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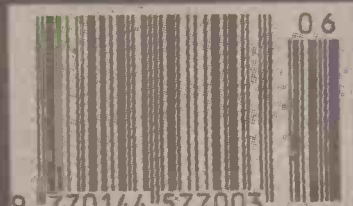


PERSONALITIES OF SPACEMEN 3

MY BLOODY VALENTINE
Who loves ya baby?



MONDAYS IN RIO
Driving Brazil nuts



FIRST REPORTS

SISTERS BACK FOR MORE

Two Leeds gigs to celebrate 10th anniversary



ANDREW gives it some at Wembley last year

Steve Gullick

THE SISTERS OF MERCY play two dates in Leeds to open their 1991 World Tour. The dates are at Leeds University on February 16 and Leeds Polytechnic 17, and celebrate the 10th anniversary of the very first Sisters Of Mercy gig, which was in York on February 16 1981.

Tickets are £12 each and are strictly limited to two per person, and priority booking was given to subscribers to Reptile House, The Sisters' information service. The other tickets are available from Jumbo Records, St John's Centre, Leeds. Reptile House subscribers get an exclusive T-shirt with their tickets.

WEA Germany will release a new single on

February 15, a remix of 'When You Don't See Me' with live versions of 'Ribbons' and 'Something Fast' on the B-side. The single will of course be available on import here, but there is still no news of a new Sisters 45 for UK release.

Dan Donovan who played with the band last year will not be joining the band on these dates or their European dates, which start in Portugal, at Lisbon Coliseu Recreios on February 26 and Oporto Coliseu 27. Then they go on to Spain Murcia El Limite March 1, San Sebastian Txibisto 3, Madrid Universal Sur 4, Valencia Arena 5, and Barcelona Zeleste 7; Italy, Milan Rolling Stone 10 and Yugoslavia Ljubljana Hala Tivoli 11.

■ DEPECHE MODE are the subject of a book called *Strangers*, a collection of pictures by Anton Corbijn. Corbijn has been responsible for the band's artwork and videos over the last few years and has photographed them in sub-Arctic conditions as well as baking hot deserts. The book is published by Omnibus and costs £12.95.

■ LOVE CORPORATION release the follow-up album to 'Tones' on February 18. It's called 'Lovers' and it's on Creation Records. Love Corporation are the brainchild of Times mainman Ed Ball and had a huge club hit last year with Danny Rampling's remix of 'Palatial'. The single from the album, due for release around the same time, is 'Give Me Some Love', remixed by Andrew Weatherall.

■ RIDE have added an extra date at the London Kentish Town Town And Country Club on March 7. Their gig at London Kilburn National Ballroom on March 6 has sold out.

■ CONFLICT have had to postpone their tour until April. The gigs are now at Newcastle Magnet on April 6 then Glasgow Mayfair 7, Bristol Bierkeller 10, Birmingham Marcus Garvey 19, Manchester International One 25 and London Shoreditch Town Hall on May 10. All tickets are valid for rescheduled dates. Jungle Records will release six Conflict albums on CD, soon, all retailing at under £10.

■ CARTER USM and Billy Bragg play a special CND benefit at London New Cross Venue on February 5. They play under the banner of Stop The War In The Gulf. A CND spokesman told *Sounds* that since CND has been involved in all the anti-war demos, their coffers are becoming depleted. Tickets are £5.



THE INSPIRALS: rockers

Inspirals add six

■ INSPIRAL CARPETS have added six more dates, including a major London show, to their tour - of which the dates already announced are now completely sold out. The new dates are London Alexandra Palace on June 8 then Birmingham Aston Villa Leisure Centre 9, Derby Assembly Rooms 10, Poole Arts Centre 12, Glasgow SECC 14 and Manchester G-Mex 15. Tickets are available now from box offices and usual agents.

The band are currently in the studio mixing their second album, due for April release. But before all that, they're off to America to play their second US tour. They depart on February 13, at 1300 hours, with 13 people in the crew. Oh dear.

■ THE PERFECT DISASTER play a one-off gig at London New Cross Venue on February 15, their first appearance since returning from a sold out European tour.

London Wembley Arena 4 & 5, Manchester G-Mex 8, Dublin The Point 15 and Glasgow SECC 18. The show is reputed to be spectacular, with 45 people joining Hammer on stage.

■ MC HAMMER visits the UK and Ireland in May for six dates. They are at Birmingham NEC May 2 then

■ THE FAMILY CAT play Trowbridge Psychic Pig February 12, Newport TJs 13, London Malet Street ULU 14, Derby (venue tbc) 19.

"GOT TEN PEE GUV?"

Royalties have been a bit disappointing recently...



MOZ: DOWN and out

MORRISSEY is back with a new single on February 11. It's his first collaboration with new writing partner Mark Nevin and it's a song called 'Our Frank'. The B-side is 'Journalists Who Lie' with 'Tony The Pony' on the 12-inch.

Morrissey's new band are Andrew Paresi on drums, Mark E Nevin on guitar, Bedders (ex-Madness) on bass, Steve Heart on harmonium, Seamus Beaghen on piano and

Nawazish Ali Khan on violin.

The new album from the George Michael of the bedsit generation, 'Kill Uncle', is released on February 25 by HMV. The tracks are 'Our Frank', 'Asian Rut', 'Sing Your Life', 'Mute Witness', 'King Leer', 'Sound, Sound, Sound', 'Driving Your Girlfriend Home', 'The Harsh Truth Of The Camera Eye', 'The End Of The Family Line' and 'There's A Place'.

Farm: no Astoria show



FARM: CANCEL one, set up another

● THE FARM will not be playing a show at the Astoria on February 7, despite an advert that appeared in *iD* magazine and the fact that tickets have already been sold.

The band had planned a special show to launch their LP, 'Spartacus', but they then decided not to go ahead with it. This is due to a dispute between The Farm and promoters Flying Records. The Farm claim that Flying Records, who promoted their Christmas gig there, have not paid them yet.

They have, however, added other dates at London Kilburn National Ballroom on March 13 and Liverpool Royal Court 24.

ASPIRING SOUNDS WRITERS PLEASE NOTE...

WE'VE HAD a massive response to our recent ads for new writers and are currently wading carefully through your replies. So, if you applied, just hang on - you may yet find yourself sitting in front of one of our hallowed VDUs, drinking Sol and battering out those five-star reviews. Everyone who wrote in will hear from us soon.

FIRST REPORTS

■ **KING'S X**, the Houston-based psychedelic rock band whose new single, 'It's Love', has just been released by East West, will support AC/DC on their April dates in Britain and Ireland. The band also played with them on their American dates.

■ **SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK** singer Martin Degville has his first solo LP, 'World War Four', released on Receiver this week. It's his first recording since SSS were "put on ice" after founder Tony James joined The Sisters Of Mercy, and finds him teaming up with ex-Slaughter And The Dogs guitarist Mick Rossi.

■ **DIGITAL UNDERGROUND** have signed to Big Life Records. A new single called 'Same Song', currently a hit in the US, will be released on February 18. It's a track from their LP, 'Sex Packets', remixed by CJ MacKintosh and backed with three unreleased tracks called 'Tie The Knot', 'Arguin' The Funk' and 'The Way We Swing'.

■ **BLEACH** have a new EP called 'Snag' released by Way Cool on February 18. They play a one-off at London New Cross Venue on February 16 with support from Basti, and are lining up a UK tour for March.

■ **THE POETS** release a new single called 'Subversive' on RCA on February 11. The track has been remixed by Sonic Youth collaborator Nick Sansano.

■ **EX-CURE** man Lol Tolhurst's new band, Presence, release their debut single next week on their own Reality label. It's called 'In Wonder' and it features Gary Biddles on guitar and vocals, Roberto from Shellyan Orphan on bass and Porl Thompson of the Cure on extra guitars, Chris Youdell on keyboards and Alan Burgess on drums.

■ **THE TELESCOPES** have a new single called 'Celeste' released by Creation on February 25. There will be a limited 7-inch edition of the single wrapped in a plastic bag.

■ **ANASTASIA SCREAMED**, who support Throwing Muses on their UK dates, will play their own shows while they are here. The dates so far confirmed are Guildford Surrey University on February 27 and London Charing Cross Road Borderline March 15. There will be a new single on Roughneck to coincide, called '15 Seconds Or Five Days'.

HACIENDA TO RE-OPEN WITHIN EIGHT WEEKS?

● Members only club on the cards following shock "temporary" closure



HAPPIER DAYS at The Hacienda bar

Paul Slattery

SHAUN: REDUCED to home boozing

Ian Tilton

THE HACIENDA club could reopen as a members only club at any time in the next two to eight weeks, according to sources in Manchester. A spokesperson for the club, which closed suddenly last Wednesday, could not confirm that they would be re-opening – but when *Sounds* spoke to them last week, they did say that they hoped the closure would be temporary. The Hacienda was more or less a members only club when it originally opened.

The ongoing saga of the celebrated club took a seemingly decisive route last Wednesday when Factory boss Tony Wilson read a prepared statement regarding the club's temporary closure. Refusing to answer questions, and maintaining that the statement would "hopefully speak for itself", Wilson appeared tired and emotional as he read.

"The Hacienda is closing its doors as of today. It is with the greatest reluctance that for the moment we are turning the lights out on what is, for us, a most important decision.

"We are forced into taking this drastic action in order to protect our employees, our members and all our clients. We are, quite simply, sick and tired of dealing with instances of personal violence.

"We hope and we must believe that we can reopen the Hacienda in a better climate.

"But until we are able to run the club in a safe manner and in a way that the owners believe will guarantee the role of the Hacienda at the heart of the

city's youth community, it is with great sadness that we will shut our club."

Reading between the lines, various Manchester pundits theorised that the continuing Manchester gang wars had had a large effect. There have been reports of fighting at the club on Saturday nights, and the whirlwind of rumour and speculation was further fuelled by the apparent sighting of a gun, which was not fired.

The personal violence referred to in the statement is in direct contrast to the club's previous atmosphere of peace and tolerance enjoyed in the build-up to its current lofty position. Recently, there have been reports of increasing physical hassle of staff. This has led Factory to place the club in mothballs "temporarily" – but it is difficult to see how circumstances could realistically change in the future. ● Last week's closure is part of a continuing series of setbacks suffered by the club, which only recently managed to fend off having its licence repealed after accusations that drugs were openly sold and used. There was a crackdown on security at the door and last month the Manchester licensing court postponed the hearing until July. Most observers believed that the drug problem in the club was under control.

● The Hacienda's closure has been greeted by shock in Manchester music circles. Shaun Ryder was quoted as saying "I can't believe it. Where are we going to go for a booze-up now?"

Charlatans rising



THE CHARLATANS after a heavy night on the dancefloor

THE CHARLATANS' new single, set for release at the end of February, looks set to be a coupling of a brand new song called 'Over Rising' and a remix of 'Opportunity' from their 'Some Friendly' album.

A white label remix of 'Opportunity' has been getting played in the clubs over the past few weeks.

The band's label, Beggars Banquet, could not confirm that the 'Opportunity' remix will be on the single – but have said that if it isn't, it is likely to be officially released in the near future. There will also be at least one other new track on the forthcoming single.

You can hear new Charlatans material on a *John Peel Show* session to be broadcast on Sunday February 10.

■ **808 STATE** release a new single this week, the follow up to 'Cubik Olympic State', on ZTT.

It's titled 'In Yer Face' and is taken from the second 808 State LP of the same name – which will be released to coincide with the Manchester G-Mex gig on March 16.

It is backed with a track called 'Leo Leo', featuring Ragaman, and there will also be a limited edition remix of both these tracks.

■ **THE HONEY SMUGGLERS** release the follow-up to last year's acclaimed debut single 'Listen' this week. It's called 'Besides Which' and is released by a new label called Ultimate. The band play Bournemouth Hothouse February 21, then Brighton Richmond 22, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 24, Swansea University 26 and Southampton Joiners 28. Also on the label will be an EP from US band The Belltower, who have been working with ex-House Of Love guitarist Terry Bickers.

■ **BALAAAM AND THE ANGEL** play two gigs this month at Leeds Duchess Of York on February 20 and London Charing Cross Road Marquee 21.

■ **CEREBRAL FIX**, Brum doom metallers, play London Charing Cross Road Marquee on February 13.

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FIRST REPORTS

James hit the heights

● Impromptu rooftop show in Manchester ● Shouts of "Jump, you f**ker, jump!" reported



THE CROWD wished they'd remembered to bring along a pair of strong binos

JAMES played an impromptu gig on the roof of Manchester's Picadilly Hotel last Wednesday, January 30.

This was to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the Beatles' last ever gig, which was on the roof of the Apple Records building in London's Saville Row.

Over 5,000 people blocked off the streets around the hotel to hear James play five songs: 'Come Home', 'How Was It For You', 'Sit Down', 'What For' and a new song called 'Ring The Bells'.

The band had to cut their set short because guitarist Larry's fingers had frozen to the fretboard! They were without trumpet player Andy who is in hospital having an operation on his foot.

James' singer Tim Booth said last week: "The idea was to do something a little unexpected even though it had been done a few times before. It sounded like a fun idea to spring a surprise and we only announced it at 8 o'clock that morning."

■ **JESUS LOVES YOU**, featuring Boy George, release a new single on Virgin subsidiary More Protein. It's called 'Bow Down Mister', a song he performed on *The Word* recently. Former X-Ray Spex singer, Poly Styrene (now known as Maharini),

appears on the record as do the London Gospel Community Choir and vocalist Asha Bhosle. The debut album will be released soon.

■ **YELLO** man Dieter Meier is setting up an indie label called Solid

Pleasure. Prospective artists should send demos etc to Spidercom, 68 Berwick Street, London W1V 3PE.

■ **NAPALM DEATH** play Wrexham Memorial Club on February 22. They then go to the US for dates.

NMA PLAY BENEFIT MARQUEE GIG FOR ARRESTED FANS



JUSTIN: DECENT bloke

LFI

NEW MODEL ARMY play a special benefit show at London Charing Cross Road Marquee on February 14.

The gig is to raise money towards paying the court costs of four NMA fans who were arrested in Nuremberg last November while they were following the band on their European tour.

Apparently the fans stopped a fight that was taking place at the front of the stage. When the police arrived, the British fans were pointed out as trouble makers and arrested.

They spent six weeks in remand before being released just before Christmas. Any money left over from the profits from the gig will be donated to Amnesty International and Greenpeace.

Tickets for the show are on sale now priced £8.

NMA will play more European dates in March and April and plan to release a live album later in the year.

■ **CANDYLAND** are out on the road this month at London Charing Cross Road Borderline on February 15 then Sheffield Leadmill 16, London Pink Toothbrush 21, Manchester Boardwalk 22, Nottingham Polytechnic 23, Birmingham Barrel Organ 25, Leicester Princess Charlotte 26, London Charing Cross Road Marquee March 12, Cambridge Junction 14, Norwich Waterfront 15 and Bath Moles 16. Their debut single, 'Fountain O' Youth', is released next week on Non Fiction Records.

■ **N-JOI** will play a series of club dates to coincide with the release of their new single, 'Adrenalin', on de/Construction Records. The dates are at Preston Meltdown on February 7 then Aberdeen Fever 8, Glasgow Tunnel Club and Tin Pan Alley 9, Saltcoats Metropolis 10, Nottingham Rock City 13, London Charing Cross Heaven 14, Cambridge Perception 15, Stoke Amnesia House 16, Plymouth Wasp March 1, Colchester Free At Last 8, and Blackpool Palace 28.

STRETCHHEADS

release a new LP, charmingly entitled 'Pish In Your Sleazebag', on Rough Trade next week. The LP is their first for the label and the tracks are 'Spaceape', 'Trippy Deadzone', 'A Freakout', 'Incontinent Of Sex', 'Crazy Desert Man', 'Housewife Up Yer F**kin' Arse Music', 'Machine In Deli (Gary Numan's Round The World Trip)', 'Ognob', 'Acid Sweeney', 'Mao Tse Tung's Meat Challenge', 'Space Jam', 'HMS Average Nostril', '3 Pottery Owls (with Innuendo)', 'Hairy Moussaka' and 'Fly Feast'. Review page 39.



'HEADS: CRAZY title bastards

Out of the kitchen, on to the road



THE KITCHENS concentrate hard on trying to 'beam up'

KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION release their first single on 1991 on February 18. It's called 'Drive That Fast' and is backed with 'These Drinkers', 'Elephantiny' and 'Three To Beam Up'.

And the band play four dates around the release time at Leeds Duchess Of York on February 26 then Manchester International One 27, London Charing Cross Road Marquee 28 and Northampton Irish Centre March 1.

The Kitchens are about to release their second album, 'Strange Free World', on One Little Indian Records, and will play a more extensive tour then.

■ **THE CHEMISTRY SET** release a new single in March called 'Don't Turn Away' on Imaginary Records, their first for the label. The other tracks are 'Pure Land', 'I Don't Need You' and, on CD, 'Telephone'.

■ **BE BOP DE LUXE** have their entire back catalogue re-released on CD this week. The albums are 'Axe Victim', 'Futurama', 'Subburst Finish', 'Modern Music', 'Live! In The Air Age' and 'Drastic Plastic'. Be Bop De Luxe featured the guitar talents of Bill Nelson who is still something of a cult figure.

■ **TODD RUNDGREN** has a new live LP, 'Second Wind', released by WEA on February 11.

■ **LIVING COLOUR** have their album, 'Time's Up', issued this week as an 18-track CD. The extra tracks are live versions of 'Final Solution' and 'Middle Man' with a Soul Power Mix of 'Love Rears Its Ugly Head'.

■ **SP!N** have added dates at Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut March 9 and Southampton Joiners Arms 20.



CRIME: ROAD fever!!

FOUR DATES IN A ROW FOR CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION!!

And new 'Dolphins' single from the notorious recluses

CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION release a new single through Mute on February 18.

It's called 'The Dolphins And The Sharks' and is a remix (not a dance remix) of a track from their recent LP, 'Paradise Discotheque'. There are three previously unavailable instrumental tracks called 'The Sun Before The Darkness', 'On Every Train' and 'The Bride Ship'. It comes in CD and

10-inch format only.

And the band, whose gigs have become increasingly rare events, break with tradition by playing a four-date tour to coincide, starting at Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut on February 26 then Leeds Duchess Of York 27, Manchester Boardwalk 28 and London Islington Powerhaus March 2. Let's hope their stamina holds out.

FIRST REPORTS

LENNON IN LIVERPOOL: CONTROVERSY RAGES

Claims that city will have to pick up £393,000 tab

NINE MONTHS after it took place, controversy continues to dog Liverpool's John Lennon Memorial Concert.

Plans to distribute cash raised by the all-star event, which took place on May 5 last year, to various youth and inner city projects through the 'Spirit Foundation' charity look set to come unstuck.

And, compounding fears voiced at the time that the show would not raise as much cash as the organisers expected, the local *Daily Post* now claims that a bill of £393,000 will have to be picked up by Liverpool's Poll Tax payers (a small and diminishing group).

But Council spokesman Steve McGriskin claims that figure is "dodgy". "There was always going to be a bill," he told *Sounds*. "But the figure can't be confirmed. We are hoping to recoup some of the costs from John Lennon Tribute Ltd. But ratepayers (sic) will have to pay something."

Speaking to *Sounds* before the event last year, McGriskin was confident that a late surge in ticket sales would achieve an attendance of 45,000 and that there would be substantial revenue from the sale of TV rights. In reality, the concert attracted 20,000 and, despite hawking it around TV companies worldwide, it has proved "unsaleable", according to Yoko Ono's lawyer.

McGriskin is unclear about why these problems arose. "It may have been the artists or it may have been the price (£25 a throw, with £20 from each ticket going to 'Spirit Foundation'). You'd have to ask the TV companies why they weren't interested."

● Also planned was a John Lennon scholarship fund to allow students to study environmental issues at Liverpool University. But Uni spokesman David Bamber is still in the dark about plans. "We were never given any details by the Spirit Foundation as to how much we should expect and we're still waiting to hear. We are still hopeful, but we had hoped to have cash available for the October '91 intake. We've heard nothing since August."

● Criticisms were made at the time of the concert over the format and the choice of bands. Everyone was asked to play just one Lennon song, which produced some embarrassing



LENNON: ALL he did was write the soundtrack.

moments. Indeed, Kylie's 'Help' could now be released as a theme tune for the whole event. Of the artists who appeared, only The Christians were remotely local – a surprising fact, given the city council's claim that the event was intended to improve Liverpool's image. On that point, McGriskin is insistent: "We are told the concert was broadcast to 20 countries on the anniversary of Lennon's shooting. That means the Liverpool waterfront was seen in 20 countries."

"With 20,000 people attending, it was probably the biggest event of its kind ever staged in the city. If it was a failure, then we need more failures."

Mr McGriskin is entitled to this view – even if he may well be the only person on earth who holds it.

Meanwhile, Liverpool's up-and-coming bands continue to struggle with an extreme paucity of live venues. A fraction of the time and money put in to the Lennon flop could have remedied that.

Jamaica pays tribute to Marley



MARLEY: GROUND-BREAKER

THE JAMAICAN government has declared February 6 Bob Marley Day. It is the anniversary of the reggae superstar's singer's birthday.

Senator Donna Scott Bhoorasingh, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Information and Culture, said that the government was paying tribute to Bob Marley in the context of recognising people who have made an outstanding contribution to Jamaican national culture.

Marley, whose work was largely responsible for breaking reggae music internationally, died almost ten years ago on May 11 1981 from a brain tumour. Much of his back catalogue has recently been re-released.

● **THE DYLAN**s go on the road this month to promote their recent debut single, 'Godlike', starting at Sheffield Polytechnic February 7 then London Camden Underworld 8, Leeds Duchess Of York 14, Stoke Wreathshead 20, Bath Moles 22, Wendover Reaction 23, Guildford Surrey University 24, Manchester Boardwalk 26, Hull Adelphi 27, Sheffield University 28, London Charing Cross Road Borderline March 1 and Canterbury Kent University 2.

● **'WHERE THE PYRAMID MEETS THE EYE'** is the tribute to Roky Erickson released by Sire next week. Among others, the album features Primal Scream covering 'Slip Inside This House', Julian Cope's version of 'I Have Always Been Here Before', REM's version of 'I Walked With A Zombie', Thin White Rope doing 'Burn The Flames' and both ZZ Top and The Jesus And Mary Chain covering 'Reverberation (Doubt)'. Roky is currently being held in a Texas mental hospital.

● **INNER CITY** release a new single on Ten Records this week. 'Till We Meet Again', which is taken from their LP, 'Fire', has been remixed by Kevin Saunderson and features vocals from Byron Stingily (doubtless a mean dude – Ed) of Ten City duetting with Paris Gray.

● **DEEP PURPLE** have added two extra dates at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 14 and 15, bringing their total number of gigs there to four.

THE BEST KOMPILATION OF BALL BREAKERS ON VIDEO



FEATURING:

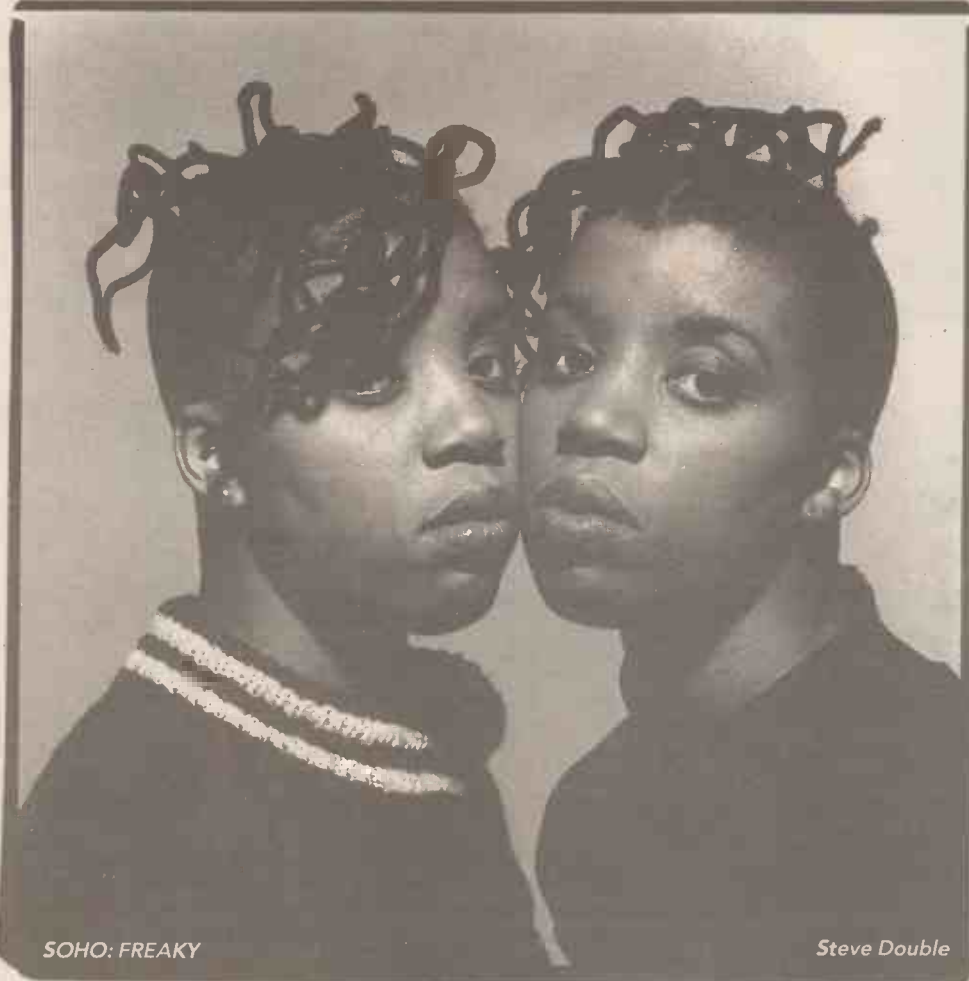
BRUCE DICKINSON - DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!
THUNDER - SHE'S SO FINE
WHITESNAKE - NOW YOU'RE GONE
MEGADETH - HOLY WARS.....THE PUNISHMENT DUE
DREAD ZEPPELIN - HEARTBREAKER
VAIN - WHO'S WATCHING YOU?
THE ELECTRIC BOYS - ALL LIPS AND HIPS
NO SWEAT - HEART AND SOUL
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FIRST REPORTS

Debut LP for Soho



SOHO: FREAKY

Steve Double

SOHOO release their debut album, 'Goddess', through S&M Records on February 18. The tracks are 'Love Generation', 'Hippychick', 'Out Of My Mind', 'Shake Your Thing', 'Freaky', 'Another Year', 'Girl On A Motorbike', 'Nuthin' On My Mind', 'God's Little Joke', 'Boy 90' and 'Goddess'. The CD has an extra track called 'Zombies Walk The Cardboard City'. The first 2,000 copies of the album also include a white label 12-inch single with the tracks 'Scorpio Rising' and 'Zombies Walk The Cardboard City (Duppie Dub Mix)'. The twins are currently on tour, supporting Jesus Jones.

PREACHERS 45 'TOO CRAP TO STOCK' CLAIM!

AVALANCHE RECORDS in Edinburgh have refused to stock the Manic Street Preachers' new single 'Motown Junk' because, in the words of a spokesman for the shop, "It's crap!" "If a record being crap was a criterion, of course there's a lot of records we wouldn't stock," said Avalanche worker Andrew Tully, "But it's the fact that they're also Welsh and wear eyeliner. We do stock records by Welsh bands, even crap Welsh bands, and records by people who wear eyeliner. But the combination of all these things makes us unable to stock this." A spokesman for the band told *Sounds*: "We expected people not to stock the record, but not because they're Welsh and wear eyeliner! This is just a cheap publicity stunt."



PREACHERS IN A rare eyelinerless shot

■ **THE ALIEN BOYS**, who hail from the notorious St Paul/Reeperbahn squatter district of Hamburg, have released a new album called 'The Seeds Of Decay' on Semaphore Records. The band are influenced by psychedelia, punk, German trash and hardcore.

■ **KALEIDOSCOPE**, the legendary west coast '60s psychedelic band, have their 'lost' album, 'White Faced Lady', issued by Kaleidoscope Records this week. The album was recorded over 20 years ago but was rejected by the band's then record company.

■ **RATUS DE PORAO**, a Brazilian metalcore band, release their second album, 'Anarkophobia', through Roadrunner on March 4. Their first LP, 'Brasil', will be reissued on the same date.

■ **THE BIG DISH** release their new album, 'Satellites', on East West Records on February 11. There will be a UK tour from the Scottish band to follow the release.

■ **GANG STARR** release their debut single, 'Take A Rest', on Cooltempo Records this week. The track is a remix by CJ MacKintosh, taken from Gang Starr's debut LP 'Step In The Arena'. They will visit the UK in March for a series of dates.

■ **LONDONBEAT** release a new single, the third from their album 'In The Blood'. It's a cover of the Bob Marley And The Wailers classic 'No Woman No Cry' and is released by RCA on February 11. There will also be a 12-inch remix by David Morales.

■ **THE DARKSIDE**, Rugby's other famous sons, play a series of dates this month starting at Leicester Princess Charlotte February 7 then Lincoln Vienna 11, Derby (venue tbc) 12, London Strand Kings College 15, Stevenage Bowes Lyon 17 and Brighton Richmond 24. The band will be in the studio to record a new single for release in the spring.

■ **TOYAH** releases her new LP, 'Ophelia's Shadow', on EG Records next week. Robert Fripp, ex-King Crimson guitarist and sometimes Eno collaborator, worked with Toyah on the album. Jazz keyboardist Keith Tippett also played on one track.



DANIEL ASH: what a big jessie

DANIEL ASH (left), of Bauhaus, Tones On Tail and Love And Rockets fame, has just completed his first solo LP. Called 'Coming Down', it's released through Beggars Banquet on February 11. The tracks are 'Blue Moon', 'Coming Down Fast', 'Walk This Way', 'Closer To You', 'Day Tripper', 'This Love', 'Blue Angel', 'Me And My Shadow', 'Candy Darling', 'Sweet Little Liar', 'Not So Fast' and 'Coming Down'.

Return of the Cabs

CABARET VOLTAIRE release a new single on February 11 through Belgian label Les Disques Du Crepuscule called 'What Is Real'. The other tracks are 'The Virtual Reality Mix' and, on the CD, 'Legacy Of The Computer'. This is their first release since leaving Parlophone Records last year and finds them moving more in the direction of the Sheffield dance sound. Richard Kirk of the band has been working with Sweet Exorcist who are on Warp Records, the innovative Sheffield techno label. There will be a new Cabaret Voltaire LP released by Les Disques Du Crepuscule later this year.



FLA: INFECTIOUS

FRONTLINE BACK WITH A 'VIRUS'

FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY, Vancouver's techno-terrorists, release a new single this week on Third Mind Records. It's called 'Virus' and is backed with a remix. FLA were originally going to release a mini-LP of material recorded at the same time as the new single, but have decided to include these tracks on a compilation of their singles later in the year. The first FLA album, 'The Initial Command', has just been reissued on cassette by ROIR. Originally released on the Belgian KK label in 1987, this follows last year's ROIR reissue of 'State Of Mind'. It is hoped that FLA will visit Europe later this year.

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FIRST REPORTS

**FATIMA MANSIONS:
OPEN HOUSE**

11 gigs for Cathal & Co

FATIMA MANSIONS follow up the release of their 'Hive' EP with a UK tour.

Since the release of their album, 'Viva Dead Ponies', Fatima Mansions have seldom played outside of London.

The dates start at Cambridge Junction on February 18 then Manchester University 27, Leeds Duchess Of York 28, Worksop Royal Art Centre March 1, Kidderminster Market Tavern 2, Birmingham Barrel Organ 4, London Charing Cross Road Marquee 5, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 6, Oxford Jericho Tavern 7, Newcastle Polytechnic 13 and Glasgow King Tut's Wah Hut 14.

On March 9, the band break the tour to play a festival in Vienna.



FATIMA MANSIONS' Cathal Coughlan: hopes to be untied before the first show

The Nightmare continues...



THE NIGHTMARE chappies have a sit down

LOVES YOUNG NIGHTMARE release a new EP, produced by ex-Only One Peter Perrett, on Strike Back Records on February 25. The tracks are 'All Too Much', 'Tomorrow Will Be Fine' and 'How The Mighty Have Fallen'. The CD has two other tracks called 'Let It Roll' and 'Goodbye June'. The band play dates at London Camden Falcon on February 11 then Rugby Imperial 15, London Mall ICA 19, Coventry Polytechnic 23, Liverpool Planet X March 2, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 3, Middlesex Polytechnic 5, Cardiff University 8, Oxford Jericho Tavern 9, Sheffield Polytechnic 14, Leicester Princess Charlotte 16, Manchester Boardwalk 20, Doncaster Jug 21, Leeds Duchess Of York 22, Harlow Square 23, Southampton Joiners 28, Dudley JB's 29, Hull Adelphi April 4, Bath Moles 5 and London Charing Cross Road Marquee 6.

● Peter Perrett is currently working on new material - and The Only Ones' back catalogue is scheduled for release later this year.

■ **AR KANE** man Rudy has set up his own label and production company called H.Ark! The first releases will be EPs by two Belfast bands called Butterfly Child and Papa Sprain. There will also be releases from Head High, a collaboration with Rudy and Billy McGhee, Marc Almond's co-writer. There will also be a release from Ipswich band Celestial Tribes.

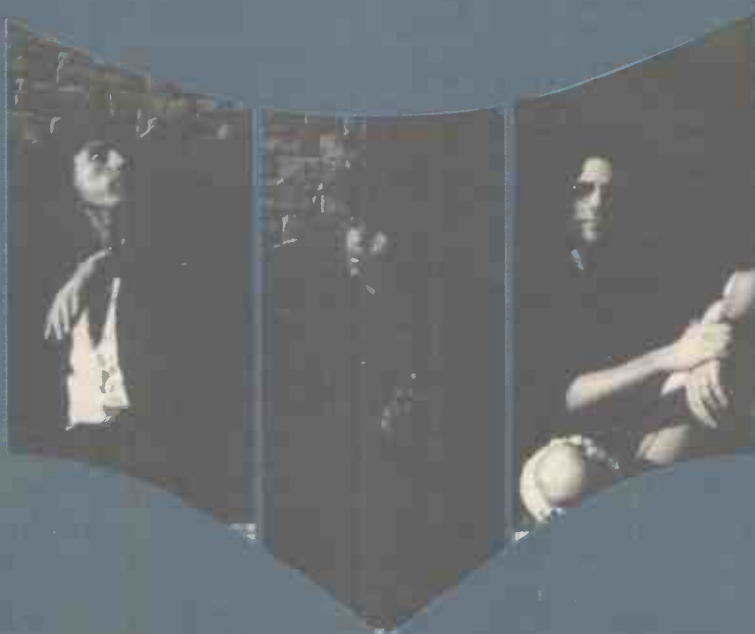
■ **TREPONEM PAL**, the French industrial metal band, have a new LP called 'Aggravation' out on Roadrunner Records. Celtic Frost drummer Steve Priestly played drums on the album, which includes a version of Kraftwerk's 'Radioactivity'.

■ **GGFH** release their new LP 'Eclipse' on Peaceville subsidiary Dreamtime this week. The San Francisco band, whose name stands for Global Genocide Forget Heaven, are in the Nitzer Ebb and Skinny Puppy vein.

■ **DOG BOWL**, ex of King Missile, has his first solo LP, 'Tit... An Opera', released by Shimmy Disc Europe this month. The album was produced by Kramer, and Dogbowl will be visiting the UK with Bongwater in March.

**KING'S
XX**

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71 81 91

DECADE REACTION

WHAT HAPPENED THIS WEEK IN 1981

■ On this week's *Sounds*' cover we have handsome Tony Hadley of up-and-coming N*W R**antic clothes horses Spandau Ballet.

■ A slow news week or what? Max Webster, a Canadian band who supported Black Sabbath, were forced to return home after cancelling two dates because of poor ticket sales. Michelle (no surname given), after whom The Beatles named a song, has been given a suspended sentence for possession of drugs and fined £60 for shoplifting. Er...and Judie Tzuke has announced tour dates. The good news is that Gary Numan has announced his farewell concerts.

■ We have a jaundiced view of a Rock Against Sexism meeting attended by four anti-sexist female workers from *Sounds*. Naturally, the piece is illustrated by a gratuitously sexist pic.

■ Topper Headon of The Clash played onstage with the New Symphony Orchestra last

Orchestra, Suzi Quatro, Stray Cats and Gillan.

■ Phil Collins, all round good bloke, talks about the forthcoming Genesis LP and the solo success he's enjoying with 'In The Air Tonight'. "I'm not an old hippy!" he assures our reporter.

■ The Angelic Upstarts are caught on tour. A bunch of fans have been chucked out of one of the gigs. Mensi tries to get them in - without success, because the doorman tells him that they've been chucked out for a good reason. "Ye've goat tae get us in," yells the most vocal kid. "Ye talk about 'Kids On The Street', well ah'm on the street! If ye doan get us in ye're jist a capitalist!"

■ Spandau Ballet dismiss punk rock in our feature. "Punk was just rock and roll - pre-army Elvis with a bit of Stones and Iggy thrown in. It was all controlled by middle-aged, middle class ex-art students like McLaren and Rhodes."



THE UPSTARTS caught on the road and in the bath in *Sounds* ten years ago (pic by George Bodnar)

Sunday after returning two 'hot' timpanis that he had inadvertently bought. For his astonishing generosity, Topper was invited to join them for a bash about during Tchaikovsky's '1812 Overture'.

■ In Oi! The Column, we publish the first of what could be many pictures of Vice Squad singer Becky Bondage.

■ In Puerto Rico, we catch up with Canadian metal megastars...er, Saga. Much interesting stuff ensues.

■ The Virgin Prunes tell *Sounds* about Dublin, decadence and dressing up.

■ Single of the Week is, unbelievably enough, The Tygers Of Pan Tang's 'Hellbound'. Runners up include Duran Duran's debut, 'Planet Earth', as well as new releases from The Pretenders, Sheena Easton, Yellow Magic

■ **** for the 2-Tone Records compilation 'Dance Craze', but only *** each for The Stranglers' 'Meninblack', Dedringer's 'Direct Line' and Iron Maiden's 'Killers'. Apart from that, the albums are a load of old bollocks like Pearl Harbour, Herman Brood, Trevor Rabin and Moon Martin.

■ Caught live we have U2 who, says *Sounds*, "could halt the second coming of The Grateful Dead". April Wine, who are megastars, and Diamond Head are pronounced fab. The Who, however, are crap. The Fire Engines in Edinburgh are fabbo and The Angelic Upstarts are caught live dahn the Bridge House.

■ And to round off the most bollock awful issue of the paper in ages, we have Oi! The Debate (continued) on the letters page, along with a picture of Noel Edmonds.



Bizzark

By Prize
Moron

Ever spent your last 60p on a music paper, only to see your favourite band or artist consigned to the scrapheap? Ever wanted to get your own back? Well, you can!!! Because this week and every week, it's time to...

RIGHT THOSE WRONGS WITH TED TACT - international KIND MAN OF POP

Hello Mister Tact,

I am writing from the Soviet Union to be asking how it is that *Sounds* magazine is finding all our musical groups so funny? Huh? How come they are laughing so hard at our very good groups of the rock and roll? Is it because we do not have the fancy names? Is it because we do not want the samplings? Perhaps it is because we do reject the glamorous lookings of our Western counterparts?

Lay off our music, *Sounds* - you do not know your talkings.
Yours, Andrei Popalovski, Siberia

TED SAYS:

Right on, Andrei! There are many different musical styles from all over the world, so who are we to sit in judgement of another man's culture? I think you're pretty right in what you say, Andrei. We English are notoriously fickle in our tastes and just because our Russian brothers don't wear all the latest gear and believe in real, live music,

it doesn't mean they're somehow 'inferior' to us.

So leave Russia alone, you lot. It's all very well for us with our Travelling Fox training shoes and 12-inch hip hop remix releases but they've a lot to contend with behind the Iron Curtain. Why not try listening for a change? You might just learn something.

IS IT UNFAIR?
TED'LL BE THERE!



Dear Ted,

I really like The Stranglers, me, and I was really looking to a review of Hugh Cornwell, their old singer, at Ronnie Scotts. How can you slag him off? Hugh's a brilliant singer and songwriter and he was ever so good in concert that night. I mean, I didn't go. I live in Cardiff, right? But I've seen him singing with The Stranglers and don't expect he's much different on his own. So what are you going to do about it?
Andrew Aspinall, Cardiff

TED SAYS:

Yes, Andrew. Having seen The Stranglers on a number of occasions, I can vouch for Hugh's proficiency as a vocalist and I'm sure the night in question must have been up to par, otherwise it would have been cancelled, wouldn't it? I mean, would you go onstage with a sore throat or a cold if everybody in the audience had

paid good money to see you? No, you wouldn't, would you?

And if you weren't any good, nobody would have bought tickets in the first place, would they? It's a Catch-22 situation that, sadly, few so-called 'reviewers' seem to be aware of. So let's raise our hats to the man. Cheers, Hugh - and keep up the good work!

Dear Ted,

Every week, me and my band, The Fornicating Goat Cheese, play millions of gigs all around the world to millions of people, but just because our audiences don't wash, all the weekly music papers seem to ignore us. Can you sort us out with a page or two? Or a live review? Or just a mention? Pleeeeeaaassee??????
Ginger McTavish (singer), The Fornicating Goat Cheese, Gwent

TED SAYS:

I hear you, Ginger. Many other bands seem to be in your situation - you've amassed a large following but you simply can't get the publicity you so obviously deserve. You must have forgotten to send me a tape but you did remember to send a clipping from a provincial gig

guide - proof, if it were needed, of your undoubted popularity. I mean, if nobody wanted to go, they wouldn't print it, would they? So wake up everybody! There's talent on our very own doorstep but no one seems to want to know. Let's hear it for the little guys, OK?

BAND 'NEVER GNU EACH OTHER'

Exclusive by TIMMY TWADDLE and TED SHED

FOLLOWING THE recent revelations that Sonic Boom and Jason Pierce do not speak to each other and record their Spaceman 3 contributions seperately comes the astonishing story of Kingston-Upon-Thames band SEPTIC GNU - who have never actually met each other!

STRANGERS

"It's all been a bit of a f**k up really," said singer SETH NETTLES. "I mean, we have always wanted to meet up, but at the last minute something always came up."

ARRANGED TO MEET

The band formed a year ago when Seth placed an ad in well known muso paper *Monotony Maker* which read: "Experienced vocalist seeks band. Influences Knopfler, Collins, Simon (Paul). Own gear." Guitarist Freddy Ready replied to the ad and the two arranged to meet in a local pub.

DIDN'T TURN UP

But at the last minute, Seth's brother fell ill and he was unable to turn up.

Then bassist Paul Prickhed got in touch and arranged to come round to Seth's house, but he inadvertently got on

the wrong bus and ended up in Walthamstow.

WRONG BUS

And drummer Les Pessarie was just a lazy f**ker and didn't bother turning up.

Nonetheless, the lads decided to form a band and booked studio time to make a demo.

HOLIDAY DATES MIX-UP

But it coincided with Seth's holidays, so he arranged to come in and record his vocals later. The bassist came down with shingles and the drummer couldn't make it.

COULDN'T MAKE IT

Although the band managed to record four songs without having met, only one member could make it to their debut gig which was set up for last Thursday at the Old Nag's Scrotum, Pimlico.

CB ENTHUSIAST

"But thanks to an innovative CB enthusiast, we were able to play together," Seth told us. "So it turned out all right in the end."

The band are now lining up an extensive world tour and are confident that despite

(OK, that's enough - Ed)

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

MISSILE!

This week: Julian Cope

...BAAAAMMM!!!...
yo, baby, I'm an incoming Scud... ker-B0000M!!!...
Achtung Englander, V2 attack... CRAAASSSHH!!!...
napalm, son, napalm... rrrrooar!... right, this one's a thermo nuclear-tipped Minuteman hitting a nuclear plant... EEEAAAARRRRGGH!!! B00000MMMMM!... and this one's a million megaton missile knocking the Earth off its axis... SHHEEEEEAAAAARRRRGGH!!!... wow... Oh, sorry, another lager please...



