townes Van Zandt. All believe that no matter how outwardly humdrum a life is, there's a story to be told – and maybe even a song to be made out of it.

It's a tradition that harks back to the days of the travelling troubadour: moving from town to town, telling tales and singing songs that just about anybody can relate to. And it accounts for much of Miss Griffith's universal appeal.

'Little Love Affairs' stays true to that ideal, often managing to deliver a whole movie in just a few well turned words. 'Love Wore A Halo (Back Before The War)' and 'Gulf Coast Highway' are instantly believable set-ups, even if you've never been within a thousand miles of Corpus Christi. And when Nanci opens up her heart for the ultimately optimistic 'Anyone Can Be Somebody's Fool', it's no less impressive or credible.

Coupled with the more recent live LP, 'One Fair Summer Evening', Nanci Griffith is now firmly established as one of the most captivating performers in modern music. And utterly charming with it.

PETER KANE



NANCI: UTTERLY charming

THE GO-BETWEENS '16 Lovers Lane' (Beggars Banquet BEGA 95/CD) **AUGUST**

THE GO-BETWEENS' songs continue to strike that delicate balance between purity of feeling and the sophisticated ambiguity of expression. But in '16 Lovers Lane' you feel they are straining to respond to the ticking of a heart.

In short, there is no song here so true and poignant as 'Apology Accepted', as strangely anthemic as 'You Tell Me', or indeed as distinctly, affirmatively memorable as the best of the previous four albums, however less well-produced they were compared to the honeyed tones here. '16 Lovers Lane' is wracked with doubt.

After his songwriting *tour de force* on 1987's 'Tallulah', Robert Forster has turned inwards from macabre melancholy and mordant wit to the metaphysical poetry of 'Clouds' and 'Dive For Your Memory', words of sorrow in the language of Bono.

Likewise U2-like in his quietly authoritative 'Quiet Heart', inveterate romantic Grant McLennan writes more hopefully. Though the couplet "Watch the butchers shine his knives/And this town is full of battered wives" is no less chilling for detonating within the jaunty tune of 'Streets Of Your Town'.

Indeed, there is less solace here for the troubled lover than in any previous Go-Betweens album. The balmy sound of 'I'm All Right', for example, ill-concealing the tether at whose end singer Robert is dangling. This is the love of intelligent people not fooled by the moon, June and sugary sentiment; but their forlorn gaze here could unsettle the steadiest heart.

A bleak, compulsive album where the skin of pastoral romance splits open to reveal the deepest blues.

MAT SNOW



THE GO-BETWEENS: unsettling the steadiest hearts

Mary Scanlon

HAPPY MONDAYS 'Bummed' (Factory FACT 220/CD) **NOVEMBER**

HAPPY MONDAYS are an odd band. Everyone knows that.

They're scruffy, streetshit sharp urchins who sing songs about life in council flats, watching TV with the sound turned down, getting off with "fat birds", taking drugs, staying in bed, and 'Brain Dead F***ers'.

Their world was aptly summed up by Ron Rom, in his recent *Sounds* feature, as one of "fighting, screwing, puking, tripping, stealing and, of course, dancing".

Singer Shaun describes himself vigorously in the stunning opener 'Country Song' – "A simple city boy with stupid country tastes". The rest of the time he strings together vitriolic and often obscene – or at least dubious – alliterations, allusions and nonsense rhymes.

Their noise echoes curiously from the bottom of a deep, swirling soundhole, expertly dug by Martin Hannett, who has eschewed the monochrome mixes of their John Cale-produced debut.

'Bummed' lopes along to the comedown from Northern Soul's speed-inspired dance beat, and unlikely combinations of guitars, keyboards and percussion are smeared over it with relish.

At its peak, on 'Moving In With' or the single, 'Wrote For Luck' (a full-scale rehabilitation of the gnarled funk intro from their classic 'Freaky Dancin'' single), the pace is slouching, the approach slovenly and untutored, the vocals barely intelligible. The whole process sounds like a messy accident – the result a hypnotic, irresistible rush.

'Bummed' is superb. And Happy Mondays, probably by yet another messy accident, are one of the very few genuinely original groups to be found in the UK.

ROBIN GIBSON

JOHN HIATT 'Slow Turning' (A&M MA5206/CD) **AUGUST**

THOUGH HE was unable to use the band which recorded last year's superb 'Bring The Family', Hiatt's latest record is a songwriter's triumph.

The dozen tunes run a gamut from country ballads to punchy urban rockabilly, and Hiatt's lyrics have never been more vivid and inspired.

For 'Trudy And Dave' alone, the record is a gem – a story of three-time losers who finally make good, and typically bittersweet Hiatt. 'Icy Blue Heart' and 'Feels Like Rain' are as fine and lonesome as a train whistle.

If Ry Cooder's absence is to be regretted, there's nothing wrong with the tough and emphatic playing which producer Glyn Johns coaxes from Hiatt's band. It looks like he'll never proceed much further than this, a dependable cult favourite, but John Hiatt is a good man to have around.

RICHARD COOK

Performance

ALBUMS

BRUCE HORNSBY AND THE RANGE 'Scenes From The Southside' (RCA PL 86686/CD) AUGUST

AFTER A flukey hit with 'The Way It Is', which is still Desmond Lynham's favourite talkover music for sports round-ups, Bruce Hornsby deliberately pushed his luck a little further with his second album. It hasn't given him another hit but 'Scenes From The Southside' confirms that Bruce is a lot more than a tinkling piano phrase and a neat melody.

Stepped in the well-worn furrow of rural American singer-songwriters, Hornsby secures his niche with a highly individual blend of country music and a variety of jazz influences ranging from McCoy Tyner to Keith Jarrett.

His songs are short stories — some as steamy as *Gone With The Wind*, others dealing with the realities of life in Appalachian mining communities — evoking a timeless atmosphere.

He gives himself the space he needs to colour in all the instrumental textures too, with two songs over seven minutes long.

But then anyone who scores a hit with a song intro that lasts over a minute — radio can't usually stand more than 15 seconds — isn't going to be pressured into rushing things.

HUGH FIELDER

THE HOUSE OF LOVE 'The House Of Love' (Creation CRELP 034/CD) MAY

IT'S ONE of those records that seem to enter your body throat first. This is not so much due to Guy Chadwick's rich pale moan, or even the lyrics of "deep blue seas and impossible dreams" he seems to write in his sleep, but to Terry Bickers' catalogue of guitar vibrations, shrieks, pistol whips and immolations. He claims not to be able to play. As long as he keeps thinking that, fine.

They started in '87 with 'Shine On', the best flop ever. Following it with 'Real Animal' and 'Christine', one mesmerising, the other enchanting, they said it loud, proud and with a poetic flourish. And in a very English way, too. On the cover of this album three of the blurred faces appear to be trying to remember the words to their favourite Shakespeare quote. Chadwick stares out the camera with the air of a 30-year-old man who has just come to terms with the knowledge that he is singer/rhythm guitarist with the best English band of the decade.

With no bad songs and only occasionally grating lyrics 'The House Of Love' is a champion debut. God knows what majesties they will foist on us in '89 but if 'Love In A Car', 'Happy' and 'Touch Me' are bettered I hope I'm on the premises when it happens. It's those three songs that take this album into the golden sphere. Nothing sounds remotely like them — they don't even sound like each other. The quadrophonic punch of *The House Of Love* boasts a demon drummer, an insidiously thoughtful bassist and a fierce rhythm guitarist.

Then there's Bickers. He litters 'Love In A Car', especially the last hypnotic minute, with piercing cries and humming chords, and burns up 'Touch Me' with a brutal distorted solo. But he's at his most unhinged on 'Happy'. While Chadwick's grinning "I'm happy to be with you/Thrilled that I found you", Bickers is attacking it from the other angle — the way things were before. His solo here is a four-bar flash of fury seemingly belonging to another song, another band.

As we know, they followed this album with the single 'Destroy The Heart', as potent a message as '88 vinyl could provide. Presumably the second album is in the embryo stage.

If, by any freak of nature, they split up, kill them.

DAVID CAVANAGH



THE HOUSE OF LOVE: a champion debut

Russell Young

LIVING COLOUR 'Vivid' (Epic EPC 460758/CD) MAY

ONE STORMY night in April, Living Colour made history at London's ICA. Black rock music had a beautiful, frightening resurrection, and any witness will tell you Living Colour's first British gig was almost a religious experience.

'Vivid', is the album guitarist Vernon Reid was told he'd never make. "F*** off back to your own culture," hissed the industry. "Nobody gives a shit about black men playing rock music."

Meanwhile, the purists burst blood-vessels (despite their quintessential 'rock' tag) as Living Colour thieved the soul of funk; a little hardcore, hip hop and calypso. Stuffing the lot into a cold steel blender, they switched threshing blades to top speed, and left the lid off.

The result? Hell in heaven. Real songs and crushing emotion bursting from a core of lithe, vitriolic noise.

'Vivid' smashed 20 years of corporate apartheid, with awesome celebration.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

METALLICA '... And Justice For All' (Vertigo VERH 61/CD) SEPTEMBER

CHART STAR Bobby McFerrin was understandably miffed upon discovering that America's President-elect, George Bush, had been using the singer's recent hit 'Don't Worry, Be Happy' as a campaign theme tune.

While such a dubious honour is unlikely to befall Metallica ('For Whom The Bells Toll? Er, I don't think so), their fourth LP '... And Justice For All' (the title being a snippet from the USA's Declaration of Independence) was the real soundtrack for this year's most depressing political saga.

Together with the band's bolstering presence on the otherwise unsteady Monsters Of Rock tour (that Metallica's merchandise outsold headliners Van Halen's is seen as highly significant) '... And Justice For All' saw Metallica surge undisputedly into the Big Time.

The LP, all 65 minutes of it, was also Metallica at their most confident.

Their openness to interpretation, power to inspire and ability to blow your head clean off came together with a desperate force.

The result was like a ruthlessly efficient weapon, skilfully honed to slice through any politician's lie. With a final coat of the potent disgust dripping from vocalist and thinking maniac James Hetfield's every word, Metallica were plugged directly into the dark side of a nation's psyche.

Metallica are dragging the rocking hordes by the hair, screaming, towards the approaching millenium. George Bush and an early Armageddon permitting, that is.

NEIL PERRY



JANE'S ADDICTION: the power of intuition

Mary Scanlon

JANE'S ADDICTION 'Nothing's Shocking' (Warner Brothers WX 216/CD) AUGUST

IF VOCALIST Perry Farrell's allusions to art smack of pretence, there's nothing contrived in Jane's Addiction's music. It's volatile gut rock, wild and impulsive.

Their debut proper (the first, eponymous LP was a live independent release), 'Nothing's Shocking' is as startling as any great first album should be.

Naked and spontaneous, the music rolls with Farrell's bizarre, tripping imagination. Its core is power-rock but it touches upon reggae, funk, psychedelia and simple acoustic strum. Farrell's poetry picks at love, God, mass murder. It has a stream-of-consciousness drift, but also a discernible logic.

With the bulk of Los Angeles bands

banking on copying certified successes like Poison or Guns N' Roses, Jane's Addiction are a return to the power of intuition, to roughly the kind of instinct rock 'n' roll that Iggy personified as lead Stooze but gropes for on the the latest ill-titled 'Instinct' LP.

The Stooges, however, simply aren't in the same league as Jane's Addiction when it comes to guitar solos. Farrell has only to shut his gob for fresh-faced David Navarro to promptly unleash some crazed, erratic axe abuse.

The album ends, strangely, with a swingin', jokey little number, 'Thank You Boys'. The ferocious 'Pigs In Zen' finishes the cassette and CD of 'Nothing's Shocking' yet, for reasons unspecified, this song hasn't made it on to black vinyl. The album feels light without it. The CD, though, is rock 'n' roll heaven.

PAUL ELLIOTT



KD: SKY blues

kd LANG 'Shadowland' (Sire WX 171/CD) MAY

AT THE time of her death 25 years ago, Patsy Cline was country's most popular female singer. In the same era, for both wit and satin authority, no one could sing a big pop ballad like Peggy Lee.

Both voices seemed lost forever in the nostalgic, even camp past — until Kathy Dawn Lang from the prairies of Canada discovered not only an uncanny gift of vocal near-mimicry but the intelligence and intuition to sing the heart of a song as well as its mannerisms.

Produced in Nashville by Patsy's regular collaborator, the veteran Owen Bradley, 'Shadowland' is both a brilliant tribute to gingham's finest hour and an album of songs which can pluck those heartstrings as if new-minted.

Best of all, in fact, is a new song: Chris Isaak's 'Western Stars' paints a panorama of romantic rapture where kd's voice sounds as big as the sky.

MAT SNOW

THE LILAC TIME 'The Lilac Time' (Fontana SFLP6)

IF SOMEONE had asked at the turn of the year, what the chances of me scribbling a few glittering words in praise of a man who once went by the name of "Tin Tin" were,

then without hesitation I'd have said somewhere between zero and buggar all.

How strange and pleasing it is, then, to do a sharp about-turn and suggest that in 1988 there have been few better — dare I say nicer? — albums than 'The Lilac Time', where plain Stephen Duffy now passes his days.

Even odder is that this very piece of work first saw the light of day about 18 months back on the Swordfish label. But someone from Phonogram must have got hold of a copy, decided it was too good to disappear down the plughole, with barely a gurgle to its name, and decided to tart it up a bit.

And, hey presto, an absolutely shimmering pop record that is totally English in content and character; crammed with blissful tunes full of sad, sensual and playful imagery and possessed of a sound that languishes on rock's softer edges. It daintily fingers its way from a delicate 'Black Velvet' to the Home Counties 'n' Western liit of 'Return To Yesterday' and 'You've Got To Love', to name but three.

The perfect accompaniment to long, hot summer afternoons. And a quite delicious surprise.

PETER KANE



THE LILAC TIME: sensual

Performance



THE MISSION: primary rock drama

THE MISSION 'Children' (Mercury MISH2/CD) **MARCH**

IN WHICH the hamminess of the goths was dealt a telling blow by the Hammer Of The Gods. The Mish completed the transformation into a rock band and hardcore hair crimpers moved on to the, arrrghh, Nephilim.

Scarcely since the magic mystic soccer rock of Iron Maiden have the twin powers of a) Arthur C Clarke's Mysterious World and b) primary rock drama been united to such awesome and/or amusing effect.

The Mission's compleat weirdness manifests itself in Wayne Hussey's lyrical collision of grinding cliché and archaic, ostentatious language: "Heed to Neptune's calling deceived

in fable and lore"! And as for the rock dramatics, well there was a Marshall stack full o' that on 'Children', nowhere more than with 'Tower Of Strength'.

'Tower' is emphatically a 'rock classic', dripping in that genre's strengths and excesses.

But, despite the proto-Metallica punch of 'Hymn (For America)', 'Children' doesn't quite earn The Mish their place in Valhalla.

The boys have a way to go before they attain true giant-of-rock-classic-monster status. For that they'll have to transcend their brand of melodramatic rock or turn in a mighty post-Spinal Tap double album concept extravaganza. Wayne seems to be bucking for the latter.

ROY WILKINSON

MOMUS 'Tender Pervert' (Creation CRELP-036/CD) **JULY**

IN MANY ways, 'Tender Pervert' by Momus, aka Nick Currie, is an uncomfortable record.

It cleverly uses articulate humour to hammer home life's tragic ironies and thus provides us with a record of great emotional complexity, pouring acid onto home truths and tickling our laughter buds with whimsical observations.

Through this method, Momus manages to touch us in a variety of ways with 'Tender Pervert' and has also probably robbed Morrissey of the best British lyricist throne.

At times, though, you could have been fooled into believing that you were listening to a savage soap opera on Radio 2. For musically, Momus remains limited by his lack of originality. The instrumentation comes across as just a platform for his brilliant lyrics.

Songs — and let's make no mistake, this is a songs album — like 'The Homosexual' tackle sensitive issues with a spiteful logic, and on the beautifully haunting 'Bishonen' Momus bitterly states how we are the offspring of other's fantasies.

Thankfully, Momus never allows his gifted word play to get the better of him. And his self-mockery which, I suppose, is a shield for the insecurity at the heart of the record, always keeps his intellect in check.

Yes, 'Tender Pervert' is a rare album, making a mockery of all our self-inflicted hang-ups. And, if you listened carefully, you will have probably learnt something about yourself — and that's the biggest tribute you can bestow upon Momus.

RON ROM

VAN MORRISON AND THE CHIEFTAINS 'Irish Heartbeat' (Mercury 834 496/CD) **JUNE**

"I'M GOING back to my own ones," declared Van Morrison on the title track of 'Irish Heartbeat'. But it would have taken a wild imagination to predict a return such as this.

At a time when an increasing number of young bands were getting into the mystic for the first time, the old master was rediscovering his Irish roots.

Early in the year, Morrison had stunned a Dublin crowd by not only collaborating with the traditional musician Michael O' Suilleabhain, but finishing their set with Patrick Kavanagh's 'On Raglan Road'. And, by May, Van had entered into a full scale Euro foray with his old friends The Chieftains — smiling, laughing and even cracking onstage jokes with tin whistle warrior Paddy Moloney.

Few performers this year were capable of exuding the natural joy and energy of Morrison and his cohorts. And 'Irish Heartbeat' proved to be everything that those dazzling live shows had promised.

Kicking off with 'Star Of The County Down', they swept through seven more traditional numbers and two of Morrison's own, 'Irish Heartbeat' and the equally telling title 'Celtic Ray'.

And, even if there was something slightly perverse about a bunch of 40 and 50-year-olds singing 'I'll Tell Me Ma', it was made up for by a shiver-inducing quartet of 'My Lagan Love', 'Carrickfergus', 'Raglan Road' and the brilliant 'She Moved Through The Fair'.

Back in his Irish heartland at last, and no one was more welcome.

ANN SCANLON



THE POGUES: poetic ramblers

THE POGUES 'If I Should Fall From Grace With God' (Pogue Mahone NYR/LCD) **JANUARY**

THE METAMORPHOSIS of The Pogues from shambolic, good-time ceilidh pissheads into cohesive University Of Life philosophers, who still drink quite a bit, has been a delight to witness. And 'If I Should Fall' presented their poetic rambblings in a most literate frame.

It was a fine tribute to them and producer Steve Lillywhite that a record with such a proliferation of constituent parts could still hit so hard. The Pogues Orchestra itself lines-up eight strong, and then comes the eclectic instrumental augmentation that lent this record its exotic timbre.

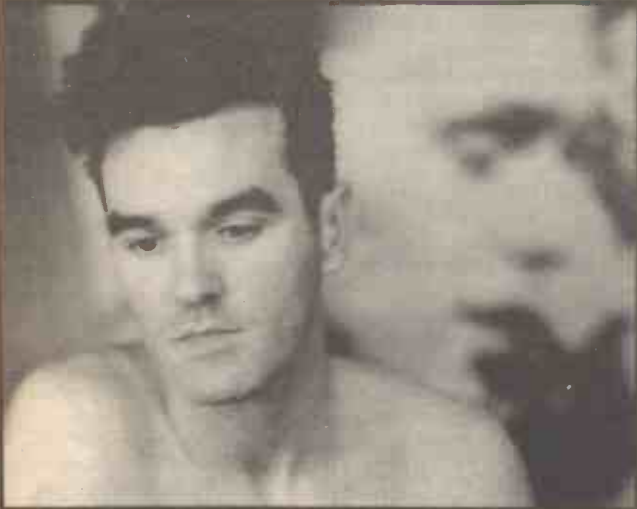
Yet there was nary a hint of dabbling for its own sake — something that spoke volumes for The Pogues' empathy with their heritage, and their world. For such a disparate bunch, the grooves of 'Grace' gleamed with the authority of a band who know where they're coming from and where they're going.

The Pogues seem far more convincing than U2 when they relate Ireland to America. Not least on 'Fairytale Of New York' which, in a perfect world, would be the Christmas number one every year. Here was a song that in its wistful recollection of the mundane became an anthem for the lost, the heartbroken and the dreamer everywhere.

And while 'Birmingham Six' was succinct and true in its outrage, Philip Chevron's 'Thousands Are Sailing' towers above all else, The Pogues' finest, most poignant moment.

I doubt they'll ever better it, and that's by no means a bad thing.

KEITH CAMERON



MORRISSEY: PAINFULLY alone

MORRISSEY 'Viva Hate' (HMV CSD 3787/CD) **MARCH**

THIS TIME last year the dream seemed shattered. Divorced from his erstwhile partner's rockist careerism, abandoned on the rejuvenated HMV label, Morrissey seemed to be utterly, painfully alone.

