

FOR THE INDEPENDENT INSOMNIAC

# UNDERGROUND

LIGHTS! CAMERA! POP! ART!

July 1987 Issue Four

£1

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*aerial ballet stars*

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- A136 LOUNGE LIZARDS 'Live '79-'81'
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- A139 THE WILD BUNCH 'Hit Parader's Heavy Metal Compilation'
- A140 THE DICKIES 'We Aren't the World'
- A141 SKATALITES 'Stretching Out'
- A142 UK SUBS 'Left For Dead – Alive in Holland '86'
- A143 MUTE BEAT
- A144 POLYROCK 'No Love Lost'
- A145 SUICIDE 'Ghost Riders'
- A146 JOHNNY THUNDERS 'Stations of the Cross'
- A147 '21st CENTURY DUB'

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2 UNDERGROUND



# LONELY IS A STATE OF MIND

hard resource, be used as an excuse for peddling crap. It's in the old emotional wallets that the real sparsity lies — surprise, surprise!

Not everything's Right There. Frontier (Dead Can Dance) offers us Lisa Gerrard's chilling beauty through a strobe's rhythmic blur, and on the scale Grierson's created for himself, takes us only halfway there.

The reason why most people will probably buy this, the Cocteau Twins. Crushed has all its edges corroded by heavenly light; Robin's twinkly guitar glittering like the firmament itself. And with Liz's cheeky wee grin at the fade, it is the quintessential Twins' product: like the covers if they got up and carried you.

I like that one, but not as much as I like Acid, Bitter And Sweet by This Mortal Coil. Here the music slips and image blurs, and the effect is . . . almost holy. I'm speechless. (wow! — ed)

But not too speechless to tell you about Throwing Muses, though. Fish is the only film here not made by Nigel Grierson (it was made by Charles Jevremovic for Danger Video in the US), and while it shares water, fish (get away) and grainy things in general with the others, it's not really as good. Any film of the staggering power of the Muses is, however, a wonderful thing to behold. And this is always that.

Xymox (Muscoviet Musquito) and, later, Dif Juz (No Motion) join with Grierson in a brilliant empathy of sound and vision. But The Wolfgang Press' Cut The Tree is better still. Curtains open in a darkened monochrome room and the music fills with light. Mick Allen falls back on a bed in slow motion, again and again, beat over beat. A chaste orgy of beautiful dementia. It'll make you want to ring your friends up and babble.

Colourbox's Hot Doggie ain't like the rest. Martyn Young edges his tongue into a moll-ish mouth, and we're in Gangland. Sounds of chainsaws and pictures of lawnmowers. Laugh? I nearly bought an X or Biggun record. Hot Doggies is Grierson's proof that just because he can embody High Art (irony minimal) doesn't mean he can't take the piss.

Which leaves The Protagonist, a Koyaanisgatsi-ish wonderment from Dead Can Dance, rendered here as engrossing and scary as a vision of Armageddon itself. In fact it's a personal armageddon, culminating in a drowning as gorgeously conceived as that of Kate Bush on the second side of Hounds Of Love. The fact not to forget here, though, is that Kate Bush makes crap videos. While this, this . . . well, I think you get my drift.

Sorry, I just had to tell someone.

Supergroup or supergreek? After Intape came Abstract, and the resultant Family Fantastique 12 inch, the Janitors' first release in nine months. But, hey! Whoa! That's not all. Dentover and Craig have also been collaborating with fellow Leicester acid metal boys(?) Sarah Corina and Mary Mary from various Bomb Parties and Gaye Bykers, on a rather, er, contemporary reworking of Psychedelic Shack, the old Temptations foot stomper. But lots more about that next ish. What about The Janitors and their family problems? Dentover, is the Janitorial Intellectual. As it turns out he spent his teens in approved schools.

"I felt the need for approval."

But why?

"I used to see a psychologist each week. He told my mum that I had a sexual fixation about her. That I probably spied through the bedroom keyhole, and more than likely wore her underwear. I don't think I did, but she believed him. That sorted out that relationship once and for all. Mind you, I learnt a lot about psychology." And so The Janitors come up to date in a purely hysterical historic rock 'n' roll style. "The '60s was about creating the myth that lyrics had deep psychological meaning. But however you read it Purple Haze or White Rabbit are just screaming I'm out of my f\*\*\*\*\* tree." "The cynical '70s were about extending and exploiting it. Being a rock star is a kind of applied fascism, it's like Nuremberg rolled into every gig. Stir 'em up, stir 'em up." So that's all psycho-analysed. Nice and neat? And back to the new single? "It puts the soot in subtle. It sticks out like a big sore penis on a garden gnome — from the horse manure around it; that is. It's a happening sound that this summer of love recreated." Figlio di Una Puttana, as they say in Italia. **RONNIE RANDALL**



**THE UG! ONES**

Muses, Dead Can Dance, Cocteau Twins, Dif Juz and Clan Of Xymox, plus a remixed version of Dead Can Dance's 1979 toe-tapper, Frontier (recorded back in Melbourne on a 4-track). As if that's not enough on its own, in addition to the usual cassette, vinyl and CD versions, you can, if you're quick, get a limited edition version of the LP in a box-set, containing the record, a fold-out thingy and a lavish, lavish 24-page booklet containing words about the songs, the complete label catalogue, and stills from The Videos, which, let's get this straight, is why I'm here.

We've all seen videos; we're all saturated in the bastard things. We've all said (a) 'Yeah, well, that was quite good . . . for four hundred quid' or (b) 'That Bowie frigging movieola for 220 years dole money', or even, (c) almost anything else you care to name. But come on, they're all crap. You know that. And when you've seen the videos Nigel Grierson's made for Lonely Is An Eyesore you'll know it doubly over; you'll know it to an infinite degree; you'll know you'll never be able to tell a TV commercial from a promotional video again — as if you ever could (except the ads are better). Grierson makes it all look so blah blah easy.

Except he doesn't. He makes it incredibly difficult. The man's blessed with a unique understanding of the dynamics of the music he is creating his images for, and about LIAE is more than a light touch of genius. Grierson has turned it all on its head, and never again can lack of

"I think I'm in danger of getting overwrought here, so at least I'll start off on some kind of reasonable footing," bleats John Best when confronted with 4AD's newest artefact

Lonely Is An Eyesore is the first ever compilation done for this country by 4AD. It's made up of unreleased stuff from Colourbox, This Mortal Coil, The Wolfgang Press, Throwing

HERE what's this black thing? Er, ah, don't try to wear it, sit the CHRYSANTHEMUMS next ad platter, which should have toppled from your copy of UG! is in fact a selection from their fine debut LP on Egg-Plant Records. If you didn't get a copy of this disc, you can write to the UG! office at 80 Canal Close, Leicester, LE3 6DQ and they'll send you one.



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**THE CATALOGUE**

The Catalogue is a monthly magazine containing information about all upcoming Cartel Independent releases, label spotlights etc. All 1987 issues available including July (50th) issue. £1.00 Each (inc. Postage)

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**ALL THE MADMEN**

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READING GOOD HEALTH

Oh, no... no sooner has John Best been rushed to intensive care clutching his Lonely Is An Eyesore video-pack life-support-system, than the label have announced that they're doing a special limited edition of 100 lavish wood and metal box sets containing LP, cassette, CD, video, original screen prints and etchings. Already, as the presses roll, 12 of these have been grabbed by money belt-wielding enthusiasts, so any aspiring giro-cassers and Brit Gas share holders should get on down to 4AD mansions and enquire if there are any left.

**antipodes** *an-tip'a-dée* n.pl. (also *sing*): those who live on the other side of the globe or on opposite sides. The exact opposite of a person or thing. **Aussie Celibate Rifles**, a "deliberately dum name" chosen as a warp of Sex Pistols and nothing else, serve the noun in more than one sense; their pumping adrenalin is the antithesis fo vacuous pop. The suspiciously named Damien Lovelock, vocalist/lyricist explains: "A lot of people would argue that our lyrics are inappropriate to the genre because it isn't supposed to give vent to thoughtful words." ● Impetuous A&R men have claimed that the Rifles are the best live band in the world — but impossible to market! ● "Part of the integrity of the band is to try to capture things as they are and not present a perfected image which is what homogenised music is all about. Therefore it's that much more difficult to

- 5 FACT, FICTION**  
and the usual semi-porno shots of geeetars
- 8 SUB-CULTURE**  
watches TV, reads comics and plays with a 'puter
- 10 REVOLUTION**  
a homage to the Beatles, sorry... lots of reviews
- 27 LISTOMANIA**  
the UGTAL, the stricto independenti et al
- 30 ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN**  
in Sugar Puffs scandal
- 33 THE SHAMEN**  
opine on their new Drop LP
- 34 SURFIN' CLAMBAKE**  
gets into some serious sex wax
- 34 PANIC BROS**  
twang groove downbeat
- 36 STATION TO STATION**  
radical roots and all with a beat
- 36 LOWLIFE**  
more Scots' atmospheric
- 36 HEADS ON STICKS**  
raucous sound sculptures and broken guitars
- 37 THE PASSMORE SISTERS**  
"we have a new single out," they claim
- 37 THE GO-BETWEENS**  
this month Lindy Morrison escapes from Brisbane
- 38 MASTERMIX**  
best sounds around in a bad-def-hep-hup stylo
- 38 SCHOOLLY D**  
rapathonin somesay weird kind away
- 38 THE COOKIE CREW**  
new Rhythm Kings, ranking rapettes
- 39 SONIC YOUTH**  
youth, youth, youth, "youth, youth..."
- 40 QUIPHOLA**  
a slicked-back 'n' sides scenario
- 40 LIVING IN TEXAS**  
roses by any other name with a noo LP
- 41 SHARP PLASTIC**  
a TC Wall guide to BBC's Sound Effects series
- 42 GET SMART**  
goes long hair, has a trim and likes soul
- 42 BAND OF HOLY JOY**  
a regular love/hate/love/hate thing
- 43 ALIEN SEX FIEND**  
penpals at ten paces, the sound of It, plus
- 44 VERY LOUD**  
actually, it's very very very very very loud
- 44 THE UNDERNEATH**  
Karl Blake's schizophrenia examined by a doctor
- 44 FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM**  
foisty macs and men who were missionaries
- 45 POP WILL EAT ITSELF**  
"we're not indie," er, yeah
- 46 EYEBALL ON THE WORLD**  
a quick scan across the globe
- 48 TIP SHEET**  
with Go! Disco champ Andy McDonald getting loopy
- 49 SHEND ON THE RUN**  
the true life confessions of an LP lush
- 50 TOTAL NAMEDROP**  
who be Miracle Mile? Give us Jack Rubies
- 55 MOTOMOUTH**  
exploding vitriol about The Rain, Jon Beast and

sell. It is the fractures within the structure which are interesting. The fact that the guitars are slightly out of tune because they're played so hard that gives it an ambience that wouldn't be there were it done on tapes and sequencers." ● Quite. Sample the Rifles' musical dynamics on their What Goes On live LP and Shigaku 45. Be sure it's hard, fast and very, very loud; either way Alex Kadis

# THE HORIZON SHORT details

imensis

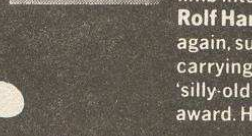
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Hi, I'm **Sally Timms** and my record company hired a "professional" photographer



**T La Rock** in Listerine ad special. The rap from the shadows demonstrates the latest in the current wave of NY fashion for break dancing injuries



**Billy Bragg** dismally fails the **Jake The Peg** test after forgetting to bring the third limb into full use. **Rolf Harris**, yet again, succeeds in carrying off the 'silly-old-bugger' award. Hooray.

Right between the eyes! The **Loggerheads** get it where it hurts...



AAAAAAAAAH, the man with a band in his eyes. No, it's not **Kate O'Bush** but **The Sinister Cleaners** looking remarkably unsinister. Still, they're thinking of putting a record out



Northern "pop" group steal **Magnusson**. **Them Philistines**, the Carlisle "crew", have kidnapped **Mag** and present the **Mastermind** chair as means of proof. **Bastards**.



IT'LL NEVER FLY... **Cassandra Complex** try to look "cool" and stop the mickey-takers, who've accused them this week of buying a totally dormant chopper. Cor, the things these pop stars squander their ackers on...

Look here mate, don't give me any of that sub-industrial, post-porn, harder than the rest schlep, where's the toothpaste? **Lee Newman** and **Michael Wells** of **Greater Than One** face up to each other after deciding to call their LP **All The Masters Licked Me**. Huh!



**Voice Of America** contemplate their deal with **Virgin** following their debut **45. I Will Tell**, which **Ug!** gave the thumbs up to in ish one

1

A HA HA. Eine joke. Well, when we asked people to suggest band's we could cover, **Bandy Sharpe** said... **Five Star**, with a burning blanket. Gaddit? I think that goes for **Cartoonist Edward Nick Kamen** too. Don't you? Anyhow, **Thirteen** blame are in Cornwall working on their new album and by the time you read this **Edwyn Collins** should have a single out on **Creation**. **Derek Whelan** sez we need music that drags to self where it's not wanted and points a wagging finger at **Leslie Crazyhead**. He says they'd eat the **Beastie Boys** **Chains** for broke (he could be right). His five faves include **Louie Louie** by **The Kingsmen** and **Sunny Sundae Smile** by **My Bloody Valentine**. So he must be a good bloke. As is... **King Boy D** of **JAMS** who scrawled a message into the editor's desk to the effect that *Ug* readers sent for more of his **Shag, Shag, Shag** t-shirts than any other paper (including **Over 21**, **Viz**, **Pravda** and something else). **The Inca Babies** have been having fun, their Finnish giggeroo with **Maaseudin Tulevaisuus** was raided by bluebottles (who'd tried to stop the Inca's entering the country). The result was a shortened set and **Clive Allen**'s 50th goal of the season (which spun in off the post). Still that's rocky macroller derby, ain't it? **Kvatvh** numero six has things on **Pop Will Mighty Mighty** and **3 Action** plus a flexi by **The Groove Farm** and **The Sea Urchins**. Put together by habitual anorak wearer **Clare Ward** at 25 Rossett Beck, Harrogate, North Yorks HG2 9NT (er, 50p plus a bit for postage). Another weird mag comes from **Certain Gestures** (55 Perowne St, Aldershot, Hants, GU11 3JR for 30p including post and packing). Is it art? Off the cuff, ripped and torn prose, a bit on **Brunel**, young lust, **Karen Elliot**. Subversive and suggestive in a way. But don't ask us to explain anymore. If you're real quick, on June 21 you can catch **The Membranes**, **Mighty Mighty** and **The Stitched Back Foot Airman** at Oxford Blackfriars Sports And Social Club. Promoted by **Rock Trade**, it's the first of several strange things to take place this summer. If you're *not* quick, you can go see where it happened. Good news for **Dave Editorson**, **The Bodhi Beat Poets** who *did* revolutionary rap a *la* **Last Poets** several years back have resurfaced and are threatening to unleash a 12 inch and LP that are absolutely garishly brilliant. More news when it happens. Er, time for **The Beastie Boys'** backlash yet? Bring back **Bill Grundy** and **The TV Personalities**, that's what we say.

5 UNDERGROUND

< TITLE OF THE MONTH: They're A Funny F\*\*\*in' Crowd Them Student Types by Jessy Dodd >



# AFTER the fact

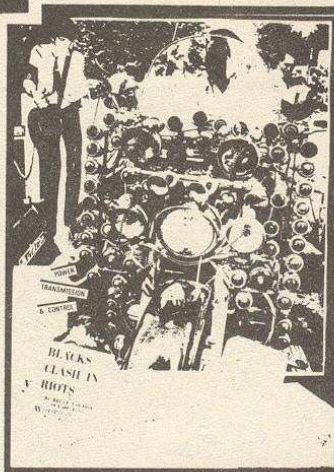
Who could call themselves Seid-board World Enterprises and get away with it? Er, SWE that's who! Americans from America step out with two 45s, reviewed this ish, from **John Trubee** and **Artless**, but threaten future delights including **Swanic Youth**, **Kruger Rendi** and **The Bleached Boys** and **The Lighter Side Of World Hunger**. Hmmm.

Something very odd is going on in Nottingham. It must be their diet or something. **Danny Nunnings** waves a copy of *Clouds* magazine at *Ug* and claims it's big! Well, it's bug-eyed and drugged-out in graphics terms, but it's got some interesting scam on **Psychic TV**, **Gaye Bykers**, **Shrew Kings** and more. A snip(?) at 70p from 13, Regdale Rd, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 2GP. Well... I mean, if you wanna talk fanzines, let's talk fanzines. Check *Problem Child* issue seven (40p) and a largish SAE from 51 Yeading Lane, Hayes, Middlesex UB4 0EN), a professionally delivered tome thrill-packed with news on **Apostles**, **English Dogs**, **Ripcord** and more, more, more. Isn't it time we asked, whatever happened to **Wreckless Eric** again? Anyhow, **The Beastie Boys** (whoops!). . . . And **Portion Control** have just signed to London, their next single to be produced by **Arthur Baker**, no less. While, the new **Crazyhead** single sounds like a motorbike with a dodgy exhaust. Yes, that good. **Adam**, from Bristol claims things are **BASTARD GROOVY** and announces that **Jesuo And Mary Chain** are continually ripped from the "common room ghetto" record player in approximately 3.2 seconds. More Bristol stuff... OK, something's happening there, We can tell. **Martin Whitehead** from Subway — already with independent chart happiness from **The Flatmates**, **The Chesterfiels** (see **A Strickland**) and **The Rosehips**, shakes his pen and acclaims newies from **The Clouds** (great) and **Bubblegum Splash** (great II, the sequel). Hey, let's all get on down to Bris.

**B**ITTER STUFF from **Back Of Lies** issue nine (just 25p plus a large sae from 232 Halling Hill, Harlow Essex). Downtrodden brows take pens in hand and only rejoice when they hear "good" things — like **Red Harvest**. Also truth wills out as **The Prisoner** gets roped in along the way, with **Alan Moore**, **The Soup Dragons** playing a million gigs and all that, as it all gets introspective but very interesting. Ah, literature... And bets are on... **Film Flam** say we won't see Christmas this year. Huh! Can you dig those **Band Of Holy Joy** and **Beloved** people not believing in **Santa**? But what about **My Bloody Valentine**? Their **Kevin** reveals that they're keen on "**Doris Day** and the sound of cars crashing." When asked about singer **Dave**'s departure, he stutters. Now fronted by **Belinda**, he claims the band are also "Going to be famous". I can see it, yes, we here at *Ug* will be voting for you for next year's Eurovision. Seems the Celluloid label has found an English base through Rough Trade thus making classic

Hang loose (whoever she is). Get these wrapped 'round your lobes, then you'll be ready to take on the world and their oyster

- 1 **GOT CUT CREATOR GO** LL Cool J Def Jam/CBS LP track **UNDERGROUND**
- 2 **ECHELONS** For Against Independent Projects LP **HEP**
- 3 **YON YONSON** Dave Howard Singers Hallelujah 12 inch **CAT**
- 4 **HUM** History Of Unheard Music RRRRecords LP **FIVE**
- 5 **STORY OF ELECTRICITY** Sprung Aus Den Wolken Soleil LP **PACK**



## AAAANNNAAAARRRRRCCCHHHHHYYY

Hey, yeah, like **Clash**, go for it! Another of our fine musico specials, lovingly preserved in Hackney's museum of punkerama. This is **John Ingham's** neo-legendary Clashzine **London's Burning**, a throbbing publication that cost a mere 40p in all its xeroxing way back when. Newspaper cuttings, jokes, pics of the lads, it's all here. And what's it worth now? Well, I wonder... **Triv Tel**

## antiques roadshow

Three notable A4 packages worth straining the pupils for this month... The **Bucketfull Of Brains** people — who bring you psyche-hoo-ha most weird — have a special issue tracing the life and times of **The Flamin' Groovies**. It features a flexi with previously unreleased cut Thanks John being the big pull.

- ★ Latest issue of **Flipside** (number 52) looks back on when they "did" **The Beastie Boys** back in the Spring of '83, then they had a 17 year old gal drummer, there's also all the usual excesses, plus bits on **Agent Orange**, **Short Dogs Grow**, **Impulse Manslaughter**, **Jane's Addiction**, **Bulimia Banquet**, **Scratch Acid** and a bundle more.
- ★ Best of the bunch is issue five of **Chemical Imbalance** which includes a hard vinyl four tracker with mind-blowing excursions from **Yo La Tengo**, **Big Black**, **Killing and Moving Targets**. Moving inside, there are features on **John Zorn**, **Slovenly** and **Das Damen** plus a groovoid reviews section.
- ★ All three available in good shops or by mail from Shigaku, 3rd Floor, The Metrostore, 5-10 Eastman Rd, London W3

## THEY'RE MAAAAAAAAD!

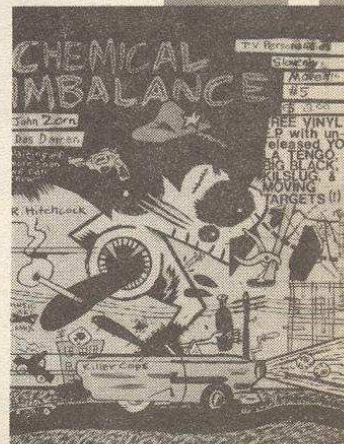
Would you call a magaroon **SKATE MUTIES FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION?** ► Would you spend yonks putting it together, then flog it for 30p? ► Would you also include a free sticker and make it available from 16 St Michaels Park, Kingsdown, Bristol BS2 8BN? ► Would you do six issues a year even though *Ug* thinks you should do two a day (after meals)? ► Would you have things featured about **The Four Scarecrows Of The Apocalypse?** **Eric Dressen?** **The Easter Bunny?** ► Would you mention other fanzines like **Tony Alva's Teeth?** ► I think these questions should be



answered. We demand satisfaction. **Triv Tel**

## press special shocker!

The **Go-Betweens** had a very limited preview/overview 12 inch (for press only) available prior to the release of **Tallulah** and the **Underground Industrial Espionage Brigade** has liberated 10 of these now deleted rarities for a comp. It features three tracks from **Tallulah**, plus three tracks from the group's last LP **Liberty Belle And The Black Diamond Express** and all you've got to do to win one is tell us on which label did the group have their first UK release? Answers on a postcard to **Underground/Go Go**, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 to arrive no later than July 6.



## WATTS THE CHARGE?

9 UNDERGROUND

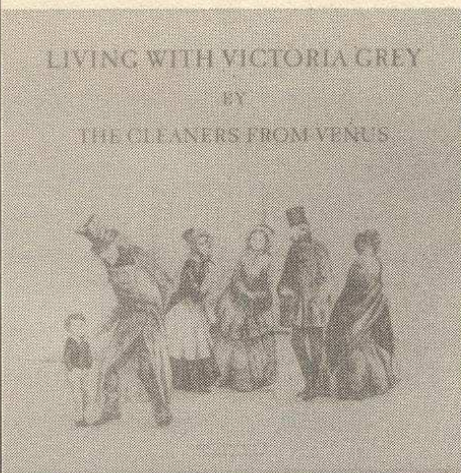


**OUT NOW**

THE LP  
'SHEEP  
SKATEBOARDS  
AND WELLIES'  
(PLAY LP1)

BY  
**ANHREFN**

OUT ON WORKERS PLAYTIME  
DISTRIBUTED BY PINNACLE 0689 73144



**NEW SINGLE**  
BY

THE CLEANERS  
FROM VENUS

'LIVING WITH  
VICTORIA GREY'  
(ANGLE 2T)

TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM  
'GOING TO ENGLAND'

AMMUNITION COMMUNICATIONS  
THROUGH PINNACLE 0689 73144

OUT NOW IN JUNE FROM ABSTRACT SOUNDS  
THROUGH PINNACLE 0689 73144

**THE  
JANITORS**

7" & 12" SINGLE  
'FAMILY FANTASTIC'  
(12) ABS 045

NEW ALBUM BY

**THE  
BOMB PARTY**

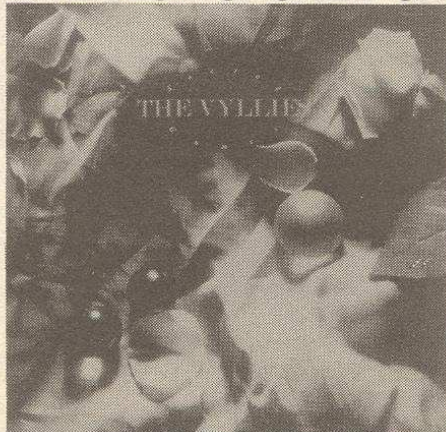
'THE LAST SUPPER'  
(ABT 016)

**NEW  
MODEL  
ARMY**

16 TRACK CD CONTAINING  
ALL TRACKS RELEASED ON  
INDEPENDENT LABELS -  
QUIET & ABSTRACT RECORDS  
VENGEANCE - THE  
INDEPENDENT STORY (ABT 008 CD)

**OUT NOW**

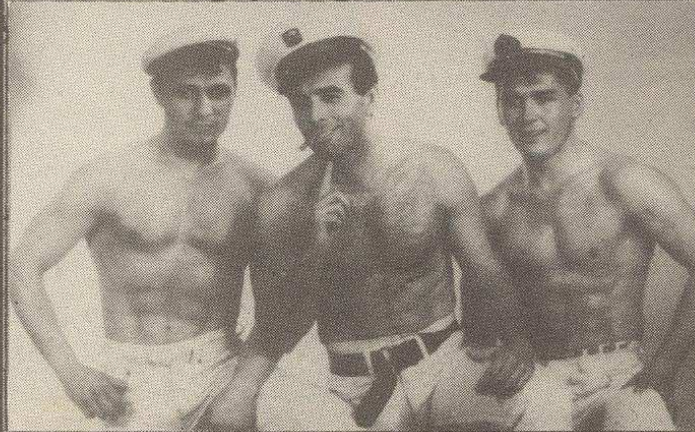
THE VYLLIES - 'SACRED GAMES'



(AFTER 4) ON FUN·AFTER·ALL  
THROUGH PINNACLE 0689 73144

**COMING SOON**

THE OFFICIAL FOLLOW UP TO  
MALE STRIPPER.....



I NEED A MAN/ENERGY IS EUROBEAT  
(BOLTS 5/12) ON BOLTS RECORDS  
THROUGH PINNACLE 0689 73144

# NEW CULTURE

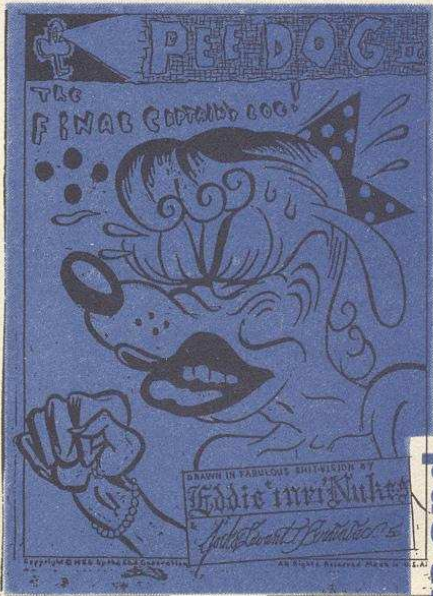
**THE WAY IT FALLS**

8 UNDERGROUND

## SEX SEX SEX SEX SEX

Yep, they tried to ban the **Gaye Bykers On Acid** and forced all and sundry to place erotic splashes of colour over some gruffy hairy bits on the sleeve of their **Nosedive Karma 12 inch**. In true rock 'n' roll tradition a few copies of the original with **PORNO** sleeve slipped through and we have **five** copies of these "things" to give away. All you've got to do is answer this . . . **What colour does acid turn litmus paper?** Difficult huh? Send your answer on a postcard to Underground/Bykers, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 to arrive no later than Monday July 6. Go to it.

material from **Fela Kuti, The Last Poets, Grandmixer DST, Time Zone** and a whole bunch more readily available. And, **4AD** have risen from their hibernation with threats of new material, kicking off with a multi-faceted combo in CD, cassette, LP, fuel injection and other formats. All the team are there, including **Colourbox** (currently in the studio working with **AR Kane**), **Dif Juz, Cocteau Twins, Dead Can Dance**, the sex mad **Wolfgang Press** and the rest of the crew. **The Cabs** still signed to Parlophone (no mention of **The Beatles, please**). And they also have a track on the second volume of Funky Alternative (alongside tracks from **Hollywood Beyond, Chakk, Stump, Quando Quango** and some other people. What about the new **Depeche Mode** album? Well, pretty neat to say the least. Started in Paris, developed in Crouch End at the **Kinks'** studio and mixed in Denmark, the much travelled master tape is powerhouse stuff and will be called **Music For The Masses**. The flipside of **Strange Love**, you know, that weird one, only tells half the story . . . and the confusion will develop as the group have a box set of B sides and instrumentals finally released in the very nearness of time. Weird art bods **Bourbonese Qualk** opt to *not* put out a record this week, going for a publication on plexiglass instead. Er, yeah, that's what we thought. And, banned *risqué* performance person **Karen Finley** follows her banned Belgian Waffles taster, **Tales Of Taboo**, with the subtle **Lick It for Crammed**. Those extrovert Temple people have a brace of new releases including a collaboration between **Zos Kia** and **Sugar Dog** (the latter of whom have **Fritz Haaman** from **23 Skidoo** within their ranks). And Shelter have a new compilation LP (with profits going to the organisations' worthy funds), entitled **Let's Try Another Ideal Guest House**, featuring tracks from **Laugh, The McTells, Stars Of Heaven, The Hermit Crabs, The Close Lobsters, The Passmore Sisters, Househunters, The TV Personalities, The Bats, 1,000 Violins, Talullah Gosh** and yet more.



**Depraved,** Vachel Booth catches Pee Dog II, a Gary Panter/Jay Cotton concoction, squarely in mid-forehead  
 "Boy, you'd have to be pretty immature to do some of the stuff I've just done . . ." • So says Dracula Danny halfway through PeeDog II

and with good reason, rarely has a comic book been so filthy, depraved, demented and downright peurile as this one. Danny is an amalgam of Jim Bakkar, Dick Tracy and Quickdraw McGraw, he can, in his own words "alter time and space! Or cause somebody to skid on his own vomit down a stairway to Hell!" And *he's* the good guy! • The anti-hero is now an anti-heroine and sports four sets of breasts, surgically sculptured genitalia and a behavioural problem. The only reminder of her former life is her constant companion, **Pee Dick** (one of the two is a dismembered part of the other, I can't quite work out which). • The perpetrators of this travesty call themselves the **Shit Generation**

**downright dirty!** and are in fact cartoonists Gary Panter and Jay Cotton indulging the excretia of their fevered imaginations. Panter is the better known of the two, for his work on **Attack Of The Elvis Zombies, Jimbo** (serialised in **RAW**) and the cover of the recent **Smack My Crack** compilation. His own excellent record **Pray For Smurph** has found its way from Japan to some of our bargain bins. • I hesitate to recommend **Pee Dog II** to anyone, those of a nervous disposition should stay well away, but if you like puking and laffing at the same time this'll help you on your way. • **Pee Dog II** is available by post only, send six dollars to Spooky Comics, P.O. Box 896, Commerce, Texas, 75428, U.S.A.

## VIDEO FRENZY

Colossal eyeball wrenchers this month from **Ikön** (120 Manchester Rd, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 4PY) who've three visual brain scramblers set to massage you right out of your easy chair and across the floor.

- 1 Severed Heads** (Antipodean tape, copies with an electronic undercurrent) present **Kato Gets The Girl**, an hour's worth of colour explosions featuring five of their disjointed sub-pop songs. The **Heads** let **Stephen Jones** vid-mix and the result is a big public confuser that lasts 60 mins. Neat to say the least, especially the romantic **Kato Gets . . .** (Kato, m'lud is an industrial digger, what else?)
- 2 Daniel Landin And Richard Heslop** (Cats who've been associated with **23 Skidoo** and **Last Few Days** in the past) make a "film". It's weird, surrealist sepia-toned and PG-rated, no less. Entitled **The Child And The Saw**, it's a treat of industrial austerity, animated circular saw blades and terrified stares. With amplified sounds of cats eating and tables being stomped hung on the odd strange camera angle, a general tension lingers for some time afterwards. It's, er, weird, I guess.
- 3 Brian Nicholson** (he who has worked on clips for **The Fall, James, V Prunes** and more) makes a strip-in series of clips into a frightening landscape of self-documentation, paranoid visions and reasonable unpleasantness. Does the world need to see **The Mad Carrot Eating Woman, The Joys Of Smoking, Food Adores The Love Of A Fat Man** and other such unassuming stuff? Actually, I think it does, if only to scare itself back into reality.

So there you have it, three good reasons to stay up late with a bottle of meths. **Johnny Eager**



# THE ROLE OF PERFORMANCE ART IN NEW MUSIC

Yeah, er, **Laurie Anderson, Karen Finley . . . GG Allin, er, yeah. Triv Tel**





## GG ALLIN

### Hated In The Nation

ROIR A-148 **RR C** ●½ Dodgy rock 'n' roll from GG that spirals around a "performance-art" style of dubious insult and threats. Rock taken to the ultimate extreme as GG's combo gives the audience a hard time in real barbed Iggy mode. The audience get a bad deal, but you can tell that they just love it. Interesting to say the least (and pornographic in places too). **Johnny Eager**

## BIRDHOUSE

### Burnin' Up

Vinyl Solution SOL 3 **P** ●½ Confusing. I had Birdhouse pinned down to be fine 1987 garage snots, looking back in respect to the Stooges and the Pebbles/Nuggets conglomerate, but then kept hearing diversifying snags. There's a reverence for The Rolling Stones' R&B grind, plus some hard rockisms and a touch of thrashing suburban punk, but nothing really constitutes the real thing itself. Either the boys, the songs or the production is too clean, because somehow Birdhouse just sound too polite to make the real motorgrade. **Martin Aston**

## BLOODLOSS

### Bloodloss

Satellite Records SLR 001 **B C** ●● Violent, discordant rock 'n' roll from Australia, blessed with some seedy, shrieky vocals care of Sharron, who, despite an obsession to "bring it right down", hangs ten on top of a bobbing rhythm and a crashing guitar — to great effect.

There are faults to be found but the future for Bloodloss looks much better than anaemic. **Daz Igymeth**

## BILLY BRAGG

### Back To Basics

Go! Discs AGODP 8 ●●¼ Billy gets his past brought back to life by Eamonn Andrew McDonald's Go!D label and it all runs together neatly for under six notes. Prime Bragg from the *Brewing Up* and *Life's A Riot* LPs plus verbal outbursts from the lad's *Between The Wars* EP show a keen succinct set of 21 bottlesome Braggerys.

