

SHOUT | IT | LOUD | WE'RE | A | BIT | TETCHY!

UNDERGROUND

£1

JUNE 1988
ISSUE 15

Underground: File under rampant independent culture handbook!

JELLO BIAFRA

The Kennedy who came back from the Dead

THE HARD-ONS

Aussie volume twiddlers

THROWING MUSES

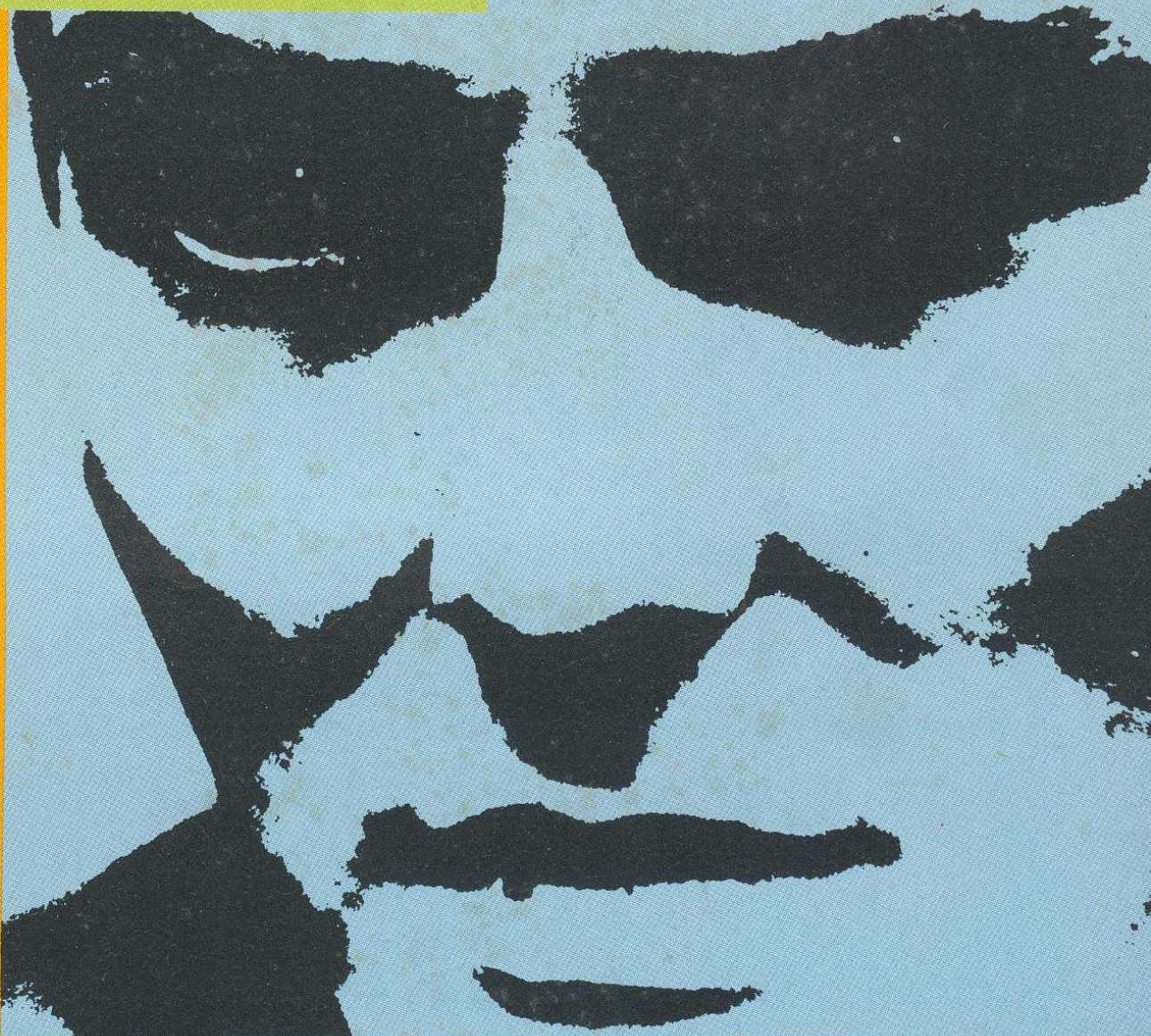
The US answer to no wave

ADRIAN SHERWOOD

The dub and nothing but

THE WONDERSTUFF

A life in the day



THE SMITHS

Booked and revalued

your intro to THRASH
KALEIDOSCOPE SOUND exposé
a squidillion reviews
scam, rap and dribble on
WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES
THE MEMBRANES
GIANT SAND

plus the OK KO of



HEAD



the final token for Un-
derground's Rouska
compilation, competi-
tions, offers, stuff
and Len Liggins

KING BLANK

is IAN LOWERY who led the highly acclaimed FOLK DEVILS until their dissolution in 1987. KING BLANK releases his debut vinyl 'Mouth Off' on Situation Two on Monday May 9th 1988.

– “a raucous declamation of thwarted lust” –

MOUTH OFF

REDLORRY

YELLOWLORRY

NOTHING WRONG

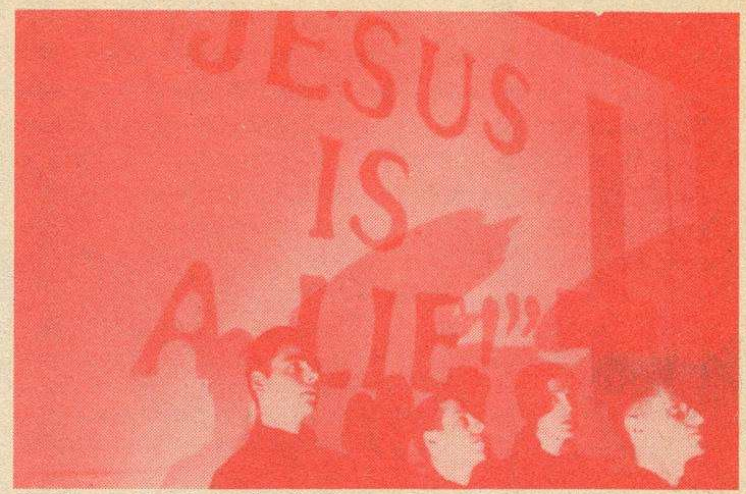
C.D. • ALBUM • CASSETTE

SITUATION
• TWO •

FULL SCAM

"These are a few of our fay-ver-rite thangs"

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 45S | |
| 1 CAT HOUSE Danielle Dax | Awesome |
| 2 UP HOME AR Kane | Rough Trade |
| 3 LITTLE GIRL LOST Icicle Works | Beggars Banquet |
| 4 SAFE IN THE MIND The Charity Case | Fishdisc |
| 5 EVERYDAY IS LIKE SUNDAY Morrissey | His Master's Voice |
| 6 TIME HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL Crazyhead | Food |
| 7 LOVE DIES AGAIN Horseland | Red Rhino |
| 8 SIN BIN Head | Virgin |
| 9 HAPPENS EVERY DAY The Wood Children | Cat & Mouse |
| 10 FERTILE MIND The Primevals | New Rose |
| 33S | |
| 1 TALES OF ORDINARY MADNESS Head | Virgin |
| 2 HOUSE TORNADO Throwing Muses | 4AD |
| 3 SURFER ROSA Pixies | 4AD |
| 4 LOVE HYSTERIA Peter Murphy | Beggars Banquet |
| 5 SPEAK SLOWLY Stars Of Heaven | Rough Trade |
| 6 STORM Giant Sand | Zippo |
| 7 SIX LANE ENDS Yeah Jazz | Cherry Red |
| 8 HAIRWAY TO STEVEN Butthole Surfers | Blast First |
| 9 UNANSWERABLE LUST Luxuria | Beggars Banquet |
| 10 448 DEATHLESS DAYS Steve Fisk | SST |
- Compiled by *Underground* contributors, the best of this month's current or imminent releases



The Shamen: a laugh, a smile, a hymn

SHAMEN CHALLENGE GOD!

A game of two halves says a spokesperson

I say, old bean, it's not been The Shamen Brothers month, has it? After their dismissal from the McEwans advertising campaign due to the group's Happy Days track being anti government, the company discovered that the group "advocated" LSD and used pornographic films in their live shows. They instructed the promoters of Glasgow's Mayfest to drop them from the bill.

Furthermore, religious gremlins began franking the group's mail with the slogan 'Jesus Is Alive'. Hold on matey!!! And just when they were about to release their anti-fundamentalist 'Christian' tirade Jesus Loves Amerika as a single on Ediesta. Well, hey. . . The Shamen throw caution to the wind and stand in the face of ridicule as they head roadways on their Jesus Is A Lie tour (subtle spelling difference, eh?). By the time you read this they'll be adding further dates or will have been arrested by a bible-punching bimlette! Stamp them out. . . and place your hand on the screen.

TOTTERING | ON | THE | 15 | STEPS | TO | HEAVEN

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UNDERGROUND: the censor's pal
ISSUE 15: the anti-Bros beat
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AAAAAAAARGH! THE blonde wave is here... not content to wrap themselves around our top spots, the generation of "raunchy post-Blondie blondes", attempting to punk-out of the Patsy Kensit fad, are already grabbing at the heels of **The Primitives**. **The Darling Buds** would probably never have raised a titter if it weren't for their peroxide flutter, Switzerland's **Chin Chin** wouldn't have been so welcome and **The Flatmates** wouldn't have slaughtered **The Wedding Present** at pool, if, you know. (Well, maybe.)

The latest in this long line of teensy Amazonian-types is former "Wild Child" **Emma Ridley**, who's already married (age seven) and is now embarking on a solo career with the release of her first 45, a cover of **Alice Cooper's** School's Out. Well, **The Rhythm** (or timing) **Sisters** it is not. But everyone's got to start somewhere. Or have they?

Back in '77, everyone and his dog turned blonde for the sheer dandruff-hiding of it all. **Billy Idol** — that youth, youth, youth — fronted **Generation X** and wailed how he was "trying to forget your generation", so strange that he should seem intent on repeating everyone but his own these days. His latest cover is a tacky rendition of **Golden Earrings' Radar Love**. Surprisingly enough, it sucks. Still, there's life after punk for former **Buzzcock** **Howie Devoto** in **Luxuria**, but what about **Pete Shelley**? Well, the man who launched a thousand **Soup Dragons'** songs is now wallowing under the name **Zip** with some less than appetising dance fodder.

More from the past? Yes, **Joy Division's** Love Will Tear Us Apart rears its tuneful brow again, with a cover version by **SWANS** looking likely to hurl that American alternative into the laps of the pre-pubescent. A fine version it is too, just bettering **PJ Proby's** searing **Sinatra**-esque reading, but surely they'll have to watch that **Factory** don't relaunch the original as the **Joy Division Substance** package finally emerges. Or maybe **Strange Fruit** will muster a **Peel Sessions** version. For ardent **Underground** readers, let's just say that we were intent on revealing who had won the competition to guess the 50th title in the **Peel Sessions** series in last month's issue. The prize, you may recall, was a year's worth of releases, but alas no-one got it right. There were sacks of replies, but no-one said 'The Cure'. Perhaps, no-one wanted the Cure... we seem to get quite enough of them these days anyway.

The **Cure** have become a tried and tested part of rock music's '80s scene, setting standards to be broken, equalled, cajoled or consumed. But, at least they are the acceptable face of pop, the smirking adolescents that grimaces behind **Bros**. And with that trio of starlets in mind, let's begin today by launching the **ANTI-BROS PETITION**. Let's rid our shores of these spotty quiffers. Let's strangle pimple-rock at birth. Signators for the anti-Bros campaign send your postcards to **Underground-Anti-Bros**, **Greater London House**, **Spotlight Publications**, **Hampstead Road**, **London NW1**. **The war is on.**

& FICTION



THE XXXX SESSIONS

The **Chrysanthemums** take a leaf out of **Peelie's** book and release a **XXXX Session** with a **Strange Fruit** copy sleeve, listing several million acts who've never had a **Peel** session. The platter includes five fab gear tracks and an etching on side two. Bizarre? You bet, but lovable all the same. Word up from **8 Denis Close**, **Leicester LE3 6DQ**.

OH, JACK... didn't you say that **Robyn Hitchcock** had signed a mega deal? Right... Yeah, that's right. He's a popular guy, on **A&M** y'know! **Crazyhead** are popular too... they've been studio-bound — as we say in the biz — and pretty damn fine their debut **Food** album should be. That'll be available through **EMI** in August.

The independent heirarchy may be returning to its roots, but **Food** are taking the bread to the majors, and **Sweatbox** have floated their shares to raise megabucks for promotion of the '70s-sampled, soon-to-chart second single from **Meat Beat Manifesto**, that's if **Simon Bates** can get his dentures around the name. **Green On Red** follow up the rumours of

their demise by signing (in one form or another) to **Red Rhino**. New album real soon, too. In Tape have lapped up **Robert Lloyd** with his first solo LP after the demise of **The Nightingales**, and the label also promises two mega-bands from **Manch**, real soon.

At **Blast First**, the word is that label boss **Paul Smith** is set to take the whole kaboodle to the States (he was last seen en route to a bar-be-cue with **The Butthole Surfers** in Texas). **Paul's** partner in management (**Cabaret Voltaire**, **Miaow**), **Amrik Ria** looks set to follow, taking his **FUN** label and portable telephone/office with him.

Simon McPartland (8 Mayne Road, **Elgin**, **Scotland**) is busy, but not emigrating. He's putting together a cassette of groovy demos and would be interested in hearing fab-gear samples of stuff! Help him, ladies and gentlemen!

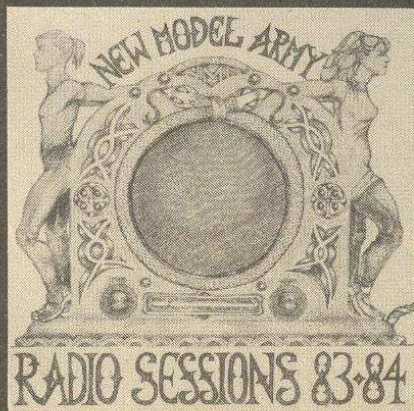
The Wedding Present... well, they threaten a **Ukrainian LP** (taken from their diverse **Ukrainian Peel** sessions) around September time, while the enterprising **Reaction** label is still creating compilations of acts for promo purposes only. Groups involved get a track each, supply a press kit and the whole thing is mailed to **A&R** departments and press people. They can be contacted at **Hemingborough Hall**, **Hemingborough**, **North Yorkshire**, **YO8 7QS**, where they're currently hawking **Underground Resistance III** — which includes notable tracks from **Des Tor**, **The Nearly Band** and **Shakedown** — plus **Sample And Hold** — with tracks from **Hotline To Mos-**

NEW MODEL ARMY INTO A CIRCLE

'RADIO SESSIONS'
(ABT 017)

A 12 track mid-price album featuring classic tracks from Radio One sessions with **John Peel**, **Janice Long** & **David Jensen**.

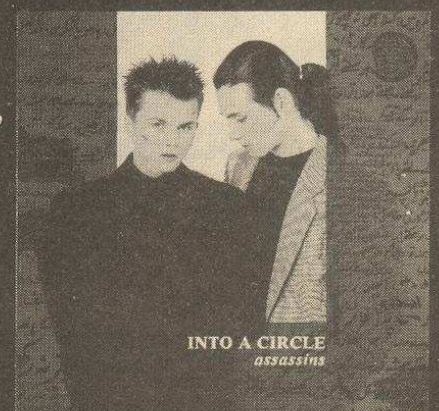
INCLUDES 2 UNRELEASED TRACKS 'WISH' & 'THE CAUSE'



Debut
Album

'ASSASINS'
(ABT018)

featuring singles:
'EVERGREEN'
&
'FOREVER'



PAY NO MORE THAN £4.99

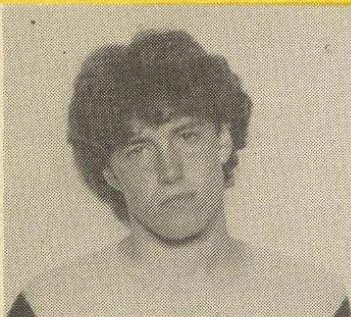
OUT NOW
BOTH FROM ABSTRACT SOUNDS

cow, Johnny Guitar, Primary and the wonderfully-named Potato Head. Already signed are Yargo — the Mancunian soul alternatives — whose excellent Bodybeat album has just arrived in CD format too. And, set to reap massive press without even existing is Cassius Clay, the latest signing (rumoured) to Medium Cool. More factual, perhaps, is the news that the excellent Coltraines are to sign to the label. Seek and love.

Weird award this month goes to the mysterious Julian who supplied a 15-minute version of Swan Lake recorded with bucket, bucket of water, tapes and guitar. Wow! (Contact: 42 Badminton Road, Newport, Gwent NP9 7NH.)

The Final Image label has a compilation, The Nocturnal Compilation, due with tracks from Muslimgauze, Biting Tongues, Human Flesh, Pump, O Yuki Conjugate and more, while Cathexis Records begin their giant Total campaign, an audio-literary package which focuses on a different subject for each release. The first one looks at Global Manipulation and features tracks from Chris And Cozey, Flux, Coil, Jass and more, accompanied by a magazine. Looks like Demon are set to add a new label to their roster. Diablo will be launched in June and will feature American bands in one-off deals (in much the same way that Zippo has operated). So far six bands have been penciled in for releases. . . more news as it happens.

Last month's page three starlets, Johnny Marr and Colin Lloyd-Tucker seem to be making a go of it, and Colin phoned our editor, at way past his bedtime to complain that he didn't go to see Jethro Tull as our story suggested. Well, we did.



AS SEEN ON TV!

Recognise this man? Do you know who this strapping Celtic supporter is? Yes, it's that used car salesman and part-time poet, Richard Jobson when he was in The Skids some centuries ago. Now, there was a band, and nary a splack be squiffed in their spleep!



Head: regular Blue Velvet fans

HEAD

SCENE ONE — THE PARTY

Richard Beals: "You lot stay here, I'm going off to investigate!" This is typical! Only Head could throw this type of promotional party and still come up smelling of something mighty suspicious! While Richard Beals is off "investigating" the drink runs fast and furious and there's even a very civilised selection of food available for the less debauched among us. We're assembled to witness the "coming out" of Sin Bin, Head's new 45 on Virgin, their first on a major label. The extravagance of this party may be a testament to their new found accessibility but the spirit (if, indeed, there is such a thing,) still runs deep. . . as we shall see. Were the course of true justice a straighter path, Sin Bin would see Head speeding toward the centre spreads of teeny mags everywhere. That probably won't happen just yet because as we all know by now, Justice, just isn't.

The Joan Collins Fan Club minces around the stage, and even Fanny The Wonder Dog seems to be sneering at us. Yes, it is his/her job to poke pun at the music press this evening and while half of us are cowering behind pillars the other half are laughing brazenly, lest we should be considered bad sports! Like I said, this could only be Head's doing. Richard has comple-

The start of music as we know it. Head's new LP, Tales Of Ordinary Madness, drips with filmic unreality. . .

ted his investigation and is reporting back to base. Nick Shepherd looks decidedly chuffed. "I never knew we had so many friends!"

SCENE TWO — THE PREVIOUS DAY IN SOME HORRIBLE ROCK AND ROLL PUB IN LONDON

I am sitting in the presence of three schoolboy chums who grew up to become Head. They are Richard Beals, Gareth Sager and Nick Shepherd, although they insist they are really some people called Birty Beals, Hamilton Macademicals and Chopper Harris. Oh well.

Head, it has to be said, are hardly the most fashionable of bands, and I suppose that is all in keeping with the image. Isn't it?

Gareth: "Are we the antithesis of everything a fashionable band should be? I suppose we are. Yes."

Richard: "No! I think we're everything a fashionable band should be. Some people might not think my trousers are fashionable but where I come from these are the things to be seen in!"

This prompts much raucous laughter from the other members of the band. Head, you see I have a velvet approach to fashion. In fact, today Richard and Gareth look like a pair of ill-matching curtains, and they are quite seriously insulted when I ask if they've made these designer items themselves! The real point is, of course, that Head's new LP Tale of Ordinary Madness contains ten very good rock songs — Sin Bin is the perfect single and 1,000 Hangovers has more than enough epic grandeur to see U2 through a whole concept album.

So, what sort of people like Head?

Nick: "People who react favourably to charm — genuine charm."

Gareth: "People with a twinkle in their eye."

Richard: "I think we're already aware that we're tickling the fancy of a wide range of people, you can't pin them down that easily."

Nick: "For a long time Britain has been that sort of place where you're either this, that, or the other. Life isn't like that. Why should we be like that? Sometime were horrible and sometimes we're wonderful, and that's normal."

Gareth: "We're saying come out of the closet and be yourselves!"

Richard: "That's why an honest sexuality is so important with Head, so many people tamper with a safe sexuality, but Head are saying 'Right, let's get the whole thing out in the open'. You have to get things out of your system, you can prolong it or do it immediately and Head say 'be immediate'."

SCENE THREE — NUMBER 7T3 LATER THAT YEAR.

Well, OK. . . but you never know. . . Alex Kadis

WIN OUT!

It's all systems go in the Head camp these days! What with a new Virgin deal and the release of their rather good Sin Bin 12-incher, Head are now preparing to release their appropriately titled second LP, Tales Of Ordinary Madness. And talking of things mad, was anyone fortunate enough to catch an eyeful of the Sin Bin vid? If you were then you'll remember seeing various members of the band cavorting all over the shops with footballs! Well, Ug has one of the those very footballs, personally kicked and signed by Head, to give to the first person who can tell us what Head's debut album was called. Runners up get a signed LP which can't be bad, can it?! Answers to Underground/Head, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ by June 13.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR SPONSORS



POP FAX with the Girl From Wahoo Country, USA (with the even richer mommy who still owns Ug.)

Hi Guys, I'm here again, by popular demand. The request by the editor for the return of the *Underground* company bubble-car was headed "Final Demand", so Cyndi just knows she's loved and, seeing as I gave the auto to some poor wino on the tube who asked me for a drink, I'd better be good (am I supposed to carry a crate of Beaujolais around with me?).

So, what fax has the first lady of vinyl got for you today. Well, I spoke to **Timmy Saville** about the "Scene" and, as he was rich as well, we got on fine and I even bought one of his kinky tracksuits, but as it was drenched with man-smell I had to bin it.

These **Sugarcubes**, I hear, are from Iceland, which I thought was a freezer centre, but it's a country, too. Hell, who would call a country Iceland? Still there's a good old American base on it, so it can't be that backward. **Raoul Collic** from Radio FRXQB, Seattle says 'Sugarcubes' are a "transmogrification of a subliminal quasi-ethos", but I don't know what the hell he's talking about.

I went to see **Terence, Trent And D'Arby** at a gig, but only one of them turned up. No-one seemed to mind and they all shrieked, just like at a **Bruce 'The Bus' Springsteen** concert. Bruce turned up at one of my Mom's balls last year, and though we watched him all night, he didn't do a single disgusting thing.

I'm real freaked by the amount of young kids over here who are into satanic groups like **Missions** and **Jesus Chain Mary**. I mean, look at their eyes, they're so brain-dead, they have to wear shades. I saw *Spit On Your Grave IV* so I know what kind of spiritual dilemma they're in. So, send 200 dollar to the **Rev Blayz**, now **Mr Hussy**, and help him save those poor fallen women (I'm not sure why they need two-way mirrors and implements of medieval torture, but God's Limo must cruise in the slow lane of sin sometimes.)

What's with your quaint little label huh! In the States indie labels like EMT, ICI, and CBS have grasped **Uncle Reagan's** business sense. They keep their names snappy and put their tag on products we all use, like designer jeans, perfume, kangaroo skin accoutrement bags, and short range weaponry. Whereas Brit record companies have crummy windbag names like 4AD and Fire. Hell, the only four letter word that ever made money out of music was **David Bowie!**

Cyndi has to split now, so keep those party invites pouring in, hang loose and I'll see you at the Miami Wet Trunk Video jock Awards.

Life in a day with Wonderstuff, as relayed to Dick Mescal

The enticing, and aptly entitled, *The Wonder Stuff*, a chirpy bunch of gifted proto-grebes from out Birmingham way, have just seen their third single, the mouth-watering *Give Give Give Me More More More*, flirting with the nether regions of the charts. The brash and greedy number is a thoroughly raucous and totally irresistible tune that's their first to receive major distribution as their *Far Out Recording Company*, a legacy of a win on the pools, is now linked up with *Polydor Records*. Their last single, the exhilarating *Unbearable*, had already made serious inroads into the indie charts last year as well as topping many end of year polls.

So, to let you know just what it's like to be a member of a fast up-and-coming beat combo, we bring you an *Ug* Guide to *A Day In The Life Of The Wonder Stuff!*

7.00am: Early morning wake-up call, from the desk of the spectacularly uninteresting *Royal Court Hotel*, *Sloane Square*, rouses our four heroes who promptly fall back to sleep!

7.10am: Room service delivers breakfast to loud groans.

7.50am: Panic sets in! Eat breakfast, now consisting of cold toast, cold coffee and a selection of those little marmalade packs, taken for later consumption.

7.55am: Get dressed and see to ablutions, including the impossible task of flushing away last night's vicious curry!

8.10am: Having eventually rounded everyone up, manager *Les* prods all concerned into infamous tour van for breakneck journey down *A40* to studios for today's video shoot for the current single.

9.15am: Arrive flustered and late in cold hangar-like studios.

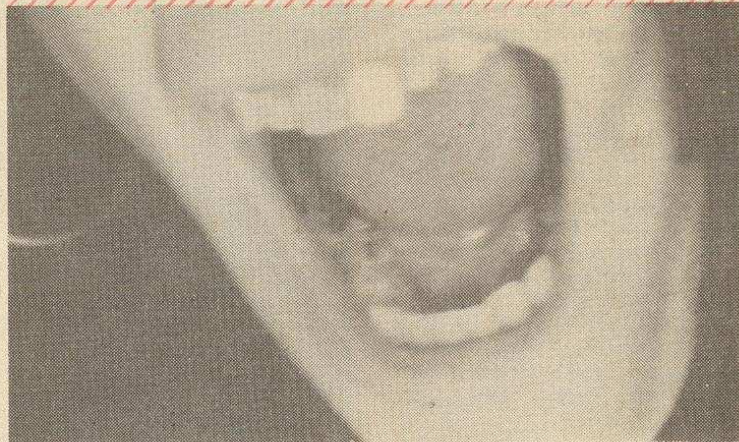
9.45am: Still waiting for something to happen, so send out the studio runner to gather supplies of chewing gum and *Alka-Seltzer*, the last to settle sore bottoms still ravaged by last night's aforementioned curry!

1.30pm: Still waiting for director and crew to finish positioning the set when the canteen van turns up for lunch.

1.50pm: During lunch, purely liquid one for *The Bass Thing*, the news arrives that they have made the front-page of a revered music weekly. This barely interrupts eating, which is a far more important activity, anyway.

2.00pm: Our four heroes, vocal guitarist *Miles Hunt*, guitaring vocalist *Malcolm Treece*, drummer *Martin Gilks* and Rob 'The Bass Thing' *Jones* are cornered in their dressing room by your intrepid *Ug* reporter and forced to succumb to

Fill it up, mate!



Denture just love them?

the dreaded 'interview situation; where they are tortured until they reveal the answers to such penetrating questions as their views on the importance of the role of flared socks in the history of rock, and equally mind-blowing, the political significance of the rise of the Chaffinch in jokes currently appearing out of the *Black Country!*

The journo gathers himself. . .

Is there a connection between *The Wonder Stuff's* beaty, guitar thrash and the glam-boogie, of early *Marc Bolan*?

Miles believes not. "I like him but I've never really studied him."

Martin quickly retorts with "He bought his old wig, though" a reference to *Miles'* corkscrew hair! Unphased, *Miles* continues, "It just seemed that then there was a lot of tunes, whereas now a lot of records just seem to be sold on a beat."

Hmmm. Yes.

3.00pm: Action at last, as they are called one by one to make-up. This illicit various 'girly' remarks. (as expected.)

3.30pm: Called on to the set to check their positions. They have been through all this before but they only had an hour when making their own low-budget video for *Unbearable* as part of a conveyor belt of bands, it sounds a recipe for disaster, but it turned out to be an inventive effort that got a fair deal of exposure on the likes of *MTV* and *Night Network*.

"It was terrible," *Martin* recalls, "We were pissed out of our faces. When we'd sobered up we went back and did the edit really fast,

putting this sort of grainy effect over the top and chucking in loads and loads of images from all over the place, coming in really fast, which really suited the song."

So video is art!

4.00pm: By now the band have already done a fair number of run throughs of the song on the stark white set which is punctuated only by vast multi-coloured letters depicting the song title. Enthusiasm is already beginning to wane, but being plucky chaps and mindful of the end result, they continue to mime to the song time after time with nary a complaint.

By the nth re-run, your *Ug* reporter has had enough and decides to leave them to it, knowing full well that after all this, many hours will be spent in an editing suite making sense of this chaos before the resulting masterpiece will reach your TV screens! As for *The Wonder Stuff*, they are going to be at this until 12.00 midnight, although it could have been longer if there wasn't a curfew on the video crew! *Rock 'N' Roll - Phew!*



Wonderstuff: big mouths!

f i e l d s o f t h e n e p h i l i m
M O O N C H I L D



NEW SINGLE "MOONCHILD"
SEVEN INCH & TWELVE INCH
RELEASED 23 MAY

**SITUATION
· TWO ·**

MAY

8TH LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
9TH GLASGOW MAYFAIR
10TH ABERDEEN VENUE
11TH EDINBURGH COASTERS
12TH MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL

14TH SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY
15TH BRISTOL STUDIO
16TH NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
17TH BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
18TH TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
19TH TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

7

UNDERGROUND

Felt release two new LPs over the next month, Peter Perturbed leaps from Brooklyn Bridge in amazement

Lawrence in the shadow



LAWRENCE SPEAKS

As summer approaches and everybody sneezes a lot, Felt prepare for a burst of mayhem and activity. Lawrence, of Felt, has been telling Peter Perturbed all about it. . .