Next week: Julian Cope

The fruitiest, juiciest column in pop



Bizzerk! Always first with the TV ACTION!! And this week it's...

the worst!!

FEATURING: AMANDA, TERRY and

LEMMY.

Plus: ARNIE

OPENING CREDITS

(We see four young people slumped on a settee in front of a silent TV set. Suddenly the TV bursts into life with flashing images of stockbrokers in baseball hats, 'voguing'. The young people turn the TV off. Cue voiceover by TERRY CHOLIC)

TERRY: "On *The Worst* tonight... hairdressers, Arnold Schwarzenegger, um... oh, and Lemmy, and - haha! - Jellyfish in the studio. Er, playing live!"

(A shifty northerner appears on the screen, sipping coffee. It is TERRY.)

TERRY: "Wow! Caught me on the 'op there! Still havin' me coffee break, which shows how unpredictable and anarchic this show is! Anyway, from one form of hot and steamy beverage to another. Live from Beverly Hills, it's the luscious Amanda. Amanda... Can you 'ear oos? Are yer thur, Amanda?"

(A horsey, loudmouthed young woman is preening herself in a swanky Hollywood hairdresser's mirror. It is AMANDA DE SPICABLE)

AMANDA: "Hi Terry, can you hear me?"

TERRY: "Hello Amanda! Hello! Er..."

(The satellite link breaks up)

TERRY: "Haha! Shows yer what a high budget show this is, eh? Can yer hear oos Amanda? Hullo?"

(TERRY rises from chair, arms flapping awkwardly.)

TERRY: "Um, so anyway, there's no-one batter than our Amanda, and talkin' of batter, in the studio tonight we've got some fish... um, er, all the way from, haha, er... JELLYFISH!"

(JELLYFISH appear, looking helpless and ashen-faced. They struggle through their innovative new high energy rock single, 'The King Is Half Undressed'. Cut to disco dancing studio audience pretending to like the music. Pan to singer looking miserably at his watch. Suddenly all guitar sound is lost. The song judders to a halt, accompanied by sarcastic whoops from the disco dancers. Camera swoops through air to where TERRY is sitting with LEMMY out of MOTORHEAD.)

TERRY: "That's Jellyfish with some old heavy metal rubbish, and here's Lemmy. Lemmy, you've admitted yourself yer not the prettiest guy in the world. Tell oos, why are yer so ugly then?"

LEMMY: "You're asking for a smack in the face, you smarmy bastard!"

TERRY (with giggling disco fans behind him, egging him on): "Haha! Yeah, that's great! But OK Lemmy, I'm sure I read somewhere or other that all heavy metal bands have got ugly singers. Why's that then Lem?"

LEMMY: "For Christ's sake..."

TERRY: "Haha! So what about all these pretty boy heavy metal singers then, eh Lem? I mean, er, what do yer think of that Jon Bon Jovi? I bet yer reckon he's a right big girl's blouse, don't yer Lem?"

LEMMY: "He's my best friend."

TERRY (Searching through notes for next question): "Haha! That's fantastic that! Um... oh yes, you're a bit old aren't yer Lem? What's shocked yer most over the years?"

LEMMY: "The poverty in Brazil, since you ask, it was terrible..."

TERRY (Not listening): "Haha! Great stuff, Lemmy. Stick around mate, but now 'ere comes Michelle, that girl that used to be in *Eastenders*. Michelle, you've come straight from that panto in Chorley, haven't yer?"

(Enter MICHELLE COLLINS, fresh from the make-up room. The hairdressers have obviously gone home for the night, so MICHELLE is forced to sport a hastily piled-up beehive, recalling her years with Mari Wilson's backing band.)

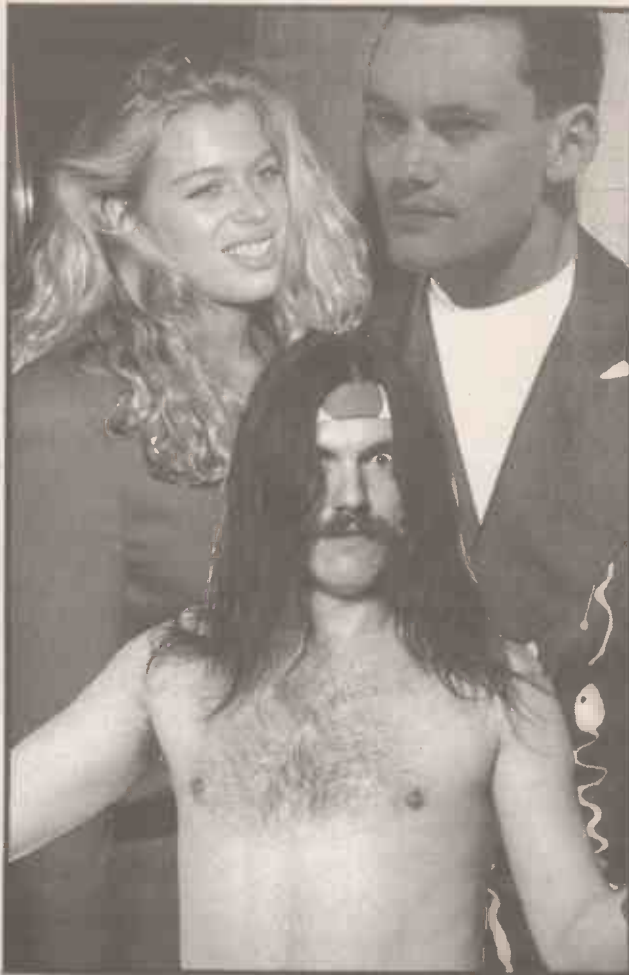
MICHELLE: "Hi, Terry. There's a funny story about that. I was just leaving the theatre and one of the kids who plays the gnomes comes up and says..."

(There is a terrible silence. MICHELLE realises she's supposed to be reading the autocue.)

MICHELLE (Panic-stricken): "...Um, went to Newcastle to speak to Sting."

(Cut to pre-recorded film of STING in Newcastle.)

MICHELLE: "So, er, Sting. You haven't written anything for four years and you've been off protecting the rain forests. Do you find that women are



still attracted to you - even after all this time away from the public eye?"

STING: "I love Newcastle... it's my home town, you know. Listen, I can still do the accent: Way-hey, bugger man!"

(Cut back to the studio.)

TERRY: "An' that's Sting, of course. Michelle, that was your first interview since we took you on to boost the ratings. What was Sting actually like?"

MICHELLE: "He was really nice, Terry. He was a bit rude about the show, though. Very rude, in fact. He thinks it's crap. Am I allowed to say that?"

TERRY: "Ha, ha. Anyway it's over to Amanda, and she's gonna be talkin' to Arnold Schwarzenegger on the other side of the Atlantic..."

(Cut to Rodeo Drive, Hollywood.)

AMANDA (Shouting): Hi, Terry. I'm talking to Arnold Schwarzenegger. Aren't I great?"

(Cut back to TERRY in the studio...)

TERRY: "Thanks Amanda! Hey Lemmy, I bet you'd like to get in 'er trousers wouldn't yer? Anyway, next week I'll be coaxing John Lydon into sayin' something outrageous live on air - an' I'll probably shit meself if he does! Whoops! That's warrappens when yer broadcast live... Anyway..."

(TERRY stands, points finger at camera like Tony Blackburn on Top Of The Pops circa 1971.)

TERRY: "...But until then, haha, um, see yer next week!"

(Useless disco dancers climb on tables, awful theme music starts up. Credits roll. LEMMY smashes TERRY CHOLIC's face in.)

ENDS.

Exposed this week: the most obnoxious habit in the history of rock music



HHEY! F**KHEADS! Here's a little teaser for you... what separates the men from the boys, the squares from the rock 'n' rollers, the kids on the edge from the middle of the road liberals, the James Deans from the Benny Hills, the born-to-run from the born-to-work? Superman from Clark Kent? Leather jackets from duffel coats?

Yep, you've guessed it. I'm talking about the alphabet squad. The no-hopers addicted to putting records in alphabetical order. There's just no excuse for it at all - although the alphabet squad are full of them, and they all sound deceptively logical. But don't be fooled, there's only one real reason why they do it. Any excuse is simply an Orwellian twist away from the fact that they're simply too square and full of shit not to.

Don't be bought off by establishment propaganda - it's the most unjustifiable blight on today's youth. It turns any record collection from the seething compilation of wildness, sex and rebellion that it should be into a stifled, orderly Filofax of squareness and self-repression in one foul swoop. It's the musical equivalent of the side-parting and tie-pin - only one step away from the ultimate uncoolness of making lists.

No f**king justification at all. So stop thinking of all your reasonable sensible excuses, and read on. I'm talking about getting into a record-playing session, getting excited. Playing records that are playing your life, taking them off halfway through cos you've just spotted that next one - you've got to hear it and you've got to hear it now. The euphoria of the moment (We want the world and we want it now!), the essential grabbing of that moment in time... living in the now. NOW!



JOHN PEEL: very likely a keen member of the alphabet brigade

Attitude. Anything less and you're clinically dead. It completely escapes my comprehension how, at moments like that, anybody can be bothered with such trivia as putting records back in their sleeves and dutifully, sensibly, grown-up-ly putting the record back in its neat little niche. Just like a librarian.

The glory that is rock 'n' roll madness, the inspiration of joyfully jumping into the void, in search of oblivion's nihilistic delights, instead of sitting around, f**king bored, inhibited and going nowhere except premature middle-age.

The filing of records has no place in a democratic society. Can you imagine Marlon Brando in *The Wild One* or James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause* having a record collection carefully arranged into alphabetical order? No, of course you bloody can't.

So who the f**k are these people's role models then? Probably that bastard yuppie couple off *Brookside* or something. Get some rockin' self-respect sorted out. Get some anarchy back in the UK, get some love back into the law, get some vision back into your tired systems.

Mild at heart or wild at heart - the choice is yours, pop kids.
George Berger



IT'S RAB

SPARE ALMS

Writing for you: EL ARAB SNOTTER, THE BAGHDAD ALMS DEALER

★ ALMS, FOR the love of Allah. Alms, fer f**k's sake. Geez some f**kin' Alms or else. Gaun, ya big bastirt, geez a Petrodollar ya big shilte ye!

★ F**k sake. Ah wiz oot wi' the dug an' ah wiz Hank Marvin, so I went shopliftin' in the supermarket. Onyway, the bastirt at the check-out caught me an' they took me away an' chopped ma f**kin' hand aff. But that's Saddam's Iraq fur ye. They even chopped Crapper, ma dug's paw aff.

★ Ah wiz really depressed efter that so I went an' sat at Baghdad central station wi' a can o' Special Brew. The next thing ah'm gettin' hassle aff the polls cos drinkin' illegal. They took us oot an' flogged me. It was f**kin' sore, too.

★ Baghdad's f**kin' shite. Good bands like The Levellers never come here. Ah decided tae go ower tae Iran an' check out the scene there. But the bastirts stopped me at the border an' kicked f**k oot o' me.

★ Then they pit me in the army. Basically ah've got tae sit at the tap o' a Scud missile, get fired intae Saudi Arabia or Israel an then run oot an' gie as many people as possible Hepatitis or a bad cold. Very funny ya bastirts. Spare ten pee?

NEXT WEEK: Rab goes mental in Mexico (Fk off - Ed.)**

BUNGLE BUNGLE ROCK

Before Michael Patton joined FAITH NO MORE he was fronting his own band of miserable youths – MR BUNGLE. And although 1990 saw him come under the glare of an ever brightening spotlight as the singer of FNM, Patton still needs an occasional outlet for his obsession with porn, bestiality and masturbation. TRISH JAEGA enters the world of Bungle rock

MR BUNGLE are five miserable youths from Eureka, California, who play music that sounds like Frank Zappa doing funk with a chainsaw.

Their last demo tape, 'OU818', sold like hotcakes. This could be down to the fact that their vocalist is Michael Patton who also happens to front those hugely popular funk-thrashers Faith No More.

But although there's no disguising Patton's distinctive vocals, the similarity ends there. Faith No More and Mr Bungle are two very different bands.

In the space of a three-minute song, Mr Bungle chop and change their musical more than most bands do in an entire set, incorporating funk, rap, rock and some "real twisted jazz shit" courtesy of a brass section that goes by the name of The Horns Of The Cuckold. Lyrically, they concentrate on the savoury subjects of bestiality, porn, masturbation and their particular favourite,

coprophilia.

But try not to let their schoolboy humour put you off. Musically, Mr Bungle are in a league of their own.

SITING IN a quiet corner of a London pub, Mike Patton warns, by way of introduction that "a Faith No More interview is one thing, a Mr Bungle interview is something entirely different".

Starting with the seemingly innocuous question of how the band came into being, I soon realise what he means.

"It was kinda like a merger between two bands," he explains. "One really horrible gothic metal band, which our guitarist and original drummer were in, and one really horrible metal band which did Metallica covers, which is the one Trevor (Dunn, bass player) and me came from."

So how did the present Mr Bungle, with its emphasis more on funk, emerge?

"There's a hint of funk. That's not what we're about, though. I can predict that the album that we're going to put out will show that. People who call us funk after the album comes out will be shot. We're out to prove that funk is a lie."

So who or what are Mr Bungle? Are they serious?

"No, not really. We play uncomfortable music, cos we're five uncomfortable miserable youths who'd rather go roll round in their mom's clothes and jack off than have girlfriends.

"First of all we are all kids. Every other band are men – we're kids. Trevor's my age (22), everyone else is younger. Our drummer Danny is balding – Danny is like an old man already, on the way down the other side of the hill, crawling to his grave.

"Trevor our bass player and I have known each other the longest. He's real studious, sarcastic... a lot like me actually. Have you seen Star Wars? He's R2-D2. We're all big Star Wars fans, we used to do the theme song. And I was always Darth Vader. We don't have the full get-up yet, but we're working on it.

"Tray, our guitar player is Chewbacca. He's scummy... and he has one of those William Shakespeare beards which he waxes up – he's a f**king creep, a warthog! Most of our death metal influence comes from him.

"Theo, our alto sax player, he's C3-PO, the tall robot. He's Mr Logic, but he's also the smelliest. Our tenor sax player, Bear, is Luke Skywalker, because he's a macho stud. Oh yeah, and Danny the drummer, the balding one? Obi Wan Kenobi. If there's a band philosophy, he's the one who'd know it."

So why decide to go and join Faith No More if things were so happy in the Bungle camp?

"I didn't really decide – it just happened. I always knew in my mind I would do Mr Bungle, there was never any question of that. The question was whether I was gonna do Faith No More, and being the dull, indecisive person that I am, it was a helluva hard decision to come to.

"My initial reaction was, No way! I talked it over with the Bungle guys, and I talked to my parents about it and they were positive. Hey Mike, make us proud!" Patton giggles. "I'm doing this all for my parents, I admit it. I've been doing it to support their drug habit."

OVER HERE, Mr Bungle is just a name. How big are the band in the States?

"We're like this layer of pus below the surface of the skin of America. It's threatening to be a zit soon! Everyone kinda knows. It's looking good."

What would you do if the time came when you'd have to make a choice between Faith No More and Mr Bungle. Surely FNM's increasing popularity will soon make it impossible for you to continue in both?

"Why the f**k not?" he asks, voice hardening. "It's all the traditions people have in their heads. You can't do this, you can't do that. These things can be arranged. It hasn't reached that stage yet, and I'm not the type to worry about it before it happens. Especially now my needs are a lot more important to certain people, thank God.

"I'm not going to say I'm not serious about Mr Bungle, because I am. If I wasn't serious about it I wouldn't be doing this interview, or insist on still playing with them – because just that in itself gets people riled up. It's a totally separate thing, it's nothing to do with Faith No More. It's not my goddamn art project."

There's been a lot of rumours that you're planning to leave Faith No More once you've established Mr Bungle – do you want to give that one a decent burial?

"Who told you that? Ha! Ha! – not planning

THE FIRST incarnation of Faith No More was known as Faith No Man, formed in San Francisco in late 1983.

Based around a core trio of Billy Gould on bass, Roddy Bottum on keyboards and Mike 'Puffy' Bordin on drums, this line-up endured through a series of guitarists.

For a while, they had a female vocalist in the shape of Courtney Love, who subsequently starred in the Alex Cox movie, *Sid And Nancy*, and now fronts LA band Hole.

They later recruited the services of 'Big Sick' Jim Martin, who previously served his time in bands like Pigs Of Death, Agents Of Misfortune, Vicious Hatred and a band with Mike Bordin and the late Cliff Burton (who went on to join Metallica).

Soon afterwards, the enigmatic half American Indian/half Jewish Chuck Mosely took over on vocals – although initially he only wanted to do one gig. The band set about making a name for themselves on the San Francisco gig-circuit, and made it onto vinyl with their debut LP, 'We Care A Lot', the first to be released on the indie American label Mordam.

They later signed to Slash Records and released, 'Introduce Yourself', an innovative rock meets disco album, which spawned the anthemic 'We Care A Lot' single.

Sounds' first feature on the band was in January 1988, when they were supporting The Red Hot Chili Peppers and sleeping rough in the back of a hired van. Even then a rift seemed to be growing between Chuck and the rest of the band and he left six months later.

"I never had any real tension with Chuck, we were good friends," said Roddy afterwards. "But he just wasn't committed. He didn't take it very seriously."

Meanwhile, Mike Patton had given Mike Bordin a tape of his band, Mr Bungle, when he met him at a FNM gig. "They just gave me a call one day," he says, "and said, Let's jam. It was really casual."

Patton was more than willing to leave his daytime job in a record store and record 'The Real Thing' with FNM. The band came to Britain to play the Marquee to promote it and Patton proved he was more than able to match Chuck's antics.

After that, they started to build up a huge following in the UK, but despite supporting the likes of Volvod and Metallica it took rather longer to crack the States. Now, thanks to constant MTV play, America has finally taken them to its heart, and they even graced the front cover of *Spin* as 'The Band Of 1990'.

After two years of solid touring in support of 'The Real Thing', Faith No More are finally taking time out to write material for their fourth album. 'The Real Thing' will certainly be a hard one to follow, but this band have never been afraid of hard work.

MORE THAN A FEELING

1990 was the year that FAITH NO MORE finally came good in America, but it's been a long haul as TRISH JAEGA discovers when she surveys their vinyl career – from 'We Care A Lot' to the new 'Live' mini-LP

DISCOGRAPHY

FAITH NO MORE

ALBUMS

Mordam

Early 1987: 'We Care A Lot' (MDR 1)
Tracks: 'We Care A Lot'/'The Jungle'/'Mark Bowen'/'Jim'/'Why Do You Bother?'/ 'Greed'/'Pills For Breakfast'/'As The Worm Turns'/'Arabian Disco'/'New Beginnings'.

London

October 1987: 'Introduce Yourself' (London Slap 21)
Tracks: 'Faster Disco'/'Anne's Song'/'Introduce Yourself'/'Chinese Arithmetic'/'Death March'/'We Care A Lot'/'R'n'R'/'The Crab Song'/'Blood'/'Spirit'.

July 1989: 'The Real Thing' (London 8280512)
Tracks: 'From Out Of Nowhere'/'Epic'/'Falling To Pieces'/'Surprise You're Dead'/'Zombie Eaters'/'The Real Thing'/'Underwater Love'/'The Morning After'/'Woodpecker From Mars'
Extra tracks on cassette and CD: 'War Pigs'/'Edge Of The World'.

February 1991: 'Live' mini-album (828 238-1)
Tracks: 'Falling To Pieces'/'The Real Thing'/'Epic'/'War Pigs'/'From Out Of Nowhere'/'Zombie Eaters'/'Edge Of The World'.
Recorded live April 28, 1990 at the Brixton Academy, London.

Extra tracks on cassette and CD: 'The Cowboy Song'/'The Grade'.

SINGLES

January 1988: 'We Care A Lot' b/w 'Spirit' LASH 17 (7-inch).
'We Care A Lot' b/w 'Spirit'/'Chinese Whispers' (12-inch) LASHX 17.

April 1988: 'Anne's Song' b/w 'Greed' LASH 18 (7-inch) LASHX 18 (12-inch).

October 1989: 'From Out Of Nowhere' b/w 'Cowboy Song' LASH 19 (7-inch).
'From Out Of Nowhere' b/w 'Cowboy Song'/'The



FAITH NO MORE – the real thing

Grade' LASHX 19 (12-inch).

January 1990: 'Epic' b/w 'War Pigs' (recorded live in Berlin 11.9.89) LASH 21 (7-inch). Also available on shaped picture disc (LASPD 21).
'Epic' b/w 'War Pigs'/'Surprise You're Dead'/'Chinese Arithmetic' (Live) LASHX 21 (12-inch) LASC 21 (CD single).
'Epic' b/w 'War Pigs'/'Surprise You're Dead' (Live) gatefold single LASHG21.

April 1990: 'From Out Of Nowhere' (re-release gatefold 7-inch) b/w 'Woodpecker From Mars'/'The Real Thing'/'Epic' (* – recorded live in Norwich 1990) LASH 24.
'From Out Of Nowhere' (Extended Remix) b/w (as 7-inch with additional live version of 'The Real Thing') LASHX 24.
'From Out Of Nowhere' b/w 'Woodpecker From Mars' (recorded live in Norwich 1990) LASC 24. Also available on CD single (LASC 24) and 12-inch picture disc (LASPX 24) both with the same track-listing as 12-inch.

July 1990: 'Falling To Pieces' b/w 'We Care A Lot' (Live)/'Underwater Love' (Live) LASHG 25
'Falling To Pieces' b/w 'We Care A Lot' (Live) Picture Disc LASHP 25.
'Falling To Pieces' b/w 'We Care A Lot' (Live)/'Underwater Love' (Live)/'From Out Of Nowhere' (Live) 12-inch single LASHX 25.

August 1990: 'Epic' (re-release) b/w 'Falling To Pieces'/'Epic' (* – recorded live at London's Brixton Academy June 1990) LASH 26
'Epic' b/w 'Falling To Pieces'/'Epic'/'As The Worm Turns' (* – recorded live at Brixton Academy) 12-inch single LASHX 26.
Also CD single LASC 26

VIDEO

July 1990 *You Fat Bastards* (082534-3)
Tracks: 'From Out Of Nowhere'/'Falling To Pieces'/'The Real Thing'/'Underwater Love'/'As The Worm Turns'/'Edge Of The World'/'We Care A Lot'/'Epic'/'Woodpecker From Mars'/'Zombie Eaters'/'War Pigs'.
Recorded live at The Brixton Academy, London, April 28, 1990.

THE BUNGLE Boys



“Mr Bungle is like this layer of pus below the surface of the skin of America. It’s threatening to be a zit soon! Everyone kinda knows. . .”

— MIKE PATTON

to, no. I don’t plan anything, do I? I dunno, I just wanna try and see how far I can push it, see what I can get away with and what I can’t. You know how everyone says that Faith No More are the music of the ’90s? Well, Mr Bungle are the music of the 2010s!”

NEXT IN line is Bungle bassist Trevor Dunn. If I was expecting the so called ‘studious one’ to provide any deep meaningful philosophies on the subject of Mr Bungle, I was quickly disillusioned.

On answering the telephone, we exchange greetings, then he asks if I can go

on hold for a minute. Returning to the line, he apologises, “Sorry about that. I was wiping my ass when you phoned.”

I try to nail Trevor, where I failed to pin Mike, on where the Bungle brand of music came from.

“After about a year we got tired of playing speed metal and wanted to do something a little more creative. So we just stopped and started writing our own style music, which was influenced by bands like Camper Van Beethoven, Bongo, Bad Manners and kind of ska funkish orientated stuff. Then we added a two-piece horn and a new drummer, so

now we don’t really have any kind of limit on the music we play.”

From some of the things Mike’s been telling me you have a pretty bizarre visual live show. Does that detract from the music?

“I don’t think it does – it just adds to the chaos! We’re into big chaos levels. Our tunes are kinda screwed up enough as it is. When you go see a live show you want a little extra, so we try and provide that. We have a whole suitcase full of props that we use. Every show we used to do, we used to have something to throw out in the audience, like used underwear. . . or loaves of bread. We haven’t

done that in a while now. Now we mainly use hallowe’en masks and chew up fake blood.

“The main thing we see when we look out into an audience is people laughing at us. It’s perfect. We laugh at them, we laugh at ourselves. They don’t dance. They just have this look on their faces like they’re watching a cartoon or something.”

And a final word from Mr Patton?

“Thanks for not supporting us, not coming to our shows and not buying our T-shirts. Oh and er, whoever’s spreading those rumours about us keep doing it – they’re beautiful, erotic.”

Great White

CONGO SQUARE

The New Single



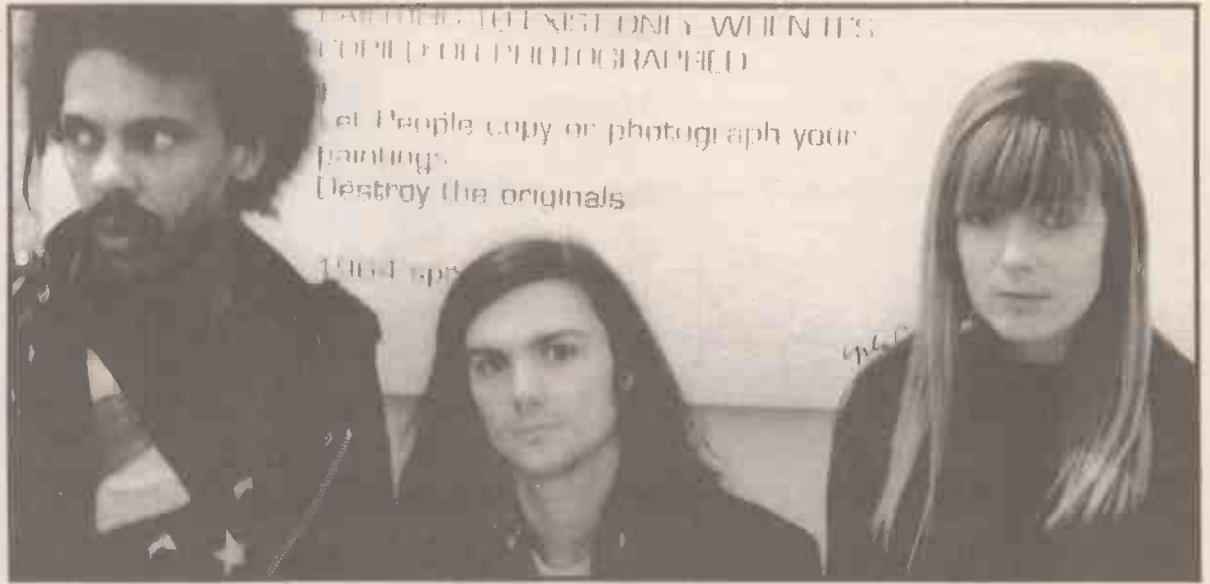
Taken from the forthcoming album
HOOKED

Capitol

12" & CD feature 'HOUSE OF BROKEN LOVE' Live in London



Thanks to a recent wave of pre-war '90s positivity, the '60s dream has been adopted by a whole host of neo-hippies and trendy pop stars. JOHN HARRIS meets DREAM ACADEMY – a band who were born to be hippies and are still proud of it



DREAM ACADEMY: "We always thought it was hip to be a hippy"

IN THE wild and wacky party that the '90s look like becoming, you can do a lot worse than call yourself a hippy.

Shrieking at the sight of meat, growing your hair, harping on about "positivity" – the '60s dream is alive and well, nurtured by a whole host of trendy popsters.

For the Dream Academy, neo-hippies who emerged in 1984 to the derision of those who considered themselves fashionable, all this must be a bit sickening.

Nick Laird-Clowes, however, seems chuffed to bits.

"We always thought it was hip to be a hippy," explains the DA frontman. "In those days, the whole idea was that, nine years after the punk thing, we were trying to be ourselves and just say, Look, there's a kind of... primitive positivity in everyone."

"So we came out with a record (the massive 45, 'Life In A Northern Town') that had the extraordinary thing of being very successful without the company even believing in it – really weird."

"The only angle any paper would take was 'hippy drippy whimsy', as

if nobody had heard of these ideas. Everyone wants a tag, don't they? But it did get pretty bad. By the second album it was like, I know they're really just hippies, but actually it's, er, not that bad.

"But I'm a hippy and proud," he confesses. "Because hippy means peace, political idealism..."

SITTING IN a record company boardroom, Nick looks the image of the live-wire pop artist.

He began his musical apprenticeship at the age of ten, when he latched on to the tail-end of the Swinging London boom. Unlike so many '60s freaks that you see, he was there.

"There were very few people who you knew when you were ten who were going out buying 'Sgt Pepper'," he remembers.

"Everyone was just talking about

football. So I started going to all these places like Carnaby Street, hanging out and, as I got to about 12, I went to Kensington Market – joints, beads, trench coats.

"That eventually led to the Isle Of Wight (historic Brit hippy festival which featured Jimi Hendrix and The Doors), that came up, F**k! I've got to go! My parents were dead against it, so my sister and I concocted some terrible story and duped my parents into believing we were going to stay with friends."

"We eventually arrived, and you just couldn't believe that these half a million dots in the distance were people. We staggered into this huge mass, and Jim Morrison comes straight onstage and just goes, Suck my cock! Absolutely incredible."

"I never looked back. Got home to a police reception, and that was the beginning of the end."

NICK BECAME a juvenile hippy – DJing at the Roundhouse (seminal London venue), agitating with the Lennon-sponsored Youth Action movement and hanging out with the love 'n' peace glitterati. By all accounts, he had a top time.

Surprisingly enough, he still believes in the hippy idea as fervently as ever. The legacy of the '60s, Nick claims, is still with us.

"Of course it's all still relevant," he enthuses. "You only have to look around you. Now, for example, it's quite acceptable to be a vegetarian. Back then it was a really weird thing. People who were part of what happened are now in positions of power, which can only be a good thing."

Towards the end of last year, Dream Academy grappled with the dance beast on the divine 45, 'Love' – a reworking of a John Lennon

tune bolstered by James Brown's 'Funky Drummer' beat. But as anyone who buys the band's new LP, 'A Different Kind Of Weather' (co-produced by Pink Floyd's Dave Gilmour), will discover, the move into the groove was a strict one-off.

"It's not a move into dance music," Nick explains. "We made the album in the usual torturous way, and then started on 'Love'. A drum programmer friend of ours started putting beats over the top of it, and came up with 'Funky Drummer'. It sounded so raw – thrilling – that we stuck with it. I think it's a brilliant groove."

Bop to 'Love' by all means, but don't expect the Dream Academy to fill dancefloors on a full-time basis. Although the post-rave fall-out may well see a young nation of fashionable nouveau hippies digging the Academy's laid-back thing.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMERS

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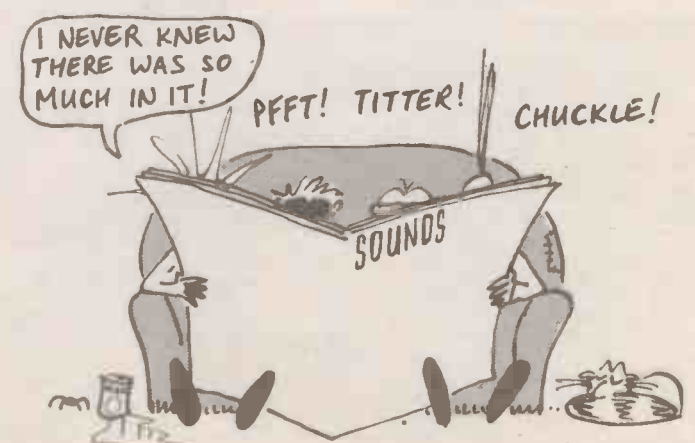
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IT STANDS FOR NEW BANDS

THE SOUND OF SPEED

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND COMMENT IN THRASH AND HARDCORE

MOST OF the dates for the **QUICKSAND** tour have now been confirmed. They start out at Exeter Arts College on February 14, then London White Horse 16, Brighton Basement 18, Southampton Joiners Arms 19, Leeds Duchess of York 20, Caernarfon Albert 21. Between February 22 and 25 the band will be in Ireland but those dates are still to be announced. After that they play Hull New Adelphi 26, then Wigan The Den March 1, Liverpool Planet X 2, Edinburgh Arts College 3 and London Finsbury Park Robey 4.

New York's **TOKEN ENTRY** didn't make it over because they were forced to cancel at the last moment when their bassist refused to set foot on an aeroplane in the current climate of impending armageddon!

The much underrated **LEAVING TRAINS** are expected over in March for a few dates to promote their upcoming 'Sleeping Underwater Survivors' album on SST. Also on SST, the second 'best of' instalment from the **FLESHTEATERS**, titled 'Prehistoric Fits Vol II', has found its way into the import racks. Apparently the band has now been reactivated and scheduled for a March 12 release is a brand new Chris D-produced double album, entitled 'Drag Strip Riot'.

Following their 'Eyeball Origami Aftermath Wit Vegetarian Leg' 7-inch and their 12-inch - which included a track called 'Housewife Up Yer F**kin' Arse Music', Scotland's finest the **STRETCHHEADS** release a full LP, 'Pish In Your Sleazebag', on Blast First soon.

The recently inactive Abstract Records is set to return with a bang in the near future. Oxford Steve Albini collaborators **MASS**, who not so long ago had a

smashing 7-inch produced by Albini on his No Blow label, have secured the tour support with **TAD**. Before the tour they'll release a 12-inch called 'Medusa' and they follow it up with their LP, 'Rushing Flood Perfumes'. Abstract are also releasing albums by No Blow-ers **SIXTEEN TONS** and **SNAILBOY**. And expect records from **SPLINTERED**, **CAPABILITY GREEN** and **DRILL**.

Coming about now-ish from Community 3 Europe will be **BIG TROUBLE HOUSE**'s follow-up to their 'Afghanistan' LP. Entitled 'Mouthful Of Violence', if it's anywhere near as great as their recent 'Watered Down' 7-inch - engineered by Steve Albini! - it will be a compulsory purchase. Coming in February on this label will be **SPONGEHEAD**'s 'Legitimate Beef' LP and **SHLONK**'s 'Eee-Yow' (from Montreal). In March **AGITPOP**'s Community 3 back-catalogue will be reissued as a double CD pack which'll be a must for those looking for three-piece post-**MINUTEMEN** dynamism. For the time being, their 'Back At The Plain Of Jars' and 'Feast Of The Sunfish' LPs are available as one CD from the label's Brooklyn HQ for \$16 post paid (the Big Trouble house 7-inch costs \$7). Write to Community 3, 438 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11211, USA.

THE JESUS LIZARD will be here at the end of February for a London gig (hopefully), then they whizz off to Europe for March and will return to the UK for a six-date tour and a John Peel session. The **SLINT** LP will be called 'Spiderland' and is gonna be very unlike their previous work. The band features ex-**SQUIRREL BAIT** members and sometime **BREEDERS** drummer Brit Walford, as you should know by now. . .



THE REAL People: not arsed about image

THE REAL PEOPLE

TALENT, THEY say, blossoms from adversity. Well adversity doesn't come much harsher than in Bootle, and bands don't come more talented than The Real People. Formed two years ago, an early mini-LP showed Tony and Chris Griffiths as songwriters of stunningly simple brilliance.

"People dismissed the songs I was writing when I was 16 as sounding too much like The Beatles," explains Tony. "Seeing everyone getting off on The La's spurred us on so I went back to those early songs. You can only play songs you believe in."

What The Real People believe in is a mixture of rich Mersey harmonies, crashingly effected guitars and a fluently rickety drumming style all of their own. Their first single, 'Window Pane', was released by CBS before Christmas. With little publicity, it sped up the *Sounds* alternative dance chart, but did little elsewhere. Long-term followers of the band noticed an unfamiliar reliance on a certain beat on that single.

"We're not using producers any more," says Tony. "Our songs don't need interpreting. All we need is us and an engineer, we can cut out the middle man."

Chris is more succinct, "You're just giving people loads of money for f**k all."

The band benefitted from CBS' attempt to get in early on a potential new 'Liverpool scene'. According to Tony, "There is no scene, but Liverpool is buzzing for me now. Everyone's on the same wavelength. They're all... I'm looking for a different word than scallies."

Chris helps out, "No one's arsed about image, they just get stoned and play music."

The Real People's second single, 'Open Up Your Mind' is out now, with an album due in March. Last year's romp around the colleges is being followed up with the current 19 day tour, culminating in a headliner at the Paris Locomotiv. Catch them now before the stadiums swallow them up.

PETE NAYLOR



RIVERHEAD: "WE don't sound particularly like REM"

RIVERHEAD

IF SUCCESS in 1990 meant proving Greater Mancunian citizenship, no matter how tenuous, this year should see some not inconsiderable bucking of the indie rock system. Factory's likely stars for '91, The Wendys, hail from Edinburgh, and the Scottish capital is also home for Riverhead, a four-piece set on supping from the classic guitar pop grail.

Riverhead's make-up is uncompromisingly cosmopolitan: Belfast (David 'Scotty' Scott, guitar), Auchtermuchty (Rod White, bass), Liverpool (Michael Doran, vocals/guitar) and Alpharetta, Georgia, USA (Rick Conte, drums). Indeed, the debut Riverhead EP (on Edinburgh indie Avalanche) is titled 'Alpharetta', and the Georgia connection is instructive with the band clearly enamoured of the same '60s stylings as that State's finest, REM.

"We don't think we sound particularly like REM," says Scotty, "but I like the way they've developed over the years. There's something middle of the road about REM but still enough to keep them apart. Also they haven't followed fads like a lot of other bands have."

Scotty speaks with bitter experience, having left The Motorcycle Boy when they began to be prodded towards the dancefloor by Chrystalis.

Riverhead's fad potential is obvious - a supple, powerful groove pervades their best tunes, notably 'Looking At The Sky', the main cut on 'Alpharetta' - and like the clutch of major labels already expressing interest, the band recognise it. But the allure of instant bandwagon access holds little appeal.

"We just recorded a demo of a song that might be the next single," says Scotty, "and Fay Fife (ex-Rezillos) has a dance company here that want to do a dance version of it. So we're gonna give them the tapes and let them play with it but we don't want it ever to be released, we just want to see what our songs sound like done that way. It's not really what we're about. CBS also made a horrible comment - they thought the four of us were relatively good looking young men. Which isn't what it's about either. Our drummer is pretty sexy, though!"

"There's a lot of bands that seem to have been going for five minutes," says Michael. "Not that there's anything wrong with that, but you go and see them and there's nothing there. You've got to put a bit of time in, y'know?"

Riverhead - good-looking, hard-working, cool-sounding. Go dig.

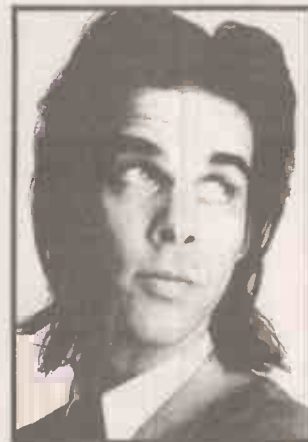
KEITH CAMERON

WORD IS that Sub Pop is fading. Even John Peel cannot convince us that Helmet or Helios Creed are half as good as the first drunken onslaught of Mudhoney. Frankly, we've heard it all before.

The smart money is on Australia becoming the focus of the next media cyclone with Uncle Nick (Cave) leader of the gang, but Crime & The City Solution are never far behind. There's a fine history of music from Radio Birdman, Beasts Of Bourbon, Lime Spiders, Guadalcanal Diary, Multicoloured Shades, The Volcanoes, The Scientists and Severed Heads that has winged its way from down under. Not to forget the sadly defunct Go-Betweens.

Spill mail order is not a record label. It's more a way for Ian Wadley to try and flog the records of his group (The Gatekeepers) and those of his mates. It's based loosely around a Brisbane Scene which has spawned Machines That Work, who included John Willsteed (former Go-Between, now in the Plug Uglies), Holy Ghosts, Strontium Dog, New Waver, Pineapples From The Dawn Of Time, He Dark Age and Wondrous Fair. There is also music from Adelaide's Ugly Ugly Ugly and various Sydney and Melbourne

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APOCALYPSE



NICK CAVE: the wizard of Oz

outfits.

The Gatekeepers' 'Indoors/Ogre/Silence' is a classic slice of what used to be called Northern (English) Gothic with its roots in the Comsat Angels and The Sound. Great moody stuff, wonder how they get that miserable in a sunny climate? 'Indoors', at eight minutes rivals 'Atmosphere' in all its shimmering portent.

He Dark Age are a combination of all that is distinctive and good about Australian music. They manage to cram the spookiness of Severed Heads alongside the delicate melodies of The Go-Betweens to dizzying effect. Each three-minute classic starts with a few bleeps and whirrs to get you out of it then the picture comes into focus as a stumbling folk rock band ride in to capture your heart before they fade and a bitter taste returns with an alienating tape loop or so. You can stuff your INXS, kill for He Dark Age!

Write to Spill at PO Box 1076, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane, Queensland, 4006 Australia (same address for The Gatekeepers). He Dark Age are at PO Box 2854, Brisbane, Queensland, 4001 Australia.

Snowy Brown

BASS
in yo' face

AT LAST! This far into 1991 and we finally see the release of the first real hard record of the year. **BIZARRE INC.**, responsible for last year's 'X-Static', are back again with 'Playing With Knives' on Vinyl Solution. The flipside, though, is where the action is. 'Playing With Dub' slices out of the speakers with a razor sharp riff that will be familiar to all ravers very soon.

Next best news of the week is the revitalisation of **CABARET VOLTAIRE** whose new single, 'What Is Real', finally jabs the needle into the groove after so many years of unfulfilled promise. Mal still whispers the words but Kirk's

recent techno successes have taught him how to control the rhythm and keep it tight and urgent.

Yet more oldsters riding into view. After a patchy time, dancewise, since the seminal 'October Love Song', **CHRIS & COSEY** have set that matter straight with the ska tinged 'Synaesthesia'. Cosey wails mock opera-like while Chris shakes up Orange St in a techno style, and mighty fine it is too. The only blemish is the Daniel Miller mix, which finds the Mute boss paying the rent and producing some lame vinyl.

CANDYFLIP have done it again, after last year's 'Evolution' ravers everywhere have been

rocking to 'We Love You' not knowing that it's the work of the nation's favourite acid-drop popsters. It comes on the back of the new single, 'Redhills Road', the 12-inch of which also has 'Candyland', a reworking of the 'Wonderland' track from their upcoming debut LP, 'Madstock'.

Already around for a while on import is 'Think About...' by DJ H Featuring **STEFFY**, a fine Italian house tune, female vocal, Euro DJ and piano in the old school style.

More Euro jolity comes in the shape of 'Hallelujah' from DFP on DFP records. Taking bits from Hendrix's 'Voodoo Chile (Slight

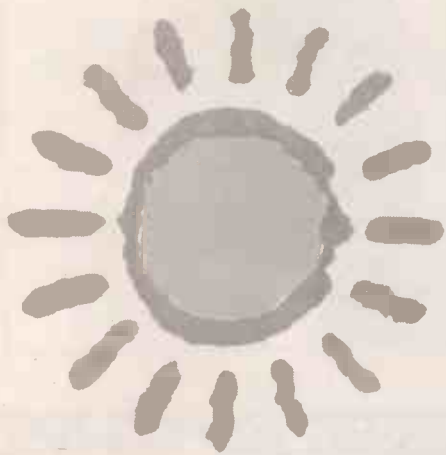
Return)', Roxy's 'Love Is The Drug' and the Stones' 'Sympathy For The Devil', it rocks along.

Two classic tunes now, first **THE CREATIONS**' 'Pay The Price' which starts with a piano/vocal intro which brings to mind **THE SUPREMES**' 'Stoned Love', and then fires up into a chunky house stomper. Rave on.

Finally, an exceptionally good record is 'You Got The Love' by **THE SOURCE** Featuring **CANDI STATON** which takes Candi's classic vocal and puts it on top of **JAMIE PRINCIPLE**'s timeless 'Your Love' rhythm.