Bill's latterday high profile was always intelligently embedded in his tactile tongue-in-cheek prose and these songs haven't lost any of their original aplomb. **Dave Henderson**

## BRAVE COMBO

### Polkatharsis

Demon/Rounder Europa REU 1018 **P** ● Er, yeah. Polkas, watzes, schotische... all played in weird styles. Is it cult time rock 'n' brunch muzak, absolute dross, tasteful radical four play, or what? Well played, dismal listening fodder, but weird? Yes! **Dave Henderson**

## CRAIG BUPK

### The History Of Decency

Illusion Productions IP 027 (15 Rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France) ●½ Craig Burk is a crazy Yank who teeters on the edge of self-indulgence in a rather stodgy art pose that's probably hip with his pals. Opera meets nursery rhymes while drum cases go bump in the night on a collection of tracks that just about keep you intrigued. Desperately playable and memorable in a kind of annoying way. **Dave Henderson**

## BUZZCOCKS

### Total Pop

Weird System WS 021 (Lange Reihe 101, 2000 Hamburg 1, West Germany) ●● Wah! Singles Going Steady in the charts, the group's first two albums re-released by New Rose In France... and now this oddity wings in from Germany with a selection of album cuts, singles and the two tracks which the group had on the seminal *Roxy* album. Great stuff, rollickingly packaged and proof positive that Shelley and pals were always a brilliant song writing and performing unit. The world need never be bored again. **Johnny Eager**

## CASSANDRA COMPLEX

### Hello America

Rouska CXRA 002 **RR C** ●● Special compilation of the Cassandra's singles filled with a couple of extra cuts in *Clouds* and *Fragile*. Hard-edged electronic fodder that's well in the realms of *Skinny Puppy*, *Portion Control*, *DAF* and all that jazz — with the added bonus of being almost totally bananas. Speedhead rhythms with a kamikaze bent. Not to be missed. **TC Wall**

## PETER CATHAM

### Anan's Mouth

Permission P4 (PO Box 73, Pasadena, CA 91102, USA) ●● Oddball Yank makes good after three cassette albums. The move to plastic must have suited him as Anan's Mouth, although decidedly experimental is more akin to *The Fall* head on with *Dep Mode* than his more esoteric tape loop meanderings. Best description must be, it's 'jes' like David Byrne singing in the bath. Great, huh? **Johnny Eager**

## CCM

### Into The Void

Belfagor BEL 007 ●●● The sound of Italian hardcore by this account is impossibly delirious — fingers-shoved-into-plug-sockets time, documenting fear and loathing in dead-end, arch-conservative Italy. CCM (standing for Cheetah Chrome Mother\*\*\*\*ers) are Pisa's forgotten sons; anti-nihilist, profoundly personal and already *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* fanzine heroes in America. Syd Migx, who sings like he's had the skin scraped off his tonsils with hot stones, has actually been run out of Pisa for his politics, and *Into The Void*, CCM's second album, is their return ticket. Soundwise, they produce a sound so at war with itself and so compressed that while everything is explosive, it still feels trapped. Caged noise — one of the ultimates in rock music. File CCM with *Bad Brains*, *Flipper*, *Scream* and *The Stupids*. **Martin Aston**

## THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

### Is That A Fish On Your Shoulder Or Are You Just Pleased To See Me?

Egg Plant TWOEGGS **NM C** ●●¾ Crazy mixed up kids in a head on collision which throws it on down between *The Beach Boys*, *Beatles*, *Shads*, *Dep Mode*, *Zappa* and all related subject matter. The *Chryses* are a fusion of *Deep Freeze Mice* and *Yukio Yung* and as such transcend both groups low level acceptance by being really rather good.

Here they throw in the towel on weirdness and get eclectic. Sifting the bins after rock's last party, *The Chrysanthemums* come up with pop of substance, style and character. Excellent fodder, primed to impress. **TC Wall**

## GENE CLARK AND CARLA OLSON

### So Rebellious A Lover

Demon FIEND 89 **P** ●● Ex-Byrd and sometime country stalwart, Gene Clark teams up with bustling *Textones'* front person Carla Olson for a country-esque selection — ably aided by *Ry Cooder*, *Chris Hillman* and *The Long Ryders'* *Stephen McCarthy*. Balladeering into the hearts of the sub-consciously tipsy, Clark and Ollie make pretty music for each other which hums but rarely lets rip with songs of *CLASSIC* proportions. Nice one all the same. **Johnny Eager**

## CRYSTAL BELLE SCROD

### Belle De Jour

United Dairies UD 021 **C** ●¾ Strange and plot-thickening, this is an LP of two sides that'll appeal to totally different schools of thought. Tortured art time on side one, sees feedback, scraping screwdrivers and the odd "noise" doing it, while side two's sideswipe on disco, folkly strum, and general avant-garde *pot pourri* makes for an all-consuming 20 minutes or so. *Crystal* is not the ideal dinner guest, but who wants to eat? **Dave Henderson**

## EMIL

### Stammer

Bi-Joopiter (2 Wentworth Rd, Hertford, Herts SG13 8JP) ●●½ The half of *Rig Veeda* who went to Brighton for a suntan, have put together a fine tape. A collection of breezy pop tunes that bristle and break into the sub-conscious at the drop of your *Raybans*. Sandy and salty tales of requested love, underplayed, but ever so charming. **Dave Henderson**

## FIXED UP

### Fixed Up

Closer Records CL 0019 **C** ●● The French have always had real good taste in their rock 'n' roll — *Gene Vincent*, *Vince Taylor*, *The Flamin' Groovies*, right up to *Wilko Johnson* and *Bill Hurlley* — are all treated with god like respect. And out of all France, *Le Havre*, the home of *Fixed Up*, has always been a hot bed of r'n'r/R&B activity. *Fixed Up* write the bulk of their own material, in English to boot, and draw their rough and ready musical arrangements from influences like '60s garage punk and vintage *Dr Feelgood*. With all this and ex-Pink Fairy *Larry Wallis* at the production controls, how can you resist? **Snakey G**

## FLAMIN' GROOVIES

### One Night Stand

ABC ABCLP10 **P** ●● The last surviving original '60s garage group return with recharged batteries after an eight year absence and duly proceed to shake some action one more time with their beefy brand of beat. Included on this latest set, recorded in Australia last summer, are their own highly charged covers of songs like *The Who's Call Me Lightning*, *Freddy Cannon's Tallahassee Lasso* and *Barrett Strong's Money*, as well as new versions of *Groovies* classics such as *Shake Some Action* and *Teenage Head*, although the last is something of an anomaly from the quartet, all of whom must be into their 40s by now. *The Flamin' Groovies* trademarks of acid guitar and drum onslaught pace from the moment the needle hits the vinyl grooves to its close. **Evelyn Court**

EARS SYRINGED . . . NO EXTRA CHARGE

SENSATIONAL GREETING OF THE MONTH: the low five



Desert island necessity only trade it for an ice cold Bud



Almost but not quite filch this one

# EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials are as follows:

- B** Backs | **C** Cartel | **Ch** Charly | **FF** Fast Forward | **Na** Jetstar  
**J** Jungle | **NM** Nine Mile | **P** Pinnacle | **PR** Probe | **Re** Revolver  
**RR** Red Rhino | **RT** Rough Trade | **Sh** Shigaku | **SP** Spartan

Each album title is followed by label/catalogue number and UK distributors in black bars (if there is no UK distributor, an address is included.)

## THE FLAMING LIPS

### The Flaming Lips

Enigma 21881-1 **RT C** The garish full colour horror sleeve is pretty schlocky, and the further you get into this record, the tackier it becomes. Maybe I'm missing something, but The Flaming Lips sound as if they don't know the tape's on, aren't sure how to tune up and can't remember their songs. This is an underproduced sub-standard fart that *no-one* can explain away. **Dave Henderson**

## THE FLESHEATERS

### Greatest Hits

Fan Club FC 025 **P** ● LA rock from the New Rose specialist series, and a three strike collection of Dolls meets Cramps horror for tribal black-wearers everywhere. Doomy Iggy-rolls-in-bottle stuff that just about lifts itself free of the average tag — only to be laid low again by an uncertainty in sound dynamics from track to track. Purists and reptile collectors take heed. **TC Wall**

## FLIPPER

### Gone Fishin'

Fundamental SAVE 17 **RR C** ●●½ Flipper's second studio album for Subterranean finally gets a UK release at a reasonable price, so now there's no excuse not to possess this masterful (and best) collection of Flipper fragments. Slowed guitar and rhythms with gut-wrenching vocals and a unique churning sound are a must for all mind-numbed excessives. **Johnny Eager**

## FOR AGAINST

### Echelons

Independent Projects Records IPR 19 (Box 60357, Los Angeles, California 90060, USA) ●●● Finely tuned debut album from the exceptionally good For Against (from Lincoln, Nebraska), on the artistically correct, beautifully packaged and consistently bona Independent Projects label (previous releases include Camper Van Beethoven, Ten Foot Faces and Savage Republic).

A swirling and infectious bass-driven sound that suggests pop balladry right next to heartbreak melody. A keenly sharp delivery and a must for music enthusiasts. **Dave Henderson**

## CARMAIG DE FOREST

### I Shall Be Released

New Rose ROSE 121 **P** ●●½ I'll admit I was drawn by the 'produced by Alex Chilton' credit but, it's actually de Forest's overwhelming similarity to Uncle Lou Reed that's the most lasting impression. While sounding like a blood cousin of Reed's terse, cryptic delivery and minimalist guitar-band format, de Forest can outlive any comparison because there's a different temperament at play — in this case, precocious, sly and warmly humorous. De Forest also recalls the loose but abrasive burn of Violent Femmes and Elvis Costello; his 15 songs — more like little speeches, ten coming in under two and half minutes — are busking-fresh, streetwise, with hints of pop and flecks of R&B to punky-folk troubadouring. **Martin Aston**

## GENERAL TREE

### Every Thing SoSo

Black Scorpio BLSCLP001 **Na** ●●● Much of what passes for contemporary reggae toasting is of scant relevance outside the insular context of the dancehall, but this album from former stable lad General Tree delivers with a wit and panache that gives it a wider significance and is quite the

best DJ set I've heard since Brigadier Jerry's Jamaica Jamaica LP of last year. Black Scorpio run one of the most popular sound systems in the musically active Waterhouse district of Kingston and Tree is their principal barker, possessed of a strident ribaldry and authoritative style that never becomes wearing. His comment here on the Boops phenomenon for Na Na Moon Us is entertaining and very much to the point, while his *toast rapide* on Walking Rocking compares favourably with those of his UK counterparts. Also included is the DJ's own slant on Brigadier Jerry's Gallop For Me and the two singles Mini Bus and Peanut Man. "I can see the peanut man out there shouting," he cries on the latter. "Ital and salt," comes the response. **Evelyn Court**

## PAUL GROOVY AND THE POP ART EXPERIENCE

### Let's Crash The Blue Bus

Bite Back BB 010 **RTS** ●● Neater than the rest, '60s orientated cassette-only fodder that's well produced and extremely listenable. Tracks are cut up with Warhol/film/documentary dialogue and the acidic wit of the tunes makes for an ideal juxtaposition of classic styles set in a modern day environment. Dare I say... groooooovy? **Johnny Eager**

## GUANA BATZ

### Live Over London

ID NOSE 14 **Re C** ●●¾ The mighty live sound of the dribbling sweating Guana Batz captured at their four millionth Klub Foot orgy of haircuts. Full colour gatefold sleeve, smart tattoos, hardcore kecks, and all the live sounds that're fit to assault your full length mirror to. Purest blues-meet-rockabilly noise fleshed out perfectly by scatty drums and thumping double bass. The topping wins the day, though, with Pip's squeaking tonsils cast across the stage and Stu's animal-instinct guitar cut free at every opportune moment. Your sister will *hate* it. **Johnny Eager**

## THE HAFLER TRIO/LUCIANO DARI

### Ben, Rauch, Ab, Shaloshethen Yechad Thaubodo/Idrogeni Superiori

Musica Maxima Magnetica eee 01 (CP 54, 80100 Napoli Centro, Italy)

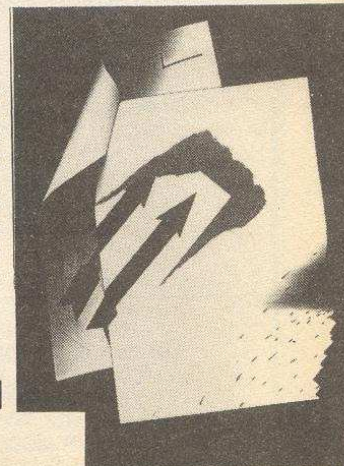
●● The Haflers further dabble into the soundless oblivion of experimentation, while Luciano gets symphonic, moody and alluring. There's something almost relaxing about both of their withered stick against metal ruler meanderings. Inevitably there's a kick in the groove, an exploding nightmare noise, with the Hafler Trio while Dari's more straightforward pieces make for an art-piece that's essential listening. **Dave Henderson**

## IN THE NURSERY

### Stormhorse

Sweatbox SAX 021 **RT C** ●●½ Sheffield's peroxide drummers have turned into a triumphant symphonic duo. Like an orchestra in the last throes of steamy dissection, a synth hammered into submission by an abrasive luddite, In The Nursery are the Beethovens of a new beatnik generation. This is *real* filmic music, not stuffed with self-indulgent pomp but exploding with life and creativity. Lush and then some. **Dave Henderson**

**BACK FROM: THE UG**



if you can

**Getting doomy** opt to trade it in the classifieds

**No bullets!** deny its existence

UNDERGROUND

## PHILIP JOHNSON

### Heartache's Worst Assistants Versus The Genius With The Secret Of Making Gold Into Dynamite

Cassette LP (from 5 Hollingbourne Rd, Norris Green, Liverpool II)

●● This is an odd one, like a late night hangover from a lunch time drink up, Philip Johnson's *pot pourri* of past cassette crimes comes to life. As *Brookside* characters overlap industrial churning, test tones and all, things get less direct but more consuming. Very listenable, very Liverpool and very good. Dave Henderson

## CHRIS JORDAN

### Twilight Of The Gods

Coda New Age 832 180-1 **P** Plinky-plonk comatose muzak for the dead that has little in the way of redeeming factors. The new age pomposity is a lacklustre yawn that's well produced and best left alone in most cases. Johnny Eager

## JOSEF K

### Endless Soul/Young And Stupid

Supreme International Editions EDITION 87-6 **FF C** ●●● Like a Budweiser after the London marathon (not that I'd know) or a bucket of water over the head of a sweaty music perv, Endless Soul, and its historic Josef K out-takes is prima, magnifico and absolutely brill. Tracks from the never released debut LP, the Crepuscule cuts, Postcard deletions and bits from Peel sessions go to show just what a fine crew the K's were. Not to be missed, part of the world's inheritance, a God sound, boss with the best, and all that jive. Dave Henderson

## CAROLINE K

### Now Wait For Last Year

Earthly Delights EARTH 001 **RR C** ●● Ex-Nocturnal Emission, CK debuts the ED label with an instrumental churning noise that has its moments. Veering dangerously close to John Carpenter film soundtrack country at points, the most satisfying parts of this *pot pourri* of mood *musique* came when the disc was rotated at 45 rather than 33. No offence meant, however, as symphonic clarity of reduced speed still lends magic to the compositions. All in all, this is a weird one. TC Wall

## THE KANE GANG

### Miracle

Kitchenware KWLP 7 ● Rootsy Newcastle-popsters dive headlong into the sweetly soulful morass of daytime programming. In doing so, the Gang lose some of their sparkle, add a lot of effected glitziness and fail to deliver their songs in the time honoured heartbroken style. It's not that I'm waving a flag for the indie-for-the-sake-of-it team, it's just that The Kane Gang seem to have cut and run, right into the arms of their bank managers. TC Wall

## KASTRIERTE PHILOSOPHEN

### Between Shootings

What's So Funny About... ST 43 **RR C** ●● The KP's may have an unpronounceable name but they've got a whole lot of talent too. This must be their third or fourth album and, as they say, the hits just keep on coming. Melodic pop stuff, brimming with affection, harmonies and some neater than sound arrangements from this German duo make for bona listening. Don't miss out. Dave Henderson

## YOU AIN'T GOT A CHANCE, IF YOU DON'T DIG THAT UG!

NEW L.P.  
**SMACKMYCRACK**  
WILEAM S. BURROUGHS • TOM WAITS • BUTTHOLE SURFERS  
CHRIS STEIN • GUNSHI REZENDIC • MARGALITA • JARVANNA CALAN  
NICK CAVE • SWANS • JOHN GIOIRNO BAND • CRED & S. DAN

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## WHAT GOES ON RECORDS

NEW L.P.  
*The Celibate Rifles*  
*Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*

THE CELIBATE RIFLES: 'KISS KISS' BANG BANG

NEW L.P. (GOES ON 8)



## HISTORY OF UNHEARD MUSIC

### Drop It

RRRecords RRR HUM AL 303 HR (151 Paige Street, Lowell, MA 01852, USA) ●●1/4 Is it God? This is a great album, a hybrid of styles, an investigation into the paltry, seedy world of rock 'n' roll. The Residents meet Van Dyke Parks, the ideals of The Beach Boys get Throbbing Gristled, jazz tips its hat, the world drops a chin in excitement. A document to weirdness with a palatable and extremely listenable veneer. A superb album, miss it at your peril. Dave Henderson

## DAVE KUSWORTH

### The Bounty Hunters

Swordfish SWFLP5 **NM C** ● Familiarity, as they say, breeds contempt and half of this record is contemptible; acoustic slushrock and lots of sobbing, broken heart songs and self-indulgence 'cos his girly has gone and left him — yeah, yeah its real sad. Pity really, because there are a few good, if not exactly innovative, songs. Daz Igy meth

## LIBIDO BLUME

### Brilliant Names And Dames

Dikeoma K105 (4A N Kazantzaki Str, 15234 Haladri, Athens, Greece) ●3/4 Five track mini album from hotly sunburnt Greek combo who loiter with intent at pop's mucky door. Charming in its naivete, this will never be Steve Wright's fave, but there are moments creeping through, hauling away from the Westernised trappings. Potential unrealised, as yet. Dave Henderson

## LORD JOHN

### Six Days Of Sound

Bomp BLP 4024 **RTS** ●●● If you could wish for the ripest rock psychedelia played like punk for all its psychological worth, then need I say that New Jersey's Lord John are a dream. There's one pair of granny-glasses and one paisley shirt on the cover (the shirt sporting flares. *Wide flares*) and there's little advance in the sound to tell you this record was made in 1987, but Six Days is still *new* in its revisionism.

It all drips with echo, reverb and voices disappearing up wind-tunnels, as melodies chime hazily or stamp recklessly on duelling colour-guitars. If you wish The Jam had been smitten with Syd Barrett rather than Pete Townshend, then the genie has delivered. Brilliant. Martin Aston

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21 UNDERGROUND

## JOHN LURIE

### Down By Law — Original Soundtrack

Crammed Discs MTM 14 **NR C** ●●½ For a start, anyone who kicks off a soundtrack to a film in which he stars with a title like *What Do You Know About Music, You're Not A Lawyer*, has got to have a perspective on things. Lounge Lizard Lurie has polished off the 'fake jazz' tag of old but he still can breeze through all manner of scenarios. On *Down By Law* itself, Lurie allows himself to minimise, infusing odd cool-blue laments into a more ambient framework, while a support feature, a strip joint jazz soundtrack to the film *Variety*, teases New Orleans sleaze next to swing and beyond. Led by Lurie's cruisy alto sax and trusted ensemble of Lizards and friends, these are superb soundtracks, equally acceptable as music without pictures. **Martin Aston**

## MATADOR

### A Touch Beyond Canned Love

What's So Funny About WSFA 40 **RR C** ●●½ Alarmingly good album that I absolutely hated at first. But these ex-Malarians have their plus points which wobble quickly past industrial landscapes, shake a fist at Neubauten noise and introduce chin-in-chest voices of high character. *A Touch* is canned charm which distinguishes itself quickly from contemporary Euro stock. Maybe not a classic but a hollowed vessel that carries the most uplifting of big sound. **Dave Henderson**

## MINIMAL COMPACT

### Lowlands Flight

Crammed/Made To Measure MTM 10 **C** ●½ Crammed special collection of *different* music gets to vol ten with this techy Minimal Compact construction which was sized to wrap around Blue Rn Dances ballet *Two By One*. An evocative flow which touches several ethnic homebases on its way to your inner ear, it's a delightful collection that succeeds where the structured pieces augment the unstructured flow (well, if you know what I mean). **Dave Henderson**

## R STEVIE MOORE

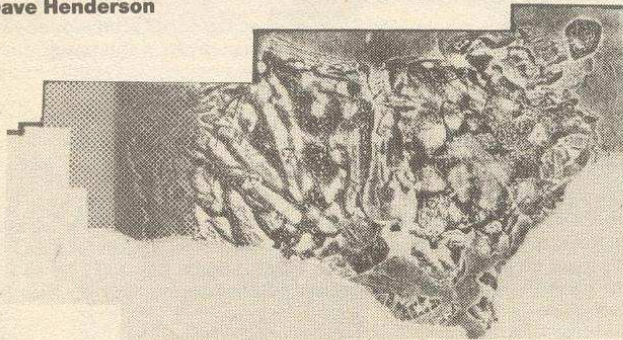
(1952-19??)

Cordelia ERICAT 021 (60 Newton Rd, Rushden, Northants) ●● R Stevie is an enigma with a message, a pop purist whose symphonies are eminently catchy, never syrupy, and always spiralling towards a keener than sharp hook line. This collection of his work ranging from '76 to the present day mixes all of his songwriting skills over an array of sounds and a dictionary of finishes. There's even room for a cover of *Satisfaction*, which Stevie carries out in his own struggling style. One to be savoured and an investment that'll brighten any boudoir. **Dave Henderson**

## MUSLIMGAUZE

### Jazirat-UI-Arab

Limited L5 **RR C** ●● Strange eastern rhythms and arabic background chants from the Mus's of Swinton. Another in the group's series of intense rhythmic tapestries which manoeuvre the unsuspecting listener into a state of near torment-come-worship. Electric and tenacious, *Jazirat* is a formidable platter. **Dave Henderson**



## CONCRETE CHIC FOR THE UG! SET

## PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH

### One Way Conversation

Homestead HMS 081 **C Sh** ●¾ The Tollbooth expand their theory of guitar meets guitar down a dark alley, someone sings occasionally, strings break, voices are lost. This is a right old barrage of sound which shaves wood from the speakers as it tunnels into your migraine. Like *Husker Du* with sirens blaring, *The Meat Puppets* with *no* subtlety and a hammerheaded shark with a rumbling tum. **TC Wall**

## THE RED

### Crack

Lost Moment **B** ●● Taking shelter behind a cloak of total anonymity, The Red deal in an upbeat mood music that is frequently reminiscent of early Cure and also conjures up the spirit of never-quite-made-it scallies *Cook Da Books*. The lyrics are minimal, and often obscure, but even at its most mellow, as on the excellent *Moving Time*, the effect is still charmingly uplifting. Too simplistic — in both presentation and content — for 4AD, that is not necessarily a bad thing. An album of potential more than achievement, it is still a brave debut. **Tony Fletcher**

## ANDREW POPPY

### Alphabed (A Mystery Dance)

ZTT Records ZTTIQ9 ●●● Granted, Andrew isn't particularly poppy, but then, unlike George Segal... What he *is* full of is ideas. From classical to jazz to systems to pop music, this album somehow fits into all of these categories, and yet at the same time veers off into something completely different, it not quite totally original.

You can still detect the influence of Messrs Reich and Glass in places, and perhaps an even more laid back Laurie Anderson on *Goodbye Mr G*, but our Andrew is out on his own among European contemporaries, just doing what he feels he has to do. Long may he prosper. **Alex Bastedo**

## PRIMITONS

### Happy All The Time

What Goes On GOES ON 9 ●● Neat album from Primitons, who originally turned out a tasty platter for *Throbbing Lobster* some time back. Riddled with better than great guitar-tinged melodies and creamed with a lyrical charm that's more than ear-bending, Primitons are the scrawl on the wall of a deserted diner, the sound of contemporary Americana strained from a tinny jukebox. Dusty but never contrived, a real catch. **Johnny Eager**

## BILL PRITCHARD

### Bill Pritchard

Third Mind TMLP 19 **RT C** ●¾ Bill meanders down dimly lit Gaelic streets, hap-hazardly humming and whistling as he goes. A dour man dressed only in minimal music, he has his moments — his memories — and a pretentious air. Sometimes Bill is a warm and endearing friend, a relaxing lushness that floats on *ambient* ambience, other times the melancholy takes over, and the sunken eyebrows are hard to shake. A brittle, understated album that's as down as you feel (and then some). **Dave Henderson**

## ROSEMARY'S CHILDREN

### Kings And Princes

Cherry Red MRED 77 ●●¾ This is more like it. C Red's brightest nugget for some time come from somewhere like Slough but sound like they're wafting in from paradise. A real band who strum and sing, play pop with passion and can write a fair tune. *Kings And Princes* is a royal treat spiced with exotic soundscapes, folkly follies and direct Englishness. A classic, I'll be bound (except for the awfully embarrassing *Merrydown Skank*, which sucks). Buy it, go on be boring. **Dave Henderson**

**RED FLAME  
AND INK:**

**NEW  
RELEASES**

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## SLAB!

New Single: Double A Side 'Smoke Rings/Abbasloth'  
INK 729/1229

## KABBALA

New Single: 'Ashewo Ara — Mix 88'  
INK 728/1228

## SCHWEFEL

### Schizophrenic Party

Amigo AMIGO 501 (Fidicinstrasse 16, D-1000 Berlin, West Germany)

●● Great debut mini album from German based Schwefel. Busting a gut to churn out good uptempo pop with a spirited delivery, a pumping bass and some quite ridiculous vocal lines, Schizophrenic Party is akin to a Euro B52s or Alien Sex Fiend at public school. Either way it's a rollicking good record. **Dave Henderson**

## SHIRATI JAZZ BAND

### Benga Beat

World Circuit WCB 003 **RR C** ●● First UK release for these recent tourists, Benga Beat features the full band line up rather than the truncated one which played the live shows. It's not really jazz, but the Kenyan *benga* style; a genre distinguished by its twinkling guitars and swooping, melody-bending basslines. Sweet and rhythmically nimble, the music might seem too flighty until you remember that this is its region's out-and-out pop — and then compare its richness with our own pop. A very summer album — if we ever get one. **Russell Brown**

## SIGLO XX

### Flowers For The Rebels

Play It Again Sam Bias 51 **RR C** ●½ Belgian sombre and sober thoughtmentalist. Siglo make downbeat music that's almost a rivetting and frail tease. But there are too many of rock's accepted sounds and patterns lurking on Flowers, there is too much here that's borrowed. Siglo XX have constantly turned out strong stuff in the past, but in the end mix this collection does little to develop their sound. **TC Wall**

## THE SLUMBERS

### Scream And Shout

Antler Records **RR C** ● An apt title for the debut album by four young Belgian rockers, who seem somewhat apologetic for the fact they've even had to make a record rather than being allowed to thrash it out on stage for the rest of their lives. Though they attack all eleven cuts with a fierce spirit — most notably on the title track and Your Love Is Gone — there is a distinct lack of originality present, singer Niklaas' growling voice only detracting from what melody there is.

Scream And Shout is probably best as a souvenir of a live show, and until The Slumbers cross the channel, that means there will be little demand for it this side of the water. **Tony Fletcher**

## SORT SOL

### Everything That Rises . . . Must Converge!

Melody MDLP 6320 (PO Box 343, Dk1503, Copenhagen V, Denmark)

●● Danish delights? Well, these ex-Lydia Lunch compadres are a raucous Wire-orientated conglomerate who cover Ode to Billie Joe, close in tight on pop with guitar feedback, and threaten to make some great music. Don't get me wrong, this is a good album, it's just that it seems to roll in like a never-ending torrent of upbeat rock 'n' roll — like a cohesive Leather Nun that are just too audible. Check it anyhow . . . **TC Wall**

## SPOT 1019

### Spot 1019

Pitch-A-Tent Records PITCH 003 **RIS** ●● More post-schoolyard loony toons from the label that dabbled with Camper Van Beethoven. At least 50 per cent of all known musical genres are hitched up to Spot's wagon and driven around — Beach Boys pop, garage-a-billy, jangle-rock, skiffle, country, and naturally, Big Pop.

Spot on. Great, great lyrics, and a real party of a record. **Martin Aston**



## SPRUNG AUS DEN WOLKEN

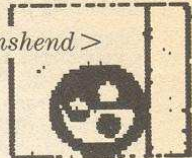
### Story Of Electricity

Les Disques Du Soleil DSA 54009 (BP 236, 54004 Nancy Cedex, France)

●●½ A concept of sorts from this German crew who've seen action with Neubauten in the past. And the metallic edge and hard hitting percussion style is here, wrapped around a more whimsical, performance-style presentation. God knows what they are going on about, but this suave package does make for something of a treat that it's neat to get to grips with. Intriguing and compulsive stuff. Find it if you can. **Dave Henderson**

## GET UG FOR THE DOWNSTROKE

< GOOD SPORT OF THE MONTH: *Fuzz Townshend* >



## ST. VITUS DANCE

### Love Me Love My Dogma

Probe Plus PROBE 10 **RR C** ●● Sixties swinging that could be likened to the Housemartins' sound; jangley guitars and dancey pop songs, only better done and, unlike those spotty gits, the stuff is actually quite enjoyable.

Clever lyrical contortions are there to be enjoyed if the music isn't; I Was A Stable Boy Who Grew To Be A Most Unstable Man sings Noel Burke with irony, but also with humour, and before you realise it, you're gyrating and making Ba Da Da Da noises; that's no light recommendation. **Daz Igmeth**

## STARTLED INSECTS

### Curse Of The Pheromones

Antilles Records AN8708 ●● This ain't no avant-garde, this is insecticide! Brought into your living room by the Island-funded Antilles label, this all-instrumental set weaves its subtle charms within a couple of plays.

Alternately driving and sleazy, these ears were particularly attracted to the constantly inventive use of percussion. Great sleeve too. **Alex Bastedo**

## THE STINGRAYS

### Cryptic And Coffee Time

Kaleidoscope kslp 001 **RR C** ●● Having survived countless potential carbon monoxide overdoses, due to their virtually permanent presence in assorted garages over their formative years, these former "Trash Kings" have evolved into a bunch of rather good tunesmiths. Cryptic and Coffee Time, their first long-player for Kaleidoscope, contains 14 self-penned numbers which, although still having that rough and ready edge to them, feature some dangerously good melodies and some decidedly nifty guitar parts.

The album's opener, Behind The Beyond, Love Of A Kind and Burden of Dreams are all remarkably instant. Alec Stingray's lyrics are certainly not throwaways either. For The Stingrays it's a case of coming out of the darkness and into the light of day at long last. **Karen Kent**

## THE TOASTERS

### Pool Shark

Unicorn Records PH2A 5 **NM C** ●●● The Toasters are a nine-piece ska band from the US, and are living proof of the current worldwide revival of the original bluebeat ethic. This is their first UK release and every one of the 11 tracks is guaranteed to get your foot tapping. Infectious melodies coupled with politically astute lyrics, especially on Naked City, show that The Toasters are more than capable of carrying on where The Specials left off. Well worthy of investigation. **Mark Brennan**

## TRASH GROOVE GIRLS

### Vol One: Arbeit, Sport & Spiel

What's So Funny About SF 38 **RR C** ● Colourful primadonna rock from glam trash queens who gradually disappear under a thumping Euro-disco beat. Lyrically and harmonically whippy, the end product is little more than a drum beat. A mini-album that goes nowhere. **TC Wall**

## JOHN TRUBEE AND THE UGLY JANITORS

### Beyond Eternity/Lavender Flesh

Cordelia ERICAT 020 (8 Denis Close, Leicester LE3 6DQ) ●¾ Trubee's former antics with Zoogz Rift are renowned. In true Zappa style, he's maaaaad. The group are weeeeird and they swear on records. Tune in for a total play off of musical styles, check the phone interruptions, but don't try to work out what it's all about. Take medication before hearing, but *do* hear it. **Dave Henderson**

## COLIN LLOYD TUCKER

### Head

Glass Records MCLALP 024 **NM C** ●●½ Hey, this is alright — kind of mind-expanding and danceable simultaneously. Sitar, guitars, keyboards, drums, cellos and even a bit of digeridoo back the voice of Col, who sings about Eating People and Kicking Buddah's Gong. Ziggy-style Bowie flavouring is evident but never actually spoils the taste of this mini-album, chartworthy songs dressed in tacky luminous trousers and cheesecloth socks (?). **Daz Igmeth**

## TUXEDOMOON

### You

Crambo CBOY 9090 **C** ●●● Ex-pats in Brussels, Tuxedomoon have for the best part of this decade married their, originally, jerky, experimental rhythms with Europe's more avant-garde sensibilities, producing an unsettling spread of electronic laments, cabaret dances and brilliant soundtracks for great cities.

Usually Tuxedomoon are possessed by the decaying — moral and physical — condition of their European environment but on You, they've written a wonderful animated cartoon for the ears in the four-part Boxman, eerie but darkly humorous, that almost parodies the alienated tones of their past work. Elsewhere, Tuxedomoon have added luscious, commercial edges to their last-chance dances. **Martin Aston**

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 • GONE • H.R. • HUSKER DU • HENRY KAISER • LAWNDALE • LEAVING TRAINS • MEAT PUPPETS •  
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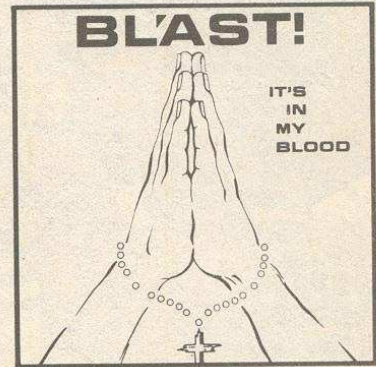
COMPACT  
disc  
DIGITAL AUDIO

SST 060 BLACK FLAG: Who's Got the 10 1/2? (LP/CASS \$7.50 CD \$15.00)  
 This release catches the Flag unfurled one night in Portland, Oregon. LP, 40 minutes, cassette, 70 minutes. Either version has enough flag fury to raise the dead. Contains My War, Loose Nut, and Louie, Louie.



COMPACT  
disc  
DIGITAL AUDIO

SST 100 MEAT PUPPETS: "Mirage" When the deserts become oceans, and the oceans become deserts, Mirage will be the monolith that remains constant. Impervious to the ravages of time, this record is the one that your grandchildren will ask you to play again, and again. Includes: Liquefied, I Am A Machine, and nine others.

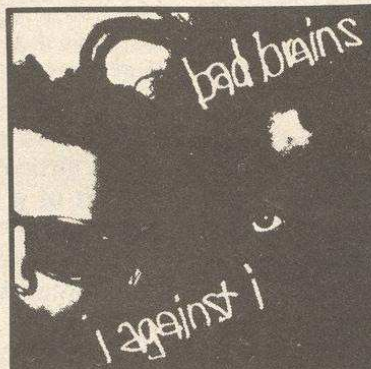


SST 106 BLAST!: It's In My Blood (LP/CASS \$7.50) You say you're bored homeboy? Mr. Rogers gives you more of a kick than the latest "beat it big thing"? Dudes, get blasted with BLAST! The heavier than anything sound of this Santa Cruz quartet will make you do all the things that you ever wanted to.



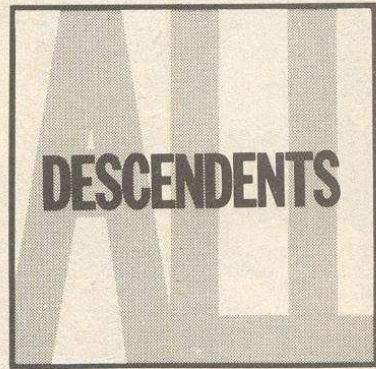
COMPACT  
disc  
DIGITAL AUDIO

SST 079 FIREHOSE: Ragin' Full On Mike, George (FROMTHEMINUTEMEN) and Ed (FROMOHIO) are FIREHOSE. Now, usually, a firehose stops things from burning. This FIREHOSE does the opposite, and will burn your stereo down if it's not closely watched. White hot levels of power and intensity pour through the "HOSE" onto this, their first record.

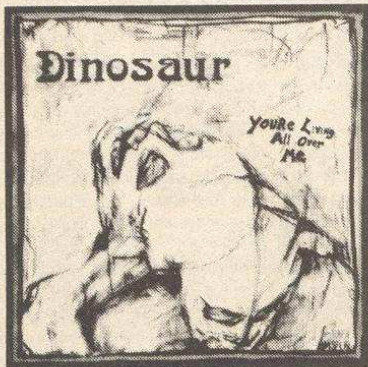


COMPACT  
disc  
DIGITAL AUDIO

SST 065 BAD BRAINS: I Against I Join the world spirit rockers H.R., Dr. Know, Darryl and Earl, as they zero in for the kill on these ten songs. Sacred Love, House of Suffering, and Return To Heaven boil with the heat of righteous fury.



SST 112 DESCENDENTS: (ALL) The Descendents bring it all home for their first SST release "ALL". From the one-second magnum opus of "ALL" to the buzzsaw pop of "Clean Sheets" the rock gods of bonism do not let up on the concept of maximum fun. Faster-than-light guitars from Karl and Steve, clockwork drums from Bal, and the everyman vocals of Milo make this record the best of all. Includes Coolidge and eleven more tough tracks.