COMPLETELY INSANE FELT FRONT-MAN IN 'NORMAL' SHOCK!

Erm, no, well I wouldn't say normal exactly, but I'd be lying if I was to say that someone with a pathologically clean flat, a cheese phobia, a car full of litter and a distaste for ABBA wasn't exactly non-eccentric. They call him. . . "Lawrence"! Age: "26." Occupation "Songwriter." Notable achievements: "Making Primitive Painters, a record, with The Cocteau Twins." Desired Mode of Death: "Being thrown off the Brooklyn Bridge weighed down by my first edition Kerouacs." Who would you most like to be: "Nastassja Kinski."

How many Nolan sisters can you name? "Erm. . . Coleen. . ."

Reading matter: "The World of Interiors."

Admired peers: "Andy Warhol."

Admired piers: "I've only seen a few and I thought they were all crap."

Death list: "I'd never kill anybody. No, not even Anne Diamond."

Miscellaneous likes: "Victorian door handles."

Favourite Suzanne Vega song: "Small Blue Thing."

Favourite Brazilian footballer: "None. I hate them all."

Favourite Rainbow character: "I used to like Zippy when I was younger but I hate them all now."

Political leanings: "I hate politics. I've no interest in it. I know nothing about it."

Name two Men Without Hats' songs: God! F***! What was that song called? I can't but . . . shit no. Not for the want of trying though."

What was the most beautiful thing you ever saw?: A girl. In a wet dream."

Is it someone you imagined or does she exist?: "Well, when you have a wet dream, right, you don't know them, but they're the girl that you're really looking for, right? But they only come into a wet dream. And they're sort of like 'love-

dreams'. I've only ever had about four in my life. And you think it's actually happening. I think the only time I've ever known what love is, is in a wet dream."

What's the ugliest thing you ever saw?: "Olive from *On The Buses* in the nude. I've got a *Celebrities In The Nude* magazine, and Olive's in it."

Favourite question: "Can I take your clothes off?"

THIS IS LAWRENCE AND HE'S COMPLETELY MAD!!!

Oh dear. As the proceedings unravel, Lawrence seems to gradually disown about half the things he's said. The main characteristic that shines forth from his discourse is his tremendous self-consciousness. Taking over half a minute to answer some questions, you can hear his brain vibrating in that little head, gathering all the necessary words, collating them, and producing exactly the answer he wants to give. Except he follows it up with a worried disdain for his thoughts. Next to Lawrence, Woody Allen would seem like a brutish tower of strength.

Do you mind being seen as eccentric?

"It doesn't matter. No-one wants to know."

There was a feature in *Record Mirror* a while ago which listed ten supposedly weird things about you.

"That's a load of rubbish. Nancy Culp wants to know what's hap-

Who the hell is Edward Barton?

Edward Barton? You know him! He's the man who had no chicken but had five wooden chairs. What? Then there was the other single, Me And My Mini. He made two classic frenzied appearances on *The Tube*, he looks very strange, and when he sings he appears to be in the tight grip of a violent fit.

Edward Barton is the last of the great eccentrics. He sits cross-legged on his home-made wooden throne and tells me that he writes songs "the way that they should be written." Where the great man's previous efforts have featured a unique guitar accompaniment ("I'm the best Edward Barton-style guitarist there is"), his new EP *Belly Box Brother Gob* features that much neglected percussive instrument, the stomach (on *I Slap My Belly*). On *Knob Gob* angst is taken to a brand new level — that old problem of getting one's knob in one's gob is

discussed, while, *Telephone Box* is *Brief Encounter* Barton-style and *Everyday I Try To Find The Man That Killed My Brother* is self-explanatory really.

Is Edward Barton mad? "A journalist once said that I was 'mad', but 'mad' is synonymous with dangerous. . . and I'm dangerous to no-one."

Except, quite possibly, to himself, of course.

The Barton 'style' has changed little since his first appearances three or four years ago. The content follows a familiar path, the songs invariably reflect the life of Edward's brother who shares his house. "He's in Thailand at the moment — so that things can happen to him and I can write about them."

Teamwork! If the raw material comes from his brother, where does

he draw the inspiration to write the songs?

"From sitting here in my wooden room. I can pretend that I'm in Canada."

Edward has a love of wood — not the polished variety you understand, but things like railway sleepers and splintered planks. He even named his record label after it — *Wooden Records*. It will release five more records this year; Edward's been saving 18 months to finance these.

And his work's not without admirers — James took him on tour with them a couple of years ago and Stump have recently done the same. Admiration is not something the considers to be important though. . . "I don't mind if people want to hit me or kiss me." If you ever witness him in action, chances are you'll be too dumbstruck to consider either. **Craig Ferguson**

Barton: give me wood!





Martin Duffy



Gary Ainge

pening with Creation bands so she can fill up some space. It's just space-filling. I think it's just crap myself."

In All The People I Like Are Those That Are Dead, you sing "Maybe I should entertain the very fact that I'm insane".

"It wasn't about me, that song. It wasn't about anything specific."

Are your compositions based on personal experience?

"No. There's only about five that actually happened."

How about *Ballad Of The Band*? On that you said you felt like giving in.

"No. I never felt like giving in. It was about the fact that circumstances could *make* you give in if you weren't stronger. Like I say, most of the songs aren't real. Most of the stuff is just abstract lyrics, isn't it?"

Are your lyrics a metaphor for certain more specific things then? (There follows a pause longer than the Mississippi. Ladies and gentlemen, this is indeed a pause of epic proportions; a real Grand Canyon of the pause world. A pause so long in fact, that I have to clear my throat to see if I've gone deaf. I let the dramatic effect mount to such an unbearable state of high drama that I have to follow it up with another question that requires the same answer as the last one. . .) Or are they more phonetic?

"I don't know. It's all different. Some of them are real and some of them are abstract. It's boring to talk about. I don't think it's interesting for the reader."

A month after the release of *Pictorial Jackson Review* is approximately when *another Felt LP* hits the nation. *Train Above The City* is conspicuously Lawrenceless; the brainchild of Gary Ainge, the drummer, and Martin Duffy, who Lawrence has no hesitation in labelling the best keyboard player of the 1980s. It was made for £150 and is indeed a strange affair. My first reaction upon hearing it was un-

controllable laughter, but rest assured, it begins to make sense. Despite this apparent cocktail-bar-at-the-Hilton-music being a slightly more radical departure than the six o'clock express to Neptune, it's an extremely refreshing record. Meanwhile. . .

Don't you ever feel the urge to make a disco record?

"No, I don't like dance music at all. I don't aspire to rhythmic writing. I'm not into rhythmic music. I'm into melody."

If Felt's music had a fragrance what would it be? (A pause of 33 seconds elapsed (I counted) before a stumped Lawrence concedes) "Can I answer that later?" Hah!

Which do you consider to be more orange; oranges or carrots?

"Oh, I don't wanna answer that one! That's really bad, that question (laughs). . . I mean, that is really bad! No offence."

STOCK AITKEN AND WATERMAN TO PRODUCE FELT SHOCK!

Do you think you'd be at all suited to a major label? "Yes, we are."

But your music is so uncommercial it hurts. "I disagree."

Are we talking about the same charts? "We are suited to a major. Definitely."

Do you expect people to listen to your first album in a different way to the new one? (Bursts into rather loud laughter). "I don't know. They might stand on their heads to listen to this one."

What's your bag, maaaaan? "This Peddlers and Michael Nesmith who's the most consistent artist in the history of pop music."

What about ABBA? "I can't stand ABBA. I hate ABBA. I hate famous groups. When it comes down to it I'm an arty person. I know I'm a kind of art-loving person; Art-in-music loving person."

Lawrence says he likes poetry and hates jokes; this assertion could give me an ideal opportunity to have a giggle at this poetry, but I think I'll leave you with a little tester.

Which of the following three is *not* a Felt song? . . .

- a) Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty
- b) Sunlight Bathed In Golden Glow
- c) Silvery Fleet Of Shimmering Pegasus Spectres Gliding Through The Phantom Sunrise At The Dawn Of Genesis.

Answers on a postcard, to Noel Edmonds,

A Programme a bit like the Late Late Breakfast show, but not quite because everyone would think "Ooooh; Michael Lush." BBC PLC, W1 8QT.

SUB culture

Life and how to abuse it!



PRANKIN'

The Re/Search publishing company — formerly a magazine, latterly a series of books featuring diverse talents such as Throbbing Gristle, JG Ballard, Cabaret Voltaire, SPK and stuff — has its latest series of books published. Pranks is a highly entertaining collection featuring the wild antics of various members of the avant-crowd and is available through Rough Trade Shop or Compendium Books in London. It has the lowdown on Timothy Leary, Jello Biafra, Monte Cazazza, John Giorno, John Waters, Karen Finley and many more.

RAW!

Latest collection of illustrative monsters from the Raw Graphic stable is a book of skin-flick terror detections called *Hard-Boiled Defective Stories*. Created by Charlie Burns, it's a scribbler's daydream come to life with some ace stories. Available through Pantheon/Raw, selected bookstores or subversive dives around the planet.

HAND-ETCH. . .

Who is Pighead? The man, the myth, the groovy little xerox and staple selection that slapped on the private dick's desk said,

"Steve Albini doesn't seem to like Jello Biafra,
Or anyone else for that matter,
Cynical man,
Bit of an. . .
really."

Hmmmm. Cryptic, cynical art that says "the BMX Boys grew up and formed bands". Confused? You bet. . .



TRAPPED!!!!!!

Venus Fly Trap's slow realisation has seen releases in a number of formats in various territories. It would be juvenile to admit their haunting guitar noise as schlock goth, but many lesser organs have thrown that shroud. Instead, have a glance at their four track video package available. In that, even the most blatant of psychedelic self-abusers will be able to discover new colours. Phone them for details on 0604-250662.

ANGRY

Well, perhaps Man's Hate Prods aren't *angry*, but they're making a noise that's certainly something different. The cassette-only release *Forward Into The Abyss* is a cross between folkly strumming and lyrically-brained industrial slang. This is the kind of music that's scurrying under the floorboards of the squats of the rich-but-politically-unaware. In a sense this tape is sub-standard pop, less than Hawkwind, hippie-esque (almost laughable) but on the other fist, well, this at least has got something to say. (Details from Andi, 154 Alexandra Road, Peterborough, Cambs PE1 3DL.)

PEACHY

The Peach Thieves play zany twangpop on their debut flexi single, *Out Of The Nowhere*. They go whole-heartedly macgroovoid and suggest that you write for a copy to the Uncle label, Three Low Farm Close, Lindal-in-Furness, Cumbria. Go on, spoil y'self.



10 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT LEN LIGGINS

1 He is affectionately known by the locals as 'Beethoven' — not because of any particular classical leaning, but because he's going deaf.

2 His first EP, the seven inch, A Remedy For Bad Nerves featured a track called Basil Purdy's Fridge.

3 His new EP, A Headful Of Ants, has raised a few eyebrows as all the tracks were recorded on a borrowed portable tape recorder.

4 He says: "I don't exaggerate things in my songs, I just try and bring out the ironic elements."

5 He then says: "I'm 100 per cent intolerant of so many archaic notions that people have about almost everything."

6 "Finally he admits: "I take Russell Grant as a serious commodity — he has more effect on people's lives than the average politician."

7 He is bad at typing.

8 He is the balalaika and shaky-violin player on The Wedding Present's two Ukrainian folk sessions for John Peel.

9 He has a thing about feather dusters.

10 He uses a lot of Tipp-Ex.

LOST SOULS

DA Overton and KN Chambers, where are you?! Both these Underground readers took advantage of the **Underground/Red Flame/Ink Ashes And Diamonds LP** offer and

forgot to include their addresses. We've written via your bank managers but to no avail, so write to us, or phone us as soon as possible, or suffer the consequences!



Membranes: personal graffiti

"We do ART."

The Membranes' new LP, **Kiss Ass Godhead**, has just been banned by HMV.

HMV?

Who needs 'em?

Down in the southern suburbs of Manchester, there's a big story breaking. Three people have disappeared, mysteriously, the latest victims of — wait for it — 'The Didsbury Triangle'. It could almost be a Membranes song: "those three people could be us — we go away on tour so often," muses John Robb king Mem. It's true. They're at it again; Preston last night, Darlington tonight. If that sounds

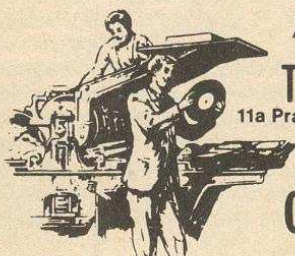
less than exciting, then maybe I should mention that they've just returned from a tour of Germany where they are er, big. "People recognise us in the street, well the odd person does." John introduces his oft-used chuckle. "The Germans like a lot of the English stuff that can be termed 'eccentric' — it tells them something about England."

The Membranes are almost an English institution. They've been around, in one form or another, since 1980 — it just *seems* a lot longer. Back then, in their Blackpool days, The Membranes consisted of Mark Tilton on guitar and vocals, Coofy Sid on drums, and yer man John on bass and vocals. "It was the excitement of punk that created The Membranes. We were all scraping around, trying to get a band together. It was really weird that we all happened to live on the same road. We weren't people who should have been in a band — we just liked the idea of being in a band. We didn't have instruments at first, so we just used to tape records and splice them together — everybody's doing that now!"

On the back of John's fanzine, *Rox* and limited flexi-releases, The Membranes 'legend' grew steadily before 1984 when, it

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could be said, the whole thing started in earnest. A well-received LP, *The Crack House*, appeared; even better-received was the single Spike Milligan's *Tape Recorder* and EP *Death To Trad Rock*. Comparisons with *The Fall* were suffered, but survived. Lyrics, cuttingly sharp and brutally witty were important (establishing the humble pumpkin as a bona-fide rock 'n'roll symbol!) but the big thing about *The Membranes* was (and is) the noise, the *VOLUME*, *THE Sound*.

"When we started, we were always trying to get the right sound and we couldn't. We finally got it on Spike but then we relaxed, which was the wrong thing to do."

From there, things changed. They left *Criminal Damage* to go to *Creation*, where, predictably, things didn't work out — "they're about crafted 60s' songs with 12 - string guitars, and we're about what we do". "Til" left the ranks to join Marc Riley's *Creepers* and *The Membranes* started releasing records on the *Glass* label. These days John Robb takes on guitar and vocals, Coofy still slams the drums and the bass player is one *Wallis Terror/Tadpole/Whatever*.

They've just released a new *Steve Albini* — produced LP *Kick Ass God Head*, as the climax of a year which has seen them touring virtually non-stop round the world. The US of A, Germany, Holland, Spain, Belgium among others, have all had *The Membranes Experience*. Oh, and Greece.

Wallis gets a word in "When we played Athens, there were loads of 40 and 50-year-olds there, looking on us as English art or something".

Cue John. "What we do is art. People sometimes miss that and think we're just a bunch of idiots from the north of England. People might call us 'thrash' the first time that they hear us in this country, but in America they'd say 'oh yes, an interesting art experience' — like *Sonic Youth*." This, according to John, is where their 'scene' now is.

"There's us here, *The Ex* in Holland and *Sonic Youth* and *Big Black* in America. Ours is the music that gets down to the core."

Has their music changed since they started?

It feels like we play the same but the sound has changed — we play more aggressively."

And, it's because of that that *The Membranes* are unlikely to get daytime air play.

"German radio plays us, daytime, and it causes no motorway pile-ups. It's good rousing stuff — I'd like to hear it at 8 o'clock in the morning. It wouldn't kill anybody." **Craig Ferguson**

SHAKE THE RHYTHM

Adrian Sherwood brings the beat from another planet!

These are not easy times for producers. Just mention a DDU and you are instantly tarred with the brush of *Stock Aitken And Wallydom*. Fair enough in most cases, until you put an ear to the ground and track down the pounding system of *On-U Sound*, the creation of a genuine studio maestro and nice bloke extraordinaire, *Adrian Sherwood*.

After eight years of providing the most subversive sounds known to man, *On-U* seemed a spent force. Then last year *Tackhead* burst from the can, and *Sherwood's* label was rattling craniums like never before. But why have there been so few records? And who is *Sherwood*, anyway? He's legendary for being "together", that's for sure. . . .

"Oh yeah," he muses, "*Underground* innit? I'd forgotten all about it. Err. . . I just want to get this track finished off. Come in, have a seat, I'll be with you in a minute, alright? This is *Bim* by the way."

Sitting beside *Sherwood* is *Bim Sherman* whose honey-throated vocal graces a number of *On-U* LPs. He smiles from beneath his tam, swaying to the sound of *Singers And Players*. *Sherwood* is rocking back in his chair too. Every now and then a hand darts out to adjust something as 24 VU meters bounce in time to the bass.

"I've always been into reggae, not much else. I used to work for labels like *Pama* and *Trojan*," recalls *Adrian*. "In school holidays, that was, then I started a label called *Carib Gems*. One thing I'm proud of is putting out the first *Black Uhuru* sides. That's when I first worked with *Prince Far-I* as well."

Sherwood launched *On-U* in 1980 and almost immediately had attracted a staggeringly gifted army of musicians.

"I've always worked with the best. Any credit I get is just because the people I work with are so hot. The results are bound to be good and it looks good for me just to have my name there on the sleeve."

For example, the line-up on one of *On-U's* first projects featured two *Slits*, *Keith Levene*, *Mark Stewart*, a *Raincoat* and a *Flying Lizard* as the *New Age Steppers*.

"They were all people I shared a love of reggae with."

Sherwood and his studio troopers have attracted a steady stream of acts seeking that *Midas touch*. On the table in front of me is a tape reel marked *Woodentops/Wheels Turning*. *Rolo's* crowd are just one of a number who have looked to *Sherwood* for the dubmaster treatment.

"Yeah, I've done remixes for a few people, *Einsturzende Neubaten* was one, and *Depeche Mode* just recently."

So, why do you think they want to work with you?

"Because he makes something shit sound good," interjects *Bim*.

"No, *Bim*, you can't say that. You can't make a bad thing sound good."

If *Sherwood* wasn't such a disarming bloke I'd ask him how much he got paid for doing a remix. And that gives us some idea why he does what he does. But, even through his successes, he's still modest. . . .

"I don't know how to work all this. I swear to you."

He waves a hand over the studio console. I look at him disbelievingly.

"I only know how to operate here because I've been using it so long."

Even so, the frantic schedule, calls from *New York*, *Deptford*, wherever. . . there's still not that many *On-U* releases (even if what does get out is lapped up with rhythmic abandon).

"All these other production jobs have made *On-U Sound* take a back seat lately. I'm in the process of finishing off three LPs at the moment. All of them should have been out last year. It's ridiculous really. *Friendly As A Hand Grenade* (the forthcoming *Tackhead* LP) was all ready at Christmas, then we scrapped it and started again. And I'm on tour all through April with *Tackhead* and *Mark Stewart*. It's just *too* hectic. I'm pissing in the wind really. I'm not complaining, I just can't run the label how I would like to."

Sherwood goes back to work. The sound is pumping out of the speakers in the cramped little studio. In there you realise that it can tell me a lot more about *Adrian Sherwood* than any interview can. **Matt Cole**



Sherwood: a work in heavy bass

Though just a little more commonplace and a tad less cosmic than a visit from *Halley's Comet*, the appearance of *On-U's* finest LPs are moments to treasure for a lifetime. This potted history of the label is a chance to gaze once more at the brightest stars of the *On-U* constellation.

1981. . . NEW AGE STEPPERS VOL 1 launches the label to the top of the indie chart, and cries of "Adrian who?" are heard for the first time. With this legendary session recorded by selected darlings of the post punk demi-monde. **AFRICAN HEAD CHARGE** were responsible for two of the most startlingly creative of *Sherwood's* LPs. The slippery techno-dub of **MY LIFE IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND AND ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES** have been turning heads, and stomachs, since 1982.

Shortly after the demise of **The Pop Group**, confetti was being thrown marriage of *Sherwood* to **Mark Stewart**. It was a match made in heaven. With **The Mafia** officiating at the ceremony **LEARNING TO COPE WITH COWARDICE** was unleashed in 1983. Still the best selling *On-U* LP, with its infernal vision of *Liberty City* and the sampled brass band of *Jerusalem* it makes *William Blake* seem like *John Betjeman*.

Mark Stewart and *The Mafia* touched the stars again with **AS THE VENEER OF DEMOCRACY STARTS TO FADE** (now licenced to *Mute*). This was the first *On-U* LP to feature **Keith LeBlanc**, **Skip McDonald** and **Doug Wimbush**, the *Sugarhill* trio and *House* pioneers headhunted by *Sherwood* in 1983. (*Sherwood's* initial recording with the most sought-after session men in *New York* had gone out earlier as **Fats Comet on the World** label.)

Now, with the drafting of ex-scaffolder **Gary Clail** from *Bristol's* dance halls, *Sherwood's* most thunderous project yet was under way. As studio heads blew and speakers crumbled to the floor, **Tackhead** blasted into being. . . tune in next month for part two. . .

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Ex-Dead Kennedys vo- calist, Jello Biafra has just about paid off the costs on his censorship victory. Next up? More spoken word cha- tathons and a return to music. . . Alex Bastedo plots the return

As all non-desert island resident readers must be aware, Jello Biafra and his co-defendant Michael P Bonanno won their 'No More Censorship' trial last summer, but his important victory was not without potentially crippling consequences, not least of which was the huge costs of their case which the 'victors' were still obliged to pay.

Love or loathe his music, the basic constitutional rights of freedom of speech for which Biafra was fighting should be supported by all and the man himself, much admired for the dedication to the cause, has shown great tenacity throughout the long drawn-out affair. The defence fund set up to pay for the costs of the case is just about paid, so what's Jello intending to do now he is basically his own man again?

I gather you've just about reached the initial defence fund target. Wasn't it about \$60,000?

"It's actually closer to \$80,000, but yes, we've just about cleared the debts of the fund now. The last big one is the printing of the transcript of the trial from the original court stenographer's copy."

Are there plans to print and sell it?

"No. I don't think many people would want to wade through a three-to-four inch thick wad of papers full of three weeks worth of court arguments. Most murder trials move quicker than this one did!"

Are you going to keep the fund going?

"We want to keep it running as a small potential organisation, if possible, but I don't want to make any empty promises that the campaign will keep on protecting free speech when we just aren't capable of bringing that much pressure to bear. There's no point winding up in the Bob Geldof doghouse!"

This case has obviously set a precedent. Do you think the fact that you 'won' will help other bands?

"So far it has proven otherwise. The prosecutor said from the very beginning that he wanted to make an example out of us and even though we weren't convicted, the example that was made was that it took away nearly two years of mine and others' time. I haven't written a song since before the cops tore my place apart in April '86. Consequently, I think other bands, especially mainstream



Jello avoids attempted cover up

LIFE, POLITICS, MUSIC, CENSORSHIP

bands, are more frightened now, especially as there is evidence that the P.M.R.C. are working behind the scenes to get bands' contracts cancelled that don't toe the line."

The P.M.R.C. — Parents Music Resource Centre — is the 'moral' group headed by Tipper Gore, whom Biafra regards as a prematurely fossilised ex-debutante, his censorship sparring opponent with the silver spoons coming out her ears.

I've read that people like Frank Zappa helped you out a lot.

"Yes, that's true. Zappa has been one of the biggest critics of the P.M.R.C. since the very beginning — he testified against the P.M.R.C. in Congress, against the wishes of the corrupt American music industry, and he has not shut his mouth since! Steve Van Zandt, Ray Manzarek from The Doors, and a few others were also supportive, but it was mostly the independents and more underground bands that were the real help."

There are also many small benefit gigs still going on in the UK. Is that also the case in the US?

"Not for a while. It seems a lot of people forget about the defence fund after the verdict came through, thinking, 'Oh well, Biafra got off', everything had a happy ending and we can go home now. That, of course, isn't true at all. The P.M.R.C. is more powerful than ever and there is a genuine chance that a P.M.R.C. witch (good ole Tipper herself) could be occupying the White House before too long. If people thought Nancy Reagan's 'Just say no to drugs' campaign was an international embarrassment wait till they have Tipper Gore saying 'Just say no to your own music or else!'"

Her hubby, Albert, incidentally was winning most of the primaries in the deep South at the time of this interview.

"He's just about the most dishonest candidate in the entire race. If you thought people like Gary Hart has some problems keeping their stories straight wait until you hear Al Gore."

I've been told he makes Reagan look like Lenin.

"I wouldn't go that far, but I do think of him as a sort of crooked landlord. He should go far."

And, this dynamic duo are this side of 40.

"We haven't seen the last of these people by a long way. Al Gore could be the front-runner in the Presidential nominations next time or the time after that. . . really, the only way to avoid suicidal depression in America's ridiculous political situations is to just keep fighting against them and enjoy the fight as best you can. Resistance should be fun!"

Would you go through the whole trial again if you had to?

"I'd rather not, but it wouldn't surprise me if it happened again. In one sense, it was a pretty ugly affair that nearly drove me to suicide on several occasions. But at the same time it also opened a lot of doors and gave me a lot of adventures I wouldn't have had otherwise. I met people such as Frank Zappa, who I've admired since I was a teenager, and more importantly it has given the national press and music papers something to talk about rather than just the standard shop talk like when is your next record coming out and what do you think of the music scene."

So Jello, when is your next record coming out?

"I think there will probably be a sequel to the No More Cocoon's spoken word album before I focus my efforts back towards music. Originally, I was kind of embarrassed that the censorship portion of Cocoon's was actually recorded

before the trial, but now I realise that it will work very well as a Part One and Part Two. I have been taping my recent lecture appearances where I go into great detail about what happened at the trial as well as the current vigilante tactics of the P.M.R.C. and their friends. There will also be a piece on Ollie-mania that goes hand in hand with my piece on corporate martial law on Cocoon's One. However, I've no idea yet when that will be released."

Are there plans to bring the spoken word tour over to the UK?

"I'm in two minds about this as I've received mixed feedback from the UK. There does seem to be some problem with the cultural barrier because so many of my jokes and insights centre around American politics/TV commercials, etc. Also, I have done so much spoken word touring in the last six months that I'm getting a bit sick of it. I want to get back to work and write some songs!"

Were there any particular highlights of your reading tour?

"One in particular was a festival in Kansas called the River City Reunion, named after a cultural uprising movement in the late 60s. People such as William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg were also reading, so that was a great honour for me to do. Ginsberg in particular seems to be a genuine fan of my work. . ."

I suppose, too, that the things Burroughs and Ginsberg have been writing about for years have been happening to you.

"Solid proof that the more things change the more they stay the same. I mean, I think we'll go through cycles of repression like this for at least as long as I manage to stay alive. This time, however, the pendulum has swung a good deal further to the right and stuck there."

So, now for the \$64,000 question. Your new music.

"The last thing I intend to do is reform Dead Kennedys or butcher any of the songs we did that mean so much to me by playing bad versions of them in a road band. Consequently, I may disappear for a couple of years to get things worked out. I also write very slowly and am very finicky about my work. The lyrics to Macho-Rama and The Stars And Stripes Of Corruption, for example, were originally 30 pages apiece and had to be edited down. I don't think I'll be writing for a specific set of musicians this time around either which means that the possibilities of writing other kinds of songs are greater too. It could go in any number of directions — hopefully several. One thing for certain is that I'm just about through with hard-core. Bedtime For Democracy was meant to be the last of my thrash songs and I made sure that every thrash song I had waiting in the wings was used so I could put that phase of my music behind me."

Do you find the hardcore scene stagnated now?

"It is on the verge of becoming the new dinosaur and is certainly a sacred cow that needs to be slaughtered as soon as possible. There are still good hardcore bands around, but there is a side to it that has just become so formulated that more and more people are turning towards this kind of half-hardcore/half-speed metal approach. . . it's just as boring as the 70s rock that punk was meant to overthrow. I mean, our early demos were as generic as anyone else but we moved on from that a long way. I have a very bad time with bands that just stick to the same formula and never change."

Is there anyone you do like?

"I think the kind of growth that should be encouraged is with a band such as Head Of David who I think are uniquely powerful. Members of that group were originally in hardcore bands. Groups like The Exploited or Suicidal Tendencies on the other hand are just peddling totally formulated bullshit."

And so, a few more enemies made, we'll leave Biafra to contemplate his future and hope he manages to find a way back into your living room, either speaking, grunting or crooning.

OFRA HAZA

14 UNDERGROUND



ORB 006



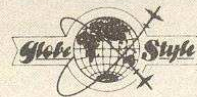
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EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials
are as follows:

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

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.)

●● **MEGA** A godhead uprising
 ●● **HOTSY** Tasteful and tenacious

● **TACKY PLUS** Lacking in finish
DRAB No bullets, means no hope

BILLY BRAGG Help Save The Youth Of America Go!