'Viva Hate' has been his redemption. From the first bucolic baying of 'Alsatian Cousin', it was obvious that his match with Stephen Street and Vini Reilly was perfect. Isolated in their company he dispensed with his former often irritating Formbyesque comic

tendency in favour of a more heartfelt, honest style.

Constantly reminiscing, yet never wallowing in the past, 'Viva Hate' runs the gamut of nostalgia, from the faded TV star voyeurism of 'Little Man, What Now?' to the bleak homelessness of 'Everyday Is Like Sunday' and 'Late Night, Maudlin Street'.

Even with the embarrassing xenophobia of 'Bengali In Platforms', 'Viva Hate' is as inspired as its message is clear; love triumphs over adversity (if only for a second) as the dream becomes real.

SAM KING

PIXIES 'Surfer Rosa' (4AD CAD 803/CD) **MARCH**

IT HAD to come from America. And, on the strength of last year's 'Come On Pilgrim', the smart money said that in 1988 the jerkiest and most thrilling version of the rock dream would hail from Boston, and be called Pixies.

The only improvement on 'Pilgrim' was that 'Surfer Rosa' was longer. Pixies' first full album offering saw Black Francis and friends howling loud and hoarse that Iggyesque dictum — instinct does it best.

With wild axe butchery and a plentiful supply of sinister eroticism in the lyric drawer, 'Surfer Rosa' went to show that, for those who can, there is life yet in those traditional r'n'r utensils.

This was the only worthwhile use of his waking hours that Steve Albini made all year. True, his 'production'

was little more than an exercise in clearing space for Pixies to headcharge through, but in this case that sufficed.

From the epochal thumps of 'Bone Machine' ("You're so pretty when you're unfaithful to me") to the final false start/ending of 'Brick Is Red', 'Rosa' was a non-stop, translingual (hey, it's cool to swear in Spanish!) pogo through US rocklore, transcending categorisation as it went.

The added vocal input of Mrs John Murphy (ex) was crucial throughout but especially so on, of course, 'Gigantic', where Pixies' ruthless simplicity tunnelled to the gut, like no other song this year.

Back in March, five stars meant 'it's a classic' and nothing has changed. Album of the decade.

KEITH CAMERON



PIXIES: RUTHLESS simplicity

Performance

ALBUMS

IGGY POP 'Instinct'

(A&M AMA 5198/CD)

JUNE
SO WHAT if the record sleeve looks like a badly-designed Daz packet – when you're following your heart, rather than your head, who cares about the trimmings? And, after all, gut feeling is what 'Instinct' is about.

Lyricaly, 'Instinct' is a nostalgic nod to the days of the young Ig growing up and dreaming of a future where nothing's impossible. From the album's opening line "I played tag in the auto graveyard" ('Cold Metal') onward, Iggy's outlook on life recalls the innocence, but not the ignorance, of youth.

In the world of 'Instinct' there are no blurred edges. Even the song titles get straight to the point (none are more than three words) and the sentiments are decisive ("I need a strong girl/Who knows where I'm going" – 'Strong Girl') and open ("There's a hole in my heart, I'm lowdown" – 'Lowdown').

This directness is reflected in the uncluttered production which gives free rein to the strong, stark riffs, powerful beats and wailing guitar. Ironically, the first single was 'Cold Metal' – though 'Instinct' is Iggy's closest brush with HM so far, it's humorous, and positive – anything but cold.

Iggy has stripped his sound (and soul) bare but it stands tall, dignified and human. Though he may wear his heart on his sleeve that don't make Iggy no Squarehead – and doesn't he know it!

SUE SMITH

PUBLIC ENEMY 'It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back'

(CBS/Def Jam LP4624151/CD)

JULY
THIS IS more than one of the albums of the year, it is one of the most complete musical documents that any black artist has produced in the last decade.

In this world of disintegrating ozone layers, *Robocop*, mega-violence, satellites and mass confusion, Public Enemy provided the theme-track for the urban insanity which surrounds us. 'It Takes A Nation' was the real sound of the times, a mad rush of paranoia that bombarded our shortened attention spans with 100mph raps. It was kickin', hurtin' and dizzyin'.

With titles like 'Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos', Public Enemy exploited our taste for adventure. While Flavor Flav chuckled like the son of Armageddon, Chuck was the voice of no reason. He wanted justice, whereas Prof Griff wanted revenge and so the contradictions piled up. But, between them, they made everyone reconsider the in-bred racism of western culture.

Their message, naturally, got confused and abused, but 'Louder Than Bombs' proved that Public Enemy will never be quiet. Besides the militant black stance, 'It Takes' happens to be the most innovative hip hop record yet.

RON ROM

PRINCE 'Lovesexy'

(Paisley Park WX 164/CD)

MAY
PERHAPS THE saddest sight of 1988 had to be the piteously dire Sique Sique Sputnik trying desperately to re-invigorate their daffy cock-rock with Prince's 'I Could Never Take The Place Of Your Man' at London's Astoria. A hideous backfire, a glam-slam gone awry, this could only trigger the kind of comparison few mortals can withstand.

This time last year I sat babbling the praises of 'Sign 'O' The Times', little knowing that – but for the aborted, much-bootlegged 'Black' album – there was much more where that came from. Rhythm stripped bare, like the man himself, melodies drawn from every quarter, 'Lovesexy' pencilled in a further step we hadn't bargained on.

Prince's capabilities have to be defined someday, surely, but until that point we can only reckon on the unreckonable. Prince writes to endure, performs to enjoy, lives perpetually on the brink of asshole-ism. 'Lovesexy' is just another reason to want him back. Genius in the raw, he's funny like that...

DAMON WISE



QUEENSRÿCHE: PURPLE hearts all round

Russell Young

QUEENSRÿCHE 'Operation: Mindcrime'

(EMI Manhattan MT1 1023/CD)

MAY
'OPERATION: MINDCRIME' is the first metal album since the brief flowering of ZZ Top to make me want to whack up the amp to a *Spinal Tap* eleven.

Screaming along to 'Revolution Calling' is a great way to bring down the value of houses three doors either side of you. It makes you want to drink ten cans of Special Brew, develop a Glaswegian accent and stagger into the street asking strangers for the price of a cup of tea, Jimmy.

The potential weakness of the record is, in actuality, its strength. This is (gulp) a *concept* album, without the individual tracks consciously forming part of the whole. In isolation they might not add up to much, but strung together over a generous hour, they make for a very imposing body of work.

The unanticipated bonus, which elevates the record to the status of exceptional, is the lyrical content. It makes a pleasant change to get away from the simplistic pubescent verbal masturbation of most of Queensrÿche's peers.

The imagery is 1984/*Blade Runner*/*Escape From New York* in its 'bleak vision' of the near future. The tale is one of the corporate world's puppeteering, the hypocrisy of fire-and-brimstone religion, smacked-up kids selling their bodies, corrupt cops – the usual kind of *Jackanory* stuff. But Queensrÿche stay on the right side of cliché and deserve purple hearts all round for having the balls to urge (in 'Speak'), "Educate the masses, we'll burn The White House down". Dig the sentiment, but it's a nice building. A neutron bomb might be more appropriate.

Who needs Iron Maiden when there's this lot?

ANDY HURT



REM: HOW green thou art

REM 'Green'

(Warner Bros WX 234/CD)

OCTOBER
AS IN naive? Or as in money? REM's latest spectacular burst was suitably embellished with ambiguous twists and half-truths.

The thrill of listening to an REM song never diminishes. It's always a case of where do they go from here? And however corny the chorus ('Pop Song 89'), however *Eurovision* the modulation ('Stand'), the knack of Mike Mills and Peter Dinklage spinning the song round and pointing it way out West redeems the cheesiest of flaws.

Whereas the last three albums started with the best song ('Feeling Gravity's Pull', 'Begin The Begin' and 'Finest Worksong'), 'Green' plumps for operation grower with 'Pop Song 89'. On the face of it, the rhythm seems to be a no-hard-feelings shrug of the shoulders to The Doors' 'Hello I Love You'. But its refusal to stay like that has us grinning.

"Should we talk about the government?" asks Stipe. What, to the sound of California garageland circa '67? Well, absolutely, Michael, let's do just that.

And so, on 'World Leader Pretend', the man who once said he would feel twerp-like singing the word 'I' does so 21 times. Most of those times it's a reassuring prole boast ("I raised the wall and I will be the one to knock it down"), but some of the lines have a crazy, sinister edge ("I demand a rematch" and "This is my world and I am world leader pretend"). You get the feeling Stipe has more on his mind than who won the election.

While Stipe tries to define America in words, Buck, Mills and Berry do it with sound. Mills' bass – a snaky, burrowing, harmonising buzz – gets better with each groove and Buck doesn't seem to be running out of jagged riffs, or new ways to detonate them, just yet. Berry is still strangely busy on hi-hat and tom-toms. They sound unlike any other band, including the four intelligent-looking young men who made 'Murmur'.

"I'm not supposed to be like this, but it's okay-y-y-y" it goes. Like a cheer, or a sob, or just like W T Berry's quizzical eyebrows their music rises and falls.

By now, we all know exactly how great they are.

DAVID CAVANAGH

KEITH RICHARDS 'Talk Is Cheap'

(Virgin V2554/CD)

OCTOBER
AND KEITH should know. You don't play guitar in The Rolling Stones for 25-plus years (ten of those spent in opiated oblivion) and walk out the other side laughing without some kind of a handle on The Nature Of Things.

A drug-addled fossilised zombie to some and rock's very essence personified to others, the great survivor was finally done with just hangin' on in there.

1988 was the year Richards decided to go for it. And while his Stones chum had left all his passion buried in the pocket of an old leather jacket somewhere, the guitarist still had a healthy stash at the ready.

Comparisons between 'Talk Is Cheap' and Jagger's own solo efforts are inevitable, but still valid. While the pair's classic love-hate relationship provides the daily scum-rags with free and easy copy, 'Talk Is Cheap' gave the trivia hounds a whole lot of substance.

Coloured by some amazingly frank interviews – his trashing of The Stones' most sacred cow, Brian Jones, certainly cut the crap – 'TIC' revealed where the primitive cool has really been lurking all along. And with side one's closing track, 'You Don't Move Me', Richards slashed the Jagger flesh and poured on the salt in a direct message.

Highlights? 'Take It So Hard' was the grim death's-head visage of Keef at his best, while 'How I Wish' and 'Make No Mistake' stood up as some of the year's best love songs. 'TIC' was a warm and naked groove from start to finish; dat guy, he got soul.

NEIL PERRY

ROLLINS BAND 'Do It'

(World Service SERV M 002/CD)

OCTOBER
IN A year when thrash bands like Slayer proved that metal could be the sonic equal of hardcore greats Black Flag (Henry Rollins' old band) the man crashed back stage centre with three stunning, solid gone albums.

'Life Time' was a studio classic and 'Big Ugly Mouth' a spoken word venture. But 'Do It', an unbalanced mix of covers and raw live recordings, captures the freakish power of the new Rollins outfit (and Rollins' black humour) best.

Opening with The Pink Fairies' catalytic 'Do It', it only takes three minutes for the album to reach the sort of near-incredible climax his live shows hit after roughly the same time. Then, as with those shows, the album immediately moves up another, apparently cosmic gear.

This band treat the studio as a rock 'n' roll open heart surgery theatre and 'Move Right In' is the album track of the year. This radical rewrite of the Velvet's 'Move Right In' is a devastating statement of intent, while their version of Richard 'Louie Louie' Berry's hilarious blues, 'Next Time', is no pussy either. And the live material on side two – particularly 'Followed Around' and 'Lonely' – finds them in fine, visceral fettle. You can feel the sweat rolling down over those tattoos.

The Rollins Band are turning into a more prolific vinyl machine than Black Flag (no mean feat) and they currently beat even the heaviest metal for intensity. What's more, they don't remind me of *Spinal Tap* when they stop between songs.

ROBIN GIBSON

Performance

ALBUMS

DAVID LEE ROTH 'Skyscraper' (Warner Brothers WX 236/CD) FEBRUARY

"TURBO POP", a Rothism coined while describing America's mega-drag monster-truck races, also defines 'Skyscraper' as fully as any two words can.

Roth's songs are cut like classic singles yet explode with all the fanfare and sonic boom of the most extravagant metal. And Roth's band, featuring the witty and garrulous guitar of Steve Vai, have an added supercharge that can rocket the music into new (for Roth) and unexpected spheres; swing, jazz, rock 'n' roll. "This," Roth gurgles, "is ultra-glide!"

Thus, while Van Halen are hurried into senile decay by the artless buffoonery of Sammy Hagar, so Roth, with his second full-blown post-VH LP, vividly underscores his supreme right to the title of rock 'n' roll's Mr Entertainment!

"She got the stereo with the big guitars and that's all right." When Dave sings, ya gotta smile. 'Skyscraper' is rock for the fun and for the hell of it.

PAUL ELLIOTT



TURBO ROTH

LFI



'CHELLE SHOCKED

MICHELLE SHOCKED 'Short Sharp Shocked' (London/Cooking Vinyl CVLP1) SEPTEMBER

AFTER THE wonderfully low-key gathering around the Texas camp fire, Michelle Shocked's first proper album, firmly establishes her at or near the top of the singer/songwriter class. Her obvious peers may well be Suzanne Vega (now where has she been this year?) and the ubiquitous Tracy Chapman, but her stance is less self-consciously poised; the style more varied; the approach tougher and more direct. For all that, this still manages to be a beautifully controlled and flowing offering.

The crickets and trucks have been left behind and the Sony portable upgraded to something a little more expensive. Yet there's still no mistaking the deceptively easy going yet intimate approach.

Dwight Yoakam's producer and one-time guitarist, Pete Anderson, must take a lot of the credit for the sympathetic way the lone vocal and acoustic guitar have glided so well into a band setting. While the tunes themselves flit between jazzy shuffles, gentle country amblings and even an R&B rumble.

And if there's been a better song than 'Anchorage' in 1988, then won't somebody please let me know.

PETER KANE



SLAYER: A perpetual menace

Greg Freeman

SLAYER 'South Of Heaven' (London LON LP 63/CD) JUNE

ONE HOUR of music, spread across two albums - 1986's 'Reign In Blood' and this year's 'South Of Heaven' - has established Slayer as the ultimate manifestation of heavy metal. Others have proven more influential; Black Sabbath, Stooges, MC5, Metallica. But none have driven the form to such extremes.

The rock press has fallen over itself to proclaim Napalm Death's 'From Enslavement To Obliteration' the absolute of noise terror. Napalm Death are but a thin, monotone burr next to Slayer's electric hell.

'Reign In Blood' was speed metal defined, and two of 'South Of Heaven's' tracks, 'Silent Scream' and 'Ghosts Of War', rush with the same frenetic yet reined scherzo. Elsewhere, 'South' represents the slowing of Slayer.

Even on 'Reign In Blood', the slower riffs - the grind parts in 'Post Mortem' and 'Angel Of Death' - gripped tightest. On 'South Of Heaven' itself, 'Mandatory Suicide' and 'Spill The Blood', there's a sustained deliberation to the attack, and, with it, a perpetual menace.

Slayer aren't as innovative as the wiggled-out Voivod, but at half the length and twice the impact of Metallica's diluted '... And Justice For All', 'South Of Heaven' is metal at its purest and, equally, its most toxic. 'South Of Heaven' is the black album.

PAUL ELLIOTT

SONIC YOUTH 'Daydream Nation' (Blast First BFFP 34) OCTOBER

FROM THE comic to the celestial, 'Daydream Nation' is Sonic Youth's vindication - at last they produced the album that could contain their rush of images, ideas and ambition.

Until 'Daydream' SY's albums had only momentarily encapsulated the band's microcosm. A world where Planet America's tragedy is impacted into comic horror and fury of sonic splinters are wrung out of guitars and hissing electric circuits.

It's been said that writing about music is like dancing around architecture. Well, pre-'Daydream', capturing the essence of Sonic Youth on vinyl was like attempting to photograph the epicentre of an atomic explosion where the fissile material was enriched 'Metallic KO', 'The Silver Surfer' comic and a thousand vibrating fretboards. Previously, songs that had teetered between multi-image wonder and dilettantic disaster had translated poorly in the recording studio, producing erratic testament to SY's technicolour fantasy world.

'Daydream' works consistently. It's pragmatic - taking note of their past problems, Sonic Youth have channelled their overload with a greater discipline. The surprising thing is the way the notes and ideas still reverberate within a stricter format. This is the key to this double album's success, the base which gives leeway for pieces like 'Providence'. A collage of sparse piano, Thurston's amp's "distress signals" and an answerphone message from Firehose's Mike Watt: 'Providence' is a beautiful sonic fragment.

Aside from musical consistency, Sonic Youth's cartoon world is given better definition. Lurking on 'Daydream' there's an entire Sonic Youth Disneyland populated by cartoon characters like J Mascis - the ones simply too cartoony for America's animated mainstream. Add the host of jokes - the 'Trilogy', the symbols - and you have a massed sonic and cerebral meltdown.

Ironic that order is the key to this mental confusion's successful deployment. Hail Sonic Maturity.

ROY WILKINSON



SONIC YOUTH: daydream believers

Mary Scanlon

PATTI SMITH 'Dream Of Life' (Arista 209172/CD) JULY

THERE WERE a few problems with this one when it appeared. Older people who remembered the Smith genius reckoned its return was out of sync with '88. Younger people who didn't remember mumbled grimly about Fleetwood Mac.

Patti was also reprimanded for singing about her marriage, for making a record that sounded like it could be played on the radio, and for continuing to be a poetess rather than a rock lyricist.

Patti may have pulled in the acid reins, but 'Dream Of Life' is as transcendent as her greatest work - the anger of old has only subsided to be replaced with a gorgeous serenity.

Yet songs such as 'Where Duty Calls' and 'Up There Down There' are tempestuous and as rich in images as the best of 'Horses'.

The raw edges are subtler than before, but still profuse. The woman's use of language still amazes.

Sure, 'The Jackson Song' is an icky lullaby, but everything else, from the blood-pumping jubilation of 'People Have The Power' to the bedazzled communion of 'Looking For You (I Was)', sets loose a blizzard of emotions.

Of course she doesn't sail with any of the decade's prevailing musical breezes, or invite parallels with her contemporaries. But 'Dream Of Life' is as unique, inspired and inspiring as Patti ever was.

ROBIN GIBSON

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES 'How Will I Laugh Tomorrow... When I Can't Even Smile Today' (Virgin V2551/CD) SEPTEMBER

THE COMPLETE Live Metal At Home kit comes courtesy of Suicidal Tendencies. Cool shades and tennis rackets are optional extras; just lock your bedroom door, slip 'How Will I Laugh Tomorrow' on the turntable and turn the volume up, loud.

Watch the dandruff fly as your headbanging tries to keep pace with the relentless pound of 'Trip At The Brain' and 'The Feeling's Back' - and don't worry about those atmospheric stadium rock chants, cos the Suicidal boys have kindly provided them.

Just join in their 'S T, S T, Su-i-ci-dal Ten-den-cies' warcries and you really are laughing, though it'll wipe the smile off your neighbour's face.

On this album, Suicidal Tendencies capture the sort of frenzied excitement that usually only happens live. Mike Muir's gruff vocals are harnessed to furious guitars and unforgiving drums, which all translates into harmony in noise. It's music that'll syringe your ears.

Tempo changes are there (honestly), but even the tracks that do slow down ('The Miracle', 'Pledge Your Allegiance') are like taking a roundabout in fourth gear. It's hard and heavy, loud and proud.

What's that, Dad? Turn the volume down? Oh, alright then.

SUE SMITH



THE SUGARCUBES: scraping the stellar heavens

THE SUGARCUBES 'Life's Too Good' (One Little Indian TLP 5/CD) MARCH

WHILE 1987 ended with Sugarcubes mania and speculation, this year saw the band quietly confounding all detractors by producing a debut album of eclectic brilliance. Eleven 'Birthday's it was not.

That startling first single will doubtless precede The Sugarcubes forever, but 'Life's Too Good' was a decisive snub to the blinkered dullards who could only see a North Atlantic Cocteau Twins at work. Fey, twee mystics, no; brutal, sinister (and extremely amusing) mystics, yes!

People tended to ignore the humour and physicality. But here it was on 'Deus', where God gives Einar a bath, and 'Cold Sweat', a song that all but totally unhinges itself and the listener in its terrible vortex.

Björk's vocals gave vent to primal traumas and fears, rendering The Sugarcubes' version of pop innocence quite paradoxical. In 1988 The Sugarcubes scraped the stellar heavens, munched a while, then spat out the remains. And the result was 'Life's Too Good'.