SST 130 DINOSAUR: You're Living All Over Me (LP/CASS \$7.50) This band is known for some of the loudest performances known to man. After this record, they will also be known for playing some of the most soulful, heartfelt music around. J Mascis, Lou Barlow and Murph have been crafting their fine form of dynamic raw edged soul just for you. Dig the dig.



SST 110 CRAZY BACKWARDS ALPHABET: Crazy Backwards Alphabet (LP/Cass \$7.50) This record has crazier stuff on it than just it's alphabet. With Henry Kaiser (avant guitar god), a Swedish rock star that sings in Russian, the former bass player for the Dole Dregs (Andy West), and John "Drumbo" French the legendary thumper for Captain Beefheart. What else could you expect? ZZ TOP'S "La Grange" sung in Russian. Power Blues, Exotic outings on ten songs.



SST 125 LAWNDALE: Sasquatch Rock (LP/CASS \$7.50) Strange experiments have been conducted without our knowledge. Deep in the bowels of SST laboratories, Lawndale have created things that were not meant to be heard by mortal man. Using chops learned from their Bigfoot friends, Lawndale have really gone beyond barbecue on this one.

P.O. BOX 1, LAWNDALE, CA 90260

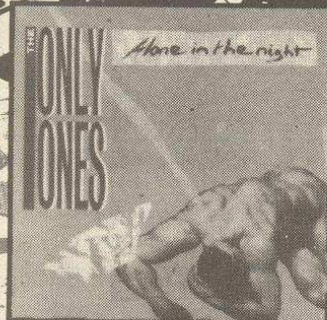
Distributed by Pinnacle



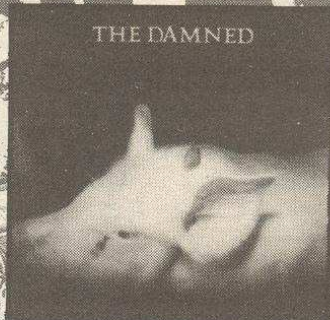
# HOTTER THAN JUNE!

WITH

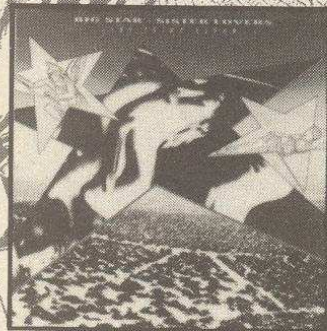
# DOJO RECORDS



**THE ONLY ONES**  
ALONE IN THE NIGHT DOJOLP 43



**THE DAMNED - STRAWBERRIES**  
(LTD. EDITION) PICTURE DISC DOJOPD 46



**BIG STAR - SISTER LOVERS**  
(THE 3RD ALBUM) DOJOLP 55  
ALSO ON COMPACT DISC DOJOCD 55

CASTLE COMMUNICATIONS PLC, UNIT 7, 271 MERTON RD., LONDON SW18 5JS

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Lonely Is An Eyesore

4AD CAD 703 ●●● Seemingly endless aeons in production, this multi-faceted compilation has finally made it to the high street in numerous lavishly presented formats. A cassette pack, CD with booklet, video with book, and LP with excellent booklet or a super deluxe album with booklet and various fold-out pieces.

Fine, but let's get down to the music. It's, well, it's more than this and much more than *that*. Each lovingly crated 4AD person has afforded due care and attention and the result is an exceedingly good compilation that perfectly highlights the hidden depths of the label's style and performance on these previously unreleased tracks.

Colourbox I knew were brilliant soundsmiths in search of a hit, The Wolfgang Press are enticingly fresh — as are Dif Juz...but the finest? Ah, now Throwing Muses, I never dreamt they were so beautifully tempered, so whimsically light, so essential so exceptional. Miss them at your peril, miss this compilation and you'll probably miss the 4AD act that you never realised existed. **Dave Henderson**

## COMPETITION WINNERS

You lucky people who desired the mystery packages of singles from French multi-coloured vinylists X-RAY POP can have them! Yes, Peter Bishop of Chester-Le-Street and Steve Prescott of Emisowrth in Hants both knew that the first outfit to unleash their talents on Rough Trade were the exceptionally electro-punky Metal Urbain. Enjoy your X-Ray's... Yeehaw! The 'win a cardboard box' comp had people scratching their brows the length and breadth of the country. There were five winners of the boxes (which contained 20 spesh items including releases from The Hit Parade, Terry And Gerry, The Membranes, The Lorries, Hula, Chakk and a whole bundle more). The winners were Malc Miller of Lincoln, Gary Reynolds of Houghton-Le-Spring, Kevin Lowe from the West Midlands, David Huitson from Barrow-In-Furness and Peter Edwards from Bebington, Merseyside.

They all knew that, The Red Guitars signed to Virgin, the ex-Cabaret Voltaire member of The Hafler Trio is Chris Watson, The Toy Dolls are from Newcastle, Terry And Gerry's LP was called From Lubbock To Clintwood East, Age Of Chance covered Prince's Kiss, Cath Carroll, from The Hit Parade, also has her own band called Miaow, The Membranes are signed to Homestead in the States, there are four Passmore Sisters, Eugene Chadbourne used to be a member of Shockabilly and Red Lorry Yellow Lorry are now called The Lorries. Phew! Clever bastids!

Oh! To free Ronnie Randall from eternal bondage. Yes, you, the readers, released Ron "The" Randall from a life worse than working for TVAM, by writing in your many trillions to tell us that Pulp are from Sheffield. The first five honch-mon who revealed such tat get a copy each of Pulp's new album, Freaks... and they are Paul Furniss from Derby, Lamontina Cranston from Nairn, Kent Ragnarsson from Gothenburg, Shan Samuel from Port Talbot and Paul from Eccleshall in Staffs.

So, let's get Cooking! Three questions on the Cooking Vinyl way of cooking beans and burgers gave us three winners of the label's catalogue, and they are Mark Graham from Hexham, J Peverall from Liverpool and Steve Owens from Powys. They knew that Gerard Langley was also in The Blue Aeroplanes, as well as collaborating with Ian Keirey, that Clive Greeson was formerly in Any Trouble, and that Michelle Shocked's Campfire Tapes LP was recorded at the Quiet Valley Ranch Kerville Festival in East Texas. There are also 20 runners up of CV's The Cutting Edge and we'll be getting to you all in good time.

ART OF THE MONTH: Lonely Is An Eyesore >

91 UNDERGROUND



## CUTTING WITH THE CABLE BREAK

### TWELVE 88 CARTEL

#### We Encourage Resistance

Bite Back BB 004 **RTS** ●● Neat cassette-only package from this south coast outfit whose potential and performance has only been noticed in terms of upper-reaches-of-the-iceberg proportions, so far. Atmospheric to metallic and assertive at the drop of a crowbar, Twelve 88 are worth watching out for and this a good place to get the first dose. Excellent. **Dave Henderson**

### FRANCISCO ULLOA

#### Merengue

Globestyle ORB 020 **P** ●¾ Dominican Republic accordion music that sounds just as mad as that brief explanatory jibe suggests. This is music made by chanting nutcases, yucca-grating dudes and honchoes with drums slung over their shoulder. Wild and ultra-crazed stuff that's probably as ordinary as Mrs Mills on home ground. Still, in downtown Camden it's shirts rolled to the sleeve and 12 litres of alcoholic sludge all round. Caramba. **Dave Henderson**

### UT

#### Conviction

Blast First OUTRO 3 **RT C** ●● Re-released from last year to co-incide with the new live LP. Sparse, awkward woman-noise peopled with sprawling sexual metaphors. Rock 'n' roll this is not. Words and music don't always gel, partly because UT don't do anything easy, but with the lyric sheet in front of you UT are by bursts compelling. **Russell Brown**

### VARIOUS

#### Alternate Cake

NATO nato 824 (Essex Record Distributors, 71 High St, Billericay, Essex CM12 9AS) ●● There is even less room than normal to complain about the rugged continuity of most compilation albums when it's the avant-garde you are dealing with. Alternate Cake scoops up some of the left-over pickings from around the French indie's table — some of them live cuts from The Chantenay Festival (an annual knees-up for the 'outness' tendency), a solitary re-recording of something that's already out, and quite a few studio out-takes. The key word is "wayward" — try British Summertime Ends' cover of Running Bear; some tropical forest atmospherics from the stray Frank Chicken Kazuko Hohkl; some devilish sax manoeuvres from improviser Lol Coxhill; and the rough-cut freeform of guitarists Jean Herve-Peron and post-punk finger-shredder Arto Lindsay. Not everything is essential, but there are certainly more ripe bits than rotten ones for your four quid. **David Ilic**

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

#### Beyond The Wildwood

Imaginary ILLUSION 001 **FF C** ●½ Unpredictable records, these tributes, as love and devotion can so easily block out real musical innovation. This indie-band tribute to Syd Barrett is the equivalent of a fan letter — an endearing declaration of faithfulness that's worthy, inspiring, awkward and disappointing.

The Barrett song has to be one of the most unique, and you can either slip into its silhouette as some unfortunately do, or instead imbibe its intoxication and *climb on up*, like Opal's stunning adaptation of Jugband Blues, Tropical Fishtank's No Man's Land or The Shamen's Long Gone. Elsewhere, everyone has obviously loved being Syd for a song, but I fear that such alchemy can only really be practised by sorcerers, not their apprentices. **Martin Aston**

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

#### Bugs On The Wire

Foghorn Leghorn/Skysaw SAW 3 **RR** ●● Fine compilation culled from selections by Radio Lancs' Steve Barker. Diverse styles and presentation make for a never ending treat, an ear scratching trip through musical genres and a more than worthwhile set of namechecks on the sleeve.

From The Fall to It's Immaterial, right back through The Riverside Trio, General Strike and The Suns Of Arqa with Prince Far I, this is a real treat. **Dave Henderson**

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

#### The Dotted Line (Here)

EMI EMI EE3530 ●½ Because of EMI's involvement in both this and '77s Roxy LP, you can draw a parallel and guess what'll go down ten years on. The Roxy had a swell narrow band of wired-up punks who fathered the independent network that, in part, you can hear right here. But, as a cross-section of current Brit-Indies, this is too much of a letdown. Not that it's awful — Dave Howard, Blue Aeroplanes, The Jack Rubies, We Free Kings and Aslan are all worthwhile providers, but that's the trouble, it's *worthy*, not rivetting, exciting or essential. The two major-league dotted-liners, Voice Of The Beehive (since gone to London) and Crazyhead (on the verge, surely) are both disappointingly flat. Maybe this does sum up the state of British mainstream independence. You've at least got diverse rock/pop/folk/funk fractions which is healthy, but what will the children of The Dotted Line sound like in 1997? I wonder. **Martin Aston**

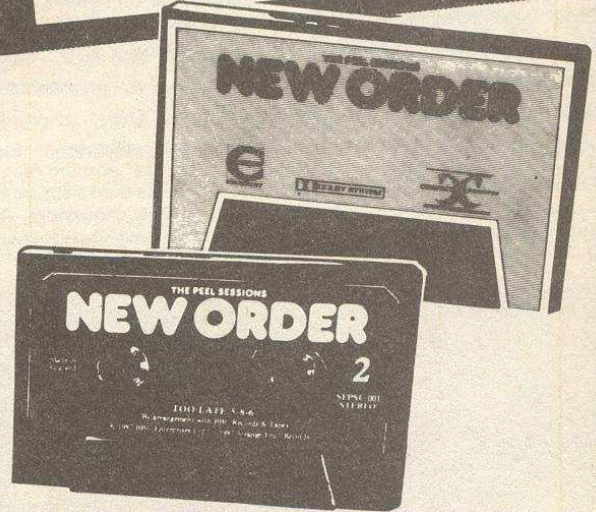
## THE PEEL SESSIONS

### On Compact Chrome Cassette

In response to public demand Strange Fruit Records are pleased to announce the release of the first twelve "session" EP's on Compact Chrome Cassette — each at the same price as the vinyl equivalent.

#### First 12 releases:-

- SFPS001 NEW ORDER (1.6.82)
- SFPS002 DAMNED (10.5.77)
- SFPS003 THE SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS (24.7.84)
- SFPS004 STIFF LITTLE FINGERS (12.9.78)
- SFPS005 SUDDEN SWAY (16.11.83)
- SFPS006 WILD SWANS (1.5.82)
- SFPS007 MADNESS (14.8.79)
- SFPS008 GANG OF FOUR (9.1.79)
- SFPS009 THE WEDDING PRESENT (11.2.86)
- SFPS010 TWA TOOTS (22.10.83)
- SFPS011 THE RUTS (14.5.79)
- SFPS012 SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES (29.11.77)



### This month's new 12" releases

#### BILLY BRAGG

A NEW ENGLAND  
STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN  
THIS GUITAR SAYS SORRY  
LOVE GETS DANGEROUS  
FEAR IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND  
A13, TRUNK ROAD TO THE SEA

SFPS027

#### THE FALL

PUT AWAY  
MESS OF MY  
NO XMAS FOR JOHN KEY  
LIKE TO BLOW

SFPS028

#### GIRLS AT OUR BEST

CHINA BLUE  
THIS TRAIN  
GETTING BEAUTIFUL WARM  
GOLD FAST FROM NOWHERE

SFPS029

#### REDSKINS

UNIONIZE  
REDS STRIKE THE BLUES  
KICK OVER THE STATUES  
THE PEASANT ARMY

SFPS030

17 UNDERGROUND

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**

**Dr Death's Volume One**

C'est La Mort CLM 001 (Box 91, Baker, La 70714, USA) ●●● Fine ten track set culled from the networked US radio show, Dr Death. Moody and melancholy stuff that straddles all points (pop through pain, melody through mystery) and includes fine offerings from Throwing Muses, Rash Of Stabbings, Room Nine, Breathless, Lung Overcoat, M-1 Alternative and more. Well worth investing in. **Dave Henderson**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**

**Hip Hop 16**

Dance Music/Streetsounds ELCST 16 ●● Nine track seminal sweatbox of sounds liberally splattered with hard dance cuts as diverse (but essential) as The Classical Two's New Generation, Marley Marl's He Cuts So Fresh, MC Shy D's Rap Will Never Die (Part II) and the World Class Wreckin' Cru's Cabbage Patch. Still the safest place to get the best sounds for the most economical outlay. **Dave Henderson**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**

**Let The Pigeons In**

FruX FRLP 2 ● 1/2 Four bands with different ideas and varying quality. Half of this comp shows promise, suggests illusions, images and creation, while half lacks dynamics, power in performance and production. There are six tracks from Belgium's Bene Gesserit who trip the light fantastic in a world alive with nursery rhyme scary monsters and big rhythms. From France, DDAA supply one long piece which fondles the backwaters of the mind in a troublesome vibrating manner leaving the two could-do-betters, We Be Echo and Iham Echo, to struggle with lacklustre sound and less than new ideas. Interesting but not as testing as it should be. **TC Wall**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**

**Red Wave**

Big Time ZL 71331 After the press dazzle of smuggling tapes, four bands from behind the iron curtain, music with "no borders" and the rest, the four enclosed Russian combos come out as nothing more than a future book and film story for Jane Fonda. The acts included, Kino, Aquarium, Alisa and Strange Games, play bland westernised pap. Sad. **Dave Henderson**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**

**Raw Cuts Volume 3: The German Underground**

Satellite Records RAW 3 ● 1/2 Not the raw, punk scene, rather the indie pop brigade; witness some great country/chart moments from the likes of The Legendary Golden Vampires, The Nirvana Devils, The Beatitudes, Shiny Gnomes, Broken Jug, The Chud and Dizzy Satellites. Only when Les Black Carnations slaughter VU's What Goes On? do things become torpid. The rest of the time we're dodging a Rain Of Death or being subjected to Love Torture, Under The Green Sun on Some Foreign Shore and digging it. Fifteen goodies and one baddy isn't a bad average ya know. Bloody good actually. **Daz Igyemeth**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**

**Seeds III: Rock**

Cherry Red BRED 78 ● Quite what this third volume of Cherry Red's Seeds series is trying to prove remains a mystery, being no more a collection of influential rock masterpieces than any random 13 singles of the last decade plucked from any sizeable record collection. The exceptions come in the first ten minutes: Rudi's Big Time being the first post-punk pop record out of Northern Ireland (and still one of the greatest), and Dexy's Midnight Runners' Dance Stance sounding as pure, clean and emotionally charged as the first day I heard it.

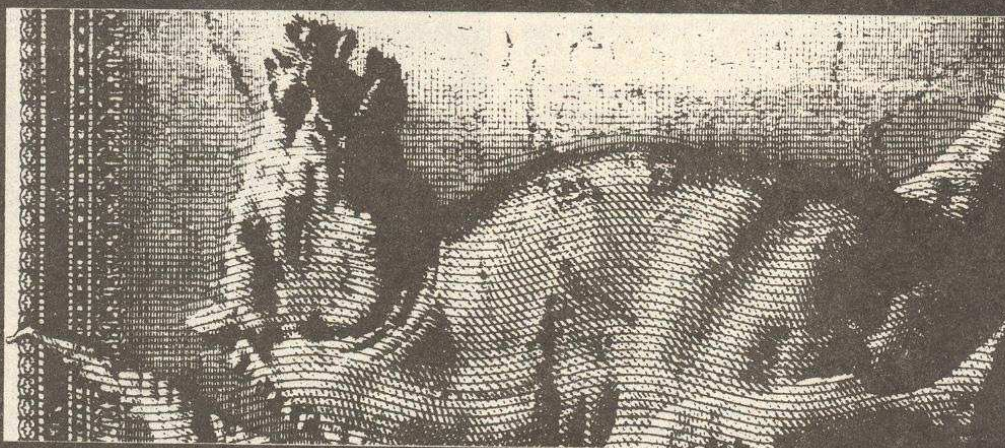
Otherwise, Seeds fluctuates between third division promotion candidates and those doomed to permanent non-league status. Though the GI\*xo Babies, Wasted Youth and The Monochrome Set all strive to rescue this operation, their task is hopeless. **Tony Fletcher**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**

**Smack My Crack**

Giorno Poetry Systems GPS 038 ● 1/2 Being an old bore at heart, I kind of liked John Giorno's albums when they mixed the prose and poets from weird street, with the odd left field combo thrown in to make up the numbers. Burroughs, Laurie Anderson and the like made for different listening. Smack My Crack, although in itself quite good, is nothing more than a clearing house for the bizarre and Bizzare acts of recent times. On show are Neubauten, the gorgeous Butthole Surfers, Diamanda Galas, Swans, Burroughs, Giorno, some bod called Tom Waits, Nick Cave, Blondie boyfriend Chris Stein on a YMO workout, and an awful yawn from Chad And Susan. Waits wins hands down for talking his way through, the rest passes (the quicker the better). **Dave Henderson**

**· IN · THE · NURSERY ·**



**s t o r m h o r s e**

AVAILABLE ON ALBUM (SAX 021) AND CASSETTE (SAXC 021)



81 UNDERGROUND

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Super Stars Hit Parade Vol. 3

Live & Love LALPO11 **LR** ●● The practice of a single rhythm track serving a whole album is long established in reggae and this perky digital dancehall sample realises some spirited performances from the likes of Pinchers, Jose Wales, Super Black, Johnny Osbourne, Little John, with honourable mentions for an in form Cornell Campbell relating Mix Up Family antics, newcomer Anthony Maluo castigating Bad Minded People, an hilarious, riotous Wear Yuh Size from Lt Stitchie. Producer Prince Jammy turns round these computer rhythms so swiftly that their genesis is sometimes obscure, though there are claims for Admiral Bailey's Politician hit as the original version of this, but which is curiously omitted here. **Evelyn Court**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### What Are You Doing About That Hole In Your Head?

Rot Records HOLE IN 1 **RR C** ●●½ Here we go, here we go — slamin' all over the world. Seventeen extremely noisy and fast punky/metallic delights collected from various parts of Earth, including vicious music from Brazil, Finland, Sweden, Germany, the USA and Little USA (UK).

Alright, when some geezer is screaming Pooklestar, Pooklestar! its not exactly a jab in the conscience, but then this *is* entertainment. **Daz Igmymeth**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Wide Open

Cracked Records CRAK 1 **FF C** ●● Competent comp which focuses a bleary eye on Leith, Edinburgh. Many a tangent is covered, all with credit but some with more panache than their citymates. The choice is entirely the listeners as the heavy headbutts run rampant, and spoon-players in league with The Fall face up against fonkers who should know better. Top marks to the unique sound of Jackhammer, a blood rush from Acoustic Youth and a great name mention for The New York Pig Funkers. **Dave Henderson**

## VIRGIN PRUNES

### The Hidden Lie

Baby BABY 008 **P** ●½ The Prunes in tatters perform live and come out of it all sounding quite tame. The lads in loincloths who used to smother themselves in all sorts of stuff have been caught in the act in Paris (6/6/86), the style of rock with theatrical delivery, the end result, a well produced rock album that fails to transcend into absurd-land. A good version of Lou Reed's Lady Day further confuses the issue, but still it all sounds like they're treading water. **Johnny Eager**

## THE VYLLIES

### Sacred Games

Fun After All AFTER 4 **P** ●● Enchanting synth/keyboards based sounds which inhabit a region that lies between commercial dancefloor and stranger classical shades and abstractions. Three women; Ursula Nun, Ilona Prism and Manu Moan produce a tasteful combination of sweet yet strange songs. Moody but danceable and, due to their Swiss nationality, the vocals are endowed with an attractive accent. Synthipop with brains and aesthetic value. **Mmmmm. Daz Igmymeth**

## AIDAN WALSH

### The Life Story of My Life

Kaleidoscope kslp 002 **RR C** Aidan Walsh has a problem. He thinks he's funny, and so, apparently, do such previously sane notables as Dublin's The Golden Horde and Stars Of Heaven, according to the accompanying notelet. This LP, a would-be vinyl autobiography, is an appalling mess of chronic cover versions (Do The Hucky Buck and Do The Hokey Cokey); rapping/spoken lyrics over a dubious rock backing track (I Am Aidan and Have You Ever Given Money Away) and a particularly nauseous little ditty entitled Kissing And Eating With Women (all about how he needs to eat meat to score with the opposite sex).

Side two is rather more — ahem — conceptual. Mr. Walsh giggles, grunts and wheezes his way through a selection of self-obsessed and self-congratulatory set pieces — tongue-in-cheek it is *NOT*.

This man is a cult figure? Am I missing the joke? **Karen Kent**

## THE WOODS

### It's Like This

Demon Records Fiend 93 **P** ●¾ A perusal of the sleeve reveals that The Woods are an American three piece from somewhere in Carolina, and a member of the Georgia Satellites appears on the album. Despite these encouraging signs, it must be said that It's Like This falls slightly short of being unbelievably brilliant, perhaps because it's just a little *too* traditional in its outlook. I had hoped to be reminded of REM or The dB's. Instead I found myself thinking back to The Outfield, who's AOR rock has found great favour in the American charts. **Julian Henry**

## YOUTH OF TODAY

### Break Down The Walls

Wishing Well Records (Box 9417 Fountain Valley CA92728 U.S.A.) ●● There are two "street" underground musical cultures thriving in the States at the moment — namely new ska and hardcore. Youth Of Today are leading lights on the US hardcore scene. Hardly a subject is left untouched on this 12 track LP. The government, the family, you name it, *they* hate it and with each song lasting about one and a half minutes, they don't mince words either. **Mark Brennan**

# UG RECORD SHOP

Not only can *Underground* by purchased from your local newsagent, but the following discerning record shops can also supply you with a copy. No browsing thru now . . .

**AK RECORDS**, Savoy Centre, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, **EAR 'ERE RECORDS**, 14 Market Entrance, Lancaster, Lancs, **GOLDRUSH RECORDS**, 9 Kinnock Street, Perth, **HENDERSON'S THE VINYL WORD**, Fore Street Centre, Fore Street, Exeter, Devon, **JUMBO RECORDS**, 402 Merion Centre, Leeds, **LIZARD RECORDS**, 12 Lowergoat Lane, Norwich, Norfolk, 1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen, **RAINBOW RECORDS**, 80 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, **ROUGH TRADE**, 130 Talbot Road, London W11, **RYTHMIC RECORDS**, 2 Hamilton Gate, Greenock, Renfrewshire, **SELECTA DISC**, 21 Market Street, Nottingham, **SIGNALS RECORDS & TAPES**, Shop Unit One, Cornhill Exchange Building, Cornhill, Lincoln, **SPINADISC RECORDS**, 19a Abington Square, Northampton **TV & RADIO SERVICES**, 123 Victoria Road, Horley, Surrey, **VIRGIN MEGASTORE**, 14 Oxford Street, London W1, **VIRGIN RECORDS**, 527 Oxford Street, London W1, **ZIP-PO MUSIC**, 39 Clapham Park Road, London SW4.

And if you're an *extremely* badhead record emporium and you're not on this list • Get wise! • Word out (and up), 'phone Syliva Calver on 01-854 2200 or Eric Fuller on 01-387 6611 and we'll make it easy for you (and make you some cash).



# BIG COMP THREAT!

(plus straw poll and prying eye questionnaire)

Yep, pardners, you can win the first 50 (yes fifty) Peel sessions by working out which will be Peel Session number 50. Could it be **The Normil Hawaiians**, could it be **The Sid Presley Experience**, could it be **X Ray Spex**, could it be **The Jesus And Mary Chain**. Who knows? (Definitely not the Strange Fruit label at the mo!) Anyway, all you've got to do is guess what you think the 50th release will be, fill in the other leading personal/disgusting questions and send it all in to Underground Session, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 as soon as you like, well, before July 9. For three runners up there'll be sets of the first 12 sessions on groovy cassette (they include glorious outbursts by **The Wedding Present**, **New Order**, **Twa Toots**, **Gang Of Four**, **Siouxsie And The Banshees**, **Madness**, **The Ruts**, **Wild Swans**, **Screaming Blue Messiahs**, **The Damned**, **Stiff Little Fingers** and **Sudden Sway**) as if you didn't know.



The 50th Peel Sesh will be by \_\_\_\_\_

Where do you live at the mo? (tick one) ? ?

Rented house/flat

Your own home/flat

With parents

College/school accom

Are you . . . (tick one)

In full-time employment

At school

At college/university

Unemployed

please add full name and address (so you can win)

Sex \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_



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Desires (at her closest)

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Singles this month reviewed by Tony Fletcher, Johnny Eager, Daz Igymeth, TC Wall, Ian B Bourne, Dave Henderson, Martin Aston, Chris Hunt, Ronnie Randall, Karen Kent, Julian Henry, Pot Pooton, Bobby Charlton, Eusebio and their mates...

**A BETTER MOUSETRAP** The Road To Kingdom Come

**Cuddly RR C** This particular brand of mousetrap succeeds in catching its prey with a bait too intriguing to completely ignore. The Road To Kingdom Come is five minutes of cartoon-style bravado, a mostly acoustic ramble that falls short of true glory due to its tweezeness. From Cleethorpes via their new home in Wembley, A Better Mousetrap may not be contenders but they should have no trouble raising a smile on their travels. **TF**

**A HOUSE** Snowball Down Rip **RR C** Wow, even betterer than their mucho-applauded Kick Me Again Jesus, Snowball Down is the kind of infectious pop that'll rattle through 1,000 car stereos as they queue for a parking space at the drive in. Well, it's great pop anyway, a pulsing charmer and worthy of serious chart action. **JE**

**ALIEN SEX FIEND** The Impossible Mission Anagram **P** Insert your green plastic fangs and get down to the latest sexbeat; a rock 'n' roll stomp with cut-ups of dialogue from *Mission Impossible* stitched on. Razor guitar slices through and keyboard swirl; bleep and go squelch. My Brain Is In The Cupboard - Above The Kitchen Sink is the delightful offering on side two. Grungy music, grungy vocals; great gungel **DI**

**ARKA** In Paradisum Skysaw **RR C** AKA Suns of Arqa, Arka opt to fuse opera with dub reggae and come out smelling sweetly weird. Odd, whimsical but ultimately cutting and perceptive. **DI**

**BABY LEMONADE** Secret Goldfish Narodnik **EE C** Sweet-tooth pop from scrambled funsters, north of the border. Paisley and pastiche make way for a purist melody line and some warm-fire crooning. Why, they've even got a Warhol-esque t-shirt or two in their ranks. **TCW**

**BALHAM ALLIGATORS** Let's Dance Delivery/Topic **P** This single's got the lot. A classic covered in hot cajun sauce, a happy noise collection of soaring accordion, swinging beats, French singing, even some Frenchified Beastie-style twatted rapping. Edgy and raw, the single takes us to Scotland and Lafayette, with fiddly folkling, rolling drums and fine geeetar picking. Dance or die. **IBD**

**THE BEATMASTERS FEATURING THE COOKIE CREW** Rok Da

House Rhythm King **RR C** Jumpy and sweaty uptempo beat fodder with the Cookie's chattering, and a relentless rhythm holding it all together. Dancefloors may never be the same again. **TCW**

**THE BEAT POETS** Glasgow, Howard, Missouri 53rd & 3rd

**EE C** Neater-than-life surf sounds from The Beat Poets. Instrumentally yours in a kind of ghetto version of the Shads or The Ventures with a caffeine overdose. **DH**

**THE BELOVED** Surprise Me Flim Flam **P** Final coming of age for The Beloved, whose style previously has never quite been realised. Here, the distinctive electronic and melodic pop edge works on an eight minute blow out, on 12 inch, with subtle Madonna sampling, Depeche Mode commercialism and New Order power rhythms. Surprise me is a classic. **DH**

**THE BIG GUN** Heard About Love Hi-Fibre **EE C** Chirpy pop music for scooter riding soulsters who've escaped the Kamen trap for pastures more wholesome. The BG's have some atuned edges, a good delivery and a strong song in Heard. Next step? Stardom, or never ending obscurity with more than a few smiles along the way. **DH**

**BIG ZAP!** Psychedelic Shack **TIM B C** Classy reworking of the Temptations' standard featuring renegades from The Jennifers, Bomb Party, Gaye Bykers and Cool Notes. Phlegmy and quite souled out (with more than a snatch of commercial potential). **DH**

**THE BLOW UP** Good For Me Creation **EE C** Sixties, schmixties. OK, what's good for me? Opening strains of silt-bashing and a candy-sweet undertow of Merseybeat pop aren't bad for anyone's health but The Blow Up sound routine, lackadaisical, more calculating than creating. So they have goodish taste. A letdown. **MA**

**BILLY BRAGG** Peel Session Strange Fruit **P** The Bard Of Barking used to be young, naive and green-gilled Billy Bragg in July 1983, more personal than polemical troubadour. The in-built spontaneity and verve of these six tracks of prime, raw-livered Bragg, with a brazen cover of John Cale's Fear among them, makes No. 27 one of the most affecting and valuable of this series. **MA**

**BROMPTON COCKTAIL** Sally Blind Date **FAA** Woolly underproduced underachievement from pointy-toed rockmen whose chord-play lacks the spit and polish of accessibility. Hesitant debut tones. **TC W**

**BUBBLEGUM SPLASH** Plastic Smile Subway Records **RA** Emotionless vocals whine through a song that tries so hard to swing. But it's Jerry Bullt pop and you can see the joints! **CH**

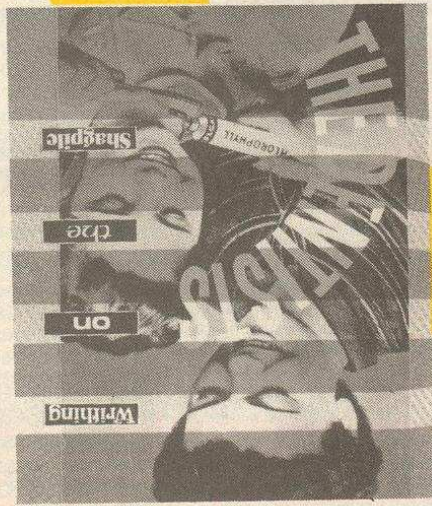
**CATAPULT** Summary STS (39, North Rd, London N7) Moody, hypnotic, embracing and reasonably "hitting". Catapult aren't an outrageous noise assault, as their name might imply, but a layered sound-escape begging lush relaxation and eventual smothering warmth. Pretty good, huh? **TC W**

**CITY GIANTS** Little Next To Nothing Give It A Blast (277 Valley Rd, London SW16 2AB) Britto single from a new crew who couldn't write a press release if you paid them. Powerful melodies coupled with a more than confident vocal delivery. Expect more and investigate. **TC W**

**THE CLOUDS** Village Green Subway Records **RA** Buzz-saw guitars and the proverbial three minute pop song show that The Clouds are set to give the Soup Dragons a run for their money in the Wish It Could Be 1978 Again stakes. Essential listening. **CH**

**THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS** What A Girl Wants Cold Harbour Scatty poppating radio stuff with a great harmonica break, a smoochy backbeat and Rik Mayall in the vid. Radio action and a potential charter. **JE**

**DADA** Pearl Dadisk **RA** Dodgy name that hardly befits this sweet pop (electronic melody and nice verse/chorus) sound. Nice haircuts and radio play potential. **TC W**



**THE DENTISTS** Writing On The Shagpie Tambourine **RA** five track bargain from Medway's finest balladeers. Though Writing isn't the most pertinent Dentists effort on show, the lads from the striped stuff show their teeth on some neat pop that soon leaves the jingle-jangle back in the closet. Pop with poise, no less. **DH**

**JEGSY DODD AND THE SONS OF HARRY CROSS** The Jewel In The Flat Cap Probe Plus **PP** Poet laureat by the year 2000, that's Jegs. Five scorching songs (!) ram-jammed with vicious, painful insight. The Jewel refers to the Industrial North being like part of the old British Empire. There's a wallow in the plight of Liverpool on Always The Bridesmaid, then there's a haunting, harmonica-accompained, 8,000 Miles Away about the real victims of the Falklands war, the widows. This man's a hero, arise Sir deggy. **RR**

**THE DOONICANS** The Doonicians EP Probe Plus **PP** To maintain tradition, you don't have to be traditional, as The Doonicians show how. This is truly modern folk. Top cut Fisherwoman's Life experiment with a mesh of joyous voices, shuddering drums, discordant guitars and bold time signatures. Elsewhere, pennywhistling jigs are bookended with Pretty Vacant and The Specialists' Gangsters riffs. It's no novelty, just vibrantly innovative. **MA**

**EGYPTIAN KINGS** Peppermint Cream Native **RR** Tepid American rock that'd do just fine on CBS, with a copy of Rolling Stone stuffed under its arm. Here it looks set to disappear somewhat unremarkably. **JE**

**THE FALL** Peel Session Strange Fruit **P** November '78 and The Fall are fist clenching under a different banner. No pop here, as squidgy organ and Mark E muffle any possible commercial potential. More power-ful and emotional, though. Stripped to the bone as The Fall always should be. **TC W**

**FEAR OF DARKNESS** Lay Me Down Sugar Shack **RA** Bristol-based Fear Of Darkness look and sound like one of those groups that enters Battle Of The Bands competitions. Lay Me Down, despite a Steven Street production, is a very average single — positively Steele-Spanish in the chorus. Things improve slightly on the two B-side tracks, but otherwise nothing out of the ordinary. **KK**

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## SPARKING IN THE 6K ZONE

**THE FIVE YEAR PLAN** Hit The Bottle Breakdown **RC** Gilt-edged, bracing pop from Bristol that sounds like a more springy Wolfhounds (Hit The Bottle) and a much more inspiring angle on the female-fronted Scottish indiepop with a spinetingling build-up of reverberating guitars at the end. Curious, and gorgeous, with not a trace of indie-plagiarism in sight. **MA**

**FOLK DEVILS** The Best Protection Beggars Banquet Strangley off-the-wall, maybe even Ron Johnson-esque, explosions from Folk Devils. Their saxy sleaziness and growled vocals are given extra vim on this uptempo, breakneck chordplay. Smartish. **JE**

**GIRLS AT OUR BEST** The Peel Sessions Strange Fruit **P** Girls At Our Best were a delightful band who recorded (in '80/'81) some of the finest pop moments to grace many a record collection. Their infectious tunes and naive enthusiasm should have won them mass appeal, but instead they were exiled to the domain of the new-wave pop aficionado. Judy Evans' delicious out-of-step vocals still appeal and the medley of their first three singles ('A' and 'B' sides) that appears here is a fitting tribute to a fine band. **CH**

**THE GROOVE FARM** In The Summertime Raving Pop Blast **RC** Lodged deftly in the twangy world of stripey pop, The Groove Farm play it for kicks and never quite manage to transcend the fun school and wacky wackness. Good tunes but no killer punch...lasting all the same, though. **JE**

**GUANA BATZ** Rock The Town **ID** Full-blooded live work-out that stays almost completely faithful to the Stray Cats original, with all the usual yelling and stamping of feet that you would expect from a group like the Batz. **JH**

**HARD CORPS** Lucky Charm Rhythm King **RT** On one hand, you can talk about trans-Europe disco ethics, or more likely on the other, a corceous Kraftwerk-meets-Propaganda-in-heaven swoon that, in one swoop, knocks 95 per cent of all known ZTT germs off the shelf. **MA**

**THE HEARTBEATS** Can't Let Go Core **FE** A long lush grind which spirals to infinity without really attaining anything in the zone of highs and lows. A decisively numb disc that's quite catchy and infectious but totally forgettable. Strange. **JE**

**THE HEART THROBS** Toy InTape **RT** The Hearties homage to Buzzcockery finally gets a mucho delayed release and sounds remarkably Buzzcockish. Neat, tuneful, songworthy...but isn't it all just a little too late? **JE**

**HEX/FEED YOUR HEAD** Nothing Ventured Nothing Gained EP Words of Warning **RC** Two bands, four tracks, £1.30, and is this what they call punk rock nowadays? Both bands suffer from sadly hackneyed post-goth-punk guitar, a shame since the vocals are sound, and the songs all bounce along, throbbing, direct, to the point. Still, no adrenalin rush lads. **IBB**

## THE GODDAM BLEEDING METEORS HAVE A NEW BLOODY SINGLE OUT CALLED GO BUDDY GO

Er, yeah, well y'know The Stranglers did it first, but The Met's have a t-shirt with the design from their single bag all over it. Yeeeeeeps. And you can win one of these t-shirts, all you've got to do is tell us which Strangler went to pris? Write it on a postie and send it to Ug/you're nicked, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 to arrive no later than July 5.