Discs 870-306-1 ●● A six-track live performance from Billy Bragg that establishes him in the international league, as he bends to all styles to cajole an American crowd into accepting his direct and considered deliberations. Three of the tracks here are classics that should rip at the hearts of any aspiring human. On Chile Your Waters Run Red Through Soweto you can't even hear the multitude breaths as Bragg holds court on an accapella tale of the times, while on the title track, a Russian translator compares the limitations of Soviet and American kids. Finally the man's joined by The Pattersons for the work Proud There Is Power In A Union and the will to win, the stature to achieve against the odds runs mightily to the run-out groove. **Dave Henderson**

BLYTH POWER The Barman And Other Stories Midnight

CHIME 00.36S **RT C** ●●¼ I hated this album at first... I admit it. But, God, it's so good! Blyth Power have been kicking around for some time and they've developed a hybrid identity that's kinda like Fairport Convention playing punk. For those who don't remember the Fairport's beery and bawdy folk-rock, then just make do with Blyth Power, who even stoop to a harmonious version of He Who Would Valiant Be — that old scorcher from hymn lessons. Conjuring up the traditional English sound with a rollicking guitar burst for propulsion, Blyth Power might just be the next burping biggies. **Dave Henderson**

BRANIAC 5 World Inside

Reckless Records RECK 1 **RT** ● A very average album from Braniac 5, which sees a strange desire to bring punk to its senses by adding quirky XTC-isms and early psychedelic trips (man!). Unfortunately, the end result is just rocky and monotone — a little like The Vibrators' second album, really. **TC Wall**

DAVE BROCK & THE AGENTS OF CHAOS The Agents Of

Chaos Flicknife SHARP 042 **RT C** ●½ You might not hold out too much hope for part-time Hawkwind Brock, but this loopy tape and electronic montage — peppered with some tasteful '60s

organ and shards of synthetic fluff — has enough muscle to make it immediate. The lyrical zeal and the Sgt Peppers-meet-Floyd stance (with socio-political input) never make the proceedings dull. Like the soundtrack to an acid version of *Dr Who*, the real meaning of Wee-yud! **Dave Henderson**

THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS Hairway To Steven Blast

First BFFP 29 **RT C** ●¾ Butthole's albums come and go like nightmares. At times here and there, the Butthole's Rembrandt Pussy Horse perfectly matched tales of torment, weirdo mondo vibes and the general caustic edge of the band. The follow-up, Locust Abortion Technician, broadened the sphere and Hairway To Steven comes right round again, completing the feedback circle. Sounding a touch like a sequel, Hairway has some intense moments but nothing as spectacularly different from its recent predecessors. A good album, but a classic? Well... **Dave Henderson**

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

Our Beloved Revolutionary Sweetheart Virgin V2516

½ Methinks the Beethovens are sick of having their work measured up against the superb Take The Skinheads Bowling, since it's a tough yardstick to hold up to a band. But it has to be said that this collection of 14 tracks does little to demonstrate that the Camper Van people have anything like as good up their T shirts. This, then, is a strangely eclectic mixture of styles and ideas, with one or two quite dreadful bits the — instrumental Walka, which sounds like something Rick Wakeman might do for a rock opera, being one. Only One Of These Days, a nice little pop tune, hits any high spots, and even that's not exactly earth-shattering. **Carole Linfield**

THE CASSANDRA COMPLEX

Theomania Play It Again, Sam BIAS 88 **RT C** ●

● Definitely the Cassandras' best LP to date as they seem to have finally discovered that there's wealth and beauty in pacing your attack. True enough, side two of this album rips and roars at a regular pace, and there's the odd angry flashback, but side

one's more tempered approach more than makes up for it. If there is life after the current bout of interest in Euro electronic music then The Cassandra Complex are certainly moving along the right lines. **TC Wall**

THE CATERAN Bite Deeper Vinyl Solution SOL 9 **FF C** ●

●½ The Cateran seem to have been kicking around for some time without any substantial releases, but this debut album more than rewards your patience. In a climate where metallic rock-based thrash and AC/DC impersonations are the measure of modern rock, this Scottish quartet have taken an opportune moment to produce one of the most thankfully precise guitar LPs of the moment. The secret lies within the lead and backing vocal styles which hang beautifully over a double guitar sound — which seems intent on a schizophrenic in-band exorcism. The Cateran have an immediate attraction that's close to hearing a battered transistor in the middle of a frontal feedback blockade. Overhead there's an avalanche building, while this fab four create countrified memories of the old world. Ferocious. **Dave Henderson**



WILD BILLY CHILDISH I Remember... Hangman

HANG 3UP **RT C** ●½ Although the recording quality and much of the playing here is dodgy beyond belief, there's an alluring charm and charisma surrounding Billy's megaphonic vocals and lacklustre guitar. This is a highly personal LP. Converts will OD, the uninitiated will gag... still, you've got just play it again. **Dave Henderson**

CICCONE YOUTH The Whitey Album Blast First BFFP28

RT C ●½ In which the

ALWAYS Thames Valley Leather Club EI Records

ACME 12 **P** ●● Less quirky than the title actually suggests, Kevin Wright, the sole motivator of Always, is a man setting out to show you the real sound of the suburbs. The music, melancholy without being downbeat, melodic yet with a twist of the lyrics that helps it sting, is conducive to new towns and neo-Georgian streets everywhere, and should be played whenever indulging in all typically suburban activities, from washing the Metro to getting engaged. But take the trouble to look further and you'll find the music has a delicious hint of underlying forbidden fruit (hence the leather club). **Sally Webster**

A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS England In The Rain

Jungle FREUD 21 **RT C** ● Agit-proppers opt to run towards the swinging sounds of cash-orientated splurge to get their message over. Sadly the message is dissipated and this six track mini-set, although quaint, is terminally tedious. **Johnny Tired-Boy**

BARGEPOLE Sodbuster

Ediesta Records CALC LP 41 **SR C** A quirky number from an enterprising Manchester duo. The lyrics rely on a mixture of Pastiche and comic-based recollections ("remember when you used to read under the bedclothes with a torch, and Crimplene trousers were all the rage" type stuff). Generally, the instrumentation is denser than many nostalgia-induced bands use, with the emphasis on similarly nostalgic instruments like sitars and harmonicas. But unfortunately their ideas too often blur, trying too desperately, and subsequently becoming too whacky for enjoyment. Then it sadly becomes impossible to tell where taking the piss ends and the real band begins. By the time you reach the track Ambulance it's become like a second-rate comedy record. **Carole Linfield**

UNDERGROUND spiralling the plastic shards

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VOLUME ONE

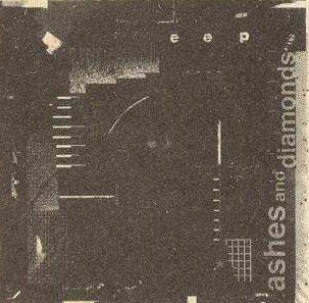
Wire: Tapped
Wire/Underground



with tracks from **The Leather Nun, Thirteen Moons, Man Klan, Sing Sing And The Crime, Master Twins, Dirty Work Work. All That Jazz, Tony Curtis and Houses And Gardens**

VOLUME TWO

Ashes And Diamonds
Ink/Red Flame/Underground



with tracks from **The Room, Phillip Boa And The Voodoo Club, The Moodists, Tactics, Ruby Blue, Patrik Fitzgerald, Slab!, C-Cat Trance, Charles Hayward, Pinkie MacLure, Severed Heads and Anne Clark**

Sonics' part-time project becomes a totally different art of noise (as well as the sound of silence) with plenty of hidden tunes in the grooves. With only one real cover, a version of Robert Palmer's Addicted To Love played totally straight, there's definitely music in the Ciccone madness, and this song in particular helps to offset the mood of a lot of the rest of the record. Apart from that we have plenty more examples of their typically American sense of humour — especially in the titles — and there's more than enough variation in the 13 or so instrumental and vocal tracks to make this collection more than worthwhile.

CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION Shine Mute

STUMM 59 RT C ● ● Er, a game of two halves, as they say. . . with Crime shaking their Post-Birthday Party tatters on side one, then slipping, so neatly, into a Morrison-paced psychedelic wash for the longer pieces on side two. Shine has the highest points of the City Solution Pinnacle so far in the single On Every Gravy Train, while those flipside floaters are scaly skin tags which just drag on your heaving uncertainty. As I said, a game of two halves: an album with more to offer than most. **Dave Henderson**

THE CYNICS Twelve Flights Up Resonance 33-8813 RT C

● 1/3 Pure Pastiche, from the sleeve to the groove, The Cynics' '60s "style" wreaks of Post-Mersey mud, while attempting to be beatier than it really is. From Germany with all the correct images in all the right places. Enjoy in small doses only. **Johnny Eager**

THE DEL-LORDS Based On A True Story Enigma DI 73326

D ● ● 1/2 Turn round any street corner in the States and you'll find another bunch of disenchanting youth with nothing better to do than strap on guitars and crank the volume up to 11. The Del-Lords do this as well as anyone, sounding so live that you expect them to appear in your living room should you blink. Actually, much of the strengths here might be in the production, the list of extra musicians appearing more like a cast of thousands. Check out Mojo Nixon's sermon at the start of the thumping River Of Justice, or the girls from The Pandoras (who?) lending a B-52s feel to The Cool And The Crazy; even Pat Benatar gets in on the act on the excellent pop single Judas Kiss, not that that should put you off. Throw in the dynamite-paced ode to lousy nightlife, Whole Lotta Nothing Going On, bypass the occasionally standard rock fare, and you have one of the best guitar albums to annoy your neighbours with this year. **Tony Fletcher**

DEVIATED INSTINCT Rock 'n' Roll Conformity Peaceville
VILE 3 RT C ● Bad language

and a senior with a throat infection make sure that this will appear to a slaughterhouse-full of would-be revolutionaries. Punk never died and Deviated Instinct, I think, are singing to celebrate that fact. **Jerrrrrarghyy Ega**

DOCTOR AND THE CRIPPENS Fired From The Circus Manic Ears ACHE 14 RT C

● 7/8 Doc and the boys thrash mercilessly through this 22-track explosion in a desperate bid to live fast and die young. From Lancaster, they feature a drummer who's beaten skins for Discharge, InsaneBlitzkrieg, Flux and more. . . he has his head down in an effort to play so loud that the singer has to draw blood to be heard. A disturbingly loud record. **Johnny Eager**

ERASURE The Innocents

Mute Stumm 55 ● ● ● Instant mash! Erasure certainly spoon it all out here, with an album of diversity and depth that hits the gut right from the first helping. It's a powerful and evocative collection, with their most vital single to date, Ship Of Fools, setting the standard, being carried through to logical conclusions on tracks like Chains Of Love, which also gets beaty and bountiful. Andy Bell's voice has hit new heights, gaining in richness and tone, which, along with a stomping dance version of River Deep Mountain High and a lush mix throughout, all goes to prove wrong the Luddites who think electronic music can't be as emotional, symphonic or creative as traditional approaches. Guess who's having the last laugh. . . **Sally Webster**

FALSE PROPHETS Implosion Alternative Tentacles Records

VIRUS 58 RT C Second album for Alternative Tentacles from this New York five-piece, who also list James White (The Blacks) and Gordon Gano (Violent Femmes) among their credit list of collaborators. The record itself starts off hardcore-ish but gets continually more varied, especially on Side Two, with the addition of brass and piano. Perhaps a bit too worthy and overblown in places, as well as a tad theatrical, but at least they are attempting to break out of what is often a constricting genre. Next time I hope they make a complete success of it.

FELT The Pictorial Jackson Review Creation

CRELP 30 RT C ● ● ● I shudder to imagine what people will say, seeing that we've got a feature with Felt in this ish. . . and we raved over the album, but, well, it's like this. Side one's mellow Velvet-paced songs — with Lawrence's smooth vocal made me really comfy. Then, well, the B side is pretty different. . . like cocktail jazz with a smoochy piano. . . I had to check the label, but it read Felt. . . FELT! This band have some tricks up their sleeves and this back to basics set, showing two sides of their character is mighty

impressive. Of course, after the piano pieces I had to spin the other side again, then I put on side two again. . . and so the story rolls on. **Dave Henderson**

STEVE FISK 448 Deathless Days SST 159 RT C ● ●

● Another notch in SST's cultural bow, as part-time producer, man-about-the-console and all round experimentalist, Steve Fisk fuses the big drum beat, everyday noise and a few magnetic melodies into a collection of more than worthy tunes. Outdoing Art Of Noise, treading on the post-industrial graveyard, grooving in mind and body next to the spiritual Beach Boys or Zappa and a vision as keen as Glenn Hoddle's passing, Fisk is a step further than the introverted Todd Rundgren albums like A Wizard, A True Star, more compassionate than Negativland and ultimately more accessible in what he does. Superb. . . not to be missed. A classic, well, OK it's not bad. **Dave Henderson**

4,000,000 TELEPHONES The Most Careful Summerhouse SUML 1 RT C

● 1/2 Sometimes atmospheric collection of ramblings, talkovers and tunes which too often merge into a nondescript backing noise, albeit a very tuneful one. Best is She's There, which embosses their previously sketchy ideas, making a more three dimensional, and subsequently more entertaining, track. The rest have style, but not enough substance. **Carole Linfield**

JEREMY GLUCK Burning Skulls Rise Flicknife BLUNT

043 PR T ● ● 1/3 A countrified guitar whistles for a meeting of minds and continents — Rowland S Howard from down under, Nikki Sudden from the upside down world and Jeremy from across the Atlantic. A hybrid six-track strum that cowpokes like Lee Hazelwood gone folk, with a commercial desire and prose scripts about fun in a bottle and Burroughs-esque western wordplay. Claustrophobic, intense, eccentric and intoxicating. **Brenda Collins**

GOD SAID Off The Plot Third Mind Records TMLP25 RT C

● ● From Brussels with love, a girl/boy duo (Heather and Mervyn Weight, whether bro and sis or man and wife I do not know) that rests heavily on breathy pop melody in the tried and trusted tradition. Sometimes they beef it all up with a more manic delivery, sometimes it's doomy, or dramatic, or sexy, or they even slow it right down to a whispered, solely female sung ballad. Which means that the tempo and variety here is excellent, making for an interesting and absorbing listen. Doubts that spring to mind though are the quality of Heather's voice, which isn't really special enough for some of the slowie (although it hasn't stopped countless others) and some of the material — Reunion sounds a bit like Raw Sex. **Carole Linfield**

THE GRIM Face Of Betrayal Alchemy CHEM 107

SRD ● 1/2 The Grim's guitarist decides to play as fast as his wrist can stand on track one and proceeds to slide all over the frets as this tortured rock 'n' rawl phlegm-snorter gargles and gobs. Guitar music that wanders into metal, lashes out at punk and never lets that darn singer get a word in. Who the hell does he think he is, anyway? The Grim are struck in gear with a concrete will and a deathwish of devotion. **Johnny Eager**

HAWKWIND The Xenon

Codex GWR GWLP 26 ●● A new Hawkwind album and it's a guaranteed seller before it even clicks into gear. Fans, and the temperamentally interested, won't be disappointed either as this is something of a return to Silver Machine-styled form for this space-rock conglomeration, who seem to have had more members than the Patsy Kensit fan club. The Xenon Codex is full of future world imagery, tight with Judge Dredd city centre scapes and the inevitable song subjects roll in just as you'd expect. What it's all about isn't too clear but, conceptually speaking, it's a finely-crafted noise. **Nick Brody**

HEAD Tales Of Ordinary

Madness Virgin ●●● They came. They unleashed a baffling debut album, complete with a grandiose 'hello — England — we've arrived' kinda title (I Am King) they did a few gigs and indulged in various activities for which minor God-Heads are renowned and then they buggered off. Still, it's finally here, Head's second LP. Of course, the question that's on everyone's lips (isn't it?) is, "Was it worth the wait?" In a word. Yes! make that a resounding YES!!!

Head, vinyl delinquents each and every one of them, will be the first to admit they've done their growing up in public. And they'll also be the first to point out that they don't give a toss about the indiscretion implied therein! Head have grown up. They've matured, they've, erm, blossomed, but unlike most things musical about to receive the vintage stamp they've neither mellowed nor grown old. They're more brazenly accessible — and see if they care! If the football stadium rock-til-you-drop opus of Sin Bin (the single so far) doesn't grab you by the inner ear then the self-pitying epicness of 1000 Hangovers will. Tear down your curtains, rip the dralon off your mum's three piece, run yourself up a pair of trousers and join the Head refrain. **Dead sexy. Alex Kadis**

HEAVENLY BODIES Celestial Third Mind Records TMLP27

RRG ●● 1/4 A fully-fledged member of the lesser-ambient-obscure-soundtrack-club, Heavenly Bodies weave a mystical spell with this beautifully packaged and lusciously-paced debut. Brittle, whispered and intelligently-orchestrated, Celestial lives up to

its name without becoming airy-fairy. The chemistry of keyboards, wind instruments and the voice of Caroline Seaman make it all work to great effect, creating a unique sound that's intensely moving. **Dave Henderson**

THE HOLLOW MEN The Man Who Would Be King Dead Mans Curve DMC025 **RRG**

●● 5/8 "Here we are children — come and get your lollipops." The very nasty child catcher character from celluloid legend *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* gets his picture on the cover and opens the latest Hollow record with the aforesaid. The music is guitar-driven, bass-and-drums-rhythmed with drops of harmonica, piano, violin, keyboards and other things splashed wherever needed. The vocal is sometimes slightly off-kilter yet feels right whether we're going slowly, moving along quickly, or contemplating The Drowning Man. Anoraks, leathers and denim jackets nestle comfortably together on the Hollow Men's coat rack. Good mixture makes good music — this time anyway. **Daz Igymeth**



THE HOUSE OF LOVE The House Of Love Creation

CRELP 034 **RRG** ●● 1/4 The House's debut LP proper (the last one was just an export only affair) and this selection certainly justifies all the recent press attention that they've been awarded. Superficially, this sounds like a mid-paced, typical Creation, album with few distinguishing marks but, after several plays, it becomes compulsive listening. From the opening bars of their Christine single, The House Of Love fashion a comfortable wrap, that meshes guitar and harmony into a highly memorable cocktail that's hard to ignore. Exceptional. **Dave Henderson**

THE HOUSEMARTINS Now That's What I Call Quite Good Go! Discs AGOLP11 ●

● 1/2 The final corner piece of the jigsaw — a compilation of out-takes, session cuts, bits, pieces, this and that, proves, over two albums, that The Housemartins are great! Well, bad news, mate, they've split up. Fifty years in the making, a number one

BACK FLIP

Currently recommended UK releases (and what the Underground think tank said)



ALIEN SEX FIEND

All Our Yesterdays

Anagram **RRG** "Covering all the smoke-enshrouded swampground between Ignore The Machine and Hurricane Fighter Pilot."

ATTACCO DECENTE

The Baby Within Marches On

All Or Nothing **RRG** "Buy it, steal it. . ."

BIFF BANG POW!

Love Is Forever

Creation **RRG** "Like Alan Bleasdale in a sea of game shows."

EUGENE CHADBOURNE & CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

Camper Van Chadbourne

Fundamental **RRG** "A musical marriage made in heaven."

CHIN CHIN

Stop Your Crying

53rd & 3rd **RRG** "Bleached punk pop exhilaration."

THE COLORBLIND JAMES EXPERIENCE

The Colorblind James Experience

Fundamental **RRG** "Tuneful, wacko, humorous and beatnik"

THE HARD-ONS

Dickcheese

Vinyl Solution **RRG** "Your parents will hate it."

HONOLULU MOUNTAIN DAFFODILS

Tequila Dementia

Zinger **RRG** "Alice Cooper meets The Walker Brothers?"

LITTLE BROTHER

Champion The Underdog

Rouska **RRG** "The bard of Bradford hits out at everyone."

THE MEKONS

So Good It Hurts

Cooking Vinyl **RRG** "Immediately accessible, then outrageously engaging."

THE MEMBRANES

Kiss Ass Godhead

Glass **RRG** "A Steve Albini production credit hitting a wall of noise."

THE MILKSHAKES

Live From Chatham

Hangman **RRG** "Fourteen nifty nuggets all bearing the Milkshakes' sound."

NO MEANS NO

Sex Mad

Alternative Tentacles **RRG** "Superb debut. . . vinyl to kill for!"

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY

Nothing Wrong

Beggars Banquet **RRG** "Rock with intense atmosphere, a tough balance to find."

VARIOUS

The Fleshtones Time Bomb

New Rose **RRG** "Fleshtones and offshoots present their own alternative listening guide."

VARIOUS

London Pavilion Volume II

el Records **RRG** "Not a dull track in sight."

WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES

Product

Inc **RRG** "A return to form from the masters of noise."

WITH CD RELEASES BECOMING CHEAPER AND EASIER TO PRODUCE, THEY'RE HAVENS FOR RE-ISSUES, COMPILATIONS, WITH EXTRA TRACKS AND THE TIME'S RIGHT TO LOOK FURTHER INTO THE MOST SPECIALISED END OF THE MARKET.

CDs in Ug... it'll never happen. But, if you've got a new system with a player attached, there's plenty of new releases that can take you out of the simplistic Dire Straits and Sade league.

The 4AD label is submitting its back catalogue to CD and the first batch of tastefully presented pieces include two from The Birthday Party. Prayers On Fire and Junkyard (the latter with several unreleased tracks) should satisfy the Cave-o-Philes, while Bauhaus follow their Beggars Banquet re-issue series (and the release of Bela Lugosi as a CD single on Small Wonder) with In The Flat Field, resplendent with additional single cuts. Gilbert And Lewis (those Wirey artisans) have the best of their collaborations spliced onto 8 Time and Colin Newman has two of his 4AD LPs, Provisionally Entitled The Singing Fish and Not To, packaged together. Initial qualities also contain a six track CD single supplying another 18 minutes and three seconds of Newman logic.

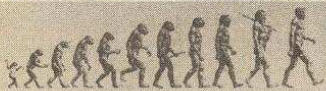
The Three Johns have their Atom Drum Bop and The World By Storm albums coupled on Abstract. Laibach get their Nova Akropolis (featuring tracks from their Panorama single) released and Recommended Records break into the market with Art Bears' union of Winter Songs and The World As It Is Today providing 25 fine songs over 70 minutes. Also through Recommended comes Fred Frith's excellent recent LP The Technology Of Tears (which was originally released as a double).

Loop have their well-received Heaven's End LP available on Head, with three bonus tracks. The Mekons' So Good It Hurts come straight from the hip of Cooking Vinyl, while Close Lobsters' Foxheads Stalk This Land travels as an import via the American Enigma label (available here through Pinnacle).

The Peel Sessions have selected out-takes available on CD — New Order, The Damned, Joy Division and Siouxsie And The Banshees so far — with Syd Barrett's five track session imminent.

At Native, both The Screaming Trees' A Fracture In Time and the Peter Hope and Richard Kirk collaboration Hoodoo Talk are available on CD and, as the first SST releases begin to trickle through the Cartel, the glorious sight of The Minutemen's classic Double Nickels On The Dime (a mere 44 tracker) makes life seem worthwhile.

SWA EVOLUTION 85-87



That's also joined by SWA's Evolution retrospective — featuring all the group's work to date... and that's just about it... for this month anyway. Watch this space next month for updates... and remember, technology ain't so bad. We'll be on the moon next. Dave Henderson

in their back pocket and they call it a day. Any self-respecting label would have superglued them together. But, they're gone, let's just sit back and enjoy these last few years all over again. See... I told you, it was all worthwhile. Dave Henderson

INHUMAN BEINGS War

Crimes Peaceville VILE 4 RR G ● 3/5 In the post-Crass world of punk, as thrash and its kindred spirit twists and turns into a selection of Dayglo alternatives, bands like Inhuman Beings (or is it Doom, the cover doesn't really make it clear), could quite easily have continued in that strident anti-violence/heads down noise vein for years, but no! Instead, War Crimes is wild and irreverent in a rock sense, while adding a variation on sound, a quality of riff and an outspoken turn of phrase. Not, perhaps, the greatest rock album, but part of life's cracked volume control. Johnny Eager



JESUS COULDN'T DRUM Ruttling Orange Peel And Blind Lemon Pie Lost Moment LMLP444 RR G

● 1/3 Jesus Couldn't Drum are one of those novelties of life that produce a wry smile. But, subsequent ear-bashing reduces this lip-curling concoction into a grating lo-fi flutter. There's comedy and comedy and then there's JCD — who wear their ideas on their sleeves, play twee pop melodies and even succumb to covers of Banana Splits, Fireball X-L 5 and Captain Scarlet. Intriguing, nostalgic, but tantamount to teasing in total. Somehow this is all wrapped a little too neatly to create a tingle of temptation. Johnny Eager

JIM JIMINEE Welcome To Hawaii Cat And Mouse ABB02

RR G ● 1/2 This is a mercilessly poppy slice of vinyl. Jim Jiminee scraped the charts with their Do It On Thursday single and here the formula is enlarged as the Jiminees wander into a land previously only occupied by the likes of Squeeze. Not that they sound at all like that band, but they have the lyrics, style and swagger of a group destined to be that huge. Exceptional and knocking the funny bone. Brenda Collins

BROTHER VERNARD JOHNSON Rocking The Gospel ROIR A-157 RR G ●

● If you can imagine Junior Walker with a frog in his throat, giving it sax to the max, in a padded cell with a righteous band of gospel singers, then you're on the right road to Brother Vernard Johnson's house. Johnson's tonguing style cuts deep into the harmonious backdrop, the vibe is

distinctly positive and Jesus gets the call throughout this unbelievable package. Like stepping into another world, Rocking The Gospel is an excellent example of another culture brought to life through the medium of chromium dioxide. Hmm, technology. Don't ya jes' love it? TC Wall

KILLDOZER Little Baby Buntin' Touch and Go

T&GLP #26 SRD ●● This LP goes "Reeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaargh, rrrrrrrrrruueeeeargh", then there's a nice guitar motif, then some man dressed as a woman admits they really work in a sausage factory. On the next track he says "I haven't got any friends" and as he grunts continually you can understand why. Killdozer provide the kind of malevolent grinding sounds that is a little lacking since SWANS invested in a grand piano, but Killdozer aren't into art... and they squash puppies. Yeuch! Brenda Collins



BOBBY KING/TERRY EVANS Live And Let Live

Special Delivery SPD 1016 RR G ●● King and Evans are the deep-throated background singers that you might have heard cropping up on Ry Cooder's albums from time to time. The perennial crooners who would have been a huge success as tux-wearing soulsters if they'd have happened onto the scene 20 years ago. Their lyrical style on Live And Let Live is left to run wild as they search out some tastefully wide-ranging instrumental support from Ry and fellow Cooderettes. Rolling! Brenda Collins

LEGENDARY PINK DOTS

Stone Circles Play It Again Sam U.S.A. BIUS 1001 RR G ●

● 1/2 An excellent compilation bringing together several gems from the Dots, extensive back-catalogue, together with a couple of newer pieces. Mainman Ed Ka-Spel's engaging lyrical twists have seen him raised to the level of seer in Holland and Belgium for several years now, while this collection has been released primarily with the Dots, increasing US market in mind. Back home in Britain their name still means little more than nothing, but if you're curious then this record is the perfect place to start. But you've a

lot of catching up to do. Alex Bastedo

LERUE Deal Your Card UnAmerican Activities BRAVE7

RR G ● 3/4 The second album from ex-Queen Ida fiddle player Pierre Lerule, which sees his band move further away from straight cajun music as all styles of unkempt rhythms, sounds and instruments swagger and challenge for attention. Ten barrelhouse tunes that roll out with all the subtlety of a rampant seadog home for the day. Aaaaaaaagh! Johnny Eager

LYDIA LUNCH Honeymoon In Red Windowspeak WSP 12

RR G ● 1/2 Lydia retains her cult credibility rating in one gesticulation, by inviting a couple of ex-Birthday Party members, Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore, Genevieve McGukin and Jim Thirwell along to this montage film soundtrack-styled harangue. A teasing, taunting, and, as ever, tantalising, cut of Lunch slides neatly into cheek as the sleazeball orchestra crunches into gear and another late-night idea becomes a discordant reality in the cold light of hangover. Honeymoon In red is an anguished plea, a bouquet of festering prose, with a spiky thorn-like guitar beating at the door in search of recognition. Not for the weak-willed, and certainly too realistic for comfort. Dave Henderson

THE MAGNIFICENT Hit And Run Link Records LINK LP 027

RR G ●● Throbbing and thrusting in real post-punk new wave pop style, Dutch five-piece The Magnificent owe an enormous debt to both The Ruts and Sham for their sound. Delving into a selection of subjects and keeping the harmony line pressed hard against the chunky bass line, The Magnificent aren't doing anything new, but for that Hit And Run overflows with highly memorable tunes. Not a classic but commendable all the same. Johnny Eager.