KEITH CAMERON

Performance

ALBUMS



SOUL ASYLUM: hanging loose

SOUL ASYLUM 'Hang Time' (A&M SP5197/CD) **JUNE**

THIS WAS their major-label release, and the record that finally freed Soul Asylum from blinkered Hüsker Dü comparisons.

Brazen and spikey, 'Hang Time' – the pushy Minneapolis quartet's third LP – bumped and growled with a fearless energy. Due to vocalist Dave Pirner's sharp lyrical observations as much as to the band's musical muscle.

Twin guitars and vocal harmonies meshing like a dream, an abundance of rich melodies coming at you from every which way, 'Hang Time' was difficult to fault. Live, Soul Asylum were even better; their pungent version of Bad Company's 'Feel Like Making Love' (more of an excuse to get down and rock it up than a nod of respect to their roots) capped a gig that sizzled like a magnesium flare.

While gritty, anthemic songs such as

'Sometime To Return' (released as a single) 'Cartoon' and 'Beggars And Choosers' best illustrated Soul Asylum's more straight-ahead style, equally endearing was the band's keenness to experiment. There was the country yee-haw and mouth harp of 'Twiddly Dee', the cauterised hardcore anger of 'Heavy Rotation', and 'Endless Farewell', a lush AOR ballad well-suited to any Stateside radio station. While the six-track indie EP released just prior to 'Hang Time', 'Clam Dip And Other Delights', included an unhinged reworking of Foreigner's 'Juke Box Hero'.

Hard-assed and happy-sad, 'Hang Time' was one of those rare records that connected like a warm and familiar favourite. Rock will shine in '89, if Soul Asylum have anything to do with it. No messin'.

NEIL PERRY

U2 'Rattle And Hum' (Island U27/CD) **OCTOBER**

ALTHOUGH IT would have made a better single LP than it did a double, this collection of live and studio tracks, cover-versions and good-ideas-at-the-time was a brave move from a band who could have sat on their laurels for at least another year.

A public metamorphosis with warts 'n' all, 'Rattle And Hum' was a full stop at the end of a chapter. An exorcism of the demons left by the multi-media, mega-buck grinder that U2 so willingly plunged into with 'The Joshua Tree' LP and tour.

Accompanied by the film, the book and a rather churlish press backlash, 'RAH' was akin to four pre-pubescent experiencing their first orgasms. That the planet's biggest rock group should discover r'n'r at such a stage in their career was extraordinary, but the obvious joy they felt as they got off on the r'n'r riffs of 'Desire' and 'God Part II' was universal.

With 'Van Diemen's Land' The Edge sailed through his vocal debut, the guitarist saving his most sumptuous work yet for 'All I Want Is You'. Sadly, Bono's most effective rant – a genuine display of fury during 'Sunday Bloody Sunday', after learning of the Enniskillen bombing – is reserved for the film only.

Celluloid or otherwise, 'RAH' was essential if the U2 myth was to be dismantled. And yes, it's true, Bono does use the f-word.

NEIL PERRY

VOIVOD 'Dimension Hatröss' (Noise N106-1/CD) **FEBRUARY**

1988 HAS seen French Canadians Voivod and then Queensrÿche rehabilitate the metal concept album. While Iron Maiden's dotty 'Seventh Son Of A Seventh Son' reinforces every mocking preconception of stupid, stodgy pomposity, 'Hatröss' throws up music that's inventive, complex, bizarre and shaped around the most fantastic concept trip of them all.

'Hatröss' is Voivod's fourth and most challenging album. Compared to the flailing chaos of their first LP, 'War And Pain', 'Hatröss' is technically controlled and free of the former's ghetto mentality.

Once tarred "the worst band in the world" and still starved of recognition, Voivod are among metal's greatest originators, reaching far beyond the generic limitations that are gospel to most. There's more breadth and even melody to 'Hatröss' than to any of its precursors, but it's still a difficult music. 'Macrosolutions To Megaproblems', for example, is as involved as its title.

With Tom Warrior's libido getting the better of him, Voivod have emerged as metal's foremost innovators and eccentrics. As singer Snake roared in '84, "If you don't care for the group/Go shit! I'm not a fish!"

PAUL ELLIOTT



SNAKE VOIVOD in a snow concept **Peter Anderson**

TALKING HEADS 'Naked' (EMI/EMD 1005/CD) **MARCH**

"THIS WAS a Pizza Hut/ Now it's all covered with daisies" ('Nothing But Flowers').

Mod-con survivalism turned on its head, 'Naked' drowns in creeping foliage as David Byrne's beloved urban hot-spots find nature on the warpath. Progression through regression, this album slinks closer to the primitivist aesthetic that's always lurked beneath their paranoiac metropolitan skylines.

Society caves in on itself, businessmen frolic in loincloths and fig leaves, vines entwine deserted shopping malls in a tongue-in-cheek vision of an Elysian apocalypse. Musically, this is Talking Heads at their lightest and breeziest. Lyrically, Byrne is still the childlike spectator, corrupting language with his topsy-turvy syntax.

This is Mr Magoo in the Garden Of Eden, fumbling his way through the ancient with only a rudimentary grasp of the modern. Their least frenetic work to date, 'Naked' still conceals a frightening wit and intellect.

Civilisation at its wits end – run for the trees, the sky is falling!

DAMON WISE

BRIAN WILSON 'Brian Wilson' (Sire 92 56694)

'BRIAN WILSON', the chief Beach Boy's return to pop's centre stage after a long absence, was one of 1988's cardinal pleasures. Following 20 years of self-imposed, virtually unbroken exile, Wilson was enabled by his doctor/guru Eugene Landy to make this terrific record.

Landy, who is credited as 'executive producer', also co-wrote several songs with Wilson, but his influence, on vinyl at least, has been benign.

'Love And Mercy', the album's opener, signalled to disconsolate Wilson-watchers everywhere that the mastermind of 'Pet Sounds', the '60s greatest conceptual watershed, was back in the driver's seat at last. 'Love And Mercy' doesn't just ape 'Pet Sounds', it reactivates its unique style and profundity, factors sorely missing from The Beach Boys' albums of the '70s/'80s where Wilson took only a passive interest.

Despite its marked unevenness, 'Brian Wilson' is nothing short of an artistic resurrection for this great talent. 'Baby Let Your Hair Grow Long', a compelling re-run of The Beach Boys' '60s hits and 'Melt Away', Wilson's moving confession of vulnerability and isolation, were two reasons to celebrate.

Another, 'Night Time', managed to hit Wilson's avowed target: '80s pop founded on '60s principles that doesn't rely on plagiarism or parody to deliver.

'Brian Wilson' is more than a comeback or freak. It's a startling reaffirmation of Brian Wilson's greatness and a solid promise that the best is yet to come.

RALPH TRAITOR

THIN WHITE ROPE 'In The Spanish Cave' (Demon/FIEND 114)

IF 'MOONHEAD' is destined to be remembered as the album that 'established' Thin White Rope then 'In The Spanish Cave' will be remembered for the way it cracked the definition wide open, like a nutshell under a hammer.

'Spanish Cave' builds on 'Moonhead's considerable foundations, but uses them as little more than a springboard for exploration further afield. And it's all done with such a calm feeling of authority. It's on the crushing twin guitars of 'It's OK' and 'Red Sun' that the blood link with 'Moonhead' is most easily traced. Elsewhere, though, the dimensions of the music are strangely elastic.

At their heart, TWR are the most pluralistic 'guitar' band to have emerged from the US in recent years. They are able to comfortably incorporate the residue of seemingly irreconcilable influences and still retain a strong sense of their own sonic identity.

Quintessentially American, but never narrowed down in any restricting sense, they comfortably touch base with such diverse sources as Big Brother And The Holding Company, the 13th Floor Elevators, Johnny Cash and The James Gang. And just as attempts at classification are an absurdly self-generating process, so any analysis of the songs amounts to little more than a pointless trek.

While TWR never trade in abstraction, the enigmatic is certainly their forté. This is evidenced by the preponderance of terse, single word song titles: 'Ring', 'Timing', 'Wand', 'Astronomy'... Similarly, the lyrics of these ghost-like sonatas are never fully resolved. Take the mutated rockabilly of 'Elsie Crashed The Party', ostensibly a song about a dead girlfriend but which was actually inspired by a dead cow! Likewise, the jaunty country swing of 'Mr Limpet' is, on the surface, an uncontentious submarine tale – dig deeper though and it becomes a dark fantasy allegedly inspired by Senator Edward Kennedy's mishap at Chappaquidick bridge, two decades ago.

On 'Ring', Guy Kyser sings, "I wish I could turn a sunset into cash". He's getting closer each time out.

GRAHAME BENT



THIN WHITE ROPE: turning sunsets into cash

WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES 'Let's Play Domination' (Product Inc 33 PROD 18/CD) **NOVEMBER**

MIXING MEDIA mind games with a savage, aural affront, World Domination Enterprises made enough noise this year to shake London's Westway to its foundations.

'Let's Play Domination' was a perfect fusion of sonic thrash and loose-limbed reggae, underwired with vitriolic attacks on the Thatcher empire.

Their choice of covers explained explicitly where they were coming from. U Roy's 'Jah Jah Call You', LL Cool J's 'I Can't Live Without My Radio' and Lipps Inc's 'Funkytown' were all used and abused to suit Dobson's global conspiracy.

'Message For You People' opened the barrage, 'Trouble Enough' smashed through the riot barriers and 'Asbestos Lead Asbestos' turned into an anthem for the radiation generation.

CATHI UNSWORTH

THE WONDER STUFF 'The Eight Legged Groove Machine' (Polydor GONLP 1) **AUGUST**

THE FINEST exponents of irrepressibly punky pop music to have emerged in ages, The Wonder Stuff made 1988 the year they cracked the singles chart – and released a stunning debut LP in the process.

'The Eight Legged Groove Machine' (great title) was a breeze, a rollicking chunk of rock 'n' roll, festooned with chirping guitars, but bubbly enough to serve as a real tonic whenever the excesses of Slayer et al became too much for one's brain to take.

Packed with classics, from the richly ironic 'It's Yer Money I'm After Baby' and the snappily embittered 'Unbearable', through to the wistful tones of 'A Wish Away', the album had just about everything you could hope for from a bunch of scruffy ex-punk rockers with an ear for a good tune.

MR SPENCER

- F FILM
- V VIDEO
- T TV
- B BOOKS
- P PREVIEW

Performance

SCANNERS

EDITED BY ANN SCANLON

Moonage daydream



MICHAEL: AGED 12 - it's a pretty good place to be

MOONWALKER

(Warners)

IT WOULDN'T be too difficult to make out a case for Michael Jackson as this generation's pop supremo. Through the shrewdest of management, some hand-picked songs, a few slick moves and a voice that can tinker with the most ancient of hearts, he's proved himself so far ahead of the pack that he's practically out of sight.

Not unnaturally, *Moonwalker* makes the assumption that whatever works onstage, in the studio or even as a humble video, is just bound to translate to the big screen. Wrong.

So, whereas *Rattle And Hum*, *Prince: Sign 'O' The Times* and even the Lennon biopic possess a semblance of purpose and unity beyond a crude sock-'em-in-the-eyeballs with the special effects, this little baby can't make up its mind what it wants to be.

Concert footage of fainting fans, intercut with split second images of Kennedy and Mother Theresa, fades into snatches of Michael's greatest moments before we get an animated section, with him as a rabbit who gets chased rather a lot. Remember *Roadrunner*? Well, it's not as good.

Things deteriorate still further with a lengthy sequence going by the name of *Smooth Criminal* which looks like a Disney-esque response to *Robocop*, dreamed up by an advertising agency to present the blanched one as the saviour of humanity.

Michael inexplicably finds himself the adversary of a Mr Big (yes, that's his name) who's taken it upon himself to convert every kid in the world into a dribbling smackhead. Once again Mr Too Good To Be True gets chased a great deal, this time by leather clad militiamen wielding some pretty powerful weapons.

There's more, but what's the point? The longer it goes on, the more difficult it is to get beyond the notion that behind the plastic is a big fat emptiness where his head should be. After all, here's a bloke who's apparently decided that 12 is a pretty good age to be, so he's going to stay there. His best friends are dumb animals, small children, cartoon characters and Elizabeth Taylor. Now tell me that's healthy.

Not so much a film, more an advert for the myth that we're increasingly asked to accept as the man. Bad in the truest sense of the word.

PETER KANE

SIUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES 'Nocturne, Live At The Royal Albert Hall' (Channel 5)

THE DAMNED 'This Could Be The Last Time' (Hendrig)

TROUBLEFUNK 'Live In Japan' (Island)

LIAISONS

DANGEREUSES 'Live' (Ikon)

THE PASTELS 'A Bit Of The Other' (Glass)

IT'S THE season to sit in front of the television, with four remote control panels at your fingertips, stuffing your face with food and drink, not knowing whether to crap or burst.

To fill the time, here's a brief guide to recent video releases and what you should and should not allow to infiltrate this great British cultural event.

Firstly, we are meant to be impressed by Siouxsie & Co persuading the Royal Albert Hall to let them, and all those 'orrible, smelly punk types in. We're not.

But if you are an obsessive Banshee - and I know there's a lot of you out there - this live recording captures the longest running punk saga in action, five years ago with Robert Smith accompanying them on guitar.

And while undeniable gems like 'Israel' and 'Melt' shine, the rest is the usual awful, goth nightmare, filmed with little imagination, style or verve.

And while we're on the subject of punks stuck in mindwarps, The Damned's reunion gig last June has been put onto video so you can sit back and remember the good old days.

'Neat Neat Neat' and 'Smash It Up' are nostalgically brought up like stale vomit on Boxing Day. Still, if this kind of stuff makes you happy, make a New Year's resolution to see a doctor, immediately.

Meanwhile, Washington's Trouble Funk take their beat to the land of the rising sun, Japan. But their static live performance seldom matches the loose-limbed, push 'n' shove agility of their considerable superior vinyl outings.

I must confess to knowing very little about Liaisons Dangereuse (except that they might possibly be French) and after this live barrage of redundant screaming and Euro Industrial beat, I felt even less inclined to find out anything more about them.

However, The Pastels - those unclaimed shambling pop pioneers from Scotland - save the day. They've taken their ebullient amateurism to video and come up with the strongest of these five releases.

The brittle, but oh so sweet, 'Oh Baby Honey' sees Steve Pastel miming as badly as you'd expect him to, while the rest of the band give a beginner's guide on how not to dress. But 'Truck Train Driver' and 'Comin' Through' confirm The Pastels' status as truly genuine underground geniuses.

All in all, I'll be playing with the remote control panels again this year.

RON ROM

The films of '88



WINGS OF change

1. WINGS OF DESIRE

(Recorded Releasing)

WINGS OF Desire charts the transition of Bruno Ganz from spirit to flesh, from a lifeless shadow to a man who rejoices in the feel of newsprint on his fingers. And this is reflected in the cinematography, alternating between the austere monochrome world of the angel and the romantic hues of the mortal world.

Wings Of Desire is a brave film and, though the style and imagery prove heavy going at times, it's one that's sure to bear up to repeated viewing. (DW)

2. A FISH CALLED WANDA

(UIP)

LIKE ALL the best humour - and *A Fish Called Wanda* is very funny - it relies on a superb balance of brutality, sexuality, social values and misunderstanding. This is particularly evident between the English half of the cast and the Americans, and it recalls Joe Orton's mischievous humour, as well as the destructive nature of the best of *Monty Python*. (SK)

3. MIDNIGHT RUN

(UIP)

THIS IS a terrific, hellfire movie. It opens with one of the smartest set-up sequences in any recent thriller and pounds onward for two hours. By the close we've been through screaming action, relentless bad language, belly laughs and heartbreak. You don't want it to stop. (RC)



JOHN WATERS: outrageous

4. HAIRSPRAY

(Palace)

"PEOPLE THAT have never seen any of my films think *Hairspray's* outrageous, which I find really odd. I think, Ha! Wait till you see the other ones. . ." - Director John Waters. (DW)

5. ROBOCOP

(Orion)

LITTLE-KNOWN dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his unknown cast must be laughing all the way to the bank, and well they should. Not only does their startling film brilliantly parody the gore 'n' guts, tough guy on parade school of cinema but its success parodies that patronising, Hollywood notion that you give the people the lowest common denominator of what you think they want and they'll be begging for more. (JR)

6. WITHNAIL AND I

(Recorded Releasing)

LOW BUDGET comic relief from the usual fast food Hollywood humour, *Withnail And I* is a rich and rewarding feast to savour. (TR)



BOB AND friend

7. WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT

(Touchstone)

ON ITS own terms, *Roger Rabbit* is a sensational triumph. (RC)

8. THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING

(UIP)

THE FILMING of Milan Kundera's novel was never going to be easy, assuming it was, of course, possible. Impossible tasks, however, appear to be director Philip Kaufman's forté, and what could so easily have been a sombre and mawkish movie looks likely to be one of the year's finest. (DW)

9. TAMPOPO

(Electric)

DIRECTOR ITAMI is already a cult figure in the States but is unknown here. Culinary comedy, *Tampopo* looks set to change all that. (TR)



HUTCHENCE: SPACED out

10. DOGS IN SPACE

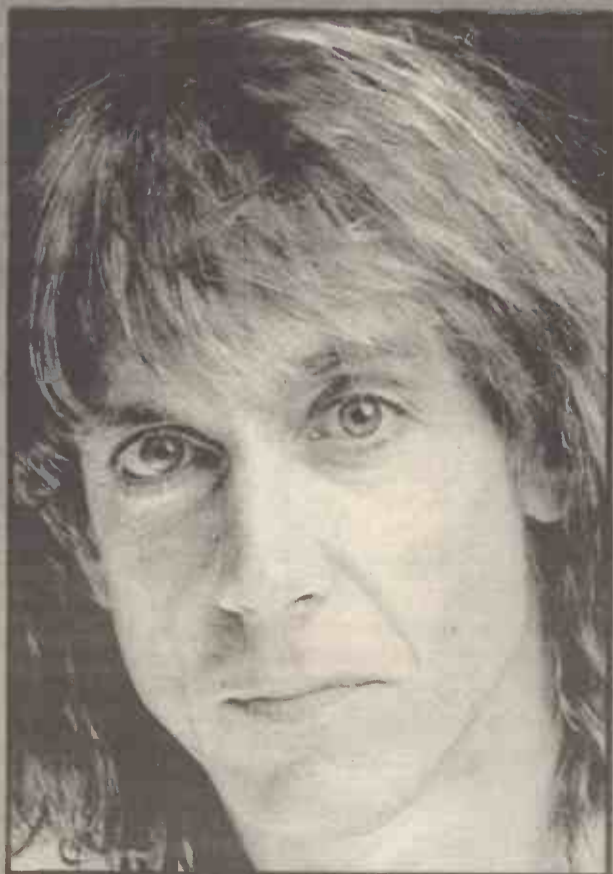
(Recorded Releasing)

IF EVERY music movement has to have a seminal movie to document or at least reflect it, then *Dogs In Space* is surely the unchallenged contender for that title vis a vis the Australian new wave scene of the late '70s. (TM)