## TINGLE IN THE LOVE TRIANGLE

### THE HOLLOW MEN Gold And Ivory Evensong **RR** **C**

Mmmm...lots in here. Violin gives way to carefully noisy guitar gives way to harmonica gives way to twinkling keyboards as the song sways along underneath them. All the mood seems to have made the singer a wee bit shy but it's still a good 'un, a bit like one of the Stranglers' quiet ones with the AOR taken out. Dreamy, like. **RB**

**HONEYMOON IN GREEN** Eve Rampant **RT** **C** Left-field psychepop, as Australia currently knows how. Eve is a swaying somnabulist of a song, dense and eerie, propelled by nagging string synths and a heaving rhythm. **MA**

### HOT 'N' HORRID Tourists Make The Trees Grow **TIM** **B** **C**

The sound of "rockin'" Windermere comes headlong into the world on a deshevelled skat version of life, seen through rose-tinted goggles. The Hotties play folk on the track to hip-hop, just around the corner from Heaven 17 jamming with Nyah Fearties, they're one of those exasperating conglomerates who make you want to go out and do, er, something. **DH**

**DAVE HOWARD SINGERS** Yon Yonson Hallelujah **RT** **C** Big hearted Dave - the last remaining Singer - with some neat and finely honed dance noise concerning the near legendary Yon Yonson - the man from Wisconsin. Mean sound with echoes of hip-hopping eccentricities and all that jive. Miss this one at your peril, Beryl! **TC W**

**IN EMBRACE** What's Got Into Me Glass **TM** **C** Back from a fit of loveborn depression, the In Embrace young romantics opt for an airy skank sound topped with a harmonious verse/chorus hook. Warranting airplay, in need of sunshine to really hit...and a long way from their dour depressing days. **DH**

**JACKDAW WITH CROWBAR** Monarchy, Mayhem and Fishpaste Ron Johnson **NM** Four diverse fragmented, and seemingly unrelated, pieces from a combo with a great monicker. Dis-jointed in parts, as only RJ sons and daughters know how, the Jackdaws play dub reggae, Beefheart punk, filmic nightmare music and definitely won't get on the Mike Read show. **DH**

**JUNK** Messiahs Of Pop Raunch Native **RR** **C** Loud and troublesome guitar afterburn from Junk's new 12, which updates their album of last year, with an ugly brand of "rock" that's polished to sparkling excellence by simple self-flagellation. Hard. **TC W**

**KABBALA** Ashewo AraInk **NM** **C** Remixed and restructured to encapsulate the tribal drum-heavy dance beats of trendy sleazoid clubland, Kabbala's honkin' jazz-pop floats haphazardly, hovers above your head and makes the dancefloor turn head over heels. Moving and pushy, a beat that should never end. **TCW**

**KALIMA** Weird Feelings Factory Records **P** Recorded in Stockholm, but it sounds more like it comes from a Cuban jazz bar. Delicious vocals from Ann Quigley, delivered just on the sunny side of The Girl From Ipanema. **JH**

**THE KLINK** Fear Antler **RR** **C** Belgian dance extroverts on a massively warped disc (wrapped neatly in incisive surgical sleeve). Pulsing Eurobeat in sub-Cabs mode that throbs and vibrates itself into oblivion. Loud and temple grinding. **TC W**

**LOCOMOTIVE LATENIGHT** Out Of Range **KDY** **FF** **C** Streaming full-ahead dance pop from north of the border. Shaking a plenum at neo-commercialism and radio play, the LL's break into a pop symphony and look likely to attain mucho cash in the long run. Look out for this one. **JE**

**LOOP** Spinning Head **Re** **C** More spiralling guitar splurge from psyche-Wire-Ramones-on-barbs team. Struggling through the undergrowth of pop inaccessibility, Spinning is a headful worth inhaling. **DH**

**THE MATTER COMPANY** Merchant Train Of Thought (33 Warwick Road, Worthing) The Matter Company are two surreal groups - I Penal Colony who offer Thug Activity (from barking angst to the rotting control room) and Smog by Suum Cuique (rolling along on an old blues groove while sweetly sketched female vocals emerge stage left from the swamplands of a Teeside chemical plant). Harsh, insistent, and very, very slick. **RR**

**THE MOODISTS** The Moodists EP T.I.M. Records 12MoT5 Four doses of The Moodists courtesy of a new EP. More swirling reflections of life to make your head spin. My favourite's Somebody To Love, a Twist And Shout start reels off into avenues of haunting images and melancholy with a machine gun chorus. On top of that, there's the sad tale of Hey Little Gary, the mellow It Takes A Thief and the pounding Someone's Got To Give. A platter worth bending an ear for. **PP**

**MOOD SIX** I Saw The Light Cherry Red **P** Bland reworking of the Todd Rundgren "hit" which adds little to the originals' bubblegum-rock style. The Six are better than this, but the charts beckon, and the string quartet flipside version is far superior. **JE**

**MOUTH** Love Me Or I'll Kill You Bruise (11 Stanton Hse, Thames ST, SE10) Awful teetering A side is saved by a miraculously powerful flip called The Face Of Inhumanity. Somewhere there's a tongue in cheek laughing in squeaky '60s beat style over a doomed out production. Manic guitar and what sounds like a harpsichord make for a scorching alternative cut. **DH**

**NUTMEG** And In England, They're Going Mental Molesworth **B/C** To what are Nutmeg referring to? In Cambridgeshire, they're going mental because this sounds like a concept single scripted by Prince Charles via The Goons. Based on old Doors and Seeds riffs, produced for school open day, it's that weird. **MA**

**PASSION FODDER** Luz Blanca Beggars Banquet Tall skinny Americans based in France and craving T Rex guitar sounds, Television immortality and rock excess and success. A UK 12 inch following their Upright licensed LP and preceding the excellent Fat Tuesday double. Check them. **DH**

**PULP** Master Of The Universe Fire **NM/C** The end of Pulp phase three, so the rumour goes, and a throaty gravel-spit belch it is too. Coupled with the exceptionally affected Manon, the many gaunt expressions of Pulp still ask more than they tell. You kind of like it like that after a while though. **DH**

**QUEUE DANCE** Not The One For Me Pylon Records **B/C** A bloody great slap-happy skiffle, throbbing washboard, scraping double bass-booming shoe shuffler. A bit retro but notable for some superb vocals from Jo Bourne and a clever narrative to boot. There's a tearjerking story behind their discovery while busking in Norfolk by a benevolent old tyme agent to the stars, but I'll leave that to another day... **RR**

**LEE RANALDO** From Here To Eternity Blast First **RT/C** See thru vinyl, hand etched illustration from Savage P and Sonic's Lee into some meat-handed guitar and general noise hysterics. Fine stuff that'll topple nations...but what's in it for us? **DH**

**RATS** L'Ultimo Guerriero Hiara (Via C Battisti, 22-41100 Modena, Italy) Powerful four track EP with top cuts reeling under the onslaught of a brain scraping guitar sound. Professionally executed with an individual sound (and ideas) for the most part. Worth a listen or three. **JE**

**JAMES RAY** Texas Merciful Release **RR/C** Second release from this excellent outfit. Hard-edged pop with menaces, an electronic feel thrown against a guitar-based abrasiveness, and neat vocals too. **TC W**

**RAZORCUTS** I Heard You The First Time Flying Nun UK **RT/C** The gentle hum of distant swishing pop-razors! A snatch at Peter Perret's leather jacket and all up to the Ug office for next week's interview. **JE**

**REDSKINS** Peel Sessions Strange Fruit The press party that surrounded the Redskins' volatile arrival kind of overshadowed their musical potential, but this four track selection certainly gives us the opportunity to get the full picture. Raucous, brass-laden stuff with the group's typical political aplomb. Loud and stirring. **DH**

**THE RESIDENTS** Hit The Road Jack Torso **RT/C** The Residents head back into vision with a tepid cover of Ray Charles' crooner. At times the joke wears thin, but their madcap flair manages to succeed in the final mix. Still, Third Reich is out on CD this week, so why worry? **DH**

**RESISTANCE** Is This What England Is? Timebox **P** John Beast launches headlong into independentness of the vinyl variety after successfully exposing numerous worthy combos. And, his first tasteful 45 comes from the surprisingly excellent Resistance. Surprising because the vocalist has a superb voice and remarkable because the group haven't been snagged by the majors. Buy or die. **DH**

**SCHOOLLY D** Dedication To All B-Boys Flame/Rhythm King **RT/C** Mean Schoolly gets more into the groove with a fuller sound and a liver wire. Almost approaching a song, still stylised and an absolute must. **TCW**

**SECTION 25** Bad News Week Factory **P** Politically poignant reworking of the mid-'60s novelty record, Good News Week, by Manchester's answer to Robin Day. Vitriolic Euro sounds massaged by a mean rhythm and heavy production from New Order's Bernard. Chorus breaks makes for vital edginess on a sure-fire mind confuser. **TCW**

**THE SHAMEN** Something About You Moksha **NM/C** One of those that returns to memory the next day and demands another hearing. A pacy number that's driven along with a pulsing merry-go-round sound in the background. Swirly patterns dance on the ceiling while The Shamen play. Swirly patterns and pop fans will dig it! **DI**

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**SHAWNIE G** Mission Impossible Rhythm King **RR C** Hard headed rap over the much travelled TV theme. Shawnie G is sound as a bag of spanners and twice as noisy as he lets fly. Mighty and full of bounce. **TCW**

**MICHELLE SHOCKED** Disorientated Cooking Vinyl **NM C** Folk studio fodder from Michelle Camp Fire, that introduces her lyrical bent to string quartets and more poignant end products. A class cut that'll rack nicely alongside Joni, Phranc and Judee Sill in aeons to come. **DH**

**SLAB!** Smoke Rings Ink **NM C** Deep-rooted grinder from former Ugi cover chaps. Yes, I think we can smugly say 'we told you so', as their guitar sludge beats off, the brass gets staccato and King Siabbie gets horny. Huh, *smokey Joe*... **TCW**

**STELLA'S BABY** Port Of Amsterdam No One, That's Who **FE C** Tasteful version of the Brel standard that gives little info on this sketchy duo. Flip it and Don't Switch Me Off offers a more vibrant view of their near commercial popism. **JE**

**THE STONE ROSES** Sally Cinnamon **Black P** Eighteen months on from their Martin Hannett-produced debut, the band that claims to be Manchester's most-likely-to emerge with a spicy number that combines swinging '60s guitar hooks and subject matter, with a healthy '80s aggression. Yet for all their obvious potential, on this offering The Stone Roses merely hint at greatness without actually achieving it. **TF**

**SALLY TIMMS** This House Is A House Of Trouble **TIM B C** Surprisingly pert collaboration between the sultry Sally Timms and the stylised Marc Almond. Instead of being tacked unceremoniously to a country-esque ballad, Marci gets stuck in head first to this tortured pop song that deserves full exposure. A classic. **DH**

**THOMAS THE VOICE** Stone Cutter Boy North-West **RR C** Three songs in all that move the hybrid sensation up about 100 notches. Thomas combine modernist, beize funk with traditional folk outlines, balanced by musicians who just share the same North-London music co-op roots that spawned Scritti Politti. Imagine the very best of Heaven 17, and think of an acapella version of Prince's Nothing Compared To You. As in pretty unique, I'd say. **MA**

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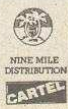
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**TWO HELENS** Silver And Gold Sharko **FE C** Post Dolls tub-thumping thrash with a sliver of Iggy, a snatch of "anarchy" and all the usual stuff. If there's life after Flesh, then the Helens could be there. **JE**

**UNITY STATION** Day After Day Restless **Re C** Ah yes, strong delivery, energy, enthusiasm and a lot of well placed jangling really can do wonders. They're kinda hard on the outside with squishy centres. Four varied slices of power pop pie go down a treat. Yum! **DI**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** Lunacy Is Legend Barracuda Blue Records **B C** Another release from the label who specialise in Marc Bolan cover versions. Nikki Sudden weighs in with a low-key and disappointing Sailors Of The Highway; the Necessitarians do better with a healthy garage version of The Groover, but top prize goes to Times, whose delivery of The Slider is impressively slug-like. **JH**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** Miners Benefit EP Wake Up Records **B C** Highlights of this left of the iron curtain charity disc include a wonderful Bragg version of Sam Cooke's A Change Is Gonna Come plus a horribly chaotic version of Garageland. The Redskins also deserve a mention for their surprisingly restrained Levi Stubbs' Tears making this, all in all, a most welcome release. **JH**

**BEN VAUGHN COMBO** My First Band 53RD & 3RD **FE C** Licensed from Hoboken based Telstar Records, Ben's tale of primal band formation has throbbing Nick Lowe kind of charm as it billows with chug-a-lug Fonzi-ness. A tight tune that makes Huey Lewis sound like Huey Lewis. **DH**

**THE WILDHOUSE** Groove Me EP Uh Huh **FE C** The sound of young Dundee, heard through a never-ending blare of tra-la-la-feedback and stuff. All the right poses get nearly the right sound to make not a bad record. **DH**



**PHIL WILSON** Ten Miles Creation **RT C** You can castigate Phil for furthering his 'country roots' with a carefree cover of Jackson when he should be refining his imperfectly-perfect gladrags pop, but then he hands over Ten Miles with its assured touch and flamenco tones, and you just want to hold his hand. Stay with him. **MA**

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## ANN PEEBLES

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Hi UK HIUKLP 402 **P** A companion set to Peebles' *Tear Your Playhouse Down*, 99 lbs features some of her classiest 45 cuts. Backed by the evergreen horn sound that became so synonymous with Willie Mitchell and Hi, Ann lets her larynx do the wobbling on *Slipped, Tripped And Fell In Love*, plus another 15 similarly mammoth odes to love. Squidly 'n' excellent. **Dave Henderson**

## THE BEARS

Insane. Roots of Punk Volume One.

Tigerbeat Records GROWL 001

**Re C** Twelve tracks, 10 superb songs 'recorded live at Waldo's Jazz Club 1977 — no overdubs, no nonsense, no money'. Also, no audience.

Remember riffs, remember wailing X-Ray Spex, Cravats-style sax, remember bass working its way up, around, through, below crashing cymbals and sharp geeetar? These songs pick you up, turn you around, suck you in, gob you out. **Ian B Bourne**

## BIM SHERMAN

Lovers Leap

RDL Records RDL 700

**Re C** This is the first UK release for an album originally briefly issued in Jamaica in the late '70s as a limited edition and long unavailable. It is also arguably Bim Sherman's best work. For though only a five track showcase, the inclusion of each title's respective dub gives the set a completeness, particularly as the rhythm tracks accompanying Sherman's frail vocal are so demonstrably resonant and the Prince Jammy mixes satisfying wrought. Standout tracks are the upfront cut of *The Hep-tones' Get In The Groove* rhythm for *My Brethren* and my own personal favourite of all Sherman's songs *Chancery Lane*, wherein he recounts day to day livy in his place of work at the address of this name in Jamaica and which as evocatively serves to remind me of my own blighted City sojourn here. **Evelyn Court**

## BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

Soul Rebels

Receiver RRLP106 **P** These recordings from 1970 represent the earliest of The Wailers' works for Lee Perry since their liaison together during the rude boy rock steady era at Studio 1 in the mid-'60s and it is, in fact, the first album ever put out by

the group — released originally in this country by Trojan. Recorded during the period when Bob Marley had temporarily reject Ras Tafari and was referring to himself as a soul rebel, the material is more interesting than startling but in many ways anticipates their inspired music with the Upsetter on the follow up African Nerbsman set. **Evelyn Court**

## THE BYRDS

Younger Than Yesterday

Edsel ED 227 **P** Another leaf in The Byrds book of twists and turns. This classic catches McGuinn and compadres between several disguises as the Tambourine Man style and sound disappeared and several members departed leaving the path free for later, even more experimental outbursts — Notorious Byrd Brothers and eventually the country-rock *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo*. *Younger Than Yesterday* is a set of fiery ideas caught in action, as an album maybe it's a little disjointed, but the ideas are incredibly moving. **Dave Henderson**

## THE KOOBAS

Barricades

Bam-Caruso KIRI 047

**Re C** Re-issue (with a new sleeve and titles) of this much overlooked album that ranks among the classic British releases of the late '60s. Humorous, imaginative and sensitive all at once, it is a clash of moods and sounds: The Small Faces' *Ogden's Nut Gone Flake* meets *The Zombies' Oddysey And Oracle* via *The Pretty Things SF Sorrow!* Recorded at the tail-end of The Koobas' career ('68/'69) this album belies their Merseybeat origins and shows a band capable of developing with verve and originality when given the chance. **Chris Hunt**

## LES ELITE

Pathways, 1978-'79

Unicorn PHZA8 **B C** At best Les Elite were only in the fourth division of the '79 mod revival. At worst they were non-league non-contenders whose entire discography amounted to one track on a Rocket Records compilation album. But they were there in '79! Hence the need to celebrate their very being with a 7 track rehash of old demo's (three of which are already available elsewhere). Cymbals push at every opportunity and clichéd guitar riffs dominate — in fact it sounds just like you'd expect it to. A mildly entertaining but pointless release that does nothing to enhance the reputation of such music. **Chris Hunt**

Charly Records have a lively batch of product for us this month. To start with there's *The Rockin' Carl Mann*, a double LP set featuring his Sun and Phillips recordings. Two compilations in the Sound Stage 7 series, *Southern Soul Brothers*, and yep, you've guessed it, *Southern Soul Sisters*. Moving right along there's *Mama's Cookin'* by *Cissy Houston* (mom of chart topper, *Whitney*) which is made up of her mid '70s Janus recordings, including the original version of *Midnight Train To Georgia* which, although a hit, was overshadowed by the *Gladys Knight And The Pips* rendition. On the cool side, jazz wise, there's *Take The A Train* by *Betty Roché* (Mid '50s Bethlehem recordings from one time vocalist with *Duke Ellington*), and *Route 66* man *Bobby Troup* doing the business to some *Johnny Mercer* material. On the CD front there's *Live In Paris* by *Dee Dee Bridgewater* and a compilation *We Want Latin Soul*. On the budget *Top Line* CD series you can get *This Love Of Mine*, pre-Atlantic *Ray Charles*, *Billy's Bag* by occasional *Rolling Stones* sidekick *Billy Preston*, *The Shangri-Las' Greatest Hits*, *Rip It Up* Vee-Jay period *Little Richard*, the *Kings Of The Blues* compilation with *Elmore James* and *Freddie King* among others, *Home Of The Blues* by *Johnny Cash* and last, but not bothered, *You Make Me Feel So Young* by *Frank on-his-last-legs Sinatra*.

Hotwire have unleashed a collection of tracks from Ireland's eleventh most famous group, *The Radiators From Space*. Now a *Pogue*, *Philip Chevron's* old band recorded for *Chiswick Records* between 1977 and 1981, and among the tracks here are their classics *Kitty Ricketts* and *Enemies*.

Veteran rockabilies *Gene Simmons*, *Johnny Powers* and *Tony Conn* are set to headline some rock 'n' roll weekends down *Weymouth* way in October.

Magnum Force Records have acquired part of the *Capitol* catalogue, and to prove it have stuck out *The Rockin' Years* LP. It features tracks from *Tommy Sands* (who married *Nancy Sinatra*), *Wanda Jackson* and *Hank Thompson* and more, more, more.

Live event of last month was R&B legends *Lazy Lester* and *Little Willie Littlefield* at *Camden Town's Dingwalls*.

*Mary Wilson*, original member of the world's most successful girl group, *The Supremes*, was over in Britain recently to promote her book *Dream Girl — Life As A Supreme*. *Smokey Robinson* also turned up on *Wogan*, and *Eddie Knock On Wood Floyd* spent a good deal of his recent London performance talking to the spotlight which he affectionately referred to as *Otis ... man, weird*.

Meanwhile, over at *Ace Records*, *July's* releases are *Earl Forest And The Beale Streeters* featuring *Bobby Bland* and *Johnny Ace*, *Rock 'n' Roll Party Volume 7* compilation with the

tackiest sleeve this side of me, *Blues, Chickens, Friends And Relations* by *Billy Let The Little Girl Dance Bland*, and *Jimmy McCracklin's Blast 'em Dead*. Kent-wise the 70th release is *Sweet Soulful Chicago* featuring tracks from the *Dakar* and *Brunswick* labels. On the CD front we have *The Very Best Of Jackie Wilson*. Also through *Ace*, don't forget the *Stax Is Back* seven inch 45 series, and to win the first six releases, read on ...

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Paul Roland	"Gabrielle" 12in only

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If you read last month's *Re-wind* you'll already know the first six Stax singles are: Private Number by Judy Clay & William Bell, Who's Making Love? by Johnny Taylor, Time Is Tight by Booker T. & The M.G.s, Mr Big Stuff by Jean Knight, Respect Yourself by The Staple Singers, and Woman To Woman from Shirley Brown.

To win them, answer these two questions set by label man Roger Armstrong correctly, and be the first pulled out of the leather tribly:

1. Which U.S. town was Stax based in?
2. What did Booker T's M.G.s stand for?

Plus, as a separate competition, we have a slightly harder question. What were the surnames of the two people who took the first two letters from each of their names to make up the word Stax? The prize for the first correct entry out of the hat to this one is a DJ-only white label LP featuring the listed six singles in mono on one side and stereo on t'other. We're talking *limited* edition here. Send your entries to Snakey & Little Roger's Stax Competition, Underground Magazine, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ. Competition ends August 1.

## NIRVANA

### Black Flower

Bam Caruso Kiri 061 **Re C** A prime example of obscure late '60's British psychedelia. Flowing, or should that be flowering with ever so gentle and pretty semi-surreal lyrics. Take note, I'll be testing class at the end of the lesson. What do phrases like "Explosion of the storm upon the sea in red" and "The sunlight spreads blue rays" suggest the duo were doing with their doctors prescriptions?

Aye! the sound and stance of Island idealism from an age and group who never quite made it. Awkward vocals squeezed by soaring strings and close harmonies. Ohhhh! So peaceful. Probably a seminal influence on the better known Nick Drake, but more folksy, Donovan style. **Ronnie Randall**

## SRC

### The Revenge Of The Quack-embush Brothers

Bam-Caruso KIRI 054

**Re C** SRC were from Ann Arbor, Michigan contemporaries of The (psychedelic) Stooges and MC5-back in the latterday '60s. Acquired tastes may disagree but to these ears, SRC thawed out their original surging Merseybeat R&B and psychedelic excursions with extended prog-rock developments that dropped them in between two stools of thought.

Dreamy introspectors rather than freakouts or anarchos, SRC had to stand by their mesmerizing lead guitar (one Gary Quackenbush, one of two brothers, hence the title) and billowing organ moods. Recalling Pink Floyd, Traffic and The Pretty Things, circa 1968, SRC deserved better treatment from the hands of history. **Martin Aston**

## TAJ MAHAL

### The Natch'l Blues

Edsel ED 231 **Re C** The eclecticism of Taj Mahal as evinced by his current Hawaiian flavoured collection Taj for Sonet has always been a feature of the man's music, although in retrospect his earlier recordings now sound a lot less challenging than they seemed at the time. As its title suggests, this is the closest Taj Mahal ever came to creating a blues album in more or less traditional style even if the tradition in this case is based on the acid rock blues of its period, as inevitably as the inclusion here of Al Kooper as sideman. With his academic sound more contrived than felt and this is further compounded by the irony of his songs as demonstrated in titles such as She Caught The Katy And Left Me A Mule To Ride and Going Up To The Country, Paint My Mailbox Blue. Nevertheless it has worn a lot better than much else of its time and remains a pleasant listen while never negotiating any real peaks. **Evelyn Court**

## THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

### The United States Of America

Edsel ED 233 **Re C** Turning the clocks back to '68, Edsel turn out this cultural diamond from their dusty memories. In today's climate, the hap-hazard construction, multifaceted instrumentation, bleeding heart delivery and overall enthusiastic charm would be confined to labels like EI (and possible obscurity), but not way back then. On CBS, the US of A were something of a challenge. In retrospect, the questioning of the lyrics, the lives of mid-town Americana, the flower power, love generation given the once over, and titles like The American Metaphysical Circus and The Garden Of Earthly Delights make for real brain scrambling stuff. A treat to be sure. **Dave Henderson**

but sadly the cream of their recordings, like He Cried and Long Live Our Love are not here. The Jellybeans, Ad Libs, Butterflies and Dixie Cups make up the rest of the first record while disc two goes from deepish soul to northern. Stand outs include Go Now by Bessie Banks, Take Me For A Little While by Evie Sands and the closing track I Know It's Alright by Jeff (Barry) and Ellie (Greenwich). **Snakey G**

## VARIOUS

### Pop-Sike Pipe-Dreams

Bam Caruso **Re C** With the much-hyped release of Sgt Peppers on CD set to inspire all manner of nostalgia for psychedelia, what better a time to release this glorious compilation? Most artists present followed a similar pattern to that of the Fab Four (albeit less successfully), being British beat groups that changed with the times and thus dallied with psychedelia, but all blessed it with their own spark of madness.

Though The Spencer Davis Group, Pretty Things and Keith West (of Teenage Opera fame) are on first glance the only star names present, Gordon Waller proves to be of Peter And Gordon fame, The Shotgun Express and Bo Street Runners both featured Mick Fleetwood, Idle Race starred Jeff Lynne, The Talismen boast an appearance from Jimmy Page, and The Executive — whose wonderfully way-out Tracy Took A Trip is my own star choice — were led by the *NME*'s Roy Carr. **Tony Fletcher**

## VARIOUS

### Street Corner Memories Vol. 1

ACE CH 205 **Re C** From the days when all the slum neighbourhood kids — whether Italian, Puerto Rican, whatever — would hang out on the street corners and warble together. Although the varying styles conjure up the names of Dion And The Belmonts, The Marcells and The Penguins, none of the more well known acts are included. Instead the compilers have gone for the super rare and unreleased cuts by such enchanting acts as Dino And The Diplomats, The Enchords, The Bon-Aires and Vito And The Salutations. **Snakey G.**

## THE WALKER BROTHERS

### The Walker Brothers In Japan

Bam Caruso Records AIDA 076 **Re C** Previously only available in the land of the rising sun, this double live album is a great scoop for re-issue specialists Bam Caruso. A must for anyone interested in keeping up their Walker Brothers/Scott Walker collections, these two platters include standards such as The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore, Make It Easy On Yourself and In My Room.

It's all great stuff and a largely up-tempo, beaty affair that's a million miles away from the introspective, world-weary existentialist Scott Engel was soon to become. With Phonogram still sitting on his albums nearly 20 years after their initial release, how about Bam Caruso for a complete re-issue series? **Alex Bastedo**

## VARIOUS


### Nightmares In Wonderland

Bam Caruso **Re C** Subtitled Rubble Volume Three, an accompaniment to the just-reviewed Volume Two, Nightmares features a further 16 British psychedelic gems. The Pretty Things and The Executive both make reappearances, but aside from The Brain (who would become the deadly serious King Crimson), Tomorrow (featuring Keith West, Yes-guitarist Steve Howe and cult figure Twink) and Mark Wirtz (founder of the Teenage Opera), this collection features a greater share of complete obscurities. Perhaps then it is not surprising that the aforementioned names provide most of the record's high spots. **Tony Fletcher**

## VARIOUS

### The Red Bird Story

Charly CDX 15 **Ch** If you saw the Easter Saturday BBC1 history of rock 'n' roll programme you'll probably agree that the best part was the girl group segment. The films of The Essex, The Ronettes and Shangri-Las were all new to me, and while on the subject, the latter trio are the leading lights of this double album set, having six songs featured. The best is Give Him A Great Big Kiss;



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# SINGLES

- 1 NO SLEEP TIL BROOKLYN  
The Beastie Boys  
Def Jam/CBS
- 2 IT'S TRICKY  
Run DMC  
London
- 3 THE GAME  
Echo & The Bunnymen  
Korova/WEA
- 4 FIVE GET OVER EXCITED  
The Housemartins  
Go! Discs
- 5 DO IT PROPERLY  
Two Puerto Ricans & A Blackman  
London
- 6 PRIME MOVER  
Zodiac Mindwarp  
Food/Phonogram
- 7 LIL' DEVIL  
The Cult  
Beggars Banquet
- 8 I'M BAD  
LL Cool J  
Def Jam/CBS
- 9 I AIN'T INTO THAT  
Rappin' Reverend  
Cooltempo/Chrysalis
- 10 LOVE MISSILE F1-11  
Pop Will Eat Itself  
Chapter 22
- 11 STRANGELOVE  
Depeche Mode  
Mute
- 12 THERE'S A GHOST IN MY HOUSE  
The Fall  
Beggars Banquet
- 13 A TOUCH OF JAZZ  
DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince  
Champion
- 14 APRIL SKIES  
Jesus & Mary Chain  
Blanco Y Negro
- 15 NOSEDIVE KARMA  
Gaye Bykers On Acid  
In Tape
- 16 POSSESSED TO SKATE  
Suicidal Tendencies  
Virgin
- 17 PEEL SESSION  
Billy Bragg  
Strange Fruit
- 18 PEEL SESSION  
The Ruts  
Strange Fruit
- 19 BIG DECISION  
That Petrol Emotion  
Polydor
- 20 OHL'AMOUR  
Erasure  
Mute

THE NEXT FIVE BIG THINGS

- TELL JACK  
Denise Motto  
Rhythm King
- PEEL SESSION  
Redskins  
Strange Fruit
- PLEASE  
The Bolshoi  
Beggars Banquet
- ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE  
Justified Ancients of Mu Mu  
KLF
- COOKY PUSS  
The Beastie Boys  
Rat Cage

# UGTAL

## THE UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO ALTERNATIVE LISTENING

Compiled by *Underground* from shop sales at selected independent and High Street outlets

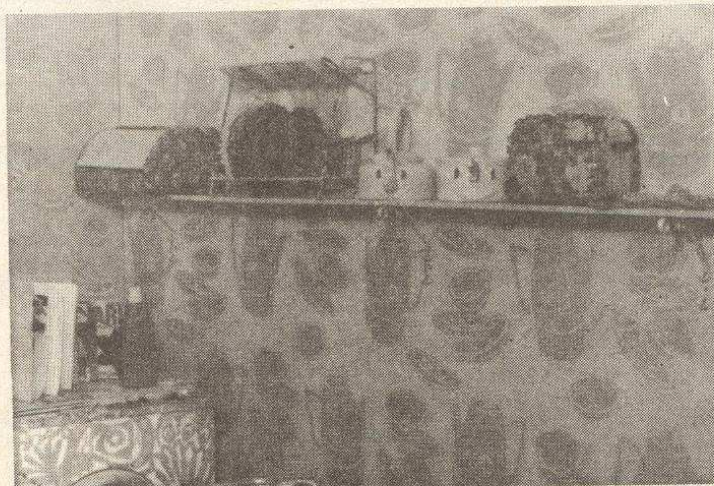


### BYKER IN RASH HEADLINE FURY

OK, OK, OK... We're the Leicester love children. **Gaye Bykers On Acid** conglom are here. Single in the chart, rude cover controversy behind us and a Virgin deal in our pocket. Shake your beads.