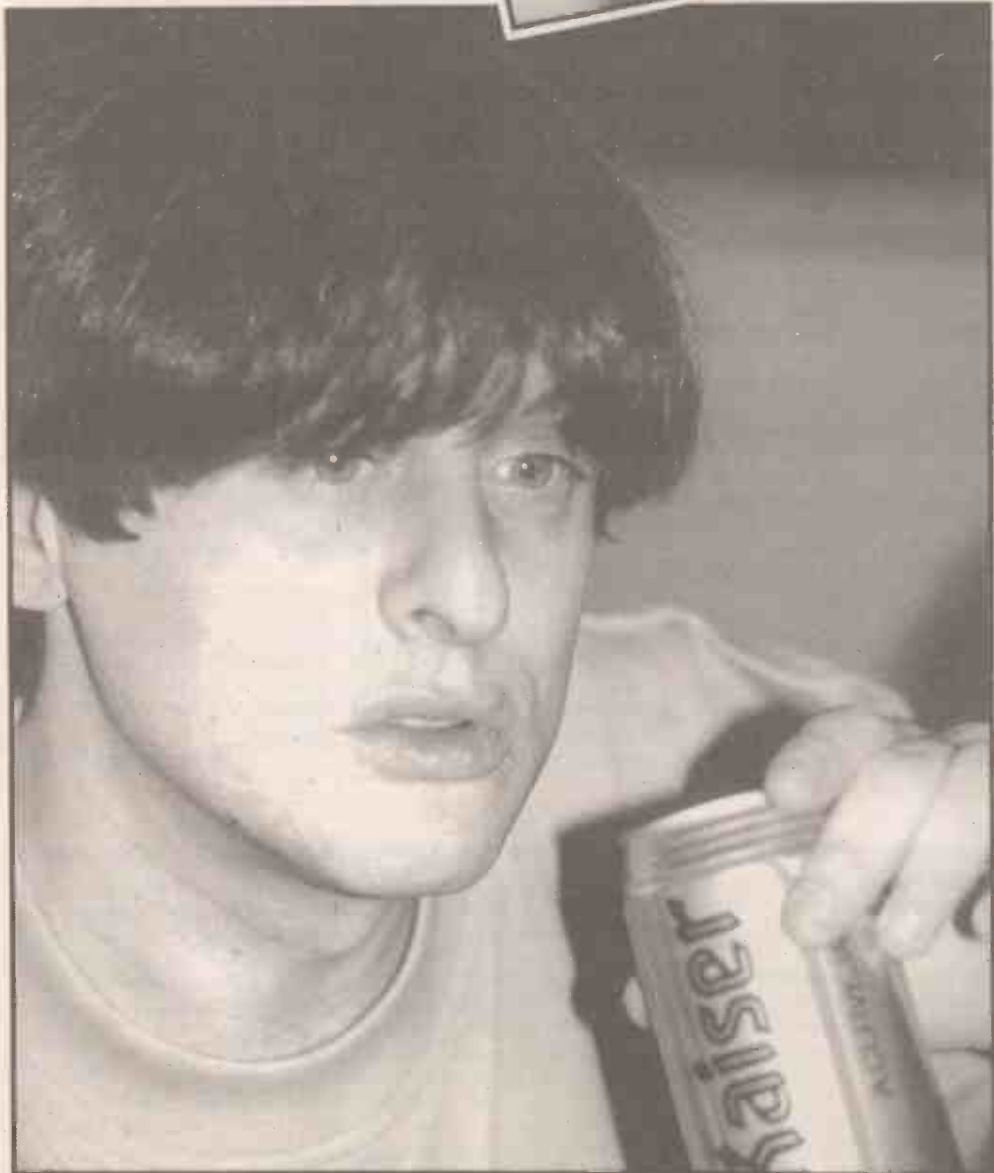
Colin C

Rio gone kids



Rock In Rio might have boasted Prince, Guns N' Roses and George Michael, but it wouldn't have been complete without HAPPY MONDAYS. FIONA AUSTIN joins Manchester's premier roustabouts for a few days with Ronnie Biggs in hedonist heaven. True Brits abroad by JUSTIN THOMAS. Additional research by STEVE GRAYSON

BEZWICK JUSTIFIES his existence



SHAUN GETS down to the Rio business

Wednesday January 23

TOUCHDOWN RIO. A million miles from the relative safety of smoky Salford backstreets, Shaun Ryder squints under the glare of the overhead sun, maybe wondering what celestial providence let six rough roustabouts grab a week in hedonist heaven.

Gratis, free, for nowt – and don't forget yer mates. First impressions, half-received, are startling. Come all this way and all they're asking about is f**king Manchester.

"It's an alright place," he concedes, "but it's just Manchester!"

After a gruelling 13 hour flight, it's straight to the Intercontinental Hotel. £250 a night and why not? No time for sight-seeing, none of that, straight to bed.

"We're not bothered if no one's heard our music," shrugs the Mondays mouthpiece. "We've just come here to see what it's like and get lost!"

Thursday January 24

AND DOWN to business. The Brazilians are full of questions, snooping round the mind-stretching concept of The Seemingly Superfluous Sixth Member whose socket-wrenching convulsions say more about the Mondays than an MTV microphone can ever hope to process.

"Bez is just Bez – Bezwick Bumblefly," Shaun reveals. "We didn't put him in the band. We've just been together as friends for a long time, and that's how it is!"

Shaun, uneasy in such open-plan territory, latches onto a gossip-hungry newshound who's busy keeping Telecom lines warm for one of England's tackier tabloids. "Piers, me old mate," Shaun jibes. "Let's do a bit of wife swapping. . .cos we're that close." The ice is broken. No car keys are exchanged.

Mark Day heads off in search of orange juice, and finds the local brew, Caprihana, instead. Eager to please the Brazilians, he swallows hard. With glazed eyes and that unique smile that trails the faces of those

who've willingly settled down to everyday life in uptown Rio.

Mark pronounces judgement. "I like the stuff," he grins. "It takes your head off."

Shaun, meanwhile, is primed for comment on war in the Gulf, putting six months of news coverage into perspective. "Saddam's a bit of a peasant, a mad man," comes the reply. "I'm not into war, but I think the geezer's got to be took over and stopped, really." Steering clear of heavy-duty questioning, Shaun takes the less demanding option and retires for the night.

The rest of the band hover a while, making subtle enquiries about the local bird and plant life before they, too, retire back to their hotel. Even 24 hour party people sleep sometime.

Friday January 25

SUN HIGH in the sky, true Brits abroad, the Mondays roll up their treds and wade into the pool. Guns N' Roses singer Axl is puzzled by the sight of these pasty outsiders, swathed in hooded sweatshirts as the rest of the rock 'n' rollers swelter in 90 degrees. Guitarist Slash looks curious too. Slash is taking a dip rock-style. LA-style. He's probably wondering why these Limey punks don't need four burly bodyguards in the shallow end with them. . .

As the Mancunian pallor turns a whiter shade of pink, the sun begins to set, but there's still no sign of Shaun. In fact, he'll avoid the sunlight hours for most of the trip. Nobody's telling but Bez has a theory. "He's a bat," he reckons, "and they don't come out during the day."

Suddenly by the pool, where all important business meetings take place, there are problems. Tour managers, managers and press officers twitch, displaying aggressive body language towards a band seemingly unmoved by any hitches thrown at them. None of their equipment has arrived, the gig's off. Happy Mondays couldn't give a f**k. Why should they? They're still there and they're off to see Ronnie Biggs, the great train robber, tomorrow. Holiday, mate.

Saturday January 26

WITH A packet of PG Tips in hand, the boys go to meet Ronnie. Biggs has obliged by laying on a spread for them and while the shrimps are on the barbie, he fills his time by signing £10 notes for them all. Shaun gets in for a few snaps of himself handcuffed to Biggs, wearing a police hat. God's cop would love it. Shaun expresses regret that Ryder Senior isn't their either. Biggs and The Big Man would get on like a house on fire, he reckons.

Half way through these outlaws' feast, news reaches them that their gear has arrived and they'll get to play tonight. The Mondays to hit Rio at 2am local time.

The stadium is packed – 200,000 punters – but the Mondays aren't daunted. It's pissing down. Coke cans and vegetables hurtle towards the stage but Shaun knows what he has to do. Drawing hard on his cigarette, he takes the band, shuffling, into 'Step On' and the crowd go crazy! The dancing doesn't stop and the hits keep coming – 'Kinky Afro', 'Rave On' and 'Hallelujah'. The works.

Bez excels himself, twisting into new shapes with a new-found Brazilian flavour. Shaun, as usual, claims no kind of victory. "We've never really played a good gig cos we're always stoned," he shrugs. "Last night was no different!"

Don't you think yourself lucky?

“ I know Donnie New Kid, he's the one with hair on his face – harder than the rest of them. . . F**king hell, well the rest of the band would love to go to Columbia. F**king hell, you wouldn't get them out of the place! ”

– SHAUN RYDER



MONDAYS HIT the stage

“We’ve never really played a good kid cos we’re always stoned. Last night was no different!”

— SHAUN RYDER



BEZ DOES his stuff

“Don’t really think about it,” he shrugs. “We just take it as it comes, crossing every bridge as it comes, this was just another one of those bridges. Nothing really amazes us, we’re just kids from Salford!”

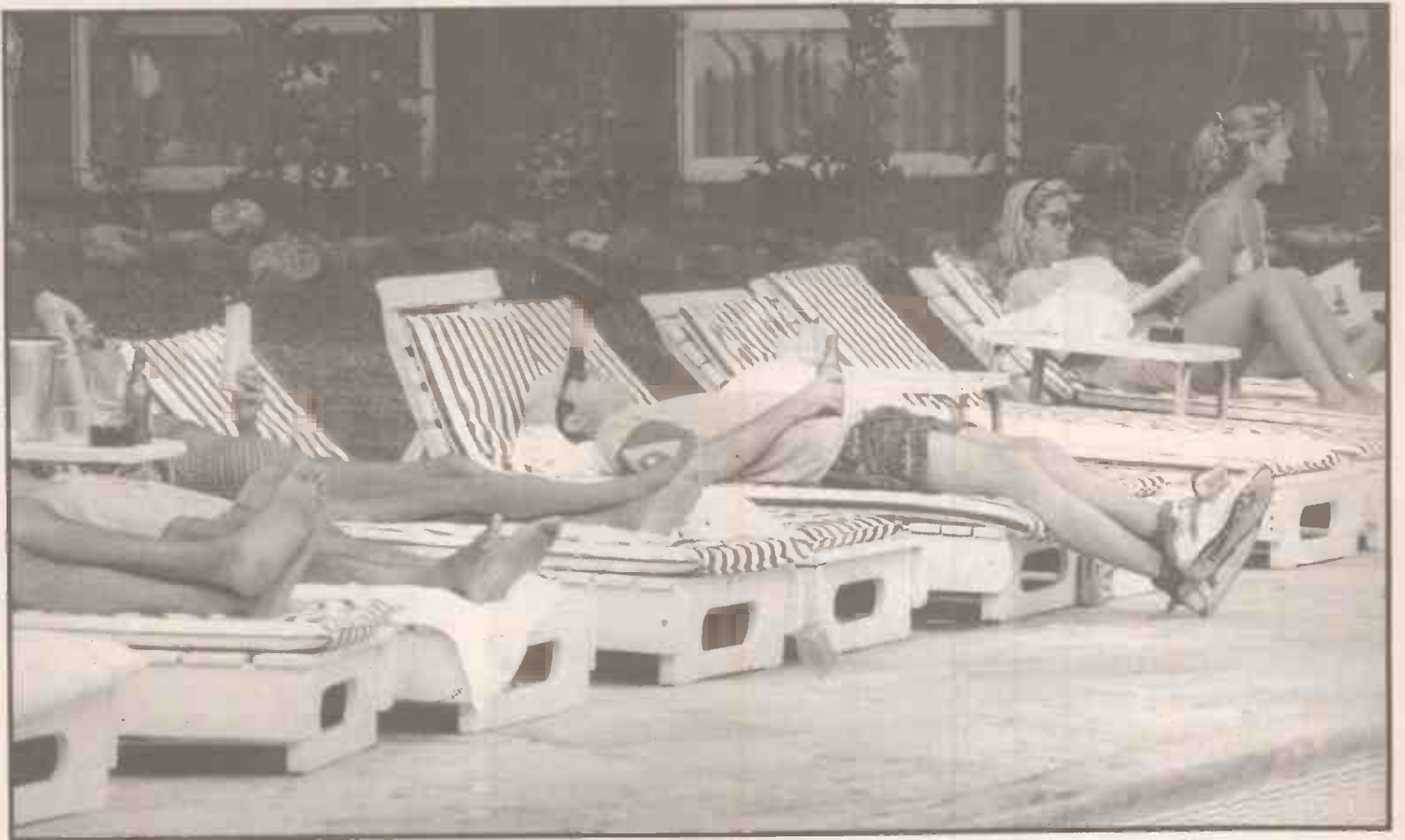
Next stop is South America’s largest disco, the Copacabana’s Help, far from the swank club where George Michael and Prince took their posse. Here, pink flashing legs lure punters to the entrance where a jaded doorman grants free admittance in exchange for a card trick. Just like home. Women are everywhere some to buy, some for free. The lads, again, are accommodating to the locals.

The Mondays keep up their guard, down to Earth as ever, but Shaun, a bit put out, Interrupts, “I am a materialist, in fact I’ve always been a bit of a snob on who’s got what, what car’s that and what kind of shirt you’ve got on—I’ve always been like that, I’ve got a sharp eye out!” And so has the dusky lady on his lap...

Sunday January 27

THE LADS are huddled around the pool-bar Shaun, of course. “Yeah,” they agree. “Great club, good gig too!” Shaun, meanwhile, obviously high on the crowd response from the night before, is being pestered for a comment on Donnie New Kid’s much-publicised decision to play an anti-drug gig in Columbia. “Yeah,” he muses, “I know Donnie, he’s the one with hair on his face, harder than the rest of them. . . F**king hell, well the rest of the band would love to go to Columbia. F**king hell, you wouldn’t get them out of the place!”

Rio, though, is practically shut of them. Rock and roll, huh? Who’d’ve thought it?



MONDAYS LIMBER up LA style

It's got more balls
than the Australian
Cricket team. It's
the new album by.....

divinyls



MY BLOODY Valentine

TO HERE FROM GOD KNOWS WHERE



ESSENTIAL LISTENING

- 'You Made Me Realise' 12-inch
- 'Sylvie's Head' from 'Sunny Sundae Smile' 45
- 'Soon' (Andy Weatherall mix) 45
- 'Feed Me Your Kiss' from 'Isn't Anything' LP
- 'Cigarettes In My Bed' from 'You Made Me Realise' 12-inch
- 'When You Wake You're Still In A Dream' from 'Isn't Anything' LP
- 'Strawberry Wine' 12-inch
- 'Don't Cramp My Style' from 'This Is Your Bloody Valentine' LP
- 'No Place To Go' 45
- 'Soft As Snow' from 'Isn't Anything' LP

IT'S NOT too long since My Bloody Valentine were reviled as the most gleeful opportunists – waiting for the next bandwagon to come along.

Now, however, their position as indie demi-gods is unchallenged and the world awaits each (eventual) release with baited breath.

1991 sees My Bloody Valentine return afresh with the brilliant 'Tremolo' EP which has already been a *Sounds* Single Of The Week and, right now, they are one of the UK's most name-checked bands.

But, in true Valentine's fashion, it's all been a long time coming. It's almost a year since the 'Glider' EP, and their second LP proper won't hit the racks until May – a full two-and-a-half years after 'Isn't Anything'.

The Valentines have spent the past 14 months working on their new LP in the studio – a helluva long time, but the band vehemently deny that any spontaneity has been lost by their extended period in the studio.

"OK, we've been working on the record a long time," says songwriter Kevin Shields. "Take 'To Here Knows When' (first track on 'Tremolo'), most of that was done in one take and I thought, Oh brilliant, it just needs a bit of vocals and it'll be finished. But it took six months to finish... It just works that way with us.

"Everything you hear on that record, on all our records, is me or Bilinda singing those words for the first time. We're still ad libbing and making it up as we go along. So everything we do in the studio is actually a lot more alive than at a gig."

AS PEOPLE, the Valentines are a lot more animated than onstage – with the obvious exception of drummer, Colm O'Ciosoig who'd be arrested if he carried on in public in the way that he does behind the skins.

Kevin is gentle and reflective, but quickly becomes animated when his band is the topic of conversation. His guitar sidekick, Bilinda Butcher, might also seem strangely quiet but she's always willing to nudge in with witticisms where necessary and to agree with appraisals of the band's psyche.

Bassist, Debbie Googe hasn't made it to this particular interview but, with Kevin and Colm in such vociferous form, she'd have had a job getting her spoke in anyway.

The band might be very much a quartet, but it's the two males (they've been playing with each other for over a decade: *Oo-err! – Ed*) who've been the heart and soul of this bloody racket since its inception in 1983.

At that time, they operated in a stagnating Dublin as the Burning Peacocks – a name which lasted just a few gigs before the jokey My Bloody Valentine was mooted.

Back then, MBV were an entirely different force, with goth-lookalike Dave Conway on vocals and keyboards instead of a bass. Soundwise, they dredged from all their favourite sources – Birthday Party, Cramps, Stooges, Scientists et al – and their unholy racket was gloriously at odds with everything else happening in a still U2 shell-shocked city.

Typically, their wild attitude (including Colm's ploy of jumping on people's tables and stealing their beer) didn't make them too many friends. They, and the few folk who turned up to see them, had a clattering good time, but Dublin as usual remained all too cool.

Kevin: "That's when we became really cynical about any kind of Dublin music scene. People were just so cynical of us."

Colm: "They wanted to pigeonhole us and say, Oh, you're just a goth band or a rip-off band. So people just wanted to slag us off for copying other bands and not give us the time to develop and do something different."

"It was great to have a really mad gig," he continues, "to do it just for the hell of it and to piss people off doing it and have a laugh in the process."

But there has always been Irish bands who've bucked the system and the guys are more than willing to give credit where it's due.

Colm recalls a 1980 Virgin Prunes gig as a turning point: "It was a mad gig and it was

MY BLOODY VALENTINE are one of those bands who take a notoriously long time to do anything. Last year they reached the edge of the Top 40 with the 'Glider' EP and now, after a full 14 months in the studio, they're back with 'Tremolo' and a new LP to follow. LEO FINLAY looks back on the past eight years of their bloody racket. Funny Valentines by STEVE DOUBLE

amazing because I was sitting in the front row, and feeling really vulnerable with Dave Id walking off stage and touching your head 'n' stuff. Gigs you can remember can become some of the most important things in your life."

"If there was ever an Irish Sex Pistols," agrees Kevin, "the Prunes are definitely it."

Five Go Down To The Sea are also warmly remembered. The Five readily admitted to plundering from their favourite artists, but Kevin contends, "At the same time they were totally original purely by being themselves and really that's all we can ever hope to achieve – originality by using our influences and doing our own thing."

IN 1984, the fledgling MBV left their hometown and moved to West Berlin rather than heading for London like most bands did.

"Dublin bands always go to London to get a record deal," explains Colm, "and every Dublin band that ever went to London failed."

"But we didn't leave Dublin just to make it as a band," interjects Kevin, "that was just the excuse. It was an adventure, and we were young. Being in a band gave us the chance to move around."

"It worked out really well for us because all we did was go to Holland and Germany and make a record ('This Is Your Bloody Valentine'). We got experience there and we also got a kind of attitude we wouldn't have got from being involved in some kind of music scene."

The band now regard 'This Is Your Bloody Valentine' as little more than a demo and – although they're not embarrassed by it – they don't like people spending hard cash on it now.

But they remember their Berlin days with a mixture of fondness and horror.

Kevin: "The weird thing about it was that we, weirdly enough, got this reputation of being really decadent, just because we didn't do the 'proper' thing and walk around on heroin, being David Bowie. We were just drunken Irishmen, getting really wrecked the whole time."

Colm: "We became really successful in like three months there and built up a huge following, but the last gig we did there, we f**ked up by getting completely trashed beforehand. We played it lying on the ground and rolling around – it was the most embarrassing gig ever."

On their subsequent move to London, the band didn't exactly have a meteoric rise. Things fell apart when Conway left the group to concentrate on an (as yet) unsuccessful career as a novelist, and for a while Kevin and Colm considered jettisoning the band's name.

"When things fall apart so completely," reasons Kevin, "you get a really good sense of needing a completely new start and a name change was definitely on the cards when Bilinda joined. But we had a tour arranged and also because Dave had so-disassociated himself from the people around us, me and Colm became the band at that point, so we kept the name. It was no big career thing."

It is more compulsive than an Australian soap opera. It's.....

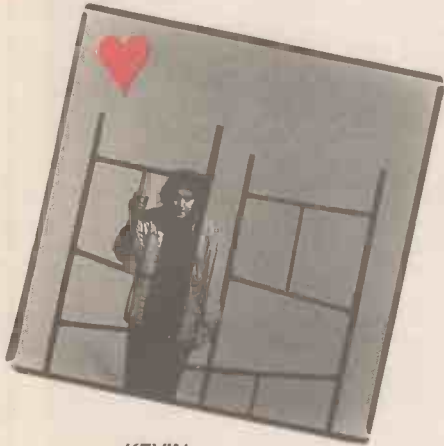
WINNERS

THE TURNING point in My Bloody Valentine's career came with the release of the 'You Made Me Realise' EP, their Creation debut. A stunning performance at Creation's Doing It For The Kids night in 1988 didn't do them much harm either, and suddenly the press had a new champion.

But it wasn't a case of the band suddenly switching their sound to gain popularity, more a natural progression into the kind of strangeness they'd always hinted at.

Kevin: "That EP was a product of the four of us working together properly for the first time. The mini-album we did for Lazy was basically a mistake, more like rough ideas than actual songs."

"We didn't plan it that way, but that EP has laid down the groundwork for what we've done since. The title song had a very immediate impact on people because it was very instinctive on our part."



KEVIN



DEBBIE



BILINDA



COLM

"Particularly live," contends Colm, "the noise of it was impressive but there are other songs on that EP that have had a much more lasting effect on people."

Kevin: "In the old days a lot of what we did made sense because Dave was in the band. A lot of that niceness and sweetness was down to him. . . because he was such a weird guy. It was a good balance. When he left, the music just seemed to get weirder. It was just that there was a different, better balance in the band."

Colm: "Also Creation was good for us because we didn't feel they were trying to use us and that we were getting into a rock 'n' roll machine. It's a good label because they've released some awful stuff as well. . . It's got a human touch."

More significantly still, Creation hasn't tried to push the band as stars or personalities. A fact the Valentines are more than pleased with.

"Who wants to be a star," asks Kevin. "It's just a crazy kind of living," agrees Colm, "what's the point in having your name in lights."

Bilinda: "We wouldn't have been imageless if Dave had stayed in the band."

Kevin: "If I was a charismatic character, I would be the real focal point, with Bilinda just after me because I sing more than her. Because I'm nearly stupendously uncharismatic, it means people are forced to take the music at face value rather than concentrating on anything around it. . . That's why I really hate interviews because I'm f**king up the music by opening my big mouth. Everything I say changes all the time. . . I haven't got a grand thought in my head."

MY BLOODY VALENTINE have always managed to avoid being tagged as an "Irish band" and — despite the 50 per cent Paddy quotient — they've also spurned raggle taggle idiocy and post-U2 pomp. But how much does their Irishness affect them?

Kevin: "It's hard to say, I don't know myself well enough to know if what I am affects what I do."

"I used to hate Dublin when I lived there, but after travelling around Europe and Britain, I realised it's an alright city. I don't like the music scene, but everything else I really like."

Colm: "There is an atmosphere there I really like. You can get into really interesting conversations with strangers in pubs, which you don't get anywhere else. But as far as trying to do anything different goes, people are just too cosy."

Kevin: "I feel Irish although I only lived there for ten years. I spent the first ten years in America and a lot of things come out in our music that people think we're just copying from various American bands. It irritates me occasionally because whatever they've got, I've got just as much of."

"I can't stand restrictions. Just because you come from somewhere, you don't have to produce a certain sound. That kind of attitude is just mental fascism."

Colm: "You don't try to assimilate your past into what you're doing, it's all subconscious in a weird way."

Colm once banged the drums for an early incarnation of The Hothouse Flowers — and the thought of this deranged post-Moon sticksman thumping it out with the Flowers does let your imagination run riot.

Colm: "They weren't called The Hothouse Flowers at that stage. I was in school with Liam and just played drums in a joke band for a laugh. It was all quite funny. We entered Slogadh (a Gaelic talent competition, usually the preserve of pipers, fiddlers and dancing colleens) as a rock band, and actually won. They wanted me to play on a very early record but, at that stage, I was already going off to Europe with My Bloody Valentine."

Kevin: "Liam's a really nice guy, but. . ."

Colm: "I'm not into what they're doing at all. You can tell, in a way, that they're not into the music at all, just promoting themselves."

"Tremolo" should once again see My Bloody Valentine shooting up the indie charts and, with a bit of luck, they should finally breach the Top 40. How pleased are they with their new EP?

Kevin: "We're as pleased as we can be. Now, we do everything ourselves, bar having a good engineer there to babysit us. We don't have any excuses. . ."

Fair enough, they don't need them.



ARIES From Tuesday this week, and for the next three weeks, you've got Mercury in Aquarius, which gives a beneficial angle with Mars. Hoorah! As a result, your already boffin-like brain will swell to gigantic proportions, so now's the time to tackle Sue Buckley's *Prize X-Word*, that Everest of intellectual pursuits. Who knows? Maybe you'll walk away with that new Ozric Tentacles CD.

TAURUS Saturn enters Aquarius this week, so nail your tableware to the floor for fear of inter-galactic ructions. In general, Saturn has got a reputation for being a bastard,

but what it means to Taurus is that it's time to stop fanning about and maybe apply for a job in a Nabisco biscuit works, or some other purveyor of quality sweetmeats.

GEMINI Keep an eye out for any openings that present themselves to you. It's also a good time for learning, so be sure to invest in a big book that explains everything you don't know about and read it from cover to cover. Then put on a mortar board, pop down to the nearest inner-city primary school and throw oranges at the teachers.

CANCER Saturn is losing its influence on your partnerships, so everything looks rosy there. Surprises may be in store on the relationship front, but they should be pleasant and things bode particularly well for unattached, even hideously deformed crabs. Finances are well starred too, indeed, Cancerians who get eight or more score draws may well win the pools this week.

LEO Aquarius is your opposite sign, and Mercury steaming into it this week augurs well for those looking to open their minds and change their life and all that bollocks. A good week, then, to enrol in aromatherapy classes and bathe in a sheepdip as a protest against war in the Middle East. A good week for business, too. Why not put up a stall outside your house and sell old broken bits of pottery for about a fiver each?

VIRGO Love is well and truly in the air at the moment, and your relationships with everybody around you ought to go smoothly. Sounds like a good time to start a New Age commune, take the toilet door off its hinges and get those boring, Thatcher's-Britain clothes off.

LIBRA If you're having any problems, they should be easier to clear up now as more information makes itself accessible to you. Buy a big box of paper clips and sort them into two piles — just for the hell of it! Librans with the surname 'Fartleberry', however, may cause a stir in polite circles.

SCORPIO On Thursday, Venus comes into a good angle with Uranus, and unexpected romantic attractions of a Hollywood style nature could well turn your life into something halfway interesting. Last week we were talking about general partnerships, but this week we're definitely talking lu-u-rve, which means Barry White will probably be popping round for a shag.

SAGITTARIUS Home improvements are the order of the day. You may well feel like brightening upon your surroundings or perhaps buying some amusing toilet paper with a politician's head on it for your ensuite bathroom. And the good news is, you can afford to, as all things financial relating to your home rate a double Russell Grant plus on your karmic parking meter.

CAPRICORN Wednesday marks a big day for you lot as Saturn finally clears out of your sign after a couple of years. That period could have been full of tension, hard work and a generally sombre attitude towards life. Now, though, improvements are on the horizon — most notably in work and relationships — but that doesn't necessarily mean people will stop thinking of you as a piss-boring elephant's bell-end.

AQUARIUS Mercury enters into your sign for a while as of this week, which ought to be the right time for getting into different things, both in the hobbies and social departments. You can get a lot out of people at the moment — microwaves and video cassette recorders, for instance — especially if they're away on holiday.

PISCES It's now time to clear up all those loose ends in your life. However, if you are undergoing changes on the domestic front, then things are looking good. Basically though, it's a pretty uneventful week, so, to liven it up, you may care to perform an amusing dance with bananas for the benefit of the local constabulary.

this week

◆ FEB 7: PINK FLOYD debut their *Wall* spectacular in Los Angeles. 1980.

◆ FEB 8: JAMES BYRON, later known as James Dean is born in Marion, Indiana in 1931.

◆ FEB 9: Singer-songwriter CAROLE KING is born in Brooklyn, New York in 1941.

◆ FEB 9: WILLIAM JOHNSON, better known as Holly of top chart band Frankie Goes To

Hollywood, is born in Liverpool in 1960.

◆ FEB 10: Record producer PHIL 'Wall Of Sound' SPECTOR suffers first degree burns in a horrific car crash in 1974.

◆ FEB 11: Rock 'n' roller GENE VINCENT — real name Vincent Eugene Craddock — is born in Norfolk, Virginia in 1935.

◆ FEB 12: Doors keyboard player RAY MANZAREK is born in Chicago in 1935.

It's hotter than the mid-day sun in the outback. It's the new album from.....

CHINYS

It's a funny old game

Who cares about the FA Cup or Barclays League when there's far more important issues in football to discuss? **Bob Hatton Rattle**, the radical radio footie show, is back for a new season to focus on the tackle that matters – will Beaumont Lions FC ever win a match and how do fat Man City fans get into the ground? **Roy Wilkinson** is your man on the touchline

LOVERS OF footballing kitsch should break out their 'Stan Bowles, Live At Tossers Wine Bar' bootleg. Haters of club programme banality should pin back their ears.

Bob Hatton Rattle is back, the radio show that brings the spirit of the latterday, clued-up footie fanzine to the airwaves.

The first series of Radio 5's *Bob Hatton Rattle* featured anything from John Peel reviewing books and an exposé of the crap, money-raking style of the average clubcall "service" to a feature on Beaumont Lions, the Leicester Sunday Alliance League team who have never won in their three year existence – all held together by the relentlessly droll tones of presenter James H Reeve.

Reeve is a 40-year-old Manchester City fan, something of a celebrity in 061 land, due to his spots on Piccadilly Radio, and given to hanging out with Bernard Manning and Eddie Large down at Maine Road. He shrugs off suggestions of Mark E Smith-style middle letter-manship – "Listen, young man, Mark and I have something of a mutual appreciation society" – but he admits that the *Rattle* is in some ways a tranny fanzine.

"I wouldn't say it was a direct response. But in the same way the fanzines have reacted against the banal tone of the club programme, we're something of a reaction against the average radio football programme – there's a limit to the interest you can have in learning the manager of a team defeated 6-1 was disappointed."

The *Rattle* devotes a good deal of time to celebrating the kitsch and the naff in football. But Reeve denies any influence from the likes of Stuart Hall's supremely camp Radio 5 match reports.

"Hopefully Stuart will become to *Bob Hatton Rattle* what Des O'Connor was to Morecambe and Wise," deadpans Reeve.

THE FANZINE link is underlined by contributions from *When Saturday Comes'* John Duncan and *The Absolute Games'* Archie MacGregor. Despite the obvious humour content, the *Rattle* also tackles serious issues that the contributors feel aren't getting enough coverage in the established media.

"For instance," says Reeve, "we had quite an involved item on the incident in Germany when former East and West German fans were brought together at a match in unified Germany and former East German police ended up firing a volley at fans and killing one. That only got a couple of paragraphs in most of the national

newspaper sports pages."

Working from a consistently witty script, live items and pre-recorded features, the programme takes in the odd report from the great soccer-pop crossover. Reeve sees a good deal of common ground between the music and football fan.

"We don't concentrate that much on football's crossover into pop, but we do think there's a certain kindred spirit between the two areas. I suppose the average *Bob Hatton* listener would be slightly older than he or she would like to be and be into football, music, Monty Python, Vic Reeves and that general outlook on life." Not to mention Frank Sidebottom who weighs in on the *Rattle* with his handy football hints.

AS FOR the programme's title, it's taken from one of the game's great unsung heroes.

"Bob Hatton is the real backbone of football," says Reeve. "He played for about nine teams, from Birmingham City to Bolton Wanderers and Cardiff. He played alongside some really talented players, but the point is, those players wouldn't have been able to shine if it wasn't for the likes of Bob. If you look at old footage from the '70s, Bob's the player just appearing at the far end of the screen as the striker beats three defenders and chips the 'keeper."

"We never really explain who he is on the show – radio works like that. The listeners'll say, Oh yeah, Bob Hatton, didn't he play for so and so? Then they congratulate themselves on spotting our little wheeze."

"We actually tracked him down and did a Roger Cook-style report on the way he'd set himself up at one club and then piss off, leaving thousands of fans disappointed. He now works as a financial consultant or something, somewhere near Solihull. He completely understood the programme's type of humour."

Reeve's high points from the first *Rattle* series are nothing if not varied. There was the report on a Man City fan with a 60-inch waist who can no longer fit through any turnstile in the Football League and has to have a police escort for every game and, more seriously, a report on the lack of Asian players in the British game.

Reeve was a useless footballer – "no



JAMES H REEVE: crap footballer and friend of Bernard Manning

use whatsoever, despite giving 110 per cent or maybe even 115 per cent effort" – but he presents a rattling good radio show. He even manages to make light of Man City turncoat accusations, stemming from working alongside former United boss Tommy Docherty on Piccadilly's Saturday sports prog. "He's a little darlin'," gushes Reeve.

Bob Hatton Rattle kicks off each Sunday at 6.10pm on Radio 5. Unlike Frank Sidebottom's Timperly Bigshorts, in no way is it bobbins.

FILM

DANCES WITH WOLVES

(Guild – Cert:12)

Starring: Kevin Costner, Mary McDonnell. Director: Kevin Costner

AS A directorial debut, Kevin Costner couldn't have chosen a more challenging task than an epic three hour western. It's a remarkable achievement, then, that his adaptation of Michael Blake's novel has produced one of the most powerful and compelling films of the year.

Set in 1860s Dakota, *Dances With Wolves* examines the friendship between a Union soldier and a tribe of Sioux Indians. Rewarded by a grateful army for an act of bravery, Lt John J Dunbar (Costner) is offered the posting of his choice. He selects Fort Sedgewick, a deserted outpost on the western frontier. Here he is drawn into a close relationship with the Indians who name him *Dances With Wolves*, and becomes romantically involved with Standing With A Fist (Mary McDonnell), a white woman who has lived with the tribe since childhood.

For once the performances

balance the spectacular scenery. Costner's portrayal of Dunbar is suitably low key and restrained, while Mary McDonnell's Standing With A Fist is the perfect accompaniment.

The strength of *Dances With Wolves* lies in its underlying emotions. It's a film about comradeship, shifting loyalties and an individual's battle to resolve his doubts and follow his instincts. Already the recipient of Los Angeles Critics' Golden Globe awards for Best Director and Best Film, *Dances With Wolves* fully deserves to be similarly honoured on Oscar night.

Lizo Mzimba

FILM

THREE MEN AND A LITTLE LADY

(Touchstone – Cert:PG)

Starring: Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, Ted Danson, Nancy Travis. Director: Emile Ardolino

FOLLOWING the overwhelming success of *Three Men And A Baby* (1987's biggest grossing film), it was almost inevitable that the paternal power trio – Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg and Ted Danson –

would be reunited for a sequel.

Three Men And A Little Lady carries on pretty much where the original left off. Five years have passed, daughter Mary is now a precocious five-year-old doted on by her three adopted fathers and live-in actress mother Sylvia (Nancy Travis). Fearing that Mary's environment is abnormal, Sylvia accepts a marriage proposal from Edward (Christopher Cazenove), an insipid British theatre director, in the hope that she and Mary can make a fresh start in a more stable setting. Naturally the three bachelors are devastated and follow mother, child and fiancé to England, their problems compounded as Selleck comes to realise that he too is in love with Sylvia.

The overwhelming cuteness of the original has been replaced by stronger interplay between the three leads with Selleck, Guttenberg and Danson giving witty and engaging performances. Selleck's character in particular is more three dimensional, fleshed out with an added sense of vulnerability and Nancy Travis provides an impressive leading role.

Unfortunately, all this is nullified to an extent by director Emile Ardolino who, aided and abetted by scriptwriter Charlie Peters, drags much of the film down into ridiculous

and unnecessary *Carry On*-style buffoonery.

But, essentially, *Three Men And A Little Lady* is what it sets out to be – a simple and pleasant fun movie. No less and certainly no more.

Lizo Mzimba

VIDEO

THE STRANGLERS The Meninblack In Colour (1983-1990) (CMV – £9.99)

AS A follow on from *The Collection*, which ended with 'Strange Little Girl', *The Meninblack In Colour 1983-1990* documents the less aggressive side of The Strangers which made its presence felt in the '80s. As a band, they've always projected well on video and whilst the soundtrack here tends to be weak in places, the visuals, on the whole, are strong enough to pull it through.

For starters there's a shadowy 'European Female', leading into the glorious 'Midsummer Nights Dream' – the latter capturing the imagery of the song nicely with Hugh Cornwell, typically, resembling Jack Nicholson.

The comic touches throughout should come as some surprise to those who claim that The Strangers

are humourless. For example, there's the surreal image of Cornwell being hit by a giant cotton bud and then chased by pairs of ears in 'No Mercy' and Bernel dressed as a chic female temptress in 'Nice In Nice'.

A couple of the videos are a bit empty in the ideas department though. 'Skin Deep's' token snakes slithering around mixed with the band playing deadpan doesn't work and '96 Tears' is surprisingly ordinary considering the involvement of video supremo Tim Pope.

However, the closing 'Sweet Smell Of Success' affords the chance to play spot the celebrity from Thatcher to The Pope and the sweet melancholy of 'Always The Sun' includes a few pleasant explosions, making the whole package definitely worth a look.

Andy Peart

FILM

AKIRA

(Cert:12)

Director: Katsuhiro Otomo

BASED ON Katsuhiro Otomo's *manga* (Japanese comic strip) of the same name, animated feature *Akira* is set in the Neo-Tokyo of 2019 – the same year as *Blade Runner*.

It's 31 years after the devastation

of Tokyo by a nuclear attack. The rebuilt city is a vast post-apocalyptic metropolitan sprawl, inhabited by teenage bike gangs, terrorists, corrupt politicians, a pervasive and threatening techno-culture, and, unsurprisingly, a pretty pissed-off populace.

As the multi-layered narrative unfolds, these folks are joined by an enclave of psychokinetic mutant children, clapped up in a government laboratory, and pumped full of drugs to control their paranormal powers.

Pretty much par for the sci-fi course, except that the plot is incredibly complex and the animation techniques – in the most expensive cartoon that Japan has so far produced – are like nothing you've ever seen before. Among its many innovations, *Akira* uses colour extravagantly and imaginatively and, during its many violent action scenes, uses three times as many cells as are usual in cartoons.

Otomo, who also directed the film, cites cyberpunk novelist William Gibson as a seminal influence, and it shows. But while Gibson walked out of cyberpunk movie *Blade Runner* in disgust, he'd have to admit that *Akira* is no cheap copy of the world he first created. And what a body count!

Deborah Orr

It's out now on CD,
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It is.....dVINYLs by

dVINYLs



SCANNERS

EDITED BY KATHY BALL

LISTINGS

music on telly

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 7

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



THE STRANGE STORY OF JOE MEEK: BBC2, Feb 8

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 8

ARENA: THE STRANGE STORY OF JOE MEEK: 9.30pm, BBC2. After causing a revolution in the studio with his unorthodox ideas, producer Meek's success was abruptly overshadowed by the arrival of The Beatles and new Merseybeat sound. Pure genius combined with a heavy dose of paranoia, this documentary examines the bizarre facts that surrounded his life and death.
THE WORD: 11pm, Channel 4. Frankie Howerd entertains while Harry Connick Jr tinkles away on the piano.
RAW POWER: 2.35am, ITV (most regions). Heavy dose of metal, gossip, tour news and videos.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 9

THE ITV CHART SHOW: 11.30am, ITV.
RHYTHMS OF THE WORLD: YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LAST NIGHT: 9.55pm, BBC1. A historical trip through Irish traditional music with The Chieftans and Liam Clancy.
THE WORD: 2.20am, Channel 4. Repeat from last night.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 10

THE O-ZONE: Music, news and videos.
STAR TEST: 11.30am, Channel 4. Kim Appleby gets fresh with the computer.
FOUR OF US IN CONCERT: 7pm, BSB Power Station. Belfast's Four Of Us plus support from 29 Palms.
SNUB: 12.40am, BBC2. Another chance to catch The Cure's secret gig, My Bloody Valentine, Drive, Butthole Surfers plus a look at Creation Records.

MONDAY FEBRUARY 11

DEF II - THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL AIR: 6.30pm, BBC2. The Fresh Prince chillin' out in America's leafiest suburbs.
SNUB: 6.55pm, BBC2. Young Disciples preview their new single and video produced by Jerry Dammers, plus music from Crime And The City Solution and Massive.

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 12

TOWN & COUNTRY: 11pm, Channel 4. Country special with k d lang and the reclines.
OPRAH WINFREY SHOW: 11pm, Channel 4. Controversial music lyrics are tonight's theme with Jello Biafra and Ice T defending the right for free expression. Evidence for the prosecution includes video clips from Guns 'N' Roses and NWA.

on the radio

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 6

JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio (102.7/103FM). Mick Meadows and Sarah Jane with a mix of new releases, interviews and indie grooves, plus a live acoustic session from Julian Cope.
DAVE SANDER: 7pm, The Hot FM (96.9, 97.6FM). Sessions, interviews and the best of the week's releases.
MARK GOODIER: 7.30pm, Radio 1. With new session from hot potatoes Manic Street Preachers.
DAVID GRANT: 8pm, WestSound Radio (96.7/97.2FM, 1035MW). Daily light rock show.
HEADBANGERS SHOW: 8pm, Moray Firth Radio (97.4FM, 1107MW). Live session from Twink.
EARSHOT: 9.30pm, Radio 5 (693, 909AM). Idle chat with EMF plus this week's winning demo from Green Isaac - send yours to Earshot, PD Box 370, Glasgow G12 8XY.

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 7

BRIAN MARTIN'S ROCK SHOW: 7pm, Coast AM (1242, 603 MW). Classic rock every night of the week.
MARK GOODIER: 7.30pm, Radio 1. More from the Manic Street Preachers.
RED DRAGON ROCK: 9pm, Red Dragon Radio (97.4, 103.2FM). (Also Saturdays and Sundays).
EASTERN BEAT: 9.30pm, Radio 5. With the best of Bhangra.

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 8

ROUND TABLE: 6pm, Radio 1. Boy George joins DJ

ravers Gary Davies and Mike Read to review the latest releases.

PAYOLA: 6pm, Echo 96 (96.4FM Cheshire, 96.9FM Staffs). New releases, interviews and indie dance grooves.
JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio. Chat with Stereo MCs.
CLUBMIX: 7pm, Hallam FM (96.1, 97.4FM). Sheffield foot-tappers unite.
JAZZIE B: 7.15pm, Kiss FM (100FM). Club Classics Volume 7.
GARY CROWLEY'S FRIDAY FREAKOUT: 8pm, GLR.
ROCKIN' THE UK: 8pm, Echo 96. News, interviews and the latest rock releases.
RAVE: 9.30pm, Radio 5. A look at the Welsh National Chart.
FRIDAY ROCK SHOW: 11pm, Radio 1. Loud in session.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 9

CLASSIC ALBUMS: OGDEN'S NUT GONE FLAKE: 2pm, Radio 1. The Small Faces talk about the making of their classic fourth album.
SATURDAY SEQUENCE: 3pm, Radio 1. The Big Dish in interview.
DANCE SHOW: 6pm, City FM (96.7FM, 15.48AM). Nine hours of non-stop dance, rap and soul music.
KISS FM DANCE CHART: 7pm, Kiss FM. Favourite club sounds as voted by London's DJs.
ROCK 'N' BLUES: 8pm, Moray Firth Radio.
IN CONCERT SPECIAL: 10pm, Radio 1. The Neville Brothers recorded live at Glastonbury.
JOHN PEEL: 11pm, Radio 1. Peelie gets his tongue round Datblygu plus The Wedding Present in session.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 10

GARY CROWLEY: 2pm, GLR. Gary throws in a few y'knows with the Demo Clash. Y'know.
LEVEL OUT: 4pm, BBC Radio Derby (269MW/104.5FM). New youth and indie music programme with guests The Men They Couldn't Hang talking about their last few days together.
GROOVE MACHINE: 7pm, Moray Firth Radio. Indie dance, groovy demos and Danielle Dax pops in for a few words.
BUS' DISS SOULED OUT: 7pm, Piccadilly Radio (103FM). Grooving out in Manchester.
TRISTAN B: 7.30pm, BBC Radio Bristol (94.4, 95.5FM) Dance/soul from the town itching for Manchester's crown.
CAZ: 8.30pm, BBC Radio Bristol. Indie show with local flavour.
EARSHOT: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Chat with Jesus Jones.
DIFFERENT WAVELENGTHS: 10pm, Northsound Radio. Underground sounds from Scotland.
HENO BYDD YR ADAR YN CANU: 10.15pm, BBC Radio Cymru (92.4, 96.8FM). Welsh indie music.
JOHN PEEL: 11pm, Radio 1. Sessions from the The Charlatans and Bark Market.
FAST FORWARD: 12pm, Radio Luxembourg (208AM). Review of the week's indie releases plus demo of the week.