SOUNDS TOP 50 SINGLES

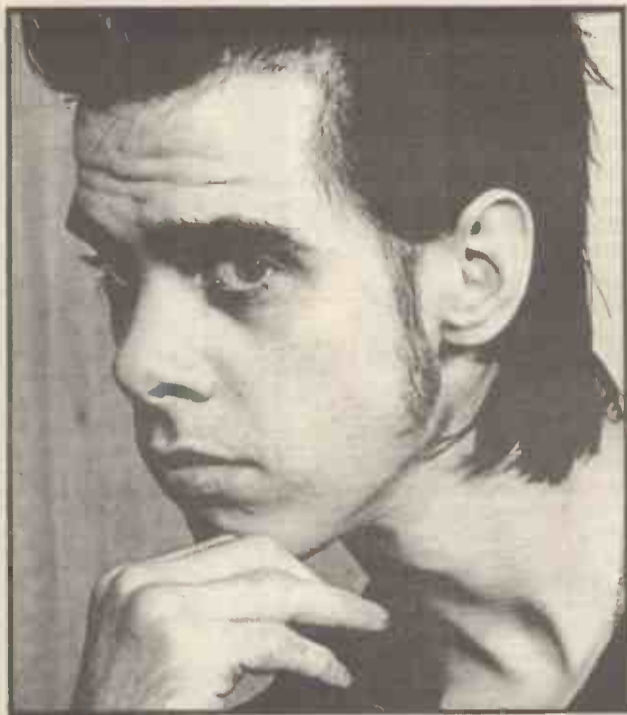
- 1 THE MERCY SEAT Nick Cave Mute
- 2 FREAK SCENE Dinosaur Jr Blast First
- 3 GIGANTIC EP Pixies 4AD
- 4 SIDEWALKING The Jesus And Mary Chain blanco y negro
- 5 TOWER OF STRENGTH The Mission Mercury
- 6 COLD METAL Iggy Pop A&M
- 7 ANCHORAGE Michelle Shocked Cooking Vinyl
- 8 L'AMOURIR Young Gods Play It Again Sam
- 9 (ON EVERY TRAIN) GRAIN WILL BEAR GRAIN Crime And The City Solution Mute
- 10 ALPHABET STREET Prince Paisley Park
- 11 KITTY The Pogues Sounds EP 3
- 12 TEARDROPS Womack & Womack 4th & Broadway
- 13 SUEDEHEAD Morrissey HMV
- 14 THE VALLEY ROAD Bruce Hornsby And The Range RCA
- 15 DESTROY THE HEART The House Of Love Creation
- 16 LOVE AND MERCY Brain Wilson Sire
- 17 COPPERHEAD ROAD Steve Earle MCA
- 18 YOU MADE ME REALISE My Bloody Valentine Creation
- 19 CHRISTINE The House Of Love Creation
- 20 NIGHT OF THE LIVING BASEHEADS Public Enemy Def Jam
- 21 NEED YOU TONIGHT INXS Mercury
- 22 DESIRE U2 Island
- 23 THE RACE Yello Mercury
- 24 I WALK THE EARTH Voice Of The Beehive London
- 25 RUSH HOUR Jane Wiedlin RCA
- 26 THE BREAKING HANDS The Gun Club Red Rhino
- 27 SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL Laibach Mute
- 28 MASTER-DIK Sonic Youth Blast First
- 29 THEME FROM S'EXPRESS S'Express Rhythm King
- 30 DON'T FEAR ME NOW (KISS YOU ONCE MORE) In Tua Nua Virgin
- 31 NOBODY'S TWISTING YOUR ARM The Wedding Present Reception
- 32 GIVE ME MORE The Wonder Stuff Polydor
- 33 COLD SWEAT The Sugarclubes One Little Indian
- 34 KIDNEY BINGOS Wire Mute
- 35 TALKIN' ALL THAT JAZZ Stetsasonic A&M
- 36 IS THIS THE LIFE? The Cardiacs Alphabet
- 37 DIRTY SINGS Anita Lane Mute
- 38 MARSHMELLOW CONSPIRACY EP Das Damen SST
- 39 BIG BUBBLES NO TROUBLES Ellis, Beggs & Howard RCA
- 40 I WANNA BE A FLINTSTONE The Screaming Blue Messiahs Warner Brothers
- 41 FREDDIE'S DEAD Fishbone Epic
- 42 WHEN IT'S LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 43 BUDD Rapeman Blast First
- 44 VEILS OF COLOUR/SPITTING OUT MIRACLES Blue Aeroplanes Fire
- 45 GOODBYE JIMMY DEAN Boys Wonder Boys Wonder
- 46 LUCRETIA The Sisters Of Mercy Warner Brothers
- 47 DEUS The Sugarclubes One Little Indian
- 48 MILES APART Mega City Four Primitive
- 49 WISH AWAY The Wonder Stuff Polydor
- 50 TWIST IN MY SOBRIETY Tanita Tikaram Warner Brothers

Compiled by the Sounds writers



IGGY: INSTINCTIVELY consistent

Performance



NICK CAVE: struggling against his darker side

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS 'The Mercy Seat' (Mute) Cave's journey from cell to electric chair, the 'mercy seat' of the title, is an immaculate parable of man's struggle against his darker side, piling chorus upon chorus with a ferocity that refuses to abate.

Cave's continued preoccupation with good and evil, God and the Devil has now reached Biblical proportions. It's a theme that's matched in intensity only by the crescendo of noise that accompanies his journey.

Here, on his way to the 'mercy seat', Cave deliberates, weighing up the most pointless, unconnected events as though they had world shattering significance. He spys Jesus in his soup bowl, sees the Devil on his cell walls and finds God hanging just above the chair.

Faced with the schizophrenia of such constant revaluation and an accompanying miasma of guitars and violins, it's only appropriate that Cave should constantly reappraise the chorus each time, changing a word here, an inflection there, until it becomes a glorious flowing mantra anticipating his demise.

Mindnumbing, moving and, quite simply, the best single this year. (SK)

DEPECHE MODE 'Behind The Wheel' (Mute) This is J G Ballard's *The Atrocity Exhibition* set to music. A magnificent explosion of crushed bumpers, wearying, over-revving engines and grotesquely distorted bodywork.

The fatalistic sound of Philip Glass meeting Anthrax on Route 66 and instantly smashing the speed limit. (SK)

THE SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS 'I Wanna Be A Flintstone' (WEA) A tip-toe hoedown hymn to the single greatest role model for family life in the American speaking world. It's a hoot and far too mob handed to be branded as some vile star trekkin' novelty. (MS)

LUXURIA 'Redneck' (Beggars Banquet) Howard Devoto has curiously stepped into harmony with 1988, by making a record that's old-fashioned, timeless and self-respectful enough to knock lumps out of any modern opposition.

'Redneck' is a speedy, pounding mix of ambience and bloody-minded wallop that reminds me of a crossbreed of prime Joy Division and Simple Minds circa 'The American'. Sounds crazy, but it's pretty unique and near perfect. (RG)

SONIC YOUTH 'Master-Dik' (Blast First) 'Master-Dik' succeeds through (a) sheer bravado, (b) the

presence of gtr parts from Dinosaur Jr's J Mascis and (c) the fact that this sort of end of civilisation activity is going to be big news in 1988. (RW)

MANTRONIX 'Sing A Song' (10 Records) Out of the faceless multitude of rappers, House salesmen, hip hop crews, jackmasters and everybody else who sets out to assault an unsuspecting groove, Mantronix still sound like the most consistently inventive. The only ones whose records are worth keeping and returning to for something fresh. (RC)

THE MISSION 'Tower Of Strength' (Mercury) No shilly-shallying. No ifs, buts or maybes. This is one hell of a record. A huge, bursting soundscape that demands both ears to be fully cocked as wave upon wave of big, beautiful overblown noise washes against you, rising and rising till you're practically drowning in a sea of the sweetest ecstasy. Then blackout. (PK)

MEGADETH 'Anarchy In The UK' (Capitol) Not the easiest choice of covers. But however crass you may consider it, only Megadeth would dare in the first place. And only the scheming and dreaming metalbrat Dave Mustaine could contrive to inject some fresh venom into Rotten's now legendary snarl of anti-poetry. (NP)

MORRISSEY 'Suedehead' (HMV)

"You think you were my first love but you're wrong/ You were the only one who's come and gone," laments Morrissey in 'I Know Very Well How I Got My Name'.

Two minutes of smarting, martyred loneliness with guitars sitting solemnly, hands folded and heads bowed. It's incredibly heavy handed, suggesting such innocence and unalloyed pain that for the first time I can seriously entertain Morrissey's chaste image. (RT)

THE LILAC TIME 'Return To Yesterday' (Swordfish) Truly immaculate. A gem, a Cadbury's cream egg, a cold can of Pils, a successful accumulator on the gee-gees, a fearless Mexican meal of a song.

Stephen 'Tin Tin' Duffy's sinus-sieved vocals and ear for a corker tune remain intact. (AH)

MDMA 'Eyes Wide Open' (Ediesta) MDMA make a big noise. I think that's what sets them apart from the rest, this and the fact that there's nothing precious about them.

The band's sonic snarl churns attractively for what seems like an age, and then there's a shift in emphasis, an army of guitars roars in and finally, when you feel sure these charlatans must have exhausted themselves, trumpets. Yes, trumpets, lots and barely on-key. A fitting end. (Mr S)

THE WILD FLOWERS 'Broken Chairs' (Chapter 22)

Enter The Wild Flowers, Wolverhampton's answer to *Robocop*. Armed with high velocity, low action electric guitars, they dish out power chords like the metal porker dispenses justice — with a steel gauntlet. (SP)

LYLE LOVETT 'Walk Through The Bottomland' (MCA)

On one hand Lovett's hailed as the greatest thing since Dolly button badges, on the other he's decried as a blatant sexist.

'Walk Through The Bottomland' is a bittersweet country song, coupled with the velvet harmonies of Emmylou Harris and the added bonus of 'Simple Song'. Those searching for serious sexism will find it elsewhere. (AS)

CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION 'On Every Train (Grain Will Bear Grain)' (Mute)

Crime appear to be returning to their roots: a kind of Australasian U2. Their Ry Cooder inspired slicing, backbeat driven rock rebellion speaks of the crisp innocence of isolation, the beauty of primitive, earthy technology. (SK)

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN 'Sidewalking' (blanco y negro)

Their most wanton and dangerous single since 'Never Understand', 'Sidewalking' is lodged firmly in Mean City USA, with a colossal, grinding, "screw you" bassline and

resolutely metalheaded guitar.

The Reid Brothers have long been masters of this wound up paranoia but rarely have they stated their obsessions quite so bluntly and with such bitch-faced profundity. (KC)

DANIELLE DAX 'Cathouse' (Awesome)

An abandoned ode to carnal pleasure, galloping irretrievably on a loud, lousy, riffing beast for which Zodiac Mindwarp or Def Leppard would pawn their *Penthouse* collections. (RG)

PREFAB SPROUT 'The King Of Rock 'N' Roll' (Kitchenware)

Having exploded the delusory self-glorification of rock 'n' roll, Paddy offers only honesty and irony as a substitute.

Such a mood may chime piogantly with music-besotted yuppies, but I'll bet it's a bugger for 'kids on 't'street. (MS)

REM 'Finest Worksong' (IRS)

With its rare delicacy and apparently spontaneous nature the medley reminds us what an excellent live band REM are. The muted reading of 'So Central Rain' is particularly beautiful, taking the medley to a VFM spectacular of 8.21 minutes. Christ, it's almost long enough to be a Mission remix. (RW)

BASTARD KESTREL 'Cor Trance EP' (Goldhanger)

If rock music is in need of a root canal job to stop its piteous mewling then Bastard Kestrel will do the work, with a chainsaw if you please. Let the British hardcore engines commence to hum! (RT)

LOOP 'Collision' (Chapter 22)

Loop's self-indulgent noise is an obnoxious oasis in a polite desert of restraint. They suck in electricity and hurl it back in mile-wide slabs, obsessive, thoughtless, hypnotic mantras that chug relentlessly onwards. (NP)

BRUCE HORNSBY AND THE RANGE 'The Valley Road' (RCA)

A breathtaking marriage between a deep, heartfelt rock 'n' roll and a more maverick sense of pace and colour. (RC)

BIG DIPPER 'All Going Out Together' (Homestead)

Light but emphatic, to the point, and never strays too far from the chorus. One of the most English (as opposed to British) sounding bands to have emerged since the halcyon (and unfulfilled) days of The Yachts and The Monochrome Set. (AH)

MORRISSEY 'Everyday Is Like Sunday' (HMV)

A gentle stroll along a drizzly promenade, Morrissey's eloquent lyrics capturing the atmosphere of a damp British coastal resort.

"Everyday is like Sunday/ Win yourself a cheap tray/ Share some greased tea with me" sums up everyone's reasons for choosing the Algarve again this year. (SP)

SOUNDS SINGLES OF THE WEEK 1988

ROTE KAPELLE 'San Francisco Again' (In Tape) Rote Kapelle seem able to summarise, with one sumptuous vocal harmony or the cleverest little bend of a guitar string, that feeling you get when the weather's nice and you're walking along and suddenly you think, Hey! It's brilliant being alive! (Mr S)

FIREHOSE 'Sometimes' (SST) 'Sometimes' feels right, like they just walked into a studio, had a few beers and played. Being American, Firehose are spared the typically English chattels of fashion and image and can therefore reinvest the highway song, the most basic of rock's mythic touchstones, with conviction and charm. (KC)

ERIC B & RAKIM 'Follow The Leader' (MCA) Great loops of stalking bass and paranoid suspense-thriller soundtrack hurtle down an endless neon underpass with fly-wheel remorselessness. This leaves Rakim with the easiest job in the world to keep on the pressure, his rap hissing in your face like an interrogator. (MS)

CRAZYHEAD 'Time Has Taken Its Toll On You' (Food/Parlophone) Some might complain that this is a clean-up job of outrageous proportions. Don't waste my time. A stroke of greatness. A moment to cherish. Five sick men join the angels. (RC)

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL 'I Don't Want To Talk About It' (blanco y negro) EBTG have soul, poise and immaculate choice in cover versions. 'I Don't Want To Talk About It' is a great love song, swathed in a gorgeous string arrangement, sung wilfully and faithfully by the underrated Tracey Thorn, and even featuring a detectable Ron Wood guitar influence. It should be a huge hit. It's certainly huge. Best single since the Patti Smith comeback. (RG)

PERE UBU 'We Have The Technology' (Fontana) Notable features of this gently-paced, loosely riffed song are a) Allen Ravenstine's radio-interference, little sonic exclamation marks like the incidental interruptions that Public Enemy include on their records, and b) a spanking *Camberwick Green*-style guitar solo. (RW)

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES 'Peek-A-Boo' (Wonderland/Polydor) While others ritually exchange clichés, hustle onto the dance floor or dip their heads into a bucket of bleach just to curry flavour, Siouxsie wanders off all on her own and comes up with something very strange indeed...

Great clumsy, backwards rhythm, off-centre strings and time-delayed brass. And where *did* they get the sea shanty accordion? (PK)

BAPPI LAHIRI 'Habiba'

(Hi Hat) An insistent synth-powered dance beat, belting percussion and a wailing incantation over the top could propel 'Habiba' into the Ofra Haza/Morey Kante chart exotica orbit. (AH)

BOYS WONDER 'Goodbye Jimmy Dean' (Boys Wonder) A riot of aural signposts and images, lapping tantalisingly at The Who's cockney muscle, the joyous riffing splendour of early Quo and the phlegmatic ecstasy of the Sex Pistols at full tilt.

Despite these haphazardly rebounding rock echoes, Boys Wonder inject into 'Goodbye' a goldmine of sounds, each stamped with their own uniquely punk style — punk rock, oh yes indeed, but deliriously fine pop music too. (Mr S)

OFRA HAZA 'Galbi' (Teldec) There's a narcotic power about her voice — the long held notes which just shade into a tremble, the nasal timbre that hints at a new sensuality in the music — which insists that you deal with it on *her* terms, instead of gaping at another exotic showgirl in beads and bracelets. (RC)

METALLICA 'Harvester Of Sorrow' (Vertigo) This is 200 blood-soaked years of American history sniffed at, chewed up, digested and then spewed straight back out as chunks of James Hetfield's colossal guitar grind.

At a radio-wrecking length of five minutes and 42 seconds, the chart-destined 'Harvester' is unstoppable and threateningly heavy, as functional as a jack-boot and as unfriendly as the person wearing it. (NP)

THE YOUNG GODS 'L'Amourir/Pas Mal' (Play It Again Sam) The song itself is colossal, an immense sandblaster of a record that merges scathing guitar bursts with a handily sympathetic drumbeat. It's a gigantic speed killer of a song that doesn't so much hit and run as assault, run over and then stop for a while to take some Polaroids. (SK)

BILLY BRAGG 'Waiting For The Great Leap Forwards' (Go! Discs) "Start your own revolution and cut out the middleman," goes the key line. And no doubt blood will be spilt over the exact interpretation of the holy word, but I think the old boy is saying how it is the first committed step that counts. Not easy, Bill confesses, which is a relief; as is the admission that grassroots politics is often dull and seemingly hopeless.

But for such a wordy song, 'Great Leap Forwards' is eminently repeatable. (MS)

THE WOLFGANG PRESS 'King Of Soul' (4AD) Another bass-heavy dancefloor excursion, a subterranean, belligerent beat stripped free of all effect save backing vocals, a simple keyboard motif, a few scathing guitars and

Mick Allen's hiccuping, remonstrating vocal. I suspect if they didn't wash their hair and come from an art house in Manhattan, they'd be enormously hip. And no, they're not too handsome. But you can't have everything... (RG)

DINOSAUR JR 'Freak Scene' (Blast First) 'Freak Scene' is a love song of sorts. The typically Dinosaur Jr sort where J Mascis is pondering whether it's worth getting up off his lazy ass. He rots in his pit, she is his salvation, so will he make it? The answer in this, the sweetest delinquent Valentine ever, is "Uh, sort've".

Here is the sound of the Dinosaur Jr in its prime, slovenly in gait but with an attitude and ability that reinvigorates the natural euphoria of the rock power trip. Extinction is a long way off. (KC)

U2 'Desire' (Island) A classic three minute, 100 per cent guaranteed rock single that U2, for all their attributes, never seemed quite capable of. The kind I didn't think anyone made any more. (PK)

LAIBACH 'Sympathy For The Devil' (Mute) Jagger's paean to old Nick has been totally gutted and rebuilt like a Wapping Wharf warehouse after a cleansing dose of yuppiement.

It's as if the devil himself is grooving along, attempting to appear hip but looking as uncomfortable as a politician trying to gamer votes in a pop promo. (JR)

THAT PETROL EMOTION 'Cellophane' (Virgin) Not their typical gtr gyrations, 'Cellophane' dodges between ballad and sea shanty as it comes close to fellow New Cross residents The Band Of Holy Joy. This is the Petrols at their most doleful. (JR)

TANITA TIKARAM 'Twist In My Sobriety' (WEA) Having been driven absolutely doolally by that bloody song about sitting by the fireside, I was expecting bugger all from the singing anagram.

But, erk! This is good! 'Twist In My Sobriety' is a real thoroughbred, subtle and discreet. The Tikaram tones descend to a near-Nico baritone. A clarinet parps away with a zero pretentiousness rating during an admirably restrained chorus. (AH)

CAMEO 'You Make Me Work' (Club) A sea of reverb ferries the most distinctive damn Yankee drawl this side of The B-52's' Fred Schneider, as a crisp snare smacks out a beat uncomfortably close to '86's 'Word Up'. The most caustic hard-sell soul they've fashioned to date. (DW)

SLEEPING DOGS WAKE 'Confined To Memory' (One Little Indian) 'Confined To Memory' begins with the line, "My love for you/Will be/Confined to memory...". and then you're in the thick

of it all as, bit by bit, the noise barrage descends. Rhythms chop and change, guitars swarm around like tsetse-flies. (Mr S)

THE CORN DOLLIES 'Map Of The World' (Medium Cool) The Corn Dollies have gone from short and sweet to short and sweat, pounding and punching their way free of the stereotypes that were crystallising around them.