MICRODISNEY 39 Minutes

Virgin V2505 ●● Silky sweet, well-produced and sounding remarkably like The Beach Boys at their best (vocal-wise, that is), Microdisney should be shovelling wads of tenners into their suitcases and celebrating their self-design, that fuses comment with hi-powered, glossy music. Smooth but still hustling. Nick Brody

MOTHER TONGUE Open In Obscurity Touch TO:10

RR G ●● One side of this record is a symphony of noise, created by Hafler Trio AM McKenzie, the other is a soundtrack made in heaven by McKenzie, avant-percussionist Z'ev and vocalist and writer Doro Franck. They're a strangely contrasting trio, pulling every which way but, by the final mix, they've something very special indeed. This side of the Mother Tongue is a tenacious, tantalising treat, while the other side is a

harsh insight into the darker side (an experience that many prefer not to be involved with). **Dave Henderson**

MOVING TARGETS Burning In Water What Goes On GOES ON 14 **SR** ● 3/4 God, doesn't Ken Chambers sound like Husker Du's Bob Mould? Yes, he does. And don't The Moving Targets get sick of being categorised as a DU soundalike prior to that group's Warners deal? Yes, I bet they do. Whatever, this is a highly enjoyable, fast, melodic rock album that piles harmony, on melody, turning up its collar to get maximum effect. A bit like Husker Du really. **T C Wall**

THE MUTE DRIVERS 20,000 Millionaires Irradiated md2 **RT C** ● ● ● Snortingly colossal mini-album that better the Drivers' fabby debut. Hard to believe but true, 20,000 Millionaires is a better-paced collection which sees the pent-up aggression of this vitriolic duo allowed to breathe through a more spacious production job. There's no room for flab, corn or extra-terrestrial nonsense here. The Mute Drivers are circulating in more aware circles, they mean business. . . and with this approach they'll do more good, make more people aware, than a year's worth of Class War's graffiti campaigns. **Brenda Collins**

NAKED RAYGUN Jettison Caroline CAROL 1348 **RT C** ● ● There's something about naked Raygun that suggests they're nothing more than a fleeting noise scuttling into the backwaters of the cerebral motion. Fact is, they're a lot more upfront, structured, well-versed in song construction, dynamic and melodic than that. Yeah, all round good guys. Jettison is a flaky collection that has no one leaning, but it has some of the most powerful affected-rock outbursts to have appeared in the wilderness for some time. Beyond thrash, punk, junk and metal, Naked Raygun are churning a guitar overload, while whispering a poetic lullaby all the way to bed. **Brenda Collins**

NO MEANS NO The Day Everything Became Nothing Alternative Tentacles VIRUS 62 **RT C** ● 2/3 Not as striking as their debut album, this mini-set sees No Means No tanked up, less straightforward and, in a sense, cluttered. The minimal sound of the Sex Mad LP has a frenetic, noisy colouring now which doesn't give the songs enough room to breathe. That said, this is still much classier than a lot of current releases, it's just that when you start with a high it's so hard to accept anything less. **Dave Henderson**

NEUROSIS Pain Of Mind Alchemy VM105 **SRD** ● 1/3 Ayyayah! Neurosis plug into the wall, tear out their chest hairs and rip into one of the most relentless brain-scratching assaults since Neubauten's road-drill demolished the ICA. Uncompromising, difficult to grasp and totally uncompromising music that throws you against the wall for the kind of self-ridicule that most pundits would try to wheedle out of. **Brad Manson**

POTATO 5 True Fact Racket MASH 001 **RT C** ● ● 1/4 Potato 5's terminal untogetherness seems strangely absent from this first real studio album. With Laurel Aitken holding up the ska flag, the rest of this 43 piece orchestra find time to make each and every note really count as they wield a techno fist at this traditional form of music. Drum machines clatter, subliminal conversations wander in and out and True Fact soon becomes more of a dynamic proposition. Life after ska? You bet. **Dave Henderson**

RICH KIDS ON LSD Lifestyles Of The. . . Alchemy VM104 **SRD** ● ● 1/4 Rootsy hardcore with thrash and punky bits thrown on the heap for good measure, but that's not all. . . you also get a free comic — which seems to imply that the band are a hybrid between a dready Craig Johnston lookalike, a Pee Wee Herman imitator, a rodent on a skateboard, a John Lennon-style Jesus freak and a baldy skinhead set to stomp the world. The noise is uptempo

listomania

GOD'S FAVOURITE FIVE

- 1 **IF'N** *Firehose* SST
 - 2 **DUSTED** *Live Skull* Homestead
 - 3 **GLOBE OF FROGS** *Robyn Hitchcock* A&M
 - 4 **IF I SHOULD FALL FROM GRACE WITH GOD** *The Pogues* Island
 - 5 **TACKHEAD SOUND SYSTEM** *Gary Clail's Tackhead* Nettwerk
- Compiled by WJUL, Lowell, MA from "most played stuff"

91 DANCE PARTY FROM HELL

- 1 **BEHIND THE WHEEL** *Depeche Mode* Mute
 - 2 **SCUM** *Xymox* 4AD
 - 3 **ANITINA** *M/A/R/R/S* 4AD
 - 4 **IMMOBILISE** *Mkultra* Mute
 - 5 **CAPITOL HEAVEN** *Moew* Nettwerk
- Compiled by 91 Rock, WRVU Nashville

WRCT FIVE BIG BANGS

- 1 **DOUBLE VETERAN** *Animal Time* Brave Dog
 - 2 **BRUTALITY** *Dick Destiny & Highway Kings* Destination
 - 3 **CHILDREN OF GOD** *SWANS* Caroline
 - 4 **SMASHED HITS** *Red Lorry Yellow Lorry* Red Rhino/Fundamental
 - 5 **SMOKER'S PARADISE** *Breaking Circus* Homestead
- Compiled by WRCT, Pittsburgh, USA

JUMBO RECORDS BIG FIVE 45s

- 1 **CAT HOUSE** *Danielle Dax* Awesome
- 2 **BLUE MONDAY REMIX** *New Order* Factory
- 3 **DOUBLE BARREL PRAY** *Diamanda Galas* Mute
- 4 **IM NIN'ALU** *Ofra Haza* Globestyle
- 5 **COLLISION** *Loop* Chapter 22

JUMBO RECORDS BIG FIVE LPs

- 1 **HAIRWAY TO STEVEN** *Butthole Surfers* Blast First
 - 2 **LIFE'S TOO GOOD** *Sugarcubes* One Little Indian
 - 3 **INNOCENT** *Erasure* Mute
 - 4 **LET'S PLAY DOMINATION** *World Domination Enterprise* Product Inc
 - 5 **DICKCHEESE** *Hard-Ons* Vinyl Solution
- Compiled by Lorna at Jumbo Records, 402 Merrion Centre, Leeds.

ZIPPO MUSIC FIVE BEST SELLERS

- 1 **OPENERS** *Roky Erickson* 5 Hours Back
 - 2 **NEVER BEFORE (import)** *The Byrds* Rhino
 - 3 **COWBOY RHYTHM** *Randy Erwin* Heartland Records
 - 4 **OUT OF OUR IDIOT** *Elvis Costello* Demon
 - 5 **GEORGE BEST** *The Wedding Present* Reception
- Compiled by Richard at Zippo Music, 39 Clapham Park Rd, London SW4



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SLAB! — 12" Single 'People Pie'
TACTICS — LP 'Blue And White Future Whale'

ON RELEASE NOW

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TACTICS — Mini LP 'Holden Interview'

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WINNERS

WIN OUT!

You've read the interview! You've heard the George Best LP! Now win the **T-Shirt!** (Yes, it's that old routine again!) Those nice **Wedding Pressie** chaps have offered five **Ug** types the opportunity to nab one of their trendy things for nothing. All you gotta do is tell them which football team George Best played for in his heyday! All answers to reach us by June 13 at Underground/Pressie comp, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

COMPETITION WINNERS

Seems like everyone wants a **Psychic TV** limited edition LP and a promo edition superman label Jack The Tab 12 incher! Only two sets to give away though and they go to **Rob Richardson** from Hornsey, London and **Peter of Southwater**, Sussex who has to be commended for sending in the most cosmic competition entry ever! Oh yeah, the answer to GP'O's question was, of course, **Timothy Leary!**

Those who knew that **Ug** correspondent **Vittore Baroni** was the bod who originally set up **Trax** were **Michel Balbous** from Epsom, **Trevor King** from Dorset and **Trev Faulf** from Ilford, Essex.

A most "interesting" selection of entries arrived in response to **The Primitives** quizzer! Including a replica of a fiver with **Queen Tracy** where **Queen Liz** used to be! That was from **Ug** reader **John Pinnington**, the other nine, who knew that **Thru The Flowers** was the single that preceded **Crash**, were **David Brown** (a coaster), **Peter Hanson** (a Stiff record label), **Mark Footer** (beer mat), **Mark Foucault** (picture of his cat!), **Richards Lewis** (a Flora box), and **Mr I R Jolley**, **Patrick Bean**, **Susan Alcock** and **Ros Eccles**.

Practically everyone knows that **Shack's** LP is called **Zilch** and the winners are as follows: **Chris Young**, **Clwyd**, **Stephen**, **N Ireland**, **David Sansbury**, **Liverpool**, **Mark Gorzalka**, **Edinburgh**, **John Shelton**, **Notts**, **Ole M Kristensen**, **Norway**, **John Gray**, **Preston**, **Alan Keachie**, **Motherwell**, **Sharon Thomas**, **Cornwall**, **Andrew Youngs**, **Norfolk**, **Chris Lloyd**, **Oxford**, **Patrick Fu**, **Manchester**.

French Author **George Bataille** is French!!! (wasn't too obscure that one...) **Alistair Duff**, **Edinburgh**, **Emma Wilton**, **Aberdeen**, **Graham Lambert**, **Oldham** and **Stuart Giles**, **Stafford**, each receive a signed **Knature Of A Girl** 12 inch while **Richard Harding** gets a pesty **Shamen Johnny Bag** and a signed single!

The thought of a signed **Peter Murph Love** **Hysteria** LP moved many an **Ug** reader to sheer poetry, but those of you who thought that the man in question broke his knee caps in 1982 were wrong! It was **THE SOUND BARRIER** and the ten who get the goods are, **Bernard Harman**, **Lancs**, **Adam Thompson**, **Oxford**, **Paul Furness**, **Chesterfield**, **Gareth Thomas**, **Port Talbot**, **F Alam**, **Manchester**, **Dave Huitson**, **Cumbria**, **S J Adams**, **Herts**, **Darrell Matthews**, **Walsall**, **S L Jakielski**, **Wilts**, and **Iku Yanase** from **Parsons Green** who also bags herself **Murph's CD!**

The comp which wins 'most varied selection of answers ever to clutter the cupboard' award, is **Ug's Fire** compilation offer! What a palaver! Still, the **ONLY** people who knew that there are eight **Blue Aeroplane** are **Stuart Giles**, **Stafford**, **Ole M Kristensen**, **Norway**, **Roger Field**, **Herts**, **V J Hewson**, **Cornwall**, **Patrick Bean**, **Sheffield** and **A Jeffries**, **West Midlands** — ya lucky blighters the lot of ya!

and relentless, drug references run rife and they wear shorts on the sleeve pic. Huh, kids today, eh? **Dave Henderson**

CLIVE PRODUCT, ARMS AND LEGS Care Assistant Big Untidu BUCP2

●3/4 Following their more than delightful, but splendidly naive debut 45, the first LP from **C Prod** swiftly follows. All neatly underplayed but full of heart, this combo fall strangely between the TV-novelty quirky wacko zone (as featured on **Daytime Live**) and the wantonly sub-Housemartins. Not a bad area to graze in and more than indicative that we'll be hearing more of **Clive** in one form or another. **Dave Henderson**

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN

Recurrence Virgin V2525

●3/4 Something strange has happened since the Children went out from **Factory** to play with **Virgin's** bank balance. There was always an inkling that they were a more than competent pop band, with a bent for melody and a keen lyrical style, but **Recurrence** is all big, brash and polished. Isn't it? If anything this second LP from these soulful stalwarts falls nearer to the watershed of daytime play without tumbling into **Steve Wright's** back pocket, perhaps the intention was to stay the saner side of the pop-rock see-saw, but whatever, **Recurrence** will surely see **The Railway Children** established as one of the biggest "new rock" outfits this year.

Brenda Collins

THE RISK AND THE THREADS

Out And About Unicorn

Records PHZC 16 (191 Seven

Sisters Road, Finsbury Park,

London N4 3NG) 1/2 A tape

consisting of one side of live recordings of **The Risk** in London and Vienna, with the second side displaying **The Threads'** wares in less glamorous **Retford**, plus local **BBC** interviews with each band (zzz). So, almost a home-made affair — certainly there's no concession to professionalism with **The Risk**, who perform possibly the worst cover of **The Tracks Of My Tears** known to man (even worse than the one on that beer advert). **The Threads** have a more instrumental approach, slightly ska-influenced, and their studio track, **Alison**, has a nice blend of styles. Come a major mod revival and they'll be frontrunners. On the whole, though, a tape for real enthusiasts of the genre only. **Sally Webster**

ROCKING RICHARD & WHISTLING VIC TEMPLAR

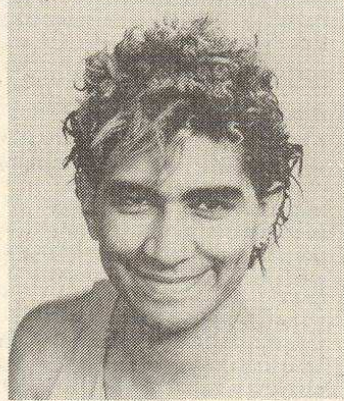
Tea And Baccy Hangman

HANG14UP ●1/2 More studious life studies from beneath the armpit of modern civilisation. This duo, created in the image of all post-Milkshake bevies, make your local busker sound hi-tech as they hum through a selection of authentically "blue" tunes. Slightly tasteful, awesome, awful and inspiring — some of these

words apply (but the kazoo sucks). **Nick Brody**

THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE In Rock Fire Records FIRELP12

●1/4 **Pedestrian** stumbles from the **Roses**, who come up smelling less than sweet. As single cuts, diversions, offbeat ideas, the collected bits might be quite alluring, but in total **In Rock** drags its heels, is directionless and pointless. That said, it'll sell anyway. **Nick Brody**



PAT RUTHENSMEAT

Ruthensmeat SST SST 154

●1/4 Pat's a veteran of the US punk onslaught — forming **The Germs** with **Belinda Carlisle** and the late **Darby Crash** — and, after taking time to rev up **45 Grave**, **Twisted Roots** and **Nina Hagen**, he now finds himself solo and with **Ethan James** helping him record. This album is like an exorcism of all those acid flashbacks; leaping from point to point, scraping guitars in **Joe Walsh** style against punk power, jazzy wrist actions, the noise that you heard next door, a radio playing something or other... the story goes on. Like **Negativland** partying with **The Rolling Stones**, the kind of thing that makes the world keep guessing. **Dave Henderson**

SEWER ZOMBIES Reach Out And... Ron Johnson Records

ZRON 32

●1/4 Heads-down, no-nonsense (pretty mindless) thrash noises with little regard for any self-respecting neighbour's health. **Sewer Zombies** are American and loud, but they play with rubber gloves and belly-button fluff in their ears. Whimsically tense, **Reach Out** is a gyration closer to that final run-out groove in the sky. Not for the weak-willed. **Nick Brody**

THE SLICKEE BOYS

Fashionably Late **New Rose ROSE147** ● The **Slickee Boys** seem to have been airing their particular brand of psychedelic pop for ages. Back in '76 they'd had around four singles out, now, some 12 years later, they still sound as effervescent and urgent as ever. However good they are at pulling that beat into line, however commendable they are for opening for the **U2's** of this world, the fact is that **Fashionably Late** is just a little too ordinary to make it vital. Average songs, an

annoyingly familiar (**Stranglers**-style) keyboard sound and the basic good time "rock" stance don't make for gladiatorial victories. **Nick Brody**

THE STING-RAYS Goodbye

To All That Media Burn MB18

●1/4 Some bright spark will dig up the, sadly-departed, **Sting-Rays** in about ten years time. Their singles, on a selection of labels, will be like gold dust when people finally realise just how good they were. Unfortunately on this death-throes live performance the quality is grim and vocal **ist Bal** struggles to obtain **psychic** monitor help. Included is a wobbly version of **Behind The Beyond** which still has the raggedy edge that the original single possessed. Other tracks, however, don't fare so well. **Johnny Eager**

SUGARCUBES Life's Too

Good One Little Indian

●1/2 Let's be brutally honest shall we? (Just this once, mind.) The **Sugarcubes** are one of those rare phenomenons whose public existence seems to have spurred the uprising of a self righteous, protective, and it has to be said, *intellectual* contingency. They've hollered and shouted praise until there's no real sight left. The **Sugarcubes** have been granted weird sanctuary. Of course it's exactly this type of sanctimonious bore who will tell you the 'cubes were "far better, far truer" when they sang in Icelandic. Not being au fait with the tongue myself, I'm as pleased as old punch that most of this album is sung in English. It has to appeal. It does strike home. But don't be misguided into blind relief. The 'cube has not yet reached the stage where it can do no wrong; blue-eyed pop sounds like any naff attempt at Euro-New Wave, and **Deus** (for me at any rate) just grates. But these are minor niggings. **Life's Too Good** has more than a few redeeming features, namely **Sick For Toys** with its macabre overtones or the mildly demented **Mama**, and, naturally, the brilliant **Birthday**. **Alex Kadis**

TAR BABIES No Contest

SST SST109

●1/4 Intense slap-bass funk with a repetitive beat and a jazz-sleaze vocal embellishment. Like **Defunkt** meets **James Blood Ulmer** on a good night for **James White**. Music for young gyrating trendies with their braces on back to front. **Nick Brody**

VARIOUS An Introduction

To Latin Hip Hop Rhythm

King Left LP 6 ● Latin hip-hop is the missing link between pop and rap. It's more polished than most hip-hop and, with the addition of those clicky-jittery Latin rhythms, a lot more danceable. It has already influenced people like **Madonna** and **Joyce Sims**, and this LP boasts a good selection of Latin underground stars. From the super-commercial pop dance of **Sa-Fire** and **Diva** to the more rhythmic cut-ups of **Bad Boy Orchestra** and the almost **New Order**-like instrumental glory of **C-**

Bank. It also includes the classic track *Clave Rocks* by Amoretto, which perhaps best sums up the genre. **Chris Mellor**

VARIOUS The End Of Music As We Know It **ROIR**

Tapes A.156 **RR C** ●● An Albini-created cassette-only package featuring some of the more challenging elements of current youth anti-culture. Noise merchants and abrasive guitar re-designers scurry to corners and make like the apocalypse already happened. Those invited to entertain include The Honeymoon Killers, Phantom Tollbooth, Needlenose, Bank Of Sodom, Of Cabbages And Kings, Thurston Moore and Krackhouse. Some win, some lose, some trade ideas and reputations. An essential sequel to the no wave, a cult item too. **TC Wall**

VARIOUS God Save The USA **Happy Mike Records**

KTLP001 **RR C** ●● A surprisingly good album that initially sets out to support the Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign. Usually these pro-cause shuffles stumble into four-letter expletives, trad arrangements and punk holocausts — which rarely even preach to the converted — but, beyond the uninviting sleeve, there's some uncompromising, and justifiably lovable omissions. Some *Weird Sin*, *Karma Sutra*, *Anhrefn*, *Dan*, *Neurotics*, *Zounds* and even *Attila* (he really should be a game show host) make credible performances. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS Good Feeling 53rd & 3rd **AGAS 3** **FF C**

●●½ Mighty fine collection of today's most talented extroverts. Covering all areas, *Good Feeling* provides the weird tales on *Loop's* psychedelic grunge, *The Shop Assistants'* retrospective cuteness, *Sonic Youth's* undefined onslaught, *Phillip Boa's* well-honed deviations, *Camper Van Beethoven's* eccentricities, *The Membranes*, *The Beat Happening*, *The Vaselines* and, and, and... well, just get this one. **TC Wall**

VARIOUS

Indie Top 20 Vol IV Part II **Beechwood Music TT 042**

RR C ●½ Eight house and special mixes of independent dance hits, as a chunky addition to volume one's jangle-happy veneer of the alternative world. As with all dance music, some of these cuts are best forgotten, being merely worthy stimulation when sweat is trickling and heads are poppin'. *S-Express*, as you know, surpasses all that and *Smith And Mighty*, *Coco*, *Steel And Lovebomb* and *Gene And Jim* are worthy bed partners. The rest is nothing new and slim on imagination. **Blip, blip! TC Wall**

VARIOUS *Nightlands* Final Image **FIB5** **RR C** ●¾ Billed as a nocturnal broadcast, this album's worth of ambience is

certainly one for being totally enveloped by. Put it on when you're making toast and you won't hear it for the sound of crumb crackle. There are ten variations in music by acupuncture and you can tell which acts have had the chance to develop their talents in this way before. Hands down winner is *Tim Story* who has the knack of catching the attention with the simplest of melodies. That said, *Gush's* New York 1940 is quite inspired, while *Biting Tongues*, *Pump* and several others are memorable. **Dave Henderson**

VEE V V Life, Liberty And The Pursuit Of Happiness **Payola PAY LP 1** **RR C**

●● Crunchy pop punk... like a contemporary vision cast against a Gerald Scarfe backdrop of life, *Vee V V* adopt an accessible tone to get their pent-up aggressions out. Once channelled into useful energy, this album becomes a vibration that rattles cartilages out of position. *Vee V V* on previous discography seem to be a brash angst-ridden post-punk noise, but here they've certainly outlined their plans for future growth and productive what-have-yous. **Johnny Eager**



WEBCORE *Webcore*

Webcore Jungle **FREUD 22**

RR C ●●● This is a frightening good album. *Webcore's* last was a touch hippie, a mite subdued, but always probing, looking for a direction that was different and dynamic and on the subtly titled *Webcore Webcore*, it seems that they've found it. The mix now has all the old power and aggression liberally thwacked into a selection of musical interludes as diverse as spacy new age, surging, jazzy, *Roxy Music*-styled melodies moving all points towards the more acceptable side of sample and hold. A delight. **Dave Henderson**

X *Live At The Whisky A-Go Go On The Fabulous Sunset Strip*

Elektra 960 788-1 ●½ A classic live recording featuring four sides of bar-be-cued *X*. *X* specials roll out like empty beer barrels as the, all too quiet of late, combo with the spit and sawdust turn up the volume. Guitars, inevitably run rife, get country and then rock out as *Exene Chervenko* unleashes her unique vocal talents — with *John Doe* in full support. *X's* recent life and times spent before this live album with, film work, offshoots and the like has been the talk of the day, but this set should satisfy punters waiting for more sprawling guitar draw. **Johnny Eager**

thought

and

On the Beat, cut-ups still in vogue — but now you have to be clever to cut through the mass of Bass, *How Low Can You Sample The Jackson Five* soundalikes.

Don't miss the new *Meat Beat Manifesto* epic, a fast-moving track with loads of samples and effects, including bits from *Kraftwerk* and *Instant Replay* by *Dan Hartman*, plus *Jack* (the nasty rapper) celebrating the death of rock music. It's adventurous and inventive and you can dance to it. Who could ask for more?

Also check *Nasty Rox Inc's* *Escape From New York* on *ZTT*. That's the latest incarnation of *Dave Dorrell* and *CJ Macintosh*, the men behind *M/A/R/R/S*. It's hyped up go-go-hip-hop, again with unusual samples and scratching, including some entirely new turntable techniques, and some horrible grinding guitar.

Two hot imports now available on British labels thank to a couple of *Todd Terry Project*, the future of house, plus *And The Break Goes On* by *The Break Boys* which is based on — guess what? — a break beat, with a few subtle choice cuts overlaid.

Most dodgy title of the month goes to the monster acid house track, *Eat My Pussy* by the *Twat Sisters*, but it's not as bad as it sounds, and it's closer to avant-garde noise than dance music.

Obscure house music pioneers *New Order* are back in the public eye in the US and UK with a *Quincy Jones* revamp of the dancefloor classic *Blue Monday*, which has been popping in and out of charts ever since it was first released five years ago.

The hip-hop highlight is the release of *By All Means Necessary* by *KRS 1* and *Boogie Down Productions* on *Jive*. Intelligent, hardcore hip-hop at its best.

The greatest gold collectors, the kings of rap and roll, *Run-DMC* are back on the scene with a new LP *Tougher Than Leather*, and a hard single, *Runs House/Beats To The Rhyme*. Having music as uncompromising as this in the charts and on *Radio 1* is good for everybody. The hardest *UK* hip-hoppers around at the moment must be *Hijack*, whose single, *Style Wars* on *Music Of Life*, is an uncompromising street rap.

And there's news of a new label aiming to liven up the hot 100 with some hard sounds. Based in Merseyside, *Rham's* secret weapon is *Grand Groove* from *Manchester*, whose first single is called *Let's Dance*. But don't let the title put you off, *Mr Groove* is at the forefront of a new generation of dance fanatics forging links between hip-hop, *Chicago* house and euro-electro. This track has bits of *Depeche Mode* and *Yazoo* played in to mix with that distinctive electro keyboard sound and a driving drum machine beat.

So it's still a case of mix and match. There are piles of records which sound the same. The ones that cut through have the most inventive samples, the best tunes, or simple the best dance grooves. **Christopher Mellor**



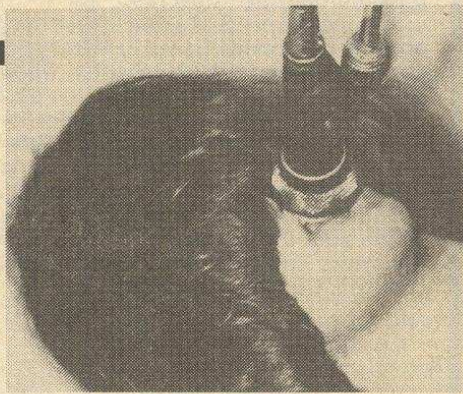
M D Emm

5 CHOICE CUTS

- 1 *Get Busy* **Md Emm**
- 2 *Luxuria (Wilderness Mix)* **Luxuria**
- 3 *How To Play Our Music* **Reese And Santonio**
- 4 *Because I Got It Like That* **Jungle Bros**
- 5 *Miracles (Raw Groove Remix)* **Coco Steel And Lovebomb**

- Republic
Situation 2
Koolcat
Ton Son Ton
Instant

the page that dare not speak its name



Loop: hairy

Loop's Collision 45, their first on Chapter 22, has been selling in hot poop proportions ever since its release a few weeks ago. It was a long time coming but well worth the wait. It's no good talking to Robert, Loop's guitarist/singer/songwriter about it though. Robert, you see, isn't interested in analysis or style or justification. He doesn't see Loop's complex, acid resonance as innovative or better or revolutionary. Loop neither *aspire* nor *achieve*, they just *do*. In years to come we'll probably refer to Robert as "luminary".

ACID(!)

Robert: "That's the one thing that really pisses us off, this whole acid enigma about us."

Mark: "That's usually the first question we're asked in interviews. 'How much acid have you taken today?'"

SOAPS!

Robert: "We love *Brookside* — it's so bad! But actually some of it is quite good too."

Mark: "Have you seen that programme that's on about ten o'clock every morning? Santa Barbara!" (very naff soap opera — a sort of low budget Dallas.) "Aaaaah! That's brilliant! It's so bad that it's compulsive viewing. I have to watch it every day."

BEING ON THE COVER OF MELODY MAKER!

Robert: "I thought that was a bit previous. Of course it was nice, but we didn't sell any more records and I just don't think we deserved to be on there at that stage."

SAMPLING?

Mark: "You get people like Adrian Sherwood and Mark Stewart and they're not using technology they're *abusing* it."

Robert: "People keep going on about how Loop ignore technological advancement. The point is that we grew up with guitars and amplifiers. It's authentic. We try to create that authentic sound by using very modern equipment."

THINGS OF AN UNPLEASANT NATURE...

Robert: "Oh God! So many of our quotes have been taken out of context. I do like dark things but that doesn't mean that I hate anything that's pleasant, which is the impression that's been given about me."

SEX!

Loop are very sexy aren't they?

Mark: "Yeah?"

Robert: "... Yeah!"

Mark: "Yeah!"

LOOP

Robert: "We're not doing anything astounding or original. We're just a rock and"



alien paragraphs from another culture

UNDEGROUND

Loopy tunes

Reasons to be jolly... (part 3)

Brilliant Corners: a smile, a vicar and a new LP

"Trust me who cares about the weather/when I'm feeling this profound" (Trust Me)

The word 'jolly' gets hurled on The Brilliant Corners like some giant-sized monster insult. Suspect critics describe them as 'chirpy', 'twee' — gagged because recognition of their talent, they somehow believe, would bring nappies and bibs in the post. Jolly is a massive marshmallow, a word associated with demented party bands and vicars with crimson cheeks who've taken heavily to the sherry. The one word that describes the Brilliant Corners to me is **ROISTER** (look it up, rhyme it with doister and see how great it sounds!).

Somebody Up There Likes Me is the band's first full-length long player and gad-zooks, it's a beezee. Containing songs as groovy, rollicking and essential as Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Trust Me, Oh! and Forever. These songs are a winning mix of a crucial last minute goal. All

THE DOMINATION GAME STARTS HERE

World Domination Enterprises have only released four singles, in their three-year existence, but each has made quite an impact. Now they have a whole LP out called, quite naturally, Let's Play Domination. It may not be destined to dominate the airwaves but the noise is guaranteed to blow a few unsuspecting speakers, and if World Dom have their way, a few minds too.

The noise is like mutant '70s heavy rock. Strange names like Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple come to mind. It's not a copy, but those influences have filtered through the boys' minds.

Keith: "... but it's not intentional." Digger: "I remember hearing those tracks with my head down the toilet at a party."

That explains it! That's sort of what your album sounds like. It's like the rock equivalent of what's happening in dance music — once-familiar bass lines or riffs are mutated and transformed until the original is unrecognisable. It's not influenced by the actual records but by vague memories of what the groups might have thought they sounded like. It's got the heavy, grinding guitar, pretty manic vocals, and some sort of structure to the riffs, but it's definitely not what you'd expect from an old-fashioned rock album.

Keith: "We do have a rigid structure to our songs so that within that we can

SO that within that we can thrash about. It's like cartoons; sometimes the more distorted an image is, the more understandable it can be."

The Red Stripe arrives.