MONDAY FEBRUARY 11

JIVE ALIVE: 6.15pm, Hereward Radio. Studio guests That Petrol Emotion.
BAILEY BROTHERS ROCK SHOW: 7pm, Hallam FM. Classic rock from Sheffield.
MARK RADCLIFFE: 7.30pm, Radio 1. Session from The Big Dish.
CAESAR THE BOOGIEMAN: 9pm, Invicta FM (102.8, 103.1FM). Dance classics.
KRUSHER'S MONDAY METAL MAYHEM: 9pm, GLR. Rocking out with Kerrang!'s finest.
IN CONCERT CLASSIC: 9pm, Radio 1. The Housemartins recorded...um...a few years ago.
THE MIX: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Television, no, The Stooges, no, it's Birdland live in session.
BOB HARRIS: 12am, Radio 1. With session guests The La's.

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 12

NIGHTLIVE: 7pm, Orchard FM (102.6, 97.1FM). Weekly look at the South-West band scene with local music, gig news plus live sessions.
MARK RADCLIFFE: 7.30pm, Radio 1. Another helping from The Big Dish.
GARY CROWLEY: 8pm, Chiltern Radio. New releases and indie dance.
HIT THE NORTH: 9.30pm, Radio 5. Trip to the centre of Rock 'N' Roll - Wigan.
SHARP AS A NEEDLE: 10pm, RTM. Hardcore mix of hip hop and House.
SMOOTH PEBBLES AND ROUGH DIAMONDS: 12pm, RTM (103.8FM). A few gems from the indie underground scene.
BOB HARRIS: 12pm, Radio 1. An Emotional Fish in session.



FRANKIE HOWERD: Channel 4, The Word, Feb 8. Oo-er, ah, yes, no, this is it

FOURTH FEBRUARY
PUMPING UP THE JAMFAITH
NO
MORELIVE
AT THE BRIXTON
ACADEMY

INCLUDES
EPIC, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE
FALLING TO PIECES & WE CARE A LOT

COMPACT DISC & CASSETTE INCLUDE BONUS LIVE TRACKS
THE GRADE & THE COWBOY SONG



LONDON

SLASH

ALSO AVAILABLE LIVE VIDEO
"YOU FAT BASTARDS"
LIVE AT THE BRIXTON ACADEMY"

ROCK'N' ROLL SUICIDE

IT'S GETTING close to seven o'clock in a freezing London photography studio and the crumpled figure of Pete 'Sonic Boom' Kember is shuffling into action. It's time to split - fast.

His ex-partner Jason 'Spaceman' Pierce is due to arrive at any moment and, since the key pair of the recently disintegrated Spacemen 3 haven't communicated beyond a grudging nod in the last two years, there's an embarrassing scene to avoid.

For this is a cool rock 'n' roll tale of drugs, revolution, sulks and a smattering of top pop gear - "all the clichés", as Jason points out later on.

In a classic career bust-up, Spacemen 3 have finally imploded at the very moment when their 'Recurring' album (the bulk of which was originally conceived and recorded almost two years ago) is finally about to hit the shops.

The Spaceman 3 bust-up, which first went public with the two main movers' solo projects last year, carries onto 'Recurring' (where they take a side each), through a series of whiney asides in the press and a war of nerves that this round of interviews will hopefully bury for good.

For the pair's constant sniping threatens to bury the reason why we're here in the first place: 'Recurring' is a fine album. Laid back to the point of bed sores, its hushed vocals, pulsing backbeats and warm walls of sound infuse an introverted beauty with a keen r'n'r understanding.

The two sides run on a similar vibe, although Jason's is a tad more conventional, riding on vocal atmospherics and a dreamtime feel, while Sonic's is sparser, pulling on a more disparate source of influences as shown on 'Big City', the LP's killer cut as well as the current fab single.

It seems that, despite their suicide, the Spacemen are set to haul in the moolah and become rock legends.

BUT IS this enough for Sonic Boom, the lank-mopped guitar hero and slightly dazed car crusher? No way, Sonic is mad. Barkin' mad. He'd chew the ratty carpet if he hadn't had a few spliffs. . .

He hates the former Spaceman manager, Gerald Palmer. He hates the sound of his tracks on the album. He is not the biggest of chums with former Space cadet Jason. And he hates his former record company - "Fire were really good when we signed but when they got wind of us leaving they were bastards. . ."

Let's face it, behind that well brought up demeanour, there beats the heart of a miffed artist.

The solo Sonic Boom project is currently seeking a name after its mooted Sun handle was dropped (because someone else had already got their mitts on that particular name). Jason's already in action with Spiritualized, while former bassist Pete 'Bassman' Baines and drummer Rosco have got their own Darkside outfit on the circuit.

Formed in the backwater town of Rugby in '83, the past eight years has seen the Spacemen honing their sound down to the brooding, controlled gear of 'Recurring' - a melting pot of MCS, Stooges, Velvets and late '60s garage that's been updated, remoulded and given a very contemporary feel.

It's a '90s currency best stated on their 'Big City' single, which was recorded a good 18 months back and saw the

The story of SPACEMEN 3 is a cool, rock 'n' roll tale of drugs, revolution and eventual destruction. JOHN ROBB meets up with Sonic and Jason on the release of 'Recurring', an LP which is finally about to hit the shops two years after the Spacemen originally recorded it. STEVE DOUBLE pieces the bits together

Spacemen shake a mop towards the dance scam without swallowing the whole thing.

The Spacemen have come a long way from the pale faced, f**ked-up children who stared blankly from their early record sleeves.

"I was first buying records just after the punk thing - stuff like Blondie or The Cars," remembers Sonic.

Sonic's parents swanky Northamptonshire pad, with its servants, gardener and swanky motors ("Not another interview about Pete's house," jokes Jason), has been well documented and Kember has come across like some rock brat straight out of a '60s pulp movie, drifting towards pop because he wanted to.

"The house I was in at school had practising facilities. I wanted to be in bands at school and there was always a place to rehearse, to mess about. The first songs I wrote were at school - 'OD Catastrophe' and one chord drones like that."

Drifting towards Rugby Art College "to see if I could find any musicians to work with", Sonic bumped into Jason, a sunken cheeked, shaggy mop from "the other side of town", who was also bidding his time at college and so the Spacemen began.

BORN ON the same day in November 1965, the piss thin pair hit it off immediately. They traded vinyl, with Jason turning Sonic onto the Stooges (he got into them because of the fab sleeve shot of Ig on 'Raw Power' which, for him, personified rock 'n' roll) in return for a Cramps fix.

"The first Spacemen gig was Christmas 1982, it was a lot more Crampsy influenced then," remembers Sonic. "I made a

decision at this point to drop the Crampsy stuff as there was a lot of people doing very bad Cramps impersonations at the time."

Their earliest recordings eventually leaked out on the other side of the Atlantic.

"We did some demos at the end of '85, which ended up coming out on the 'Taking Drugs' bootleg put out by (cool US 'zine) *Forced Exposure*."

The project was masterminded by *Exposure* editor, Byron Coley, long term Spacefreak, who once claimed that he wouldn't piss on any other UK band.

So was this the point that you got into your well documented drug adventure, Sonic?

"Yeah, I got my first joint when I was about 13. To be fair to the person who gave it to me, he was only doing it because he thought it would be quite funny to see a 13-year-old kid stoned. . . Erm, I smoked dope for a bit, got into speed. . . then I went to Amsterdam and got into coke and acid over there."

What about smack?

"That was about '84. I was just trying out any drugs."

Are you 'clean' these days?

"I don't do speed much anymore. I'm partial to a bit of coke now and then. A bit of smack. I like my dope. Maybe a good trip three or four times a year. . . perhaps an E now and then."

Do you think you use drugs as some kind of crutch?

"No way - not in the way that people use alcohol. To use heroin as a crutch takes a hell of a lot of time, effort and money. Alcohol is far more dramatic and dangerous than heroin."

Sonic has always been brutally honest

about his chemicrazy ingestion. At one point he believed in a drugs revolution, but he always felt closer to the Mondays than the core acid house scene that he once dismissed as hype. It's all gone quiet out there, man.

"Yeah, but that's because people have realised that if you make a lot of noise about it parties get busted. You got to be careful," he explains, as a man who's been busted three times himself.

Jason has a markedly different attitude towards all that kind of talk.

"The only thing that really worries me is that it comes over as a boast. I can't hold with that."

HAVING SPENT the early '80s working their sound into shape "gigging every three months", Spacemen 3 eventually picked up a deal on Glass Records - a permanently struggling indie run by Dave Barker, a man renowned for cool guitar taste.

"The deal came through the Jazz Butcher. He saw us playing the Black Lion in Northampton and sort of championed our cause. He didn't really want to give Glass a tape, because he was having problems with them, but the tape got played on a tour bus and Dave heard it and got in touch," remembers Sonic, a man already at war with the music business.

Glass put out the first three Spacemen singles 'Walking With Jesus', 'Transparent Radiation' and 'Take Me To The Other Side' and the first two albums, '86's 'Sound Of Confusion' and '87's 'The Perfect Prescription' - two mewling guitar exercises that still exhibited that cool, laconic, hands-on-the-reins approach that gives the Spacemen music its power and beauty.

Live, they were famous for their sat-on-the-stool axe technique and long slow songs in an era of frantic, jarring missives. The Spacemen subsequently switched labels - leaving Glass for the better organised Fire, as Dave Barker remembers: "Sonic was very much the leader at the time. He was always doing the ringing up, but he does tend to rub people up the wrong way. . ."

On Fire, Spacemen made their first real break from playing to a motley bunch of pudding bowls stuck to beer stained club carpets, by releasing 'Revolution'. They oozed danger with worn out MCS gear, Suicide, the Velvets and the usual freaks, and stalked the far out edge of the rockin' universe.

But it was at this point of early triumph that the cracks began to appear. The first casualty was the songwriting credits, previously split between Kember/Pierce, Sonic had them credited apart. It was obviously a touchy situation.

"Jason would claim that he was playing on songs that he was only putting guitar on. I mean, I wrote 'Suicide', but to get that on the album and get the credits right for other tracks I compromised and let them put both names on."

Problem number two, according to Sonic, was hooking up with Gerald Palmer, a local biz man who took over as the Spacemen's manager.

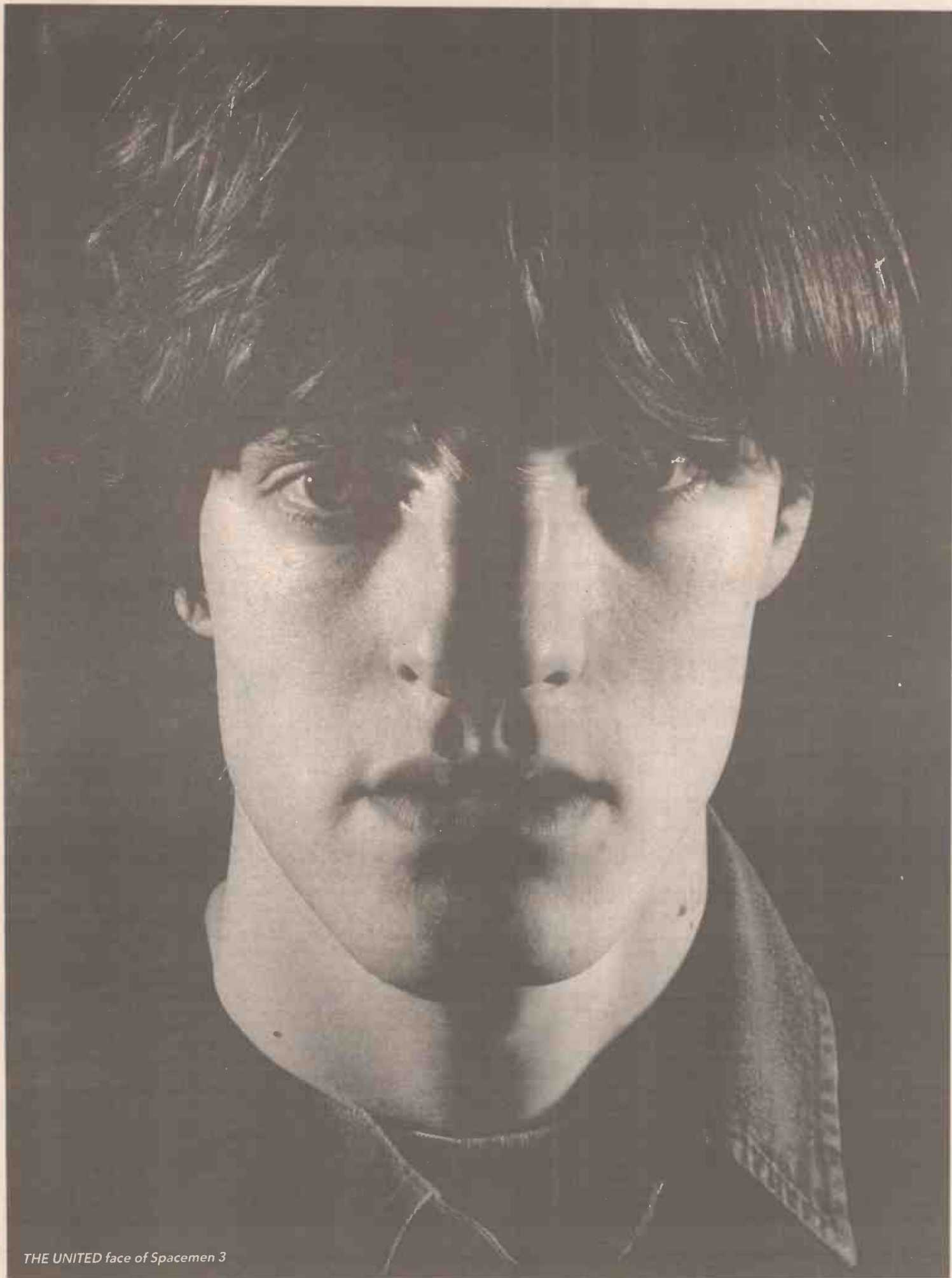
"We trusted him at first," spits Sonic. "We both sacked him ages ago, but he's wheedled his way back in with Jason, and

“ Jason would claim that he was playing on songs that he was only putting guitar on. I mean, I wrote 'Suicide', but to get that on the album and get the credits right for other tracks, I compromised, and let them put both names on ”

- SONIC



SONIC



THE UNITED face of Spacemen 3

he's trying to control the whole situation through Jason.

"I was the only member of the band that stood up to him."

It's a trad problem. Sonic comes over as a control freak, but maybe being "difficult to work with" is another way of describing a musician who knows exactly what he wants and is not scared to tread on a few toes to bulldoze his idea through to completion.

"Pete's very single-minded and that can cause problems," says Dave Bedford of Fire Records. "But the main problem with the Spacemen was the general lack of communication between all the interested parties."

Sonic, people say that you are

unmanageable!

"I am unmanageable, because I don't toe their line," he spits.

Mind you with Alan McGee, who has a similar no-bullshit style, as his current manager, perhaps Sonic has sorted himself out. Their relationship actually goes back a few years to when Creation attempted to grab the Spacemen, but Fire managed to cement the deal (with the promise of a CD single).

Although Jason is more introverted than Pete, he is no pussycat.

"Yeah, both Pete and myself don't take much musical advice. We're pretty much set on the ideas in our heads. Some people can't handle that. We used to let each other work on each other's pieces, but

later on we both knew what each other wanted."

The album that followed in 1989, 'Playing With Fire', was the blow-out point as Jason and Sonic gradually withdrew into separate camps. Rumours of bone clattering brawls in the Fire offices abound.

"I stopped going to his house and he never came round to mine either," says Pete of Jason. "He was never really bothered with the business side, he would like only come in at the end of a deal and throw a spanner in the works. I wasn't prepared to do all the work and just get spanners, so I stopped speaking to him so he could just see how much work I was doing."

ESSENTIAL LISTENING

'Walking With Jesus' 45
 'Rollercoaster' from 'The Sound Of Confusion'
 'Transparent Radiation' 12-inch
 'Take Me To The Other Side' 45
 'Ode To 'Street Hassle' from 'The Perfect Prescription'
 'Come Down Easy' from 'The Perfect Prescription'
 'Revolution' 45
 'Hypnotized' 45
 'How Does It Feel?' from 'Playing With Fire'
 'Suicide' from 'Playing With Fire'
 'Big City' 45
 'When Tomorrow Hits' from 'Recurring'

PLUS

Sonic Boom: 'Angel' 45
 Spiritualized: 'Anyway That You Want Me' 45

THE FINAL bust-up eventually came with last year's solo projects. First off the mark was Sonic with his fab 'Angel' single and the 'Spectrum' album.

"I mean they knew about it— Jason even played on a couple of the tracks. There was resentment that I was doing a solo album."

What do you think of Sonic's album, Jason?

"It sounds unfinished, unresolved. It sounds like he really lost heart—I mean, he has got some really good tracks on it. I don't really see any problem anyway, if you buy Pete's album and you buy mine you've got a Spacemen 3 album anyhow, by combining the two, you know."

Pete seemed miffed that the remaining Spacemen, bassist Will and drummer John, who had both been his recruits, defected to Jason's camp in Spiritualized. On paper, Spiritualized looked like the Spacemen reincarnate, even going as far as plastering their debut single—a neat cover of the Troggs' 'Anyway That You Want Me'—with ex-Spacemen stickers.

Spiritualized are currently in the studio working on an album which is due out in April. For Jason, Spiritualized was a space to breathe after the suffocation and the nastiness of the last 18 months of Spacemen.

"I just wanted to get back on the road again and I also had songs that were not really for the 'Recurring' album. I mean, if you don't get on too well there's no point in doing the band. It would be like cheating to treat the Spacemen 3 as a marketable commodity. You could get passionate about the music but, if there's a communication break down between the members, there's no point in slogging through that," reasons Jason.

Previously overshadowed by the far more media-friendly Sonic Boom in the press, Jason has only recently emerged onto the interview scene. What did you think of all the drugs and revolution talk, Jason?

"Does anyone read it? Does anyone really care? Pete always enjoyed doing the press, but I'm doing the interviews now as well because Pete can't speak for the band anymore. But I don't want to match him bitch for bitch, like trying to shout louder," he virtually whispers in one of those softly spoken mutters that are not pitched for yer tape recorder.

So 'Recurring' has finally slipped out from behind a black cloud of bitterness, as the band collapses into two camps. There will be no more Spacemen 3.

Jason is glad to get out and pursue his Spiritualized axis, and Sonic is bitter but excited about his new as yet formally untitled project, who are still going out as Sonic Boom. The band includes Pale Saints' producer Richard Formby, bass player Mike Stout (who played with The Wedding Present and once managed the Bachelor Pad) and the drummer from Beautiful Happiness.

So, Jason, what do you say when you bump into Sonic down at Woolworths in Rugby?

Jason smiles: "I don't think Pete's the sort of guy that goes into Woolworths. Huh! Huh!"

The trip is over.



JASON

“ 'Spectrum' sounds unfinished, like he lost heart—I mean, he has got some really good tracks on it. I don't really see any problem anyway, if you buy Pete's album and you buy mine you've got a Spacemen 3 album, by combining the two ”

— JASON



AL RELISHES the prospect of his first English gentleman

I WANNA BE ERECTED

Despite the protestations of a Tory MP, REVOLTING COCKS still brought their outrageous stage show to Britain. CATHI UNSWORTH helps Al Jourgensen to choose some new stage props. STEVE GULLICK catches him in an uncompromising position

SWAGGERING ACROSS the hotel foyer, dreadlocks swinging beneath a cowboy hat big enough to block out the sun, Al Jourgensen is every inch the star.

"Hey everyone," he bellows in his cool Chicago drawl. "I've just had my first Englishman!"

Following sheepishly behind, photographer Steve Gullick leaves the male toilets with his head bowed.

It soon becomes apparent that weird Al has a talent for making others look stupid. He is now encouraging the rest of the Revolting Cocks to strap giant dildoes (filled with shaving cream) onto themselves for tonight's gig - the one that Tory bigmouth Teddy Taylor tried to ban.

"I hope he turns up," smiles Jourgensen wickedly.

But there's still one minor problem in the props department. Denied their wall of fire and herd of cattle in the furore that blew up when the Cocks tried to play here last year, the band have now had the rest of their stage decorations confiscated by customs.

"The inflatable sheep, some blow up dolls and the intravenous tube that I wear on stage, they've all gone," Al shakes his head sadly. "We managed to get the dildo through and Barbie, the one doll, but she doesn't blow up any more. And we got all our dope through. It was the only time we got searched all the time we've been in Europe."

"So," he grins, charmingly, "before you ask any more deep, in depth questions - do you want to go to some sex shops?"

IN THE line of duty, then, it's onto Soho. As well as the obligatory inflatories, there's some little touches of culture that the Cocks wish to add.

"We'll settle for any mask of the Royal Family," says Al, as he saunters through the more tasteful retail outlets of Carnaby Street. "If you can imagine a guy, butt naked with that dildo and a Royal Family mask shouting, Beers, steers and queers!"

"We try to do something that's appropriate to every country we visit - to make ourselves welcome to each culture," he explains.

Unsurprisingly, the British tabloid press have had a field day with this man. "I really like it," says Al, proudly. "They've turned me into the antichrist!"

But wouldn't you be a bit put out if no one was offended by you?

"Not really," he considers. "The whole thing started as a joke, I never realised it could go this far. It's really quite amusing. They think I eat raw meat and bodily functions all day, like I'm the troll under the bridge, but I'm not like that really."

No indeed. For all his outrageous exterior, the man behind the Revolting Cocks and the equally extreme Ministry, is disarmingly mellow, but pretty precise when it comes to issues that bug him most.

A lot of American artists have been cancelling trips to Britain because of the Gulf War, not so the Cocks.

"Yes, just about half the trips out here have been cancelled," Jourgensen muses. "It is kinda frightening, but I guess we're too stupid to be afraid."

"I'm pissed off right now, this war is so gross. It's one of those moments that you never forget, sitting in a nightclub and getting the news. The whole place erupted. Every hair on my body was

standing on end.

"Ministry would tackle this issue head on," he continues, referring to his other band. "But it would be really hypocritical of the Cocks, midway through a tour, to just go, Oh no, this is really bad, we've got to cancel."

"So that's why we have this stance of, Yes, we know it's f**ked up, so let's just get away from it for two hours tonight. Just get people away from this bombardment of depression."

WITH AN album like 'Beers Steers And Queers', which has a sound that's as near to nuclear meltdown as you can get, the Cocks are an appropriate soundtrack to our times. But, stage show aside, how far do you have to go to reach your music's limits?

"I haven't hit it yet," Al shakes his head. "I haven't got close. On a scale of one to ten I've got about a three or four as to where I'd like to be. What's the next one going to be like? That's what you've got to keep telling yourself."

"I want to get more aggressive in some shape or form, cos I feel that reflects the way society is at the moment. It's kind of difficult, though. I try to make the studio not as sterile as a studio environment is. I set it up with candles and strobe lights, a keg of beer, so it's like you're at home. Otherwise, technology can be intimidating."

"I think our music really reflects the age we're living in," he considers. "Cos in the '90s the shit is really hitting the fan. It has been, and it will go on doing so. I'm not Nostradamus, but it's quite easy to see the change within the human race. It seems before the end of any millenium, the year 2000 coming up, everyone's just going mad. They did before the year 1000 came up, they thought the world was going to end."

It's incredible, the way that all the walls came down last year and this year we're back to blowing each other up.

"It's like yin and yang, the pendulum," Jourgensen reasons. "When you have things going on at that rate you know something mad's going to happen. It's a cycle that always repeats, and always will do. That's good. Fundamental change needs to be done, so I think it's good."

Are the Cocks your way of staying sane?

"The Cocks is just a good release for us," Al nods. "It's good, it should be done. We retain our sanity by laughing. Hedonistic, pagan sex orgies - just like the office party each year!"

"But to me, there's only two types of music - the good and the shite. And people don't understand that concept at all. We try and be human, we use technology, we don't let it use us. We try and be creative, not recreate."

The 'Beers' album cover is a recreation of Caligula's seal. With those kind of influences in mind, what would be your personal motto, Al?

"Nothing exceeds like excess!"

A few hours later, the London Astoria is a seething mass of bodies, both on the stage and in the audience. Singing Cocks Chris Connelly has his Queen Mother mask, a pair of Y-fronts and a topless woman with which to perform unmentionable acts. A second "disco dolly" is encouraging audience participation of the kind usually viewed in the dingy Soho cinemas round the corner.

But, motionless in the centre stage, Al plays his guitar, head down, as if oblivious to his surroundings. You can see him smiling like an indulgent father, urging his kiddies to be as outrageous as possible, while he stands back to watch the chaos he's created.

His motto, if not his tabloid reputation, personified.

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REVIEWED BY ANDY STOUT

ROBERT CRAY
'Consequences'

(Mercury) Cray is starting to get in severe danger of airbrushing himself out of existence. 'Consequences' is the traditional blues tale of adultery with the obligatory references to smoking and drinking thrown in as well, but it's far too polished to be convincing. Touched up and sterilized for the people with CDs and 24-band graphic equalizers in their GTIs, Cray ends up sounding like a heist merchant ripping off someone else's tradition. It's sad, because he's also one of the best and most distinctive blues guitarists to emerge from the States since the Chess heyday of the '50s. 'Consequences', though, is playing strictly by other people's rules.

KIM APPLEBY 'GLAD'

(Parlophone) Kim is not, never was, and could never hope to be Kylie. Hopefully someone will tell her someday and the rest of us can be spared the attempts. Still, in the meantime 'GLAD' (it stands for 'Good Loving And Devotion' if anyone gives a shit), will spew out of audio orifices throughout the nation, the video will have a snappy dance routine, and you'll have severe trouble getting the bloody hook out of your head for weeks afterwards.

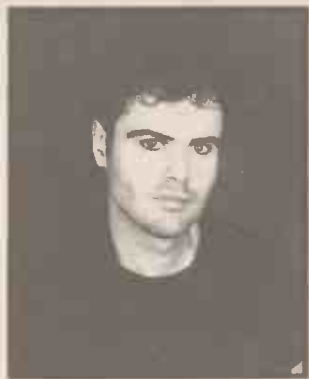
808 STATE 'In Yer Face (Edit)'

(ZTT) There's a nasty suspicion of Jean Michel Jarre being upgraded to danceability status here. Electronic instrumentals have always been some of the most profoundly narcissistic and inane meanderings to squirm out of the music industry's effluent pipe, and this changes nothing. All that's happened since it first surfaced in the '70s has been a change of emphasis. Once upon a time it was music to get stoned to in dingy bedsits draped with Indian scarves, now it gets danced to in dingy clubs sprayed in day-glo. Set up the scarf franchise now.

DONNY OSMOND 'My Love Is A Fire'

(Capitol) A brave attempt at restructuring his image for Donny. Yes people, the man who broke the hearts of enough

women old enough now to be acutely embarrassed by it, can actually grow stubble. What next? Bollocks? Nah, course not. Donny's yet another total jessie too afraid to fly in these times of global feistyness, and this song sounds like Dan Reed talking out of SAW's collective asshole. Desperate but not serious, and it's time they banned Mormons from making records (see Wayne Hussey for further evidence). He should've been a dentist.



DONNY OSMOND

MILLTOWN BROTHERS
'Which Way Should I Jump?'

(A&M) Under the nearest train preferably, you sad people.

BOLT THROWER
'Cenotaph'

(Earache) Viciously nasty gore-laden thrash, with lots of statuesque guitar chords propping up Karl Willet's vocals as they stumble out of the mortuary. 'Cenotaph' is two hours of B-movie splatter crammed into about four minutes, and has all the redeeming features of being savaged by a pack of tabloid journalists chasing after Scud missile fragments. Despite the drums sounding like dodgy air-conditioning, it still comes across seriously spooky. It's unfortunate that there seems to be an inbuilt prejudice against British death metal, because this is as good as anything the Florida-based bands can come out with. Look forward to hearing it on Teddy Taylor's *Desert Island Discs* soon.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK



LOVE IN the first degree

KING'S X 'It's Love' (Megaforce/Atlantic) Faced with the output from this Houston-based trio, most other records just curl up their feet and die.

King's X are one of a handful of groups with a metallic root hacking away at the boundary stones, and the result is always nothing short of superb.

'It's Love' has a gentler feel than most of the tracks off their 'Faith Hope Love' album, almost confessional, though as usual they're

tacking across some strange ocean of serenity. But then passion for peace rather than anger is one of their greatest strengths.

Unusually, Doug Pinnick takes a vocal backseat on this one, deferring to guitarist Ty Tabor for a change, but then they can all sing, so it doesn't really matter. Awesome vocal harmonies, juxtaposed with superb musicianship, and the effect falls just shy of mesmeric. Forget sham hippydom and Woodstock flashbacks, this is the true love sound.

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK 'Games'

(Columbia) Ha, the 'Kids Get Hard Mix', eh? Right on, give them the Boo Yaa TRIBE's number and see how they get on. "Said we wouldn't last/Said our time would pass/Said we were just a flash/But we're still kicking..." I mean, let's be serious here, these people don't even get to say 'ass' on their own records, and

they reckon they're hard? Rack off dorks, as Uncle Joe Mangle would put it.

LOUD 'Song For The Lonely'

(China) Loud come across as either total crap or sublime genius, and quite often both at the same time. Still, with the FX riding heavy on the guitar, Loud pull off some very catchy riffs, and though it's not quite as instant as 'Explosive', 'Song For The Lonely' is rather good after about the 15th listen. But with a time change count approaching the five mark, it'll never make it past the radio censors who guard the nation's delicate braincells.

VAN MORRISON
'Enlightenment'

(Polydor) Van's vocals are as fine as ever, a smoky evocative drawl, but they can't elevate this past the realms of a TV sit com theme. 'Enlightenment' rambles along with a rucksack on its back, an arran sweater on its chest, and just looks around myopically vacant instead of ever doing anything. Even Van doing Floyd's 'Comfortably Numb' in Berlin was better than this.

THIS PICTURE
'Stronger Than Life Itself'

(Dedicated) What, you mean people actually aspire to being Deacon Blue? Although the A-side - or urban side as they like to call it - tries valiantly to scale the dizzying heights of mass consumer fodder, very slightly more interesting things occur on the 'rural' - or should that be pastoral - side. Here, This Picture manage to come across like a slightly hi-tech Clannad. Then again, maybe that's not very interesting either. Bob Harris eat yer heart out.

BROKEN HOMES
'Something's Gotta Give'

(MCA) We're talking seriously desperate tactics. Take 'The man behind the Stone Reoses [sic] sound', it says here, and get him to remix your bog standard dodgy soft metal band doing a syrupy semi-ballad sort of thing. Does it work? 'Course it bloody doesn't.

LITTLE ANGELS

'Boneyard' (Polydor) The Angels might well be reviled by many as "duffcore" (© Udo Enterprises Inc), but 'Boneyard' goes some way to lifting them out of the scum category. With a resolutely sweaty funk backbeat and some suitably wailing guitar, the lads from Scarborough could really be onto something here. Add that to a chorus as catchy as herpes (in the nicest possible sense that is), and it nearly makes up for the woeful trashing of Creedence Clearwater's 'Fortunate Son' on the flipside. Not quite though - as covers go it's nearly as bad as Rod Stewart's cancerous rehash of Tom Wait's 'Downtown Train', and that's pretty bad.

EMMANUELLE 'We Shall Overcome'
(Global Village)
JUNIOR GISCOMBE
'Morning Will Come'

(MCA) "Rock to the rhythm of the bass/Cos we're the future of the human race/And I say, Yo". It was inevitable, really. The same events keeping the likes of Donny O from these shores are also going to provoke a reaction in your caring, sharing music industry. Emmanuelle's at least isn't the original hippy chant, but it's still f**king diabolical. Giscombe's effort is also more spiritually uplifting stuff, carefully structured so that people can dance to it while they contemplate a glowing future in their crystals. Great sentiments for sure, but does the music have to be such sewage?

SENSI 'Bring Da Hype'

(Tam Tam) Produced by potential Nobel Peace Prize winner Professor Griff, Sensi's record is standard hip hop that fails to make its mark in any way shape or form whatsoever. In fact, when the producer's name is writ as large as the performer's, it's a pretty sad situation alltogether.

JUNIOR REID 'Actions Speak Louder Than Words'

(Big Life) Conclusive proof that making your name in Black

Uhuru, and guesting on The Soup Dragons 'I'm Free' smash, and covering a Chocolate Milk song doesn't mean you're going to make a decent record.

FEATURING JOEY B ELLIS AND TYNETTA HARE 'Go For It'

(Capitol) As if you needed a subtle reminder that there's another Rocky film in the can... 'Go For It' is a straight commercial rap of the totally homogenised variety. The times have definitely changed since Survivor's equally bad Stallone theme was released, and it looks like Rocky soundtracks could well become a useful social tool to reflect changes in popular music in the future. Then again, maybe not.

GODFATHERS 'Unreal World'

(Epic) Still the bride left at the altar with a six month swelling, the Godfathers bravely rumble on, ever at the verge of tangible success without a lot happening. 'Unreal World' is good solid guitar pop as usual, but takes a far too confrontational stand to get anywhere. The world might be unreal, but not enough for this to be a hit. Pity, really.

SLAUGHTER 'Fly To The Angels'

(Chrysalis) Crap ballad. Lots of bellchimes. Bad Robert Plant impersonation. Complete toilet.

GEORGE MICHAEL 'Heal The Pain'

(Epic) **CHRIS REA 'Auberge'** (East West) Michael may well have written some fine songs in his time, but every so often he blands out in a big way. His latest is nicely arranged, nicely performed, nicely packaged, and that's its only redeeming feature - it's nice. Rea's, though, is good honest rock à la Bob 'Excitement' Harris who, along with wine bar managers throughout Surrey, will be all aquiver with the thought of a new Rea album. That said, 'Auberge' is simple where Michael gets cluttered and a lot more effective. It's still boring, but at least it's quality boredom.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK REVISITED

MANIC STREET PREACHERS

'Motown Junk' (Heavenly) Having been reliably informed by those who know about these things to be not as good as their previous singles, 'Motown Junk' is still viciously capable snotcore brat guitar rock.

Riding the crest of some nicely stirred hype, the Preachers are being subtly set up to take one hell of a fall if they don't cover their arses.

This is arse-covering exercise number one - a

short, sharp, virulent burst of condensed trash, deservedly leeching the blood out of the cosy self-satisfied BPI/Jonathan King approved industry face.

"Stops your brain thinking for 168 seconds," sings James over some overly-frolicsome guitar. Maybe, maybe not - but when your brain comes back on line again it does feel a bit subverted. If they can survive the initial exposure, the Preachers will be massive.



NICE 'N' Preachy does it





SOUNDS

SINEAD O'CONNOR

PHOTO BY STEVE DOUBLE



"TOLD YOU so" — Jaz 'Nostradamus' Coleman finally gets it right

Steve Gullick

Laugh? I nearly cried

INTERNATIONAL RESQUE

Kentish Town Bull And Gate

INTERNATIONAL RESQUE'S claim to fame is that at one of their gigs bass player Rog took all his clothes off. Pretty outrageous, eh? Even tonight, singer Dave Simonds reminds us that at the next gig he'll be going 'all the way'. The mind boggles. Still, the band have a ridiculously large percentage of young girls at their gigs so it must mean something.

Musically, however, there's no real surprises. A four piece with Dave thumping away on an acoustic guitar, they make a racket lost somewhere between the good humour of The Housemartins and Ned's Atomic Dustbin, with nearly all traces of bagginess ground out. 'I'm Doing Fine' is an endearing piece of cheery '60s pop, chock-a-block with Monkee grins, but former single 'Yeah', although enjoyable in an idiotic Dickies kind of way, tends to grate after the first chorus.

'The Questions I Put To You' is more like it, a grossed-out Beatles monster of a song, but it's easily lost among the sheer noise of 'Life's A Bonus' and 'You Don't Know The Reason Why'. After a few of these you're longing to hear them regain a poppier mood, but the guitars crunch on till the finish, although the girls don't seem to mind. "Swing your pants!" says Dave, as they sledgehammer through the encore, but their light-heartedness seems to have been lost somewhere amid the volume controls.

If Rog had taken his clothes off, things might have been different. As it is, a disappointment.

Paul Moody

THE METEORS

Charing Cross Road Marquee

ANOTHER TALE from the crypt and another evening spent worshipping at the court of Paul Fenech and The Meteors' psychobilly party. That their T-shirts bear the logo "I survived the Meteors live" is fairly apt, but really they should say "No one likes us, we don't care".

The Meteors are about as likely to change as singer Fenech is to alter

KILLING JOKE

Charing Cross Road Astoria

THERE'S AN old story which says you can tell a good man from a bad man because when a good man smiles it improves his face, whereas a smile merely lights up the evil in the face of a bad man. At the Astoria, Jaz Coleman doesn't smile because... well, take a look around.

"It's a war between good and evil" — George Bush's voice roars out of the PA, before three-quarters of the Joke appear. "Allo," rasps Raven and they strike up the fierce sprawl of 'Inside The Termite Mound'. Coleman walks on, his presence immediately enormous, and the jigsaw is complete.

'Money Is Not Our God' begins with piledriving bass before a sudden surge of layered guitar takes control. Geordie is calm and calculated, Raven looks like he's just got up and drummer Martin Atkins sounds like a giant thunderclap, head threatening to detach itself from his body at any time. Coleman, meanwhile, dances like an out of control robot, his face contorting in spasms as if about to burst in the wake of the awesome power emanating from the rhythm section.

"All people between 18 and 25 will probably be conscripted. We will do a 'Wardance'." The prophecy's happening, heavily phased

vocals mutate into an almost inaudible growl and during the chorus a fire breather shoots flames towards the ceiling.

'Change' is beaten out with its bastardised funk riffs and then 'New Day' welcomes back the fire breather who this time juggles with sticks, the moves more complicated and dangerous as the song reaches its climax.

The Joke, already at molten lava level, go into overdrive for the closing salvo of a brutal 'Requiem', initiating the funeral march. "Israel, Palestine — 'Complications';" mocks Jaz and finally it's an emphatic 'The Wait' to round things off.

The encore starts with 'Empire Song' ("Another empire backfires") before the colossal 'Psyche', Raven spitting out the first verse ("You're living a hoax/Someone's got you sussed") and Geordie whipping the song into a breathtaking frenzy. Atkins hauls one of his drums into the audience, Jaz blows them a kiss and the Joke leave a stunned Astoria barely able to contemplate what they've just witnessed. Outside it's a relief to find Oxford Street still in one piece.

At this moment in time there isn't a band on the planet capable of getting anywhere near the unadulterated power and intensity Killing Joke create live. Their time has finally come and someone somewhere is laughing.

Andy Peart

his dress sense of long coat and ripped jeans. They start with 'Wipe Out' and the infamous wrecking crew at the front become a macho whirlpool of flailing tattooed limbs. Throughout the set of originals like 'Mutant Rock' and 'Rockabilly Psychosis', the band happily add a selection of crowd pleasing cover versions from 'Wild Thing' to 'Please Don't Touch'.

When Fenech casually remarks "I forgot the blood so I'll have to make up with it in sweat", he's not jesting. There's no denying the band's live power and although the psychobilly scene isn't as active as it used to be The Meteors can still pull a fair few quiffs to the Marquee.

There's something a little weird about thoroughly enjoying a band who sing continuously about zombies, voodoo and all things nasty and when Fenech dedicates 'Graveyard Stomp' to the British Army things get even more confusing. Still, The Meteors play, everyone goes wild and then trots off home, content with another night

revelling in gore. That's basically it.

But if you play Meteors records backwards, do they sing 'Justify My Love'? I think we should be told.

Andy Peart

THIRD EYE/PECKHAM VICE

Stockwell Festival Inn

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS at the aptly named Festival Inn have been usurped from the usual three men and a pool table situation by South London's Vibe Tribe Organisation — a loose kind of alliance between tonight's bands and the previously praised Inversion, breathing love and life into the void.

So, in a setting that's got far more in common with the bar in *Barfly* than the sun-drenched glamour of Miami, the sublimely named Peckham Vice take the stage. Michael Lord raps on a chair, laid-back à la De La Soul, while his partner in Red Stripe and erstwhile Ruff Ruff 'N' Ready keyboardist, Justin, shuffles like Ian Brown and sings with an

unbelievably sweet soul voice that defies his age and sex. The startling result is the side of Peckham that Del-Boy fans never see.

Third Eye take the stage, adding a percussion that threatens to take the smooth groove beats of DJ Andy Martinez into orbit. Heck, they'd never have allowed this outside Glastonbury a few years ago. But minds have opened since then, and Third Eye are the perfect missing link between Santana and 808 State — flute and sax solos trade beautiful solos whilst bobbing hypnotized heads go bongo crazy over the top of programmed beats and luscious keyboards.

"Live the life you love/Love the life you live"... Third Eye are the musical equivalent of watching tracers on acid: hippy as f**k and hipas f**k too, sowing moonflower seeds for the growing multi-racial love generation.

While half the nation ODs on bloodlust and Gulf reports, a small part of Stockwell escapes the lunatic asylum for the evening.

George Berger

WELFARE HEROINE

Charing Cross Road Marquee

WEIRD. WHILE the rest of popsville revels in an orgy of blissed-out hyperactivity, pushing the (non) philosophy of positivity down everyone's throats, Welfare Heroine are plumbing music's depths, occasionally coming up for celebratory air but soon returning to their brooding business.

Imagine The Fall getting to grips with a dance-dub hybrid and you'll begin to understand some of WH's strange appeal. Frontman Dele vents his spleen over music that's heavy on repetition and gives short shrift to trad pop concepts like melody and infectiousness, but the whole mess is more than a little addictive. Like Mark E, Dele's been blessed with a weirdo charisma that pulls you back for further doses of his bleak thinking.

Dancefloor escapism and Welfare Heroine's harrowing thing are a million miles apart — they begin

tonight's set with a spoken summary of the world's ills, and proceed via pieces like 'High Horse' and 'Peace In The City' to paint pretty harrowing pictures. Any talk of pomposity, though, is belied by Dele's loopy banter. He pokes fun at the band, laughs at himself and ends up asking the legions of photographers down the front if they're enjoying themselves. Sour-faced agit rocker he definitely ain't.

So which pigeonhole do Welfare Heroine fit into? God only knows — no sooner have they finished the way heavy dub tune 'Cry Blood' than they're nodding to their noisy roots with the semi-trash number 'Stalker'. And if the box marked 'boring politics' looked appropriate, forget it: the next single, apparently, is a "declaration of sexual ecstasy". The Redskins never sang about things like that.

Their prickly non-conformity won't endear them to fans of pop simplicity, but Welfare Heroine, peddlers of compulsive musical chaos, seem to be doing the right thing. Strange but true.

John Harris

THE CUCKOO CLUB

Kentish Town Bull And Gate

THROWING CONVENTION out of the nearest window with a rare gusto there are few bands who look as ill-assorted as The Cuckoo Club. An intriguing five-piece, the visual shock is as crucial as their unique approach to music, in which a violin, keyboard and clarinet play as vital a role as the standard bass, guitar and drums.