The once-accused 'power-pop' label — misunderstood as it was — must now be redeployed in The Corn Dollies' cause. 'Map Of The World' has mutated the boys into men. (RT)

THE GODFATHERS 'Love Is Dead' (Epic) It's scarcely new (the original version of the single came out at the beginning of last year), or mysterious, but it sits on a pop structure as fine as diamond. Vic Maile produces them like The Jam, though Weller's humanist light is eclipsed by the blackness of The Godfathers. (RC)

THE BOMB PARTY 'Sugar Sugar' (Normal) What's it all about? Sex and dirt, of course, sex and bikes and any other damn thing that happens to creep across the dark alleyway that passes for vocalist Jesus Mosquera's mind. It could all be a total sham, of course, but who's asking. (NP)

DAN REED NETWORK 'Get To You' (Phonogram) Strong, simple guitars slash up a groove that's raw and sassy. Airy keyboards flesh it, while singer Dan Reed plays poker with pure sex. The band have a startling sense of the value of sparsity, and although Bruce Fairburn's production may have benefitted from a little extra well-poised tonnage, the track is still menacing enough to scar. (MAH)

ZEKE MANYIKA 'Bible Belt' (Some Bizarre) Brilliantly produced by Zeke, Mat Johnson and Charles Grey, this record does not offer hope. The twisted, broken landscape is vividly portrayed by sparse, haunting music, and drifts of tribal lament echo in your mind long afterwards. (CU)

SUNS OF ARQA 'Govinda's House' (Antler) Like a cross between Tackhead's serious bass and Monsoon's Indian pop, 'Govinda's House' just carries you away, swinging you from point to point, from roots to raj, with a lazy simplicity. (SK)

IGGY POP 'High On You' (A&M) That 'Instinct' should've largely been dismissed as some clumsy airbrushed metal embarrassment is among the year's cruellest ironies. Superficially braindead in an Idolesque ultra-rock way, in reality it's a brilliantly deceptive feat of sustained Spartan beauty, a magnificent exercise in transcendental rock puritanism. (RW)

SOUNDS TOP 50 ALBUMS



PIXIES: SURFIN' ahead

- 1 SURFER ROSA Pixies 4AD
- 2 TENDER PREY Nick Cave Mute
- 3 DAYDREAM NATION Sonic Youth Blast First
- 4 GREEN REM Warner Brothers
- 5 INSTINCT Iggy Pop A&M
- 6 LOVESEXY Prince Paisley Park
- 7 NAKED Talking Heads EMI
- 8 SOUTH OF HEAVEN Slayer Def Jam
- 9 IF I SHOULD FALL FROM GRACE WITH GOD The Pogues Pogue Mahone
- 10 TALK IS CHEAP Keith Richards Virgin
- 11 LIFE'S TOO GOOD The Sugarbushes One Little Indian
- 12 IN THE SPANISH CAVE Thin White Rope Demon
- 13 TENDER PERVERT Momus Creation
- 14 SHINE Crime And The City Solution Mute
- 15 COPPERHEAD ROAD Steve Earle MCA
- 16 THE HOUSE OF LOVE The House Of Love Creation
- 17 BUG Dinosaur Jr Blast First
- 18 NOTHING'S SHOCKING Jane's Addiction Warner Brothers
- 19 IRISH HEARTBEAT Van Morrison & The Chieftains Mercury
- 20 IT TAKES A NATION OF MILLIONS TO HOLD US BACK Public Enemy Def Jam
- 21 BRIAN WILSON Brian Wilson Sire
- 22 SLOW TURNING John Hiatt A&M
- 23 CHILDREN The Mission Mercury
- 24 DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK Robert Cray Phonogram
- 25 EIGHT-LEGGED GROOVE MACHINE The Wonder Stuff Polydor
- 26 OPERATION: MINDCRIME Queensrÿche EMI
- 27 DO IT Rollins Band World Service
- 28 HANG TIME Soul Asylum A&M
- 29 SHORT SHARP SHOCKED Michelle Shocked Cooking Vinyl
- 30 THE LILAC TIME The Lilac Time Fontana
- 31 LITTLE LOVE AFFAIRS Nanci Griffith MCA
- 32 THE STARS WE ARE Marc Almond Parlophone
- 33 LET'S PLAY DOMINATION World Domination Enterprises Product Inc
- 34 VIVID Living Colour Epic
- 35 SCENES FROM THE SOUTHSIDE Bruce Hornsby And The Range RCA
- 36 DIMENSION HATROSS Voivod Noise
- 37 SHADOWLAND kd Lang Sire
- 38 16 LOVERS' LANE The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 39 SKYSCRAPER David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 40 FRIENDLOVERPLANE Blue Aeroplanes Fire
- 41 DEAR MR PRESIDENT Dear Mr President Warner Brothers
- 42 BUMMED Happy Mondays Factory
- 43 HOW CAN I LAUGH TOMORROW... WHEN I CAN'T EVEN SMILE TODAY? Suicidal Tendencies Virgin
- 44 DESERT ORCHID Crazyhead Food
- 45 VIVA HATE Morrissey EMI
- 46 ...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL Metallica Vertigo
- 47 RATTLE AND HUM U2 Island
- 48 STREETS OF THIS TOWN Steve Forbert Geffen
- 49 DREAM OF LIFE Patti Smith Arista
- 50 STRICTLY BUSINESS EPMD Sleeping Bag

Compiled by the Sounds writers

Performance

LIVES

THE PRIMEVALS Glasgow College Of Technology

THERE'S A pruned economy about The Primevals these days — a new directness that flavours their latest batch of cookies from the neon oven.

From the opening 'Grass Is Always Greener' through 'This Evil Way', which clocks as a pseudo-Chambers Brothers' downbeat shindig, to 'Dream Wanderer' — maybe Joe 90 meets The Who's 'Who Are You', then again maybe not — and onto the serious maracca trip on 'Flesh Trade', this is a magic carpet ride in search of the lost groove.

Trusty stalwarts, such as 'Fertile Mind', 'My Dying Embers' and 'Elixir Of Life', are relegated to the shadows in the strength of the competition. The Primes serve up their freshly-baked cover of The Byrds'

'Thoughts And Words'. It might well be a Chris Hillman original, but in these hands its smouldering tango of barbed emotion veers closer to Jacques Brel with the odd suggestion of Gene Pitney. An eclectic collision of names for sure, but that's The Primevals for you.

By the time they hit 'Justify' things are cookin' fine and dandy in brother Michael's soul kitchen.

"Do you wanna go home unjustified?" he asks, before pulling on his intrepid soul doctor cap and vaulting over the crash barrier and into the crowd for some one to one counselling.

By rights, the next tune should've been something like 'Son Of A Preacher Man' or 'Reach Out And Touch (Somebody's Hand)'. As it was they elected to go Trout Mask, on their mind blowin' cover of Captain

Beefheart's 'China Pig' — a transplanted bout of prime rockabilly swagger with an eerie sense of its own dynamics.

GRAHAME BENT

LAIBACH Kentish Town Town And Country Club

ALTAMONT. NUREMBERG. . . *Fawltly Towers!* Tonight, Laibach are all this and more; regurgitating 20 years of pop culture with military precision.

Central to this all is the indomitable Milan, in his Slavic army kit, flanked by two bare chested generals, beating their drums harshly and methodically. Stags heads adorn the front of the stage, grotesque pictures of war flicker in the background.

Laibach manage to be oppressive and hilarious at the same time. The

obligatory fascist contingent (sic) are *sieging* away in the audience. They can still take their pathetic actions seriously when Laibach don Viking helmets, complete with stick-on long blond hair.

And the music. . . Tonight, Laibach's hand-crafted anthems are awesome. From the opening to the finishing versions of 'Sympathy For The Devil', through Queen's 'One Vision', 'Opus Dei' and some incredible reworkings from 'Let It Be', in particular 'One After 909' and 'I've Got A Feeling', the Yugos never let their impetus slip.

So clever are they that they've even brought their own taped applause to add to the hysteria. It's all as it should be — Milan's tempting, guttural message, "Pleased to meet you", says it all.

The two most creative geniuses that they've

covered, John Lennon and Brian Jones, would have been more than impressed.

CATHI UNSWORTH

THE SUGARCUBES Manchester The Ritz

SO ON springs Björk, elfing around in a red micro dress to the appropriate backing of a little pixie tune, knees around her chin and the eeriest expression you'll ever witness.

From that moment on you know this is going to be one seedy evening, as we tentatively climb each vocal highwire to the Cubes' baroque boudoir of musical lasciviousness. And leading the way, whipping us with our own Brit arrogance is the stark, bald figure of Einar.

"You always want to chant and wave your arms," he mocks, getting us to sing what sounds like the

line-up of the Icelandic football team. Or again, calling Manchester a "town", or dedicating a song, 'Fats', to Bernard Manning.

They're full of confidence after *doing* The States, but they seem to be holding back a bit. Then, Björk lets go with her primeval shrieks on 'Deus'. From then on it's a Kama Sutra of vocal gyrations, with those twinkling, demonic eyes to match, and Einar's guttural utterances egging her on.

It's all very sensual, the vocals pushed right up front. . . Yet they're too up front, reducing the band to the roles of innocent, jangly background bystanders, while the theatrics take over.

The crowd stand, rather than dance, in awe, throughout the 'Life's Too Good' catalogue, until the 'Sick For Toys' encore.

The band at last in full swing, the speakers rattle like a bed on heat. And then, pre-'Birthday' climax, they go and don't come back.

Aural sex with no conclusion.

STEPHEN KINGSTON

Against all odds



THE POGUES

Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre

THE STAGE might've been decked out as a hideously gauche suburban sitting room, but this particular fixture's long since become something more than just a gig.

Whenever The Pogues hit Glasgow they bring their own version of the St Patrick's Day rally with them. Besides the familiar trappings of alcohol overkill and all manner of wildly expressionistic dancing, the local colour comes from the band's association with one of the city's proudest institutions — Glasgow Celtic FC.

It might be Friday night, but with the endless sea of green and white and the repeated chants of "champions" you could be forgiven for thinking you're in Parkhead on a Saturday afternoon.

At its most basic a Pogues gig is the big nite out for the entire membership of the Frank McAvennie fan club. This is spelt out by the number of Irish tricolors, Celtic flags, and the dress code of either a Celtic jersey and/or scarf or at least an official Pogues tour T-shirt with co-ordinating scarves as an extra.

Having misguidedly forsaken their Barrowland Ballroom home for the unwelcoming expanse of the SEC, the scale of the affair is decidedly 'stadium rock'. However it lacks the necessary components — Jovi they

ain't. The Pogues were left to falter hopelessly as the sound of their uplifting shambolic rattle was left in limbo in the chilling vastness of the venue.

Come half time the visitors found themselves on the wrong end of a 3-0 reverse. But, as the pundits love to tell us, football's a game of two halves. And, true to form, The Pogues gradually fought their way back into contention. Firstly, through substitute Kirsty MacColl who scored on the volley with the ragged festive waltz of 'Fairytale Of New York'. And then through their controversial skipper, Shane MacGowan, who coolly converted from the penalty spot after 75 minutes with 'Fiesta'.

Down 3-2, and with just 10 minutes to go, ace tactician Spider Stacy played his trump card, raising more than a few eyebrows by sending on veteran Glaswegian striker Frankie 'Remember Me' Miller. Any doubts about Frankie's match fitness evaporated when he hit the woodwork with 'Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah'. And he later found the net to tie the game at 3-3 with a spirited growl through 'Honky Tonk Woman', very much in the style of former 'Scotland' winger Rod Stewart circa 1973.

Final score, after extra time: Celtic Centenary Social Club XI 3, Pogues All Stars 3. Man of the match: Frankie Miller.

GRAHAME BENT

PSYCHIC TV Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush

IF HIPPIY Magick was as powerful as its reputation, Daavid Allen would now govern the western world; there'd be thousands of superhuman Californian youths called Stardust; and there'd be no argument about the Stonehenge Festival. But acid simply appears to convert brains to Danish Blue.

Nevertheless, there's still some daft charm left in the lysergic metaphysics and Genesis P Orridge is still the undisputed Paul Daniels of the Magick Circle. Whether it was the bowel-grinding abattoir ambience or the less-interesting poppier episodes, the music was always the result of Gen's perverse compulsion to taunt, taint and torture your senses and sensibilities.

However, with the 'Jack The Tab' LP (one of '88's essential purchases) as fuel tonight, PTV shift into full rituals. It's a matey emanation of the Temple which eulogises the chemical and evokes the muse with that psychoactive groove. All the time, Paula churns the psychedelic, dervish whirl with choking, bleary tape loops.

The whole is consolidated with sexual Magick (Gen shoving his tongue down as many throats as possible) the fruits of it (Mr and Mrs P and their two little Orridges dancing together) and finally an I-love-you-Paula hug serenade.

The ritual ends as it had begun, with didgeridoo music, ("the only way we know to dispel evil spirits"). It leaves a feeling of sickly *bonhomie* and the recurring image of that arch hippie band Gong, led by a cabbage-patch doll possessed by Aleister Crowley.

Believe me, the Magick is in the Musick.

PAUL SPLATCH

RONNIE PRAYS for a late equaliser
pic: Scott Bonar

A shot in the dark



'ERE BILL, pretty good light show, eh?

Greg Freeman

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

Brixton Academy

THERE'S MORE than a smidgen of irony attached to the concept of this cavernous, big-time venue being filled with the followers of the standard-bearers of 'alternative' pop culture, The Jesus And Mary Chain.

As presented live by the band, 'alternative' evidently means 'slovenly', 'lacklustre' and 'secondhand'. Not that The Jesus And Mary Chain can be criticised for liberally plundering their rock heritage, as all 'new' music stems from the same roots. The problem with the Mary Chain is not that they are secondhand, but that they are so glaringly second-rate.

A rerun of the MC5 live is a dispiriting experience. Were it not for the work of the one true artist present – the lighting engineer – the whole shebang would be cataleptically dull. The drummer's arms go up and down, registering some signs of life, but the three guitar-wielders might just as well have stayed in the dressing room – the little red lights on their amps make for a more rivetting live sensation.

The performance, as such, basically consists of two smoke machines on overtime and singer Jim Reid. Some dramatic (ho hum) backlighting provides the tried-and-tested *Rumblefish* mood and associated silhouettes. Consequently, Reid's limp-wristed swishing of

the mikestand and half-hearted Iggy-isms are transformed to the swooning level of the vaguely interesting.

Reid's insipid vocals are regularly swallowed up by cretinous guitar lines, the whole shambolic package being swept along by some thumping and face-saving drums.

In substituting noise and posture for substance and charisma, the Mary Chain have created instant '80s kitsch, by definition disposable, to be replaced in due course by the next batch of anaemic plagiarists.

This bunch are barely more creative than Showaddywaddy and a lot less fun live. Nice lights, though.

ANDY HURT

JONATHAN RICHMAN/ SE ROGIE

Kentish Town Town And Country Club

SE ROGIE is the only man in showbusiness who can wear a matching leopard skin hat and overcoat and survive.

Introduced as the "King of Palm Wine Guitar Music" by an elderly goth roadie, who's probably never heard of the genre, let alone its monarch, Rogie is atypical of everybody's long lost grandfather.

How one man can give the impression of sitting the entire audience of the Town And Country Club on his knee is beyond me, but Rogie succeeds. His collection of Mali dance rhythms and fables from a lost youth are as endearing as they are charming.

Jonathan Richman is straight out of a Fred Avery cartoon. His facial expressions and wide-eyed

innocence is frighteningly reminiscent of Tweety Pie just after he's stuck the cat in the toaster.

Tonight, instead of his backing band the Modern Lovers, Richman is supported by a thousand grinning lunatics joyfully screaming "Wang-a-dang-a-digga-dang-dang". He starts and stops, explaining why he wrote this, why he left that out... This isn't a gig. It's a goddamn seminar.

But no one seems to care, but then these are people who'll accept lyrics like "I don't want automotive help/I can walk fine all by myself".

One man and a guitar and two hours on stage is theoretically a recipe for boredom. But, like his new songs, Richman covers the whole range of emotions. Inane but uplifting.

JON RONSON

THE MEMBRANES

Tufnell Park Boston Arms

"IS ANYBODY here from Blackpool?" John Robb enquires of his madly gyrating audience. A few suspect-sounding cheers go up from The Membranes' hardcore element, along with an altogether more convincing one from the band's own guitarist.

"You're a liar," Robb yaps accusingly, "you're from St Annes!" As rebuffs go, it's a stinging one, or at least we assume it to be, and chuckle accordingly.

This is the beauty of The Membranes. Their appeal is such that it overrides obscure gags about unknown Lancastrian towns. Tonight, we're all from Blackpool.

This phenomenon also extends to the group's music. It may indeed be casseroling our ears (talk about loud!); it may well

leave us wanting to run cool water over our foreheads, but live The Membranes are a glorious, exuberant pop racket.

'F*** My Old Boots', 'Everyone's Going Triple Bad Acid Yeah!', 'Love Your Puppy', the tunes crash through the sonic pain threshold and dissolve like sugar on your tongue. Ghastly, and delightful.

MR SPENCER

HUE AND CRY

Kentish Town Town And Country Club

HUE AND CRY whet the appetite with Prince's 'Sign 'O' The Times' and Donald Fagen's 'The Nightfly', American classics of luxury and desire.

Thus Hue And Cry, like The Style Council, try to teach us that socialism no longer promises a workers' paradise, but is now the

party of looking good, feeling good and swinging a shoe to the latest American import. The Party Party, in fact.

Hue And Cry draw a full, well-groomed house to hear the word. Me, I'm a moderate don't-know, intrigued by their concept but rather bored by the tunes. They should be called Complicatedly Red.

Tonight's performance was faultless, and the horn section swung on a dime. But as a songsmith and singer Pat Kane values a mannered up-town hipsterism over passion. Such songs as 'I Refuse', 'Ordinary Angel' and 'Looking For Linda' are too concerned to strike the right pose of nightclub nostalgia to take off in the imagination. The moral is: don't get too hung up on a style lest it get in the way of the content.

MAT SNOW

TANITA TIKARAM

Tottenham Court Road Dominion

EVEN IN a year when a skirt, a song and success have gone together like never before, Tanita Tikaram's rise from nowhere – some call it Basingstoke – to headlining tours has probably been the most remarkable of all.

Some nine months ago, she cut a very lonely figure supporting Warren Zevon at Hammersmith Odeon. Pounding her guitar for all it was worth, singing in impossibly deep tones and generally not making much of an impression beyond a song seemingly called 'Poor Cow' which, being charitable, was plain awful. I think it was the "butterfly ball" bit which did it for me.

Then out of the blue, 'Good Tradition' appeared sounding very confident indeed and about 200 per cent better for having a band there to flesh things out. Since then, we've had another hit single, the impertinently accomplished 'Ancient Heart' album, as well as two major jaunts around the country.

At 19, Tanita seems to have done the lot. She's even got a ready-made audience hanging on her every syllable, and an ability to put over every song with a loving conviction. The words seem almost meaningless as you get hooked in by that astonishing, almost shocking voice, and the self-effacement of her musicians.

In a ridiculously short while, Tanita Tikaram has made things look and sound very easy indeed. The certainty of her performance is balanced by an awkwardness in between. What an interesting addition to the fray she is.

PETER KANE

DOGS D'AMOUR

London Astoria

IT'S ALMOST midnight and Dogs D'Amour are being physically dragged from the Astoria stage.

Tyla is filthy, bleeding, sweat soaked and semi-naked. The singer has a voice like the acrid wowl of somebody wiping their arse with sandpaper. He loves to play the wanton wretch, lurching around like a wino who's just won a million on a lottery ticket he found in the gutter, but you catch the odd glint in the eye of a frontman who is in complete control of his own shrewd masochism.

Dogs D'Amour's real beauty is their sense of the semi-shambolic. Tyla's guitars go down halfway through the set, without the vaguest hope of resurrection. Meanwhile the band (drummer Bam, guitarist Jo Dog and bass player Steve James) seem to have problems even establishing which songs they're actually going to play.

This anti-slick theatre reels at the line where terminal cool meets complacency, but it's precisely this embrace with the edge that makes the Dogs' first major UK headline brilliant.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

Nightshift

Write to Neil Perry, Sounds, Greater London House, London NW1 7QZ or telephone 01-387 6611. Please have information in at least two weeks prior to publication.