### BEASTIE PUSS SENSATION

**The Beastie Boys'** long lost first US 12 inch, *Cookie Puss*, has surfaced in London with a new bag, and as a French pressing. On sale in the high street, no-one has yet determined who pressed it up, whether it's an import, and all that kinda thing. It's pretty good though... even if it lacks a little bit in sound quality. Steve Martin gets scratched



**The Beastie Bores**... Sorry, we just couldn't find a B Boy pic, all the other mags have them — they're on the cover of *New Scientist* next week! So here's a pic of the legendary **Bachelor Pad**. Left to right... David Breadbin, Graham Plate Rack, Martin Smiling Kettle, Tommy Smiling Saucepan and Willie Comfy Toaster

# ALBUMS

- 1 LICENSED TO ILL  
The Beastie Boys  
Def Jam/CBS
  - 2 CIRCUS  
Erasure  
Mute
  - 3 HIP HOP ELECTRO 16  
Various  
Streetsounds
  - 4 ELECTRIC  
The Cult  
Beggars Banquet
  - 5 BAD  
LL Cool J  
Def Jam/CBS
  - 6 LOUDER THAN BOMBS  
The Smiths  
Rough Trade
  - 7 TALLULAH  
Go-Betweens  
Beggars Banquet
  - 8 RAISING HELL  
Run DMC  
London
  - 9 INFECTED  
The The  
Some Bizzare/Epic
  - 10 BABBLE  
That Petrol Emotion  
Polydor
  - 11 DAWNRAZOR  
Fields Of The Nephilim  
Situation 2
  - 12 TWO FISTED TALES  
Long Ryders  
Island
  - 13 LONDON 0 HULL 4  
The Housemartins  
Go! Discs
  - 14 SATURDAY NIGHT  
Schoolly D  
Rhythm King
  - 15 THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN  
The Smiths  
Rough Trade
  - 16 LYRICAL KING  
T La Rock  
10
  - 17 LOVE  
The Cult  
Beggars Banquet
  - 18 YO! BUM RUSH THE SHOW  
Public Enemy  
Def Jam/CBS
  - 19 REIGN IN BLOOD  
Slayer  
London
  - 20 AMONG THE LIVING  
Anthrax  
Island
- THE NEXT FIVE BIG THINGS
- JOIN THE ARMY  
Suicidal Tendencies  
Virgin
- TALKING WITH THE TAXMAN  
Billy Bragg  
Go! Discs
- LONG LIVE THE NEW FLESH  
Flesh For Lulu  
Beggars Banquet
- WONDERLAND  
Erasure  
Mute
- HELLEBORINE  
Shelleyan Orphan  
Rough Trade

THE UNDERGROUND

SINGLES

1	VICTIM OF LOVE	Erasure	Mute CRT SP
2	STRANGELOVE	Depeche Mode	Mute CRT SP
3	SHEILA TAKE A BOW	The Smiths	Rough Trade CRT
4	LOVE MISSILE F1-11	Pop Will Eat Itself	Chapter 22 CNM
5	ROCK THIS HOUSE	Hotline	Rhythm King/Mute CRT
6	NOSEDIVE KARMA	Gaye Bykers On Acid	Intape CRR
7	TELL JACK	Denise Motto	Rhythm King/Mute CRT
8	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE	Erasure	Mute CRT SP
9	THE PEEL SESSION	Billy Bragg	Strange Fruit P
10	SECRET CEREMONY	Scala	Cocteau P
11	THE PEEL SESSION	The Redskins	Strange Fruit P
12	ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE	Justified Ancients Of Mumu	KLF Communication CRT
13	T JAM	Jacko	Hot Melt P
14	PREACHER MAN	Fields Of The Nephilim	Red Rhino C RR
15	WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE SO AMAZING BABY?	Crazyhead	Food CRT
16	OUR SUMMER	All About Eve	Eden CNM
17	DON'T IT MAKE YOU FEEL	Bambi Slam	Product Inc. CRT
18	ROCK THIS TOWN	Guana Batz	ID CRE
19	BRIAN RIX	Brilliant Corners	SS20 CRE
20	THE WAKE UPEP	Various	Wake Up CB
21	CRAWLING MANTRA	The Lorries	Red Rhino C RR
22	SIGN ON THE LINE	The Fizzbombs	Narodnik CFF
23	BLOW UP	James Taylor Quartet	Re-Elect The President CB
24	COOKY PUSS	Beastie Boys	Rat Cage C
25	I CAN SMELL YOUR THOUGHTS	Leather Nun	Wire CNM
26	HEY LOVE	King Sun D'Moet	Flame/Mute CRT
27	KRAY TWINS	Renegade Sound Wave	Rhythm King/Mute CRT
28	SOMETHING ABOUT YOU	The Shamen	Moksha CNM
29	EVERYTHANG'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid	Intape CRR
30	BUILT LIKE A CAR	Mighty Mighty	Chapter 22 CNM

10K MEGAWATTS OF U G POWER

1	THE CIRCUS	Erasure	Mute CRT SP
2	LOUDER THAN BOMBS	The Smiths	Rough Trade CRT
3	JACKBEAT 2	Various	Rhythm King/Mute CRT
4	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN	The Smiths	Rough Trade CRT
5	SISTER	Sonic Youth	Blast First CRT
6	DAWNRAZOR	Fields Of The Nephilim	Situation Two P
7	WONDERLAND	Erasure	Mute CRT SP
8	SATURDAY NIGHT	Schooly D	Rhythm King/Mute CRT
9	INKY BLOATERS	Danielle Dax	Awesome CRT
10	ROCKIN N REELIN IN AUCKLAND NEW ZEALAND XXX	Cramps	Vengeance P
11	VAN STUPID	The Stupids	Vinyl Solution P
12	HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE	Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction	Food CRT
13	BEYOND THE WILDWOOD	Various	Imaginary CFF
14	ENDLESS SOUL	Josef K	Supreme CFF
15	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	Michelle Shocked	Cooking Vinyl CNM
16	THE IDEAL COPY	Wire	Mute CRT SP
17	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths	Rough Trade CRT
18	INDIE TOP 20	Various	The Band Of Joy Music CRE
19	SHABINI	The Bhundu Boys	Discafrique CRE STERNS
20	HELLEBORINE	Shelleyan Orphan	Rough Trade CRT
21	LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN	Butthoie Surfers	CRT
22	MANIC POP THRILL	That Petrol Emotion	Demon P
23	LIVE HYPNOBEAT LIVE	The Woodentops	Rough Trade CRT
24	BOAT TRIPS IN THE BAY	Brendan Croker & The Five O' Clock Shadows	Red Rhino CRR
25	THAT TOTAL AGE	Nitzer Ebb	Mute CRT SP
26	SQUIRREL & G MAN, 24 HOUR PARTY PEOPLE PLASTIC FACE CARNT SMILE (WHITE OUT WHITE OUT)	Happy Mondays	Factory CRT P
27	HAPPY HOUR	Ted Hawkins	Windows Of The World P
28	REUNION WILDERNESS	The Railway Children	Factory CRT P
29	MORE TALES FROM THE CITY	The Band Of Holy Joy	Film Flam P
30	BLOOD WOMEN AND ROSES	Skin	Product Inc. CRT

ALBUMS

82 UNDERGROUND

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- 4 **BLOW UP** *James Taylor Quartet* Re-elect The President, UK
- 5 **SIXTEEN FOREVER** *Nomads* Amigo, Sweden

Compiled by Da Capo, Jacobynestraat 10, 3512 TH Utrecht, Holland, from last month's sales

## KLAIR'S PAPER TIGERRRRR FIVESOME

- 1 **I'LL STILL BE THERE** *The Razorcuts*
- 2 **WELL I WONDER** *The Smiths*
- 3 **ARE YOU LAUGHING AT ME?** *Jesus Couldn't Drum*
- 4 **HELICOPTER OF THE HOLY GHOST** *Microdisney*
- 5 **COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY** *The Chesterfields*

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- 4 **TIME TROUBLE MONEY** *Makin' Time* Re-Elect The President
- 5 **WISEBLOOD** *Thee Mighty Caesars* Ambassador

Compiled by the groovy attic staff at Omega Records, Cheshire

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Compiled by Shigaku Trading magazine thumb prints

## CAROLINE MUSIC 33s (WAH! GROOVROID)

- 1 **LOVE ME LOVE MY DOGMA** *St Vitus Dance* Probe Plus
- 2 **LOUDER THAN BOMBS** *The Smiths* Rough Trade
- 3 **FIRST THINGS FIRST** *Various* One By One
- 4 **QUIRK OUT** *Stump* Stuff
- 5 **VAN STUPID** *Stupide* Vinyl Solution

## CAROLINE MUSIC 45s (WAH! GROOVROID . . . SMALLER)

- 1 **LOVE MISSILE F-111** *Pop Will Eat Itself* Chapter 22
- 2 **WESTERN SKY** *BFG* Attica
- 3 **BRIAN RIX** *Brilliant Corners* SS20
- 4 **KICK ME AGAIN** *JESUS A House* RIP
- 5 **THE IRISH ROVER** *The Pogues and The Dubliners* Stiff

Current bestsellers at Caroline Music, 10 Ann Street, Belfast. Thanks, Damien.

## GRY RECORDS, BELGIUM, DANCEFLOOR FIVE

- 1 **STAIRS AND FLOWERS** *Skinny Puppy* Network
- 2 **LET YOUR BODY LEARN** *Nitzer Ebb* Mute/Daniel Miller edit
- 3 **LET THEM REMIX IT IN BERLIN** *The Weathermen* PIAS
- 4 **CHEW YOU TO BITS** *Portion Control* In Phaze
- 5 **COMPULSION MACHINE** *Run Test Dept* Some Bizzare

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## STEVE HAMBLETON'S FEMME FAVES

- 1 **ORPHANS** *Teenage Jesus & The Jerks*
- 2 **ANTIWORLD** *Nina Hagen*
- 3 **EVIL HONKY TONK** *Danielle Dax*
- 4 **ZARAH** *Malaria*
- 5 **PUSSY X** *Kas Product*

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- 4 **MAGISTRATES AND SAINTS** *Insane Picnic* Waterfall LP
- 5 **LAST PLAIN** *Various* Wounded Knee EP

Compiled by Steve Beaty at Endangered mail order

## PYRAMID ROCKSTEADY POSI-PEAKS

- 1 **KEEP THE PRESSURE ON** *Winston & George* PYR6002
- 2 **TOUGHER THAN TOUGH** *Derrick Morgan* PYR6010
- 3 **SWEET AND DANDY** *The Maytals* PYR6074
- 4 **MUSIC LIKE DIRT (INTENSIFIED)** *Desmond Dekker And The Aces* PYR6051
- 5 **NO DICE** *Derrick Morgan* PYR6024

Compiled by Observer Station

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As related by Clive of Strange Fruit Records.

## ROADSHOW ROWDY FIVE

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- 2 **MARS ON ICE** *Slab* Ink 12
- 3 **JUSTICE** *Colourbox* 4AD LP track
- 4 **BACK DOOR** *Clan Of Xymox* 4AD LP track
- 5 **THE WAITING ROOM** *Mark Stewart's Maffia* Mute LP track

Compiled by Jon of Candance Roadshow, Camberley

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## MESSIAHS



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*Native*

## EARLY RABBIT PATTERN

**Pete** "The first time I saw the Bunnymen I didn't really like them. It was at the YMCA in London . . ."

**Mac** "That was legendary! That was when everybody loved us!"

**Pete** "I just thought it was totally strange. I thought Joy Division were great. I knew Dave Balfe, and he said to come and see them because the Bunnymen needed a drummer.

They were playing Eric's in Liverpool, so I went. It was just very weird being in Eric's seeing this band which I was trying to join! But seeing them at Eric's was magnificent."

**Will** "I've never heard that before!"

**Mac** "I had a blue-checked shirt on that night. I remember being thin, and I always wore Lee jeans . . ."

**Pete** "Because they were at Eric's, there was less of this coldness between them and the audience, like there was at the YMCA. At Eric's, it just seemed really warm and power-

ful. But even after I joined, I used to think it sounded shit for ages."

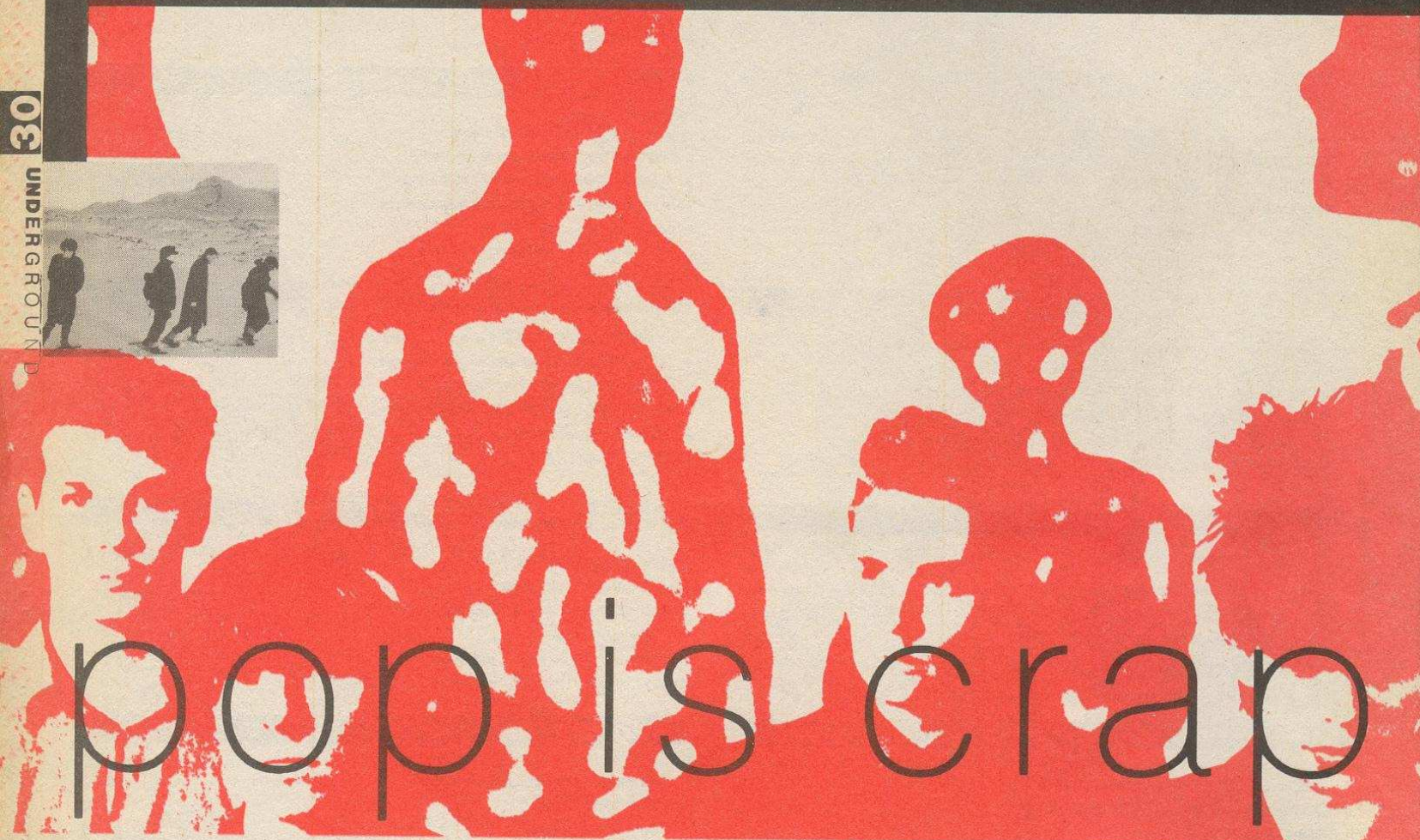
**Mac** "It did, but it was still great . . ."

**Les** "I liked that tour we did with Teardrop Explodes, when we used to alternate."

**Mac** "They were turds! We'd headline in places like Huddersfield, but whenever we got to London, we always lost the toss. We were always hipper in London. A better following."

**Les** "Yeah, we used to blow them off."

**Will** "We were unusual for those times be-



I walk into Bunnymen HQ, up the stairs, past the eight-track recording studio and rehearsal room and peer into the end office. Mac's facing the other way, on the 'phone, the others are scoffing Sugar Puffs. At four o'clock in the afternoon.

Bunnymen associate, helper, stooge and on-stage keyboard player Jake ushers me in to wait in the office. Like you do, I take the time to look at the numerous Polaroid freeze-frames on the walls. They're cute or comic, or knowing cheeksucked-in rockist poses—the usual self-mockery to be found in any band's personal collection, the official Rock-Group photo session in which 95 per cent of the time the band's brains as well as their overcoats have been pickled in aspic.

Later, Mac gets off the blower as Les, Will and Pete come in. First task—to sign a Bunnymen album sleeve. It looks like the new album (hills, trees, a bird's eye view of earth, etc. etc.) The album's called *Arrogance*. Typically bloody brilliant, cocky album title, I think to

myself. Good title, I tell them.

"Nah, it's a bootleg actually," Mac grins.

Later still, the Bunnymen eagerly hand over copies of their own fanzine, *Freakbeat*. Among cooking recipes, drawings of rock types, discographies of The Byrds and a helpful list of Bunnymen bootlegs, are more of these offhand snaps, none of which appear to be shot in floodlit forests, on deserted beaches, by Icelandic glaciers or navigating through a luminescent underground cavern.

The new album is called *The Game*. The cover was shot on a hill near Kirkby, but only so that photographer Anton Corbijn could stand above or below the group.

"It's just our heads, basically," Mac confesses. "Yeah, it's a new beginning. We've done with that series of scenes."

"Now that we're fat and ugly," adds Les.

So no poses, no frills or excess luggage? Just the Bunnymeat then? So, something's changed?

**The post fab four tell Martin Aston how to soak a rusk, they remember their roots. Will the real bouncing babies now stand up . . . and will we all live happily ever after?**

*Arrogance, conceit, bloody-minded, bloody brilliant*... If the rock bible was ever written, you get the feeling that the Bunnymen would want to be written in as God's chosen people, or so you might have thought reading Mac's mouthy, Scouse-sharp interviews of the past. They'd be the first to admit their stubbornness and brazen confidence, but here they all are, admitting they've made a "mistake".

Simply, they Jet Echo And The

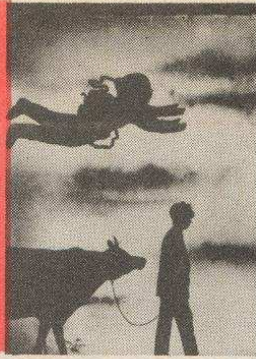
Bunnymen disappear.

Mac: "I think we thought at the time it would be really hip to take the year off, and that people would think, 'wow, no other group would do that'... but in the end, we shouldn't have."

Les: "A year off just seemed so monumental. It was our manager, Bill Drummond's suggestion anyway. He'd grown up with us, and he said we'd departed so much from our original personalities, because

cause of the drum machine. It was really minimal, no big power chords or anything."

**Mac** "That's the thing about us — two days into the group and we'd done the second rehearsal, and we'd all be going down the street, going, 'we're in a group!' ... all the things The Rolling Stones must have felt! It's a continuation of that feeling."



# the Bunnymen are back

at the time, the good thing about us was that we all came from different backgrounds, and I think he wanted us to develop it more, or establish more of an independence, just to make us see things different. I don't think it helped."

**Mac** "I remember him saying 'I think you should all buy movie cameras and make films in your year off', all these stupid ideas. You're in a band to write songs and to play them."

What did you all do then?

"Uhh, I had a baby, and so did Les."

**Les** "We were very domestic ... I watched a lot of videos actually."

**Mac** "I did nothing at home. If it wasn't for the group, I don't know what I'd do. I'd just want to get playing. But now we've got more to prove because of the time we've stopped touring."

What must you prove?

"That we're still the best group. I'm not just after proof that I can enjoy it again."

Maybe that's why the album is called *The Game*. But who's been winning in your absence?

"It sounds like a competition, but, well, The Smiths have not so much taken over as much as gone on from where we left off. It's good because it'll be harder for us now which is what we thrive on rather than when everyone loved us. Now people will be wondering what's happened to them."

At least during the "disappearance", the Bunnymen became the traditional Bunnymen again after

drummer Pete left, in a spell of disillusionment ("it almost felt like the end, having the *Greatest Hits* album released and no new material") to join The Sex Gods, before realising he had lost that lucrative bonding a group like the Bunnymen nurtured. So he rejoined, and the "chemistry", as Mac puts it, was back. You can tell from *The Game*.

But the management are acting all protective, so I only get to hear three songs, and only after I've met the group. You'll have heard the title track by now, and probably Lips as well if you saw The Bunnymen live in '85. Both sound like excellent consolidations, rather than new beginnings but it's *New Direction* that really lives up to its title. It'll surely become the new live *Do It Clean* — a gallop of a song with a kick-start chorus. If anyone thought Ocean Rain was self-indulgent, then this will strike you as a return to Bunnymen basics, with a renewed pop consciousness.

**Mac** "I think the new songs are a different angle on what we've done in the past. It's like, in a way, our *Crocodiles* with a different sound in that that album had a lot of different styles of songs on it, like *Stars Are Stars* is different to *Crocodiles* itself, which is different to *Pictures On My Wall*. The new album is brilliant."

At least it is now, but it wasn't a natural step, there were big problems. Rehearsals with Echo, the original drum machine had followed the departure of drummer Blair Cunningham (to the Pretenders), af-

ter an American tour where Les confesses "it felt like you'd joined another band and you were playing the same songs". Stagnation set in, which didn't shift even when ex-ABC drummer David Palmer sat in. Everybody, even their publicist f'Chrissakes, didn't like the album. The Bunnymen didn't disagree (a first). They scrapped it. They heard Pete might be willing to rejoin. They took him back and completely re-recorded the album.

"I like to believe that you go through a collapse before something great happens," Pete says.

The year off has given the Bunnymen some much-needed objectivity, and some humility to go with it. Even Morrissey's taken over as Bigmouth, bigmouth.

"I'm glad somebody else is doing that 'cos I hated all that. Looking back on it," Mac sighs, "I think Morrissey's probably said all those things because he doesn't feel that secure. I'm sure people used to say that about me. At the time, I thought it was funny that I'd say the first things that came into my head, but at the end of the day, it's in print, and I wish I hadn't."

"I only did it to make people laugh, but I said horrible things that people didn't deserve. Y'know, when The Beatles were writing things early on, like *Help!*, people used to ask them what they had for breakfast."

Yes, I saw the Sugar Puffs.

**Mac** "Nah, that's Jake, but we like them as well. I like Farley's Rusks. Dead mushy in milk."

**Will** (Will speaks!): "Pour boiling water on first and then put the milk on after."

**Mac** "Good thinking. This is what we prefer to talk about. Er, Puffa Puffa Rice is good. And Sugar Stars."

**Will** "My favourite cereal is *The Archers*."

**Mac** "Hmm. What about *East Enders*?"

"There's no soddin' beauty in that programme. You couldn't give a crap if they lived or died. At least in *Corrie*..."

Ah! *Corrie*, very rootsy. Er, so what do you think of Copey's relevant revival during your sabbatical? He's been elevated to pop star icon status...

"Yeah, but who's he trying to kid with that elevated mike stand? He likes to think he takes embarrassment into an art form, but it's just the worst acting you've ever seen, like Bowie playing a schoolboy in *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*."

**Will** "I think Cope looks like Russ Abbot when he wore that flying jacket."

Nothing ever really changes, does it? So, what about pop, Mac?

"I heard Primal Scream and I thought they'd be really good. I saw the Mary Chain live and it was just like punk. What's wrong now is that all the pop is *crap*. Madonna and all that ... there's no Mamas And Papas or Ronettes. People can get away with anything. I think Simple Minds have got a lot to answer for..."

Dick 'Lemon Drop' Mescal summons up the spirit of Moksha . . .

# 2,3 drop

## Who calls The Shamen?

So who are The Shamen? Who are these mysterious men with their fine collection of skinhead haircuts and pointy boots? They are none other than Colin Angus (bass guitar/vocals), Derek McKenzie (guitar/vocals), Keith McKenzie (drums) and Peter Stephenson keyboards and it is to them that we look (today) for the meaning of life.

So what's with the name? "Well, the shaman was a kind of spiritual witchdoctor for cultures in places like South America, who communicated with the spirits on behalf of the community and so he was looked up to and revered by that community. There is a certain parallel there with modern pop culture, don't you think? Especially as, of course, some were frauds, some were complete madmen, while some were genuine mystic visionaries."

This they say with wee Scottish tongue placed firmly in wee Scottish cheek, just to leave you in no doubt as to where they lie! — The Shamen obviously have a foot firmly planted in the 13th Floor Elevators' door to psychedelia of the '60s. In fact, "psychedelic" seems to be the first word that springs to everyone's minds when mentioning The Shamen, so, is this a bit restricting?

"Well it certainly doesn't bother us to be called psychedelic, although it's picked up many wrong connotations due to misuse."

"We certainly aren't '60s revivalists, like some we could mention, because there's no point in that. Bands from that period are not so much influences as inspiration."

In fact, ask The Shamen about bands that inspire them particularly and they choose thorough-

ly modern and eminantly respectable bands like Wire and Matt Johnson, with honourable mentions for hip-hop and that "spectacularly good" bunch of anarchists, D&V.

Don't get the idea that The Shamen are a bunch of dippy hippies, swathed in patchouli, love beads and a naive view of the world. See them live and you will notice that their thrilling, kaleidoscopic pop show is lit solely by the flickering of their hard hitting slide show and the old, ubiquitous oil wheel. All of which reinforces the bleak edge that exists in their lyrics — beneath the glorious, cavernous sound of their technicolour dream, '80s style.

"The visuals at our shows have got harder and now we've got a wee bit more money than when we first started we've added films and animated optimistic moments, but we can be moaning bastards at times. It's nice to have a wee moan every now and again, isn't it?"

Back to the matter in hand and the fact that The Shamen have recently released their wonderful and thoroughly fab 'n' groovy debut LP, entitled surrealistically Drop.

Why Drop? "Well it ties in with all sorts of things from the obvious, like, drop the bomb, and, drop acid to, drop your inhibitions. People can be irritatingly staid these days and lacking in any sense of abandon."

Drop is chock full of exquisite numbers, admirably encapsulating their unique brand of exotic mysticism in its brittle grooves and it includes most of their first three singles to date for any new devotees. Thrill to the mighty Something About You, wonder at the power of World Theatre,

ponder thoughtfully over Happy Days and then marvel at the exotic Eastern groove of I Don't Like The Way The World Is Turning.

Having originally started as Alone Again Or, and having been handled "disastrously" by Polydor it's easy to see why they have formed their own label, curiously entitled Moksha.

"Yes, we were certainly put off the music business by that, but having been in the indie camp for some time you can see that there are areas of it that are just as bad and equally hype-orientated. So things are not so wonderful in indie land, but then we are a very different band now."

And the label monicker? Another strange story . . . Apparently Moksha means 'liberation from Maya' with Maya being the bullshit of life that stops you getting down to the real business. Well, not surprisingly, this comes from a book by Aldous Huxley called Maya.

"He ws a really together guy, you know? Very responsible in the way he used drugs. He even dropped LSD on his deathbed and by all accounts went out quietly."

Well, what a way to go — eh? — "But don't get us wrong, that hippy pie-in-the-sky thing is so irritating. Before it was a different era and all quite excusable then, but nowadays people are so poor and drugs have to be taken seriously. You can't go off and drop acid, just like that."

The only thing that remains now, is to prescribe regular doses of The Shamen's very fine LP, and maybe, just maybe, this small technicolour ray of light will brighten up the wilderness.



VIDEO OF THE MONTH: Colourbox's Hot Doggie directed by Nigel Envelope

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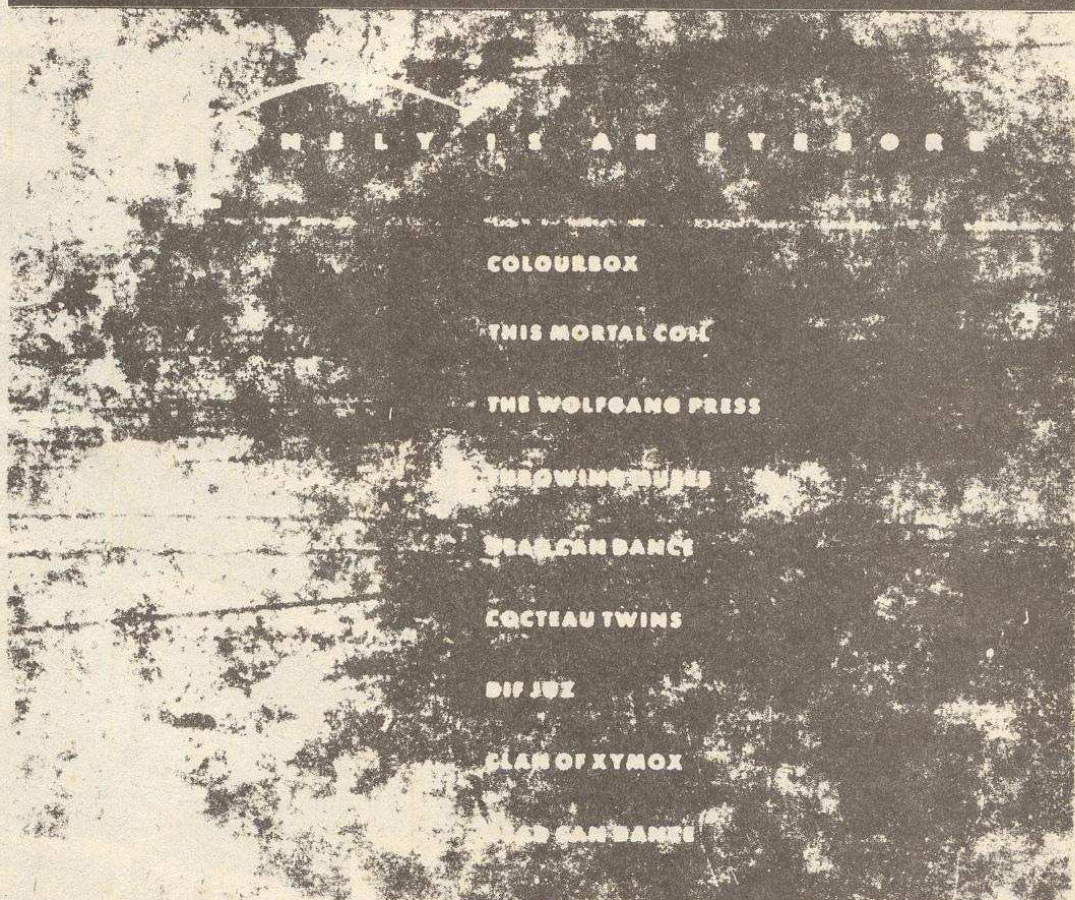
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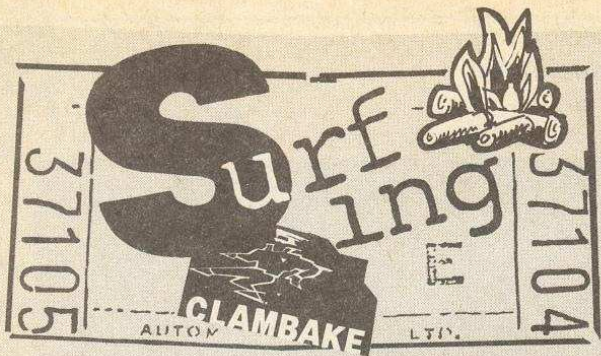
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It's been kinda tough but I guess you gotta right to know. Your ol' mate **Leonid** done done it. Yep, he done got hissself wed and unashamedly uses this space to greet his wife **Lisa**. No excuses offered other than it won't happen again. Anyhow enough of that romantic stuff and on with the show . . . This month's Reader Of The Month award goes to **James Blonde** of Mexborough, South Yorkshire for some interesting info, and highly original underlining. Big Jim, you see, runs his own fanzine *Generation X* and his own label U.N.C.L.E., which specialises in releasing obscure but essential U.S. beat/surf combos. He's just released his first volume, *Neighbourhood Watch*, containing 18 tracks of mod, psych, ska, beat-pop. It all seems like good stuff, so write to him at 117, Adwick Rd, Mexborough, South Yorkshire, S64 0BG. Anyone else with info on their labels, bands

etc write to me c/o The Underground and I'll try and include it. Another release to look out for is a cassette only LP by **Doc And The Pods** called *Join The Mind Scouts Of America*. It seems that these boys are noted for their "beaty r 'n' r surf" and come from Ohio. You'll find it via Big Jim at the above address . . . More U.S. news, surf mindbenders **The Happy Gauls** should soon be releasing a single with the song title of the month, *Where Are Basil Henriques And The Waikiki Islanders?* . . . Enterprising enthusiasts should contact Unlimited Productions (P.O. Box 715, Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501, USA) who are a goldmine for surf records. Special attention should be paid to a compilation of 16 US surf bands called, imaginatively, *Surfin' In The Midwest*; also there's a five track EP by **The Royal Flairs** . . . Psych giants **Plasticland** have a new album

**The Brothers are on a mission from . . . Hank? Hoxton Leonid lets Mr and Mrs Panic's boys explain that there's more to them than a few laffs and cardboard boxes**

● The Panic Brothers. Name mean much to you? What images does it conjure up? What do you think they sound like? Well, here's a few first impressions: two young men who could well be brothers (they aren't), two voices whose harmonies could charm birds from the trees, two acoustic guitars of awesome resonance, the sharpest song structures and lyrics since John Cooper-Clarke joined up with Hank Williams. Hank Williams? How did he get in here . . .

● Richard and Reg are The Panic Brothers, and very relieved they are too. After a few years of attempting Straight Pop Careers, involving publishing deals, management deals and even electronic instruments, He struck. Richard heard the lonesome, bone-chilling moan of Hank and saw the light. Reg, miraculously sharing the same management, heard it too. They joined forces, ceremonially burnt their contracts and synths and became The Panic Brothers.

● All this was about 18 months ago. Since then they've got (at least) a 40-minute set of original material, toured the country with Lenny Henry and Hank Wangford, played over three hundred gigs in pubs, colleges, theatres and universities and made an album, *In The Red* (Special Delivery). I asked Reg and Richard how it had turned out.

● "We're very proud of it. I suppose everyone says that but it's true."

● Live, it's just the two of you but on the record you've got almost a full band on some tracks. Why?

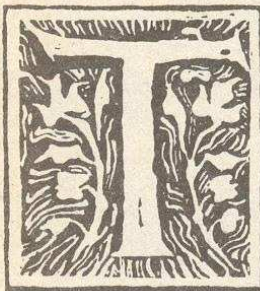
● "We wanted to go beyond what we do on stage. It's still very acoustic-based, and we've added some pedal-steel, bass, cardboard box . . ."

● Cardboard box!?

● "Oh yes, it sounds great. We use it as a bass-drum."

● Some of the songs are quite humorous but do I detect a more serious side as well?

● "Actually I think nearly all the songs are serious really. We use humour as a way of getting the message across. Take a song like *Bivouac*, it's got some dead funny lines in it but I've lived in tiny one room bedsits. Or *In Debt*, it's got a really catchy chorus and harmonies but the subject matter isn't funny. There have never been more people in debt, it's a huge and literally deadly serious issue. I think it's got to be told but you can be totally serious and po-faced or you can look at it our way."



# The Wild Flowers



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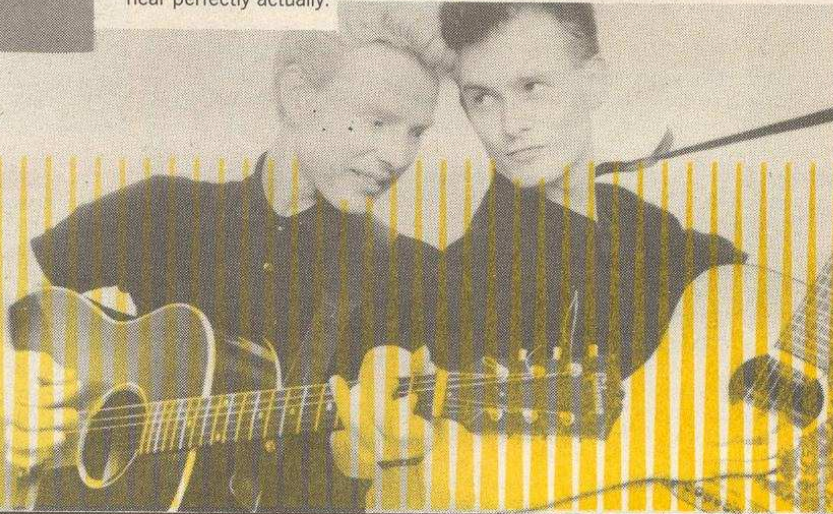
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# Strum along a panic . . .

● I agree with them. At their gigs it's almost as much fun to watch the crowd. Songs like No News: about "snivelling pop stars" who spend their time "lying in the gutter press" and then complaining about their treatment. The audience laughs, then realise it's not really funny and then laugh again as they realise that's the point.

● Paul Weller once said that if music really could change peoples views it would have been banned long ago. I think he's right, the revolution won't be started by a record but The Panic Brothers do make you think. They also entertain vastly, damn near perfectly actually.



→ out on Enigma entitled Salon, which features such wig-lifting titles as A Quick Commentary On Wax Museums and a wimp/psych/punk classic Don't Antagonise Me. That's mighty angry stuff indeed! **The Beat Poets**, still my favourite UK surf/psych band, finally get their EP out on 53rd and 3rd. It's called Glasgow, Howard, Missouri and everyone is urged to buy two copies . . . Wildest, and indeed longest LP title of the month, is from those merry Bam Caruso boys. Meanwhile Back At The Ranch Big Dan Was Fighting For His Life is a compilation of new Bam bands, like **Palace Of Light** and the extraordinary **Nick Haeffner**. Also soon to emerge from BC is **The Walker Brothers'** Live In Japan, a double album of class beyond mere words . . . Nice to see that the ever more evil Anagram label is issuing a very fine rockabilly/surf compilation, For A Few Pussies More, which is volume three of the Blood On The Cats series. Watch out for a great version of Surf City by **The Meteors** and Boneshaker Baby by **Alien Sex Fiend**. Makes a nice change from their usual loony out-pourings . . . This month's **Robyn Hitchcock** item centres on whether he'll change his band's name after the departure of **Andy Metcalf**. Current odds are **The Sensational Robyn Hitchcock Band** 100/1, **The Psychedelic Jews** 200/1, **The Psychedelic Joooves** 10/1 . . .