Glug. "Or, it's like Tiffany. There you've got a solid backing with a really trashy voice, like a 16-year old girl singing out of tune on a bus, with headphones on, really over the top, that's what makes it good. It's a bit out of order, definitely not what you would expect."

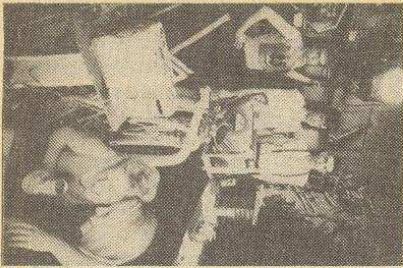
Is that why you did a cover of Funky Town (the old Lipps Inc disco classic)? To be different?

"We just love the record, and the words really happen — 'Got to keep moving and grooving in sanity.' It's taking the piss out of people who want me to lead them to funky town, which is, sort of, what people expect when they see you live."

But you're still trying to put ideas into people's heads, from your records.

Keith: "Someone's got to make records, so it may as well be us making people happier, trying to make a change, rather than stuff which just keeps the status quo. But you can't take on the industry, you have to be realistic in your idealism, otherwise you may as well just go to bed and dream."

Yeah, that's guaranteed to give you nightmares. Chris Mello



W Dom: Louie

those vital ingredients of joyousness, pop, youth combine into one glorious lyrical and melodic whole. Only the blind, filo-faxed, or terminally dull could merely describe songs as loveable as this 'jolly'.

The tall, handsome Davey Woodward smiles and laughs like a father reading his sons copy of *Viz* comic. He is clumsy, friendly and author of some of the most engaging lyrics. Chris plays bass and has been designated second spokesman when it comes to these boring interview things.

Well let's get on with it.

Davey: "I'm a bit too, erm, frail to make all my songs personal. I tend to mask it a bit and maybe that's why there's certain ambiguities and people think 'is this quirky?'. A lot of the humour is there to hide something I'm trying to say seriously. They're not all jolly anyway. On the LP I think there's only...

Chris: "Eleven humorous songs out of 12." Davey: "No, you can only grin to about three." I grinned to all of them except, that is, for the last single. Teenage, with its scent of candyfloss and fairground fun. However, the paradox of the lyrics save it from being completely terrible.

Davey: "When you're really young it's like shackles around you if you haven't got a girlfriend. You think you should really be out there with the other blokes. More often than not you start getting the pressure from your parents — why haven't you brought a nice girl home for tea?"

Teenage years can be a troublesome, cumbersome, vulnerable time. Those awful times when you're learning what all your bits do. When going out with someone for three weeks was long term. It's enough to give you a nosebleed just thinking about it. Davey: "I've never asked a girl out. Ever. But I did send a girl a Valentine card when I was 15 — she sent it back." When did you first fall in love?

"I sent a girl a Valentine card... she sent it back."



B Corr: Jovial

Davey: "About six years ago. How old was I six years ago Chris? How old am I now?"

Chris: "22."

Davey: "Two, four, five, six, what's that?"

Chris: "16."

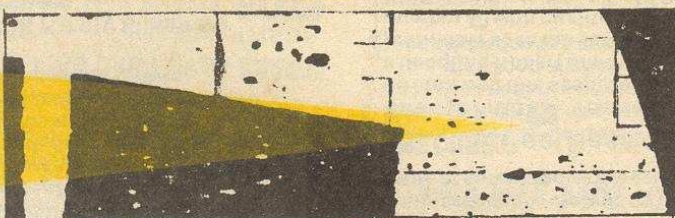
Davey: "I left school at 16. I don't know why. My parents wanted me to do the sensible thing, like get an apprenticeship as an electrician. I didn't know what I wanted to do — I was in the bottom class at school, so I wasn't very academic. The career officer said to me, 'Oh you're good at art, you're good with your hands. Have you ever thought of panel beating?' I was unemployed, I'd never been to any concerts, I had about three records. I started reading books and thinking, so I went to college and started the band. Do I have to tell him about art?"

Chris: "You don't have to tell him anything."

Davey: "Underground never print any of this stuff anyway — they just go 'urgh... Are The Brilliant Corners a fun band?' Davey: "It started off as a fun thing. It's art now."

...with a band playing rock and roll the way we like doing it. That's it, pure and simple. Rock and roll."

Funny how some people can get away with outrageous clichés isn't it? Now, throw this article in the bin and go out and buy Collision. It's all you can do. Pure and simple, Alex Kadis



Heaven Sent!

Stars Of Heaven celebrate the release of their debut LP with a grim grin

This year is the fair city of Dublin's Millennium — the city of culture, caricatures and general bonhomie is celebrating a thousand years of existence. The birthplace of Oscar Wilde, immortalised by James Joyce, where Orson Welles launched his brilliant career, it is also the home town of The Stars Of Heaven.

Beneath this sheen of celebration there is an air of depression caused by mass unemployment and an economic slump. Both of which have resulted in the nation's youth migration, on a scale not seen since the infamous potato famine. It is under this cloud that I met Stan Erraught and Peter O'Sullivan, earnest six-string and four-string pluckers respectively for The Stars Of Heaven, where else but a bar by the banks of the River Liffey, their compatriots, drummer Bernard Walsh and singing guitarist Stephen Ryan, not joining us until the end of our drinking session.

Despite a gloriously sunny day, my enthusiasm for their new album, *Speak Slowly*, and assertions that they must be Rough Trade's band-most-likely-to-they-are-both-sunk-in-gloom. OK, things must be frustrating for a band determined to maintain high standards with little money and hampered by promoting an album recorded over a year ago, as Stan points out, "In the time we've taken over this record, we could have made two albums, easy."

Peter sighs and adds, "We wish we could pay the rent and buy new strings, you know, those little things that make life so easy!"

But surely things are on the up, what with a unanimous *Ug* thumbs up for their debut album and with their version of Gram Parsons' *Wheels* featured in the latest Steve Martin film, *Trains, Boats And Aeroplanes?*

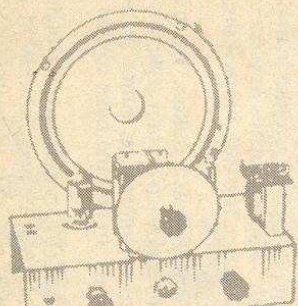
"The financial restrictions on the band are such that it is hard to keep going. We're just so broke, without wishing to go on about it!" This rampant pessimism is hard to reconcile with the wonderfully broad body of work that *Speak Slowly*, an album that is sure to receive complementary comparisons with REM due to its guitar-based country feel, its nods towards the American West Coast and those striking harmonies. Other influences wander in and out, with Stan mortified that certain deft, wistful touches in places could be positioned alongside Everything But The Girl, himself preferring to suggest folk giant Nick Drake.

Peter sums it up, "It's just us playing with guitars. We don't have a conscious style, we don't try to impose a certain style on any song. It's not just a question of American influences, either, as the harmonies are more Beatles than Byrds. In fact the bass comes from Van Halen!"

Add to this intriguing mixture the keyboard and production talents of U2's Fairlight engineer, Paul Barrett and the mixing talents of Morrissey cohort Stephen Street and you have an important LP **Dick Starry Eyed And Laughing Mescal**

SINGLES

Reviewed this month by Nick Brody



MASTERBLAST

Local radio micro-spored by Chris Mellor

OFF THE WALL: EVERY THURSDAY 10-11 PM ON RADIO 210-97/102.9 FM OR 210m/1431kHz MEDIUM WAVE

210 is a small local station based in a tiny building in the middle of a sleepy housing estate on the outskirts of Reading. Its transmission area includes Slough, Andover and Newbury, but you can pick it up in Southampton and Harrow.

Off The Wall is probably the most casual radio show in the world. JB and The Fence, the two presenters, stroll into the studio at five to ten with a box of records and a few tapes, play record one, then start chatting, and find it hard to stop. It's only an hour a week but it's the only place to hear local demos and some indie music. Guests tonight are two people from a new studio in Reading called *Refuge* and your very own *Underground* reporter, taking notes and frantically plugging our *great* magazine.

We hear demos from *Press Gang and Home And Abroad* plus records from *Sugarcubes*, *House Of Freaks* and *Soup Dragons*, a very untogether gig guide, more of that chat and, strangest of all, some adverts for low price *Led Zeppelin* CDs and a local furniture store. Wow!

It's unusual for a commercial station to give any time over to local music, because it's hard to justify playing strange things to the advertisers, but local radio is supposed to be about serving the community and that's exactly what Off The Wall does.

They always play a couple of demos and used to do live sessions in the foyer, but had to stop because the neighbours complained that it was keeping the children awake.

Unfortunately, Off The Wall follows the Christian half hour. The theory is that it's one minority audience after another, but it's not exactly the *best* programming.

Off The Wall is as much about the personalities of JR and The Fence as it is about the music, but it *is* a fun show, and well worth a listen for those local groups. So check it out.

AR KANE Up Home Rough

Trade RT C The third AR Kane release sees them on their *third* label and, as they deconstruct their sound into a dubbed ambience, moving further from their commercial beginnings. *Up Home* is difficult to fully grasp, but as a taster for their upcoming LP it's ideal, demanding you queue at your local pop-shop for its arrival. Let's just hope it fulfils all the promise.

BLUE AEROPLANES Veils Of

Colour Fire P The single to break the Aeroplanes? Well, this magnificent soundscape is by far the best vehicle for lead Aero Gerard Langley to vent his unique wandering prose. *Veils Of Colour* is moving, still beatnik, but enjoyable and plausible as a successful overture.

BOB Kirsty Sombrero

Re C Perfectly harmonic pop music from the much-touted Bob. More twists than a spag spiral in boiling water, as sax players cough, rhythms change and verses and choruses colour the proceedings. Love that toy organ to death.

BLYTH POWER Up From The Country Midnight Music

RT C Wized and raggedy folk with electric guitars. Blyth Power offer a traditional (in the Fairport Convention manner) version of The Pogues, getting all hot and haughty over nothing. Cumbersome and uncute.

CATAPULT Sink Me

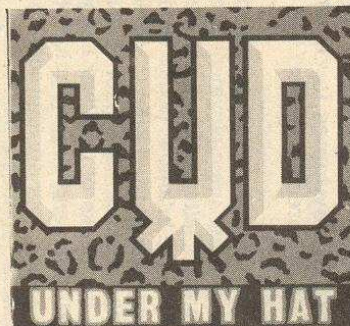
September RT C Second 45 from this bustling London-based crew. Emotive guitarings litter the back lot, an affected vocal skips across a simplistic (but effective) verse/chorus and it's already got its hooks in.

COIL Hellraiser Solar Lodge

RTS A lavishly packaged ten incher from Coil, which features excerpts from the group's soundtrack to Clive Barker's *Hellraiser* film. Unfortunately the takes were rejected as the group were deemed "too weird", but now we can all enjoy the real noises of terror in our own living room. The flipside cuts comprise a selection of jingle-come-effect pieces for advertisements which show an even quirkier spirit loose in the Coil camp. An essential purchase.

CUD Under My Hat Ediesta

RT C Flamboyant guitar music for a new age of strident enthusiasts. CUD have a mouthful



of verbs ready to spit, here they're punctuated with abrasive wit and all the right expletives. CUD are an important band re-pointing the walls of contemporary music.

THE CURE Peel Sessions

Strange Fruit P This story goes on and, well this sesh, courtesy of a fledgling Robert Smith circa '78, justifiably sees the series reach number 50 with quality and style. *Killing An Arab*, *Boys Don't Cry* and more cram for attention, underlining just how good this pre-schlock trio were.

DEATH BY MILKFLOAT TTYF

Constrictor Collectors

RR C A limited edition release, with Hull's DBM pounding the palms of their hands into their fretboards in search of the perfect beat. Driving fuzz with a melody showing itself occasionally.



FIREHOSE Sometimes SST

RT C You'd be excused for thinking that Firehose's strident debut discs might exclude them from a large audience, but no! *Sometimes* still retains that power, the conviction and intensity of sound, while shifting the rhythmic blend around the vocal line in a manner that could, quite strangely, pass as Beatlesque at times. Firehose haven't shaved off the uglier corners, they've allowed their brighter facets to show through a little more.

THE FLATMATES Janice Long Session Night Tracks

P Crushingly vibrant selection from the in-form Flatmates that, although bizarrely tinny at points, is another giant leap towards their inevitable mass acceptance. What the Prims are doing now is nothing to the sweet pop pie that the Flatties are currently baking.

GOD BLESS YOU Sugar Mirror

Records Re C Snaky uptempo electronic dancefloor stuff with a leather jacket and a splash of potential pop success from these police-meet-sputnik teasers.

HEAD Sin Bin Virgin A rapturous celebration of new youth vitality (football) and subdued dance rhythms. Almost a novelty, with a guest sentence from Jimmy Greaves, and some reasonably over-enthusiastic cliches to boot. Ooooh! What a scorcher!

INANDOUT Spine Cock

Constrictor Collector

RR C Seriously distorted rock 'n' roll with the sound of a hurricane blowing through the rigging, a demented sacrifice to technology and pretty fine with it too.

THE JACK RUBIES Foolish

Boy RR C You just can't help but feel that the Rubies are going to have a hit one of these days, and this tremolo-heavy tale of love gone wherever might just be the one. The Jacks can certainly write decent effective songs and just about know how to deliver that verse/chorus formula in something approaching harmony.

THE LEGEND! Step Aside

Constrictor RR C Someone once told me that *The Legend!* was created around a quiet, subdued dude who wouldn't say boo to a bear. Since then he's grown into the hero he was an analogy of. *Step Aside* is harmless strummed pop with little direction while *Last Night The DJ Saved My Life* is transformed into *Last Night The Legend! Saved My Life*. What's more, it's pressed on gross-out psyche vinyl.

MARDEN HILL Oh

Constance EI P Marden Hill's most diplomatically poetic single to date. The top vocal cuts neatly into the pumping keyboards, the verse/chorus interchange sound like Spanish guitars on a stroll from Love's *Forever Changes* and the

THE CHARITY CASE



SINGLE OF THE MONTH

THE CHARITY CASE Safe In The Mind Fishdisc (62 Camden Mews, London NW1 9BX) A desperately obscure gem, which seems to have something to do with ex-Sting-Rays, featuring a tremendous vocal line from a lady with maximum throat control. The main hook here, though, is a superb repetitive guitar riff which gives a psychedelic hue to a sketchy outline. Fine stuff indeed.

By way of contrast, the uptempo flipside, Sandie Shaw — World War, sounds as if Keith Moon is risen, while that darn guitarist rolls out another of those classic riffs. The vocal still bites but it's more structured, and less important on this piece. Either way, this is a classic single, a cherishable item, indeed. Buy two for posterity.

chin-in-chest ambience gives Marden Hill an extra-added kiss of style.

THE McLUSKEY BROTHERS

She Said To The Diver

DDT **RE C** A flowing, long and elaborate guitar ballad, with the brothers getting emotional as they lean over their acoustics to pluck at your heart strings. She Said... is a big sound that gets into your fingernails, runs its fingers through your hair and should be never ending.

THE MILK MONITORS

Dance With Me Vinyl Solution

P Just on the shady side of the crossroads of rock, R&B, metal, and all points Stookey, The Milk Monitors play "good time music". Not raw enough to be offensive and not clean enough to be novelty... They mean it, man!

THE MONDAYS!

Fortune And Glory Unicorn

NM C Rampant mod beats, stylish vocals and a hyperactive delivery from this New York quartet. A crunchingly uplifting series of chords with harmonies and choruses in matching patterns.

THE POPPYHEADS

Cremation Town Sarah

RE C Undoubtedly, the best offering yet from this fledgling —

and very personal — label. The Poppyheads thread an impulsive hookline around a haunting guitar riff making Cremation Town into a heady blend of pop-meets-psychedelia without ever sounding predictable, bitter or twisted.

THE PRIMEVALS

Fertile

Mind New Rose P Without doubt, this slice of slide guitar, cultured neatly with a strained vocal and thumping drums is The Primevals' best yet. Handclaps and thigh slaps make sure that this is glued to the Dansette.

THE RAW HERBS

The Second Time Rooster

Records RE C First 45 for the Herbs on their own label sees them continue to tickle the thrill buds. Not as immediate as their last two, but The Second Time gets its hooks in courtesy of that silvery vocal delivery. A grower.

SEA URCHINS

Solace Sarah

RE C A double A-side, but it's Solace that really takes the seafood and shakes it. Following the luscious Pristine Christine wasn't easy, but the off-balance urgency of Solace, the wobbling vocal range, the uneasy production, make it a cert to thrill. Like The Byrds after a bobsleigh accident... shaken but not stirred.

SHAKTI Forbidden Dreams
Subway **RE C** Following their Demonic Forces mini-set of last year, Shakti prove that they've a lot more substance than most of their contemporaries on this luscious, medium-paced smoocher — that has an underlying wail from eastern climes. Provocative and healthy.

SINGLE GUN THEORY

Open The Skies Nettwerk

RE C Throbbing electronic opus with an Eastern feel. Single Gun are from Australia via the Canadian Nettwerk label and the magnificent female vocal line on Open The Skies adds an edge to this harmonious toe-tapper.

SUMMERHILL

I Want You

Rocket 5 RE C A new partnership, an ex-Felt/Wishing Stones/Everything But The Girl meets Seori from Snakes Of Shake and a hit waves from the balcony. There's a distinctive guitar line, plus Seori's vocal, linked to a Byrds-paced twanger from the old school. Beautiful music to frolic with Julie Andrews.

SWANS

Love Will Tear Us Apart Product Inc

RE C SWANS float in on an acoustic riff and deep throat vocal line for this Joy Division cover, which looks set to introduce them to a whole new generation of Filth seekers. This is a classic pop record that's done with enough charisma to win through.

THULE

Dr Lloyd Crain

RE C Rolling guitars, industrial beat and a picture of a leather-clad dude make sure that Thule reach the right audience. Whether they'll thrill to his one dimensional grind is difficult to say though.

FRANK TOVEY

Bridge St

Shuffle Mute RE C After the unconvincing discordant dance of Mkultra, Frank takes a scat-styled shuffle into another acid flashback. Perverse, slightly insane but ultimately commercial, Bridge St is Frank's finest moment since he went Back To Nature.

THE WILD FLOWERS

Take Me For A Ride Chapter 22

NM C A five-track EP from the Flowers which amply explains their multi-million dollar deal with Slash in the States. A tasteful precursor to their new LP, the raucous rockerilla reaches new bounds as maximum noise barriers are breached. Chunky.

YEAH GOD!

So Far Down Chapter 22

NM C Thrusting cock-rock from the hip of American-sounding Yeah God!. The singer sounds like his mouth is full of marbles, the commercial quota is high!

WIN OUT!



Mark Moore, renowned collector of religious artefacts and the man behind **S-Express** has been doing a spot of spring cleaning recently. The *Ug Celebrity Trash Salvage Co* were down his dustbins like the proverbial bat out of hell and managed to acquire, hot from the Moore sideboard, a wonderful plaster Jesus, complete with praying hands and eyes rolled Heavenward! To add to our good fortune a very nice person from Rhythm King has donated a dozen CD single remixes of the Theme From S-Express and a dozen more of the original mix CDs! All you have to do to win yourself a pair is answer us this one: What number did The Theme From S-Express peak at in the national charts? Send your answers on something tasteless, the most inventive entry cops a bonus Jesus! To arrive at Underground/S-Express, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ no later than June 13.

25 UNDERGROUND

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more small black round things

A SPLIT SECOND Scandinavian Bellydance Antler **RR** Well lubricated Euro dance music from Belgium.

BENNY PROFANE Parasite Ediesta **RR** Coy and chirpy with Cliff Richard's Wired For Sound resounding through the chorus. Sticky.

THE DENTISTS The Fun Has Arrived Antler **RR** Psychedelic period Beatles that swishes in with the title track climaxing in There Was Love On The Floor, So I Walked On The Ceiling — a more '80s-orientated variation of pop style.

DIRTY HAPPY D'Bob Subway **RR** Cabaret excursion into drippy electro-blips.

THE DRISCOLLS Girl I Want You Back Restless **C** Merseybeat with a good tune and pimples to pop.

DRUG FREE AMERICA Throw A Crazy Shape Blind Eye **RR** Safe stuff with Cult dog-tag and cash in mind.

EXTREME NOISE TERROR Peel Sessions Strange Fruit **P** Shouting and gargling fight it out with drums and a broken guitar.

FLIK SPATULA Bozos Primitive **RR** Primitive chunky noise with a Firesign Theater (hippy comedy) fixation. Close.

14 ICED BEARS Come Get Me Sarah **RR** Unobtrusive, invisible pop that disappears leaving less than a taste of what happened when.

DIAMANDA GALAS Double-Barrel Prayer Mute **RR** Hold on missus, put that chicken down! Esoteric throat manipulation as opera meets industry on an arty but unlistenable whim.

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID The Janice Long Session Night Tracks **P** Whimsical, metallic, groovy... the Bykers play Zappa meets Zodiac and end up smelling of flower power.

THE GROOVE FARM The Big Black Plastic Explosion (It's Alright, It's Alright) Subway **RR** Long title, huh! The Groovers continue their speedy twang through life and yet more good and betterer they sound, too. Psyche-garage stuff with harmonies.

IOWA BEEF EXPERIENCE EP Smudged **SM** Guitar splurge with monotone, riff-heavy braindeath a possibility.

THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE I Want To Red Megaphone **RR** Double A sampling frenzy — one an oblique vision given to SM, the other a more obvious dancer about violence. Not enough.

JONAH AND THE WAIL Flatten Manhattan Luna **RR** Ar-tbore sleaze with runny make-up.

LEGENDARY DOLPHINS Come Tomorrow Beam **RR** Thrashy rock in sub-Clash vein, but there's not enough to make it special and the chorus stinks.

MYSTERY GIRLS I Promise To Rock You Mystery Girl **RR** Standard rock tales with a commercial edge and pointed boots. Glam with tat.

NORDLAND Just Keep It Away Nordland **RR** Downbeat Euro moodiness from Switzerland. Brow-furrowing but rewarding.

ORNAMENTAL No Pain Gramm **SR** Tacky '70s disco pap with a Strawberry Switchblade.

PAPA'S NEW FAITH Through The Roof Garage **P** Succinct pop in uptempo mood, with a hard-edged wrist slap.

SET FATALE I Wanna Hit What's So Funny About? **RR** Iggy toxin transconmogulated through Beastie bad breath. Dancey and numbing.

SHACK Emergency Ghetto/ Epic Lush, stringy and harmonious pop plodder, with socio TV and real life commentary intact.

SIX BILLION MONEYS Swaying To The Beat Moogunghwa **C** Pomp rock with synths and dinner jackets.

THE SMITHEREENS Only A Memory Enigma **P** All the right hooks from the next REM?

STAX CENTURY American Dream Limitless **C** Straggle, loose-ended piece that's well-intentioned but under-polished. Close.

TOT TAYLOR EP LPA **RR** Every time I hear a Tot tune I want to like it for the drooly orchestration and the Sinatra in me, but each burst makes me feel more homesick for the real thing.

TIN GODS Cosmetics Razor **P** Furs vocal style, snappy rhythms and well-lubricated harmonies. Not massive yet, but aiming in the right direction.

THE TOASTERS Recriminations Unicorn **NM** NY ska produced by Joe Jackson that's saved by a female backing vocal.

TT ALCATRAZ Wild no label Powerful rock sound with a chunky rhythm and an emotive vocal line. Pretty obscure but biggish.

THE VAYNES Big Cities Ediesta **RR** Standard leathery rock in a lather of its own.

VENUS FLY TRAP Desolation Railway Tuesday **C** Goth horror with a sequenced rhythm and some under-nourished gloss that chips too easily.

THE VIBRATORS String Him Along Revolver **P** The Vibs really are Velvet Underground.



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92 UNDERGROUND

Keeping up with The Smiths

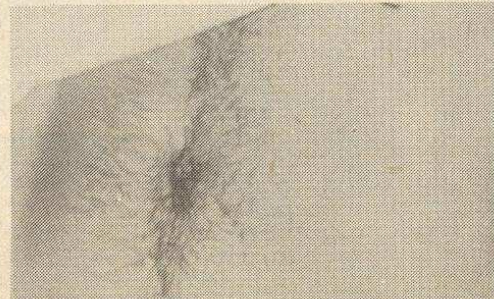


The Morrinnip

ban north. With the advantage of hindsight, he investigates the strangely ordinary career of The Smiths, while putting it into some sort of perspective, being both critical, appreciative, down to earth and admiring of the band's place in rock's (not so very) rich tapestry. Are they, as former *Sounds* writer Dave McCullough initially predicted, the last-ever major rock band? Or did Morrissey's increasing paranoia and artistic big-headedness form a partnership with "rockist" Johnny Marr that was at first dynamic, then inevitably combustible? And what part did Rourke and Joyce play in this — were they mere pawns?

Everyone's answer must rest with their own feeling about The Smiths' music; whether they found the lyrics reflective, meaningful, sensitive... or a load of pessimistic dross, and whether the guitar heroism and Interflora fastidiousness intrigued them or merely got up their nose. Mick himself investigates the possibilities thoroughly, keeping at a sensible distance, yet coming out on the side of their music, if not all their quirks. Rumour has it that he has become less than popular with Marr as a result of this book; certainly, while his approach to the band is positive, it is never clouded by sentimentality or a sense that the band could do no wrong. Even a staunch fan hates sycophants, and this certainly keeps its head, while compiling an interesting biography and compilation of press cuttings spanning the group's career.

The Smiths were, for my money, one of the best and most important groups of the past decade, and there's no doubt that history will be both kind and critical of their methods and music. They could foul up and frequently they did... but they also threw up some of the most lucid and intelligent music of the decade. Worth a book, and definitely worth this sort of book, I say. **Carol Linfield**



The Morrinnival

THE SMITHS The Complete Story Mick Middles (Omnibus Press, £6.95 softback)

Frequently, bands have books written about them; even more frequently, they turn out to be one of two sorts — the potted history, invariably dull and punctuated by glossy photographs, or the 'critical acclaim', which is usually not critical at all, having been written by a brown-nosed journalist making a bit of extra freelance money on the side. That bands as mundane as OMD have had artistic looking hardbacks invested on them is in itself a condemnation of the ilk... so, no surprise that someone has taken a magnifying glass to the (retrospectively brief) life and times of The Smiths.

Mick Middles is qualified to write this story because, as a Manchester journalist, he witnessed first hand the burgeoning fame and fortune of Morrissey and Marr from prime viewpoint within the maelstrom of the ur-

Morrissey and Marr are saved from the shredder by Mick Middles

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The Brothers Grim search for the highlights of thrash

"In a lot of ways, the hardcore scene just doesn't exist at all! So much varies from band-to-band or city-to-city. You really have to take each band as a separate thing. So long as they're doing something positive, then that's great!" **Tom Lyle, GOVERNMENT ISSUE**

Well, that's the opinion of someone who really ought to know what he's talking about, and it neatly sums up both the actual strength of hardcore at the present and the difficulties encountered when writing about it (*excuses, excuses* —ed).

There's such a great variety of bands and styles, that much more experimentation is available, as opposed to the more stagnant musical genres, such as rockabilly.

At the same time though, it does pose the question: What is hardcore, and what *isn't*?

Well, if you're interested in tracing the roots, there's a great book called **Hardcore California** (published by Last Gasp) which documents musical development between the mid-'70s and 1982 in the San Francisco and Los Angeles area. However, don't expect it to be a straightforward story, the book also features **The Residents, Chrome**, and even **The Bangles** — alongside more obvious inclusions such as **Black Flag, Dead Kennedys** and **The Circle Jerks**. . . and this section is confined to just California!

" . . . My record collection goes, **MINOR THREAT, MINUTE MEN**, then **MOTORHEAD**. They're all rebellious, they all work up a sweat when they play and people slam-dance to them. So, maybe they're all hardcore but, you know, you can't say they all sound the same." **J. Robbins, GOVERNMENT ISSUE**

Natural progression over a decade or so has seen older bands progressing into an assortment of styles (not always for the better, but at least they avoid niches) while new bands have been working out their own ideas. Healthy interest in hardcore now flourishes in Sweden, Italy, Japan and Germany besides America and the UK.

And, increased interest in the UK has recently led to better availability of imported records and a willingness on the part of British companies to either license or re-issue foreign releases. This has created a kind of snowball effect — as more material has become available, more interest has been generated, allowing both an increase in releases and higher prospects for foreign bands who tour here.

Perhaps the most ambitious outlet for foreign material in this country, so far, is Southern Studios who have been busy licensing various American labels such as Dischord, Alchemy and Pismort following its branching into the distribution business. Also notable in this field are Vinyl Solution/What Goes On (through Pinnacle), Wetspots, German-based Funhouse Records (both through Revolver/Cartel), and Fundamental (through Red Rhino and the Cartel).



Killdozer renegades

SO, OK. You have the money, which LP do you buy first? Which label does what to who and what is the best vintage?

Dischord made their name with early waxings from **MINOR TREAT, GOVERNMENT ISSUE** and **SOA**, and have developed steadily with recent output maintaining very high standards. **DAG NASTY** have consolidated their past popularity with their latest **Wig Out At Denkos LP** and new singer, Peter Cortner, proves himself to be one of the best vocalists/lyricists around, while the band demonstrate how easily they can veer from heads-down thrash through to slow, acoustic numbers. Ex-Minor Threat vocalist, Ian Mackaye, has resurfaced on the self-titled, **EMBRACE LP**, although the actual recordings date back to 1985, and the band themselves only existed until the following year. The songs are good but are let down by their low production, which is surprising because *that's* a department where Dischord releases are usually strong.