WEDNESDAY

21

BATH Moles (333423) Frame By Frame/The Things
 BIRMINGHAM NEC (021-780 4141) Level 42
 BRIGHTON Ship Street Old Vic Eager Sin Babies
 BRISTOL Bridge Inn The Gods Of Panic/Strychnine/Chlckenfeed
 CARDIFF Venue Instigators/Concrete Sox/Electro Hippies/Carcass/
 Chaos UK/HDQ/Cerebral Fix/Deviated Instinct (6pm start)
 COVENTRY Alice's Restaurant The Pilgrims/Suicide Blonde
 DONCASTER College SU CUD
 DUNSTABLE High Street Wheatheaf (62571) Screaming Lord Sutch
 And The Wellington Booties
 HULL Hayworth Arms Marino/Ron Hales
 LANCASTER Yorkshire House Strange Folk
 LONDON Brixton Academy (01-326 1022) The Alarm/Escape Club
 LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Bad Manners/Laurel Aitken And
 The Pressure Tenants/Potato 5/The Loafers/The Deltones/Napoleon
 Solo/Skin Deep/King Hammond
 LONDON Camden High Street Electric Ballroom Stump/Blue
 Aeroplanes/Eat/Summerhill
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Buddy Curtess And
 The Grasshoppers
 LONDON Charing Cross Road Astoria (01-434 0403)
 Onslaught/Crumsuckers/Slammer
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips The Saucy Space Cakes/Birdhouse
 LONDON Deptford Crypt Altered States
 LONDON Finsbury Park Hotel (01-800 8304) The Artistes
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Soho/First/Two
 Lost Sons/Death Banana Ice Cube
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Inside Out
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) UK
 Subs/Demented Are Go
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (01-278 5345) The Actors/Kiss
 Narcissus/Holier Than Thou/The Jaybreaks/The End
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Magnum/Stage Dolls
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Mary
 Coughlan (Main) Yuraj Marka (Acoustic)
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Dave Cliff Quintet
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) If/Escape From
 Burma/Acid Spangles
 LONDON Kentish Town Town and Country Club (01-284 0303) The
 Fall/Benny Profane
 LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom Sigue Sigue Sputnik/Westworld
 LONDON King's Cross Euston Road Drummonds King Blank
 LONDON King's Cross Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097)
 Rhythm Collision
 LONDON Marquee (01-437 6603) Cardiacs/Medicine Show
 LONDON Newington Green New Pegasus The Worry Dolls
 LONDON Newington Green Weaver's Arms (01-226 6911) The Steelers
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Lenna And The Snakemen/The
 Cat Jugglers
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Mr Sleeze
 LONDON Wimbledon William Morris Club The Blofelds/Shoot The
 Joker/Atomic Vicars
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Groundhogs
 NEWCASTLE Blenheim Street Broken Doll Sugar Puff Demons
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (091-2614386) 999
 NEWCASTLE Playhouse After Midnight/Cheap Sunglasses
 NOTTINGHAM People's College We Of The Never Never
 NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Motorhead/Death Angel
 POOLE Arts Centre (685222) Boy George
 RUNCORN Cherry Tree (74171) Engine
 ST AUSTELL Cornwall Coliseum (4004) The Proclaimers
 SHEFFIELD Take Two (444408) Absolute/Dollar Babies/GGF
 WARRINGTON Legends (36658) The Railway Children
 WICKHAM Boar's Head Dr Feelgood
 WORDSLEY Youth Centre Boys Next Door
 YORK John Bull Buttermountain Boys

THURSDAY

22

ABERDEEN Venue (22255) Fox/Dangerzone/Satyr
 BASINGSTOKE Caribbean Club Mega City Four/The Senseless Things
 BATH Moles (333423) Principle Connection
 BIRMINGHAM NEC (021-780 4141) Level 42
 BOGNOR REGIS Centre Eager Sin Babies
 BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) Five Star Rock 'N' Roll Petrol
 BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) Onslaught/Crumsuckers/Slammer
 BRISTOL Grove Thekla (293301) The Herb Garden
 BROMLEY Bal Tabarin Ballroom Dr Feelgood
 BUCKLEY Tivoli Centre Engine
 CAMBRIDGE Sea Cadet Hall (353172) Battlezone/Axis
 CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre (31194) The Third Uncles/The
 Watermelons/Acquired Taste/Los Pedritos/The Milkshakes/Fever
 Few/Boney Klavical
 COLCHESTER Arts Centre (577301) Whippersnapper
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Fingertips
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) The Krack
 EASTBOURNE Tuxedo Junction TV Smith's Cheap
 EDINBURGH Queen's Hall (031-668 2117) Love And Money
 EDINBURGH Calton Road Venue We Free Kings
 EVESHAM Roxanne's Sons Of Spock/The Screaming Amoebas
 HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head Hookline And Silverfish
 LEEDS Warehouse (468287) Groovin' With Lucy/Pink Peg Slax
 LEICESTER Abbey Street Sector 5 DRN
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Steve Marriott And The DT's
 LINCOLN Drill Hall Laughing Deckchairs/Bamboo Beat Band/Listen 4
 The Noise
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Yargo
 LONDON Clapham Old Town Arms The Actors
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden Passion/Ictus Kix
 LONDON Deptford New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) Way
 Out West/Geraint Watkins
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips Gaz's Rockin' Blues (01-434 4480)
 Shout Sister Shout!/Skaos
 LONDON Finsbury Park Hotel (01-800 8304) The Essentials
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) 2,000
 DS/Radio Mangolia/Pink Nose/The Hippy Slags
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Steve Whalley Band
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms Big Bad Wolves
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Storm The
 World/Irregulars/Legendary Soul City Grooverz
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Motorhead/Death
 Angel/Head Of David
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Mary
 Coughlan
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Sue Shatlock &
 Terry Disley
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) CUD
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club Duran Duran
 LONDON King's Cross Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837
 2097) The Beat Pack/New Opium/Paul Browse
 LONDON Marquee (01-437 6603) Little Angels/Graffiti
 LONDON Newington Green New Pegasus (01-226 5930) Paris
 Island/Hungry Me
 LONDON Newington Green Weaver's Arms (01-226 6911) Howlin'
 Wilf And The Vee Jays
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Vibrators/Reptile House
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Radio 5
 LONDON Tufnell Park Boston Arms (01-272 3411) Botswana
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard World Exit/Mr Meaner
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Mr 'C'/Still Jumping
 NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) Nightmare
 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall (824355) Boy George
 SCARBOROUGH Salisbury Hotel You Slosh/Buttermountain
 Boys/Incinerators
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Zoot And The Roots
 SHEFFIELD Take Two (444408) Cloven Hoof/Masquerade/X

FRIDAY

23

BATH Moles (333423) Staccato
 BIRMINGHAM Bredon Bar Otis Grand And The Dance Kings
 BRISTOL Grove Thekla (293301) Fleish O'Hara
 CAMBRIDGE Sea Cadet Hall (353172) The Sardines/Floorshow/Busy
 Making Progress/The Herbs
 CARDIFF New Bogeys (226168) Tokyo Rose
 CINDERFORD The Bilson (24368) The King Called The Culprit
 DINGWALL Jings The Crows
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) The Last Gang
 EDINBURGH Queen's Hall (031-668 2117) Critter Hill Varmints
 EXETER Barts Tavern (75623) The Heavy Quartet
 GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) Love And Money
 HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club The Prowlers
 HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head (21758) Harold Juana
 IPSWICH Corn Exchange (55851) Dr Feelgood
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Rocking Ronnie/The Bendy
 Ruperts
 LONDON Brentford Waterman's Arts Centre (01-568 1176) Yargo
 LONDON Brixton Academy (01-326 1022) Squeeze/Jim Jiminee/Twinset
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Blood Brothers
 LONDON Deptford New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) Please
 Return My Dog/Handshake
 LONDON Finsbury Park Hotel (01-800 8304) Dr K's Blues Band
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Ozric
 Tentacles/Archbishop Kebab
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Ivor's Jivers
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526)
 Instigators/Mega City Four/The Senseless Things/Snuff
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Bad Manners/The
 Deltones/The Loafers
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Motorhead/Death
 Angel/Head Of David
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler Frankie Miller (Main)
 The Fantastic John Wesley Harding Medicine Show (Acoustic)
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef Robin Jones And King Salsa
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Galley Slaves/
 Contenders/Fat Babies/Spit Like Paint/Armpit/Atomic Vicars/Megabyte
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-284 0303) After
 Tonite/London Beat/The Senators
 LONDON King's Cross Euston Road Drummonds (01-221 8548) The
 Worry Dolls/As Is
 LONDON King's Cross Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097)
 The Colour Noise/Mainline
 LONDON Marquee (01-437 6603) DRN/Screaming Lord Sutch/Last Of
 The Teenage Idols
 LONDON Newington Green Weaver's Arms Los Pistoleros
 LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington Bad Influence
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) John Otway
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Fingertips
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Chain Gang
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) Wolfie Witcher's Brew
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Samson/Blinder
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Duran Duran
 LONDON Wembley East Lane Flag (01-450 4506) Abate The Edge/Big
 Buildings
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Majestic Band
 NEWCASTLE Blenheim Street Broken Doll Dead Flowers
 NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) The Baddies
 NORTHWICH Memorial Hall The Charlatans
 RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (770003) Skaos
 READING Paradise Club (56847) The Complaints/Home And Abroad/Jo
 Jo Namoz
 RETFORD Porterhouse (704981) UK Subs/Sic Boy Federation
 ROTHERHAM Nelson Street Mad House Suki & Fiona
 SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) Newcombe And Roach/After Four/The
 Bandilleros/The Courgettes/Mr Ten
 WHITBY Big Bamboo (603329) Thrilled Skinny/Breaking Point/Jesus In
 The Nude/Underground And Inexperienced (WAND Anti-Nuclear
 Benefit)

SATURDAY

24

BATH Moles (333423) Jazz Fools
 BIRMINGHAM NEC (021-780 4141) Duran Duran
 CAMBRIDGE Sea Cadet Hall Freedom Faction/Signal/The Replica
 EDINBURGH Calton Road Venue Lixx
 EXETER Barts Tavern (75623) Clear Blue/Barefaced Robbery
 FALKIRK The Glenfinnan The Signals
 INVERNESS Phoenix Bar Gerrie's Ruff House
 LAUNCESTON White Horse Rat Patrol
 LEEDS Duchess Of York The Prowlers
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) ROTs/The Shapiros
 LONDON Ealing Road The Royals ID Crisis
 LONDON Finsbury Park Hotel (01-800 8304) High 'N' Mighty
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Mega City
 Four/Snuff/Shout/Thrilled Skinny/Savage Opera/The
 Guttersnipes/Jellyfish Kiss
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Chuck Farley
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms Stonehenge Benefit
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Blue 'N'
 Bitter/Pictures And Squares
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Zoot
 And The Roots
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) African Culture
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Eat
 LONDON Marquee (01-437 6603) Shy/Larrikin
 LONDON Newington Green New Pegasus (01-226 5930) Albert Lee
 And Hogan's Heroes
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Raving Jeckylls
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Balham Alligators
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) The Kings Of
 Wang/The Workhouse
 LONDON Wembley East Lane Flag K-Skate/The Lemons
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) You Slosh
 MANCHESTER International II Yargo
 SHARPETHORNE Ravenswood Inn Fingertips

SUNDAY

25

LONDON Deptford Kebab And Calculator Nobby Nausea and The
 Nowheres (Lining Our Pockets Benefit)



Spacemen 3 get off to an early start in the New Year at London's Camden Dingwalls (Monday 2). Roll up with a copy of your Christmas Sounds, and you'll have £1 blasted off the ticket price before 11pm and get in totally free after 11pm. Have a good one...

Nightshift

MONDAY

26

BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) Engine
 BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021-643 5835) True Grit
 LONDON Angel Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Otis Grand
 And The Dance Kings
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden I Wish/Dance Bureau
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips Alice In Wonderland (01-434 4480) The
 Milk Monitors
 LONDON Finsbury Park Hotel (01-800 8304) High 'N' Mighty
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Glass
 Knots/All The President's Men/Majestic/Seventy Gwen Party/Away
 To Scream/Nobbers From Hell
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Lenna And The
 Snakemen
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (01-278 5345) Brahms And
 Lizst/Kool Ray And The Polaroids/Dalriada
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler Edwin Starr
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Earl Okin
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Battlezone
 NEWCASTLE Blenheim Street Broken Doll Skywalkers/Gypsy Dave
 Smith (Lunch) Dan To Dan (Eve)
 READING Paradise Club (56847) Hurricane Force Steel Band

TUESDAY

27

BOURNEMOUTH Academy Eager Sin Babies
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Before The Storm
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Guana Batz/The
 Feckin Ejits/Jonah And The Wail
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Red Rouge
 LONDON Finsbury Park Hotel (01-800 8304) The Silent Ones
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581)
 Godspeed/Last Cry/Inside Storeys/SS Bombs/Warp Speed
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) The Actors
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (01-278 5345) On The
 Corner/Hollow Walk
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Evoid
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Mark Edwards Trio
 LONDON Marquee (01-437 6603) Ghost Dance
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Sister Midnight/Nomad
 Pop/Dr Moose And The Love Juice
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Shakey Vick
 Blues Band/The Jim McCarty Band/Big Joe Louis/Detroit John/Top
 Topham/T Model Slim
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Passion
 NEWCASTLE Playhouse (091-232 7079) Albert Lee And Hogan's
 Heroes/Keywest
 NOTTINGHAM Yorker Persia
 WORCESTER Hoppers Cloven Hoof

WEDNESDAY

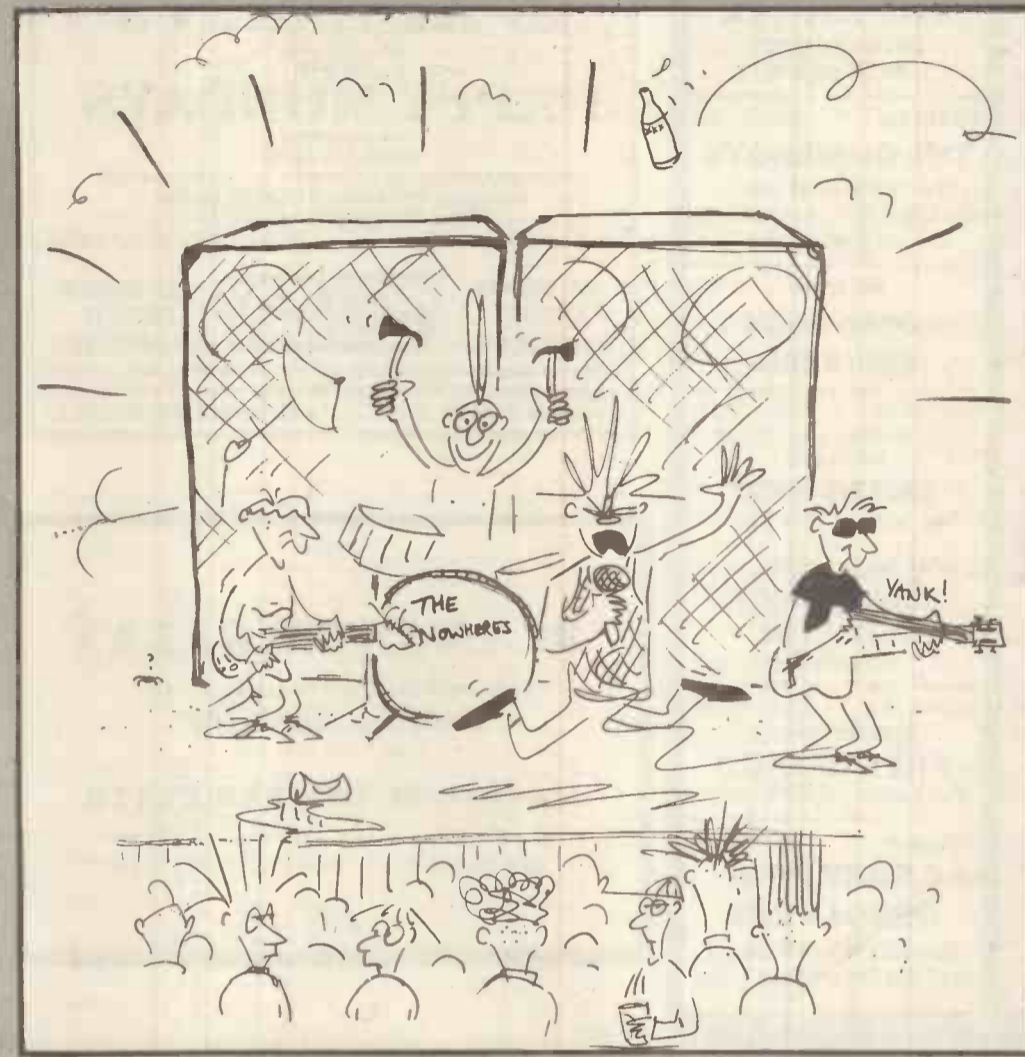
28

BRISTOL Grove Thekla (293301) Rhythm Party
 COSBY Blacksmith's Arms The Baddies
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Soul Survivors
 GLASGOW Fury Murray's The Hummingbirds/The Beautiful Suit/The
 Steel Chain
 HACKNALL Plough And Harrow Persia
 LEEDS Duchess Of York Cloven Hoof
 LIVERPOOL Cumberland Street Rudi's Bar Politburo
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Dogs D'Amour
 LONDON Finsbury Park Hotel (01-800 8304) The Artists
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Spit Like
 Paint/The Big Store/Perfect Daze/Bedrock Trio
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan John L's Blues Chronicle
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (01-278 5345) Happy The
 Man/Five Thirty/Candyland
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Phone The
 Rope/Phantom Stranger
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Ed Jones Quartet
 LONDON Marquee (01-437 6603) Under Neath What
 LONDON Newington Green Weaver's Arms Jon Kleary Band
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Maybellenes
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Albert Lee And
 Hogan's Heroes
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Victor Brox Band

THURSDAY

29

BRISTOL Tropic Club Bolt Thrower/Jailcell Recipes/Big Fat Liars
 CAMBRIDGE Sea Cadet Hall (353172) Nutmeg/No Class/X3
 DERBY Chellaston Red Lion The Hunted
 DINGWALL Jings Yahoo And The Red Hots
 EDINBURGH Calton Road Venue Critter Hill Varmlints
 HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head (21758) John
 Otway/Metropolis
 LONDON Angel Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) King
 Blank/Silver Chapter
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips Gaz's Rockin' Blues The Trojans
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Stonehenge
 Benefit
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Steve Whalley Band
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (01-278 5345) Gene
 Syndrome/Ram/The Children
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) The Starfighters
 (Bob Calvert Memorial)
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler Buddy Curtess
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Jamie Talbot
 Quartet
 LONDON King's Cross Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837
 2097) I Like Danny's Hair
 LONDON Marquee (01-437 6603) Pendragon
 LONDON Newington Green Weaver's Arms (01-226 6911) Big Joe
 Louis And His Blues Kings
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Groundhogs
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Subjects
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966)
 Kimoteo/Casual Affair
 LONDON Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Munch Manship Quartet
 STOKE Stoke Inn Persia



Praise be to
 God...the spirit of
 rock 'n' roll is
 (almost) alive and
 well on Christmas
 Day, as Nobby
 Nausea And The
 Nowheres - the
 only turkeys still
 breathing by the
 time of the Queen's
 speech - take their
 unique brand of
 council house slob
 punk as far as their
 local. Born to lose?
 It's a way of life,
 mate...

Elsewhere over
 the seasonal
 fortnight, you can
 catch Motorhead
 (with Death Angel),
 Balaam And The
 Angel, The Fall, Mary
 Coughlan, Mega City
 Four, Ghost Dance,
 Duran Duran, Billy
 Bragg and Cardiacs

Nick Wright

FRIDAY

30

AYLESBURY Civic Centre (86009) DRN
 BATH Moles (333423) The Government
 BROMLEY Bal Tabarin Ballroom Staccato
 CARDIFF New Bogeys (226168) Gunfire Dance
 COCKERMOUTH The Office The Whisky Priests
 GLASTONBURY Assembly Rooms Mega City Four
 HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head (21758) Johnny
 Mars/T-Model Slim
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Diesel Park West
 LONDON Deptford Crypt Every New Dead Ghost/The Bag We're In
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Paris Island/
 Some Have Fins/Acolytes Of The Sun/Sporting Lives/Screaming
 Custard
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Willy Finlayson And
 The Hurters
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Marks
 Brothers/Candy Land
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) La Clave
 LONDON King's Cross Margery Street New Merlin's Cave Contact
 LONDON Marquee (01-437 6603) Balaam And The Angel/Wolfsbane
 LONDON Newington Green Weaver's Arms (01-226 6911) The Lizards
 LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington (01-445 4710) Elisha
 Blue/Little Sister
 LONDON North Kensington Station Tavern Mick Clarke Band
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) John Cooper Clarke
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Boogie Brothers
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard Tokyo/What She Wants
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Trixie Bantam And
 The Automatic Force
 MARPLE Liberal Club The Mysterious Fifth Member/Mr
 Robinson/Fallen Angel
 ROTHERHAM Tiffany's Sub Club (561061) Phil Murray And The Boys
 From Bury
 SEVENOAKS Ide Hill Frog And Bucket Antz Avenue

SATURDAY

31

BATH Moles (333423) Jazz Allstars
 BRISTOL Grove Thekla (293301) The Blues Brothers
 CAMBRIDGE Sea Cadet Hall (353172) The Stormed/House Grinder/7
 Dead Americans
 CARDIFF New Bogeys (226168) Zero Option
 DUMFRIES White Hart You Slosh
 EXETER Barts Tavern (75623) The Venoms
 EXETER Garbo's Rat Patrol
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Huge Big Massive/This Yabis
 LONDON Brentford High Street Red Lion Mick Clarke Band
 LONDON Deptford New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) The
 Ya Ya's/Bicycle Thieves
 LONDON Ealing Road The Royals ID Crisis
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) John Cooper
 Clarke/Eric Bell And The Sunsets/Tricia Lee/Sound Ceremony
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan Ivor's Jivers/The Actors
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (01-278 5345) Archie
 Bishop And The Congregation/The Heisenberg/Raw Justice
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Wilko Johnson/Blues
 News/Hot Dogs
 LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (01-985 2424) Billy Bragg/The
 Hank Wangford Band
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Otis
 Grand And The Dance Kings

LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Cayenne
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club Dr Feelgood
 LONDON Marquee (01-437 6603) The Quireboys/The Grip/Tattooed
 Love Boys
 LONDON Newington Green New Pegasus (01-226 5930) Energy
 Orchard/The Passengers
 LONDON Newington Green Weaver's Arms (01-226 6911) Irish
 Mist/Jimmy Finnegan
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Geno Washington And The
 Ram Jam Band/Wreckless Eric
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Balham Alligators
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Steve Marriott
 And The DT's/Inside Edge
 LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) Skint Video
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International James Taylor Quarter
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Gags
 RIDDINGS Queen's Head Persia