Violinist Frank also handles vocals with a voice that works as another instrument à la Cocteau, though her words are discernable. When she sings there's a constant beaming smile across her face, and songs such as 'Knowing Nostradamus' and 'Every Single Word' are indeed a joy to behold.

The sound is never deliberately obtuse or difficult but on 'Offices Of Outrage' The Cuckoo Club shine as once more the corpse of rock 'n' roll is pulled and distorted almost beyond recognition. Watch them grow.

Andy Peart

EDITED BY KEITH CAMERON

**SWERVEDRIVER/
CHAPTERHOUSE/BUGBLOT
Camden Underground**

BUGBLOT HAVE an unusual problem - an enthusiasm that goes beyond engaging and becomes irritating. They try too hard.

The music is a vicious swampy mush steeped in heavily drawled rawwwwk slang, although to their credit, Bugblot play it with such hellfire 'n' damnation gusto that coming to terms with their doomily low tuned guitars and rasping vocals is a doddle. The trouble is, after three songs you've heard it all, there's nothing fresh to chew on. More importantly, the singer's habit of filling up the gaps with spaced-out sleazster babble is simply embarrassing.

Strangely enough, the trouble with Chapterhouse is their apparent lack of motivation. This isn't to say that they don't make all the right noises at all the right moments. 'Something More' is at once gorgeous and explosive, a dazzling blend of Cocteau-style acoustic ripples punctuated by lead guitar raids of glowing intensity.

Unfortunately, suspicions that the band are merely going through the motions are confirmed when, after a particularly delirious woosh of six-string sound, guitarist Stephen Patman tactlessly sniffs the sniff of a man who'd probably rather be at home watching *Cheers*.

By the time Swervedriver come on, the packed crowd is desperate for a bit of onstage enthusiasm. The resultant crushing surge is accompanied, somewhat bizarrely, by an outbreak of screaming from a group of ecstatic Japanese fans. To put it bluntly, this performance had better be good.

Fortunately, the band are in blistering form. They erupt into life with 'Creedance' and never let up, surging through new songs like 'Sunset Deep' and 'Pile Of' at adrenalin-boosting speed, and only faltering when Adam's divinely fuzzed guitar slips out of tune during an otherwise awesome 'Rave Down'.

This technical hitch is soon rectified, and 'Get Tae' (another newie) bursts back with the band's twin guitars rolling like thunder, electrifying the air itself and making up for their recent disappointing ULU bash at a stroke.

A classic Swervedriver gig. Onwards and upwards...

Mr Spencer

**THE PHANTOM CHORDS
Manette Street Borderline**

THIS IS getting ridiculous. You can't go out in London these days without bumping into an old punk rock star gamely treading the boards - it's like Laurence Olivier coming back for a cameo role in *EastEnders*.

Tonight it's the turn of The Phantom Chords, who're basically the last line-up of The Damned without Rat Scabies but with an extra guitarist. The focal point and centre of attention is frontman Dave Vanian who receives a big roar from the partisan audience. Dressed in a rockers suit with a small quiff, he still oozes charisma. The voice hasn't lost anything either, swooping and swooning in and out of the darkness, but the set is basically good time rock 'n' roll with a few traces of a contemporary rockabilly beat.

It's not badly done either. Imagine a straighter Stray Cats or a commercialised Cramps who you keep expecting to burst into '16 Tons' at any minute. Full marks, too, for no obvious Damned covers - the only one being 'Beat Girl', the B-side of 'Eloise', which in itself was a cover anyway.

After a unique version of 'Fever', featuring Vanian darting all over the stage, The Damned, er, Power Chords finish with an OK run through of failed single 'Johnny Remember Me', leaving you wondering why they're still doing it.

"What a way to make a living," Vanian remarks at one point. Sums it up really.

Andy Peart

EMF-atically yours



ABOVE: SEEING is believing - EMF do the Dean-age rampage BELOW: AAAAAARGGGH!!!! - It's James

Steve Double

**EMF
Kentish Town Town And Country
Club**

WOWEE! THAT'S the only word for it. WOWEE! It's EMF - all six of 'em, a razzle dazzle riot of skewiff baseball caps and Brits on the piss bad boy brevity.

Searchlights, gunfire, blinding strobes and screaming girlie bedlam. James (aaaaarggggh!!!!), Ian (eeeeek!!), Zac (Zaaaaak!!!), Mark (swoon!!), Derry (waaahhh!!!!) and Milf (bravo!) are bouncing around the stage, flicking their wrists like a gang of teen outlaws lingering over milkshakes in McDonalds, soaking up the vibes as the T&C explodes with ear-piercing whistles and devoted whoops from the Forest of Dean Posse - the band's loyal hometown following, a bit like the Sex Pistols' Bromley Contingent with hairy knees.

As might be expected after such a thrilling build-up, not to mention three months of tantalising interviews and juicy scams, the opening 'Children' does come as a bit of an anti-climax, likewise 'LSD' and the current single's distinctly so-so B-side, 'When You're Mine'.

EMF's hexagonal pop attack is disappointingly clean - a well polished wall of sound dominated by Derry's plunking piano, with ace guitarist Ian sticking to a crisp wah wah funkbeat and only soaring in the mix for the odd (much needed) screaming solo spot.

'Unbelievable' arrives four songs in, a blissfully frenzied smack in the chops that incites a one-man stage-invasion and renders comparisons with New Kids On The Block totally redundant simply by being so real, so alive, so rock 'n' roll.

Knackered fans are plucked from the crowd during 'Travelling Not Running', a less than gripping slowie, but 'I Believe' packs a whopping clout, easily outdoing 'Unbelievable' in the raw pop power and blinding hooks department, while 'Count Me In' rounds things off in style with several spells of manic string-bending from Ian. It's one of the band's three or four great songs too, so it's well worth savouring.

Cream's 'Strange Brew' is resurrected with a stunning new funk-up slant for the encore, followed by a mob-handed bash at the anthemic 'EMF', and finally one last brilliantly beefed-up rendition of 'Unbelievable'.

As Highgate Road starts to bustle with waiting parents, a couple of thousand sweaty pop kids file out to the heavily symbolic strains of Buddy Holly singing about things goin' faster than a rollercoaster. Er, let's leave it at that.

Mr Spencer

TH' FAITH HEALERS
Islington Powerhaus

WHAT ARE your average bunch of noise-reveller-scumbags supposed to do when the objects of their adrenalin surges are an hour late in taking the stage? The choice is usually simple: consume more over-priced alcohol or bait the venue's rent-a-thug security men.

Followers of Th' Faith Healers don't need either of these pastimes – instead they indulge in the novel pre-gig ritual of pillow-fighting. Feathers fly, lank mops of hair flail in the air and it seems unlikely that this level of exuberance can be maintained for the band's appearance.

But even after their trial-by-eiderdown, there's enough energy left in the audience to keep the National Grid charged up for a month. So when Th' Healers finally get round to unleashing the howling racket of 'Pop' and 'Gorgeous Blue Flower', all hell breaks loose. Bodies litter the stage as Th' Faithful clamber up to create a communal vibe and singer Roxanne smiles as she's presented with a wide choice of potential grappling partners to wrestle to the ground. The other members of Camden's squat-rock outfit give knowing smiles as their statuesque vocalist locks her chosen opponents into half-nelsons – a fate they've probably suffered many times themselves.

'Jesus Freak' and 'Not A God' roar with sadistic venom, prompting some wag to shout: "You play Satan's music." He could be right, though it's difficult to tell exactly what lurks beneath the squall. No matter – Th' Faith Healers look set to steal hearts and perforate eardrums from here to kingdom come. Believe.

Anthony Farthing

THE STAIRS/THE MAGIC
CLOCK

Liverpool Temptation II

TWO BANDS with about five gigs between them are usually a disaster waiting to happen. Tonight it doesn't materialise.

The Magic Clock are frighteningly young with a riotous, energetic feel that lies somewhere between Northside and Ride. Sometimes the influences are too blatant, and 'Your Eyes' has a bassline within sueable distance of 'Shall We Take A Trip'. Mostly, though, they are rapidly developing a sound of their own.

Howie Payne's vocals are hardly

original in their understatement, but his is an infectious charm and he adds some scorching lead flourishes to Mick's vibrating guitar wall. Judging by appearances, bassman Douglas was badly bullied at school. His almost inevitable *Top Of The Pops* appearances should ensure he has the last laugh.

The Stairs are rivalling Top in generating interest out of all proportion to their experience. They're still absolutely chaotic – all playing the right things, not necessarily at the same time.

The whole set is dominated by Edgar's growling and his fluent bass – qualities he's kept despite the trauma of backing Ian McCulloch last year. Although The Stairs are most frequently likened to The Rolling Stones, really they sound far more like Them. That's confirmed when they mutate 'Right In The Back Of Your Mind' into a rousing cover of 'Gloria'.

Once The Stairs master playing together, theirs should be a fairly rapid climb to the top.

Pete Naylor

GOD'S ULTIMATE NOISE/
DRILL

Newcastle Riverside

AFTER THE successive onslaught of Killing Joke and Silverfish over the weekend, it wasn't too surprising to see that there weren't many survivors for a third earbashing session at the Riverside.

Drill were in no mood to show any mercy either – "Affront the walloping thud of a drum machine, its dials turned to destroy". Yes, Drill do have an obvious Big Black influence and they're damn impressive with it. When the massive guitar barrage is coupled with distorted vocals that sound like they're fresh off the set of *The Exorcist*, Drill have a magnificent intensity.

God's Ultimate Noise have had trouble maintaining their initial momentum lately, largely due to line-up changes and the unforeseen delay of their debut album. However, their enthusiasm and self-belief seems unabated. 'Fish' and 'Story Of My Head' are songs with plink plonk guitars of Cardiacs weirdness, while the vocals duck and dive like a light-weight boxer.

They leave us with their best song, 'Up Jumps The Devil', and only 48 hours before Leatherface hit the town – God help us.

Kriss Knights

Gone Whigging!



HEY! EASY on the anchovies! The Afghan Whigs get a pizza the action Steve Gullick

AFGHAN WHIGS/THE HYSTERIC
New Cross Venue

THEY'VE GOT the look. The Hysterics glare out blankly from their greasy matted tresses, resplendent in the kind of gear your elder cousin wore back when they were listening to Carole King and James Taylor, knowrramean? Two southern English boys – one fleshy, the other bespectacled, take up the flanks with their geeatars and trade mannered mumbblings between songs. Bass player Michelle stands centre-stage and looks smugly glamorous.

The lads slash away at their instruments in a fashion that seems to say "Yes, I've got 'Bug' and 'Lick'". So wot? But hang on, there's a few cute melodies in here, and the chaps are not averse to some nifty off-beat call and response vocal interludes between their furious strumming. If The Hysterics haven't found themselves yet (and they appear youthful enough for that to be the case), we might find some darn groovy material here when they shake off those US attitude shackles. Mental note time.

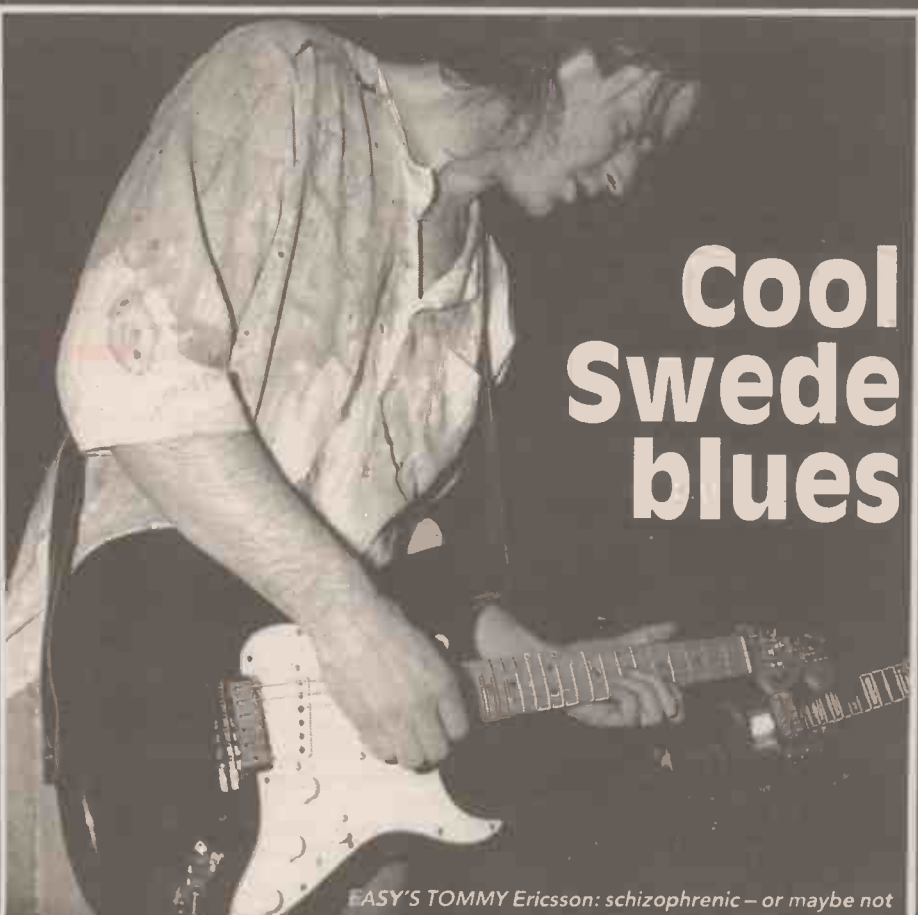
Hey! Who mentioned the Yanks? Look it's the dude from the pizza

parlour, foulmouthed as ever. Who let him in here? Afghan Whigs come to the "only vaguely interested because I hadn't anything else to do tonight" sleepy London scuzzballs and charm the bleedin' socks off 'em. Must admit I had them down as another unwelcome Seattle-raised rock dinosaur, but tonight Da Whigs skipped lightly through a set of well-crafted (yep, that old chestnut) rockin' toons – heavy sometimes, but without the metal bit. Shaggy wiseguy singer Greg is in charge, he's got the microphone, and you're an asshole.

Afghan Whigs have a drummer with a light touch and velocity aplenty. It's enough to set toes unconsciously tapping while the rest of his family get down to the business of breathing life into songs which are shining beacons compared with their lacklustre recorded versions. This is the sort of form which could see the band sneaking after Nirvana out of the Sub Pop ghetland and into the big time – a storming rendition of Neil Young's 'Like A Hurricane' merely serves to reinforce the fact.

Real tough brudders, all the same. No pizzas get delivered tonight – sorry lady!

James Robert



Cool Swede blues

EASY'S TOMMY Ericsson: schizophrenic – or maybe not

EASY/CLOSE LOBSTERS
New Cross Venue

IF THE Close Lobsters were an item of clothing, they'd be a wellington boot.

Dull but nonetheless worthy, Scotland's long-suffering Lobsters owe more to The Brilliant Corners than any James Brown B-side. Wielding their guitars like swords, they swipe and strum until their fingers turn red and their hair goes grey, delighting those who automatically associate grating guitars with greatness.

After six songs, you suddenly realise the Close Lobsters could be anybody. In fact, they probably are.

Easy, on the other hand, defy you to ignore them. Looking like first-class graduates from the Creation School Of Excellence – except for the bassist, that is, who's a free-transfer from the Hothouse Flowers – they leave their scrawny signature on every crazed chord. Second-hand songs, they may be, but Easy convince you otherwise.

From the moment they arrogantly take their places onstage, with nary a smile between them, the Swedish purveyors of angst-ridden rock brood and seethe with great gusto, recalling a more caustic Crime And The City Solution one minute and a less-disciplined Echo And The Bunnymen the next.

Easy, y'see, are what you might call schizophrenic. Whereas others take one road and follow it to the end of their days, Easy like nothing better than to reinvent themselves in the middle of a song.

That they carry this trick off at all owes much to singer Johan Holmlund. Baby-faced but belligerent, he dictates the mood of each song, shamelessly espousing every rock 'n' roll pose in the book – from nonchalantly leaning on the mic to banging his fists against the floor in mock frustration – while making them look like his own.

After ruthlessly attacking an innocent bottle of beer with a drumstick midway through 'Cloud Chamber', Holmlund decides to treat everyone to his impersonation of Ian Curtis before screaming "There's always someone there to remind me", in a manner that implies all is not well on the Eastern front.

Easy come, Easy go? I doubt it very much.

Paul Mardles

LUKA BLOOM
Cork Delacys

LUKA BLOOM is a singer-songwriter who suffered from having a more famous older brother. So he decided to change his name from Barry Moore to Luka (from Suzanne Vega) Bloom (from Joyce's Leopold Bloom) – an unfortunate and pretentious choice. But who cares? After all, what's in a name?

Especially when Bloom's music thankfully bears little resemblance to Vega's and his words even less to Joyce's. His sound, though acoustic, is anchored in that single note drone so popular in the late '70s/early '80s, and on top of that hypnotic tone he puts down layers of finger stretching chords that bring out resonant harmonies from his instrument.

Tonight you can almost hear his knuckles popping as he twists his way through the set, creating those moments when the whole audience hold their breath to catch every note. But to categorise Bloom as a folkie with a pewter tankard on his belt would be an injustice, especially on 'Bridge Of Sorrows', a detached piece of talking blues with reserve and dignity that brings Pet Shop Boys to mind. There's also his cover of LL Cool J's 'I Need Love', wherein he combines a guttural culchic accent with a deep Brooklyn rasp.

Tonight he wins one standing ovation for his efforts, then another, and it's only when the police begin banging on the door that the plug's finally pulled.

Shane Fitzsimons

THE SEA URCHINS Charing Cross Road Marquee

IN THE general scheme of things post-Manchester, it has been said that if The Stone Roses are The Beatles, Happy Mondays the Stones and The Soup Dragons the Nashville Teens, then The Sea Urchins must be John's Children. This synopsis does miss the point a little, however. All The Sea Urchins aspire to be, visually at least, is a perfect recreation of the mid-'60s, not an updated version.

And to this end they succeed perfectly. Guitarist Robert Cooksey, groomed to fill the Cuban heels of any of the Creation crew, lets the minor chords flow from his Rickenbacker; singer James Roberts, as affected as convention allows at this stage of his career, tosses his hair and puts as little effort as possible into singing. The result is like seeing *Blow Up* with the sound turned down.

Unfortunately, these visual delights are plagued throughout by technical failures, which never allow the songs a life of their own. Forthcoming single 'Please Don't Cry' is a groovy Kinks-like lament, but 'Open Out' and others fall into a Doors-induced stupor, while the Led Zep psych-outs that creep in now and then seem just a little too polite. But then that's three-quarters of The Sea Urchins' charm.

When James' guitar packs up for good he tosses his hair and pleads to use the support band's, then recoils in horror when a Marquee hairy comes on stage to help plug him in.

"I bet Ozzy Osborne never has this problem," he sighs. He probably doesn't. But then who'd want to see Ozzy Osborne anyway?

Paul Moody

GENIUS FREAK

Kentish Town Bull And Gate

"ANYONE SEE Going Live yesterday?"

Not the sort of statement a band usually spouts but apparently one of Soho was sighted sporting a Genius Freak T-shirt on the kiddies TV show. Could be the start of something big, but then again...

Frontman Leeson O'Keefe, last seen in The Shout, is a psychotic jack-in-the-box and while they can appear quite light-hearted - Tufty forgets to turn on his bass for the first song, thus putting his training as a Senseless Thing roadie into practice - the GF core is a hard centre. 'Ourselves Alone' is an honest account of the situation in Ireland, while they almost visibly burst bloodvessels in the raucous 'Farewell My Lovely', dedicated cheekily to Oliver Reed.

Occasionally the overall sound becomes a touch too clustered, both guitars battling for pole position, while O'Keefe sounds like he's on a soapbox in Hyde Park but then they stop in their tracks and pull 'It's Just Too Late' out of the hat, without a doubt the highlight of the night as the instruments quieten down enough to let O'Keefe's rich vocals pull through.

With an imminent Senseless Things tour support and a single out on Damaged Goods, Genius Freak might yet make it onto TV for real.

Andy Peart

THE REPLACEMENTS

Los Angeles Palladium

WHETHER OR not The Replacements are breaking up depends on which interview you happen to be reading. But even if this isn't 'last time around', you can't help but detect a sombre tone in proceedings. The show is strictly business, stripped of the reckless drunkenness and endless cover versions of previous lost weekends and replaced instead with a relaxed but focused romp through Replacements classics.

In the last five years, somewhere between the legendary liquor intake and infamous in-fighting, Paul Westerberg has assembled a string of classic rock 'n' roll songs that

enlighten and amuse. Whether exposing the eating habits of popcorn and cheesecake for dinner or his woeful self-promise of one last drink, Paul continues to bond with his audience.

By now, The Replacements are a band totally on top of their game. There's a new drummer replacing the recently departed Chris Mars but otherwise it's still Tommy Stinson, Slim Dunlap and Paul upfront. Tommy is ever the soul of the group, with his exaggerated smile and stage manner, while Slim's understated guitar solos work best with Paul's more poignant songs like 'Achin' To Be'.

Because so many of the songs on the 'All Shook Down' album featured guest artists, these newly re-arranged versions sound particularly fresh. Tommy offers a glimpse into his possible solo career when he takes mainstage for a new song, 'Satellite'.

It was a full night, but the encores were still the most loudly received - 'Bastard Of Young' and 'My Little Problem', with a cameo appearance by Concrete Blonde's Johnette Napolitano. By the end of the night the gratitude on both sides of the stage was genuine and heartfelt. It may be too late but... long live The Replacements.

Craig Schmidt

THE BLUE ORCHIDS

Leeds Duchess Of York

IT WAS bound to happen. The Blue Orchids simply carry too much history for their audience, many of whom were struggling with the concept of puberty at the time, to be placated by a set of entirely new songs. Martin Bramah, responding to repeated calls for old material, handles it with great composure - "I'm sorry, we don't do them anymore. I know them but I'm afraid they don't".

The reverential tones that accompany talk of The Blue Orchids ensures a healthy, nostalgic turnout, including various members of The Wedding Present and the Inspiral Carpets. After a spell in the house of The Fall, this is a new beginning for Bramah. A new band, a collection of new songs and a new determination.

Their intent is apparent from the start, thrusting themselves into the lion's den by opening with 'Diamond Age' and 'Moth', the two tracks on their forthcoming single. It's an audacious beginning; emphatic bass riffs, startling guitar avalanches and pounding drum attacks characterising both songs. The pace is slowed with the plaintive, swirling melancholia of 'Way Of The World' before they briefly yield to the crowd by playing their token old song of the evening, 'Hanging Man'. It retains an early '80s vagueness but the way it fits snugly into the set suggests one of two things. Either The Blue Orchids have retreated to former glories by faithfully recreating the past or they prove, with just one song, how far ahead of their time they once were. I favour the latter.

They retire backstage and decline the invitation of an encore, having either been unable or unwilling to furnish their performance with the likes of 'Work' or 'Disney Boys'. It's a cultured, impressive, almost resolute return. The Blue Orchids are back and they mean business.

Ian Cheek

NOT THE DONINGTON

FESTIVAL

Newcastle Riverside

THE LATEST in The Riverside's popular 'Not The...' festivals, and as the title suggests this one's aimed at a metal-friendly audience. And if the thought of five local rock acts fills you with trepidation, you wouldn't be alone. But the evening proved to be a success because the bands on show provided such a high degree of energy, honesty and, most importantly, diversity.

First up XLR8R, who have that Anthrax knack of being able to drive a song so good into your face that



THE REAL People: Or are these really the hands of the Beatles, Hendrix and The Who?

Alastair Indge

'Pooling resources



REAL PERSON Tony: a revivalist, but who cares?

THE REAL PEOPLE

Sheffield Leadmill

IN THE late-'80s, London trendies were horrified to find Liverpool's teenage population skinning up, tuning in and dropping out to sounds that they, through their techno-dance sensibilities, had long since buried. Young scousers were - gasp - listening to Hendrix, (early) Pink Floyd, The Doors and The Who.

This was hardly a revelation (which self-respecting adolescent hasn't lent an ear to the work of rock's founders?), so the nation sighed at the sight of another non-story and carried on with its business. Some of the street-hard hippies who'd found their way into *The Face*, meanwhile, began to pick up guitars. And write songs. And get record deals.

1991 is when Liverpool's '60s fixation gets interesting, and the fascination should start with The Real People: four young wags standing at the head of a bunch of scouse bands who've managed to mix psychedelia, hard-faced rock and evil grooves to a point of perfection.

They swagger onstage exuding the kind of confidence that the seizure of music from blushing students has put back into pop performance. Bassist and singer Tony in particular has got rock cockiness off to a tee - his every move exudes ludicrous levels of self-belief.

And who can blame him? The opener, 'Begin' and its successor 'Another Day' are gobsmack gear par excellence, managing to crowd the baggy types down the front of The Real People's merits. Their influences are clear - the hands of the Beatles, Hendrix and Who are more than evident in their sweet racket - but such quibbles are the concern of ageing bores. It's an old point, but it needs repeating: how can you be a revivalist when you're only 21?

'Come On', an instrumental sweat-out, is pure Hendrix, while the killer single 'Open Up Your Mind' apes Lennon-esque psychedelia in a pretty affecting fashion. Originality, then, isn't going to be The Real People's trump card, but who cares? Aren't perfect songs, superb stagecraft and in-your-face intensity enough?

Of course they are. Now prepare to be converted.

John Harris

any prejudices don't stand a chance. 'Nothing Can Cure Me Now', powered by some demon drums, threatens to take the night by storm as early as half past eight.

The Bad Samaritans stray furthest from the metal path, with a funkier feel, and along with XLR8R were lucky enough to escape the closer attentions of the 'on the spot' Tyne-Tees camera crew. The Church Of The Elvis were certainly unnerved by the men from the telly's stage-hogging and were noticeably more at ease and consequently better after the cameras had left to go and bug some punters.

A band called Hellbastard, who have just finished touring Europe with Napalm Death, need little description except to say they're the equivalent of being smacked in the

head with a heavy shovel. Repeatedly. And occasionally very quickly. Marvellous.

Finally, if there is land in the ocean between the Quireboys and Mega City 4, 16 Forever live there and they seem to like it. Unhappily for them, by this stage the audience had thinned out considerably come their spot - perhaps it was metal fatigue. Sorry.

Kriss Knights

GROOVY LITTLE NUMBERS Edinburgh Floral Riot

THESE ARE strange times indeed, when the weird go pro. With Saint Manchester slowly being bought out by the multinationals, next up for canonisation along with the

European City of Culture 1991 - Camden - would appear to be Glasgow.

After the singular success of the Jesus And Mary Chain, it's taken a long time for the class of '86 to graduate. Last year The Soup Dragons and Primal Scream leapt the barricades and jumped on the dance bandwagon, while court jester Norman Blake finally managed to amaze even himself with the glorious Teenage Fanclub.

Now they all seem to be at it. The Pastels are finally getting serious - well as serious as The Pastels can get - The Vaselines, spurred on by Nirvana, reformed at least temporarily, and perhaps most bizarrely the BMX Bandits have signed to the third biggest label in Japan. Strange times indeed.

Courting major label attention, sporting a London manager, The Groovy Little Numbers are fronted by the BMX Bandits sometime fiddle player Joe and appear to be next aboard the gravy train. Yet in a turn up for the books, the progenitor here would appear to be neither Andy Weatherall or Neil Young.

Heralded on stage by a fanfare from a two-piece brass section, this is the Groovy Little Numbers Soul Revue, with the ghost of Paul Weller looking on from the wings. Well-mannered it may be, and you have to admire the sheer professionalism, but it all comes across as too crisp, clean and well-delivered, like a well-laundered shirt. Joe may have the voice of an angel but this is too pristine.

Charlie Endell

NIGHTSHIFT

IT DOESN'T COST A PENNY!

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

WEDNESDAY 6

ABERDEEN Ritzy Senseless Things
ASH VALE George (543500) EIP
AYLESBURY Civic Centre (86009) The Blues Band
BATH Moles (333423) The Warp Out
BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021-643 5610) The Real People
BOLTON Oscar's Wine Bar (393 463) Jerome MacMurray
BOURNEMOUTH Gander On The Green Rusty Bucket
BRADFORD St George's Hall (752000) Fairport Convention
BRIGHTON Event The Levellers/Citizen Fish
BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) Conflict
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom (550782) Scorpio Rising/Dust
CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Johnny Mars Blues Band
CARLISLE Tith Barn Colin Grigson And Christine Collister
CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) Earwig
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Intuition
DUNSTABLE Wheatshaf (662571) Out Of The Blue
GUILDFORD Surrey University (71261) Slowdive
KEELE University (711411) JJ
KENTON Plough (081-907 2498) The Stand/Call Me A Taxi
KIDDERMINSTER Market Tavern Carter (USM)/Pop Am Good
LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Backroom Boys
LEEDS Regent Postcards
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Scaulp
LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) Singers From Klev
LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Venus Rising
LONDON Camden Canavan Castle (071-485 7858) Papa George
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) British Blues Review Jam
LONDON Camden Parkway Jazz Cafe (071-284 4358) Andy Sheppard Quintet
LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Release/Open Up
LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border Tex Pistols
LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) No Comment
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (071-240 3961) This Picture
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar (071-629 9813) Jin Kahr
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Scarlette Thieves/Vagrant/Tim O'Really
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Indian Angel/Best Bitter And The Lager Louts
LONDON Great Portland Street Albany (071-388 0588) Raffa Russo/Harry Powell
LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Moonglow
LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (081-985 2424) No Ordinary Angels/Dolly Dupree/It Woz Floyd Wot Done It/Andy Parsons/Willy/Dave Gorman/Phil Davey/Lee Hurst/SHAM/Alistair McGowan
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) The Collection (Main) Goldwater/Lives And Times/Peter Lyon (Acoustic)
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Talvin Singh's Tablatronics
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Horace Andy/Aqua Levi/Roots Dimension
LONDON Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) Birdyak
LONDON Islington Upper Street Kings Head (071-226 1916) Chris Van Cleave
LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (071-589 8212) Eric Clapton
LONDON Kings Road Crazy Larrys The New Hooligans
LONDON Litchfield Street Bunjies Jana Haller/Nicola Hitchcock
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) Easy/Kitchens Of Distinction/Splifire
LONDON New Cross Paradise Bar Millions Like Us
LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Ruff Ruff And Ready/Back To The Planet/The Sea
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Hank Wangford Trio
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Bum/What About You
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) The Sonny Morris Delta Jazzmen
LONDON Shepherds Bush Opera On The Green (081-749 5928) Slings And Arrows
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Martin Blackwell And Ian Ballentine



The Godfathers

Hark, is that the sound of *The Sweeney* theme tune? Don't worry, it's not Carter and Regan coming to get ya but the return of South London's self-styled Godfathers. Having spent most of last year abroad, the band are set to unleash a burst of absolute reality upon a decadent nation with a new single and album both entitled 'Unreal World'.

LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) Lost T-Shirts Of Atlantis/Gigglestick And The Love Truncheons
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Donkey Jive
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Shalme
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (071-437 5534) Melt/Hard Noise/MC Ouke/Daddy Freddy
MANCHESTER Witchwood The Risk
MILTON KEYNES Woughton Centre (660392) Loud/Theonething
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic Cactus Rain
NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) Senseless Things/Genius Freak/The Revs
NOTTINGHAM Gregory Motel We Of The Never Never/Pouaquatsi
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Cronos/Warfare
OXFORD Dolly Sally Barker And The Rhythm
READING Purple Turtle Krach
SHEFFIELD University (724076) Something Happens!
SOUTHAMPTON Joiners Arms (225612) Basti/Passing Clouds

It's also time for their annual *St Valentine's Day Massacre*, which, in the past, has taken in salubrious surroundings like *The Robey* and *London Dungeon*. Nowadays it's the splendour of *Brixton Academy* but that's not to say you'll get a watered down performance. Love might be dead but *The Godfathers* are live, direct and back with a bang.

THE GODFATHERS play Leicester (Tuesday)

SOUTHAMPTON Oceans The Individuals
SOUTHEND Esplanade Blues 'N' Trouble
STOKE Wheatshaf (44438) Levellers 5
STOKE ON TRENT Freetown Club (214207) The Ya Ya's
YORK Arts Centre (27129) The Mood

THURSDAY 7

ARUNDEL Swan Rusty Bucket
ASH VALE George (543500) The Press
BATH Moles (333423) The Flat Stanleys
BIRMINGHAM Irish Centre (021-622 2314) King Pleasure And The Biscuit Boys
BOLTON Oscar's Wine Bar (393463) Chase The Ace

BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) Slowdive
BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) The Men They Couldn't Hang
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom (550782) No Sweat
CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Nahid Siddiqui
CARDIFF Kiwi's Branded
CARDIFF University (396421) Brussel Spaceship
CARLISLE Pagoda Cronos/Warfare
CHELMSFORD Y Club Milk
CHESTERFIELD Winding Wheel Centre Fairport Convention
COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) The Real People
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Lady Luck
DONCASTER Jug (361803) Shake Appeal
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Night Catch
DUNDEE West Port Bar The Wildhouse/Captain Trips
EDINBURGH Venue Senseless Things
EGHAM Royal Holloway College (4453) Dream Academy
GUILDFORD Flicks Railroad Earth/Scotch
HARLOW Square (25594) Chairman Hughes/Liam Vincent/Scared Scriptless
HAWKHURST Royal Oak Moonshot Blues Band
HAYES Beck Theatre The Blues Band
HULL Jailhouse Jerry Donahue And The Backroom Boys
KENTON Plough (081-907 2498) Songwriter's Showcase
LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Pink Peg Slax/Big Bang Rock 'N' Roll Roadshow
LEEDS Duck And Drake Bagman
LEEDS Riifs The Inept/Corn Exchange
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Sweet Sanity
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Darkside/The Strange
LEICESTER Royal Mail (622813) Shock Split
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Wheatshaf (374611) Walking On Ice
LIVERPOOL Botanic Personal Column
LIVERPOOL Neptune Theatre Colin Gregson And Christine Collister
LIVERPOOL Royal Court (051-709 4321) Motorhead
LONDON Bames Bull's Head (081-876 5241) Big Chief
LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Jelly In The Fridge
LONDON Camden Canavan Castle (071-485 7858) Tony Wildchild
LONDON Camden Parkway Dublin Castle (071-485 1773) Jive Alive
LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) The Dentists/The Catherine Wheel
LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border Flying Ducks
LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Sonny Southon
LONDON Clapham Common Alexandra Attic Club Backlash
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Gaz's Rockin' Blues (071-434 4480) MSO
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar (071-629 9813) The Jive Aces
LONDON Elephant And Castle South Bank Polytechnic (071-261 1525) Wild River Apples
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Smirking Hyenas/Cherryland Bandits/Bagman/Concrete Sox
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) The Elevators/Drottes/Infants
LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Seeds Of Creation
LONDON Hampstead University College School Spike Robinson/John Pearce/Paul Morgan/Alan Ganley
LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) Psi Jamma/The Carvers
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Shot In The Dark/Personna (Main) Sound Brigade/Barefoot Doctor (Acoustic)
LONDON Hounslow High Street Treaty Centre (081-577 6969) Kevin Coyne
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Talvin Singh's Tablatronics
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Kevin McDermott Orchestra/Surrender Dorothy
LONDON Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) The Tommy Chase Trio
LONDON Islington Upper Street Kings Head (071-226 1916) Jive Donkeys
LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (071-589 8212) Eric Clapton
LONDON Kings Road Crazy Larrys Assassination
LDNOON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Keziah Jones
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) Jeremy Days
LONDON New Cross Paradise Bar Mike Rideout And Leigh Etherton
LONDON North Wembley East Lane Flag (081-450 4506) Strangelove/The Burning

ANNIHILATOR: One off at London Charing Cross Road Marquee March 25.

BASTI: Manchester Boardwalk February 13, Leicester Princess Charlotte 14, Canterbury Kent Univ 19, London New Cross Amersham Arms 20, Birmingham Poly 23, Salisbury Arts Centre 28.

BIRDLAND: Play Nottingham Poly February 22, Leicester Poly 23, Glasgow Mayfair 24, Edinburgh Network 25, Middlesbrough Town Hall 26, Liverpool Univ 28, Manchester Univ March 1, Sheffield Univ 3, Leeds Poly 3, Norwich Waterfront 5, Birmingham Institute 6, Coventry Tic Toc 7, Bristol Victoria Rooms 8, Exeter Univ 9, Cardiff Univ 11, Southampton Univ 13, London Kilburn National Ballroom 14. Chunk support on February dates.

CARMEL: Plays dates at London Frith Street Ronnie Scott's every Sunday from February 10 to March 3.

ERIC CLAPTON: At London Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall February 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, March 1, 3, 4, 5, 7 & 9.

CONFLICT: At Manchester International Two February 14, Newcastle Riverside 16.

JULEE CRUISE: One off at London Palladium February 17.

DELIRIOUS: Play London Harlesden Mean Fiddler February 15.

DREAM ACADEMY: UK tour dates at Sheffield Univ 13, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 14.

DREAM WARRIORS: Reading Univ February 19, Coventry Tic Toc 20, Colchester Essex Univ 21, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 23, Egham Royal Holloway College 25, Norwich UEA 26, Leicester Poly March 1, Manchester Hacienda 5, Bradford Univ 6, Newcastle Poly 7.

BOB DYLAN: Plays London Hammersmith Odeon February 12, 13 & 17

808 STATE: One off at Manchester G-Mex March 16.

...on the road

FAIRPORT CONVENTION: Play Cardiff St Davids Hall February 12, Reading Hexagon 13, Salisbury City Hall 14, Cullompton Verber Manor 15, St Albans City Hall 16, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 17.

THE FARM: Play Glasgow Barrowlands February 25, Edinburgh Network 26, Newcastle Mayfair 28, Leeds Univ March 1, Hanley Victoria Hall 2, Birmingham Hummingbird 3, Exeter Univ 4, Cardiff Univ 6, Cambridge Corn Exchange 7, Norwich UEA 8, Sheffield Octagon 9, Brighton Event 11, London Kilburn National Ballroom 12, Warrington Parr Hall 15, Manchester Academy 16, Hull City Hall 17, Bristol Studio 19, Leicester De Montfort Hall 20, Middlesbrough Town Hall 21, Liverpool Royal Court 23.

JOHN WESLEY HARDING: Aberdeen Caesar's Palace February 22, Edinburgh Oysters 23, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 24, Leeds Duchess Of York 25, Coventry Poly 27, Birmingham Breedon Bar 28, Manchester Choriton Irish Centre March 1, London Harlesden Mean Fiddler 2, Bath Univ 4, Hastings Crypt 6, London Woolwich Tramshed 7, Brentford Watermans Arts Centre 8.

HAVANA 3AM: Dates at Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut February 23, Newcastle Riverside 25, Derby Bell 26, Buckley Tivoli 27, Coventry Tic Toc 28, Norwich Waterfront March 1, Sheffield Leadmill 2, Stoke Freetown 4, Leeds Duchess Of York 5, Birmingham Edward's No8 6, Windsor Psykik Dancehall 9, London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 11.

INSPIRAL CARPETS: Play Preston Guildhall April 22, Hull City Hall 23, South Shields Leisure Centre 24, Exeter Univ 26, Newport Centre 27, Swindon Oasis 28.

INTO PARADISE: Play Newcastle Poly February 12, Leeds Duchess Of York 13, Hull Adelphi 14, Northampton Nene College 15, Dudley JB's 16, Leicester Princess Charlotte 17, Birmingham Univ 19, Stoke Wheatshaf 20, Loughborough Univ 21, Manchester Boardwalk 22, Warwick Univ 23, Oxford Jericho Tavern 24, Middlesex Trent Poly 26, Canterbury Kent Univ 27, Brighton Poly 28, London Houghton Street LSE March 1, Bath Moles 2, Guildford Surrey Univ 3.

FREDDIE JACKSON: Plays Birmingham Hippodrome March 3, London Hammersmith Odeon 4 & 5, Manchester Apollo 9, Edinburgh Playhouse 10, Bristol Hippodrome 12.

JESUS JONES: Birmingham Institute February 12 & 13, Liverpool Univ 15, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 16, Middlesbrough Town Hall 17, Nottingham Rock City 19, Cambridge Corn Exchange 20, Manchester Academy 21, Sheffield Octagon Centre 23, Leicester Univ 24, Cardiff Univ 25, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 26 & 27.

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

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

LENNY KRAVITZ: At Manchester Apollo May 6, Glasgow Barrowlands 7, Leicester De Montfort Hall 8, London Brixton Academy 10.

LITTLE ANGLES: Play Norwich UEA March 6, Bradford St Georges Hall 7, Manchester International Two 8, Glasgow Barrowlands 8, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 11, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 13, Cardiff St Davids Hall 15, Cambridge Corn Exchange 16.

MANIC STREET PREACHERS: Bristol Fleece And Firkin February 13, Brighton The Richmond 14, Taunton Priory 15, Aldershot Buzz Club 16, Guildford Surrey Univ 17, Nottingham Trent Poly 18.

THE MELVINS: Play with Steel Pole Bath Tub at Nottingham Venus February 18, Leeds Duchess Of York 19, Manchester Boardwalk 20, Oxford Venue 21, London Charing Cross Road Marquee 22, Liverpool Planet X 23, Birmingham Edward's No8, Newport TJs 25.

NIGHTSHIFT

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

LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Big Parade
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Oave Collett And Howlin' Winds
LONDON Putney Half Moon (081-788 2387) Sally Barker And The Rhythm
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Brian Leake Duo
LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) Nigel Marshall Club Night
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett The Melanie Harold And Oily Blanchflower Band
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Sons Of Hedon/Ten
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (071-437 5534) The Milky Bar Kids
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Statebound
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (081-946 5041) GM And The Bucket T's/Scared Scriptless
LOUGHBOROUGH University (266600) Stress
MANCHESTER UMIST HPC
MANCHESTER Witchwood The Rhythm Method/Those Naughty Corinthians/Grocery Trade
NEWCASTLE Joe Wilson's The Longest Day/Halfway House
NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261-4386) Andy Sheppard Quintet
NORTHAMPTON Black Bottom Club Blues 'N' Trouble
NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Orange Dance
NOTTINGHAM Narrow Boat (501947) Catastrophe
NOTTINGHAM Old Angel Melodia
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Everything Crash/Montgomery Cliffs
OXFORD Old Fire Station (56400) The Partnership/The Big Easy
OXFORD Venue (246646) Manic Street Preachers
PRESTON Meltdown N-Joi
RHYL Savoy Bistro (330470) Goodnight Said Florence
SALFORD University JJ
SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) You Slush/70 Policemen In My Kitchen
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall Loud
SHREWSBURY Fridge Spirit Of Ecstasy
SOUTHAMPTON Joiner's Arms (225612) Into Paradise/2 Lost Sons
SOUTHAMPTON Oceans The Three Amigos
ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (53143) World Service
STOKE ON TRENT Freetown Club (214207) Blue
TELFORD Duke At The Station Pop Am Good
TREForest Polytechnic Of Wales (480558) Milltown Brothers

LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Cymbalines
LINCOLN Ritz The Blues Band
LIVERPOOL Quadrant Park LFO/Nightmares On Wax/Nexus 21
LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) El Adivino Duo
LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) FATF
LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Hot Club
LONDON Camden Road Underworld (071-267 3626) The Oyland/Thousand Yard Stare/Club Independiente
LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) The Becketts/Basinger
LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border 2 Way Stretch
LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Float
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar (071-629 9813) Mister Clean
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Bim Sherman And The Coptic Roots Band/Splayce/Jasper Milton
LONDON Goldhawk Road Seven Stars (081-748 5679) Irish Mist
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Watch You Orown
LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Who's On Trial
LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (081-985 2424) Leo Chester/Lloyd Brown/Andy Blackwood
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Bob Dylan
LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) Jailhead Band/The Keatons/Thrilled Skinny
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Ocean Colour Scene/All Too Human (Main) Kevin Coyne/Taz Ran Schuman (Acoustic)
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (071-274 2733) The Shiny Set/Heather Beverley
LONDON Holloway Road Flourder & Firkin Donkey Jive
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Robert Pla's Latin Jazz Ensemble
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Sp'n
LONDON Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) Johnny Miller Band
LONDON Islington Upper Street Kings Head (071-226 1916) Bob & Charlie
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) The Chinaskies/Nancy Reverb/Trampoline
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (071-284 0303) The Men They Couldn't Hang
LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Come On Fridays
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (071-580 9551) Pele
LONDON New Cross Paradise Bar Masquerade
LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Fingertips/Hands Of Joy
LONDON New Cross Venue (081-692 4077) Leatherface/Sleep/Working With Tomatoes
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Slim's Cyder Co
LONDON North Finchley Lodge Lane High Road Torrington (081-445 4710) Noel McCalla's Contact
LONDON North Wembley East Lane Flag (081-450 4506) Oisneyhood/The Lampards
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Slap In The Face/Noddy's Alright
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Stan Grieg's Boogie Band
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Dave Gelly And Nigel Bennett
LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) Gag/South/The Rushing
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Storm
LONDON Tufnell Park Junction Road Dome (071-281 2195) The Pleasuredome
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Geoff Mann Band/Galahad
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (071-437 5534) Plutonium
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) The Wanderers
LONDON West Hampstead West End Lane Railway (071-624 7611) The Thing/Headcleaner
MANCHESTER Boardwalk Dolphin Spotting
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Stress
NEWCASTLE Arts Centre (091-232 4225) Sally Barker And The Rhythm
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) Motorhead
NORTHAMPTON Racehorse Underground Dance Trance
NORTHAMPTON Spinney Hill Hall (716008/585338) Fairport Convention

FRIDAY

8

ABERDEEN Fever N-Joi
ASH VALE George (543500) Close Quarters
BATH Moles (333423) The Real People
BELFAST Queen's University Jesus Jones/Soho
BOURNEMOUTH Polytechnic Milltown Brothers
BRADFORD Queen's Hall (392712) No Sweat
BRADFORD Rio Nihilist/Oisjectamembra/The Sewer
BRIDPORT Arts Centre You Slush
BURY Derby Hall (061-761 2216) R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange (357851) Andy Sheppard Quintet
CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Frank Sidebottom
CAROIFF Bogiez (226168) Loud/Theonething
CAROIFF Chapter Arts Centre (31194) Kicking The Image
CHICHESTER Bishop Otter College Amazing Windmills/The Steve Richards Juggling Experience/Mr E/Sonic
CLOWNE Community Centre Eat The Rich
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) MacCavilly's Cat
DERBY St James Club Jason Rebello
DOOLEY JB's (53597) Manic Street Preachers
FARNHAM Art College Slam City
FLEET Football Club The Deep Season
GOMSHALL Compasses Said And Done
HARLOW Square (25594) Slowdive
KENOAL Brewery Arts Centre Blues 'N' Trouble
KENTON Plough (081-907 2498) Ivar's Jivers
KIDDERMINSTER Market Tavern Priest Town/Flashback Booth
LEES Duchess Of York (453929) Wildlife/Bagman
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Dream Academy

Jesus Jones

Yes folks, this time it's for real real real! Jesus Jones are Proper Pop Stars at last!