GRAY MATTER's **Take It Back** mini-album is another retrospective release, again from 1985. Altogether, it's far better produced and, perhaps, closest to **DAG NASTY's** **Wig Out**. . . (should you need a comparison), it's definitely an essential purchase for anyone interested in Dischord bands.

Ian Mackaye's next port of call was on **SCREAM's** third album, **Banging The Drum**, lending a hand on the production front besides adding some occasional backing vocals. Overall, the sound suffers from a rather streamlined, rock approach for the most part but when the songs are allowed to let go, some fine moments are created. Alchemy Records have several fine albums available in the UK. Most notably, the superb **Rock 'n' Roll Nightmare** by **RKL**, featuring some excellent songs, from the ridiculous **Scab On My Brain** through to serious, personal tunes such as **Seein' You**. The whole record is an appetising prospect and features some carefully thought-out artwork in the guise of a free, 32-page, comic/lyric book.

Pismort has been responsible for some of the first US/UK record releases by several Japanese hardcore acts. The sampler LP, **Thrash Till Death**, features some great materials from **GAUZE, LIPCREEM, OUTO** and **SYSTEMA TIC DEATH**. Gauze, in particular, stand out; slightly reminiscent of early **Bad Brains**, while Outo deliver in a style not a million miles away from **Septic Death**.

Albums by American bands on Pismort, that will enhance any ear-bleeding h'core investigation, include **Back From The Dead** by **Negative Gain** and **Ashes To Ashes** by **FINAL CONFLICT**. While the latter betray their liking for UK bands such as **Discharge** in both cover photos and musical content, **NEGATIVE GAIN** tear-out a trifling 20 high-velocity songs with a fine, original approach.

Southern handle various other intriguing releases including **PRONG's** **Forefed**, **CHRIST ON PARADE's** **A Mind Is A Terrible Thing** and **KILLDOZER's** **Little Baby Buntin**, alongside **PAILHEAD's** **I Will Refuse EP**.

Prong feature ex-members of **DA MAGE** and **SWANS'** drummer Ted Parsons, at a considerably faster pace than his regular bands' material, while **Christ On Parade** are clearly attempting to break away from the archetypal hardcore styles and succeed in an laudable manner. Retaining both integrity and energy, they manage to experiment with tape-loops and keyboards, to great effect.

Killdozer spout from the same deadly vein as former **Subterranean** faves **Flipper** and those current **Zeppies** **Butthole Surfers**. Not the usual kinda hardcore sound but just as raw and energetic.

Pailhead have tried to keep their identity as obscure as their EP is confounding. Mind you, if we said that it comes across as being a cross between **Naked Raygun, Minor Threat** and **Ministry**, we wouldn't be giving away too many clues, would we?

Moving further north, we stumble across **Fundamental** who have recently established themselves as a label primarily concentrating on re-issues of classic noise. Presently, they're bombarding the market with albums licensed from the **Placido** and **Toxic Shock** labels.

ZERO BOYS' **Vicious Circle** arrives from the aforementioned and features an extra six tracks to the US version. On show are 20, self-immolating songs which work free from a thrashy, melodic beat overcast with a nasal whine similar to pre-hip-hop **Beastie Boys**. It's an outstandingly punchy racket that comes highly recommended.

THE HICKOIDS' **We're In It For The Corn**, was also originally on **Toxic Shock**. It combines country, jazz and fast power. Dating back to '85, but re-mastered in late '87, it's an acquired taste, albeit admirable!

Fundamental have also been involved in establishing **JFA** in the UK. Their latest LP, **Untitled**, dispenses the awful bubbly-bass of their debut and strides towards a more flamboyant, less-manicured.

Nottingham's Wetspots label, which is just recovering from some minor controversy over its debut release by **WHITE FLAG**, has also been responsible for **FLAG OF DEMOCRACY**'s excellent *Shatter, Your Day* album. On *Shatter* standard h'core sorepoints — such as conformity and victimisation — are tackled within 16 rampant songs that can only be described as an amalgamation of early Descendents and Adrenalin OD.

White Flag's Sgt Pepper album is a completely different kettle of moppots, however, merging neo-psychedelia and R&B into a kinda Ramones set-up.

And, there's more... through shops with more eccentric stocking policies, like Vinyl Solution in London, a host of less mainstream acts have filtered through. The hardcore section has never been so jammed...

Chicago's **NAKED RAYGUN** unleash their third LP *Jettison*, and look set to finally reach a wider audience in this country, with a possible tour in the very near future.

Arriving from Chicago as well, is the debut long-player by **SCREECHING WEASEL**. Originally out on Underdog but now put out through What Goes On over here, it features a brilliant sick sense of humour, fronting a crossover of Dickies and Descendents style tunes! *Hippies Must Die!* Indeed...



Descendents in search of All!

On the subject of **THE DESCENDENTS**, SST have released their Liveage platter through their new UK distribution deal through Rough Trade and the Cartel. It's a fitting, live end to an era as Milo goes back to college and the remaining members continue as **ALL**.

SPAZZTIC BLURR have their excellent debut album released on another Nottingham label, Earache through Revolver, and pretty damn strange it is as well! Hank Williams OD's on *Suicidal Tendencies* or was it Spike Milligan?

Through Meantime Records, there's **HDO**'s *You Suck* — a very heavily drawn out American influence underlining this wonderful noise, but don't take it too seriously.

DEZERTER are a Polish band, and their *Underground Out Of Poland* LP on Maximum Rock 'n' Roll Records is interesting for the name of the label alone. Their style is plagiaristic in places but generally adopts a medium-paced, abrasive jaunt that rattles your attention easily. Stimulating!

Perhaps a good place to round off would be with another lot of recent visitors to these shores, Australia's premier skate-thrashers, **THE HARD-ONS**. Having already sold well on import, they've secured a deal with Vinyl Solution. *Worst Of...* their retrospective album, serves as an exceptional introduction to what they do best — play loud and fast. Hot on its heels come the all new, 18 track, tastefully titled *Dickcheese!* Their UK debut gig, at London's Sir George Robey, heralded the group's arrival as a force to be reckoned with. Short songs, varying from Ramones-inspired thrash-pop to harder, more restrained, instrumentals which allow the Hard-Ons obvious lyrical talent to shine through. Guitarist, Blackie, filled us in with some comments on the Australian hardcore scene after the gig. "It's really good at the moment. The whole 'scene' is certainly on the 'up' again. At least, it is in Melbourne and Sydney anyway! There are a lot of good bands, like Mass Appeal and The Hellmen... and there doesn't seem to be much trouble at gigs these days either!"

Obviously there are areas in the post-punk, thrash and even modern hardcore movements (swaying from metal to punk) that we've not had room to elaborate on. But those mentioned are a good jumping off point and subsequent *Underground* issues will feature latest developments.

On reflection, it's worth mentioning that the following all offer comprehensive mail-over services that deserve more than a measly sae, so send one now:

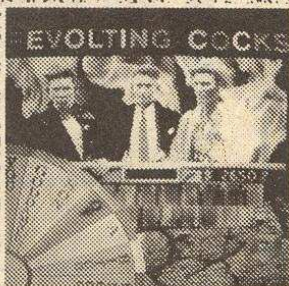
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Compiled by Ali at Rhythm Records, Camden Town, who says bubblers are UNCLE SAM, THE GRIM, SPAZZTIC BLURR, NEGATIVE GAIN and NAKED RAYGUN

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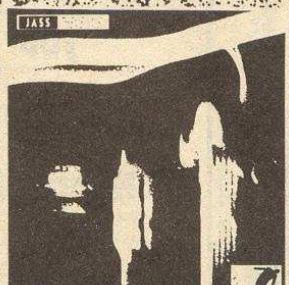
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TIP SHEET

NEW TAPE DEMOS

● This month's guest critic on the *Tip Sheet* is Philip Hall, PR consultant for The Pogues, Nasty Rox Inc, Yargo, Hue & Cry, Boys Wonder etc. Philip used to work at Stiff Records and won the 'Music Week PR Of The Year' award in 1986. His hobbies include gatecrashing backstage parties and sweet-talking journalists into writing nice things about his groups. He is a hardened cynic.

Julian Henry mixes the drinks and keep count of the score while Philip rambles on (and on).

Points awarded are for content (of tape), delivery (in performance terms), presentation (of overall package) and potential (as to whether they'll bend a chequebook or two). Any groups wishing to have their tapes decimated, send them to Underground Tip Sheet, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

THE CILLAS (17 St Chads Close, Rochdale, Lancs) make a garage sound with a healthy beat feel. "Bit of a negative letter," commented Philip, as he swigged from his bottle of Grolsch. "They're going on about all the other bands with names like theirs which is not really what we want to hear about. The music sounds like it was recorded in their front room with a load of kids yelling in the background. It's OK, but not really my sort of thing. Got any more beer?"

5 5 4 3

STRAIGHT TO THE POINT (20 Newton Gardens, Ripon, Yorkshire) sent their tape to the editor of *UG*, addressing him as 'Mr Henderson'. "They seem like polite young men," sneered Philip unkindly, "It's good to see that they know their place, huh, huh, huh?" The band sounded promising but only included one song on their cassette. "Blimey, that's no bloody good is it?" exclaimed Philip, burping and opening another bottle of Grolsch. "The music seems alright but how are we supposed to judge them by one song? Pass me some niblets."

6 7 5 6

DIG (24 Orchard Drive, Cowley, Uxbridge, Middlesex) have a good name, but unfortunately did not impress Philip with their music. "You can tell what they're like by listening to this," he said. "Clothes from Jumble Sales, short hair and glasses, just finished their A-levels. They probably think that Red Lorry Yellow Lorry are a pop band and they buy all their records at the Rough Trade shop. The music is pretty boring, I've heard it all before."

2 1 3 1

THE REVEREND ARSONISTS (71 Elmfield Road, Newton Abbey, Co. Antrim, N Ireland) sent us a professional-sounding tape of well-executed rock — as in U2. "Well, looks like they've got their shit together over there in County Antrim, doesn't it?" scoffed Philip. "This is good, but it does lack the vital spark. The best so far, I suppose, though they sound like they might well be members of the Cure Fan Club."

6 7 5 6

THE CRISPS (14 The Drive, Hove, Sussex) wowed Philip to mutter, "Well! They've not been to Art School, have they?" Their music is bright and commercial. "Yes," agreed Philip, "Very Brighton, very middle class pop, reminds me of Manhattan Transfer, actually. Can we get a move on, it's almost opening time."

6 6 7 7

JAMES DEAN DRIVING EXPERIENCE (49 Grafton Way, London W1) had Philip umming and arring over their efforts. "Yes, best one so far? Or is it? Umm. Good. Quite refreshing. Glug, glug. Burp! Definitely better

The Singing Detective



than a lot of indie singles you hear." JDDE's music is unashamedly jangly and, with songtitles like Lonely Hearts X1 v The Rest Of The World, they're surely destined for great things.

7 8 6 7

THE NIVENS (63 Evesham Place, Beacon Lane, Cramlington, Northumberland) have a familiar name, and have quite possibly sent us a tape before. Their handout is short and funny. "A bit like Teardrop Explodes," said Philip, "But I'd happily go and down a few jars in the local boozier if they were playing down there. This is good enough to interest a major record label."

7 8 9 7

THE SINGING DETECTIVE (01-840 6007) have possibly the worst name in this month's *Tip Sheet*. Philip stares at their photo. "Ohmigod, look at this — the keyboard player's wearing marbled jeans, the bassist's got a Hawaiian shirt and one of those funny modern basses with no head on it. . . how absolutely awful." What about the music? "Extremely average songs, but quite well played. This band need a Paul McCartney pretty badly."

5 6 4 6

A DISTANT GARDEN (567 Bolton Road, Bury, Lancs) make a noise that Philip describes as 'atmospheric'. "Their handout makes them sound like Born Against Christians," he said. "I think it's really important for the group to send a decent picture and handout with their tapes. In some cases, it is 50 per cent as important as the music is." What about A Distant Garden? "Not much to say about them other than very low key and pleasant-ish."

7 7 4 6

THE OCTOBER GROUP (41 Gosforth Road, Blackpool) send their tape to us with a picture of the late Kenneth Williams. How strange. How upset they must have been when he recently passed on. "This group obviously care about presentation," said Philip, "They haven't even bothered to write their name on the cassette. There's 8 songs on the tape which is too much, and there's some complete claptrap in their handout saying that they've been 'critically acclaimed in Flyde'. The music isn't much cop. Is that it? Good, just in time for a drink!"

4 6 5 6

WIN OUT!

The Pixies have a rather brill new album to shout about! Surfer Rosa, on 4AD, produced by Steve Albini, a man much featured in *Underground's* hallowed pages! We have five of these illustrious items to give away to the first five smart arses who can answer the Pixies' puzzler:



What is Mrs John Murphy's maiden name? Answers on something artistic, please, to Underground/Pixies, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ by June 13.

WIN OUT!

Ha, ha, ha, Hairway To Steven. . . strap on your boards and head for the beach, bums, those lovely **Butthole Surfers** have six copies of their new wiped-out LP to give away. The question is: Hairway To Steven is a pun on a song title by a certain band, one member of which is dead. Who is the mystery corpse?



Answers on an acid-soaked postcard to Underground/Butties, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ by June 13, bongheads!

TIP



... yet more tapes? You bet! **Underground** gets another tape-shaped brick through the window, and **Nick Brody** wearily picks through some of the greatest, some of the most meaningful (and some of the most meaningless) chrome samples of the decade.

A handful of oddities introduce this section, like the twee pop of the poisoned **Basement Blue** (who should be knocking on **Simon Bates's** door), the perverted craziness of **The Nero Wolf Experience** (a man busting a spleen to wear leather undergarments), the bizarre **Sulphate Family** (whose tape was enlivened by a screeching whine that might not have been accidental), the metallic void of **Shotgun Syndicate** (who didn't bother with an address), **The Candidates** (who possibly should have offered us one) and **Paradise Vendor** (who play rock music for air-hangers). All in all, it's a zany collection, and there's more. . .

ENVY (0634 837933) are stuck in a Joy Division-buy-a-synth mode. Moody and more than a little old fashioned.

THE PLASTIC INFIDEL (0604 250827) have a sense of humour, but their plodding post-pomp songs needs one really. Sounds like someone got a synth for Christmas and it's *their* group, anyway. Decent songs that need arranging.

STRETCH CARLIE STRETCH (22 Lyndale Avenue, Osbaldwick, York) say ha, ha, ha. But will we want to even get the joke? Yet more synths, bedroom percussion and Mark E on vocals.

ACCELERATION COUCH (Eastbourne 22444) are deep, shaky, cut-up, choppy and pretty darn groovy. This release is off-the-wall and available for your hard-earned cash. . . I'd like to hear more.

JELLYSTONE PARK (051 920-7753) have blowtorch, will travel. Fused together on their two track tape is the kind of commercial creativity that major labels crave, plus some fine songs. If they look they could even take that dreadful name into the charts! OK, Boo Boo?

REMBRANDT (Praze 831490) have a list of influences as long as your Biff Bang Underground collection. Twangling along with a hint of ol' style rock 'n' roll, Rembrandt Paint Pictures of summer afternoons, with a dash of drama.

BOB HOPE (66 Kent Road, Old Town, Swindon, Wilts) have a trickling soulfulness, a well arranged sound like early Motown, opting to cream their pie with a dominant vocal line and some naturally embracing guitar lines. Worth inspection (and no synths anywhere).

GIRL OF MY BEST FRIEND (0933 314440) play pert Primitives/Darling Buds guitar splurge in the true style of everyday pop — the thing is that they have a lead vocalist whose range is far superior to both of the other aforementioned combos. The question is, can a major pluck this Willingborough outfit from obscurity before the Post-Crash depression hits?

MARCEL KOOPMAN (Prof Tremblaan 8, 3705C2 Zeist, Netherlands) is very much in the Edward Barton school of eccentric lunacy, except he's liable to break into a melodic/near harmonious interlude at the drop of a plectrum.

THE RELATIONS (0738 37110) have already unleashed two fine singles, but their latest has been temporarily shelved and now appears as a demo. There's no let-up in the well-constructed guitar-waddling pop of *The Relations* and you can't help but feel if Polydor are brave enough to fork out for *The Wonderstuff*, someone should be able to muster a few notes in support of these Scots purists.

ANGLES IN ASPIC (01-444 6031) have a vocalist with a near operatic delivery. You'll either love or hate this gothic pomp. Either way, it's certainly professional.

THE CAT KILLERS (01-759 0450) play wicked versions of country tunes (with sporadically in tune guitar). At other times they opt to have a lunge at more worthy, less off-the-wall noises. They sound like a rip-roaring combo, but the key word must be. . . **LOUD!**



FIREWORK'S FACTORY (Dublin 377180), dare we say, have a touch of the Bono vocals. Underneath it all, and through the hazy mix a few fine pop/rock ideas lurk, but it's all a little woolly at the moment.

LOVE JUNGLE (0272 566280) pretty and close to Fleetwood Mac (shriek). "*I like you*", the lady says in a Joni Mitchell sort of way. The drummer only knows one beat, but that vocal line is the business. I wonder if she wears long dresses?

EASTER ISLAND (0904 87406) have John Martyn and Ben Watt dribbling from their ears. Pleasant, strummed pop that'll have them rolling in the bedrooms.

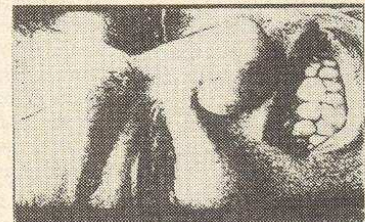
CHALK GARDEN (01-541 4695) do it for real with songs and a singer who knows that words can rhyme. Instrumentally they need a little polish, but there's enough "rock" stature here to slot neatly into today's empty pages.

BREAK THE ICE (091 290 0060) wend a tense and taut melody screeching "*Give us all your money and we'll outsell T'Pau.*"

THE FOLLOWING (031 443 0910) are from Scotland, but wait, they're far superior to Danny Wilson *et al.* The crux of the matter is that they're really two groups arm-wrestling for control. My bet is on the departure of the squidgy organ sound, then they'll be worth your time.

THE INDIAN FEAST (01-878 4090) claim to be fresh from Switzerland, and their choppy beat-poet stance has some of the international to it, but it all ends in tears as the vocals can't match the occasional blip and the scurrilous guitar. Worth investigation through.

THE BLUE MONKEY EXPERIENCE (041-889 8642) stray into the floating, near-ambient world of gushingly austere music. This three-track tape resounds around the inner ear with the ease or Cocteau of Eno, but it has a certain crafted edge that makes it urgently playable. Creative and intense.



POPE ON DOPE (0378 81-4255) offer haunted melodramas that just fail to make your worst nightmare come alive. Offbeat chords meet discordant disharmony.

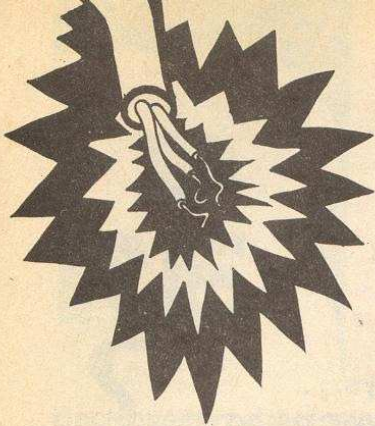
DISGUISE (061 225 2972) title their five-tracker *Jocky Wilson Says*, which is a pretty cheap jibe for some accomplished music. First off they sound quite congenial — in a post-Pogues riotous folk vein — but track two's subtle reggae rhythms merely cement the idea that they're fine musicians in search of a tune.

KING CONEHEAD (01-221 9735) are lyrically suicidal. Swearing, skanking, cutting and claustrophobic, they take their plummy accents through the unemotional motions of rap and rant.

STRANGE LOOKS (01-449 4171) are strange. There's a fine chorus there, but there's just too much going on in the verses, it all gets a little confusing. Badly produced, but plenty upstairs.

PLEASURE THIEVES (01-767 2726) aim for an accessible lively sound and manage it quite well. On limited resources they've produced an emotive, soulful three-song tape that, although not top 40 yet, is a bolshy pretender.

GIANT INTERNATIONAL (01-737 5379) adopt the angst-heavy taped backing and throbbing punk chord overcoat. Like *The Clash* but lacking the political direction. That's either good or bad.



CIRCUIT BREAKERS

Sarah Davis covers the capital, from Hype to the Mean Fiddler, in search of the best new live acts Next month: hello Croydon, where's the bar?

Currently gigging round London, with occasional forays back into home territory, the north east, **Shoot!** is the archetypal punk/thrash band with a tinge of Magazine, for good measure. Neil's angry vocals and stage contortions being backed by manic noise, makes them a deservedly popular live act. Catch their just-released 12-inch single, *Work And Wit* and their video if you can. **Diskord Datkord**. Three men and a dog. The dog's name is Diskord, the men Jonny, Timley and Adam, play an electric blend of camp rauch, punk, covers and sampled sounds.

Timley, Adam (ex-**Stupid Babies**) and Jonny (ex-**Specimen** (sorry Jonny)) will be releasing a cover of **X-Ray Spex's** *Identity* shortly. Their "crazy" sense of humour is an integral part of seeing them live, with the only member of the band who doesn't leap about or rip off stripey tights, revealing a mere red G-string is Diskord the dog. A model pet. **Diskord Datkord** also have a video called *The British Museum*.

The **Mute Drivers** recently had a bad day at Hype. Early in the evening, amps and similar necessary stuff were nicked from their van. Two unhappy men came on stage and after 1 1/2 mutethrash tunes, guitarist hit tantrum boilover flung his guitar down and stormed off, leaving a very disappointed audience. But, I'm told, they did go back a couple of days later to apologise (and pick up the guitar, no doubt).



Diskord Datkord

Boolean Matrix (silly computer jargon name) from Doncaster are drum-machine-Gang-Of-Four that you can dance to. Phil and Paul (ex-**Dreams Of Desire** and **Split Field**) and Craig'll be on an EP soon. Look out for Craig's lyrics, very much in the thought-provoking angry poetry league.

At Hype, I also caught up with **Uncle Fester**, described by bassist The Essential Dooley as "Guinness with a dash of Holsten Pils." They've almost successfully blended Hendrix guitar with slap bass. The contrasting rhythms are intriguing and vocalist Rabbi has a rich **Jim Morrison** delivery. There's grebo rock with a different tang from Shine, down for a date from Manchester, who say they're "Newcastle Brown Rock". (beer metaphors are popular this month!). Shine, who recently supported **Crazyhead**, will have a flexi-disc soon. Post-punk-avant-garde-fury or what?

Sleeping Dogs Wake are a band you *must* look out for. Singer Robert and drummer Karen are deafening; their music sends shivers down your spine. Karen thwacks at her Simmons kit like she's demented, while Robert crashes his guitar and slams his sampler (ooh-er) in a gorgeous unholy row. They're going to record cassettes for sale at gig because people continually approach them longing to take home some of their fury.

If you swallow the **Banshees** and **The Cure** with one gulp then, **Fat Babies** could be what you've been longing for as a chaser. Their vocalist, who looks like a debutante from the waist up and a tart from the waist down, sounds startlingly like **Siouxsie** and sings what is apparently the same melody for each song over a background of well-executed **Cure** guitar. Don't get me wrong, I enjoyed them.

A mad person's dictionary of music, life and bits.

a glossary of glib

agog

Another punishing plunge into rock's tatty dictionary. Let the B-times roll. . .

JELLO BIAFRA: Censorship expert and ex-**Dead Kennedy**, featured in the centre spread of this very issue.

BIRDY: Classic **Alan Parker** film with **Peter Gabriel** soundtrack (Virgin). Deep and delving story of bird fetishist on his return from Vietnam.

BLACK FLAG: Originators of SST, now with 300 albums to their credit. From thrash, punk and short hair to greaseball metal.

BLAST FIRST: Industrious Mute subsidiary that's home for **Sonic** and **Cicccone Youth**, **Big Stick**, **AC Temple** and all that kind of loud mazumba no wave musak. Mucho cred and etc etc.



Debbie Harry's TV lips in Videodrome

BLONDIE: The blonde who launched a generation. Seminal '70s NY punky-pop band with **Debbie Harry** in full effect. Their debut British tour, supported by **XTC**, pulled in few faces, an appearance on **Tony Wilson's** TV show brought back the mini-skirt and Debs ended up in **Cronenberg's Videodrome** flick. Her nude-shot past was exposed and a recent revival was stodge-heavy.

MARC BOLAN: Ex-hippie who became a formidable influence on punk. Suffered glam and a kiddies' time TV special series before being killed in a car accident.

BOMB PARTY: Formerly **Farm Life**, these Leicester tunesmiths went metal before the **Gaye Crazyheads** got signed, subsequently getting none of the praise. Their latest album, *Liberace Rising*, is a stunner with new angles carved in their guitar cases.

BOMBER JACKETS: Very fashionable '70s leather tackle that ended up being the standard dress of beer-swilling brickies. Probably set for a revival after flares.

Next month: yet more B



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Savage International is proud to announce the release of a new album by **The Hollow Men**
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KALEIDOSCOPE SOUND REVOLUTIONS

sharp plastic?

Peter Perturbed says. . .

IS THIS THE NEW CREATION?

Erm, no, but it got your attention, didn't it? A flat somewhere in the deepest hell-holes of Moseley, Birmingham, is where record label Kaleidoscope Sound prepares its musical assaults, intended to effortlessly upstage the inhabitants of a stagnant Indianapolis. Indianapolis is a place where people like to hear the same things over and over again, be it something shambly, something def or something with long greasy hair. At best, quality is incidental, but usually irrelevant. In Indianapolis Kaleidoscope is an anomaly. (You see, the theme of *this* record label is not to have a theme, and at this point I find myself sounding a bit *too* much like Alan Whicker, so I'll tell you who its instigators are.)

One of them is **Joe Foster**, co-ordinator of Creation Records and subsequent house producer at that label. He is complemented by ex-journalist and chiropractist to many top entertainers (**Terence Trent D'Arby**, **David Bowie**, **Richard Branson**) **Helen Fitzgerald** (*are you sure about this?* — ed). Both are keen to stress the absence of a partyline running through the list of artists that comprise the Kaleidoscope vibe.

But hey, let's get a little more specific here.

Like, erm, there's the uplifting mayhem of those **My Bloody Valentine** people whose *Lovely Sweet Darlene* 45 turned a thousand ears to their direction and left them thinking, "Hmmm, not too bad". However, if you're in a mood of greater solemnity don't listen to **I, Ludicrous**; their preposterous tales will make you laugh and all your friends will deem you politically unsound, in the event of which you can pull out your **Niall MacMahon** LP; a captivating excursion into the shaky territory of social comment. Niall sails through with character, wit and sincerity, convincing me that the future of *WhatEwanMacCollWasGoodAt* will be safe for Niall to manipulate well after Ewan's pushing up daisies.

Then again, if you thought that pop music was, only ever a great big colostomy bag with the faces of Rick Astley and Bananarama painted on it, think again and hear **The Sneetches'** forthcoming LP, and then write idolatory letters to me in awe of my mind-bogglingly excellent taste. And while you're at it, how about purchasing the forthcoming **Surf Drum** LP; half a side of well-documented gems like *Walkaway*, *Black Tambourine* and *All There Is* — perfect examples of the *Surf Drum's* feel for a three minute classic, with all the charm of, erm. . . something very charming indeed.

And there's more! **Aidan Walsh** adds a whole new dimension to Kaleidoscope's peculiar roster; Ireland's only punk cabaret clown to appear on the same TV screen as **Gary Byrne** has just had *Life Story Of My Life* released; a largely autobiographical LP which may go quite some way towards explaining why it's completely devoid of anything approaching sanity.

Onto more serious matters though. **Slaughter Joe's** LP, *All Around My Hobby Horse's Head*, is a glorious joyride into a world where throwing a television through a window is standard behaviour on the lost highway of rawwwk'n'roll! And finally, a word for **Nikki Sudden's** seasoned sidekick, **Dave Kusworth**. His new group **The Bounty Hunters** have a truly horrendous line in post-**Bolan** grotesque haircuts; fortunately, their forthcoming five-track single does well to detract from their tragic appearance. However, don't take my word for it. See what Mr Foster has to say. . .

ARE YOU HAPPY WITH THE RECEPTION THAT KALEIDOSCOPE SOUND HAS RECEIVED?

"It could have been better, but it's harder because it doesn't have an easily identifiable nature, but then that's what real record companies are like. Polygram had **The Velvet Underground** and **James Last**. If they had had five Velvet Undergrounds, Polygram would be a crap little label working out of Hamburg, instead of being the biggest music corporation in the world."

BUT SURELY YOU BELIEVE IN THE QUALITY OF ALL YOUR ACTS. . .

"Well, I've no doubt Polygram believe James Last is very good."

Joe Foster and arty facts



SINGLES

- KS101 **MY BLOOD VALENTINE** The New Record By
- KS102 **STINGRAYS** Behind The Beyond
- KS103 **SURF DRUMS** Walkaway
- KS104 **ZARJAZ** The Interblock Rock
- KS105 **SURF DRUMS** Black Tambourine
- KS106 **THE SNEETCHES** Only For A Moment

I, Ludicrous



- KS107 **I, LUDICROUS** Quite Extraordinary
- KS108 **DAVE KUSWORTH & THE BOUNTY HUNTERS** It Only Happens With Her
- KS109 **BUICK CIRCUS HOUR** Life In Chains

ALBUMS

- KSLP001 **THE STINGRAYS** Cryptic And Coffeetime
- KSLP002 **AIDAN WALSH AND THE MASTERPLAN** A Life Story Of My Life
- KSLP003 **SLAUGHTER JOE & THE MODERN FOLK QUINTET** All Around My Hobbyhorses' Head
- KSLP004 **I, LUDICROUS** It's Like Everything Else

Niall MacMahon



- KSLP005 **NIALL MACMAHON** Later
- KSLP006 **DAVE KUSWORTH & THE BOUNTY HUNTERS** Wives, Weddings & Roses
- KSLP007 **THE SNEETCHES** Lights Out With The Sneetches

RE-

Rewind

Back on the racks, dusted off from the vaults, this month's selection of re-issues and repackages boasts some real gems. . .