SUNDAY

1

BRISTOL Bierkeller Red Jasper
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (01-278 5345) The
 End/Sister Midnight/Brian Borg/War Party
 LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (01-985 2425) Billy Bragg
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Freezing
 In Canned/The Wild Frontiers/Innocence
 LONDON North Finchley High Road Torrington (01-445 4710) Steve
 Marriott And The DT's
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Hoban's Heroes (Lunch) Mick
 Clarke Band (Eve)
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Alias Ron Kavana
 LONDON South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall Diamanda Galas
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard The Kings Of Wang

MONDAY

2

DUNSTABLE High Street Wheathead (62571) Toys For Us
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Spacemen 3
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Passion
 Obsession/MK Ultra/Big Bad Wolf
 LONDON Forest Gate Upper Cut (01-534 6578) The
 Meteors/Batmobile/Demented Are Go/Long Tall
 Texans/Skitzo/Deltas/Coffin Nails/Frantic
 Flintstones/Pharoahs/Caravans/Bang Bang
 Bazooka/Nitros/Grovelhog/Whip Me Houston (Noon start)
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (01-278 5345) The
 Auctioneers/Clock This/Blue Print
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490)
 XXY/Zouck/Smile Orange
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Seven Kevins/Bearly Works
 LONDON South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall Diamanda Galas

TUESDAY

3

CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Get Rhythm
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Patrick's
 Death/The Losers/Black Candy/The Harbour Kings
 LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (01-278 5345)
 Candyland/Lakota Beat
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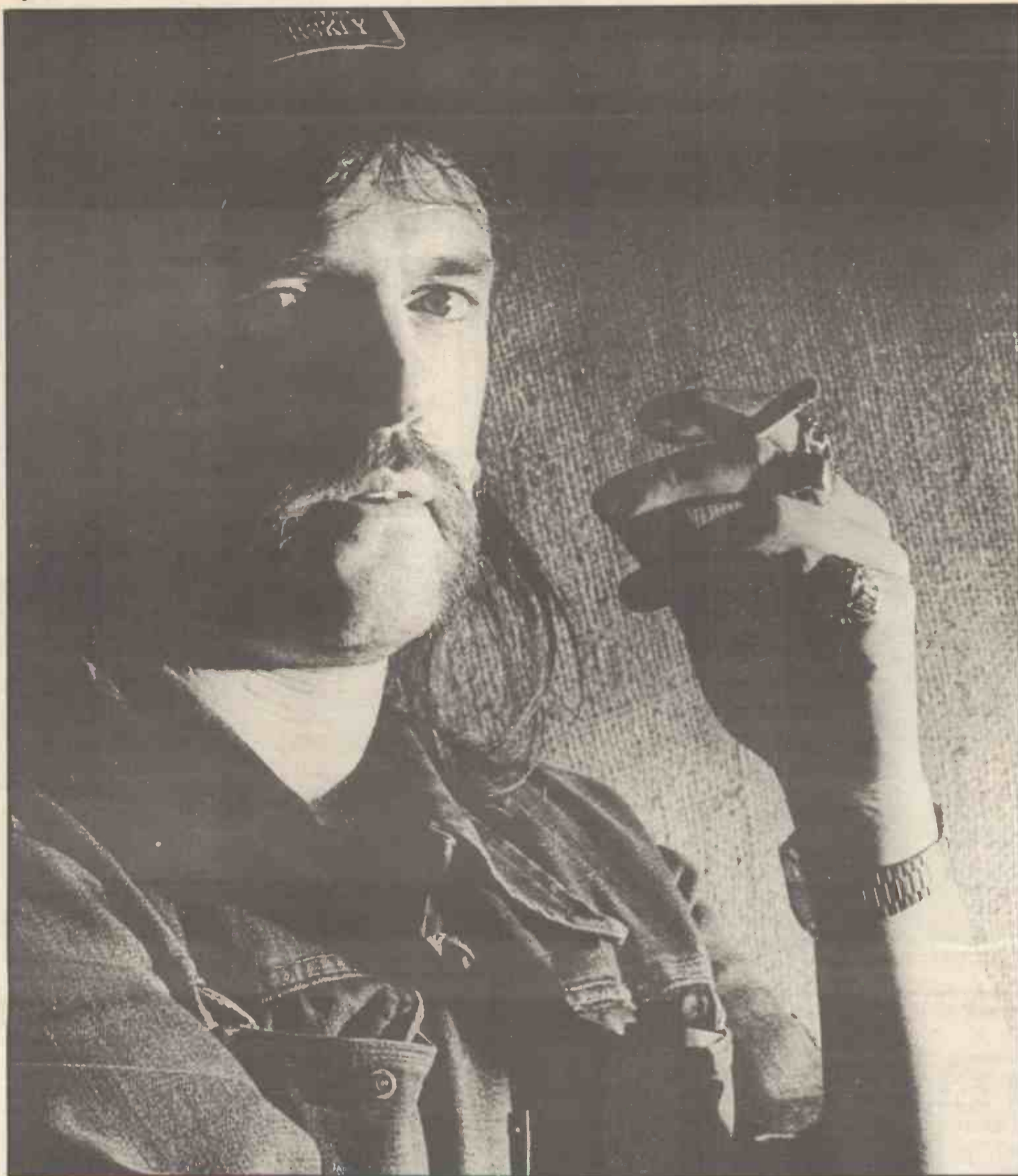
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LEMMY: "BOLLOCKS to God."

Lemmy may not want to live forever, but Motorhead roar on regardless. Neil Perry speeds up to the band's rehearsal room to give the great man's psyche a thorough check up. Mary Scanlon captures the beast

"You know I'm born to lose! And gambling's for fools! But that's the way I like it baby, I don't wanna live for ever!!"

ALL THE constants are there.

The Marshall stacks, the extreme volume, the mike angled just so; and Lemmy, head back, eyes shut, tempting fate for the *n*th time with the immortal words engraved on every Motorheadbanger's heart.

"The ace of spades! The ace of spades!"

Earlier this year, the singer appeared on *Network 7*'s regular ordeal-by-psychiatrist slot, affable, self-assured and a little amused as he dealt coolly with everything the off-camera shrink could throw at him.

Talking openly about his two children, his childhood, his parents (his father left home when he was three months old) and the pain left by a failed relationship, only once did Lemmy call a halt to the dialogue.

"Would you say that you loved anybody... deep down?" he was asked.

"Yeah."

"Who?"

"That is not an answer for you (smiling). That's for me."

"It's got to be your mother."

"That's not for you to know. Obviously I love my mother..."

It was probably the only time during the whole series that the interrogator sounded more rattled than his subject.

As a man who has seen out more endless nights, emptied more bottles and exposed himself to more decibels than is imaginable - "Speed don't kill, and I'm the proof!" he once sang on 'Snaggletooth' - Lemmy isn't about to start blabbing the few things he keeps to himself. Whatever they are, they've got him this far.

IN A North London rehearsal room, four gnarled and hirsute men are enveloped in the creation of a deafening noise that long ago bypassed the need for explanation. As the fifth incarnation of Motorhead gallops towards the fag-end of the classic do-or-die anthem, 'Ace Of Spades', Lemmy twirls, shimmies and shakes like he's just discovered a whole new career.

They take a breather and guitarist Wurzel holds up his strumming hand, staring at the blood dribbling from his battered fingernails.

Seven years since the live LP, 'No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith', topped the UK charts, its successor, 'No Sleep At All', was released this October with the full knowledge that number one LPs are a thing of the past. While their name still carries an indefinable buzz and the promise of the real thing, Motorhead's fortune has risen and fallen like a rollercoaster during the past five years.

Lemmy treats it all with philosophical grace, happy just to keep the flag flying. And if he and his fellow 'heads have to work their way up again then all the better - it keeps them off the streets.

With errant drummer Philthy Animal Taylor back in the fold, and guitarists Phil Campbell and Wurzel heading for their fourth Motoryear (it's fair to say that Wurzel would probably be getting re-acquainted with the police cells of his native Cheltenham if he wasn't doing this) the situation is as permanent as it's ever been.

"It's pointless, times have changed..." says Phil, dismissing the obvious comparisons between the two live LPs.

"We put an LP out and it doesn't go well, we just put another out, and so on." He shrugs, smiles and sips at a pint, giving way to Lemmy who seems all fired up about something.

"You see so many bands go under..." he begins, a very large bourbon half-raised to his lips.

"I mean, there is no real Musicians' Union in this country, it's f***ing hopeless, useless. If they treated miners like they treated musicians the whole thing would be out on strike every bloody week!"

Temporarily satisfied, he savours his drink, and Phil reveals that Motorhead recently became one of an increasing number of rock acts to whip up a storm behind the Iron Curtain.

"It was fantastic," murmurs Wurzel. "At Budapest kids had come from Czechoslovakia, Poland, all over. One kid had hitched from Rumania - he came out illegally, so he couldn't get back in."

"If you could just turn on the news one night and hear, Today 27,000 people rocked out in Hungary..." smiles Phil.

"But they always finish off with a bunny on a skateboard don't they?!" laughs Lemmy. "Imagine, The Good News Station! Hi there! Freddie Wilson found £1,000 in a paper bag today, and the fuzz said, Keep it Freddie, it's groovy..."

NO SHEEP 'TIL BETHLEHEM

FRANKLY, FATHER CHRISTMAS

OH IT'S fabulous, in't it, Christmas? Although I don't actually believe in Father Christmas meself, because I've got me own outfit, right?

"But I do trick Little Frank. He believes in it. Totally. Because you can't get Father Christmas outfits for puppets, can you?"

"Now, I don't actually come down the chimney because it's too small. So, what I do is I've got a big balaclava, and I sort of abseil down the side of the house and come in through the window like the SAS, which is brilliant, because it scares the living daylights out of Little Frank, and he's only cardboard."

"So that's a brilliant start to Christmas, because if you can't scare your puppet who can you scare? But I think this Christmas I'll probably blow 'im up. Do you know what I mean? With dynamite. Because it don't hurt him, cos he's only cardboard."

"The Queen's speech? I'm a bit cheesed off with her, because every year I watch her show, and it's always the same, in't it? She might as well show repeats of last year's, because there's no action in it, is there? Same old thing, year after year, Hello my fantastic loyal subjects."

"Whoever writes that show wants to put some jokes in it, or a bit of tap-dancing. I'd like to see her do a tap-dance this year, or maybe have a games show or something like that. You know, That's My Royal Son, put a bit of Christmas pizzazz into it."

"I like Rod Hull and Emu when they go round the hospital, that's fantastic, but the best thing about Christmas is when it's over. Because my house gets bombarded with relations, right?"

"They come, and you get the same thing every year, Oh, hasn't he grown, have another pair of socks, Frank, have a hankie with an 'F' on it' - because that's me initial, 'F' - and they don't get me any of the things I want, like a brilliant train set, or anything like that. You get the same old things, or you get a WH Smith book token."

"You don't even get records, so I can't even get Freddie Mercury's new one, because they've got a new person in Queen now, haven't they? That large lady. So they'll be making a Christmas one probably. Paul McCartney's bound to have three Christmas records out again, I could do with them as well."

"The worst thing is, me mum says, Out in the garden, while they clean-up and chat about the old times. So I have to go out in the drizzle then, play Twister with Little Frank, and that's rubbish, because you just put his head on one circle and his body on a different one, and that's no fun at all."

"On Christmas Day they should really let me hog the telly and eat all the fantastic food and leave me alone."

"For heaven's sake, let's have it in the summer next year, like they do in Australia. It's too cold, in't it, at this time of year?"

"Oh, that would be a nice Christmas - Christmas with Kylie Minogue in Australia. That would be my present. Not that I fancy her, don't think that. Oh no, I don't fancy her. I just think she's a fantastic actress lady with yellow hair, you know?"

Will Frank Sidebottom be watching the Queen's Speech on Christmas Day - or will he be stuck in the garden, playing Twister with Little Frank? Mr Spencer finds out

hello fantastic yuletide fans...
frank sidebottom here. now,.....
my first experience of christmas was one 25th of december when i was a mere none, so i don't remember too much about it. but as each new fantastic and ace christmas came and went (still keeping to the 25th of december) i seemed to be a year older.

but it is this christmas in 1988 which i think will be the one we will all remember most,.... and when they open the history books in a thousand years time and look back on this christmas... they'll say.....

"didn't that happen a 1000 years ago?"

merry christmas
and thank you
frank sidebottom.



ALITTLE later, hunched over the studio's bar, Lemmy denies that he ever has his mental defences at the ready.

"No. People are welcome... I know what I think of me, so their theories have no bearing on it. Like that Network 7 guy, all you can have is a hypothesis, isn't it?"

"If a person is maladjusted and really f***ed up, then maybe you can dig into them and they'll freak out. But when somebody is sure of themselves like I am, always have been, it's not very good TV, is it..."

And as for the old theory about using over-confidence to mask a basic insecurity?

"What, he cries in the corner when he goes home, right? It doesn't matter! Supposing I do! Who cares? As long as the music doesn't suffer, yeah..."

Currently living in a small flat in West London, Lemmy misses living with the rest of the band, as he did two years ago.

"Yeah, you always knew what was going on with the rest of them, you know. Now I only get the bulletin at the end, all the panic and disaster. People love to create disaster, don't they?"

"My views on people haven't changed much... I'm a bit more extreme. As time goes by people do things I never believed they could do, and I'm kind of fatalistic about it. People have been known before now to go into the kitchen to get the bread knife, just because the toothpaste was squeezed in the middle and not at the end! These things build up after 30 years of marriage. People are wonderful..."

Lemmy hopes to record with Jeff Beck soon, so realising a personal ambition.

"Hardly the scoop of all time. He's just one of my heroes, from year one. The other thing I want to do is play with Dave Edmunds. One day. The Everly Brothers, they were wonderful for breaking your heart. Those voices, singing those songs, looking like they did... My God, there'd never been rock 'n' roll before that."

"Most of my heroes are dead, unfortunately. When Humphrey Bogart was ravaged with cancer, they enlarged the dumb waiter in his house, and every night at six - he was desperately ill, dying - they'd put him in his wheelchair and winch him down below."

"He'd receive his guests in a smoking jacket, with a brandy and a cigarette in his hand. He did that until the day he died."

"That's guts. He f***ing wouldn't just lie there man, he fought it every inch of the way."

"I'd have loved to have met David Niven. His fiction book, *Go Away Slowly, Come Back Quickly* - get it. He seemed like a really nice geezer, he had a hold on his past and everything that happened and he understood it."

"But he died of that terrible motor-nerve disease. What an awful thing to happen to that man; a really erudite bloke, who loved talking and writing. F***ing terrible. And people believe in God? Bollocks to God..."

THERE ISN'T a thunderbolt in the whole cosmos that could take Lemmy out, at least not without one hell of a fight.

When he's finally killed by death, it'll be when he says so. Maybe after a good film, or a particularly fine bourbon. Likewise, he still sees a future for Motorhead.

"As for the idea that my best days have gone, and all that... I never think that we're going to go straight to number one again, so in that sense our best days have gone, yeah. But we're still new in America to a certain extent (Motorhead have just supported Slayer in America, capitalising on the number of thrash outfits who acknowledge Motorhead as an early influence), and there's a chance anywhere."

"I'm a career musician. I never wanted to do anything else as much as this, and I've been allowed to do it, by whatever governs these things."

Lemmy is lucky; he doesn't need much to assure his happiness. A good joke, a black Rickenbacker and a comfortable pair of cowboy boots will do.

"I could've been a plumber, know what I mean? People say, Don't you get sick of answering all the same questions, playing the same songs? I'd get sick of tightening that same nut! Walking into that same water-filled basement! No thanks, mate..."

Charts

UK 50 SINGLES

- 1 1 MISTLETOE AND WINE Cliff Richard EMI
- 2 2 ESPECIALLY FOR YOU Kylie Minogue & Jason Donovan PWL
- 3 3 SUDDENLY Angry Anderson Food For Thought
- 4 4 CRACKERS INTERNATIONAL EP Erasure Mute
- 5 9 GOOD LIFE Inner City 10
- 6 10 BURNING BRIDGES (ON AND OFF AND ON AGAIN) Status Quo Vertigo
- 7 7 ANGEL OF HARLEM U2 Island
- 8 14 DOWNTOWN '88 Petula Clark PRT
- 9 5 TWO HEARTS Phil Collins Virgin
- 10 6 CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS/SILENT NIGHT Bros CBS
- 11 16 BORN TO BE MY BABY Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 12 11 TAKE ME TO YOUR HEART Rick Astley RCA
- 13 18 FINE TIME New Order Factory
- 14 8 SMOOTH CRIMINAL Michael Jackson Epic
- 15 12 FIRST TIME Robin Beck Mercury
- 16 29 BUFFALO STANCE Neneh Cherry Circa
- 17 13 SAY A LITTLE PRAYER Bomb The Bass Rhythm King
- 18 25 LOCO IN ACAPULCO The Four Tops Arista
- 19 37 HANDLE WITH CARE The Traveling Wilburys Wilbury
- 20 21 NATHAN JONES Bananarama London
- 21 27 FOUR LETTER WORD Kim Wilde MCA
- 22 32 9 AM (THE COMFORT ZONE) London Beat Anxious
- 23 35 THE CHRISTMAS SONG Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 24 17 LEFT TO MY OWN DEVICES Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 25 31 PUT A LITTLE LOVE IN YOUR HEART Annie Lennox & Al Green A&M
- 26 — TRUE LOVE Shakin' Stevens Epic
- 27 19 RADIO ROMANCE Tiffany MCA
- 28 42 KEEPING THE DREAM ALIVE Freiheit CBS
- 29 15 KISSING A FOOL George Michael Epic
- 30 28 YOU ARE THE ONE A-ha Warner Brothers
- 31 41 YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH The Pogues Pogue Mahone
- 32 23 NEED YOU TONIGHT INXS Mercury
- 33 20 KOKOMO The Beach Boys Elektra
- 34 22 MISSING YOU Chris De Burgh A&M
- 35 — IMAGINE EP John Lennon Parlophone
- 36 39 MINNIE THE MOOCHER The Reggae Philharmonic Orchestra Mango
- 37 26 STAKKER HUMANOID Humanoid Westside
- 38 — RHYTHM IS GONNA GET YOU Gloria Estefan And The Miami Sound Machine Epic
- 39 44 DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE Mista E Urban
- 40 30 REAL GONE KID Deacon Blue CBS
- 41 — IT'S PARTY TIME AGAIN George Van Dusen Bri-Tone
- 42 24 JACK TO THE SOUND OF THE UNDERGROUND Hithouse Supreme
- 43 47 REQUIEM London Boys WEA
- 44 49 I LIVE FOR YOUR LOVE Natalie Cole EMI Manhattan
- 45 — WAITING FOR A STAR TO FALL Boy Meets Girl RCA
- 46 34 TWIST AND SHOUT/GET UP EVERYBODY Salt-N-Pepa London
- 47 — EVERLASTING LOVE Sandra Siren
- 48 — JOHN KETTLEY (IS A WEATHERMAN) A Tribe Of Toffs Completely Different
- 49 — THINKIN' ABOUT YOUR BODY Bobby McFerrin EMI Manhattan
- 50 — KISS ME DEADLY Lita Ford RCA

UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 2 PRIVATE COLLECTION (1979-1988) Cliff Richard EMI
- 2 1 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 13 Various EMI/Virgin/Polygram
- 3 3 KYLIE Kylie Minogue PWL
- 4 4 THE HITS ALBUM Various CBS/WEA/BMG
- 5 5 MONEY FOR NOTHING Dire Straits Vertigo
- 6 7 GREATEST HITS Fleetwood Mac Warner Brothers
- 7 41 THE LEGENDARY ROY ORBISON Roy Orbison Telstar
- 8 6 THE PREMIERE COLLECTION THE BEST OF ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER Various Really Useful Records
- 9 8 THE GREATEST HITS COLLECTION Bananarama London
- 10 12 PUSH Bros CBS
- 11 9 THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION Bryan Ferry with Roxy Music EG
- 12 10 HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS Rick Astley RCA
- 13 43 THE TRAVELING WILBURYS VOLUME ONE Traveling Wilburys Wilbury
- 14 17 RATTLE AND HUM U2 Island
- 15 14 GREATEST HITS The Human League Virgin
- 16 15 THE GREATEST HITS OF '88 Various Telstar
- 17 11 SOFT METAL Various Stylus
- 18 13 INTROSPECTIVE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 19 18 THE BEST OF CHRIS REA - NEW LIGHT THROUGH OLD WINDOWS Chris Rea WEA
- 20 44 NOW THE CHRISTMAS ALBUM Various EMI/Virgin
- 21 19 BAD Michael Jackson Epic
- 22 16 KICK INXS Mercury
- 23 — THE JOE LONGTHORNE SONGBOOK Joe Longthorne Telstar
- 24 22 BUSTER - ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Various Virgin
- 25 25 THE INNOCENTS Erasure Mute
- 26 20 WANTED Yazz Big Life
- 27 21 FLYING COLOURS Chris De Burgh A&M
- 28 23 GET EVEN Brother Beyond Parlophone
- 29 28 THE HIT FACTORY: BEST OF SAW VOL TWO Various PWL
- 30 — THE GREATEST HITS OF HOUSE Various Stylus
- 31 24 THE MEMPHIS SESSIONS Wet Wet Wet Precious Organisation
- 32 32 SMASH HITS PARTY '88 Various Chrysalis
- 33 29 THE SINGLES COLLECTION Kool And The Gang De-Lite
- 34 40 CHRISTMAS WITH NAT KING COLE Nat King Cole Stylus
- 35 35 THE GREATEST LOVE Various Telstar
- 36 33 TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN The Pasadenas CBS
- 37 30 MY GIFT TO YOU Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 38 39 TRACY CHAPMAN Tracy Chapman Elektra
- 39 37 NEGOTIATIONS AND LOVE SONGS 1971 - 1986 Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 40 31 DELICATE SOUND OF THUNDER Pink Floyd EMI
- 41 36 A SALT WITH A DEADLY PEPA Salt-N-Pepa London
- 42 26 G N' R LIES Guns N' Roses Geffen
- 43 47 WATERMARK Enya WEA
- 44 38 TILL I LOVED YOU Barbra Steisand CBS
- 45 34 HOUSE HITS '88 Various Telstar
- 46 46 ANCIENT HEART Tanita Tikaram WEA
- 47 49 DIRTY DANCING SOUNDTRACK Various RCA
- 48 — DANCE DANCE DANCE James Last Polydor
- 49 — BACK TO THE '60S Various Telstar
- 50 — NEW JERSEY Bon Jovi Vertigo

Compiled by MRIB

MUSIC VIDEO

- 1 1 THE BIG PUSH TOUR Bros CMV
- 2 2 KYLIE - THE VIDEOS Kylie Minogue PWL
- 3 3 PRIVATE COLLECTION Cliff Richard PMI
- 4 4 THE LEGEND CONTINUES Michael Jackson Video Collection
- 5 5 FAITH George Michael CMV
- 6 6 MAKING THRILLER Michael Jackson Vestron
- 7 10 THE VIDEO SINGLES Wet Wet Wet Channel 5
- 8 7 SHOWBUSINESS Pet Shop Boys PMI
- 9 9 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 13 Various PMI
- 10 8 THE GREATEST HITS COLLECTION Bananarama Channel 5
- 11 15 VIEW FROM A BRIDGE T'Pau Virgin
- 12 — DIRTY DANCING: THE CONCERT TOUR Various Vestron
- 13 12 THE HIT FACTORY Various PWL
- 14 — TANGO IN THE NIGHT Fleetwood Mac WEA
- 15 17 KICK: THE VIDEO FLICK INXS Channel 5
- 16 14 ALCHEMY LIVE Dire Straits Channel 5
- 17 — BERLIN CONCERT James Last Channel 5
- 18 16 LIVE Belinda Carlisle Virgin
- 19 13 GREATEST HITS The Human League Virgin
- 20 — LIVE IN CONCERT Daniel O'Donnell Ritz

Compiled by Gallup



ROXY: CHRISTMAS past

COMPACT DISC

- 1 3 PRIVATE COLLECTION Cliff Richard EMI
- 2 1 GREATEST HITS Fleetwood Mac Warner Brothers
- 3 2 MONEY FOR NOTHING Dire Straits Vertigo
- 4 4 THE PREMIERE COLLECTION Various Really Useful
- 5 7 THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION Bryan Ferry And Roxy Music EG
- 6 10 GREATEST HITS The Human League Virgin
- 7 9 NEW LIGHT THROUGH OLD WINDOWS Chris Rea WEA
- 8 11 THE GREATEST HITS COLLECTION Bananarama London
- 9 5 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 13 Various EMI/Virgin/PolyGram
- 10 14 INTROSPECTIVE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 11 13 RATTLE AND HUM U2 Island
- 12 8 DELICATE SOUND OF THUNDER Pink Floyd EMI
- 13 — TRAVELING WILBURYS The Traveling Wilburys Wilbury
- 14 12 HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS Rick Astley RCA
- 15 — THE HITS ALBUM Various CBS/WEA/BMG
- 16 15 KICK INXS Mercury
- 17 — BUSTER (ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK) Various Virgin
- 18 16 FLYING COLOURS Chris De Burgh A&M
- 19 — THE LEGENDARY ROY ORBISON Roy Orbison Telstar
- 20 6 THE THIEVING MAGPIE Marillion EMI

Compiled by Gallup

SOUNDS TRACKS

Roy Wilkinson

JAZ COLEMAN V HILMAR HILMARSSON Battle of the Earth monsters World Dom Ent

ABBA V THE SUGARCUBES Pure pop death struggle N European tag-team special

GODZILLA V THE SMOG MONSTERS A scuffle Relatively Small Conflicts Inc

Robin Gibson

HERE COME THE SNAKES Green On Red It's a classic!

CAN'T CHEAT KARMA Sounds So is this!

PRODUCTION The Fakes And this!

Keith Cameron

LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME Abba This is a classic too

PENDANT Das Damen Not a classic but extremely good

TIRED OF WAITING FOR YOU The Cateran And I have to wait for the album!

Neil Perry

MISS AMERICA Mary Margaret O'Hara Virgin LP

HEAR MY TRAIN A' COMIN' Jimi Hendrix Peel Session

THE POGUES: THE LOST DECADE Ms A Scanlon More than a good read

Sam King

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL Laibach Live hilarity from the kings of comedy

THE BROS COMIC (NOT THE NME) Bros Natch Marvel Comic

THE BELINDA CARLISLE ADVENT CALENDER Belinda Carlisle Virgin

Shaun Phillips

LAURENT PETITGRAND Live At Rennes

CAT The Sugarcubes Brilliant live show, but no 'Does Your Mother Know?' encore!?

ACROSS THE UNIVERSE Laibach Mute

John Robb

CACOPHONY Rudimentary Peni Outer Himalayan

CARRY ON SPERM WAILING Sperm Wails Spurt

ISN'T ANYTHING My Bloody Valentine Creation

Charts

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 1 SUDDENLY Angry Anderson Food For Thought
- 2 2 BURNING BRIDGES (ON AND OFF AND ON AGAIN) Status Quo Vertigo
- 3 3 BORN TO BE MY BABY Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 4 6 KISS ME DEADLY Lita Ford RCA
- 5 4 THE CLAIRVOYANT Iron Maiden EMI
- 6 5 FREAKS (LIVE) Marillion EMI
- 7 12 BAD MEDICINE Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 8 7 CALIFORNIA GIRLS David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 9 8 THERE SHE GOES AGAIN The Quireboys Survival
- 10 9 WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE Guns N' Roses Geffen
- 11 10 HEAVEN TONIGHT Yngwie J Malmsteen's Rising Force Polydor
- 12 13 I WANT OUT Helloween Noise International
- 13 11 MIRACLE MAN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 14 20 SWEET CHILD O' MINE Guns N' Roses Geffen
- 15 16 FALLEN ANGEL Poison Capitol
- 16 14 OPEN YOUR HEART Europe Epic
- 17 — THE FINAL CONFLICT Conflict Mortarhate
- 18 19 GIRLSCHOOL Britny Fox CBS
- 19 17 SHOOTING ME DOWN Chrome Molly IRS
- 20 — THE PEEL SESSIONS Jimi Hendrix Strange Fruit



DAVE: CHRISTMAS in California

ALBUMS

- 1 — G N' R LIES Guns N' Roses Geffen
- 2 2 SOFT METAL Various Stylus
- 3 1 THE THIEVING MAGPIE (LA GAZZA LADRA) Marillion EMI
- 4 4 NEW JERSEY Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 5 3 SMASHES, THRASHES AND HITS Kiss Vertigo
- 6 5 APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION Guns N' Roses Geffen
- 7 6 SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON Iron Maiden EMI
- 8 7 HYSTERIA Def Leppard Bludgeon Riffola
- 9 — GREATEST HITS Journey CBS
- 10 9 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 11 22 AIN'T COMPLAINING Status Quo Vertigo
- 12 13 BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Cleveland International
- 13 15 ...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL Metallica Vertigo
- 14 14 HITS OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Epic
- 15 8 BEAST FROM THE EAST Dokken Elektra
- 16 — RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 17 10 B-SIDES THEMSELVES Marillion EMI
- 18 17 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 19 12 NO REST FOR THE WICKED Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 20 — LITA Lita Ford RCA
- 21 19 FOUR SYMBOLS Led Zeppelin Atlantic
- 22 23 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST Iron Maiden EMI
- 23 16 POWERSLAVE Iron Maiden EMI
- 24 — WINGS OF HEAVEN Magnum Polydor
- 25 21 PIECE OF MIND Iron Maiden EMI
- 26 11 KINGS OF METAL Manowar Atlantic
- 27 24 KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART TWO Helloween Noise International
- 28 25 REACH FOR THE SKY Ratt Atlantic
- 29 26 LONG COLD WINTER Cinderella Vertigo
- 30 20 FEMME FATALE Femme Fatale MCA

IMPORTS

- 1 1 HOUSE OF LORDS House Of Lords Simmons
- 2 7 INTENSE DEFENCE Joshua RCA
- 3 2 MAN IN MOTION Night Ranger MCA
- 4 — SWEET DREAMS Sword Aquarius
- 5 6 TOO HOT TO SLEEP Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 6 5 GEMS Aerosmith CBS
- 7 — KILL TO SURVIVE Malia Rage Passion
- 8 8 IN THE SPIRIT OF THINGS Kansas MCA
- 9 9 FEEL THE SHAKE Jet Boy MCA
- 10 — THE VISITOR INC Glant

Compiled by Spotlight Research



HAPPY MONDAYS: bumming around

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 KYLIE Kylie Minogue PWL
- 2 2 WANTED Yazz Big Life
- 3 4 THE INNOCENTS Erasure Mute
- 4 3 THE HIT FACTORY VOLUME TWO Various PWL
- 5 5 INTO THE DRAGON Bomb The Bass Rhythm King
- 6 7 THE CIRCUS Erasure Mute
- 7 — THE GARAGE SOUND OF DEEPEST NEW YORK Various RePublic
- 8 6 TO THE BATMOBILE, LET'S GO Todd Terry Project Sleeping Bag
- 9 9 IT TAKES TWO Rob Base & DJ E-Z Rock Supreme
- 10 8 BUMMED Happy Mondays Factory
- 11 14 LOUDER THAN BOMBS The Smiths Rough Trade
- 12 12 LES MISERABLES Original London Cast First Night
- 13 19 SUBSTANCE New Order Factory
- 14 15 RANK The Smiths Rough Trade
- 15 17 WONDERLAND Erasure Mute
- 16 16 ONES ON 1 Various BBC
- 17 13 ACID TRAX MEGAMIX Various Serlous
- 18 10 ISN'T ANYTHING My Bloody Valentine Creation
- 19 18 ACID TRAX VOLUME TWO Various Serious
- 20 — ACID BEATS TWO Various Warrior
- 21 22 BLUE BELL KNOLL Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 22 11 ONLY AN EXCUSE J Watson & T Roper BBC
- 23 — SAVE THE CHILDREN — XMAS CAROL Various SCF
- 24 — MANCHESTER — NORTH OF ENGLAND Various Bop
- 25 20 LOONY ON THE BUS Roy Harper Awareness
- 26 24 DAYDREAM NATION Sonic Youth Blast First
- 27 — HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 28 21 STRAIGHT OUT THE JUNGLE Jungle Brothers Gee St
- 29 — SEX AND DRUGS AND JESUS CHRIST Christian Death Jungle
- 30 — IN THE KEY OF E Various Desire

Compiled by Spotlight Research

NAFF XMAS PRESENTS

- 1 MANDATE AFTERSHAVE AND TALC KIT
- 2 PAIRS OF ARGYLL SOCKS
- 3 PAIRS OF MISTER BYRITE Y-FRONTS (CREAM WITH BROWN 'Y')
- 4 50p McDONALD'S GIFT VOUCHERS
- 5 ROLAND RAT GLOVE PUPPETS
- 6 BLUE PETER ANNUALS
- 7 DWARVES
- 8 CHAS 'N' DAVE SINGALONG LPS
- 9 CASSETTE STORAGES CASES IN BROWN VINYL
- 10 JONATHAN ROSS BOOKS
- 11 SHOE-CLEANING KITS
- 12 CRATES OF SATSUMAS ... AND A RICHARD CLAYDERMAN BOXED SET

Compiled with the intention of giving them back next Xmas

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 ESPECIALLY FOR YOU Kylie Minogue/Jason Donovan PWL
- 2 2 SUDDENLY Angry Anderson Food For Thought
- 3 3 CRACKERS INTERNATIONAL EP Erasure Mute
- 4 6 FINE TIME New Order Factory
- 5 8 DOWNTOWN '88 Petula Clark PRT
- 6 4 SAY A LITTLE PRAYER Bomb The Bass Rhythm King
- 7 5 STAKKER HUMANOID Humanoid Westside
- 8 7 JACK TO THE SOUND OF THE UNDERGROUND Hithouse Supreme
- 9 9 STAND UP FOR YOUR LOVE RIGHTS Yazz And The Plastic Population Big Life
- 10 10 JE NE SAIS PAS POURQUOI Kylie Minogue PWL
- 11 14 IT'S PARTY TIME AGAIN George Van Dusen Bri-Tone
- 12 11 MY DJ (PUMP IT UP SOME) Richie Rich Gee St
- 13 12 SS PAPAZZI Stock Aitken Waterman PWL
- 14 — JOHN KETTLEY IS A WEATHERMAN Tribe Of Toffs Completely Different
- 15 — WAITING IN VAIN Total Contrast Criminal
- 16 16 CHRISTMAS PARTY Star Turn On 45 Pints Pacific
- 17 19 WALK ON BY Smith & Mighty/J Jackson Three Stripe
- 18 17 A LITTLE RESPECT Erasure Mute
- 19 15 WEEKEND Todd Terry Project Sleeping Bag
- 20 13 AMERICA Gary Numan Illegal
- 21 — TELSTAR UNIVERSE Telstar
- 22 — THE PEEL SESSIONS Jimi Hendrix Strange Fruit
- 23 21 WILL YOU LOVE ME TOMORROW The Shirelles Charly
- 24 22 NOTHING CAN DIVIDE US Jason Donovan PWL
- 25 — REVOLUTION Spacemen 3 Fire
- 26 20 BURN IT UP Beatmasters/PP Arnold Rhythm King
- 27 18 NIGHT TRACKS The Wedding Present Nighthtracks
- 28 36 NO 6 Taboo Anagram
- 29 — NEW DAY Jane Harrison Tribute
- 30 29 MEGABLAST Bomb The Bass Rhythm King
- 31 — LONDON RHYME SYNDICATE London Rhyme Syndicate Rhyme 'n' Reason
- 32 — BLACK SUN Loop Chapter 22
- 33 39 THE PEEL SESSIONS The Smiths Strange Fruit
- 34 26 ACID POKE Adonis Desire
- 35 23 I'LL HOUSE YOU Jungle Brothers Gee Street
- 36 24 THE ONLY WAY IS UP Yazz And The Plastic Population Big Life
- 37 44 ACROSS THE UNIVERSE Laibach Mute
- 38 27 TRANSCENDENTAL The Shamen vs Bam Bam Desire
- 39 34 VOODOO RAY A Guy Called Gerald Rham
- 40 — THE WORLD IS OURS The Rose Of Avalanche Avalantic
- 41 31 CAN YOU FEEL IT? Fingers Inc/Chuck Roberts Desire
- 42 33 NOTHING LESS THAN BRILLIANT Sandie Shaw Rough Trade
- 43 28 LET'S DANCE Slade Cheapskate
- 44 32 I WANT OUT Helloween Noise International
- 45 41 WHERE'S YOUR CHILD Bam Bam Desire
- 46 35 FIND AN UGLY WOMAN Cash Money & Marvelous Sleeping Bag
- 47 38 90% FUNK 10% RHYME Too Tough Unyque
- 48 47 OCEANIC EXPLORERS Post Facto Probe Plus
- 49 37 DOOMSDAY OF RAP Hijack Music Of Life
- 50 45 WROTE FOR LUCK Happy Mondays Factory

Compiled by Spotlight Research

Classifieds

SPECIAL NOTICES

27p per word (inc VAT)

PLEASE TELEPHONE 01-767 8431 for a recorded message tonight between 10.35 and 11.30 pm listen to Trans World Radio Monte Carlo on 205 metres 1467 KHZ medium wave. **S6338**

THOUSANDS OF NAMES and addresses in the music business are contained in the 1988 edition of the Music Week Directory, including record companies, music publishers, recording studios, record producers and concert promoters. Price £15.00 from: Mary Taylor (Dept S), Morgan-Grampian PLC, Royal Sovereign House, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6BO. **S7**

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DRUMMER REQUIRED FOR ROCK BAND. N. London/S. Herts based, age approx 23-30. Dedication essential. Transport preferred but not vital. Ring Studio One on 0707 42427 for audition. **S6246**

MUSICIANS WANTED HEAVY ROCK

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DRUMMER WANTED. Prepared to rehearse twice weekly, with transport. Band has gigged. Demo tape out all over London for gigs in New Year. Old Drummer unable to make commitment. Telephone Roy 01-303 2793. **S6344**

TALENTED BASSIST wanted by London rock band **BLINDER**, gigs waiting and top studio time booked late December for promotional demo. All original material, influences 'It Bites' 'Rush' 'Yes'. Contact Tom 01-505 9255. **S6345**

DRUMMER WANTED for HM/Thrash band dedicated attitude and own transport essential. Phone Jon 04446-3749 Sussex. **S6405**

ROCK & HEAVY METAL GROUPS WANTED BY WELL KNOWN RECORD LABEL

Send demo, photo, biography and SAE for return to: A&R Department SHM, Hemingbrough Hall, Hemingbrough North Yorkshire YO8 7QS **S4468**

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BANDS WANTED all types for gigs in New Year send tapes pics biogs etc to "Stick of Rock", 143 Bethnal Green Road, London E2 7DG or phone 01-739 6068. **S6401**

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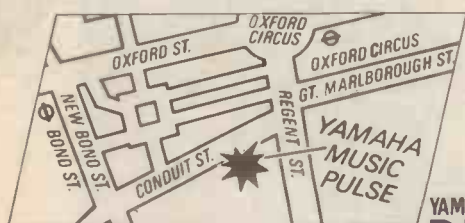
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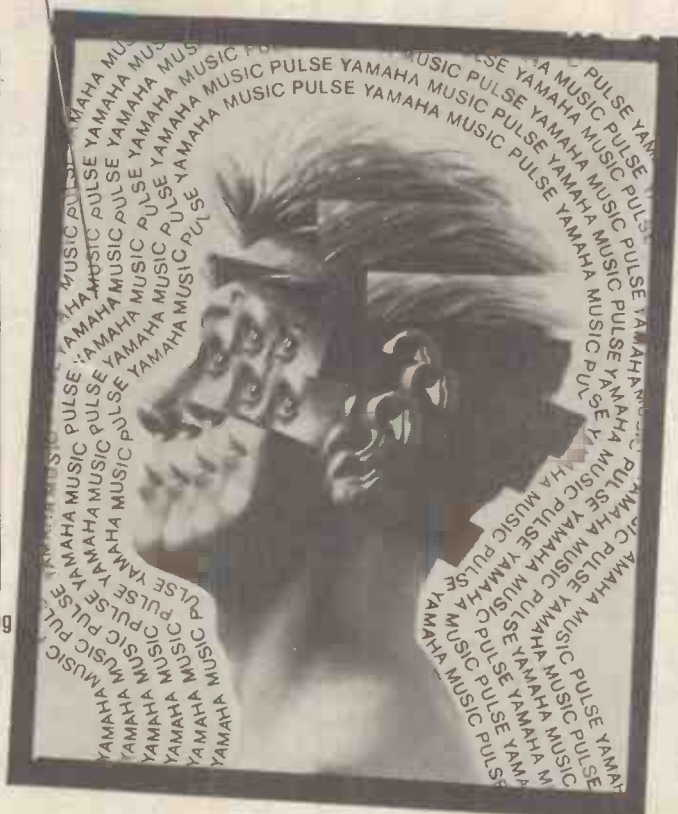


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