Of course, it had to happen, and now that it has, we can enjoy watching this lovable bunch of fun-loving punksters brightening up kiddies' TV and Top Of The Pops with the rowdiest pop noise to invade our normally snoozy charts in ages.

Yup, we're talking big-time here, but such is the wide-ranging appeal of the Jones boys' sonic guitar/searing sample technique that, incredibly, they've managed to woo a whole new weeny crowd without losing grip of their original yobbier following - which means you can expect high-pitched screams during 'International Bright Young Thing', and mental moshing outbreaks during older gems like 'Bring It On Down' and the apparently seminal 'Info Freako'.

Support on the tour is provided by those fellow chart-sensations, Soho, so get yourself along cos it could be your last chance to see these two fast-rising bands in the relatively cosy confines of a medium-big venue. Double bill of the year, no problem.

JESUS JONES play Belfast (Friday), Dublin (Saturday), Leeds (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday)

NORTHWITCH Vic's Club The Mystic Deckchairs
NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) The Bardots/The Bah Humbugs
NOTTINGHAM Marcus Garvey Centre Conflict
NOTTINGHAM Narrow Boat (501947) Sleeze Patrol/Who Cares Anyway
NOTTINGHAM Old Vic The Zero Option
NOTTINGHAM Yorker The Magic Faraway Tree Band/Von Oaniken
OLOHAM Hurricane (061-626 5848) Tony Auton And The August Moon/HPC
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Cornflower Concept
OXFORD Old Fire Station (56400) Tony James Shelvin/Others Invited
PRESTON Caribbean Club Membranes/Archbishop Kebab/Oan Dare's Oog
SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Halle Orchestra
SHEFFIELD University (724076) The Oarkside
SHOTTON Clwyd The Adams Family
SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Emotional Blackmail
STOKE Talbot The Meteors/The Termites/The Rednecks
STOKE ON TRENT Freetown Club (214207) Pete Brown Band/Safe Sex
STRATFORD ON AVON Green Dragon Conscious Times
SWINDON Link Centre Guo Yue And Friends
TAUNTON Bishop Foxes Carter (USM)/Pleasure Gardens
TELFORD Lion Street Cultural Centre (615885) The Field Mice/St Christopher
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Winchester Club International Rescue
WARRINGTON Legends (36658) Scorpio Rising
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms (585977) Colin Gregson And Christine Collister
WOKINGTON Carnegie The Harpbreaker Blues Band

CONTINUES OVER



■ THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG: Farewell tour at Edinburgh Calton Studios February 13, Glasgow College of Building and Printing 14, Leeds Boddington Hall 15.

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

■ MILLTOWN & OTHERS: Play Newcastle Poly February 12, Stoke Freetown Club 13, Sheffield Poly 14, Nottingham Univ 16.

■ MOONFLOWERS: Get hippy at Nottingham Venus February 13, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 14, Hull Adelphi 15, Leeds Duchess Of York 16, Brighton Basement 20, London Harlesden Mean Fiddler 21, Stoke North Staffs Poly 22, Liverpool venue tbc 23, Oldham Queens Hall 24.

■ MOTORHEAD: Manchester Apollo February 12, Hull City Hall 13, Sheffield City Hall 15, Bradford St Georges Hall 16, Portsmouth Guildhall 18, London Hammersmith Odeon 19 & 20.

■ NED'S ATOMIC OUSTBIN: Bournemouth Academy February 25, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 26, Cambridge Corn Exchange 28, Norwich UEA March 1, Hull Tower Ballroom 3, Liverpool Univ 4, Cardiff Univ 5, Brighton Event 6, Leicester Poly 8, Coventry Poly 9, Stoke Keele Univ 13, Sheffield Octagon 14, Leeds Univ 15, Nottingham Rock City April 2, Bristol Studio 3, London Kilburn National Ballroom 4, Manchester International Two 6, Birmingham Hummingbird 7, Newcastle Mayfair 11.

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

■ OUTBACK: Play London Shoreditch Bass Clef February 21

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

...on the road

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

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

■ THE SENSELESS THINGS: Play Leicester Poly February 13, London Malet Street ULU 15, Coventry Warwick Univ 16, Birmingham Edward's No8 17, Leeds Duchess Of York 18, Trowbridge Psychic Pig 19, Crewe and Alsager College 20, Shrewsbury Fridge 21, Norwich Waterfront 22, Harlow Square 23, Bristol Bierkeller 25.

■ SLOWDIVE: Play Leicester Princess Charlotte February 12, Leeds Duchess Of York 13, Lancaster Sugar House 14, Edinburgh Venue 15, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 16, Newcastle Riverside 19, Bradford Univ 20, Stafford Poly 21, Liverpool Planet X 22, Sheffield Leadmill 23, Oxford Jericho Tavern 25, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 27.

■ SPIN: Gigs at Peterborough Laughing Gravy February 15, Hull Adelphi 16, London Charing Cross Road Borderline 19, Bristol Poly 22, London New Cross Venue 23, Leicester Princess Charlotte 24, Manchester Boardwalk March 8, Nottingham Trent Poly 11, Leeds Duchess Of York 12, Dudley JB's 15, Harlow Square 16.

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

■ STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Play a St Patrick's Day special at London Brixton Academy March 17.

■ STING: Newcastle City Hall April 21 & 22, London Hammersmith Odeon 24, 25, 26, 27 & 28.

■ STRESS: At Nottingham Poly February 15, Coventry Poly 16.

■ THROWING MUSES: Play Edinburgh Calton Studios March 1, Glasgow Mayfair 2, Newcastle Riverside 3, Leeds Poly 4, Liverpool Poly 5, Manchester International One 6, Norwich Waterfront 8, Sheffield Leadmill 9, Nottingham Poly 10, Bristol Bierkeller 11, Birmingham Goldwyns 12, Cambridge Junction 13, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 14.

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

■ THE WENDYS: Play Dundee Bar Chevrolet February 19, Edinburgh Venue 20, Greenock Toledo Junction 21, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 22, Brighton Zap 25, London Ladbroke Grove Subterania 27, Manchester Boardwalk March 1.

Sounds has the most informative & comprehensive gig guide in Britain - and it won't cost a penny to get your gig in. Send information to Sounds Gigs, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ. Fax copy to: 071-928 2852. Or call Nightshift on 071-921 5900.

NIGHTSHIFT



Scorpio Rising

If there's a Liverpool 'scene' about to arise in 1991, then, justice permitting, Scorpio Rising will be foremost contenders. The Scorpio boys go heavy on the danceable groove, wah-wah pedals reaching maximum overdrive, with a list of subtle influences stretching from the Doors to Stone Roses, leading into an essence of '60s garage-punk updated by a hard-groovin' backdrop. As a live act, the band are already gathering a clan of followers who range from Betty Boo lookalikes to Nirvana T-shirted long-hairs who show their appreciation of frontman Micky and his maracas by shaking it up down the front. Infectious and enthusiastic, Scorpio Rising look set to capture the nation's most stylish youth.

SCORPIO RISING play Buckley (Wednesday), Warrington (Friday) and Cambridge (Tuesday)

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

SATURDAY

9

ABERDEEN Fever LFO/Nightmares On Wax/Nexus 21
ASH VALE George (543500) Sara Jevo
BATH Moles (333423) Milltown Brothers
BIRMINGHAM Red Lion (021-444 7258) Colin Gregson And Christine Collister
BOLTON Catholic Club Harpbreaker Blues Band
BRADFORD 1 In 12 Club (734160) Conflict
BRADFORD Queen's Hall (392712) Architect/Silence
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange (357851) Andy Sheppard Quintet
CAMBRIDGE Rock Walking On Ice
CANTERBURY Kent University (464724) Slowdive
CARDIFF University (396421) Dream Academy/Y Crytl/Crumblowers/U Thant/Boff Frank Bough
COVENTRY Stoker (441357) Manic Street Preachers
COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) Tom Robinson/Building Rome
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Graffiti

DUBLIN SFX (741775) Jesus Jones/Soho
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Steve Gibbons Band
EDINBURGH Basin Street Call Me Clive/Honey Beretta
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) Motorhead
GLASGOW College Of Technology (041-332 0681) Senseless Things
GLASGOW Tunnel N-Joi
GOSPORT Labour Club Second Face
GUILDFORD Great Hall The Bushpigs/The Morning After/The Clan/Vagabonds/Genesis And Herbert/The Rhythm Method/Faced Out
HARLOW Square (25594) Into Paradise
HEREFORD Old Harp Branded
JESMOND Legendary Yorkshire Heroes (091-281 3010) Jack And Jake
KENTON Plough (081-907 2498) Willy & The Shakers/The Whisky Chaser Band
KIDDERMINSTER Market Tavern Metal Monkey Machine/Martin's Marauders
LEAMINGTON SPA Centre Fairport Convention
LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) The Hamsters

LEEDS Royal Park Spectral Alice
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) John Cooper Clarke
LITCHFIELD Arts Centre Sally Barker And The Rhythm
LIVERPOOL Cosmos Pele
LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) The Jacket Potatoes (Lunch) Nick Rideout Solo (Eve)
LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Reasons To Be Cheerful
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse British Summertime Ends/Blue Midnight/Brixton Art Ensemble
LONDON Brockley Crystal Palace Tavern The Fireflies
LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) The Fabulous Marauders (Lunch) The Poor Boys (Eve)
LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) The Whipping Boy/The Loveblobs
LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border Dr K's Blues Band
LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) The Railway Children
LONDON Deptford Duke The Argonauts
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar (071-629 9813) The AM Band

LONDON Euston Road Hop And Grapes All Our Days/Don't Panic/Lloyd George Knew My Father
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Thunderdogs/Riff Raff/Vibe/Community Charge/God's Government
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Goober Patrol/BBMF/Groovers With Hoovers/Juice
LONDON Hackney Mare Street Empire (081-985 2424) Moni-Bile
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Bob Dylan
LONDON Hammersmith Riverside Studios (081-741 2251) Icebreaker
LONDON Hampstead White Horse (071-485 2112) Horse Latitudes
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Haji Jb And The Funk Ambassadors (Main) Lost T-Shirts Of Atlantis/Jinski/Helen Roach (Acoustic)
LONDON Holloway Road Victoria (071-606 1952) Irish Mist
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Bessa
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Ocean Colour Scene
LONDON Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) The Jive Nation Band
LONDON Islington Upper Street Kings Head (071-226 1916) Joe Jab
LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (071-589 8212) Eric Clapton
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) Big Love/Big In Texas/Sergeant Rock/Anna
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (071-284 0303) Manu Dibango/Working Week
LONDON Labroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) Choice
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) Jadis/Laiden Run
LONDON Morden Crown Moosehead Dieselburger
LONDON New Cross Paradise Bar Cabal
LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) Scotus/Sugar Rain
LONDON New Cross Venue (081-692 4077) The Pogguns/Skaw/The Bardots
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) Wilko Johnson And His Band/Steve Hooker
LONDON North Wembley East Lane Flag (081-450 4506) Trojan Horse/Lick That/Lore
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Howlin' Wilf
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Rusty Taylor's Jazz Review
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Jessica Lauren Duo
LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) The Crawdaddies
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Juice On The Loose
LONDON Stratford Grove Crescent Road Tom Allen Arts Centre
LONDON Tooting Horse And Groom Paddy Goes To Hollyhead
LONDON Vauxhall Festival Inn Planet Cook
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966)



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SOUNDS ADVISES YOU TO RING THE VENUE IN CASE OF LATE ALTERATIONS TO DATES OR VENUES

Groundhogs/Third Stone
 LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (071-437 5534) Attitude
 LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236)
 Honcho
 LOWESTOFT Carlton Colville Community Centre (562377) The
 Potting Sheds/The Catherine Wheel/Tracy/Railway Badgers
 MANCHESTER International II The Men They Couldn't Hang
 MANCHESTER Witchwood Sht Tot
 MANSFIELD Arts Centre Shock Split
 MILTON KEYNES Madcap Theatre One Style MDV
 NEWCASTLE Arts Centre (091-232 4225) Galliano
 NEWCASTLE Playhouse (091-232 7079) McCullum
 NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) The Lavender Faction
 NORWICH Good Companions Jeopardy
 NORWICH Waterfront (632717/766266) Darden Smith/The
 Rocking Birlds
 NOTTINGHAM Narrow Boat (501947) The Waiting List
 NOTTINGHAM Running Horse The Zero Option
 OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) SpIn/Beatnik Filmstars
 OXFORD Old Fire Station (56400) Touch/You Slush
 PORTSMOUTH Pit Loud
 PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic (819141) Blues 'N' Trouble
 PRESTON Polytechnic Courtney Pine And The Paradise
 Reggae Band
 REDHILL Harlequin Theatre (765547) Shaky Vic/Big Joe
 Louis/Marsha Raven
 RUSHDEN Oakley Arms The Ides Of March
 SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Fool's Paradise/Mark Steel
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Basti/Stress
 SHEFFIELD Owl Autumn Of North/Son Of A Cat
 SHEFFIELD University (724076) No Sweat/Walk On Fire
 SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Koala Park
 ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (53143) Out Of The Blue
 STOCKPORT Centre Stage Inside Edge/Wanderlust
 STOCKPORT Bull's Head Hearing Colours
 STOKE ON TRENT Freetown Club (214207) Progression/
 Syljay
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS Pantiles Bar Moonshot Blues Band
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS Winchester Club Moonshot Blues Band
 WALLSEND Duke Of Wellington Big Fun Club
 WENDOVER Wellhead Inn (622733) Langfield Crane
 WINCHESTER Railway Inn Mandragora
 WINDSOR Old Trout Dean Owyer
 WINDSOR Psychic Dance Hall The Real People
 WROXHAM Castle Hoipolloi

Into Paradise

Peddling melodic, unsettling music, Dublin's Into Paradise manage to combine a pop sensibility with an intensity you'll be hard pushed to find elsewhere. The results, brilliantly recorded on the acclaimed LP 'Under The Water', are breathtaking.

The band's prowess stems from the pen of Dave Long, a songsmith *par excellence*. His tunes are infectious and unnerving, delving into often uncomfortable depths - just check out the band's latest 45 'Burns My Skin'. Finally enjoying the benefits of major-label money, the band's ascension to fame on the back of scorching songs like this can't be far away.

Live, Dave and Co belt out a killer repertoire while keeping an onstage cool that borders on the statuesque. Long's songs, however, keep the show well clear of boredom, and newcomers to the Paradise club are guaranteed a mixture of shellshock and elation. Recommended.

INTO PARADISE play Southampton (Thursday), Harlow (Saturday), Nottingham (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday)



SUNDAY 10

ASH VALE George (543500) Tried And Tested
 ASTON VILLA Leisure Centre Motorhead
 BARNET Old Bull Arts Centre (081-449 0048) Alan Skidmore
 Quartet
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) Holy Trinity
 BIRMINGHAM Moseley Dance Centre Conflict
 BLYTH Thornton Hotel Archbishop Kebab/Cheese
 BOLTON Oscar's Wine Bar (393463) Legacy
 BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) Gunfire Dance
 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange (357851) Andy Sheppard Quintet
 CARDIFF Clwb Ifor Bach The Trees
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Serious
 Business (Lunch) Who Cares (Eve)
 DERBY Assembly Rooms (255800) Fairport Convention
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Ruthless Blues
 DUNOEE University Lost Soul Band
 EASTBOURNE Rumours (39308) Intuition
 EDINBURGH Venue Cronos/Warfare
 GLASGOW Vertigo LFO/Nightmares On Wax/Nexus 21
 GOSPORT Kelly's Eddie Vortex/The Three Amigos
 HASTINGS Pig In Paradise Mandragora
 JESMOND Legendary Yorkshire Heroes (091-281 3010) 2 Girls
 Wat Sing
 KENTON Plough (081-907 2498) 4-4 Device
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Kevin Coyne
 LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) No Sweat
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Mick Pini
 LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) The
 Kimbara Brothers
 LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Out Of The
 Blue (Lunch)
 LONDON Camden Road Underworld (071-267 3626) Wolfie
 Witcher (Lunch)
 LONDON Chelsea Harbour Yard Jerry Sentluk And His Capitol
 Swing
 LONDON Elephant And Castle South Bank Polytechnic
 (071-261 1525) Felix/Ian Cognito/Ken Bell
 LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Dublin
 City Ramblers/Dalriada
 LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scott's (071-439 0747) Carmel
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (071-385 1840) Paddy Goes
 To Hollyhead (Lunch) Blues 'N' Trouble (Eve)

LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Bug
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Bob Oylan
 LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490)
 Wasted Moose (Main) Defrosting The Fridge/The Citadel
 (Acoustic)
 LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/
 2440) 501 Big Band (Lunch) Bob Jones' Soulbase (Eve)
 LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837
 3218) Traditional Session (Lunch) Set Dancing/Ceili
 Dancing/Luton Ceili Band (Eve)
 LONDON Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) Sigma String
 Quartet
 LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (071-589 8212) Eric
 Clapton
 LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) The
 Crayfish 5
 LONDON North Finchley Lodge Lane High Road Torrington
 (081-445 4710) Blodwyn Pig
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) Answers On A
 Postcard (Lunch) Audio Murphy (Eve)
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Rory Black
 And Her Band/And All Because
 LONDON Shoreditch Town Hall RDF/Ullulators
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Trike/
 Chas T Grays
 LONDON Wandsworth High Street Freeways (081-789 5992)
 The Management (Lunch)
 LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236)
 Black Spur (Lunch) Black Spur (Eve)
 LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (081-946 5041) Irish Music
 Session (Lunch)
 MAIDSTONE Pilot Moonshot Blues Band
 MANCHESTER Witchwood Earl Grey's Boogie Band
 MILTON KEYNES Woughton Centre (660392) Colin Gregson
 And Christine Collister
 NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic (476725) The Men They
 Couldn't Hang
 SALTCOATS Metropolis N-Joi
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Courtney Pine And The
 Paradise Reggae Band
 STOKE ON TRENT Freetown Club (214207) Syljay

TAMWORTH Rat Hole (63058) Pop Am Good
 WALSALL Junction 10 (648100) Senseless Things
 YORK Bonding Warehouse Sally Barker And The Rhythm
 YORK Spotted Cow (623134) The Mood

MONDAY 11

AYR Kitsch LFO/Nightmares On Wax/Nexus 21
 BATH Moles (333423) The Haywains
 BERRYSTON Black Horse And Rainbow Dead Men's Suits
 BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021-643 5610) Scarecrows/
 Roma
 BIRMINGHAM Hare And Hounds (444 2081) The Chemists
 BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) The Real People
 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange (357851) Andy Sheppard Quintet
 CHELTENHAM Cafe Continental A Boat
 CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) Plain Crazy
 COVENTRY Tic Toc (632462) No Sweat
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Charlie
 Mouse
 DERBY Duke Of York Sally Barker And The Rhythm
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Bigfoot/Breakout
 DUNSTABLE Wheatstheaf (662571) Pick Up Sticks
 DURHAM Mandela Ballroom Courtney Pine And The Paradise
 Reggae Band
 EASTBOURNE Rumours (39308) Tom Palmer
 HARLOW Square (25594) Cabal
 HUDDERSFIELD Top Spot The Abs/Rise Above/Betray
 JESMOND Legendary Yorkshire Heroes (091-281 3010) Little
 Green Monekys
 KENTON Plough (081-907 2498) Jam Night
 LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) One Voice
 LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) Jesus Jones/Soho
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Iguana Bros

CONTINUES OVER

Eurofile
Continental dates

■ CRANES: Dutch leg of their tour at Arnhem Willam I
 February 20, Den Haag Paard 21, Amsterdam
 Paradiso 22, Zwolle Hedon 23, Rotterdam Nighttown
 24.

■ FLOWERED UP: Play a Heavenly Records night in
 France along with East Village, Manic Street
 Preachers and Saint Etienne at Paris: Le Locomotive
 March 1. Tickets from Fat City Promotions 0753
 866675

■ JESUS JONES: Scandanavian dates at Oslo
 Rocketellers March 5, Gothenburg Magasinet 6,
 Stockholm New Melody 7, Copenhagen Pumhusett
 9.
 Germany: Berlin Loft 10, Hamburg Logo 11, Cologne
 Luxor 13, Frankfurt Batschkapp 14, Munich
 Natchwerk 15.
 Austria: Vienna U4 16.
 Italy: Milan (venue TBA) 18.
 France: Lyon Transbordeur April 4, Paris Espace
 Orpoto 5, Lille Aeronef 6.
 Belgium: Brussels Ancien Belgique 7.
 Netherlands: Den Haag Paard 9, Amsterdam Milky Way
 10.

■ LAWNMOWER DEATH: Netherlands dates at Zaandam
 Drie Luik February 14, Deventer Burgerweeshuis 15,
 Berghum Kiehoof 16.
 Germany: 18 and 19 (East Germany, venues TBC),
 Hamburg Markthalle 20, Berlin Ecstasy 22, Coburg
 Juz-Domino 23.

■ NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN: Irish and Ulster tour at
 Limerick Univ February 12, Belfast Conor Hall 13,
 Coleraine Univ 14, Drogheda Boxing Club 15, Dublin
 McGonagles 17.



KRISTIN HERSH of Throwing Muses

■ THROWING MUSSES: Netherlands dates at Utrecht
 Tivoli March 16, Eindhoven Effenaar 17, Amsterdam
 Paradiso 18.
 France: Lille Aeronef 20, Paris Elysee Montmartre 21,
 Rennes L'Ubu 22, Martigny Les Cabves Du Manoir
 24, Lyon Transbordeur 25.
 Belgium: Brussels Ancienne Belgique 27.
 Germany: Hamburg Grosse Freiheit 30, Dusseldorf
 Phillipshalle 31.

Details in Eurofile are free. Send
 details to: European Dates, Sounds,
 Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road,
 London SE1 9UZ United Kingdom

SOUNDS
LIVE!See more
Live Ads
on Pages
34, 35 and 36

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NIGHTSHIFT

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

LINCOLN Vienna (520598) The Darkside/The Love Kittens
LONDON Camden Royal College Street Falcon (071-485 3834) Love's Young Nightmare/Pump
LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border Too Dam Hot
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Alice In Wonderland (071-434 4480) Novacaine
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar (071-629 9813) Five Go Jiving
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) Chanel/Virginia T-Shirt Company/Mother Trash Kingdom/Funky Cauliflower
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Happy Adicts (Main) Rob Corp (Acoustic)
LONDON Highbury Corner Town & Country Club 2 (071-700 5716) 29 Palms
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Norman Jay's Original Rare Groove Show
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) Ajax Disco Spanner/Global Vision
LONDON Islington Trolley Stop (071-241 0581) Gypsy Dave Smith
LONDON Islington Upper Street Kings Head (071-226 1916) Will Killeen
LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (071-589 8212) Eric Clapton
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) The Figurines/More Money Than God/Snog/The Beatpack
LONDON Ladbroke Grove Subterania (081-960 4590) The Real People/Kingmaker
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) Something Happens!
LONDON New Cross Road Amersham Arms (081-694 8992) The Whipping Boy/The Story/Disco Inferno
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) The Idlers
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) The Flamingos/Skank Thing/Jump The Gap
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (071-636 0933) Kit Packham's One Jump Ahead
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Martin Blackwell
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Tina Max Pinder/Pete Airey
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) The General/Magic The Beanz/The Libertines
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (071-437 5534) Wild And Wicked
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-670 236) Frank Gill
MANCHESTER Swinging Sporan Poor Frenzies/Paradox UK
MANCHESTER Whitworth Street Hacienda (061-236 5051) Milltown Brothers
MANCHESTER Witchood Tony Jaques
NORWICH Arts Centre (660352) Slowdive/The Catherine Wheel/Passing Clouds

NOTTINGHAM Asunderland Dead Fins/Futura Wild Horses
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic (476725) Dream Academy/Into Paradise
NOTTINGHAM University Melodia
OXFORD Old Fire Station (56400) The Bigger The God/PS Explosion
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Sean Hughes
SOUTHAMPTON Oceans Average Wallpaper
STOCKPORT Monroes (061-477 5331) Hearing Colours
STRATFORD Gatehouse Theatre Fairport Convention

TUESDAY 12

ABERDEEN Caesar's Palace Cronos/Warfare
ALSAGER Arts Centre Icebreaker
ASH VALE George (543500) Snatch
BATH Moles (333423) Manic Street Preachers
BIRMINGHAM Institute Jesus Jones/Soho
BIRMINGHAM University (021-472 1841) JJ
BOLTON Oscar's Wine Bar (393463) The Wylie Swains/Pavement Family
BRIGHTON Basement (683585) The Real People
BRISTOL Bierkeller (268514) Rock Disco
BRISTOL Victoria Rooms Sally Barker And The Rhythm
BURTON Brewhouse (516030) R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers/Orlone Jazz Band
CAMBRIDGE Junction (412600) Senseless Things/Scorpio Rising
CARDIFF St David's Hall Fairport Convention
CHELSEHAM Pillor Rooms Andy Sheppard Quintet
CHICHESTER Garfields Coach And Horses (784690) Stone Cold
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (081-688 4500) Oak
DERBY Bell (43701) The Darkside/Tropical Fish Invasion
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Nature Things/State Of Fear
EASTBOURNE Rumours (39308) North Of Orange
JESMOND Legendary Yorkshire Heroes (091-281 3010) Little Mo And Rod Sinclair
KENTON Plough (081-907 2498) Great Big
LEEDS Duchess Of York (453929) Something Happens!
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) The Godfathers
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Slowdive
LIMERICK University College Ned's Atomic Dustbin
LONDON Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (081-568 1176) West London Institute Classical Ensemble
LONDON Brixton Fridge (071-326 5100) Sharon Redd/Daisy Chain
LONDON Camden Canarvan Castle (071-485 7858) Taste 18
LONDON Charing Cross Road Goslett Yard Break For The Border Incredible Westley Brothers
LONDON Charing Cross Road Manette Street Borderline (071-497 2261) Dr Phibes And The House Of Wax Equations/Sun Carriage

LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar (071-629 9813) Two Way Stretch
LONDON Finsbury Park The Robey (071-263 4581) The Emotionals/Nothing/Water/Rush Hour
LONDON Fulham High Street King's Head (071-736 1413) Silings And Arrows
LONDON Goswell Road Lady Owen Arms (071-278 5345) Trench Fever/Suicidal Supermarket Trollies/Knob
LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (081-986 6714) Fancy Footwear
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (081-748 4081) Bob Dylan
LONDON Harlesden High Street Mean Fiddler (081-961 5490) Falling Man/Mutley/O (Main) Moscow Grocery/Tiger Lilles/John Whiffin (Acoustic)
LONDON Highbury Corner Town & Country Club 2 (071-700 5716) Boy's Wonder
LONDON Islington Coronet Street Bass Clef (071-729 2476/2440) Dale Barlow Quartet
LONDON Islington Liverpool Road Powerhaus (071-837 3218) City Gypsies/Smash At The Blues/Diddle Squat
LONDON Islington Upper Street Kings Head (071-226 1916) Peabrain International
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (071-485 5358) The Butterflies/Electric Sex Circus
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (071-284 0303) Robert Cray
LONDON Marquee (071-437 6603) Whipping Boy
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (071-387 0428) Dr & The Medics
LONDON Newington Green Weavers Arms (071-226 6911) The Blazing Homesteads/Hogwash
LONDON Oval Cricketers (071-735 3059) General Dynamic/Man-Ixex/Reunion
LONDON Shepherds Bush Opera On The Green (081-749 5928) Nocturnus/Benediction/Impaler/Necrosant
LONDON South Bank Archduke Wine Bar (071-928 9370) Neal Thornton
LONDON Stockwell Old Queen's Head (071-737 4904) Said And Done/The Men Of Westerness/Wednesday's Child
LONDON Stoke Newington Samuel Beckett Gretchen Hofner
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (081-527 1966) Beats Working/Catacoustics/Slang
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (071-437 5534) Intense
LONDON West Ealing Broadway Halfway House (081-567 0236) Caprice Brothers
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (081-946 5041) Gigglestick And The Love Truncheons
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) Motorhead
MANCHESTER Witchood Devious Soul Machine
MANCHESTER Arts Centre Kathryn Tickell Band
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic Into Paradise/Milltown Brothers
NEWCASTLE Riverside (091-261 4386) The Men They Couldn't Hang
NORWICH Peppermint Park Jeopardy
OXFORD Old Fire Station (56400) Honey Machine/The Rain Poets



Also recommended: Basti, Cactus Rain, Carmel, The Levellers with Citizen Fish, The Dream Academy, Bob Dylan, Easy, Manic Street Preachers, The Men They Couldn't Hang, Milltown Brothers (above), Motorhead, Senseless Things, Slowdive, Sp'n, Stress, Loud and Soho

OXFORD Venue (246646) Colln Gregson And Christine Collister
PORTMADOG Aelwyd Anhrefn
SHEFFIELD Hallamshire Hotel (29787) Media Premonition/Pap/The Icons Of Noise
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Sean Hughes
SOUTHAMPTON Oceans The Chairs
STOCKPORT Mall LFO/Nightmares On Wax/Nexus 21
TROWBRIDGE Psychic Pig Club The Family Cat/The Love Jetz
UXBRIDGE Folk Club The House Band

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 MANCHESTER APOLLO
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FRI 29TH MARCH
 NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
 B.O. TEL: 091 261 2606

SAT 30TH MARCH
 EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
 B.O. TEL: 031 557 2590

MON 1ST APRIL
 DUBLIN POINT DEPOT
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NEW SINGLE - 'HANGAR 18' - OUT SOON

SOUNDS
LIVE ADS
 See more Live Ads on pages 33 and 34

BIRDLAND

+ TRIP + CHUNK

FEBRUARY
 FRIDAY 22ND 7.30PM
NOTTINGHAM POLYTECHNIC
 Tickets: (0602 476725) Selctdisc, Victoria B.O., Way Ahead & Usual Agents

SATURDAY 23RD 7.30PM
LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC
 Tickets: (0533 555576) Leicester University S.U., Rock-a-Boom Records & St. Martins Records

SUNDAY 24TH 7.30PM
GLASGOW MAYFAIR
 Tickets: (041 332 3872) Just the Ticket, Virgin Records and all Toca Agents (031 557 6969)

MONDAY 25TH 7.30PM
EDINBURGH NETWORK
 Tickets: Virgin Records, Ripping Records and all Toca Agents (031 557 6969)

TUESDAY 26TH 7.30PM
MIDDLESBROUGH TOWN HALL
 Tickets: (0642 292561)

THURSDAY 28TH 7.30PM
LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY
 Tickets: (051 794 4143) Probe & Royal Court

MARCH
 FRIDAY 1ST 7.30PM
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY
 Tickets: (061 275 2800) and Piccadilly B.O.

SATURDAY 2ND 7.30PM
SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY
 Tickets: (0742 753300) Warp, HMV, Record Collector, Polytechnic

SUNDAY 3RD 7.30PM
LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
 Tickets: 90532 430171) Crash, Jumbo, Listening Booth

TUESDAY 5TH 7.30PM
NORWICH WATERFRONT
 Tickets: (0603 766266) HMV, Our Price, Anoy's, Bachs

WEDNESDAY 6TH 7.30PM
BIRMINGHAM INSTITUTE
 Tickets: (021 643 7788) Tempest, The Odeon, Swordfish, Vinyl Dreams, Poster Place (Coventry)

THURSDAY 7TH 7.30PM
COVENTRY TIC TOC
 Tickets: (0203 630877) Discovery (Rugby) 0788 562208. Postere Place, Soundhouse, Spin-a-disc & Rage

FRIDAY 8TH 7.30PM
BRISTOL VICTORIA ROOMS
 Tickets: (0272 737478) Our Price, Rival, Revolver, Booking Now, Spillers

SATURDAY 9TH 7.30PM
EXETER UNIVERSITY LEMON GROVE
 Tickets: (0392 263528) HMV, Hendersons, Rival (Plymouth), Zounds (Torquay)

MONDAY 11TH 7.30PM
CARDIFF UNIVERSITY
 Tickets: (0222 396421) Our Price, HMV, Spillers, Rival

WEDNESDAY 13TH 7.30PM
SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY
 Tickets: (0703 536122) & Underground Records

THURSDAY 14TH 7.30PM
LONDON KILBURN NATIONAL
 Tickets: B.O. 071 328 3141; Premier B.O. 071 240 0771 (Credit Card Bookings); L.T.B. 071 439 3141; Stargreen 071 734 87321; Ticketmaster 071 379 4444 (24 Hours); Keith Prowse 071 733 0500; Albemarle 071 580 3141; T&C Station 071 284 1221 (No booking fee charged) or on the night

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 EXTRA SHOW

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 TUE 26 **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION** 7.30PM (B.O. 0442 64451/234300 (cc))

WED 27 **FOLKESTONE LEAS CLIFF HALL** 7.30PM (B.O.) 0303 53193
 THU 28+ **CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE** 7.00PM (B.O. 0223 357851)

MARCH
 SUN 3 **HULL TOWER BALLROOM** 7.00PM (B.O. 0482 224535)
 MON 4 **LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY** 8.00PM (B.O. 051 794 2000)
 TUE 5 **CARDIFF UNIVERSITY** 8.00PM (B.O. 0222 396421)
 WED 6 **BRIGHTON THE EVENT** 8.00PM (B.O. 0273 732627)
 FRI 8 **LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC** 8.00PM (B.O. 0533 555576)
 SAT 9 **COVENTRY POLYTECHNIC** 8.00PM (B.O. 0203 221167)
 MON 11 **EXETER UNIVERSITY** 7.30PM (B.O. 0392 263528)
 WED 13 **STOKE KEELE UNIVERSITY** 8.30PM (B.O. 0782 711411)
 THU 14 **SHEFFIELD OCTAGON** 7.30PM (B.O. 0742 753300)
 FRI 15 **LEEDS UNIVERSITY** 8.30PM (B.O. 0532 439071)

APRIL
 TUE 2 **NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY** 7.30PM (B.O. 0602 412544)
 WED 3 **BRISTOL STUDIO** 8.00PM (B.O. 0272 276193)
 THU 4+ **LONDON KILBURN NATIONAL** 7.30PM (B.O. 071 278 3270)
 SAT 6 **MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL II** 8.00PM (B.O. 061 273 8834/061 839 0858)
 SUN 7 **BIRMINGHAM HUMMINGBIRD** 7.30PM (B.O. 021 236 4236)
 THU 11 **NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR** 7.30PM (B.O. 091 292 3109)

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<p>Fri 8th Feb 7.00-10.30 Adm: £5.00 Adv</p> <p>THE HELLFIRE CLUB plus Gypsy Fiddler</p>	<p>Mon 11th Feb Adm: £5.00</p> <p>ENGINE MAN plus Blue Blood + Head to Head</p>
<p>11.00-3.00 Adm: £5.00</p> <p>GIGANTIC featuring D.J's Jonathon & Jared</p>	<p>Tues 12th Feb Adm: £5.00 adv</p> <p>THE SCREAMING TRIBESMAN plus Whipping Boy</p>
<p>Sat 9th Feb 7.00-10.30 Adm: £5.30 Adv</p> <p>JADIS plus Laiden Run</p>	<p>Wed 13th Feb Adm: £5.00 adv</p> <p>RING FOR DETAILS</p>
<p>11.00-3.00 Adm: £5.00</p> <p>BUTTZ 'N' LUKE'S GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SHOW</p>	<p>Thur 14th Feb Adm: £8.00 Adv</p> <p>NEW MODEL ARMY plus Support</p>

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<p>Sat 9th February R'n'B Nite Adm: £3.50</p> <p>GROUNDHOGS + THIRD STONE</p>	<p>Tues 12th February Pop/Rock Adm: £2.00</p> <p>BEATS WORKING + CATACOUSTICS + SLANG</p>
<p>Sun 10th February Rock Nite Adm: £2.50</p> <p>TRIKE + CHAS T. GRAYS</p>	<p>Wed 13th February Adm: £2.00</p> <p>ESCAPE + MARINA SPEAKS</p>

THUR 14th February Adm: £2.00
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 SUN 17th FEB
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 * promoted by Dave Travis

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 MON 25th FEB
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 0222 38742),
 SPIERS (CARDIFF), ROXSCENE (NEWPORT), OUR
 PRICE (BRISTOL)
 AND BOOKING NOW (BATH)

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 TUES 26th & WED 27th FEB
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CHRIS ISAAK

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SUN 3 EDINBURGH QUEENS HALL
 031 220 0925 or TOCTA 031 557 6969. £7.00

MON 4 GLASGOW PAVILLION
 041 332 1846. £7.00. £6.00

WED 6 CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
 0223 357851. £7.50

THUR 7 LEEDS UNIVERSITY
 0532 439071. £7.50

FRI 8 NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
 091 261 2606. £7.50. £6.50

SUN 10 MANCHESTER ACADEMY
 B.O. 061 275 2930, PICCADILLY 061 839 0858. £7.50

CAPITAL RADIC
MON 11 & TUE 12
LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
 071 284 0303, 071 284 1221 & usual agents 071 379 4444,
 071 734 8932, 071 240 0771, 071 793 0500, 071 439 3371. £8.50

THURS 14 BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL
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<p>FEBRUARY</p> <p>6 ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN</p> <p>8 MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG</p> <p>8 MANU DIBANGO</p> <p>10-14 CARMEL</p> <p>12 ALIEN SEX FIEND</p> <p>14 CARTER</p> <p>14 GODFATHERS</p> <p>15 BOB DYLAN</p> <p>15 SENSELESS THINGS</p> <p>16 S.O.S. BAND</p> <p>17 JULIE CRUISE</p> <p>17 FAITH OVER REASON</p> <p>19/20 MOTORHEAD</p> <p>21 NO SWEAT</p> <p>21-22 MAZE</p> <p>22 CUD</p> <p>23 DREAM WARRIORS</p> <p>24 GARTH BROOKES</p> <p>26 AHA</p> <p>26/27 JESUS JONES</p> <p>28 JAMES INGRAM</p>	<p>BROTHERS</p> <p>3 CARMEL</p> <p>4-5 FREDDIE JACKSON</p> <p>5 THE TAIL GATORS</p> <p>6-7 RIDE</p> <p>10 AMI KOITA</p> <p>11-12 CHRIS ISAAK</p> <p>13 LITTLE ANGELS</p> <p>14 JAMES ADDICTION</p> <p>14 BIRDLAND</p> <p>14 THROWING MUSES</p> <p>15 WHITNEY HOUSTON</p> <p>16-17 DEEP PURPLE</p> <p>17 STIFF LITTLE FINGERS</p> <p>20 JIMMY SOMMERVILLE</p> <p>22 JUDAS PRIEST</p> <p>24 TANITA TIKARAM</p> <p>29/30 GARY NUMAN</p> <p>30 GRAHAM PARKER</p> <p>APRIL</p> <p>1/2/4/5 ROD STEWART</p> <p>4 NEDS ATOMIC DUSTBIN</p> <p>5 LEMONHEADS</p> <p>6 ICE CUBE</p> <p>10 TOM JONES</p>	<p>13 JOHNNY MATHIS</p> <p>6+13 GLORIA ESTEFAN</p> <p>14 PAUL BRADY</p> <p>15/16 AC/DC</p> <p>15/16/17 ALEX O'NEAL</p> <p>18/19 TEENA MARIE</p> <p>19/20/24/25/26 ALEX O'NEAL</p> <p>22 JOE LONGTHORNE</p> <p>24 W.W.F. AMERICAN WRESTLING</p> <p>MAY</p> <p>1/2 ELAINE PAGE</p> <p>4-5 MC HAMMER</p> <p>10 LENNY KRAVITZ</p> <p>21 HARRY CONNICK JR</p> <p>23/24 EVERLEY BROS</p> <p>25 PAUL SIMON</p> <p>26 E.L.O. + MOSCOW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA</p> <p>29-31 SHIRLEY BASSEY</p> <p>JUNE</p> <p>2 HARRY CONNICK JR</p> <p>4-5 GLORIA ESTEFAN</p> <p>9 PET SHOP BOYS</p> <p>28/29 YES</p>
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ROBERT CRAY - FEBRUARY 12

CHRIS ISAAK - MARCH 11-12

THE FARM - MARCH 13

TANITA TIKARAM - MARCH 24

ICE CUBE - APRIL 6

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<p>SUNDAY 3RD MARCH WARRINGTON PARR HALL TICKETS FROM B O (0925 34958), HOTT WAXX, OMEGA MUSIC</p>	<p>SATURDAY 9TH MARCH MANCHESTER ACADEMY TICKETS FROM B O (061 275 2930), CC (051 709 4322) PICCADILLY BOX OFFICE</p>	<p>SAT 16TH & SUN 17TH MARCH LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB DOORS 7.30PM. TICKETS FROM THE BOX OFFICE (071 284 0303), CREDIT CARD HOTLINE (071 287 0832), STARGREEN (071 734 8932), PREMIER (071 240 0771), TICKETMASTER (071 379 4444), KEITH PROWSE (081 741 8888), LTB (071 439 3371), T&C STATION (071 284 1221), ALBERMARLE (071 580 3141), ROUGH TRADE RECORDS (TALBOT RD, NEALS YARD), RHYTHM RECORDS</p>
<p>MONDAY 4TH MARCH LEICESTER UNIVERSITY DOORS 7.30PM TICKETS FROM STUDENT UNION (0533 556282)</p>	<p>MONDAY 11TH MARCH MIDDLESBOROUGH TOWN HALL DOORS 7.00PM TICKETS FROM B O (0642 242561)</p>	<p>MONDAY 18TH MARCH BRIGHTON - THE EVENT DOORS 7.30PM TICKETS FROM THE EVENT (0273 732627), CREDIT CARD HOTLINE, THE DOME BOX OFFICE 0273 674357, VIRGIN RECORDS (0273 23216), ROUNDER RECORDS (0273 25440)</p>
<p>TUESDAY 5TH MARCH NORWICH U.E.A. DOORS 7.30PM TICKETS FROM STUDENT UNION (0603 503711) ANDY S. BACKS, AND HMV RECORDS</p>	<p>TUESDAY 12TH MARCH GLASGOW PLAZA CC 031 5557 6969, JUST THE TICKET, VIRGIN RECORDS, UNION STREET 041 226 4679 & ALL TOCTA AGENTS</p>	<p>WEDNESDAY 20TH MARCH CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE TICKETS FROM B O 0223 357851</p>
<p>THURSDAY 7TH MARCH SHEFFIELD OCTAGON TICKETS FROM B O (0742 755330), POLYTECHNIC, WARP, RECORD COLLECTOR, HMV HIGH ST AND PINSTONE ST</p>	<p>WEDNESDAY 13TH MARCH EDINBURGH NETWORK CC 031 557 6969, VIRGIN RECORDS 031 220 0925 & RIPPING RECORDS</p>	<p>THURSDAY 21ST MARCH CARDIFF UNIVERSITY DOORS 8.30PM TICKETS FROM B O 0272 396421), CREDIT CARDS (0222 38742), SPILLERS (CARDIFF), ROXSCENE (NEWPORT), OUR PRICE (BRISTOL) AND BOOKING NOW (BATH)</p>
<p>FRIDAY 8TH MARCH BIRMINGHAM HUMMINGBIRD DOORS 7.00PM TICKETS FROM B P (021 236 4236), THE ODEON, THE TICKET SHOP, TEMPEST RECORDS, WAYAHE AD, POSTER PLACE - COVENTRY MIKE LLOYD MEGASTORE (WOLVERHAMPTON), BRMB SHOP - BIRMINGHAM</p>	<p>THURSDAY 14TH MARCH LEEDS UNIVERSITY TICKETS FROM B O (0532 439071) AND CRASH IN THE MERION CENTRE</p>	<p>FRIDAY 22ND MARCH LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT TICKETS FROM B O (051 709 4321), CC (051 709 4322), (051 709 4322)</p>

TICKETS ARE £6.00 ADVANCE, EXCEPT LONDON WHICH IS £7.00 ADVANCE. GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH £6.50. AGENTS SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE

IN THIS MONTH'S

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guide to the War...the, er, First
World War!