Finally, on behalf of my wife and I, I would like to thank etc, without whom etc and so on. Until we meet again . . .  
**HOXTON LEONID**

65 UNDERGROUND

## IRON JOHNSON RECORDS COMPILATION

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THE NOSEFLUTES

Mac KENZIES

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THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD

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A WITNESS

### THE FIRST AFTER EPIPHANY

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ZRON 21

The prolific dominance of producer Prince Jammys in present day dance-hall runnings continues apace with a batch of new releases this month through UK distribution company World Enterprise. Following earlier efforts from Little Twitch and Johnny Clarke on the recently launched Super Power imprint exclusive to Jammys, a further sextet of sides are issued: the falsetto intonation of **Michael Prophet** declaiming *No Run Left You Man* c/w the more folksy *Mouth A Mazy Liza* (SPD3); King Everal reworking *Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow* for *Tonight You're Mine* c/w a detailed skirmish relative to the oft repeated phrase "if you want good your nose have fe rùn" on *If You Want Good* (SPD4); a relatively low-key toast duo **Tippa Lee & Rappa Robert** with *Post Man At Your Gate* c/w *Star Appeal* (SPD5); rising star **Admiral Bailey** hilariously extolling the virtues of the *Big Belly Man* and *Horse Stomach* (SPD6) on respective sides; **Youthman** Promotion acolyte **Chris Wayne** riding *Idle Jack Horse* or obversely out on the *Dancing Floor* (SPD7); and **Pad Anthony** coupling *Moving Forward* and *Cooler Runnings* (SPD8). Also on the label is a various artists LP, *Double Twin Spin Vol 1* (SPLP1), with contributions from **Don Angelo**, **Pinchers**, **Risto Benjo**, **Collie Roach** and others, as well as the follow up *Come Again* (SPLP2) set from **Coco Tea** containing the 'title track hit. Other new Jammys product include *Super Black*, *You Who Can Make The Dance Ram* c/w *Give Me Love* (Jammys JAM08); **Shaka-Demus**, *Two Foot Walk* (Jammys PJADIS004); **Horace Andy**, *Must Have To Get It* c/w *Girl Of My Dream* (Live & Love LLD38). While none may be quite as obsessively productive as Jammys, nevertheless others have also been busy. Germain music makes greater compromise and wears a more finished veneer as exemplified on the latest **Freddie McGregor** interpretation of *Ronnie Dyson's Just Don't Wanna Be Lonely* (DGT24), while his own hitmaking protégé **Audrey Hall** looks to improve her chart status with the pert *Head Thick Skull Numb* c/w *Misery* (DGT23), while in more roots vein from the same stable the aforementioned **Admiral Bailey** sings *No Hypocrite* c/w *Chaka-Demus*, *Holy Book* (Revolutionary Sounds RS008). Talk of **Audrey** leads naturally to sister **Pam Hall** whose latest album is *Perfidia* (World Enterprises WENLP3032) and now comes out with a plangent reading of *Nancy Wilson's How Glad I Am* (Blue Trac BTR010) on disco. **EVELYN COURT**

FULLTIME LOWDOWN

LOWLIFE

much like what it was; an early striving after a coherent sound which never quite materialised. And while the parts never really came together it was easy to scratch at obvious surface comparisons.

→ But, as Low Life's music has progressed and matured through the album *Permanent Sleep* and the 12 inch EP *Vain Delights*, such comparisons have lost validity. Now, with their talents displayed in one rounded, magnificent whole, on their latest album *Diminuendo*, the ghosts of the past have been finally laid to rest as Low Life have surpassed the musical achievements of their previous bands in almost every way.

→ Their powerful sound, with its sweeping bass lines, deep, resonant vocals and meandering guitars has always managed to create an intense atmosphere, but now there is a better balance between light and shade and a clearer definition to their moods.

→ Craig: "I enjoy my lyrics better now. Before it was always, 'Quick, we've got a song, rush away and write a set of lyrics'. Now I'm actually enjoying writing, actually sitting down and thinking about them... but not, 'I'm not going to say this song's about this or this song's about that'. I let people figure that out for themselves."

→ But their achievements so far, despite the massive critical acclaim already heaped on *Diminuendo*, are still only a beginning. Having only ever played a couple of live dates (in Edinburgh and Glasgow) prior to supporting the *Go-Betweens* in May, they see their next step as capturing something of their newly discovered live sound on record.

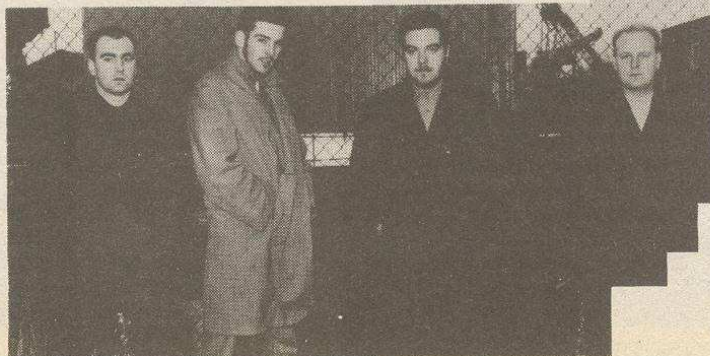
→ Will: "We've learnt a lot more about our limits and capabilities from playing that tour. I think we probably sound more like we really want to live than on record, because we tend to compromise a bit too much in the studio. We're guilty of using too many effects just because they're there. We used to just throw chords together, and whatever sounded best we kept. We know each other much better now as a band, and we're thinking more, deciding what will sound best on what song."

→ When I talked to the band in Grangemouth, or oil-city as Will calls it, they were concentrating on preparations for their show-case gig at the ICA towards the end of June, and a **Janice Long** session around the same time, with plans for the less-immediate future centering around writing more material for future live shows.

→ As for any future recording work, Will?

→ "I think we'd spend more time on writing and rehearsal now, rather than a lot of time farting around in the studio."

→ And if that means further improvements on the already excellent sound of *Diminuendo*, then they really can't go wrong.



WALKMAN WONDER! Sampled selection by Son Of Sam

STICK THIS!

Alex Kadis checks Camden's Heads On Sticks



"One of the qualifications for being in this band is baldness!" jokes Tom, but then, *Heads On Sticks* is all a matter of perspective! ▼ Branded as jazz-punk-industrialism and Bauhaus spawn, just two from a whole host of comparisons, their music is a stark series of sound sculptures. Sometimes built in columns and sometimes adopting a horizontal stance it's a sound much bigger than our Camden bedsit rendezvous where Tom and Paul, co-stickheads/baldheads, paint the picture. ▼ What is important with HOS music is not what you hear but how you listen to it. Use your lateral eye and employ your feeling senses and the band's newest tape, *The Eyes Of The Company*, suggests no real comparisons at all.

Paul explains: "When we did the tape and listened back to it we tried to see if it had the right sort of feel to it — the right frequency. ▼ "We think in images about our songs. Like, I'll think a song's too fat or too thin, or it could be a long thing with bits on it. I think of songs visually." ▼ Tom: "I'd love us to do a movie soundtrack, or to hire out an art gallery and have our music playing while you're looking at the paintings, or even moving sculpture with a soundtrack, there's so many possibilities." ▼ Surprisingly, the outcome is not one of contrivance. *The Eyes Of The Company* creates a simple but ultimately powerful effect. The key is a combination of spontaneity and experimentation as Paul points out: "I don't like playing chords. I like harmonics and odd little noises. I build things out of sounds that I find by accident. We don't deliberately write anything — it just develops." Tom takes over! ▼ Tom: "Sometimes songs just get a mind of their own and we think, 'Oh well, let them do that then.'" ▼ With two Peel sessions under their belt, a European deal and a tour this June they've pretty much reconciled those opposing forces for themselves. Tom is resigned but determined:

"Most people seem to like what we do — whatever it is!"

Pake. Ha!

is Trevor

→ Nearly two years on from the re-

and so

recording of their debut mini-album, *Rain*, Craig Lorentson, Will Heggie, Stuart Everest and Grant MacDowall, who together are Low Life, are at last

Scottish

are

finding themselves defined in terms of what they do now, rather than in terms of what bands they used to be in.

→ Will: "I don't mind people mentioning the Cocteau Twins, it only pisses me off when people say we sound like them. I don't see that at all. Apart from the bass playing, but that's pretty obvious."

→ But, in a lot of ways, the clutching at easy labels wasn't always entirely the fault of the critics. *Rain* sounded pretty

## The Passmores get lyrical about life and cardigans

Why is it that whenever I hear the term "Indie", my mind's eye reaches into its reference library and presents me with a picture of THE UNWAGED. Not Thatcher's millions, but those people in second generation Marks And Spencer cardigans who, week after week armed only with a UB40 and a stoic taste in music, dutifully turn out for the less popular gigs in town. Considering that the independent music scene in Britain is a direct descendant from punk (remember punk?) it's difficult to spot the family resemblance. Today's Indie rockers, sorry, popsters, are all so bloody cautious!

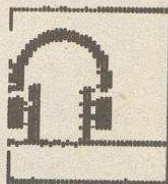
- The Passmore Sisters, armed with their not inconsiderable collection of pop classics, carry more than enough weight to bash their way out of the ghetto and onto the car stereo of many an XR3i. In short, they are a pop group of immense accessibility. So why are they still in the ghetto and why have they not yet attempted to form an escape committee?
- So, have you got a plan?
- "I think we're the best independent band going at the moment," is the cautious retort.
- Yes, but you must have ambition, even dreams!
- "Most bands aspire towards a major record company and then they fall apart, like The Shop Assistants. We'd like to make a living out of what we do. The

management consists of a couple of our friends, the artwork is done by a school friend and we trust them. It's that level of independence we're not prepared to let go of. That's all we know and it's all we want."

- But how long can you survive on those principles?
- "If the new single bombs, which it won't, then that'll be the end because our distributors will probably pull out."
- So, just what is wrong with major record companies, and all that goes with that way of working?
- "I don't know, we're wary of them all. We're sick to death of seeing bands we've never heard of getting full page spreads in the music press. It's The Roaring Boys syndrome. Our managers were told by the majors that they're keeping an eye on us, which is so patronising! They have this idea that they'll watch you for a while and if no-one else jumps in they're not gonna jump in either. If that's how A&R men work then they must be the thickest people in the world."
- But if the Passmores are so anti-major how do they see, with hindsight, the Pistols/EMI hook-up some ten years back?
- "It wouldn't happen now. It's more puritanical now. In the days of punk the majors were scared of what was happening, they had these dodgy old acts who they had hung up in the closet until it was all over. Now they've got Rod Stewart and Elton John out again, dusted them down and re-issued them. We're right back where we were before... it's like punk never happened!"



Ian Dickson waves an EMI contract



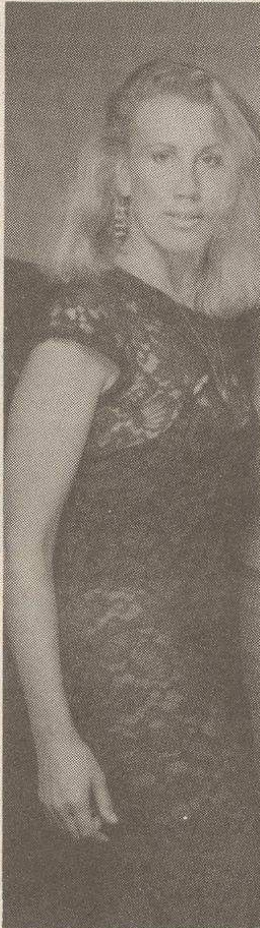
## RESSURECTED BY ELECTRICITY

Since those heady days, The Go-Betweens have had their ups and downs with the press, signed to Beggars Banquet, most recently they have released their fourth LP, Tallulah.

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME

## Lindy Morrison from the Go-Betweens looks back to Brisbane.

Lindy Morrison took up drumming back in the mid-'70s when women drummers were as rare as hen's teeth and when, by her own admission, she only got gigs "cos punk happened and it was groovy to have girl drummers". She'd tried social work, she'd dabbled in theatre and then one day she moved into a house which boasted a resident set of skins. (drum skins, that is).



Playing with Brisbane feminist band, Zero (1978-79)

"No one would give us a gig, because we were an aggressive, all-girl band. We were just too crazy. At that time, bands like The Apartments and the Go-Betweens were getting gigs all the time!

"I was constantly in trouble for attending right-to-abortion rallies and demonstrations. I even had my drums confiscated by the police for several months for playing in the street with Zero."

Meeting Robert Forster, joining the Go-Betweens and escaping Brisbane (1979-80)

"At the time we had a rehearsal room where you could play whenever you wanted — it was in an old printing building — and Robert didn't have a rehearsal room so he just started coming down and playing with me. It didn't take long to fall in love. There was never any decision about whether or not I'd join the band, I joined because we became lovers and because they needed a drummer. They always wanted a girl drummer, so it wasn't a major decision at all.

"Another factor in my joining was that I desperately wanted to get out of Brisbane, and they were planning to move, and they gave me a gateway out of that hell. It was such a small town for me, and I was so unpopular because I was too aggressive and forthright and saw it exactly for what it was."

Meeting and touring with The Birthday Party (1980-81)

"Living in Melbourne at that time was particularly exciting because of The Birthday Party. We started hanging around with them and boy, did the show us things. I had a fast introduction to the rock 'n' roll life which included everything. I couldn't believe how many drugs were going down or the incredibly loose lifestyles that people held."



# YON YONSON

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Without doubt, the coolest man alive is **The Rappin' Reverend C Dexter Wise 111**, for he converts people with his gymnastic somersaults — shame about his shirt though. I Ain't Into That/Original Rap is pure genius, now available through Cool Tempo, it's a must; as is the **Mantronix**-produced **Lifetime Love** by **Joyce Simms** which features the biggest bass drum these bruised ears have ever heard. On Def Jam: **L.L. Cool J's** album **Badder And Deffer is**. And the single, **I'm Bad**, puts Ladies Love back on the top rung of the rap ladder. **Davy D** has **Davy Rides** and **Public Enemy** waded in with **You're Gonna Get Yours**. **Dana Dane** also shows up with a new album on Profile

The hottest place to be this summer, surprisingly enough, is the New Music Seminar in NYC. M.C.s who'll be doing it include **Kool Moe D**, **Fresh Prince**, **Just Ice**, and **Biz Markie** and **Grandmaster Caz**, with D.J.'s **Jazzy Jeff**, **Cut Master D.C.**, **Whiz Kid**, **E-Love** and **Bob Cat** (Cut Creator's homie).

Meanwhile, this month sees the release of **The Wild Bunch's** long awaited **The Avenue/The Look Of Love on Fourth And Broadway** in the States, to be followed by a U.K. release some weeks later... and bizarre team up for this month is being sponsored by 4AD, where **The UZI Lords**, who are **Colourbox**, **Dave Dorrell** (D.J. and hype artists extraordinaire) and **Chris C.J. Mackintosh**, and they'll have one side of a record. Perhaps unsurprisingly it's described as a funk-hip-hop kind of thing with a flip supplied by regular Goth horrors **A.R. Kane**.

Mysterious white label of the month comes from Manchester and features the **Rap Assassins** — it's good but they seemed to have managed to by-pass any form of E.Q. when they put this one to tape. **Derek B** has **Time Bomb** out on Music Of Life. (I've rarely seen bigger smiles than those on **Simon Harris** and **Derek B's** faces when **Run DMC**, **Davy D** and the whole Def Jam posse turned up at their first anniversary party at the Slimelight. The CBS lawyers who objected to the use of the word Def in the title of M.O.L.'s compilation album were not in evidence.) Over at West Side, **Faze One** are in the throes of producing their first album. **Champion** have licensed the new **Salt 'n' Pepa** album along with the re-mix of **Tramp**. **Cool Tempo** have picked up the excellent **Last Night** by **Kids 'n' Play** from Select, and 10 have the **T.L.A. Rock** album. Hot on import during the past couple of weeks have been **Beat Mechanics' Tighten Up**, **Boogie Boys' Friend Or Foe**, the very wonderful **I Stink Because I'm Funkie** by **Funk Master Wiz**, the **R.S.O. Crew We'll Remember** and on bootleg **Dyna Mix 2's Give The D.J. A Break**. (I managed to get a copy of **Feelin James** in HMV last week so these highly destructive, illegal and desirable items can be found.) So till next time, may the Bass be with you. **PAUL HOWARD**

## Paul Howard goes back to Schoolly school. Head down, no punctuation nightmare starts here . . .

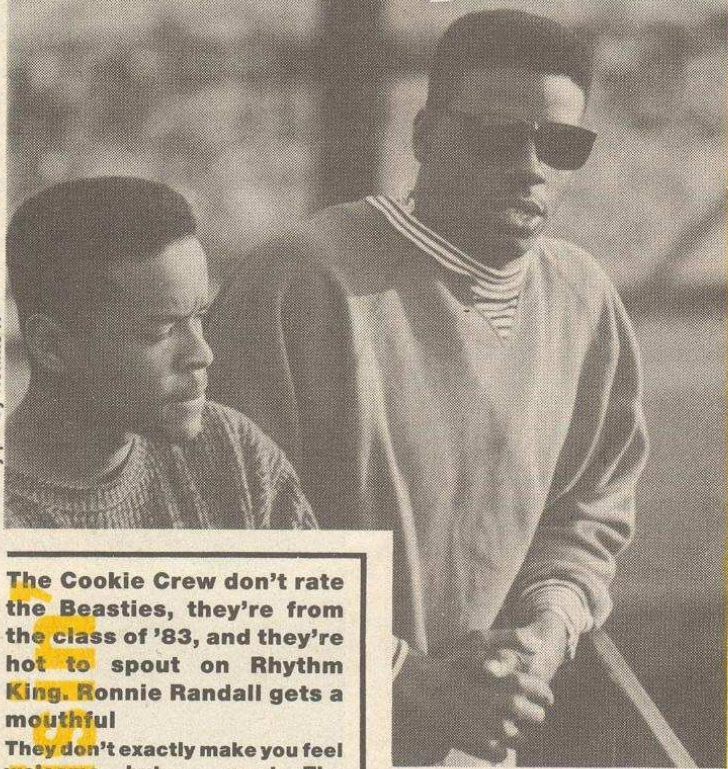
Schoolly D, hi! What's 'pnin' Jack?

"You never heard of Saccone trainers well that figures see over in the States we got maybe 300 or 350 pairs of trainers that you can be chillin' with there ain't just one pair that's like cool all the time, normally I like to wear Filas mostly but I was in the shop and the guy got

me to try these on and they was so soft that I bought a few pairs I still like Fila 'cos the Fila is a comfortable shoe also, so I alternate them.

"My favourite clothes are all tailor made all my friends that I grew up with have their own tailors 'cos all the clothes that they make back home they

## saturday nite



Schoolly pix by Ronnie R

**The Cookie Crew don't rate the Beasties, they're from the class of '83, and they're hot to spout on Rhythm King. Ronnie Randall gets a mouthful**

They don't exactly make you feel welcome but... meet The Cookie Crew — self proclaimed Queens of the rapping scene. Demon dames who *rok it* the best. Cookie spout slogans like "Cookie is Cool", "Cookie is Def". They spew forth streams of supremely clever words as they run rhymes off the top of their heads. There is confidence in abundance, yet at 18 the girls seem almost world weary. Their few good words are reserved for themselves, their beloved rap, and their record company, **Rhythm King**.

"When we talk hip-hop, they talk hip-hop. They know where we are coming from."

Scorn is poured on Def Jam and The Beastie Boys.

"They just rap about being rich, it's just a laugh to them. We like to stay close to the street, where we're from." The street in question contains their South London des-res, next to Clapham Common. ★ Cookie conversation brims with nostalgia for the heyday of the London rap scene circa '83. The best years of their lives — school-days, **Malcolm McLaren**, **Buffalo Gals**...

"The rappers then had attitude and lifestyle, but this new generation on the scene don't understand hip-hop, they've

assimilated it too fast. All they know and want is the commercial exploitation side. We've got history, we know what we're talking about and for this we demand respect." ★ *Respect* is a term constantly uttered by the girls. **Susie Q** and **Cookie** you see were probably the first British female rappers to gain attention. Four years on and nearly grown up they still dominate their field. A field full of backbiting girlies jealous of the **Cookie** success. **Peggy Lee**, the latest utility in the **Cookie** kitchen, a spluttering, spitting, tooth-decayed, mouthful of ulcer type human beatbox with a Dutch lilt has been added. **Cookie** picked her up in Amsterdam. ★ The good ol' days of **Granddaddy Flash**, social concerns and geographical insight seem to have taken a back set in new rap circles. The rap scene has an incestuous sound and look. Heavy Metal riffs aside, most raps concern themselves with the world of rap. The girls are no exception, though the difference is they do it with vicious insult and arrogant insight, striking a blow at crass rip offs and bandwagon jumping. But these **Cookies** tough, and that counts.

don't fit black people. After my suits I like sweat suits of which I prefer Fila an' after that I like jeans that I don't have to wear a belt with you know a lot of jeans don't fit me 'cos of my thighs an' so they try an' make me buy the ones that's big in the waist but I don't like that. I like jeans 'cos you can throw your shit on an' don't have to iron them or nothin'. I don't like to wear my sweat suits on stage they're too hard to clean, my sweats cost between three, three hundred an' fifty dollars a piece so I don't bother."

Yeah?

"I started out wearing suits an' shit on stage but it was screwing my clothes up. I used to go out on stage in my suit, my shoes, my fur coat I got a full length fur coat . . . gun an' shit; but that shit that they put on the stage, you know the wax, make you slide right off of that mother and into the audience, an' with the gun my pants used to get all f\*\*\*ed up. An' you know with my dress pants right they don't hold the gun too well, say with something like a .32 calibre which I prefer it's a little bit heavy, but for effectiveness it's my favourite.

"Code prefers a 9mm but I don't mess around with that automatic weapon shit. They jam on you an' all that kind of shit — you pull your shit out an' 'Oh, shit' they jam on you an' the dude been done bust you. Ahh motherf\*\*\*\*\*! You f\*\*\* with those automatics an' I'll shoot yo' ass. Anyhow with the gun it be like slippin' down an' shit so I stopped wearin' it plus you get all hot an' sweaty an' you can't really get into it. Then I tried sweat suits but like I say they was too hard to clean so I switched to jeans 'cos all you gotta do is throw them into the wash an' hang 'em out to dry. But I always wear my Gucci, an' lookin' at it, it's time I was gone."



Cookie clix by Ronnie R

# Here kitty, kitty, here . . . come to mama!

**Sonic Youth** get pulled through a cupboard backwards. **Myrna Mynkoff** gets a little confused, flexes her guitar arm and purrs . . . Sisters, doncha jes' love 'em? And, hey what's it all about?

The new Sonic Youth LP could have been called *Kitty Magik!* Wow! Sonic Lifers were invited to send in photos of their own dear pussos but that was just to distract us from the true meaning of the word *kitty*. Stay tuned for this one . . .

*"New York City is forever kitty"* (Cotton Crown)

When intuition fails, one always looks to punctuation for enlightenment but even that can't help us here. The mystery sickens. Conspiracy freaks will understand why much theory has been woven around these Sonic New York delinquents. It's an attempt to smother the true spirit of Sonycke Sorcery. To hell with the meaning of art. We crave the meaning of *kitty*. Hey, Thurston . . .?

"Whooooaaa. Heeyeeeee! . . . (pause). Mate!"

The meaning of *kitty*?

"Hey, like, where can I get one of those Schoolly D tour shirts?"

Lee?

"Hey, Thurston, where d'ya get those Wire LP's?"

The meaning of . . .?

Silence. Down the hall from Blast First Records is a cupboard full of Mute Records — and Sonic Youth. It's what they're over here for. Heavy blag action (a technical upper echelon record biz tactic). The Sonic's Ciccone Youth mantle and Into The Groovey was a typographical error, it should have read into The Souvie. "Souvie" is Sonicspeak for 'memento'. The Blagbag is filling up. Led Zepplin, Black Sabbath, Grateful Dead, a Slayer pendant. On their last US tour they were listening to Jethro Tull. These Sonics have wide taste(?). Seems like we're getting closer to the meaning of *kitty*. It's a way of life. But is it art?

*Kitty screws you up* (grafitti in Blast First toilets)

The scene: a rehearsal studio in West London. Triceps Goddess, Kim Gordon has left the Sonic rehearsal studio and is crouched by another studio door.

"Hey," comes a warning voice, "Iggy doesn't like to be disturbed when he's rehearsing."

"I was just listening for the chord change. We do a version of I Wanna Be Your Dog."

She didn't mention she was fixing Iggy Pop with a kitty hex. The next night at the Town And Country Club the normally volatile Pop had been tamed and was waiting in the wings — not just to show them the chord change, but to sing the song for them.

The power of *Kitty*.

More than words can say.

Thurston is standing beside a pool of his own finger blood. An industrial accident. The blood has shorted the guitar circuit. Don't mess with *kitty*. Two nights later he falls asleep on stage, but his bandaged fingers still move. *Kitty* looks after its own.

Confused? You would be if you talked to them. Lee and Kim and Steve can pretend to have a normal conversation, jiving back with whatever ammunition you care to name. But mention *kitty* and they shout you off.

"Whooo. Hooeee. Heeyeeeeeeee!"

Every society has its shaman and Thurston is the Sonic Shaman. He is caught in physical thrall to some unseen vision that causes him to salute the horizon like an ecstatic triffid. He does it everywhere, more and more. In photo sessions, in the street, in Indian restaurants.

... *And he shall have the word 'kitty' writ large across his brow* (Erasmus. His last words)

The new Sonic Youth LP is called *Sister*. But it's probably already too late . . .



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The **Sting-rays** played their last show at the beginning of June. Luckily a mobile was on hand to record the event and it will appear on LP on Media Burn in September. Reason for the split? That old chestnut 'musical differences'. While on the subject of Media Burn, there's a 12 inch King Snake by **The Purple Things** due, which precedes the release of their first full album. In addition, label boss Stan Brennan has done a swap licence deal with California's Bomp Records, look out for a soon come compilation — more on that next month.

Big Beat celebrate, if that's the word, the demise of **The Sting-rays** by releasing *The Essential Sting-rays LP*. It's a best of with additional unreleased tracks... On the Off Beat label there's the second album from **Jet Harris fans The Rapiers**, and it's affectionately titled 1961, a year when your humble scribe was still in nappies and had not yet heard of **Bobby Angelo & The Tuxedos**. I couldn't get in touch with Roy Williams to find out what was going on at Nervous, but I did receive a copy of the **Skitzo** album *Skitzo Mania* from him. If you're reading this Roy, I love the colour effect your photographer chappy got on the front cover — very '50s chic.

There's a new label just about to be launched by **Mighty Caesar, Wild Billy Childish**. He's calling it Hangman Records after Hangman Books, the company that publishes his books of poetry. The aim of the label, to quote Billy, is "to release obscure recordings which no one will like". The first three planned releases are **The Milkshakes' Revenge** (The Long Lost Ninth Album), I've Got Everything Indeed, a **Billy Childish** solo LP and *Medway Powerhouse*, a compilation featuring unreleased cuts by **The Milkshakes, The Prisoners, The Delmonas and The Daggermen**. These, when they see the light of day, will be distributed by Revolver. Meanwhile, Billy's latest book *Companions in A Death Boat* is just out with accompanying drawings by ex-Milkshake, **Mick Hampshire**. For more info write to Hangman Books, 2 May Rd, Rochester, Kent ME1 2HY.

**The Five Young Cannibals** (formally the **Cannibals**) who're still going through legal actions with **The Fine Young Cannibals** for half-inching their name, have another LP released in July. It's self-titled and is a limited edition hotpotch of new, old and re-recordings.

Essex based Rockstar Records has put out the debut album from **The King Beats**, titled simply *The King Beats*. I've not been sent a copy yet, but judging by the cover versions present I would assume it's your straight rockabilly. As is a charming little EP by **The Go Katz** on Loughborough label Raucous.

The rockin' group **Flying Saucers**, who've been around for over ten years now, have a new EP and a video out. The disc is *Got That Magic* and the vid features old favourites like *Keep On Comin* and *Texas Calls You Home*. The EP is £2.25 and the vid is £15 (both inc. p&p) from Jack Geach, 25 Station Rd, Harrow, Middx HA1 2UA.

# Big bang and smoke rings!

## Living In Texas, yellow roses, John Lennon and Alex Kadis

"Here's the greatest story ever told 'bout how man sold his soul for a pot of gold." (Civilised World) Stephan James is outrageously prepossessing. He prefers his coffee strong, his music rockin', his walls white and his conversation intense. Mediocrity is not a word which features in his vocabulary. It's a meeting of extremes and, needless to say, his personal politics are just that. Dreamt of, devised and fronted by this compulsive talker, *Living In Texas* have just released *Cowboy Dream*, their aptly titled mini-LP on Big Beat.

It casts a cynical eye over the western world while it embraces the real worth left to man. Fluctuating between a violent urgency and the patient understanding of one who needs to be understood, Stephan delivers his lines with a passion and reveals the seedier side of the American Dream.

But, why use the cowboy imagery?

"I'm amazed at the strength of the image. The hero. It took 30 to 40 years of history to form a culture, an ideal which is the very foundation of the greatest power in the world. An ideal based on greed and self preservation.

"But it's a false ideal. You see a cowboy film and he's blazing a trail across a new land in search of new dreams and new hopes but if he'd just stood back and looked he'd have seen the most beautiful race — the Red Indian race — and the most beautiful country and he'd have gone, 'no way!'. The *Cowboy Dream* is the most disgusting nightmare.

"The strength of the cowboy image is very fascinating because it reveals the 'civilised' side of man's nature. Yet it was a world where they shot and raped and killed without the slightest hesitation because they thought the Indians were savages. They weren't. They were a race far more in love and in tune with nature than we could ever be. They still had their instincts. We've developed our social skills to the point of absurdity in the west and there you have the joke — that's where the civilised world comes into it. The *Cowboy Dream* was a myth. The west was never won, it was stolen."

The potency of the LP lies in the unavoidable comparisons with contemporary life. Ironically, perhaps, the songs have a distinct western feel to them but there's atmosphere there and they communicate as much by suggestion and instinct as they do through the lyrics — just listen to their own *Yellow Rose Of Texas*.

"I love it for purely selfish reasons. I could walk along a sunny road singing that. It has something of the crooner, the dreamer,

the romantic! It's the romantic in Stephan which implores a restoration of the old values.

"Children, have you nothing? Give me something to set my soul free. Woman take these children, take this heart of mine for eternity." (Julia's Child)

"Julia's Child is about John Lennon. I wrote this on the day he died, my birthday, December 8. I loved him because he brought a European feel to what was basically a western music. But yes, I say look after our children because they're all we have. I know it sounds corny but I'm one of these people who have to say what I feel — and why apologise for the way you feel?" Where does your cover of Iggy Pop's *Lust For Life* ("it pisses on the original") come into the scheme?

"Well, we all love Iggy but it fits in because it's *SO NEW YORK, BABY!* A very cowboyish song to me. I can imagine Iggy doing the v-deo to it as a modern gay cowboy — the sleaze of it all!"

And the ultimate Texan dream? "Everything we say has been said before but to hell, we're gonna say it again. Everything we do has been done before but to hell we're gonna do it again." (*Cowboy Dream*)

"I knew everything I say or do has been said before. I DO want to change the face of music but you have to do it subtly. I do this because I love it. I'm expressing myself, and my joy. I will say I will TRY to do something new. At the moment we haven't been successful but I believe that we leave something of ourselves in our songs that maybe in years to come people will say, 'now, there's an emotion and a character'..."

Maybe the west was stolen but *Living In Texas* aim to win their part of it fairly and squarely.



▶ CAN WE DO ANOTHER SINGLE, PLEASE: Age Of Chance ▶

LT: all chaps and shabby-doo-dah-deh!



# WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

RE-RELEASE OF THE MONTH: Front 242's back catalogue on CD

## TC Wall gets to grips with the *BBC Sound Effects* series

Sound as a pound cat burglary and general piffling is running wild in the record biz. From The Beastie Boys to Depeche Mode, Erasure to JAMS, and all points in between, the chant is "Steal, steal, steal, some more..."

But is it legal? And, where does all this stuff come from? And, better still, how can we get in on it? Simple, you don't even need a million quid (but that'd be nice).

First it was just nicking a few riffs (man) — George Harrison, sit down — even The Membranes had a go. More recently there's the Casio SK-1 sampling keyboard — that can record any sound, make into any loop you like, join it up to make things rilly groove, and stuff like that. It's basically the new luddites version of 37 banks of diodes that originally made that infernal "Chaka Khan, Chaka, Chaka, Chaka, Chaka..." drivel, and it's a snip at a hundred notes (for what it can do, that is).

So you've got that, you're bored with nicking Schoolly D, Led Zep and Beethoven, you've not

got a yearning for opera a la McLaren, so what is next? Yes, the BBC Records And Tapes Sound Effects series. Just whap a few of their notettes through the old Casio and you're off, tendons being severed and a babbling brook in the background perfectly augment the heavy disco beat stolen from the bonus beat of Davy DMX's One For The Treble, or a backing track lifted from the Streetsounds/Dance Music Break Beats series.

The BBC offered a spokey, who intoned: "It's illegal. But, of course very difficult to trace."

So what's the point of the records if you can't actually use them? What use is the thundering sound of a 5-Ton Austin Diesel Truck? Or an Avro Tutor and DH 60 Moth (from the classic Vanishing Sounds Of Britain platter)?

"Well, er, for home movies." Great! But there again, they'll never find me out. Ha, ha. I suggest the chugging

sound of disco beats thrown against a Purple riff and the distant tones of Sword And Axe Fights from the Combat album. That might make for decent listening. Are you out there Age of Chance?

But be quick... Get your mitts on Essential Sound Effects, a double "best of" which has prime cuts including Garden In Springtime, Jet Airliner Takes Off, Passenger Steam Train Passes, Firework Display and more. Wow! Now That's What We Call Music...