Albums reviewed by Dave Henderson

THE CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN

Strangelands Reckless RECK 2 **RR** This lost second album of Arthur Brown hails from 1970 and features the loon himself, er, looning. There's a psychedelic and filmic overtone here as the druggie vibes take us into the inner-sanctum of Artie's visionary prose. He claims it's akin, in time and sound, to Miles Davis's *Bitches Brew*, but there couldn't have been two dudes so totally over the edge at the same time. Bizarre.

THE DAMNED

Music For Pleasure Demon Records FIEND108 **P** Wow, sick of punk. . . so soon. After *The Damned's* magnificent 90mph *Damned, Damned, Damned* album for Stiff in '77, their second LP saw a line-up change (enter Lu on second guitar) and a production credit for Pink Floyd's Nick Mason. The band were set on developing their geared-up rock sound but ended up floundering and directionless for most of this throbbing set. Stand out tracks are *Problem Child*, *Stretcher Case* and *Don't Cry Wolf*, but little else here has the energy of their former days or the professionalism of more recent hits.

THE GRAHAM BOND ORGANIZATION

The Sound of '65/ There's A Bond Between Us Edsel DED 254 **P** Two original Bond albums coupled to make an intriguing double set, which illustrates Graham Bond's brand of gritty blues — highlighted by that distinctive Hammond organ sound. There's rock legend here, with names like Ginger Baker, Jack Bruce and John McLaughlin passing through the group, and something of rock's tragedy as, after Bond's career failed to ignite due to the advent of different styles of UK pop/rock, he committed suicide. In retrospect, this is a fitting way to remember the highpoint of his career.

THE LEFT BANKE

And Suddenly It's. . . Bam Caruso KIRI 021 **RR** The Banke have

their former forays massaged, stealing the best from their wishy-washy Beatles psychedelia, with a cover of The Four Tops' *Walk Away Renee*, a few odd single cuts and a selection of album takes, and suddenly it's. . . another Left Banke LP, topped with the usual '60s hallmarks, sleeved in a quality Bam jacket and a cert to be a collector's item in a year or so. Not the most dynamic of musical alternatives, but the Left Banke have their moments.

THE STOOGES

Metallic 2xKO Skydog 62232-1 RR The final Stooges' concert in its entirety (previously only half of this excursion into self-abuse was available). Starting in fine, flowing rock 'n' roll style and working through *Raw Power*, *Search And Destroy* et al, the Ig gets some unpleasant response and by the end of the set he's cajoling the egg-throwing audience into more assaults. Their reward is a threatened 55-minute version of *Louie Louie*. Shame he didn't do that, really. "*I am the greatest*," he snorts as the stage invaders holt proceedings. Now that's what I call showbiz!

TRISOMIE 21

Le Repos Des Enfants Heureux Licensed LD 8814 **RR** Trisomie's early works get a retrospective dust-off on this second vinyl volume which will eventually comprise half a CD of primal Eurostrangeness. On this showing their roots vary dramatically between the Joy Division/early 4AD school of doomy wince and the American/Ralph Records-type eccentricity of anyone from Tuxedomoon to Chrome. I can't say I'm totally enamoured with the end result, as each section/track seems reasonably directionless, but perhaps that's the kind of effect they were chasing as the real unique quality here is the variation of interesting noises they utilise.

VARIOUS

The Blues Sessions Hi Records DHI UKLP 427 **P** The Demon archivists dig deeper into the Hi label swam-



THE BYRDS *Never Before Re-flyte* MH 70318 **SN** (import) Give Jim Dickens a big hand. He's been down the CBS vaults, dusted off some old Byrds sessions, tidied up a few ragged edges and this here is the result. Unreleased gems nestle next to alternative takes and stereo mixes of old favourites, all dating from '65 to '67, the Byrds' peak period. Those who shelled out for the *Back Pages* bootleg and were miffed by the poor sound quality will be eager to get their hands on this, with its pristine versions of *She Has A Way* and *It's All Over Now*, *Baby Blue*, and will be interested to hear the full version of *Triad*, the song that got David Crosby a well-deserved booting out of the group. That track apart, the record still kicks. A handsome package with fine sleeve notes and a cool pull-out wall poster! **Vachel Booth**

pland and pull out a peach of a double set — collecting some of the wildest variations of the blues imaginable. Don Hines gets bleary and beery then moves uptempo, Big Amos Patton opts for some boogie woogie, gets a shade R&B and lets Big Lucky Carter introduce the more soulful side. The beat goes on with Joe Lee Carter (who unleashes a scorching guitar solo on one cut), then there's Don Bryant's gospel-inspired soul, the incomparable Willie Mitchell, Gene Miller and finally George Jackson's tribute to Aretha on *Aretha, Sing One For Me*. A wide ranging and very gratifying slice of history.

VARIOUS

Prestige Jazz Sampler Prestige/Ace RIVM 002 **P** A monster collection to let the semi-interested, the converted and the keen of ear to sample some of the finest jazz sounds from the Prestige catalogue, now made available by Ace. The tracks are taken from the sleazy, sweaty heydays of the '50s and '60s and the run-out reads like a who did what, when, in jazzland. John Coltrane shows up in moody, laidback style, Mose Allison poses questions with the exceptional *A Young Man*, Roland Kirk, Gene Ammons and Art Blakey keep the pressure on and a trip to the video shop to get *Angel Heart* again seems like a must. The secrets of jazz buffoonery and onepmanship might have made the medium seem quite daunting, but this embracing collection will ease you in quite nicely.

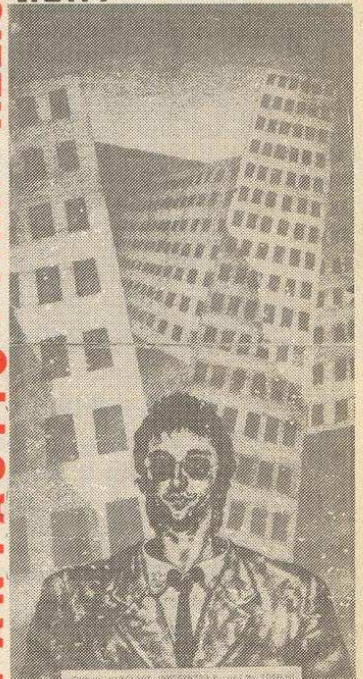
THE YOUNGBLOODS

The Youngbloods Edsel 271 **P** Earth Music Edsel 274 **P** At the time, The Youngbloods were considered to be an acid rock combo but both of these albums are far too beaty and tasteful to be called "far out". Led by ex-folk singer Jesse Colin Young, the group are more like a good soulful R&B band, with a touch of country and some nice harmonies. As far as the rock things go, they fall on the tasteful side of *Canned Heat* (and *they're* hardly *Grand Funk Railroad*, if you know what I mean).

RE-PLAY

Antiques, curios and gems unearthed. . .

What were you doing in the second post-punk record revolution?



1977 ● JOHN COOPER CLARKE grits his teeth and offers the *Innocents* EP, a classic sketch linking poetry to minimal guitar-based "futuristic" noise splurge. Contains the wonderful *Psyche Sluts* track and led to a CBS contract and a starring role with the *Honey Monster*.

1978 ● THE MEKONS released *Where Were You?* on the forward looking *Fast Product* label. Soon to sign to Virgin, they're still with us in a slightly more beer-sodden stance. *Groovod* 45.

1980 ● SOFT CELL lunge forward with *The Mutant Moments* EP on their own *A Big Frock* Records label. It did very little and was only a treasured item in retrospect when their *Memorabilia* dance opus and *Some Bizzare* hit the scene. What's more? It still sound bloody awful. The perps are still boogieing in various moulds.

1981 ● THE THE hit the world head on with *Cold Spell Ahead* on SBL (the *Some Bizzare* Label), an incredibly messy version of what was later to become *This Perfect Day*. This drum machine-heavy version is at least *different*, if a little out of tune.

All are rare grooves, varying in price in today's collector-crazed market, from £1.50 to 20 notes. Shop carefully. . . and avoid panic buying.

ROUSKA

THE UNDERGROUND ROUSKA RECORDS COMPILATION

1

Featuring
THE CASSANDRA COMPLEX ★ **Wonderworld**
THIRD CIRCLE ★ **Cash Crop**
SON OF SAM ★ **21st Century Bible**
GOOD SHEPHERDS ★ **View From Eden**
WMTID ★ **Onassis**

LITTLE BROTHER ★ **Pile Of Images**
DUSTDEVILS ★ **Losing Ground**
SON OF SAM ★ **Cuts 'N' Bruises**
GOOD SHEPHERDS ★ **Cannibals And Kings**
DUSTDEVILS ★ **Whim Of Iron**
LITTLE BROTHER ★ **Land Of The Rising?**
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2

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UG STORE GUIDE

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

- BEAT ROUTE, 5A High Street, Congleton, Cheshire
- CAPTURED RECORDS, 130 St Stephen Street, Edinburgh
- EAR 'ERE RECORDS, 14 Market Entrance, Lancaster
- THE EUROPEAN SON, Unit F1, Kensington Market, 49-53 Kensington High Street, London W8
- GRIP RECORDS, Savoy Centre, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow
- HENDERSON'S THE VINYL WORLD, Fore Street Centre, Fore Street, Exeter
- JUMBO RECORDS, 402 Merrion Centre, Leeds
- THE LEFT LEGGED PINEAPPLE, 24 Churchgate, Loughborough
- MAGIC MIXTURE RECORDS, 31 Bedford Hill, Balham, London SW12
- MOVEMENT, Unit 7, Banbury Trading Post, Banbury, Oxon
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- THE OOZE, 2190 W. Burnside Street, Portland, Oregon 97210, USA
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- ROCK-A-BOOM RECORDS, 17 Malcolim Arcade, Leicester LE1 5FT
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- SOUNDS AROUND, Rue Ecole De Medecine 6, 1205 Geneva, Switzerland
- SOUND WAVES, 18 Church Street, Monmouth, Gwent
- VINYL DEMAND, 46 Sydney Street, Brighton BN1 4EP
- VIRGIN MEGASTORE, 14 Oxford Street, London W1
- VIRGIN RECORDS, 527 Oxford Street, London W1
- ZIPPO 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). Telephone Eric Fuller on 01-387 6611 and we'll make it easy for you (and make you some cash).

SHEND ON THE RUN



CONFESSIONS OF A POP ICON: THE CHARTS WOULD BE A FINE THING.

Before we proceed with more eloquent prose, I must clear something up (never put full ashtrays on electric typewriters). Some people have asked why the photo of myself at the top of the Shend column has been replaced by that of a Bolivian trade union official orchestrating an all out strike at the 'Muddy Metal' magnesium mine outside La Paz. Well, the photo is in fact my good self, taken by Lord Lichfield as his entry for the 1987 Cadburys Creme Egg photographic competition. (He lied about his age, but still failed to be among the prize winners in the under sevens section. He said, what did I expect as there wasn't a single breast in his entry.)

Anyway, back to the world of pop and the one thing, after all the others, that every Billy Beat dreams of entering... The Charts!

FACT 1: Putting any pile of miscellaneous articles into a list, numbered one to ten, grabs the attention of Joe and Joanna Public. Charts are popular due to mankind's built in obsession with what scientists call the 'Who is winning the bloody race' syndrome. They give us a mild thrill but are of very little worth. (See Carlsberg, Heineken, Skol etc.)

Many of the independent charts are simply one person's favourite discs and other than seeing if your much loved 12 inch is among them, a collection by Radical Rob of the Sunny Sounds Roadshow, Halifax means bugger all in anyone's book. His floor fillers will always include the single that Samantha gave him and, by including it, he hopes she will accompany him to the British turntable and amplifier exhibition at Earls Court. Samantha says 'Sod off, creep!' and another sordid chapter of corruption in music fails to pervert.

Other indie charts purport to represent record sales and appear in the pop weeklies we always read *I but never buy*. This can be verified by the mangled remnants strewn around the floor of WH Smith on *any* Wednesday afternoon. I was told that in order to get your record in these charts all one had to do was ring some man who was responsible for compiling them and tell him that it had sold thousands. I was given a telephone number and rang him frequently for years each time we released a new hotty. It was during, probably, the fiftieth phone conversation when... He said that, although he quite looked forward to updates on my career, he felt that as security man for the building, there was little he could do to help. I thanked him courteously and hung up.

FACT 2: Never believe a single jot anyone from another band tells you, especially when they begin with, 'What you need to do, is...'

What you need to do, is make sure your disc is in the shops and that someone else has rung the right person and told him fibs about sales to date. I have *never* found anyone important enough to bribe in order to get tunes up the indies, but being mates with the spotty Dire Straits fan who works in Our Price may be useful if he's ever asked to compile a chart for *Melody Maker*.

We now come to those sponges of sin... The national chart. Those, whether mixed with headache-inducing computer graphics on some poxy cheap 'We understand the kids. They're just unlicensed BMW drivers' ITV show, or the ones that they read very slowly in silly voices on *Top Of The Pops*, thus preventing any chance of you videoing Tiffany's latest masterpiece in full, constitute an infringement to your intelligence.

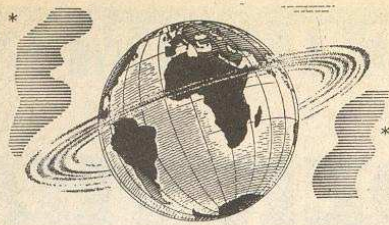
More intrigue and funny goings on surrounds these tachographs of taste than can be mustered for the raging 'Is Zola Budd Thatcher's illegitimate daughter?' controversy, with the word 'Hype' being bandied around like it was going out of fashion.

I mean, if you worked in Slip-A-Disc record emporium and some slimy smoothie from a record company turned up with a briefcase covered in Ozzy Osborne backstage pass stickers and he said 'Put down some sales ticks next to the new Iron Maiden 12 inch and I'll give you a padded satin tour jacket with 'Metal Behemoth' written on the back (which makes you look like the Michelin man on his hols), what would you say? Exactly! But it does work occasionally.

There are specialist companies who describe themselves as Strike Forces, (the A-Team has a lot to answer for) who charge huge sums of filthy lucre to ooze all over the chart return shops in the hope of hoisting their clients a few notches up Charlie Charts. These beings are just more parasites who realise music is money and are instantly recognisable by the Kiwi polish skid marks on their tongues.

Still, as all the big boys use them, the small fry feel obliged to mortgage their homes in order to compete.

One may slag off the charts as worthless nonsense, but even I remember the strange euphoria of seeing a disc which contained 'Essence de Shend' at number 98. Two places above Dave Edmunds, three places above Liquid Gold and only two places behind a re-release of Elvis Presley's early hit *Wooden Head*. These were big names, icons to the pop masses and we were right in there, brushing the stardust from our young shoulders. The next week we had vanished completely while Elvis waddled to number one. "It must have been due to the fact that we weren't dead," said the bitter, twisted cynic.



Music from the de-
cultural centres of the
globe...

Throwing Muses' House Tornado LP heralds a new era of tampered rock'n'roll. Are they strangling the baby? Alex Bastedo shakes the rattle

Blowing

Having just released, arguably, their best record, the album *House Tornado* following the signing of a worldwide deal with Sire/Warner Brothers (excepting the UK, where they are staying loyal to 4AD), Throwing Muses are currently sitting very pretty. Kristin Hersh, the Muses' songwriter and one prong of the female front three, is pretty happy about it too. . .

"This is the first LP that was really produced the way we wanted it. It's sort of in between the production of our debut, which was never really pure enough for us, and the recent mini-LP, *The Fat Skier*, which we wanted produced simply but which actually ended up being too stripped down and empty. This time around we ended up having the freedom we asked for and spent two and a half months recording and mixing. At one point Lenny Kaye was being mentioned as a possible producer for us as was Johnny Marr, but in the end we stuck with home and chose Gary Smith who has his own studio."

Songwise though, is this a progression?

"I think so. The first LP tended to be somewhat 'dark', although I hate to talk about our music in that way. *The Chains Changed* 12-inch, which I really like, opened things up a lot more. With *The Fat Skier* the main intention was that Sire Records in America wanted to put the recording of *Soul Soldier* out as the soundtrack to a ten minute video we had made, so we just added six extra and older songs to it to make it a mini-LP. Consequently, we see that particular record as more of a step aside than a progression." A lot of people pick up on the fact that you're working within the standard guitar/bass/drums/vocals format but doing something strange with it, twisting it.



Throwing Muses: Kristin, second from left

"Mind you, a lot of people in America don't think we have anything to do with the traditional rock format. They have no understanding of us or the context we're coming from. We received a review recently in the *New York Times* and the poor man who reviewed us seemed to be particularly frightened. He said we had rewritten music for our own use and that we had no place in the rock area. I mean, what the hell did he think we'd done? I play guitar, I play chords — they may be odd ones but I do play them — so I'm glad you think we're working in the standard rock area. I certainly do too! Actually, I've really learnt a lot about our music from reviews in the UK press. Some of them are beautifully written, really poetic. . ."

Kristin, I wandered lonely as a cloud. . . you've had some funny old comparisons, though — Patti Smith, Siouxsie, Grace Slick, Stevie Nicks and Suzanne Vega. . .

"Yeah, basically any woman that sings, although Jello Biafra and Gordon Gano from Violent Femmes have also been two male comparisons."

Would you still regard yourselves as primarily a live band?

"Very much so, and I think our music can come across as a bit cryptic if our faces aren't there to explain it. People have said that they finally understood us when they saw us live and I feel that too. I feel that I can never quite explain enough on vinyl. Maybe I'm just not used to that medium. When we're on stage we feel very much that we're playing for each other and a record does tend to kind of take that away. On stage we can articulate ourselves in a much more powerful, and louder, way."

You've come so far in the last 18 months since your first album was released. How does that make you feel?

"I'm only 21 and when we signed away seven years of our lives on our Warner Brothers contracts recently I thought for a moment 'God, I haven't finished school yet. I think I'd rather be a psychologist!'"

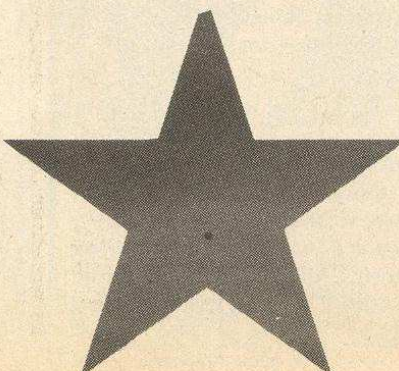
With that deal signed, are you worried about the growing distance between you and your fans as you get bigger? I remember you once saying that manic depressive people had started writing to you and claiming you as their favourite band, but for all the wrong reasons.

"That used to worry me more than it does now. One of the scariest things to me is the romanticising of the depressed person, the artist. . . it scares me to think that there are posers who think it is attractive. But then again I wonder if the dark tunnel of the depressive is something you have to go down before you see light — the attractiveness for me comes from the joy of it, the poetry of it, and I don't associate it with the wretchedness that it began with."

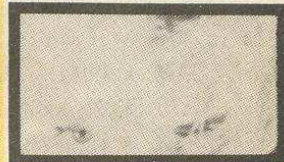
You'd rather be sitting at home with your feet up watching *Fawlty Towers* and ploughing through a bowl of popcorn would you?

"I just don't want to give up my right to be a happy person because some people have to see us as dark."

For anyone to claim that this compulsive giggler is dark or depressive, they'd have to be secretary of the national glee club. To anyone else she's just a normal person who happens to be blessed with musical talent and will be very famous quite soon. Then she'll probably laugh even more.



THE BINTII SCAM: PART 1



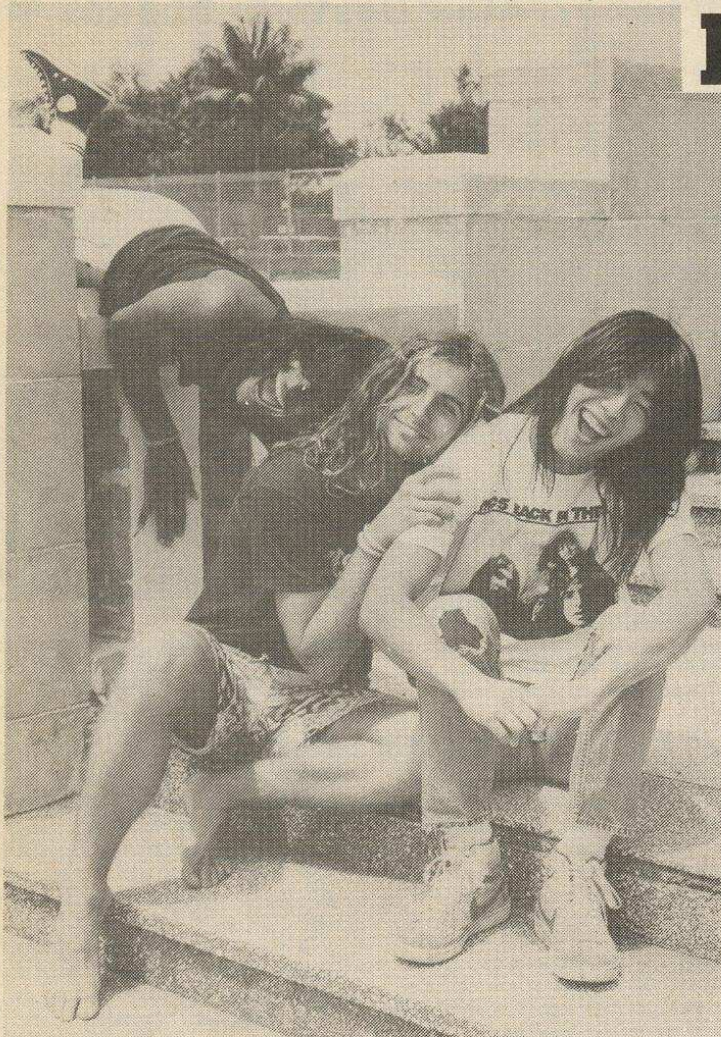
On his recent fact finding trip to Dublin, *Ug* reporter **Dick Mescal** decided to get in touch with the wonderfully outrageous **Bintii**, former **Virgin Prune**, to bring out the up-to-the-minute news on his incarnation as **Princess Tinymeat**. Contact was made, by telephone, and the meeting set up in a rather trendy, city centre brasserie with Bintii sure to be easily spotted, especially as he apparently now sports **very long hair**. Our intrepid correspondent sets out in his finest apparel, leathers, silver tipped boots and large black hat, not to be outdone by this legendary character.

Arriving in good time he sets out to wait, having checked that no-one of equally bizarre appearance is present and having informed the barman of his mission. One-and-a-half hours later he decides he's been stood up and leaves.

Later, our man Dick gets a message to call **Bintii**, which he does, to find that he had been there all the time but appears to have been in hiding. He even admits to spotting our man but it seems he was too timid (scared?) to approach him. Determined to track down his man, Dick is currently taking lessons in humility and planning on borrowing one the Ed's **polo neck jumpers** and a pair of corduroy trousers for their next encounter. Watch this space!



Hard-Ons: rock 'n' roll, doncha jes luv it?



Holly Wood samples the finest Indian cuisine with Dickcheese specialists The Hard Ons

HARDER THAN THE REST?

Hey! *Rock 'n' roll!* When The Hard Ons, their manager, their record company (Yves and Alain from Vinyl Solution) and a token Brit (me) march into a celebrated Indian restaurant in Bayswater, the waiters take one look and gulp. Quite visibly. They sneak a second look and shoot off to set up a couple of tables in an annexe somewhere on the outskirts of Brighton.

Three of the slightest and nicest (if hairiest) rock 'n' roll animals I've ever met, Hard Ons Peter Black, Ray Ahn and Keish de Silva are used to bring misjudged by their appearances. But...

"F*** it, who cares?"

This is a band who can't even put up a poster without getting into trouble. A band whose first-ever gig was broken up by the Sydney police.

"F*** it, who cares?" Ray repeats to himself before elaborating. "We want to get up people's noses, that's why we chose the name in the first place.

"Rock 'n' roll, by definition, has got to be one step beyond the establishment. Something like U2 or Bon Jovi might call itself rock 'n' roll but they're accepted by everybody — they're just wimps.

"If you want to be rock'n'roll you've got to go that one step further and produce music that's so loud and so shocking that people are going to have to sit up and take notice or walk out disgusted."

"Some people," Blackie continue, "call us sexist because of Ray's cartoon artwork, but it's all so over the top anyone with half a brain could see it was a joke. It's just a pissstake of heavy metal taken to the extreme. Y'know that comic Viz? Well, we've got the same sort of humour.

"Yeah, we sing about sex, but that's because we do it a lot. It's like the Stupids singing about food. The shit we get about sexism is almost as hard to understand as the shit we get about racism!"

The Hard Ons were accused of racism by the *NME* (*What's that!*—ed) on the grounds that the cartoon

cover of the single All Set To Go showed them in KKK Klobber. But The Hard Ons are one-third Sri Lankan and one-third Korean! While Blackie's Yugoslavian! Maybe someone somewhere missed the point.

So how popular are The Hard Ons in Australia?

Blackie: "I wouldn't say we were bigger than The Go-Betweens but we're easily the biggest independent band in Australia. It's embarrassing really because Hot For Your Love, Baby has been top of the independent charts for ages and it's such a bad album. It's mostly old demos and we don't like it at all, so every week we look at the charts hoping to find it's disappeared and ever week there it is a number one. It's real embarrassing. Still the new LP's brilliant."

Indeed it is. Entitled Dickcheese (and the *NME* review of that should be something to look forward to) it's the album I thought thrash would never make. Live too, The Hard Ons excel. In April, on the away leg of their Highway To Hell tour with The Stupids, the trio from Sydney were a blurring revelation of manic, metallic power, pure-punk-rock-snot and unbelievably, too, there was classic pop melody. Catch them when they return from the European leg and hang hundreds on the crest of the biggest tidal wave of noise since Motorhead recorded their second LP.

Ray: "All the criticism we get and all the hatred we seem to inspire, just motivates us to do it even more, to be harder still. We just want to go as far as we can without ever compromising. Which is the main point really. We love what we're doing and we're going to keep on doing it no matter what anyone says.

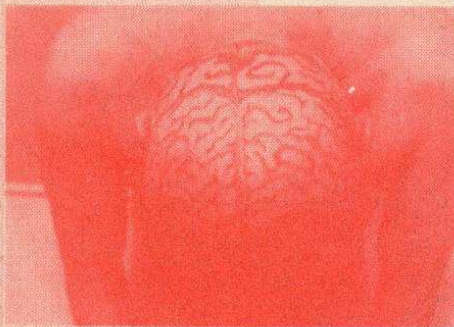
"If my parents can't stop me doing this, no one else can — *that's* for sure."

Heading back down Westbourne Grove, Blackie spots some Scandinavian girls walking along behind us. Looking round as he walks, he adopts his best Yankee rock star drawl, 'Hey gurlz, come with us, we're rock stars, let's party!'

They laugh and he turns to face forwards just too late to stop himself falling arse over tit across a pile of builders' rubble. You'd never see Jon Bon Jovi make a dick of himself like that.

In at the kill

Tolson tattoo head, bad farts and the sound of infiltration



"Normality," says American anti-musician Michael Tolson, "is what cuts off your sixth finger and your tail." (?) He isn't kidding, either. When he isn't beating dead dogs with a fluorescent stick, or running TESTES 3, Baltimore's underground telephone network, this self-styled 'mad scientist' operates on the periphery of the music/performance art subculture, refusing either to be ignored or categorised, but always registering a strong presence. "I try to

live as a possibility rather than a particular thing," he says. "Kill normality before it kills you."

His last visit to these shores, in 1984, went largely unreported, but the possibility of further infiltration cannot be ruled out. "I'm now writing my autobiography, *Resumé Of A Blatant Pervert*," he recently disclosed, "and will be touring Europe in mid-'88, when I hope to appear in London."

You have been warned... Ian Blake

Yippee Yai Yo

Giant Sand are the windswept alternative breed, Howe Gelb is their Stetson-wearing ace-in-the-hole

Mexican border as part of Reagan's frontline against the supposedly encroaching Communist hordes of South and Central America. All this and it has suffered, with the rest of Arizona, the ignominy of the recent impeachment of their governor, the Republican Evan Mecham, a man made infamous for his first act in office, the abolition of Martin Luther King Day! On top of all this you've got the Mafia, the drug barons, and the underground railway bringing people up from Central America!

That's one hell of a melting pot, Howe?

"Yeah," he draws sardonically, "Tucson as town is as ugly as any other massive splodge of pavement. Outside it's simply the desert waiting for us to run out of water, so it can turn it into a ghost town. The water's bad and cancer is a problem in most parts of the city because of the toxic waste seeping into the water system. You've got that, the earthquakes and the crazy weather."

This is turning into a regular holiday brochure! But Howe's got the bullet between his teeth now.