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VARIOUS
**'Where The Pyramid Meets
The Eye - A Tribute To
Roky Erickson'**
(Sire) ****1/2

WITH A few honourable exceptions - 'The Bridge' and the Imaginary tribute to Beefheart - these tribute compilations are a serious pain in the ass. Fortunately, this homage to Roky Erickson is among those honourable exceptions.

The album kicks off with ZZ Top playing 'Reverberation (Doubt)', an inspired choice. Despite the weirdness of Erickson's lyrics and "that funny noise" perennially in the background, the 13th Floor Elevators were essentially an R&B boogie band and this is underlined by the Top - who used to be psychedelic Texan contemporaries of the Elevators - reducing the song to a Southern Fried stomp. The album closes with the same song by The Jesus And Mary Chain who take the acid fried aspects of the Elevators to the limit; this is the soundtrack for your worst trip.

There is real madness in these songs - postcards from way over the edge. Check out Julian Cope's version of 'I Have Always Been Here Before': the opening words are, "From the long barrows in Wiltshire/ To the pyramids", and it's a hymn to reincarnation.

But there are also songs which conjure up a sad image of a confused acid casualty dribbling in a padded cell. Listen to Sister Double Happiness doing 'Red Temple Prayer (Two Headed Dog)', whose lyrics are "Two headed dog/Two headed dog/I've been working in the Kremlin/With a two headed dog". Rocky's head had obviously gone for a walk without the rest of him for that one.

There are a few outstanding moments, like Primal Scream's cover of 'Slip Inside This House' with production by Andrew Wetherall, a languid dance track. And there's the Butthole Surfers' solid heavy metallic version of 'Earthquake', which is awesome.

Yup, a worthy tribute to Roky. Oddly enough, many of the obvious songs, like 'Splash One (I've Seen That Face Before)', or 'The Interpreter', or 'Levitation', are not included. Maybe there's a market for a sequel?

Tommy Udo

**BOB MARLEY AND THE
WAILERS**
'Talkin' Blues'
(Island) *****

BOB MARLEY was an inspiration to millions. When invited to play at Zimbabwe's Independence Day celebrations, 10,000 prisoners escaped to watch the concert. At his 'One Love' concert in Jamaica, he brought onto the stage the Jamaican Prime Minister and leader of the opposition and joined hands in a bid to quell the violence that was crippling the country. A man guided by his faith and his love of life - and these two elements were entwined throughout all his work.

'Talkin' Blues' is released 10 years after Marley's death and chronicles the music of the Wailers in the period immediately before their rise to international stardom. The bulk of the tracks here are from a live session recorded for San Francisco's K-San FM Radio Station in 1973. From that come essential versions of 'Slave Driver', 'Burnin' And Lootin' and 'Rastaman Chant', all of which shine despite being played in front of only a handful of people. The LP is interspersed with excerpts from a 1975 interview, where Bob talks of his motivation and the Wailers' history.

The tracks here span the period '73-'75, from the 'Catch A Fire' to 'Natty Dread' LPs - the sessions for the latter producing alternate takes of 'Talkin' Blues' and 'Bend Down Low'. Also included is a live version of

MUSCLE BOUND

SOHO
'Goddess'
(S&M/Savage) ***

WITH ANY luck, 1991 could be the year of the Lovechick. We've already had the smart, chic Betty Boo, the new sexy Kylie and the wonderful Lady Miss Kier. So step forward their equally sussed and hip sisters Soho, and make your claim. 'Goddess' couldn't be a more appropriate title.

Similarly, the vibe about Soho could hardly be more positive. Their groovy 'Hippychick' was a hard anthem for a generation in tune and unafraid of how sexuality and feminism can work together: Soho looked and acted totally cool.

Throughout 'Goddess' the sisters set themselves up as singers that can flex lyrical like a female Schwarzenegger's bicep. At times they overdo it - the album has points where a good soak in Radox is urgently needed.

The swooning dance euphoria of the opening 'Love Generation' and 'Hippychick' gives way to more deviation and experimentation, and it's side one of 'Goddess' where all the best elements of Soho really gel. 'Out Of My Mind' plots the disenchantment of anyone who's ever been stuck out with a pitiful beerboy companion in precise, slow agony, while 'Shake Your Thing' drops into soft but persistent reggae; proof that the sisters

are capable of slipping into any style without scuffing their DM soles a fraction.

Unfortunately, then, side two shows a sudden character swing.

Things start to sound incongruous on the melancholic 'Another Year'. Soho are somehow a lot better at cocking one eyebrow and a sharp left hook than at being agony aunts. Their theories on how to break off shackles are more convincing than those on why we wear them.

The deep, smokey groove of 'Girl On A Motorbike' highlights this, but the following 'Nuthin' On My Mind' is horribly twee. "Nuthin' on my mind/Cept my new love" is a bit of a hard line to swallow from those who claimed to be "No hippy-chick". A more flower-powered revision of 'I Got You Babe' would be hard to find.

Also, unlike its brilliant flip, side two lacks the sparkling exchange of musical ideas and enthusiasm. Maybe Soho have tried to tackle too much, taken on too many relevant issues, without really having their answers properly formed.

'Goddess', the last track, redresses some of the balance, regaining the attitude 'Hippychick' oozed, that bridging of the gap between Millie Tant and Madonna where being young, sexy and individual can only work to your advantage.

Soho are certainly no victims - at times they can be damn near perfect. Let's hope next time they can find a more consistent ideal for living.

Cathi Unsworth



THE HOLY Trinity: Kylie, Betty and Lady Miss Kier

'I Shot The Sheriff' from the first night of the Wailers' two sell out concerts at London's Lyceum in 1974. Finally, there's 'Am A Do', a previously unreleased track from the 'Natty Dread' sessions.

For people familiar only with Marley's later material, this LP is a treasure trove waiting to be explored. And to those familiar with this period Wailers, it's an essential purchase, capturing as it does the band at their peak as a live force. The legend lives on.

Colin C

TANITA TIKARAM
'Everybody's Angel'
(East West) *

WE'VE GOT a problem here. Tell anyone you like Tanita Tikaram and you're about as hip as... something that isn't very hip at all. In fact, you're not even that hip - nine times out of ten you'll make yourself as popular as a fart in a crowded train.

Which is a pity if you're one of the minority of rock 'n' rollers who don't

automatically rush to damn Ms Tikaram as some loathsome yuppie listening accessory. OK, so she is, but this doesn't prevent her from occasionally knocking out some beautifully sensitive songs that make perfect mood music.

But this record only serves to remind you why punk happened - to blow this sort of self-indulgent shit away. The arrangements and production are pure mid-'70s blandsville and she seems to be straining her voice on several of the tracks, notably 'This Stranger'. Apparently, the lyrics to Tanita's 1988 hit 'Good Tradition' are being studied by GCSE English candidates. You certainly can't learn anything from this album. Take 'Hot Pork Sandwiches': "Now who wants hot pork sandwiches?/Wrapped in foil/Corners are laced with gristle/I trust it's been freshly boiled".

What can you say? Is that nonsense or what?

Search as you might, there really aren't many good points to balance this out. With just piano and acoustic guitar, 'I'm Going Home' is more sparse, more real and the nearest Tanita comes to convincing, but

even that falls a bit short of what she's been capable of.

In the past, it's been far too easy for people to - usually unfairly - take Tanita Tikaram apart. Sadly, this time, she's asking for it.

George Berger

CLINT BLACK
'Put Yourself In My Shoes'
(RCA) ****

"IF I could only put myself in your shoes I'd walk right back to me," sings country sensation Clint Black on the title track of his second album, and you know that you're in good hands - anyone who can crack the country whip so wittily is to be respected.

But Black isn't just a gifted wordsmith. He also has an amazing voice, a tempered twanging thing that makes him sound a lot older than he is. And then there's the tenacious melodies of guitarist Hayden Nicholas, some of them recognisably 'classic' from note one onwards.

It's no surprise that Black is big

news, but what's amazing is how he's penetrated the pop charts too, no mean feat even in these days of renewed country cred. 'Where Are You Now', for instance, is obviously based on countless hoary country love song archetypes but there's a new intelligence operating here, a will to challenge the new by beating it at its own game.

The victory Black and his peers are celebrating with record-breaking sales and critical adoration is simply that their hunch was correct: country has to be itself and nothing else, then the energy and power is there, without recourse to pop compromises. If a song is strong enough it doesn't need help, and Black's songs are some of the best you'll hear right now. 'The Old Man' is a thoughtful reflection on mortality, free of pretence or abject cleverness, and its cardinal strength is a refusal to give ground to any thoughts of gratuitous modernisation. Let the producers make it sound good by all means, Black is saying, but for heaven's sake don't look to change it.

'Put Yourself In My Shoes' is nothing new, but that it should seem so new testifies to how far country had strayed - and how good it is to hear it going back where it always belonged.

Ralph Traiton

GLORIA ESTEFAN
'Into The Light'
(Epic) **1/2

IF, ON the first day, God had been forced to listen to a Gloria Estefan LP in its entirety, he'd have hastily scribbled one final commandment: Thou Shalt Not Subject Innocent Punters To Lame Latin Dance Records Without A Damn Good Reason.

'Into The Light' finds the disco-dancing diva launching her umpteenth case for the defence and failing dismally. Supported by a generally obedient rhythm section, which frequently sounds in danger of suffocation, Gloria reaches for the heart-strings from the off, wrapping each and every vowel in a saccharine shell, causing the schmaltzometer to overheat and explode.

Fourteen slants on that ole devil called lurve, 'Into The Light' throws up but one concession to the outside world. 'Sex In The '90s' sees Gloria mourning the death of sexual spontaneity, in a typically melodramatic manner, before reluctantly throwing in her lot with Morrissey: "Get it out, (ooo-erl) turn it away, cos you gotta be crazy to have sex in the '90s".

But while sex is a no-no, genuine relationships receive a resounding thumbs-up. 'Remember Me With Love' features Gloria professing a love for husband Emilio that can only be described as undying, while 'Nayib's Song (I Am Here For You)' finds Ms Estefan voicing her concern for her son, as The Miami Sound Machine do us all a favour by finally attempting to drown her out.

"Remember me with love...please remember". Sorry Gloria, no can do.

Paul Mardles

NOSEFLUTES
'Mellow Throated'
(Rictus) ****1/2

THERE'S REALLY very little reason for this record to exist. The Noseflutes are leftovers, a bunch of curios from another time who've somehow managed to survive and delight a small selection of people, while cheerfully remaining in obscurity. And it's highly unlikely that this album will change any of that.

'Mellow Throated' isn't as pained as you might imagine. The opening title track, for instance, sounds seductive enough to be a TV ad for something very sweet and creamy. Likewise the short instrumental 'Lurkin' In The Jerkin', which slips

away through exquisite doodlings from all concerned.

Throughout, drummer Ron Collins is a rare master, performing with a precision and subtlety rarely heard these days, while all around him is an intermingling swirl of guitars, violin and keyboards topped off with all-together-now non-laddish chorusing as the chums try to get their lips around couplets like "You seem like a man caught in a game you deplore/Till pressed with a sweated meat buttock you'll roar"!!!(?)

At times, The Noseflutes are still trying to be difficult and minor, like on the supremely manky 'Much Decorated' or 'Ossified', but, on the whole, it's a moderately well-behaved, grown-up version of the tiddly splutter they used to be.

'Mellow Throated' has melodies aplenty. And as dying arts go, this is a good 'un.

James Robert

THE EMOTIONALS
'Personal Pleasure'
(Native) **

IF YOU'RE unfortunate enough to travel regularly on the Underground, The Emotionals are a household name. They've got more stickers there than London Transport.

Unfortunately, such cut-price advertising campaigns always reek of desperation, like scribbling the name of your band on the bog walls at the Hammersmith Odeon. A shame, because the Emotionals aren't half-bad.

They're only half-good, though, it must be said. Side one is populated with a string of sub-Blondie retreads (circa-'Plastic Letters') that, although fairly enjoyable, are cursed with a mudbath production. Perhaps only being able to discern the fuzzed-out guitars and Emma Vine's Debbie Harry coo is meant to be part of the appeal, but it means that 'Distant Worlds' and the very fine 'Queen Of Nostalgia' never really break out from the constraints placed upon them.

Side two, however, is a strictly downhill plunge into the peroxide back catalogue, all pub rock guitars and punkabilly drums. It's like Transvision Vamp never died. Of course, the irony of it all is that two years ago The Emotionals would have been vying for Top 20 time with fellow blonde enthusiasts the Primitives, instead of sounding quite so musically adrift as they do now.

Unless The Emotionals make drastic changes, their advertising campaigns will have to remain underground.

Paul Moody

STRANGE FRUIT
'At Last!'
(Unicorn) **1/2

THE DEMISE of Two Tone in the early-'80s signalled the death of British ska and since then the funeral bell has tolled loud and clear. Despite the valiant attempts in recent years of bands such as the Potato 5, The Deltones and The Loafers to rekindle the flame, nobody has been able to recapture that lethal combination of punk's energy entwined with ska's irresistible rhythms.

Hence the tendency to look to Europe, where the respective scenes are flourishing. Although this has meant a vast increase in quantity, the majority of it has been sub-standard.

Italian seven-piece Strange Fruit are a case in point. While the uptempo ska/soul hot pot of their debut album bubbles, it never becomes appetising. The horn section and keyboards are lively enough, but more often than not the beginning of a song promises more than it can deliver.

If the ska scene is ever going to climb back onto its feet, records as identikit and weak as this can only do more harm than good.

Andy Peart

EDITED BY KEITH CAMERON

SWEET, NO SWEAT



YARGO
'Live (Prickly But Sweet)'
(Body Beat) ****½

A LARGELY inspired cauldron of blues, funk and reggae, Yargo's acid-fused urban vibes ensured a bumper crop of plaudits during their five-year career.

However, that elusive spark of mass commercial success narrowly shunned them at all times and – reading between the lines – that would seem to be the reason why the Moss Side quartet have recently chosen to go their separate ways.

Certainly, it's difficult to believe the band's official split line (the old 'musical differences' chestnut) as 'Live (Prickly But Sweet)' – recorded at Manchester's bustling International 2 last March and featuring all new songs – suggests that the group's intuitive tautness and ability to complement each other remains intact.

The album actually opens with a 'live studio' rendition of Yargo's 'Love Revolution' club hit: its sparse but potent feel and optimistic message usurping the unfocused International version that follows directly in its wake.

'Train Music' enforces the Paddy Steer/Phil Kirby rhythm section challenge: its lithe, elastic rhythms helping to mould the frequent Sly and Robbie comparisons, while 'Stay' finds singer Basil Clarke in fine form – his sensual whine cutting through the bright, unfussy mixing desk recording with considerable clarity.

Clarke again holds his own on the acappella excursion 'Break My Spirit' and invites only Tony Burnside's guitar to saddle up with him during the authentic cowpoke swagger of 'Riding High', where lyrics like "Ain't got no big long car/Ain't got no big flash house/Ain't got no hundred dollar suit, but I'm alright" detail the singer's long-term subscription to the blues' house of detention.

The remaining three numbers, 'When She's There', 'What I Got' and 'Get High', are equally inventive, mixing thick black ice funk, light-footed reggae and burning optimism, and allude to happier times. Sadly, such dreams have failed to materialise, but at least 'Live...' carves a fitting epitaph for one of the North West's most intriguing bands.

Tim Peacock

DECADENCE WITHIN
'Soulwound'
(Peaceville Records) **

DECADENCE WITHIN are a strange combination. The initial impression is party line Peaceville with a political stance. Song titles like 'Open Mind', 'Keep The Temple Pure' and the haircuts are all straight-edge but with the first power chord the music is trad metal from the hands of Abort Your Body and Not Doing Drugs, Rush or Celtic Frost. In fact, it's very strange to hear an English band making such Spandex-tinged formula heavy rock.

It's all so rehearsed, with polite gaps in the lyrics for the guitar effect, but if it's clichéd it's well clichéd – it's almost Spinal Tap. Decadence Within are too earnest for their own good. If they could just relax some and pump out the odd blood and guts lyric or blow a few spontaneous chords...

But no: "Then the day came when I had to grow up, when my irresponsibility had to stop, and for all my own actions I shoulder my own blame and since that day I haven't been the same".

It would make much more sense (and they would probably have more fun) if they were on CBS and posing around with groupies on MTV than paying their dues on Peaceville.

Snowy Brown

THE DENTISTS
'Heads And How To Read Them'
(Integrity) ****½

WHAT BECOMES of the broken hearted who live in Chatham? Well, they usually form bands, making some distinguished pop music in the process, and The Dentists are no exception.

Ploughing through the fields of heartache, the opening 'House The Size Of Mars' summons the spirit of The Wedding Present, with awkward shuffling. "I don't have a heart to break, right now," imparts vocalist Michael on 'Rivals For The Hand Of Isobel' – and a lonesome ringing guitar is joined by a rueful bass. Get the picture? It's not a happy one.

There are moments when The Dentists journey onto shaky ground. The curious choice for a single, 'Beautiful Day', sounds like a bad Housemartins demo and the beginning of side two is pleasant enough but too soft and inevitably melts into the background. But on the jaunty 'Delicious' Michael sings "To see you smile is enough to make me cry", and all's well again.

The Dentists may be bruised but they're not beaten. Here's to more romantic disasters and another good album.

Andy Peart

C&C MUSIC FACTORY
'Gonna Make You Sweat'
(CBS) **

C&C MUSIC Factory is the brainchild of two New York musicians, Robert Clivilles and David Cole, and here each man gets a side to present his music.

Clivilles starts with the title track and current hit, then goes into 'Here We Go, Let's Rock 'N' Roll' which uses the same backing track as the single and collapses under the

weight of probably the least inspired rap ever, courtesy of Frederick 'Freedom' Williams. The next track, 'Things That Make You Go Hmmm', bears full testimony to Williams' crass writing and vocal inability.

Musically, Clivilles' side is competent but unoriginal, yet at least Zelma Davis gives good value on the vocal front – and compared to David Cole's compositions on side two, it's a masterpiece.

Cole writes the kind of songs that typically appear during a Baywatch disco scene, gives them titles like 'Oooh Baby' and 'Let's Get Funkee'

and squeals his very poor falsetto over the top.

C&C Music Factory aren't underselling their audience, they're just not very good. Where there should be invention and inspiration, they have to rely on cliché and tired formula.

But then musical integrity and commercial success seldom go hand in hand – if the next single is a hit, then, like Technotronic and Snap before them, C&C Music Factory will sell busloads and everyone involved will be very happy indeed.

Colin C



BOYISH HUMOUR to the fore: Stretchheads deciding on the track titles for their new album

TOILET HUMOUR

STRETCHHEADS
'Pish In Your Sleazebag'
(Blast First) ***

FOR ONE thing, this is a record whose song titles were decided on before half the "songs" were even written. It's true to say there are 15 such titles included here and that a certain amount of boyish enthusiasm is exuded in the playing of the corresponding musical pieces. Little else is, um... certain.

Stretchheads love a wind-up. This is a band marginally more ear-friendly than Napalm Death, though with obviously a degree more wit. Chortle at 'Mao Tse Tung's Meat Challenge', guffaw at 'HMS Average Nostril' – stuff even the Membranes would kill for – but just try telling the sods apart. Rudimentary Peni with a skinful of Tennent's Extra from a Glaswegian viewpoint, maybe. Anarchy no doubt, repetition yes, but 'Pish In Your Sleazebag' neglects the hooks we come to know in this kind of noise. The only kind of philosophy is one or two

snot-caked fingers and a nihilistic, nonsensical laugh, gibbering rapsalions too far gone to make any sense of any realities worth digesting.

And why not? It's all too stupid, let's play. All at once and some poor kid whose brains are fried spontaneously combusting on top. Dumb-ass unrelenting nightmare culture and an obsession with Rhoda. The Sound Of Young Scotland not playing the game or ever being close. Funny, boring, total.

Does it make any more sense now? Should it? Stretchheads ought to be written tall on every magazine cover and then we'll know that things are ready to change. Too blind a rush of adrenalin to make sense or be noticed, too stupid to be surreal. What a thing to be – the unacceptable face of shitfaced tabloid hardcore! Listen and be disorientated, or die. Turn it up very much indeed and get blasted, or check Stretchheads in the inevitable fleshy pub unnatural environment.

As nerves-on-stalks as 1991's got up to now, though the long-playing format is assuredly not the right one for all-comers on this baby.

Uncompromising pish.

James Robert

BACK-TRACKS

THE SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
'High Time'
(Survival)

'IGLOO', THE Screaming Tribesmen's 1982 debut single, is, of all the underground releases that poured out of Australia in the early and mid-'80s, arguably the

greatest. At the time, before hardcore had gained an international following, its twin guitar attack, eclectic lyrics and majestic hook made some sort of unconscious manifesto.

Subsequently, but before their serious flirtation with American college approval, The Tribesmen released more singles and EPs, all collected here. 'A Stand Alone', from 1984, is in the 'Igloo' mould,

very much the inheritor of the Radio Birdman mantle, all crashing guitars and deliberate brute force.

Through several line-up changes The Tribesmen held their ground, but the sound itself became less focussed, more metallic. Their choice of covers – Lou Reed's 'I Can't Stand It' and The Dictator's anthemic 'Stay With Me' – shows that they drew as much on New York as Detroit for inspiration, but Died Pretty went further and soon eclipsed them as Sydney's leading newcomers.

Nevertheless, songs like 'Date With A Vampyre', 'Ice' and 'No Chance' do justice to the omnipresent Birdman legacy and stand tall as prime guitar rock. RT

THIN LIZZY
'The Very Best Of...'
(Vertigo)

IF TRUTH be told, Thin Lizzy were as capable of producing dreadful, sexist crap as most of their 'metal'

contemporaries, but they remain one of the most affectionately remembered of '70s hard rock bands. Phil Lynott's charm and charisma are the decisive factors – OK, he might have written the obnoxious 'Killer On The Loose' (included here) and ruined his life by stupidly swallowing the cool drink 'n' drugs myth, but, by God, he could write a song.

Side one of this collection proves just how good he, and the band, could be. 'The Boys Are Back In Town', 'Don't Believe A Word' and 'Dancin' In The Moonlight' are hard rock classics – cool, snappy and funny. The two covers, 'Rosalie' and 'Whisky In The Jar', show their skills as arrangers, and on the strength of the first seven tracks it's hard to believe that Lizzy never quite made it right to the top.

The second side begins competently enough with 'Waiting For An Alibi' and 'Do Anything You Want To', but the following 'Sarah' was always schmaltzy shite and Lynott only got away with it because of his "good geezer" status. 'Parisienne Walkways' is not

a Lizzy song and shouldn't be here and 'Out In The Fields' is the product of a truly spent force.

Of course, the recent hit, 'Dedication', gets a look in, but again it has no place on a Best Of collection. That already exists anyway – it's called 'Live'n'Dangerous' and it'd be a far better idea to buy that if you want to honour Philo's memory. LF

THE JAZZ BUTCHER
'Edward's Closet'
(Creation)

THE BUTCHER's career has gone on, largely unnoticed, for so long now that the compilation of a comprehensive 'best of' would be more than tricky.

And this collection, which spans his latterday Creation years, doesn't even attempt to seed the best of his three albums for the label. Butch himself has described it as "the pointless album" and, while that's a bit harsh, 'Edward's Closet'

is simply a selection of prime cuts which sound good together.

Apart from the 'Edgar Wallace Mix' of his chicken-friendly funk outburst, 'The Best Way', it steers clear of his sometimes erratic dancefloor outings and concentrates on a clutch of his most lyrical recent moments.

It climaxes in a trio of his best plaintive love songs (which early commentators described as Velvetesque but can now only be tagged Butcherian): 'Girl Go', 'Susie' and 'The Good Ones'. Before those comes a string of classic pop nuggets including the Kinksian suburban dissection of 'Mr Odd' and the jubilant 'She's On Drugs', plus his suave rumble through Classics IV's 1968 hit, 'Spooky'.

To those with properly warped imaginations, the Butcher remains the UK's most incisive lyricist and a prime pop contender (despite an unjust lack of hit singles) and 'Edward's Closet' is not only a satisfying grab-bag but a perfect introductory text for the curious. RG

DIVIDE TO CONQUER

THE THROBS 'The Language Of Thieves And Vagabonds' (Geffen) ****

ONE THING The Throbs ain't is an easy ride. For a start they come in surfing on a moderately psychotic wave of hype, and for that final finishing sucker punch, they've managed to construct an album from the bones of almost every successful rock strand over the past 20 years.

Unlike fellow New Yorkers Living Colour, though, 'The Language...' isn't one of those genre busting eclectic gumbo affairs. No, every song is stitched into its own definite place in the rock framework. It's just that the place changes as readily as a chameleon - the aural equivalent of remote control channel hopping.

This might have something to do with the band themselves. When three different nationalities clash in one town and that town's the grime encrusted NY, strange things usually happen. And apart from the odd misfire, as in the Quireboys echo of 'Ecstasy', it all works rather magnificently.

'The Language...' is not so much lo-tech, as uncluttered, a straightforward rock pulse that wins through diversity. 'Underground' starts with Middle Eastern signatures, and like its mirror image 'Ocean Of Love' on the other side, is in the yomping epic mode. Riffs and rhythms are massively stretched, drums the pounding of hammers in caverns.

But The Throbs are the last band in the world to give you any



THE THROBS: avoiding the saccharine coated vom bucket

inking of what's coming next. 'Dreamin'' is a sublime spook affair with muted strings ghosting along in the background, 'The Only Way Out' a southern lilt and 'Honey Child', a ballad that doesn't slip into the usual saccharine coated vom bucket singalong.

All the way through, on the rockier numbers at least, there's a palpable sense of menace clinging to The Throbs' underbelly - something not quite wholesome that gets you looking over your shoulder just in case, like on the closing 'Strange Behaviour'. Arch weirdness in NYC, and the sort of edge that keeps The Throbs well up on the pack.

Andy Stout

BORED 'Take It Out On You' (Glitterhouse) ****

WITH THE likes of Kylie, Jason and INXS making daytime radio a nightmare, it's refreshing to come across an Oz outfit capable of kicking some ass.

Not that Bored are terribly original or anything - everything here has been done a thousand times before - but they have the ability to mesh their influences into a fine powerchording noise. The opening 'Conquest' instantly recalls compatriots The Celibate Rifles but the arrival of Dave Thomas' vocals places them closer to your Sub Pop/Amphetamine Reptile noise vendors.

'Mr Ten Percent' is another worthy slab of rock, and the title track sounds like Nirvana rocking out. The lengthy 'Sweet Charity' brings them closer to typical Australian beer and blues territory, but an injection of warped psychedelia makes it worthwhile.

Problems creep in on side two, however. It might be all very well to do a couple of straightforward covers live, but bunting two of them on an LP shows a lack of imagination. Their treatment of Pere Ubu's classic 'Final Solution' is remarkably similar

to the original, even if Thomas can't quite match his namesake's vocal nuances. And the treatment of the Pistols' 'Satellite' finds Tim Hemmensley (ex-God) getting all too close to the Rotten one's snarl. The closing 'Motherf**kin' Motherf**ker' is in the style of 'For GG Allen', which is really another way of saying it's shite.

Bored they might be. Boring they're not. All they need is a few more originals for their next album.

Leo Firlay

2000 DIRTY SQUATTERS 'Squat The Lot' (2000 DS) ***

WHEN THE afterbirth of hardcore crawled ungraciously out of punk rock's scabby arse way back when, it did so as a hardening and reaffirmation of punk's more sensible attitudes.

Unlike a lot of their ilk, 2000 DS come over like a natural evolution of all this, rather than a stylised parody. 'Squat The Lot' is a really horrible record in the best possible way - its grunge stinks of an oppression rarely heard since the likes of Antisect and Amebix first put grubby fingers to guitar.

The band live in buses and trucks on the road, and represent possibly the worst nightmare any 15-year-old daughter could take home to meet her mother.

'Squat The Lot' has an atmosphere all of its own - the atmosphere of hardcore after a lifetime spent traversing Europe in search of the next festival. You get the feeling these people genuinely are living on another planet... Images of dirty fingernails peeping out of cloth-braceleted wrists to suck on big strong chillums pervade the album, plus titles like 'DS Version', '1/2 A Mix' and 'Spacey Jones'.

Like it or not, 'Squat The Lot' represents a completely different way of life: it's so refreshing to hear a 'hardcore' hardcore band you can take seriously. Oppressive and ominous - they've seen the future and it's *Bladerunner*.

George Berger

HDQ 'Soul Finder' (Full Circle) ****1/2

THE MOST outstanding ingredients within 'Soul Finder' are words. Sentences which share and sympathise with feelings of pain and isolation, phrases which proudly promote the power of the individual and emotions which scream "You are not alone".

This in itself would be enough for most bands, who'd then forget all about the actual music, but HDQ refuse to resort to the lowest common denominator of thrash to get their message across. Sure, it's hardcore but nowhere on 'Soul Finder' are there songs which haven't been well thought out and precisely moulded into shape, musically as well as lyrically.

A convenient reference point is the speedcore tune-age of Hüsker Dü, or, closer to home, Mega City 4 without the poppy hooklines, as the rhythm section chugs along effortlessly and the guitar excels. The wonderfully titled 'Yesterday I Said All The Wrong Things' is reminiscent of every good Ramones song rolled into one, while 'Just When I Thought' accentuates its anti-violence theme with some fine

choppy helicopter-style guitar. HDQ shout 'Friendship' and 'Unity' because they still matter, and sing lines like "But what's the point/Of a movement that doesn't move/Of a scene that doesn't see...hear...feel" because they know anger can be power but not everyone understands the fact. Think about it.

Andy Peart

HELMET 'Strap It On' (Amphetamine Reptile) ****

IT'S ALL too easy to disguise a puny imagination with slop buckets of money for jam feedback-distortion, and everyone's getting away with it - from British indie pop bands with feet planted firmly on their fuzboxes, to their Atlantic cousins who aren't immune to dressing mutton noise up as lamb.

Bad production, screeching amps and a sprinkle of phoney debauchery does not a good record make. Which is where Helmet, like so many other bands on this label, waded in to show the half-wits how it should be done.

Helmet's pedigree is pretty healthy. Australian guitarist Peter Mengede served time with the New Christs before relocating across the other side of the world, bassist Henry Bogdan was the first in a line of drummers with hardcore supremos Poison Idea many moons ago, and vocalist/guitarist Page Hamilton played with 'Love Agenda'-period Band Of Susans. Even so, none of this offers pointers to the Helmet sound. Instead, the brick shithouse riffs are only a few inches short of doom-core and the bursts of lead guitar cut and splice with a non-linearity worthy of Black Flag's Greg Ginn.

Like Bitch Magnet and labelmates Tar, albeit to a lesser degree, Helmet have weeded out a lot of unnecessary decoration and glitches, trimming it back to the shit that yields the power rather than dissolves it. They're also hellishly tight, which helps. Why anyone would want to listen to Prong (or something) over this is beyond me. Helmet are the *real* heavy metal.

Ian Lawton

PLAY-BACK

The monthly round-up of essential platters for the discerning record buyers turntable

ROGER MCGUINN 'Back From Rio' (Arista)

UNLIKE DYLAN, whose career resembles McGuinn's in certain respects, the ex-Byrds' man's relatively low profile has spared him unreasonable scrutiny and incessant expectation. The freedom this has given him can be heard and felt immediately: 'Back To Rio' is a record that only a man and musician so experienced, accomplished and unfettered could make - McGuinn returns to us in incredible form. RT

JESUS JONES 'Doubt' (Food)

'DOUBT' PROBABLY isn't the classic LP Mike Edwards wants it to be, but compared to its predecessor, 1989's frigid 'Liquidizer', it's a bubbling cauldron of fun-streaked rock energy and wonderfully inventive, prickly pop excitement. Now that can't be bad. Mr S

MOTORHEAD '1916' (Epic)

THE LA sun certainly hasn't been frying Lemmy's brain. As 'Angel City', the gem of a tribute to his new found home proves, the smog seems to have cleared his head, paving the way for the best Motorhead album in years. CU

DAVID LEE ROTH 'A Little Ain't Enough' (Warner Bros)

'A LITTLE Ain't Enough' is the kind of record Roth and no-one else can make; flashy but smart, it'll make you laugh as well as sing. Thank Heaven or Hollywood for David Lee Roth - just a gigolo, but still the greatest. PE

VARIOUS 'Keeping The Faith - A Creation Dance Compilation' (Creation)

THIS IS the cream, the first instalment of Creation's first serious year into the form - picking off the pop orientated, the wackoid one-offs or the genuinely inspired hustler. A parable for the times. JR

MICHAEL ROSE 'Proud' (RCA)

WHILE REGGAE purists may cry "Judas", pubescent chart kids just might recognise 'Proud' as the crossover masterstroke it undoubtedly is. They say reggae is about to break into the mainstream - with records like this, it may well seize the pop palace tomorrow. JH

DREAM WARRIORS 'And Now The Legacy Begins' (4th & Broadway)

ASTUTELY FUSING rap, reggae, pop and jazz, not to mention a generous sprinkling of sounds that spring from somewhere else entirely, 'And Now...' proves beyond all doubt that King Lou and Capital Q are far too gifted to be regarded as kooky cranks who've unwittingly stumbled into the big time. Dream Warriors are gonna be huge. PMar

SILVERFISH 'Fat Axl' (Willija)

WE'RE NOT here for weedy exercises in songwriting skill, we're here because we're digging the violence and the glorious rush of deadly energy. 'Fat Axl' sounds hideously bang up to date even at this late stage in the game. JR

FAITH NO MORE 'Live At The Brixton Academy' (Slash/London)

AS A market overload, 'Faith No More - Live' is a fine conclusion. But the over-exposure of the same songs is surely beginning to wear thin, and hopefully this is the last incarnation of 'The Real Thing' on vinyl. Yes, after this I think it is possible to have too much of a good thing. TJ

DUSTDEVILS 'Struggling Electric & Chemical' (Mataador/Teen Beat Import)

THIS EX-pat Leeds crew - now shackled up in NY - will undoubtedly tempt yards of pretentious "cathedral of sound"-style guff from the Residants; this doesn't have to be appreciated to be enjoyed. Just be sure to play it insanely loud - and often - or not at all. NB

NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN 'Bite' (Rough Trade Germany Import)

BIG, BOLD and brash - the Neds couldn't really be anything else. Although it may appear a mite premature for a reappraisal of their career to date, 'Bite' offers a timely reminder of their virtues as they set off into the big, bad world of the majors. Until then, this'll do fine. CE

GANG STARR 'Step In The Arena' (Cooltempo)

DESPITE OFFERING a similar ideological perspective to Public Enemy, Gang Starr rarely raise their voices, choosing to win sceptics over by the strength of their argument rather than the size of their shotgun. A welcome triumph of brains over brawn, 'Step In The Arena' is a brave stride forward. PMar

QUEEN 'Innuendo' (Parlophone)

YOU ALREADY know the title track, six and a half minutes of crashing orchestral lushness, madcap flamenco outbursts and fiery rock splendour, not seen since 'Bohemian Rhapsody'... The rest of 'Innuendo' is as varied as you'd expect from a band capable of such deranged magnificence - ridiculous, delicate, hilarious, deafening, Queen have unexpectedly come up with their best album in ages. Mr S

ALEXANDER O'NEAL 'All True Man' (Tabu)

'HEARSAY' WAS cool for a concept album about a party. 'All True Man', again produced and mostly written by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, does more and says more. There's a new strength to Alexander O'Neal's music; silk and steel. PE

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HIGH-FIDELITY

Guitarists often have trouble making their sound stand out from everyone else's. THE HIGH's ANDY COUZENS might not be the Roger McGuinn that people say he is, but at least he's developed his own sound. CATHI UNSWORTH surveys his modest array of equipment. STEVE GULLICK captures him in mock action

THE TASK that Axe Age man has set himself is not an easy one. How exactly, he has pondered for the last 20 or so years, can I make my string plucking finesse stand out from all those around me?

There seem to be three solutions to this question: One is to spend hours in your bedroom wearing your finger tips down as you try and become Yngwie J Malmsteen, discovering chords in places no man has been before.

Secondly, you can surround yourself with as many pedals, amps and leads as possible, turn it all up to eleven and imitate the last days of the Roman Empire until your ears blow up.

Thirdly, you can be devious. This is where The High's Andy Couzens fits in.

HAVING DONE his bedroom apprenticeship, Andy has now assembled a modest array of equipment that offers maximum flexibility for all kinds of sound textures.

In his axe rack, you'll find a Rickenbacker 381 12-string, custom three pick-up model; a Rickenbacker 370 12-string, a Roger McGuinn with the electronics cut out; a 1968 Les Paul signature and a Fender Stratocaster Eric Clapton Signature Series model.

The FX are kept to a minimum – just an Alesis Quadverb, a Dlgitec Delay and a Ric-O-Sound. It all comes out through Andy's pride and joy – a Mesa Boogie Quad pre-amp, a Simul 295 power-amp, a Fender Twin amp and two Mesa Boogie 4x12 amps.

"The Mesa Boogies are the best amps in the world," enthuses Andy. "And the Fenders give you that kind of raw power, sort of like a Kinks sound."

"The reason we have that set-up, is that the guitars pick up signals on line from the Mesa Boogies, and you can create three different sounds at once. The amps affect the way the guitars react, making it more interesting to play."

The key to The High's sound is provided in the contrast between the different textures each guitar makes.

"The beauty of it is, with the Fender twin and the Simul thing you've got a

crashing, powerful sound," explains Andy, "and next to it you've got the Mesa Boogies and the Rickenbacker giving it all the funky bits."

But can he explain the nature of the guitarist's task and how he finally cracked the problem of sounding individual?

"The best way to describe it is like having an illness – it keeps developing!" laughs Andy. "You have that song with you the whole time, you can't sleep until you've got it down. I have to get myself in such a state in the studio before I can record anything."

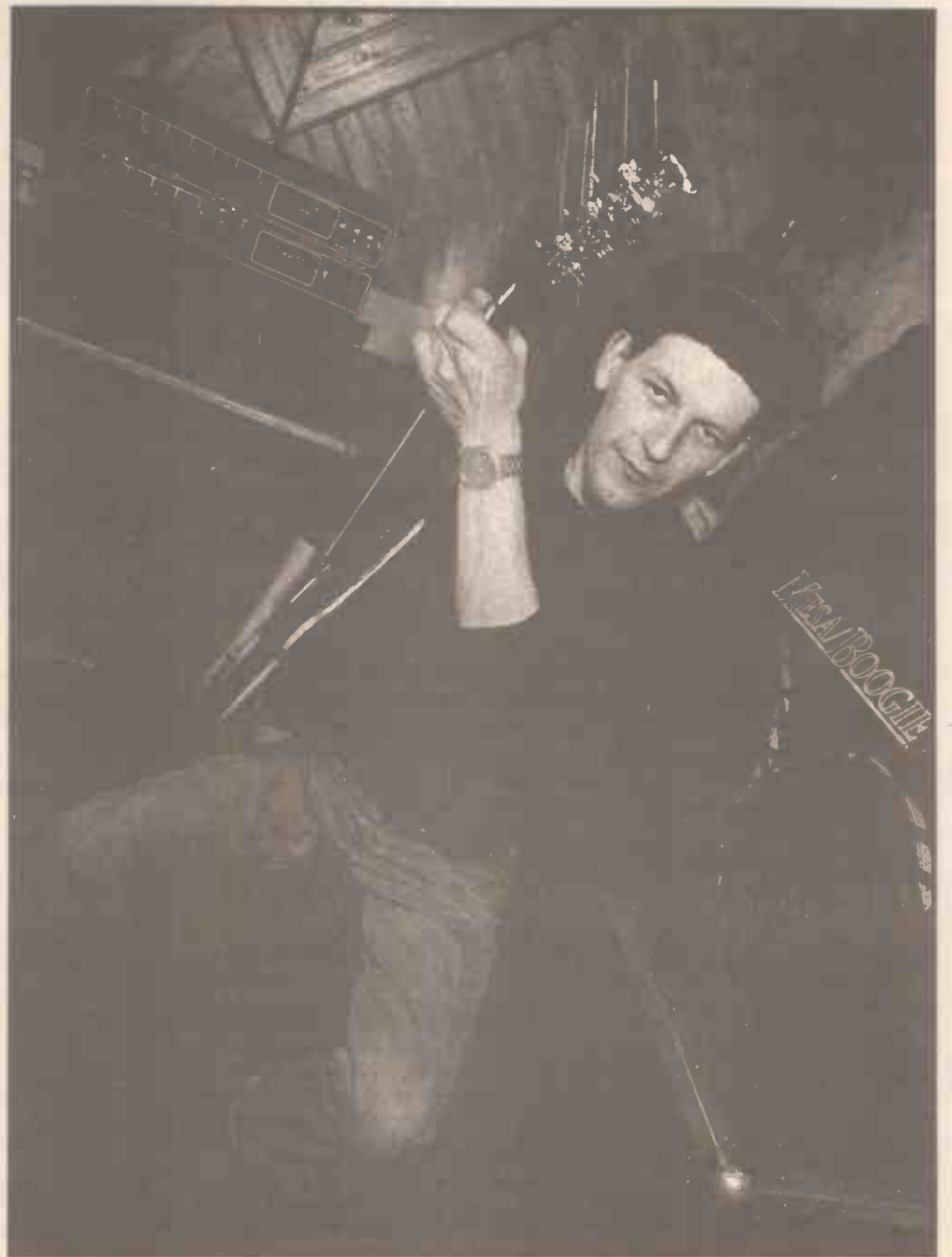
Does he consider himself to be a bit of a muso?

"I never thought I was, but looking at the instruments list I think I must be," he smiles. "The Rickenbacker is easy to play. It's got such a small neck, with less space between the frets, and you can play things on it that you would break your hand playing on any other guitar. You can get all sorts of weird chords and combinations out of it."