## DISCOGRAPHY

**MUSIC AND EFFECTS FOR HOME MOVIES** (RED 120 STEREO) A title!

And tracks from around the world, too

**OFF BEAT SOUND EFFECTS** (REC 198 MONO) This is what we want, Metal And Glass Crash, Erratic Car Engine, Random Squeaks, Close Bubbling, all the hits are here

**OUT OF THIS WORLD** (REC 225 STEREO) Space, the final frontier, with Magic Carpet Rides, too

**DEATH AND HORROR** (REC 269 STEREO/MONO) Blood curdling, Wolves Howling, Heads Chopped Off etc

**STEAM IN STEREO** (REC 220 STEREO) Puffing monsters and enthusiasts  
**VANISHING SOUNDS OF BRITAIN** (REC 227 MONO) Church Bells, Electric Tram and all that stuff

**DISASTERS** (REC 295 STEREO/MONO) A gem with the immortal Falling Tree and Animal Stampede

**BIRDS AND OTHER SOUNDS** (REC 299 MONO) Boring hippy tranquility (OK, calm down Wall — ed)

**HOLIDAY SOUND EFFECTS** (REC 301 STEREO) Seagulls Over Cliff, and no mention of Congratulations

**DR WHO SOUND EFFECTS** (REC 316 MONO) Usual Doc stuff including DISTILLATION CHAMBER. Ha, ha.

**SPORTING SOUND EFFECTS** (REC 322 STEREO) All that stuff that they use on the telly

**MORE DEATH AND HORROR** (REC 340 STEREO/MONO) The sequel with Sharpening The Knife

**MUSIC FOR SILENT MOVIES** (REC 347 MONO) Comedy, Sentiment, Playtime, it's all here

**RELAXING SOUNDS** (REC 360 STEREO) Some synthy dross plus the Babbling Brook classic

**COMBAT** (REC 383 STEREO) Martial Arts, Knights In Armour, Alternative Kill  
**SOUNDS OF SPEED** (REC 390 STEREO) Concorde, Hovercraft, Fire Engines and friends

**SCIENCE FICTION SOUND EFFECTS** (REC 420 MONO/STEREO) Effects from Hitch-Hikers Guide and more

**EVEN MORE DEATH AND HORROR** (REC 452 STEREO) Back yet again with Involuntary Regurgitation (a gem)

**COMEDY** (REC 478 MONO) Includes the B Hill fave Belches And Burps. Yuk!

**ESSENTIAL SOUND EFFECTS** (REFX 448 MONO/STEREO) A double retro of some of the finest moments.

All records are on LP, some are on cassette, none on CD yet

**SOUND EFFECTS** (RED 47 MONO) Including Seaside Atmosphere, Trains, Cars, Door Creaks

**SOUND EFFECTS 2** (RED 76 MONO) The sequel with Sports Cars, Ambulance, Household Sounds

**SOUND EFFECTS 3** (RED 102 MONO) Back for a third season with the classic 19ft Cabin Sloop

**SOUND EFFECTS 4** (RED 104 MONO) Number four with Melodrama, Domestic Sounds and Footsteps

**SOUND EFFECTS 5** (RED 105 MONO) More of the same with Transport And Warehouse noises and Traffic

**SOUND EFFECTS 6** (RED 106 MONO) Ploughing And Felling, Pub, Shops and Restaurants, The Zoo

**SOUND EFFECTS 7** (RED 113 STEREO) Wah! Stereo, with Weather, Helicopters and Electric Trains

**SOUND EFFECTS 8** (RED 126 MONO) Back to mono for Modern Warfare, Tanks and more

**SOUND EFFECTS 9** (RED 164 STEREO) The stereo revival with London Locations, Electrical Sounds



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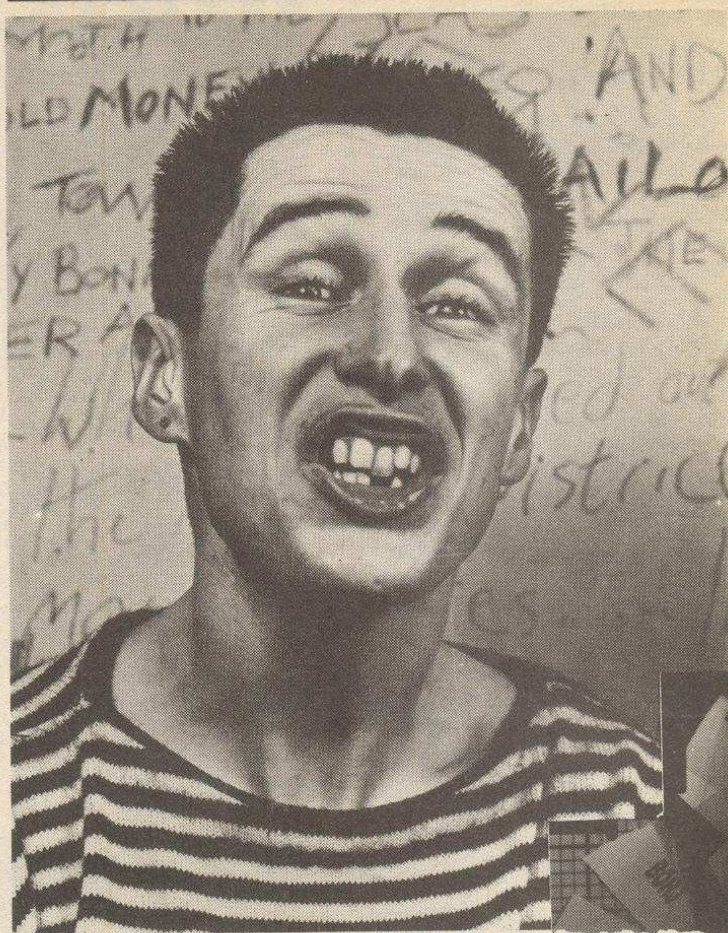
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# Holier than thou!



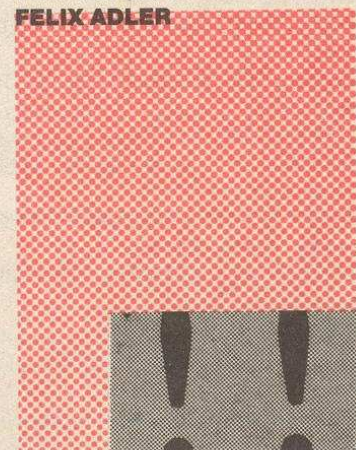
Johny Joy screeches for floss control (pic Ron 'The' R)

There's been literally tons on the mod scene of late, it's amazing how it seems to blossom with the weather — all those scooters come out of the garage for the summer I suppose... Guernsey's leading stripey shirt merchants, **The Risk** have been busy recording their follow-up album before frontman **Mark LeGallez** departs to spend the summer Stateside... London's leading purveyors of modernist music, Unicorn Records, have just opened a retail outlet in Camden Town, give 'em a bell on 01-4855 1698 for a stock list. Meanwhile the label side of Unicorn has also been rather busy with a re-issue of **The Times'** version of the **Bowie** classic **London Boys**, as well as Volume Three of their compilation EP series, (this one featuring **City Limits**, **XL**, **The Pictures** and **Manual Scan**...) There's a rush on releasing Eurosounds at the moment as Belgian Mods **A Beat Boy** have their debut 45 **The Honey Dropper** out in the UK on **Waterloo Sunset**, while Swedish garage mer-

leased. Hopefully another Indie smash... **Fast Eddie** have just headlined a Rhythm And Soul festival in Hamburg, it was the Essex hipsters first public appearance for three years and was recorded for a live album on Geermay's **FAB** label. Whether or not it will see the light of day on a UK label remains to be seen... The country's longest established mod society, **The Phoenix** celebrates its fourth anniversary this month with an all day party in London. The society was set up as an 'information bureau' to inform mods in the provinces of gigs, clubs and rallies around the country, and their newsletter (which has a weekly circulation of over 1,000) is steadily increasing circulation. The List is available by sending an SAE to PO BOX 554, London NW8 0JZ. Well worth a look in...

Competition-wise, last month's **Jimmy Smith Quiz** was won by **Tony Shopman** from London, **Jen Allen** from Sussex and **Paul Campbell** from Hounslow. The answer was the jazz-master **Jimmy 'The Cat' Smith** last appeared at **The Mean Fiddler**. Copies of the *tres* hip **Baptist Beat**, **Blue Note** compilation, are on their way...

This month lil' ole Felix has three copies of **Mission Impossible** by **The James Taylor Quartet** and to get yours all you have to do is tell me what band James used to play with... Simple, nuff said...



chants **The Creeps** have just recorded a follow up single to their hot debut LP, **Enjoy**, which will be out on **Re-Elect** next month. Lastly, from Italy, **The Underground Arrows** release their second single, **No Chance To Escape** on **Unicorn**.

The ubiquitous **James Taylor** has been experimenting with a five piece brass section, a percussionist and a vocalist to take his **Quartet** up to orchestral proportions. Sounds interesting, but I don't think they'll be able to call themselves the **Quartet** anymore. Check the limited edition copy of their mini-LP **Mission Impossible** (if you can find one that is) which was recently re-

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"I am happy, I am in love, everything is great, ha! Happiness is a phoney state of mind most of the time. I'm better at projecting my more melancholy moments in song." Johnny Brown, the voice of The Band Of Holy Joy is deflecting the oft made accusation that he must surely be a miserable bastard to write such heartbreak lyrics. He certainly *seems* to be a cheerful enough fellow.

"It's just nonsense, my songs are *never* depressing. Some are fatal, others tragic, and there's pathos and sadness for sure, but you can't ignore the humour contained within."

What!? Like Who Snatched The Baby? Or Don't Stick Knives In Babbies Heads? And then there's my favourite line, "*You beast, you sow, you bastard cow*", from Fishwives. I think they call this kind of humour, er, offbeat. Not that Johnny's taking the piss. These anguished lyrics appear to have been ripped from a quivering spike-pierced heart. The boy's been hurt... but I suspect he might like it that way. Unlike most of us, Johnny crafts the heartache into something beautiful, his pain is born again.

Nosey, gossiping bastards that we are, we'll all want to experience Johnny's suffering on the new Holy Joy album, *More Tales From The City*. It's a spectacular blending of hi-tack and low life, welded together by a gruff and gritty soul.

"Almost all the songs on the album are about Sue. I love you Sue, you vegan hound. So pure, so beautiful, so precious. I'm a romantic, I fall in love every day, but that one was special and now it's over for good."

Johnny is bruised, but not beaten.

To promote the release the nine piece Band have embarked on a five week tour incorporating Aberdeen and all stops south to Paris. Until now Holy Joy forages have been limited to weekends away from their South London base, a situation caused by the logistics of getting so many members to get time off their day jobs at the same time.

"We've never made a penny from the records, mainly due to the lack of radio exposure. I honestly thought Rosemary Smith would make the top ten. I don't see *why not*, we play accessible music that *should* be heard. It's at its best late at night when you get home alone from the pub, feeling vulnerable and melancholy."

Through the media, the Band are generally depicted as uppity but quaint

working class folkies. There's an underlying mocking tone beneath the middle class journo attention. 'Pretentious!' they cry.

"That accusation is totally fabricated bollocks," swipes Johnny. "I must be a journalist's nightmare," he grins. "I slur, I talk really fast in a thick Geordie accent, and *then* I get drunk."

"Once you gain some sort of notoriety everyone and their dog starts calling up for a few pearls of wisdom. The more you go on you realise you're in danger of becoming a transient media commodity. We're creating an art form while all around the stench of hot air rises like a fart. It's a cattle market and we're part of this season's prime stock, so they give us the once over. I suppose the slaughter comes later. You've got to play the game to a certain extent, but sometimes I think 'f\*\*\* it'."

Perversely, Johnny seems to enjoy it for their madness. It's a 24 hour party and besides, the drawbacks and hardships only lead to more songs. Still, he worries about complacency.

"Holy Joy knew we'd arrived when we played The Player's Theatre late last year. Everyone was howling for us before we'd even begun. There was nothing to prove, we'd won. It was painful, I wondered why I was there and disintegrated into sick hysterical laughter. I felt really false so consequently gave a terrible performance. Success could be a problem if it affects me like that."

Fear not, the boy thrives on a challenge, and as a critically acclaimed act on a tiny indie label (Flim Flam), they've still got lots to prove and mountains to climb. Meanwhile the live performance is ever more accomplished as Johnny relishes his role as crossbreed between ringmaster and bingo caller to the organised chaos around him. Holy Joy, the band, have the look and sound of a circus side show, like Tod Browning's *Freaks*. They are distinctive and seductive, with a noise all their own, apart perhaps from a few 100 pub cabaret artists and the derivative pastiche of French And Saunders' backing duo.

It's been a year since the salty Big Ship Sails mini-LP and the sound has drifted noticeably from *seadog* to *seaside* tradition. Yet the result remains, as always, enveloped in a tear-stained wrapping of mocking nostalgia. I was touched, but they only sniggered.

Bastards, I choked, heartless bastards. Cha! cha! cha!

So far the Fiend Roadshow has "rocked" for four or so years while spewing out a fair torrent of vinyl. Throughout this time the line-up has remained as Yaxi Highrizer on guitar, the attractive Mrs Fiend on electronics, and Master Fiend, Nik, on vocal rantings and artwork. This is beyond simple gothism, beyond all those categories. In fact, forget goth, Hawkwind and *any* poxy revivals; Nik, his Missus and Yaxi create a 21st Century nightmare of corrupted dance.

## Fiend for yourself

### Dr Why brew dissects the Alien

The latest vinyl outings include the LP, It — lock all your doors, turn off the lights and play it loud — their most subversive sound yet.

And most recently there's been the brand new Impossible Mission 12 inch, a collection of punk, electro, acid-rock, all punctuated with *Mission Impossible* taped voices. Out now, it's destined to become a club (bee?) hit in all the right places.

You see, Alien Sex Fiend have it sussed. Each release counters the previous one to avoid making it too easy for you or for themselves. Live, the Fiends *really* steam. Mrs Fiend runs the whole cacophony from her beatbox and sequencers, Yaxi's guitar grinds along, leaving lanky Nik to corrupt the din still further with tales that only his morbid scatological mind can ever hope to make any sense of.

The Fiends have successfully invaded Europe, the USA and even Japan too. And Brazil should be the next to fall. But, what do the foreign audiences make of Nik Fiend hunched up on stage with a full beer glass balanced on his head? Well, they seem to like it. Unlike the general UK opinionated public.

It's in Britain that the Fiends seem misunderstood. Perhaps it's the gothic label that has followed them since their early Batcave days. Perhaps it's that they don't release records that follow the same format.

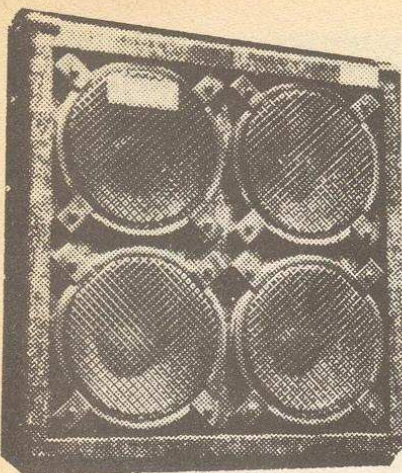
Either way, it's certain that Alien Sex Fiend are a bunch of genuine mental misfits that have become one of our most innovative independent bands ever.

A nine track video, including four promo and five live tracks, is to be made available from July/August from Jettizoundz, and direct contact with the Aliens can be made through Blue Crumb Truck, 97, Caledonian Road, London N1



# The Cult are naff gits

Karl Blake used to be a Lemon Kitten, he got heavy as a Shock Headed Peter, and now has an album, Dawn Of The Dismantler, as The Underneath. Martin Aston unravels the inter-breeding . . .



## V. loud

Well gang, most exciting news to reach Whiplash towers in a long while is a new **Metallica** single, presumably a taster for their fourth album. Rumour has it that it will be an EP of covers, and should be out in time for the Kings Of Speeds' Donington appearance.

**Agent Steel** and **Nuclear Assault** are in the country engaging in a twin sonic attack, and expect a new album from the latter soon (formed by bassist **Dan Lilker** who left **Anthrax** because they were "going soft") on Music For Nations. Also prepare the ear'oles for LP's from **Agnostic Front**, **Crumbsuckers**, **GBH**, **Exodus**, **Onslaught**, and the compilation **Speed Kills III** from the same company. Due too is some new product from **The Bomb Party**, the original (with **The Batfish Boys**) dirty biker grunge outfit.

Into **The Pandemonium** is the title of the new LP from Swiss 'avant-garde death metal' exponents **Celtic Frost**, and a stranger noise you will not hear . . . **Crazyhead's** new 45 **Baby Turpentine** is expected late July/early August, while **Motorhead** and **Megadeth** are both working on new albums.

Metalworks is an independent English label specialising in thrash attack bands, and boy do they have some noisy mother-f\*\*\*\*ers foaming at the mouth. You could do worse than grab yourself a copy of their compilation **European Assault** dur very soon. Featuring seven slaving outfits, the cream of the crop nosebleed award is shared by **Deathwish**, thrash-metallic mayhem, and **Virus**, 'hardcore skateboard eaters from hell!' Also on tap is tasty filth from **Angeldust**, **Deliverance**, **Necronomicon**, **Exumer** and **Angels Of Malice**. Released in a limited run of 5000, **European Assault** is the finger of red eye before the gallon of loony juice that is the September schedule of releases of albums from the various nutters mentioned.

Well that's it for this month my hairy little darlings, short and sweet I know, but that's always the best way . . . **WHIPLASH**

There is a little item you require, entitled **Preacher Man**, one of the finest indie singles these past 12 months; a spookily atmospheric rumbling and slicing sound which fits snugly into **Fields Of The Nephilim's** post-spaghetti western worldview. And *now* **Dawnrazor**, an album like a slow dream, exists to keep it company.

Five scruffy young men, their hats akimbo, slope arms when I interrupt some subterranean rehearsals and, after a brief chat in an appallingly bland room, they warmed up to conversation when I crammed them round a pub table. Vocalist **Carl McCoy** is sufficiently lively an hour later to try wrestling a plaque from the wall outside. Drummer **Nod Wright** even chose to reveal just *what* he can do with a few **Scalextric** components, given half a chance.

With Pete 'Sodbuster' Yates on guitar, Nod's daft brother **Paul** (also guitar) and **Tony Pettit** (bass), these are the **Nephilim**, a strange name for the modern man.

Anti-Neph criticism in the music papers comes from oafish and divisive comments about **Sisters Of Mercy** and **Mission** similarities, providing you compare recordings through a horsehair doormat, half a mile under the sea-bed. The band shrug such things off with ease.

**Tony**: "We've got more rock than the **Sisters**, more leaping about. They were quite *slow* and **The Mission** are *totally* different."

**Paul**: "People are trying to make out we're a new band jumping on some bandwagon. We were there *before* **The Mission**. We were even in a band *called* **The Mission**!"

And on the image, this end-of-the-trail mess, he is equally swift to ignore trivial pursuits. "Still got the same clothes. They're just older."

With their wild following, a smart young tribe including some in aboriginal make-up and a mysterious man in a turban, the western themes are understandable, and fun, enough.

With the album, a track on the Italian soundtrack of **Demons II** and some bizarre link-up with that street-show **Emmerdale Farm**, the lads are in justifiably optimistic mood, although Pete won't reveal just what band he was in before.

"Actually we sent a demo two and a half years ago to **Jungle Records**, but it doesn't matter, they've just found the **Jesus And Mary Chain** demo as well."

The **EI** label's biography on **Karl Blake** and **The Underneath's** new album: "We live in times unprecedentedly full of horrible things. Yet we are more reluctant than ever to confront and examine our fear. Among the wretched escapism of the music industry, only **Karl Blake** has kept awake through the long night, a staunch sentry guard at the gates of our mental waste reprocessing plant. **Lunatic Dawn Of The Dismantler** is the morning after the night before . . ."

**Karl Blake** on his biography: "Oh God, who's written that load of old shit? I don't get this. They asked me to do one but I'm sure they'd just throw it away. True, it's pointing in the right direction even if it is flowery old crap . . ."

On **EI** records: "Mike Alway told me that **EI** is just an exercise in being totally facile and chocolate-box, complete pop-throwaway stuff, and it's not what I do."

On what **Karl Blake** does: "I'm just doing what comes naturally, which is seemingly everything which is bloody depressing and nasty and all this stuff. A lot of the songs seem to be about self-hatred . . . the stuff I communicate is bloody horrible although it probably wouldn't come across that way. People think I'm a child murderer and all that . . ."

On the difference between **The Underneath** and **Shock-Headed Peters**: "The existence of a record label, pure and simple. **Shock-Headed Peters** can't get a label but because of **EI's** peculiarities, I could. **EI** didn't like the fact that I ceased to become a dictator in **The Peters**. They said it lost focus. What I ended up with was a load of upstarts. Now the **Peters** are myself and **Katerina**. We're the bosses, and the other two in the band are very reasonable. They're not going to give us any trouble."

On **Katerina**: "She used to be in **Rock Goddess** and before that, **She**. When she advertised, she mentioned **Hendrix**, and I thought, since it was a girl, she would be coming from a different angle, without the usual hype. If it had been a man, the likelihood would be dyed-hair prats walking around in their all-leathers and pointy boots."

On music: "I wanted to create the heaviest thing around. The **Peters** were using wah-wah pedals in 1983, and then all of a sudden some bastard comes along with a wah-wah. We had the foresight to realise that what's gone before is there, not to be plundered but to be learnt from. People like **The Cult** are naff gits as far as I'm concerned because they're looking back and saying, 'yeah, we like that lifestyle' . . . I'm anti-cock rock, all that 'BABYBABYBABY' . . . I want to cut out the bullshit."

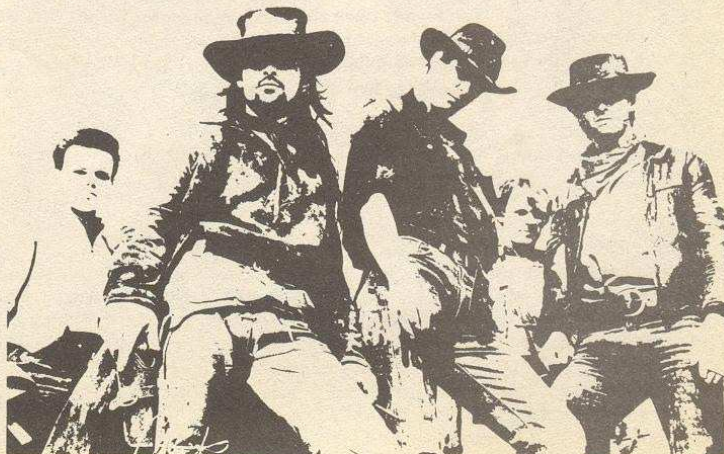
On **The Dismantler**: "He's a person who can't say no to a goose but he's got this little black book ticking away in his brain. He's dismantling everything around him — the machinery of his existence, until in the end, everything is devalued, and everything ceases to mean anything . . . yes, he's me, more or less."

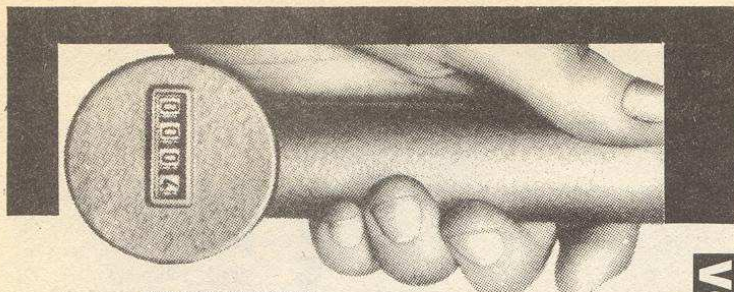
On **Karl Blake**: "I suppose I'm a romantic and an idealist, but I'm not one of these who says, 'let's put armour on', but I can't do it. I think you've got to throw yourself into situations and if you get hurt, so be it."

## Here, mate, we were The Mission before The Mission were The Mission!

The **Nephilim** ask for their old demo tape back from **Jungle**.

**Pratninja** gets preaching . . .





VOLTS ALL THIS THEN



"We've never had any principles from the word

go"

Wow! Pop Will Eat Itself are *real* rebels in search of *success*. Greaseball rock squeezes a pimple again, Liz Evans gets it in the face, Ronnie Randall steals the pics.

The floor tiles loom large beneath my nose as I struggle feebly to escape the iron grip of a thing with matted greasy hair and a plaster on his nose.

Too late! My upside down position is changed to a sprawl, crushed beneath a giggling, beery mountain of bone and gristle. Hmm . . . This doesn't bode well. I can see chaos looming on the horizon.

The Black Country purveyors of cock-pop are in fine form today. Bloodshot eyes swimming with alcohol, they are being "mean" and "moody" — prising pearls of wisdom from their clam-like gobs (normally open in full cry) is a trying task.

Singer Clinton is swilling at the bar, guitarist Adam is comatose, leaving us with only Graham and Richard, the latter of which is outlining the Poppies' course of action, "We're leaving the Indie scene in the gutter where it belongs, along with the empty Tootie-Fruitie packets." (symbolic, eh?)

Graham: "We've really conquered the Indie market now. It sounds shit to say so, but we have. It's really bad at the moment, to be part of the scene you have to be small and twee. We just want success."

So you would sacrifice the Indie ethic?

Graham: "We've never had any principles from the word go. We just want to make some money and have a good time."

What's your reaction to those who accuse you of talking about nothing except girls?

Richard: "Just because we talk about things we like people automatically accuse us of being thicke's."

Graham: "If you are clever you don't talk about sex and drinking. We don't pretend anything. We sit around for days at the pub, talking about shit and total trivia and if someone interviews us we aren't going to change."

This bunch of loveable greaseballs, when encountered later, got into letting off their pent-up aggression on the dancefloor, flailing their grungy limbs around the place after a hard day of winding up harassed journalists. Still later on the rooftop, they hurled chairs and glasses into the night air onto bewildered passers by and parked vehicles. It was difficult not to forgive them for their misdeemeanors, after all, it must be hard at times to lead a *lad's* life . . . And that's just like a big group, *isn't it?*

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## CROP SPREADS THROUGH EUROPE



Martin Aston on Eton Crop The Dutch used to have access to nighttime John Peel but those '77 days have long been filed away under 'nostalgia'. One band who sucked in the thriving Brit-independent whirl at the time were Eton Crop. It sounds just right as they've had four Peel sessions and toured five times since 1983, but if Eton Crop themselves didn't share that same gritty, abrasive Northern guitar zeal, then nobody would want them back for more. ■ "We've been associated with The Three Johns since the last album," explains Corne Bos, bassist and regular Crop ambassador to their British label Ediesta. "It was produced by The Mekon's Tom Greene and Jon Lanford did the sleeve, but what's that got to do with the music? We're punkier and more basic than The Three Johns — who use more Captain Beefheart riffs and things. A lot of English people sometimes don't listen..." ■ Then again, Crop sound English, if there's such a thing, probably because they sing in the language, but also because their manic song titles reflect a sharp command of it. It's My Dog, Maestro (the last album), Yes Please, Bob (the last mini-album) and now the 12 inch A Bundle Of Bucks (For A Dead Dog Is A Bargain). Corne, explain! "We're very keen on these titles. They're more like headlines in the newspapers, like Boy Meets Tractor." ■ Here's one for you, though — A Bundle Of Bucks is about the saga of the American woman who dried off her pet poodle in the microwave and cooked it (medium, I believe). "She got 100,000 compensation because the instructions said nothing about *not* putting your dog in a microwave..." ■ Add a feisty Peel-pop-perfect cover of The Nightingales' Paraffin Brain on the new 12 inch, and you have irony, humour, bite, twisting riffs, and... "music papers in Holland pick up new bands too late." ■ You heard the man.



F.A.R.'s Final Alternative Relation

## MIRACLE *miracle!* SHOCK!



The Miracle Legion climbed the steps of Elektra Records for one last attempt at touchdown. They got kicked out. Wired-up, nauseous, delirious — "it was our last string," murmurs Mark. "We had nothing left to live for on that level" — they played New York's CBGB's the same night. Flat out. Rough Trade's Geoff Travis sees them. He signs them up.

- Miracle Legion lynchpins Mark and Ray are in London to cut their new album, their first for RT, Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!
- When The Miracle Legion last visited, 'round '86, they were signed to fast disappearing Making Waves. Their first mini-LP was critically acclaimed, but the new record has dug in deeper, its dense scan of guitars and brooding twists of melody adding to those REM-erica comparisons of The Backyard mini-album. Mark: "I don't want to specify and put ideas into people's heads or mouths but it just seemed that people had a certain expectation for that record. We don't really deliver live the same way. I think people thought we were, uh, *mush*, or *folky*. I don't think we're folky."
- So my passing thought that Surprise! was a conscious move, away from the archetypal REM swirl-surge-and-jangle meets disapproval. "I don't see that we would want to *not* be like anyone," Mark says, puzzled.
- "In America, no one would see us as *anything*. They weren't interested. They were looking for something else. When Elektra got in contact, it was their heavy metal A&R guy who called us."
- But, the world is full of surprises. Like rock 'n' roll, almost. *Marti Asquith*

## Italy

has always had its share of hard-electronics combos and noise mystics (does anybody wonder whatever happened to MAURIZIO BIANCHI, the sultan of Italian industrialism? Well, as many rock stars, he repented and subsided to God Almighty...). In contrast, inventive creators of soft-cool avant garde are just starting to surface. One belonging to this more scholarly nucleus is PIERLUIGI CASTELLANO: he mainly writes soundtracks for theatrical ballet pieces and his second LP, *Dances*, collects ten brief excerpts from such scores. The sound is reminiscent of SOFT VERDICT and other sweeties on Disques du Crepuscule, but is less minimal, displaying a wide range of classical and popular influences. The romantic melodies are strewn with electronic twists. Lushly packaged and digitally mastered, definitely a work worth checking. On MANTRA RECORDS, Via degli Etruschi 4/14, 00185 Roma, Italy.

STEVEN BROWN, with the new TUXEDOMOON album, *You*, fresh from the factory, has been seen more and more around Italy in the past few months. He produced and played on Lazare, the debut album by MINOX — a fresh band from the Tuscany countryside with classical atmospheres and languid pop-tunes. The record was mixed by GILLES MARTIN and is manufactured with manifold refinement by IDL, easily the most illuminated indie from trendy Florence. ■ Also from IDL, Brown has cut five covers of the Italian songwriter LUIGI TENCO, to be released soon as a mini-LP. Tenco, who killed himself 20 years ago disappointed by the short-sightedness of pop-audiences, has become a cult-figure: his sad love stories still being relevant and touching. ■ Steven sings in Italian, without thought of mastery. Amusing as a white fly (*Must be some local Italian phrase — ed*). Steven Brown Plays Luigi-Tenco stands out from the mass of Italian independent productions. IDL is marketed through Material Sonori, Via Roma 20, 52027 San Giovanni V.no, Italy.

By far the most active and prolific Italian label on the front of weird electronics and underground experiments is ADN from Milan (P.le Segrino 6a, 20159 Milano, Italy). They have an impressive catalogue listing their own home brand of cassettes and records plus hundreds of unusual products from around the world. Recently they have become the Italian branch of the RECOMMENDED RECORDS organisation, so a few of their releases may eventually be available through Recommended Headquarters in London.

Picking out just two titles in the more harsh and noise-oriented vein, the debut LPs of TASADAY and F.A.R. are worth getting. Tasaday is a numerous front from the outskirts of Milan (11 musicians on Aprirsi Nel Silenzio), with granite-like percussion and techno-ritual charges. They have another LP out on Azteco Records, *L'animale Profondo*, with a hand-painted cover. FINAL ALTERNATIVE RELATION (F.A.R.) come from Savona, the line-up changes constantly and right now they are an almost all-girl band, quite uncommon for the kind of music they play. ■ Their album, *Da Consumar Con Grazia*, mixes rough synths and tape-loops with softer acoustic interludes. More relaxed titles from the ADN files are *Doubling & Silences*, a LP by F.P. & THE DOUBLING RIDERS (assembled with collaboration through the mail by musicians of different countries), and *Riflessi* by RICCARDO SINIGLIA (serious ambient structures by a young and gifted architect-musician who teaches electronic composition at Milan Conservatory). More about ADN next time!

Vittore Baroni reporting

NEW NAME TO CHECK: Diesel Park West (signed to Food)

46 UNDERGROUND



WO

tm



# FLAVOUR OF THE MONTH?

The Mint Addicts are introducing pop with passion to West Germany, Jan Cux gets a taster... "Not once did I write ONE proper LOVESONG/All my odes were destined to end up in odiousness..." (Cor Gout)

The Mint Addicts have another destiny, they prefer lovesongs. ■ The West German independent-aristocrat Phillip Boa couldn't neglect them! He knew that The Mint Addicts are not a disdainful band that only tries to create sentimental lovesongs. ■ It was their debut single, Thunder, Storm And Lightning, that introduced me to The Mint Addicts' versatility. The band from Bremen (a town with an interesting scene) easily combines noisy and harmonic elements. Their music gains vitality from its multiplicity. ■ This is the reason why it's so difficult to classify the Addicts' sound. There are lots of crossovers (from sound experiments to harmonies) and these are allowed to run wild on their Constrictor debut album Naked Eyes. Their potential has already been recognised in Germany with some intense media attention. ■ Having just returned from a successful trip to Poland, where they appeared with The Ex, Minimal Compact and David Thomas in Warszawa, a bigger record deal is in sight, and England should be next.



# LEFTER THAN THE REST

**Martin Aston rides the Red Wave** In Western eyeballs, Russian rock 'n' roll has been represented by five minutes' broadcast, via Live Aid, of Autograph, hopeless MOR casualties who reinforced our opinion that Russia was a cultural back-alley of tame cliché, outdated and toothless. ● The picture might well be shifting. Red Wave: 4 Underground Bands From Russia has just been released by Big Time Records (as a double album in America but only as a single here in the UK) which is the culmination of a saga that both Hollywood and BBC Radio Drama have already got their storyboards around. ● LA-based musician Joanna Stingray, over three and a half years and nine visits, was introduced to and befriended some of Russia's most popular, thriving underground bands whose relative radicalism and daring contrasted greatly with Autograph's bland prog-rock. The only snag was that unlike Autograph, who are 'official' in that they are government-sanctioned to record for the state-owned label Melodia, the 'unofficial' groups aren't allowed to record or even make a single ruble from performing. ● Subsequently tapes are made, duplicated and passed on (DIY independence lives on, cynicism-free in Russia). Joanna, paranoia in pocket and with KGB and FBI questions following her 'innocent' visits to Leningrad where her friends lived, smuggled out master tapes and compiled the album back in LA. ● The result? Well, the four featured bands, Kino, Aquarium, Alisa and Strange Games still sound ten years behind, being poppy new-wave, techno-rock, glitter-rock and Two-Tone respectively. True Underground in the illegality stakes, but musically alternative? You'll have to make your own mind on that one.

long run it's got to be more indefinable. I've wondered whether it's because it takes a few listens to tune into what we're doing." Whether supporting Thrashing Doves in New York, heading increasingly bigger shows back home in Boston (ah, their parent city has shown approval at last) or rumbling around this country, Three Colors want to crack it. So much so that, as their second mini-album This Is Norwood (on Soul Select) says, "if you are not pleased with this product, we will come over to your house and sing". This band feels exactly right, but then what can you expect from a bunch o' Bostonians who name their record after one of London's forgotten southern suburbs? Martin Aston

## What's the color of pop?

**They say Boston is the most Anglophile of American cities but that doesn't mean we have to have everything in common. Just because Boston gave Three Colours a bit of a hard time because they couldn't instantly categorise (and thus handle or accept...) a beguiling, non-conformist bunch of indefinables doesn't mean we've got to get in on the act...**

Three Colors number five (namecheck: Chris, Hub, Max, Barry and Dana) and together, they can raise the roof. Three Colors don't ham it up.

So why the indifference, trend-conscious readers?

"Obviously it's hard to pin us down," sighs Hub, Three Color spokesman. "We never fit into any one genre in Boston, which is more known for garage stuff. But in the

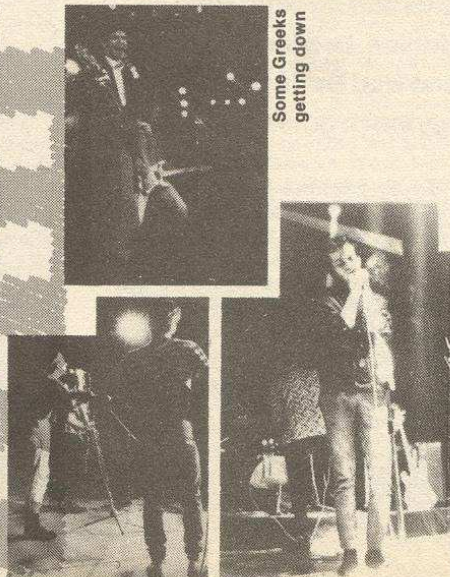


3 Colors

# GREEK MEDADDY

Anthony Fragos gets Greeky

**GREEK ROCK 'N' ROLL?** I kid you not. From the land of the rising kebab, the people who brought you Nana Mouskouri and Prince Phillip let you get your ears 'round the aural delights of garage psychedelia, gothic, punk, computer and even anorak rock. ■ Athens is the nerve centre of this growing Greek movement, and the leaders of the pack include **LAST DRIVE**, the "best" garage band in Greece, who are famous for a frenzied version of Blue Moon on their Underground Shakedown LP. For the heavies, there's the hard rockin' Anti-Troppau Council, and the more frenetic post-punk punksters **CHAOS GENERATION**. For the more rootsy and greasy, try a helping of professional "trash" from **YELL-O-YELL**, who have now released their fourth LP, and **VILLA 21**. ■ Finally, for the trip freaks there's the psychedelia of **BLUE LIGHT** (on Object Records) and **LIBIDO BLUME**. There's more, but space restricts listing the full Grecian 2000. The vinyl entrepreneurs sending out these sun and Ouzo drenched sounds are Hitch Hike Records (garage psychedelia), the all purpose Dikeoma Diavasis, punk label Enigma and Smash Records from Salonika. But if you'd like any more details on any of these, contact Anthony Fragos at 16 Petmezastrasse, Neo Kosmos 111743, Athens, Greece. (Anthony also writes for a national music mag and DJs a purely independent show for national Greek radio. Would-be posters could do worse than to contact him too.)



Some Greeks getting down

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Intrepid scribe **Julian McHenry** dons his stripey shirt and gathers a swag bag of chrome and ferric for a head-on collision with Go! Discs supremo **Andy McDonald**. Yes, yes, yes, the man who signed **The Housemartins**, **The Bic** (let's forget about that one, Dave) and some bloke called **Bully Bargg** (among others) gives judgement on this month's *Tip Sheet*. **Julian Henry** types on regardless.

The numbered system after each review refers to marks out of ten for content, delivery, presentation and potential. Er, well, let battle commence . . .