"We got a 'quake every week. People are buying up property in Arizona so that they'll have beach front! You think, like there's no way the Pacific Ocean shouldn't be here. You don't think it's impossible. It is going to happen!"

That's what you call living on the edge. It is not surprising that our man Gelb shows signs of resigned desperation in his dry, cracked vocals as Giant Sand deliver the off-beat charm of Back To The Black And Grey or the stinging rebuttal of Town Where No Town Belongs with its tangled web of scorching guitars.

On the stormy side, Giant Sand rip-roar through potent bursts such as Big Rock or the witty, barnstorming 3 Sixes, showing that they can boogie with the best of them and in particular one track, the very magnificent Uneven Light Of Day, that is the most evocative slice of spaghetti western pop heard this side of the Pecos.

Our hero, his large hat still cemented firmly to his head, leaves us with one last word or warning.

"People have a willingness, especially over here, because the product is stamped 'From Arizona', to conjure up these images, but I feel as awkward as hell trying to say 'Yeah man, it's the desert. Blame it all on the desert!'"

With that he turns on his heels and walks of into the slow burning glory of a ruby red, Mexican sunset, returning as silently and as swiftly as he came. This leaves us staring into the bottom of our glass of finely-distilled cactus juice, wondering if it has all been some weird hallucination. That only leaves us to flip the record and wait for the visions to come flooding back. Dick 'the mind's a wonderful thing' Mescal



Giant Sand's Howe Gelb: the face beneath the hat

A lonesome coyote moans in the distance as an eerie, whistling wind whips across the plains. Tumbleweeds, er, tumble across the desert floor and very faintly the clink, clunk, clink of spurs is heard as the stranger hovers into view from out of the mad, swirling dust cloud. His large black hat is pulled down tight over his eyes and the warm glow of his burning cheroot pierces the gloom of his craggy features as he draws closer and closer.

"Howdy," he says introducing himself as Howe Gelb, the singing/songwriting frontman for a spicy little combo known as Giant Sand. He's just strolled in from their home town of Tucson, Arizona to announce that they have just whipped themselves up a striking typhoon of a new album, aptly entitled Storm.

These maverick sons of the Arizona desert create a whirlwind rush of a barnstorming garage sound that is tempered by their evocative, dust-blown imagery, a mixture that seems to be drawn from the vast desert of their surroundings.

Tucson is the town where no town belongs. Totally engulfed by the desert, heavily dependent for water, its residents suffer vast climatic extremes. It is also one of the frontier posts close to the

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16 BUCKLEY — TIVOLI

18 LONDON — ASTORIA



International reviews by Dave Henderson

33

THE BLITZOIDS Stealing From Helpless Children

Mook Records Residents gone wrong, moving down a weird *West Side Story*, Jazz-cum-soundtrack road, with a tree-lined cityscape and surreal overtones. All the best bits of life with a selection of backbeat. ● ● 1/2

DECEPTION BAY Deception Bay

Independent Project No contact here as Nate Starkman are soon to release this gem in the UK, through Fundamental/Red Rhino/the Cartel. The sound of Cambridge, Mass is close to that of 23 Skidoo on downers, while the anthemic length of each piece suggests the intensity of Dead Can Dance and the eccentricity of Savage Republic. Excellent material. ● ● ●



DEUX PINGUINS Animal-Mal

Illusion Acoustic music for crustaceans. Hollow, microscopic with the weirdest cover of Bowie's Andy Warhol imaginable. Cassette-only. ● 1/4

LES ELECTRODES Y'a Bon Action

Negative Classically constructed '77-styled punk - you can almost hear the biker jackets squeak as they buzzsaw their melodic choruses and howitzer the tub-thump drums. Nostalgic. ●

THE FURLONGS 2300 Ward

Alias Dangerously catchy and instantly hummable, The Furlongs' debut platter is the kind of thing that sounds oh-so familiar in a kinda folksy, Byrdsy, Beatlesy kinda way. Neat with it too. ● ● 1/3

HIDDEN PEACE We All Have...

Hitch-Hyke Californians with a foot in the 60s - all glitzy harmonies and love-in guitar bubbles. Fit to pop in a crazed-retro Gene Wilder-type version of the genre. ● 1/3

I LOVE ETHYL

I Love Ethyl

Mad Rover A questionable hybrid of rock and pomp (with gothic undertones) from this band who play it live (in front of an audience on one side, in front of a tape recorder on the other). They seem engrossed with their own name. ● 1/4



THE LAST DRIVE

Underworld Shakedown

Hitch-Hyke Post-Cramps garage-goths who sound most like The Stingrays at their wildest. Clean Production lubricates the surfy guitar style admirable. ● ● ●

LORD JOHN Six Days of Sound

Hitch-Hyke Americans with a Merseybeat fetish. Plugged into psychedelia, sporting graceful moptops, Lord John have an eccentric "period" verve and some loveable tunes. ● 3/4

LOW FLYING AIRCRAFT Low Flying Aircraft

Subterranean Jazzy art-rock, with a few big bandfilm noir tangents, from ex-members of King Crimson, Centipede, Ovary Lodge and Hazard Patrol. Cul-de-sac bound but warming. ● 1/4

THE MUSHROOMS A Taste Of...

Pegasus/Hitch-Hyke Curt, sub-psychedelic sounds - with an Arthur Lee/Love shape - that melt into almost commercial (except for the druggy vocal) songs. ● 5/6

PS O'NEILL

Tomorrow's Waiting

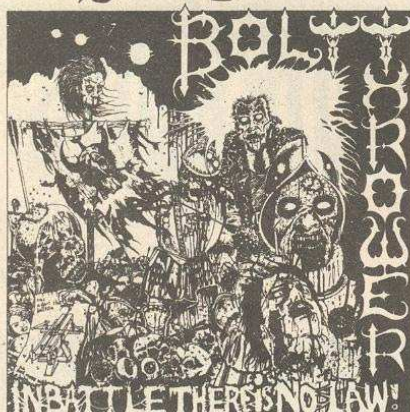
Velvetone Wistful Pop, produced by Steve Fish, which has the craggy O'Neill desperately searching for quality songs to stick his lightweight acoustic fluff to. ● 1/2

SCREAMING TREES Clairvoyance

Velvetone Post-druggie Positivism and insight from the Trees, who utilise Steve Fisk as producer, for some colourful songs about life the American way. ● ● 1/4

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HARD-ONS



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26th MAY: NOTTINGHAM - "EDEN CLUB"
27th MAY: LIVERPOOL - "PLANET X" plus support THE ABS
28th MAY: MILTON KEYNES - "WOUGHTON CENTRE"
as support PHILIP BOA
31st MAY: NORWICH - "JACQUARD"
3rd JUNE: GALWAY - "TWIGGS HOTEL"
4th JUNE: SLIGO - "STRAND HOTEL"
5th JUNE: DUBLIN - "McGONIGLES"
9th JUNE: BRIGHTON - "ZAP CLUB"
11th JUNE: LONDON - "GREYHOUND" plus special guest BOLT THROWER plus support CEREBRAL FIX

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SISTER RAIN

Sister

Voices Of Wonder Bowie meets Murphy on an avenue between upbeat rock and melodramatic crooning. •

SIGMUND SNOPEK III

Roy Rogers Meets Albert Einstein

Dali/Chameleon Three mainly instrumental pieces from Snopek — featuring The Milwaukee 20th Century Ensemble and various luminaries. And, it's that title track, a beatnik, sax-driven 12 minute city scape which really works. Musically succinct, like with melody and vibes. (Unfortunately the other pieces are slightly lack-lustre.) • ½

SKIN

Sanity

EOD Demented brass-powered dance funk, that's somewhere in the closet with early Dexys and frantic, tuneful, eminently live-sounding musak, from these Boston sweaters. • ½

SPOONER

Wildest Dreams

Dali/Chameleon Poppy guitar slop with syrup-stained lyrics and a few "a-yah-hah" chorus lines. ½

STATE

False Power

Statement Grungy guitar hum that wanders between metal and near thrash self-expression. Hi-powered with enough light and dark to make it count. • ¾

STRANGE ROMANCE

Charms

Risqué Records Arty US rock sounds with a repetitive beat and whirring effects. Well structured, culty and eerie. • •

VARIOUS

Cicadas

Pegasus/Hitch-Hyke Five-band compilation featuring everything from psychedelia to punk — with influences ranging from The Doors to The B-52s, Robyn Hitchcock and all points between. Best band name: Human Grape. • •

VARIOUS

Dub Dance

Trance Dancefloor mismatch crossing cultures and thumping styles to include Revolting Cocks, Members' Nicky Tesco, J Walter Negro, Barry Ford and more. Thrusting and a-pumping. • •

45

JELLY BISHOPS

Kings Of Barstool Mountain

Last Time Round Crunchy 12 inch telling tales of wild chickens and falling from barstools in Byrds-born-again-Christian mood. Very strange (and cumbersome, but great).

RUBBERMIND REVENGE

My Zen

Twang-Tone Crazy guitar-riddled acid flashback that gets more bizarre on a parody of Sgt Peppers on the flipside. Wild, sub-psyche, flower-powered and perfectly tasteful.

SDT

Eleven Parts

Paradox Guitar grunge with gear changes and angst on command. Nasty.

Contacts:

Alias Records, 374 Brannan Street, San Francisco, CA 94107, USA
Chameleon Music Group, 3355 WEI Segundo Blvd, Hawthorne, CA 90250, USA.
EOD, Box 238, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215, USA
Hitch-Hyke Records, 5 Kosma Balanou, Athens 116 36, Greece.
Illusion Production, 15 Rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France
Last Time Round, Box 14645, Chicago, IL 60614, USA
Mad Rover, Box 22243, Sacramento, CA 95822, USA
Mook Records, Box 1421, Lisle, IL 60532, USA
Negative Records, 4 Allee D'Andrezieux, 75018 Paris, France
Paradox, 1813 C St, Iowa City, IA 52240, USA
Risqué Records, Box 146699, Chicago, IL 60614, USA
Statement, Box 4412, Ann Arbor, MI 48106, USA
Subterranean, 577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94110, USA
That's Entertainment, Box 858, Bergersborg, N-1501 Moss, Norway
Trance, c/o Line Music, Box 605220, D-2000 Hamburg 60, West Germany
Twang-Tone, Frankenstrasse 2, D-1000 Berlin 30, West Germany
Velveto Records, 607 W 3rd Street, Ellensburg, WA 98926, USA
Voices Of Wonder, Torvakkgt, 2C 0555, Oslo 5, Norway



Letter from america

FLETCHER GOES FROM PHILLY TO THE MOON

Take interstate 95 south from New York, bypass Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington DC, and stay on the Highway until you get to Richmond. (Should you ever find yourself with a free night there, by the way, try and locate a member to sign you into Fieldings, an after-hours nightclub. This three-tiered joint sells inexpensive beer and is still a thriving metropolis at 6am. (Every bit as classy as the late-night clubs of London and New York, it is less elitist and more fun. But anyway. . .) There, take a variety of minor roads south-west until you're 80 miles into the lush green countryside of Virginia, and you'll come across a campus by the name of Hampden-Sydney which, in true English double-barrelled style, is a posh college for wealthy white southern males.

Like all American colleges, Hampden-Sydney has a big spring weekend when live music takes over the campus; unlike most colleges, which put on maybe two evening concerts and a free outdoor show, H-S throws the event over to its fraternities, each of whom organise outdoor gigs two nights on the trot. The result: two dozen bands playing on up to ten different outdoor stages in one weekend. (To anyone unfamiliar with the American 'Greek' system fraternities are the boys' clubs; sororities are the names given to the girls' select houses.) That Hampden-Sydney is an all-male college is of no consequence; they simply bus girls in from as far away as Raleigh, North Carolina to enjoy the weekend. I'd like to tell you that the result was toga parties and orgies at least equivalent to anything **John Belushi** was capable of organising in *Animal House*, but the reality was more subdued, merely a couple of thousand drunken students wandering around the night air dancing to different bands and "making out". Sigma Nu frat, who were kind enough to book **Three Colors** and pay handsomely for the privilege, boldly prepared to be closed down for a week so the band could play past the designated finishing hour, but there were no complaints from the college authorities. One sensed some disappointment about that.

The biggest act of the weekend was probably **The Del Fuegos**, who performed the previous night; Atlanta's **Driving'n'Crying**, signed to Island, were possibly the most well-known name on display on the Saturday. Their heads-down-Southern-gothic-boogie was intriguing but not really what the frat kids were looking to freak out to; on the other hand the group of 40-year olds working their way through a **Grateful Dead** set were not what I had spent 14 hours in a van to endure. A young trio with a name like **The Lost Spiders** (I tried to ask the soundman, but he was too busy getting stoned; sound companies are booked from up to 200 miles away and can afford to give less than 100 per cent) were striking up a pretty good power pop song so I waited around for another number. It took but a few seconds to recognise the strains of Alternative Ulster, but a lot longer for it to sink in. Here in deepest Virginia, with the noise of a dozen bands and discos filling the cloudless cool night air, with rich white boys' and girls' sole purpose that night to drink and to score, we could not have been further away from Belfast had we been on the moon.

Unsuspecting of the size of the occasion, our entourage had failed to book a motel; all of them within 20 miles were booked with visiting, mostly female, students. Some nice girls up from North Carolina put us up and eight hours later we headed off on an epic drive back to the city. . . to any city. On the way we stopped at a diner for eggs and coffee; filling a jar on the counter that in an English chip shop would be expected to hold pickled onions were pigs feet, raw and swimming in blood. And only 60¢ each. Welcome to the South.

Talking of cover versions, as we were, it should be pointed out that they form the backbone of live music in America. Indeed, much of the country has no interest in booking anything other than cover bands, and even your hottest new acts have to learn up some standards to get them through those three-hour college parties. Perhaps that is why the tendency is now to perform the unlikeliest cover you can come up with. A couple of *Ug*'s ago, I wrote of the fab **Big Dipper** and their habit of performing **Fleetwood Mac**'s Little Lies or **Wings**' Jet. Two of America's other top indie bands take the game a step further, **The Connells** playing **Bon Jovi**'s Wanted Dead Or Alive and **Miracle Legion** opting for **Pink Floyd**'s Wish You Were Here. The reasoning would seem to fall somewhere between tease and testament: if the listener grooves to the song before being aware of who wrote it, it serves to break down his or her prejudices. Try telling that to the *NME* writer who ever reviews these bands!

The Godfathers, who have amassed a big following in the States and were witnessed recently in Philadelphia, also throw in a couple of unlikely covers: a faithful rendition of Anarchy In The UK and an equally aggressive Fight For Your Right To Party. The former send the crowd wild — the **Pistols** are a legend here as elsewhere, and **Megadeth** have just hit big with their version — while in the latter, what seems to be a British expatriate decides to emulate the second verb of the song's title and douses singer **Peter Coyne** with beer. Coyne chooses instead to follow the first verb and delivers a swift kick to the head of the bewildered punter. Good old punk rock! We get lost leaving the club and at 2.30am find ourselves in a McDonalds in deepest Philadelphia. No pigs feet for sale here, just a wild cacophony from assorted b-boys and girls, a drunken janitor falling over behind the counter and the all-pervasive tension of the inner city. Hampden-Sydney might as well have been on the moon.

Snopek III with Roy Rogers and Einstein



Eccentric supremo, Charles Taylor, founder of the Reckless Records retail empire, now presents to the World the uncompromisingly esoteric Reckless Records label.

RECK 2: THE CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN:
Strangelands

The lost second album. Psychedelic beyond belief. "When you think that Bitch's Brew was recorded by Miles Davis in 1970 and then listen to this, you realise there was a great deal of correlation between them".
(ARTHUR BROWN)



RECK 1: THE BRAINIAC FIVE:
World Inside

Syd's Floyd meets the Yardbirds, via the Sex Pistols and wins. "Cornwalls Braintiac Five are reintroduced to the stupid planet. Buy or be eternally unbip!" **(SOUNDS)**



RECK 4: MU

Long unavailable masterpiece featuring Merrell Fankhauser, composer of 'Wipe Out', and Jeff Cotton, a.k.a. Antennae Jimmy Semens of the Magic Band. Captain Beefheart visits the Surfari's on the island of Maui. Flying saucers circle overhead



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arrogant Feedback

FAST EDIT

Re the comment on tape-only releases in May's *Underground*, the writer criticises various groups for not taking the tape medium seriously, but surely this is not the case. Perhaps it is your writer not taking the groups involved seriously. I would also argue the point of these groups using the tape as a step between demo and record, when for some groups it is the only medium where they can vent their music. — I K C McGuffog, York

Yes, the writer didn't take some of the releases seriously, as some of them surely weren't meant as serious efforts, more likely jokes. A lot of groups *do* release high quality tape-only releases, but it still seems that many people do not use the tape medium in a unique way, merely as a substitute for records. In another context, Eno did a special recording for CD, but he made it the same length as an album. The CD would have allowed him 76 minutes, but he stuck to 42, suggesting that even his ambient and obscure bent couldn't readjust.

BEEHIVE YOURSELF

I was totally disgusted by your comments about The Voice Of The Beehive's last single. I must say I still haven't forgotten a single note of them. But then I haven't got the IQ and memory span of a senile mudskipper like you have. — Niall Pollock, Portstewart, N Ireland

The question is, can mudskipper go senile?

EMPEROR'S NEW DAN-CETRACK

I can't believe that people have fallen for hip-hop in such a totally banal way. After JAMS wore out the medium, Pop Will Eat Itself sucked up to the sampler and World Domination Enterprises went stagnant with I Can't Live Without My Radio. What's next for the UK scene? It seems that everyone wants to bung a dance track behind their secondhand ideas and make it into the charts. Fair enough, but what kind of satisfaction can bands get when they've totally compromised their sound to gain mass appeal? Surely they've just become part of what they set out to be an alternative to, no better than Curiosity Killed The Cat, Deacon Blue, Wet, Wet, Wet or any new Virgin act! Darren Nash, London

With people halving their options and aiming for the dancefloor, it does leave a big hole in the market. It seems like the time's ripe for some bright spark to realise that they can sample things and use them over something other than a dancebeat. But, there again, the records that are topping the charts — in terms of independent success — are the Bomb The Bass, M/A/R/R/S, Gene And Jim type things, while records like The Wedding Present's recent Nobody's Twisting Your Arm couldn't even muster airplay from wonderful (sic) Radio 1. Time for a change again.

DECIPHER AND DECODE

Stickdog's Paul Reller sends a postcard to Underground

This is a bullshit period in independent rock music for the US, especially this disappointing scene in San Francisco (bunch o hippies). Our friends in Iowa, SDT and Iowa Beef Experience are really cooking with releases on Vinyl Solution in the UK soon. There'll be an underground compilation called To Sell Kerosene soon with Stickdog and Stiff Legged Sheep out, and Eric Cope's Wiring Department magazine is due (he's one devoted human). There's little of interest going on in SF, but Naut Human and Rhythm And Noise are gearing up for some spectacles, Naut's work with Mark Pauline on the new Survival Research Laboratory movie and video are excellent.

Negativland puts on a great kinky show and the The Beatnigs are amazin' — Victim's Family is happenin' — but haven't seem anything but wimps otherwise. Almost ready to head back to Iowa, impressed with the last few issues of Underground. I'll send some interesting stuff when we produce it, Take care,

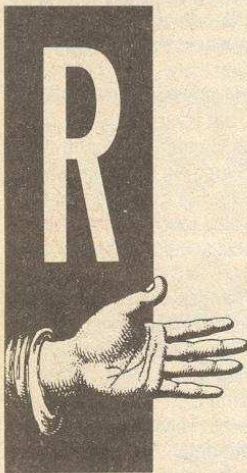
Paul Reller

STICKDOG'S NEXT LP WILL BE ON ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES IN JUNE

Got a gripe? Want to vent your spleen? Or give someone a pat on the back, even? Write to us at *Underground*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1



47 UNDERGROUND



AFTER the fact



“There’s this terrible thing in the indie scene where they stay in that corner because it’s more ‘ideologically sound’. But I made a leap out of that. I will use any means necessary to put out information, get into people’s homes.”

So said **Billy Bragg**, talking to *Melody Maker* about the Childline single he shared with **Wet Wet Wet**. In the same week, indie isolationism and major snobbery were confounded by a minor piece of history-making: independent labels laid claim to the summits of the mainstream singles and album charts, with **Theme From S-Express** by **S-Express** on Rhythm King, and **Erasure**’s *The Innocents* on Mute.

And just while **Harry Enfield**’s shooting up the charts, let it be known that I shall personally strangle the editor of the next publication which uses as a headline any incarnation of the phrase ‘L**samoney’ — or anyone else who describes **James Brown** as ‘The most sampled man in soul music’.

To be fair, though, not everyone knows who **James Brown** is. *Smash Hits* recently felt compelled to inform its readers that the most sampled...er, that he’s “An ancient soul sensation (60 in fact)”, who is “in a spot of bother with the authorities at the moment because he apparently just shot his wife”. Someone from *The Sun* must be moonlighting (pun intended) at *Smash Hits*, because, according to the *NME* version, the defendant is meant to have shot at his wife: in the end, being a reasonable guy, he merely beat her up with an iron pipe (allegedly, of course), and now stands accused of attempted murder. This could result in his being jailed or even having to cancel his tour of Britain!?! Mr Brown is, of course, 54.

But from court to controversy, as Wembley Arena cancels **Run DMC** gigs for fear of rap-inspired violence — an excuse rendered slightly dubious by the fact that they’ve also refused to host concerts by **Bunny Wailer**, who is nothing to do with rapping. As Wembley faced the possibility of investigation by the Commission for Racial Equality, **Run DMC**’s spokesman told *NME* that the gutter press “love to write things like ‘black riot’ when there’s been a bit of trouble. But they never write ‘white riot’ after bother at football matches, and that’s far more common than trouble at rap shows”.



Run DMC: banned

Coincidentally, we are now once again knee-pad-deep in football vinyl: odd how these records always start appearing as the season is drawing to a close. **Mr Spencer** of *Sounds* expressed concern that this year’s crop were well above average, and might signal “the death of the Bad Soccer Song”.

There’s certainly a trend towards innovation (or jumping on band-wagons, depending on how you see things): **Liverpool** drafted in **Derek B** to produce their Anfield Rap, which the *NME*’s **James Brown** (unknown to *Smash Hits* readers) reckons is “simply too good to even be considered a football song”.

Into the bargain, **Stock, Aitken And Waterman** masterminded the England team’s All The Way, while **The Boss Squad**’s Worst Song Ever was described by Mr Spencer as “a rather amusing spoof by a mob of unruly football managers”.

I don’t think the Bad Football Song is in much danger, though: there’ll never be another Back Home (**England World Cup Squad**, 1970) as long as **Chas And Dave** are lurking in the shadows. Back Home, of course, featured **Jack Charlton**, whose chequered recording career up to **The Boss Squad** included the less-than-classic *Simple Little Things/Geordie Sunday* in 1972 — possibly the most embarrassing record ever made.

No. The most embarrassing record in the world is that **Black Sabbath** one you’ve been keeping hidden ever since people started sneering at *Sounds* for their obsession with heavy metal. Now, however, as HM becomes more and more trendy, and the journos begin pulling their copies of *Paranoid* from under the bed, *Melody Maker* and *NME* are looking more like *Sounds* than *Sounds* ever has. *Kerrang!* here they come.

Paul Oldfield lately told a Blacklash correspondent that *MM* had undergone a “radical submission to the sound”. This, I suppose, means that they’ve actually decided to judge people on their music. That would explain **David Stubbs**’s contention that cover-stars **Megadeth** have “made heavy metal so heavy and so metal that they pretty much qualify as avant-garde”. Their views on homosexuality and women must also be avant-garde, I presume. **Dave Mustaine**: “Being a straight gay is OK, but playing both sides of the fence kind of f**ks it up for those of us that are heterosexual”.

Before **Stubbs** can say ‘Pardon?’, another band member interjects, “Bisexual girls are OK, though. They’re cool! No danger!

What are these people on about?

We are not told: they are not asked: no-one explains where the strait-jackets are kept.

Sabs: lurking in cupboards



NEXT MON

HOLD YOUR BREATH

Don’t exhale...now stop, missus, put that weekly down...

Next month’s Under-ground features (deep breath)

CICCONI YOUTH (hooray...new LP, etc, etc)

AR KANE (dubbing for the album beat)



THE CORNDOLIES

(wagga, wahoohey, they’re gonna be big)

and someone called **KILLING JOKE**

lots of full stops all that

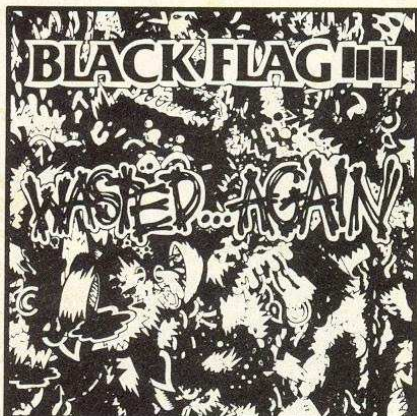
plus stuff about records cassettes

CDs and a sneak preview of **Tiffany**’s new eye-liner range

Don’t miss it! At a newsagent’s near you on June 17 Queue now!

Blah!

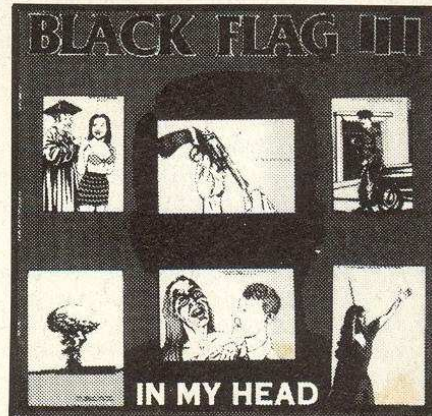
BLACK FLAG III



Wasted Again. Imagine if your favorite Flag party tunes of all time were put together in a room. Then, the room was filled with hundreds of your best friends. Before the cops come, you better slap on Wasted Again, a collection of all the songs that make you want to party. Six Pack, T.V. Party, Wasted, Rise Above and twelve more festive Flag tunes. SST 166



Who's Got The 10 1/2? 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. SST 060



In My Head. Nine new Flag songs. Produced by Greg Ginn, this 1985 release of crunching rock tunes like Drinking And Driving and Retired At 21 destroys. Cassette features three bonus tracks. SST 045



Annihilate This Week. The ultimate party anthem of all time is backed with Best One Yet and Sinking on this smoking twelve-inch by Black Flag. These three are available only on his disc and the cassette (SST 060). SST 081



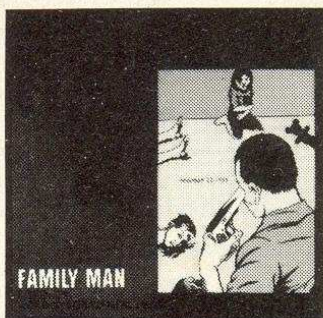
The Process Of Weeding Out. Greg, Kira and Bill combine on this 1985 recording of four instrumental cuts of pure Flag fever. Screw The Law, The Last Affront, Southern Rise, and the title track. SST 037



Loose Nut. 1985 saw this release of nine slabs of Flag's potent blend of metal and madness. Greg, Kira, Henry and Bill combine to create classics like Bastard In Love, Annihilate This Week plus seven. SST 035



Slip It In. Released in 1984, this Flag album has Kira, Bill, Henry and Greg working through eight pile-driving songs like Slip It In, Black Coffee, My Ghetto and You're Not Evil. SST 029



Family Man. 1984 saw the release of this stunning record that showcases the diversity of Black Flag. Side one contains nine riveting readings by Henry of his poetry. Side two has four instrumentals with bassist Kira. SST 026



My War. This pivotal 1984 release features nine blasts of primal power. Henry and Greg are joined by Dale Nixon (Greg Ginn) on bass and Bill Stevenson on drums for My War. Nothing Left Inside, I Love You and six more. SST 023



BLACK FLAG: Everything Went Black. A compilation released in 1983, this record examines the eras of Flag before Henry. Johnny Bob, Chavo and Dez plus outrageous radio ads. Songs include Gimme, Gimme, Gimme (three versions), My Rules and Louie Louie. SST 015



Damaged. Recorded in 1981, the songs on this LP defined an era. Dez Cadena has moved to guitar, and Henry Rollins takes over as vocalist. Stunning dual guitar Flag on: Rise Above, Damaged I & II, and 15 others.

The First Four Years. Sixteen classic BLACK FLAG aural nots. Originally appeared on SST 001, 003, 005, PBS 13 (infamous Louie Louie single) and two cuts from New Alliance compilations. SST 021

Jealous Again. It's 1980 and Greg, Chuck and Robo have a new singer named Chavo. Together these four produced an american classic. Tracks include title song, Revenge, White Minority, No Values and You Bet We've Got Something Personal Against You. SST 003

Nervous Breakdown. The breakdown heard around the world in 1978. Greg Ginn, Chuck Dukowski, Brian Migdol and Keith Morris sing and play the title track plus Fix Me, I've Had It and Wasted. SST 001

Live '84. This is an amazingly accurate portrayal of Black Flag live in concert. The Flag roar through Six Pack, My War, Jealous Again, Slip It In, Black Coffee and fourteen other incomparable Flag tunes. SST 030

Six Pack. Yet another vocalist for Flag, this time in the person of one Dez Cadena. Joining up with Greg, Chuck and Robo, Dez lends his vocal talents to Six Pack, I've Heard It Before and American Waste. SST 005

TV Party. The dual guitars of Greg and Dez fuel these three songs recorded in 1982. Bill Stevenson and Emil share drum duties on TV Party, My Rules and I've Got To Run. SST 012

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SST