"The Strat's the archetypal rock hero sound," he continues. "I don't use it that much, except when we're recording. It has 24 frets as opposed to 21, it's nice to play lead on, because of the power you get out of it."

And, far from delving into the past for inspiration, Couzens likes all his equipment to be as contemporary as possible.

"Having really old equipment tends to lend itself to an obsession with sounding dated," he reasons. "I don't like that. The Rickenbackers I've got, even the custom one, can sound old fashioned but they're brand new. I don't see the point in collecting old equipment that you can't get repaired and keeps breaking down in the studio."



ANDY AND his Mesa Boogie friend

ANDY IS similarly disdainful of guitarists that surround themselves with FX pedals.

"I think it shows a lack of confidence to just rely on FX. Even if you're playing with loads of distortion and digital delay and reverb you can still sound terrible if you haven't got the idea to start with."

"To get a personal sound, you've got to have a personal way of playing," is his answer to the dilemma. "You can't just walk up to a load of expensive equipment and play like Hendrix, you'll just sound like the little Japanese man who invented your guitar."

But, as Andy freely admits, The High have been open to suggestion in the past.

"We owe a lot to Martin Hannett, our producer," he reveals. "He manages to pull everything together in the studio. He

hates all these guitar accessory things, he'd rather play the banjo.

"He also likes horrible sounds, and was the first person to introduce me to Mesa Boogies and things. Martin's a complete lunatic and a genius with it. He can't tie his own shoelaces and dress himself, in fact he never even thinks about it. He's on another astral plane, which is probably why he's so brilliant with music."

But on a personal level, Andy has never had any Jimmy Page type fantasies himself.

"People have compared me a bit to Roger McGuinn," he smiles, "but I've never really heard anyone who plays like me. There's people who I think sound good, like Tom Verlaine, but I'd never try to emulate them."

So now you know the secret. . .

“You can't just walk up to a load of expensive equipment and play like Hendrix – you'll just sound like the little Japanese man who invented your guitar”

ANDY COUZENS USES:

GUITARS:

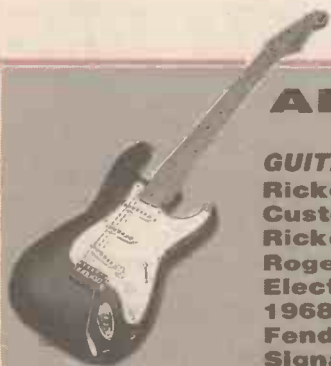
Rickenbacker 381 12-string Custom 3 pick-up model
Rickenbacker 370 12-string
Roger McGuinn with the Electronics cut out
1968 Les Paul Signature
Fender Stratocaster Eric Clapton Signature Series model

FX:

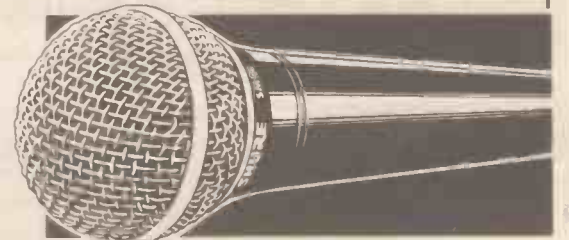
Alesis Quadverb
Dgitec Delay
Ric-O-Sound

AMPS:

Mesa Boogie Quad preamp
Simul 295 poweramp
Two Mesa Boogie 4x12 amps
Fender twin amp



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CHARTS

UK SINGLES

- 1 2 3 AM ETERNAL KLF/KLF Communications
- 2 9 DO THE BARTMAN Simpsons Geffen
- 3 3 WIGGLE IT 2 In A Room Cutting
- 4 1 INNUENDO Queen Parlophone
- 5 6 CRY FOR HELP Rick Astley RCA
- 6 27 (I WANNA GIVE YOU) DEVOTION Nomad Rumour
- 7 16 I BELIEVE EMF Parlophone
- 8 24 WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO Kylie Minogue PWL
- 9 10 HIPPYCHICK Soho S&M
- 10 - ONLY YOU Praise Epic
- 11 5 GONNA MAKE YOU SWEAT C&C Music Factory Columbia
- 12 26 PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC Vanilla Ice SBK
- 13 4 SADNESS Enigma
..... Virgin International
- 14 7 CRAZY Seal ZTT
- 15 15 GET HERE Oleta Adams Fontana
- 16 8 I CAN'T TAKE THE POWER Off-Shore Columbia
- 17 14 CAN I KICK IT? A Tribe Called Quest Jive
- 18 11 MERCY MERCY ME/I WANT YOU Robert Palmer EMI
- 19 12 SENSITIVITY Ralph Tresvant MCA
- 20 - YOU GOT THE LOVE Source featuring Candi Staton True Love
- 21 19 SUMMER'S MAGIC Mark Summers 4th & Broadway
- 22 29 OUTSTANDING Kenny Thomas Cooltempo
- 23 20 COMING OUT OF THE DARK Gloria Estefan Epic
- 24 - GLAD Kim Appleby Parlophone
- 25 13 THE TIME OF MY LIFE Bill Medley & Jennifer Warnes
..... RCA
- 26 - GAMES New Kids On The Block Columbia
- 27 - THE NIGHT FEVER MEGAMIX Mixmasters I.Q.
- 28 23 FORGET MENOTS Tongue 'N' Cheek Syncopate
- 29 - BONEYARD Little Angels Polydor
- 30 - SMALL TOWN BOY Jimmy Somerville with Bronski Beat London
- 31 17 INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING Jesus Jones Food
- 32 21 SUMMER RAIN Belinda Carlisle Virgin
- 33 18 ALL THE MAN THAT I NEED Whitney Houston Arista
- 34 - MY HEART, THE BEAT D-Shake Cooltempo
- 35 38 SOMEDAY Mariah Carey Columbia
- 36 31 ALL TOGETHER NOW The Farm Produce
- 37 28 PREACHER MAN Bananarama London
- 38 - BLUE HOTEL Chris Isaak Reprise
- 39 33 CRAZY Patsy Cline MCA
- 40 30 ICE ICE BABY Vanilla Ice SBK
- 41 34 I'M NOT IN LOVE Will To Power Epic
- 42 47 GOOD TIMES Jimmy Barnes & INXS Atlantic
- 43 - THE WAY YOU DO THE THINGS YOU DO UB40
..... DEP International
- 44 22 ALL TRUE MAN Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 45 25 THE GREASE MEGAMIX John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John
..... Polydor
- 46 35 MISS AMERICA Big Dish East West
- 47 - EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY Birdland Lazy
- 48 - LOVEREARS ITS UGLY HEAD Living Colour Epic
- 49 37 DEDICATION Thin Lizzy Vertigo
- 50 - ALL RIGHT NOW Free Island

Compiled by MRIB

POP SHOW 10

- 1 DOOBIE DUCK'S DISCO BUS
- 2 LIFT OFF WITH AYSHEA
- 3 SUPERSONIC
- 4 GET IT TOGETHER
- 5 CRACKER JACK
- 6 PAULINE'S QUIRKS
- 7 RAZZAMATAZZ
- 8 MARC
- 9 CHEGGERS PLAYS POP
- 10 SHANG-A-LANG

Pop on telly, fondly remembered

TED TACT 10

- 1 IF IT WASN'T ANY GOOD, IT WOULDN'T BE IN THE CHARTS
- 2 IF YOU CAN'T DO ANY BETTER, DON'T KNOCK IT
- 3 YOU MAY NOT LIKE IT BUT SOMEBODY ELSE MIGHT
- 4 IT ISN'T A CRIME TO BE DIFFERENT
- 5 WE ALL HAVE OUR FAULTS - IT'S WHAT MAKES US HUMAN
- 6 HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT, EH?
- 7 IT'S JUST A MATTER OF PERSONAL TASTE
- 8 ANY MAN CAN KNOCK ANOTHER BUT A GOOD JOURNALIST KNOWS THE TRUE VALUE OF A KIND WORD
- 9 GIVE THE GUYS A CHANCE
- 10 POP MUSIC TAKES A LOT OF TIME AND EFFORT - AND YOU'VE GOT TO RESPECT THAT!

Top Ten maxims compiled by The Kind Man Of Pop

UK ALBUMS

- 1 5 THE SOUL CAGES Sting A&M
- 2 8 ALL TRUE MAN Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 3 1 MCMXCA.D Enigma Virgin
- 4 3 THE IMMACULATE COLLECTION Madonna Sire
- 5 - DOUBT Jesus Jones Food
- 6 6 WICKED GAME Chris Isaak Reprise
- 7 4 THE VERY BEST OF Elton John Rocket
- 8 9 I'M YOUR BABY TONIGHT Whitney Houston Arista
- 9 7 SERIOUS HITS...LIVE! Phil Collins Virgin
- 10 2 A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH David Lee Roth Warner Brothers
- 11 11 LISTEN WITHOUT PREJUDICE VOLUME 1 George Michael Epic
- 12 16 DON'T EXPLAIN Robert Palmer EMI
- 13 17 THE SINGLES COLLECTION 1984/1990 Jimmy Somerville
..... London
- 14 12 DIRTY DANCING Original Soundtrack RCA
- 15 10 TO THE EXTREME Vanilla Ice SBK
- 16 13 SOUL PROVIDER Michael Bolton Columbia
- 17 27 WORLD POWER Snap Arista
- 18 15 CARRERAS DOMINGO PAVAROTTI - CONCERT Various Decca
- 19 20 THE LOST BOYS - ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Various Atlantic
- 20 14 SHAKING THE TREE - GOLDEN GREATS Peter Gabriel Virgin
- 21 24 1916 Motorhead Epic
- 22 19 X INXS Mercury
- 23 32 SWEET DREAMS Patsy Cline MCA
- 24 18 PILLS 'N' THRILLS AND BELL YACHES Happy Mondays Factory
- 25 21 PLEASE HAMMER DON'T HURT 'EM MC Hammer Capitol
- 26 23 CHOKE Beautiful South Go! Discs
- 27 25 THE VERY BEST The Righteous Brothers Verve
- 28 33 GREATEST HITS 1977-1990 The Stranglers Epic
- 29 22 THE RHYTHM OF THE SAINTS Paul Simon Warner Brothers
- 30 36 RUNAWAY HORSES Belinda Carlisle Virgin
- 31 34 RHYTHM OF LOVE Kylie Minogue PWL
- 32 28 ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS Status Quo Vertigo
- 33 30 THE VERY BEST OF The Bee Gees Polydor
- 34 26 REMASTERS Led Zeppelin Atlantic
- 35 - ROCKY V - ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Various Capitol
- 36 RE STARRY NIGHT Julio Iglesias Columbia
- 37 31 ONLY YESTERDAY The Carpenters
..... A&M
- 38 - THE SIMPSONS SING THE BLUES The Simpsons Geffen
- 39 29 I DO NOT WANT WHAT I HAVEN'T GOT Sinéad O'Connor Ensign
- 40 - GONNA MAKE YOU SWEAT C&C Music Factory Columbia
- 41 38 DREAMLAND Black Box de Construction
- 42 43 STEP IN THE ARENA Gang Starr Cooltempo
- 43 - BACK FROM RIO Roger McGuinn Arista
- 44 45 MUSIC FROM TWIN PEAKS Angelo Badalamenti Warner Brothers
- 45 39 BELIEF Innocence Cooltempo
- 46 47 PRETTY WOMAN ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Various EMI USA
- 47 - MARIAH CAREY Mariah Carey Columbia
- 48 46 VIVALDI: FOUR SEASONS Nigel Kennedy EMI
- 49 - ENLIGHTENMENT Van Morrison Polydor
- 50 - SOMEWHERE SOON The High London

Compiled by MRIB



EMF: SUCH sensitive boys

5 YEARS AGO

ALTERNATIVE

- 1 1 DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 2 9 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 3 6 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 4 2 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 5 3 TINY DYNAMITE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 6 - GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 7 10 WHISTLING IN THE DARK Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 8 19 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 9 15 LET THEM EAT BOGSHED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 10 4 REVOLUTION Chumba Wumba Agitpop
- 11 17 CRUISER'S CREEK/LA The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 12 47 THE PERFECT KISS New Order Factory
- 13 - BITTERSWEET New Model Army Quiet
- 14 20 SLAMMERS King Kurt Stiff
- 15 - KOOL NOH Aswad Simba
- 16 5 REVOLUTION The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 17 16 RAIN The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 18 29 PEARLY DEWDROPS' DROPS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 19 12 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 20 22 FLAG DAY The Housemartins Go! Discs

10 YEARS AGO

ALTERNATIVE

- 1 1 ZERO X Adam And The Ants Do It
- 2 2 CARTROUBLE Adam And The Ants Do It
- 3 4 BULLSHIT DETECTOR Various Crass
- 4 3 IT'S OBVIOUS/DIET Au Pairs Human
- 5 6 SIMPLY THRILLED HONEY Orange Juice Postcard
- 6 5 ORIGINAL SIN Theatre Of Hate SS
- 7 7 DECONTROL Discharge Clay
- 8 11 ATMOSPHERE Joy Division Factory
- 9 8 HOLIDAY IN CAMBODIA Dead Kennedys Cherry Red
- 10 16 GET UP AND USE ME Fire Engines Codex
- 11 10 DANCED Toyah Safari
- 12 14 IT'S KINDA FUNNY Josef K Postcard
- 13 20 BLOODY REVOLUTIONS/PERSONS UNKNOWN Crass/Poison
..... Girls Crass
- 14 17 POLITICS/IT'S FASHION Girls At Our Best! Record/Rough Trade
- 15 15 KILL THE POOR Dead Kennedys Cherry Red
- 16 23 SEVEN MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT Wah! Heat Inevitable
- 17 29 CALIFORNIA UBER ALLIES Dead Kennedys Fast
- 18 18 TELEGRAM SAM Bauhaus 4AD
- 19 12 TRY Delta 5 Rough Trade
- 20 41 LOVE WILL TEAR US APART Joy Division Factory

MUSIC VIDEO

- 1 - JUSTIFY MY LOVE/MTV VOGUE Madonna WMV
- 2 1 THE IMMACULATE COLLECTION Madonna WMV
- 3 - TOURFILM REM WMV
- 4 2 IN CONCERT Carreras/Domingo/Pavarotti Polygram Video
- 5 3 SERIOUSLY LIVE IN BERLIN Phil Collins Virgin
- 6 - DR FEELGOOD - THE VIDEOS Mötley Crüe WMV
- 7 5 FROM A DISTANCE (THE EVENT) Cliff Richard PMI
- 8 4 THE VERY BEST OF ELTON JOHN Elton John Polygram Video
- 9 6 LIVE FROM BARCELONA 1990 Tina Turner Polygram Video
- 10 8 AN EVENING WITH Daniel O'Donnell Ritz

Compiled by Gallup

METAL SINGLES

- 1 - BONEYARD Little Angels Polydor
- 2 1 DEDICATION Thin Lizzy Vertigo
- 3 - LOVEREARS ITS UGLY HEAD Living Colour Epic
- 4 - FLY TO THE ANGELS Slaughter Chrysalis
- 5 - TEAR DOWN THE WALLS No Sweat London
- 6 3 MILES AWAY Winger Atlantic/East West
- 7 2 BRING YOUR DAUGHTER... TO THE SLAUGHTER Iron Maiden
..... EMI
- 8 7 HIGH ENOUGH Damn Yankees Warner Bros
- 9 4 TWICE AS HARD Black Crowes Def American
- 10 5 A LIL' AIN'T ENOUGH David Lee Roth Warner Bros

METAL ALBUMS

- 1 1 A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH David Lee Roth Warner Bros
- 2 - 1916 Motorhead Epic
- 3 2 REMASTERS Led Zeppelin Atlantic/East West
- 4 3 ROCKING ALL OVER THE YEARS Status Quo Vertigo
- 5 6 CORNERSTONES 1967-1970 Jimi Hendrix Polydor
- 6 5 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi Vertigo
- 7 4 NO PRAYER FOR THE DYING Iron Maiden EMI
- 8 - HEARTBREAK STATION Cinderella Vertigo
- 9 - STILL GOT THE BLUES Gary Moore Virgin
- 10 10 BLAZE OF GLORY/YOUNG GUNS II Jon Bon Jovi Vertigo

Compiled by Spotlight Research

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 3 AM ETERNAL The KLF KLF Communications
- 2 - (I WANNA GIVE YOU) DEVOTION Nomad & MC Mikee Freedom
- 3 - WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO Kylie Minogue PWL
- 4 2 ALL TOGETHER NOW The Farm Produce
- 5 - EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY Birdland Lazy
- 6 3 THE BEE (REMIX) The Scientist Kickin'
- 7 4 BLOODSPORT FOR ALL Carter (USM) Rough Trade
- 8 - DEREK WENT MAD Shut Up And Dance Shut Up And Dance
- 9 - THE SCORCHER/KIRK'S BACK 4 Hero Reinforced
- 10 - LOVESO TRUE Tim Simenon Rhythm King/Mute
- 11 - BIG CITY Spacemen 3 Fire
- 12 5 ARE YOU DREAMING? Twenty 4 Seven BCM
- 13 - SLIVER Nirvana Tupelo
- 14 - MOTOWN JUNK Manic Street Preachers Heavenly
- 15 - MORE THAN I KNOW/NOT FORGOTTEN Leftfield
- 16 6 SITUATION (REMIX) Yazoo Mute
- 17 - FIRE WHEN READY G Double E Jumpin' & Pumpin'
- 18 7 STILL FEEL THE RAIN Stex Some Bizzare
- 19 11 FEEL IT Adonte Republic
- 20 - MAKE WAY FOR THE ORIGINALS Izit Optimism
- 21 - PEACE (IN THE MIDDLE EAST) Apollo II WAU/Mr Modo
- 22 16 GROWING OLD Origin Hut/VC
- 23 9 FREEDOM A Homeboy, A Hippie And A Funky Dredd Tam Tam
- 24 15 MY RISING STAR Northside Factory
- 25 8 SUCKER DJ Dimples D FBI
- 26 - IT'S ON Flowered Up Heavenly
- 27 12 SPICE Eon Vinyl Solution
- 28 42 SCHOOL OF THE WORLD Nicolette Shut Up And Dance
- 29 26 TOTAL CONFUSION A Homeboy, A Hippie And A Funky Dredd Tam Tam
- 30 - FIRECRACKER Firecracker Optimism
- 31 13 THE EXORCIST (REMIX) The Scientist Kickin'
- 32 23 MADCHESTER RAVE ON EP Happy Mondays Factory
- 33 10 24 HOURS Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 34 18 I USE TA LOVE HER Saw Doctors Solid
- 35 29 FUN FACTORY The Damned Deltic
- 36 19 KINKY AFRO Happy Mondays Factory
- 37 24 STEP ON Happy Mondays Factory
- 38 14 CLONK Sweet Exorcist Warp
- 39 20 STEPPING STONE/FAMILY OF MAN The Farm Produce
- 40 28 FALL EP Ride Creation
- 41 30 GROOVY TRAIN The Farm Produce
- 42 - RIDE EP Ride Creation
- 43 39 SHALL WE TAKE A TRIP/MOODY PLA Northside Factory
- 44 35 ILLEGAL GUNSHOT/SPLIFFHEAD Ragga Twins
- 45 44 GOD ONLY KNOWS IT'S TRUE Teenage Fanclub Paperhouse
- 46 - MAGIC ROUNDAABOUT Rising High Collective Tam Tam/Savage
- 47 36 ISLAND HEAD EP Inspiral Carpets Cow
- 48 38 I'M NOT IN LOVE Rum & Black Shut Up And Dance
- 49 48 THE ONLY ONE I KNOW The Charlatans Situation Two
- 50 17 HYPNOSIS Psychotropic 02

Compiled by Spotlight Research



CARTER (USM): jolly good sports

BREAD 20

- 1 BAKING UP IS HARD TO DO The Partridge Family
- 2 IN WE GOD WE CRUST The Bread Kennedys
- 3 TOUCH ME I'M FRENCH STICK Mudhoney
- 4 BAP IN THE USSR The Beatles
- 5 YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY WHITE) Jimmy Somerville
- 6 SLICE 'N' EASY Frank Sinatra
- 7 MOTHER'S PRIDE (IN THE NAME OF LOVE) U2
- 8 THE QUEEN IS BREAD The Smiths
- 9 HOVIS A MANY SPLENDURED THING Shirley Bassey
- 10 GIRLS JUST WANNA HOT BUN Cyndi Lauper
- 11 SHE'S LEAVEN HOME The Beatles
- 12 BUN, LOAF AND MONEY Mel & Kim
- 13 LOAF IS A BATTLEFIELD Pat Benatar
- 14 ROLL IN MY SHOE Traffic
- 15 JUST CRUST Buzzcocks
- 16 PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAGUETTE James Brown
- 17 ALL YOU KNEAD IS LOAF The Beatles
- 18 SPLIT TIN MACHINE Tin Machine
- 19 FARMHOUSE OF THE RISING SUN The Animals
- 20 THE WHOLEMEAL OF THE MOON The Waterboys

Readers' shit charts welcome

AWESOME 10

- 1 BLOODSPORT FOR ALL Carter (USM)
- 2 TIMELESS MELODY The La's
- 3 MAGIC The Cud Band
- 4 THE DAY I WENT DOWN TO TEXAS Orange Juice
- 5 SLIVER Nirvana
- 6 THE WAGON Dinosaur Jr
- 7 GOD KNOWS IT'S TRUE Teenage Fanclub
- 8 SHALLOW Heavenly
- 9 WEATHERWATCHING Thousand Yard Stare
- 10 DIPPING Bleach

Most requested records at Club Awesome Saturday night at The Venue, New Cross

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 PILLS 'N' THRILLS AND BELLYACHES Happy Mondays Factory
- 2 - TYRANNY FOR YOU Front 242 RRE
- 3 3 RHYTHM OF LOVE Kylie Minogue PWL
- 4 2 BOOMANIA Betty Boo Rhythm King
- 5 4 ROCK 'N' ROLL LOVE SONGS Various Dino
- 6 9 NOWHERE Ride Creation
- 7 5 SOME FRIENDLY The Charlatans Situation Two
- 8 11 DREAMING Patsy Cline Platinum Music
- 9 16 101 DAMNATIONS Carter (USM) Big Cat
- 10 7 THAT LOVING FEELING VOL III Various Dino
- 11 12 THE STONE ROSES The Stone Roses Silvertone
- 12 8 STREET MOVES Twenty 4 Seven BCM
- 13 13 VIOLATOR Depeche Mode Mute
- 14 15 EN-TACT The Shamen One Little Indian
- 15 14 THAT LOVING FEELING Various Dino
- 16 10 BACHARACH & DAVID - THE SONGS Various Dino
- 17 6 CLONKS COMING Sweet Exorcist Warp
- 18 18 BOSSANOVA Pixies 4AD
- 19 - THE FIVE SEASONS Fairport Convention New Routes
- 20 22 GHOST - ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Various Milan
- 21 25 HEAVEN OR LAS VEGAS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 22 17 GALA Lush 4AD
- 23 24 PASSION AND WARFARE Steve Vai Music For Nations
- 24 19 LOVEGOD The Soup Dragons Raw TV
- 25 23 LIFE Inspiral Carpets Cow
- 26 - WILD! Erasure Mute
- 27 21 BACK FROM HELL Run DMC Profile
- 28 20 FAT AXL Silverfish Wiiija
- 29 27 THE HEALER John Lee Hooker & Friends Silvertone
- 30 - KILL CITY DRAGONS Kill City Dragons Wide Boy

Compiled by Spotlight Research



JOBBOXERS: FUNNY how it never caught on

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

JoBoxers

Believe it or not, the early '80s weren't the cultural wasteland everyone now likes to make out. Take JoBoxers, for example. A curious hybrid of '50s *On The Waterfront* chic (care of native New Yorker Dig Wayne) and Northern Soul, they stomped all over the Top Ten in February '83 with the unstoppable 'Boxerbeat'. With a video featuring the boys laying a cafe to waste in true EMF fashion, it was a gem, to be more than matched by the follow-up, 'Just Got Lucky', that reached number seven in the same year.

By the end of 1983 it was all over though, with fourth single 'Jealous Love' (number 72 for one week) proving that braces and docker gear were definitely now out for the duration. Singer Dig Wayne later signed a solo deal with Polydor, but subsequently left the music business to go to drama school for three years. These endeavours are now paying off, as he was recently chosen for the cast of West End musical *Five Guys Named Moe* (ironically, a singing part) in which he is now appearing at the Lyric Theatre.

Guitarist Rob Marche and Sean McLusky, meanwhile, have now formed current MCA hopefuls IF?, with a wah-wah inspired single called 'Saturday's Angels' out at the moment. Bassist Chris Bostock now has the unenviable task of playing in Eurythmic Dave Stewart's band, whilst fifth member Dave Collard now fills his time playing with The The. But how does leading light Dig Wayne look back on those heady days?

"They were good times," he recalls. "It's just a shame that it had to end so early. The whole image was our own idea, but it just didn't get the chance to grow."

A great shame. These days it is only around the *Sounds* office that anyone can still actually be seen 'doing the Boxerbeat'!

The Gravedigger

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- **HALIFAX SATURDAY 9th** February. The Y.M.C.A. Crossley Street. 10.30am-4pm. Trans-Pennine (0532) 892087 **S1398**
- **LEAMINGTON SATURDAY 9th** February. The Town Hall, Parade. 40 stalls. Admission 11am-4pm, 50p (preview 10am-11am, £1) **S1399**
- **CARLISLE 9/2/91** Central Plaza Hotel, Victoria Viaduct (beside Tesco's) 10am-4pm, 40p. **S1400(2)**
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- **POOLE SATURDAY 9/2/91** Arts Centre. 12.30pm-4pm. **S1403**
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CEREBRAL FIX

PRIZE X-WORD BY SUE BUCKLEY

WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN!

A crushing force of musical mayhem is up for grabs!

WE LIKE to think we're really punk rock around here. Whenever we're at parties and someone in a snorkel parka and glasses comes up and asks us what kind of music we like, we just push them up against the wall and sneer. Because we don't like anything that doesn't have an overwhelming backdrop of hammering guitar feedback and power riffs. We hate anything that doesn't have us in a zealous headlock of numbing guitar noise, slicing, dicing and hacking all that stands in its way. A glorious mish-mash of sonic sound, in fact. "Oh," they're likely to reply. "I expect you like **The Melvins** and **Steel Pole Bath Tub**, then."

Yes we bollocking well do! And ten lucky readers can share the experience with us, cos we've got ten copies of The Melvins' third album, 'Bullhead', to give away - and it's not even out yet! As if that wasn't enough, we've got ten copies of the Tubs' new album, 'Tulp' - and that's not out yet either! All you have to do to join us in an orgy of guitar-based moral dereliction is fill in Sue Buckley's 40 paracetamol brain-teaser Prize X-Word and jot down your name, address and preferred format (LP/cassette/CD).

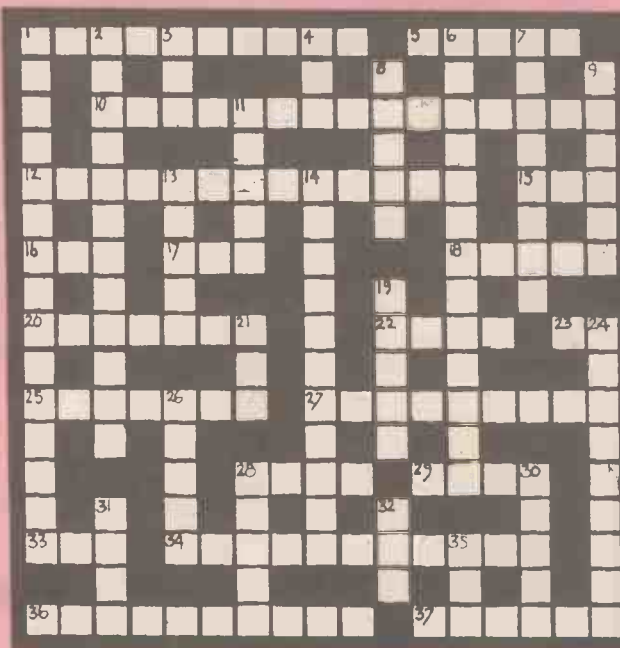
Then put the whole lot in an envelope, remembering to mark your entry 'We'd Like A Zealous Headlock With The Melvins And Steel Pole Bath Tub, Please', and send it to us here at **Sounds Prize X-Word, 7th Floor, Ludgate House, 245 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 9UZ**, to arrive no later than first post, Tuesday February 12.



THE MELVINS: slicing, dicing and hacking



STEEL POLE Bath Tub: not a parka in sight



- Hornsby ride it? (5)
 20. Bowie keeps undergoing them (7)
 22. See 19 down
 23. Reverend Green in extra love (2)
 25. Some ran away from the brothers (7 anag)
 27. Romantic offering from XTC (3.6)
 28. October's main man (4)
 29. Art Of Noise got close to it (4)
 33. One of love for The Adventurers (3)
 34. She blasts the human flower (8.3)
 36. See 32 down
 37. Mac's to change these old angels (6 anag)

DOWN

1. Plain practisers get confused on island head! (8.7 anag)
 2. They're big on purity (3.5.4)
 3. Charles Aznavour's feminine number one (3)
 4. Label hiding in another cardboard box (1.1.1)
 6. She loved the street life with The Crusaders (5.8)
 7. Pointer Sisters' ode to Clapton? (8)
 8. Reggae man Jimmy drops over! (5)
 9. See 11 down
 11. and 9. Where did Prince spot those religious thieves? (2.3.6)

13. Boastful Billy (5)
 14. The new Echo And The Bunnymen demand an explanation (9.2)
 19. and 22. Big Country's ode to Sheffield? (5.4)
 21. Abba's hit plea (1.1.1)
 24. UFO in the dark? (6.3)
 26. How Blue Pearl danced in the rain (5)
 28. Tony/Nat West? (5)
 30. Where were WASP blind? (5)
 31. Robert Palmer and Elkie Brooks combined in this art movement (2.2)
 32. and 36. 28 across' simple demand (3.1.4.2.3)
 35. His eyes are evil (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Throwing Muses 9. Elyzium
 10. Animals 11. Easter 13. Jive
 14. Lee 15. Speed 17. Ann 18. Notes 19. All Together Now
 22. Was Not Was 25. Black 28. Railway Children 29. Dogs 30. Kinky Afro

DOWN

1. The Sensual World 2. Ray 3. White 4. Name 5. Miami 6. Shine On 7. Scarlet 8. Sisters
 12. Steel 13. Janet 16. Dio 20. Get Back 21. Rubella 23. Sting
 24. ABC 26. Air 27. King

ACROSS

1. Does he have a cult following? (3.7)
 5. Dan Reed spotted a tiger in one (5)
 10. Remember this romantic cover from Rick Astley? (4.1.4.2.4)

12. In A Gadda-Da-Vida floaters! (4.9)
 15. 'Hip' partner in both operations! (3)
 16. They posed the seminal question 'How Long?' (3)
 17. Floyd's Eugene wielded his with care (3)
 18. Does band leader Bruce

TRIVIA QUIZ

No theme this week, just a mixed bag of mind-mangling moments of rock minutiae to get the grey matter moving. Sue Buckley pops the questions

- Which Bible song starts with "When I first saw you standing there just like the Beatles"?
- Pavarotti's 1990 World Cup chart topper, 'Nessun Dorma', had earlier been used on a famous Jack Nicholson movie soundtrack. Which one?
- Which Italian town became a centre of controversy in December 1987 when it was proposed that a statue of Madonna should be erected there?
- Which multi-national company now owns CBS Records?
- Name the US stars who played secret gigs in 1989 as The Secret Chiefs?
- 'Proud' by Michael Rose caused critical ripples in late 1990. What band did Rose once front?
- Who's the main man in World Party?
- Who was Drella, as in Lou Reed and John Cale's 'Songs For Drella'?
- If Madonna wants to "kiss you in Paris", where does she want to "hold your hand"?
- Which member of which hot new dance band was born in Kiev, and studied journalism and computers in New York?
- Who couldn't "find the door in a small and ugly room"?
- Who is the featured guitarist on the Stex debut 'Still Feel The Rain'?
- To whom was UB40's 1980 hit 'King' dedicated?
- Who is Helen Folasade Adu?
- ...and whose 1990 EP was 'Something Sonic'?
- What's unusual about Def American band The Four Horsemen?
- Who, in 1982, released the UK's first commercially available one-sided single?
- According to music biz legend, who did Burt Bacharach originally want to sing 'Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head' in the movie *Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid*?
- Which happening band member's mum has acted in epics like *Space 1999*, *It Ain't Half Hot Mum* and *The Wombles Film*?
- Who is the self-styled 'first famous Clint in pop music'?

TRIVIA QUIZ ANSWERS

1. 'Crystal Palace' on the 'Eureka' LP 2. 'Witches Of Eastwick' 3. Pacento, the birthplace of Ciccone's grandparents 4. Sony 5. Hall & Oates 6. Black Uhuru 7. Karl Wallinger 8. Andy Warhol 9. In Rome 10. Dmitry of Deee-Lite 11. Inspirial Carpets in 'Biggest Mountain' 12. Johnny Marr 13. Martin Luther King 14. Sade 15. Beautiful Happiness 16. There's five in the band! 17. Bow Wow Wow's 'I Want Candy' 18. Bob Dylan 19. Miki of Lush 20. Clint Mansell of Pop Will Eat Itself

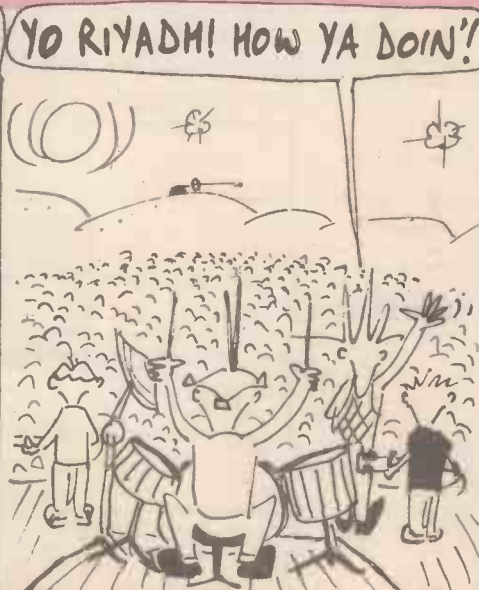
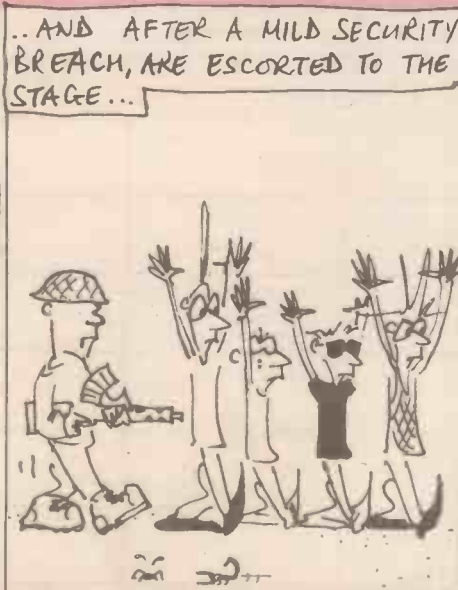
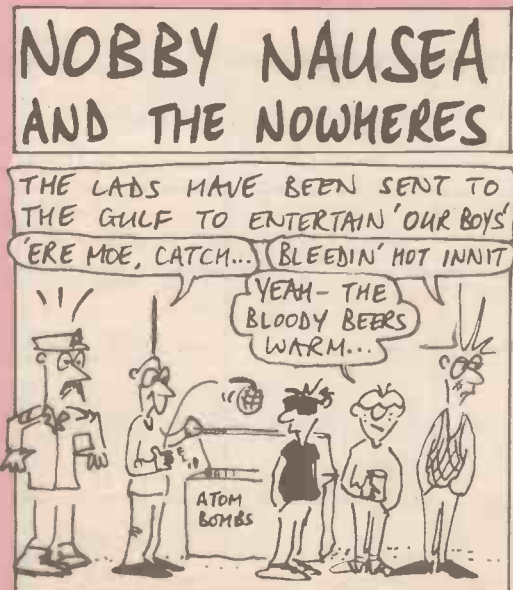
HAPPY MONDAYS WINNERS

WIGGLE YOUR bums and shake your maracas. The following 15 are winners of the Happy Mondays Prize X-Word and, therefore, recipients of the *One Loudervideo*: Charley Farley, D Jenvey, Mike Crookes, Colin Dixon, Simon Sleightholm, Crispin Glover, Martin Jackson, Mickey J Snell, Mark Ward, Dianne Walton, Paul Kearney, Gerald Houghton, Cliff Davidson, Pezza and Tim Doyle. Hallelujah one and all.

FRUITY COMPETITION WINNERS

STILL A few old hippies out there, eager to get their hands on a bit of ambient New Age music. The winners of Tangerine Dream's *Miracle Mile* soundtrack are: Eugene Hermann, James Rohan, Sean Taplin, Glyn Wade, Damian Sullivan, Lesley Hopkins, Graham Jones, Mr A Rushton, Tony Kaye and Doug 'The Fruit' Turner

BY NICK WRIGHT



THE READERS WRITE TO REPLY

ALBUM WINNER

Readers who write to *Sound Off!* should include their chosen LP when writing. Either chart published in *Sounds* – the big one or the indies – is acceptable

Jonathan King: could he be a singularly gendered alien?

SO JONATHAN King got his act(s) together and organised a fairly decent Music Weekend – but does he think there aren't any females in the music business? Or did Jakki Brambles cater for that? Don't the Brits have a nomination for best female singer? The Great British Music Weekend became The Lads' Weekend Out or Brits On The Piss '91.

Couldn't we have had Betty Boo on Friday, or Lush on Saturday or The Sundays on, er... Sunday?! Perhaps Jonathan King is a singularly gendered alien who believes that music lives and breeds through males. I don't like a lot of feminist attitudes, but I do recognise inadvertent sexism. **JON BETTS, York**

.....
Jon has won himself a spanking new Jesus Jones LP

AFTER READING Voice Of Treason (*Sounds* January 26) on distribution of independent records in High Street stores I must try to set the record straight.

I am one of that detested group, the High Street record store sales assistant, so I'd like to put a few points of view from my side of the counter.

As you rightly point out, distribution is the main headache when it comes to selling independent singles or LPs because, no matter how good your intentions are, if records can't be obtained from distributors they can't be sold.

We have a limited amount of leeway to stock independent releases – try we do, but the distribution of these records is, at present, atrocious. Rough Trade appear to be falling apart with most of our daily orders coming back as 'out of stock', except for the chart fodder they distribute (which, for all you indie stalwarts out there, is a lot more than you'd think – take a look at the indie charts in this paper).

We will try and order anything that is in theory available, but if we can't get it don't take your frustration out on us. Until the indie distributors get their shit together then no, bands like Carter won't get into the chart. But it's not our fault.

The reason High Street record chains stock large amounts of facile chart material is because at the end of the day they are businesses. Businesses make money. In an ideal world Albanian nose flute music and Italian hardcore would be as easily and cheaply available as Kylie or Madonna but unfortunately variety and experimentation do not pay in this case. I do not endorse this state of affairs for one minute – apart from the moneygrabbers at the top I shouldn't think that many people do – but as current world events show, it's not an ideal or even balanced world, is it? Don't take it out on the



sales assistants – we're probably more pissed off about it than you, we have to deal with it every day. If you feel strongly about the situation complain, protest, write letters, make yourselves heard instead of moaning like a bunch of blouses. We're trying hard too, honest. **BILLY, Ipswich, Suffolk**

I AM sat on my bed in a foreign land (Germany) listening to the Popples and reading *Sounds*, when suddenly, *shock horror surprise!*, someone has a degree of sense and is thinking the same as me (Euro tour dates). Stuck here in Germany it's a bit hard to see your favourite

bands when you don't know where the f***k they're playing.

Only by chance I was looking through a German mag trying to work out what the hell it said, when I came across those wonderful words – 'Pop Will Eat Itself 30.1.91 Dusseldorf Tor 3'. Europe will all be one in 1992 so then everybody will want to know where all the best gigs are. **MARTYN WILSON, RAF Bruggen, Germany**

Piss off Preachers

OK, SO John Robb is a tad bored with the current music scene, but hyping the Manic Street Preachers... please, do me a favour! Has JR ever seen them live? I think not. "Serious and dangerous", no; comical, yes (not that the audience was laughing with them). They don't have a tune to piss to and are completely unoriginal (check out the Ziggy Stardust impersonator). They don't deserve a line let alone a cover. At least you didn't make 'Motown Junk' single of the week.

A word of advice to the band themselves. Don't try to come over all moody and interesting in interviews (especially *Snub*). It doesn't suit you, your IQs are too low. Either grow up, wise up or go back to your hole in Wales to shag the sheep, they'll get more satisfaction than the public! **RICHARD BRANSON'S BRAIN CELL**

READ your Interview with the Manic Street Preachers (*Sounds* January 26) with interest. Much of what they said was contradictory. "The Preachers claim to be in the direct line of white heat rock 'n' roll dissent." The Stones are then mentioned – yet they go on to call them obscene!

Recently on *Snub TV* they claimed to be the most original band around. Then they did 'Motown Junk' which sounded like something from the 1977 punk era!! And they're not influenced by The Clash but Public Enemy? At least The Clash didn't wear poxy eyeliner.

I was surprised that John Robb, someone I admire greatly, thought their attitude was brilliant. And as for them rocking the boat – they're still in the water, and I hope the mouthy bastards drown! **EGG, Heckmondwike, West Yorkshre**

SO *SOUNDS* is too mediocre to leave 'rebellious' bands well alone, especially when such bands' views are well worn and obvious to the majority of the public already. Manic Street Preachers are yet another 'rebellious' band.

Their rebellious attitude is a piss poor one. This is a band who professed on *Snub TV* they only want to be in the music section of the tabloids and not in music papers. Lo and behold, in the same week, they become a *Sounds* cover band. Double standards? Numerous 'rebellious' bands have said they would not deal with the music press but do sooner or later – but not this quick.

Such toughness; especially from a band who have to literally spell out that they're rebellious. Birdland did a something similar with their attitude – they tried too hard and look at them now; maligned by the majority of the music press and all due to attitude (and average songs).

How many bands have said they want to destroy the hierarchy of the UK? I've read about such views in history books. So the Preachers are original as well!

I won't slag off their clothes, it's not worth the effort.

As for the music, Clash comparisons are quite justified. As for gameplans for splitting after one year, please do it, you won't be missed. Such attitudes have been done to death, especially by bands with little to say in their music. Records do not topple governments. **D SHEPPARD, Llanedeyrn, Cardiff**

SEX, STYLE and subversion? Manic Street Preachers are as sexy as an elephant's bottom, have style comparable to that of Gazza and are as subversive as Bucks Fizz. **COTTAGE KNOB, Bradford**

I'M IN total agreement with your Letter Of The Week (January 19). I had great trouble getting hold of Sonic Youth's European tour dates last September, as I didn't want to see them at Brixton Academy.

It's not expensive to get to Europe and we should have access to this information, because it does make a good weekend away.

Any idea who is playing in New York in February? **GARY WARNER, Surrey**

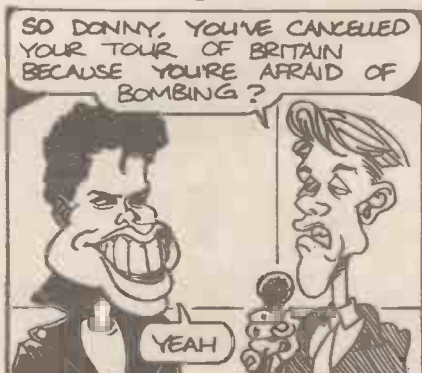
IN REPLY to Dave Mac's letter (*Sounds* January 19) about news of overseas gigs – listen mate, you might have the money to go jetting off round the globe for the odd gig or two but some of us find it hard enough to raise the cash for a gig in this country – my giro just doesn't stretch that far! I couldn't afford to travel to France every time a band I liked were touring there, so to publish a gig guide for Europe would just piss me off that there were even more gigs I was going to miss. Besides, it would just fill *Sounds* with pages of information useless to the majority of readers. **CINDY, Wood Green, London**



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