**FICTITIOUS NAMES** (84 Park Street, Radcliffe, Manchester) come at us with their guitars in their hands. The biog says that their music is 'powerful, popular, commercial, listenable' etc etc, and so Andy and I chew this over while listening to their cassette. "It's got a good beat," the Go Discs boss finally declares, but otherwise we're stuck for inspired critical comment. I eventually mention **The Smiths**, and Andy agrees adding that although it's all very pleasant, there's not enough impact there to make him jump up and down and want to start sending out contracts."



3 3 3 3

**FROM THE HIP** (0742 325624) play the sort of dead commercial soul/pop efforts that usually end up at number one in the charts, and, as it happens, one of the group actually co-wrote Alison Moyet's *Weak In The Presence Of Beauty* blockbuster. Blimey! What are they doing sending us cassettes then?

## B B O Y S B - W A R E

First on stage is hardly a privilege at the best of gigs, and the **Blood Unc's** arrived to a barrage of uncontrolled apathy. Undaunted, they plunged into some sexy, beaty rock and pulled out the pauses. Bang! One track ended, a quick inhalation and it was back to work. Their drum-machine-driven attack, scalpel-sharp guitar sounds, bounding bass-lines and gritty vocals are that much meatier live, and songs; **Crash and Beathag** really flexed. Look out for 'em.

Next, audience participation was the name of the game as the stage divers and slammers got into it. **Broken Bones** weren't the result, they were the reason for this energy release; supersonic punkers with guitars firing riffs all over the gaff. There were leather and stud-infested arms moving in all directions and eight out of ten punx, who expressed a preference, launched themselves from the stage at some point. Far superior in the flesh than on vinyl, they proved to be a pretty much unstoppable force and went down a storm.

After an interval, in which the *Electric* album by **The Cult** was forced upon us, **Bad Brains** took to the stage. Whereas those old cults have swapped self respect for scotch eggs in the trousers, dreadlocked punk-metal couldn't be anything other than honest.

Shouldn't they be off recording in New York or lounging round a swimming pool somewhere? Anyway, Andy approves of singer **Riek Baines'** contributions, and says that there's a good horn arrangement.

"They wear their soul influences very much on their sleeves, and I suppose it's better to steal from **Otis Redding** than **Mud**," he concludes.

6 5 4 6

**THE LA's** (42 Morcroft Road, Liverpool L36) wrote us a scribbled note, urging us to turn the volume control up loud when playing their tape. We duly obliged and were rewarded by some rather pleasing acoustic strumming that was both economical and distinctive. Andy started tapping his feet excitedly.

"This is **GOOD**. I could imagine a song like this being written by someone like **Ray Davies**; it doesn't matter that it's badly recorded, and any **A&R** man who can't recognise the quality should be shot."

Strong words indeed from the 'Mr Nice Of Pop!' will you be signing up the **LA's**?

"I shall definitely be calling them up — there are four songs here that are nice and concise, and not one of them has overstayed its welcome. The best tape so far".

7 6 6 8

**CLARK** (01-381 1819) come from **Tulse Hill**, and sound to me like **Stump**. Or **Slab**. Or any one of those groups with a name so clod-like and matter-of-fact that they can't possibly be anything to do with the glamorous and showbizzy

world of pop music. I wonder what they want? Perhaps they should be hung in an art gallery. Perhaps they should be hung full stop. While I am silently pondering over **Clark**, Andy is staring out of the window watching the rain.

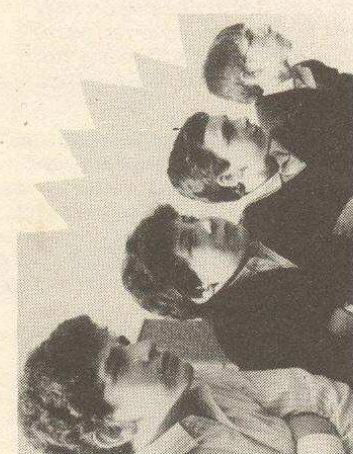
3 3 3 3

**THE HANGING THREE** (8c Sisters Avenue, London SW11 5SG) have made a tape with seven songs on it which they tell us they intend to sell for £2.50p plus 50p postage. Well, this is something, or is it? Andy looks sheepish when I ask him to be hard and give me a tough assessment of **The Hanging Three**. "Well, it's alright, you know," he mumbles. "I don't like to knock it but there's actually not much on a tape like this for me to comment on constructively."

3 3 3 3

**XL** (36 The Mall, Southgate, London N14) have named their cassette **Go!** — in an attempt to win over our guest reviewer's heart, and they partially succeeded with a frantic '60s work-out. "They have definitely decided that they have a direction and they are sticking to it," Andy states diplomatically. "It could be a mistake though, opening with an instrumental."

When listening to the cassette again later, I discovered a photograph of the band — they all look to be about 12, something that I am quite sure would have impressed Andy had he known.



3 3 3 3

**THE PROTECTIVE RACKET** (406 Gibbet Street, Halifax, W. Yorks) were welcomed to the cassette deck only in as much as they provided a bit of "controversy". These are naughty boys, you see; they list their influences as **The Beastie Boys** and **Jimi Hendrix** and sing about having "heads full of smack"

Ideals and skin colour apart, these four guys gave it all they had — impressive because the music was just so potent. When the sounds weren't flying by in an enjoyable blur, the few, well-placed reggae numbers served to break the set up and give some short respites to the hordes of diving, slamming devotees; allowing them a short but sweet skank. There was a hiccup when the sound disappeared for a few minutes, but this incident was forgotten quickly enough. Some over-zealous 'characters' started a violence vibe, but singer **HR** was straight in there and cooled it out. After the howl for encores was done and a perfect backflip executed over his adobe stand, **HR** thanked everyone for their support and it was all over. **Bad Brains**, baaaaad gig.

0 0 0 0

**I.V.E.** (7 Churston Road, Ashgate, Chesterfield, Derbyshire) perform their art with loving attention. The hand-out tells us nothing about the group, but details all the previous recordings on various tapes and compilations. Our cassette was number 17. My guess is that there is one fellow who does it all himself, locked away with his **Portastudio**, as the tape sounds so personal. Andy, unfortunately, was unimpressed.

"Too tuneless for me," he said, "but I certainly hope he enjoyed doing it." How tactful the **Go! Discs** "**King Of Pop**" can be sometimes!

4 3 3 2

**FRIENDS** (c/o PO Box 13, Stockton on Tees, Cleveland TS13 1RX) drew appreciative coos from Andy and myself as they launched into their first track, a summery **Lotus Eaters** ice-cream lolly-pop ditty called **Far And Away** which sounds suspiciously like a hit. "Nice melody, well constructed, and a lot better than many bands who've got major deals," says Andy. "I would be most surprised if this lot don't get signed up in the next few months."

"I would be most interested to have a sniff around one of their bedrooms — I'm pretty certain we'd find a few **Tear-drop Explodes** records, don't you?" Andy muses, as **Burning Bridges** displays some very **Julian Cope** horn blasts.

6 6 7 6

**REMEMBER FUN** (83 Watson Street, Larkhall, Lanarkshire) open their first song with lots of dee-dah-dums, and tell us in their letter that they expect to be **The Next Big Thing**. What does Andy think? "It's OK. It's been done before, it'll be done again." Having a rather sweet tooth for this sort of thing I am prone to feeling more sympathetic, and hope that **Remember Fun** spend their time at beach parties or riding around on double decker buses, as befits this type of music.

4 4 3 4

**THE HELP ENGINE** (46 Hazelbrigge Road, Clapham North, London SW4) sent us a rather fetching promotional photograph of four people (the band I presume) baring their bottoms. One of



the group used to be in Modern English apparently, so Andy and I spend some time peering at the photo, trying to identify which bottom belonged to the Modern English fellow.



Perhaps it was the big one. No firm conclusion could be reached, unfortunately, so we turned our attention to the music, which may have been a mistake from the band's point of view. "Not incredibly special or individual," was Andy's comment, and I felt inclined to agree. We felt much happier looking at this group's bottoms.

4 4 5 4

**THE SCREAMING ABDABS** (78 Sandringham Road, London E8 2LL) scored big points on two counts. Firstly, a photograph that shows them all yelling and bawling in truly inspired fashion, and secondly a long chatty letter that tells us of all the benefit concerts that they've played. They definitely look like good types. However, what about business? Would Go! Discs shovel the beer vouchers in the direction of The Screaming Abdabs? Andy pointed out that although they would certainly be a "top notch" live act, they would be a bit hard to take seriously as a band to sign up.



5 5 6 5

**THE DISCO SCOOTERS** (37-39 Norman Road, St Leonards On Sea, East Sussex) sent us a whole LP's worth of songs on one cassette. Crikey! The first few songs sounded alright... and, yes, just like The Jesus And Mary Chain. I suppose everyone says that. Andy said something different though, he said "Not my sort of thing." We both agreed a cassette like this, for sale at £2.80, deserved a bag of peppermints or something to say "well done."

5 5 6 5

**THE POETS** (c/o 16 Coppice Wood, Grove Guiseley, Leeds, West Yorks) were my favourite band in the pile. They write to tell us that they're "from a cellar, not a bedroom", and are sick of writing grovelling letters to people. The music is undramatically traditional in its use of guitars, piano and harmony vocals, but is delivered with a feverish aggression and a healthy respect for diminished chord sequences (*what-ed*). Andy was unconvinced at first, but the sudden appearance of a John Lennon vocal on the second song won him over. By the end he was pushed to deliver the following plea: "Please send me your next cassette!" You will be hearing more from The Poets.

6 7 7 8

**NORTH OF CORNWALLIS** (62 Beethoven Street, London W10) were already known to Andy through a link with The Housemartins, and a play of their cassette drew the following comments: "It's intelligent, sensitive, and they seem like battlers. I've heard this tape before and want to see their next gig: in fact if I had to put £5 on any of the bands we've listened to tonight being famous, I'd put it on this lot."

A perusal of the blurb enclosed with the tape reveals good press cuttings, decent picture and a nice letter from singer Lester. The music is mellow, well-played and Lester appears to own a fine set of vocal chords. This group seem to be doing it right.



8 8 8 9

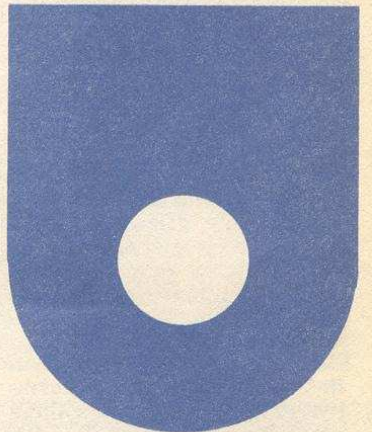
## SHEND ON THE RUN



**Confessions of a pop icon number one: Move To The Big City And Do Some Recording**

The month started with some optimism. I had acquired the ancestral rights to a room in Camden, and the person responsible for the transaction assured me that the medieval deeds, in the leatherette pouch, signed by noted Danish legend Prince Flarg in 1527, were genuine... Although I marvelled at the great Dane's revolutionary use of biro. Still no matter, the main thing was, at last, I stood, without scaffolding, in 'The city that never sleeps!' A place so different from the rolling vales of my Worcestershire home, a place where wastebin rummaging seems compulsory. The Very Things were in the studio constructing their latest LP. Robin Raymond, my life-long compatriot in the seamy world of music, was hunched over a machine named after a Japanese motorcycle, which, like its namesake was making a horrendous racket; noises that I knew would one day manifest themselves as the latest chart-topping 'Rockin' Vervys' disc. I sat and watched *The Price Is Right* in the rest room. Leslie Crowther's margarine mentality mingled with the muttered abuse from Derek, our trusted engineer, as expensively hired equipment languishing in his path, was sent sprawling into a pile of broken expensively hired equipment and discarded Robert Palmer promotional blow-up women. Derek is the only person I have ever seen mend a delicate sampling machine with violence. Fact One: A sampling machine is basically a clever utensil for stealing sounds that people like Robert Palmer spent £40,000, and simply ages, creating. It is a good thing. Much of the drums and other boomy bits can, these days, be "laid down" (much studio language seems to revolve around being prostrate) on a

glorified 'Alien-War-Attack-Death-Crash' computer game in a friend's wardrobe if necessary. This minimises the time spent in the studio, where, to watch *The Price Is Right* and half of *Ever Decreasing Circles* costs about £40. Fact Two: Studios are expensive. Having read the ingredients on each flavour of the Maxpax machine, and finding them all to be identical, I wandered back into the control room, removed Robert Palmer's box set: *How To Sell A Pile Of Crap Using Women's Thighs* and made useful comments like: "ADT the flange line", or "A D minor 7th would sound good after the hook". Fact Three: Recording is very technical. These comments can cause embarrassment, as someone may spin round and ask what you mean. Everyone then realises your true vocation is re-checking those vital Maxpax ingredients immediately. The disturbing thing in a studio is when they play vocals back without any other tracks, then you realise that you're in dire need of an iron lung, and that, with practice, you can guess the exact amount of loose change jangling in your pocket (58p for the new single). Leaving Robin to grapple with the latest neuro-surge technology, I wandered unnoticed into the night. My Prince Flarg ceremonial mace glinting under the orange street lamps. By the way I'm writing this with a Mike Read Radio One pen. If only life were as simple as Mike Read.



## NEXT MONTH

**DON'T MISS UNDERGROUND YOU BOZO! KILL TO CHILL DEPECHE MODE exclusive new LP stuff BIG ZAP!**

the soul-metal re-union gets balls **TALULAH GOSH** life after press insults and the special **RONNIE "THE" RANDALL** away-day in Paris plus a million reviews and all the other fall out **OUT FRIDAY JULY 24**

"Most groups are pressed out of a jelly mould with *one* idea that can be marketed for kids. It's become a fast food pop chart streamlined for quick turnover." The Jack Rubies are questioning their role in the new age, but not for long. They brim with self-confidence. For all their trepidation they are supremely sure of their ultimate destination.

"We are interested in *songs*; ones with verses, choruses and tunes. You remember the sort of thing? We don't just strut some funky stuff, slice in a few riffs and chuck some words on top. We carefully construct each piece."

Architects? Navvies? Landscape gardeners? Construct? How?

"Well, the way it works is Ian meticulously works out every last detail of a piece, brings it to the rest of us, and we mangle and bludgeon it to death. It stops him getting uppity."

Hence all the references to violence, mutilation and suicide?

"The humour may be black and malicious, but we're definitely not dour. Those songs are a *celebration* of love, not a downer. When you're hopelessly in love you get these gross ideas like self-mutilation and they seem reasonable."

The Rubies' live performance is fresh and fluid. A frantic bundle of bouncing aggression awash in great tides of enthusiasm. Oooh! And the sweat.

Forgetting the J Rubie/Lee Harvey Oswald/Kennedy axis, there's still a strong US feel to many of their songs. Gunbelts, stetsons, black teeth, railroads. Chug-a-lug, twang-a-lang. You been watching cowboy films then?

"The influences are American flotsam. It isn't kitsch or derivative. We know next to nothing about the place, apart from the telly and radio. In the '60s it all seemed like a glamorous wonderland. Of course, it's turned into a bit of a nightmare now."

THE JACK RUBIES



And the ironic Rubies! A guitar band rising on the dawn of the computer age?

"Samples will never replace a bass guitar, but they *will* change the general direction of music. Some of it is good . . . the way The Young Gods make use of computers in a grungy, nasty noise, not the usual rinky-dink metronome nonsense, but there's a lot of bad stuff. As a concession to the brave new world we're writing a song based on the theme music to the Hang-On motor bike arcade game. It's the next single."

They laugh loudly, but then they always do. Whatever they're on, I want some. I think it's called the road to success. Be With You, the single, is on Idea.

Ronnie Randall



THE MIRACLE MILE

The Miracle Mile are a guitar-toting three piece from Skipton in North Yorkshire. Unearthed by the *Tip Sheet*, their tape was a fresh and vaguely Roddy Frame-sounding affair that was impressively professional.

Guitarist Trevor Jones was eventually located at the end of a telephone and made to explain: "Well, we've been going about 18 months, though we moved down to London a year or so ago to make a proper go of things."

Since then the band have signed to Zomba Music for publishing. The group now play live as a five piece augmented by ex-Hairent 100 sax man Phil Smith and Steve Davies (no, not the snooker player) on guitars.

The actual nucleus of the band, though, is very much the songwriting duo of Trevor and bassist Stephen Smith, and when confronted with a comparison to Roddy Frame, Trevor admits a keen admiration for him.

"We like people like Frame and Paddy McAloon, but I think our favourite must be Elvis Costello," he says. "He seems to be able to just suggest an idea and then seduce the listener which is what I like; he's also got real heart and spirit."

The band's debut single is planned for mid summer release.

Julian Henry

It takes a tough character to escape from New York without being musically tainted by the hip-hop/rap culture.

Aussie Jaqi and Yorkshire-born Michael spurned the predominant local sound, preferring the more anguished utterings of Swans and Sonic Youth. The resultant Dustdevils have a sound more acclimatised to the British provinces.

Having played four New York clubs that subsequently crumbled (beware a Dustdevil), they decided to exit the decaying club life at the core of the Big Apple.

Jaqi: "New Yorkers are totally self-centred. They pride themselves on being open to everything but are ultimately shallow. All their opinions originate in books or are heard in therapy, while political awareness is at a premium. Everyone in the world should live there for a year . . . then scarper."

They fled one Gotham City for another, Michael's home town of Leeds. They'll hate me for saying it but their Banshee-style goth rock (ouch!) had found its spiritual home.

Suburban Leeds after the crazyness of New York? After



DUSTDEVILS

the sun and sea of Sydney? Where's the attraction Jaqi?

"There's none really. It perfectly lives up to its name of Gotham City — tribes of teenage goth warriors roaming across the vast plains of endless shopping precincts. It needs a shake up."

Perhaps the new album, *Rhenyards Grin*, is the start of a whirlwind, and the track on Rouska's Zarah CD comp? Yes, that should do it! Ronnie Randall



FIRE NEXT TIME

It's not every day of the week you stumble across a band like Fire Next Time.

There's enough pop to hum on the way home, enough gusto to send the occasional shiver down your spine, and what's more, they even write songs that suggest influences ranging from Cole Porter, Bruce Springsteen, Dionne Warwick to Paul Weller to name but a few.

Now signed to Polydor, after a debut single on Stiff last year, it seems like they're poised to head chartwards sooner or later. The current single, *I Can't Go Back*, won't be the one to do the job even though it's a corker.

"It's had some night-time play on Radio One, but for some reason *Smash Hits* haven't been on the phone to interview us yet," says singer/guitarist James Maddock. (*Are you serious, — ed*)

The *NME* haven't shown much interest either, despite loads of gigs, despite James' political interests (he's a Marxist/SWP person), despite lots of benefits, but most importantly, despite being a bloody good group.

"It doesn't bother us too much at the moment," says guitarist Geoff Sapsford. "The deal we've signed is for seven albums so we aim to build up gradually and Polydor agree with that."

People endlessly moan about the death of rock music, even when the raunch is rumbling right at their door. At the moment Fire Next Time are young, raging and quite inspirational, they can easily see off their critics, but pop music desperately needs more groups like this. Julian Henry



"Pop should be fun, we've no time for modelled video androids. Look at me, an Edwardian twat. Look at Smith, a teacher type."

Patrick Troughton lookalike, Martin Newell is explaining his philosophy on the painted pap that passes for pop in the video age. For him, image should play second fiddle to songs, and his Cleaners From Venus are *supreme* songwriters. A sound ablaze in influence from that heyday of prime British pop, the swingin' '60s.

"Good pop is perennial," he parps, "but there's a bad case of Emperors new clothes at the moment. Far too much overproduced rubbish. I won't let the bearded git producers anywhere near my work."

Martin recorded an LP on a four-track in his bedroom during the miner's strike called *Under Wartime Conditions* and now it's out on CD in Germany. "I'm proud of that achievement."

Having spent five years ignoring the record industry, refusing contracts, releasing cassette albums which sold in their thousands, he's finally found a sympathetic ear in the Ammunition label.

"It's not that I've got 'small is beautiful' Yuppie ideals. I just believe in devolution. As far as the consumer society is concerned the biggest crime you can commit is to not compete."

The debut vinyl album is called *Going To England* and is a look at life in the nostalgic England of John Betjeman, Edward Thomas and AE Houseman. An England that probably never really existed, more an ideal. Further along, the new single, *Living With Victoria Grey*, is

about life under Thatcherism and her grim Victorian values yet situated in a scene from Dickens. How apt, and how sweet it would be if the Cleaners message just slipped into the charts. Oh, go on. Ronnie Randall

## MY BABY'S ARM

My Baby's Arm?

Grimmo: "We didn't want a name that began with *the*."

Hmm.

When we met, Grimmo and Paul from the group along with their manager Neil from Kaspar Records were in a somewhat sombre mood, crying into their pints over the lack of radio play for their new single *Hung In The Playground*.

But who, if not what is My Baby's Arm?

Grimmo, the Irish mop of hair and ex-Zerra One, is on guitar, Paul is also on guitar and Mark plays the drums. While Jeremy is

the most senior member and an ex-Monochrome Set person (all present professed a strong dislike for this band), who plays and sings — the father of the aforementioned baby.

So what's it all about? Do My Baby's Arm have any bone of contention to chew over, any message in the lyrics?

Grimmo: "The music itself isn't trying to create a reaction, it's just *our* reaction against blandness. We aren't trying to put across a message." Liz Evans

## THE SHREW KINGS

Two years ago, I was reviewing this Play Brecht single and asked myself 'any chance The Shrew Kings are a bunch of *name* musicians?' Well, here I am 'phoning singer Jeff Harvey and asking him just that! Indeed, Jeff used to sing with King Kurt but left "just as they started to get notorious."

The group number six, with three vocalists and the intermittent use of squeezebox, harmonica, fiddle and trumpet among the guitars. Sick and tired of being branded Brechtobillies, just because they used to always sing *The Alabama Song* and *Mac The Knife* (and *Brel's Funeral Tango*), the group have dropped all covers from their live set, leaving behind a busking mix of country, skiffle-abilly, western, dancehall and pop. Bypass the erratic *Sad But True* LP of last year and hear the new, improved *Green Eyed Kid* EP. Eclectic buggers or *Jacks-Of-All-Trades* cabaret stars of '87? You'll just have to go and find out. Martin Aston



## THE BATHERS

If you followed the tempestuous career of the sorely missed Scottish pop icons *Friends Again*, then you'd have heard the classic *Honey At The Core* and *State Of Art* singles from 1983 plus the long-delayed, erratic album *Trapped And Unwrapped*. Guitarist James Grant ran off with the drummer and keyboardist to form *Love And Money* while it's taken the group's singer and songwriter Chris Thompson over two years to re-surface with *The Bathers*.

An extended trip to Rome rekindled Chris' songwriting but without him knowing, his (recently fired) manager was only approaching major label deals.

continues over

# sta

# NAMEDROP

**THE BATHERS** end piece No-one would have him, Chris admits, mainly because there was no Top Ten aura around him, but then Creation showed interest before Go! Discs "came back very strongly". The single, *Fancy Dress*, has been released to reasonable response and an album, *Unusual Ways To Die*, is ready to go. Martin Aston

**MEHEAD**

**MEHEAD's** music features tortured rhythms and brutal blasts. It's a noise much admired recently by the legendary Pere Ubu man Dave Thomas, who was reminded of his early days back in Cleveland. Founder members Phil and guitarist Dave Maleed proudly show me a picture of man-mountain Mr Thomas chatting to them.

The present line-up has existed for about 18 months, but 1986 didn't see much activity. Three gigs! How come?

"We're idealists," they say, but can idealism sell records? Sticking uncompromisingly to their guns, they plan to avoid the majors as well as the would-be Svengalis of the indie scene, and release a 12 inch EP on their own Makerite label in the autumn. They've done it before, in '84, and have learnt from past mistakes.

Militant Wire fan Paul Kneller, drums, and Happy End jazz trumpeter Loz Speyer complete the New Cross foursome, whose mixed-up, undanceable chaos isn't like anything I've heard before. But then, say Mehead, "If you had my brain, you'd know what I was thinking." Ian B Bourne



**SURF DRUMS**

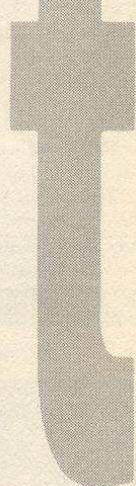
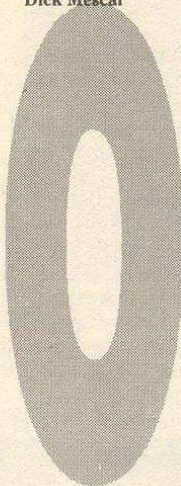
The Surf Drums have been causing a big splash in the small pond of their home town, Brum, since the release of the sharp, dramatic '60s influenced beat of their *Take It With Me* single but now The Byrds influences have given way to the '80s urgency of *Walkaway* on Kaleidoscope Sound (Red Rhino and the Cartel).

As for their contemporaries, lead Surfer David Kehoe has little good to say of the frothy, sugar-coated pop of certain flavour-of-the-month Midlands bands, and he's obviously a man looking past the ephemeral qualities of the pop world, his mind on higher, more admirable thoughts.

"If we can create a feeling — a tingle down the spine — something to touch someone, somewhere — then we've served our purpose," but then with a wry smile, he adds, "But then again, we want to be the next Rolling Stones!"

Neat. Now here's a style note; the Surf Drums have nothing to do with surfing and their name comes off the back of a Pebbles album.

Dick Mescal



**THE FLOWERPOT MEN**

"We want the music to conjure up images as soon as you turn it on without the need of a video." This is Ben Watkins, the charismatic vocalist of **THE FLOWERPOT MEN**, a group who have nothing to do with '60s Californian pop and everything to do with late '80s intensity and excitement.

"We're sound created out of sound rather than environment."

The Flowerpots have their own Compost label (get it?) on which they've released three powerful throbbing blasts of hard, shivering swamp-soaked "thud" in as many years. It's been 18 months since the Dr John cover *Walk On Gilded Splinters* and a year from *Beat City* — recorded in Hollywood for the soundtrack of musical Anglophile John Hughes's *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* — but now there's the brand new *Alligator Bait* EP.

Why the wait?

"Money . . . Plus the group's been all over the place . . . Adam (Peters, the electric cellist and twin driving force) and I have added Mr Delardes and Mark Irving to the sound so now the inconsistency is over. It's a pretty intense period what with the Furs' tour, our own headlining tour and now the LP about to happen.

"We've been a bit aimless in the past, taking it as it comes, without looking over our shoulders at major or indie charts. We've been in a vacuum. Now we have a higher profile, but who knows, with spending so much time together we'll probably want to split up . . . Ha! ha! ha!"

Not so nervous with the laugh Ben. Ronnie Randall

52 UNDERGROUND < GOALMOUTH INCIDENT OF THE MONTH: LA Lakers' Magic Thompson >

TEXAS

JAMES RAY AND THE PERFORMANCE



In the words of Tripwire, **DUB SEX** are "coming up on your blind side". This particular sortie has involved multiple session plays on the Peel show and the recent release of the debut *Then And Now*, on North-West label Sky-saw. "It's only been a year since we started," says singer Mark, and when he tells you there's nothing more important than Dub Sex, you start believing him.

We met in the less than auspicious surroundings of manager Paul Hulme's flat, just on the outskirts of downtown Manchester; a perfect reflection of the Dub Sexy sound of claustrophobia and advanced neurosis. Present, correct, if only a little quiet, were the rest of the group — Cathy provides bubbling bass while Roger plays a perfectly matched slamming beat and Dave provides a reasonably disturbed guitar.

In conversation, it's Mark Hoyle's voice which registers the element of intimidation, which makes Dub Sex music something more than run-of-the-mill. And if his voice suggests a 'bad taste in the mouth', then the lyrics often suggest 'fingers down the throat'. It's an attack on open nerves which is gaining support far and wide, due mainly to the success of their Peel session — "we've had letters from all over Europe but Wolfgang in Germany is the big fan."

It's going 'very nicely thank you,' but will they follow the normal path of other independent based groups? "We're just going to make more Dub Sex music, and don't compare us to anyone else because we're not just another independent band."

Paranoia anyone? Craig Ferguson

## WE FREE KINGS

Playing a selection of traditional acoustic instruments, from mandolin to fiddle, melodeon to reeds, Edinburgh's **WE FREE KINGS** for rather too long attracted unjustified comparisons to those London-Irish folk The Pogues. Unjustified because, rather than mimicking folk songs of the past, We Free Kings hurtle breakneck through their own glorious, swirling cacophony of sound, which owes much more to the early Clash, Stooges and Velvet Underground than to The Dubliners.

Their live set is manic, shambolic, utterly compelling and has led Waterboy Mike Scott to describe them as the best live band in Scotland. Their singles to date, *Death Of The Wild Colonial Boy* and *Oceans*, appeared together on a 12 inch single released at the end of April, and the band have just completed work in Dublin on their first album, which is scheduled for release in September.

All their vinyl product comes complete with exhortations to support Friends Of The Earth and the Scottish magazine *Green Scotland*. Not so much a political crusade, says singer Joe Kingman, as an attempt to make somebody, anybody, care, before they wake up covered in an ocean of concrete. Trevor Pake



< **NOW ON VID (I TOLD YOU IT WAS CRAP):** *Shanghai Surprise* >

## TWANG

"If people listen to our records in five years time when we've disappeared, they should still sound fresh and influential," reckons **TWANG** singer Andy. "Indie stuff is stale . . . jingly-jangly leather trousers bands."

As part of Twang's attempt to "break away from the clichéd aspects of indie music, their next single (the third) will be given different treatments: a Radio Mix, a Dance Mix . . . But, insists Andy, "We're not a pop group."

Funny then that *the Pop Group* get a name check as an influence! Funnier still that *Haircut 100* do too. The *Kick And Complain EP* seems a million miles from the ideal pop disposability of *Haircut*, until you make that vital connection: dance music.

The violent, unexpected and hard northern funk of Twang, issuing from Dave's ragged guitar, John's heaving bass and new-boy Albert's drums, doesn't leave much space for Andy's "sty sense of humour" to come across. His semi-political lyrics are very different from the up-front socialism of former label-mates *Big Flame*, but musically they were an early influence, and anyway, they're friends. Ian B Bourne



The Waltonones have been a 'band-most-likely-to-in-Manch' for a goodly while; they've got the jangliest guitar in town; and now they've released a single, *Downhill*, on *Medium Cool*. Not that they've been confined to Manchester — far from it, they've been playing regularly outside that great Northern metropolis for a considerable time now. So it's been a surprisingly long wait before the release of that debut 45.

"When we played with The Raw Herbs, their label *Medium Cool* offered to put us out on record," explains guitarist Mark. This arrangement lets The Waltonones have the advantages of being on a London-based label, while remaining a Manchester-based combo. And that *does* make a big difference.

On stage, The Waltonones are enthusiastic funsters — all smiles and adolescent ditties. While Mark furiously works at the said jangle, Manny and Alex are bass and drums respectively, and singer James quips, blows harmonica, and bears an uncanny resemblance to Paul Quinn. If there were accusations of Orange Juicism in the past, then the sound they're developing at the moment is all their own. Craig Ferguson

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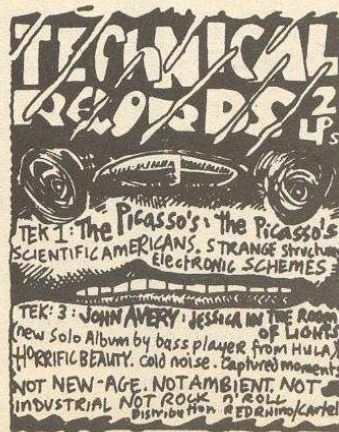
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What's wrong with this country these days? The Rain... from Woking (uh-oh) are a *brill* band. They've got a great single out, Tom Paine on Jive Alive, a track on Imminent IV called The Money Men, plus tracks on a couple of other worthy cassette compilations. So what's wrong with them? Eh? OK mister smart-ass A&R man, it's time to get your feet on the table and impress the boss. Snaffle the gold American Express card from the top of the bureau and get a bundle of The Rain before some other tykes do. They may look a little straight, but they write *brill* songs. TC Wall



Who can this luscious, pouting creature be? Why, it's none other than Jon "Fat, Hairy And Disgusting" Beast, that primal promoter of pithy pop performance, that infamous "Indie impresario" to whom countless squillions of embryonic beat combos send their fab home recordings in the hope of being booked to play their debut "gig" at Kentish Town's hallowed shrine of emetic electric eclecticism, The Timebox. ★ Yes, you've sent him your seminal "Vertical Y-Front Explosion" flexi! You've endured his wacky ansaphone messages! You may even have paid in to see Donkey Kong And The Mating Mules! But what you've probably never realised is that...

- 1 Jon "Bionic Beat Box" Beast is himself a fully paid-up member of a band named Brian which features himself and one Rob Sperm Whale "singing, taking our clothes off and making loud noises like three hundred wild animals vomiting into a dustbin"!?!?
- 2 Jon "Body Beautiful" Beast wears no underpants, for "no real reason except that it's more comfortable than wearing them"!?!?
- 3 Jon "Hieronymous Bosch" Beast once won a prize for creating a collage entitled "You Made Me Fart In His Blue Movie"!?!?!
- 4 Jon "Brutally Frank" Beast hates drummers, dressing up, The Pastels, Talulah Gosh and all other bands who "write songs around that one twee formula"!?!?
- 5 Jon "Love Bites" Beast's favourite rockers of all time are Buzzcocks!?!?!?
- 6 Jon "Boy" Beast is a mere 24 summers young!?!?
- 7 Jon "Eminently Bonkable" Beast is lusted after by many thousands of girlies but most notably by crazy Californian sisters Melissa 'n' Tracey of talented "pop" group Voice Of The Beehive!!!!?!?! (pervs! — ed)
- 8 Jon "Bruce Lee's Tougher Brother" Beast once had most of his toes broken in the changing room of a public swimming baths in Exeter by a rival promoter's Doctor Martens boot!?!?!?
- 9 Jon "Bouncing" Beast weighs a cherubic 17 stone, but has recently "had a really good idea for losing five stone in one go — chop off a leg"!?!?!?!?
- 10 Jon "Filthy Rich Bastard" Beast once made a swoonsome £1000 putting Scouse pre-industrialists Half-Man Half-Biscuit on for two nights!!!!?!?
- 11 Jon "Bodhisattva" Beast's dying words would be "if you can pull 15 people, you can have the gig"!?!?!!
- 12 Er... that's it!?!?!!
- 13 Phew!?!?!! This has been a Nick Sur exclusive!

## Genius or lunatic?

Princess Tynmeat, the floor is yours, Our Man Reg sets the poseurs!

**THE NEW 45!** Our first two singles took a lot of thought and preparation whereas the third one, Angels In Pain, was a much more spontaneous venture. It was the closest I've been to working on my own, which musically is the way I intend to develop.

**THE THREAT OF THEATRE!** "I've always been fascinated by the utter silliness and frivolity of pantomime. Recently I've started to work with various artists, video makers and dancers. This has proved to be a slow process simply because I'm not prepared to half do my ideas anymore."

**POP MUSIC V INTEGRITY!** "About a year ago I decided that it was not enough to make records of artistic integrity and achievement, I also wanted to make records that I would really enjoy listening to. Being a drummer I'm interested in dance music and I like the idea of commercial music providing it keeps its hard edge."

**OUR PUNDIT-COME-REPORTER CONCLUDES!** Not allowing himself to be pigeon-holed in any way (which seems to be a favourite pastime of the British music press), Princess Tynmeat has become a multi-media product in which vivid imagination is given the freedom to run wild. Whatever the future, Princess Tynmeat plans to be around for a very long time. Genius or lunatic, er... I'll get back to you on that one.



UNDERGROUND: leather socks and paisley undies

ISSUE FOUR: hopping mad 'n' wicked

EDITOR David Henderson

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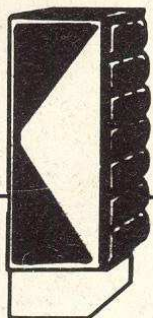
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